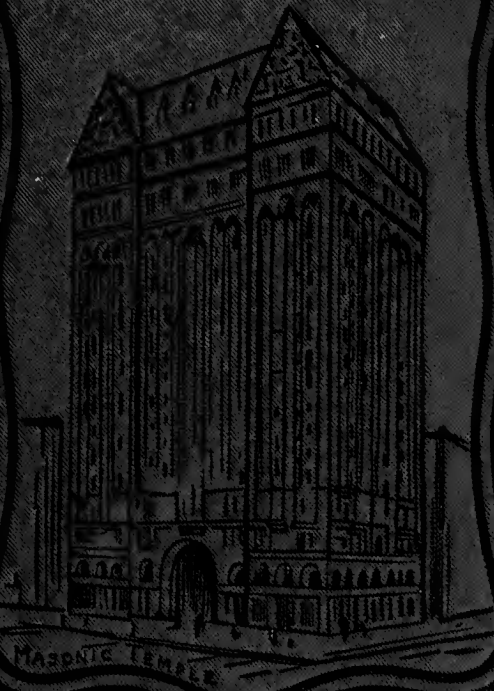
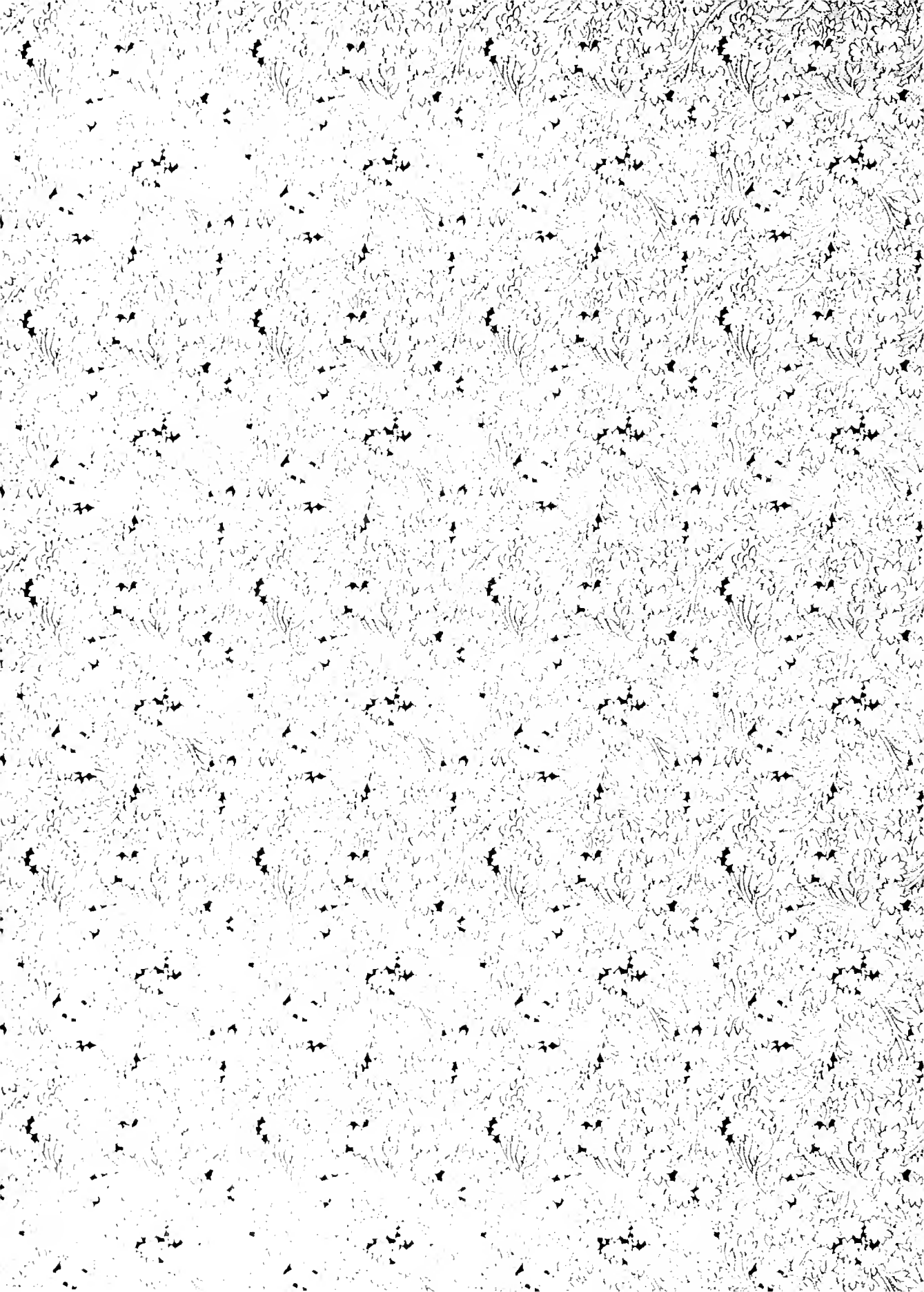


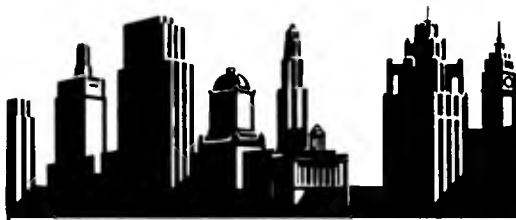
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Bronze Monument erected in Lincoln Park by the Hon. Lambert Tree.

# THE STORY OF CHICAGO

BY

JOSEPH KIRKLAND



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DIBBLE PUBLISHING COMPANY

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## PREFACE.

The best a historian can do is to approach accuracy before venturing upon publication; and, after publication,—to approach it more and more nearly; for to reach it is beyond his utmost scope.

The degree in which he can do this latter is dependent on the trouble his readers may take in pointing out to him his errors of omission and commission. "A word to the wise is sufficient;" and these words are addressed to all who are interested enough to read, wise enough to criticise and friendly enough to correct, for the benefit of posterity, this "Story of Chicago."

THE AUTHOR.



## TABLE OF CONTENTS

### CHAPTER I.

#### A THOUSAND CENTURIES:

Lake Michigan flowed toward the Gulf of Mexico; 1—How the waters came to change direction; 2—Threatened destruction of Lake Erie; 3—When Chicago was submerged; 4—Aspect of the ancient shore line; 5—The divide emerges from the waves; 6—Vanished races; 7.

### CHAPTER II.

#### THE ABORIGINES; GOD'S IMAGE DONE IN COPPER:

Meaning of the name Chicago; 8—The Portage; 8—Indian Traits; 10—John Dean Caton; 11—Scalp Hunting; 12—Massacre at Starved Rock; 13—Lost Records; 14.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE RECORDED STORY BEGINS:

Coming of the French; 15—Race of the Races; 17—Joliet discovers the Portage; 18—Marquette's winter at Hardscrabble; 18—La Salle arrives; 19—Travelers' tales; 20—Knightly honor assailed; 21—First lake vessel; 21—La Salle's ceaseless struggles; 22—Final catastrophe; 23.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### A SINGLE CENTURY:

Last days of first explorers; 26—Kaskaskia in the North; 27—Kaskaskia in the South; 28—John Law's Mississippi scheme; 29—New road to the sea; 30—Indian atrocities; 32—Chicagua for a Rendezvous; 32—English succeed French; 33.

### CHAPTER V.

#### ILLINOIS AND CHICAGO DURING THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR:

Red Coat 1812; 34—England's savage allies; 34—Kinzie and Clybourne ancestors; 35—Kentuckians in Illinois; 36—Clark takes Kaskaskia; 37—Chicago from 1778 to 1794; 39—Hamilton takes Vincennes; 40—Clark's Winter march; 41—Clark defeats and takes Hamilton; 42—Anecdote about Clark; 43—Todd our first Governor; 44.

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE DAWN OF THE DAY WE LIVE IN:

The Washingtons buy land; 46—William Murray tries to buy Chicago; 47—Chicago's first squatter; 47—Pointe de Saible and Guarie; 48—Antoine Ouillemette (Wilmette); 48—Ordinance of 1787; 49—Captain John Whistler; 50—Major Whistler; 50—Julia Ferson Whistler; 51—Old Rush Street Rope Ferry; 52—Quiet years from 1804 to 1812; 53—Double murder at Hardscrabble; 54.

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE CLOUD, CONE-SHAPED AND COPPER-COLORED:

Trouble far away; 56—Trouble close at hand; 56—Capt. Heald's dilemma; 57—Bad blood in the Garrison; 58—Indian Council; 59—Heald's decision and action; 60—Brave William Wells arrives; 61—View from the roof of the Block-House; 62—The same spot 80 years later; 63.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## BATTLE AND MURDER AND SUDDEN DEATH:

Flag of distress; 64—John Kinzie's course; 64—Line of March; 65—Chart of Chicago in 1812; 65—The Boat Party; 65—Indians attack the train; 66—How all might have been saved; 66—Mrs. Helm's story and its difficulties; 67—Private Jordan's story; 67—Capt. Heald's letter; 68—Killing of Wm. Wells; 68—What Nile's Weekly Register reported; 69—Tortures of dying prisoners; 69—Fate of survivors; 70—The Massacre Tree; 71—Last leaves on the old tree; 71.

## CHAPTER IX.

## THEY MADE A SOLITUDE AND CALLED IT PEACE:

John Wentworth's discoveries; 72—Capt. Heald's Son; 73—The Heald side of the story; 73—Hon. Darius Heald in 1881; 74—Fables attributed to Mrs. Helm; 74—Tradition handed down by A. H. Edwards; 76—Sauganash to the rescue; 76—The Kinzies after the battle; 77—From 1812 to 1816. Desolation; 78.

## CHAPTER X.

## AFTER DARKNESS, LIGHT:

Years following the Massacre; 79—Early suggestion of Ship Canal; 80—Rum and the Fur Trade; 81—Slow growth for many years; 83—Gurdon Hubbard's early experiences; 84—General Cass' Treaty for

Michigan lands; 86—Aspect of North Side from 1816 to 1830; 87—Kinzies and their home; 88—Winnebago Scare and Danville Volunteers; 89—The last of John Kinzie and the Old Homestead; 90.

## CHAPTER XI.

### 1820-30, AN OBSCURE DECADE:

The unpromising state of things sixty years ago; 92—Wild game within city limits; 94—The Kinzie race; 95—Less known early names; 95—Descendants of the captive girls; 97—The Clarks and Clybourns; 98—The Beaubiens; 99—Original capitalists; 100.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE VANISHING RACE:

Treaties with the Sauks and Foxes; 102—The Black Hawk War; 104—The last Chicago Indian Treaty; 105—How Chicago looked to a stranger; 106—White men's interest in the Treaty; 107—The last of old Shaubena; 108—The Farewell War dance in 1835; 110—Present state of the same tribes; 111.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### VERY HARD WORK:

Beginning of the Illinois and Michigan Canal; 112—Persistence under difficulties; 113—Original Town surveyed; 114—Sale of the School Section; 116—Ferriage; 118—Clark Street Bridge built; 120.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE KEEL LAID:

Schools and Teachers; 122—Protestant Churches; 124—Volunteer Fire Company; 125—Catholic Worship; 127—St. James Church; 128—Postal Service; 129—The first Newspaper; 130—Medical Practitioners; 131—Cholera of 1832; 131—Refugees from the Fort; 132—The first lawyer; 133.

## CHAPTER XV.

### NOT AT ALL HARD WORK:

Pianos arrive; 135—Music; 136—Social Gaiety, 137—Kinzie-Whistler wedding; 137—Scarcity of food in 1834; 138—Dances and prayer meetings; 139—Unfathomable mud; 140—Experiments in street pavement; 140—Changes in established grade; 141—Earliest Public Exhibition; 141—Field sports; 142—Primitive Postal service; 143—William B. Ogden; 144—Personal memories of the Ogden home; 145—Arnold's ride to Danville; 146.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## FAIRLY LAUNCHED:

Estray Pen and Jail on Public Square; 149—John Dean Caton's admission to the Bar; 150—The first Town Census of Chicago; 152—Launch of the *Clarissa*; 153—Garrison finally withdrawn; 154—Bogus Towns and Cities; 156—Traditional city lot sales; 157—Progress of the excitement; 158—Bailestier's lecture on these times; 160—Foolish State legislation; 161.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## THE HARD TIMES OF 1837-40:

Legislative scheme of Public Improvements; 163—Wisdom of Gov. Duncan; 165—Specie payments suspended; 165—Public works stopped; 165—Banks fail; 166—State Treasurer too poor to pay postage; 166—State debt and assets; 166—Canal cholera; 167—Personal reminiscences; 167—"Red dog," "Wild-cat" and "Shin-plasters"; 168—Scrip of various kinds; 168—Struggling to keep faith; 170—Utter failure of Internal Improvement scheme; 171—Ogden's firmness; 172—Position of Chicago Branch State Bank; 172—Stubborn business courage; 173—Where men used to congregate, 173—Real Estate values; 174—Cost of living; 174—Collection of small debts; 175—Not all bankrupt, 176—"Wigwam lost, Mokopo here!"; 176.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## NEVER SAY DIE:

Delegation to Whig convention at Springfield; 178—Reviving confidence; 179—Alleged row between Long John and Captain Hunter; 180—Stage-coach days; 181—First regular Theatre; 181—Cemetery at Clark Street and North Avenue; 182—States emerging from their troubles; 182—Boston Capital; 183—Canal commissioners appointed; 184—Shallow cut adopted; 184—Wisconsin tries to gain Chicago; 184—The Canal's many benefactions; 185—The story of a typical family migration; 187—Achievements of "the forties"; 189—The Lake Street hydraulic works; 189—Primitive water-piping; 190.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## RIVER AND HARBOR CONVENTION:

The Mexican War; 191—Previous River and Harbor bills; 192—Polk's veto; 192—Chicago furious; 193—Calling of the Convention 194—Strangers in attendance; 195—Lincoln a Delegate; 196—Horace

Greeley; 196—Thurlow Weed's account; 197—The Resolutions; 198—Weed's mistake; 199—General Webster; 199.

## CHAPTER XX.

### LAND-TRAVEL AND WATER-TRAVEL:

Opening business on the Canal; 201—The first engine that ever turned a wheel in Chicago; 202—The "Pioneer;" 203—Running a railroad line through the water; 203—Galena railroad begins to run; 204—\$20,000 from George Smith; 205—High water all over the West; 205—The old Portage overflowed; 206—The great flood of 1849 in Chicago; 206—Accidents and incidents of the flood; 207—Losses; 207—A costly bridge; 209—Rush Street Ferry; 209—The great drawbridge question re-opened; 210—First City Hall built in State Street; 211—First Regular Theatre; 212—Mr. McVicker in song and dance act; 213—Beginning of the City's Musical Life; 214—Ogden's lesson to Prindiville; 214—Gov. Bross' description of those days; 215.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### THE COMING POWER:

Chicago's struggles in starting the first railroad; 216—Bad faith in dealing with Galena; 217—Michigan Southern and Central come in; 217—Terrible accident at Grand Crossing; 218—The Illinois Central; 218—State percentage of Illinois Central earnings; 219—Mr. Lincoln's little story; 219—Threatened destruction of Michigan Avenue; 220—The line of Crib protection; 221—Foreign capital to the rescue; 221—The makers of the Illinois Central; 222—Streets generally begin to be numbered and paved; 222—Burning of Rice's Theatre; 223—First General Charity Hospital; 223—Douglas silenced by Anti-Fugitive Slave-Law mob; 224—Sale of a black man at auction; 225—Rescue of fugitive slaves; 225—Distinguished Abolitionists; 226.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE CITY COMES TO HERSELF:

Nature's bounty to Chicago; 227—Her commercial position; 227—Built of material taken from her own sub-soil; 228—Lake breezes temper both cold and heat; 228—Drawbacks of a level site; 229—Drainage, water, river, fire and streets; 229—Chowder in the bath-tub; 230—Line of drainage established; 230—First effects of Drainage; 231—The city lifted above the sewers; 231—Law of street grades fixed; 232—Raising of old brick buildings; 232—First work of George Pullman; 233—Beginning of Palace Cars; 233—The Sleeping Car System; 234—The Cholera;

1852 to 1855; 234—Incidents of the epidemic; 235—Dr. Dyer's good story; 235—The Lake Street Fire of 1857; 236—The first Steam Fire Engine; 236—Riotous Firemen; 237—Fate of the river banks; 237—River and Harbor History; 238.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### THE STUMP-TAIL CHIMERA.

Banking and Currency system a failure; 242—Chaos of Bank notes; 243—One day's collections on the C., B. & Q; 243—The hard-money "Democrat;" 244—Periodical Convulsions; 244—Ohio Life & Trust fails for \$7,000,000; 245—Tribulation of the Illinois Central; 245—Hard times come again; 246—Gresham's Law; 246—Illinois Banking and Currency act; 247—Geo. Smith and the Georgia Banks; 247—Chicago on the Slavery Question; 248—Free Kansas meeting in 1856; 249—Injustice to Justice Taney; 249—Lincoln-Douglas Debates; 249—Douglas' strong Unionism; 250—Chicago under cloud and storm; 250—Beginning of Street Railroads; 251—Disappearance of Fort Dearborn; 251—First iron drawbridge; 252—Railroad miles and earnings in 1857; 253—Union Stock Yards started; 254—Progress in the fifties; 255—Birth of the Republican party; 255—Wreck of the "Charles Howard;" 256.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### TO ARMS, YE BRAVE!

Republican Convention of 1861; 257—Seward and the New Yorkers; 257—Lincoln on his own candidacy; 258—Seward's chances and mischances; 258—Scenes in the Wigwam; 259—The balloting; 260—Union mass-meeting at Bryan Hall; 260—Only 150 militia men in 1860; 261—First call for volunteers; 261—12th and 19th Regiments; 262—23d, Irish-American; 262—Hecker-Jaeger Regiment; 262—24th, German-American; 264—37th, Fremont Rifles; 264—39th, Yates Phalanx; 264—42d, Infantry; 264—51st, Chicago Legion; 264—57th, National Guards; 264—58th McClellan Brigade; 265—65th, Scotch Regiment; 265—72d, Board of Trade; 265—82d, German-American; 265—88th, Second Board of Trade; 266—89th, Railroad Regiment; 266;—90th, Irish Legion; 266—113th, Third Board of Trade; 266—127th, 3,000 miles, 100 engagements; 266—Cavalry; 266—16th and 17th Cavalry; 267—Artillery; 267—Stokes Board of Trade Battery; 267—Death-Roll of Honor; 268—Typical Memoir of one Chicago officer; 268—Camp Douglas; 269—Prisoners' Aid and Relief; 270—Camp Douglas Conspiracy; 270—Sanitary Commission; 271—Love and Gratitude of those old days; 271.



## CHAPTER XXV.

## THE SIXTIES AT HOME :

Loss of the *Lady Elgin* ; 272—The bones of the ship now visible 273—Other wrecks ; 273—Population not checked by war ; 274—Lake Tunnel crib ; 274—Lake difficulties overcome, 275—Beginning of Lincoln Park ; 276—Sectional jealousies ; 276—Removal of the cemetery ; 277—Enlargement of the River Forks ; 277—Inception of the Union Stockyards ; 279—Of the Clearing House, 279—The river again foul ; 280—The remedy ; 280—The two tunnels ; 281—Federal affairs ; 281—Greenbacks ; 281—Money that rustled but did not rattle ; 283—The old banks died hard ; 283—Unfailing value of city securities ; 284—Farewell to George Smith ; 284—Where did the old rags go ? 285—Greenback inflation ; 285—Laborers on top ; 285—End of the stormy sixties ; 287—Delusive confidence ; 287.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

## THE GREAT FIRE :

The great drought before the great fire ; 288—Condition of the city in 1871 ; 288—The feast spread ; 289—Condition of the fire department ; 289—The O'Leary house and stable ; 290—Testimony of the O'Learys ; 291—Delay in giving the alarm ; 291—The attack outflanks the defence ; 291—First loss of a steam fire engine ; 292—Flames jump over the south branch ; 292—Battle on the court-house roof ; 293—Use of gunpowder ; 293—Cook county record office ; 293—Fierce speed of the flames ; 293—Fire crosses the main river ; 294—Failure to defend the water works ; 294—Whose fault ? 295—One woman's story ; 296—Mental phenomena ; 297—Pitiful struggles ; 298—Outpouring of the world's pity ; 298—First relief committees ; 299—The Chicago Relief and Aid Society ; 299—Special police sworn in ; 300—Militia and regular troops come ; 301—Sensitiveness regarding U. S. soldiers ; 301—First new supply of water ; 301—Summary of losses and compensations ; 302—Rebound of hope ; 302—Even Gov. Bross underestimates the recovery ; 302—One man's recollections ; 303—How the streets looked to a newly arrived Chicagoan ; 304—Particular ruins ; 304—North Side desolation ; 305.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

## A NEW STORY OF THE FIRE :

Books about the fire ; 306—Fate of the county records ; 307—American Record System ; 307—Maps and plats of city property ; 308

—The abstract makers and their work; 308—The real estate dilemma; 309—A clue to the labyrinth; 310—John G. Shortall's story of a night; 310—Fate of an old landmark; 311—First apprehension of the coming catastrophe; 311—The fugitive crowd; 312—Lucky failure of a well-meant effort; 312—Stocktons to the rescue; 313—Books on the truck and rain of fire on the books; 313—The great bell falls unheard; 314—Help of the jail-birds; 314—Back again to the fire; 314—Exasperating fatality; 315—Exhausted nature breaks down; 315—The loss averted; 316—The combined savings; 316—Chance for extortion; 316—Honorable conduct; 317—Chicago worthies; 318—Accumulations since the fire; 320—Government weather-signal officers; 320—Interview with ex-Mayor Cregier; 321—Interview with Chief Fire Marshall Williams; 321.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### DERRICK TIME :

Splendid conduct of Insurance Companies; 322—Trepidation of the timid; 322—The Burnt Record Act; 323—Words hearty and timely; 323—Buildings put up by the R. & A; 323—Doubts all proved to be vain; 324—Mayor Medill and the city problem; 324—Fire limits extended; 325—How serious is the loss of old buildings? 326—Early reconstruction; 326—Civic finances and their prospects; 327—Schneider's saying about metropolitan securities; 327—Timely liberality of the State Government; 328—The Rookeries, old and new; 328—Unparalleled achievement of the city; 329—Kerfoot's Block; 329—Gradual clearance of the obstructed streets; 330—Rehabilitation of the newspapers; 330—Failure of Congressional efforts at relief; 331—All poor, busy, hopeful and economical; 331—Relics of the Court House fire; 332—East-bound trains; 332—The blessed mother-in-law; 333.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### SOCIAL RE-ORGANIZATION :

Thirty-nine churches burned; 335—Scattering of Congregations by the Fire; 335—North, South and West Side circles; 335—Hospitality and Benovolence; 336—None rich by inheritance; 336—Absenteeism not favored; 337—One circle in the far future; 337—No true Aristocracy in Chicago as yet; 338—Development of Clubs; 338—The Chicago, the Standard and the Fortnightly; 339—The Literary; 340—The Union; 340—The Illinois; 340—The Union League; 340—The Iroquois; 341—Relief and Aid Society; 341—Its most devoted servants; 342—Home for the Friendless; 342—Nursery and Half-Orphan Asylum; 342—Old Ladies' Home; 343—Historical Society; 343—The

Athenæum; 344—Young Men's Christian Association; 345—Humane Society; 345—Secret Societies; 346—Union war Veterans; 346—The Art Institute; 346—Chicago as an art centre and art market; 347—A glance back at a primitive time and place; 348—The Declaration of Independence read from a pocket-handkerchief; 349.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### PANIC OF 1873. FIRE OF 1874. WHISKY RING:

One bank safe failed in its duty; 350—Consternation first and deliberation next; 350—Banks begin again to pay out money; 351—Stringency two years later; 351—Clearing-house certificates not used; 352—Collapse averted; 352—Failures; 352—Food products a better financial basis than stocks and bonds; 353—The great savings-bank disaster; 353—State, Bee-hive, Fidelity and German Savings-Banks; 354—Building Societies and their mission; 354—Relics of the past made foundations of the future; 355—A new blow on the old sore spot; 355—Last straw on the backs of the Insurance Companies; 356—Citizens' Association to the rescue; 356—The companies forgive but do not forget; 356—The new army of fire-fighters; 357—Bursting of the Whisky Ring; 357—Let no guilty man escape; 357—Enormous seizures of property; 358—Sensational trial, verdict and sentences; 358—Strong men broken down; 359—Indemnity to "Squealers"; 359—Seeming financial disaster, but real return of health; 359—Uniform integrity of the Mayors of Chicago; 361.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### THE BEAUTY SPOTS:

The luxury of the poor and the rich; 362—South Park Commission; 363—Its Fire losses; 363—Early purchases and improvements; Drexel Statue; 364—Hardship of boulevarding some streets at the cost of others; 366—Pay-as-you-go policy; 366—Equipment needed by a park; 367—Table of areas and distances; 367—Beginning of West Side Park System; 367—Douglas, Garfield and Humboldt; 368—Great boulevards on the West Side; 368—Future beauties; 369—Acres and miles of West Side system; 369—Lake Shore Drive, the glory of the North Side; 370—Primeval sand-hills; 371—Exclusion of shore railways; 371—Blossoming as the rose; 372—Miles and acres of the Lincoln Park System; 373—Original cost and present debt; 373—Successive Commissioners; 374—Park system still beyond present needs; 374—Increasing means and decreasing demands; 375—Bought and paid for; a free gift to the future; 375.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

## RIOTS AND THEIR SUPPRESSION :

A city of homes safe from certain dangers ; 376—Trade Unions necessary and proper ; 376—The Pittsburgh Riots ; 376—First troubles in Chicago ; 377—Assembling of forces for defence ; 377—Outbreak and bloodshed ; 378—Points to be defended ; 378—Gen. Torrence's disposition of forces ; 379—Military supports police ; 379—United States Regulars ; 380—Unanimity in the defenders , 380—The threatened avalanche scattered at the start : 381—Fear of the mob succeeded by jibes at the military ; 381—Thankless task of the militia ; 382—The Anarchists' movement ; 382—The prime movers ; 383—Their folly ; 383—Difference between labor-unionists and anarchists ; 384—Trouble at McCormick's Reaper works ; 384—The "Revenge" circular ; 385—Parson's speech at the Haymarket ; 385—Explosion, wounds and death ; 386—Arrests ; 386—Trial, conviction and punishment ; 386—Judge Gary and Prosecutor Grinnell ; 386.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

## PULLMAN:

The grand plan and its originator ; 388—An unpromising spot ; 389—Magical transformation ; 389—The workers and the work 390 ;—Corliss Engine ; 390—Architecture ; 390—Sewerage and disposition of sewage ; 390—Water supply ; 391—Pullman sewage farm ; 391—Lesson regarding Chicago sewage ; 393—Growth of a car ; 392—A train a day produced ; 392—Health of the town ; 393—Temperance ; 393—Personal liberty ; 393—Free public opinion ; 394—Religion ; 394—Aspect of the town ; 394—Flats and other homes ; 395—Statistics of population ; 395—Savings in bank ; 396—Spontaneous good order ; 396—The labor troubles of 1886—Arrival of the walking delegate ; 397—Mr. Pullman's reception of the committee ; 397—His answer ; 397—Finality of the interview ; 398—The strike is on ; 398—Attempted socialist intervention ; 399—Foundrymen come forward ; 399—End of strike ; 399—Piece-work at Pullman ; 400—Perhaps a key-bearer ; 400—The cap-stone is peace ; 400.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

## THE THRIFTY EIGHTIES:

Vastness of the million ; 401—Then and now ; 401—Chicago in 1891 ; 401—Her relative position ; 402—Other World's Fairs ; 403—Growth of Chicago since the fire ; 403—Present growth and what it means ; 404—Demand again overtakes supply ; 404—Good-bye to Gurdon Hubbard ; 404—The Newberry fortune ; 405—Walter L. New-

berry's Chicago history; 405—His public acts; 406—Personal characteristics; 407—Mr. Newberry's will; 408—Judge Skinner; 408—Litigation; 409—Location of permanent library; 410—Dr. Poole's remarks; 411—The building itself; 411—John Crerar; 412—A few of his business connections; 412—Mr. Crerar's will; 413—The Crerar Library; 413—A message from beyond the grave; 414—The Armour Mission and its founders; 414—Its ways and means; 415—Manual Training School; 415—William B. Ogden's will; 416—Fate of his well-meant charitable effort; 416—Difference between New York and Chicago charitable bequests; 417.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION:

Undertaking of the World's Columbian; 418—Act of Congress; 418—Conditional on certain funds; 419—Funds provided; 419—Innkeepers, etc., pledged against extortion; 420—Naval reviews; 420—The true anniversary; 420—President's proclamation; 421—Four organizations; 421—Fifteen great departments; 421—General officers; 422—Board members; 422—Statistics of previous fairs; 423—How Chicago compares; 423—Action of States and Territories; 423—Action of the general government; 424—Government exhibits; 424—Outlays hitherto and in the future; 425—Action of foreign nations; 425—A mile square of land and more if needed; 425—The lake and the water courses; 425—Statue of Liberty; 426—General architectural scheme; 426—Machinery Hall; 426—Fisheries island; 427—General Miles in charge of military features; 427—Troops and Indians; 427—Possible sham battle; 427—Pride in showing how few soldiers we need; 428—Lady managers; 428—Lady delegates; 428—Their powers and duties; 429—First meeting; 429—Speeches by Mrs. Felton and Mrs. Palmer; 429—Mrs. Palmer's report of her foreign trip; 430—How royalty and aristocracy look at the movement; 430—Princess Christian; 431—Mrs. Palmer's address to the Commissioners; 431—The Auxiliary; 432—A Congress of Congresses; 433—Building plans and costs; 434—Other necessary outlays; 434—\$17,000,000 to be laid out; 434—Fire department; 434—Building materials; 435—Sewerage; 435—Aspect of the ground in December 1891; 435.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### ON NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1892:

Chicago bent on business; 437—The idle man a lonely man; 438—Doing only one's duty is not enough; 438—The beauty of it; 439—Debt-paying, peace and plenty; 439—Suppose labor were exceptional; 440—Effect of success not all good; 440—Woman in her new place; 441—

Men judged by acts, not by thoughts; 441—Ecclesiastical trials; 441—  
Two creedless churches; 442—Central church; 443—People's church;  
443—Non-partisan movement whereby ballot-box frauds were stopped;  
443—No Chicago fortunes based on public plunder; 445—New York  
Chicago's elder sister and senior business partner; 445—Chicago not  
yet the ideal city; 445—Smoke, dust and mud; 445—Remedies possi-  
ble; 446—Money growing plenty; 446—Village-like characteristics; 446  
Patience under wrong; 447—Seats in street cars given up to women;  
447—What's all this? 448—Overcrowding of streets arising from over-  
building of houses; 448—John W. Root and the Chicago construc-  
tion; 450—Colbert's record of 40 years' growth; 451—Each historian  
laughs at his predecessor; 451—On the shining height; 451.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS, XIX.

INDEX, 453.

# ILLUSTRATIONS

## BUILDINGS.

### CHURCHES.

- First Baptist Church, 122.
- First M. E. Church, 248.
- First Universalist Church, 246.
- St. James Church, First, 136.
- "    "    New, and  
    Parsonage, 254.
- Second Presbyt. Church, 252.
- See also Fire Scenes.

### RESIDENCES.

- Burch, I. H., residence of, 241.
- Kinzie House, old, 75.
- "    mansion (Wau-Bun), 88.
- Ogden residence, 304.
- Palmer, Potter, residence, 439.
- Pullman's house and massacre tree, 70.
- Torrence, General, residence of, 349.

See also Fire Scenes and Pullman, Scenes in,

### MISCELLANEOUS.

- Art Institute, 338.
- Block House. Its last days, 81.
- Calumet Club, 341.
- Cook County Hospital, Harrison St., 450.
- Court House, First, 153.
- "    Second, 245.
- Ft. Dearborn 1803-4, 53.
- "    (Wau-Bun), 80.
- "    (Interior), 162.
- Green Tree Hotel, 96.
- Illinois Central Passenger station (1855), 226.
- Lake House, 162.
- Log cabin, 17.
- Masonic Temple, 444.
- Peck's store, 126.
- Relic House, 334.
- Rush Medical Coll., first, 232.
- "Saloon" building, 143, 210.
- Sauganash Hotel, 109.
- Temple building, 126.
- Union Club house, 340.
- Union League Club house, 339.
- United States Hotel and South Branch bridge, 118.
- Water works, city (1854), 229.
- "    (1891), 254.
- Woman's Christian Temperance Union, 442.
- "Wigwam." The, 258.

See also Fire Scenes; Pullman, Scenes in; and World's Columbian Exposition.

## FIRE SCENES.

- Armour's Block before and after the fire, 313.
- Bookseller's Row before and after the fire, 317.
- Chamber of Commerce before and after the fire, 307.

## FIRE SCENES.—Continued.

- Court House before and after the fire, 314.
- Crosby's Opera House before and after the fire, 327.
- Clark and Lake Sts., S. E. cor., before and after the fire, 298.
- Dearborn St., North from Adams, Oct. 17, '71, 294.
- Field & Leiter's store before and after the fire, 310.
- First building erected after the fire, 329.
- First M. E. Church after the fire, 297.
- First Merchants in burnt district, 333.
- First National Bank before and after the fire, 319.
- General Ruin, Oct. 17, '71, 300.
- Historical Society's Building before and after the fire, 318.
- "Kerfoot's Block," 329.
- Lake and Clark Sts., S. E. cor., after the fire 298.
- Lake St. from Michigan Ave., before and after the fire, 311.
- Marine Bank after the fire, 298.
- Michigan Ave., North from Madison St. before and after the fire, 332.
- Michigan Southern Depot before and after the fire, 301.
- Ogden Residence, 304.
- Portland Block before and after the fire, 312.
- Postoffice before and after the fire, 328.
- Rumsey, Geo., residence of, before and after the fire, 331.
- Rush Medical College before and after the fire, 308.
- St. James' Church before and after the fire, 316.
- St. James' Church from Huron St. after the fire, 305.
- St. James' Church from Rush St. after the fire, 297.
- St. Paul's Universalist Church before and after the fire, 304.
- Second Presbyterian Church before and after the fire, 306.
- Shepard's Building before and after the fire, 302.
- Sherman House before and after the fire, 303.
- Tribune building before and after the fire, 299.
- Union Building before and after the fire, 326.
- Unity Church before and after the fire, 330.
- Washington Street and Court House, Oct. 17, 1871, 292.

## FIRE SCENES.—Continued.

- Washington St., West from Wabash Ave., Oct. 17, '71, 295.
- Waterworks, City, before and after the fire, 296.
- Where the fire started, 290.
- Burnt District, 289.

## PARKS.

- Douglas Park, Scenes in, 371, 372 and 373.
- Garfield Park, Scene in, 374.
- Lincoln Park, Bear-pit in, 370.
- Floral Design in, 366.
- In the Palm House, 365.
- Scene in, 368.
- Sea Lion Pond, 362.
- Washington Park, the Floral Globe, 364.
- Fountain, 369.
- Gates Ajar, 363.
- (See also "Statues.")

## PORTRAITS.

- Ackerman, W. K., 221.
- Adams, C. W., Master U. S. N., 286.
- Geo. W., 383.
- J. McGregor, 323.
- Aldrich, W., 113.
- Anderson, G., 128.
- P. B., 128.
- Andrews, E., Surgeon U. S. V., 282.
- Armour, Geo., 129.
- Joseph F., 415.
- Philip D., 415.
- Armstrong, T. R., 112.
- Arnold, Isaac N., 146.
- Atkinson, S. F., 137.
- Baker, W. T., 422.
- Baldwin, W. A., 112.
- Ball, S. R. and wife, 128.
- Balsby, J., 121.
- Bangs, Mark, 358.
- Barnes, S. B. and wife, 136.
- Barney, Mrs. N. A., 136.
- Barrett, S. E., Major U. S. V., 286.
- Barry, Wm., 343.
- Bascom, Rev. Flavel, 225.
- S., 113.
- Bassett, G., 120.
- J., 121.
- Bates, John and wife, 128.
- John, Jr., 129.
- Beaubien, John B., 86, 142.
- Mark, 121.
- W. S. and wife, 120.
- Beecher, J., and wife, 129.
- Beers, C., 120.
- Beggs, Rev. S. R., 177.

## PORTRAITS.—Continued.

Bennet, B., 105.  
 Berg, A., 120-136.  
   Mrs. A., 113.  
 Beveredge, John L., 342.  
 Bigelow, Mrs. J., 105.  
 Bishop, Mrs. L. J., 129.  
 Black, Gen. John Charles, 266.  
   William P., 382.  
 Black Hawk, 103.  
 Blackman, E., 105.  
 Blatchford, E. W., 408.  
 Blodgett, Judge H. W., 167.  
   W. H. and wife, 129.  
   E. A., Capt. U. S. V., 282.  
 Bonfield, Capt. John, 379.  
 Bonney, Charles C., 435.  
 Boone, Daniel, 36.  
   Levi D., 112, 360.  
   Mrs. T. L., 120.  
 Botsford, Jabez K., 211.  
   J. J. and wife, 129.  
 Bowen, C., 113.  
   Jas., 263.  
   L., 113.  
 Boyer, N. A. and wife, 136.  
 Bradley, Cyrus P., 198.  
   W. H., 409.  
 Brainard, Dr. D., 132.  
 Braith, A. F., 121.  
 Brajo, Mr. and Mrs., 128.  
 Brayman, Mrs. E. W., 120.  
 Brayton, Jas. H., 383.  
 Breese, R. B., 105.  
   Judge Sydney, 218.  
 Bridges, Gen. Lyman, 267.  
   T. B., 129.  
 Bross, Gov. Wm., 105.  
 Brown, L., 128.  
   N. H., and wife, 120.  
   S. D., 136.  
   T., 128.  
   W. H., 172.  
 Bryan, A. B., 113.  
   Thos. B., 263, 270.  
 Burley, A. G., 174, 128.  
   Mrs. A. G., 128.  
   A. H., 174, 263.  
 Butterfield, Justin, 175.  
 Calhoun, John, 130.  
   Mrs. John, 113.  
   John B., 219.  
 Campbell, G., 112.  
 Carbriden, J., 137.  
 Carrington, N. S., 128.  
 Carpenter, A. E., 112.  
   Mrs. A. E., 137.  
   Philo, 113, 117.  
 Carter, Thos. B., 129, 239.  
 Carver, B., 112.  
 Castle, E., 105.  
 Caswell, S. and wife, 136.  
 Caton, Judge John Dean, 138.  
   Mrs. John Dean, 139.  
   Mr. and Mrs. W. P., 128.  
 Cavalier, R. de La Salle, 21.  
 Chacksfield, C., 128.  
 Chalmers, T., 120.  
 Chapin, John P., 360.  
 Chappell, Elisa, 123.  
 Chesbrough, E. S., 275.  
 Chetlain, Gen. A. L., 265.  
 Church, Thos., 196.  
   W. L., 120

## PORTRAITS.—Continued.

Churchill, J. and wife, 128.  
 Clark, Geo. Rogers, 41.  
   G. R., 105.  
   H. W. and wife, 128.  
   John K., 97.  
   N., 136.  
   W. H., 120.  
 Clarke, W. H., 275.  
 Clancey, W. B. and wife, 136.  
 Cleaver, Chas., 128, 137.  
 Cleavland, W. R., 112.  
 Clowry, R. W., Lt.-Col. U. S.  
   V., 282.  
 Clybourne, Archibald, 99.  
   Mrs. Archibald, 99, 137.  
 Cobb, S. G. and wife, 104.  
   Sitas B., 104, 211.  
   Mrs. Silas B., 104.  
 Coffing, Mrs. C., 129.  
 Colbert, Monsieur, 33.  
 Collyer, Rev. Robert, 259.  
 Colvin, H. D., 263, 360.  
 Conner, Miss C., 128.  
 Cook, Hon. D. P., 113.  
   G. C. and wife, 121.  
   T. and wife, 129.  
 Couch, James, 137, 182.  
   Mrs. James, 137.  
 Crary, C. A., 112.  
 Cregier, Hon. DeWitt C., 361.  
 Crerar, John, 412.  
 Crook, George, Maj.-Gen. U.  
   S. A., 282.  
 Curtis, James, 204, 860.  
   Mrs. James, 112.  
   Miss P., 105.  
 Cushing, N., 136  
 Daggy, Peter, 224.  
 Dauchy, G. K., Capt. U. S. V.,  
   282.  
 Davis, C. W., Col. U. S. V., 286.  
   Mrs. E., 112.  
   Geo. R., 357.  
   Dr. N. S., 422.  
 Dee, Mrs. D., 129.  
 Demock, Mrs. M. A., 112.  
 Denker, Theo. E., 383.  
 Derrickson, R. P., 137.  
 DeWolf, C., 105.  
   Henry, 271.  
   William, 264.  
   W. F., 355.  
 Dexter, A. and wife, 129.  
   Wirt, 336.  
 Dickey, T. Lyle, 213.  
 Dickman, A., 112.  
 Dobbins, T., 113.  
 Dodson, C. B. and wife, 120.  
 Dole, G. W., 204.  
 Dore, John C., 263.  
 Douglas, Stephen A., 165.  
 Downs, A. G. and wife, 121.  
   A. S. and wife, 121.  
   N. D. and wife, 136.  
   W. R., 104.  
   Mrs. W. R., 136.  
 Drake, G., 104.  
 Drummond, Judge Thos., 209,  
   263.  
 Ducat, Gen. Arthur C., 265.  
 Dugan, T., 137.  
 Dyas, Dr. G., 137.  
 Dyer, Chas. V., 235.

## PORTRAITS.—Continued.

Dyer, Clarence H., Maj. U. S.  
   V., 286.  
   Thomas, 360.  
 Eagan, E. B. and wife, 129.  
 Earle, Mrs. M., 120.  
 Eastman, Zebina, 112, 226.  
 Ebert, John, 203.  
 Egan, Mrs. E., 120.  
   Dr. Wm. B., 114.  
 Engel, Geo., 385.  
 Erskine, Col. Albert, 268.  
 Fairbank, N. K., 256.  
 Farnham, G. M., Captain U.  
   S. V., 286.  
 Farwell, John V., 324.  
 Fearn, Walter, 435.  
 Fergus, Robt., 143.  
 Fielden, Paul, 385.  
 Fischer, Adolph, 384.  
 Fittz, Mr., 104.  
 Follansbee, C., 120.  
   Mrs. C., 112.  
 Foote, J., 136.  
   Mrs. J., 121.  
   J. H., 121.  
 Forbes, Eliza, 123.  
   Stephen, 122.  
 Foster, Geo. F., 160.  
   Mrs. G. F., 137.  
 Fowler, Mrs. F. H., 112.  
 Fuller, H. and wife, 104.  
 Furness, W. E., Maj. U. S. V.,  
   286.  
 Gage, Mrs. E., 104.  
   Lyman J., 352.  
 Gale, A., 137.  
 Gary, Judge Joseph E., 380.  
 Garrett, Aug., 360.  
 Gates, P. W., 120.  
   Mrs. P. W., 112.  
 George III., 45.  
 Gibbs, A., 120.  
 Gleason, McB., 137.  
 Goodhue, Josiah C., 149.  
 Goodkiss, S. R., 137.  
 Goodman, Thomas, 113.  
 Goodrich, Judge Grant, 263.  
 Gould, Mr. E., 113.  
   J. N., 137.  
 Graff, P. and wife, 113.  
 Graham, E. A., 113.  
 Grannis, A., 105.  
 Grant, Mrs., 112.  
 Gray, C. M., 360.  
   Mrs. C. M., 113.  
   G. W., 137.  
   J., 137.  
   Mrs. J., 112.  
   J. H., 120.  
   Mrs. J. H., 113.  
   M., 137.  
   Miss, 129.  
   W., 129.  
 Greeley, Horace, 197.  
 Green, R. and wife, 112.  
 Greenebaum, Mr., 105  
 Greiner, John B., 383.  
 Grinnell, Julius S., 382.  
 Groesbeck, A., 137.  
 Gunn, Dr. Moses, 259.  
 Gurley, Jason, 157.  
 Gurnee, Walter S., 360.  
 Haines, John C., 129, 360.



## PORTRAITS.—Continued

Hallam, Rev. Isaac W., 128.  
 Hamilton, Andrew, 383.  
   P. S., 104.  
   Richard J., 116.  
 Hammond, Chas. G., 324.  
 Hancock, J. S., 105.  
 Harding, A. J., Capt. U. S. V., 286.  
 Harmon, E., 120.  
   Isaac D., 137, 240.  
   Isaac N., 105, 240.  
 Harper, Mrs. J. M., 113.  
   W., 136.  
 Harris, Jacob, 113.  
   Mrs. J. E., 105.  
 Harrison, Hon. Carter II., 360.  
 Hart, R., 113.  
 Hayes, S. J., 309.  
 Heacock, W. C., 104.  
 Heald, H. N. and wife, 128.  
   Rebekah, 58.  
 Healey, G. P. A., 346.  
 Heardt, George, 104.  
   Mrs. Jane, 105.  
 Heath, Monroe, 360, 378.  
 Henderson, Mrs. H. E., 129.  
 Higgins, Judge Van H., 263.  
 Hilliard, L. P., 136.  
 Hing, J. and wife, 104.  
 Hjortsberg, Max, 399.  
 Hoard, S. and wife, 136.  
 Hogan, J. C., 177.  
 Holden, Mrs. Betsey, 348  
   C., 105  
   C. C. P., 192.  
   Mrs. C. C. P., 105.  
   C. N., 121, 161.  
   Mrs. C. N., 121.  
   J. and wife, 121.  
   P. H., 348.  
 Hooker, Mrs. L. W., 120.  
 Hough, R. M., 263.  
 Hoyne, Thomas, 194, 263.  
 Hubbard, Gurdon S., 83, 120, 404  
 Huggins, E., Capt. U. S. A., 282.  
 Hughitt, Marvin, 347.  
 Hugunin, L. G., 113.  
 Huntington, Alonzo, 196.  
 Hurd, Mrs. H. B., 136.  
 Hurlbut, Henry H., 89.  
 Hyde, J. N., Surgeon U. S. N., 286.  
 Ingalls, R., Bvt. Maj. Gen. U. S. A., 282.  
 Ingals, Dr., 112.  
 Ingham, George C., 382.  
 Isherwood, Harry, 185.  
 Jackson, H. W., Major U. S. V., 286, 413.  
   J. and wife, 128.  
 Jenks, Mrs. J., 105.  
 Jenney, W. L. B., Major U. S. V., 282.  
 Jennings, J., 113.  
   S. H., 113.  
 Johnson, Dr. Hosmer A., 338.  
   J., 105.  
 Jones, Fernando, 120, 309.  
   Mrs. Fernando, 120.  
 Jones, J., 105.  
   N. A. and wife, 128.  
 Jouett, Charles, 44.

## PORTRAITS.—Continued.

Judd, Norman B., 154.  
 Judson, Mrs. E., 113.  
 Keeler, W. B., Col. U. S. V., 286.  
 Kehoe, M., 128.  
 Kidder, H. M., Col. U. S. V., 282.  
 Kimball, A. F., 128.  
   Mark, 128.  
 King, Henry W., 336.  
   Tuthill and wife, 113.  
 Kinzie, Gwenthlean H., 96.  
   John Harris, 94.  
   Mrs. Juliette A., 57.  
   R. A., 95.  
 Kirkland, Joseph, 305.  
 Kobles, Miss S. C., 104.  
 Labaska, F., 129.  
 Lander, J. and wife, 129.  
 Lane, E. B. and wife, 129.  
 Lange, O. G., 105.  
   Mrs. O. G., 137.  
 Larned, Edwin C., 263, 337.  
 LaSalle: See Cavalier.  
 Leake, Gen. Joseph B., 260, 282  
 Lee, T., 137.  
 Leiter, Levi Z., 354.  
 Lincoln, Abraham, 164, 200.  
 Lind, Sylvester, 137, 231.  
 Lingg, Louis, 384.  
 Lipp, R., 129.  
 Little Turtle, 60.  
 Lloyd, Alexander, 360.  
 Locke, Rev. Clinton, 344.  
 Louis XIV., 214.  
 Loomis, John Mason, Col. U. S. V., 286.  
 Ludwig, Chas. H., 383.  
 Luff, W. M., Maj. U. S. V., 286.  
 Macham, W., 136.  
 MacVeagh, Franklin, 447.  
 Manierre, Edwin, 128.  
   George, 263.  
 Marshall, J. N. and wife, 129.  
 Mason, Geo., Maj. U. S. V., 286.  
   Mrs. H. P., 136.  
   Roswell P., 217, 360.  
 McCagg, Ezra B., 325.  
 McClaughry, Maj. U. S. V., 286.  
 McClintock, J., 120.  
 McCluer, J. E., 137.  
 McCormick, Cyrus H., 448.  
 McDonnell, C., 104, 112.  
   Mrs. C., 104.  
 McGraw, J. and wife, 136.  
 McKay, Mr., 104.  
 McVicker, Dr. Brock, 113.  
   Mrs. Brock, 137.  
   Jas. H., 223.  
 McWarren, J., 137.  
   Mrs. J., 129.  
 McWilliams, J. G., Capt. U. S. V., 286.  
 Meacham, R., 104.  
 Meadowcroft, R. and wife, 121.  
 Medill, Joseph, 262, 360.  
   Wm. H., 268.  
 Merrill, Mrs. A., 112.  
 Me-tee-a, 86.  
 Midgley, R., 120.  
 Miles, Gen. Nelson A., 427.  
 Milliken, Isaac L., 360.  
 Mills, J. K. and wife, 128.

## PORTRAITS.—Continued.

Miner, Mrs. R., 104, 282.  
 Mitchell, J. B. and wife, 128.  
 Munger, D. S., 112.  
 Morgan, Mrs. A. E., 105.  
 Morris, Buckner S., 136, 360.  
 Morrison, D. and wife, 121.  
   E. and wife, 104, 105.  
 Moses, Judge John, 410.  
   Mrs., 137.  
 Murphy, Mrs. H. A., 113.  
 Myers, S., 120.  
 Myrick, Mr. and Mrs., 128.  
 Neebe, Oscar, 385.  
 Nevin, P., 105.  
 Newberry, Julia R., 407.  
   Mary L., 406.  
   Walter L., 405.  
 Newton, J. S. and wife, 105.  
 Nichols, Mrs. E., 129.  
   L., 137.  
   S. J., 104.  
 Norton, Mrs. D., 104.  
 O'Connor, J., 112.  
 Ogden, Mahlon D., 112, 194.  
   Wm. B., 115, 360.  
 Olsen, Mrs. M. A., 121.  
 O'Neil, Thos. and wife, 136.  
 Osborne, Frank S., 383.  
   W., 112.  
   Wm. H., 220.  
 Otis, E., Capt. U. S. V., 282.  
 Page, Peter, 195.  
 Palmer, Potter, 353.  
   Mrs. Potter, 440.  
 Parsons, A. R., 384.  
 Peacock, E., 137.  
 Peck, Ebenezer, 131.  
   W. L., 137.  
 Perkins, O. P., 105.  
 Pitney, F. V., 137.  
 Polk, W., 137.  
 Poole, Wm. F., 409.  
 Porter, F. H., 113.  
   Mrs. F. H., 105.  
   Jeremiah, 124.  
 Pratt, Mrs. E., 137.  
 Prindiville Redmond, 203.  
 Prophet, The, 55.  
 Proudfoot, Lawrence, 276.  
 Pullman, George M., 389.  
 Quirk, David, 378.  
 Randall, S. G., 383.  
 Raymond, B. W., 112, 156, 360.  
 Reed, A. H., 383.  
   J. C., 112.  
   J. H., 112.  
 Reeves, E. F., 120.  
 Rice, John B., 212, 360.  
 Richmond, T. and wife, 136.  
 Robb, Col., 112.  
 Robins, R., Capt. U. S. A., 282  
 Robinson, Alexander, 78.  
 Roche, John A., 361.  
 Rogers, W. B., 120.  
 Root, John W., 450.  
 Rumsey, Julian, 263, 360.  
 Runnion, D., 112.  
 Russell, M. J., Lieut. U. S. V., 280.  
 Ryerson, Joseph T., 337.  
 Saint Cyr, Father I. M. I., 127.  
 Sandford, Harry T., 383.  
 Satterlee, M. L. and wife, 104.

## PORTRAITS.—Continued.

Sawyer, H., 113.  
 Saunders, R. P., 137.  
 Scammon, J. Young, 128, 179, 205.  
 Schneider, Geo., 263, 325.  
 Schofield, J. M., Maj.-Gen. U. S. A., 282.  
 Schwab, Michael, 385.  
 Scott, W. and wife, 137.  
 Scoville, H. H., 112.  
 Sexton, J. A., Capt. U. S. V., 282.  
 Shaubena, 104.  
 Shelby, J., 120.  
 Sheridan, P. H., Gen. U. S. A., 282.  
 Sherman and his officers, 417.  
 Sherman, A. S., 137, 360.  
 F. C., 360.  
 Francis T., Brig. Gen. U. S. A., 282.  
 Frank, 195.  
 H., 137.  
 Shipman, Dr. G. and wife, 104.  
 D. B., 128.  
 S. V., Col. U. S. V., 282.  
 Shortall, John G., 315.  
 Skinner, Judge Mark, 180, 263.  
 Richard, 269.  
 Small, J. and wife, 129.  
 Smart, E., 121.  
 Smith, E., 105.  
 Smith, Geo., 243.  
 J. F., 105.  
 Mrs. M. A., 112.  
 Snowhook, W. B., 239.  
 Sollitt, J., 112.  
 W., 129.  
 Mrs. W., 121.  
 Speer, Mr. and Mrs. J., 121.  
 Spies, August, 384.  
 Spry, Mrs. B., 121.  
 J. and wife, 121.  
 Stewart, Gen. Hart L., 105, 255.  
 Stockton, J., Brig.-Gen. U. S. V., 286.  
 Stone, W. H., 120.  
 Stokes, Gen. James H., 269.  
 Sturtevant, A. D., 105.  
 Mrs. A. D., 113.  
 Sumner, O. P. and wife, 104.  
 Surdam, J. R. and wife, 120.  
 Sweeney, J., 112.  
 Talcott, E. B., 120.  
 M. and wife, 105.  
 Taylor, A. H., 137.  
 Taylor, G. D., 105.  
 Taylor, L. D., 137.  
 N. C., 104.  
 R., 137.  
 Tasker, Mrs., 120.  
 Tear, J., 120.  
 Tecumseh, 53.  
 Temple, J. S. and wife, 105.  
 Thomas, H. H., Capt. U. S. V., 286.  
 Thompson, A. H. and wife, 105.  
 Tinkham, E. I., 345.  
 Todd, Chas. B., 383.  
 Torrence, Gen. Joseph T., 377.

## PORTRAITS.—Continued.

Trumbull, Lyman, 351.  
 Tucker, Joseph F., 222.  
 Turner, J., 121, 128.  
 Mrs. J., 121.  
 Tuthill, Brig.-Gen. Richard S., 261.  
 Tuttle, F., 120.  
 Upton, Geo. P., 213.  
 Van Arman, John, 263.  
 Van Osdel, J., 113, 356.  
 Van Vlack, E. B., 105.  
 Vedder, F. H. and wife, 112.  
 Vial, R., 104.  
 S., 105.  
 Vincent, A., 129.  
 Wadhams, S., 112.  
 Wait, H. N., Paymaster U. S. N., 282.  
 J. W., 137.  
 Walker, A. F., Col. U. S. V., 286.  
 Chas., 173.  
 S. B., 112.  
 Wallace, J. S., 120.  
 Walsh, C. and wife, 113.  
 Ward, J., 113.  
 Warner, S. B., 129.  
 Mrs. S. B., 121.  
 Washburne, Elihu B., 284.  
 Hempstead, 361.  
 Washington, Augustine, 46.  
 George, 46.  
 Lawrence, 46.  
 Waterman, A. N., Col. U. S. A., 282.  
 R., Lieut. U. S. V., 282.  
 Wayman, S. and wife, 104.  
 W., 121.  
 Wayne, Gen. Anthony, 50.  
 Webster, Gen. Joseph D., 199.  
 Wells, H. G., 121.  
 Mrs. H. G., 136.  
 Capt. William, 62.  
 Wentworth, Elijah, 128.  
 John, 237, 360.  
 Wheeler, W., 121.  
 Whistler, Wm., 51.  
 Mrs. Wm., 52.  
 Whitehead, H. and wife, 136.  
 Wicker, Chas. G., 263.  
 Wier, G. E. and wife, 136.  
 Wilcox, C., 113.  
 Willard, A. J. and wife, 121.  
 E. W., 263.  
 Miss Frances, 141.  
 J. H., 113.  
 Williams, Norman, 414.  
 Wilson, J., 112.  
 John M., 263.  
 Winne, A., Lieut. U. S. V., 286.  
 Wolcott, Alexander, 121, 192.  
 Mrs. Alexander, 121.  
 Wood, A. C., 206.  
 Woodruff, Mr. and wife, 112, 120.  
 Woodward, C., 136.  
 Mrs. C., 104.  
 Woodworth, Mrs. J., 136.  
 Worthington, D. and wife, 121.  
 Yates, H. H., 113.  
 Gov. Richard, 263.  
 Yoe, P. L., 263.

## PULLMAN, SCENES IN.

Arcade Building, 395.  
 Daughters of Workers, 399.  
 Fire Department, 392.  
 Hotel Florence, 393.  
 Lake Vista, 394.  
 Main Administrative Building, 398.  
 Railway Station, 391.  
 School Building, 400.  
 Watchman at Gate, 397.  
 Water Tower, 388.

## STATUES.

Douglas Monument.  
 Grant Monument in Lincoln Park.  
 La Salle Statue in Lincoln Park.  
 Lincoln Statue in Lincoln Park.  
 Linnæus Statue in Lincoln Park.

## WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

Administration Building, 419.  
 Agriculture Building, 433.  
 Art Palace, 424.  
 Electrical Building, 432.  
 Fisheries Building, 429.  
 Government Building, 420.  
 Horticultural Building, 431.  
 Illinois State Building, 423.  
 Machinery Hall, 430.  
 Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building, 426.  
 Mines and Mining, 432.  
 Transportation Building, 424.  
 Women's Building, 428.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

After the Storm, 11.  
 Anarchist Case, Jury in, 383.  
 Beaubien's Fiddle, 135.  
 Beaver at Work, 79.  
 Beaver Dam, 12.  
 Black Partridge Medal, 61.  
 Buffalo Rock, 28.  
 Canal Scrip Bank Notes, 169.  
 "Chicago Construction," 449.  
 Chicago in 1812, 65.  
 Chicago in 1840 (Schoolcraft's View), 85.  
 Chicago in 1845, 214.  
 Chicago in 1850, 215.  
 Chicago in 1889, 65.  
 Chicago River, Plan for Improving Mouth of, 93.  
 "Chicagou" (wild onion), 8.  
 Chimera, stump-tail, 242.  
 Clark Street, Evolution of, 147.  
 Clark Captures Kaskaskia, 37.  
 Couch Family Tomb in Lincoln Park, 183.  
 Dawn, 92.  
 Dearborn St. bridge, 119.  
 Douglas monument, 250.  
 Park, scenes in: See Parks.  
 Drummer Boy, The, 257.  
 Explorers on the lakes, 16.  
 French settlements, 29.  
 Great Lakes, elevation above tidewater, 5.

MISCELLANEOUS.—*Continued.*

Fac similes of Autographs, etc.  
 Caldwell, Wm., 77.  
 Heacock, R. E., 133.  
 Kinzie, James, 97.  
   John, 87.  
 Miller, Samuel, 97.  
 Playbill of 1849, 212.  
 Scrip, canal, 169-71.  
 Fire Engines.  
   Double Decker, 152.  
   Long John, 236.  
   Side Brake, 152.  
 Flag of distress, 64.  
 Flat Boat, The, 31.  
 Flood of 1849, 208.  
 Garfield Park, scene in: See  
   parks.  
 Garlick, wild, 8.  
 "Go on with your dancing; but  
   remember," 37.  
 Grand Boulevard, 375.  
 Grant monument in Lincoln  
   Park, 438.  
 Haymarket, 381.  
 Hennepin's Niagara, 7.  
 "His last cent," 163.  
 Hook and Ladder Truck, 152.  
 Hospital tent, scene in, 237.  
 Illinois Farm, 188.  
   River Valley, 6.

MISCELLANEOUS.—*Continued.*

Indian Girl, 106.  
   Mound, 9.  
   Squaw, 102.  
   War dance, 110.  
 Indians on the move, 111.  
 "Lady Elgin," wreck of, 273.  
 Lake St, fire of 1834, 134.  
 Lalime, Jean, remains, 101.  
 La Salle statue, in Lincoln  
   Park, Frontispiece.  
 La Salle St. tunnel, 280.  
 Leek, wild, 8.  
 Lincoln Park, scenes in: See  
   Parks.  
 Lincoln statue, 277.  
 Linnæus statue, 402.  
 Locomotive, First, 202.  
 Mackinaw, Straits of, 228.  
 "Madeira Pet," 238.  
 Massacre Tree and Pull-  
   man's House, 70.  
 Mayors of Chicago, Suc-  
   cession of, 360.  
 Michigan ave. in 1849, 241.  
 Moonlit Graves, 91.  
 Mound Builders, Relic of, 8.  
 Newberry Library Build-  
   ing in Construction, 411.  
 Niagara Falls. Father  
   Hennepin's Sketch, 7.

MISCELLANEOUS.—*Continued.*

Niagara Rapids at Work, 2.  
 Niagara, retirement of, 3.  
 Ogden Wentworth Ditch  
   (Mud Lake) in 1890, 19.  
 Old Judge and the Young  
   Candidate, The, 151.  
 Pipe, Relic of the Mound  
   Builders, 8.  
 Police Patrol, 387.  
 Prairie Avenue in 1891, 437.  
 Prairie Wolf, 148.  
 Red Coat, 1812, 34.  
 Sherman and His Officers, 417.  
 Scalp, The, 30.  
 Sleeping Car, The first, as  
   it looked in 1891, 234.  
 Stacked Guns, 272.  
 Stage Office, 181.  
 Starved Rock; near Utica  
   Ill., 23.  
 Stock-Yards, View in, 278.  
 Storm Cloud, 10.  
 Stump-tail Chimera, 242.  
 Tablet on Site of Fort Dear-  
   born, 82.  
 Union Defence Committee, 263,  
 Valley Forge, 43.  
 Waubansa Stone, 155.  
 Wolf Point in 1830, 93.





## THE STORY OF CHICAGO

### CHAPTER I.

#### A THOUSAND CENTURIES.



**U**NMISTAKABLE testimony of Nature's landmarks and watermarks shows us that at some past day the surface of Lake Michigan was more than thirty feet higher than now, and the floods of Lakes Superior, Huron and Michigan flowed southwest by the Illinois and Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico, instead of northeast by Niagara, Ontario and the St. Lawrence to the Atlantic. Also that the course of the mighty stream was over the then submerged flat where now stands Chicago; and that a great part of it, following the general course of the little West Fork of our South Branch, past the Bridgeport quarter, over the nearly dry expanse we call Mud Lake (traversed now by the canal, the Alton and the Santa Fe Railways and the Ogden-Wentworth ditch), poured in a fine flood across the "Divide" between Summit and Riverside, a mile beyond present city limits, into the bed of the Des Plaines.

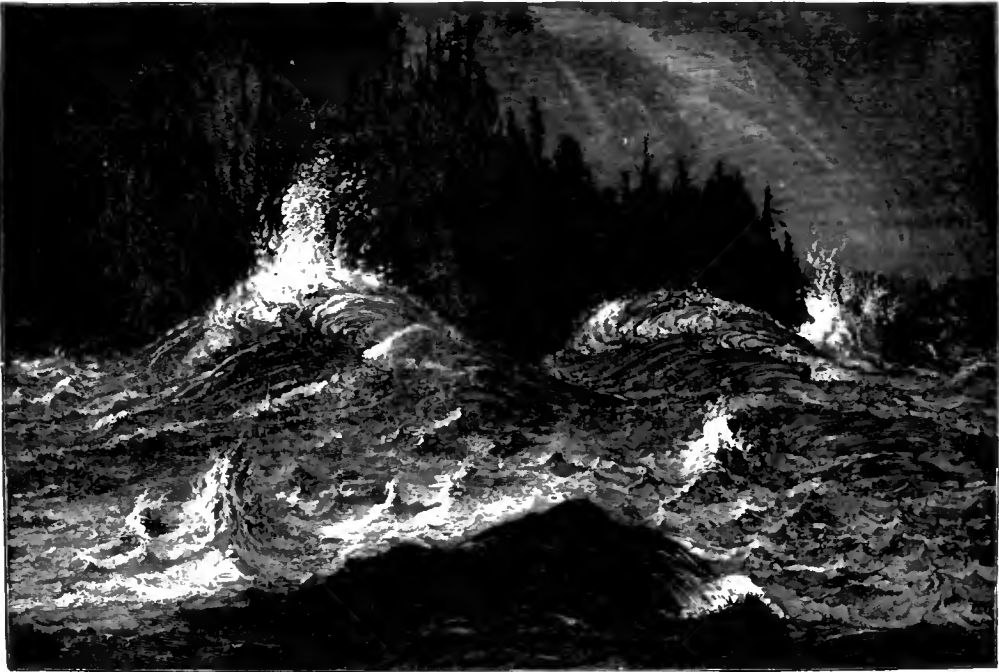
Lake Michigan  
flowed toward  
the Gulf of  
Mexico.

To-day that "Divide" is but eight or ten feet above the surface of Lake Michigan; therefore when that surface was thirty feet higher its outlet had twenty feet or more of depth; and, as the gap of low land now shows, it was two miles wide. One easily pictures the grandeur and beauty of the southward moving mass as it starts toward Joliet Lake, the Illinois valley and the Gulf of Mexico.

Where was Niagara then, and why did it not, as now, afford a "line of least resistance" for the drainage of the great Northwestern watershed?

How the waters  
came to  
change direc-  
tion.

Niagara was doubtless a brawling stream meandering along near the tops of the hills whose feet it now washes. The Falls themselves, which have worn their way upstream perceptibly even within historic times, were necessarily somewhere near the declivity at Lewiston where the high ground ends and the Ontario flat begins. There is a far greater fall from Lake Erie to Ontario than from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi, and a shorter course in which to make the drop—therefore a swifter current. Other things being equal, the faster water flows the faster it deepens its channel. At a certain speed it makes soil by deposit, at another speed it gnaws, scours, carries away. So are mountains brought low and valleys filled up.



NIAGARA RAPIDS AT WORK.

Starting with the time when they were on equal terms; when our Western stream—let us call it Joliet river, to coin a term—and the Niagara were carrying each the same quantity of water; Niagara, with its quicker fall, over at least equally friable material, must gain upon Joliet. The former underbids the latter and draws more and more from its income. The more it gains, the more it may, for it has the stolen capital to gain with.

Slowly, slowly, the Niagara cataract plows its backward furrow—kicks its way uphill toward Lake Erie. Each step gained steals a hairbreadth from the lake levels, each hairbreadth lessening the supply for the Joliet river. Slowly, slowly, Lake Michigan recedes, each pause

marked by a long roll of beach-sand, miles in length, parallel to the present lake shore; and lo! those long ridges stretch through Chicago suburbs to this day, visible to the eyes of all and puzzling to the mind of the thoughtless.

Niagara is still plowing its furrow, and the lakes are still losing their hairbreadths of depth. To our posterity will one day come a

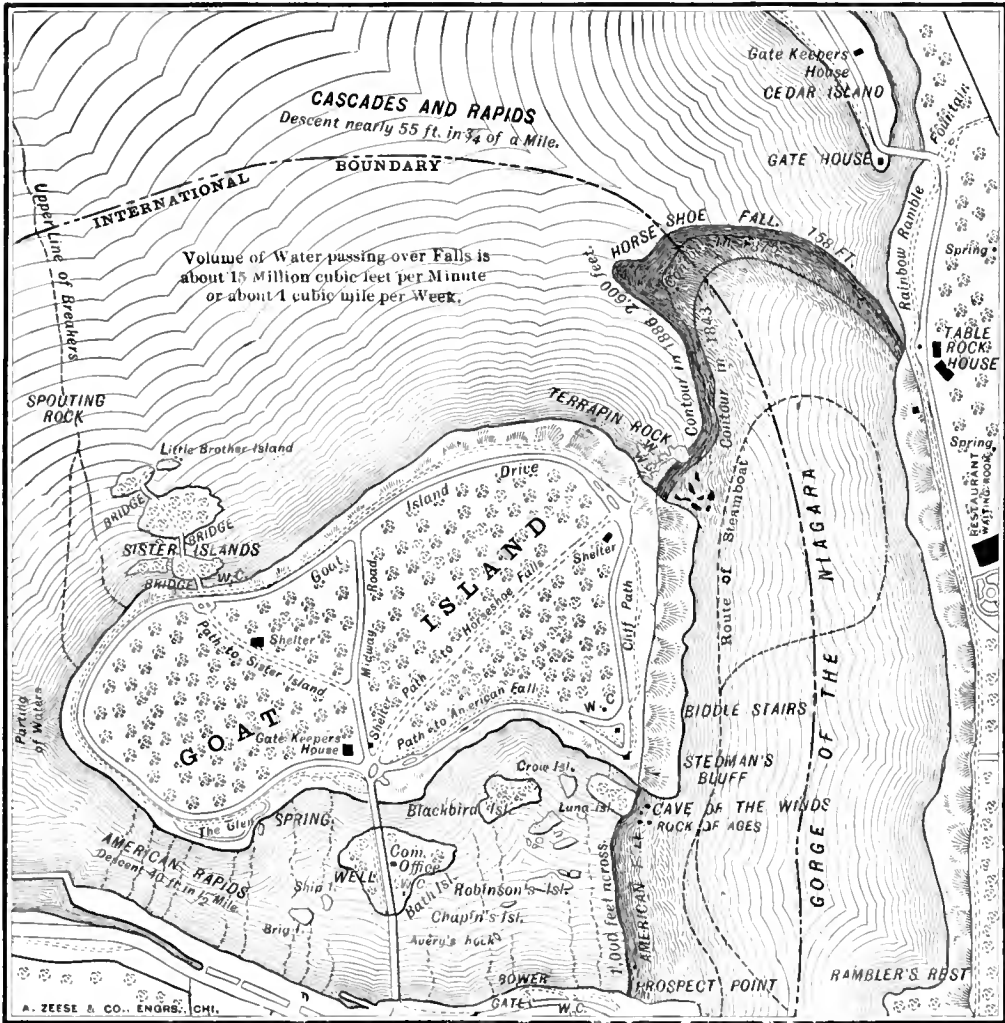


CHART SHOWING RETIREMENT OF NIAGARA SINCE 1843.

serious question—how shall this exhaustion be checked? Shall it go on until Lake Erie tumbles bodily over the edge, and Buffalo, Erie, Cleveland, Sandusky and Toledo are left far inland and harborless? Happily this is not our present problem. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. Instead of the far future let us turn to the far past and take a look at our chosen spot of earth as it was in the days when Lake Michigan was brim full and flowed southward over Chicago's submerged plain.

Threatened destruction of Lake Erie.

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,  
 Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,  
 Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and pathetic.  
 Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.  
 Loud from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced neighboring ocean  
 Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

When Chicago  
 was submerged.

Here is the southwestern bend of Lake Michigan, and now is an era centuries ago—a score, a hundred, a thousand—no matter how many, for Nature takes no account of time. “A thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.”

Taking Waukegan Point as a starting place and walking southward, the shore of the old unknown epoch is much like that of the known until we come to the southern point of the 100-foot bluff of Lake Forest, Highland Park, Highwood, and Lakeside. At Winnetka the high ground begins to trend to the westward, and in these old days the water does likewise, lapping the shore at the foot of the long southwestern hill which starts in the Wilmette suburb. Here we go, in fancy, about southwest, at the water’s edge, leaving an elevated marsh (“The Skokie”) on our right and coming to where a little stream (North Branch) empties between high banks (Norwood Park).

The marsh and the stream, nay, even the lake itself, are teeming with wild-fowl; myriads upon myriads rise and circle about, filling the air with their hoarse cries and the noise of their wings. Wild geese and wild swan, duck, pelican, crane, throng and crowd each other, unknowing as yet the extinction that awaits them. The marsh is their breeding-place and the lake their highway between the Arctic and the Tropic.\*

Next our course is southward for some seven miles (Montclare, Galewood, etc.), after which it turns more toward the west (Austin, Ridgeland, Oak Park, etc.), and then again southwest. †

At this part of our progress we find ourselves on a narrowing spit of land, between the lake on our left and a brook (Des Plaines) on our right. At last (Riverside) they join, and the stream is lost, yet not in the lake itself, but in a vast river flowing placidly from the lake toward the southwest. Looking across the stream we see the low-lying shore of the lake begin again, some two miles away to the south, whence it trends away southeastward, continuing low and inconspicuous for a stretch of six miles, when it rises gracefully in a hill that forms a picturesque blue

\* Even at this writing (1890) the Skokie is very fair shooting-ground during the spring and autumn, and the writer, only a year ago, heard and saw a large flock of wild geese, bewildered by a coming storm, flying low over the roofs of the Chicago houses; certainly not more than 100 feet high, for their frightened “Honk! Honk!” could be plainly distinguished, and the ely light was strongly reflected from their broad, flapping wings.

† Observe the accompanying map, giving the city and suburbs, the present lake shore and the old. The latter is measured by levels carefully observed and recorded under the auspices of the Chicago Drainage Commission.

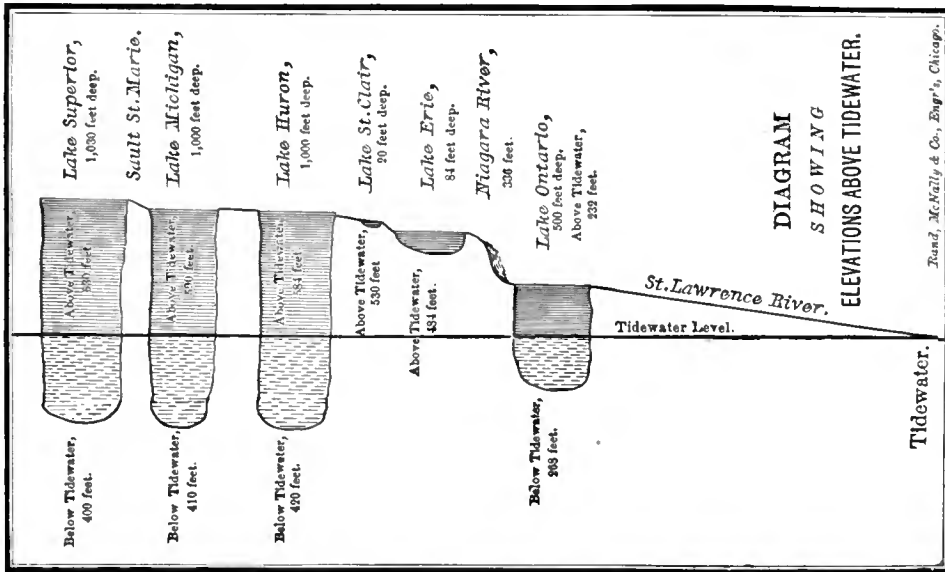


island (Washington Heights) to finish off our landscape with a genuine mound rising, with its trees, a hundred feet above this brimming lake.

If, finding we can go no further dry-shod, we turn up the high bank of the smaller stream (Des Plaines) we shall soon come to a beaver-dam and hear the loud "pat, pat, pat" on the water of the huge flat tails of these industrious rodents as they swim hither and yon upon their absorbing tasks.\*

Aspect of the ancient shore line.

A few miles further inland we should meet droves of antelope and deer of all kinds, even the cariboo or reindeer; innumerable wild turkeys, and the vast herds of buffalo covering the ground, "so that when they moved it looked as if the surface of the earth were in motion." But we have seen what we came to see and will drop the curtain on the mimic landscape.



Uncounted ages pass. Years in companies, regiments, brigades, and armies go by unmarshalled and unmarked. The lake, drawn upon at its northern extremity, becomes a stingy provider for our river Joliet, and its stream grows perceptibly lower and feebler.

The long, broad pathway (Illinois valley) it has cut for itself, with flats, terraces, lakes and rapids, is out of all proportion to its needs; it is like the garment of "the lean and slippered Pantaloon," that is "a world too wide for his shrunk shanks." Varily, the Joliet is falling into its dotage. It is still a gay stream, and floats with dignity along the "twelve-mile level" to its end (Lockport) and then tumbles loudly and merrily down over the limestone strata, 77 feet in ten miles, to its first temporary resting-place (Lake Joliet), but it is no longer a superior, an equal, or even a respectable rival to Niagara, which has grown large and lusty upon its competitor's decay.

\*Remains of beaver dams are (1890) still visible all about.

The divide  
emerges from  
the waves

More years, years, years, in endless procession. How are the mighty fallen! The Joliet has ceased to surpass even the insignificant Des Plaines. Humbly it mixes its waves with its old servant and later handmaid. When the north wind blows and the lake is piled up at its southern end, the summit feels the passage of something like its old-time burden; but when the soft south prevails, especially if the Des Plaines has snow about its head, then it crowds out its former master and positively sends part of its own stream lakeward. More years and ages in their slow, untiring course; and the time comes when the lake is never high enough to send even a wave over the Divide. There is a dry bar there save when the Des Plaines sends down a flood that overtops it and surges eastward through Mud lake. The Joliet river has ceased to

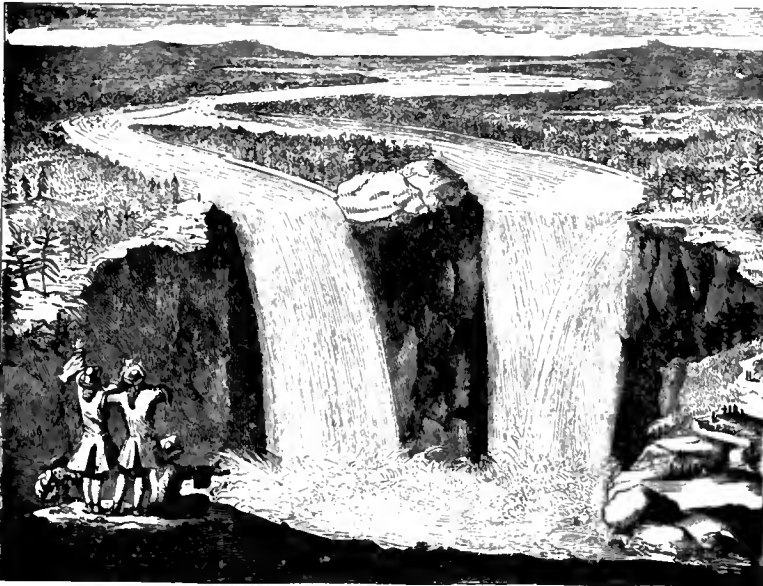


ILLINOIS RIVER VALLEY.  
(SHOWING ABRASION OF SOIL AND ROCK.)

exist. The lake is falling so that almost every century shows fresh reaches of sandy ridge along its edge. For the nature of earth and water is such that sand and gravel are formed and deposited along a surf-beaten shore, while clay and other lighter floating stuff, that roily water holds in suspension, can only find the bottom in deeper depths where there is a calm stratum through which the silt may sink. Therefore is it that we everywhere find a clayey subsoil near our sandy surface. While the water was deep the settlements made the clay; when the shore encroached on the waves, it came in the shape of sand.

Still there is none to note the change except the wild fowl, the beaver, the buffalo and their almost harmless "natural" enemies, the wolves, bears, foxes and coyotes. But at some time in the course of ages, a new visitor appears, a biped, slight, erect and tall—rare and unterrifying in appearance, yet the forerunner of doom to the flocks and herds of air and earth. The first comers are of a semi-civilized race now lost to knowledge and even to tradition. They were hardy and industrious, for they opened the copper-mines of Lake Superior and worked them for untold years, and to this day their tools and their works are found there deep under ground, surrounded by masses of half-mined metal. Suddenly and simultaneously they dropped their implements and fled, and whence they came and whither they went is one of the world's insoluble riddles. Were they the peaceable Aztecs, spreading out so far as to be the miners and the mound builders, and driven back by the terrible red man, a better fighter and poorer worker than themselves? *Quien sabe?* They could not write, and so they are forgotten. Words are the only things that live forever.

After them are centuries of Red Indian nomads—a terrible race, a repulsive race, a vanishing race—yet perhaps worthy of a short chapter to itself.



NIAGARA FALLS.

AS SKETCHED BY FATHER HENNEPIN IN 1698.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE ABORIGINES—GOD'S IMAGE DONE IN COPPER.



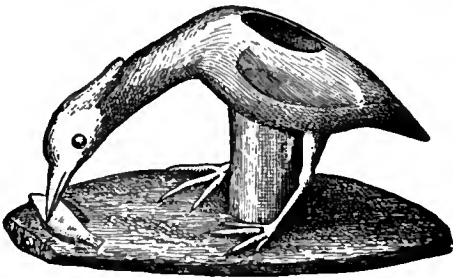
The wild onion, leek or garlic, "Chicagou."

Meaning of the name.

As the lake receded from its ancient shore it left behind it one slender two-toed footprint—a rivulet with two branches. The north branch, coming in at the Skokie, preserved a southward course nearly parallel with the deserted shore-line, while a south branch, with various creeping affluents, started northward from the abandoned "Divide" and met the other half way, after which the two made eastward to find their parent body, the lake. Puny, struggling creeks they were, at the best, flowing almost as often inward as outward, according to the vagaries of the winds and waves of stormy Michigan.

Among the weeds on the banks of these weedy creeks there was, and is to this day, a worthy plant; graceful, humble and inconspicuous to the eye, repellant to the nose, hardy and persistent, and valuable in its unpretending way. It is the wild garlick, leek or onion.\*

The lowly creek has drawn to itself the name of the lowly plant as rendered in the Indian tongue, "Chickagou," a name with many an alias.



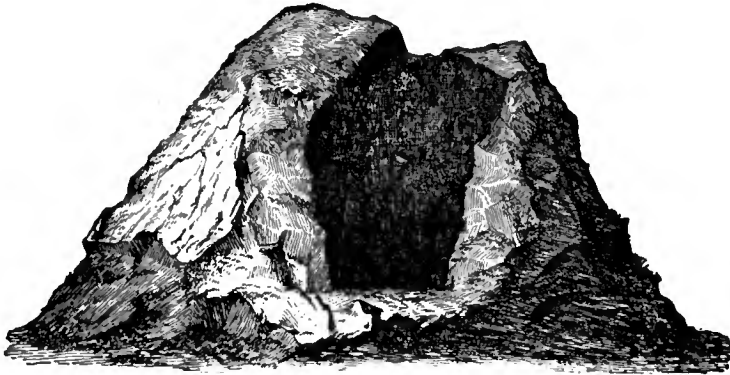
Pipe. Relic of the Mound Builders.

"Che-cau-gou" (Hennepin's story of La Salle's expedition in 1680); "Chicagua" (Samson, geographer to Louis XIV.); "Chikagu," "Chikagou," "Chicagu" (St. Cosme, visiting the locality in 1699); "She-caugo," meaning "playful waters," and "Choc-ca-go," meaning "destitute" (Pottawatomie?); "Chickahou" (La Hontan); "Shegahg," meaning "skunk," or "She-gau-ga-winzhe," meaning "skunk weed or wild onion" (Chippewa dialect of the Algonquins); "Eschikagou" (Col. De Puyster, English commandant at

\* *Allium Fricocum*; lance-leaved garlick, wild leek, 9 inches and higher, 10 to 12 white flowers. Leaves lanceolate, oblong, flat and smooth, 5 to 8 inches long. Bulb oblong.

Michilimackinack, 1779); "Chicagou, or Garlick Creek" (William Murray, attempted land-grabber, 1773); "Gitchi-ka-go," meaning "a thing great or strong" (dialect of the Illinois tribes).

All these and doubtless others are variations of a single word. Only one thing is certain—namely, that the word denotes something "strong," whether like a giant or like a leek is not important. Those who love Chicago will take it in one sense; those who love her not may choose the other. Unbiased observers have called her strong in both senses of the word. Giants have their faults and onions have their virtues. Brave, generous, devoted, faithful Tonty, in his memoirs, speaks of the abundance of the wild leek or onion throughout the country, and says that he and his companions were sustained by the plants of this nature which they grubbed from the ground while journeying northward from the Illinois in 1680-81.\*



INDIAN MOUND. (Now part of St. Louis, Mo.)

A little bulb, strong, hardy and wholesome, sustaining the famishing wanderer: A great metropolis, powerful, kindly and gay, feeding the hungry world—let who will, rail at either. Chicago should forestall criticism by adopting the Chi-ca-gou, from root to flower, as her civic emblem. "*Gare à qui touche.*" Touch it who dare!

Our earliest information regarding the two-pronged brook, Garlick creek, otherwise Chicago river, is to the effect that many Indian trails led to it from all directions. We might have guessed this; similar causes produce similar results, and innumerable paths, trodden by men of all colors, are bent toward it to this day. It is the spot where one great system of water travel comes into almost perfect touch with another. Nowhere on the continent, perhaps nowhere in the world, is there a point where two so vast natural highways approach each other, separated by so slight a barrier. The Atlantic voyager entering the St.

Chicago Port-  
age.

\* "In the woods we found a sort of garlick, not so strong as ours, and small onions very like ours in taste."—*Jouët.*

Lawrence past icy Labrador, when he has sailed and portaged to the very head of free navigation—nearly two thousand miles—comes to a point where (at high water) he may pass, without disembarking, on a descent of another two thousand miles to the semi-tropical Gulf.

So hither came the trails. Why was not this then (as it is now becoming) the greatest of meeting-points, the place where the common interests of humanity brought thousands or millions into friendly contact, each profiting by the prosperity of all, and all by that of each?

Simply because these trails were those of the American Indian.

Copper, among metals, is hard to weld with any other metal; and among human beings, the color seems to carry the quality. No more intractable material has ever come from the crucible of animate nature. Proud and yet vain; haughty to the last, even when helpless; inde-



THE STORM CLOUD.

Indian Traits.

fatigable in destruction and ineffectual in construction; pitiless though so pitiable, despising pain in himself and enjoying it in others; cruel to a pitch of insanity; brave when he has the advantage, but not steadfast in adversity and defeat; cunning without wise foresight; greedy rather than acquisitive; incredulous though superstitious; he could seize but not keep; see but not learn; conquer and destroy but not subjugate; overrun but not cultivate; impoverish but not enrich: Where he went there was terror; where he passed there was desolation. "They made a solitude and called it peace."\*

As either master or servant no more perfect failure ever existed. He acknowledged no superior, and he controlled no inferior except his own helpless, enslaved womankind.

\* "Solitudinem faciunt: pacem appellant." *Tacitus*.

He was a natural drunkard, and self-denial was beyond his utmost mental and moral scope.

In short, the most indocile, intractable, unlovable, unmanageable of the tribes of the sons of men, was the American Indian.

The advocates and apologists of the Indian are many and merciful; but the consensus of opinion among those who know him best upholds the derogatory view. McKinney ("Indian Tribes") says: "Their great business in life is to procure food and devour it, to subdue enemies and scalp them." Chief Justice Caton,\* himself personally intimate with the Pottawatomies and Ottawas who had their residence about Chicago



AFTER THE STORM.

when he came here (1833), and preserving friendly relations of mutual respect and esteem with men of both tribes (with whom he tramped, camped and hunted) until they were moved westward, says (Fergus' Historical Series, No. 3):

It is emphatically true of all our American Indians that they can not 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.

John Dean  
Caton.

No sooner is such an estimate of the Aboriginal character ventured, than a cry of protest arises, and a hundred examples are adduced of quite opposite characteristics. Here, connected with our own annals, have lived individual Indians whom it would be slanderous to describe in such bitter words. Judge Moses, while holding views quite in consonance with those here expressed, says, in his valuable History of Illinois (vol. 1, p. 37):

In not a few instances, these untrained, unreasoning children of nature, knowing no guide but instinct, displayed a fidelity to treaty obligations which might well put to shame the civilized, Christianized Caucasian.

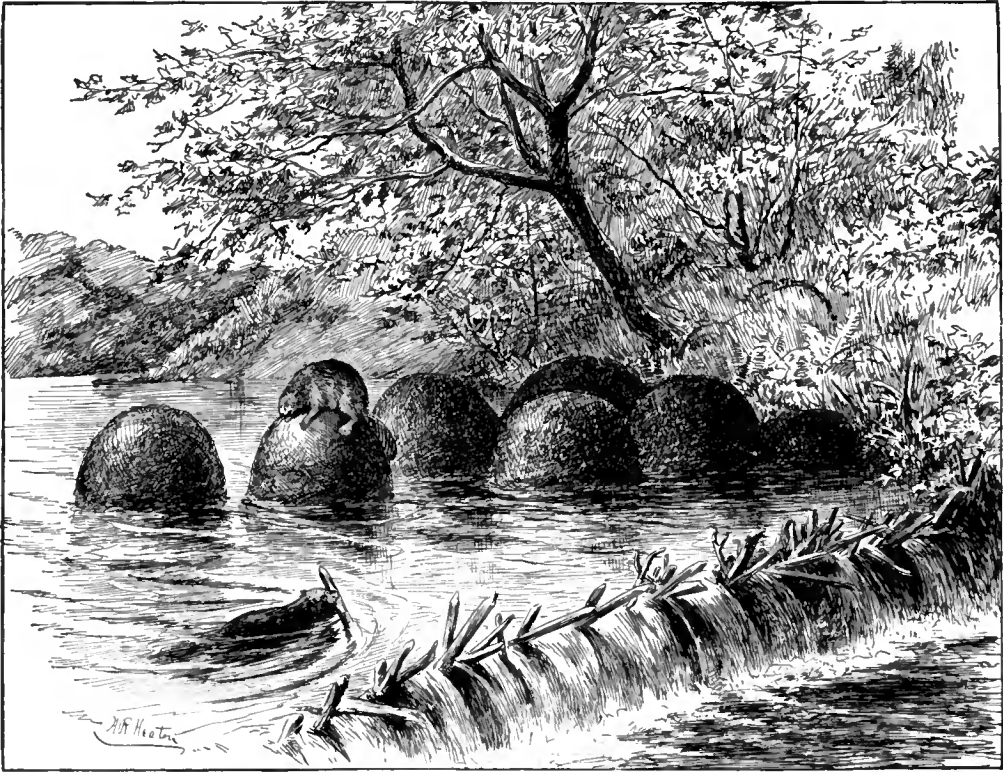
Later in these pages we shall have the satisfaction of dwelling upon the friendship of individual members of the savage race, "Faithful

\*John Dean Caton, late Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Illinois, is still living in Chicago, in full vigor of mind and memory. To his personal recollection of facts and incidents, his broad judicial views of the course of events, and his scholarly taste and judgment, this story is greatly indebted.

among the faithless found." Black Partridge, Winnemeg, Topenebe, Little Turtle, Shabbona—these names (and others) bring up feelings of gratitude for favors rendered by the red men to the white, which make it a painful task to give deliberate judgment against their race.

One circumstance, unnoted by the Indian apologists, has great weight; it is this:

Among all the tribes of savages met by the various immigrations of Europeans, a thousand differences of arms, implements, manners,



THE BEAVER DAM

Scalp Hunting. habits and customs were observed; some more barbarous, others less; but there was one trophy, one weapon, one trait, invariable and universal: the bleeding scalp, the sharp scalping-knife, the rage for scalping. This means much. It means that killing was not a mere means to an end, but the end aimed at. It means that simple, sheer, unadulterated, unmitigated murder was the ideal grace of manhood. The brain-pan of man, woman or child yielded its covering, torn away warm and quivering; and the possessor was sure of the honor and favor of his fellows—men, women and children.

Savagery the world has always known, and isolated instances of wholesale destruction of non-combatants in the drunkenness of victory;



but there is no record of a whole race, consisting of many tribes, spread over many lands, enduring for many generations, where such diabolism was the general ethnic trait.

Not only was this cruel, it was suicidal. Even the tribes were unstable and evanescent, for each took every opportunity to destroy its neighbor and possess his lands. Defeat meant extermination, not subjugation, which might aggrandize the victors, nor even a slaughter of warriors and possession of women and children. Not theirs was the thrifty nature which impelled the Bible patriarch to inculcate such profitable warfare as that prescribed in Deuteronomy xx: 14.

Their perversity was our opportunity. If they had stood together and cherished each other, it is difficult to see how in many centuries we could have made the headway we have made in less than three.

Justice Caton, in his sketch already quoted, "The last of the Illinois" (Fergus' Historic Series, No. 3), gives a picturesque account, derived from an eye witness, of the extinction of the great tribe which gave its name to the Illinois river (or took its name from the river, no one can say which), through the irruption of the terrible Iroquois from the far east, followed by a characteristic dash made by near neighbors from the north on the helpless and starving few who survived the other attack. This final blow was delivered by the Ottawas,\* and Pottawatomies, probably as late as 1807.

The precipitous hill near Ottawa, now called "Starved Rock," is the place of the finishing stroke where the miserable remnant was destroyed, sex, age or infancy bringing no exemption from the common doom. Was any shame felt or obloquy incurred on account of this cowardly outrage? None. There is where the racial infamy puts itself in evidence. It is not that awful wrongs are done by one Indian tribe to another, but that when done they bring no ill name or reprobation upon that branch from the rest. Men are to be judged, not only by their own acts, but also by the esteem in which they hold the acts of their fellows.

Massacre at  
Starved Rock.

Theodore Roosevelt (Winning of the West, vol. 1) says:

The inhuman love of cruelty for cruelty's sake which marks the Red Indian above all other savages, rendered these wars more terrible than any others. For the hideous, unnamable, unthinkable tortures practiced by the red men on their captured foes and on their foes' tender women and helpless children were such as we read of in no other struggle—hardly in the revolting pages that tell of the deeds of the Holy Inquisition (p. 86).

Any one who has been in an encampment of wild Indians and had the misfortune to witness the delight the children take in torturing little animals, will admit that the Indian's love of cruelty for cruelty's sake, can not possibly be exaggerated. . . . Among the most brutal white borderers a man would be instantly lynched if he practiced on any creature the fiendish torture which in an Indian camp either attracts no notice at all, or else excites merely laughter (p. 86).

The expression "too horrible to mention" is to be taken literally, not figuratively. The nature of the wild Indian has not changed. Not one man in a hundred and not a single woman escapes

\* In the Indian tongue this word is pronounced with the accent on the second syllable, "Ot-taw-wa."

torments which a civilized man can not look another in the face and so much as speak of. Impalement on charred stakes, finger nails split off backwards, finger joints chewed off, eyes burned out—these tortures can be mentioned, but there are others equally normal and customary which can not even be hinted at, especially when women are the victims (p. 95).

Enough. Cruelty is part of their blood. All other wrong things can be forgiven, but not cruelty. A crime is necessarily an exceptional act: A vice may be a virtue turned away or carried to excess: Persecution may arise from a mistaken sense of duty: Folly we can condone as being sharers in follies. But as for him who finds pleasure in giving pain, let him be anathema.

Lost Records.

It is vain to hope to interest the world in such a people. To-day is too late and too soon for it to be accomplished—too late in that all the Indian's ancient history is irretrievably lost, and we know not whence he came or who it was (copper-miners and mound-builders) whom he ousted. He attempted no written record; he had no general spoken tongue and no persistent traditions. It is too soon, in that his later doings are not yet forgotten. Romance has not yet had time to disguise his lazy, dirty domestic tyranny in a garb of patriarchal dignity; his awful cruelty in a halo of heroism.

The Indians were nomads, with evident common interests which they had not sense enough to recognize or humanity enough to act upon. Their "numerous trails" led them to Chicago, and away again. To meet was to fight, to fight was to destroy. Identity of wants, needs and perils was no such solvent as could compact them together. As well try to boil flints into a pudding.

Nothing of their past, worth knowing, can be known. Their present shows no progress; their future, as Indians, gives no hope.



## CHAPTER III.

### THE RECORDED STORY BEGINS.



HUS far, we have given the results of the study of natural objects, deduction, speculation, judgment of effects from cause and cause from effect. Now (beginning 1670) we enjoy recorded history. Both sources of knowledge are valuable, each has its distinct and separate advantages. The latter kind is the fuller in detail and more human in its interests; the former is, perhaps, on the whole more trustworthy. The testimony of the rocks and hills can not lie, nor can it be biased by interest, vain-glory,

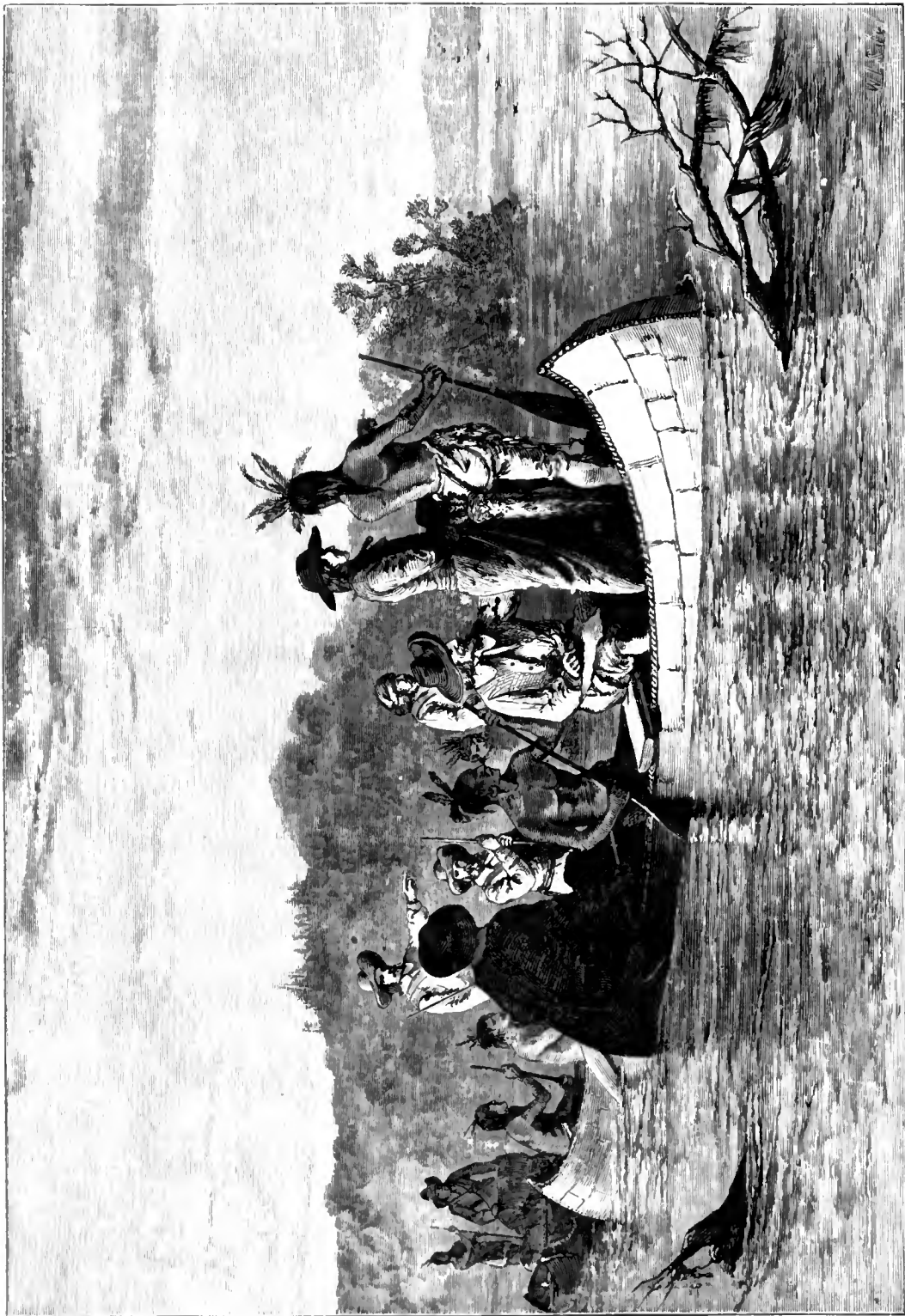
prejudice, bigotry or greed of gain. Nor can it forget.

In 1535 and again in 1540, the French, under Admiral Cartier, sailed up the St. Lawrence to Montreal. This was forty-three years after Columbus' momentous summer trip; and eighty-five years before the terrible winter landing on Plymouth Rock. In 1603 and 1612 Champlain led the third and fourth French expedition into Canada, and there, at Quebec, the gallant French established, by occupation, a foothold which to this day they have never abandoned. Politically, France now holds only the Islands St. Pierre and Miquelon, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence (together with fish-curing rights on the north shore of Newfoundland), but by direct descendants, by patronymics, by religion and by persistence of manners, customs and language, the French still cling to America, not only in Canada, where they form the mass of citizens in a great province, but even in our own state and city, where they are honored sharers in our national and civic liberties.

Coming of the  
French.

How firmly and faithfully they have preserved their nationality among us may not be generally known; but there is within the borders of Illinois, a peaceful, happy, prosperous, French-speaking community, the lineal descendants and heirs of the gallant pioneers of two hundred years ago.\*

\* Mason's "Kaskaskia" and "Old Fort Chartres," Fergus' Historical Series, No. 12.



BIRCH BARK CANOES WITH FRENCHMEN AND INDIANS.







7th EXTENSION BY ELECTION OF JUNE 29th 1889

..... 50 feet above Lake Level  
 ..... City Limits 1889  
 ..... " " 1890  
 ..... " " 1869  
 ..... " " 1867  
 ..... " " 1869  
 ..... " " 1863  
 ..... " " 1853  
 ..... " " 1847  
 ..... Original limits of town

of April 1869  
 by Act of Feby 1869  
 ssion by Act of Feby 1869  
 1847  
 CHICAGO  
 TOWN D...  
 LINCOLN PARK  
 28th  
 29th  
 30th  
 31st  
 32nd  
 33rd  
 34th  
 35th  
 36th  
 37th  
 38th  
 39th  
 40th  
 41st  
 42nd  
 43rd  
 44th  
 45th  
 46th  
 47th  
 48th  
 49th  
 50th





The English at Jamestown, Va., in 1607.

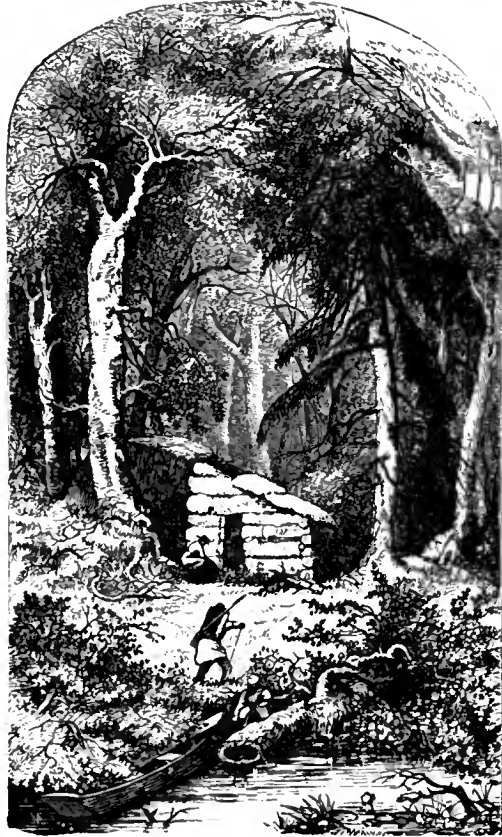
The French at Quebec in 1612.

The Dutch at New York in 1614.

The Puritans at Plymouth in 1620.

Race of the  
Races.

Such were our starting posts and times. The French, taking the water-road to the interior, beat the others out here by a century and more, for Joliet saw the Chicagou in 1673; even then finding French hunters and trappers here before him. Next arrived the Virginians, when in 1778 (during the Revolutionary war) the heroic, dashing soldier, George Rogers Clark, led his amazing expedition across the Alleghanies and down the Ohio, took Kaskaskia, Fort Chartres, Vincennes, and, in effect, all Illinois from the British, who had taken it from the French fifteen years before—as we shall see in due course. It was really not until well within the present century, that the New York and New England stock has come in by the Erie canal, the lakes, and, above all, by the “prairie schooner” or covered wagon, but it seems to have come to stay.



The three first named all came with royal support, with grants, with officers of rank, with many ships and much money. The last came by their own almost unaided strength, and fought the awful fight almost alone.

The breaking waves dashed high  
On a stern and rockbound coast.  
The woods against a stormy sky  
Their giant branches tossed

And the heavy night hung dark  
The hills and waters o'er  
When a band of pilgrims moored their bark  
On the wild New England shore.

Amidst the storm they sang  
And the stars heard, and the sea ;  
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang  
To the Anthem of the Free!

Who shall say how much of the firmness of our fiber comes from their labors, privations and dangers and the fortitude that gave them their victory?

Joliet discovers  
the Portage.

Before the Pilgrims even stepped on shore, the French had gained firm foothold. Champlain set a good example to the emigrants by taking his family with him in 1612, and in 1622 the Jesuits began their thankless task of converting the Indians to Christianity. They "came over in great numbers, bearing the cross and the olive-branch, preaching the Gospel and extending civilization." In 1639, Nicolet visited the west shore of Lake Michigan. In 1673, Sieur Joliet and Father Marquette, his priestly scribe, started from Green Bay, ascended the Fox, made portage across the Wisconsin Divide and descended the Wisconsin to the Mississippi. On this they floated far down (to the Arkansas?) and then they paddled back to the mouth of the Illinois, and up the latter (pausing at the Indian village of Kaskaskia where they were "well received") and entered the Northern fork (Des Plaines), which they called the "Chicagou," and so on to our own Chicago streamlet which they called the Portage river, a name which clung to our South branch until about 1800. Through this they reached Lake Michigan (called by them the "Lake of the Illinois") and they sailed along the lake shore to Green Bay, whence they had started. Joliet went on to Montreal, where he reported his discoveries, the most important of which was the Chicago Portage. Of this he said, with an accuracy which time has only confirmed, that it would be possible to go from Lake Erie to the Mississippi in boats "by a very good navigation." "There would be but one canal to make, by cutting half a league of prairie to pass from the Lake of the Illinois to the St. Louis River which empties into the Mississippi."

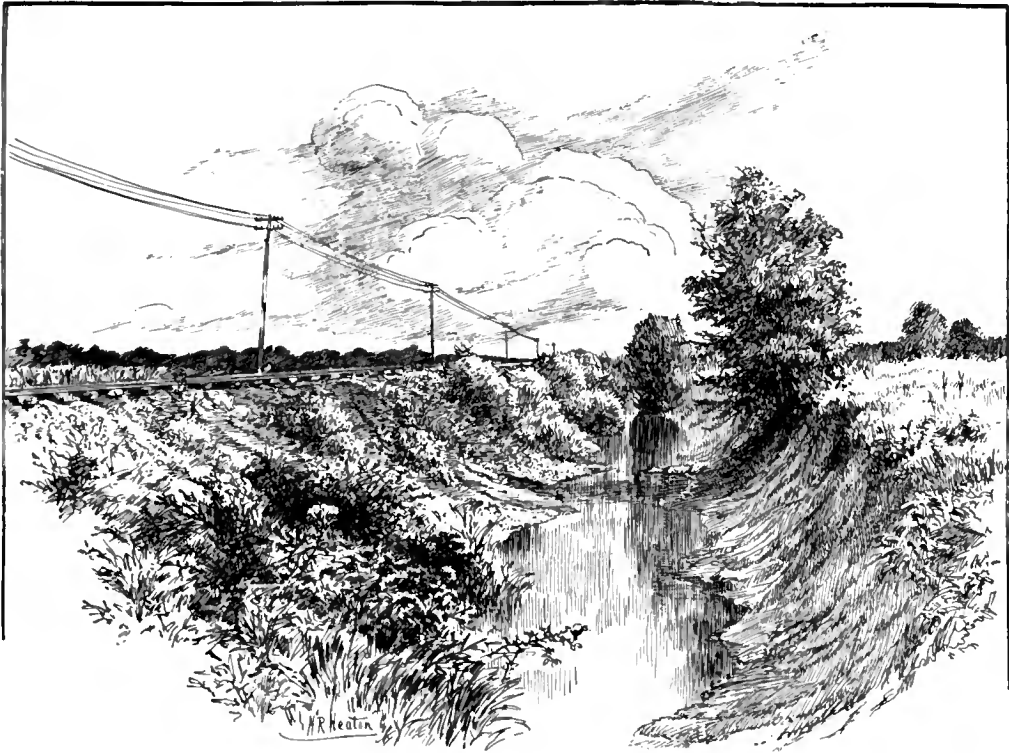
Marquette's  
winter at  
Hardscrabble.

In 1674 Father Marquette started again from Green Bay and coasted along the west shore of Lake Michigan, on which he observed and reported features which may still be recognized by his description. He reached "Portage River," and on December 14, 1674, he stopped at a cabin five miles from its mouth "and near the portage," where he was detained all that winter by illness. Five miles from the lake would bring him to a spot very near the City Bridewell, or House of Detention, on which ground he may have been the first prisoner as well as the first recorded Chicago resident.

But we can not even now say that we have identified the absolute pioneer of our million souls, for, as we are told, the "cabin belonged to two French traders, Pierre Moreau (La Toupine) and a companion, who was not only a trader but a surgeon as well." So just as we seem to have arrived at the very frontier and starting-point of Western

civilization, behold, it has been the familiar stamping-ground of French trappers who were there before us.\*

La Salle visited the place in 1682, nine years after Joliet, and speaks slightly of the latter's "proposed ditch," saying, "I should not have made any mention of this communication if Joliet had not proposed it without regard to its difficulties." Here peeps out the conscious or unconscious jealousy of the rival explorer. Just now (1890), 208 years later, we are proceeding to carry out, in all its fullness, the suggestion of Joliet, and to falsify the slur of La Salle. LaSalle arrives.



OGDEN-WENTWORTH DITCH (MUD LAKE) IN 1890.

The last entry made by poor Marquette, after his journey with Joliet, illustrates the tremendous missionary zeal of the Jesuits, and the paucity of result from their efforts, as follows :

Had all this voyage caused but the salvation of a single soul, I should deem all my fatigue well repaid. And this I have reason to think, for, when I was returning, I passed the Indians of Peoria; I

\* Judge Caton has taken the pains to fix the spot whereon that cabin must have stood. He puts it at the point where the West Fork joins the South Branch. Here, in 1833, he saw good ground, with a growth of timber, just the place which the "two French traders" would choose. And on this point there was an old cabin belonging to Col. Beaubien, with an older garden adjoining. When (in 1836) he built his first house, which stood so far out of town (corner of Clinton and Harrison streets, at about the present centre of the city) that the real Chicagoans living near Fort Dearborn called it "the prairie cottage," he tramped out to the Beaubien cabin and brought away some ancient shrubs, which he set out in his own grounds. They grew and bore currants, perhaps reproducing the fruit of old France on the soil of young Chicago.

was three days announcing the faith in their cabins, after which, as we were embarking, they brought me, on the water's edge, a dying child, which I baptized a little before it expired, by an admirable Providence for the salvation of that innocent soul!

It is amusing to read La Salle's vivid and unmistakable portraiture of our own South Branch, Mud Lake and the Divide at Summit, which he calls the "Portage of Chicagou:"

This is an isthmus of land at 41 degrees, 50 minutes north latitude, at the west of the Islinois lake [Lake Michigan] which is reached by a channel formed by the junction of several rivulets or meadow ditches [Chicago River]. It is navigable for about two leagues to the edge of the prairie, a quarter of a mile westward. There is a little lake divided by a causeway made by the beavers, about a league and a half long, from which runs a stream, which, after winding about a half-league through the rushes, empties into the river Chicagou [Des Plaines] and thence into that of the Islinois. This lake [Mud Lake] is filled by heavy summer rains or spring freshets and discharges also into the channel [West fork of South Branch] which leads to the lake of the Islinois [Lake Michigan] the level of which is seven feet lower than the prairie on which the lake [Mud Lake] is. The river of Chicagou [Des Plaines] does the same thing in the spring when the channel is full. It empties a part of its waters by this little lake [Mud Lake] into that of the Islinois [Lake Michigan] and at this season, Joliet says, forms in the summer time a little channel for a quarter of a league from this lake to the basin which leads to that of the Islinois, by which vessels can enter the Chicagou [Des Plaines] and descend to the sea.

There is a strong temptation to linger over the first fragmentary tales of our now famous place. Those narratives have themselves a sad yet picturesque interest; they are stories of adventure, danger, daring, death; of a brave struggle carried on by knightly soldiers and zealous priests, with deadly enemies, animate and inanimate. Every fighting traveler, from Ulysses and Ænæas to Henry Stanley, has found an audience ready to hang entranced on his words. Every bearer of the cross among the heathen, from the first crusader to the latest martyred missionary, carries our hearts in his scrip. The older and more settled and commonplace the world becomes, the more irresistible are the annals of its wild youth. As the unknown nooks become more and more rare, we grow almost frantic in our craze for new depths to sound, new heights to climb.

Travelers'  
Tales.

The tendency to dwell upon these romantic episodes must be resisted, in order to fix undivided attention upon Chicago itself. Let us simply sketch the career of one man, worthy to be studied as the typical representative of the best class of bold, chivalrous, devoted, intelligent explorers.

Robert Cavelier, Sieur de La Salle, was well-born, well-bred and well-educated. Like other young Europeans whose birth was greater than their means, he came to America to seek his fortune. At the same time the fortune he craved was not of money, but of rank, place, fame, honor. He was ambitious for France, and tried to add a whole empire to the realm of his king.

His adventures began in fresh youth, and ended before middle age. His first voyage (in 1666, when he was twenty-three) was to the Saint

Lawrence; his last (in 1684, when he was forty-one) was aimed at the mouth of the Mississippi, which it failed to reach

Although bred by the Jesuits, he became, from some unknown cause, opposed by them. Among the other trials of his knightly honor is one (recounted in Margry, Vol. I, p. 380) which recalls the well-known adventure of the heroic Joseph, first of the name. It is said to have occurred in Montreal on his first arrival from France, and to have been brought about by his enemies the Jesuits, through the agency of the wife of one of the king's high officials, whose guest he was, one Bazire, among the richest men of the place, the lady herself being a beautiful *dévoté* of the "Society of Jesus" and high in its "Holy Family." She is said to have gone directly from the scene of her failure to the church, where she took communion without first going to confessional, a fact which, as we may suppose, establishes beyond question the assumption that she had acted under ecclesiastical orders and therefore had no sin upon her soul.

Knightly honor  
assailed.

It is almost needless to add that this recital (in the utmost detail) is furnished by an abbé who belonged to a rival order, inimical to the Jesuits.

An impolite, impulsive fellow our hero was, using no arts to mask his fiery ambition; none of the well-known Napoleonic devices by which men might be lured to build up his glory in the delusion that they were advancing their own ends.



ROBERT CAVELIER, SIEUR DE LA SALLE.

A man like La Salle makes few friends, but those friends are more than friends; they are lovers—adorers. He makes many enemies, and they are as intense in their hatred as are the others in their love. Tonty, an Italian soldier of fortune (called "main de fer," from the fact that he had lost a hand in the service of France and wore a metal substitute), was his devoted squire, his brave right arm, later his sincere and unceasing mourner. It is related that in one of his rare cries of distress, after some staggering blow, La Salle said to Tonty, "Alas! If I could only have you in command of every fort I build!"

They built (1679) in the Niagara river, the first of lake vessels, the "Griffin," and sailed her through Lake Erie, the Detroit river, Lake St. Clair and Lake Huron to Lake Michigan, loaded her with furs and started her homeward, to pay off La Salle's debts and provide for his future needs—and she came back to him no more. He never heard of her again, unless a bit of wreck and a package of spoiled furs, which a

First lake ves-  
sel.

storm washed up not far from Michilimackinack, may have told him all that even tradition has to say of her fate.

Building forts, one named "Miamis" on the St. Joseph, near Lake Michigan, and one at Kaskaskia on the Illinois (the latter prophetically named "Crève-cœur"—Broken-heart), LaSalle divided his forces between them, set out eastward on a vain search for the "Griffin," and actually traveled, almost alone, over snow and ice, land and water, all the way back to Montreal, between March 1 and May 6, 1680.

Here he instantly made new arrangements "to go on with his discoveries," and on August 10th set out on his second expedition; only to find that the Iroquois had attacked, defeated and almost destroyed the Indians friendly to him. When he reached "Fort Broken-heart" he saw their mutilated bodies lying unburied in their deserted village, while his own comrades, including the faithful Tonty, were utterly lost to sight and knowledge.

LaSalle's cease-  
less struggles.

At Michilimackinack he found Tonty and learned that Fort Crève-cœur and Fort Miamis had both been destroyed by white traitors of his own command, even before the coming of the Iroquois. He heard, also, that creditors and enemies in Montreal had conspired against him, and stopped his supplies. Eastward again he sped, arriving in time to meet the traitors of his own band, returning loaded with the spoils of his forts, and also in time to kill two of them and carry the rest home in irons.

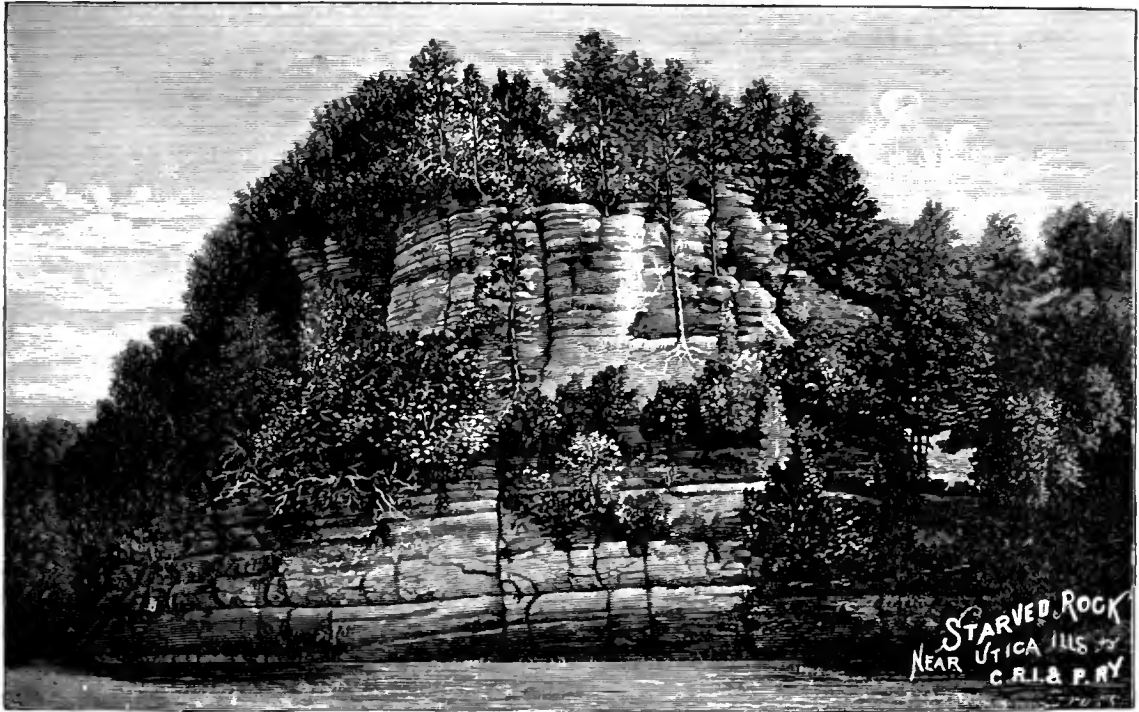
"Once more into the breach." He set things straight and started westward again; this time going by Chicago and the Des Plaines, whither Tonty had preceded him. With incredible pluck and perseverance he pushed on down the Illinois and the Mississippi to its mouth, took possession of the entire valley in the name of France, and set out on his return; the first European to descend and ascend the Father of Waters.

Reaching the Illinois River, he built a stockade (Fort St. Louis) on "The Rock" (Starved Rock near Ottawa), and put Tonty in command. Friendly Indians soon began to gather around it, and a large settlement of red men and whites, trappers and traders, grew up there with Chicago-like rapidity. This was the climax and culmination of the hero's fortunes; the one bright, brief season when his dreams seemed to be coming true. He called the place a "terrestrial paradise."

A change of administration (from Frontenac to Le Bar) at Montreal brought an enemy into power and stopped our hero in full career, by seizing his property, cutting off all supplies, detaining his agents, encouraging his Indian enemies, the Iroquois, and even appointing another commandant for Fort St. Louis on Starved Rock!

The indefatigable man started at once for Montreal, thence for Paris where the King and the great Colbert set him right; gave him new powers, new ships, men and supplies and started him off once more in triumph for "New France;" this time to strike the other end of the 4,000-mile line by entering the mouth of the Mississippi and by that road re-joining his beloved Tonty and the other waiting friends on the Illinois.

Between the two voyages he had traveled every foot of the fearful solitude between the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Gulf of Mexico; much of it many times over. He had spent all his own means, all the money his friends would advance him, all the treasures his king placed in his



charge; had fought and starved and suffered without a pause and almost without a murmur—now the fruit of all seemed just within his grasp.

His pilot missed the Mississippi, wandered on and landed in Matagorda Bay. He was in unfriendly desolation, without path or guide; he knew not where to turn for home, friends or help; he could not even find the Mississippi. He set out on a search for it and somewhere in those dreary, swampy wastes—Texas, Louisiana or Arkansas—he was killed by traitors of his own band; and no man knows to this day the place of his grave.

Final Catastrophe.

Who does not feel his eyes grow moist in sympathy with the waning strength of his weary limbs? The heart throbs with intense pity at the picture. It is one of the most perfect and complete tragedies in all history—indeed fiction itself can invent nothing more pathetic.

As a bit of quasi history which may interest the few who are curious as to the life of the last two hundred and twenty-five years in this region, I have drawn a retrospective table, somewhat like the Old Testament genealogies; only reversed.

The writer well knew Gurdon Hubbard (1856), who well knew John Kinzie (1818), who knew Joseph LeMai (1804), who knew Jean Baptiste Pointe de Sable (1794), who knew the Chevalier Rocheblave (1777), who knew the Chevalier St. Ange de Bellerive (1765), who knew Philip Francis Renault (1743), who knew Pierre Aco (1725), who knew Father James Gravier (1706), who knew Tonty the true, LaSalle the brave and Joliet the pioneer of us all.

It is a short list—a baker's dozen—just a pleasant dinner party of thirteen. (And yet a much shorter one is possible; George II, born 1683, died 1760; his grandson George III., born 1738, died 1820; and Victoria, granddaughter of George III, born 1818, still living.)

On the next page follows a more extended chain, identifying each link and presenting contemporaneous occurrences elsewhere.



LOUIS XIV.



# CHAIN OF ACQUAINTANCE:

FROM JOLIET TO KINZIE; FROM THE FINDER OF THE PORTAGE TO THE FOUNDER OF THE CITY.

ABBREVIATIONS: "E. G. M.," Edward G. Mason; "K. P. R.," Kaskaskia Parish Records; "F. C. R.," Fort Chartres Records; "S. J.," Society of Jesuits; "b.," born; "d.," died.

FIRST DATE	LAST DATE	NAMES.	TONGUE.	NOTES.	CONTEMPORARY EVENTS.
1673	1699	Joliet .....	French.	Passed up Illinois river and down Chicago river to Lake Michigan.	New York finally taken by England from Holland, 1673.
1673	1674	Marquette, S. J. ....	French.	Wintered on South Branch near Mud Lake. Founded Kaskaskia Mission. Died on Marquette river.	Penn founded Philadelp <sup>h</sup> ia in 1680.
1682	1687	La Salle.....	French.	Most distinguished and most unlucky of explorers. Described Chicago and the Portage. (Margry.)	George II. b. 1683; d. 1760.
1682	1704	Tonty.....	French.	Most faithful of friends. "Main de fer." "Iron Hand."	Parthenon destroyed, 1687.
1699	1700	St. Cosme.....	French.	Otherwise "Cinq Hommes." Mentions a visit to "the house of the Jesuit Fathers at Chicago," 1700. (E. G. M.)	English National debt begun, 1689.
1695	1725	Pierre Aco .....	Indian.	Christian Indian, h. at first Kaskaskia; citizen of second. (E. G. M.)	Salem Witchcraft, 1692.
1687	1706	Gra vier, S. J.....	French and Indian.	At Chicago Sept. 8, 1700. Kept a journal. Tells of removal of Kaskaskia fr m the Illinois river to the Mississippi. Studied Indian tongue and wrote a grammar of it.	Bank of England chartered, 1694.
1693	1712	Marest, S. J.....	French.	Moved with mission from the Illinois river to the Mississippi. (K. P. R.)	Deerfield massacre, 1703.
1716	1725	Boisbriant.....	French.	First commandant at Fort Chartres.	B. Franklin b. 1706.
1723	1743	Renault.....	French.	Appointee of John Law. Director-General in the "Mississippi Scheme." Owned land still shown on our maps as belonging to "the Renault heirs." (F. C. R.)	Detroit founded.
1715	1724	Francoise Le Brise.....	French.	"Perennial Godmother and occasional Mother." (K. P. R.)	Frederick the Great b. 1712.
1720	1736	d'Artaguette.....	French.	Commandant at Fort Chartres. Tortured to death by Indians. A boat-song, with his name for chorus, long heard on the Mississippi.	Louis XIV. d. 1715.
1720	1755	Girardot.....	French.	Prominent in Kaskaskia. Cape "Girardeau" on the Mississippi probably named for him. (F. C. R.)	New Orleans founded, 1718.
1725	1729	De Siette.....	French.	Commandant. Anxious to fight the Sacs and Foxes. Wrote to de Lignerie, commandant at Green Bay, who replied suggesting a rendezvous "at Chicagou." (F. C. R.)	The French bring negro slavery into Illinois, 1720.
1729	1765	St. Ange de Bellerive.....	French.	Last French commandant at Fort Chartres. (E. G. M.)	John Law's Mississippi Scheme; a "boom" for Kaskaskia.
1763	1782	Rocheblave .....	French and English.	Officer of French troops. Fought against Braddock and "Wachenston" (Washington) in 1755. Later, commander under the English. Surrendered Kaskaskia to George Rogers Clark, who sent him, prisoner of war, to Virginia (1779). (E. G. M.)	Peter the Great d. 1725.
1773	1781	William Murray.....	English.	Made a purchase from Indians of an indefinite tract of land, including "Chicagou, or Garlick creek," as one of the boundary points. Claim was urged before Congress until 1801. (Andreas' Hist. Chicago.)	Isaac Newton d. 1727.
1778	1782	{ George Rogers Clark. .... { John Todd.....	English.	Clark took Illinois from the British for Virginia, and so saved Chicago from being a Canadian village. Todd killed in battle with Indians. (Todd Papers and E. G. M., Chicago Historical Society.)	George Washington b. 1732.
1777	1796	Jean Baptiste Pointe de Sable.	French, English and Indian.	"A handsome negro, well-educated, and settled at Eschikagou, but much in the French interest." (Col. Du Puyster, English commandant at Fort Michilimackinack, writes thus July 4, 1779.) (Andreas.) Grignon calls him "a trader, pretty wealthy, and drank freely." He built the cabin which became the "Kinzie mansion."	George III. b. 1738; d. 1820.
1796	1803	Joseph Le Mai.....	French and English.	French trader with Indians. Bought the cabin of Pointe de Sable, which stood at about the junction of Pine and Kinzie streets.	French fortress of Louisburg taken by volunteers from New England, 1745.
1803	1825	John Kinzie .....	English and Indian.	Bought Le Mai's cabin in 1804; enlarged and changed it from time to time, and lived there till his death, in 1827.	Braddock's defeat, 1755.
1818	1887	Gurdon Hubbard.....	English and Indian.	Indian trader, and most distinguished of early city fathers.	Black Hole of Calcutta, 1756.
1833	1890	John Dean Caton .....	English.	Came to Chicago in 1833. Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Illinois. Aids in the compilation of the history.	St. Louis founded 1763.

**INVENTIONS AND DISCOVERIES.**

Steam Engine, 1761.  
Illuminating gas, 1792.  
Cotton Gin, 1793.  
Steamboat, 1807.  
Friction Match, 1829.  
Railroad, 1830.  
Photography, 1839.  
Postage Stamp, 1842.  
Telegraph, 1844.  
Sewing Machine, 1846.  
Reaping Machine, 1847.  
California Gold, 1848.  
Bessemer Steel, 1858.  
Petroleum, 1858.  
Phonograph, 1879.  
Telephone, 1876.  
Natural Gas, 1883.  
Electric Light and Power, 1850 to 1890.

## CHAPTER IV.

### A SINGLE CENTURY.



REGRETFULLY we turn our eyes away from the romantic era of discovery, exploration and poetic narrative. Joliet, Marquette, La Salle, Tonty and Hennepin were explorers and soldiers or priests, and all were traveled men and practiced writers. All were natives of France, except Joliet, born in Quebec, and Tonty, an Italian. They entered, open-eyed and expectant, on this wonderland, as Aladdin into his palace, or like favored children sent in alone to the Christmas Tree.

The commonplace would have been a surprise to them.

Last days of  
first explorers.

Toil, danger, exposure, trial and privation are not favorable to long life. Rapidly our heroes fade from sight. Poor Marquette never recovered his health; he died May 19, 1675, on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, beside the river which still bears his name, and two years later a party of Indians came up in the depth of winter, exhumed his remains, placed them carefully in a birch bark case, and carried them to St. Ignace (north shore of the Straits of Mackinaw), where they were buried under the floor of the mission-house.\* La Salle was murdered by his own men March 19, 1687. Joliet died in 1700, and Tonty (after a vain hunt for the body of his master) in 1705, both far from the scene of those of their exploits in which we are interested; the spot which has been made noteworthy by the building of one of the world's half dozen largest cities. Few and poor are the words they allot to the wild garlick Portage, for they could not foresee what has occurred there.

Humanity alone gives life to inanimate things, as the soul vivifies the body. A dull, undistinguishable field or hamlet may chance to be taken for a battle-field, and so become the Mecca for innumerable pilgrims. When some sluggish rivulets, marshes, woods and sand-hills, and a stretch of low lake shore grow into the place of joy and sorrow, hope and fear, life and death, for thousands or millions, then

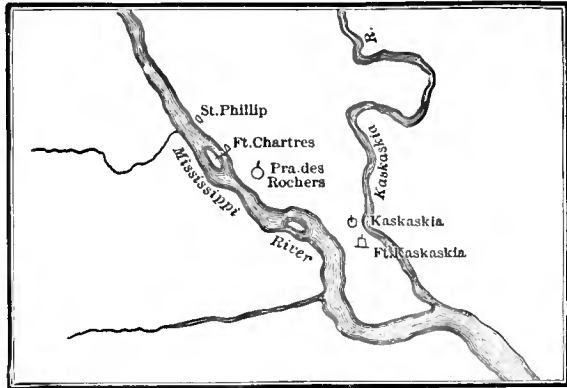
\* In 1877 Cecil Barnes, of Chicago, in company with the village priest, Father Jacker, found this long-lost tomb; unearthing some wrought nails, a hinge, a large piece of birch bark and two human bones. (*Hist. Soc. Doc.*)

every yard of its surface, every year of its past, takes on an interest of its own. If the people had never come, the place would never have emerged from its obscurity. As it is, we linger long and lovingly over its beginnings, as we should do, if we could, over a tale of the first stumbling steps and imperfect accents, the early haps and mishaps, pleasures and pains of a Shakespeare or an Abraham Lincoln.

With the disappearance of the very first comers, occurs almost a hiatus in the Story of Chicago. The curtain falls, and for nearly a century what play there is takes place behind the scenes. But a busy life was going on just below the southwestern horizon, and, thanks to the Chicago Historical Society, and especially to its latest president, Mr. Edward Mason, we are not without means of studying it and constructing a chain of events and persons, link by link, connecting the portage of 1673 with the metropolis of 1890.

Mr. Mason says (Fergus' Historical Series, No. 12):

When Father Marquette returned from his adventurous voyage upon the Mississippi in 1673, by the way of the Illinois, he found on that 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 8, 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 and in later times as Starved Rock.



RIVER MAP.

Marquette started the mission, and gave it the name of the "Immaculate Conception of the Virgin," doubtless relying on her divine protection. Nevertheless, it led a chequered life, for the terrible Eastern Indians (the five nations we knew so well in the valleys of the Mohawk and the Genesee, the Tonawanda and Alleghany) disdaining opposition, human or divine, came westward and wiped off the face of the earth the mission and almost the whole tribe of friendly Illinois. It seems as if Heaven itself could not withstand the devilish Iroquois! It was after this raid, that La Salle, returning to the place where he had left a great, prosperous, peaceful settlement, found only desolation and the unburied bodies of the dead.

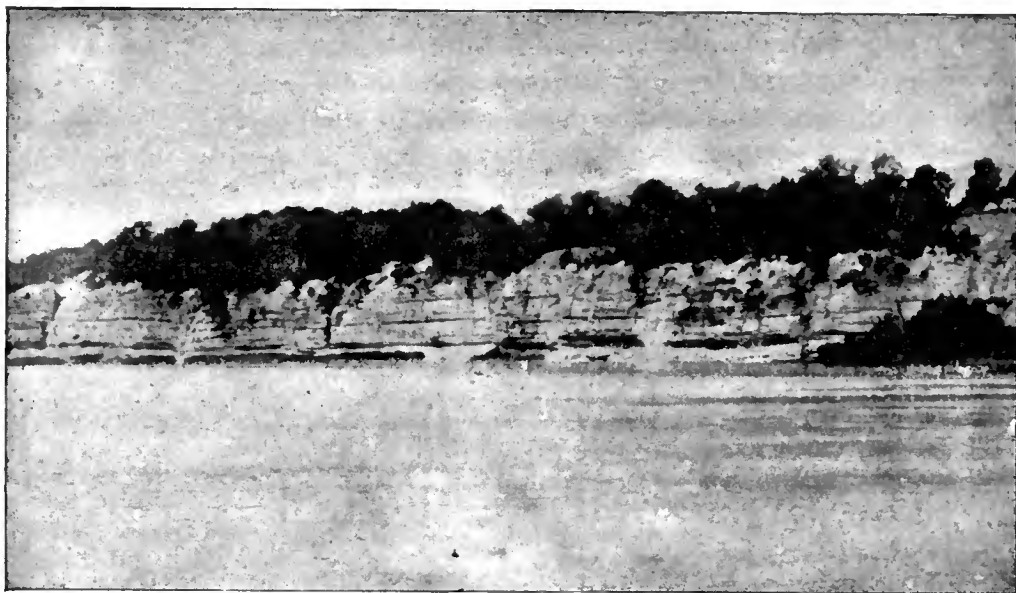
Kaskaskia in  
the North.

About 1700, the mission, with its surviving Indian adherents, moved down the Illinois and the Mississippi to a new location; a river which enters the Mississippi some 100 miles above the junction of the

Ohio, and south of where St. Louis now stands. To this river and settlement was also given the name of Kaskaskia, and confusion has arisen through the possession of the same name by places 300 miles apart.

Father James Gravier set out from Chicago on the 8th of September, 1700, for the Kaskaskias on the Illinois, and found that village on the point of migrating southward under Father Marest.

Father Gravier studied the Indian tongue and reduced to a system such grammatical rules as could be traced out. Father Marest has left



BUFFALO ROCK.

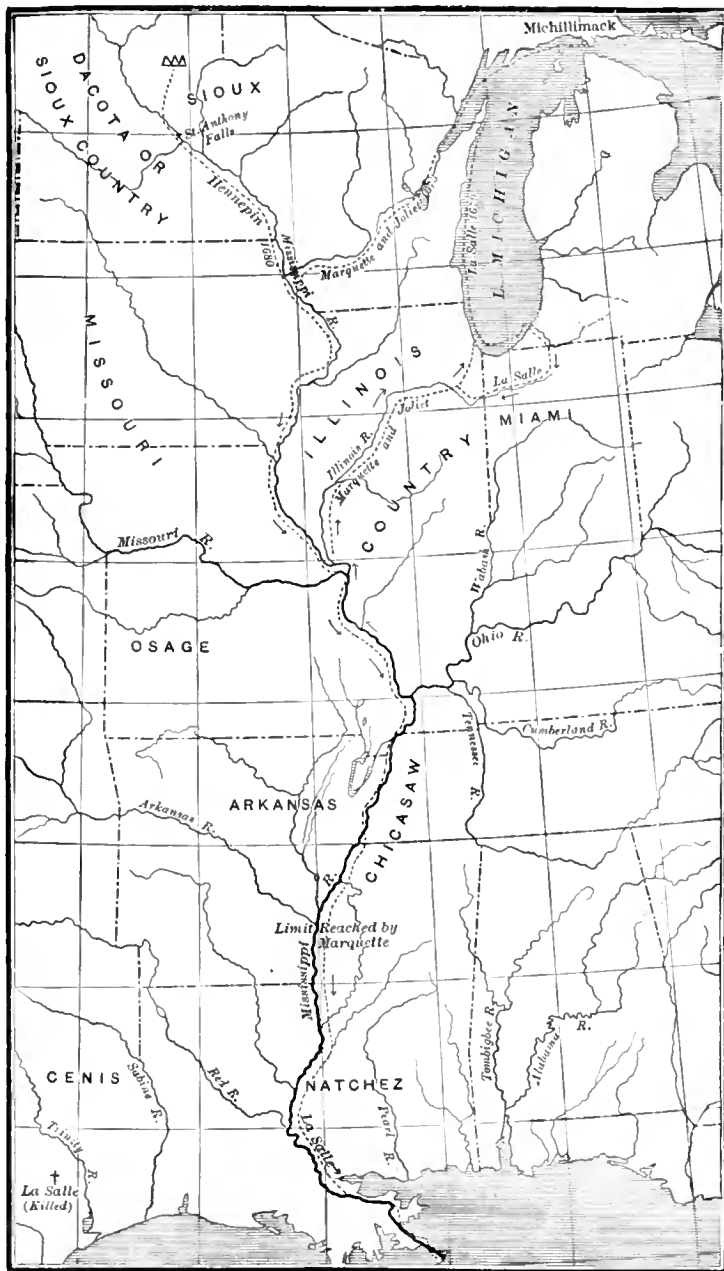
us one of the rare bits of real knowledge we possess regarding the true state of the relations which existed between the missionaries and the savages. He says :

Our life is passed in roaming through thick forests, in clambering over the mountains, in paddling the canoe across lakes and rivers, to catch a single poor savage who flies from us and whom we can tame neither by teachings nor caressings . . . . Nothing is more difficult than the conversion of these Indians. It is a miracle of the Lord's mercy. (Moses' Hist. Ill., vol. 1, p. 89.)

In 1718 the French sent an expedition under a Canadian gentleman named Boisbriant, holding the office of Commandant of the Illinois, to erect a fort near Kaskaskia. The expedition came by way of Mobile and the Mississippi; selected a point 16 miles north of Kaskaskia, built the fort and named it Fort Chartres, after a branch of the Royal family of France. There were mission and parish records kept both of Kaskaskia and at Fort Chartres, and these records, or the perishing remains of them, were unearthed and rescued from rapidly encroaching destruction in 1880 by the enterprise of Mr Mason; and it is to the hints they contain, supplemented by isolated remarks in histories,

biographies and accounts of voyages and travels, that we owe what we know of Chicago and its surroundings in the 18th century.

If the Kaskaskia Mission had remained in its old place, only some 80 miles down the Illinois Valley, then our grasp upon the two-branched streamlet would be firmer and more constant. But the Mission went away to the southward, and, what is worse, opened new and nearer avenues to the sea. Mobile and New Orleans were the most accessible ports; through them "John Law's Mississippi Scheme" took a hand in settling the great valley, and by its aid there grew up even in Kaskaskia and Fort Chartres an excitement which, it is safe to say, was the very first "town lot boom" in all Western America.



FRENCH SETTLEMENT.

Most of us have heard of John Law's bubble; few know that its iridescence shone on Illinois.

Even intercourse with Canada found an easier route than via Chicago. It was down the Mississippi to the Ohio, up the Ohio to the

John Law's Mississippi Scheme.

"Ouabache" (Wabash), up the Wabash to some point (probably near Huntington, Ind.) where portage could be made to the head waters of the Maumee, down the latter to Lake Erie and so on to the Niagara, Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence. But the main intercourse with the outside world was by way of New Orleans, and every year bateaux laden with Illinois staples floated gaily down the current, consigned to John Law's "Compagnie de l'Occident" or its successor the "Compagnie de l'Inde." Flour, bacon, pork, hides, tallow, wines (highwines?), leather, lumber—how familiar it sounds! A hundred and fifty years have changed the direction, destination, manner and mass of our trade but not the material.



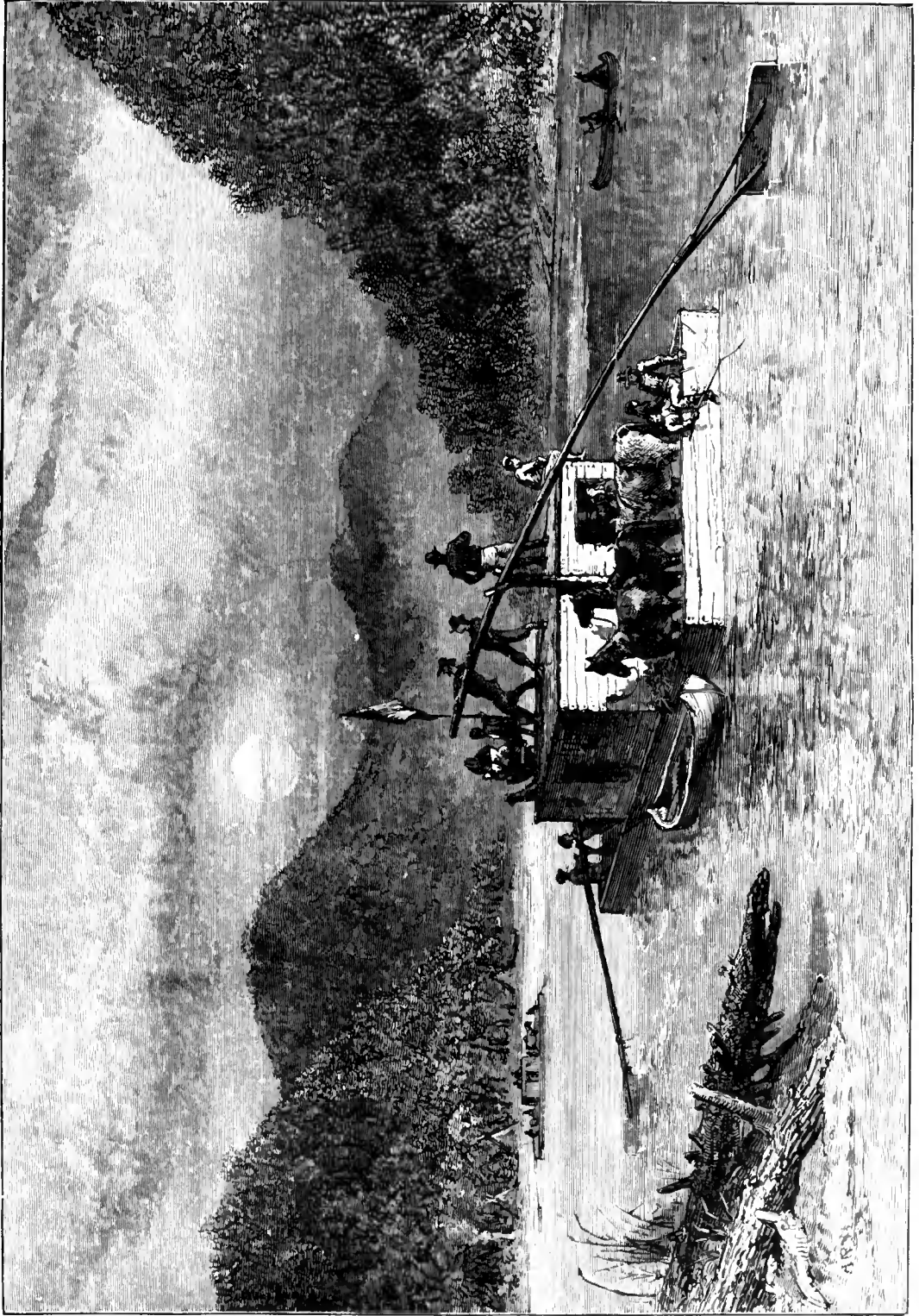
THE SCALP.

The Indians were persistently murderous and predatory. Their apologists say we had no right to their lands. Not so. In the first place we had the same right to the lands that they had; the right of conquest. What claim had any tribe to as much waste as they could roam over once a year, except

that it had destroyed a weaker tribe and taken its territory? The priority of claim at the moment of La Salle's arrival was with the Illinois. Soon they were causelessly attacked and ruthlessly slaughtered by the Iroquois; and a little later, for the very reason that they were wounded and helpless, the Sacs and Foxes fell upon them and completed their ruin. Should we then look on the title of the Sacs and Foxes, so lawlessly and cruelly acquired, as a sacred right, not to be disputed even when our allies, the surviving Illinois, were on our side?

In the second place, we had a kind of right, which is above and beyond the Indian nature; the right of agricultural employment; the right which inheres in the many to gain support on the best part of the earth's surface, even though the few should try to exclude them from it. Indian idleness disdains to dig; asks that a square mile or more shall be allotted to each savage in order that he may, without labor, live on its spontaneous yield. The answer is, No! He that will not work, neither shall he eat. The greatest good of the great number shall prevail.

They must swallow their own medicine. Let him who taketh the sword, perish by the sword. Suppose, for a moment, that those dogs in the manger had been allowed to tear each other to pieces, and the ever-changing victors among them to rule and ruin what they could spoil rather than use, while we, the strongest of all stood by like the patient ass, "respecting their rights!" *Reductio ad absurdum.*



THE FLAT BOAT.

The records of distant, isolated Kaskaskia throw little gleams of a lurid light on the state of things:

In 1722, an entry is made which strikingly illustrates the perils which beset the people in 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 comes 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 20 years, and Elizabeth Nepven, aged 13 years, and Susanne Nepven, aged 8 years, her children. They were slain by the savages from 5 to 7 leagues from the Wabash." . . . "In 1724, the 12th of April, were slain at break of day by the Fox Indians, four men, to wit: Pierre Du Vaud, Pierre Bascau, and two others." (Mason's "Illinois in the 18th century.")

Indian Atrocities.

Sad it is to confess that in taking what we must, what it was our duty to take, we have often been untruthful, unfaithful, deceitful and cruel. But compared with their immemorial treatment of each other, our deceit has been spotless candor, our cruelty heavenly mercy. Not that this is a justification; it is but an apology, and a poor one.

In spite of the diversion of the channels of trade, "Chicagou" was before the eyes of the settlers. About 1725 the pestilent Sacs and Foxes having grown bolder and bolder in their murderous raids, even killing settlers close to Fort Chartres; its commandant, De Siette, wrote to De Lignerie, commandant at Green Bay, urging a combined attack, whereby the Fox tribe should be exterminated. De Lignerie answered saying that this would be well, provided that the Foxes did not exterminate us in the attempt, and suggesting a meeting for conference "at Chicagua or the Rock" (Starved Rock on the Illinois), which indicates that there was a settlement or trading-post here then. The outcome is shown in the words of Mr. Mason:

Soon the French authorities adopted the views of the commandant at the Illinois (De Siette), and the Marquis de Beauharnois (grandfather 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, at 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.

Chicagua for a Rendezvous.

Du Pratz, an old French writer (quoted by Andreas' Hist. Chicago, vol. 1, p. 69), a resident of Louisiana from 1718 to 1734, says of the "Chicagou" or Illinois route in 1757:

"Such as come from Canada, and have business only on the Illinois, pass that way yet; but such as want to go directly to the sea go down the Wabache to the Ohio, and from thence to the Mississippi." He predicts, also, that unless some curious person shall go to the north of the Illinois river in search of mines "where they are said to be in great numbers and very rich," that region "will not soon come to the knowledge of the French."

Well, the lead deposits of Galena and the coal at LaSalle were searched for and exploited, and, for these reasons and others, it happens that the Chicago portage is not lost sight of even to this day.



It is well for our sympathetic hearts that the curtain of oblivion, shutting out this epoch, is almost impenetrable. Even so, we can see and hear quite enough—the glare of burning cottages, the sharp crack of the rifle, the twang of the bow-string, the savage war-cry, “Hu-hu-hu-hu!”\* of the Indian; the shriek upon shriek of the tortured victim; the swaggering “brave” flaunting fresh, bloody scalps covered with the gray hair of old age; the long, soft lock of woman; the short, silky curls of the child, new born, or unborn. The thought of these things makes us glad that the 18th century is past and that we are not in it or of it.

The royal game of war went on in Europe and the cards ran against France. So it chanced that Canada and the Illinois country, thrown into the jack-pot, passed to the English gamester. In Kaskaskia lived one Chevalier de Rocheblave; an officer in the French army who fought against Braddock and “Monsieur Wachenston,” in 1755. He was part of the force of Louis XV., surrendered with Fort Chartres, in 1765, and later (1778), appeared as commander under George III. to surrender Kaskaskia to a greater George, George Rogers Clark; a soldier of the nation of the greatest George who ever lived, George Washington, as will appear in the next chapter.

English succeed  
French.

\* Judge Caton describes the war-whoop as a shrill, unearthly, falsetto yell, broken by rapid blows of the open hand upon the open mouth.



COLBERT, THE GREAT FRENCH MINISTER.

## CHAPTER V.

### ILLINOIS AND CHICAGO DURING THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

Red Coat, 1812.



England's  
Savage Allies.

**D**ETROIT, founded early in the last century and ceded to England in 1763, was the headquarters of her alliance with the Indians against us in the war of the Revolution.

Vain is it for English historians to treat lightly that infamous alliance. Did she know their nature and their manner of warfare? Yes; Lieut. Gov. Abbott (English) wrote to Gen. Carleton (English) against their employment. Did she engage them to fight? Surely: She had no other use for them. Then to fight whom? Civilized warfare is waged solely against armed forces; where was the armed force against which these savages were to act? Gates, Schuyler and Arnold at Saratoga? Washington on the Delaware? Marion in the Carolinas? Absurd! The nearest of these was 800 miles away. The royal orders were "to drive back the settlers across the Alleghanies." (Roosevelt, Vol. II, p. 5.) But why drive back the settlers if they were, as Britain claimed, British subjects? And what does the driving back of settlers by savages mean?

Carnage!

The English commandant at Detroit was Colonel Henry Hamilton, Lieutenant Governor of the Northwestern region, which included all the British possessions outside of the Colonies and of Canada; in other words, from the Ohio river to Lake Superior. Hamilton, who was nicknamed by the "buckskins" (frontiersmen), the "hair-buyer general," avers that he did all that he could to induce the Indians to bring in prisoners instead of scalps, but he does not pretend that he succeeded. Scalps were certainly publicly bought and sold in Detroit while he commanded the red-coats and their worthy allies, the red-skins, and the Haldimand mss. tell of his receiving scalps with solemnity at the councils held to greet the war parties when they returned from successful raids.\*

\*A tale is preserved of one savage swindler who, by dividing a large scalp into two, got \$50 a piece for them.

Red death marked their pathway. In case of defeat, happy was the man who fell and died; woeful the fate of him who was captured alive. Colonel William Crawford, who commanded an unsuccessful expedition against the British and Indians, was tortured slowly to death in the presence of one fellow prisoner and one white man (Simon Girty) who was an officer commanding the Indians for the English. These men describe poor Crawford's death—heaven forbid that we should even copy the description.

Roosevelt says:

The captured women and little ones were driven far off exterior. The weak among them, the young children and the women heavy with child, were tomahawked and scalped as soon as their steps faltered. The able bodied, who could stand the terrible fatigue and reached the journey's end, suffered various fates. Some were burned at the stake, others were sold to the French or British traders and long afterwards made their escape or were ransomed by their relatives. Still others were kept in the Indian camps, the women becoming the slaves or wives of the warriors, while the children were adopted into the tribe and grew up precisely like their little redskinned playmates.\*

Kinzie and  
Clybourne  
Ancestors.

It happens that we of Chicago have some direct connections with one of these Indian massacres and captivities. To quote Andreas' History of Chicago (Vol. I, p. 73):

Isaac McKinzie and his family were living in Giles County, Virginia, near the Kanawha River. A band of Shawnees from Ohio, in one of their hostile incursions, attacked his cabin, which they destroyed, and murdered all his family except his two daughters—Margaret, a little girl of ten, and Elizabeth, two years younger. The girls were carried captive to the great village of the tribe at Chillicothe, where they were kept in charge of the chief. After about ten years of captivity they were taken, or found their way, to Detroit. Margaret became the wife of John Kinzie and the mother of his three elder children, William, James and Elizabeth. . . . Elizabeth subsequently married Jonas Clybourne, of Virginia, the fruit of this union being two sons, Archibald and Henley. . . . Archibald Clybourne reached Chicago, August 5, 1823.

Descendants of both the captive girls are still among us and we shall have occasion to speak of them in due course. In the meantime "Kinzie street" and "Clybourne avenue" may keep us in mind of this link connecting us with the days of Indian war, massacre and captivity.

One word more concerning the connection between civilized England and the savage tribes. Such an alliance is more than wicked; it is unmanly, unsoldierly, cowardly in its employment of others to do cowardly acts. It should be classed with poisoning the enemies' drinking water, firing hot shot at their hospital, or hanging the bearer of their flag of truce. No more disgraceful story can be found in English history from its first page to its latest, even including the spoliation of India and the "opium war" with China.

Turn we from this matter, which makes us ashamed of our lineage, to a pleasanter, more honorable and more distinguished and important narrative; the story of one of our real home-born heroes, George

\*Occasionally we come across records of the women's afterward making their escape. Very rarely they took their half-breed babies with them. De Haas mentions one such case where the husband, though he received his wife well, always hated the copper-colored addition to his family. The latter, by the way, grew up a thoroughbred Indian, could not be educated, and finally ran away, joined the Revolutionary army and was never heard of afterwards.

Rogers Clark, after whom our great thoroughfare, Clark street, is named, a fact unknown to many Chicagoans of all ages.

Clark, Daniel Boone, John Todd and others like them, were the first settlers of Kentucky and wrested that garden of the earth from the



From "Cyclopedia of United States History."—Copyright, 1841, by Harper & Brothers.

DANIEL BOONE.

human wild-cats that had made it their fighting-ground from time immemorial. Needless to say that they hated everything Indian with a holy hatred. Clark seems to have had the most ambition, the most patriotism and the broadest grasp of mind of any of these bold Kentuckians. The others were content to defend themselves and their fire-sides from the lurking foe; he looked outward and planned achievements of wider scope and of results which we are enjoying to-day.

Kentuckians in  
Illinois.

In 1778 Clark traveled all the way from Kentucky to the James River, to lay before Patrick Henry, Virginia's first governor, a plan for seizing Fort Chartres, Kaskaskia, Vincennes and perhaps Detroit itself, and so adding to Virginia all the country northwest of the Ohio. He told of the outrages of the Indians under English influence, and promised the sympathy and support of the Kentuckians and other settlers who still survived, all embittered to the last extent and all good fighters. He added that the Kaskaskia settlement, being French, was surrounded by friendly Indians.\* Also that among the French themselves we should find a most friendly feeling, especially when they should be apprised of the alliance with France just then accomplished by Franklin.

Virginia gave Clark arms, ammunition and supplies, a commission as colonel, and leave to recruit men where he could. She also gave John Todd, of Kentucky, the appointment of "County Lieutenant, or Commandant of the County of Illinois," and a letter of instructions under Patrick Henry's own hand, as we shall see hereafter.

Clark made the long tramp across the Alleghanies, down the Monongahela and the Ohio, at the Falls whereof (Louisville) he paused to perfect his arrangements. Then he started once more down the river, but quitted it before reaching the Mississippi, knowing that the enemy

\* The savages, though always treacherous, never felt the ferocity against the French which they cherished towards the rest of the pale faces. They murdered many a "robe noir"—black-coat, alias Jesuit—but not every one they could lay their hands on.

would be on his guard on that side. He landed at old Fort Massac (then deserted), and struck across the woods and prairies of southern Illinois, arriving on the Kaskaskia River, three miles above the town, on July 4, 1778. To quote Roosevelt again :

They kept in the woods till it grew dark and then silently marched to a little farm a mile from the town. The family were taken prisoners, and from them it was learned that the townspeople were then off their guard. . . . Rocheblave, the creole commandant, was sincerely attached to the British interest. . . . He had under his orders two or three times as many men as Clark, and he certainly would have made a good fight if he had not been surprised. It was only Clark's audacity and the noiseless speed of his movements that gave him a chance of success. . .

Inside the fort the lights were lit, and through the windows came the sound of violins. The officers of the post had given a ball, and the mirth-loving creoles, young men and girls, were dancing and reveling within, while the sentinels had left their posts. . . . Advancing into the great hall where the revel was held, Clark leaned silently, with folded arms, against the door-post, looking at the dancers. An Indian lying on the floor of the entry gazed intently on the stranger's face as the light from the torches within flashed across it, and suddenly sprang to his feet, uttering the unearthly war whoop, "Hu—hu—hu—hu!" Instantly the dancing ceased; the women screamed, while the men ran toward the door. But Clark, standing unmoved and with unchanged face, grimly bade them continue their dancing, but to remember that they now danced under Virginia and not Great Britain.

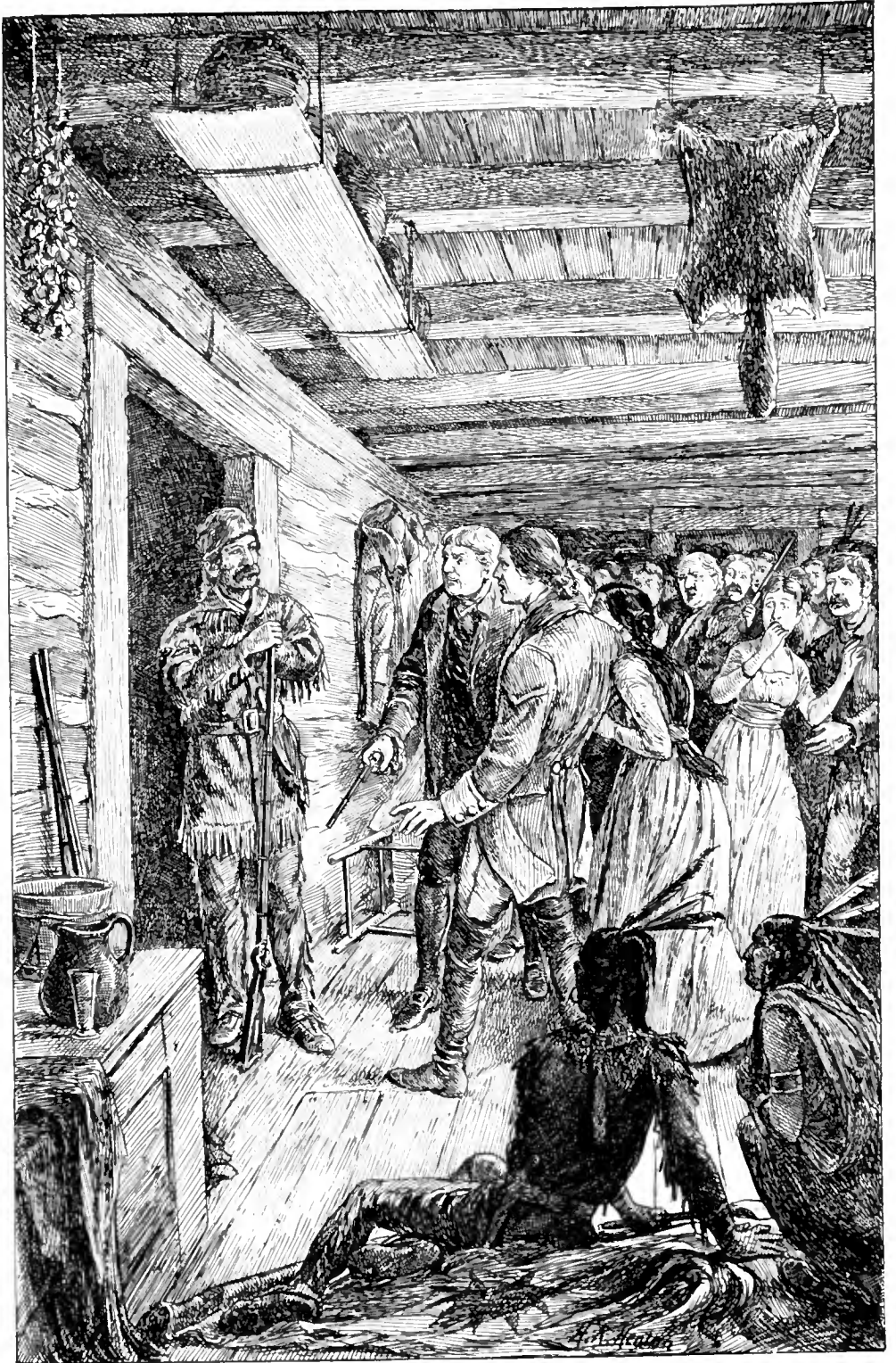
This picturesque and dramatic scene is told as taken down from the lips of Clark himself, some ten years or so after the event.

The simple Kaskaskians had been taught to dread the "buckskins" as rather more terrible than the redskins themselves, and Clark purposely left them that whole night in their terror and confusion, while he took captive Rocheblave and all his forces. Next morning a deputation of the chief men waited on Clark, only daring to beg for their lives, which they did, says Clark, "with the greatest servancy [saying], that they were willing to be slaves to save their families." They were vastly relieved to find their captors soldiers and gentlemen, bringing not slavery, slaughter and spoliation, but freedom and citizenship to all who would accept it.

Clark takes  
Kaskaskia

Doubtless the Catholic church had been closed during the English rule, and when Clark told the priest (Gibault), in answer to his question, that "An American commander had nothing to do with any church except to save it from insult, and that by the laws of the Republic his religion had as great privileges as any other," the volatile creoles "returned in noisy joy to their families, while the priest, a man of ability and influence, became thenceforth a devoted and effective champion of the American cause."—(Roosevelt.)

The news, through Clark, of the alliance between France and America, and the enthusiastic advocacy of Clark's new friends, soon converted Cahokia; and Père Gibault volunteered to go to Vincennes, on the Wabash, to get his fellow-Frenchmen to join the Americans, their natural allies. No sooner said than done; on August 1, 1778, he returned with the news that the entire population gathered in the church



"Go on with your dancing," said Clark, "but remember—" *page 37.*

to hear him had taken the oath of allegiance, and that the American flag floated over the fort.

But where, meanwhile, are Hamilton and his forces?

Encouraged by the great and wicked success of his war-parties, he had planned an attack on Fort Pitt (Pittsburgh), but the startling news of Clark's seizure of his own outposts put an end to all thoughts of seizing ours. He must retake Vincennes, first, to interpose between Clark and his base in Virginia. From Vincennes he could easily sally forth against the presumptuous Clark and wipe him out. The Indians must all be aroused to fresh scalp-hunting. Even distant Mackinaw and St. Joseph, on Lake Michigan, were notified to incite the lake Indians to harass the Illinois country.

Now for a glimpse of Chicago.

At this time (1778) and for some years before, Jean Baptiste Point de Saible was living on the Chicago river at a point now covered by Kirk's huge soap factory; close to the corner of Pine and Kinzie streets. Of him Colonel Arent Schuyler De Puyster, commandant at Mackinaw, writes (July 4, 1779): "Baptiste Point de Saible, a handsome negro, well settled at Eschikagou, but much in the French interest." Elsewhere in his volume of "Miscellanies" De Puyster writes: Chicago from 1778 to 1794. "Eschikagou is a river and fort at the head of Lake Michigan." Point de Saible was a Haytien mulatto who, with a friend named Glamorgan, came north and lived with the Peoria Indians up to about 1779, when he came to his Chicago home. Andreas (Hist. Chicago, Vol. 1, p. 71) says: "Here he lived until 1796—seventeen years. All that is known of his life during that long period is gathered from the 'Recollections' of Augustin Grignon, of Butte des Morts, near Oshkosh, and published in the third volume of the Wisconsin Historical Society's collections." Mr. Grignon says:

At a very early period there was a negro lived there (Chicago) named Baptiste Point de Saible. My brother, Perish Grignon, visted Chicago about 1794, and told me that Point de Saible was a large man; that he had a commission for some office, but for what particular office I can not now recollect. He was a trader, pretty wealthy, and drank freely. I know not what became of him.

About all that can be added to the few particulars related above is that in 1796 he sold his cabin to one Le Mai, a French trader and returned to Peoria, where he died at the home of his old friend Glamorgan.

This cabin Le Mai sold to John Kinzie in 1804. So do we touch home once more after one century and a quarter of wanderings.

Point de Saible's trading-post was necessarily one of the settlements Hamilton ordered to be harried. Indeed the Haldimand mss.\*

\*Sir Frederick Haldimand succeeded Sir Guy Carleton as Governor of Canada in 1778. He is best known as General Haldimand. His papers were presented to the British Museum in 1857 by his grand-nephew William Haldimand; and copies are now in the Canadian Archives at Ottawa.

speak of an effort made at about this time to prevent a settlement at Chicago. But Point de Saible seems bravely or cunningly to have stood his ground and to have out-stayed the harassers. A favorite old-time Chicago joke is that her first white inhabitant was a black man. At least he was not a scalper, nor the ally of scalpers, as we see by De Puyster's unfriendly allusion.

Now, in September, 1778, Hamilton, "hairbuyer-general," and his red hair-lifters, begin their grand task of exterminating George Rogers Clark and the "buckskins." The first step is the recovery of Vincennes. See the conquering hero comes!

He led the main body in person, and throughout September every soul in Detroit was busy from morning till night in mending boats, baking biscuit, packing provisions in kegs and bags, preparing artillery stores and in every way making ready for the expedition. Fifteen large bateaux and pirogues were procured; these were to carry the ammunition, food, clothing, tents, and especially the presents for the Indians. Cattle and wheels were sent ahead to the most important portages on the route to be traversed; a six pounder gun was also forwarded. (Roosevelt.)

Thanks, Colonel Hamilton; you were unconsciously bringing Colonel Clark just the things he needed. To be sure, your force outnumbered ours three to one, for you had a herd of Indians on your side, but, on the other hand, on our side were Clark and the "Buckskins," as you shortly found out, to your cost.

Hamilton takes  
Vincennes.

The trip was uneventful; but one little circumstance crops out in the narrative worth remarking. Their course was down the Detroit river, across Lake Erie, and into the Maumee river at its mouth (Toledo), then up the Maumee until within nine miles of the head waters of navigation on the Wabash—about Huntington, Ind. Roosevelt quotes Hamilton's "Brief Account" as follows:

This stream was so low that the boats could not have gone down it had it not been for a beaver dam four miles below the landing, which backed up the current. A passage was cut through the dam to let the boats pass. The traders and Indians thoroughly appreciated the help given them at this difficult part of the course by the engineering skill of the beavers, . . . and none of the beavers of this particular dam were ever molested, being left to keep their dam in order and repair it, which they always speedily did whenever it was damaged.

Vincennes fell into Hamilton's hands, without a fight, just seventy-one days after he left Detroit, being only defended by the local creole militia. His spies brought him word that Clark had only 110 men under him. Had the commanders been reversed, the larger force would have hurried on to Kaskaskia and captured the smaller in short order. But the way was long, the country flooded and the winter severe. Besides, as Hamilton was firmly established between Clark and his home base, why should he not, instead of climbing the thorny tree, wait till the fruit should fall? He intended to make a grand campaign in the spring. He would rouse the Southern Indians, the bloody Chickasaws, Cherokees and Creeks; and he himself, re-inforced from Detroit, would take the



field with 1,000 men, re-conquer Illinois, sweep Kentucky and destroy all settlements west of the Alleghanies—perhaps take Fort Pitt itself!

But his "spring" never came. Clark made a spring of his own—a tiger spring. He had had no reinforcements or supplies, nor so much as "a scrip of the pen" from Virginia since he left Governor Henry a year before; nor did he need any. On February 7, 1779, he marched out of Kaskaskia at the head of a Spartan band of 170 men, to travel across the snowy wastes, the dismal forests, the half-frozen floods, 240 miles to surprise a fort held by the enemy's chief commander, with infantry, artillery and abundant supplies. The buckskins had no tents, but passed the nights around huge camp-fires, where they feasted on the game they had killed during the day; on bear's ham, buffalo hump, elk-saddle, venison haunch, wild turkey breast, etc.\* This was not bad; but when they came to the flooded lands of the Little Wabash, their trials were fearful. The two branches of the stream were now in one, five miles wide, and three feet deep in the shallowest part of the plains over which they flowed. Clark built a pirogue, and on they waded, ferrying where the stream was over chin-deep. He built a scaffold to hold the baggage and the weaklings

Clark's Winter  
March.

who gave out, until he could send back the pirogue to go on with the job of ferrying them over. On the 17th they reached the Embarras [our "Ambro"], but could not cross, nor could they find a dry spot on which to camp. At last they found the water falling off a small, almost submerged hillock, and on this they huddled through the night. At day-break they heard Hamilton's morning gun from the fort. They did not dare to fire a shot for fear of warning the enemy of their coming, and on the morning of the 20th the men had been without food for nearly two days, "drenched, weary and dispirited."



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GEO. ROGERS CLARK.

They captured a small boat with five Frenchmen, and learned the welcome news that no suspicions had been aroused at the fort. In the evening they killed a deer—just in time. On the 21st, in a continual rain, they ferried across the Wabash. The captured Frenchmen said they could not possibly proceed, but Clark led the way in person for about three miles, the water often up to their chins, and camped on a hillock for the night. Another day of similar struggle, "the strongest wading painfully

\* Everywhere in the early French narratives (see Margry, etc.) there occurs mention of the Wild turkey; "*poules d'inde*," as they called them, and "*dindon*" is French for turkey to this day.

through the water, the weak and famished in the canoes." A journal (whereof a copy is still in existence) ends, "No provisions yet. Lord help us!" Heavy frost that night, ice forming an inch thick. "But the sun rose bright and glorious, and Clark, in burning words, told his stiffened, famishing, half-frozen followers that the evening would surely see them at the goal of their hopes. Without waiting for an answer he plunged into the water and they followed him, with a cheer, in Indian file. On a spot of dry land, the strong and tall get ashore, build great fires and go back for the exhausted; and a captured Indian canoe "manned" by three squaws, gives them half a quarter of buffalo, with some corn, tallow and kettles;—just in time again!

Finally they came to a copse of timber from which they saw the town and fort not two miles off! Clark, with characteristic courage and decision, determined to summon the town, so he sent a letter to the people of Vincennes by a stray French citizen whom they caught out shooting ducks. The French Creoles took Clark's proclamation and discussed it eagerly, but did not warn the garrison. Clark marched into the place at seven in the evening, and the firing began at once. Then, as soon as the moon set, Clark had an entrenchment thrown up within rifle shot of the strongest battery, and as soon as dawn made the guns visible, sharp-shooters made them indefensible. He summoned the fort at noon, using the time of truce to get breakfast, the first regular meal they had had for six days. Hamilton declined to surrender, and the firing began again, the backwoods men vainly beseeching Clark to let them storm the fort. During the fray a party of Hamilton's Indians returned to the town from a successful scalping expedition, whereupon the "buckskins" fell upon them and killed or captured nine; and Clark, to strike terror to the besieged and to express his views of the scalping business, had six of the miscreants led out in view of the fort, tomahawked and thrown into the river.

Clark defeats  
and takes  
Hamilton.

In the afternoon the fort surrendered. Hamilton and the rest of the officers were sent to Virginia as prisoners of war, the others were paroled, the spoils of war amounting to tens of thousands of pounds sterling were distributed among the soldiers, who "got almost rich," and Vincennes, Kaskaskia and all the lands so acquired have been ours from that day to this.

That was the winter passed by Washington and his Continentals at Valley Forge with so much fortitude, suffering and loss. An enthusiast has said that Valley Forge was child's play compared with the capture of Vincennes, and surely he was not without reasonable grounds for his belief. At any rate we Westerners should never be at a loss to know

"Why Clark street—Clark County—Clarksville? What Clark do they refer to?"

George Rogers Clark, sometimes called "The American Hannibal," was a natural frontier fighter, like Standish, Boone, Marion, Todd, Kenton, John Brown and a thousand others whose names are passing



VALLEY FORGE.

or passed away. They were men bred by their dangers to be fearless, by their privations to be stoical, by their toils to be tireless and by their sacrifices to be patriotic. Coming of the world's most aggressive race, they were shaped by hard environments into the sharpest form.

Clark's later days were embittered by what he considered unjust treatment on the part of Virginia and the United States. He had had certain large land grants made to him, and claimed, besides, reimbursements for certain outlays and losses. Virginia had (1782) ceded the Northwest territory (now Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin) to the United States, and averred, with seeming reason, that Clark's claims should be paid by the party that profited by his services. The General Government took the opposite view, and between the two stools the claimant fell to the ground—or at least was never satisfied in full.

Anecdote about  
Clark.

The legislature of Virginia voted a sword of honor to Clark and commissioners were appointed to present it. It is related (probably with truth) that on being apprised of their approach the old veteran, in full regimentals, limped out (he had a wound in the hip) and took a stately position on his grounds fronting the Ohio. He heard their presentation address, grasped the sword, drew it from the scabbard,

stuck the point in the ground, shivered the blade and threw the hilt afar into the river, saying: "What I want from Virginia is not compliments, but justice. Go back to them that sent you and tell them I said so."\*

It is scarcely going too far to say that it is to George R. Clark we owe the fact that we are to-day other than a Canadian city. If Hamilton's territory had remained inviolate, what plea could our Commissioners at the treaty of Versailles have made for the Detroit river as a boundary?

A century of gratitude makes dim the faults of a benefactor. To-day we do not ask whether George Rogers Clark passed his later years in drink and the breaking of most of the ten commandments. We remember his benefactions; and as to his failings—well, we wish either that he had been not quite so blamable or his judges not quite so critical (we do not care much which), so that he might have lived without disappointment and died without bitterness.

John Todd, Clark's fellow-soldier at Kaskaskia and Vincennes, and later, by Governor Patrick Henry's warrant, "County Lieutenant or Commandant of the County of Illinois," was killed in the battle of the Blue Licks, Kentucky, fought by Todd, Daniel Boone, Thomas Marshall (father of Chief Justice Marshall), and their brother Kentuckians, against a superior force of Indians. Says an eye-witness: "When last seen he was reeling in his saddle while the blood gushed in profusion from his wounds."

Todd, our first  
Governor.

Patrick Henry's commission and long letter of instructions to Todd were written on the first five pages of a blank book which was dispatched by a trusty messenger who carried it from Williamsburg, then capital of Virginia, across the Alleghanies to Fort Pitt, and thence down the Ohio till it found Todd, probably at Vincennes just after its capture by Clark and the rest. Todd kept the precious book and used the unwritten part of it to record his proceedings as Governor, his trials and troubles, his doings and dealings.

Should not such a volume, however old and worn, be interesting to every Chicagoan? Should he not look at it with a thrill of respect for its venerable pages and of gratitude to the great souls of 1776?

All who answer "Yes" to these questions can testify to their interest, and secure to themselves a keen delight by simply calling at the

\* George Rogers Clark left no children. His brother William was the man who explored the way to Oregon in 1804 in what is known as "The Lewis and Clark expedition." William's grandson, Charles Jeffers on Clark, is a frontiersman, as becomes his ancestry (but with the modern improvement of a scientific education) and is a frequent and welcome visitor in Chicago. He confirms the sword story regarding his grand-uncle, but insists on a slight modification as to the destruction of the sword, for he says the weapon, unbroken, has descended to his own possession.

rooms of the Historical Society, corner of Dearborn avenue and Ontario street, where the very book itself is in keeping, and where Judge Moses, the custodian, is proud to display it, together with thousands of other relics and mementoes of the great days past but not forgotten.



GEORGE THIRD.

## CHAPTER VI.

THE DAWN OF THE DAY WE LIVE IN.



The Wash-  
ingtons buy  
land.

AND speculation began early. George Washington, while Colonial Surveyor for Virginia, made notes of desirable tracts and devoted his earnings to their purchase, to the entire satisfaction of all concerned; thus laying the foundations of his fine fortune, that wealth which enabled him to serve his country without pay, as he did all through the Revolutionary War.

Another kind of speculation was the purchase, or attempted purchase, from the Indians, of unsurveyed lands. Thomas Lee, Lawrence and Augustine Washington (relatives of George) and others formed the "Ohio Company," which aimed to get control of a large tract south of the Ohio river, in the Kanawha valley region, now part of West Virginia.



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LAWRENCE WASHINGTON.



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WILLIAM AUGUSTINE WASHINGTON.

Still another case was that of the grant applied for (1772) by Thomas Walpole, Benjamin Franklin and others for land for which ten thousand four hundred and sixty pounds were paid to the Six Nations Indians under the Fort Stanwix Treaty.

All these glittering plans were crushed by the breaking out of the Revolutionary War, and the investors lost largely.

Even the far West, our own present habitation, was the scene of a great and determined effort to secure control of lands, wherein Chicago was included. Two companies were formed, one "The Illinois Land Company" and the other "The Wabash Land Company," both devised and attempted at Kaskaskia by one William Murray, a name which, if its owner had succeeded, would be the leading entry in all the tens of thousands of "Abstracts of Title" with which Chicago lawyers and real estate men are so familiar.

William Murray was one of the English who came to Kaskaskia after the surrender of the country by France to England in 1765. In 1773 he formed "The Illinois Land Company" and for that company held a council with all the Indians he could muster at Kaskaskia; the proceedings of which are reported in a pamphlet (now in our Historical Society), published in Philadelphia in 1796. He gave the Indians a long list of goods and chattels\* and took from them their signature to a document pretending to describe and convey a tract by metes and bounds which were really a lot of fictitious lines between points, some real and some imaginary, which lines after all inclosed nothing. Our only interest in this so-called purchase lies in the fact that one of the real points named in the boundary was "Chicagou or Garlick Creek." He and his successors pressed this claim before Congress persistently until it was finally rejected in 1801; the ground then held and ever since maintained being:

William Murray  
tries to buy  
Chicago.

Deeds obtained by private persons from the Indians, without any antecedent authority, or subsequent information [confirmation?] from the government, could not vest in the grantees mentioned in such deed any title to the lands therein described.

So it all failed and the promoters are heard of no more. William Murray, first of Chicago real estate agents, met the fate which has since overtaken many another who made the mistake of "biting off more than he could chew."

Failing to find our earliest city-father in Murray, we seek elsewhere. Looking the records over, we conclude that Jean Baptiste Pointe de Saible (already named) must hold the honor of exercising the earliest ownership which is kept up continuously to our own time; holding it, however, by allodial, not feudal tenure; that is to say, by right of the plow and not by right of purchase from the lord of the manor or holder of eminent domain; in our case Virginia up to 1784 and the United States from that time to the present.

Chicago's first  
Squatter.

\* Here is the curious list: "250 blankets; 250 strouds [a thick kind of cloth]; 250 pairs of stroud and half-thick stockings; 150 stroud breech-cloths; 500 pounds of gunpowder; 4,000 pounds of lead; one gross of knives; 30 pounds of vermilion; 2,000 gun flints; 200 pounds of brass kettles; 200 pounds of tobacco; 3 dozen gilt looking-glasses; . . . 10,000 pounds of flour; 500 bushels of Indian corn; 12 horses; 12 horned cattle; 20 bushels of salt; 20 guns and five shillings in money."

Pointe de Saible  
and Guarie.

Another man was here during a part if not the whole of Jean Baptiste's occupancy; one Guarie, whose trading cabin was on the west side of the North Branch, near the forks. Guarie's holding was also allodial, and when the late Gurdon Hubbard came here in 1818 the remains of the corn-hills cultivated by him were still visible. Moreover, Mr. Hubbard testifies that the North Branch went by the name of "River Guarie," just as the South Branch was called "Portage River," even down to 1800.

Other traders were then here, however, though the place was of far less importance than St. Joseph, Mich. A St. Joseph trader, named Burnett, speaks of it casually in letters written in 1790, 1791 and 1798. In 1791 he gives this suggestive bit of "local color." "The Pottawatomies at Chicago have killed a Frenchman about twenty days ago. They say there is plenty of Frenchmen." \*

Antoine Ouille-  
mette. (Wil-  
mette.)

Pointe de Saible, Le Mai and Guarie have disappeared and left no sign. Not so another Frenchman who was for a time their contemporary—Antoine Ouillemette. Major Whistler found him here when he arrived in 1803 to build the first Fort Dearborn. Ouillemette remained here and hereabouts for the next thirty years, and was the only white inhabitant during the four years following the massacre of 1812. He lived about the Fort until 1829, with his wife, a Pottawatomie; when he obtained, through her, a reservation at Gross Point (Evanston), which he cultivated until 1835, at which time he moved with the tribe to Council Bluffs. The fine suburb "Wilmette" perpetuates his name and marks the place which he fenced and cultivated.

In 1784 Virginia ceded to the United States her rights over the territory northwest of the Ohio river, and in 1787 the celebrated ordinance was passed by Congress whereby the territorial government was organized, and certain articles were adopted to be "considered as articles of compact between the original states and the people and states in the said territory, forever to remain unalterable unless by common consent."

Among other things the following principles were announced: Freedom of opinion in matters of religion; right to the writ of Habeas Corpus and trial by jury; proportionate representation; judicial proceedings according to the common law; bail except for capital offenses where proof shall be evident or presumption great; no cruel or unusual punishments.

"No man shall be deprived of his liberty or property but by the judgment of his peers or the law of the land," and should the public exigencies make it necessary for the common preservation to take any person's property, or to demand his particular services, full compensation shall be made for the same.

\* For further details, extremely interesting, concerning the "dark hour before the dawn" of Chicago, see Captain Andreas' masterly history, 3 vols. 8vo. published by himself in 1884. Also the excellent "Fergus' Historical Series."



Schools should forever be encouraged. Good faith should be observed toward the Indians, and their lands and property never be taken except by their consent. Congress alone should dispose of the public lands. Non-resident proprietors should not be taxed higher than residents. Navigable waters should be common highways and forever free. The boundaries of Illinois, Indiana and Ohio were fixed. Ordinance of 1787.

Then followed the immortal clause, big with fate, which has shaped our destiny and must influence it forever.

There shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in the said territory, otherwise than in the punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted; provided always, that any person escaping into the same, from whom labor or service is lawfully claimed in any one of the original states, such fugitive may be lawfully reclaimed and conveyed to the person claiming his or her labor as aforesaid.

So vital and far-reaching have been the consequences of this clause in our organic law, that it seems appropriate to reproduce, with Judge Moses' consent, a fac-simile of the original, in the hand of Nathan Dane. (Moses' Hist. Ill.)

*What End of 12. 3<sup>rd</sup> Article - insert.*

*Article the sixth then shall be neither Slavery  
nor involuntary servitude ~~at~~ in the said Territory  
otherwise than in punishment of crimes whereof the  
party shall have been duly convicted - provided always  
that any person escaping into the same, from <sup>any state</sup>  
whom labor ~~and~~ service is lawfully claimed in any  
one of the original states, such fugitive may <sup>be</sup>  
be lawfully reclaimed and conveyed to the  
person claiming his or her labor or service  
aforesaid*

*N. Dane*

So far, so good. Here was our paper title; but more was needed to make a full title by possession and occupation; that was yet to cost a long struggle and many battles. The next step was the treaty of Greenville, Ohio, with twelve Indian tribes, concluded in 1795, by General Wayne ("Mad Anthony"), who had before this inflicted crushing defeats upon them. By this treaty the Indians, for their southeastern

boundary, accepted a line running from where Cleveland stands now to a point on the Ohio opposite the mouth of the Kentucky. They also



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GEO. ANTHONY WAYNE.

ceded several isolated bits for trading posts, among others, "One piece of land, six miles square, at the mouth of Chicago river, emptying into the southwestern end of Lake Michigan, where a fort formerly stood." One of the many signers of this treaty was "Little Turtle" ("Meshekunnoghquoh"),\* whose son-in-law, Captain William Wells, was among the killed at the Fort Dearborn massacre of 1812.

This treaty is the first official recognition given by the United States government to the name "Chicago,"† and it is pursuant to this

cession of land that Captain John Whistler was sent here nine years later (1803) with a company of soldiers to build a fort, Old Fort Dearborn, which was burned after the massacre of 1812.

Captain John Whistler.

Captain Whistler had an eventful life. He was a British soldier under General Burgoyne, and was included in the surrender of the invading army at the battle of Saratoga. Most of the prisoners of war taken then were marched to Boston, where they were held as prisoners until the close of the war. Of him, Captain Andreas says:

After the war he married and settled in Hagerstown, Md., where his son William was born. He enlisted in the American army and took part in the Northwestern Indian war, serving under St. Clair and afterward under Wayne. He was speedily promoted, rising through the lower grades to a lieutenantancy in 1792, and became a captain in 1797. He rebuilt the fort in 1815 [after the massacre and destruction of 1812] and removed to St. Charles, Mo., in 1817. In 1818 he was military store-keeper at St. Louis, and died at Bellefontaine, Mo., in 1827. He was a brave and efficient officer, and became the progenitor of a line of brave and efficient soldiers.

Major Whistler

His son, George Whistler, was with Captain John when the family came to Chicago, being then three years old. This is the Major Whistler who became a distinguished engineer in the service of Russia. Another son, Lieutenant William Whistler, with his young wife (Julia Ferson‡), came to Chicago with Captain Whistler. He will be

\* This Indian name, like most others, is variously spelled by different authorities.

† General Dearborn, in his letter to General Wilkinson ordering the construction of the fort, spells the word "Chilago."

‡ This Mrs. Whistler was born in Salem, Mass., July 3, 1787. Her maiden name was Julia Ferson, and her parents were John and Mary (La Duke) Ferson. In childhood she removed with her parents to Detroit, where she received most of her education. In May, 1802, she was married to William Whistler (born in Hagerstown, Md., about 1794), a second lieutenant in the company of his father, Captain John Whistler, U. S. A., then stationed at Detroit. (Fergus' Historical Series, No. 16.)

mentioned later as one of the last commandants of Fort Dearborn, holding that post until 1833. He lived until 1863; his wife lived to be ninety years old, dying at Newport, Ky., in 1878. She visited Chicago in 1875, when (at eighty-seven) her mind and memory were of the brightest; and conversation with her on old matters was a rare pleasure. Mrs. General Philip Sheridan is her grand-neice and cherishes her relationship as a patent to high rank in our Chicago nobility. No portrait of John Whistler is known to exist.

Julia Ferson  
Whistler.

A daughter of William and this charming old lady was born in 1818, and named Gwenthlean. She was married at Fort Dearborn, in 1834, to Robert A. Kinzie, second son of John Kinzie the pioneer. Mrs. Gwenthlean Kinzie is now living in Chicago, and has been consulted in the preparation of this narrative.\*



*John Whistler*

To return to the first Chicago fort. John Wentworth, in his historical sketch of Fort Dearborn (Fergus' Historical Series, No. 16), delivered on the occasion of the unveiling of the Tablet in the wall of Hoyt's wholesale grocery store (south end of Rush street bridge), quotes Mrs. Julia Whistler as follows, regarding the settlement in 1803:

The United States schooner Tracy . . . on arriving at Chicago, anchored half a mile from the shore, discharging her freight from boats. Some 2000 Indians visited the locality while the vessel was here, being attracted by so unusual an occurrence as the appearance in these waters of "a big canoe with wings." There were then here but four rude huts, or traders' cabins, occupied by white men, Canadian French with Indian wives. . . There was not at that time, within hundreds of miles, a team of horses, or oxen; and, as a consequence, the soldiers had to don the harness and with the aid of ropes, drag home the needed timbers. . . Col. William Whistler's height, at maturity, was six feet and two inches, and his weight at one time was 260 pounds.

\*On mentioning to Judge Caton that Mrs. Robert A. Kinzie was again living here after a long absence, the venerable Chief-Justice, after a moment's thought, said: "Yes! I remember the marriage, and that the bride was one of the most beautiful women you can imagine. I have never seen her since that time. Ladies were not plentiful in this part of the world then, and we were not over-particular about looks, but Gwenthlean Whistler Kinzie would be noted for beauty anywhere, at any time." And on looking at the lady herself one can well believe all that can be said in praise of her charms in her girlish years—16 when she was married. (A portrait of Mrs. Kinzie is given further on.)

One of the four cabins was the log house so long held by Jean Baptiste Pointe de Saible, sold by him to Le Mai and during this same year bought by John Kinzie. Another was the Guarie house on the



MRS. WILLIAM WHISTLER.

West side. The third was a cabin near the Fort occupied by Ouillemette, and the fourth was held by one Pettell, of which and of whom only the name survives.

The old fort (1803-4) covered about the same ground as that occupied by the new (1816), built after the massacre of 1812. The block house of the latter stood at the southwest angle of the fortified inclosure. Therefore, to "locate" both the forts, one must stand with his back to the Tablet in the wall of Messrs. Hoyt & Co.'s warehouse and look northeastward.

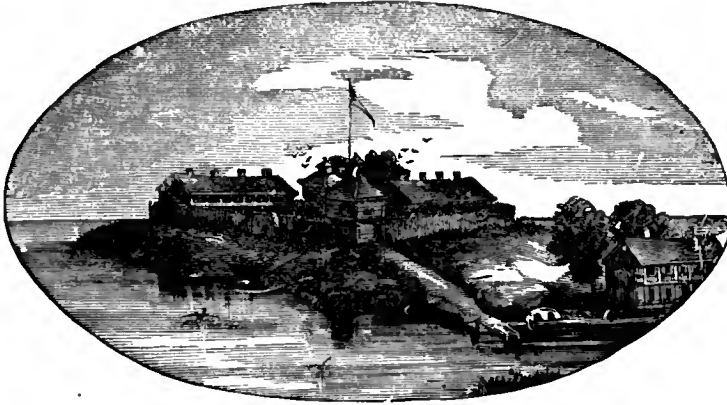
He will perceive at once

that the river has been widened and that in cutting away the southern bank a large part of the old fort ground has disappeared; for the south end of Rush street bridge is now somewhere near the middle of the space formerly inclosed. Here is where the old "rope ferry" was established about 1837 and maintained even down to 1857—a rope stretched across the river, lying on the bottom when a tug or vessel passed, raised out of water by a windlass and made the guide of a flat boat which plied back and forth in a slow and dignified fashion. Thousands of Chicagoans still living remember the poor device; and when they see the surging crowd of wayfarers and vehicles that now speed to and fro over the splendid, four-track, iron, steam swing-bridge, they smile at the recollection of the barge they used to pull across with their own hands, seizing the rope and walking the length of the barge to push it forward.\*

Old Rush Street  
Rope Ferry.

\* In 1857 a passing vessel ran down the rope while a barge-load of passengers was crossing and several were drowned. This put an end to the ferry, and a bridge was built—not such an one as the present, but a wooden structure, high enough to allow tugs and small craft to pass under.

From 1804 to 1811, the characteristic traits of this isolated corner of earth were its isolation; the garrison within the stockade and the ever-present cloud of savages outside, half seen, half trusted, half feared; its long summers (sometimes hot and sometimes hotter), and



FT. DEARBORN, 1803-4. (Fergus' Series, No. 16.)

its long winters (sometimes cold and sometimes colder); its plenitude of the mere necessities of life, meat and drink, shelter and fuel, and its destitution of all luxuries; its leisurely industry and humble prosperity; Kinzie, the garrison sutler, Indian trader, silver-smith and fiddler, vying with the regular Government agent in the purchase of pelts and the sale of rude Indian goods. In 1805 Charles Jouett was the United States Indian Agent here. How much of his time was spent here and how much elsewhere we do not know. He resigned the post in 1811 and was re-appointed in 1817, after the re-building of the fort. It is probable that the United States' agent was at a disadvantage in dealing with the Indians, as he would have to obey the law forbidding the supplying them with spirits; which law the other traders practically ignored.

Quiet Years  
from 1804 to  
1812.

Then there was the occasional birth of a baby in the Kinzie house, the fort or somewhere about, as there were several women here; soldiers' wives, etc. Those born in the Kinzie mansion and in the officers' families we know about.\* But these were not all. There were at least a dozen little ones who first saw the light in this locality, whose play-ground was the parade and river-bank, whose merry voices must have added a human sweetness to this savage place, whose entire identity, even to their very names, is lost. The one thing we know of them is when and how they died, and that will appear later on.

These quiet vicissitudes and calm excitements were about all the news which even a newspaper reporter—if there had been one—could have conjured up in the reign of quietude.

\* Ellen Marion Kinzie (later Mrs. Alex. Wolcott) was born in December, 1805; Maria Indiana Kinzie, (later Mrs. David Hunter), in 1807; Robert Allen Kinzie, February 8, 1810. John Harris Kinzie had been born at Sandwich, Canada, July 7, 1803. Two children were also born to Lieutenant William Whistler, who came to the Post with his young bride in 1804. One was John Harrison Whistler, born in the fort October 7, 1807. The other was also a son, who died young. The daughter, Gwenthlean, was born at another station in 1818.

In 1812 the peaceful quiet was rudely startled, then threatened, then destroyed.

The first breach of the peace was the killing, by Mr. Kinzie (in self-defense), of one John Lalime, Indian interpreter at Fort Dearborn. This was early in 1812. It had, however, nothing to do with the friendliness or enmity of the red-men.

The second event was of a different kind. A man named Lee, who lived on the Lake Shore near the fort, had inclosed and was farming a piece of land on the north-west side of the South Branch within the present "lumber district," about half-way between Halsted street and Ashland avenue. It was first known as "Lee's Place," afterward as "Hardscrabble." It was occupied by one Liberty White with two other men and a boy. To quote Mrs. Kinzie (Wau-Bun, p. 205):

In the afternoon [April 6, 1812] a party of ten or twelve Indians, dressed and painted, arrived at the Lee house, and, according to their custom, entered and seated themselves without ceremony. Something in their appearance and manner excited the suspicions of one of the family, a Frenchman [Debou], who remarked: "I don't like the looks of these Indians—they are none of our folks.

\* \* \* They are not Pottawatomies." Another of the family, a discharged soldier, said to the boy [a son of Mr. Lee]: "If that is the case, we had better get away, if we can. Say nothing but do as you see me do."

As the afternoon was far advanced, the soldier walked leisurely towards the two canoes tied near the bank. The Indians asked where he was going. He pointed to the cattle which were standing among the haystacks on the opposite bank and made signs that they must go and fodder them and then they would return and get their supper.

He got into one canoe and the boy into the other. . . . When they gained the opposite side they pulled some hay for the cattle . . . and when they had gradually made a circuit so that their movements were concealed by the haystacks, they took to the woods and made for the fort. They had run a quarter of a mile when they heard the discharge of two guns successively. . . .

They stopped not nor stayed until they arrived opposite Burns' place [North State and Kinzie streets], where they called across to warn the family of the danger, and then hastened on to the fort. . . . A party of soldiers, consisting of a corporal and six men, had that afternoon obtained leave to go up the river to fish. They had not returned when the fugitives from Lee's place arrived at the fort. . . . The commanding officer ordered a cannon to be fired to warn them of their danger. Hearing the signal they took the hint, put out their torches and dropped down the river toward the garrison, as silently as possible. It will be remembered that the battle of Tippecanoe, the preceding November, had rendered every man vigilant, and the slightest alarm was an admonition to "beware of the Indians."



*C. John D.*

When the fishing party reached Lee's place it was proposed to stop and warn the inmates. . . . All was still as death around the house. They groped their way along, and as the corporal jumped over the small enclosure he placed his hand on the dead body of a man. By the sense of touch he soon ascertained that the head was without a scalp and was otherwise mutilated. The faithful dog of the murdered man stood guarding the remains of his master. They retreated to their canoes and reached the fort unmolested about eleven o'clock at night. The next morning a party of citizens and soldiers volunteered to go to Lee's place. . . . The body of Mr. White was found pierced by two balls and with eleven stabs in the breast. The Frenchman lay dead, with his dog still beside him.

Double Murder  
at Hard-  
scrabble.

Here we pause on the eve of the darkest day in Chicago's infancy. The unspeakable Indian is all about her, destitute, drunken, lazy, greedy, cruel, treacherous. Her own citizens have been industrious, temperate, economical and thrifty, and so have got stores of good things, food and clothing, flocks and herds, houses and furniture. He has remained in poverty in spite of his bounties, they have prospered without any. War has been declared between England and the United States—now is the time to follow the counsels of Tecumseh and his brother, the Prophet; to be rich with the palefaces' possessions—now for the war-dance, the scalp-dance, the war-path, the war-whoop. Hu-hu-hu-hu-hu-hu!!!



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TECUMSEH.



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THE PROPHET.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE CLOUD, CONE-SHAPED AND COPPER-COLORED.



SATURDAY, August 9, 1812, was a stirring day at the lonely little hamlet. In the great world things had been happening about which far-away Chicago knew little and cared less. What had she to do with Napoleon's European System, British "orders in council" or the American Embargo? France forbade American ships to trade with any other European state; England forbade them to trade with France, and the United States retaliated by forbidding her ships to sail from her

ports for either nation—yet the Indians went on bringing furs to Kinzie's store and taking out Kinzie's merchandise without let or hindrance. Insolent Britain asserted and maintained a right of search for her deserters on all ships bearing the American flag; even attacking and defeating (by surprise) an American frigate (the Chesapeake), with one of her own (the Leopard), on the high seas, and taking off some of the alleged subjects of His Majesty, George Third—yet the canoes paddled freely up and down the Chicago, the Guarie and Portage. Why should Chicago care for what might be doing on the Atlantic or its shores, by George Third, George Prince Regent, George Canning, or James Madison? What had she to do with them or they with her? Wait and see!

Trouble far  
away.

On this momentous Saturday, Winnemeg, a friendly Pottawottomie chief, brings startling news. The United States (June 12th) had declared war against Great Britain. On July 16th, Fort Mackinac had surrendered to the British. Now General Hull, commanding at Detroit, sends orders by Winnemeg that Captain Heald shall evacuate Fort Dearborn "if practicable" and proceed to Detroit with his command, over land, first disposing of the public property as he shall see fit.

Trouble close  
at hand.

A terrible responsibility here falls upon poor Heald. Evacuate the post—but how? He has but seventy men, all told, many of them on the sick-list. How care for the women, the children, the sick and helpless, not to speak of the pitiful accumulations of their thrift and industry? Then there are thousands of dollars' worth of goods public and private property, including arms, ammunition *and liquor*.



Indian and alcohol combine into a spontaneous explosive, a fulminate that needs no spark. The whisky would make the savages crazy with ferocity, and the arms would make them dangerous, formidable, irresistible. Truly an awful dilemma.

Winnemeg at first advised that the fort be held to await re-inforcements. Next instantaneous departure, before the savages could collect and decide on a line of action, getting safely away while they were occupied with the huge spoil. John Kinzie approved this course. Both knew the Indian better than did Heald.

The first full, circumstantial and complete account of this troubled time is that given by Mrs. John H. Kinzie (Juliette A. Magill, of Middletown, Conn., daughter-in-law of John Kinzie) in a pamphlet published for her, in 1844, by Ellis & Fergus, saloon buildings, corner of Lake and Clark streets, Chicago.\*

To the narrative thus happily preserved, the researches of John Wentworth and others have added letters, reminiscences, War Department Documents (favored by Hon. Robert Lincoln, Secretary of War) and other valuable bits of information. All these are drawn upon to aid in the present task of writing this "Story."

Mrs. Kinzie says, concerning the views of Winnemeg:

Of this advice, so earnestly given, Captain Heald was immediately informed. He replied that . . . inasmuch as he had received orders to distribute the United States property, he should not feel justified in leaving it until he had collected the Indians of the neighborhood and made an equitable division among them. . . . The order for evacuating the post was read next morning [Sunday, August 10th] on parade. . . . In the course of the day . . . the officers waited upon Captain Heald to be informed what course he intended to pursue. When they learned his intentions, they remonstrated with him on the following grounds:

First, it was highly improbable that the command would be permitted to pass through the country in safety to Fort Wayne. . . . In the next place, their march must necessarily be slow, as their movements must be accommodated to the helplessness of the women and children, of whom there were a number with the detachment. Of their small force some of the soldiers were superannuated, others invalid. Therefore, since the course was left discretionary, their unanimous advice was to remain where they were and fortify themselves as strongly as possible.

The unhappy commander fell back on his orders, general and special, adding that he had "full confidence in the friendly professions of the Indians, from whom, as well as from the soldiers, the capture of



MRS. JULIETTE A. KINZIE.  
(Author of *Waubun*.)

Capt. Heald's  
Dilemma.

\*Mr. Robert Fergus, of that firm, is still living in Chicago, and is the head of the Fergus Printing Company, Publishers of the Fergus Historical Series so often quoted and to be quoted in these pages. His knowledge of events here since his arrival (1836) is authority for many of the facts and incidents herein set forth. Concerning this particular narrative, Mr. Fergus says that Mrs. Kinzie remarked, with regard to its incorporation by Judge Henry Brown in his History of Illinois, that the Judge had no right or authority to make that use of her work. She, herself, afterward incorporated it as chapters 18, 19 and 20, in her novel "Waubun," published in 1856. The Fergus Company proposes to republish the original pamphlet as No. 30 in the "Historical Series."

Mackinac had been kept a profound secret." The fact was that they knew it before he did; Tecumseh had sent the news by runners, with urgent appeals to them to go on the war-path.

The under-officers were silenced and unconvinced; incensed by what they thought a mad project. Nothing short of the habit and tradition of soldierly obedience kept them from open revolt. To quote Mrs. Kinzie again :

Upon one occasion, as Captain Heald was conversing with Mr. Kinzie upon the parade, he remarked: "I could not remain, even if I thought best, for I have but a small store of provisions." "Why, Captain," said a soldier who stood near by, forgetting all etiquette, "You have cattle enough to last the troops six months" "But I have no salt to preserve it with." "Then jerk it," said the man, "as the Indians do their venison."\*

This ill-feeling between the commandant and his subordinate officers was not a new thing. Irritation is unfortunately a common circumstance at frontier army posts, where isolation, idleness and enforced companionship are unavoidable. It is vain to try to find out who was in the wrong in the case now in question. The quarrelers are all dead; some killed during the fight then impending, some wounded, and later butchered, in the usual Indian fashion; one, Captain Heald himself, though wounded in the hip, dying (probably in consequence of his wound) in 1832, twenty years later.

Bad Blood in  
the Garrison.

Precious days were passed in consultation and preparation, during which the cloud—"cone-shaped and copper-colored," like any other cyclone—grew and brooded.

Mrs. Kinzie, evidently using the traditions handed down to her directly from her husband's father, says :



REBEKAH HEALD.

The Indians became daily more unruly. Entering the fort in defiance of the sentinels, they made their way without ceremony to the officers' quarters. On one occasion an Indian took up a rifle and fired it in the parlor of the Commandant, as an expression of defiance. . . . The old chiefs passed backward and forward among the assembled groups, with the appearance of the most lively agitation, while the squaws rushed to and fro, in great excitement, evidently prepared for some fearful scene.

Subjugation and oppression of their white sisters was already a familiar idea among the squaws. Some six months before this, two Calumet Indians, coming to the fort on a visit, saw Mrs. Heald and Mrs. Helm playing battledore. One of them named Nau-nongee said to the interpreter: "White chief's wives are amusing themselves very much. It will not be long before they are hoeing in our corn-fields."

\* This is done by cutting the meat in thin slices, placing it upon a scaffold and making a fire under it, which dries it and smokes it at the same time.

This taunt was forgotten, until the experience of the female survivors of the massacre recalled it to mind and gave it bitter significance.

As before observed, Wau-Bun is the main source of knowledge regarding these days. (It should be reprinted and have its place in every Chicago library.) Following its lead, with minor corrections and abbreviations, we go on with the narrative.

August 12th, a large number of Indians were assembled from the neighboring villages and Captain Heald held a council with them, attended by Mr. Kinzie; his own officers declining to accompany him because they had secret information (discredited by him) that a massacre of all the officers was planned for that occasion. When he and Mr. Kinzie moved out to the meeting-ground, the others took possession of the block-houses which overlooked it, opened the ports and trained the guns on the assembly. No attack was made, either because the fears had been groundless or because the preparations overawed the plotters. Indian Council.

Mrs. Kinzie says that Captain Heald promised the Indians "not only the goods in the United States Store but also the ammunition and provisions," and asked of them an escort to Fort Wayne, they to receive a further reward on arriving there. She adds: "With many professions of friendship and good will the savages assented to all he proposed and promised all he required."

The separate and distinct promise to give up the "ammunition and provisions" above set forth, is nowhere else stated or indicated. No means exists of absolutely confirming or contradicting the statement; yet one is disposed to doubt its accuracy. It does not appear that the question had been raised; therefore to make a new, uncalled-for, definite announcement as here reported, is to start the question and decide it adversely to the manifest interest of the whites and contrary to their subsequent acts. Captain Heald himself says in a letter dated at Pittsburgh, October 23, 1812 (Niles' Weekly Register, vol. iii, p. 155, quoted in Hurlbut's Chicago Antiquities, p. 177):

On the 9th of August I received orders from General Hull to evacuate the post and proceed, with my command, to Detroit by land, leaving it to my discretion to dispose of the public property as I thought proper. The neighboring Indians got the information as early as I did and came from all quarters in order to receive the goods at the factory store, which they understood were to be given them. . . . On the 14th I delivered the Indians all the goods in the store and a considerable quantity of provisions which we could not take with us. The surplus arms and ammunition I thought proper to destroy, fearing that they would make bad use of it if put in their possession. I also destroyed all liquor on hand soon after they began to collect.

It is probable that we may make a "personal equation" in accepting Mrs. Kinzie's narrative. To go meant the utter loss of all Mr. Kinzie's hard-earned wealth. Disaster befell the troops; none, excepting impoverishment, befell the Kinzies; therefore it appears, (especially to the last named) that the Kinzies were wise and the army

foolish. Besides, we must remember there is always a hard feeling between the military and the civil officials in every Indian post—East Indian or American Indian—the soldier holding the sword and the civilian the purse; each slightly envying the other what he possesses and slightly despising him for the lack of what he is deprived of.

At any rate the captain (by and with the advice of Mr. Kinzie, by-the-way) concluded not to give the whisky and arms to the savages. He did what any of us common-sense, reasonable men, unknowing of the worst possible conduct in the worst possible of races, might have done. He doubtless reasoned thus:

“I will destroy the means of frenzy and the means of murder; then I will win the grateful allegiance of the Indian by magnificent gifts; stores that will make him rich beyond his wildest dream of comfort and abundance. Then I will throw myself and these defenseless ones on his protection.”

Heald's Decision and Action.

Alas, he did not know with whom he was dealing! What is food and clothing to a devil demanding drink and gunpowder? The scent of blood and spoil had brought, by this time, 400 or 500 savages about his doomed and helpless little band. He got only insolence in return for what he gave them and loud curses for what he withheld.

The graphic narrative goes on (Wau-Bun, p. 218):

On the 13th the goods, consisting of blankets, broadcloths, calicoes, paints, etc., were distributed as stipulated. The same evening the ammunition and liquor were carried, part to the sally-port and thrown into a well . . . the remainder was transported as secretly as possible through the Northern gate, the heads of the barrels knocked in and the contents poured into the river. The same fate was shared by a large quantity of alcohol belonging to Mr. Kinzie which had been deposited in a warehouse near his residence opposite the fort.



LITTLE TURTLE ("ME-CHE-KAN-NAH-QUA").

The Indians suspected what was going on, and crept, serpent-like, as near the scene of action as possible, but a vigilant watch was kept up and no one was suffered to approach but those engaged in the affair. All the muskets not necessary for the command on the march were broken up and thrown in the well, together with bags of shot, flints, gun-screws, and in short everything relating to weapons of offence. . . . On the afternoon of the same day, a second council was held with the Indians. They expressed great indignation at the destruction of the ammunition and liquor. Notwithstanding the precautions that had been taken to preserve secrecy, the noise of knocking in the heads of the barrels had betrayed the operations of the preceding night; and so great was the quantity thrown into the river that the taste of the water the next morning was, as one expressed it, "strong grog."

All accounts agree that there were among the numerous chiefs some who cherished friendly feelings, not toward the whites in general, but toward the traders and many even of the soldiers. They went so far as to try to stem the rising tide of greed and cruelty among the other

chiefs and the rank and file of their followers. But they were powerless to avert the coming doom. The young bucks were scalp-hungry and blood-thirsty; they had been too long deprived of their natural pabulum.

After the pow-wow, Black Partridge, a chief friendly to the whites, visited Captain Heald on a strange mission. He had received from Gen. Wayne, at the time of the treaty of Greenville (1795), a medal which he had worn ever since. Now that he was going to war, he wanted to give back his medal.



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BLACK PARTRIDGE MEDAL.

Mrs. Kinzie reports his words thus:

Father: I came to deliver up to you the medal I wear. It was given me by the Americans, and I have long worn it in token of our mutual friendship. But our young men are resolved to imbue their hands in the blood of the whites. I can not restrain them, and I will not wear a token of peace when I am compelled to act as an enemy."\*

On the same day, August 12th, a cheering sight greets the anxious eyes of the fort-dwellers. As the sun is sinking in the West, there comes along the lake shore, stretched out beside the yellow sand hills that extend southward clear down to the woods now marking the suburb of Hyde Park, a band of thirty friendly Indians, Miamies, headed by William Wells, a good and brave soldier who knows the Indians as well as they know each other.

They have tramped all the way from Fort Wayne, 150 miles, charged with the kindly, dangerous task of escorting the entire Chicago community back along the pathless forest they themselves have just come through. Captain Wells at least is not blind to the nature of his task, for he grew up in the family of "Little Turtle" ("Me-che-kan-nah-qua"), fought on his side in his victories over Harmer (1790) and St. Clair

Brave William Wells arrives.

\*This most un-Indian speech shows the thumb-marks of many hands. One is tempted to guess it back into its original words. "B'joo! Here! Take 'um medal. No can help. Partridge long time friends. Now no can help. Young braves want to kill. Want get scalp. Partridge no can help. No want medal. You keep! B'joo!" (B'joo was the old salut on of these Indians; doubtless corrupted from the "Bonjour" of the French.)

(1791), and fought against him at the battle of 1794 when Wayne was victorious. Wells' wife was a daughter of Little Turtle. Her Indian name was Wa-nan-ga-peth.

Mrs. Heald, wife of the commandant at Fort Dearborn, is Wells' niece, being the daughter of his brother Samuel.

No, it is not ignorance, it is brave self-devotion, even to the death, that brings William Wells on this mission. He finds all in turmoil and the confusion of divided counsels. The order for removal "if possible" has arrived from General Hull. It is impossible to stay, but is it possible to go? Two courses of comparative safety had been open; one, to go at once and leave the wolves to gorge on the carrion left behind, the other to stay and defend the place to the last. The third course; to wait some days and then go, is the fatal one and the one decided upon before Wells' arrival.

Suppose the veteran, tired with the tramping, the trifling and the turmoil, to mount to the top of the block-house at the northwest corner of the stockade and, in the shadow of its motionless flag, pause to look about him; what does he see?



WM. WELLS.

A lonely, weedy streamlet flows eastward past the fort; then turns sharp to the right and makes its weak way by a shallow, fordable ripple, over a long sandbar, into the lake a half-mile to the southward. At his feet on the river-bank stands the United States Agency Storehouse. Across the river and a little to the eastward is the old Kinzie house, built of squared logs, by Jean Baptiste Pointe de Saible, nearly forty years ago; now repaired, enlarged and improved by its owner and

occupant, John Kinzie. A canoe lies moored to the bank in front of the house; when any of the numerous Kinzies wish to come to the fort they can paddle across; when anyone wishes to go over he can halloo for the canoe. Just west of Kinzie's house is Ouillettemette's cabin, and still further that of John Burns. Opposite Burns' place (near South State St.) a swampy branch enters the river from the south; and on the sides of this branch there is a group of Indian wigwams—ominous sight! The north side of the river is all wooded, except where little garden patches are cleared around the human habitations. The observer may see the forks of the stream a mile to the westward, but he can not trace its branches, either "River Guarie" to the north or

View from the  
roof of the  
Block House.

“Portage River” to the south, for the trees hide them. Near him, to the west and south, sandy flats, grassy marshes and general desolation are all he can see. (Will that barren waste ever be worth a dollar an acre?) Beyond, out of sight, past the bend of the South Branch, is Lee’s Place with its fresh bloodstains and its two grassless graves.

And so his eye wanders on across the sandy flat, across the Indian trail leading south and the lake-shore trail which he himself came over, and finally rests with relief on the lake itself, the dancing blue water and the sky that covers it.

It is said that he who is about to die has sometimes a “second-sight,” a gift of looking forward to the days that are to follow his death.

Suppose the weary and anxious observer now to fall asleep and in dreams to be gifted with this prophetic foresight, and to discern the change that fourscore years are to bring.

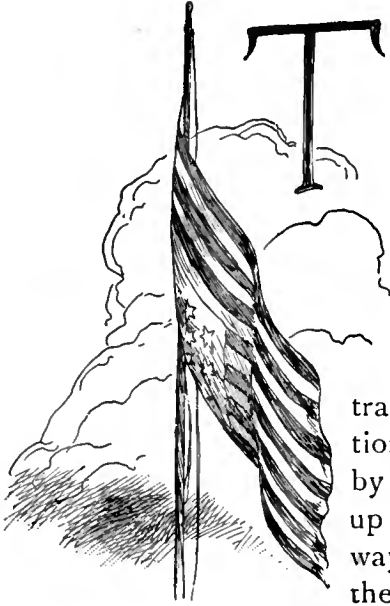
It is 1892 ; close at hand he sees the streamlet, now a mighty channel, a fine, broad, deep water-way running straight, between long piers, out to the lake ; and stretching inland indefinitely ; bordered by elephantine elevators ; spanned by magnificent draw-bridges each built of steel and moved by steam ; carrying on its floods great propellers of 100,000 bushels grain capacity. Looking north, west and south he sees serried ranks of enormous buildings towering for miles on miles, each one so tall as to dwarf the fort and block-house to nothingness. He sees hundreds of miles of paved streets, thronged with innumerable passengers and vehicles moving hither and thither, meeting and impeding each other so that sometimes so many try to pass that none can pass ; all must wait until the uniformed guardians of the peace bring order out of chaos. Every acre of ground in sight is worth millions of dollars.

The same spot  
80 years later.

His dreaming ears must be stunned by the thunder of commerce, his nostrils shocked by the smells of the vast food-factories, his skin smutched with the smoke of the fuel burning all about him to keep these wheels in motion. Bewildered and dumfounded ; even more wearied than he had been by his waking view, he would fain turn his eyes to the East and rest them on the shining calm of the great lake, the dancing blue water and the sky that covers it.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### BATTLE AND MURDER AND SUDDEN DEATH.



Flag of distress.

THE departure was set for August 15th. During the preceding night Captain Wells learned from his Miamis that the Indians had resolved on slaughter. Nevertheless march they must, and at nine o'clock A. M. the great south gates (about at the spot where now is the northern end of Michigan avenue) were opened and the doomed party passed through them for the last time. Captain Wells, true to his Indian traditions, had blackened his face in premonition of death. The garrison fifes and drums, by prophetic choice of the band-master, struck up the dead march. Captain Wells led the way with half of his Miamis, the rest forming the rear-guard to the column.

According to Mrs. Helm a scene of riot and disorder began even as they left the fort. The Indians went to killing the cattle running at large. She reports Ensign Ronan as saying to her: "Such is to be our fate—to be shot down like brutes!" "Well, sir," said the commanding officer, who overheard him, "are you afraid?" "No," replied the other, "I can march up to the enemy where you dare not show your face." And as Mrs. Helm proceeds: "His subsequent gallant behavior showed this to be no idle boast." Mrs. Helm, in the dispute between Heald and his subordinates, evidently took sides with the latter.

John Kinzie had been warned by To-pee-nee-be, a friendly chief, to keep clear of the column from the fort, and he did send his family in a bateau to proceed parallel with the marching force but a little way out in the lake. At the same time he himself bravely chose to march with the land party, hoping to help them in their extremity.

John Kinzie's  
course.

The boat party consisted of Mrs. John Kinzie and her four younger children—John H. (9); Ellen Marion, afterward Mrs. Wolcott (7); Maria Indiana, afterwards Mrs. David Hunter (5); and Robert Allen (2), all of whom were her children by Mr. Kinzie. Her elder daughter, Margaret (McKillop) Helm, wife of Lieutenant Helm, accompanied



her husband and the troops. In the boat also were "Grutte,"\* nurse to the children (afterwards Mrs. Jean Baptiste Beaubien), a clerk of Mr. Kinzie's, two servants, a boatman and two Indians as a guard.

In the marching column there were at the head Captain Wells and fifteen of his Miamis; next (probably) the wagons with the sick, the women and children, the camp equipage and the supplies; and, marching beside them, such troops as were able to travel on foot; the rear being brought up by the remaining Miamis.

Line of March.

On their right were five hundred Indian braves, their escort, their safeguard, their promised help and protection. The train took the best



Chart of Chicago in 1812.

beaten track, which lay along the lake shore (not far from Michigan Avenue), until it diverged to the eastward of the sand hills which began about Twelfth street. The Indian "escort," on reaching the point last named, veered westward, passed out of sight behind the sand hills and hurried on to form an ambushade.

Mrs. Kinzie says (Waubun, p. 223):

The boat started, but had scarcely reached the mouth of the river, which, it will be recollected was here half a mile below the fort [about Harrison street] when another messenger from To-pee nee be arrived to detain them where they were. In breathless expectation sat the wife and mother. She was a woman of uncommon energy and strength of character, yet her heart died within her as she folded her arms around her helpless infants and gazed on the march of her husband and eldest child to certain destruction. They had marched perhaps a mile and a half [Fourteenth street] when Captain Wells who had kept somewhat in advance with his M'amis, came riding furiously back. "They are about to attack us," shouted he; "form instantly and charge upon them." Scarcely were the words uttered, when a volley was showered from among the sand hills. The troops were hastily brought into line and charged up the bank. One man, a veteran of seventy winters, fell as they ascended.

The Boat Party.

Captain Heald, writing from Pittsburgh, October 23, 1812, says that after marching to the top of the sand hill and firing one round

\*Hurlbut says that this word is used by mistake for "Josette." (*Chicago Antiquities*.)

Indians attack  
the train.

the troops charged, and the Indians (as might have been expected) gave way in the front and joined those on the flanks. The real fighting lasted only about fifteen minutes. The Miamis gave no help. The Indians closed in around the wagons and seized upon "the horses, provisions and baggage of every description," while he drew off the remnant of his force and "took possession of a small elevation on the open prairie out of shot of the bank or any other cover."

All this seems like the conduct of a brave fool. To charge upon an enemy that outflanks you, is only excusable when either, first, his courage depends on his formation, and the centre being pierced all will fly (a suggestion quite foreign to Indian tactics, which are for individual fighting); or, second, when, having nothing to protect, you may cut your way through to safety—certainly not this case, when you have everything to protect and no safety to reach by cutting through.

Any smart boy could have seen that the safety of the train was the main thing at stake, and, besides, that the loss of the train meant also the loss of the troops. Heald ought to have planned, long before he set out, what should be done in every possible contingency.

How they might  
have been  
saved.

The train massed on the shore, the lake protecting rear and flanks, would have been nearly impregnable. There was no shelter for an advancing force, and Indians (no matter how numerous), do not attack in the open where they must sustain more loss than they can inflict. If it be true that Captain Wells called for the charge, then his was the first error, but all should have been planned in the alternative fashion so familiar to soldiers: "The enemy can try such and such means of attack [or defence, as the case may be]. If *this* be his plan, then *that* is our best counter-move," etc. And the first general order should have been: "If we are attacked, rally on the wagons and defend them to the last shot and the last man."

Suppose the wagons to be wheeled into a kind of semi-circle, with flanks on the lake, and a few rifle-pits dug in the yielding sand and thrown out to advantage; these things would have prevented the immediate slaughter, baffled the hostile Indians and given the friendly some precious hours, days, or even weeks, in which to parley for rescue or ransom. At any rate, nothing worse than what was done could possibly have been contrived. The sickening story is best given by condensing Mrs. Helm's narrative.

The troops were but a handful, but they seemed resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Our horses pranced and bounded as the balls whistled among them. I drew off a little and gazed upon my husband and father, who were yet unharmed. . . . The surgeon, Dr. Van Voorhees, came up. He was badly wounded. His horse had been shot under him and he had received a ball in the leg. He said, "Do you think they will take our lives? I am badly wounded, but I think not mortally. Perhaps we might purchase our lives by promising them a large reward.

. . . Oh, I can not die! I am not fit to die! If I had but a short time to prepare—death is

awful!" I pointed to Lieutenant Ronan; who, though mortally wounded and nearly down, was fighting with desperation on one knee. "Look at that man," I said. "At least he dies like a soldier." "Yes," replied the unfortunate man, "but he has no terrors of the future. He is an unbeliever."

The difficulties in the way of giving absolute belief to all this are obvious. Captain Wells had ridden back from the front and called on the troops to charge, which they did. The charge led them some distance from the train. Is it to be supposed that Mrs. Helm and Mrs. Heald on horseback accompanied the foot soldiers' advance? Nothing is more improbable. Captain Heald says the Indians closed in on his flanks and rear as he advanced; and it would seem that these must have been those Mrs. Helm speaks of. But in that case, how came her husband, Lieutenant Helm, and her step-father, John Kinzie, to be with her and "yet unharmed?" Captain Heald, in his letter of October 23d, already quoted, says:

Mrs. Helm's story and its difficulties.

We had proceeded about a mile and a half when it was discovered that the Indians were about to attack us from behind the bank. I immediately marched up with the company to the top of the bank [100 yards], when the action commenced. After firing one round we charged, and the Indians gave way in front and joined those on the flanks. In about fifteen minutes, . . . finding that the Miamis did not assist us, I drew off the men I had left and took possession of a small elevation in the open prairie, out of shot of the bank or any other cover.

The Indians did not follow me but assembled in a body on the top of the bank.

Thus it appears that Captain Heald and the survivors of the troops were separated from Dr. Van Voorhees, Lieut. Helm, Mrs. Helm and Mr. Kinzie, at the time Mrs. Helm describes; by the main body of the Indians. But then how about her pointing out Lieutenant Ronan fighting desperately on one knee? The simplest explanation is to suppose that the soldiers, in their fighting advance, became divided, part going forward with Captain Heald, part turning back with Kinzie, Helm, Ronan and Van Voorhees.

Another eye-witness (writing only nine months afterwards) is Walter Jordan, one of Captain Wells' expeditionary force which went over from Fort Wayne to convoy the garrison to safety. He merely says:

On the 15th, at 8 o'clock, we commenced our march with our small force which consisted of Captain Wells, myself and one hundred Confute Indians, Captain Heald's one hundred men, ten men, ten women and twenty children—in all two hundred and thirty-two. We had marched half a mile when we were attacked by six hundred Kickapoo and Wynbago Indians. In the moment of trial our Confute savages joined the savage enemy. Our contest lasted ten minutes, when every man, woman and child were killed except fifteen.

Following the ordinary rules of evidence we put most faith in the testimony given nearest to the time of the occurrence. It is reasonable to presume that Heald and Jordan told the truth as they understood it. When Mrs. Helm's narrative conflicts with theirs we may reasonably suppose that during the twenty-four years that elapsed before it was taken from her lips, it had suffered the usual vicissitudes which befall tradition and memory.\*

Private Jordan's story.

\* John Wentworth (Fergus' History, Series No. 16, p. 16) says that in 1836 Mrs. Helm married her second husband, Dr. Abbott, of Detroit, at Chicago. Mrs. Kinzie (Waubun, p. 202) gives 1836 as the date of her first preparation of the narrative. She does not say how and when she got Mrs. Helm's story; but this seems to make it clear.

Capt. Heald's Letter. Proceeding with Captain Heald's letter (which is not quoted in Waubun) we learn that after he and the survivors had taken refuge on the small elevation in the open prairie, and the Indians had assembled on the top of the bank, they made signs for him to approach them, which he did, alone, and was met by the Pottawatomie Chief Black-Bird, with an interpreter. "After shaking hands, he requested me to surrender, promising to spare the lives of all the prisoners. On a few moments' consideration I concluded it would be most prudent to comply with his request, although I did not put entire confidence in his promise."

Returning to Mrs. Helm's story, following the interview with the bleeding Dr. Van Voorhees, we read :

At this moment a young Indian raised his tomahawk at me. By springing aside I avoided the blow, which was intended for my skull, but which alighted on my shoulder. I seized him around the neck, and, while exerting my utmost efforts to get possession of his scalping-knife, which hung in his scabbard over his breast, I was dragged from his grasp by another and an older Indian. The latter bore me, struggling and resisting, toward the lake. Notwithstanding the rapidity with which I was hurried along, I recognized, as I passed them, the lifeless remains of the unfortunate surgeon. Some murderous tomahawk had stretched him on the very spot where I had last seen him. I was immediately plunged into the water and held there by a forcible hand, notwithstanding my resistance. I soon observed, however, that the object of my captor was not to drown me, for he held me firmly in such a position as to place my head above water. This reassured me, and, regarding him attentively, I soon recognized, in spite of the paint with which he was disguised, the Black Partridge. [This indicates that she did not leave the shore with the troops' charge.]

We must condense the recollections of the half-crazed sufferer. The firing died away, and her preserver brought her on shore, where her drenched clothes, the heavy sand and the hot sun were terrible. When she took off her shoes to get the sand out, a squaw snatched them from her, and she had to stumble on as best she could without them. She met Mr. Kinzie, who told her her husband was but slightly wounded, and they plodded wearily back toward the fort. They gave her a barebacked horse, but she could not ride him, and, supported by Black Partridge and another Indian, Pee-so-tum, she dragged her fainting steps to one of the wigwams of the Pottawatomies' camp on the creek, which emptied into the river where now is the south end of State street bridge. Pee-so-tum held dangling in his hand a scalp which, by the black ribbon around the queue, she recognized as that of Captain Wells!

Killing of William Wells. Another part of Mrs. Helm's narrative tells how Captain Wells died. After the futile charge of the troops, he turned his horse toward the Indian camp near the fort (State street, north of Marshall Field's store), pursued by the foe. He loaded and fired back at them as he fled, lying flat on his horse. His horse was killed and he severely wounded when Winnemeg and Wau-ban-see came along and tried to save him by supporting him along between them. But the Indians

had now come up, and Pee-so-tum (a "friendly") stabbed him in the back and took his scalp. Jordan's letter throws light on the treatment of his body.

Thanks be to God, I was one of those who escaped. First, they shot the feather off my cap; next, the epaulette from my shoulder, and then the handle from my sword. I then surrendered to four savage rascals. The Confute chief, taking me by the hand and speaking English, said: "Jordan, I know you. You gave me tobacco at Fort Wayne. We won't kill you, but come and see what we will do with your captain." So, leading me to where Wells lay, they cut off his head and put it on a long pole, while another took out his heart and divided it among the chiefs, who ate it up raw. Then they scalped the slain and stripped the prisoners, and gathered in a ring, with us fifteen poor wretches in the middle. They had nearly fallen out about the divide, but my old chief, the White Raccoon, holding me fast, they made the divide and departed to their towns.

*Niles' Weekly Register* (April 3, 1813) says that Mrs. Helm had arrived at "Buffaloe" and given the account of her sufferings during six months of slavery among the Indians and imprisonment among their allies; adding that, for five days after she was taken prisoner, she had not the least sustenance, and when she demanded food a piece of Col. Wells' heart was offered her. All this is, however, at variance with Mrs. Helm's own story as quoted by Mrs. Kinzie in Waubun, as follows:

What Niles' Weekly Register Reported.

The wife of Wau-bee-nee-mah, a chief from the Illinois river, . . . seeing my exhausted condition, seized a kettle, dipped up some water from a stream, threw into it some maple sugar, and, stirring it up with her hand, gave it me to drink. . . The whites had surrendered after the loss of about two-thirds of their number. They had stipulated, through the interpreter Peresh Leclerc, for the preservation of their lives and those of the remaining women and children, and for their delivery at some of the British posts, unless ransomed by traders in the Indian country. It appears that the wounded prisoners were not considered as included in the stipulation and a horrible scene ensued on their being brought into camp. An old squaw . . . seized a stable fork and assaulted one miserable victim, who lay groaning and writhing in the agony of his wounds, aggravated by the scorching beams of the sun. . . Wau-bee-nee-mah stretched a mat across two poles between me and this dreadful scene. I was thus spared in some degree a view of its horrors, although I could not entirely close my ears to the cries of the sufferer. The following night five more of the wounded prisoners were tomahawked.

Mrs. Helm then reverts to the scene of the fight itself and gives (manifestly at second-hand) an account of it which mainly confirms Captain Heald's, but conflicts with the statement that she had seen Kinzie and Helm on the lake shore after the struggle began. She says that our troops, "after their first attack by the Indians," charged and succeeded in breaking through the enemy and gaining a rising ground, "not far from the oak woods." From here Lieutenant Helm sent Peresh Leclerc, the half-breed boy, to propose the terms of capitulation.

Tortures of dying prisoners.

"But in the meantime a horrible scene had been enacted. One young savage, climbing into the baggage-wagon containing the children of the white families, twelve in number, tomahawked the children of the entire group."

And so perished all the little ones who had been born at and about the fort since its building. The mind refuses to picture the doings within the wagon-tilt; all we know is that the innocents were alive when the fiend entered at one end, and dead or dying when he emerged from the other. He was an Indian; that is all.

Captain Heald gives the killed in the action as, thirty-eight soldiers, two women and twelve children. *Niles' Weekly Register* (June 4, 1814), gives the names of nine soldiers who had arrived at Plattsburgh, N. Y., from Quebec, and adds the following details obtained from them.



MASSACRE TREE AND PULLMAN'S HOUSE.

"Hugh Logan, an Irishman, was tomahawked and put to death, he not being able to walk, from excessive fatigue. August Mott, a German, was killed in the same manner for a like reason. A child of Mrs. Neads, the wife of John Neads, was tied to a tree to prevent its following its mother and crying for victuals. Mrs. Neads afterwards perished with hunger and cold. Mrs. Corbin, wife of Philin Corbin, in an advanced

state of pregnancy, was tomahawked, scalped, cut open and had the child taken out and its head cut off."

Truly, the suffering of one generation is the price paid for the enjoyment of the next. The "Massacre Elm" (a cottonwood, by the way), still stands in the middle of Eighteenth street, a stone's throw from the lake, in the midst of one of the most fashionable portions of Chicago, Eighteenth street and Prairie avenue. The boundaries of the fight are ill-defined, but it is clearly established that it included this spot. There is where the Kinzie family stated the occurrence to have taken place; and Indian relics, beads, etc., and an ancient single-barrel brass pistol have been found in the vicinity. (Andreas, Vol. 1, p. 31.) The tree is of an age to have been in existence in 1812, and therefore surely stood where the musketry must have shaken its leaves and where dying eyes of men, women and children may have looked on it in the last agony. It all happened less than eighty years ago, within the lifetime of thousands now living. Our picture well sets forth the contrasts of time; the gaunt, dead tree, fit memorial of death and desolation, relieved against an elegant, gay and hospitable mansion, the home of George M. Pullman, citizen of metropolitan Chicago; builder of Pullman, the model working-village; and originator and controller of the famous world-wide system of trade and transportation.

The Massacre  
Tree.

The memorable, historical tree is dead at last, having borne its last leaves in 1887, the very year of the death of Gurdon Saltonstall Hubbard, Chicago's last connecting link with the time which this story has now reached. In these four-score years dance-music has taken the place of the whistle of hostile bullets; and the free laugh of the children of the rich has succeeded to the scream of those hapless little prisoners in the baggage-wagon—the sudden end of a sunny ride which they had doubtless entered upon as a rare treat in their monotonous experience.

Last leaves on  
the old tree.

## CHAPTER IX.

THEY MADE A SOLITUDE AND CALLED IT PEACE.



John Wentworth's Discoveries.

**H**APPILY, joyfully, we add to Mrs. Kinzie's record, given in "Waubun," some almost equally valuable matter not available to Mrs. Kinzie; in fact, not committed to paper until within ten years before this present writing.

Number sixteen of Fergus' precious "Historical Series" is devoted to the grand work done by the late John Wentworth for the occasion of the unveiling (in 1881) of the memorial Blockhouse Tablet which adorns the north wall of the Hoyt Grocery warehouse, facing Rush Street bridge from the south. Mr. Wentworth reaped and gleaned the whole field with a power, energy, industry,

perseverance and completeness emblematic of his manly character. He it was who obtained (through Robert Lincoln, then Secretary of War) every scrap and word which the Department records show concerning the two forts Dearborn; including rosters of the force prior to the massacre, and letters from Captain Heald after it. Also, extracts from the files of *Niles' Weekly Register*, printed in Baltimore, already quoted. Also, two special letters from A. H. Edwards, of Sheboygan, Wis., who had known and talked with actual survivors of the massacre. All these thrilling bits of realism, with many more, are included in the appendix to his Blockhouse speech; published as Fergus' No. 16.

Besides these, he in some way got knowledge concerning the descendants of Captain Heald; corresponded with them, and to crown all actually produced and presented to the meeting, in person, the Hon. Darius Heald, of O'Fallon, Mo., son of Captain Heald who commanded at the massacre.

From Darius Heald's reports is condensed the following account of Captain Heald and of the occurrence from his point of view.



Nathan Heald was married in Louisville, Ky., in 1811 (as herein before told), to Rebekah Wells, daughter of Col. Samuel Wells, and niece of Capt. William Wells. They started at once for Fort Dearborn and went all the way on horseback, she riding a beautiful trained bay mare, on which the Indians always looked with longing eyes, and which they tried to steal more than once. She was riding this mare when the attack took place, and though many bullets struck the rider none wounded the steed. The Indians got both, and soon surrendered the almost dead Mrs. Heald; but never, then or thereafter, would part with the mare though every attempt was made to buy her.

Captain Heald's  
Son.

There were (says the son) only twenty-five or thirty fighting men in the fort, the others being on the sick-list. The weather was very hot. All were satisfied with the order to vacate, except "the sutler or storekeeper, interpreters, traders, and that whole class who felt that their occupation would be gone if the fort should be abandoned. They are the persons who have handed down all the reflections upon Captain Heald's conduct in leaving the fort."

When the soldiers had proceeded about one and a half miles from the fort they were surprised and surrounded by about six hundred Indians, who had formed in a horse-shoe or semi-circular shape upon the bluff. The troops were upon the lake shore. Captain and Mrs. Heald were riding together. Captain Wells was somewhat in advance, dressed in Indian costume, riding with his Indian forces. Captain Wells first noticed the design of the Indians, and rode back and informed Captain Heald, who at once started for the most elevated point on the sand-hills, and endeavored to mass his wagons, baggage, women and children and sick soldiers so as to make a better defense whilst the fight was going on. At the first attack Captain Wells' Indians made their escape. Early in the fight Captain Heald and his wife became separated. Captain Wells rode up to Mrs. Heald with blood streaming from his mouth and nostrils, and told her that he thought he had been fatally wounded, and requested her to inform his wife that he had fought bravely and knew he had killed seven Indians before he was shot. Soon his horse was shot, and as the horse fell his foot was caught in the stirrup, and he was held under the horse for some time. Whilst in this position he killed his eighth Indian. He was released from this position just in time to meet his death from a bullet in the back of his neck. The Indians immediately scalped him, cut out his heart and flourished it about on a gun-stick, then divided it into small pieces and ate it whilst warm, Mrs. Heald being a witness. She was led back to the fort as a prisoner.

The Heald side  
of the story.

Captain Heald received a wound in the hip which always troubled him, and, it is believed, caused his death in 1832. He drew a pension in consequence thereof. Having but about a half dozen men left in fighting condition, Captain Heald surrendered. The Indians returned to the fort, plundered and burned it. The next morning an Indian chief, Chandonais, who was a half-breed, having possession of Captain Heald as a prisoner, sought out the captor of Mrs. Heald and purchased her. She had supposed that her husband was killed. Chandonais took Mrs. Heald to her husband. She had received six wounds. When the Indians were leading her away as a prisoner, one of the squaws attempted to take a blanket from her, when she, with her riding-whip, struck her several times, which act of bravery, under the circumstances, greatly excited the admiration of the Indians. The next day Chandonais took all the warriors with him for the purpose, it was said, of burning a prisoner, leaving Captain Heald and wife in charge of the squaws and a small Indian boy. That evening, through the assistance of the boy who accompanied them, and probably with the assent of Chandonais, they made their escape in a birch-bark canoe to Mackinaw, and finally to Detroit, when Captain Heald surrendered himself as a prisoner of war.

This narrative calls for a little sifting. In the first place, we have Captain Heald's own report, showing his immediate advance up the bank and charge upon the Indians, and showing no endeavor "to

mass his wagons," etc., for a better defense. In the next place the circumstances of brave Captain Wells' death are quite different from those given by Mrs. Helm. Mrs. Heald's account appears most credible. In the third place, this narrative ignores the stay of the fugitives at St. Joseph before going to Mackinaw; a matter of but small moment.

It was at this interesting point of the narrative that Mr. Wentworth paused and surprised his audience by the presentation of Darius Heald, who was received with great cheering.

He exhibited a large ornamented shawl or blanket pin into the rim of which the Indians had made a hole so as to wear it in the ear or nose. This might have been made by John Kinzie; "Shaw-nee-aw-kee; the silversmith." He then exhibited his mother's bridal comb, a shell cut in the shape of an eagle, plenteously studded with gold to represent the eagle's wings. Mr. Heald said he had heard his mother say that, whilst she was writhing on the ground with pain from her many wounds, she saw an Indian chief strutting about with that comb in his hair.

Hon. Darius  
Heald in 1881.

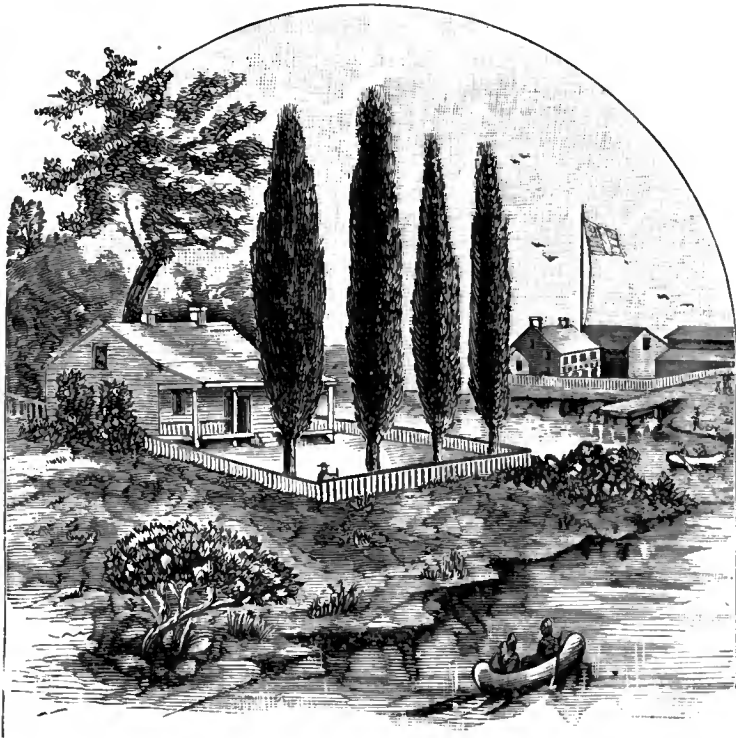
Difficulties multiply as we go on trying to reconcile Mrs. Helm's story as reported by Mrs. Kinzie with other narratives, with itself and with probability. Mrs. Kinzie distinguishes it (beginning at page 224) by quotation marks, starting each new paragraph by new marks. But a little further on (page 235) the narrative (still using the quotation marks) begins to speak of Mrs. Helm in the third person, and describes her anew as Mr. Kinzie's step-daughter, who had recently come to the post and was personally unknown to some of the Indians. The internal evidence indicates that Mrs. Helm's tale stops at the point where the killing of five more of the wounded is announced as before mentioned. That is the last place wherein the pronoun "I" is used. The following pages in Waubun are probably a résumé of the traditions of the Kinzie family.

All the narratives upon examination and comparison appear confused and contradictory. For instance, a letter from "Buffaloe," dated March 8th, and published in *Niles' Weekly Register* (Baltimore), of Saturday, April 3, 1813, says that Mrs. Helm, wife of Lieutenant Helm, who escaped the butchery of the garrison of "Chicauga" by the assistance of humane Indians had arrived at "Buffaloe," and adds that the account of her sufferings during three months' slavery among the Indians and three months' imprisonment among their allies would make a most interesting volume. The correspondent will mention one circumstance alone:

Fables attributed to Mrs. Helm.

During five days after she was taken prisoner she had not the least sustenance and was compelled to drag a canoe (barefooted and wading along the stream) in which were three squaws, and when she demanded food some flesh of her murdered countrymen and a piece of Colonel Wells' heart was offered her.

Now turning back to Mrs. Kinzie's narrative, in the quoted part, we find Mrs. Helm, after the battle was over, again in the Kinzie mansion disguised in the dress of a French woman, conducted by Black Partridge to the house of Ouillemette, later hidden and nearly smothered under a feather bed, and on the third day after the battle accompanying her parents, the Kinzies, to St. Joseph, where she staid with the Pottawattomie chief Robinson for several months, being treated with all possible kindness and hospitality. Thence she went to Detroit.



OLD KINZIE HOUSE.

After their arrival at Detroit, Mrs. Helm was joined by her husband, where they were both arrested by the British commander and sent on horse-back, in the dead of winter, through Canada to Fort George on the Niagara frontier. . . . Notwithstanding their long and fatiguing journey. . . . Mrs. H., a delicate woman of seventeen years, was permitted to sit waiting on her saddle, without the gate, for more than an hour. . . . By an exchange of prisoners they were liberated and found means to reach their friends in Steuben county, N. Y.

This accounts for her presence at "Buffaloe," but where do the five days of starvation, the canoe, the bare feet in the brook, the bit of Captain Wells' heart, etc., come in? Did the correspondent make it up out of whole cloth? Did he take her tale of the sufferings of others and report it as her personal adventures? Or, did the little lady with her rugged and terrible experiences and her seventeen years have also a cumulative memory and a colossal imagination?

The other account (at second hand), was sent to Mr. Wentworth by Mr. A. H. Edwards, of Sheboygan, Wis., and is published in the Historical series No. 16, p. 54. It bears internal evidence of authenticity and reads as follows :

Tradition handed down by A. H. Edwards.

I am acquainted with some facts derived from conversations with one who was there and witnessed the fight and killing of many of those who lost their lives on that memorable day. She was a daughter of one of the soldiers and was one of the children who, with her mother and sister, occupied one of the wagons that was to convey them from the fort. She told me she saw her father when he fell, and also saw many others. She, with her mother and sister, were prisoners among the Indians for nearly two years, and were finally taken to Mackinac and sold to the traders and sent to Detroit. On our arrival at Detroit in 1816, this girl was taken into our family, and was then about thirteen years old and had been scalped. She said a young Indian came to the wagon where she was, grabbed her by the hair and pulled her out of the wagon, and she fought him the best she knew how, scratching and biting until finally he threw her down and scalped her. She was so frightened, she was not aware of it until the blood ran down her face. An old squaw interfered and prevented her from being tomahawked by the Indian, she going with the squaw to her wigwam, and was taken care of and her head cured. This squaw was the one that came often to their house. The bare spot on the top of her head was about the size of a silver dollar. . . . The person was Isabella Cooper. Her account, as given to me, and also her mother's, was that as soon as the soldiers were disposed of, the Indians made a rush for the wagons where the women and children were. . . . She saw her father's scalp in the hands of one of the Indians afterwards. He had sandy hair. . . . She saw Wells when he fell from his horse, and his face was painted.

As already told, Mr. Kinzie ("Shaw-nee-aw-kee") found himself once more in the mansion, on the north bank of the main river, about where the junction of Pine and Kinzie streets now is. Thither came his family, whose canoe had turned back from the river mouth (Jackson street), and Mrs. Heald, who had been, with difficulty and danger, saved and hidden in the canoe, crying and groaning with six or seven bullet wounds. Mrs. Helm, too, sought refuge there; also one of the garrison who had escaped the general fate. The two last-named were disguised as "Weem-tee-gosh" (French engagés), and were thus able to pass as part of the Kinzie family. This was not without dreadful perils, for the house was visited by angry savages from the Wabash, arrived too late for the blood, the scalps and the spoil, and determined not to depart empty-handed. Just when the situation seemed hopeless; sulky red-skins in their war paint all about, and when even the faithful Black Partridge had lost all hope, help came. Mrs. Kinzie says:

Sauganash to the rescue.

At this moment a friendly war-whoop was heard from a party of newcomers on the opposite bank of the river. Black Partridge sprang to meet their leader. "Who are you?" "A man. Who are you?" "A man, like yourself; but tell me *who* you are?" "I am the Sauganash!" [Englishman.] "Then make all haste to the house. Your friend is in danger; you alone can save him." Billy Caldwell\*—for it was he—entered with a calm step and without a trace of agitation. He deliberately took off his accoutrements and placed them with his rifle behind the door, then saluted the hostile savages:

"How now, my friends! A good day to you! I was told there were enemies here; but I am glad to find only friends. Why have you blackened your faces? Is it that you are mourning for the friends you lost in battle? Or is it that you are fasting? If so, ask our friend here and he will give you to eat. He is the Indians' friend, and never yet refused them what they had need of."

Thus taken by surprise, the savages were ashamed to acknowledge their bloody purpose. They, therefore, said modestly that they had come to beg of their friends some white cotton in which to wrap their dead.

\* Half-breed son (by a beautiful Pottawattomie girl) of Colonel Caldwell, an Irish officer in the British army. Born at Detroit about 1780; educated at a Jesuit school; fought for the English in the War of 1812; tall, strong, able, bold; secretary to Tecumseh; later a chief of the Pottawattomies; stout enemy and faithful friend; long a resident of Chicago; made justice of the peace in 1826; had 1,600 acres of land granted him on the North Branch about six miles from the main river; helped in the great removal of Indians in 1836; died at their new home, Council Bluffs, September 18, 1841.

Although Billy Caldwell, "The Sauganash," was an aid to Tecumseh and fought through the war on the English side, yet, on this and other occasions he showed himself to have a heart white rather than red; and, the war once over, he was a firm, strong and consistent friend of the race of his father. No portrait of him is known to exist, but through Mr. Hurlbut we are fortunate enough to obtain a fac-simile of his signature.

A fac-simile of the signature of Billy Caldwell, written in cursive. The signature reads "B. Caldwell" on the top line and "Captain" on the bottom line, with a long, sweeping flourish extending from the end of the name.

Three days after the massacre the Kinzie family, thus increased by the few refugees who had joined them, resumed their interrupted journey across the lake to St. Joseph. There they were kindly entertained by Robinson (Che-chee-bing-way) the Pottawattomie chief. With them, finally, were Captain Heald and his wife, with their many and grievous wounds; also Mrs. Helm, whose husband was later freed by his captors and joined her at Detroit, as elsewhere told.

The Kinzies  
after the  
battle.

Mr. Kinzie made a few brave efforts to secure some fragments of his scattered possessions. His daughter-in-law, in Waubun, says that in his excursions in this business he wore the costume and paint of the tribe in order to escape capture and death at the hands of those still thirsting for blood. She does not say what success he had—doubtless pitifully small. Then he followed his family to Detroit, where he was received as prisoner of war by the British General, Proctor, paroled, and later re-arrested and confined at Fort Malden, at the mouth of the Detroit river, where, according to Mrs. Kinzie, he had another thrilling experience:

On the tenth of September, as he was taking his promenade under a guard of soldiers, the whole party were startled by the sound of guns on Lake Erie, at no great distance below. What could it mean? It must be Commodore Barclay firing into some of the Yankees. The firing continued. . . . Neither he nor his guard observed the lapse of time, so anxiously were they listening to what they now felt sure was an engagement between ships of war. . . . "Let me stay," said he, "till we can learn how the battle has gone." Very soon a sloop appeared under a press of sail, rounding the point, and presently two gunboats in chase of her.

"She is running—she bears the British colors—she is striking her flag! Now," turning to the soldiers "I will go back to prison contented. I know how the battle has gone!" The sloop was the Little Belt, the last of the squadron captured by the gallant Perry on that memorable occasion. . . . "We have met the enemy, and they are ours."

Many and various are the scattered narratives, anecdotes and traditions of the dark years following the destruction of the first effort to occupy the wild Garlick Portage. Probably every hardship reported was true of some person at some time. Certainly many of them are

not true as to the identical persons named. The safe plan is to "shun around" the quicksands of doubt and uncertainty and return to the unquestioned record; though by so doing we miss some charming stories of Mrs. Kinzie's; romantic, pathetic, tragic. All should read them in "Waubun."

The bitter fight is over. The dead have got through with their agony; the survivors have begun their terrible experience of captivity. The bodies of the slain lie unburied where they fell; probably some within a stone's throw, and all within a rifle-shot, of the "Massacre Tree," in Eighteenth street; all, that is, except the wounded prisoners carried down to the Indian village—to the place where Chicago women now do their shopping—and there slain by inches for their captors' delight.

The fort is burned; the Kinzie mansion deserted; the Indians themselves scattered afar, for it is only where the carcass is that the young eagles are gathered together. The carcass is used up. They have killed the goose that laid the golden egg; the last of their spoil is wasted, the last surviving prisoner ransomed and his ransom squandered—what can they do next? Go to work? Out of the question! Kill and rob another settlement? Yes; if they could only find one. Doubtless they do what they can not help doing, half do it, half starve, half live on carrion, and pray the Great Spirit to send them a new supply of palefaces. One white man remains; Ouillemette, who lives with his Indian wife and half-breed children in his cottage, or in the Kinzie mansion, or wherever he will. There is room enough in the vast solitude. All is once more as lonely as it was when Joliet and La Salle encamped on the stream "convenient to the portage" a century and a half before.

It is 1816. Nearly four years have passed since that wild debauch of delight to the many and death to the few. The persistent whites are coming again to the spot where, in spite of war, pestilence and famine, fire and flood, Chicago is to stand.

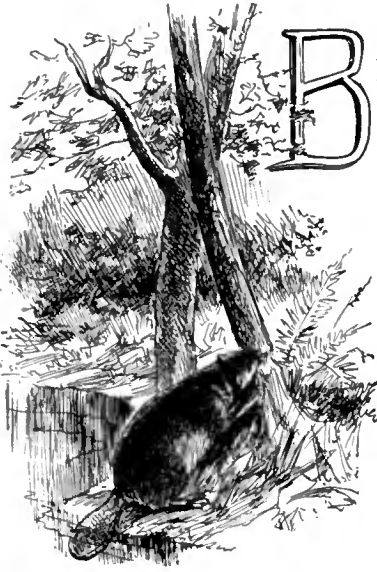


ALEXANDER ROBINSON (IN OLD AGE),  
Chief of the Pottawattomies, Chippewa and others.

From 1812 to  
1816, Desolation.

## CHAPTER X.

AFTER DARKNESS, LIGHT.



**B**EAVERS have beautiful fur, luckily for the speedy settlement of the West, and unluckily for the beaver. Where this harmless, exemplary pattern of industry and ingenuity dwells, thither comes his enemy, man, bent on his destruction and taking the cruelest of methods to compass it, for he uses the beaver's impulse of well-doing to betray him. He baits his trap with the victim's sense of duty. He makes a breach in the dam which the colony of rodents has toilsomely built, well knowing that as soon as he departs the eagerly dutiful builders will rush to repair the injury; then he sets the horrid steel jaws around the spot where the work must be done! It is like using a baby's cry to draw its mother into an ambush. Well does the poet declare beauty to be a fatal gift. The beaver, the buffalo and the seal are doomed to perish, while the porcupine and the rat endure.

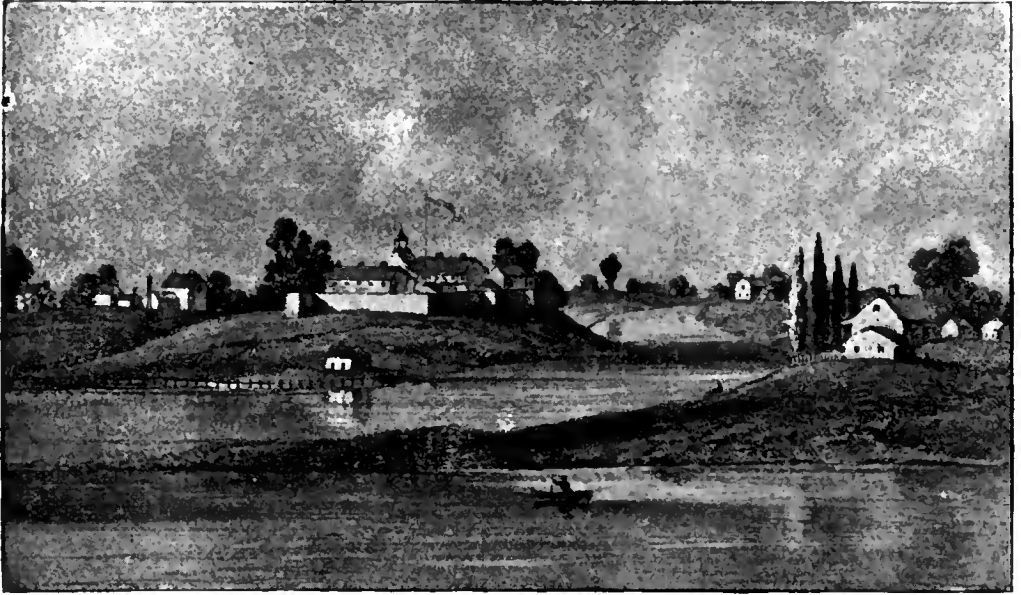
Up to a score of years after 1810, there could have been no agricultural immigration to northern Illinois. The Indians were still here; and, though six miles square, including Chicago, had been ceded to the government (treaty of Greenville, 1795), even that was unoccupied, save by Indians and a few half-breeds like Ouillemette. Possibly, too, Jean Baptiste Beaubien, who married Josette La Framboise, may have lived in the Kinzie house before the return of John Kinzie in 1816. There can be little doubt but that Josette La Framboise Beaubien is the person mentioned as "Grutte" in the Waubun narrative. No such name as the latter is known in either language, and Josette, coarsely written, may well be mistaken for Grutte; for example:

Years following  
the Massacre.

*Josette*

If this be accepted, it shows that Mrs. Kinzie must have had some written record to aid in the construction of her narrative, for by sound "Josette" could never have been transmuted to "Grutte," whereas in manuscript the two are easily confused.

We present the picture of the new fort as given in *Waubun*. This view was criticised by Mr. Hubbard; chiefly regarding the tortuous course given by it to the river. But the general facts of the scene are doubtless preserved.



NEW FORT AND RIVER, AS GIVEN IN WAUBUN.

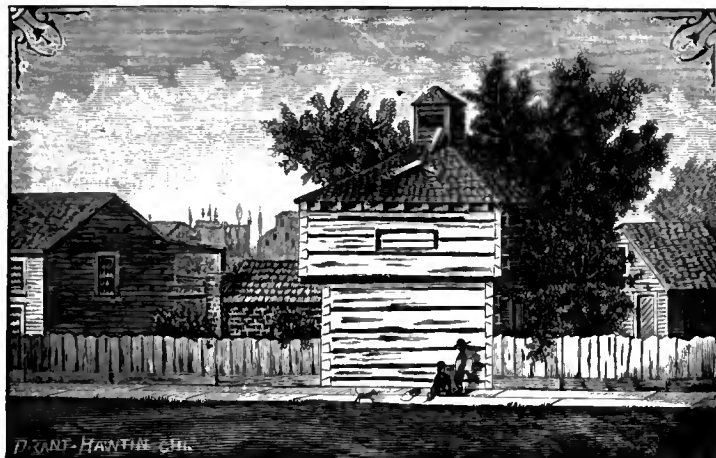
Early sugges-  
tion of Ship  
Canal.

In 1814, President Madison, in a message to Congress, recommended to its attention the importance of a ship canal to connect Lake Michigan, at Chicago, with the Illinois and the Mississippi, the mouth of which latter we had obtained by the cession of Louisiana (Blanchard, p. 317), and it was in pursuance of this policy that the post was re-established. Captain Hezekiah Bradley with two companies arrived July 4, 1816, and at once proceeded to rebuild the fort over the charred remains of its predecessor. At the same time he collected the bones of the massacred victims and buried them in the garrison cemetery which was in what is now the Lake Front park.

The second Fort Dearborn was a square stockade inclosing barracks, officers' quarters, magazine and provision store. It had bastions (angular earth-works) at the northwest and southeast angles and a block-house at the southwest. This block-house stood, the last relic of the fort, up to 1857, when it gave way to the march of improvement. Its location (as before mentioned) was at about the spot now marked



by a fine tablet, set (1881) with appropriate ceremonies, in the north wall of Hoyt's grocery warehouse, facing the south end of Rush street bridge. This is one of the innumerable services rendered to Chicago by the Historical Society. The old block-house, surviving as it did down to 1857, is a pleasant memory to thousands of the Chicagoans of to-day



THE BLOCKHOUSE IN ITS LAST DAYS.

The first business established here after the re-occupation was, of course, the fur trade, a business degrading to all parties connected with it. The Indian trapped the beaver, the pale-face trapped the Indian, using for bait not duty but drink. To quote from a letter written in 1695 from Cadillac, commandant at Michilimackinac, to a friend in Quebec: (Hurlbut's Chicago Antiquities, p. III.)

What reason can one assign that the savages should not drink brandy bought with their own money? . . . This prohibition has much discouraged the Frenchmen here from trading in the future. . . . It seems very strange that they should pretend that the savages would ruin themselves by drinking. The savage himself asks why they do not leave him in his beggary, his liberty and his idleness; he was born in it and he wishes to die in it.—it is a life to which he has been accustomed since Adam. Do they wish him to build palaces and ornament them with beautiful furniture? He would not exchange his wigwam and the mat on which he camps like a monkey for the *Louvre!*

In 1803, William Burnett, of St. Joseph, writes (Hurlbut, p. 70):

Mostly all the skins that were made at this post was in part for rum. Consequently, had I mine, I might have got my share of what was going, and that for the best peltries.

At the agency dwelling of the American Fur Company (John Jacob Astor) at Mackinaw in 1821 the expense account shows "31¼ gallons Teneriffe wine, 4½ gallons of port wine, 10 gallons of best Madeira, 7½ gallons of red wine, 9 gallons of brandy and one barrel of flour." This recalls irresistibly Falstaff's "one pennyworth of bread to all this intolerable quantity of sack." Mr Hurlbut says of the Rev. Isaac McCoy, whose work, "History of the Baptist Indian Missions," was published in 1840, that he was a man of ability, who ignored self and devoted his life to the cause of humanity in the service of his Divine Master. Mr.

Rum and the  
Fur Trade.

McCoy and his wife spent laborious years among the Indians, facing danger as well as hardship and privation. He entered on the service as early as 1817, was active (though not present) in the Chicago Indian



TABLET AND WALL.

treaty of 1821, preached what was probably the first (Protestant) sermon in Chicago, in 1825, and finally helped in the removal of the Indians westward in 1835 and their settlement at Council Bluffs. An honorable record! After the treaty, General Lewis Cass (Governor of Michigan), who negotiated the treaty, wrote Mr. McCoy as follows:

All attempts to ameliorate the condition of the Indians must prove abortive so long as ardent spirits are freely introduced into their country. . . . One fact will place this lamentable evil in a clearer point of view than the most labored discussion. At the treaty, Topenebe, the principal chief of the Putawatamies, a man nearly eighty years of age, irritated by the continued refusal on the part of the commissioners to gratify his importunities for whiskey, exclaimed, in the presence of his tribe: "We care not for the land, the money or the goods; it is the whiskey we want, give us the whiskey."

And in this connection Mr. McCoy adds :

After the business of the treaty was completed and before the Indians left the treaty ground they received seven barrels of whiskey; and within twenty-four hours afterwards ten shocking murders were committed among them.

All this throws a bright side-light on the old Indian question. The shallow savages mistook their friends for enemies, their enemies for friends. They loved the poison and the poisoner. Their grievance at Fort Dearborn (if they had any) was the destruction of the alcohol in the fort and in possession of their friend Kinzie.

In 1816 a treaty was made (at St. Louis) with the Indians, by which a strip of land, including Chicago, was obtained. The evident object of the purchase was to carry out the suggestion made by Madison for the opening of the canal, "to connect Buffalo with New Orleans." The boundary points were (in general terms), first, the south end of Lake Michigan; second, a point ten miles north of the mouth of Chicago river; third, a point on Fox river; fourth, the junction of the Fox and Illinois; and fifth, a point on the Kankakee, ten miles above its junction with the Des Plaines to form the Illinois.

But these isolated tracts did not tend to establish white settlement, or to advance the growth of Chicago, which could only thrive when it should have a vast agricultural region behind it to create its commerce.

In 1816, the trade in furs was still one of the most profitable in the country. John Jacob Astor had already made a fortune by it, and was at the height of his prosecution of it. Since his failure on the Pacific coast, through the seizure of the Columbia by England (see Irving's Astoria), he had turned all his attention to the West, and now his principal frontier office was at Mackinaw, in charge of Ramsay Crooks and Robert Stuart, well-known Chicago names, and names leading up to one still more identified



GURDON S. HUBBARD (*Hubbard*).

Slow growth  
for many  
years.

with all that is ancient and honorable with us—Gordon Saltonstall Hubbard.

In 1818, young Hubbard (sixteen years old) indentured himself for five years to the American Fur Company (John Jacob Astor's enterprise), and about November 1, 1818, reached Fort Dearborn. Here he stayed three days with John Kinzie, at the North Side residence, and then the party pushed on westward, up the South Branch to Bridgeport, through Mud Lake and over the portage into the Des Plaines, carrying their packs and dragging their bateaux. They launched their craft and floated down the Illinois to the mouth of the Bureau river, where Mr. Hubbard was assigned to duty. They did not see a white man between Chicago and the Bureau. They spent the winter trading with the Indians, and in the spring of 1819 they paddled the bateaux, now loaded with furs, all the weary way up to Lake Michigan and on to Mackinaw. There the peltries were packed and forwarded to New York, where their values swell the great Astor fortune of to-day.

Hubbard's next visit to Chicago was in 1821, when he found there the same inhabitants as before; including Kinzies and Ouillettes.

From that time to our own days—up to within four years of the present writing—the life of "Our Gurdon," as he was affectionately called, was a part, and a large part, of our civic history. Here were his headquarters for interior trading, for importations and for shipments. Eastern goods came West, and Western products, beginning with furs and ending with flour, went East through his Chicago establishment. Everybody knew him and he knew everybody in the good old simple-hearted ways of the time and place. In 1827 he bought from "Big Foot," the chief of the Pottowattomies, at Lake Geneva, fifty ponies, which he loaded with "trading goods" and led due south to the Wabash river, establishing "trading posts" all along the line. The path he thus made and traveled was known as "Hubbard's Trail," and for many a year was the road and the only road along the now prosperous and crowded country traversed by the Eastern Illinois railway. He made his inland station at Danville, but his own time was spent on the trail, "his home was in the saddle."

A letter written by Mr. Hubbard to Mr. Ballance (History of Peoria) gives a vivid picture of the times of 1818; a startling picture, when we consider that the occurrence was the experience of a man who has been an intimate friend to those now living in Chicago; a man who died among us so late as 1887. He says:

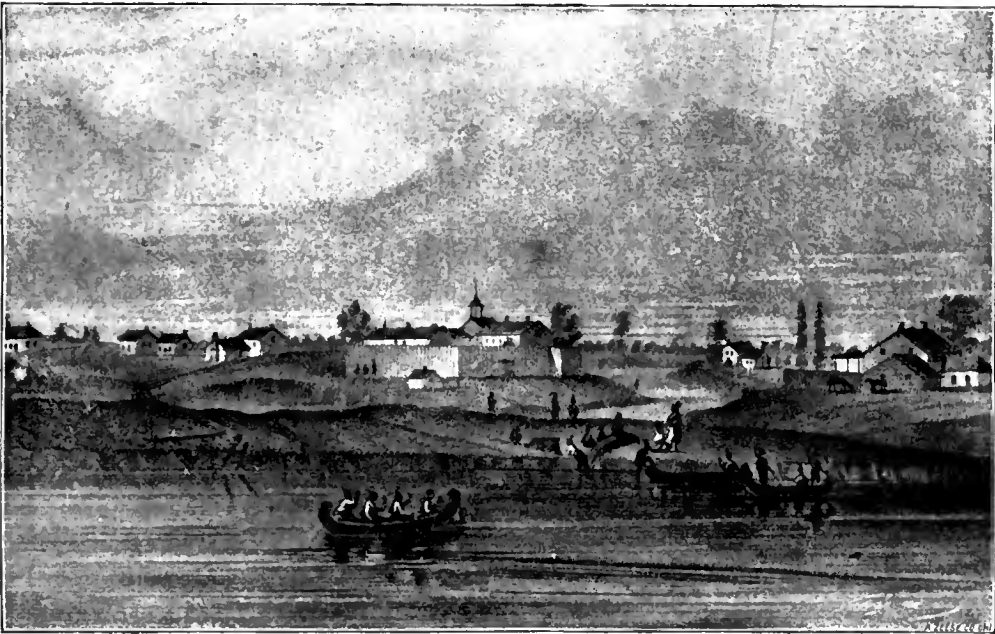
Gurdon Hubbard's early experiences.

. . . I was in Peoria in 1818. As we rounded the point of the lake above Peoria we noticed that old Fort Clark was on fire—just blazing up. Reaching it we found about 200 Indians congregated, enjoying a war dance, painted hideously, with scalps on their spears and in their sashes, which they had taken from the heads in the war with Great Britain, from 1812 to 1815. They were dancing, rehearsing their deeds of bravery, etc. These were the only people then there or in that vicinity . . .

A warrior, noticing me (then a boy of 16), asked Mr. Des Champs who I was. He replied that

I was his adopted son, just from Montreal; but this was not credited. The Indian said I was a young American and seemed disposed to quarrel with me. . . . The Indian remained in the bow of the boat, talking to me through this man, who interpreted, saying among other things that I was an American, and taking from his sash scalp after scalp, saying they were my nations. He saw that I was frightened. I was never more so in my life—fairly trembling with fear. His last effort to insult me was taking a *long haired scalp* \* \* \* made it very wet \* \* \* and then shaking it so that it sprinkled me in the face. In a moment all fear left me and I seized Mr. Des Champs' double-barreled gun, took good aim and fired. The man . . . just as I pulled the trigger, struck up the gun and thereby saved the life of the Indian and perhaps mine also. . . . Des Champs and all our men came running to their boats. After a short consultation among the old traders, Des Champs ordered the boats to push out and we descended the stream three or four miles and camped on the opposite side of the river. That was my first experience of hostile array with my red brethren. Yours, etc., G. S. HUBBARD. (Blanchard's Northwest, p. 330)

In 1817 Samuel A. Storrow, Judge Advocate U. S. A., passed through Fort Dearborn, and describes his visit as follows :



SCHOOLCRAFT'S VIEW OF CHICAGO IN 1820.

On the second of October, after walking three or four hours, I reached the River Chicago, and after crossing it entered Fort Dearborn, where I was kindly entertained by Major Baker and the officers of the garrison, who received me as one arrived from the moon. . . . The River Chicago (or in English, Wild Onion River), is deep, and about forty yards in width. . . . Traces yet remain of the devastation and massacre committed by the savages in 1812. I saw one of the principal perpetrators (Nes cot-no meg).

Schoolcraft (the distinguished Indian chronicler) writes (1820) as follows :

We found the post (Fort Dearborn), under the command of Capt. Bradley, with a force of 160 men. The river is . . . utterly choked up by the lake sands, through which, behind a masked margin, it oozes its way for a mile or two, till it percolates through the sands into the lake. . . . I took the sketch\* . . . from a stand-point on the flat of sand which stretched in front of the place. This view embraces every house in the village with the fort; and if the reproduction of the artist may be subjected to any criticism, it is perhaps that the stockade bears too great a proportion to the scene, while the precipice observed in the shore-line of sand is wholly wanting in the original. . . . Having partaken of the hospitalities of Mr. Kinzie, and of Captains Bradley and Green, during our stay at Chicago . . . we separated . . . Gov. Cass and his party, on horseback,

\* A copy of this sketch is herewith presented, by permission of Mrs. Hurlbut.

taking the old Indian trail to Detroit . . . myself, with two canoes, to complete the circumnavigation of the lake. . . . Within two miles of Chicago we passed, on the open shores of the lake, the scene of the massacre of 1812.

The greatest event in Chicago during the third decade of this century was the treaty of 1821. This compact was made by Lewis Cass and Solomon Sibley, as Commissioners, with the Ottawas, Chippewas and "Pattiwatimias." (Mr. Schoolcraft acted as Secretary to the Commissioners.) The land secured was a tract extending from Grand River



ME-TEE-A.

south to the southernmost point of Lake Michigan, and reaching eastward until it joined with the previous cessions on the Detroit and Maumee in 1817. Though the treaty did not include Chicago, it gave her a continuous way to the seaboard for the first time in her history. The price paid was \$1,000 a year, forever, to the Ottawas, and \$5,000 to the Pottawatomies; and \$2,500 a year for a term of years to provide instruction in blacksmithing, agriculture, etc. The treaty shows the names of sixty-four Indians (each spelt out in English letters and followed by a cross made by the Indians) and Lewis Cass and Solomon Sibley; all being witnessed by sixteen citizens, among whom we recognize Alexander Wolcott,\* John B. Beaubien and John Kinzie.

By some unusual good luck we have (through Mr. Hurlbut) a portrait of one of the Indian signers, Me-tee-a; who opposed the transfer of the land in eloquent words closing as follows: "Behold our warriors, our women and children. Take pity on us and on our words." Yet,

after all, he could not resist the temptation to see his X among the rest. He sought immortality, and lo! are we not giving it to him?



*John B. Beaubien*

General Cass' Treaty for Michigan lands.

\*It was with much regret that lovers of old Chicago saw the ancient name of "Wolcott" changed to the awkward "North State" street; and still worse, the southern part of Wells street, named for the heroic Captain, sacrificed to the absurd "Fifth Avenue."

We give also a portrait of Jean Baptiste Beaubien, copied from a miniature in possession of the family, traditionally said to be taken for that pioneer.

Still no growth in the infant metropolis. From 1816 to 1830, Chicago gained only some twelve or fifteen houses and a population of less than 100. (Chicago Magazine, May, 1857.) In 1819 the agency house (called "Cob-web Castle" for reasons easily to be imagined, seeing that it stood vacant for long, lonely years), was built at about the junction of State and North Water streets, where the North-Western Railroad freight house now stands. That and the old Kinzie mansion (Pine and Kinzie streets) were the only buildings now known to have stood on the North Side in those days, and the whole tract was covered with trees. Kinzie had inclosed a field on the North Branch near where Chicago avenue now crosses it, which he cultivated for hay-making. That John Kinzie had never regained the comfortable competency he lost in 1812 we may know from the following letter, written in 1821, to his son (John H.) at Mackinaw, when the latter was indentured to the American Fur Company.

Aspect of  
North Side,  
1816 to 1830.

. . . Nothing gives me more satisfaction than to hear from you and of you. It does give both myself and your mother a pleasure to hear how your conduct is talked of by everyone that hopes you every advantage. Rather let that stimulate you to continue the worthy man, for a good name is better than wealth and we can not be too circumspect in our line of conduct. . . I have been reduced in wages, owing to the economy of the Government. My interpreter's salary is no more and I have but \$100 to subsist on. It does work me hard sometimes to provide for your sisters and brothers on this and maintain my family in a decent manner. I will have to take new measures. I hate to change houses, but I have been requested to wait Conant's arrival. We are all mighty busy, as the treaty commences to-morrow and we have hordes of Indians around us already. Adieu I am your loving father.



This is said to be the only letter of John Kinzie's known to exist. (A large and invaluable collection of his papers were, in 1857, given to the Historical Society by John H. Kinzie, and perished with the Historical Society building in the great fire of 1871.) No portrait of him has ever been found.

He assisted in negotiating the treaty of 1821 before mentioned; addressing the Indians to reconcile them to it, and signing it as sub-agent, which post he filled under his son-in-law, Dr. Alexander Wolcott, Indian agent. In 1825 he was appointed Justice of the Peace for Peoria county. About 1827 he finally quitted the old home.

Captain Andreas' remarks on John Kinzie's characteristics are as follows:

The esteem in which Mr. Kinzie was held by the Indians is shown by the treaty made with the Pottawatomies September 20, 1828, the year of his death, by one provision of which they gave to Eleanor Kinzie and her four children by the late John Kinzie \$3,500, in consideration of the attach-

ment of the Indians to her deceased husband, who was long an Indian trader, and who lost a large sum in the trade by the credits given them and also by the destruction of his property. The money is in lieu of a tract of land which the Indians gave the late John Kinzie long since and upon which he lived.

There is no doubt that the Indians had a warm feeling for the Kinzies. At the same time it seems probable that the treaty in question, like all other treaties, was carefully arranged by the whites and submitted to the Indians for ratification. The Indians did not give any money; all payments came from the United States, and were made to such persons (other than Indians) as the commissioners thought best to care for. As to the land given by the Indians to Mr. Kinzie and on which he lived, where was it? The Indians had parted with the Chicago tract, six miles square, nine years before Mr. Kinzie arrived at Fort Dearborn. It is true that in May, 1795, the Ottawas (not the Pottawattomies) conveyed land in Ohio to John Kinzie and Thomas Forsyth; but he certainly never lived on it. He also lived at Parc-aux-Vaches, on the St. Joseph river, from 1800 to 1804. It is possible, though not probable, that the Indians made him a grant there.

Kinzies and  
their Home.

Every one who visited the hospitable "Kinzie mansion" was glad to do so again. Let us follow the good example.



KINZIE MANSION AS GIVEN IN WAUBUN.

The structure as put up by Pointe de Saible, and passed through the hands of Le Mai to John Kinzie, was a cabin of roughly squared logs. In Kinzie's time it was beautified, enlarged, improved and surrounded by out-houses, trees, fences, grass-plot, piazza and garden. "The latch-string hung outside the door,"\* and all were free to pull it and enter. Friend or stranger, red man or white, could come and go, eat and drink, sleep and wake, listen and talk at will. A tale is told of

\* This odd expression of welcome came from the old style of door-fastening; a latch within, lifted by the hand or by a string which was poked through a gimlet-hole, so that it could be pulled from the outside. To "lock" the door, the household simply pulled in the string and kept it inside.



two travelers who mistook the house for an inn, gave orders, asked questions, praised and blamed as he does who feels, "shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?" and who were keenly mortified when they came to pay their "scot" and found that there was none to pay.

In front (as the picture shows) were four fine poplars; in the rear, two great cottonwoods. The remains of one of these last-named were visible at a very late period. [Who knows just how lately?] In the out-buildings were accommodated the dairy, baking-ovens, stables and rooms for "the Frenchmen," the Canadian *engagés* who were then the chief subordinates in fur-trading, and whose descendants are now well-known citizens, their names perpetuating their ancestry—Beaubien, Laframboise, Porthier, Mirandea, etc.

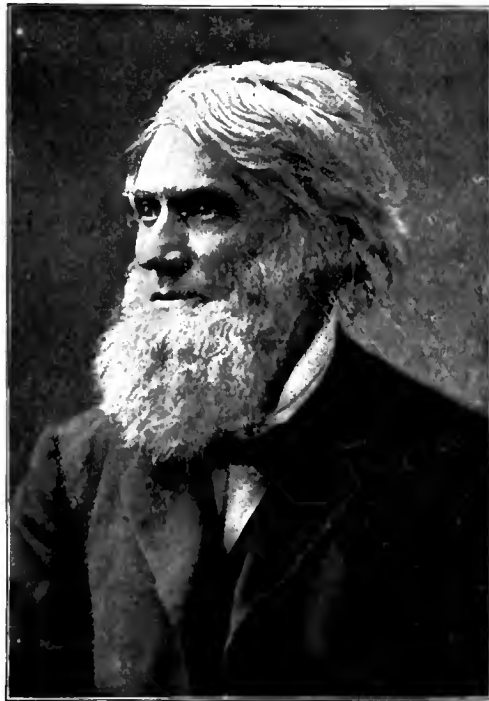
Captain Andreas says:

The Kinzie house was no gloomy home. Up to the very time of their enforced removal, the children danced to the sound of their father's violin, and the long hours of frontier life were made merry with sport and play. Later, the primitive court of Justice Kinzie must have been held in the "spare room"—if spare room there was.

Hurlbut, in his delightful, humorous, gossipy, fault-finding monograph, "Chicago Antiquities," \* says (p. 478):

The last distinguished guest from abroad whom the Kinzies entertained at the old house was Governor Cass . . . in the summer of 1827 . . . This was during the Winnebago Indian excitement. . . . Gurdon Hubbard says, "While at breakfast at Mr. Kinzie's house we heard singing, faint at first but gradually growing louder as the singers approached. Mr. Kinzie recognized the leading voice as that of Bob Forsyth, and left the table for the piazza of the house, where we all followed. About where Wells street crosses, in plain sight from where we stood, was a light birch-bark canoe, manned with thirteen men, rapidly approaching, the men keeping time with their paddles to one of the Canadian boat-songs; it proved to be Governor Cass and his secretary, Robert Forsyth, and they landed and soon joined in."

This visit of Governor Cass was just before the "Winnebago scare" of 1827. He it was who informed the lonely, unarmed and defenseless post of Fort Dearborn of the Winnebago uprising. Gurdon Hubbard at once proposed to ride down the "Hubbard Trail" for help. The others objected, for fear that they might be attacked before his return; but it was finally decided that he should go, and go he did. At



HENRY H. HURLBUT. (1885.)

Winnebago  
Scare and  
Danville  
Volunteers.

\* "Chicago Antiquities" was published by the author in 1881. Only 500 copies were printed, a few of which still remain (1891) in the hands of his widow, Mrs. Hurlbut, 27 Winthrop Place, Chicago.

Danville he raised, within about a day, fifty volunteers, armed and mounted, and started for Fort Dearborn. They reached the Vermilion, then at flood, and running "bank-full" and very rapidly. The horses, on being driven in, would turn and come back to shore. "Hubbard, provoked at the delay, threw off his coat, crying: "Give me old Charley!" Mounting the horse, he boldly dashed into the stream, and the other horses were crowded after him. "The water was so swift that old Charley became unmanageable; but Hubbard dismounted on the upper side, seized the horse by the mane, and swimming with his left hand, guided the horse in the direction of the opposite shore. We were afraid he would be washed under or struck by his feet and drowned, but he got over." \*

The brave rescuers arrived; and staid, petted and feasted by the Chicagoans of that day, until a runner came in from Green Bay, bringing word that Governor Cass had made peace with the Indians.

According to Mr. Hurlbut, as the old master neared his end the older homestead also went to decay. The very logs must have been in a perishing condition after fifty years of service, and the lake sand, driven by the lake breezes, piled itself up against the north and east sides. Then, too, the standard of comfort had changed. Son-in-law Wolcott had rooms in the brick building of the unoccupied fort. Colonel Beaubien had a frame house close to the fort's south wall (now Michigan avenue and River street), and thither the Kinzies moved. What more natural than that the ancient tree, as it tottered to its fall, should lean over toward the young saplings that had sprung up at its foot? It is the way of the world.

The last of John  
Kinzie and the  
Old Homestead.

It was in 1827 that Mr. Kinzie and whatever then formed his household quitted the historical log house for the last time. In 1829 it was (says Andreas) used for a while by Anson N. Taylor as a store. In March, 1831, Mr. Bailey lived in it and probably made it the postoffice, its first location in Chicago, as he was the first postmaster. The mail was then brought on horse-back from Detroit about twice a month.

Captain Andreas says:

After 1831 and 1832, when Mark Noble occupied it with his family, there is no record of its being inhabited. Its decaying logs were used by the Indians and immigrants for fuel and the drifting sand of Lake Michigan was fast piled over its remains. No one knows when it finally disappeared, but with the growth of the new town this relic of the early day of Chicago passed from sight to be numbered among the things that were.

Mrs. Robert Kinzie says now (1891) that she is sure that the house was standing when she was married in the fort (1834) and she thinks long afterward. She scouts the idea that those solid logs were used for fuel by the Indians or immigrants.

\* See "The Winnebago Scare," by Hiram W. Beckwith, of Danville. Fergus' Historical Series, No. 10.

Rufus Blanchard, in his "Northwest," prints an interesting note :

The following account of Mr. Kinzie's death has been learned from Mr. Gurdon S. Hubbard: "He remained in full vigor of health in both body and mind till he had a slight attack of apoplexy, after which his health continued to decline until his death, which took place in a few months, at the residence of his son-in-law, Dr. Wolcott, who then lived in the brick building formerly used as the officers' quarters in the fort. Here, while on a brief visit to Mrs. Wolcott [Ellen Marion Kinzie] he was suddenly attacked with apoplexy. Mr. Hubbard, then living in Mr. Kinzie's family, was sent for . . . and on coming into the room of the dying man he found him in convulsions on the floor in the parlor, his head supported by his daughter. Mr. Hubbard raised him to a sitting position and thus supported him till he drew his last breath. The funeral service took place in the fort and the last honors due to the old pioneer were paid with impressive respect by the few inhabitants of the place."

Mr. Kinzie's remains were first buried in the post burying-ground on the lake shore south of the old fort (about Michigan ave. and Washington st.), whence they were later removed to a plot just west of the present water works (Chicago Avenue and Tower Place), and finally to Graceland where they now rest.



## CHAPTER XI.

1820-30. AN OBSCURE DECADE.



**I** 887 saw depart from among us the last man who could give personal testimony to the condition which prevailed in the later years of what may be called prehistoric Chicago. Gurdon Hubbard, a fountain of knowledge about the past, was the greatest loss his beloved city

has ever suffered ; and it seems doubtful if any one person can at any time occupy so high a relative position as was his. Pity that we did not fully appreciate this fact sooner. "Blessings brighten as they take their flight."

We have before given the view of things hereabouts, taken by an excellent observer and unprejudiced recorder, Mr. Schoolcraft. Others, in fact all others, have left a less flattering presentation. No hesitation should be felt in dwelling upon so humble an origin for so proud a growth as ours. The greatness of Abraham Lincoln would be less a world-wonder if he had been born in a palace and trained in colleges and courts.

The unpromising state of things 60 years ago.

William H. Keating (Narrative of an Expedition, etc., London, 1825) writes under date of 1823 :

We were much disappointed at the appearance of Chicago and its vicinity. . . . The country near Chicago offers but few features upon which the eye can dwell with pleasure. There is too much uniformity in the scenery; the extensive water prospect is a waste unchecked by islands, unenlivened by the spreading canvas, and the fatiguing monotony of which is increased by the equally undiversified prospect of the land scenery, which affords no relief to the sight, as it consists merely of a plain in which but few patches of thin and scrubby woods are observed scattered here and there.

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.

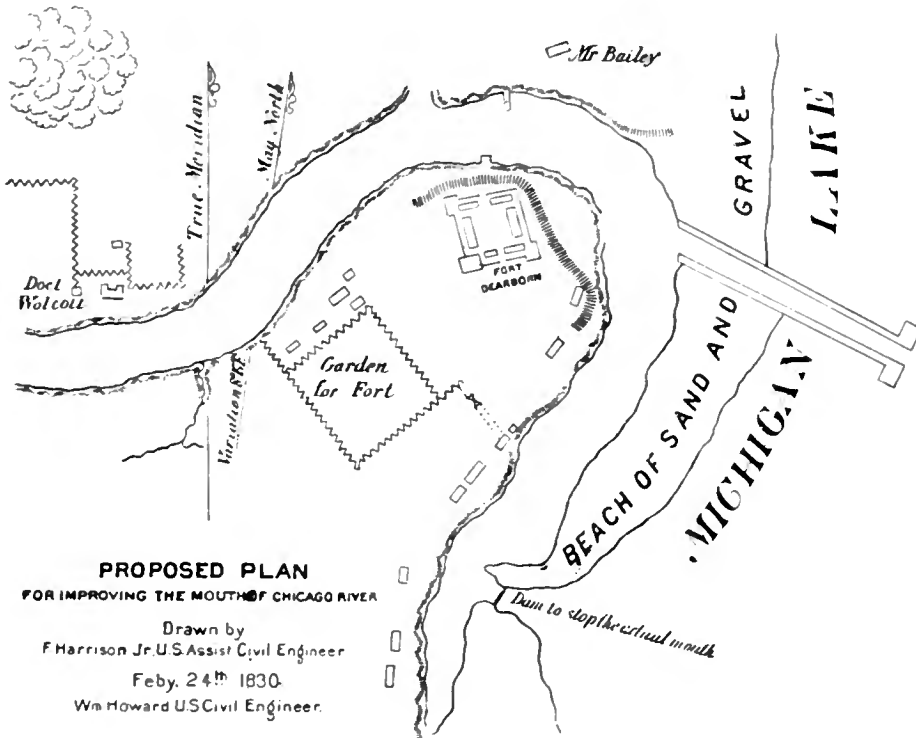
In 1825 John H. Fonda says of Chicago (Hurlbut, p. 212) :

We entered the Lake Peoria and were met at the landing by a number of Indians, from whom we learned that it was more than two hundred miles to the nearest trading-post on the Lake, which was *Chi-ca-a go*. . . . We paddled along until we came to the Des Plaines river, from which we passed into a large slough, or lake, that must have led us into a branch of the Chicago river, for we followed a stream that brought us opposite Fort Dearborn. At this period Chicago was merely an

Indian Agency; it contained about fourteen houses, and not more than 75 or 100 inhabitants at the most. An agent of the American Fur Company, named Gurdon S. Hubbard, then occupied the fort. The staple business seemed to be carried on by Indians and runaway soldiers, who hunted ducks and muskrats in the marshes. There was a great deal of lowland, and mostly destitute of timber. The principal inhabitants were Mr. Hubbard, a Frenchman by the name of Ouillet and John B. Beaubien.

It was the winter of 1827 that the U. S. Quartermaster came to me one day and asked if I could find my way to Chicago. . . . He intrusted me with the—not mailbag, but a tin canister covered with untanned deerhide that contained the dispatches and letters of the inhabitants. . . . One noon we arrived at Fort Dearborn, after being on the way more than a month. It was in January, 1828; and, with the exception that the fort was strengthened and garrisoned, there was no sign of improvement since my former visit.

Mr. Hurlbut has unearthed and copied from an old Maryland periodical three letters dated at "Fort Dearborn, Chicago, Ill." in 1830.



They give account of sports participated in by persons designated only by initials, whom Mr. H. identifies as Captain Martin Scott (killed at Molino del Rey), Dr. Clement A. Finley, Major Robert Kinzie, Dr. Philip Maxwell, James Grant, Mr. Beaubien, Mr. Clybourn, Lieutenant John G. Furman of the 5th U. S. infantry (who died at the fort in the same year), and Lieutenant James Thompson, also of the army.

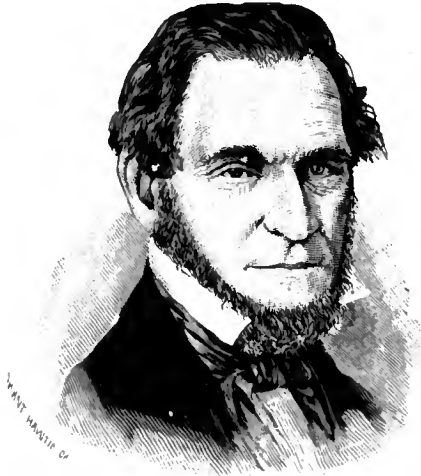
The first letter describes a deer-hunt with dogs and horses, which occurred in "the thick woods on the north side." They found two deer before reaching the line of the present Chicago Avenue. The second tells of a wolf-hunt in the previous December, on which occasion

they found and killed three wolves and three raccoons somewhere on the South Side near the South Branch. The third tells of high water, when the water in Mud Lake was divided and part flowed east with the lake and part west into the Illinois. The writer adds:

Here, after the waters have subsided, vast quantities of aquatic fowl congregate to feed on the wild rice, insects, etc., that abound in it. Swan, geese and brant, passing to and fro in clouds, keep an incessant cackling; ducks of every kind, from the mallard and canvas-back down to the tiny water-witch and blue-winged teal. . . while hundreds of gulls hover gracefully over, ever and anon plunging their snowy bosoms into the circling waters. . . . Of these we may hereafter send you some account; and when the "rail-road" is finished between Baltimore and Rock River, perhaps you may come out and take a week's sport with us.

This is interesting, not only for its disclosure of the wild state of our great West Side at that late date, and by the abundance of wild game there; but also for the jocular allusion to a possible (or impossible) "rail-road" all the way from Baltimore to the Rock River! The writer unconsciously names the factor destined to be of incalculable weight in the future of the unpromising tract he is hunting over. 1830 may be said to be the birth-year of the American Railway system, and that system to be the main source of the greatness of the West, especially that of Chicago. Not for eighteen years will the first locomotive press the soil of the city, and not for twenty-five years will the first train arrive from the East. But nevertheless the little seed is planted, and the great tree, with its infinite branches and its immeasurable fruits, is growing ceaselessly and resistlessly from this time forth.

Now, leaving the squalid physical aspect of the place, we will observe the course of human life other than as already set forth.



*John H. Kinzie*

John Harris Kinzie, son of John and Eleanor (Mc Killop) Kinzie, who was born in Canada, July 7, 1803, and was brought to Chicago with the family on its first arrival, became, in 1826, private secretary to Governor Cass, and later aide-de-camp with the rank of colonel. August 9th, 1830, at Middletown, Connecticut, he married Juliette A. Magill. This marriage was not only fortunate for Colonel Kinzie, but also a happy thing for Chicago, as Mrs. Kinzie became one of the best known and most admired of the city's early matrons, and also its historian in no slight

degree through her chatty narrative "Waubun," published in 1856. Many of Chicago's citizens cherish to this day loving memories of this, the city's very earliest literary woman.

Wild game  
within city  
limits.

Robert Allen Kinzie, born at the old fort February 8th, 1810, shared the family's varied experiences (carrying on the fur-trade with the Indians), and in 1834, at the fort, married the daughter of Col. William Whistler, who built the old fort in 1803, and in 1832 came out again to the new fort, one of its latest commanders.



*R. A. Kinzie*

This daughter has been before mentioned as still living in Chicago, and it is with great pleasure that the circumstance of her marriage is recalled, with the interesting recollections of the venerable Chief Justice Caton, also happily yet among us. Never until now has Mrs. Kinzie

The Kinzie  
Race.

consented to the publication of her likeness.

Ellen Marion Kinzie, whose birth has been before mentioned as taking place in the old Kinzie mansion in 1804, was married July 20, 1823, to Dr. Alexander Wolcott, then Indian agent at Chicago, who died there in 1830. In 1836 she married, at Detroit, the Hon. George C. Bates and she died at Detroit in 1860.

1828 saw the fort once more garrisoned, Major John Fowle being in command, and having for his lieutenant David Hunter, who soon after married Maria Indiana Kinzie, second daughter of John, born in 1807. In 1879 Genl. Hunter wrote to the Calumet Club "Old Settlers' Reception," as follows:

More than half a century since, I first came to Chicago on horseback from St. Louis, stopping on the way at the log cabins of the early settlers and passing the last house at the mouth of the Fox river. I was married in Chicago having to send a soldier one hundred and sixty miles on foot, to Peoria, for a license. The northern counties in the State had not then been organized, and were all attached to Peoria county. My dear wife is still alive and in good health, and I can certify a hundred times over that Chicago is a first-rate place from which to get a good wife.

Beside the course of the main branch of the Kinzie stock, and the Hubbards, all of whom were kept in view by their connection with the army, there were the James Kinzies, John K. Clarks, Clybourns and Beaubiens; including men and women quite as worthy and as noteworthy as any of their fellow-citizens.

As has been already told, two girls, Margaret and Elizabeth McKenzie, were (during the Revolutionary times) stolen by the Indians from their home on the Kanawha river, in Virginia. They were kept by their captors (Ohio Shawnees) until womanhood, when we first find them in Detroit. There Margaret (whether a wife or not) bore three

Less known  
early names.

children, William, James and Elizabeth, to John Kinzie. (This was before his marriage with Eleanor [Lytle] McKillop.)



MRS. GWENTHLEAN H. KINZIE. (1891.)

William Kinzie did not come to Chicago. James (born 1793) moved westward soon after 1812, and seems to have dealt in ardent spirits as a business. In 1821 he was "detected in selling large quantities of liquors to the Indians at and near Milwaukee," and in 1829 he built a tavern on the west side, near the forks of the river, afterward known as the Wolf Tavern, kept by Elijah Wentworth.

In 1833 James built the Green Tree Tavern on the northeast corner of North Canal and West Lake streets, "its name being taken from a solitary oak which stood near." (Andreas.) He held various offices of trust and honor—School Trustee, Sheriff (the first of Cook County),



THE GREEN TREE HOTEL. (Still standing in 1891.)\*

Town Auctioneer and Town Trustee. He moved to Racine in 1835 and died in Clyde, Wisconsin, in 1866. (Andreas.) It was in regard

\* Now 33, 35 and 37 Milwaukee Ave. Doubtless the oldest structure in the city.



to James Kinzie that it has been said "the smartest of the Kinzies was a McKenzie," his irregular origin being suggested as an explanation.

## *James Kinzie*

Captain Andreas (p. 96) mentions one David Hall, of Virginia, "half brother to James Kinzie," as being James' partner in the Green Tree Tavern. This would indicate that poor Margaret, after her reclamation by her father, had married, in Virginia, a man named Hall, and born him a son. We hear of her, directly, once more, as appears in the next chapter.

Elizabeth Kinzie was married, in 1826, by John Kinzie, J. P. (her father), to Samuel Miller, who kept a tavern known as the Miller House, situated on the North Side near the forks of the river. It was probably the oldest of the houses (on the right) shown in the accompanying cut of Wolf Point, the Forks, etc. Samuel Miller had been in partnership with Archibald Clybourn (his wife's cousin) in 1829, and they were authorized to keep a ferry across the river "at the lower forks."

Descendants of  
the captive  
girls.

## *Samuel Miller*

In the same cut a bridge seems to occupy the place of the ferry-boat, spanning the stream of the North Branch, just above the forks. The ferry was established by law (records of Peoria county), the citizens of Chicago to be carried free, and all other persons to be subject to a charge for ferriage, "one half the sum that John L. Bogardus gets at his ferry at Peoria."

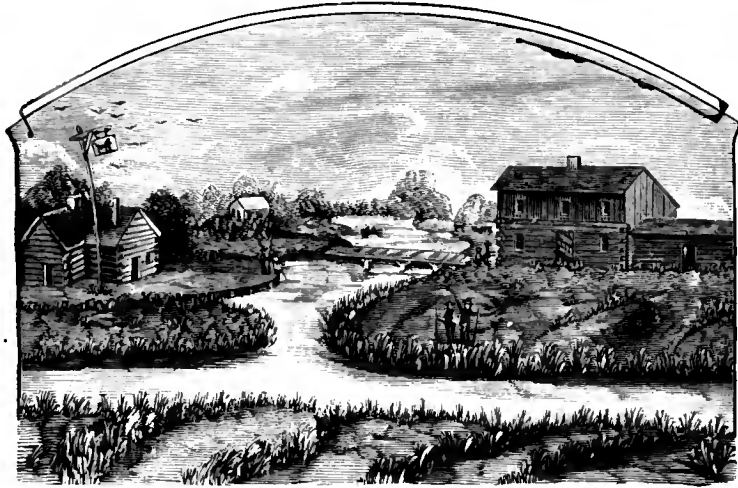
Reverting now to the captured girls before mentioned, Margaret and Elizabeth McKenzie, we will trace the line of Elizabeth, the younger. In Detroit she was the wife of one Clark, a Scotch trader, and mother of his two children, John K. and Elizabeth. Then, after the father of the stolen girls came to Detroit, reclaimed his lost daughters and took them and



JOHN K. CLARK.

The Clarks and  
Clybourns.

their children with him to Virginia, Elizabeth married Jonas Clybourn, to whom she bore two sons, Archibald (1802) and Henley. John K. Clark came early to Chicago, and his half-brother Archibald Clybourn followed as soon as he was old enough, arriving in 1823. Finally the two good sons brought out their parents, Jonas and Elizabeth Clybourn, and the family settled (1824) on the west side of the North Branch, at about the place where the North Chicago rolling-mills now stand, opposite the west end of Clybourn Place bridge.



WOLF POINT IN 1830. (Hurlbut, p. 503.)

Archibald Clybourn was a remarkable man in many ways. He married (1829) Mary Galloway, who had come hither with her father, James Galloway, in 1826, she being then fourteen years old.\*

Captain Andreas gives Mary Galloway's early impressions of Chicago so fully, and with so much of local color, that they deserve transcription :

Mrs. Clybourn described the appearance of Chicago in the winter of 1826 as a black and dreary expanse of prairie, with occasional patches of timber. At the mouth of the Chicago river, which was then at the foot of Madison street, stood the cabin of Jean Baptiste Beaubien, and his shanty warehouse somewhat nearer the lake. Where the river turned to the south, at the point where Rush street bridge now crosses the stream, was Fort Dearborn. On the other side of the river, nearly opposite the fort, was a double log house, occupied jointly by John Kinzie and Alexander Wolcott, and near this the blacksmithshop of Daniel McKee and Joseph Porthick (Porthier). At the forks of the river, a cabin used for a store, owned and occupied by James Kinzie and David Hall, of Virginia. At Hardscrabble there were five or six cabins, several of which were occupied by the Laframboises, of whom there were four: Francis, Sr., Francis, Jr., Joseph and Claude. Another was occupied by Mr. Wallace, and another by Barney Lawton. . . . The Clybourns were on the North Branch—Jonas and his wife, his sons Archibald and Henley, and John K. Clark, their half brother.

Archibald Clybourn (under the authority of Peoria county) was the first constable for the Chicago region, and later justice of the peace.

\*The Galloways started from Sandusky, Ohio, in a small schooner, bringing their household stuff and "a large quantity" of goods to be sold to the Indians. The schooner was wrecked (by a drunken captain) on the Island of St. Helena, near Mackinaw, and the passengers, with part of Galloway's goods, saved and brought to Chicago in one of the Fur Company's boats. . . . The little colony, goods and all, found refuge at Hardscrabble, up the South Branch, in a log cottage belonging to Chief Alexander Robinson—perhaps the same cottage where two whites were killed by the Indians in 1812. A stirring tale is told of the defense of their cabins by Mary and her mother, left alone therein during a long and fearful winter night in 1830.

He and his sons were the early butchers, and their successors are engaged in the same trade to this day, 1891. He carried on large deal-



ARCHIBALD CLYBOURN AND WIFE.

ings in cattle, and when the "Black Hawk War" (1832) brought crowds of frightened settlers into the fort, "the Clybourns and John Noble and sons fed nearly the entire population until the pioneers could return to their scattered homes." (Andreas, p. 104.)

The Beaubiens' connection with Chicago began very early. Jean Baptiste (third of the name since the immigration from France early in the 18th century) was born in Detroit in 1780, visited Chicago in 1804, and (as his son averred) bought a cabin and field south of the fort in 1812.\* He married an Ottawa Indian woman, who became the mother of his sons Charles, Henry and Madore. In 1812 he married Josette, daughter of Francis Laframboise, a French trader, living on the South Side. She was the mother of Alexander Beaubien. In 1818 Jean Baptiste was made agent of the Fur Company. He moved into the company building just outside the south wall of the fort (about Michigan avenue and South Water street); where he lived until 1840, when he moved to his farm on the Desplaines. He was the first president of the village debating society, which met inside the fort, and included in its membership nearly every able bodied man in town.

The Beaubiens.

Later he was colonel, and still later general of the Cook County

\* This occupation was sworn to by Jean Baptiste's son, Madore, as the basis of a claim on behalf of the former for a "pre-emption right" on land about Michigan avenue and Lake, Randolph and Washington streets. After some fifty years of litigation this claim has failed, the final dismissal from court occurring during the time of writing this chapter.

militia. He died in Naperville, in 1863. Mark Beaubien, brother of Jean Baptiste, came here in 1826. Here is his own story:

I came with my family by team; no road, only Indian trail. I had to hire an Indian to show me the road to Chicago. I camped out of doors and bought a log house from Jim Kinzie. There was no town laid out; didn't expect no town. When they laid out the town my house was laid out in the street. When they laid the town I bought two lots where I built the old Sauganash, the first frame house in Chicago.

The "Sauganash" stood on the lot (Lake and Market streets), later occupied by the "Wigwam," where Lincoln was nominated. Mark was, if not the first, the most noted and popular of Chicago inn-keepers. Town elections took place at his house. Merrymakings were held there, and dancing went on, to the sound of Mark's violin. He loved his fiddle dearly and at his death bequeathed it to the Calumet Club, where it is still proudly shown and highly prized. Captain Andreas says of him:

Mr. Beaubien is described as being, in his prime, "a tall, atheletic, fine appearing man, Frenchy and polite, frank, open-hearted, generous to a fault, and in his glory at a horse race." His favorite dress on great occasions was a swallow-tail coat with brass buttons, and if in the summer, light nankeen trousers. His quaint old song, in regard to the surrender of General Hull at Detroit, in 1812, of which he was a witness, was sung with much gusto. . . . His last visits to Chicago were in 1879 and 1880, at the Calumet Club receptions to old settlers . . . The children of Mr. Beaubien, as given in the *Chicago Times*, March 26, 1876, were Josette, Mark, Oliver, Joseph, Emily, Soliston, David, George, Napoleon, Edward, Helena, Elizabeth, Gwinny, Frances, Monique and one infant that died unnamed, children of his first wife, Monique Nadeau, of Detroit; and Robert, Frank, Mary, Ida, Jimmy, Jesse and Slidel, children by his second marriage. He died on the 16th of April, 1881, in Kankakee, Ill., at the house of George Matthews, who married his daughter Mary.

In 1825 the assessment roll of John L. Bogardus, assessor of Peoria county, shows for that year the following names and possessions in the Chicago precinct:

Original  
capitalists.

	<i>Taxpayers' Names.</i>	<i>Valuation.</i>	<i>Tax.</i>
1.	Beaubien, John B. ....	\$ 1,000	\$ 10 00
2.	Clybourne, James,.....	625	6 25
3.	Clark, John K.....	250	2 50
4.	Crafts, John (Fur Company),.....	5,000	50 00
5.	Clermont, Jeremy,.....	100	1 00
6.	Coutra, Louis,.....	50	50
7.	Kinzie, John,.....	500	5 00
8.	Laframboise, Claude,.....	100	1 00
9.	Laframboise, Joseph, .....	50	50
10.	McKee, David,.....	100	1 00
11.	Piche, Peter,.....	100	1 00
12.	Robinson, Alexander, ...	200	2 00
13.	Wolcott, Alexander,.....	572	5 72
14.	Wilemet (Ouillemette), Antoine,.....	400	4 00

Total property, \$9,047, of which \$5,000 belonged to John Jacob Astor.

There are the surnames and the estates. Now let the civic aristocracy come forward and pick out their ancestors

One of the penalties of having grown from 100 to 1,200,000 in two generations, is the necessity which compels most of us to look east, northeast and southeast for the roots of our family trees. Still, there are some of the old names yet extant; and we can, at least, cling to them in the nomenclature of our streets, avenues, squares, parks, public places,

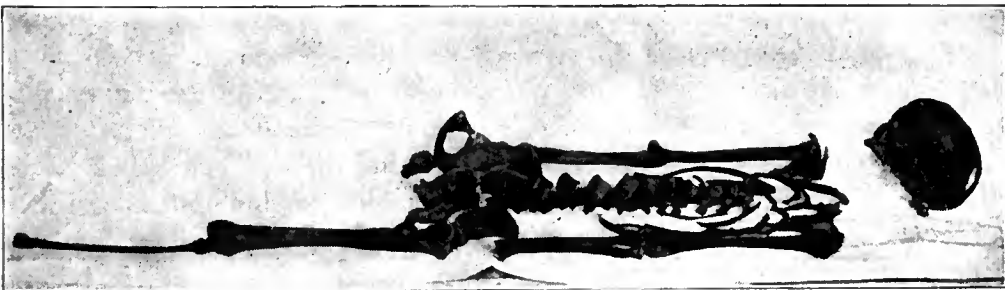
schools and buildings. Our city directory for 1881 shows Kinzies, Clybourns, Beaubiens, Laframboises. None of these can claim (as do the Virginia descendants of Pocahontas) to share in the blood of our predecessors in local dominion (the Indians), except one branch of the Beaubiens, but there are other names, among our best society, where a strain of that historic race exists.

NOTE.—The killing (in self-defense) of John Lalime by John Kinzie has already been mentioned. Since the writing of that part of our story, a discovery has been made which connects 1812 with to-day in an interesting way. On April 26th, 1891, some human bones and the bottom of a pine coffin, all far advanced in decay, were unearthed at a point near the southwest corner of Cass and Illinois streets (the old Saint James Church lot), which point is either identical with or wonderfully near to the grave of Lalime, as described in the following letter written by Mr. Hubbard:

Chicago, June 25th, 1881. Hon. John Wentworth . . . Mrs. Kinzie says that her husband and La Lime . . . had had frequent altercations; that at the time of the encounter Mr. Kinzie had crossed the river alone, in a canoe, going to the fort, and that La Lime met him outside the garrison and shot him, the ball cutting the outside of his neck. Mr. Kinzie, closing with La Lime, stabbed him and retreated to the house, covered with blood. . . . She, in haste, took bandages and with him retreated to the woods, where she dressed his wounds, returning just in time to meet an officer, with a squad, to seize her husband. . . . For some days he was hid in the bush and cared for by his wife.

La Lime was an educated man and quite a favorite with the officers, who were greatly excited. They decided he should be buried near the bank of the river, about the present terminus of Rush street and within 200 yards of Mr. Kinzie's house, in plain view of his front door and piazza. The grave was enclosed by a picket-fence, which Mr. Kinzie, in his life-time, kept in perfect order. . . . After a full investigation by the officers, whose friend the deceased was, they acquitted Mr. Kinzie, who then returned to his family. . . . Mr. Kinzie never, in my hearing, alluded to or spoke of it. Knowing his aversion to converse on the subject, I never spoke to him about it. . . . Yours, G. S. Hubbard.—(Fergus' Hist. Series, No. 16.)

On July 21st, 1891, the writer presented these relics to the Chicago Historical Society, with reasons for thinking them authentic. Doctors Hosmer and Freer pronounced them the bones of a white male, of mature age, slim in build, five feet four inches high; also judged them to have been interred a long time, probably the 79 years called for. Judge Blodgett, John C. Haines, Fernando Jones and others testified as to the position of the ancient grave, and Mr. Jones said that Robert Kinzie had expressed to him (many years ago) his gladness that his brother John had caused "the little Frenchman" to be placed in St. James church-yard. Old St. James parishioners agree that no burials were known to have been made in the church-yard where these bones were found. The fact of the body's being confined shows that this was not a hasty, secret burial. Sure it is, that Lalime was buried within a stone's throw of where these bones were found, and at a time just about as distant in the past as the day when they must have been buried, and that no other remains which might have been Lalime's were ever unearthed.



Remains unearthed April 26th and presented to the Historical Society, July 21, 1891.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE VANISHING RACE.



GOOD-BYE Indians! No longer can the prairies be left in possession of men who will not cultivate them. The law of supply and demand has migrated to the western frontier, supplanting monopolies both savage and civilized. A few nomads, without the thrift which would provide for each an extra axe or blanket, a habitation fit to keep out the weather, a plow and a beast to pull one, still less a winter's supply of food and fuel, have held, hitherto, thirty thousand square miles — twenty million acres — of fertile land, worth a hundred million dollars to a coming host of farmers. Fate has decreed that the Government shall pay the savages certain annuities — goods, tools, schooling and money which, properly used, would give to each of them axes, plows, blankets, houses, horses, food and education for all time to come — and that thereupon the eager farmers shall go to plowing the land; turning it up to the sun for the first time since the sun has shone on it, and the wild wanderers have tramped over it.

The savage tenure of the land was like that grip ascribed to the poisonous centipede, said to be hardly felt while he crawls along your skin unmolested, but suddenly deep, tenacious, bloody and fatal when you try to shake him off.

Black Hawk was a half-breed, a subordinate chief of the Sauks and Foxes, under Keokuk, head chief. The treaty of St. Louis (1804) which conveyed to the United States all their lands in Illinois, Black Hawk repudiated, saying that but four chiefs of the tribe had signed it, and they only when drunk. July 15, 1830, Keokuk made another treaty conveying all their lands east of the Mississippi, in both Illinois and Wisconsin, Black Hawk being no party to the trade. The Indians were bound to vacate their villages and cross the river in 1831, and Keokuk, with all whom he could influence, kept the bargain. Not so Black Hawk; he determined to maintain, by force, his hold on his old Rock River home.

This had been their home since the time of the advent of Joliet and LaSalle, and here were the graves of their ancestors — the few of them

Treaties with  
the Sauks  
and Foxes.

who may be supposed to have died at home between their terrible raids on their neighbors.

The veteran doubtless thought, though he did not say :

“How can man die better  
Than facing fearful odds  
For the ashes of his fathers  
And the altars of his gods ?”

While Black Hawk and his tribe were away on their annual hunt, white speculators seized their village — all their wigwams and their corn land. Even yet the old chief by his acts keeps his hold on our sympathies. His people agreed to allow the intruders to cultivate half the 700-acre field while “the squaws” should cultivate the remainder; an arrangement which necessarily led to speedy hostilities.

John Reynolds was then Governor of Illinois, the capital town being Kaskaskia. On the petition of eight of the squatters he called out the militia to maintain the “rights” of the



BLACK HAWK.

whites at Black Hawk village, and wrote to General Clark\* (superintendent of Indian affairs) at St. Louis for aid in removing the Indians.

The Illinois militia contingent was raised to 1,600 and assembled at Beardstown, and General Gaines, with them and what United States Regulars he could muster, marched to the place and took possession of the wigwams and cornfield; the Indians, helpless and hopeless, having

\* Brother of our old hero, George Rogers Clark.

abandoned all and retired across the Mississippi. Moved with compassion for the wretched fugitives encamped on the other bank of the river under a white flag, Governor Reynolds and General Gaines sent them food enough to keep them alive, and on June 30, 1831, Black Hawk signed a new treaty confirming the provisions of the former one.

The Black  
Hawk War.

Next followed an instance of the perversity by which the Indian always puts himself in the wrong. A band of Black Hawk's men went up to Prairie du Chien, surprised and attacked a camp of Menominees and Sioux and killed twenty-eight of their unsuspecting fellow-savages! Of course demand was made on Black Hawk to deliver up the killers, and, also of course, Black Hawk failed to do so.

During the winter of 1831-2 a grand scheme was matured by Black Hawk and his emissaries (especially his evil genius, White Cloud "the Prophet"), by which Ottawas, Chippewas, Pottawatomies and Winnebagoes were to join the Sauks in recovering their ancient possessions. One may laugh—or cry, as his humor is—at the pitiful array which marched out for the "Black Hawk War."

Under this fatal illusion he assembled his people in March, 1832, on the west bank of the Mississippi. . . . now the site of the flourishing city of Madison, Iowa. Here were assembled 368 braves, mounted on tough, muscular ponies, not unlike their masters, capable of great endurance, with slender means of subsistence; squaws, jaded down with unceasing toil, and their quota of half-clad children, shivering in the humid blasts of early spring, bent on a trip to their old home east of the Mississippi, probably not without some faint hopes of repossessing it. . . . The men leaped on the backs of their ponies and whipped the patient beasts up the west bank of the river, while the squaws manned the canoes and tugged up the stream with their materials of war, consisting of a few kettles, blankets, etc.



SHAUBENA.

The little squad crossed the Mississippi, and as they passed Dixon's ferry station Black Hawk told Mr. Dixon that he would not go back, nor would he fight unless attacked. Then he went on, doing no harm to the trembling settlers. The troops came up with him when he was engaged in a dog-feast pow-wow with Winnebagoes and other chiefs; including "Shaubena" (alias "Shabbonay," "Chambly" and sundry other allied names), of the Chicago region, of whom we shall hear more.\*

It would be useless to follow the particulars of the so-called Black Hawk War. Abraham Lincoln's captivity in it has drawn attention to it, and the story may be found told in many shapes by many pens. Chi-

\* This old chief had been an aid to Tecumseh at the battle of Tippecanoe, but from 1813 forward a constant friend of the whites. He now flatly refused to cast his lot with Black Hawk.





This sheet of "memorial portraits," and the others facing pages 105, 112, 113, 120, 121, 128, 129, 136 and 137, are fac similes of those exhibited at the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition of 1876, by C. D. Mosher, photographer; now obtained from Alfred Brisbois, successor, 125 State Street, Chicago.



Chicago served as a harbor of refuge. At Plainfield, on the Dupage, lived the Rev. S. R. Beggs, who has written a book giving his experiences. His house was fortified and the residents and fugitives assembled there. A rescuing party, under Col. Hamilton, started out from Chicago (forty miles) and convoyed them in. Mr. Beggs adds:

There was no extra room for us when we arrived in Chicago. Two or three families of our number were put into a room fifteen feet square, with as many more families, and here we stayed crowding and jamming each other for several days . . . The next morning our first babe was born, and during our stay fifteen tender infants were added to our number. One may imagine the confusion of the scene—children crying and women complaining within doors, while without the tramp of soldiery, the rolling of drums and the roar of cannon added to the din.\*

Only a handful of Black Hawk's band survived the "war." (A few who escaped across the upper Mississippi were met and killed by their old foes, the Sioux.) Black Hawk himself was delivered up as prisoner of war and in 1833 was sent to Washington. At the East he was received with flattering attentions, especially from ladies, to which he (wily savage!) responded with "Pretty squaw! Pretty squaw!" He was released and returned to his people, and in 1838 he died at his home on the Des Moines River (Iowaville), where his remains lie; buried in a sitting posture, after the manner of his tribe. Mr. Blanchard calls him "The last native defender of the soil of the North West."

It was 1833, and 5,000 or more Indians were assembled at Chicago, around the fort, the village, the rivers and the portage, to treat for the sale of their entire remaining possessions in Illinois and Wisconsin. The commissioners on the part of the Government were George B. Porter, Thomas J. V. Owen and William Weatherford, and the Indians present were the tribes of the Chippewas, Ottawas and Pottawatomies, with chiefs and warriors, squaws and papposes, ponies and dogs. All who chose could come, and we may be sure that few and regretful were the stay-at-homes; for a treaty meant a feast, and a feast, soon or late, became an orgie.

The last Chicago Indian Treaty.

Mr. Hurlbut quotes largely from Charles Joseph Latrobe's "Rambles in North America," and from his selection we will condense the following realistic sketch:

A mushroom town on the verge of a level country, crowded to its utmost capacity and beyond. A surrounding cloud of Indians encamped on the prairie, beneath the shelter of the woods, on the river-side or by the low sand hills along the lake. Companies of old warriors under every bush, smoking, arguing, palavering, pow-wow-ing, with no apparent prospect of agreement.

\* It seems possible that the Reverend gentleman, upon strict cross-examination, might have abated a few of the fifteen babies and somewhat of the roar of the artillery. Seeing that the whole number of fugitives, old and young, from Plainfield was 125, the sudden arrival of fifteen little strangers would indicate a remarkable unanimity—not to say a conspiracy—among parents; and considering that there was no enemy within 100 miles, the indicated cannonade is, to say the least, excessive.

Within the palisades of the little fort lived the main part of the enlightenment of the place, in the small group of officers attached to the slender garrison. On the north side of the river some temporary plank huts gave shelter to the Commissioners and their attendants. Next in rank were certain storekeepers and merchants, looking for profits incidental to such extraordinary occasions as this.

You will find horse-dealers and horse-stealers, rogues of every description, white, black, brown and red; half-breeds, quarter-breeds and no breed at all; dealers in pigs, poultry and potatoes; men pursuing Indian claims, some for tracts of land, others for pigs which the wolves had doubtless eaten, but which, no matter, the Indians might be made to pay for . . . sharpers of every degree, peddlers, grog-sellers, Indian agents and Indian traders, and contractors to supply the Indians with food. The little village was in an uproar from morning to night and from night to morning; for during the hours of darkness . . . the Indians howled, sang, wept, yelled and whooped in their various encampments . . . One chaos of mud, rubbish and confusion. Frame and clapboard houses were springing up daily under the active axes and hammers of the speculators. . . . Races frequently occurred on a piece of level sward without the village. . . . "Stimulating," betting and gambling were the order of the day . . . I loved to stroll out, toward sunset, across the river [North Branch], and gaze upon the level horizon over the surface of the prairie. Not far from the river lay many groups of tents constructed of coarse canvas, blankets and mats, and surmounted by poles supporting meat, moccasins and rags. Their vicinity was always enlivened by various painted Indian figures dressed in the most gaudy attire.

How Chicago  
looked to a  
stranger.



INDIAN GIRL.

“Stimulating,” betting and gambling were the order of the day . . . I loved to stroll out, toward sunset, across the river [North Branch], and gaze upon the level horizon over the surface of the prairie. Not far from the river lay many groups of tents constructed of coarse canvas, blankets and mats, and surmounted by poles supporting meat, moccasins and rags. Their vicinity was always enlivened by various painted Indian figures dressed in the most gaudy attire.

Randolph, Lake and Water streets and their crossings, from State to Market, must have been a very pandemonium in our view, but to the Indians a very paradise; for here, without labor or self-denial, they could freely enjoy the food and drink which it usually takes labor and self-denial

to provide. Why should they hurry? This might go on forever, for aught they cared. To the opening speech of Commissioner Porter, which stated that their great father in Washington had heard that they wished to sell their land, they promptly replied that their great father “must have seen a bad bird which told him a lie; for that far from wishing to sell their land, they wished to keep it.” And when further pressed they looked at the sky, saw a few wandering clouds, and straightway adjourned *sine die*; as the weather was not clear enough for so solemn a council.

In vain the signal gun from the fort gave notice of an assemblage of chiefs. After weeks of delay, a council fire was at last lighted in an open shed on the north bank of the river.

The relative positions of the commissioners and other whites before the council fire and that of the Red Children of the Forest and Prairie were to me strikingly impressive. The glorious light of the setting sun, streaming in under the low roof of the council house, fell full on the faces of the

former as they faced the west, while the pale light of the east hardly lighted up the dark and painted lineaments of the poor Indians whose souls evidently clove to their birthright in that quarter. . . . The business of arranging the terms of an Indian treaty, whatever it might have been 200 years ago, while the Indians had not, as now, thrown aside the vigorous intellectual character which distinguished many among them, now lies chiefly between the various agents, traders, creditors and half-breeds, on whom custom and necessity have made the degraded chiefs dependent, and the Government agents. When the former have seen matters so far arranged that their self-interest and various schemes and claims are likely to be fulfilled and allowed, the silent acquiescence of the Indian follows as a matter of course.

Following out the suggestion contained in the final words above quoted, and looking up the treaty itself as recorded in the "Book of Indian Treaties," one comes upon some curious facts. The chief opening for questionable practices seems to have lain in the "reservation" of funds, not demanded or received by the Indians, but allotted to everyone who could get his claim allowed by the Commissioners. \$100,000 was to go from the Government "to satisfy sundry individuals in behalf of whom reservations [of land] were asked, which the Commissioners refused to grant," according to "Schedule A." Next \$150,000 to satisfy claims made against the said United Nation [Indians] which they have admitted to be justly due, according to "Schedule B."

Now, turning to the details of the treaty, we find under the two Schedules some 500 or more names of persons to receive from \$100 to \$17,000 apiece. Searching through the long list we come to several old friends. Beside persons of Indian blood, like the Ouillemettes, Beaubiens, Chief Robinson, Billy Caldwell, Indian children of John K. Clark, etc., we find "Margaret Hall" and her children and grandchildren, designated by names which identify this as the line of the elder of the "captive girls" so often named, including William and James (Kinzie) and David (Hall), her sons, remembered to the amount of \$5,000. Again James Kinzie, by himself, \$5,000 and \$300. Also, John H., Ellen M. (Wolcott), Maria (Hunter) and Robert A. Kinzie, \$5,000 each, and Margaret Helm, \$2,000. Indeed, everybody near by, except the Clybourns, seems to have got a slice. Mr. Hurlbut says:

One gentleman . . . was present at the treaty and was familiar with the whole proceedings whose ideas of the business scarcely accorded with those who would commend the actions of our Government officials on that occasion. . . . "It is all clear upon my mind [he says], and I presume I know it better than any other man that can be found at this date. . . . You or hardly any other man can imagine what was done, or how ridiculous the whole thing was carried on or closed up. It should have been conducted upon principles of truth and justice, but the whole thing was a farce, acted by those in office in our Government."<sup>\*</sup>

At first blush, the allotments of money to the Kinzie claimants seem to bear out the slurs of Mr. Hurlbut's anonymous correspondent; but further examination brings more light. We have seen how, on August 15th, 1812, all the savings of John Kinzie's long life of toil,

<sup>\*</sup>The Senate, in ratifying the treaty, directed that the claims should be examined by a commissioner and only such amounts be paid as should be found justly due. (This may have been the expectation when the claims were inserted.)

White men's  
interest in  
the Treaty.

danger and privation were taken from him by violence, and how he then went from comparative riches to absolute poverty, from which he never emerged. The old homestead, sanctified by the memory of long and boundless hospitality to all comers, white or red, fell into disrepair, squalor and neglect, and the fine family, those who survived of it, sought refuge with a humble fellow-townsmen (Beaubien), who entertained them as best he could, thus following the example of beneficence set to us all by our first pioneer, his guest, John Kinzie (Shaw-nee-au-kee).

The loss so suffered was surely not less than \$30,000, and now for twenty years it had been borne in helpless silence. Meanwhile the respect and affection entertained for "Shaw-nee-au-kee" by the Indians had been of immense value to the Government and citizens of the Union; not merely in their daily intercourse, but in the negotiation of two great treaties, yielding incalculable benefit to us and our kind forever.

Both parties to this latest treaty were in a measure bound to make good the Kinzies' loss; the Government, because it had failed to give its citizen the protection against alien enemies which he had a right to claim; the Indians, because they were the aliens who destroyed the property. On the whole, one is disposed to wish that the sums named may have been paid, together with such of the other "reservations" as were equally well founded.

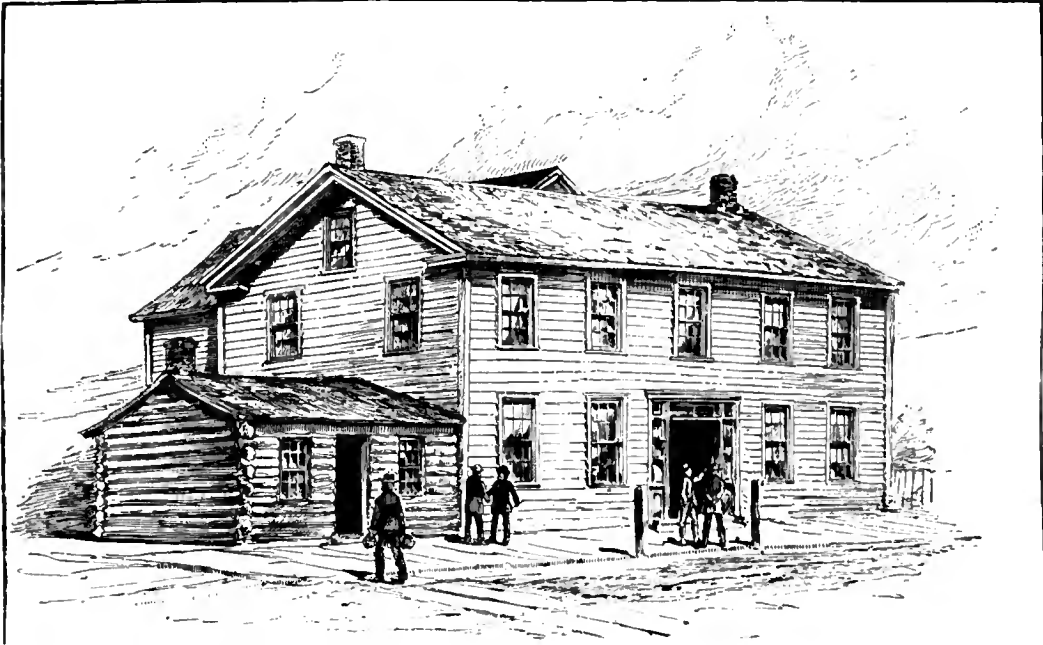
Apropos to all this; one observes that old Shaubena (called "Shabonee" by Hurlbut), who had been the constant and invaluable friend of the white man all the latter part of his life, whose name appears as a signer to the main treaty and to each supplementary article, has no place in the "reserved" lists. True, we find a separate clause aimed toward giving him two sections of land; but that clause was stricken out by the Senate at the confirmation of the treaty. White friends "chipped in," bought him a few acres near Morris, and built him a house. There he died in 1859. Probably if more had been given him he would have died sooner, for—he was an Indian, and his own worst enemy.

The last of old  
Shaubena.

The money paid and the goods delivered, the Indians shook the dust off their feet and departed; the dust-shaking being literal, for once, as they joined, just before starting, in a final "war-dance." For this strange scene we fortunately have as witness ex-Chief Justice Caton, previously quoted herein. He estimates the dancers at 800, that being all the braves that could be mustered out of the 5,000 members then present of the departing tribes. The date was August 18, 1853. He says:

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. . . . They assembled at the Council House [northeast corner of Rush and Kinzie streets]. All were naked except a strip of cloth around the loins. Their bodies were covered 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. The long, coarse black hair was gathered into scalp locks on the tops of their heads and decorated with a profusion of hawks' and eagles' 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 a discordant din of hideous noises, produced by beating on hollow vessels and striking sticks and clubs together. They advanced with a continued dance. Their actual progress was quite slow. They proceeded up along the river on the North Side,



THE SAUGANASH HOTEL.

stopping in front of every house to perform some extra antics. They crossed the North Branch on the old bridge, about Kinzie street, and proceeded south to the bridge which stood where Lake street bridge is now, nearly in front and in full view from the Sauganash Hotel [Wigwam lot, Lake and Market streets]. 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 had, and these were filled with ladies.

The young lawyer, afterward Chief Justice, had come to the West in 1833, and less than a year before this had gone back to Oneida County, New York, and there married Miss Laura Sherrill; and they are probably the oldest Chicago couple now living. They were among the lookers on from those upper windows; a crowd all interested, many agitated and some really frightened at the thought of the passions and memories that must be inflaming those savage breasts and that were making them the very picture of demoniac fury.

Although the din and clatter had been heard for some time, they did not come into view, from this point of observation, till they had proceeded so far west [on the North Side] as to come on a line

with the house . . . All the way to the South Branch bridge . . . came the wild band, which was in front as they came upon the bridge, redoubling their blows, 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. Their countenances had assumed an expression of all the worst passions . . . fierce anger, terrible hate, dire revenge, remorseless cruelty — all were expressed in their terrible features . . . Their tomahawks and clubs were thrown and brandished in every direction; . . . and with every step and every gesture they uttered the most frightful yells. . . . The dance consisted of leaps and spasmodic steps, now forward and now back or sidewise, the whole body distorted into every imaginable position; most generally stooping forward with the head and face thrown up, the back arched

The Farewell  
War Dance  
in 1835.



INDIAN WAR DANCE.

down, first one foot thrown far forward and withdrawn and the other similarly thrust out, frequently squatting quite to the ground, and all with a movement almost as quick as lightning. . . . 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. . . .

When the head of the column reached the hotel, while they looked up at the windows at the "chemokoman squaws," . . . it seemed as if we had a picture of hell itself before us and a carnival of the damned spirits there confined. . . . They paused in their progress, for extra exploits, in front of Dr. John T. Temple's house, near the northwest corner of Lake and Franklin streets . . . and then again in front of the Tremont, on the northwest corner of Lake and Dearborn sts., where the appearance of ladies in the windows again inspired them with new life and energy. Thence they proceeded down to Fort Dearborn . . . 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.

The Indians were conveyed to the lands selected for them (and accepted by a deputation sent by them in advance of the treaty) in Clay County, Missouri, opposite Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. The Missourians were hostile to their new, strange neighbors, and two years later they were again moved; this time to a reservation in Iowa, near



Council Bluffs. Once more the fate of the poor waif, "move on, move on," was theirs, and then they halted in Kansas for many years.

At the present time (1891) it is hard to trace the Indians who departed hence fifty-six years ago. They are lost tribes. The report for 1890 of the Commissioner of Indian affairs gives Pottawatomies of various descriptions scattered in many places. The same is true of the Ottawas and Chippewas.

The larger part of the Pottawatomies (known of old as the "Woods Band" in contradistinction to the "Prairie Band") have renounced tribal relations and are known as the "Citizen Band." They number scarcely two thousand souls and occupy a thirty-mile square—575,000 acres—in Oklahoma.

The Commissioner's report says but little about them, giving more attention to the "Prairie Band," since they are still a tribe and so "wards of the nation." They number only 462, and hold in common 77,357 acres in Kansas, where they are doing fairly, but are pestered with the dregs of the "Citizen Band" who fall back on the tribe like the returned prodigal—only unrepentant, and still fit company only for the husk-eating swine.

Present state  
of the same  
Tribes

Of the "Citizen Band" Special Agent Porter says:

The Pottawatomies are citizens of the United States, thoroughly tintured with white blood. Nearly all of them speak English and read and write. Some of them are quite wealthy, being good farmers, with large herds of stock. Their morals are below the standard, considering their advanced state as a civilized people.

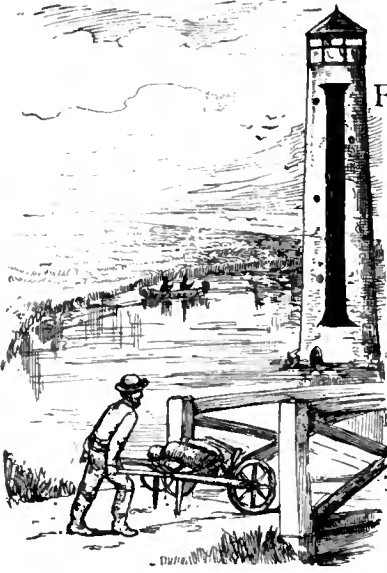
So, once more, "Good-bye, Indians." It was said of old "The first Chicago white man was black;" and it may almost as truly be said "The last Chicago red man is white," seeing that they are behaving themselves so much like their neighbors.



INDIANS ON THE MOVE.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### VERY HARD WORK.



Beginning of  
the Illinois  
and Michi-  
gan Canal.

THE decade from 1820 to 1830 was a dull and moveless one, the next was humming with coming things. Some of the most important and far-reaching occurrences of our history date back to the fourth decade. The canal now took shape, for in 1827 Daniel P. Cook, Illinois' representative in Congress, had obtained the passage of the bill granting alternate sections of land for six miles on each side of the line to aid in its building.\*

It was long years after the canal was "begun," in the sense of preliminary arrangement, before it assumed physical form. To use the Western phrase, the "wind-work" had to be done before the earth-work could begin. It was a struggle to get the land-donation bill through Congress; another to decide on the plan, size and location; another to get money for the work. The last was only accomplished after, by another struggle, the State had been induced to guarantee the bonds. The first earth-work was the building of "Archer's Road" (now Archer avenue) from Chicago to Lockport—an outlay (\$40,000) which was a great aid to the canal, but which was opposed as a "job" because Colonel Archer, canal commissioner, had property at Lockport.

At last, on July 4, 1836, there was a grand celebration of inauguration. A gay crowd, composed of citizens and invited guests, assembled in Court House square, the signal being given by three guns fired from the fort. The officers of the day were J. B. F. Russell, marshal; and as aides, E. D. Taylor, Robert Kinzie, G. W. Snow, J. S. C. Hogan, H. Hubbard and W. Kimball. At 11 A. M. the steamer Chicago started from Dearborn street, loaded with excursionists, and followed by the schooners Sea Serpent and Llewellyn and other craft, all towed by horses.

\* For this service we owe him much thanks, and our chief acknowledgment thus far is the naming our county after him when it was organized in 1831. Senators Thomas, Edwards and Kane were also efficient in forwarding the great measure, and the two latter were honored by giving their names to Edwards and Kane counties.



J. Eastman

Col. Robt 1831

Mrs. Grant 1850

B. Curwin 1835

G. Campbell

C. A. Crosby 1853

D. Kaminion

W. Raymond 1837

J. H. Reed

J. C. Reed

W. R. Cleveland 1850

J. Curtis

J. Jolley 1838

W. A. Baldwin

H. H. Howells 1847

J. Hastings 1874

Woodruff

J. Woodhams 1836

J. L. Boony 1830

E. Sullivan 1837

S. B. Walker 1841

J. Wilson 1836

J. O'Connor 1840

S. J. Ingers

L. A. Smith

M. A. Semak 1833

A. Dickinson 1839

M. S. Ogden

E. Davy 1836

W. Osbourn 1834

P. W. Goby 1842

A. Merrill

R. Green 1837

R. Green 1836

D. V. Inman

J. Gray 1837

C. Tollens 1832

J. K. Armstrong 1847

G. H. Bedden 1840

J. H. Bedden 1840

J. W. Johnson 1839

A. E. Cushman 1849



The land procession moved on foot, on horseback and in carriages, and all assembled at the "New House" at Canal-Port (Bridgeport).

In the good old fashion, the exercises were opened by the reading of the Declaration of Independence. This was done by Judge Smith. Next came an eloquent address by Dr. William B. Egan, our early wit and humorist, still regretted by a thousand old friends and admirers. Gurdon Hubbard followed, recalling and describing to his hearers the condition of the place when, eighteen years before, he had ascended the lonely Portage Creek in a canoe. Then the crowd adjourned to the canal site where Colonel Archer "turned the first shovelful of earth."

Does any reader suppose that all was now plain sailing? Far from it. The pinch was yet to come—in fact, several pinches. The incredibly foolish "Internal Improvement Act," of 1837, was passed—Abraham Lincoln, member of the legislature, one of its warmest supporters—and wild inflation followed. By 1839 a million and a quarter had been laid out and the commissioners were at their wits' end to find means to proceed. The scheme was adopted for issuing "Canal Scrip," in denominations running from \$1 to \$100, and some \$400,000 of it were given out in all when, about 1842, Illinois failed to pay the interest on her debt; money was gone, credit was gone, and work was suspended. More than four and a half millions had been spent, and nothing finished.



HON. D. P. COOK.

Pausing only long enough to catch its breath, enterprise began again. Arthur Bronson, of New York, and William B. Ogden, Justin Butterfield and Isaac N. Arnold, of Chicago, were a self-constituted council of war to carry on the fight. A well known scrap of soldier-wisdom is that toward the end of every well contested battle there comes a pause, a crisis, wherein he who takes the initiative wins the day. So it was here. To quote Mr. Blanchard (p. 449): "Work was now resumed on the canal, and under the able and honest administration of these trustees [Capt. Wm. H. Swift, U. S. A.; David Leavitt, of the Am. Ex. Bank, N. Y., and Jacob Fry, of Illinois] it was finished April 19, 1848, and on May 1, 1871, the last dollar of the canal debt was paid, and the canal itself, with its unsold lands, and nearly \$100,000 surplus in the treasury, was given up to the State."

Persistence  
under dif-  
ficulties.

Original Town  
surveyed.

One of the "alternate Sections" granted by the Act of Congress of 1827 chanced to be Section 9, Town 39 North, in Range 13 East of the 3d Principal Meridian, and that was the tract embracing the very centre of the coming metropolis, for its boundaries are Chicago avenue on the north, State street on the east, Madison street on the south and Halsted street on the west.

On this square mile the Canal Commissioners—Dr. Jayne, of Springfield; Edmund Roberts, of Kaskaskia, and Charles Dunn—proceeded, in 1830, to lay out the town; James Thompson, a St. Louis surveyor, being employed to do the platting and measurements. Of course the commissioners did not include the whole Section—a square mile must have seemed too absurdly large for Chicago.



DR. WM. B. EGAN.

They established and named, as the North and-South streets, State, Dearborn, Clark, LaSalle, Wells, Franklin, Market, Canal, Clinton, Jefferson and Desplaines; as East-and-West streets they made Kinzie, Carroll, Water, Lake, Randolph, Washington and Madison. This makes about three-eighths of a square mile; say two hundred and forty acres. One would like to have

been an unseen observer of the conclave which named these streets. Being State officers, they naturally fixed first on State for a name. At the same time they were good enough to honor the pioneer, Dr. Alexander Wolcott, by giving his name to the continuation of State street, north of the river.

The locality (being one wherein the Fort was by far the most important factor) almost compelled the choice of Dearborn for the next. Then some one—very likely Mr. Edmunds, of Kaskaskia—insisted on the honored patronymic of the early hero, George Rogers Clark, the captor (1778) of Kaskaskia, and thus savior of the whole Northwest. Two other Chicago worthies followed, La Salle (1682) and Wells (1812), after which (the supply of local heroes seeming to fail) they fell back on National dignitaries. Franklin, Clinton and Jefferson came in for their share, interspersed with Market, Water and Canal for especial local reasons.

For the lateral streets, similar principles prevailed. Kinzie came in for local distinction, Water and Lake for physical reasons, and Carroll, Randolph, Washington and Madison for national considerations.\*

Many lots were sold at auction the same year (1830) and brought from ten to two hundred dollars each.

Directly south of section nine, in every township, lies section sixteen.† By the munificence of the general government, its noble generosity and far-seeing shrewdness, it has given, at one stroke, one-thirty-sixth of all its domains to the cause of education, by dedicating the section numbered sixteen in every township to the public (free) schools of that township. This was begun in 1802, when Ohio (first of the States carved out of Virginia's concession) was admitted to the Union, and has been followed up by further legislation.



*W. B. Ogden*

\*Attention is invited to the carefully prepared folding map, bound up with this volume; which gives first the meandering line which was the wild, lonely, bird-haunted lake shore in the forgotten ages when Michigan flowed southward, as described in Chapter I. Besides this, the map gives the succeeding lines of city limits, with the date of each enlargement down to the last—hitherto.

		<b>NORTH</b>							
		0	5	4	3	2	1		
		7	8	9	10	11	12		
<b>WEST</b>		18	17	16	15	14	13	<b>EAST</b>	
		19	20	21	22	23	24		
		30	29	28	27	26	25		
		31	32	33	34	35	36		
		<b>SOUTH</b>							

PLAT OF ANY TOWNSHIP.

†It is well worth while to learn the admirable system pursued in the United States government surveys; whereby every acre of the broad domain is separately traceable; being fixed and named (or possible to be named) distinct from every other acre. First, the township (six miles square) is designated by a certain number, in a certain range, east (or west) of a certain meridian; next, each section (a mile square) is designated by number in that township. Thereafter the parts of the section are identified by the points of the compass. To illustrate: The "Canal Section" above-mentioned is (and forever will be) "Section 9, Township 39, North, in Range 14, West of the 3d Principal Meridian;" and the portion platted (so far as it lies east of Market street) is the southeast quarter of that section.

An understanding of this system should be given in every school in the land. It is simple, yet too vast to be more than indicated here. A plat giving the location and numbering of the sections in each township is here presented. Every township and every section (except where interfered with by lakes, or by the "narrowing" of the earth as it approaches the pole) is like every other.

The system was devised in 1802, by Col. Mansfield, then surveyor of the North-Western Territory. His name deserves to be known, for his services to us all are inestimable.

Reference to the plat of any township will show the relative places of Sections 9 and 16. The latter in Town 39, 13, 3, is bounded by Madison, State, Twelfth and Halsted streets. Thus it will be seen that in our favored spot the two most valuable square miles of land were a free gift from our country for public uses, the first for the Illinois and Michigan canal, our primal source of material prosperity; the second for our free school system, the perennial spring of moral progress.

The sale of the school section was the greatest administrative blunder—or crime—in our annals. The tract (640 acres) was divided into 142 blocks—perhaps 5,000 lots—among the most valuable both for wharfing and building purposes in the present city. Suppose these to have been leased instead of sold (say upon fifty-year leases, in order that lessees should have proper inducement to build upon them), they would now constitute an educational “foundation” beside which Oxford, Edinburgh and Cambridge, Harvard, Yale, Cornell and Columbia, all shrink to insignificance. At a rough guess the sum may be placed at \$100,000,000.

In view of such a terrible sacrifice of public interest to private gain, it seems as if it might even to-day be good policy to enact that no “school-land” in the country should ever be alienated in perpetuity; that fifty years’ leasehold should be the limit, forever.

Sale of the  
School  
Section.



RICHARD J. HAMILTON.

The Town Commissioners must have been the layers-out of the Section (the original plat was burned in 1871), but they seem only to have named the streets as occasion might require; for in the first record of town council proceedings in the first Chicago newspaper (John Calhoun’s “Chicago Democrat”), among the orders passed was one giving the names Madison, Monroe, Adams and Jackson to the four streets next south of Washington.

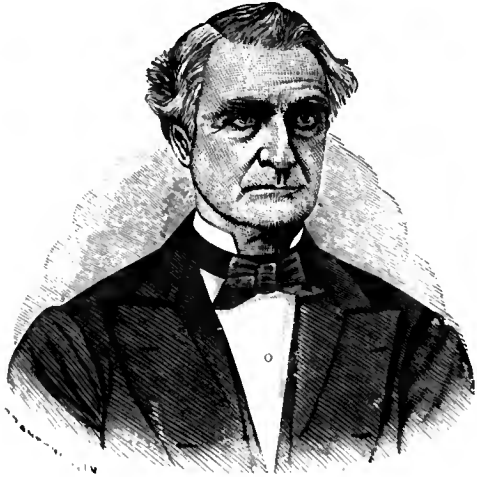
The best history of the earliest days of Chicago schools is contained in a pamphlet, written in 1851 by W. H. Wells, which was embodied by Shepherd Johnston (clerk of the Board of Education), in a larger book published in 1881.



This again is the basis of a very full and complete treatment of the subject by Captain Andreas in his excellent work of 1884.

Mr. Wells gives the text of a petition (not dated) praying the commissioner of school lands, Richard J. Hamilton (ar. 1831), to sell the school section. The petition bore 95 names, "embracing most of the principal citizens of the town." But Mr. Hurlbut hints that if only genuine signatures and citizenship be taken into account they would fall far below that number.

Not all Chicagoans were in favor of this disposition of the school section. The most noted, persistent and determined opponent was that good man and good citizen, Philo Carpenter (ar. 1832). He used all his powers of persuasion, first, that the sale be deferred; next, that only alternate blocks be sold. All in vain; 138 blocks were sold for \$38,619.47, and four only retained. The four retained are: block 1 (Madison, Halsted, Monroe and Union streets); blocks 87 and 88 (Harrison street, Fifth avenue, Polk street and the river), and block 142 (Madison, State, Monroe and Dearborn streets); the last named alone worth two hundred times the entire purchase price of the 138 blocks that were sold. (At the same time it is worthy of note that a contemporary of "Deacon Carpenter," still living, says, "Oh, yes; the Deacon had an addition of his own just west of the School Section, which he wanted a chance to sell first!")



Well, the land speculators triumphed and got possession of their prey, but in most cases a very few years saw the end of their rejoicing, for the panic of 1837 pricked the bubble and universal bankruptcy, as usual, followed upon universal inflation.

The wish to present the topographical start of the city, as exemplified by the laying out and naming of its first streets, an operation which moulded its outward aspect forever, has led us ahead of the chronological course of events.

Notice has already been taken of the establishment of a ferry by Clybourn & Miller.\*

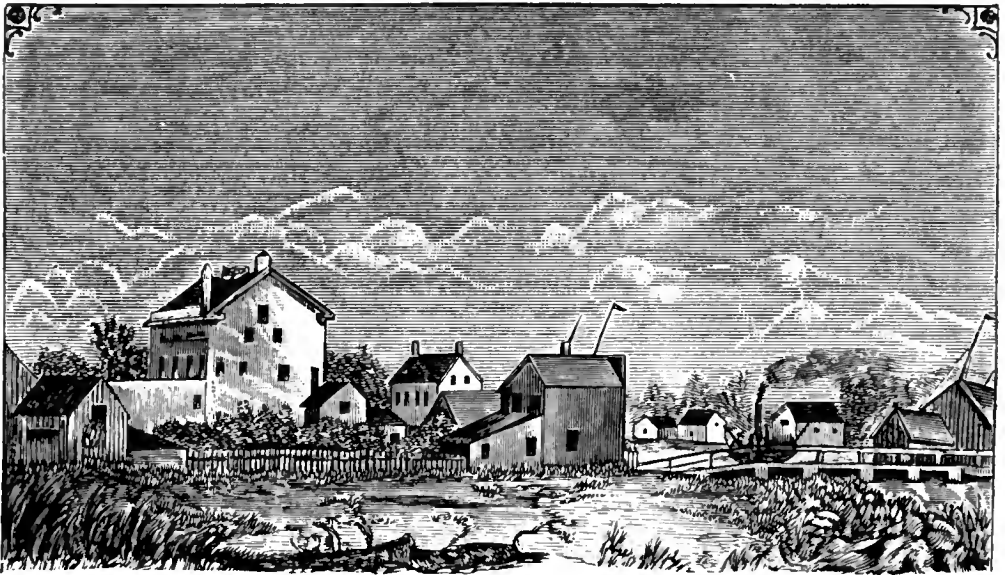
\* The ferriage fees were as follows :

Foot passengers,  $6\frac{1}{4}$  cents; man and horse,  $12\frac{1}{2}$  cents; one-horse wagon, 25 cents; two-horse or ox wagon,  $37\frac{1}{2}$  cents; mules and neat cattle, 10 cents; hog, sheep or goat, 3 cents; each 100 weight of goods, wares, and merchandize and each bushel of grain or other article sold by the bushel,  $6\frac{1}{4}$  cents.

Ferriage.

The charges were liberal, but as citizens of Cook County were exempt, and as strangers were few and far between, the business languished, and by 1831 everybody had to paddle his own canoe. Then Mark Beaubien bought a scow from Miller for \$65, and went to ferrying; but we may imagine that he, too, grew tired of working gratis for his neighbors and needed spurring up, for the County Commissioners passed an order that he should ferry citizens of Cook County over "from daylight to dark without stopping."

The year 1831 saw a startling innovation. A bridge was built over the South Branch, between Lake and Randolph streets. What is still more striking is the way it was paid for: \$286.20 by white citizens, and \$200 by the Pottawatomies. This little bit of intelligence puts our red brethren in a better light than any other circumstance we have yet



UNITED STATES HOTEL (WEST SIDE) AND SOUTH BRANCH BRIDGE, 1839.

met. Hurlbut says this bridge stood till 1840. A picture of the United States Hotel (West Side), taken in 1839 and here reproduced, shows this old bridge.

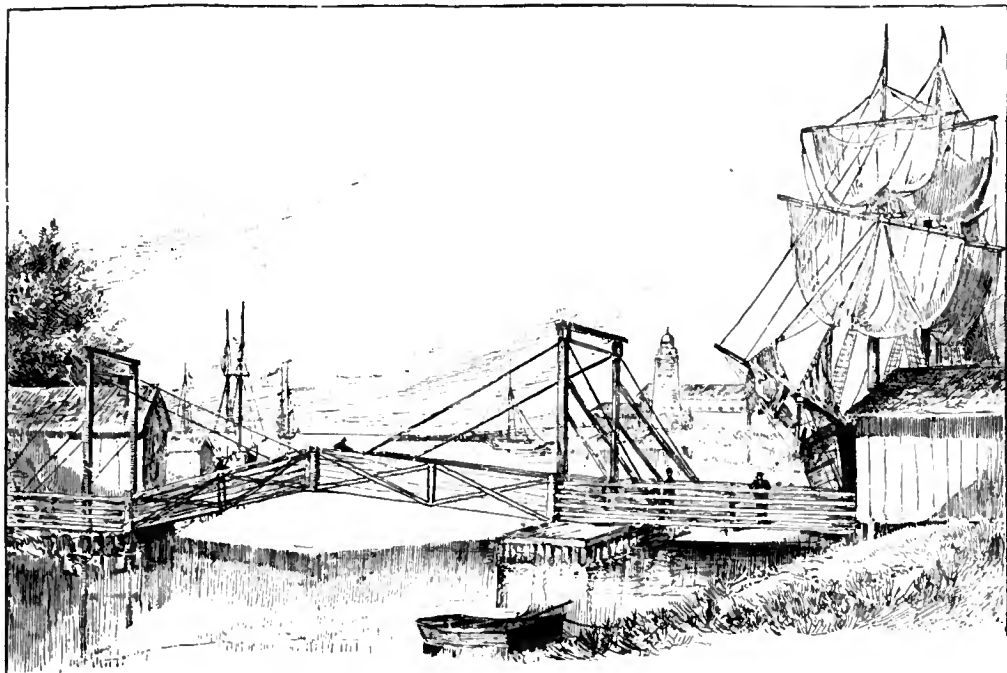
A foot-bridge was thrown across the north branch in 1832, not far from the present Kinzie street bridge. Both these bridges being low wooden structures, it is evident that no navigation of either branch by lake craft was possible. The idea was then, doubtless, to leave the main river clear to serve as a harbor. Nevertheless, the many on land gradually prevailed over the few afloat; or, rather, expedients were devised for the compromise of the contending interests; means which endure (though with vast improvements) to this day.

The first draw-bridge was thrown across the river at Dearborn street in 1834, by Nelson R. Norton (1833). Mr. Hurlbut (quoting the "Times") says:

It was of the "gallows frame" pattern, and for five years the two "gallows frames," one on either side of the river, frightened timid people at night. The structure was about 300 feet long and the opening for the passage of craft was about sixty feet. The draw worked by chain cables and opened with cranks."

Mr. Wentworth (Fergus' Hist. Series, No. 8) gives a letter from its builder.

I came to Chicago November 16, 1833. Soon after I arrived I commenced cutting the lumber for a draw-bridge on land adjoining Michigan avenue, afterward owned by Hiram Pearson. In March, 1834, I commenced building it, and I think it was completed by the first of June. The



DEARBORN STREET BRIDGE.

first steamboat that passed through it was the old Michigan, with a double engine. The first freight taken down the lakes was in 1834, being a lot of hides from cattle that had been slaughtered for the U. S. troops.

On the bridge question there was a merry war for some years, two wars it may be said; one by the jealous South-siders who wanted to keep all the trade from crossing the river; another by people of all sides who preferred ferries. The "prairie schooners," covered wagons, had begun coming in great numbers, often 500 a day, bringing grain in what seemed then large quantities. They halted on the military reservation overnight and crossed (if they could) next morning to the grain warehouses which were all on the North Side.

In 1839 the Council ordered the removal of the Dearborn street bridge of 1834, and so afraid were its enemies that the Council might change its mind that a number of men attacked it with axes before the dawn of the following day and soon chopped it to pieces. It may be asked why the South-siders did not provide warehouses of their own; to which the answer doubtless is that the whole south bank of the river was a miry swamp except at the eastern part, and that was held for the military reservation. The bridge article in the *Times* reads as follows:

Clark Street  
Bridge built.

The North Side warehouses were in sore distress. They needed a connection with the other two towns. The council was equally divided. At the time when the question was at its height, Messrs. Newberry and Ogden presented to the Catholic Ecclesiastical authorities the two blocks now occupied by their cathedral [North State and Superior streets]. It was said at the time that the present was to influence votes on the bridge question. It undoubtedly was. The North Side won her bridge. Mayor Raymond cast the deciding vote. A float-bridge was thereupon built at Clark street, and the North Side siege was raised. That was the end of the bridge question of 1840.\*

Another momentous physical event of those days was the opening of the way from river to lake and from lake to river.

It has been already said that natural causes combine to produce a constant current of sand to the southward along our shore.† This drifting mass, battling with the outflow of every river—even every little streamlet—on this side of the lake, pushes its mouth toward the south and deposits sand outside its deflected course. Walk along the shore where one will, and observe any rill entering the lake unguided; he will find it following its “line of least resistance” by turning to the right and losing itself gradually in a shallow ooze.

The Chicago river was an example in large of these phenomena in little. Its general eastern course met a broad, strong bank of sand just after passing the fort, and it only managed to accomplish its manifest destiny down at about Madison and Monroe streets, where, over a long shallow, it mingled its stream with the lake. At low water, one could wade from the sand spit to the mainland near Park Row. At high water, light draught barges could get over.

Major Lydecker (Blanchard, p. 540) gives the general facts of the change. Congress, in 1833, voted \$25,000 for improving the “harbor at Chicago, on Lake Michigan.” A direct cut was made through the sand spit from the bend in the river to the lake. A “revetment” (facing or retaining wall) was placed on the north side of the cut, and from the

\* Ex-Gov. Bross says: “The bridges over the Chicago river in 1848 were a curiosity. One end was fixed on a pivot in the wooden abutment, and the other was placed upon a large square box or boat. When it was necessary to open the bridge for the passage of vessels, a chain, fastened on or near the shore on the side of the pier, some distance from it, was wound up by a capstan on the float end of the bridge, thus opening it. It was closed in the same manner by a chain on the opposite side of it. Our present (1876) excellent pivot bridges were introduced, and I think invented, by City Superintendent Harper, about 1850, or soon afterward.

† Between 1870 and 1875 the United States “River and Harbor” appropriations were used to build the outer pier, which runs parallel with Michigan avenue some quarter of a mile or so out in the lake; and in 1879-80 the north outside pier was built to furnish a harbor of refuge in northeasterly gales. The total expenditure from 1833 to 1880 was \$1,008,005, representing 14,500 lineal feet of piers and breakwaters—nearly two and three-quarter miles. Almost all the work has been done under the direction of Major Lydecker, Engineer, U. S. A.





outer extremity of the revetment a pier was built out into the lake about 1,000 feet, the beginning of the present "North Pier," which has been repeatedly lengthened since that time. This pier at once began to catch and hold back the sand, "which, moving south along the lake shore under the influence of the littoral current, would soon have closed the outlet and left matters as bad as before."\*

While the north pier was in progress the cut was widened to 200 feet and revetted on the South Side. At about the same time the old channel leading southward was closed by a line of cribs filled with stone and sunk across its course. Judge Caton remembers the fact that as these cribs were sunk, the current, in its effort to follow its old course, cut the sand away from under their eastern edges, so that they lay in a slanting position; and to this day, at low water, one may see the old crib timbers sloping downward toward the deep water, along the face of the Goodrich steamboat dock east of Rush street bridge.

Man having shown his courage and strength, nature gracefully yielded the point, ceased her resistance and even lent him her help to satisfy his fruitful desire. A great freshet in the spring of 1834 effectually established the new channel, and on July 12, 1834, the schooner Illinois was pulled over the bar and sailed up the river amid the acclamations of the citizens. The builder of Dearborn street draw-bridge says: "The first steamboat that passed through it was the old Michigan, with a double engine." No doubt that the schooner with all her spars, together with the steamboat with her double engine, could have been snugly stowed away out of sight in the hold of one of our modern 2,500 ton propellers, endowed with a carrying capacity of 100,000 bushels of grain; but we must creep before we walk.

So, we were coming along. The streets—so-called—were a sea of mud when it rained and a storm of dust when the dry southwest wind raged. The most approved vehicle for society ladies was a stout ox cart with hay in the bottom. The cart could back up to the door of the fair passenger to allow her to mount, plod through the mire to the house of feasting and back up to its door to discharge its pleasure-seeking load. Many a dame now among us remembers those expeditions and is quite ready to admit that there was as much pleasure in them as in the more elegant style of modern merrymaking—certainly, for those who were then young and now are young no longer.

Lake schooners in the river; prairie schooners in the roads, mud in the streets, music in the parlors and hope in the hearts—Chicago is fairly going ahead at last.

\* The prevailing southwest wind, blowing the waves obliquely toward the eastern shore of the lake, causes a northward current on that side, while the equilibrium is restored by a back-flow along the west shore, where the protection of the land measurably lessens the effect of the wind upon the water.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE KEEL LAID.



FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

TURNING now once more from the physical to the moral aspect of the awakening community, we come to the beginning of its pedagogic life. Stephen Forbes, in June, 1830, was employed by J. B. Beaubien, Lieutenant Hunter, and others, to teach the children then living in and around the fort. He lived and kept school in a large, low, five-room structure built of logs squared on two sides. It stood near the river outlet (Madison street), was known as the Dean House, and belonged to J. B. Beaubien. Mr. Forbes taught the boys in one room, Mrs. Forbes

the girls in another. The scholars numbered about twenty-five; two the children of a soldier in the fort, the rest mainly French and half-breed Indians.

This is usually called the beginning of school teaching in Chicago, because schools were continuously maintained thereafter. There had been before sporadic and occasional efforts in the line. In the winter of 1810-11, Robert A. Forsyth, aged thirteen, essayed to open to John H. Kinzie, aged eleven, the gateway of all human knowledge, using as a key a spelling book which by chance had arrived at the little frontier post.\*

In 1816, William L. Cox, a discharged soldier, taught John H.

\*Mrs. Kinzie (Fergus' Series No. 10) says that her husband "loved to describe his delight when, upon one occasion, among the stores brought by the annual schooner, a spelling book was drawn forth and presented to him. His cousin, Robert Forsyth, at that time a member of his father's family, undertook to teach him to read, and . . . the exercises gave to the pupil a pleasant association with the fragrance of green tea, which always kept that spelling book fresh in his mind."



*Stephen Forbes*



Kinzie, R. A. Kinzie and their sisters, Ellen and Maria, and three or four children from the fort, in a small log building behind the Kinzie house, at about the present crossing of Pine and Michigan streets. Again, in 1820, a small school is said to have been kept by a sergeant, within the fort. Very touching seem these little struggles toward knowledge. They suggest the eager leaning of a sun-loving plant, in a dark room, toward any ray of light that peers through even a crevice looking to the free sky.

John Watkins, writing to the Old Settlers' reception in 1879, says:



*Eliza Forbes*

I arrived in Chicago in May, 1832. . . . I commenced teaching in the fall, after the Black Hawk War, 1832. My first school-house was situated on the North Side, about half-way between the lake and the forks of the river. The building belonged to Colonel Richard J. Hamilton, was erected as a

horse-stable and had been used as such. It was twelve feet square. My benches and desks were made of old store-boxes. The school was started by private subscription. Thirty scholars were subscribed for. But many subscribed who had no children. So it was a sort of free school, there not being thirty children in town. During my first quarter I had but twelve scholars, and only four of them were white. The others were quarter, half and three quarters Indian. . . . In the winter of 1832-3, Billy Caldwell, a half-breed chief of the Pottawatomie Indians, better known as the Sauganash, offered to pay the tuition and provide books for all Indian children who would attend school if they would dress like the Americans, and he would also pay for their clothes. But not a single one would accept the proposition conditioned on the change of apparel.

I will now give you the names of some of my scholars: Thomas, William and George Owen; Richard Hamilton; Alexander, Philip and Henry Beaubien, and Isaac N. Harmon. (Wells' sketch.)

In the autumn of 1833, Miss Eliza Chappel (afterward Mrs. Jeremiah Porter, of Green Bay) opened an infant school of about twenty children, in a log house on South Water street, a short distance west of the fort enclosure. Some of the garrison children attended. In the latter part of the same year, Mr. Granville Temple



*Eliza Chappel*

Sproat came from Boston and opened an English and classical school for boys at the corner of South Water and Franklin streets, in which, the spring of 1834, Miss Sarah L. Warren (afterward Mrs. A. E. Carpenter, of Warrenville, Wis.) was engaged as assistant.

In 1834 an appropriation was made to Miss Chappel from the

Town School Fund (proceeds of lots) and the school taught by her at that time, in the First Presbyterian church (west side of Clark street, between Lake and Randolph streets) was properly the first public school of Chicago. (Wells.)\*

A bit of "local color" appears in the following extract from a letter written in 1858 by Mrs. Warren-Carpenter.

My salary was \$300 a year, and I think the gentleman teacher's \$600. . . . I boarded at Elder Freeman's. His house must have been some four or five blocks southeast of the meeting-house, with scarce a house between. . . . I used to go across without regard to streets. It was not uncommon in going to and from school to see prairie wolves, and we could hear them howl any time in the day. We were also frequently annoyed by Indians, but the greatest difficulty was mud. No person now can have a just idea of what Chicago mud used to be; rubbers were of no account. I got me a pair of gent's brogans and fastened them tight about the ankle, but would

go over them in mud and water, and was obliged to get a pair of men's boots made.

So the home-faring young school mistress, only fifty-seven years ago, walked at will, picking her steps through the mud, scaring the wolves and being scared by the Indians, over ground now covered by the huge Ashland block, the Fullerton block, the Portland block, McVicker's theater, the Palmer House and the Pullman building, or other equally ponderous and important edifices. The many, many prints of those "gents' brogans," estimated as real estate, are worth perhaps scores of dollars apiece.

Education, public and private, being thus fairly under way, need be followed no further at this point.

The school leads up naturally to the Church; and it chanced to join on, in the case of Chicago, with peculiar fitness; for Minister Jeremiah Porter, already named as having married Schoolmistress Eliza Chappel, was almost, if not quite, the first Protestant clergyman regularly carrying on public worship here. He came here with the troops from Fort Brady, in 1833, and on Sunday, May 19th, of that year, having had the garrison carpenter-shop cleared, cleaned and furnished with seats, Mr. Porter preacher his first sermon, taking as his text John xv, 8. The good man happily kept a journal from which much interesting informa-

\* Miss Chappel became Mrs. Porter in 1834. In a letter to Mr. Hurlbut, dated Fort Sill, Indian Territory, in 1873, Mr. Porter says of her: "She began to teach in her native town of Geneseo, N. Y., more than fifty years ago, and now, after being the mother of nine children, and laboring in the hospitals of our country for four years [probably war times] and then carrying on the Rio Grande Female Seminary for three years, she is now, at this very hour, teaching at this post, from love of teaching and doing good." There ought to be some good men and women in Chicago, seeing that the virgin soil was tilled by such gardeners!

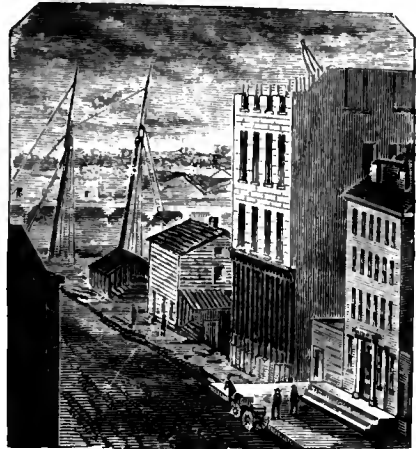


*Jeremiah Porter,*

Protestant  
Churches.

tion can be had. Among the early entries is this: "The first dreadful spectacle that met my eyes [on his first Sunday] was a group of Indians sitting on the ground before a miserable French dram-house playing cards, and as many trifling white men standing around to witness the game." (This seems to point toward our friend, Mark Beaubien, whose "Sauganash" was directly in Mr. Porter's road to and from the West Side.)

Mr. Porter's sleeping-room (which was also his study) was over the store of P. F. W. Peck, built in 1831 on South Water street, corner of LaSalle. This little building stood for many years. Mr. Hurlbut gives a picture of it (from a photograph by Hesler in 1855), which is here reproduced. It is the small wooden building on the right, showing two windows, one above the other. The lot is that now occupied by the store of Crerar, Adams & Co. The upper room is frequently mentioned in early records as the



PECK'S STORE.

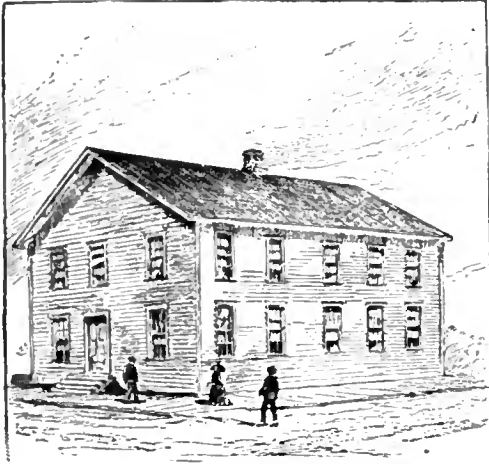
place for holding meetings of various kinds. Among other good uses, it was the occasional meeting-place of the first Sunday-school, organized August 19, 1832, by Luther Childs, Mrs. Seth Johnson, the Misses Noble and Philo Carpenter. The Sunday-school library had about twenty small volumes, and this was fully one apiece for all the scholars and teachers. John S. Wright (ar. 1832) was librarian and used to carry the library to and from the school tied up in his handkerchief.

P. F. W. Peck's name heads the roll of the first Chicago fire company, which was organized on September 19, 1835, a year after the first serious fire is recorded. This disaster was the burning of three buildings at the corner of Lake and LaSalle streets. The harrowing tale ("Democrat," October 12, 1834) says that the total loss was \$1,200. "There was in the house \$220 in money; \$125, being in *Jackson money*, was found in the ruins; the remainder, the rag currency, was destroyed." This throws a curious bit of "side light" on the currency troubles of those days, and shows that the Jacksonian "Democrat" was, as in duty bound, a "hard-money" organ.

Volunteer Fire  
Company.

The Illinois Methodist Conference in 1831 sent the Rev. Jesse Walker to take charge of "The Chicago Mission," accompanied by Rev. Stephen R. Beggs. They traveled on horseback (like so many devoted clergymen of their devoted, zealous and mighty organization) and arrived early in June from Plainfield, forty miles away, preaching

their first sermons June 15th and 16th. "Father Walker" was not permanently settled in Chicago until 1832, and held his first quarterly



"TEMPLE" BUILDING.

meeting in the fall of 1833,\* in a building long known as "Father Walker's log cabin." It stood on the West Side, near the junction of the north and south branches. "It served as parsonage, kitchen and church." The First Presbyterian Church held its meetings in this primitive temple for some time, because some of the church people objected to going to the fort to worship.

The first Baptists known to be in Chicago were Mrs. Heald, wife of the unfortunate commander of the fort at the time of the massacre of 1812; and the Rev. Isaac McCoy, before mentioned as the faithful missionary to the Indians, and advocate of temperance. His journal reports that he attended the Indian payment made here in 1825, and adds: "On the 9th of October, 1825, I preached in English, which, as I am informed, was the first sermon ever delivered at or near that place." The First Baptist Church was organized October 19th, 1833, by the Rev. Allen B. Freeman. The Society started with nineteen members only, but they seem to have been zealous and liberal souls, for they at once proceeded to build a church. It was a plain, wooden two-story house, near the corner of Franklin and South Water streets.



FIRST CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Its upper story was used as a school, the lower for meetings. It was called "Temple Building," and was used by Methodists, Presbyterians and Baptists in common until the others could provide places of their own. It took its name from the excellent Dr. J. T. Temple, who built it and allowed the infant churches to use it, paying such rent as they could afford. The Rev. Jesse Walker's log house on the West Side was the only place of worship earlier than this.

\* This would seem to give a slight priority to the Methodists; though their organization up to the fall of 1833 was, perhaps, strictly speaking, a mission rather than an independent, self-supporting church society.

The year 1833 was also the initial year for Catholicism in Chicago— or, rather, for a new connection with the Holy See, for the faith itself was professed here 150 years previously, when Father Marquette offered it to the unresponsive savages. In 1833 St. Mary's Catholic Society was organized by Father St. Cyr, a French priest, sent from the diocese of St. Louis. The petition which led to this mission was written in French and was signed by T. J. V. Owen (nine in family), J. Bt. Beau-bien (fourteen), Joseph Lafram-boise (seven), Jean Pothier (five), Alexander Robinson (eight) and other familiar names. The first church building was put up on a "Canal-land" lot (near the south-west corner of Lake and State streets); and the Catholic Indian women cleaned and made ready the building for its first mass, and Catholic Indians joined in the service. A tower, open to the air, was built later, from which a bell, about the size of an engine bell, called the faithful to prayer, the earliest "church-going bell" which made itself heard in Chicago. Later, the church bought the lot on the southwest corner of Wabash avenue and Madison street, and to this day the massive warehouse on that lot is called "St. Mary's Block." (We have already seen how the block— Superior and North State streets— devoted to the Cathedral, "Church of the Holy Name"— came to be given by Mr. Ogden and Mr. Newberry.)

Catholic  
Worship.

*Very respectfully Yours*  
*J. M. J. Saint Cyr, Priest*

The first Episcopal service held in Chicago was in October, 1834, when the Rev. Palmer Dyer preached, by invitation, in the Presbyterian church, to St. James Episcopal Society, which was organized at or about the same time. The next service was held in the Baptist church, October 19th, by the Rev. Mr. Hallam, who was the first pastor of the Society. After this, services were held in a building provided by John H. Kinzie, which stood at the southeast corner of Kinzie and State streets, and was later known as Tippecanoe Hall. In 1836 Mr. Kinzie gave the church two lots at the southwest corner of Kinzie and Cass

streets, whereon a pretty wooden church, in gothic style, was built in 1837. It is a relief to the dullness of history to record that Dr. Egan (the wit of the town for many years), in answering Mrs. J. H. Kinzie's natural question, "How do you like our church?" said: "Very much, indeed; but won't the people think it is a little vain in John to put his initials so conspicuously over the pulpit?" He pretended to misread the "I. H. S." as "I. H. K.;" and what sharpened the point of the joke was that St. James was sometimes called "the Kinzie Church."

St. James  
Church.

But St. James' people could afford to be laughed at, for the edifice cost, complete and furnished, \$15,500, and, with a parsonage costing \$4,000, was all paid for before a year passed.



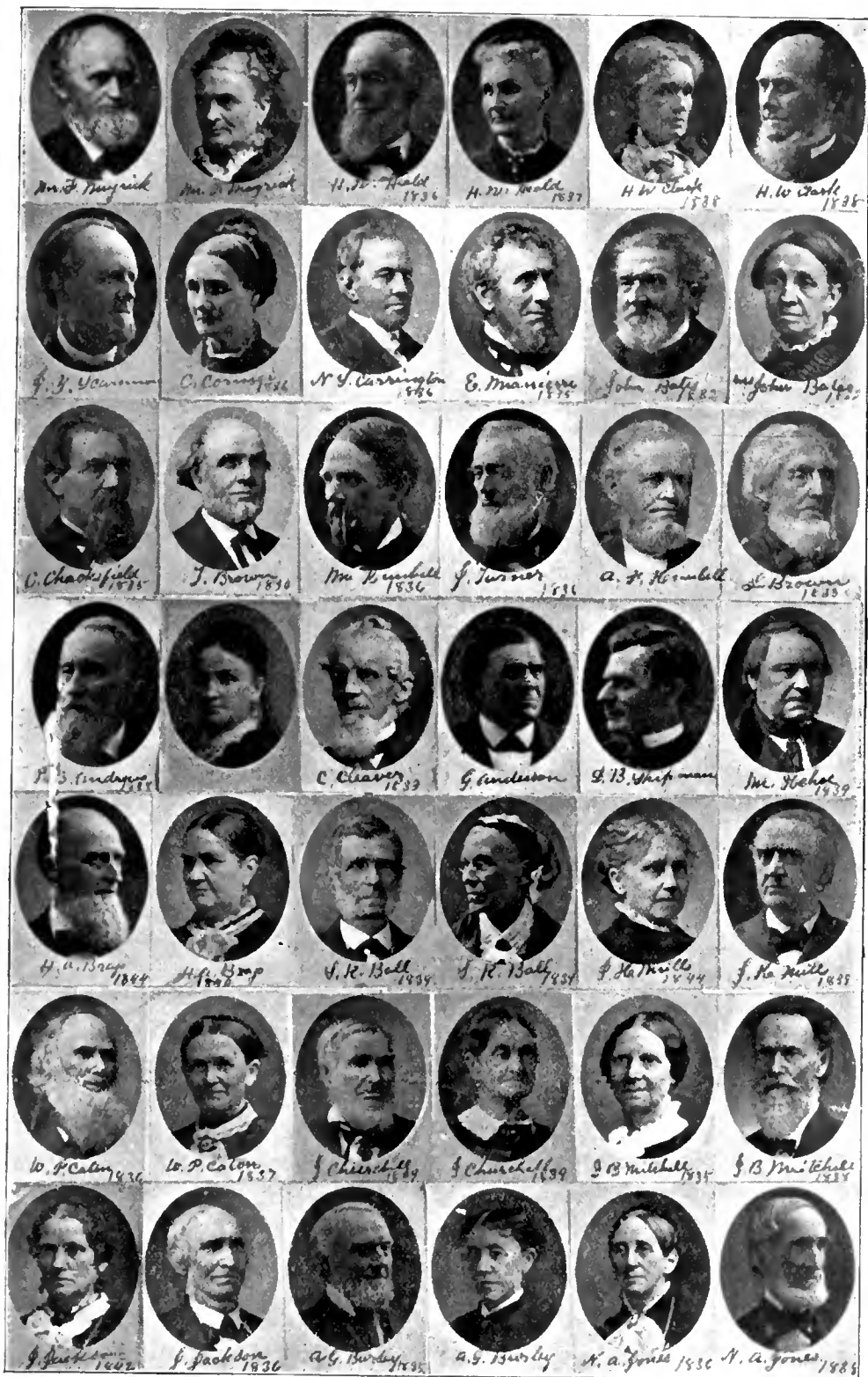
REV. ISAAC W. HALLAM.



ELIJAH WENTWORTH.

of the peace, alderman, lieutenant in the Black Hawk War, and possibly

With 1830 a third great enlightening force began its course in Chicago—the mail service. Mr. Wentworth says (Fergus' Hist. Series No. 7) that in that year Elijah Wentworth, Jr., carried the mail between Chicago and Niles, Michigan, once a month, the postmaster being Jonathan N. Bailey, and the location of the office the old Kinzie mansion on the North Side. His daughter married John S. C. Hogan (ar. 1832), who in his turn became postmaster, the office being then in the log cabin (north-east corner of Lake and South Water streets), built by him for the fur-trading business of Brewster, Hogan & Co. Mr. Hogan, besides being postmaster, fur trader, justice



Mrs. M. Maynard

Mrs. M. Maynard

H. W. Hald 1836

H. W. Hald 1837

H. W. Clark 1838

H. W. Clark 1838

F. J. Carson

C. Conroy 1836

N. J. Carrington 1836

E. Manning 1836

John Hoff 1838

Mrs. John Balgo

C. Chadwick 1835

J. Brown 1830

Mr. B. H. Bell 1836

J. Turner 1836

A. H. Hornell 1836

L. Brown 1835

P. B. Anderson 1835

C. Cleaver 1839

G. Anderson

D. B. Chapman

Mr. H. H. H. H. 1839

H. A. Bray 1844

H. A. Bray 1844

J. R. Ball 1839

J. R. Ball 1839

F. H. Mills 1844

F. H. Mills 1838

W. P. Colton 1836

W. P. Colton 1837

J. Churchill 1839

J. Churchoff 1839

D. B. Mitchell 1839

J. B. Mitchell 1838

J. Jackson 1832

J. Jackson 1836

A. G. Burdick 1835

A. G. Burdick

N. A. Jones 1836

N. A. Jones 1838



J.C. Haynes 1833

W. Gray 1837

J. Finck 1846

J. Small 1846

W.H. Blodgett 1831

W.H. Blodgett 1834

J. Salaska

Richard Luff 1837

J. Lander

J. Lander

W. Rooney 1839

W. Rooney 1839

George Ayres 1835

W. H. Cogswell 1835

C. B. Cogswell 1835

C. B. Cogswell 1838

J. J. Balford

J. J. Balford 1833

J. B. Bradlee 1837

L. J. Bishop 1835

A. C. Coffey 1837

J. B. Coster 1838

J. Beecher

J. Beecher 1838

C. Nichols 1833

H. B. Anderson

W. L. Ladd 1845

C. C. Syce 1846

J. Coote 1835

J. Coote 1832

Mrs. Gray 1841

A. Marshall 1837

J. B. Johnson 1839

H. E. Jones

C. B. Jones 1838

C. B. Jones 1838

Mrs. M. M. M. M.

Mrs. S. S.

J. A. Marshall 1839

J. A. Marshall 1839

G. Seple 1837

A. Seple 1838



deputy sutler in the fort, was a land agent and—a poet! Mr. Hurlbut quotes the following effort in the line of the two latter vocations:

## THE EARTH FOR SALE.

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet  
As that neat little vale on the banks of Salt Creek.

A pre-emption right, for sale by the subscriber very cheap,—it is only thirteen miles from Chicago.  
March 24th, 1834.

Mr. Hurlbut adds that Mr. Hogan was one of the many who, overloaded with mortgaged realty, went down in the crash of 1837. Mr. John Bates, Jr. (ar. 1832), who took charge of the postoffice for Mr. Hogan in 1833, called Mr. Hogan "the best educated man in Chicago." Mr. Hurlbut further says that he was indulgent with his customers, and that he (Hurlbut) has in his possession various notes of hand, given for goods, by Indians and half-breeds. "If any auto-graph-hunter of the present era wishes to invest in any such sort of stock, applications will be in order to purchase at a discount some of the veritable and rare signatures and obligations of a departed race."



JOHN BATES, JR.

Dr. J. Nevins Hyde, in his interesting brochure, "Early Medical Chicago," gives the following item of mail news:

Dr. Temple (1833) secured a contract for carrying the mail between Chicago and Ottawa. He obtained an elegant thorough-brace post-carriage from Detroit, which was shipped to this port via the lakes, and on the first of January, 1834, drove the first mail coach with his own hand from this city to the end of the route. On this trip he was accompanied by the Hon. John Dean Caton. . . . There was no mail matter for transportation in the bag on this first trip. Postal Service.

Judge Caton says he piloted the company which first went through and established the station, and that the party suffered greatly from cold. John Wentworth (ar. 1836) says:

One of our most reliable places of entertainment was the postoffice while the mail was being opened. The mail-coach was irregular in the time of its arrival, but the horn of the driver announced its approach. Then the people would largely assemble at the postoffice. . . . The postmaster would throw out a New York paper and some gentleman with a good pair of lungs and a jocose temperament would mount a dry goods box and commence reading. Occasionally I occupied that place myself.

Mr. Bates followed the practice of firing a gun just outside the north door of the postoffice building at nine o'clock every evening, to inform Chicago that bedtime had arrived. (The custom has, unfortunately, been abandoned.) In 1833 Mr. Bates was married by R. J. Hamilton, Esq., to Miss Harriet E. Brown, of Springfield, Mass.

Again we come across a link binding one part of the chain of progress with another. Mr. Bates' marriage was announced in the first number of the first Chicago newspaper.

In old Rome, the time of the happening of great events was fixed by identifying them with rulers' names: "*Dum Flaminius Consul erat*," etc. So does Mr. Hurlbut introduce the Press to Chicago. "It was while Andrew Jackson was Chief Executive, John Reynolds was Governor of Illinois, and Thomas J. V. Owens was President of the newly incorporated town of Chicago, that the first printing press was set at work here, and the first Chicago newspaper made its appearance."



*John Calhoun*

The First  
Newspaper.

In simpler phrase, John Calhoun, in September, 1833, shipped from Sackett's Harbor, New York, for Chicago, his printing press, type and other material, and a small lot of paper, in charge of two apprentices. With his own hands he made ready his printing office; and, his money being quite exhausted by freight charges and other outlays, he borrowed from Col. Thomas J. V. Owen enough to relieve him of his difficulties. (He afterward expressed deep gratitude to Col. Owen for many acts of kindness.) His "Chicago Democrat" appeared Nov. 26, 1833; a six-column, four-page sheet, the printed matter eighteen and a half by fourteen inches. The paper was democratic, but its editor disclaimed selfishness which might exclude "such articles as may be temperately written on any subject that the editor may deem suitable for newspaper discussion." It proudly stated the population of Chicago at over 800, and said that goods had been transported from New York in twenty-three days, at a cost of \$1.63 per 100 — \$33 a ton! It favored the early commencement of the canal. A

## CHICAGO DEMOCRAT.

Where Liberty dwells there is my Country. — Franklin.  
BY J. CALHOUN. CHICAGO, TUESDAY NOV. 26, 1833. VOL. I—NO. 1.

bound volume of the "Democrat" is preserved in the Chicago Historical Society's collection.

The nearest points where newspapers were then published were Galena, Springfield and Detroit, and on one occasion the "Democrat"

was suspended for two weeks, until paper could be brought hither by stage from St. Louis. The river was still closed from the lake and vessels lay in the offing, discharging their cargoes by small boats.

In 1836, J. D. Caton, Ebenezer Peck, Hiram Hugunin and others (leading democrats) furnished money to buy a new outfit and enlarge the paper. In the fall, Dr. Daniel Brainard became its editor, and later, in the same year, John Wentworth took charge as editor and proprietor.

The first of Chicago medical practitioners were necessarily those connected with the army. We find in the roster of Captain Heald's company of the First Infantry, 1810, John Cooper, surgeon's mate. He was succeeded by Dr. Isaac Van Voorhis, killed in the massacre. The latter was a young man of great merit and promise.\* The next physician of whom we have any account was Dr. Alexander Wolcott, also of the army, who married (July 23, 1823) the



EBENEZER PECK.

elder daughter (Ellen Marion) of John Kinzie, who was born in 1805, the first white child in Chicago. Dr. Wolcott died in the fort in 1830. He was a man much respected and long lamented. "Wolcott Street" (now unfortunately named "North State") was called after him.

Medical Practitioners.

In May, 1830, arrived in Chicago Elijah Dewey Harmon, who had been volunteer surgeon on board the "Saratoga" at the Battle of Plattsburgh in 1814. He was installed at the fort as post surgeon, to which duty he added such private practice as came to him.

On the night of July 10, 1832, arrived, by the steamer "Sheldon Thompson," General Scott with his command and—the cholera. In a letter written in 1860 by the captain (A. Walker) of the Sheldon Thompson, the facts are given which may be summarized as follows:

The first death occurred about 4 P. M. of the 9th, and twelve others between that time and the steamer's arrival at the close of the 10th. The yawl boat took General Scott and some other officers ashore; after which three more dead were committed to the deep, where their bodies (weighted to the bottom of the lake) were visible from the deck

Cholera of 1832.

\* Small attention should be given to the fanciful (hysterical?) account of Mrs. Helm, given a quarter of a century after the occurrence, wherein she attributed unmanly words to the poor martyr, bleeding to death in a hopeless struggle with a cruel foe. The narrative contains elements for its own discrediting.

next morning. The fort was full of refugees driven in by the Black Hawk scare, who were all now driven out to make room for the soldiers with their more deadly enemy. In the next eighteen hours, eighteen more victims died; which were buried in their blankets in pits dug near the southwest corner of Wabash avenue and South Water street, side by side, the earth from one grave serving to fill up its neighbor. In four days fifty-four more died; making in all eighty-eight out of that one boat-load of troops.\*

Refuges from  
the Fort.

The number of buildings outside the fort was five, of which three were log tenements. Major Whistler, Captain Johnson and others, with their families, found refuge where they could; some in tents, some under boards placed across the fence, etc. The view from the steamer's deck was chiefly a beautiful prairie, spangled with flowers and studded with trees. To get fuel with which to sail back to Buffalo they pulled down one of the log houses.

The two companies already in the fort were separated from the newcomers and put under the care of Dr. Harmon, who attributed his success in treating them to abstinence from the use of calomel. Dr. H. had a disagreement with General Scott, who "required" him to devote his attention exclusively to the troops; a requisition which the

sturdy doctor declined to comply with. He served all alike and well, and his descendants are among Chicago's best citizens at this day, 1891. Harmon Court was named in his honor.



DR. DANIEL BRAINARD.

A most distinguished doctor, a typical man, identified with Chicago from his arrival in 1833 to his death in 1860, was William Bradshaw Egan. He was an Irishman, and one of the brightest of that bright race. He was a classical scholar, a worshiper of poetry, especially that of Shakespeare; a wit, a humorist, a favorite public speaker, a member of the State legislature; and, above all, a lover of and believer in Chicago through

\* Judge Henry W. Blodgett remembers these occurrences, and adds that though his father's family (then living on the Du Page), flying from the Indians, had taken refuge in the fort with the rest, yet on that memorable day they scattered afar and would have got out even if there had been a solid army of Indians encompassing the place on every side.

cloud and sunshine, through good report and evil report. Egan avenue and Egandale bear his name and mark some of his shrewd investments.

The rapidly increasing list of physicians—men able, educated, brave, devoted, untiring, belonging to a profession which renders to the poor more unpaid service and help than does all the non-professional world put together—makes it impossible to give more than a passing look at this branch of the story of Chicago. The surgeon of most world-wide distinction among us was, perhaps, Daniel Brainard, who came here in 1835. Justice Caton gives some characteristic and amusing anecdotes of Dr. Brainard in *Andreas*, vol. 1, p. 461.

The first lawyer who lived in the place now called Chicago did not come there as a lawyer. It was Charles Jouett, of Virginia, who was Indian agent in 1805, and again in 1817. Still later he sat on the bench in Kentucky and Arkansas. Primitive law—or, at least, a kind of justice perhaps more righteous than law—was administered when in 1825 John Kinzie was commissioned to the old constitutional office of justice of the peace. If he heard causes, or even kept a docket, no record or memory has perpetuated the fact.

Russell E. Heacock, born in Connecticut in 1781, licensed as an attorney in Indiana in 1808, came to Fort Dearborn in 1827. He was commissioned justice of the peace in 1833, and was, in Captain *R. E. Heacock* *Andreas'* opinion, the first to hear trials in form. Governor Bross, however, says that a term of Circuit Court was held or provided for in September, 1831, "at Fort Dearborn, in the brick house, and in the lower room of the said house." He also says that a term was ordered in 1832 in a room in the house of James Kinzie, "provided it can be done at a cost of not more than ten dollars." It was Judge Young who came (accompanied from Galena by lawyers Mills and Strode) just in time to give notice of the disturbed state of the Indians which led to the Black Hawk War. Heacock's office as lawyer and justice of the peace was at the corner of Lake and Franklin streets in 1835.

The first lawyer.

On the organization of the town in August, 1833, John Dean Caton was elected Corporation Attorney, and it is probable that he was about the first lawyer to make his living by the practice of his profession in Chicago.\* Between that primitive beginning and the time of his becoming Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the State, the

\* Chief Justice Caton was born in Orange County, N. Y., March 19, 1812. His father and grandfather were of old Maryland and Virginia stock; the latter (Robert Caton) an Irishman by birth, having served in the Royal army, but settled on a Maryland plantation before the Revolution. The name is still distinguished in Baltimore. Judge Caton relates that the schooner in which he came around the lakes was the "Queen Charlotte," one of those captured by Perry in the battle of Lake Erie. She had been sunk in Put-In Bay for twenty years, and then raised, repaired and sailed again. One would like to know where her bones were finally laid!

experiences of Mr. Caton would make an interesting volume, and it is to be hoped that the venerable jurist will make use of the enforced leisure of his later days to compile and publish such a volume. His literary power and experience, as well as his vast fund of reminiscence, indicate this as a duty and pleasure.

Lawyers, and good lawyers, now began to gather here in numbers, and from that day to this the supply has been fully equal to the demand. A bar which has included such men as Lincoln, Douglas, David Davis, Isaac N. Arnold, Mark Skinner, Thomas Drummond, Thomas Hoyne, Edwin Larned, Leonard Swett, Emory Storrs, and all the host of able counselors now living, is worthy of the confidence which has always been felt by Chicago citizens in the professional guardians of their rights and liberties.

“Law, Physic and Divinity,” is the trio designated of old as the learned professions, to which the progressive intelligence of the world has added that of Instruction. The first practice in each of these lines has now been sketched (reversing the order of precedence) so far as it seemed to belong to and illustrate the emergence of Chicago from darkness to light, from savagery to civilization. It is needless to say that each branch of liberal knowledge has been treated by others more fully than the limits of this mere “story” will permit.

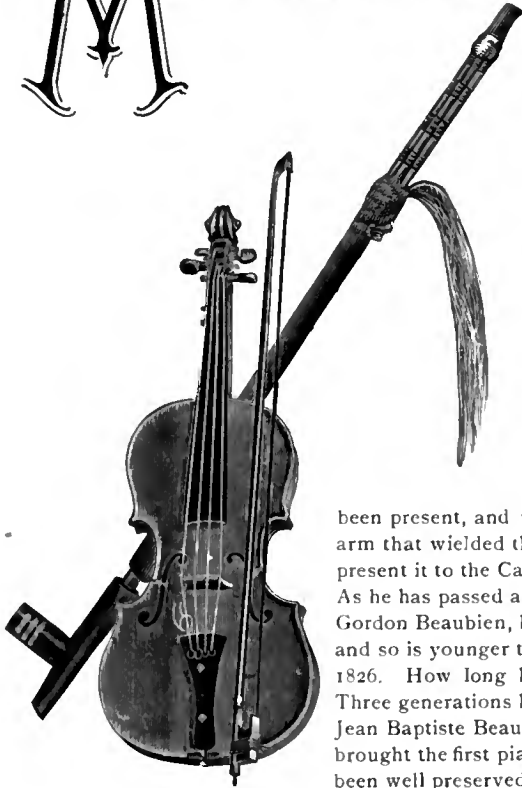


LAKE STREET FIRE OF 1835. (p. 125.)

## CHAPTER XV.

NOT ALL HARD WORK.

# Mark Beaubien



may now hang up his fiddle, for the first piano has come to Chicago, brought, it is said, by his brother, Jean Baptiste Beaubien, in 1834. John Wentworth, in his address to the Old Settlers (Calumet Club, May 19, 1881), presented the old fiddle to the Club, with a loving tribute to the memory of its owner. He said:

“Mark Beaubien died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. George Mathews, at Kankakee, on the 11th of April of this year. Upon his death-bed he requested that his fiddle be given to me. At every other reunion of Chicago's Old Settlers Mark Beaubien has

been present, and played upon it. The fiddle is here now; but the arm that wielded the bow is palsied in death. . . . And now I present it to the Calumet Club, for he was ever honored here. . . . As he has passed away, I take pleasure in presenting to you Frank Gordon Beaubien, his oldest son. . . . He was born in Chicago, and so is younger than the fiddle, which his father brought here in 1826. How long he had it before he came here, I can not say. Three generations have listened to its music here. . . . The late Jean Baptiste Beaubien was a little higher toned than Mark, and brought the first piano to Chicago. Like the fiddle, that piano has been well preserved; and, after long use in Chicago, it is now doing

service in the family of his grand-daughter, Mrs. Sophia (Beaubien) Ogee, at Silver Lake, Kansas, daughter of the late Charles Beaubien.”

Other pianos, owned by Mrs. J. B. F. Russell, Mrs. J. H. Kinzie, Samuel Brooks, Mrs. Judge Caton, etc., followed in rapid succession; and now (1891) the piano business of Chicago is one of the largest in the country. The sales may be estimated at 25,000 a year, and one only wonders where the ceaseless stream can find place and players; for a piano is not like a penny whistle, easy to buy and to learn, quickly used up and joyfully forgotten. It is a permanent possession to some one in some place, one may almost say (barring fire) for all time. (The Historical Society has one nearly or quite a hundred years old.)

Music, the very sign and badge of cultivation, showed great vitality in the rising city, for the Harmonic Society (direct ancestor of the

Pianos arrive.

Philharmonic of glorious memories!) gave its first concert on December 11th, 1835, at the Presbyterian Church, at the southwest corner of Lake and Clark streets.\*

Music.

The first organ was bought and brought out by St. James Church, and an amusing account is given in the "Chicago Magazine" of August, 1857, of the difficulties of the early choir; partly to get those to sing who could sing, and partly to get those not to sing who could not.

As in all American communities, the Church and the School were the main agents in sociability, as well as in piety, morality and philanthropy. Doubtless there was promiscuous merrymaking here in "the thirties," but it was not, like the Church and School intercourse, systematic and constant. A young man or woman was "in society" if he belonged to a leading church — especially St. James, for here, as in most English-speaking countries, the Episcopal Church, the established Church of England, the Church upheld by the traditions of the most distinguished aristocracy in the whole world, assumes (and not without reason) the lead in social life. To this day, there is not so easy and certain an "open sesame" to best society in every young American city as good standing in a



FIRST SAINT JAMES CHURCH.

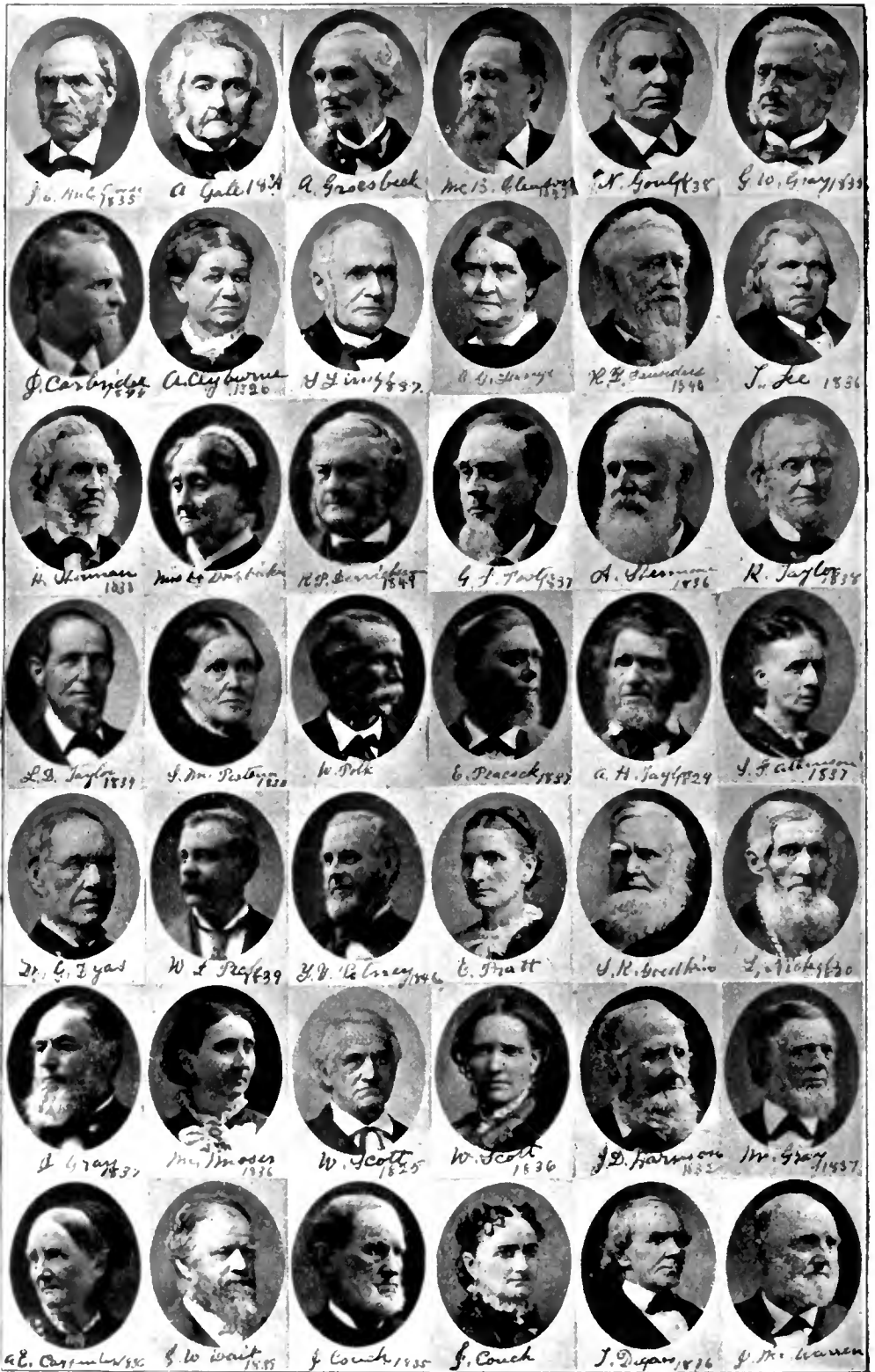
good church of some one of the leading denominations.

Other fellowship there was, where all decent folks could meet on common ground. As early as 1831 a debating club met in the Fort. Charles Cleaver, who arrived from London in 1833, tells (Fergus' Hist. Series, No. 9) of society meetings held at the Presbyterian Church at Clark and Lake streets. He says there was a successful fair there, and that in the winter of 1834-5 a piano, which had been brought from Lon-

\*The church was built here ("a lonely spot, almost inaccessible on account of surrounding sloughs and bogs") in 1833, by contributions and labors of its founders. Some squared the logs, some turned the pillars for the pulpit, some worked in the mortar-bed; all "bore a hand." A curious incident connected with its construction was this: After the lot was selected, but before it was built upon, some squatter or squatters, desiring to establish a pre-emption claim which would have to be bought off, started work one night and before morning had a small frame set up on the Lake Street front. But the church was a "church militant" and also a "church triumphant," for during the following night several yokes of oxen were noiselessly collected and securely hitched to the structure; and the next morning saw it standing in the street, far enough from the church lot to throw no cloud upon its title.





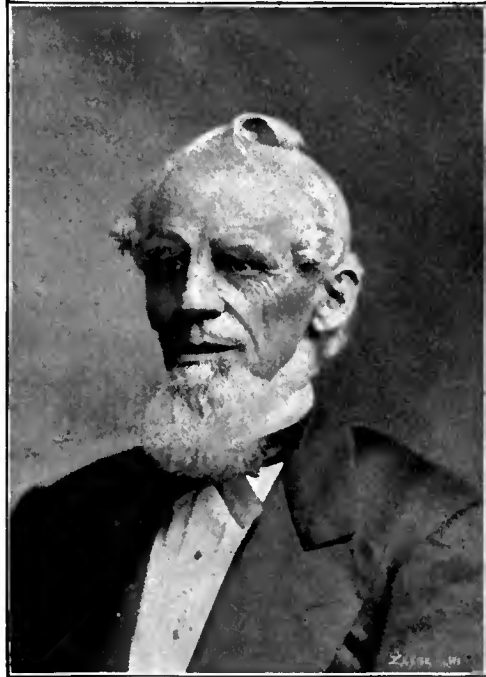


don by Mr. Brooks, was taken from the store, where it had been since its arrival in 1833, and Mrs. Brooks, assisted by George Davis (who taught a school) and others, gave several concerts, to the great delight of the citizens. Mr. Davis sang "The Mogul," "The Bluebottle Fly," and other songs, and Mrs. Brooks drew loud applause with "The Battle of Prague" and such martial pieces.

Judge and Mrs. Caton smile at the recalling of those times, and the venerable ex-chief justice, from memory, adds to the song repertory "A Medley," also sung by Mr. Davis, whereof the only words he recalls are:

"Without feet you can't have toes  
To march to the battle-field."

He says that Davis was a splendid fellow, the life of every party of any kind. Also that at one meeting of the State Legislature George Davis went to Springfield, quite without any political backing, and announced himself as candidate for clerk of the House. That evening he sang songs at the American Hotel, where the members most resorted, and next morning was elected unanimously!



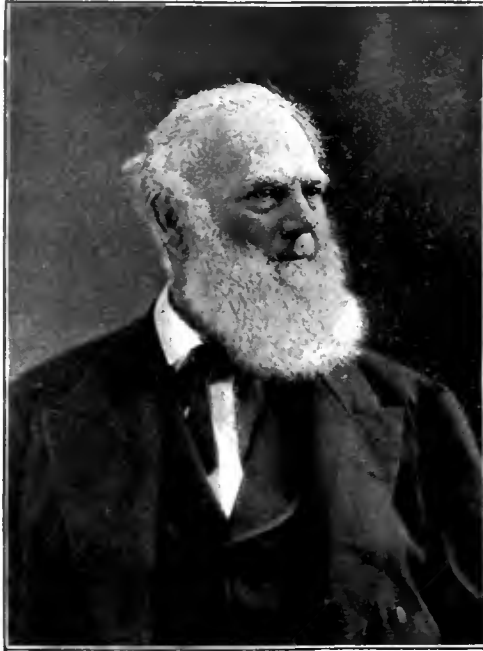
*Chas. Clew*

It was in 1834 that a marriage took place, memorable in several ways. It joined together the two historic races, Kinzies and Whistlers. Robert Allen Kinzie married Gwenthlean Whistler, grand-daughter of the builder and first commandant of the first fort, and daughter of one of the last commandants of the second. The wedding took place in the fort, and was, of course, followed by a dance. The beauty of the bride has already been spoken of, and the interesting fact that she to-day is in Chicago, in the full vigor of her faculties, as are also two at least of her early contemporaries, Judge and Mrs. Caton, whose latest portraits are kindly placed at the disposal of this "Story," which would scarcely be complete without them. In vain do we try to get the bill of fare of the wedding feast. Of ice-cream and oysters there were surely none. Home-made confectionery, cakes, pies, "sweetmeats," perhaps a few precious Eastern apples, cold meats, poultry and game, and such convivial

Kinzie-Whistler Wedding.

liquids as the garrison could furnish—this was probably all that the union of all the housewifely forces could provide, and good and ample it was, and gay the talk and laughter.\*

But think of Chicago gaiety without a jeweler, confectioner or a dry goods store; a theatre, a pavement, a railway or horse-car; a carriage, private or public; a street number; an electric or gas light or even a kerosene lamp; a telegraph, a telephone, or even a daily mail; a bank or insurance company; a daily paper, a postage stamp or a water pipe!



EX CHIEF JUSTICE CATON.

Without even a friction match, except as a rare and curious novelty. Flint-and-steel was the reliance for starting fire, or more usually a coal borrowed from a neighbor, in cases where the "covered fire" had not happened to "keep" over night.

The winter of 1834 proved remarkably severe, and flour ran up to \$28 a barrel. Potatoes could not be had, nor butter. The entire fare at last came to be beef, pork and corn meal, with a little molasses to sweeten life. Mr. Cleaver says: "If a stray hoosier wagon, or prairie schooner, as we used to call them, happened to find its way so far north, with a few crocks of butter, dried apples, smoked bacon, hams, etc., the whole village would

be after the wagon, to get hold of some of the precious commodities. On the 7th of May a schooner arrived, laden with flour and provisions from Detroit. . . Her freight was fortunately consigned to an honest man, who preferred to sell it at a fair price—\$10 a barrel—though he was offered \$25 a barrel for the whole cargo."

This "honest man" was George W. Dole. Professor Elias Colbert, in his *Historical and Statistical Sketch* (1868), says that in 1832 Mr. Dole began the great provision business (the most profitable, on the whole, of all branches of Chicago trade) by packing pork and beef for Eastern markets. He became, in fact, the father of the packing, the shipping, the warehouse and the elevator systems. For his conduct regarding the relief of the famine of 1834 his name should be remem-

\* Mrs. Caton relates that every year her parents sent her out some barrels of Oneida county apples—precious beyond words. One year they were belated and got frozen, and to this day she can scarcely bear to speak of her loss.

bered as worthy to be coupled with that of Joseph Stockton, whose actions during the Great Fire of 1871 are hereafter to be recounted.

The Lake House was built in 1835, a marvel of elegance and magnificence, which people came from afar to admire; and Mr. Cleaver says that in 1836 the boarders passed a jocular resolution that they would not have any but "rich men" staying there, putting the standard of opulence at the princely sum of \$10,000.

Checkers was a common game in the stores in the daytime as well as in the evening, for storekeepers had plenty of leisure while waiting for customers. After closing for the night more serious dissipation was prevalent—cards and drink; but this, being only low masculine vagary, does not belong in the category of society. Prayer meeting was once a week in the churches; the now prevalent and fashionable "Wednesday evening meeting" coming down to us from those days in unbroken course. For sixty years, doubtless, not a Wednesday evening has passed in Chicago without from one to thirty of these pious seasons of happy reunion.



MRS. CATON.

In the evening at the old Sauganash (even after pianos arrived) Mark Beaubien would bring out his fiddle and play for dancing; and it is said that if a string broke he would do well as ever on the other three; if two gave out he went along with the remaining two, and if he had but one left he even made shift to keep the bow scraping on that.

Dances and  
prayer meet-  
ings.

No theatres, concert halls or reading rooms yet. The latest New York papers were twenty or thirty days old. A visitor at the Cleaver house, seeing a shelf filled with some old books, asked if they kept a bookstore. One fine night in the winter of 1833 everybody in Chicago turned out for a frolic on the frozen river. One fine night in summer Mr. Cleaver caught a muskallonge, five and a half feet long, in the North Branch, spearing it by the light of a torch set in the head of the boat.

There was very little visiting done among the ladies, as they had all they could attend to at home, servant girls being very scarce. The houses in those days were not well calculated for company, most of them being 16x20, a story and a half, with a lean-to. . . . The house we lived in that winter, on the corner of Kinzie and Rush streets, was about as large as any in town; but,

unfortunately, it was not completed, being neither lathed nor plastered . . . The thermometer marked twenty degrees below zero. Fortunately, we had warm clothing, and would almost roast in front of a huge wood fire in the large chimney, while our backs were covered with thick cloaks to keep from freezing. I actually had my cup freeze to the saucer while sitting at the table at breakfast. . . . Pots were boiled hanging from a hook over the fire, and bread baked in a baking pot with hot wood ashes above and below it. . . . The water was brought from the river in pails.

Unfathomable  
mud.

The one unequaled, universal, inevitable, invincible thing then prevailing about Garlick creek—otherwise the Chicago river—was MUD. Mr. Cleaver says that mired wagons were an every-day sight in the streets. A stage-coach, stuck fast and abandoned on Clark street, just north of Randolph, staid there for days, and near it was stuck a board bearing the inscription, "No bottom here." A lady, whom he saw trying to cross Randolph at LaSalle, left both shoes in the mire, and only reached the sidewalk in her stockings. The only way for "fashionable young ladies" to get from the North Side to the Presbyterian church was by a dirt-cart with buffalo robes thrown on its floor, and he once saw these fashionable young ladies dumped in front of the church because of the driver's having forgotten to put in the bolt. A slough starting northward from about State and Adams streets grew deeper and wider till it emptied into the river near State street bridge. Another in Clark street, south of Washington, the village wished to drain; but it had not the \$60 needed. The council applied to Strachan & Scott for a loan, but could not get it until it was guaranteed by E. B. Williams (President of the Town Board), when it was borrowed; probably the first dollar of Chicago public debt.

Experiments in  
street-pavement

The first effort at drainage was a curious experiment. Lake street was excavated to the depth of three feet, deepest in the middle, and planks were laid from sidewalk to centre. This did admirably in dry weather. When it rained the wheels worked the planks into mud, until it would splash up between them into the horses' faces. After two or three years the opposite plan was tried, and the street "turnpiked" to a ridge in the middle, which did very well, especially in dry times. As the streets rose the houses did likewise, and cellars began to be possible, for up to this time there could be none on either South or West Side. This was the beginning of an emergence from the mire which has gone on until now, when the bottoms of our deepest cellars scarcely reach the original surface of the soil. It will amuse anyone curious in such things to peep into any modern excavation for a street sewer in the central South Side and see the *strata* of street grading and paving which make the walls of the dug-out ditch.

From this time forward to about 1875, Chicago's steps upward were slow, halting and toilsome—somewhat like those of the lady whom Mr. Cleaver saw leave her shoes in the mud and wade ashore in her stockings. To us who watched them they seem absurd, to newcomers

almost incredible. A street was raised, say six feet. Then each householder looked upward from his front door as from the bottom of a gully. He was said to live "under the sidewalk." Next, one owner, building anew or raising his house, or (as was sometimes done) making his second story the main floor and using his first as a cellar, had his sidewalk laid where it belonged, whereupon his neighbor had to build steps to reach it. "The ups and downs of life in Chicago" was a perennial joke for many a year.\*

Changes in established grade.

Our invaluable printed record, Volume I of the "Chicago Democrat," on February 18, 1834, made an announcement as follows:

## EXHIBITION.

Joy hath its limits. We but borrow one hour of mirth from mouths of sorrow.

The ladies and gentlemen of Chicago are most respectfully informed that Mr. Bowers, *Professeur de Tours Amusants*, has arrived in town and will give an exhibition at the house of Mr. D. Graves on Monday evening next.

## PART FIRST.

Mr. Bowers will fully personate Monsieur Chaubert, the celebrated Fire King, who so much astonished the people of Europe, and go through his wonderful chemical performance. He will draw a red-hot iron across his tongue, hands, etc., and will partake of a comfortable warm supper by eating fire-balls, burning ceiling-wax, live coals of fire and melted lead. He will dip his fingers in melted lead, and make use of a red-hot iron to convey the same to his mouth.

## PART SECOND.

Mr. Bowers will introduce many very amusing feats of ventriloquism and legerdemain, many of which are original and too numerous to mention. Admittance, 50 cents, children half-price. Performance to commence at early candle-light. Seats will be reserved for ladies, and every attention paid to the comfort and convenience of the spectators. Tickets to be had at the bar.

"D. Graves" was Dexter Graves (father of Mrs. Edward Had-dock, and therefore ancestor of some of our richest citizens), and his residence was the "Mansion House," north side of Lake street, between State and Dearborn (now 84 and 86 Lake street). This performance was the first given by a professional "artist" whereof we have any record. After this they no doubt came along in quick succession and with good patronage, for these were the years of Chicago's first "boom." Mr. Cleaver quotes as a current saying, "If you leave a shilling on the doorstep over night, you find it grown to a dollar next morning."

Earliest Public Exhibition.

The first "one-horse shay" was, according to Mr. Hurlbut, one in which Philo Carpenter and his bride rode into the village early in 1834; the first pleasure-carriage, that brought from the East by Colonel Jean

\* One of the earliest "ups and downs" was the rise and fall of the first lighthouse, on the south bank of the river, a stone's throw west of Rush Street bridge. Isaac D. Harmon, the seventeen-year old son of Dr. Elijah D. Harmon, before mentioned, wrote an amusing letter to his absent brother (October 31, 1831). "We have had a flattener pass over the face of our prospects. The lighthouse that, the day before yesterday, stood in all its glory, the pride of this wonderful village, is now 'doused.' . . . Cracks have been observed in it. . . . Jackson said 'You can't get it down.' My father told them it leaned to one side. They laughed at him. . . . About nine o'clock in the evening down tumbled the whole work with a noise like the rattling of fifty claps of thunder. The walls were three feet thick, and it had been raised fifty feet in height. The first thing father said when he went out was, 'Does it lean any now?'"

Baptiste Beaubien, which the villagers greeted on its arrival by turning out in procession.

Mr. Hurlbut also tells of some wild, harum-scarum horse-play carried on without reference to the rights and feelings of others, by a dozen



*John B. Beaubien*

or so of persons he names, whom he classes together under the name of "the club." They played practical jokes; they stole the cannon which had been recovered after being sunk in the river ever since the massacre; they freed the wild animals in the menagerie and rode some of them about from one dramshop to another. In short, they were the drinking element; and, by consequence or by remarkable coincidence, none of the names he records are among those which now (1891) appear among Chicago capitalists and leaders.

Wild game, once so plentiful, grew, between 1830 and 1840, quite rare. Mr. Cleaver, being a true Briton,

was a sportsman. Just after his arrival in 1833 he came upon a multitude of prairie chickens in a grove of fir-trees about where Division street reaches the lake. He once shot a wild goose on the main river near the Rush street crossing.

In the fall of 1834 a party of a hundred or more went eight or ten miles out (Graceland), and, spreading themselves from the North Branch to the lake, hunted southward. Some few deer and a few wolves, scared by the noise, swam the river near La Salle street, ran through the village and escaped to the South Branch woods; a few others were shot by the hunters, but the whole hunt was considered a failure and was the last of its kind. Still, the wolves were prevalent for several years more and Fernando Jones now points out the very spot where he killed one in Dearborn street, just south of Madison, opposite the present site of the "Tribune" Building.



The brick "Saloon Building" was built (southwest corner of Lake and Clark streets) by Col. J. B. F. Russell, in 1836. It was not what a "saloon" has now come to mean, a drinking-place. The liquor-dealers have made successive (and temporarily successful) attempts to escape the odium attaching to their trade by taking new names for their shops. The tippling-house or rum-shop has been re-named the gin-mill, the barrel-house, the wine-shop, the public house, the bar-room, the saloon, the sample-room, etc., and fifty years ago a "saloon" was simply a secular meeting chamber. The one in question was the finest hall west of Buffalo, and was used for distinguished occasions. It was there that Stephen A. Douglas, in 1838, had the first "joint debate" ever held in northern Illinois; being a political discussion with John T. Stuart, his competitor for Congress. The postoffice was in that building for a time, and it was in its upper story that our present veteran printer, Robert Fergus, began business as junior in the firm of "Ellis & Fergus."



SALOON BUILDING.



ROBERT FERGUS.

The postoffice was for many a year the general meeting place of friends and fellow-citizens. There was the only place for paying postage. Everyone must carry his letters thither to post, and call there for any he should receive. Not only were there no carriers and no lamp-post boxes; there were no postage

Primitive  
Postal Service.

stamps, no envelopes, no postal cards, no registered letters or money orders. Postage (single rate) was  $6\frac{1}{4}$  cents for distances up to 30 miles; 10 cents up to 80 miles;  $12\frac{1}{2}$  cents up to 150 miles;  $18\frac{3}{4}$  cents up to 400 miles, and 25 cents beyond this. Letters were charged not by weight, but by number of sheets; a single one of any weight going at single rate, and a double or triple, no matter how light, calling for double or triple payment as the case might be. In the absence of envelopes, the large letter sheets were folded (the art of neat folding

being a part of elegant training) and sealed; usually with a wafer, though sealing wax and a crested seal were the more elegant devices. An aristocrat is said to have resented a wafer-closed letter with the words "The fellow sends me his spittle!"

The fractional charges above named were based on the Spanish coins then prevalent; halves, quarters, eighths (shillings), sixteenths (six pences), as no dimes or half-dimes came into general use until near 1850. It was pretty poor stuff — and alas! very scarce; especially in the years to be chronicled in a succeeding chapter; the year 1837 and its melancholy train.

No Chicago annalist can pass over 1835 without dwelling on a notable event, the arrival of William B. Ogden. He was then thirty years old, and had already made for himself a name in his native State, New York, having been member of the legislature and advocate of the projected New York and Erie Railroad. Charles Butler (who had married Mr. Ogden's sister) had, with Arthur Bronson, of New York, and others, bought from the Kinzies and their connection, David Hunter, a large part of the North Side.\*

He employed Mr. Ogden to come to Chicago and manage this property. Arriving in a "wet spell," Mr. O. found the tract to be an unbroken field, covered with a coarse growth of oak and underbrush, marshy and muddy from the recent rains. "It had neither form nor comeliness, and he could not, in its then primitive condition, see it as possessing any value or offering any advantages to justify the extraordinary price for which it had been bought." The Government land sales, instead of glutting the market, helped it, for it brought out crowds of Eastern buyers, bitten by the land craze of 1835, and these made Ogden's auction a great success. "This result, although it was astonishing to him, yet seemed to fail of making the impression on his mind of the future of the town which was to become the scene of his after life, and in the development and growth of which he himself was to become an active and most important factor." He returned to the East, but came back in 1836, from which time forward, until he went back to New York to end his days, his history may almost be said to be the history of Chicago.

William  
B. Ogden.

It is not best, at this point in our story, to give more than thus much of an introduction to this great man, and to add some of his personal characteristics. He was generally thought one of the handsomest of men. Tall and stalwart; large of brain and eye; with manners at once

\* Mr. Bronson and associates, in 1834, bought half of Kinzies' addition, the whole of Woleott's addition, and block No. 1 (north of the river) of the original town (canal trustee's subdivision), in all 182 acres, for \$20,000. In May, 1835, Mr. Butler paid for the same property \$100,000. Mr. Ogden came out and held an auction sale of lots in the summer of 1835, when about one-third of the whole was sold, bringing more than \$100,000. (See an interesting letter from Charles Butler dated December, 1881, published in I. Andreas, p. 129.)

dignified, courtly and cordial; to meet him was to be charmed, to talk with him was to admire and wonder. His dwelling, up to the great fire, occupied the entire block bounded by Erie, Rush, Ontario and Cass streets, and was the home of elegant hospitality. He was a bachelor, and his establishment was managed by Mr. Edwin H. Sheldon (himself one of the best, most cultivated and most lovable of men), and Mrs. Sheldon, Mr. Ogden's sister. No one once admitted to that gay circle can ever forget it. Among the hosts of his distinguished visitors were Van Buren, Webster, Marcy, Bryant, Emerson, Miss Martineau, Fredrika Bremer, etc.

The writer recalls a visit there when Mr. Ogden, with Samuel J. Tilden (his friend, associate and counsel), were looking over maps and consulting on the possible extension of the North-Western Railroad. Tracing its future course to Fond du Lac, St. Paul, etc., Mr. Ogden ran his hand in what seemed only a visionary course, away up to Lake Superior itself, and then off westward (Northern Pacific) and eastward (Sault Ste. Marie and the St. Lawrence), saying nothing, but intimating that his broad views took in as romance all that has since become reality. Afterward he led the visitor into the drawing-room, where were the younger members of the family and their friends; and, sitting down at the piano, sang to his own accompaniment a sweet, pathetic ditty running:

Personal Mem-  
ories of the  
Ogden home.

O come to me and bring with thee  
The sunny smiles of former years,  
If smiles so bright can lend their light  
To cheer a brow long used to tears.  
We will not let one sad regret,  
One thought of grief our meeting chill.  
For thy dear sake I'll strive to make  
This altered cheek look cheerful still.

\* \* \* \* \*

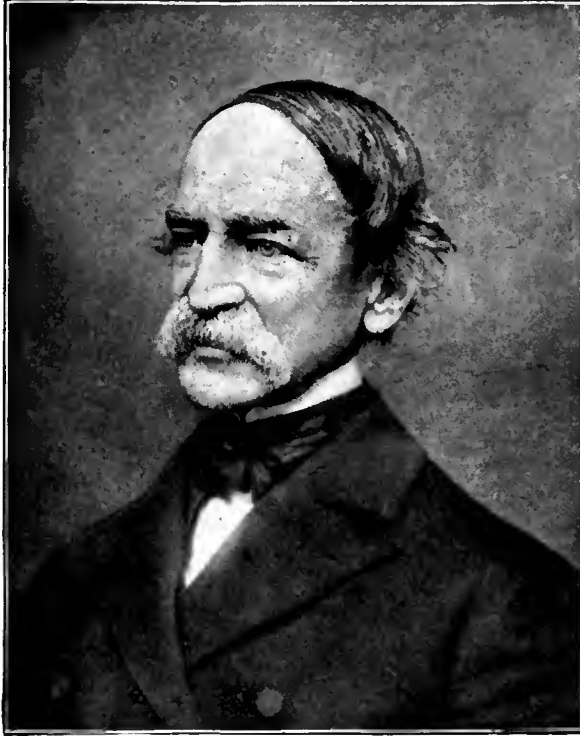
Then come to me, our theme shall be .  
The friends we love, not those we mourn.  
We'll not destroy one present joy  
Lamenting joys that ne'er return.  
The sunny rays of boyhood's days  
And early prime we ne'er may see,  
But hours of bright and pure delight  
We've yet in store—then come to me.

We were prone to connect this little ballad, the only verses we ever heard of his singing, with a youthful romance, the crushing whereof by the hand of death clouded his early life and kept him a bachelor. When he himself died his will showed by some of its provisions that long years had not dimmed the memory of her whom he had loved and lost.

Mr. Ogden had friends and foes about him. What strong man has not? But the one thing which Chicago found hardest to forgive was

his final departure and return to the State of his birth and early life. This occurred about 1865, though for some years before he had been spending more and more of his time in New York.

An incident of Mr. Ogden's life may be here related, partly as



ISAAC N. ARNOLD.

illustrative of the times, and partly because it introduces another Chicago worthy, Isaac N. Arnold. Mr. Arnold was also one of the grand citizens dating from "the Thirties," whose life and words and works force us to say with a swelling of the heart, "There were giants in those days."

A firm in Danville had failed, owing \$10,000 to Mr. Ogden. It also owed Hubbard & Co. a large sum, and whichever should reach the spot first, with the necessary legal process, would fare best in the distribution of assets. Mr. Arnold, as attorney for Mr. Ogden, hired the best saddle horse in

Chicago, a stout gelding, and started out bright and early to ride on "Hubbard's Trail" over the one hundred and twenty miles of lonely prairie which then (1837) intervened between the two towns. On the morning of the second day, at Rexford's cabin, on the Calumet, Arnold found himself in company with Henry Hubbard, with his fast trotter hitched to a sulky. Neither party hurried his beast, but Hubbard kept ahead, the gray following. Each was evidently saving up for the final twenty miles or so. They stopped for the last night at a tavern about fifteen miles from Danville.

Before either started next morning, a stranger accosted Arnold, told him of a grievance he had against Hubbard, and added :

"I hearn say it's a tight race between ye which 'll git t' Danville first. Now, stranger, I'll help ye. But don't let on. Let him start ahead; I'll put my boy thar on your gray an' let him follow slowly behind, not too far, so your gray kin be seen, but the rider not be known. I've got a pair of colts I kin hitch up, an' I'll take

Arnold's ride  
to Danville.

ye by another road into Danville, thirty to sixty minutes ahead of that feller."

So said, so done. When Hubbard arrived he found Arnold, with the sheriff, in possession of the coveted assets. (Fergus' Historical Series, No. 17.)

Hubbard, Ogden, Arnold, Wentworth, Dole, Skinner, Scammon, Brown, Peck, Egan, Brainard, Judd, Calhoun, Wilson—such were the men (all gone now) who "ran things" in Chicago in the days of canal building. It took all their courage, industry, foresight, self-confidence, and power of inspiring confidence in others—in short, their qualities of *greatness*—to carry it through. As some rhymester says, in an early issue of the Chicago "Tribune:"

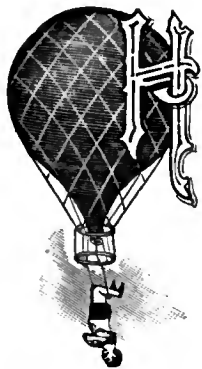
This notion surely is an awful staggerer,  
Down to the Gulf they'd carry great Niagara!  
And, by forestalling all its feeding torrents,  
Make a dry bridle-path of the St. Lawrence!



EVOLUTION OF CLARK STREET.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### FAIRLY LAUNCHED.



HERETO, the question for the historiographer has been "What can I find out?" Now comes the period when he has to ask "What can I leave out?" The latter, needless to say, is the more puzzling problem. Still there remains much to be told of the days of small things; times strangely primitive, when it is considered that they are within the lifetime of a large proportion of our contemporaries.

Great human interest attaches to the adjective "first." The first feeble cry of the babe, the first tottering steps of the child, the first short trousers of the boy and long skirts of the girl, the first consciousness of beauty and dawn of love, the first month of married life, the first earnings of labor and accumulation of capital, the first sermon, client or patient, the first battle or bereavement—in short, the opening incidents in every earthly career have a thrill of their own, out of proportion to that belonging to a thousand greater things that may follow. The poet says:

There are gains for all our losses,  
There is balm for all our pain;  
But when youth, the dream, departs,  
It takes something from our hearts  
And it never comes again.

Perhaps a more appropriate quotation, for the incipient doings of a great city, is the couplet from Longfellow's "The Building of the Ship:"

"She starts, she moves, she seems to feel  
The thrill of life along her keel."

To do justice to the beginnings of Chicago, both writer and reader must be inspired with the kindly sentiment that hovers over those first cries, first steps, first failings and successes.



PRAIRIE WOLF.

The decade beginning with 1830 was the mere childhood of the city. Well past the middle of that decade there was a fine grove of trees along the east side of the South Branch from Madison street southward, and on October 6, 1834, a black bear was shot in those woods, near the present corner of Market and Jackson streets. This

grove was the hiding place of the wolves which infested the village, and at about the same time a grand hunt was effectual in killing forty of the "varmints." (Bears—and bulls—still haunt the vicinity.)

For vagrant domestic animals, provision was made as early as 1831, when a log "estray pen" was erected at the southeast corner of Randolph and LaSalle streets on the vacant lot (outside of town) which had been set apart for county purposes. This was the first "public building" in all Chicago, and the second was like unto it in location, material and purpose, being nothing else than a log jail built on the same spot two years later. It is now occupied by the city offices, board of aldermen, etc., a fact which has given rise to the jocular remark that its use and purpose never have changed.\*

Estray Pen and  
Jail on Public  
Square.

On November 7, 1833, an ordinance passed the Town Board forbidding the throwing into the river of any dead animal, under penalty of \$3 for each offense. On November 10, 1834, the Council paid \$95.50 for the digging of a public well at the corner of Cass and Michigan streets. The laws and ordinances about fire were strict in 1835 and sometimes very oddly worded. No person was allowed "to endanger the public safety by pushing a red-hot stovepipe through a board wall," and all were forbidden to carry



JOSIAH C. GOODHUE.

"open coals of fire through the streets except in a covered fire-proof vessel." The latter provision, in the absence of matches, was deemed a hardship not endurable and was repealed soon after its passage.

Judge Caton recalls July 12, 1834, as an era in his youthful experience. It was the beginning of his judicial career, his election to the office of Justice of the Peace, the only public office he ever held, except those of Alderman of the city (1837-8) and Justice of the Supreme Court of the State (1843-56). The first-named election was an ani-

\* Some political rhymester, wishing to slur a city administration to which he was opposed, wrote a lampoon, of which the closing stanza runs:

In that same spot, as all may see,  
Are housed, at public charge,  
The dangerous pests that should not be  
Allowed to run at large.

mated contest, bringing out every last voter in the precinct, from Clybourn's to Hardscrabble and beyond, perhaps taking in the Calumet crossing. The Government piers had been built and the beginning of a channel had been cut across the immemorial sand-bar, but as yet it had never been used. On this memorable day the schooner *Illinois* chanced to be lying at anchor in the offing, and the friends of young Caton (George W. Dole and others), to the number of a hundred or so, got ropes to the schooner and absolutely dragged her in by main force over the bar through the unfinished dug-way. Then they decked her with all the bunting in the village and, hoisting sail, sailed triumphantly up the stream to the forks—the first vessel that ever penetrated Chicago River. And when the votes were counted the tally showed: John Dean Caton, 182; Josiah C. Goodhue, 47.

John Dean Caton's admission to the Bar.

The venerable jurist recalls another incident and relates it; albeit at the time of its occurrence it was one he did not care to dwell upon. He had studied law in New York State, and came out thinking he knew a good deal of it. To get his license to practice he rode on horseback all the way to Pekin, on the Illinois River, where he found Judge Lockwood, of the Supreme Court, holding Circuit Court. It was the last day of term, and he waited till Court adjourned, after which he presented himself to Judge Lockwood in chambers, and stated his business. The Justice introduced him to Stephen T. Logan (partner of Abraham Lincoln), John T. Stewart, John J. Hardin (killed at the battle of Buena Vista), and Dan Stone, Circuit Judge, and later they went to the tavern for supper. After supper Judge Lockwood strolled out for a walk in the moonlight, taking the young candidate along; and suddenly stopping beside an oak stump, began asking him questions on the theory and practice of the law; the stump their bar. The examination ended, Judge Lockwood spoke the words of fate: "Young man, you've got a good deal of law to learn if you want to make a reputation at the bar. But if you work hard I think you'll succeed. I shall give you your license." And nine years later the young man sat on the Supreme Bench beside his friendly examiner.

In the same year (1834) there was a "cholera scare," and a meeting of the Town Trustees was held "to make suitable arrangements to prevent the introduction of the dreadful and fatal disease." Doctors William Clark and E. S. Kimberly were authorized to establish a hospital outside the limits, to prescribe for the sick, and instruct the supervisor in regard to the preservation of public health. The supervisor was authorized to compel "every male person in the said town, over the age of twenty-one years, to work on the streets and alleys within the corporation for the purpose of cleaning them," and a failure to work



or furnish a substitute was punished by a fine of five dollars for each offense.\* A similar enactment to-day would produce an amusing exhibition; nearly worth a repetition of the "scare," provided its result was the same—for the cholera was averted.



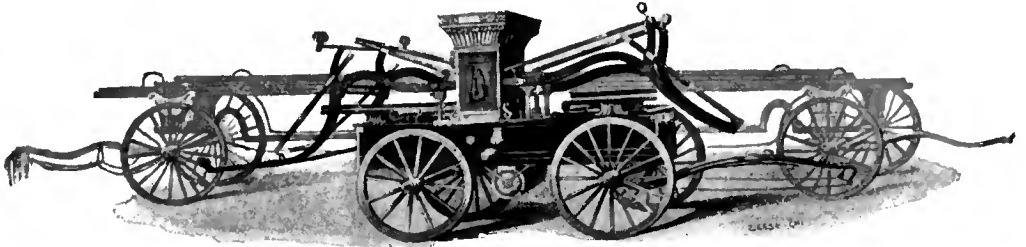
THE OLD JUDGE AND THE YOUNG CANDIDATE.

On August 13, 1835, the Board provided for the establishment of the first public cemeteries (not counting the garrison burying ground on the Lake front), which were located as follows: Ten acres on the North Side (Chicago Avenue, near the lake), and sixteen acres on the

\* 15th Annual Report of the Board of Public Works (1850), p. 430.

South Side, about where Twenty-Third Street crosses Wabash Avenue. During the spring freshet of 1849 two coffins were seen floating down the river, supposed to have been from some small burying ground on the North Branch, in the Waubansia addition.

On September 19, 1835, the town board ordered the purchase of two fire engines (of course the old-fashioned hand-brake machines, to be



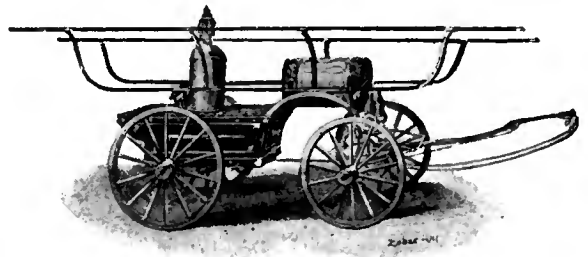
DOUBLE DECKED FIRE ENGINE AND HOOK AND LADDER TRUCK.

dragged by men strung out on a long loop of rope) and 1,000 feet of hose. This was the beginning of the great fire department which has served us so often well—and once so ill—from that day to this.

On October 7, 1835, John Dean Caton, who had been the town attorney in 1833 and 1834, was paid \$75 for such service.

The first Town  
Census of Chi-  
cago.

The first census of Chicago was reported in the "Democrat" of November 25, 1835, showing 3,265 persons, 398 dwellings, 4 warehouses, 29 dry goods stores, 19 grocery and provision stores, 5 hardware stores, 3 drug stores, 19 taverns, 26 groceries (probably liquor stores) and 17 lawyer's offices. The latter doubtless averaged two or more occupants apiece. Suppose there to have been 34 lawyers here then, there were nearly four times as many as now (1891), in proportion to the total population. Miller's tannery, still remembered by Judge Blodgett as existing in 1832 on the North Side near the forks of the river, is not mentioned. Possibly it had been closed. In fact



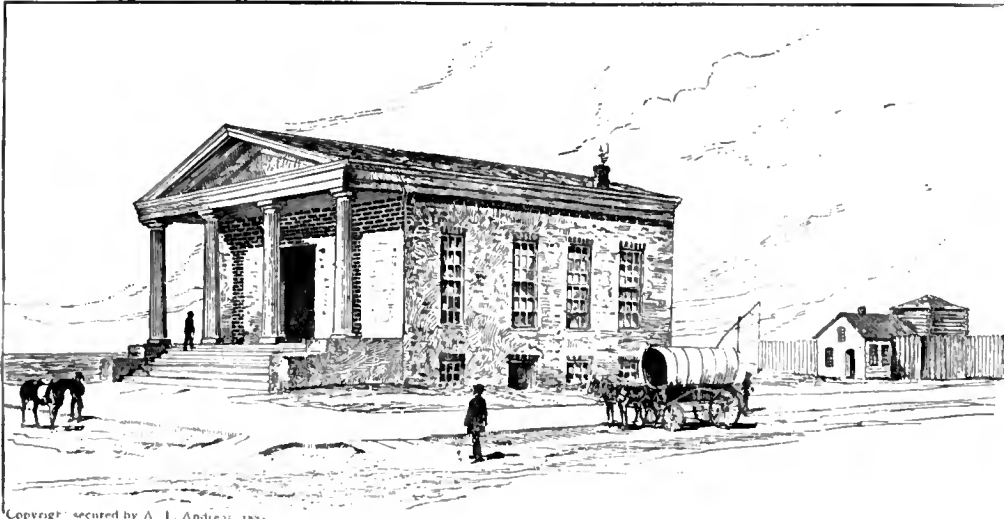
SIDE BRAKE FIRE ENGINE.

Judge Caton remembers that the old tannery, as early as 1833, was used as a justice court, for it was there he tried his first case. He was employed to prosecute a man for stealing some money. Proof was wanting and the accused likely to get clear, when young Caton noticed a lump on the side of the fellow's leg inside his stocking. He seized it—and held fast until it was exposed, and the identical roll of stolen bills came out, from which he took \$10 as his fee, and handed the rest to the loser.

In 1835 the first county court house (brick, one story and basement) was built at the northeast corner of the Court House square, southwest corner of Clark and Randolph streets.\*

May 12, 1836, the sloop Clarissa, the first Chicago built vessel, was launched amid great excitement. Her builder was Nelson R. Norton (ar. 1833), who has already been mentioned as builder of the first draw-bridge, the "lifting leaves," at Dearborn street. The arrivals and tonnage of shipping were as follows: In 1833, 4 vessels, 700 tons; in 1835, 250 vessels, 22,500 tons; in 1836, 456 vessels, 58,000 tons; 1890, 10,507 vessels, 5,138,253 tons.

Launch of the Clarissa.



Copyright secured by A. L. Andros, 1885

THE FIRST COURT-HOUSE.

The total taxes collected for 1836 were \$11,659.54; for 1837, \$5,905.15; for 1838, \$8,849.86; for 1839, \$4,664.55; for 1840, \$4,721.85.

The population of the city grew as follows: 1830, 50; 1831, 100; 1832, 200; 1833, 350; 1834, 2,000; 1835, 3,265; 1836, 3,820; 1837, 4,179; 1838, 4,000; 1839, 4,200; 1840, 4,470; 1890, 1,098,570.

The exports and imports by lake were as follows:

	<i>Exports.</i>	<i>Imports.</i>
1836.....	\$ 1,000.64	\$ 325,203.90
1837.....	11,065.00	373,677.12
1838.....	16,044.75	579,174.61
1839.....	33,843.00	630,980.26
1840.....	228,635.74	562,106.20

\*The question has been seriously raised whether the county, having received that block for county purposes, had any right or power to alienate the west half of it to the city, as it has done, for city purposes. Some citizen of the county outside the city might apply for a writ of ejectment, and demand that the city should either pay rent or move its building off. But possession is nine points in the law, and identity of interests would be likely, in the view of the courts, to give the city the tenth.

The "American," on July 9, 1836, calls attention to a pool of water at Lake and La Salle streets, inhabited by frogs. "It smells strong now, and in a few days will send out a horrible stench." This spot is now (1891) directly over the south entrance to the La Salle street tunnel; consequently some thirty feet over the heads of the thousands of cable-car passengers who daily pass and repass between the North and South sides.

During all this decade, no system of street numbering was in use.

In October, 1836, the Town Trustees met with delegates from the three districts to take measures for organizing the City of Chicago. A committee was appointed to draft a charter which was adopted by the citizens, was passed by the State Legislature and approved March 4, 1837. Under this charter the election was held and William B. Ogden elected Mayor. There were six wards, and the aldermen elected were Goodhue, Hogan, Caton, Pierce, Ward and Jackson. Norman B. Judd was elected city attorney. The whole number of votes cast at this election was 709.



NORMAN B. JUDD

On December 29, 1836, the garrison was finally withdrawn from Fort Dearborn, and after its thirty-three years of stirring vicissitude it passed into a useless old age which lasted a score of years before its abandonment as a Government possession. In fact one of its buildings—a great, barn-like, wooden hos-

pital—was standing, in use as a storage warehouse, up to 1871, when the Great Fire obliterated it with nearly all else that was ancient in Chicago.

An exception to this destruction and to the fast gathering cloud of oblivion, is to be found in an old red granite boulder, with a rude human face carved on it, which stood in the center of the fort esplanade, and which is now (1891) one of our few antiquarian treasures. It is nearly eight feet high by three feet in greatest diameter and weighs perhaps 4,000 pounds. In prehistoric times the Indians used its concave top for a corn mill, and for many, many weary hours must the patient and long-suffering squaws have leaned over it crushing the scanty, flinty corn of those days into material for the food of braves and papposes.

Garrison finally  
withdrawn.

Many persons have looked on it as a relic of prehistoric art—the sacrificial stone of an Aztec *teocalli* perhaps—but Mr. Hurlbut gives the cold truth; more modern though scarcely less romantic. He says it was set up in the fort, and soldiers, sick and well, used it as a lounging place. Sometimes it served as a pillory for disorderly characters, and it was a common expression or threat that for some offences the offender would “be sent to the rock.” Waubansa was a Chicago Chief, and a soldier sculptor tried to depict his features on the stone; and (to quote Mr. Hurlbut):

The portrait pleased the Indians, the liege friends of the chief, greatly, for a party of them, admitted within the stockade to see it, whooped and leaped as if they had achieved a victory; and with uncouth gestures they danced in a triumphant circle around the rock.

In 1837 . . . .

Daniel Webster paid a visit to the West and took Chicago in his route. . . . The conveyance was a barouche with four elegant *creams* attached. Mr. Webster was accompanied by his daughter and son. Every wheel-vehicle, every horse and mule in town, it is said, were in requisition that day, and the senator was met some miles out by a numerous delegation from this the *new city*, who joined in the procession . . . . It was the Fourth of July. the column came over



WAUBANSA STONE.

Randolph street bridge, and thence to the parade ground within the fort. There were guns at the fort which were eloquent, of course, though the soldiers had left some weeks before. The foundation of all this outcry about Mr. Webster is, that the base and platform upon which that gentleman stood when he made the speech within the fort was the *rock*, the same *Waubansa stone*. . . . Justin Butterfield (who stood directly in front of the senator) swung his hat and cheered the speaker.

The “statue” was pierced to form the base of a fountain, and was set up as one of the curiosities of the great Sanitary Commission fair, held in 1865, in Dearborn Park, in aid of the sick and wounded in the war for the Union. In 1866 it was adopted as a relic by the Hon. Isaac N. Arnold—member of Congress during the war, and one of the staunchest and ablest of patriots and most devoted of friends to the soldiers—who moved it to his house in Erie street. Mr. Arnold’s home was burned with the rest in the Great Fire of 1871, and old “Waubansa” passed through the flames with the same unmoved look which he had preserved through his earlier vicissitudes. After-

ward a lot of "fire relics" were grouped about him and a photograph taken, wherein, for the first time, he looks abashed as if conscious of the contrast between his uncouthness and the carvings which surround his ancient lineaments. The stone stands open to public view in the grounds adjoining the new home (100 Pine street, North Side) which Mr. Arnold built after the fire, and in which he lived up to the time of his lamented death in April, 1884. (Only the lack of space, which excludes individual biographies, prevents the giving of a life of this great and good man.)



BENJAMIN W. RAYMOND,  
Builder of First Fire-proof Store.

To "blow up" has at least two meanings: to inflate, and to explode. (Falstaff says, "A Plague of sighing and grief! It blows a man up like a bladder.") It was Chicago's fate in about those days to be blown up in both senses of the word. The process of inflation is interesting, and would be amusing if it were not that explosion follows on inflation as effect on cause.

The great gift of land to help build the canal, and the congressional grant of money to open the harbor, caused an influx of ready cash, while the fact that there was to be a canal and a harbor indicated (in a faint degree)

the coming value of the location. Therefore Chicago's inflation had a better basis of actual value than had nine-tenths of the "paper cities" which sprang up on all sides in the drunken days of 1835 and 1836. Thousands of lots in "cities" which had never been surveyed, were sold to people who had never been within a thousand miles of the locality. Fifteen town sites were advertised in a single number of the Chicago "American," of which many of the names are unknown to-day, and the sites (if real) are still in a state of nature.

When such follies were prevalent, how much more excusable were the vagaries of Chicago, which had, as time has proved, a basis of solid value?

In 1830, lots in the "original town" (Canal Trustee's first subdivision) were sold at from \$25 to \$100 each. Alexander Wolcott bought eighty acres bounded by Chicago avenue, State street, Kinzie street and

the North Branch at \$1.25 an acre; and a year or so later, Robert A. Kinzie bought "Kinzie's Addition" (Chicago avenue to Kinzie street, between State street and the Lake) at the same rate.

The first lots sold in the original town, after being for two or three years tossed from hand to hand by luckless owners—bought and sold and "swapped"\* like Indian ponies—suddenly arose (as Captain Andreas says) to the dignity of realty. Bought at \$60 to-day they bring \$80 to-morrow and \$100 the day after, while to our backward glance they were even then worth thousands!

Of the Tremont House lot (southeast corner of Lake and Dearborn streets) Mr. J. D. Bonnell, in a letter to the "Times," dated March 15, 1876, says that one may hear varying stories as to the prices at which it might have been bought; for instance: A cord of wood, that means 1831; a pair of boots, that means 1832; a barrel of whisky, that means 1833; a yoke of steers and a barrel of flour, that means 1834; five hundred dollars, that means 1835; five thousand dollars, that means 1836 or 1837. Mr. Bonnell doubtless states the case in caricature, for no lot in the original town was sold by the canal trustees for any such trivial sums.



JASON GURLEY,  
Landlord of the Mansion House.

An extreme case is that of the "Opera House Block" lot, southwest corner of Clark and Washington streets, of which a deed, dated June 14, 1832, is still in existence, showing its sale for \$61. Still, Mr. Bonnell's price for the Tremont corner in 1831 is not much further out of the way than it is in 1835, 1836 and 1837; the last must be multiplied by five, and so must the first; for J. B. Beaubien, at the sale of 1830, bought the property (two lots 160 feet square), with eight other lots, for \$346; an average of \$38.44 per lot, or \$76.88 for the two.

Traditional city  
lot sales.

It has often been said that some Chicago lots were run up, in 1836, to a price higher than they would bring to-day; but the facts scarcely bear out that extravagance. Father St. Cyr wrote to Mr. Wentworth in 1880 that the lot on Lake street west of State promised him for the Catholic Church in 1833 for \$200 was sold in 1834 for \$300, to Dr. Egan, who, in 1836, sold it to Eastern speculators for \$60,000. The

\* Indian word for exchanged.

lot was 80 by 150 feet, and, supposing the reverend father to have been correctly informed, and the price named to have been the "top notch," the sum falls still below present values.

In 1834 the dropsical disease was firmly seated and land agents were plenty. In 1835 the Government land sales aggravated the malady. Those sales went on as follows:

May 28 to June 30, sales under pre-emption.....	\$ 33,067
June 15 to June 30, public sale, John Bates, auctioneer.....	354,278
August 3 to August 31, private sales.....	61,958
September 17 to September 30, private sales.....	10,655
Total .....	\$459,958

The "Chicago American," August 15, 1835, reports sales of fractional Block No. 7 (Kinzie, Kingsbury & North Branch): In June, for \$1,300; on August 1 for \$1,950. Of Lot 1, Block 2 (southwest corner of Dearborn and North Water): In June, \$5,000; in August, \$10,000. Lot 8, Block 16 (northwest corner of State and Lake streets): In June, \$420; in August, \$700.

Skipping the convulsive leaps meanwhile, the lots of 1830, 1831, etc., sold in 1836 thus:

Fifty feet front on South Water street, by 150 on Dearborn, brought \$25,000. Captain Andreas quotes from the "American" (April, 1836): "There is a piece of land in Chicago costing \$62 in 1830, which has risen in value one hundred per cent. per day. It was sold last week for \$96,700, one-quarter down and the remainder in six, twelve and eighteen months, at ten per cent." Charles Butler, of New York, in a later issue of the same paper, says:

Progress of the excitement.

In 1833, one quarter of Kinzie's addition was offered for \$5,500, worth then \$100,000. In 1833, forty acres of land worth \$400 could not be purchased in 1836 for less than \$200,000. In 1834 the "Hunter property" was purchased for \$20,000. In the spring of 1835 it was resold for \$100,000. It is now (September, 1836) worth \$500,000.

The Government land office had been opened here in 1835; sales, 370,000 acres; in 1836, 202,000; in 1837, 15,600. It never, up to its close in 1846, had a single year equal to 1835.

Lots and lands were sold at auction by Augustus Garrett, who announced on October 27th, 1835, that he had sold, since January 4th, \$1,800,000 of real and personal property.

Ex-Lieutenant Governor William Bross, in his History of Chicago, gives a table showing the first sales of lots (1830) and the prices they brought; adding a column giving a careful estimate of the value of the same lots in 1853 when he wrote. Part of that statement is herewith presented, with the addition of columns showing frontage and location, and a rough estimate of present (1891) value:



ORIGINAL TOWN.

First Sale (Sept. 27, 1830). Buyers' names, prices, and later values.

PURCHASERS.	Lots.	Block.	Front.	Feet.	STREETS.	Price.	Bross's valuation in 1853.	Kerfoot's valuation in 1891.
B. B. Kerchival.....	5	29	E.	75.8	W. Water, bet. Lake and Randolph	\$109	\$21,300	\$105,000
	6	29	W.	75 8	Canal, bet. Lake and Randolph			
Mark Beaubien.....	3 and 4	31	N. & W	160	S. E. Cor. Lake and Market.....	102	108,000	320,000
Thos. Hartzell.....	1	21	Tri-angle.		S. W. Cor. S. Water and Franklin.....		62,700	125,000
	8	29	E.	75.8	W. Water, bet. Lake and Randolph.....		10,000	75,000
	7	29	W.	75.8	Canal, bet. Lake and Randolph.....	35		
Edm. Roberts and Peter Menard.....	4	29	E.	75.8	W. Water, bet. Lake and Randolph.....	100	13,000	30,000
Edm. Roberts.....	2	18	N.	80	S. Water, bet. Clark and La Salle.....	45	40,000	200,000
Wm. Jewett.....	5	28	E.	75 8	Canal, bet. Lake and Randolph.....		17,000	150,000
	6	28	W.	75 8	Clinton, bet. Lake and Randolph.....	21		
James Kinzie.....	5 and 8	12	E.	151.4	Clinton, bet. Fulton and Carroll.....			
	6 and 7	12	W.	151.4	Jefferson, bet. Fulton and Carroll.....			
	2, 3, 5, 7 and 8	21	Tri-angle.		Lake, Franklin and S. Water.....	418	131,000	1,042,000
J. B. Beaubien.....	5	41	S.	80	Washington, N. E. Cor. Franklin.....			
	8	41	S.	80	Washington, N. W. Cor. Wells.....			
	7	16	S.	80	Lake, bet. State and Dearborn.....			
	1 and 2	17	N.	160	S. Water, S. W. Cor. Dearborn.....			
	7 and 8	17	S.	160	Lake, N. W. Cor. Dearborn.....	346	450,000	2,450,000
	1	18	N.	80	S. Water, S. W. Cor. Clark.....			
	6	35	S.	80	Randolph, bet. Clark and Dearborn.....			
	3 and 4	30	N.	160	Lake, S. E. Cor. Dearborn.....			
	8	20	S.	80	Lake, N. W. Cor. Wells.....			
	5 and 6	32	S.	160	Randolph, N. E. Cor. Franklin.....	119	163,000	880,000
John Kinzie.....	2	2	S.	80	N. Water, bet. Dearborn and Clark.....			
	2	5	S.	80	N. Water, bet. Wells and Franklin*.....			
	7 and 8	5	N.	160	Kinzie, N. W. Cor. Wells.....			
Alex. Wolcott.....	1 to 8	1	N. & S.	640	{ Kinzie, bet. State and Dearborn*.....	685	128,000	480,000
					{ N. Water, bet. State and Dearborn*.....		30,000	45,000
Thomas Ryan.....	2	10	W.	75.8	Desplaines, bet. Carroll and Kinzie.....	42		
Total.....						\$2,137	\$1,174,000	\$5,902,000

\*These properties have been absorbed by Railroad companies and incorporated in their rights of way and hence do not now properly constitute street frontage, but their present values are estimated as street frontage and NOT as part of Railroad right of way.  
The estimates in the final column are furnished by S. H. Kerfoot & Co., which firm has been continuously in Real Estate business since 1852.

One of our very few and very precious scraps of local personal testimony half a century old, is the address of Joseph N. Balestier (a connection of the Kinzie family) delivered in the "Saloon Building" before the "Chicago Lyceum," January 21, 1840, whereof a copy for publication was asked by Grant Goodrich, William B. Ogden, Sidney Sawyer, Mark Skinner, David Hunter and John S. Wright. The lecture survived the vicissitudes of time and fire in a curious manner. An article in the Chicago "Tribune" of November 25, 1872, gives the circumstances as follows\*:

The bosoms of the auditory fluttered with honest pride as young Balestier went through his manuscript and held the mirror up to the struggling, forlorn, but hopeful Garden City. . . . It was neatly enough brought into typography by Edward Rudd, and, with the not unbecoming self-satisfaction of an author so honored, Baléstier took a fair copy, wrote on the margin of the title page a pleasant note to General George P. Morris, of the New York "Mirror," asking his acceptance of the small brochure "from one of his correspondents."



GEO. F. FOSTER,  
Sail Loft, North Water Street.

The little pamphlet had a mail journey of three weeks before the great New York editor turned over its modest pages, with much the same feeling, probably, with which a New York journalist of to-day would glance at the cheaply-printed, cheerful chirpings of a local lyceum lecture at Sitka. This identical copy, so addressed, drifted back again beyond the lakes, to be stitched into a bound volume in the State Library of Wisconsin, where a summer Rambler among the interior lakes of our sister State came across it the other day.

Mr. Balestier says that in 1835 the cities of the East were visited with an epidemic madness. It was suddenly discovered that the Amer-

ican people had labored under serious misapprehension regarding the value of land, especially that which lay in cities and villages. The price of real property rose a hundred or a thousand-fold. Paper cities flourished, and the public mind became utterly diseased.

This unwholesome spirit was confined to no classes. It extended into every walk of life. The farmer forsook the plow and became a speculator upon the soil instead of a producer from beneath the sod. The mechanic laid aside his tools and resolved to grow rich without labor. The lawyer sold his books and invested the proceeds in land. The physician "threw physic to the dogs," and wrote promissory notes instead of prescriptions. Even the day laborer became learned in the mysteries of quit-claim and warranty, and calculated his fortune by thousands.

When the mass of the community thus abandoned or neglected their proper pursuits, it may readily be assumed that the ignoble few who were willing to work received an ample reward for their pains. The price of labor was exorbitant; the simplest service was purchased at a dear rate. Even the barbers, who, since the days of Abraham, had shaved for sixpence, discovered that they had been working at half price. The great increase of consumers and the proportionate decrease of producers rendered the price of provisions enormous. . . . Credit, reckless and indiscrimi-

\*For this article, the lecture itself and other interesting matters connected therewith, see Fergus' *Historical Series*, No. 1.

Balestier's Lecture on these times.

nate, was the master principle of those wild and maddening days. . . . Already had the banks, which greatly multiplied at this period, issued sufficient paper promises to create a spirit of wild extravagance; but the property of the country rose too rapidly to be represented by an inflated bank-note circulation. Individuals, in humble imitation of the banks, issued their notes without stint or limit. . . . If old-established communities were thus frightened from their propriety, it can scarcely be supposed that the rising village of Chicago should escape the contagion. . . . The wonder, then, is, not that we speculated so much, but rather that we did not rush more madly into the vortex of ruin. . . . Here, at least, there was *something* received in exchange for the money of the purchaser. But the few miles that composed Chicago formed but a small item among the subjects of speculation. The prairies of Illinois, the forests of Wisconsin and the sand hills of Michigan presented a chain almost unbroken of supposititious cities and villages. The whole land seemed staked out and peopled on paper. . . . Not the puniest brook on the shore of Lake Michigan was suffered to remain without a city at its mouth, and whoever will travel around that lake shall find many a mighty mart staked out in spots suitable only for the habitations of wild beasts.

This picturesque language becomes of redoubled interest when we reflect that it was uttered only five years after the occurrences described. As Mr. Bales-tier spoke the words, one might readily have found the town-sites he described, the long rows of lot stakes standing stark in their lonely desolation.

In 1836 and 1837 the Illinois legislature, carried away by the spirit of the age, entered on a system of "public improvements;" canals, railways, turnpikes, etc., which was perhaps the craziest exploit of even that crazy time. Bonds were voted and sold, railroads located and begun, and other wild things done; all a full generation in advance of the needs of commerce and the ability of finance. Abraham Lincoln, then a member of the legislature, in spite of all the native common sense he afterward showed, was not too shrewd to be taken in by the transparent folly; he was not only a party to the movement, but an enthusiastic leader in it. This was really after the general "craze" had nearly culminated; and, though it seemed an effort to make up for lost time, still its reign was so short as to be, though positively disastrous, yet harmless compared to what might have been its results if begun earlier. Suppose the State bonds to have been voted in 1835 instead of January, 1837, the millions which would have found a market would perhaps have been either finally repudiated, or have remained a burden to this day; when, in fact, Illinois is quite out of debt. At the same time the melancholy wrecks that mark that old error, instead of being



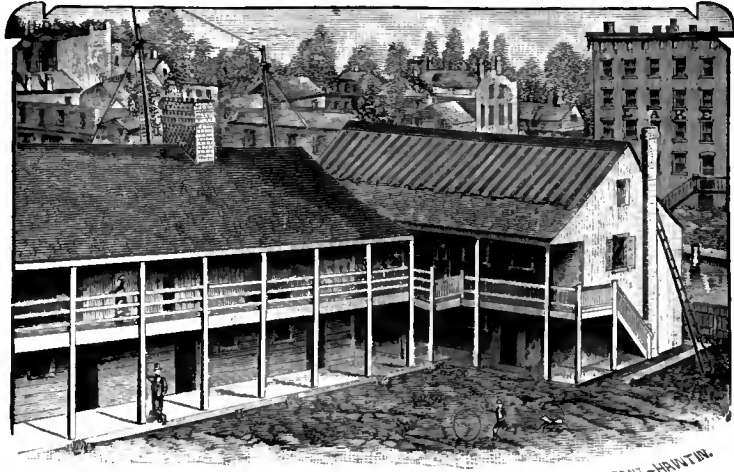
CHARLES N. HOLDEN,  
"Red Log Grocery," South Water Street.

Foolish State  
Legislation.

few and scattered, would have covered the State. Having in it all elements of failure, the sooner the whole scheme failed the better.

The Milwaukee "Advertiser," of June 14, 1836, gives a reported conversation between two Chicago men: "What did you give for your portrait?" "I gave twenty-five dollars for it, and have been offered fifty already."

The balloon was certainly "blown up" in the first sense, and about ready to be "blown up" in the second.



INSIDE OF OLD FORT. LAKE HOUSE IN THE DISTANCE.

FRANK-HUNT

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE HARD TIMES OF 1837-40.



WHAT goes up must come down, sooner or later, according as it is built solidly or flimsily. An Eastern proverb says that "the arch never rests," even the vaulted stone goes always down, down till it finds earth-level again — how much more the bubble or the house of cards!

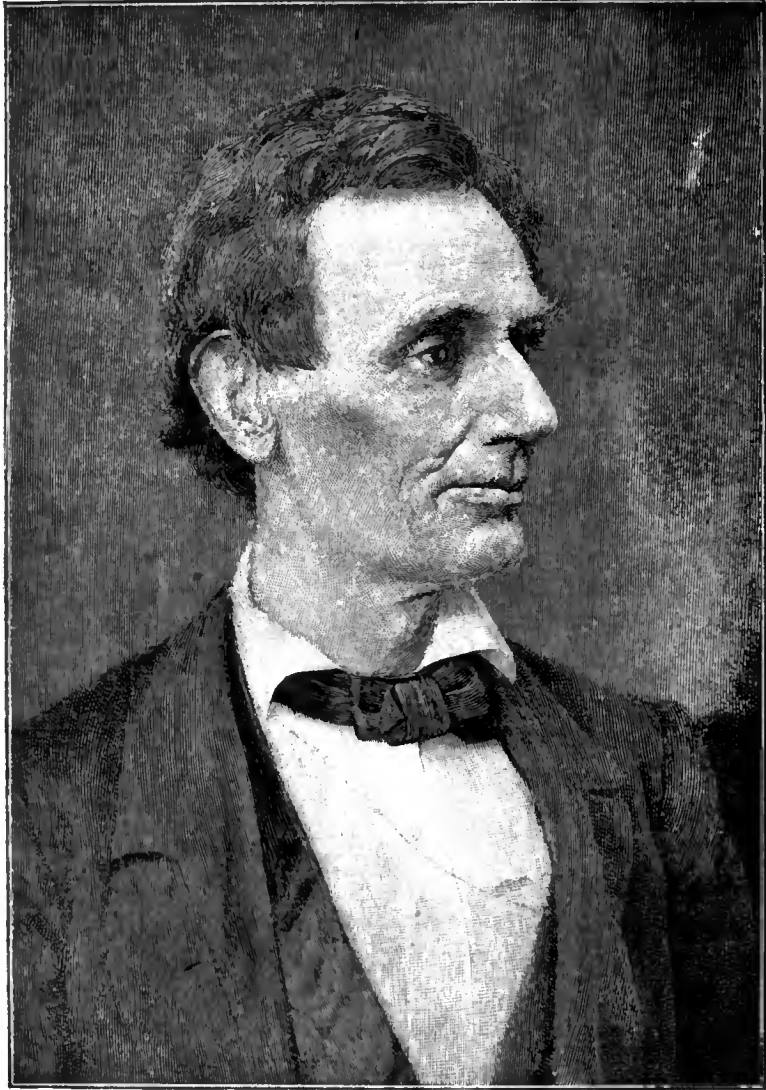
Many panics, depressing and disastrous, have swept over our land; never one so wide-spread, so complete, so terrible as that of 1837. Some have been merely financial, or industrial, or commercial; but this "squeeze," for various reasons, reached every branch of every business. In the East, Jackson's withdrawal of the Government deposits from the United States Bank caused (or rather precipitated) its failure, and that great collapse dragged down every public banking institution within its influence. In the whole West a season of prolonged drought brought even the tillers of the virgin soil to actual want, and a huge speculation in public lands fell in ruins with the depression of agriculture. In Illinois, a system of public works based on public debt had been instituted which contemplated (besides the Illinois & Michigan Canal) the outlay of \$9,350,000 in railroad building, and \$850,000 in other things; in all \$10,200,000, as follows:

Legislative  
scheme of  
Public Im-  
provements.

Railroads:		\$3,500,000
Cairo to Galena (Central)	-	1,600,000
Alton to Mt. Carmel	-	1,800,000
Northern Cross	-	650,000
Branch of the Central to Terre Haute	-	600,000
" " Alton	-	700,000
Peoria to Warsaw	-	150,000
Belleville to Mt. Carmel	-	350,000
Bloomington to Mackinawtown	-	250,000
Great Western Mail Route (highway)	-	400,000
Improvement of the Wabash, Illinois, Rock, Little Wabash, & Kaskaskia rivers	-	200,000
To counties in lieu of railroads and canals	-	

To show how universal was the craze, it should be noticed that Stephen A. Douglas (Democrat) framed and introduced the bill; Abraham Lincoln (Whig) supported it; and when Governor Duncan (Whig) wisely vetoed the measure, both houses passed it over his veto.

The total length of railway proposed was 1,341 miles, a point only reached just about twenty years later, 1857. But the projectors were not only twenty years too soon in their plan; they were also all wrong as to their method, that of State construction and ownership. Governor



*A. Lincoln*

Duncan, in his message of 1835, used the wise words: "I would most respectfully suggest the propriety of leaving all such works, wherein it can be done consistently with the general interest, to individual enterprise;" which advice, Judge Moses truly observes, had it been heeded, would have been the means of averting many serious evils which after-

ward befell the State. Governor Duncan suffered the fate usually awaiting the man who is right when the rest of the world is wrong. In the next election for Governor his name was not even mentioned, and when he did become again a candidate (in 1842) he was defeated. The public often admits itself to have been mistaken, but seldom forgives the man who has convicted it of its mistake.

Wisdom of  
Governor  
Duncan.

It will be observed that all plans for railways were conceived in the view of local convenience, the idea of through lines not having yet taken root. So thoroughly was this the case that counties through which no road or canal was to pass were to be appeased by an appropriation of money. A separate act aimed at the completion of the canal, authorizing the sale of \$1,000,000 worth of canal lands and an additional loan of \$500,000. The capital of the State bank was increased to \$2,000,000, and that of the Bank of Shawneetown to \$1,400,000. Then, says Judge Moses, in his excellent History of Illinois:

The legislature adjourned March 6, amid the plaudits of a grateful constituency. Only the so-called misguided and narrow-minded minority were received with coldness and made the subjects of public censure. The adjournment was followed by an era of speculation. There was about to be realized in rich fruition the rose-colored future of prosperity depicted by the governor in his message of 1835, in which he alluded to railroads and canals "bearing with seeming triumph the rich productions of the interior to the rivers, lakes and ocean, and almost annihilating time, burthen and space."



STEPHEN A. DOUGLASS

In 1838, the pinch having come, suspension of specie payments was authorized by law. But the issue of irredeemable currency by the State banks went on, and so did the "internal improvements," not one of which, except the canal, was ever other than a bill of expense. In 1839 the State debt reached \$13,230,550. Still, at the same time, Ohio owed nearly \$15,000,000; Indiana \$14,000,000, and even little Michigan, with a population of only 212,276, owed \$6,000,000! In 1840 Illinois had 476,183; and it was in that year—let all loyal Illinoisans plume themselves on this—in the midst of deep financial tribulation and frantic political strife, the legislature, without distinction of party, tried heroic expedients for paying interest on the State debt, going so far as to lay an additional tax of ten cents on the \$100 (later raised to 35 cents on the \$100) for that express purpose, and at last pledging \$804,000 of bonds for \$261,500 of cash. (1 Moses, 443.) Meantime the work on the internal improvement scheme was discontinued. To quote Governor Ford's history of Illinois, "The channels of trade had been obstructed, and the vitality of business seemed almost extinct." In February,

Specie pay-  
ments sus-  
pended.

Public works  
stopped.

1842, the State Bank and the Shawneetown Bank "exploded with a great crash," leaving more than \$3,000,000 of irredeemable currency afloat.

Banks fail.

The tide of immigration ceased to flow into the State, and there could hardly be found sufficient money to pay taxes. Produce could not be sold for cash at any price, and was valuable to the owner only as a sort of circulating medium available in trade. The following were the "market prices" in Central Illinois for leading articles, namely: Wheat, 40 to 50 cents per bushel; corn, 10 to 12; pork \$1.50 per hundred. It required forty pounds of butter (selling at from 5 to 8 cents per pound) to buy the farmer's wife a calico dress of eight yards—the usual size of the pattern at that time—the price being from 18¾ to 37½ cents per yard; twenty-five dozen eggs would only purchase one dollar's worth of coffee, five pounds. Ten bushels of corn would scarcely outweigh in value eight pounds of sugar, and the hog had to be a large one that would liquidate the price of a pair of boots. Everybody was in debt, and there was only "produce" to pay with, at these starvation prices. The newspapers were filled with notices of bankruptcy and of sales by trustees and sheriffs. (I Moses, 452-3.)\*

Judge Caton, looking back on those days, says, "I had to take for law fees anything I could get in farm products. I could buy pork at \$1.50 a hundred pounds, but the \$1.50 was very hard to get."

State Treasurer too poor to pay postage.

Governor Ford, elected in 1842 as a Democrat, but essentially an independent, said in his first message that there was not enough money in the State treasury to pay postage on State correspondence, and the postmaster refused credit. Auditor's warrants were selling at 50 cents on the dollar; State bonds, 14 cents. In the same breath Ford advocated payment of every dollar of public debt, and the completion (on a diminished scale) of the canal. Verily, "there were giants in those days."

State debt and assets.

The State surrendered to the banks the stock in them which it had held, receiving in return the bonds which it had issued for such stock, and the banks began redeeming their circulating notes as best they might—doubtless taking bad currency in payment of bad debts—finally retiring and cancelling them all. The State debt had been reduced by these means until on January 1, 1845, it stood as follows:

Illinois and Michigan Canal debt.....	\$4,747,783
Internal improvement, banks and State house .....	6,712,886
	\$11,454,669

To this must be added accumulation of interest from July, 1841 (the date of latest payment), amounting to \$2,323,199.† The total assessed value of the State's real estate for 1844 was fifty-one millions, personal property sixteen millions. It would not now be hard to find three or four Chicago men able to join hands and buy, at assessed valuation, everything there was in the State, pay its debt, complete its canal and have enough left to give their families three meals a day after all.

\* The lowest prices for grain ever reached in Chicago during recorded times were in 1843, when white winter wheat was worth but thirty-eight cents per bushel; corn eighteen cents.

† The sum of this indebtedness, \$13,777,868, is just about the present total debt of Chicago (1891), \$13,545,400. But the disparity of assets and liabilities becomes very glaring when we compare the assessed valuation of the State in 1842, \$7,000,000, with that of Chicago to-day, \$210,354,368. The State owed nearly one dollar in five of total valuation; the city owes less than one dollar in sixteen, under an assessed valuation notoriously inadequate.



The summer of 1838 showed an accumulation of miseries. Drought—that evil whose touch is death in a farming region—prevailed over the whole West. No rain fell from July 19th until November. Streams dried up and springs yielded poor water. Fatal fever broke out in Chicago. Work on the canal was nearly suspended by a strange disease called, for want of a better name, “canal cholera.” It carried off its victims in a few hours and many of the dead lay along the road near Bridgeport, unburied for days together; all the well being afraid of catching and spreading the deadly epidemic.

Judge Blodgett served on the canal as “rod man” in the engineering force, near Lemont. He says this disease was like yellow fever, and came from the malarious exhalations of the upturned soil, the hard work in the hot sun, and the unwholesome living on pork and poor bread. Work began at half-past six in the morning, at ten a pail of whiskey was passed and each man given a “jigger” from a tin cup. At noon an hour was allowed for dinner, at three or four another “jigger” was served, and work stopped at six. The fever victims would be seized with black vomit at night and die next morning, and they would bury them as soon as might be. There was but little drinking, except the “jiggers,” and he never heard of any unburied dead.



JUDGE BLODGETT.

The writer, a resident of Michigan in 1840, remembers the distress, the utter absence of specie, the prevalence of the worthless “Michigan money” (dreadfully scarce, poor as it was); the feeling deepseated in a small boy’s heart, that “hard times” were the natural state of man and that anything else must be a delusion, foolish, insane, temporary and evanescent. He even remembers a political caricature used in the Harrison campaign of 1840 to show the consequences of the Democratic (“Locofoco”) rule of Jackson and Van Buren. It displayed a mass of struggling, poverty-stricken wretches standing in Wall street while one building showed the legend, “Bank. No specie payments made here;” another, “Custom house. Nothing but specie taken here.”

Personal reminiscences.

"Red-dog,"  
"Wild-cat"  
and "Shin-  
plasters."

The "Michigan currency" went by the epithets—opprobrious and appropriate—of "red-dog," "wild-cat," "shinplasters," etc. It is said that a certain man, having this money offered to him, exclaimed: "Oh see here! can't you give me something else? If you've got any good Eastern counterfeits, I'd rather have them!"

Turning now to Chicago, how did she stand the pressure of ill luck? There was plenty of it. As Mr. Balestier says:

The professional speculator and his victims were swallowed up in one common ruin. Trusting to the large sums due to him, the land operator involved himself more and more deeply, until his fate was more pitiable than that of his defrauded dupes. The year 1837 will ever be remembered as the era of protested notes; it was the harvest to the notary and to the lawyer, the year of wrath to the mercantile, producing and laboring interests. Misery inscribed its name on many a face lately radiant with high hopes; despair was stamped on many a countenance which was wont to be wreathed in smiles. Broken fortunes, blasted hopes, aye, and blighted characters; these were the legitimate offspring of those pestilent times. The land resounded with the groans of ruined men and the sobs of defrauded women who had entrusted their all to greedy speculators. . . . It was a scene of woe and desolation. Temporary relief came in the shape of Michigan money—but, like all empty expedients, it, in the end, aggravated the disease it pretended to cure. . . . Let us turn from this sickening spectacle of disaster and ruin. Mad as her citizens had been, Chicago was *Chicago* still. Artificial enterprises had failed, but nature was still the same.

Professor Colbert, in his history of Chicago (p. 21), says:

When the crash came in the autumn of 1837 the selling value of real estate fell almost to zero. For three or four years it was scarcely possible to realize anything on so-called property and not till after 1842 was there a sign of recovery. In 1841 sale was made of a number of lots on the east side of Michigan avenue, between South Water and Randolph streets, the average price being five dollars per front foot.

In the Chicago Magazine for April, 1857 (p. 139), we read that in 1839, at the sale of the Fort Dearborn land, lots on Michigan avenue sold still lower than those above named; going at \$51 for 48 feet.

John S. Wright, an excellent citizen and conservative man, said in after years: "By 1840 my property had all gone. What had cost me \$100,000 went for \$6,000; what had cost \$12,000 brought but \$900."

Scrip of various  
kinds.

In June, 1837, the City scrip was issued in denominations of \$1, \$2 and \$3, bearing interest at one per cent. per annum, receivable for taxes not exceeding \$5,000. At the same time some Chicagoans were sturdy anti-inflationists, for J. S. C. Hogan resigned the office of Town Treasurer rather than be party to the borrowing by the town of \$2,000. No specimens of this currency are now known to exist.

In these years was issued the "Canal Scrip" in various shapes and forms. Hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of the old stuff are in the vaults of the Historical society, and four varieties of its issues are here reproduced, that "old residents" may be reminded of the aspect of "money" which they were once so eager to get hold of and, a little later, to get rid of.

The earliest in date is August 1, 1839, and is a broad, dignified-looking bill, reminding one of the Bank of England's five-pound note.

Its vignette is a steamboat; with one of the old "sash-frame" engines, used before even the "walking-beam" was introduced.

It is a ninety-day draft for \$100, dated at Lockport, drawn on the Branch State Bank at Chicago, signed by W. F. Thornton, president,



and registered by J. Manning, secretary. Its indorser (not shown in the cut) was J. Calhoun. Perhaps it was issued in payment of a newspaper bill. The engravers were Rudd & Childs, of Chicago, and it is a production highly creditable to the young village. The name "Childs" is to-day prominent among Chicago engravers.



The second bill is a check, dated at Lockport, October 1, 1839, drawn on the Chicago Bank to the order of David Prickett, treasurer, and signed by W. F. Thornton, president, and Jacob Fry, acting commissioner. Its vignette is doubtless borrowed from the Erie Canal (then about eighteen years old), as it shows a canal boat and team

engaged in passing a lock. The bill is severely plain compared with the earlier issue. It bears the name of P. A. Mesier's Lith., 28 Wall street, New York. This is probably the issue which Judge Blodgett remembers as having been conterefted—not, however, successfully, for he says that the counterfeit bills were easily detected *because they were so much better than the genuine.*

Number three is the most pretentious of all, and bears the name of Woodruff & Childs, Cincinnati. It is in a form resembling a modern bank bill. It is dated at the office of the Board of Public Works, Springfield, March 18, 1840, and directs the Fund Commissioner to pay to the order of J. Beall, Commissioner of the Board, \$100, with interest from June 15, 1840, at six per cent. per annum; signed J. Hogan, Pres't, and Wm. Prentiss, Sec'y. Its vignette is a curiosity, showing as it does a railway train of the earliest construction. Each of the three

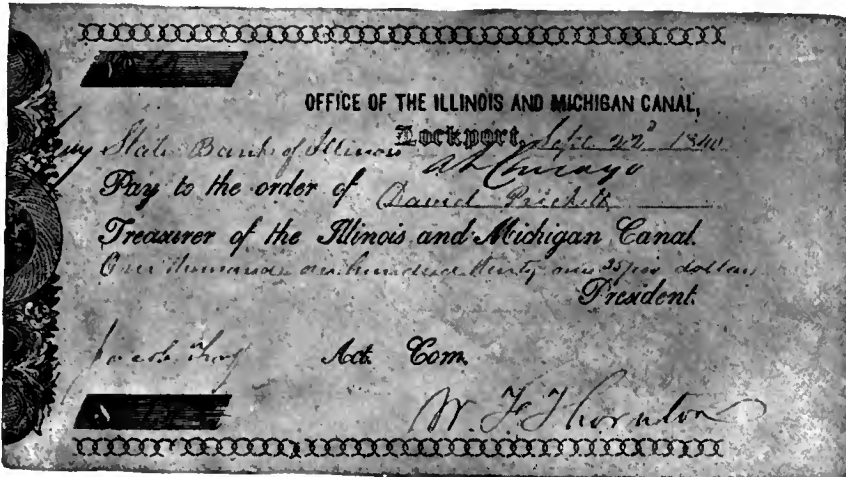


passenger cars is in the semblance of an old-fashioned, curve-bottomed stage coach, set on a four-wheeled wagon truck, and filled with passengers both inside and on top. The baggage car is a kind of barrow hitched to the rear of the train. The engine is the most curious of all, looking like a little stationary boiler (no visible cylinder) perched on a slight four-wheeled truck like that which carries the passenger cars. One would not like to be one of those wayfarers on the top of the coaches, unless the speed be limited to three miles an hour at the outside. On the left-hand end of the bill is old Aquarius with his urn, and on the right Agriculture with her plow, sheaves and cornucopia of fruits.

The reverse of the bill is an interesting bit of history, marking a step in the persistent and successful struggle of our State to perform its promises to the very letter. It is an indorsement reading thus :

Paid on the principal of this scrip seventy 40-100 dollars, being the dividend of the State debt fund, declared January 1st, 1851, \$70.40. THOMAS H. CAMPBELL, Aud'r.

The latest issue is dated at the Lockport office, Sept. 22, 1840, and calls upon the Agency State Bank of Illinois at Chicago to pay to the order of David Prickett, \$1,131.35; signed W. F. Thornton, Pres't, and Jacob Fry, Act. Com. The note is of severe plainness, a simple draft,



torn out of a stub-book. It bears no evidence of having been paid (except a stamp of cancellation), but we know that every one of them was finally paid in full, from the earnings of the canal and the sale of canal land.

The total of completed work under the "Internal Improvement Scheme," after the expenditure of its six million dollars, was only one small section of railroad (connecting Springfield with Meredosia on the Illinois river), supplied with two engines and a few cars, the whole costing \$1,000,000. This was the first railroad in the State, and was fifty-eight miles long. W. K. Ackerman, Esq., in an excellent and exhaustive pamphlet on Early Illinois Railroads (Fergus' Hist. Series No. 23), says:

The road was constructed by spiking flat strips of iron on long timbers, which were laid lengthwise on the tracks, and which were kept from spreading by cross-pieces inserted every five or six feet. In a short time the road and engines needed repairing, and the engines were taken off and mule teams used for some years in their place. . . Its whole income was insufficient to keep it in repair, and its operation was abandoned by the State. The road was sold in 1847, and realized \$21,500 in State indebtedness.

Utter failure  
of Internal  
Improvement  
scheme.

Old settlers give a pathetic picture of the decadence of the little line; an engine in the ditch, a few mules pulling a few cars through the dust, final abandonment—loneliness, weeds and cattle tracks. Judge Caton recollects riding, in 1842, over the road between Jacksonville and Meredosia, when the grass was so heavy over the rails that the engine's driving-wheels slipped enough to retard their progress. At a certain small watercourse the passengers were fain to turn out and dip up water in buckets from the stream, to fill the water tank of the tender.

Most of the rich men of 1835-6 went down before the storm of 1837. William B. Ogden was in straits through liabilities assumed for friends, and did not get clear of the trouble until 1842-3. His biographer, in the "Chicago Magazine" (p. 33), says:

Ogden's  
firmness

The first time we recollect to have heard him address a public meeting was in the fall of 1837 while he was mayor. Some frightened debtors, assisted by a few demagogues, had called a meeting to take measures to have the courts suspended. . . . They sought by legislative action, or "Relief Laws," to suspend, for a season, the collection of debts. An inflammatory and ad captandum speech had been made. . . . During the excitement the Mayor was called for. He stepped forward and exhorted his fellow-citizens not to commit the folly of proclaiming their own dishonor. . . . No misfortune was so great as one's own personal dishonor. . . . "Above all things," said he, "do not tarnish the honor of our infant city." . . . This first attempt at "repudiating" met . . . a rebuff no less pointed than deserved.



*Yours truly  
W. H. Brown*

*Yours truly  
Charles Walker*

William H. Brown, cashier of the Chicago branch of the Illinois State Bank, was another bulwark of solvency. Regarding his course the "Magazine" says:

Position of Chi-  
cago Branch  
State Bank.

Everybody was in a condition of suffering, and wanted money with an intensity that would take no denial; and the very urgency of the want pointed to the very reason which made it unsafe to accommodate them. . . . No is not a popular word with men who wish to borrow money. . . . The Chicago branch suffered with the rest; for real estate was forced upon it in place of money. Yet, in the aggregate, it was so managed that the profit and loss would have shown a balance on the right side.

Charles Walker began, in 1836, the business of bringing from the East agricultural and household implements and other merchandise, which he sold or exchanged for Western products. In 1838 he stood the pressure with the rest, but never "lay down." He shipped Eastward what he received in exchange for Eastern merchandise, and so made

himself superior to the vagaries of banking and currency ; an expedient which has more than once placed Chicago above her Eastern contemporaries.\*

B. W. Raymond had come to Chicago in 1836, and brought a valuable stock of goods, belonging to himself and his Eastern partner, S.M. Dexter, of Oriskany, Oneida county, N. Y. In the autumn of 1837 the firm, besides the loss of all its capital, was \$15,000 short of money enough to pay its engagements. Nothing daunted, Mr. Dexter furnished, as needed, during the next two years, \$20,000 additional. In 1843 things had measurably recovered, and Raymond & Co. sold out their merchandise, taking in part payment sixty feet on Clark street, between Lake and Randolph, including the old Postoffice on the alley in the Sherman House block, which property was taken at \$5,000! He had already (in 1839) bought the Lake street lot (now No. 122) whereon he had built the first fire-proof stores in town. (This was the structure which checked the "great fire" of that year.) In the same year he was elected mayor to succeed William B. Ogden. It is related that he gave his whole salary (\$1,000) to the relief of the "emeralders," canal laborers, then out of work and in great distress.

Stubborn business courage.

Needless to say that, having such lots as those above named bought and paid for, Mr. Raymond never was brought to want, even by such unbusiness-like conduct as the relief of the suffering poor.

Our "story" having got down to the memory of living men, it is possible to get some "local color" from old settlers. Talks with Judge Blodgett (ar. 1831), Justice Caton (ar. 1833), the Messieurs Arthur G. Burley (ar. 1835) and Augustus H. Burley (ar. 1837), Fernando Jones (ar. 1835), A. C. Wood (ar. 1835) and others, give scattered bits of incident, some of which have not been heretofore printed, and would, perhaps, not be worth repeating, except as characteristic of the time, place and circumstances.

The book and stationery store of Stephen Gale and Augustus Burley, was the only one of its kind in the whole district, and was the natural gathering-place of all the more intellectual members of society, who talked, read the papers and played chess there, by hours together. "In going one square through Washington street, from Dearborn to Clark" says one of this firm, "I meet more persons than in 1840 I should see in the whole length of Lake or South Water street during a whole day. And then, I knew by sight every passenger I met; now, perhaps, not one." Arthur G. Burley started his business (crockery and glassware) in 1835, and has kept it up continuously from that day

Where men used to congregate.

\* In 1868, and again in 1873, every bank in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia suspended payment, while Chicago stood firm. This is ascribed to the fact that while Wall street is based on stocks and bonds, which men may take or leave, as they fancy, La Salle street relies on grain and provisions, which the world must have.

to the present (1891); making his the oldest house in any business in Chicago, if not in the entire West.

One of the old residents remembers that about 1842 Judge Dickey offered him an undivided half interest in the property at the corner of Michigan avenue and Jackson street (now covered by the Leland Hotel), at \$40 a front foot. He consulted his senior partner about it, but the latter observed that the nearness to the lake made the place so bleak as to deprive it of value for residence use, just as its distance from town ruined it for business purposes. So the trade was never made.

What the narrator did buy was the southeast corner of Dearborn and Washington streets (Portland block), for \$4,500. There were

two houses on the lot (80 feet) and the owner lived in one of them for many years. In 1857 he sold the whole for \$63,000, and the buyer proceeded to build upon them, borrowing the money for the purpose. The evil days of 1858 found him unable to carry his mortgages, and he failed.



ARTHUR G. BURLEY.

A young business man in about 1843-44 lived at the City Hotel, which stood at the northwest corner of Clark and Randolph streets (the present site of the Sherman House) and for the board and lodging of self, wife, child and nurse paid the moderate sum of \$8 per week.

Plain food was abundant and cheap, prairie chickens were so plenty that you could do little except give them away, but domestic



AUGUSTUS H. BURLEY.

fowls brought about three "York" shillings (thirty-seven and a half cents) a

Real Estate  
values

Cost of living.



dozen; eggs, about three cents a dozen. Country folks, even well-to-do farmers' families, lived on boiled pork and cabbage and sassafras tea. They had plenty of milk, to be sure, if you don't mind its being "leeky;"—flavored with the wild onion (Chi-ca-gou) which the cows grazed upon.

The junior member of the stationery firm naturally had the monthly bills to make out and (what was more troublesome) to collect. Justin Butterfield was one of the gruff and crusty customers. "Well, young man, what do you want?" "This little bill——" (\$8, \$12, \$15, or so.) "Humph! No money!" Next two or three calls, same colloquy, same result. Finally, "That bill again! Here!" (pays it.) "I'll be hanged if I ever owe you another cent." A day or two later, entering the store: "Bottle of ink. Bunch of quills. Quire of foolscap! Charge them." Another customer (later a multimillionaire) was less gruff, but equally troublesome. Thrusting his hand deep into his pocket and bringing out a jack-knife and a single small coin, he would say, "Young man, that's the last copper I've got in the world."



JUSTIN BUTTERFIELD.

Colonel J. M. Strode built himself a modest frame house at Michigan Avenue and Jackson Street. One day he called on the carpenter who had done the work. "Opdike, how much did the glass cost you? How much did you pay for putty, nails, locks and hinges? Well, here's the money; I don't want a man to lose money he's paid out for me, but as for your work, why—you'll have to wait for your pay for that."

Collection of  
small debts.

So it went on. The stores had to take what they could get. Broken-bank notes, canal scrip, city scrip, anything and everything came in, except specie. The canal scrip got down to thirty-seven cents on the dollar. City scrip was worth from seventy to ninety cents, but the holder must find somebody to buy it who wanted to use it in paying taxes.

In those days ruffled shirts were still worn, and a certain elegant, well-educated lawyer, coming hither from the East, was noted for their use. He was a better chess-player than lawyer, and too easy-going to

make his way through the hard times; and the ruffles marked their owner's decline. On Sunday they would show forth fresh and snowy, turned over, say to the right. On Monday they might be seen turned towards the left, and on Tuesday spread apart, one each way; but for the rest of the week the poor fellow wore his coat buttoned up.

Judge Blodgett remembers an occurrence which shows how natural it is for man to look up—when he is flat on his back and can not look any other way. Some one, entering the hardware store of Jones, King & Co., where things looked dull and blue enough, asked Mr. Jones how he felt, and was answered: "Oh, I'm easy now. *They've got done suing.*"

As a proof that the ruin of the panic of the early forties, or that of the late fifties, or those of the seventies, or that of the early eighties, was not universal bankruptcy, it may be observed that neither of the members of the firm of stationers before named, all of whom have lived here constantly since 1837, has ever failed to pay every debt when it fell due, no matter how many debtors failed to pay sums owed to them. All bought and sold real estate as occasion offered, but held their mercantile debts to have the first claim; and, whenever needful, the real estate must go to provide cash for the merchandise liability. The same is true of the crockery establishment.

Not all bankrupt.

When the builders of Chicago's first railroad (Galena) were straining every nerve to get it through as far as Elgin, they called on all the business houses on the route to take stock, and the Chicago firms, or most of them, subscribed for shares, one or more. (The stationery firm took ten shares.) But some of the richest men, notably John High and H. H. Magie, declined, saying that it would ruin the town. Here were hundreds of teams coming in; prairie schooners from the South and common farm wagons from the West; bringing wheat and corn and taking back goods. Now if the road should be built out west, say to Elgin, the farmers would drive to Elgin, sell their grain there and buy their goods there, Chicago becoming a mere passing point.

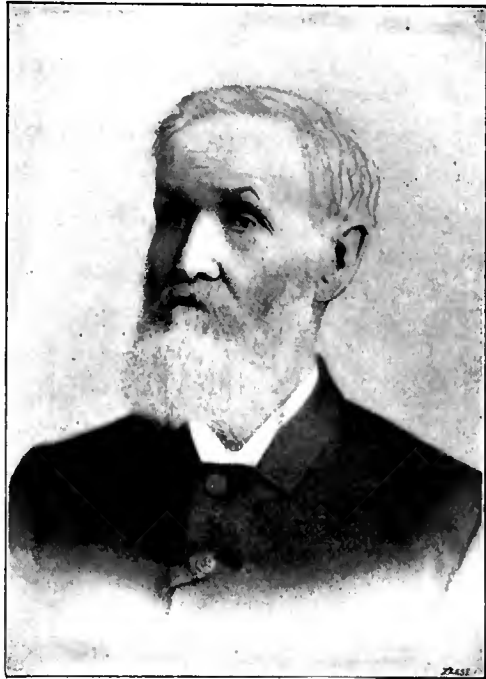
It is of these hard days that Captain Andreas well says: "The speculation which had been rampant for the past three years was gone, but a grim determination showed in the lineaments of each true Chicagoan's face which meant that, although fortunes had fled, Chicago was still left." This reminds one of a characteristic Indian story. Mokopo had drank fire-water—too much, and yet not enough—and was wandering aimlessly about. "Why, Mokey; what's the matter? Are you lost?" "No!" (striking his breast resounding blows) "Wigwam lost; Mokopo HERE!" The application of this parable to Chicago in 1812, 1840, 1849 (flood), 1854 (cholera), 1859 (panic), 1871 (fire), 1874 (fire), and

Wigwam lost;  
Mokopo here.

under certain other staggering blows, is too obvious to need explanation. As we come to these successive cataclysms we shall have repeated cause to note the elasticity of the reserve force which underlies the Garden City.

NOTE.—One of the pleasant incidents that lighten the labors of the annalist occurred while this chapter was under way. It was an accidental meeting with the Rev. Stephen Ruddel Beggs, named in Chapter XIII, as the pioneer of Methodism in Chicago. The writer, passing over the site of the vanished Fort Dearborn, chanced to observe an old gentleman who was accompanied by a younger person. The latter made some remark about the spot, to which he replied, "Yes; I knew Fort Dearborn long before you were born."

This made an opening for acquaintance and resulted in much pleasant talk concerning the days gone by. Mr. Beggs—"Father Beggs"—was born in Virginia in 1801, and in his ninety-second year looks as if he might well live to see the end of the century whereof he saw almost the beginning. His faculties are still in good condition, and he sticks stoutly to the number of babies (fifteen) whom he said were born at the Fort during the "Blackhawk Scare." Therefore skepticism is put to flight.



REV. STEPHEN RUDDEL BEGGS.

Father Beggs speaks with bitterness of the obduracy of Major Whistler, on his arrival with troops, in expelling from the Fort the many refugees who had taken possession of it. Mrs. Beggs, on a certain Monday, gave birth to a daughter in one of the upper rooms, and with her babe was lying there helpless when the soldiers arrived later in the week. Her husband was her sole attendant, and, when the Major passed through the room, explained to him the circumstances, and begged to be allowed more time, a favor which the other refused, saying that he must have the place for his men. "If it had not been for the kindness of John H. Kinzie on the North Side," says the minister, "both mother and child might very probably have perished."

It was but a few weeks afterward that Gen. Scott arrived with more rank, more men and the cholera. Father Beggs relates how Major Whistler was forced incontinently to vacate, in his turn, the place whence he had ousted the luckless refugees, and tells it with a glow of satisfaction which illustrates the fact that there is a good deal of human nature left even among the saints.

It is pleasant to be able to give a fresh portrait of Father Beggs in his ninetieth year. Also a portrait of John S. C. Hogan (ar. 1830),



JOHN S. C. HOGAN.

who was postmaster at the time when Father Beggs arrived in 1831.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

NEVER SAY DIE.



**C**HICAGOANS did not, in 1840 (or in any other year), give themselves up to low spirits and repining. This was the year of the Harrison campaign, the first successful effort of the Whigs, and their last except the election of Taylor in 1848. Excitement ran high here as elsewhere, and Charles Cleaver's pamphlet gives a vivid account of his trip to the Springfield convention. There were seventy delegates, provided with fourteen canvas-covered wagons, and a two-masted boat mounted on wheels and armed with a cannon for firing salutes. Captain (afterward General) David Hunter was in command, and the com-

pany consisted of citizens of the best class. Of the whole number it is probable that scarcely half a dozen survive now (1891), Mr. Stephen F. Gale being the only one positively known. They started June 7th, and it took them all day to reach "the ridge," ten miles out. The second day took them to Joliet, where a mob of Democratic canal-laborers assembled with tin horns, kettles, etc., and barred the passage. They got through without bloodshed, and reached Springfield in a week, where the "full-rigged ship" made a great sensation among prairie-dwellers all unused to such an object.

As Hercules strangled the serpents that invaded his cradle, so did Chicago grasp firmly and kill quickly the enemies, Doubt and Despair. This was no "paper city" which could disappear:

The baseless fabric of this vision,  
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples . . . dissolve,  
And, like this unsubstantial fabric faded,  
Leave not a rack behind.

Here was still the "portage," where the greatest stretch of lake navigation could come into nearest contact with the longest system of rivers and the grandest spread of fertile lands. Money, real money, came hither every year from the general government to be laid out on the harbor, and before long \$1,600,000 of other money, attracted by

Delegation to  
Whig Conven-  
tion at Spring-  
field.

the solid value of the enterprise, came from the reviving East, to be used in the completion of the canal. Like the drops of a cool shower on soil thirsty from drought these dollars fell, and the soil being unfailingly fertile, earth once more smiled with richness and gave forth of its abundance in generous measure. The ablest men in the community maintained their faith. Caton, Ogden, Wentworth, Peck, Carpenter, Clybourne, Arnold, Burley, Dole, Cleaver, George Smith, Cobb, Couch, Gale, Hubbard, Harmon, Judd, Loomis, Manierre, Page, Raymond, Sherman, Stone—all whose names appear in Hurlbut's copy of Rudd's directory for 1839, besides Scammon, Skinner, Wright and others who are not mentioned—never swerved from their unbounded confidence in the coming greatness of their chosen spot of earth.



J. YOUNG SCAMMON.

Each of them found his faith rewarded by fortune; some greater, some less, according as he had combined faith and judgment in fitting proportions. The Kinzies, Beaubiens, Wolcotts, etc., sold out untimely and so fared less well. They had seen Chicago grow from units to thousands; and the further steps, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, etc., seemed no doubt chimerical.

Reviving  
confidence.

At the same time there were men who made the opposite error; who, truly estimating the greatness of growth, underestimated the length of time it would require; and, building too high a superstructure on too narrow a foundation, saw their whole edifice topple to utter ruin. The Chicago of to-day is spangled with brilliant fortunes, and blotted with

sad disasters. The lights are patent to all; the shadows are unnoticed. It is like the sea; wrecks are hidden and tall ships sail on.

A ripple in the dull current of hard times was a rumored "personal difficulty" connected—almost of course—with the freedom of the press in its remarks upon private persons.

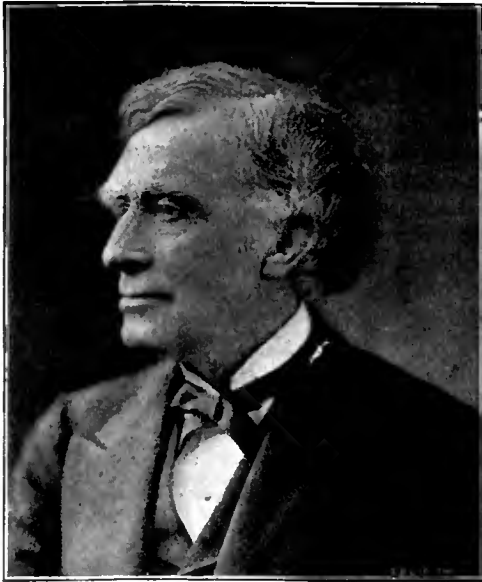
John Wentworth, in his "Democrat," used the following language :

It is an indisputable fact that every one of these persons who have been filching money unjustly in the shape of Indian claims are opposed to the administration [Van Buren's] and use such ill-gotten gains to injure it in every possible manner. It is due to the people that all Indian treaties for the last ten years be overhauled in the most thorough manner, and the thousand knaveries practised by men thereby made nabobs fully exposed to the public gaze.

Alleged row  
between Long  
John and Cap-  
tain Hunter.

It is said that Captain (afterward General) David Hunter took offense at this and went to the "Democrat" office, pistols in hand, for an explanation. The opposition (Whig) paper, "The Democratic

Advocate" (printed by our friend, Robert Fergus), got out a cartoon, showing the editor surprised in his sanctum, the soldier entering, presenting two murderous-looking weapons and saying, "Take your choice and stand back!" To which the other replied, "Don't shoot—don't shoot! I'll sign anything." But this was regarded as the mere squib of political opponents, as the parties concerned denied any such occurrence. So everybody was willing to laugh the matter off and accept the theory that Captain Hunter had only dropped in at editor Wentworth's office after calling at Peacock & Thatcher's



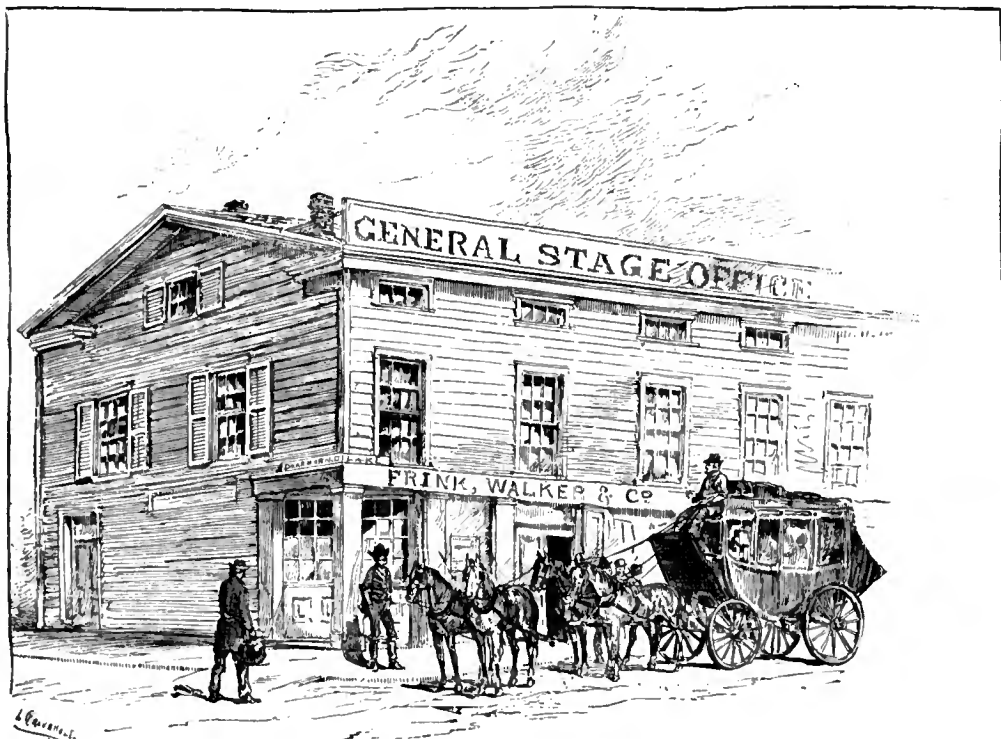
MARK SKINNER.

gun store, where his pistols had been left for cleaning, and that there was no challenge—not even an unpleasant word—perhaps not any allusion whatever to the alleged injury. Certain it is, however, that a later edition of the "Democrat" disclaimed any reference to Captain Hunter; and the captain, on his part, published a card saying that the pistols were not loaded. Mr. Fergus is non-committal as to the true inwardness of the matter, which was a sensation in its day.

Stage-lines were now running out of Chicago in several directions. They were naturally connected with the carrying of the mails; whoever had the mail-contract carried the passengers and light parcels. John Frink succeeded Dr. Temple as mail-carrier, and Frink & Bingham, and

Frink & Walker became famous throughout the region as mail carriers and stage-coach men. The stage office was long at 123 Lake street and afterward at the southwest corner of Dearborn and Lake streets. M. O. Walker was a name known not only through Illinois but in other States. Stage coach days.

Strange as it may seem, some important undertakings were begun even in the most depressing times. Isherwood and McKenzie established (1838) the first regular theatre (named, at Dr. Egan's sugges-



STAGE OFFICE.

tion "The Rialto"), taking and fitting up the upper floor of a wooden building on the west side of Dearborn street, between Lake and South Water streets. In the flush times this building had been the public sales-room of John Bates and other auctioneers. The first Chicago daily, "The American," was issued April 9, 1839. ("The American" had been issued weekly, with some intermissions, since 1835.)

First regular Theatre.

Death, as well as life, has to go on, in foul weather as in fair, and 1840 saw the beginning of a cemetery which, in its turn, was the beginning of a park, the first in the magnificent system of city pleasure grounds with which Chicago is now surrounded. In order to be surely far enough out of town to remain forever secure from encroachment the

\* The reader is referred to Andreas' history for most interesting fac-similes of all the early Chicago newspaper issues.

Cemetery at  
Clark Street  
and North  
Avenue.

selection was made a mile and a half north of the northern boundary of the "original town" (Kinzie street), and a full mile outside of the desolate northern line of Wolcott's and Kinzie's additions (Chicago avenue). In fact it was in another township, being section 33 of Town 40, while the others were in section 9 of Town 39. The cemetery section, like the "original town," was "canal land," and had been bought of the canal commissioners by John S. Wheeler, probably at \$1.25 an acre. A number of public-spirited citizens joined and bought this from Mr. Wheeler and presented it to the city, the latter contributing but a trifle toward the purchase.\* The later history of "The Cemetery" and



JAMES COUCH.

its final merging into Lincoln Park, will be set forth in detail in chronological order as they occurred. Today (1891) in the appearance of the magnificent park, with its statues, fountains, hills, dells, lakes, streams, flower-beds, palm-house, menagerie, and miles of roads and paths, there is almost nothing to indicate that it was once the burial place of uncounted thousands of our fellow-citizens, many of whom, no doubt, accidentally omitted in the removal, still sleep beneath its surface. Nothing, except a single tomb, that of the old Couch estate, to which, for certain reasons, the Park Commissioners never obtained title; this remains silent and grim,

as if to remind the pleasure-seekers that in the midst of life we are in death.

Illinois being the last State to step into the quicksand, sank least and scrambled out soonest. She could make the famous old Western boast of being able to "run faster, jump higher, dive deeper and come up dryer" than another. Little Michigan (then only the horse-shoe-shaped peninsula inclosed by Lakes Michigan, Huron and St. Clair and the Detroit River), began in 1839 her policy of retrenchment, and in 1846 found that there had been spent on her railroads \$4,500,000 of money and 305,000 acres of public land. Stephen Gale,

States emerging  
from their  
troubles.

\* The public-spirited deed was done largely by the efforts of William Jones, Esq., a prominent hardware merchant, whose son, Fernando Jones, has furnished these facts for our use. Among the citizens who were greatly interested in the matter may be mentioned William B. Ogden, John H. Kinzie, Dr. John H. Foster, James H. Woodworth and Jonathan Young Scammon.



during a visit to Boston, was asked by Mr. Wilkins, president of a Boston bank, about Western investments, and replied advising the purchase of Michigan bonds at seventy per cent., and with them getting control of Western railroads. Boston capitalists did buy the Michigan Central for \$2,000,000, and the Michigan Southern for \$500,000; which, paid for in State bonds at seventy cents on the dollar, made Boston capital.



TOMB OF THE COUCH FAMILY IN LINCOLN PARK.

the outlay \$1,750,000. This was effected, and gave rise to the boast of the Boston capitalists that "when the Western States and their people fail to complete a railroad, Boston steps in with her capital and assumes control." After this transaction, Eastern capitalists looked to what they termed the insolvent West as the reservation for their investments. (Andreas, p. 261.)

Illinois sold her scattered bits of work for what they would bring, and now each forms part of some great through line. The writer is familiar with one of them; a brown-stone pier, low, broad and strong, in the Vermilion river at Danville, on the top of which pier stands a tall limestone pillar holding up the great iron bridge of the Wabash through line.

As has been before told, a new advance of \$1,600,000 was obtained through the agency of Messrs. Ogden, Butterfield, and Arnold, of Chicago, State Senator Michael Ryan, of the La Salle district, and Arthur Bronson, of New York. Mr. Arnold made public speeches in its favor and advocated it in the legislature whereof he was a member. The governor appointed Michael Ryan and Charles Oakley commissioners to place the loan, and they visited New York and London. Every one abjured the idea of any possible repudiation of the State debt, or any part of it. Baring Brothers and other bankers sent out expert examiners (Captain W. H. Swift, U. S. A., and ex-Governor John Davis, of Massachusetts) and, their report being favorable, the money was forthcoming to complete the canal on a smaller plan and profile than it had been begun upon.\*

Canal Com-  
missioners  
appointed.

Here came in another difficulty; for a shallow cut the water must be supplied at a higher level than for a deep cut. Ira Miltimore, builder of Chicago's first water works, proposed to raise the water from the river to the canal by steam-pumps. Others urged the bringing of the needed supply (43,000 gallons per minute) by a 30-mile feeder from the Fox river. The pumping plan was, however, adopted, and has worked well from that day to this, when it is about to be superseded by a deep cut, natural-level channel, capable of taking from the river 600,000 cubic feet (4,300,000 gallons) per minute, and thus disposing of the city sewage.

Shallow cut  
adopted.

Captain Andreas gives the sums paid in from June, 1845, to November, 1846, as follows: Illinois subscribers, \$94,810; New York, \$273,841, and French and English, \$721,000, of which the French contributed about one-quarter.

It appears that besides its commercial value the canal exercised an influence on the political standing of the city. Wisconsin was aspiring to the honor of Statehood, and cast covetous eyes on the Garden City; going so far as to offer to John Wentworth and Joseph Hage (of Galena) the honor of representing her in the U. S. Senate, provided their section of Illinois should become part of Wisconsin. To support the idea they had this formidable circumstance: The ordinance of 1787 designated the southern point of Lake Michigan as the starting point for the northern line of the State!

Wisconsin tries  
to gain Chi-  
cago.

But the manifest folly of allowing the canal to fall under a divided dominion—running, as it would have done, partly in Wisconsin and partly in Illinois—killed the Wisconsin project, and Chicago stayed, where she seems naturally to have belonged, part of the State of Illinois.

\* Russell E. Heacock had early shown himself shrewd enough to foresee trouble in carrying out the magnificent "ship canal" project of the original enthusiasts. He argued, he pleaded, he talked, he wrote, and at last acquired the nickname of "Shallow-cut Heacock." As often happens, the scoffers were wrong, their butt in the right.

In a thousand ways the canal has blessed Chicago. The money laid out in building it helped her to her rapid recovery from the collapse of 1838-40. The men it brought here added to her own numbers, and still more to the sturdy farming population which built up her trade; men who saved their canal-wages and with them bought canal-land from which they raised products to form canal-freights. (The land through which it runs is the garden of the State.) Its location saved Chicago and the whole northern belt of counties to Illinois. Its revenues paid its cost with interest, and made a surplus. It has brought stone, brick, food and fuel in vast quantities to build up her trade, and carried away an inconceivable mass of lumber and merchandise. And now to crown its benefactions it is soon to be enlarged to proportions originally unthought of, to furnish an outlet to drain the city (also grown to unforeseen greatness) and solve the sewerage problem, which, without its aid, would present appalling difficulties to its further life. Still more; the sewage thus turned inland may, at no distant day, become the fertilizing material which shall maintain the whole Illinois valley in a state of more than Nile-like fertility and productiveness.

The Canal's  
many bene-  
factions.



HARRY ISHERWOOD.

For the details of its troubles and dangers, the quarrels of divided management, the epidemic of 1846, the labor strike of 1847, the "leaky level" from Joliet to the Du Page, the great drought of one year, and the great flood of the next—even the fraudulent re-issue of \$223,000 of its "scrip" which, after it had been paid, was presented and paid a second time;—all these things must be looked for in larger histories; notably 1 Andreas, pp. 165 to 173. Suffice it here to say that on April 10, 1848, the canal boat "General Fry," towed by the canal propeller, "A. Rositer," passed from Lockport to Bridgeport, and thence down the South Branch (LaSalle's "Portage River"), welcomed by the Mayor (Woodworth) and with an eloquent speech by Charles Walker. On April 24, the canal boat, "General Thornton," arrived at Chicago from LaSalle, laden with sugar from New Orleans for Buffalo, which point it reached

in the steamboat "Louisiana" on April 30; two weeks before the Erie Canal was clear of its winter ice.

The following table gives the city statistics from 1843 (when personal property was first included in its assessment list) to 1857:

YEAR.	Property Valuation.	Corporate Liabilities.	Taxes Collected.	Population.	Census.
1843.....	\$ 1,441,314	\$ 12,655	8,647	7,580	City
1844.....	2,763,281	9,795	17,166	8,000	Estimate
1845.....	3,065,022	10,691	11,077	12,088	State
1846.....	4,521,656	16,045	15,825	14,169	City
1847.....	5,849,170	13,179	18,159	16,859	"
1848.....	6,300,440	20,338	22,051	20,023	"
1849.....	6,676,684	36,333	30,045	23,047	"
1850.....	7,220,249	93,395	25,270	28,269	"
1851.....	8,526,717	140,590	63,385	34,000	Estimate
1852.....	10,461,714	126,035	76,948	38,734	City
1853.....	16,841,831	189,670	135,662	60,662	"
1854.....	24,392,239	248,666	199,081	65,872	"
1855.....	26,992,893	328,000	206,209	80,023	State
1856.....	36,335,281	435,000	572,046	84,113	City
1857.....	35,991,732	535,000	430,190	93,000	Estimate
1890.....	219,354,368	13,545,400	3,571,164	1,208,669	School

Therefore, with 13 times the population it had in 1857, the city has (1891) 6 times the assessed valuation, owes over 25 times the debt, and pays over 8 times the taxes. In other words, the relations of persons to assets and liabilities were as follows:

YEAR.	Valuation per Capita.	City Debt per Capita.	Taxes per Capita.
In 1857.....	\$387.00	\$ 5.75	\$4.62
In 1891.....	181.00	11.21	2.95

To a farmer, who was not in debt, the "hard times" were less hard than to any other class of persons. It is, in truth, always and everywhere the case that the agriculturist feels least the ups and downs of fortune; all that he asks is to be let alone, buying what he can pay for and must have, wherever he can buy it cheapest, and selling what he can spare wherever he can sell it for the best. Bar interference, and give him soil and water, and he can live on any part of earth's surface between the Arctic and the Antarctic circles.

The Illinois farmer, however, under these conditions, does more than barely live. He grows rich. Judge Blodgett's narrative is a typical illustration of the emigrants' possibilities. His father, Israel P. Blodgett, was sent as the advance agent of a colony organized in North-

ampton, Massachusetts, to examine and report on the best location for a farming settlement. They were of the stern old Puritan stock and full of the feeling that they were chosen to carry the Bible into the waste places to make them glad. Without waiting for his return the little band journeyed westward, bringing along Israel Blodgett's family, including the little Henry, then some ten years old. Their course was overland from Northampton to Albany, thence by canal to Buffalo, and by steamboat to Detroit. This was in June, 1831; and they found themselves too late for the first and too early for the second of the two steamboats which came around the lakes each year. Therefore, they bought teams and wagons in Detroit, and drove across the State; the journey from Northampton to Chicago taking six weeks and two days.

David McKee, the blacksmith for the Indians, then lived and kept his shop about where the North-Western Railway's general offices now stand, three streets east of Kinzie street bridge. With him Israel Blodgett left word to look out for his family, as he was building a cabin for them on the Du Page, near where Naperville now stands. David was to send word to Israel as soon as he got news of their arrival. This news came by the Indian who carried the mail between Chicago and Detroit, who passed the teams somewhere on the road; and McKee met the party down at the Calumet crossing, where they arrived one Saturday night. Never, in the whole journey, had the good Puritans traveled on a Sunday; but now, their own provisions being exhausted, and all they could get at the Calumet being not enough to last them till Monday, they were forced to come on to the fort and settlement on the Sabbath.

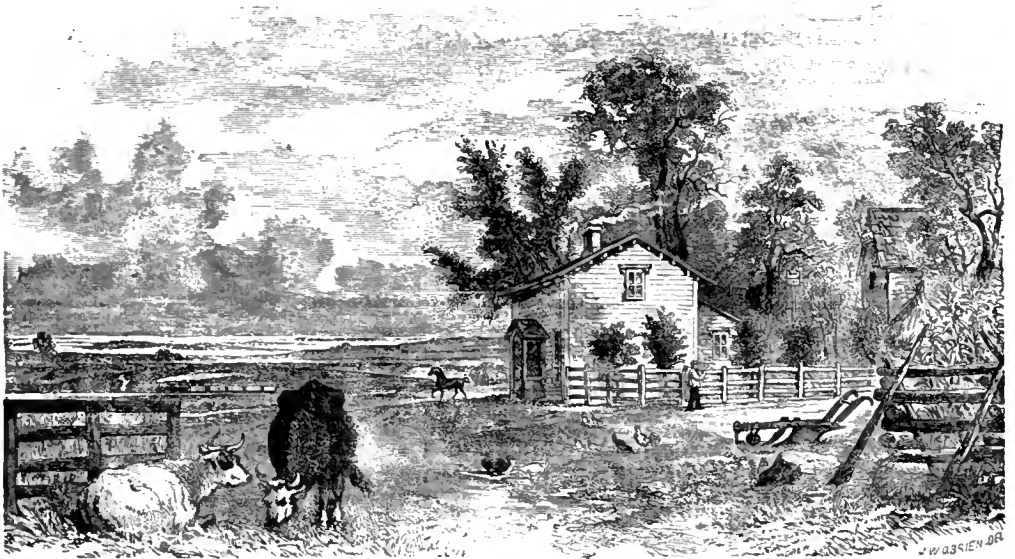
The story of a typical family migration.

Here Israel met them and told them that he had picked out a spot which, for soil, timber, water and locality, he thought could not be beaten. They had from the start resolved to get on the waters connecting with the Mississippi, for they looked to the Gulf for the great future outlet for farm products. The head of the party was one Jones, a stout old Cromwell, who was his own judge of what was right and best, and his own general to make his judgment prevail. He had a brother already here, who, without any instructions, had pitched upon a spot further down the valley, on the Bureau River. This was nearer the Mississippi and the Gulf, and to that location the leader's face was firmly set. But Israel was also firm, so the colony divided; three families staying on the Du Page and the rest going on to the Bureau. Both sections did well, the Joneses founding Princeton, and the Blodgetts, Naperville.

Israel went back to his claim (thirty miles west by south), to finish the cabin, and his family stayed with the McKees. Mrs. McKee got up

a tea-party in honor of Mrs. Blodgett, inviting every white woman in the neighborhood, who, when assembled, made a company of six: Mrs. Graves, Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Owen, Mrs. Miller, Mrs. McKee and Mrs. Blodgett.\*

The canal was started and everything a farmer could raise found ready market. Young Henry worked and studied, and in course of time had a year of schooling at the East. Then he returned and taught school a year, and served a time on the engineering corps on the canal. Israel was a corporal in Captain Naper's company of mounted volun-



ILLINOIS FARM.

teers for the Black Hawk War, but the company saw no field service. He grew rich on his farm, dying full of years and of honors, and his son became, as all the world knows, first a distinguished lawyer, and later a Federal judge, attaining a degree of distinction on the bench almost unique in its eminence.

Such is the story of a single migration and "growing up with the country;" not differing from others except in that one of its members reached an exceptional elevation through exceptional powers.

An interesting narrative of the times has survived in an interesting way. It is Sylvester Marsh's testimony before a Senate Committee on Education and Labor:

Chicago grew very fast, and in 1835 there must have been 2,500 people there. We then went down to the Wabash country, as we called it, and bought cattle and hogs and drove them up for market. In 1836 they commenced building the canal and in that year I packed 6,000 hogs there, mostly

\* Twenty years and more after this, Mrs. Blodgett, being in Chicago, went to call on one of the other ladies, who grew quite eloquent on the absurdity of the claim of later comers to be classed as old settlers. Said she, "You and I, Mrs. Blodgett, know better; for we saw the very *beginning* of it all!"

for home consumption. The contractors took the pork for their men. The State failed to pay in 1838-9 and work on the canal was stopped. State bonds went down to 25 cents on the dollar and the State issued what was called "Canal Scrip" to pay the contractors what was owed them for work they had done. That was afterward redeemed, dollar for dollar. . . . One section of the canal land was right in the heart of old Chicago. It was sold in June, 1836, for a quarter down and the balance in one, two and three years ("Canal time"), and I think there was but one man in the city that made his second payment, P. F. W. Peck. . . . Everybody burst up—the banks and everybody else went up. The Canal went along for a while. Contracts were entered into by the State and work went along until 1839, the State trying every way to pay, and about that time they stopped. . . . From 1836 to 1842, when the United States bankrupt law was passed, there was no responsibility. No man had anything hardly that he could call his own.

"The Forties" saw the beginning, in a small way, of nearly all the great institutions Chicago now enjoys. In 1841 the first water-works were built. The first propellor was launched in 1842, in which year the exports were for the first time greater than the imports. The first book compiled, printed, bound and issued is said to have been in 1843. The first meat for the English market was packed in 1844. The first permanent public school building was built in 1845. In 1846 the River and Harbor convention met, and Chicago was made a port of entry. In 1847 the first permanent theatre was opened (Rice's; south side of Randolph street between State and Dearborn streets), and McCormick's reaper factory was started. In 1848 the first telegram was received, being a message from Milwaukee, and later the "Pioneer" our first locomotive, was landed from the schooner "Buffalo" and started out on the Galena railway. In the same year the Board of Trade was established and the canal opened. In 1849 the "Chicago & Galena Union Railroad" was opened to Elgin. Surely this is a fair decade's work for a "ruined city," and yet we know that these are merely typical and conspicuous enterprises which, great as they are, would shrink into insignificance if one could see the thousands of individual achievements which were going on unmarked meanwhile. Concerning the water supply, the "American," of June 10, 1842, says:

The whole outlay of the company has been about \$24,000. A large brick building has been erected [northeast corner of Michigan avenue and Lake street] with a pier running into the lake. The steam engine is of 25 horse-power. The working barrel of the pump is 14 inches in diameter and 44 inches stroke—double action. The suction pipe by which the water is drawn from the lake is also 14 inches in diameter and 320 feet in length. The pump raises upward of 25 barrels of water per minute, 35 feet above the level of the lake. There are two reservoirs each of the capacity of 1,250 barrels, a space of about 30 minutes is required to fill each of the reservoirs. The reservoir is of sufficient elevation to throw water into the second story of any building in town. About two miles in length of pipe are now laid down. The machinist under whose direction these works have been put into such complete and successful operation, is Mr. Ira Miltimore. It was for a long time confidently predicted that his undertaking would prove a complete failure. These predictions were to him a source of constant and harassing anxiety. It can scarcely be imagined how keenly intent were his feelings, when the works were on the point of being put into operation. His feelings at that moment were assuredly not to be envied. They were to be envied when the regular evolution, the easy play, the harmonious action of every part of the machinery announced the triumph of skill.

The 25 horse-power engine was so far in advance of the city's hydraulic needs that in 1842 a contract was made with James Long

Achievements  
of "the forties."

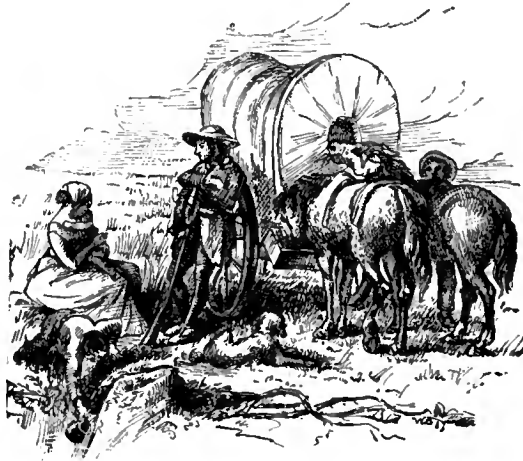
The Lake Street  
hydraulic  
works.

Primitive water  
piping.

whereby he agreed to run the pumps gratis for ten years for the privilege of using the spare power in operating a flour-mill. In pursuance of this agreement, Mr. Long built a brick mill, with three run of stone, and actually ran it for ten years, doing a good business. His son still remembers seeing an Irishman with a "pod auger" boring out lengthwise the logs needed to convey the entire water supply of the young metropolis, and even as this chapter is being written a log of water pipe has been dug up (in excavating for the foundations of the Cook County Abstract building, No. 98 Washington street), which is in good condition and, like other relics, connects old things with new in an amusing fashion. Mr. Long had his own troubles to keep the insufficient apparatus at work. He said: "In winter the pipes would be disarranged by the heaving of the frost, and I had frequently to spend hours at a time to caulk up the joints by throwing on water and thus freezing up the cracks before we could make the pumps work."

. . . Chicago had no start—no life—until the legislature passed what we called the relief law; that is, they gave us as much of the land as we had paid for. If a man had bought four lots and paid the full value for one, the relief law gave us one lot and then gave us up our notes. (Andreas, p. 561.)

This calls to mind a remark of Judge Lockwood, remembered by Justice Caton. While prices were "booming," many bills in chancery were filed by buyers to compel the "specific performance" of contracts to convey land. Said the Judge: "The day will come when they will be as anxious to get out of contracts as they are now to enforce them."





## CHAPTER XIX.

### RIVER AND HARBOR CONVENTION.



**T**EXAS was annexed in 1845, and Zachary Taylor with 4,000 regulars marched across the country to the Rio Grande, thus necessarily creating a state of war with Mexico, which claimed Texas, though in revolt, as part of its territory. The Mexicans attacked Taylor's forces in May, 1846, and were defeated at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. President Polk asked for 50,000 volunteers, and Governor Ford called on Illinois for thirty companies to serve one year; the men to choose their own company and regimental officers. Two companies were allotted to Chicago, and Captain Lyman Mower and Captain Elisha Wells unfurled the flag and enrolled the

The Mexican War.

volunteers who came forward freely and soon filled the ranks. A second call was made in 1847, one regiment only being required from Illinois, one company from Chicago. In the three companies appear some well-known names, notably Murray F. Tuley, now a Circuit Court Judge, Charles C. P. Holden and one or two others. These were followed by other companies and innumerable scattered enlistments; the entire number from Illinois reaching 6,315.

They volunteered freely, did their work well and suffered severely in killed and wounded and still more by the other casualties of the march and the hospitals. Their names were honored and cherished for their patriotic sacrifices, though the feeling toward them was necessarily different from that entertained for their brothers-in-arms of fifteen years later; who fought not simply for the glory of their land but for its very life.

Hither comes Chicago's canal at last. Now what will she do with it? True, she has an opening from her two-branched streamlet to the lake; a narrow, shallow, unstable ditch through a sandbar, and a short pier to check the beach-sand from choking it at once. This has been

the work of small appropriations by Congress in its annual "River and Harbor Bills."\*



CHARLES C. P. HOLDEN.

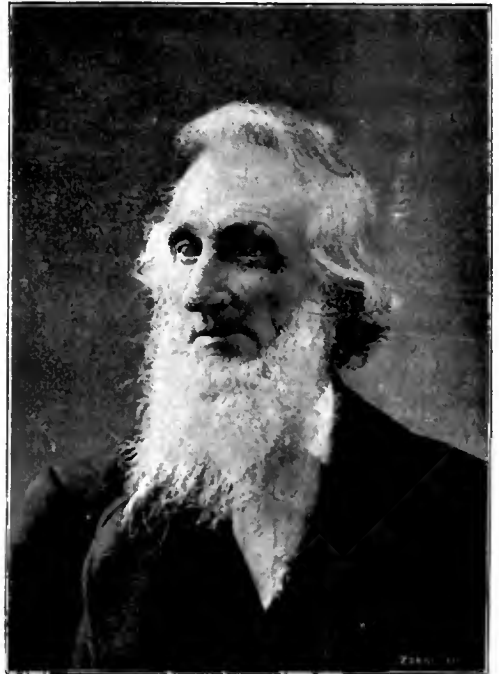
These acts began with the first Congress after the adoption of the Federal constitution, wherein the Nation, from and after August 15, 1789, assumed care, support and control of "all light-houses, beacons, buoys and public piers, erected, placed or sunk at the entrance of or within any bay, inlet, harbor or port of the United States, for rendering the navigation thereof easy and safe." This bill was signed by Washington, and succeeding acts for like purpose were signed by Adams, Jefferson and Madison. The first distinctively Lake harbor bill was signed by Monroe. Other like bills were signed by John Quincy Adams, Jackson and Van Buren; the appropriations under

the two latter (both of them Democrats, and "strict constructionists") amounted to \$7,800,000.

Previous River and Harbor bills.

Next follows the Mexican War for slave territory, and James K. Polk, of Tennessee, to administer the government and favor the "peculiar institution." Polk makes the discovery that measures of this kind are both unwise and unconstitutional! The River and Harbor bill, passed and presented to him for signature, had twenty-three items looking toward our northern lakes and rivers, including a lump sum of \$80,000 for Racine, Little Fort

Polk's veto.



ALEXANDER WOLCOTT.

\* The appropriations were as follows: In 1833, \$25,000; in 1834, \$30,000; in 1835, \$30,000; in 1836, \$25,000; in 1837, \$30,000; in 1838-9, \$40,000; in 1842, \$30,000; the last expended under the supervision of Captain (afterwards General) George B. McClellan. The constructions were the north pier, 3,900 feet long, and the south pier, 1,800 feet. This year (1846) the sand had begun to form a dangerous bar outside the end of the north pier, and the available channel had shallowed up to ten feet and less of depth. Now came Polk's veto of the appropriation needed to prevent it from closing entirely.

(Waukegan), Southport, Milwaukee and Chicago. But he had his war on hand, and vetoed the bill, saying:

Some of the objects of the appropriation are local in their character and lie within the limits of a single State; and though in the language of the bill they are called *harbors*, they are not connected with foreign commerce, nor are they places of refuge or shelter for our navy or commercial marine on the ocean or lake shores. . . .

It would seem the dictate of wisdom under such circumstances to husband our means and not waste them on comparatively unimportant objects.

One does not wonder at the fury excited by this insolence, or the disastrous defeat suffered by the Democrats in the next election, when Taylor was elected over Cass. The Chicago "Journal" says (August 12, 1846):

Thus discourses James K. Polk in his veto message on the Harbor bill, and the sentiment is an *insult* to the country: "Husband our means forsooth!" Are not *millions* being squandered by this same James K. Polk for the invasion of Mexico and the extension of slavery? Are not steam-boats being bought and chartered daily, at enormous prices, to enrich his favorite prodigals? Are not the Treasury doors unbarred whenever the "*open sesame*" is whispered by the slave driver? And yet Mr. Polk outrages the intelligence of the people, his masters, by claiming, when a pittance is asked for a great Northern interest, that we must "*husband our means.*" *That the object for which we ask them is comparatively UNIMPORTANT!* . . . .

Chicago furious.

The same spirit and energy that forced emancipation of the whole country from Great Britain will throw off the Southern yoke. The North and West will look to and take care of their own interests henceforth. . . . We shall see. The spirit of freedom yet lingers about Bunker Hill, Bennington and Saratoga, and there are children yet living of the fathers whose bones are bleaching there. They have ever been willing to allow more than justice to their Southern brethren, but they will not allow them to be their masters—they will have justice. The fiat has gone forth—Southern rule is at an end.

The infant city, born but ten years before these stirring utterances, evidently came early to its voice. Within the next twenty years the spirit of Bunker Hill did arise, and the yoke was thrown off.

The same kind of irritation was felt all over the North. In New England it took a form fairly typified by Lowell in his "Biglow Papers;" which are dialect verses like the following:

On'y look at the Demmercrats, see wut they've done  
Jest simply by stickin' together like fun;  
They've sucked us right into a mis'able war  
Thet no one on airth ain't responsible for;

To the people they're ollers ez slick ez molasses,  
An' butter their bread on both sides with The Masses,  
Half o' whom they've persuaded, by way of a joke,  
Thet Washin'ton's mantelpiece fell upon Polk.

A non-partisan convention was called, largely through the initiative of William Moseley Hall,\* who from 1845 to 1848 was agent at St. Louis of the Lake Steamboat Association, connecting by Frink & Walker's stage lines, and later by Illinois & Michigan canal packets with Illinois

\*In 1882 the Fergus Printing Co. got together all the matter in existence regarding this convention and published it as number 18 of their inestimable "Historical Series." It forms a fine book of 200 pages and should be owned and read by every Chicago man; as should, in fact, the whole series. With it are printed late letters of William Moseley Hall, recalling with pardonable pride the part he took in the River and Harbor movement. Also disclosing something that is less pleasant to think of, namely, that even his cash outlays (\$576) in its behalf have never been refunded to him; and that he is now old and—not rich—he would be glad to receive them.

river steamers to St. Louis. He, with our Robert Fergus, William



MAHLON D. OGDEN.

in harmony; for we see Wentworth, "Journal"), Hoyne, Kinzie, Sherman, Newberry, Hubbard, Couch, Magie, Alonzo Huntington, Peck, Gurley, Frink, Walker, Page, Egan, Brainard, Calhoun, Cobb, and numberless men then more newly arrived, though now (1891) numbered with the dead, or classed with the others as "old settlers."

Calling of the  
Convention.

Preliminary meetings were also held in Buffalo, Michigan City and other places, each passing resolutions and sending delegates.

The great event was fixed for July 5, 1847. A grand civic and military procession was the opening function, with artillery and infantry, city officials, a ship on wheels with all sail set, fire department, citizen societies, etc., and bands and banners innumerable.

with our Robert Fergus, William Duane Wilson, of Milwaukee, and Thomas Sherwood, of Buffalo, called a meeting at Rathbun's hotel in New York on September 28, 1846, reported in following day's New York "Herald." The next step was a Chicago meeting at the Court House on November 13th, called by William B. Ogden, S. Lisle Smith and George W. Dole, and presided over by Mark Skinner, with E. B. Williams and B. W. Raymond as vice-presidents, and Geo. W. Meeker and Mahlon D. Ogden as secretaries. J. Young Scammon, Isaac N. Arnold and Norman B. Judd offered appropriate resolutions. Besides those mentioned there were numerous others soon engaged, all parties working Goodrich, Manierre, Wilson (of the



THOMAS HOYNE.

(What a feature of those old days

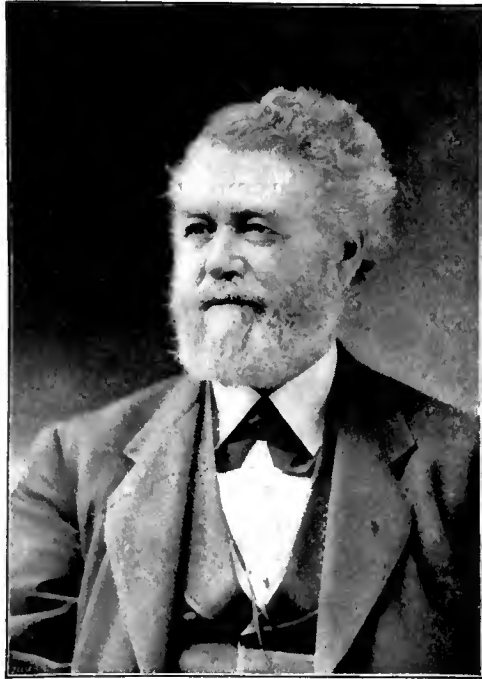
was the fire department, with its shining apparatus and red-shirted, leather-hatted citizens! In the afternoon, at a competitive show, "Red Jacket" threw a stream over the top of the public square flag-staff.)\*

The procession halted at Dearborn Park (Michigan avenue, Randolph and Washington streets) where a monster pavilion had been erected, capable of seating 5,000 people, and well filled with delegates and spectators at every session.

The attendance was large and distinguished, reaching to about three thousand delegates. Among them we find the names of Schuyler Colfax, Abraham Lincoln, Anson Burlingame, Oliver Newberry, Edward



FRANK SHERMAN.



PETER PAGE.

Bates, J. De P. Ogden, David Dudley Field, Philip Hone, Horace Greeley, Thurlow Weed, James Brooks, John C. Spencer, Erastus Corning, John L. Schoolcraft, Andrew White, etc.

Strangers in  
Attendance.

Noteworthy letters were received from Thomas H. Benton, Silas Wright, Henry Clay, Martin Van Buren, Daniel Webster and others. The convention sat July 5th, 6th and 7th, and with much adroitness avoided the Scylla and Charybdis of political partizanship, Whiggism and Democracy, which threatened it on either hand. This must have been particularly hard, for the very occasion of their being called together was a political act by a partisan president whom some of the members supported while others opposed him.

\* The "Evening Journal" of the 6th grows fairly incoherent with enthusiasm, and holds forth in a single sentence—a third of a column without taking breath—on the "dangers that throng our waters and rise like the mists from their surface, festering in many a living heart"

One little circumstance shows how near they hovered to the "ragged edge." It is this: David Dudley Field, a distinguished New York Democrat, addressed the convention on Tuesday, and on the afternoon of the same day a resolution was passed which expressed regret at "the ill-feeling which had been evinced while Mr. Field was speaking"; and pledged the convention to regard, in future, the rights of all members who should confine themselves to the rules. Later in the same session this entry appears: "Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, being called upon, addressed the convention briefly."

Horace Greeley, in his letter written that evening to the New York "Tribune" expressed himself as follows:

Hon. Andrew Stewart, of Pennsylvania, was next called out and made a vigorous and animated speech in favor of Internal Improvement.

It pleased right well a majority of the convention, but brought up in opposition Mr. David Dudley Field, of our city, who favored us with an able and courteous speech in favor of "strict construction." He denied the right of the Federal Government to improve the navigation of the Illinois river, since it runs through a single state only, or of the Hudson above a port of entry. The convention, or rather a portion of its members, manifested considerable impatience during the latter portion of this speech, which is to be regretted, for Mr. Field was perfectly courteous and not at all tedious. For my part I rejoiced that the wrong side of the question was so clearly set forth. When he had concluded the convention adjourned to dinner.

In the afternoon Hon. Abraham Lincoln, a tall specimen of an Illinoisan, just elected to Congress from the only Whig district in the State, spoke briefly and happily in reply to Mr. Field.

Mr. Greeley's whole letter is delightful reading, full of jest and anecdote, poetical quotations, good-natured thrusts at his opponents and serious arguments

against the position then widely held — though it now seems to us



ALONZO HUNTINGTON.



THOMAS CHURCH. (Health Officer.)

Lincoln a Delegate.

Horace Greeley.

absurd—that it was only foreign and strictly inter-state commerce which the Government had a right to help by light-houses and river and harbor improvements.

Thurlow Weed also wrote capital letters to the Albany "Evening Journal." With all the vigor of capitals and exclamation points, he boasts of coming "from Albany to Detroit (nearly 700 miles) in FIFTY-ONE HOURS!" and adds, "We are, they tell us, the only persons who ever performed the journey in so short a time." He reports several speeches, but unhappily not Lincoln's. Tom Corwin's is a gem of fun and sarcasm. Turning to Mr. Wentworth, Representative in Congress from this district, he continued:

"Gentlemen; when he and I can agree on any subject, there must be harmony: I might say that the gentleman is latitudinarian on the subject; perhaps this is owing to his longitude. He goes his whole length." Horace Greeley must have been pleasant to listen to; Mr. Weed reports him as saying that he had cherished the hope that his reputation as a bad speaker had become national, and regretted to discover it had been only local. . . . He was accustomed to look to the results of such meetings as these. His ears heard coldly the shouts which ascended in commemoration of victorious battles, but he loved to hear the triumphs of such victories as the Erie and Welland Canals.

Weed prophecies that in ten years Chicago will exceed Albany. He says they rode out a few miles to get a glimpse of the prairies.

We found the road all the way occupied with an almost unbroken line of wagons, drawn generally by two yokes of oxen. These teams are called "prairie schooners." Felix Grundy McConnell, among his last acts, asked the House of Representatives to "Resolve, that this is a great country and constantly increasing." One needs to visit Chicago to realize and confess that the proposition is one of undeniable truth.

It is said here that the article in the *Union* [Washington] throwing cold water on the convention, kept Senators Breese and Douglas, with other leading Locofocos, away. But a large number of the "bone and sinew" of the Democracy of the West are here.



*Horace Greeley*

Thurlow  
Weed's  
account.

A noteworthy incident in the convention is the deep and strong impression made by its chairman, Edward Bates, of Missouri. He was unknown, and when his name was proposed to the meeting for its chairman, a buzz of questioning went around: "Who is he?"\* But at the close of the proceedings he made a speech of such high and fervid eloquence as to do what it is rare for a single utterance to effect, namely



CYRUS P. BRADLEY.  
Health Officer and Fire Marshal.

make his name and fame suddenly conspicuous. Judge Caton was absent from the convention, holding court elsewhere, but he well remembers that "Bates' speech" was the theme of talk all over the State. Thurlow Weed says:

When the labors of the convention closed, and six hearty, spontaneous cheers rent the air in honor of their president, more than four thousand delegates separated to return home and speak of Edward Bates with enthusiasm as one of the ablest and most eloquent men they had ever heard. It was the occasion of deep and universal regret that his masterly speech was not reported. It was made at the close of the session, when some of the reporters had retired and others had put away their materials. After Mr. Bates was fairly on his feet, all were too intent and absorbed as listeners, to think of reporting.

The achievement of the convention was, naturally, the passage of a series of resolutions, submitted "to their fellow-citizens and to the Federal government." The gist of the resolutions was that river and harbor improvements were within the constitutional scope of the Federal power, wherever the interests of two or more States were involved, and being within Federal jurisdiction they were excluded from State interference; that hitherto the interior interests had not had care proportioned to that given to the seaboard; that the time had come when this should be rectified; and that the convention disavowed any attempt to connect its objects with the fortunes of any political party. Then an executive committee was appointed to make known to Congress the principles and views of the convention.

The Resolutions.

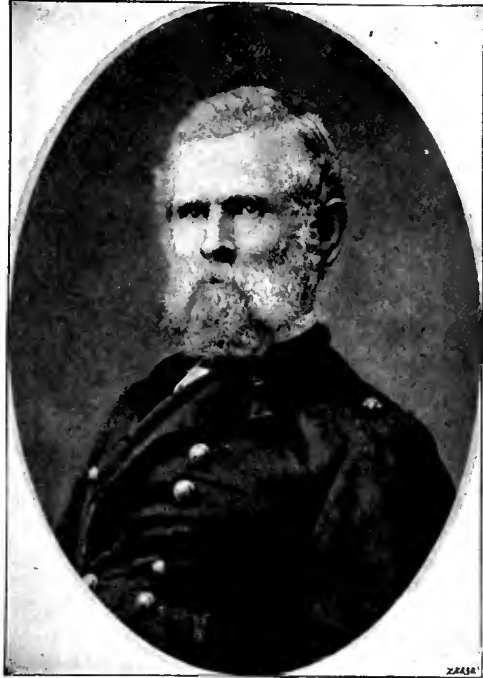
Chicago then contained 16,000 inhabitants, and Thurlow hazarded the following glowing prediction: "On the shores of these lakes [Erie, St. Clair, Huron and Michigan] is an extent of country capable of supporting and destined to receive, in the course of half a century, at least

\* Mr. Bates was a member of Congress from Missouri in 1825. He seems to have been one of those fine Americans, the Whigs from slave States; a class of men independent, able, influential and respected, but soon left in the lurch by their constituents.



a quarter of a million inhabitants." It does seem incredible that a man like Weed, speaking in 1847, should have limited the number of persons in "the extent of country" on all the shores of all these lakes, in 1897, to 250,000! *The fact will be about fifty times the estimate.* Weed's  
mistake.

Such was the great River and Harbor Convention. The "Journal" was always loudly urging it to "deeds, not words," but words like these, uttered as these were, are deeds. The following Congress, however, did nothing, and it was not until 1852 that the next appropriation was made, when Congress allotted \$20,000 to be used on the inner harbor. It is probable that the great flood of 1849 swept away so much sand that the threatened closing up of the channel was averted for some years to follow.



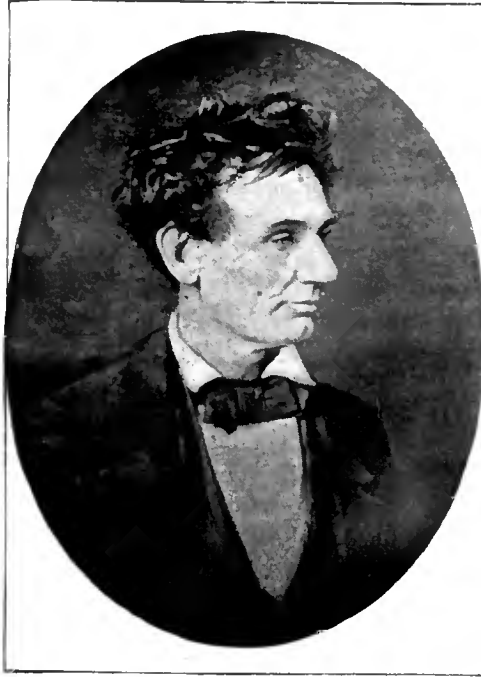
GENERAL JOSEPH D. WEBSTER.

From 1848 to 1854 the Government work at Chicago was under the able and upright charge of Lieutenant (afterward General) Joseph D. Webster. Lieutenant Webster married one of Chicago's most beautiful women, Miss Ann E. Wright, and from that time forward to his death in 1878 remained one of its favorite citizens. During the Union War he was a soldier distinguished for his services, especially at the battle of Shiloh, where as Chief of Artillery on Grant's staff he massed the guns in such a manner as to serve a good purpose in checking the enemy's triumphant advance at the close of the first day's fight. Whether in war or in peace, he was a blessing to his country and an ornament to his city. Of him it may be truly said: General  
Webster.

"None knew him but to love him,  
None named him but to praise."

William Moseley Hall, who had taken the initiative in assembling the convention wished to get it to give its advocacy and approval to George Wilkes's plan for a national railroad to the Pacific. He was overruled in this; but after adjournment a special meeting was called at which a vast audience listened to an excellent speech from him upon the subject, and adopted his resolutions. It is doubtful, however, if the State at large, with its recent experience of State railroad building, would have considered favorably any plan having more of it in view.

Later events have thrown such a halo about the name of Abraham Lincoln that we hail his bodily appearance on the stage of our city's history with a thrill and a quickening of the pulse. Even so slight a part as he took in the canal convention becomes momentous. We would give much to know the very words he uttered about our city and its future, our lake and harbor, our rights under the law and constitution; although those words seemed to their hearers not worth reporting.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The nearest approach to a real view of the unpretending personality then on his way to unmeasured greatness is a picture taken about ten years later, in Chicago, by a man still living and plying his trade among us, Alexander Hesler. As will be noticed, the picture is of the roughest, both as to subject and to artistic appearance (being a late copy from a very old plate), but it is left with all its marks of age and authenticity.

The picture is obtained from Mr. Hesler, with an interesting little tale about its origin. It was in 1857 that Mr. Lincoln began to be famous as the standard-bearer of Northern sentiment in the West. He happened to be in Chicago and some of his lawyer friends came to Hesler's studio and told the photographer that Abe couldn't afford to pay for his picture, but if he would take it they would each buy one, and perhaps he wouldn't lose anything by it in the long run. He consented and Lincoln came. "He was the greenest specimen of a country lawyer I had ever seen. He had been to a barber and his hair was plastered clear down over one side of his forehead to his eye-brow. I ran my hands up through it on each side—the way you see it—and he said: 'That's better. My folks would never know it for me the way the barber had fixed it.'"

Mr. Hesler afterward reduced the picture to about the size of a postage stamp, and prepared it with a gummed back to attach it to letters, circulars, etc., and did an immense business with it. He received one order from Boston for 200,000 of them, and in three days had it filled and dispatched. He is still in business (70 State Street) and keeps a large variety of historic views, beside his regular portrait studio.

## CHAPTER XX.

### LAND-TRAVEL AND WATER-TRAVEL.



**W**ATER is a good thing in its place, else the canal would not have been begun in hope in 1832, carried on in hardship for the next sixteen years, and finished in triumph in 1848. The grand opening on April 16th of the latter year has already been described. During that season its operation (in spite of deficient equipment, scarcity of water, and a leaky stretch between Joliet and the Dupage!) was more than had been hoped. Tolls collected at Chicago were \$52,000; at La Salle, \$35,000, to which should be added other tolls, and

\$400,000 received from sale of lots in the "canal trustees' subdivisions" in Chicago.

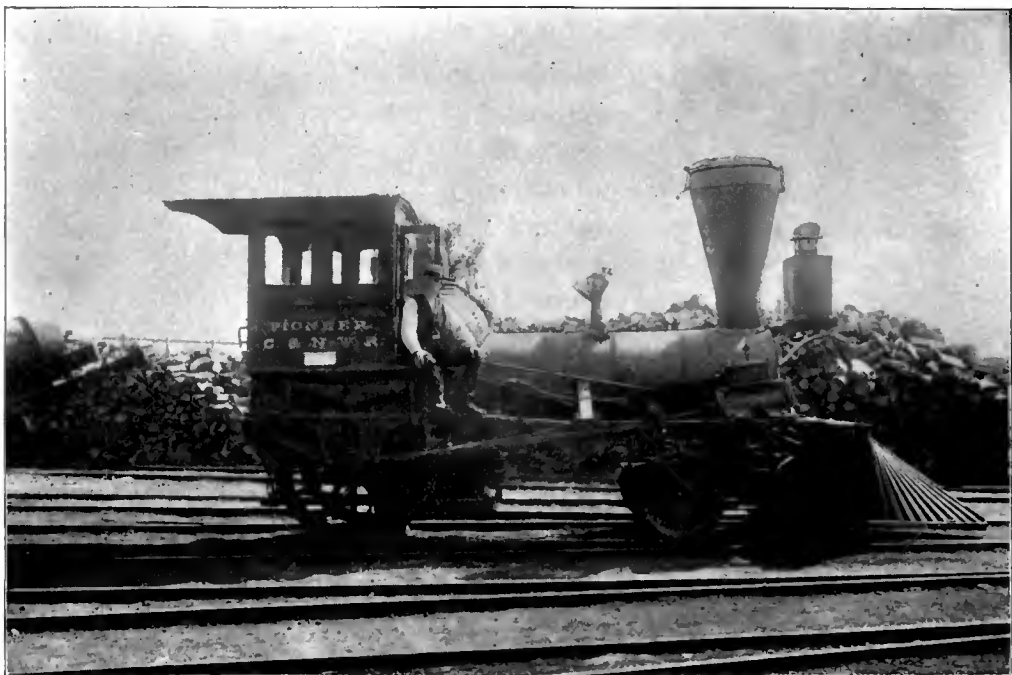
The trustees, under whose good management the canal went on from May, 1845 to November, 1848, received \$1,949,042 during that time, and paid out \$1,719,859. Times were again good and money plenty. Sales of lands and lots were enormous. In the decade which followed the opening, the total receipts from all sources were about \$7,000,000, half of it from land sales. Captain Andreas gives the following figures from the work done by the boats: Wheat, five and a half million bushels; corn, twenty-six million bushels; pork, twenty-seven million pounds; lumber, five hundred and sixty-three million feet, and coal, fifty thousand tons.

Opening business on the Canal.

Quietly, however, an enterprise took root and began to grow, which in its maturity was destined to dwarf even the canal to comparative insignificance.

On October 10, 1848, there was landed from the brig "Buffalo," a small, nameless engine, the first of the mighty army of iron giants which have made Chicago. The machine, or its rusty carcass, is still in existence here in the city which it has helped to build; and more than one of the men who unloaded it from its marine conveyance are still among us. The anonymous little stranger weighed ten tons, had been built by Baldwin, the veteran Philadelphian engine builder, for the contractors on the Rochester & Tonawanda Railroad in New York and used by them.

The unloaders were John Ebbert, Redmond Prindiville, Wells Lake, George W. Waite and George C. Morgan. Of these the first two are known to be still living (1891). John Ebbert was master mechanic of the road for many years, and is now out of business. Mr. Prindiville is a leading business man, full of vigor in body and mind. He remembers the arrival of the strange new engine, and his own share, he was the youngest of the party, in giving her to Chicago soil. She looked big, though but a little thing compared with the leviathans of later days. She



FIRST LOCOMOTIVE, THE "PIONEER," AS SHE IS IN 1831

had but two driving-wheels instead of the four, six or eight now used. Having what was called "inside connections," her cylinders (9 by 14 inches) were set at an angle up against the boiler. She was in good order; smoke-stack housed and "bright-work" covered with tallow.

She was lodged on deck, crosswise of the brig. The landing place was the Railroad yard, west side of the North Branch, just south of Kinzie Street; and there were plenty of timbers and ties at hand, and jack-screws to do the lifting; so they jacked her up level with the rail, laid a track from deck to dock (where a track had been laid ready to receive her) and easily ran her ashore on her own wheels, and pushed her out to the little machine-shed where Ebbert (engine-driver as well as master-mechanic of the road) put her in shape and lighted her fires for the first time, next day. The job was not a hard one and took less than the whole of that bright autumn Sunday—a great day for us to look back upon.

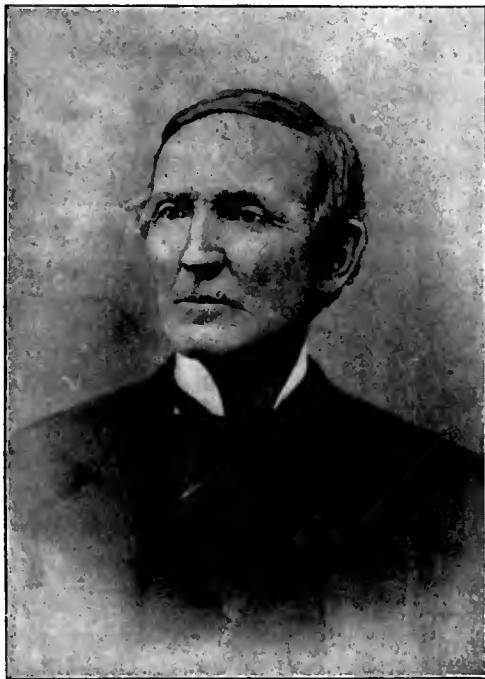
"The first engine that ever turned a wheel in Chicago."

She was not christened for a long time afterward. When the railway got more engines, and it was necessary to be able to distinguish them, John Van Nortwick (president) asked what she should be called. "Call her the Pioneer, of course," said Prindiville, and Pioneer she was and is, and should be for centuries to come. One of our parks should have her, set in a glass case and attended more carefully than any white elephant that ever was knelt before in the Royal Temple at Bangkok.

The "Galena & Chicago Union Railway," as Chicago's first operating road was named, runs in a straight line west from its Kinzie street station to the Desplaines. It is said that at the time of the first survey, which was made (1837) by James Seymour, the surveyors



REDMOND PRINDIVILLE.



JOHN EBBERT.

waded sometimes in deep water. Augustus Burley says that it was thought necessary to lay the road on piles, and that the road-bed was so constructed for some miles, he himself having seen long lines of the pile-heads sticking out of the ground in places where is now dry land, covered with buildings. These things illustrate the change which has been wrought in the character of the region by the institution of a great system of sewerage.\*

The 'Pioneer.'

Running a railroad line through the water.

The stretch of road first built (and for a very long time it seemed doubtful if any more ever would be built), was from Kinzie street to Oak Ridge, eight miles west,

\* Mr. Seymour says (Fergus' Hist. Series No. 16): "We began our survey at the foot of Dearborn street [North Side] and ran three lines nearly due west to the Desplaines river. Much of the time we waded in water, and we were glad at night to reach the hotel at Burry's Point and dry ourselves by the large fireplace."

and we were glad at night to reach the hotel at Burry's Point and dry ourselves by the large fireplace."

and two miles further to the Desplaines, where there was yet no bridge or station. The entire equipment



JAMES CURTIS.  
(Mayor in 1847)

consisted of five flat cars, one box car and the Pioneer. On November 20th, by invitation of the directors, a number of stockholders, newspaper men and friends of the enterprise to the number of about a hundred took a "flying trip" on the primitive train, which had been provided with temporary seats. A crowd assembled at the starting point to admire the spectacle. At the western terminus (ten miles out) a farmer's wagon with a load of wheat was in waiting; the wheat was taken on board and constituted the first installment of the vast flood of farm, mine and forest products which has entered Chicago by rail; a mass nearly large enough to bury

the great city above its roofs and spires if it were all here at one time.

Captain Andreas says:

Galena Railroad traffic begins to run. About a week after the line was opened for traffic the business men of Chicago were electrified by the announcement that over thirty loads of wheat were at the Desplaines river waiting to be transported to the city. (!) The expected receipts of the road would amount to \$15 per day all winter. (!) Wheat-buyers were informed (partly with the view of increasing the passenger traffic) that they must now take their station at the Desplaines river instead of at the Randolph street bridge. The total earnings of the road from the commencement of business in January, to December 1, 1849, were \$23,763.74. From December 1, 1849 to December 1, 1850, \$104,359.62. By January, 1850, the main line had been extended to Elgin, forty-two miles west of Chicago, which, with side-tracks, gave a roadway of forty-four miles. The amount expended on this superstructure was \$164,131.87.

Mr. Prindiville says that as long as the road only reached the Desplaines it was "hard sledding," because a farmer who had hauled his grain perhaps fifty miles already would not give it to a railroad to haul it the last ten. These were the



GEORGE W. DOLE.

trying times. All the cash was gone, and the road partly done and not earning expenses! But, as usual in Chicago, when things look darkest it is nearest dawn. J. Young Scammon, in his memoir of William B. Ogden (Fergus' Hist. Series, No. 17), says:

A meeting of the directors was called. It looked blue. To go ahead would endanger the stock. Mr. Ogden was embarrassed. . . . Most of the other directors were fearful. Thomas Dyer lost faith. The writer called him a doubting Thomas. . . . A committee was appointed consisting of Scammon, Collins, Walker, Dyer and Raymond, to have charge of the subject. This committee gave the writer carte-blanche. He applied to George Smith, the only banker in the place who could make such a loan, for \$20,000, for six months, to enable him to go on with the road. Mr. Smith declined. He was asked why; if he had not the money. He replied, "Yes, <sup>\$20,000 from</sup> but I do not wish to lose it. I have no confidence in the road. . . . Mr. Scammon, I will lend you the money. Make out your note." The writer did so, and the money was placed in the treasury of the company, no other person in the road except those connected with the loan and the treasurer, Frank Howe, knowing whence it came. . . . The road was pushed on and completed to Elgin. . . . It did not cost much money in those days to build a flat railroad on level land.

As soon as the road was completed to Elgin it began to be profitable, and from June, 1849, to April, 1850, it earned \$48,331, with operating expenses only \$18,519; less than forty per cent.

The shrewdness of the "grangers" along the line may be judged from the prophecies of some of them: "The landlord told us he was against railroads. They were bad things for farmers and hotel-keepers, but good for big fellows at the ends of the road." Another denounced railroads as "undemocratic institutions that would ride rough-shod over the people and grind them to powder."



J. YOUNG SCAMMON.

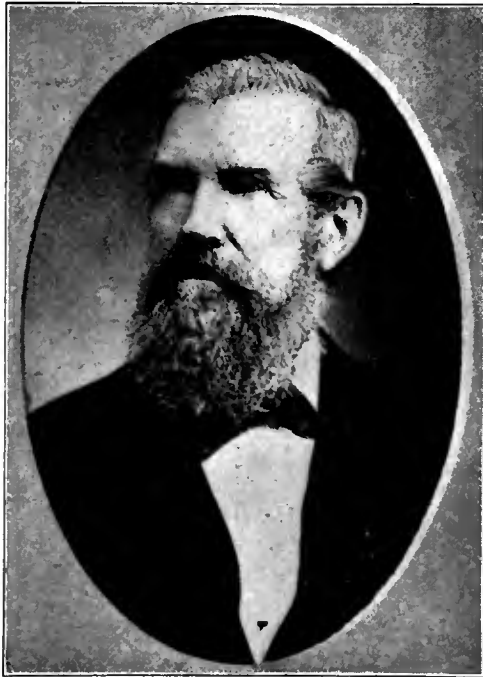
Water, so good as a servant, is terrible as a master. The flood of 1849 has already been mentioned. That was a spring of floods, when the heavens were opened and the fountains of the great deep broken up. A New York girl, now a Chicago matron, happened to be one of a party who, in May and June, made the trip—then rare—in steamboats down the Ohio to Cairo, up the Mississippi to St. Louis, and

High Water all over the West.

thence up to Peru on the Illinois river, where they took a canal-packet for Chicago. At Cairo they saw a whole village of houses standing in water up to their second stories. On the Mississippi there were houses floating down stream, one of them with a live cat clinging to its ridge-pole. The voyage on the canal was delightful. Colonel E. D. Baker was on board, handsome and dignified, the young girl's beau ideal of a hero. "Oliver Twist" had just come out, she was reading it and Colonel Baker talked with her about it; a circumstance never to be forgotten.

The old Portage  
overflowed.

"The portage," the ancient water-way between Lake Michigan and the Illinois and Mississippi by way of Mud Lake and the Desplaines, once more took on the aspect described by Joliet when at high water one could pass from lake to river without leaving the canoe. The Desplaines was wild and out of all bounds. It poured its floods eastward over the divide at Summit and into the South Branch until that,



A. C. WOOD.  
(Builder of Old St. James Church)

too, took the bit in its teeth and galloped lakeward like a sea-horse with waving mane. A momentary bar to its wild career was the ice which covered the river and wrapped each vessel and floating thing in its close embrace. But the stronger the dam and the longer the delay, the greater the rush when at last the waters tore themselves free. The beast gathered weight and strength by what it swallowed. On a small scale, and due to another of the elements, it was a foretaste of the wild rush of winged destruction which swept the city (moving in the same direction, by the way) some twenty-one years later: namely, on October 8th and 9th, 1871.

Mr. Rufus Blanchard says ("Northwest," p. 566):

The river soon began to swell, the waters lifting the ice to within two or three feet of the surface of the wharves. Between 9 and 10 A. M. loud reports as of distant artillery were heard toward the South, as if the ice were breaking up. Soon to these were added the sounds of crashing timbers; of hawsers tearing away the piles around which they were vainly fastened, or snapping like pack-thread on account of the strain upon them. To these succeeded the cries of people calling to the parties in charge of the vessels and canal boats to escape before it would be too late; while nearly all the males and hundreds of the female population hurried from their homes to the banks of the river, to witness what was by this time inevitable—a catastrophe such as the city never before sustained.

The great flood  
of 1849 in Chi-  
cago.



It was not long before every vessel and canal boat on the South Branch . . . was swept with resistless force toward the lake. As fast as the channel at one spot became crowded with ice and vessels intermingled, the whole mass would dam up the water, which, rising in the rear of the obstruction, would propel vessels and ice forward with the force of an enormous catapult. Every lightly built vessel would at once be crushed as if it were an eggshell; canal boats disappeared from sight under the gorge of ships and ice, and came into view below it in small pieces, strewing the surface of the boiling water.

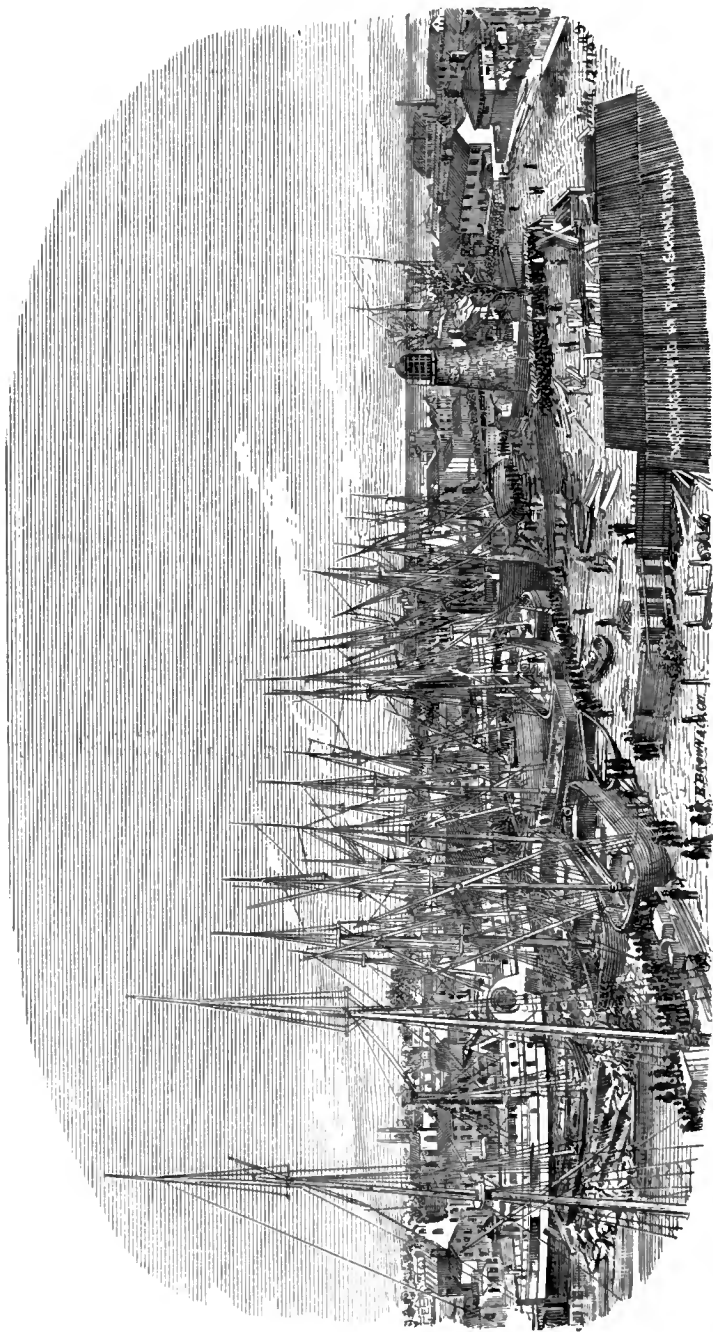
At length a number of vessels were violently precipitated against Randolph Street Bridge, which was torn from its place in a few seconds, forcing its way into the main channel of the river. The gorge of natural and artificial materials—ice and wood and iron—kept on its resistless way to the principal bridge in the city—the Clark street. This had been constructed on piles and it was supposed would prevent the vessels already caught up by the ice from being swept out into the lake. But . . . the moment this accumulated material struck the bridge it was swept to utter destruction, and with a crash the noise of which could be heard all over the city; while the ice below it broke up with reports as if from a whole park of artillery.

This graphic picture leaves out Madison street and Wells street bridges, yet we know that they went with the rest. Perhaps, being mere "float" bridges they did not make even a ripple on the torrent. At the place where the river, east of State street, bends to the northward, a new jam occurred, held by the ice in the curve, and the stronger vessels which had withstood the pressure higher up. Mr. Blanchard says that several canal boats and, in one instance, a schooner with rigging all standing, were sucked under the jam, only to reappear in fragments below. The ice that held the entangled craft soon broke away, and, as the way out to seaward now was clear, several bold men, armed with axes, made their way out to mid-stream, cut the vessels loose from the gorge and let them drift on to clear water and safety. He names R. C. Bristol, Alvin Calhoun, Cyrus Bradley and Darius Knights as prominent, and says that some ten or twelve large craft floated down the stream, their preservers proudly acknowledging the cheers of the crowds on shore. The vessels either caught on to the lake piers, by hawsers, or were brought up by dropping their anchors.

Accidents and incidents of the Flood.

The "Journal" states the number of craft in port as follows: four steamers, six propellers, twenty-four brigs, two sloops and fifty-seven canal boats. There was some loss of life. A boy was crushed to death at Randolph street bridge and a little girl was killed by the falling of a topmast. A son of Mr. Coombs was lost at Madison street bridge; James L. Millard had his leg badly broken on board his vessel; one poor fellow on a canal boat out on the lake waved his handkerchief as a signal of distress, but there was no boat which could go to his rescue; the vessels being disabled in their rigging and the steamers in their machinery. The losses were stated by the "Democrat" as follows:

Damage to the City (bridges, etc.).....	\$ 15,000	
"    "    Vessels.....	58,000	Losses.
"    "    Canal boats .....	30,000	
"    "    Wharves.....	5,000	
	<hr/>	
	\$108,000	

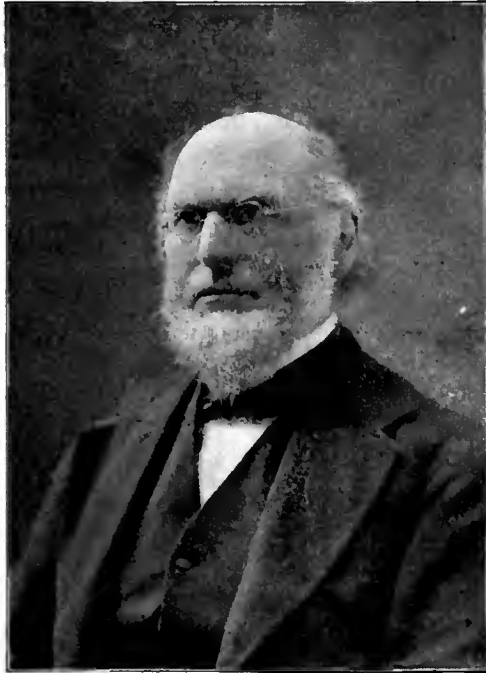


THE FLOOD OF 1849.

Yesterday morning the scenes in the river between Haddock's warehouse and Fort Dearborn were most melancholy. Piled indiscriminately, in some places, lay vessels, most of them as fine craft as float upon the lake, a mass of entangled wreck. Between them lay pieces of canal boats; a bow sticking out here and a stern there, and a mass of wreck in other places, ground up into pieces small enough for kindling-wood. Tall spars here and there lay across the docks; and ropes, chains, etc., in inextricable entanglement, lay knotted and twisted in all directions. . . . We are informed that several daguerreotype views of the vessels in their present position were taken.—Chicago "Democrat," March 14, 1849.

The losses seem to us rather trivial, seeing that a single bridge or vessel of these latter days might well exceed their total. The statistics of craft in port are interesting, showing as they do the proportions of which our marine was then composed. The great invention of John Ericsson—the propeller—was already making its slow but sure progress toward the dominion of the waves.

The regular river crossings being all destroyed, passengers made their way over the wreckage, which the "Democrat" of March 14th calls "one of the most costly bridges ever constructed in the West, and the only one Chicago now boasts of. . . . Many ladies were not afraid to venture over this novel causeway, beneath which the water roared, falling in cascades from one obstruction to another; the whole forming perhaps the most exciting scene ever witnessed here." The "Journal" says, "No mails left the city last night. All egress is prevented by high water and impassable roads."



JUDGE DRUMMOND.

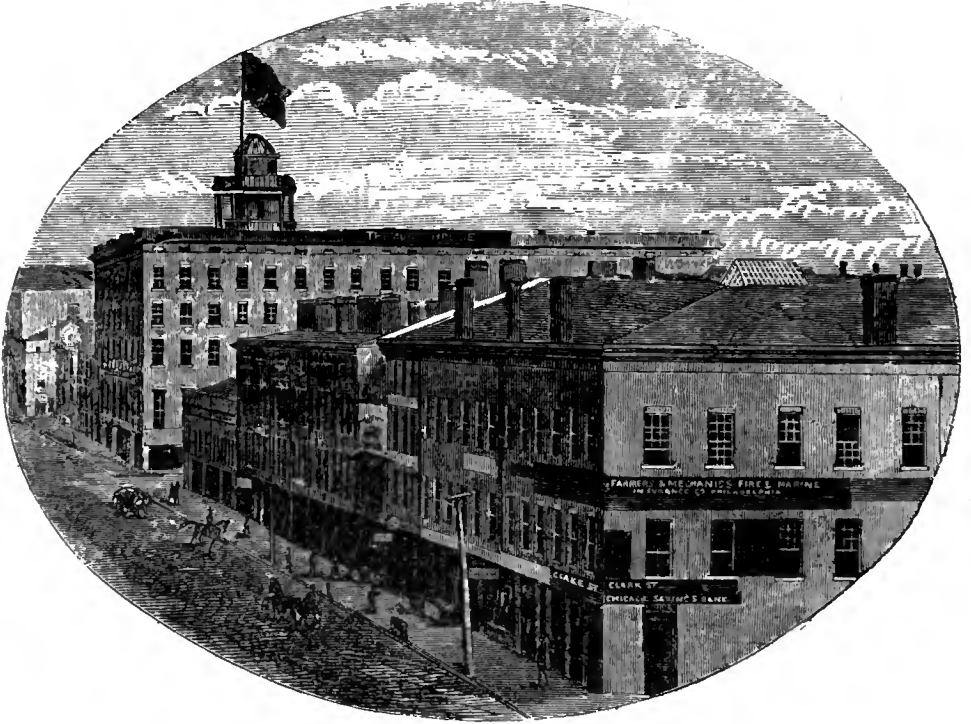
Now followed necessarily a partial embargo of North, South and West Sides as to each other. Numerous volunteer ferries sprung up; boats paddling across carrying passengers at one cent each. A canal boat spanned the south branch at Randolph street and a schooner at Clark street, which allowed foot passage at the same rate. Scranton's old ferry at State street was at once re-established, and between the Lake House and the fort the old rope ferry (which many of us remember as still running in 1857) ran gaily and freely as usual. About this primitive institution the "Democrat" of December 12, 1848, says:

Sometimes, the wind blowing strong up the creek, a brig comes along with foresail, topgallant and jib set. An impatient citizen is on the South Side, with visions of roast beef and dessert to match in his mind's eye. Bill sees the brig. The captain halloos, "Let go your d—d rope." The citizen cries: "Come over, you've got time enough." But Bill thinks "It's better to be sure of the line; if that breaks, the gentleman loses his dinner and I may lose my place." So he lets go all and the impatient citizen has to wait just two minutes and a half, at which he grumbles some when Bill runs the old boat's nose ashore and gives him a chance to step aboard, but Bill takes it coolly. With the consciousness of having done his duty he lets the landsman "have his pipe out," as he can afford to be generous as well as just.

Rush Street  
Ferry.

At this time the continual and inevitable contest between lands-

men's rights and sailors' rights came to judicial adjustment. In June, Madison Street bridge was reopened for travel, and, two weeks later, Clark Street bridge. Autumn saw the completion of the Wells and Kinzie Street structures. Lake Street bridge was begun and its opponents applied to Judge Drummond, of the United States District Court, for an injunction, relying on the right of the general Government to keep from obstruction the navigable waters under its control. The complaint was dismissed; the learned Judge holding that "the



SALOON BUILDING.

right of free navigation is not inconsistent with right of the State to provide means of crossing the river by bridges or otherwise, when the wants of the public require them."

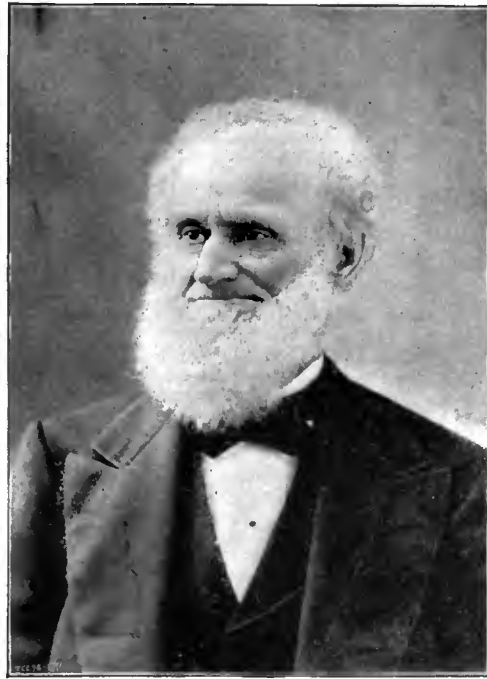
Even after this, the bold navigators stuck to the old idea that the prior right was theirs; that whenever they approached a bridge it must fly open for them, no matter who wished to use it. Therefore it frequently happened that a vessel, to save the cost of towage, would "warp through" bridge after bridge; that is, carry a cable along the shore, hitch it to a pile, and then drag the craft slowly forward by winding up the line on the vessel's capstan. E. MacArthur charged the Madison Street bridge tender with keeping the bridge open "an hour longer than was necessary," and proved the fact; yet was not the offender disciplined. It was not till 1852 that bridge-tenders were

The great  
drawbridge  
question re-  
opened.

brought under law and compelled to give bonds (\$500) for the faithful performance of their duties. Still later were all sail vessels made to employ tugs. It is only within the last two decades that bridge-tenders have been authorized and empowered to keep bridges open for land travel at certain times, warning navigators to halt until their turn should come. As late as 1860 Clark Street bridge was so low above the water that not even the smallest tug could pass without the swinging of the bridge. What a change has taken place since then may be imagined—and one may also imagine a possible future time when bridges shall be perma-



JABEZ K. BOTSFORD.



SILAS B. COBB.

nent structures of arched stone and iron; when all loading and unloading of lake craft shall be done in the outer harbor and only lighters and towing-barges shall navigate the rivers and penetrate the interior of the huge metropolis. In other words, when our river above Rush Street shall be like the Thames "above bridge," that is, further up stream than London bridge.

In 1848 the first municipal building was put up. The City Government had up to this time "hired a hall" to talk and act in. In 1837 it had been in the Saloon building, Clark and Lake Streets. In 1842 they moved to Mrs. Nancy Chapman's building, opposite the jail, at the corner of Randolph and La Salle Streets. Captain Andreas says:

The public square at this time was fenceless, and presented such a dilapidated and barren appearance that citizens were urged to improve the park by individual exertion. In April a number of citizens did turn out with shovels, mattocks, etc., and planted a few trees and built a fence-

First City Hall  
built in State  
Street.

But . . . the "Democrat," in May, noticed that "the fence around the public square on Clark Street stands like a good many politicians we wot of—but half whitewashed." J. Young Scammon and William H. Darris did much about this time to improve the appearance of the square.

The market building (put up in 1848) occupied the middle of State Street, facing Lake Street from the south. It was of brick with stone basement. The ground floor had thirty-two stalls, and the second story had rooms for the council

# THEATRE.

Stage Manager, - - - Mr. N. H. Clarke.

**EXTRAORDINARY NOVELTY!**

**LAST NIGHT**

Of the Engagement of the Distinguished Tragedian,

# MR. MURDOCH

First representation of Schiller's great Tragedy of the

# ROBBERS!

Which has been for some time in preparation, with characteristic

Scenery, Appointments, Music, &c.

**MR. MURDOCH as CHARLES DE MOOR.**

As performed by him in all the principal Theatres throughout the U. S. A.

**This Evening, SATURDAY, Nov. 10th, 1849,**

Will be acted the Tragedy of the

# ROBBERS

Maximilian Count de Moor.		Mr. Clifford.	
<b>CHARLES DE MOOR,</b>	as	<b>MR. MURDOCH.</b>	Clarke.
Francis de Moor,	sings	Roller,	Rice.
Spindelberg,	Young	Konunkt,	Smith.
Swiber,	Libertine,	Razmen,	Beaver.
Grimm,	afterwards	Heman,	Meeker.
Shufurle,	Robbers;	Shepard,	Davis.
A Commissary,			Mr. Rice.
Amelia,			

**PAS DE DEUX BY MISSES EMMONS.**

The whole to conclude with the Farce of

# THE ARTFUL DODGER.

Tim Dodger,	Mr. McVicker,	Harding,	Mr. Rice.
Quokilvar,	Warwick,	Flighty,	Meeker.
Cuch,	Shepard,	Margaret,	Miss Helen Matthews.
Groidge,	Beaver,	Emily,	G. Emmons.

The following Songs and Dance incident to the piece.

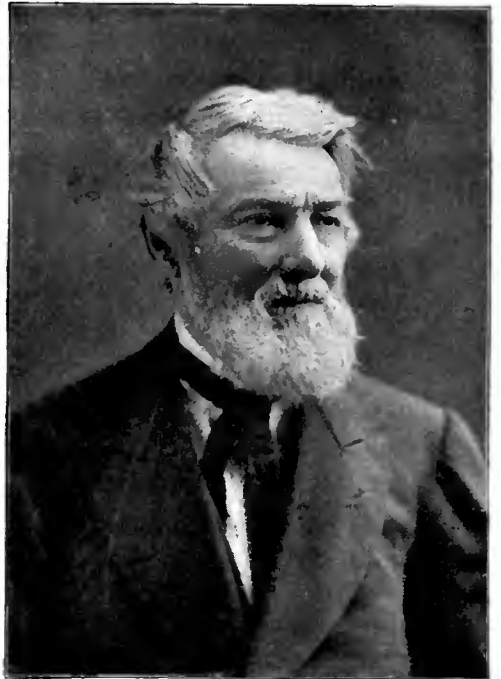
"We're all a Dodging," Mr. McVicker. "Height for a Husband," Miss H. Matthews.  
Duet and Dance, by Miss Matthews and Mr. McVicker.

On Monday Evening, Mr. Murdoch's Benefit.

Boxes, 50 cts.; Pit, 25 cts.; Boxes for Colored Persons, 25 cts

Doors open at half-past 6 o'clock; Curtain will rise at a quarter-past 7 precisely.

JOURNAL'S PRINT 107, LAKE ST. CHICAGO.



JOHN B. RICE.

meetings and other municipal purposes. One may fancy the atmosphere in that council chamber, during an August meeting, over the market and under the heat of the sky and of political agitation! The building was removed in 1857. In 1848, by the way, Clark Street

was numbered from South Water Street to Randolph.

We can not leave behind the great decade of the forties without a glance back at the city in its physical aspect. "The" theatre—the house built on the south side of Dearborn Street, east of Randolph, by John

First Regular Theatre.

B. Rice, in 1847 and burned in 1850—was the chief place of public amusement. Here had appeared many actors, some famous already and some whose names have become



T. LYLE DICKEY.

W. Burgess, N. B. Clark, William Wilson. Messrs. Beaver & Beckwith were the "scenic artists," and Perry Marshall, treasurer. He also gives the bill of the play for Saturday, November 10, 1849, when Mr. Murdock played "Schiller's Robbers." The bill was of the familiar, old-fashioned kind; one's feast for the evening was all simply set before him, ungarnished and undisguised; not as in the cumbersome and troublesome fashion of 1891. We reproduce the interesting play-bill.

Meanwhile, music, another branch of the fine arts, one in which Chicago has always kept an advanced place, was taking firm hold on public favor and support. Mr. George Upton, more closely connected with the art than any other Chicagoan, gives some items connected

"Familiar in our mouths as household words" in the years which have since elapsed. Here James H. McVicker and Mrs. McVicker appeared on the evening of May 2, 1848, he playing Mr. Smith in the farce of "My Neighbor's Wife;" and she taking the part of Louisa in the Yankee comedy of "The Hue and Cry." The world was satisfied with the good old system of "stock companies" then, and Andreas reports that for 1849 as being composed of Mr. and Mrs. Rice, Mr. and Mrs. McVicker, Mr. and Mrs. D. Clifford, Mrs. Coleman Pope, Jos. Meeker, J. H. Harwick and C. H.

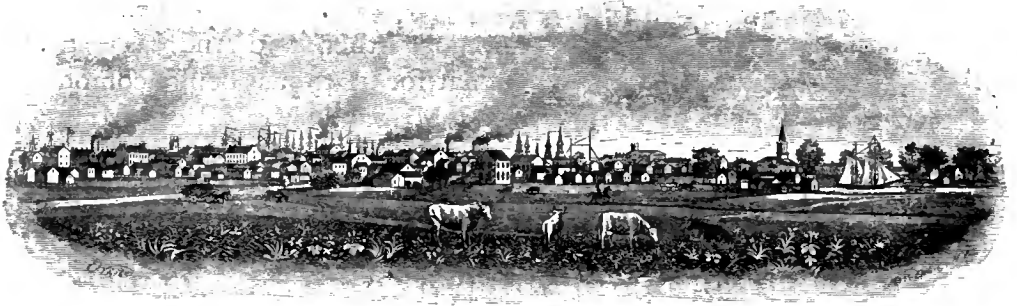
Mr. McVicker  
in song and  
dance act.



GEORGE P. UPTON.

Beginning of  
the City's  
Musical Life.

with the times now under notice; the very epoch of the arrival of a man whom he calls the father of classical music in the West: George Dyhrenfurth. Mr. D. arrived late in 1847, and on December 27 attended the New England Festival, where George Davis, Frank Lumbard and others sang. On the same day there was a concert at "the theatre," where the celebrated Sig. Martinez played the guitar. On February 14, 1848, Mr. Dyhrenfurth made his own first appearance in Chicago as an amateur violinist. On September 13, 1849, he played at the City Hall for charity, and appeared during the following year on various occasions. Then came a great day in Chicago's musical history—October 24, 1850; when the first Philharmonic subscription concert took place at New Tremont Hall under his direction. The series numbered eight concerts, and formed the beginning of an organized musical culture which has affected and benefited this city through all its later life.



CHICAGO IN 1845, FROM THE WEST.

Ogden's lesson  
to Prindiville.

Apropos to the endless subject of gains made from Chicago real estate speculations, the following story from Captain Prindiville is characteristic. William B. Ogden (when they were both engaged on the Galena Railroad) offered him a five-acre piece on the West Side for \$1,000, "canal time." Prindiville hadn't the money. But Ogden would trust him for a year for the first payment. Still the younger man hung back. Well, Ogden would take the land back at the end of the year if Prindiville didn't like the bargain. No, he did not see where he was to get the cash to make the payments and wouldn't promise what he might not be able to carry out. Ogden broke out: "Why, Redmond, that is not the way to get along. When you are dealing with Chicago property, the proper way is to go in for all you can get, and then go on with your business and forget all about it! It will take care of itself." Another man took the bargain and made \$4,000 on it in six months.

We are, luckily, also able to see Chicago as it appeared to Governor Bross's backward gaze when he wrote his history in 1876. He



says that in 1848 he lived with the Rev. Ira M. Weed at Madison and State Streets (the "Buck & Rayner corner"). That was considered "far south," and he by custom selected the best sidewalk (that on Dearborn street) to make his way out there.

Gov. Bross' description of those days.

The sidewalks, where such luxuries were indulged in, lay in most cases on the rich prairie soil, for the string-pieces of scantling to which the planks were originally spiked would soon sink down into the mud after a rain, and then as one walked, the green and black slime would gush up between the cracks. . . . In 1849 I bought of Judge Jesse B. Thomas forty feet on Michigan Avenue, south of the corner of Van Buren Street, for \$1,250. The Judge had bought at the canal sales in 1848 for \$300 on "Canal Time;" a quarter down, balance, one, two and three years. . . . The lake shore was perhaps one hundred feet east of the street, and there my brother John and myself, rising early in the morning, bathed in summer for two or three years. We had an excellent cow—for we virtually lived in the country—that, contrary to all domestic propriety, would sometimes wander away, and I usually found her out on the prairie in the vicinity of Twelfth street. I saw a wolf run by my house as late as 1850. The rule of speculators at the canal sales was to buy all the property on which the speculator could make the first payment; then sell enough each year to make the others. . . . When my lot was struck off to me, Harry Newhall came across the room and said, "Bross, did you buy that lot to live on? Are you going to improve it?" "Yes." "Well, I'm glad of it; I'm glad some one is going to live beyond me. It won't be so lonesome if we can see some one going by every night and morning."



CHICAGO FROM THE LAKE, 1850.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### THE COMING POWER.



**B**EHOLD the strong new helper! "The fifties" were eminently the years of railroad beginnings on a large scale. January 1, 1850, saw neither more nor less than thirty-three miles of railroad completed from Chicago; being the first difficult, stumbling, halting steps of the Galena line. It would take a volume, instead of a chapter, to tell of the efforts required to finish even so much of the work, and another volume to tell of those expended in its ultimate entire completion. The best short story of it is to be found in Mr. Scammon's and Mr. Arnold's obituary

sketches of William B. Ogden, published in Fergus' Hist. Series, No. seventeen.

Mr. Scammon begins with the public meeting at Rockford (half way between Chicago and Galena) in 1846, where Judge Drummond presided and where there were present among others the following Chicago men: William H. Brown, afterwards president of the road and of the Chicago Historical Society; B. W. Raymond, Isaac N. Arnold (also a president of the Historical); Gen. Hart L. Stewart, Mr. Ogden and himself, Mr. Scammon. In 1847 Mr. Ogden and Mr. Scammon traveled (probable by stage) the entire distance from Chicago to Galena, stopping along the road, holding and addressing meetings and "going into the highways and byways to compel them to come in" to partake of the feast.

Citizens' struggles in starting the first railroad.

The main Galena advocates of enterprise were Messrs. Drummond, Hoyne, Hempstead and Washburn.\* The Galena People, even then, feared that their city would never be the better for the road, and only the most solemn promises, public and private, sufficed to overcome their fear. The promises were kept—as long as Ogden and Scammon were in control. Afterwards they were disregarded, to the lasting injury of Galena and the regret of those who, in perfect good faith, had uttered the misleading words.

Before the road could be completed to Galena, the great Illinois

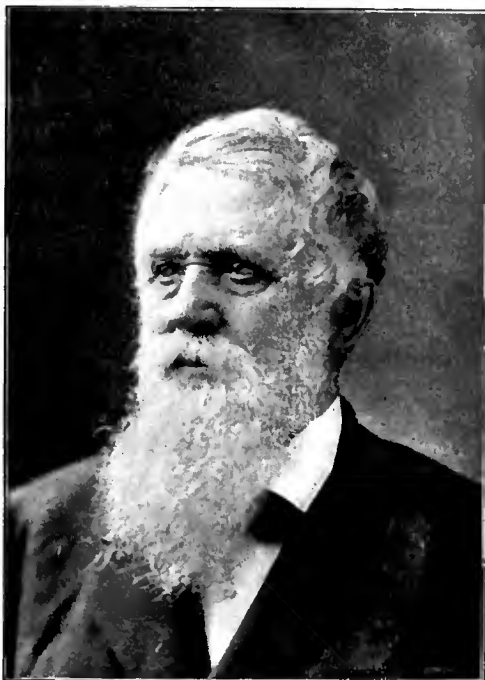
\* The two latter names are recalled to mind by that of the Mayor of Chicago at this time (1891) Mr. Hempstead Washburn, son of Elihu B. Washburn.

Central road, reaching from Cairo to Dunleith; from the southernmost to the northwesternmost point of the State; laid out its line which took in two of the stations of the Galena road; namely, Freeport and Galena. Thereupon the Galena Company halted its road at Freeport and arranged to run unbroken trains from Chicago through Freeport to Galena. The line was completed; but being under two companies, and besides, going beyond Galena to Dunleith, a point on the Mississippi (Galena was on the Fever river, a small affluent of the Mississippi), it failed to benefit Galena.

Bad faith in dealing with Galena.

The next road to connect with Chicago was the "Michigan Southern & Northern Indiana," now the Lake Shore.

On February 20, 1852, the first train arrived, greeted by cheers and cannon firing, this being the first eastern connection by rail: Not all rail, however, as the link from Buffalo to Toledo was not made until 1857; meanwhile the eastern connection for both the Southern and Central roads was by means of Lake Erie steamboats. And in the very year of its establishment of a through all-rail connection with the east, the Michigan Southern Company went to protest, its property was seized, and the new Board of Directors, holding its first meeting, was compelled to borrow a few chairs to take the place of those held by the sheriff.



ROSWELL B. MASON.

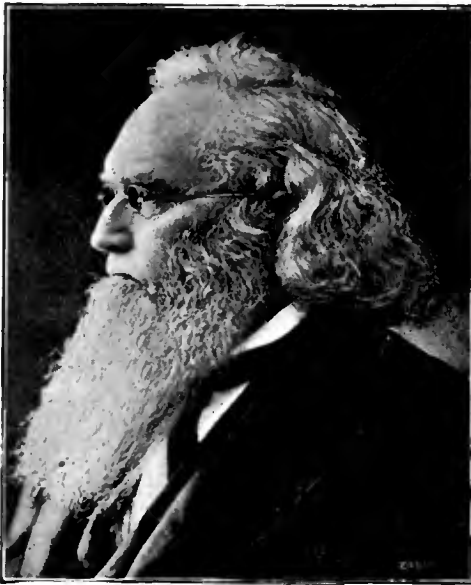
Three months after the Southern began to run in, namely, on May 21, 1852, the Michigan Central made its way to the city, by utilizing from Calumet, fourteen miles out, the track of the Illinois Central. There was a bitter fight between the two Michigan roads, the right of one road to cross the tracks of another (as the M. C. R. R. did those of the M. S. & N. I. R. R.) was not yet established and regulated by law. It was soon so established, the settlement being hastened by a deplorable calamity which occurred at the crossing (the point now known as "Grand Crossing," within city limits) on April 25th, 1853. The Southern, being the first in the field, denied to the other the right to cross its tracks at all; and strove by injunction to prevent it. During the legal contest it ran its road as if the other's did not exist, passing the

Michigan Southern and Central come in.

Terrible accident at Grand Crossing.

crossing point at full speed. This recklessness led to the natural result; two trains came together and as usual the innocent suffered from the wrong-doing of the contestants. Eighteen persons were killed outright and some forty of the injured were brought to the city. An indignation meeting was held and a demand made that every train should come to a full stop before crossing, at grade, the track of another road. That became the rule and so continues to this day.

The great Illinois Central now looms above the horizon. The State had received from the general Government a grant of alternate sections of land in a strip six miles wide on each side of a railroad to be built from Cairo to Dunleith (on the Mississippi, opposite Dubuque), with a branch from the main line to Chicago. This splendid gift was largely



JUDGE SIDNEY BREESE.

the result of the efforts of Sydney Breese, Stephen A. Douglas, James Shields, John Wentworth and William H. Bissell, all Illinois members of the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States. Judge Breese, senator from 1842 to 1848, said in a letter he wrote to Stephen A. Douglas in 1851: "When my last resting-place shall be marked by the cold marble, which gratitude or affection may erect, I desire no other inscription than this:

"HE WHO SLEEPS BENEATH PROJECTED THE CENTRAL RAILROAD."

The total quantity of land thus set apart was 2,595,000 acres—

more than 4,000 square miles, or a piece over sixty-three miles square. Owing to the character of the Prairie State, nearly every acre is arable land; therefore there are whole States which have not as much producing capacity as this single public benefaction.\*

Here come in some considerations usually overlooked in discussing this land grant. The first is this: The Government, when it gave the alternate sections, doubled the price of the alternate sections which it retained. Then these retained sections found prompt sales at the doubled price. Where, then, did the Government lose anything by its

The Illinois Central.

\*At the same time the donation sinks into insignificance when compared with some other subventions. It amounted to 3,700 acres per mile of road. The grants to the Union Pacific, twelve years later, were 12,800 acres per mile, and a subsidy in Government bonds was added at the rate of \$16,000, \$32,000 and \$48,000 per mile; the object being to apportion the subsidy in ratio to the cost of the several sections. (Ackerman's "Early Illinois Railroads." Fergus' Hist. Series, No. 23.)

bounty? The second is, that the grant was to the State; and the State, before it surrendered it to the railroad company, stipulated that the latter should pay, forever (in lieu of all other taxes), the large slice of seven per cent. of the gross earnings it might gain from the operation of its road.\* Where, then, did the State sacrifice anything? In fact, the sums paid to the State Treasury, under this provision, are enough (with proper economy) to run the entire State Government. It is largely due to this fund that Illinois is one of the few States entirely free of a State-debt. The payments made by the Illinois Central to the State are as follows :

State percent-  
age of Illinois  
Central earn-  
ings.

1855, \$29,752; 1856, \$77,632; 1857, \$145,646; 1858, \$132,006; 1859, \$132,104; 1860, \$177,557; 1861, \$177,253; 1862, \$212,174; 1863, \$300,394; 1864, \$405,514; 1865, \$406,489; 1866, \$427,075; 1867, \$444,007; 1868, \$428,397; 1869, \$464,933; 1870, \$464,584; 1871, \$463,512; 1872, \$442,856; 1873, \$428,574; 1874, \$394,366; 1875, \$375,766; 1876, \$356,005; 1877, \$316,351; 1878, \$320,431; 1879, \$325,477; 1880, \$368,348; 1881, \$384,582; 1882, \$396,036; 1883, \$388,743; 1884, \$356,679; 1885, \$367,788; 1886, \$378,714; 1887, \$414,374; 1888, \$424,955; 1889, \$460,244; 1890, \$486,281. Total paid to the State, \$12,620,915. (Cents are omitted.)



JOHN B. CALHOUN.

Judge Caton recalls the fact that when some local authority endeavored to levy a local tax, in spite of this provision, on the ground that the State could not barter away the right of a minor municipality to levy taxes for its support, Mr. Lincoln argued the case for the Road, and won it.

Also that he charged his client \$5,000, which the local authorities paid, but which the directors objected to and ordered should be reclaimed from the counsel. Also that Mr. Lincoln told one of his quaint stories regarding the matter (which has never appeared in print); which was about this effect :

A farmer, much annoyed by the trespassing of an unruly bull belonging to a neighbor, drove the beast away, and cut off its tail as it departed. Some one suggested that the owner might object, whereupon the farmer replied that, object as he might, the tail would never grow on again. Even so, the lawyer opined that that particular \$5,000,

Mr. Lincoln's  
little story.

\* Judge Caton suggests that this lien being seven per cent. of the Road's gross earnings (deducting nothing for expense of operation) is at least equivalent to a sixth of its capitalized valuation. Also that this consideration should make the State favor every increase of the road's capitalized value, and encourage it to invest still more money in income-earning property. If, for instance, the corporation should add six millions worth of realty (Lake Front) to its possessions, one million of the increment would, in effect, belong to the State, to have and hold forever.

however much its payment might be objected to, would never find itself back in the company's treasury. (This may not be exactly the story, but it is sufficiently near to show the general drift and application.)

Now, as to the relations of the Central with the City of Chicago. Many old Chicagoans remember—though a larger number, being newer comers, never knew, heard or cared anything about it—that from the time the North Pier was built and the southward current of sand retained on its upper side, the resulting eddy began and continued to eat away the land south of it. First the great sand spit disappeared and deep water was where dry land had been before. Then the lake shore

Threatened destruction of Michigan Ave.



WILLIAM H. OSBORN.

itself was encroached upon, the broad strip outside of Michigan avenue grew narrower and narrower. The coffins in the old Fort burying-ground stuck out grimly into the air, as the waves kept up their ceaseless sound and motion below. A plank facing and various other weak expedients were used to check the ominous waste that was going on; but there was a conflict of jurisdiction; the neighboring owners called on the municipality to interfere, the latter rather thought it was the business of the State, (holder of "eminent domain"), and all would have been glad to shoulder it on the General

Government, which by building the pier had caused the abrasion.

Meanwhile the waves paused not at all "to parley or dissemble" but merrily continued their destructive play. What was to be done? It was a question of millions of money to be laid out, or other millions lost in Lake Michigan. The city and the citizens could not, if they would; the State and the Nation would not if they could. And, at last, in a storm, the waters actually washed away a part of the eastern edge of Michigan avenue itself; the lake park having already largely disappeared.

As usual in Chicago, when at the last extremity, help came. The Illinois Central had money and needed access to business. The city had no money; and it needed the business the road would create; but its most present and urgent need was defence against Lake Michigan.

Therefore the road was offered, not land, but water; no track, but a right to build a track through the pathless waves, and the privilege of protecting that tract, which in its turn should protect Chicago.

So said so done. The Illinois Central Company spent two millions of dollars of its capital in a two-mile stretch of stone cribs sunk in the lake, four or five hundred feet outside the shore line; and then drove two double lines of piles inside the cribs whereon to lay its tracks. The line of Crib Protection.

Perhaps one in fifty of Chicago's present citizens remembers the years in which they used to look across "the basin" at the piling track and the stone crib beyond it, and sail, row, swim and skate there as the seasons dictated; only thinking (those who thought at all) how lucky it was that there was a power strong enough and liberal enough to provide the young city with such a grand benefaction.

Those days are past. Chicago pocketed the benefit and forgot its source. The city saw that the Central had finally also been benefited (though it was once afterward, in 1857, utterly bankrupt and in the hands of assignees), and grew to feel as if Chicago had done it all; as if she had been the author of her own well-being and the giver of the prosperity of the Illinois Central. The fact is, Chicago never contributed appreciably toward the cost of building any of the roads which have done so much for her, either as a municipality, or (except a little in



WILLIAM K. ACKERMAN.

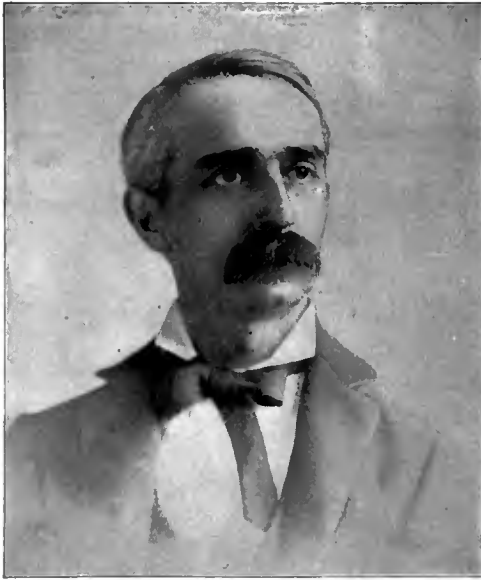
the early days of the Galena) by investments from the funds of private citizens. The chief service Chicago men rendered or could render was the bringing in of foreign capital. In the case of the Central it was a three-sided arrangement, wherein the general Government, the State and the railroad corporation joined, and wherein a fourth party, the public, was the chief beneficiary, after all. Three servants plowed, planted and harvested, and the master eats the crop—grumbling. Foreign capital to the rescue.

Roswell B. Mason, later Mayor of the city, and still (1891) an honored citizen, was the first president of the Illinois Central Railroad Company. It was under his wise guidance that the Lake Shore protection was effected between 1852 and 1855. In 1856 the Central took the initiative in the matter of suburban traffic, since grown to such

The makers of  
the Illinois  
Central.

great proportions. On June 1st of that year it started its Hyde Park train; and in his daily telegram to Wall Street that evening, John B. Calhoun, the local treasurer, used this sententious phrase: "The Hyde Park train made its first trip to-day. Nary passenger, up nor down."

The next administration of the Illinois Central was a memorable one for power and enterprise. William H. Osborn, who became president in 1856, was a man whom every man who came in contact with him pronounced one of the ablest men Chicago has ever seen. John W. Foster was Commissioner of the Land Department; a scientist, a man of wit and humor, and of varied accomplishments. William



JOSEPH F. TUCKER.

K. Ackerman, successively Secretary, Treasurer, Vice-President and President, is still (1891) an honored Chicago citizen; noted for executive ability and high standard of personal and business honor and rectitude. Peter Daggy, now (1891) one of Chicago's old and well-known citizens, Commissioner of the Land Department. John M. Douglass, who only lately died in Chicago, full of years and of honors, was Counsel and later President. J. F. Tucker, beginning in the freight office, became successively General Freight Agent, General Superintendent, Master of

Transportation and Traffic Manager. Through the dark days of the Illinois Central these men and others like them were its preservers from utter ruin; and when it once more saw better days it was to them that it owed its permanent prosperity.

With the beginning of this decade began the general numbering of streets and also the use of the plank pavements of inglorious memory.

Streets generally begin to be numbered and paved.

In dry weather the planked streets were not very bad; nor would they have been if unplanked. In "wet spells," the planks were unfortunately not submerged; they were afloat, and under the impact of wheels and hoofs sent up streaks and shoots of vileness indescribable.

Grand opera began in a way that sadly prefigured much of its later history. Captain Andreas says:

On the evening of July 30, 1850, an Opera Company consisting of Mr. Manvers, Mr. Giubelei, Mr. Lippert and Miss Brienti, assisted by a home chorus and orchestra, began the first season of



opera ever given, or rather ever attempted, in the city. The piece for the opening night was "Sonnambula" and the place of presentation was Rice's first theater, located on Randolph street. A fair audience was present and everything progressed smoothly until the rising of the curtain on the second act. At this juncture the alarm of fire was given, and in an hour the theater lay in ashes, involving a loss to its owners of over \$4,000. Burning of  
Rice's Theatre.

Undaunted by his ill-success, Mr. Rice soon purchased a lot on Dearborn street and began the erection of a new theater.

### Another account of the accident says :

The audience started to its feet in terror. . . . Serious injury to many might have ensued had it not been for the presence of mind of Manager Rice. Hastening to the footlights, he cried: "Sit down! Sit down! Do you think I would permit a fire to occur in my theater? Sit down!" . . . Soon the building was cleared of its audience. J. H. McVicker was on the stage at the time. He began to pull down scenery, hoping to save something, but the flames spread so rapidly that everybody was driven away. . . . He was compelled to go to the Sherman House in his stage costume. He lost everything except the clothes then worn by him. . . .

The opera company visited Milwaukee, where a brief season of their so-called Italian opera was given. The lines were rendered in Italian by those of the party who could speak that tongue, and in English by those who could not. . . .

An incident is related by Mr. McVicker which illustrates the trials of those days. The price of admission in country towns was twenty-five cents. At St. Charles one of the citizens waited on Mr. McVicker and said: "See here, my family is five in number—the old woman and three children. I think you ought to let us see the show for a dollar." Mr. McVicker assented. The next day his patron returned and said: "See here; your show put my boy asleep last night, so he didn't see any of it. I think you ought to give me back a quarter. McVicker argued that he had received but twenty cents each, but the man silenced him by saying: "Well, I know; but it's worth twenty-five cents to carry a boy home when he's asleep." The quarter was refunded.



JAMES H. McVICKER.

Rice's new theater was on Dearborn street, south of Randolph.

Tremont Hall, a large dancing room on the second floor of the Tremont House, facing Lake street, was used by local and traveling companies between the times of Rice's first and second theaters. There the infant prodigies—and real artists—Kate and Ellen Bateman, appeared on November 18, 1850, and on two later evenings, with success.

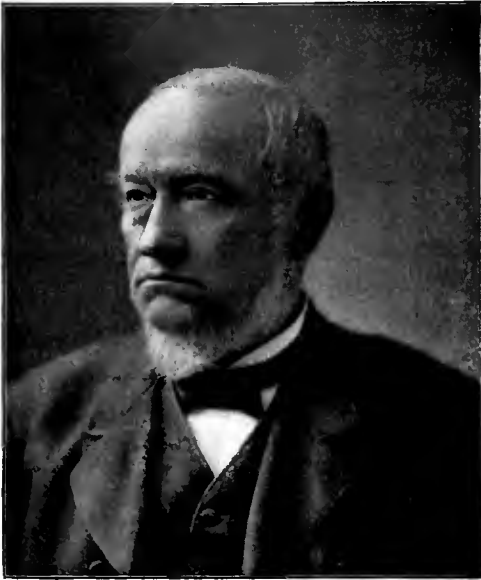
The first general charity hospital went into operation in 1850, being located in the Lake House (already called the "Old Lake House"), and in charge of those sterling citizens, Mark Skinner, Hugh T. Dickey and Dr. John Evans. Dr. N. S. Davis lectured for its benefit and Dr. Brainard served it as surgeon—all gratis of course, for who can set bounds to the charitable work of the medical profession?

First General  
Charity Hos-  
pital.

Douglas  
silenced by  
Anti-Fugitive  
Slave Law mob.

The same year, 1850, saw occurrences elsewhere which had at least a reflex influence on things in Chicago. The famous and infamous fugitive slave law passed then, and Douglas, one of its adherents, came back to Chicago, his home, and on Oct. 24, 1850, made, in defence of the measure, what has been called the ablest speech of his life, a speech which silenced, if it did not convince, the already half-rebellious democrats. To anticipate a little, let us look on to his return home in 1854, and his effort to defend his Kansas-Nebraska bill. An article appearing in the "Times" (Democratic), Aug. 19, 1877, tells the story fully, and from it (as copied by Andreas) we quote:

The "Little Giant" determined to face the music, and it was announced that after his arrival in Chicago he would take occasion to address his constituents on the issues of the day, and, mayhap, make a few personal explanations. . . . From numerous orthodox pulpits the fiat went forth that this anti-Christ must be denied every opportunity to pollute the pure atmosphere of Illinois with his perfidious breath. . . . It was on the evening of Sept. 1, 1854, that he was announced to speak in North Market Hall (where the county jail now stands). . . . Under such circumstances as these, assembled the meeting on that September evening. During the afternoon the flags of such shipping as was owned by the more bitter of the "fusionists" (a name early given to the men of both parties who joined hands against disunion, afterwards "republicans") were hung at half mast; at dusk the bells of numerous churches tolled with doleful solemnity. A little before eight o'clock Mr. Douglas began to speak. And still the crowd increased, completely filling up Michigan street as far east as Dearborn and west as Clark. The roofs of the opposite houses were covered and the windows and balconies filled, for the "Little Giant" had a way of making



PETER DAGGY.

himself heard at a great distance. . . . On the questioning of some statement of the speaker by a person in the crowd the rumpus began in earnest, and for two hours pandemonium raged. It was reported at the time that the "Little Giant" was pelted with rotten eggs. This feature is now called in question by trustworthy witnesses who substitute rotten apples. . . . From the date of Douglas' rebuff Chicago men never ceased to be on the extreme verge of anti-slavery excitement, and Chicago became the center of the Western movement which resulted in making Kansas a free state.

The limits of a "story" do not permit a statement in detail of the development of political opinion in the years which intervened between the killing of Lovejoy in 1837 and the firing on Sumter in 1861. They were years of progress—of revolution. At least as early as 1838 an anti-slavery meeting was held in the "Saloon Building," where the Rev. Flavel Bascom, of the First Presbyterian Church, and Charles V. Dyer, Philo Carpenter, Robert Freeman and Calvin DeWolf were leading spirits. A mob was then feared, a mob not of the kind which assailed

Douglas in 1854, but one of the opposite stripe, the Southern sympathizers. In 1842 a black man, named Edwin Heathcock, was arrested on the ground of being in Illinois without free papers, as prescribed by the "black law." He was committed by Justice Kercheval and confined in the log jail at the northwest corner of Court House square. He was advertised to be sold Monday, Nov. 14, 1843, and then, in the presence of a crowd which blocked Randolph and La Salle streets, actually put up and "cried" by the sheriff (Lowe), who explained to the crowd that it was only duty, not choice, that put the job on him. For a long time nobody bid, and it seemed as if the poor, shivering fellow would have to go back to the wretched log jail. A voice was raised from the opposite side of the street: "I bid twenty-five cents." It was the voice of Mahlon D. Ogden. The man was "knocked down" to him and he handed up a silver quarter-dollar to the sheriff; and then said: "Edwin, I have bought you. You are my man—my slave! Now go where you please!"

Sale of a black man at auction.



REV. FLAVEL BASCOM.

In 1848 the Democratic party divided on the Free Soil issue, and Cass lost his election to the presidency in consequence. In 1850 the colored people met in convention at Chicago, and resolved not to fly to Canada, but to remain and defend themselves. In 1851 the last Chicago fugitive slave case was tried, and the black man remained free. The claimants were called upon by lawyer Collins, to prove, by other than "hearsay evidence" that Missouri was a slave State, and while they were engaged in the effort to do so, the great crowd passed the negro over their heads and prevented the constable from following him.

Zebina Eastman (then living at the town of Lowell) sent the first passenger on the "Underground Railroad" (organized assistance of slaves escaping to Canada) in 1839. It was a "strange, famished and terrified negro," caught in a barn near Lowell and forwarded to Dr. Dyer in Chicago, who smuggled him on board the steamer Illinois, bound down the lakes for Buffalo. Captain Blake, of the Illinois,

Rescue of Fugitive Slaves.

found among the firemen the "new hand"—gun, knife and all—and exhibited much fury, vowing to kick him ashore at the first point he stopped at. "So when he reached the Detroit river he made a grand

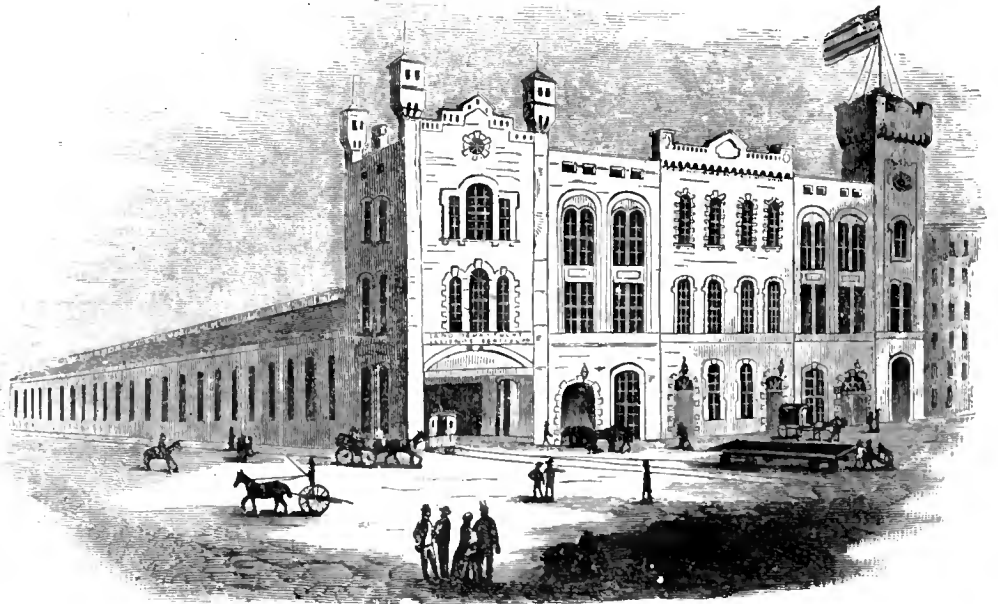
Distinguished  
Abolitionists.



ZEBINA EASTMAN.

circuit, as if to show off his boat to a crowd of admiring Southerners on board, and then ran it into a port on the Canada shore, where he had no passengers to leave, but where he furiously dragged the negro from the lower regions and "kicked him off into freedom!"

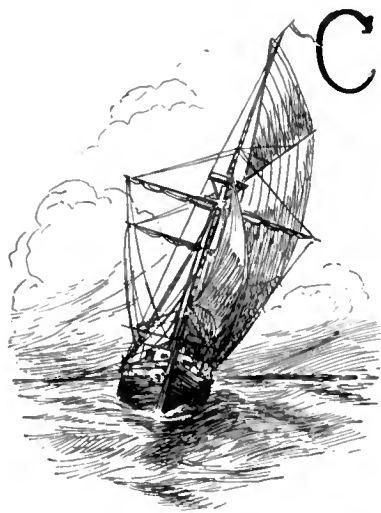
To many readers all this will seem like Greek. What do they know about escaping slaves and the "Underground Railroad"? But such persons may be assured that their ignorance is only the consequence of the fact that they came on the scene a few years late. Those of the past generation (now themselves rapidly passing over to the majority) can recall the days of all this turmoil, malice, mob-law and murder, and find the present smiling, prosperous calm almost a matter of surprise; such a contrast is the condition of "the nineties" to that of "the forties."



ILLINOIS CENTRAL PASSENGER STATION; 1855.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE CITY COMES TO HERSELF.



**C**HICAGO is often said to have been built by nature rather than by any human interference. Now begin the days when her various and infinite natural advantages come most fully to light. From the earliest times her position was conspicuously favorable. She stands just where water-travel and marine freighting intrude furthest into the bosom of the continent. All men may sail to her, no man can sail past her. Short-sighted observers fell into the error of thinking that certain places reached by river had a better outlook. Cairo, for instance, was pitched upon as the place for the greatest city of the continent, as being near the geo-

Nature's bounty to Chicago.

graphical center and at a great river centre and being joined by the Ohio with the Alleghany range, by the upper Mississippi and Missouri with the Arctic and the Rockies, and by the lower Mississippi with the Gulf. These very circumstances were fatal to greatness. Craft arriving from either direction could sail on in either of two other directions without pausing. Three mighty cataracts there, or some other impassable barrier, would have made Cairo what its founders hoped; but wherever men can sail freely by, they are apt to do so. A warehouse in mid-ocean would do no business save in ship chandlery and marine stores. London is the head of marine navigation on the Thames, Liverpool on the Mersey, Paris on the Seine and New York on the Hudson. Cairo is a mere passing point.

This is the first of Chicago's natural advantages; the one without which all her others would have been of small worth, but which itself would have been of little value without some others easy to name. First, the productiveness of her back country. As the lakes and sea in front of her are insatiable, so the land behind her is inexhaustible. What next? Measureless forests of excellent pine and hardwood, near by, to the northward; limitless mines of steam-coal still nearer to the southward; great quarries of good lime-stone only eighteen miles distant on the canal; iron mines accessible by sail from Lake Superior. And, as if all this were not enough, the city rests upon layers of its own

Her commercial position.

Built of material taken from her own sub-soil.

building material; a bed of brick clay comes close to the surface almost everywhere, and where it is covered it is usually with a layer of fine, sharp building-sand. It is an every day experience with builders to take enough sand from the cellar to made the mortar and plaster for the whole house. The docks, too, almost construct themselves; thus: A man owning a water lot establishes a brick-yard and takes his clay from his own land, moulds and burns his brick and sells them at a profit. When this is done, he has his dock ready excavated, and all he has to do is to put up his piers and wharves and let in the water. The city has innumerable "slips" along its dock front, a great many of them constructed by this simple device.

It was in 1852 that the convenient canal stone was first largely used.



STRAITS OF MACKINAW.

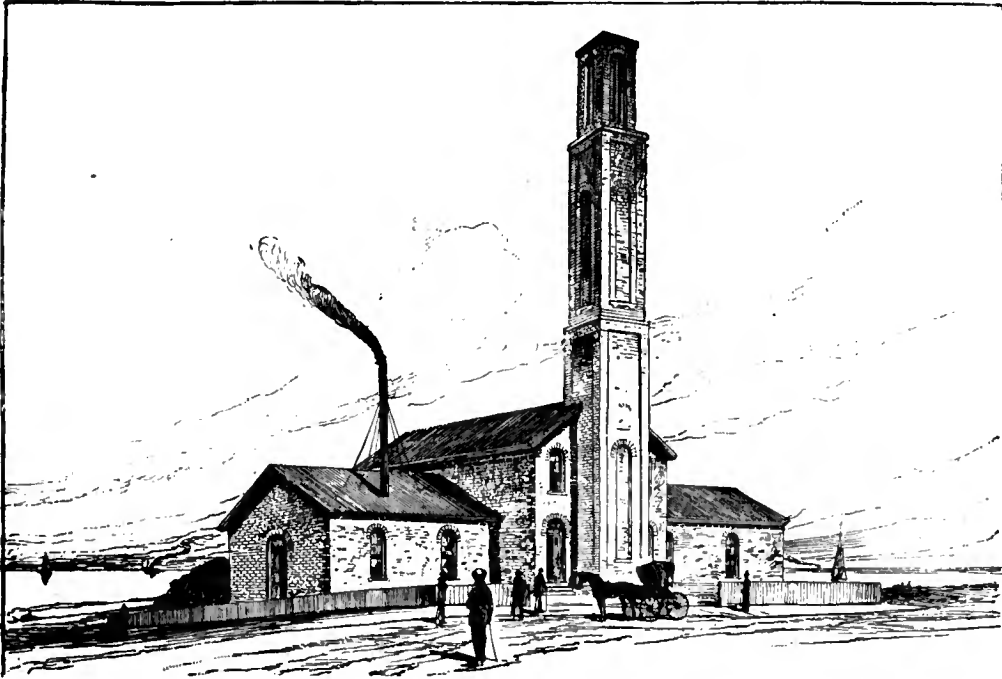
A competent geologist, Professor Hitchcock, examined and analyzed the stone (a magnesian lime-stone) and named it "Athens Marble," but of late years it has been usually called "Lemont stone," from the district whence it largely comes. The quarries are inexhaustible. An immense quantity of the stone will be taken out of the new "drainage channel."

Lake breezes temper both cold and heat.

The proximity of the great lakes offers pure lake water and pure lake air, and those who have ever lived in such proximity are apt to feel as if human life would be impossible in places not so blessed. The coldest winds in winter and the warmest in summer come not over the lake but over the prairies. The coolest airs in summer are, of course, the lake breezes; and in winter the lake never freezes over to any great extent, consequently any wind which passes over its surface can not remain very far below the freezing point.

All these physical glories and beauties did not befall without physical drawbacks. A prairie city, Chicago had a site almost marshy. The prairies are anything but craggy and romantic—the picturesque and the productive do not co-exist. Her long, deep, quiet rivers are very far from being trout streams; being what they are, they could not be strung up the slope of a hill. Her hundreds of miles of level streets are hard to drain, and her peaceful, tideless waters are hard to keep pure. In tidal London, the great dock gates can open but twice a day. In Liverpool the Mersey is navigable only about half of the twenty-four hours; in Chicago all hours are alike fitted for business.

Drawbacks of a level site.



CITY WATER WORKS (1854).

The excellent report of Mayor D. W. C. Cregier, for 1890, gives, with innumerable other items of interest, a short historical recapitulation of the drainage, water supply, river, fire, sanitary and street systems. On the subject of water, quoting Mr. Chesbrough, the report says:

Drainage, Water, river, fire, and streets.

In 1851, when the population was about 35,000, the present works were commenced. Under the directions of the Board of Water Commissioners, John B. Turner, A. S. Sherman and H. G. Loomis, the pumping works were located on the lake shore on the north side of the Chicago river. The works were put in operation in February, 1854. They consisted of one reservoir, containing about half a million gallons, and eight and three quarter miles of iron pipes, beside the pumping works. The population at this time was about 70,000. The increased growth of the city after that time and the introduction of sewerage, together with the establishment of packing-houses, distilleries etc., caused such a change in the quantity of filth flowing into the lake that complaints began to be made of impurity and offensiveness in the supply from the pumping works. What, however, was at first apparent only to the most sensitive organizations soon grew evident to all, and in the course of two or three years more a remedy for this state of things could no longer be neglected.

At this time, be it remembered, the water was taken into the pumping well (at the east end of Chicago Avenue) directly from the lake shore, a few piles being driven around the inlet, about close enough together to exclude a young whale. The small fry of the finny tribe passed freely inward, and if they were lucky they passed out again; if unlucky, they were sucked up by the pumps and driven into the pipes; where they made their way into the faucets of private houses—even the hot water faucets, in which case they came out cooked, and one's bathtub was apt to be filled with what squeamish citizens called chowder. At about this time a most sensational article appeared in the "Times," gravely asserting that we were like cannibals, eating our ancestors. For, it said, the cemetery, being on the lake shore a half mile north of the pumping works, was subject to overflow and abrasion by the waves; wherefore the fishes were fed on the dead at the cemetery, were sucked into the pumps, and were then fed to the living in the city! Of course this was nonsense, but it was a kind of nonsense that fastened public attention and made easy the next step in our civil life, the tunneling the lake and bringing the water from the pure depths two miles from shore. It was a bold, a startling project, successfully put in operation. Appended is a table with some interesting figures:

Chowder in the bath-tub.

Year.	Gallons per day (3 ciphers omitted).	Gallons per day to each person.	Miles of pipe in use.	Population (3 ciphers omitted).	Cost of wks. at close of year (2 ciphers omitted).	Tons of Coal used.	Collections: (3 ciphers omitted).
1854.....	591	8.9	30	65	\$ 595	504	... ..
1855.....	2,393	21.0	43	80	611	1,079	\$ 58
1856.....	4,000	46.5	52	86	646	.....	80
1857.....	3,552	38.2	58	93	739	1,966	97
1858.....	2,991	32.8	72	91	829	.....	102
1859.....	3,877	.....	85	.....	990	2,324	123
1860.....	4,704	43.0	91	109	1,013	2,621	131
1890.....	152,372	126.8	1,205	1,200	16,902	46,190	2,109

### The report treats at length of drainage.

In the year 1849 Madison Street, east and west, and State Street, north and south, were decided on as the summit in the south division, the streets of that portion north of Madison and west of State Street to drain into the main river. The portion east of State to slope east and drain into the lake. The part south of Madison and west of State to slope west and discharge into the South Branch. Nothing was done in the way of drainage, except open ditches, until the year 1850, when triangular-shaped wooden box sewers were built in Clark, LaSalle and Wells Streets from the main river to the alley south of Randolph Street. The cost of these sewers was \$2,871.90, wholly paid for by the property benefited.

Lines of drainage established.

By act of the Legislature in 1852, Henry Smith, George W. Snow, James H. Reed, George Steele, H. L. Stewart, Isaac Cook and Charles V. Dyer were made Drainage Commissioners for Cook County. The commission found awaiting its attention nearly 100,000 acres of swamp



land; much of it considered worthless, as its surface was but from five to twelve feet above lake level. They saw that all it needed was ditching to reclaim it. In two years, at an expense of only \$100,000, large tracts were made available which had been thought uninhabitable. These tracts lay within four miles north, eight miles west and ten miles south of the city. The change in the flooded flat traversed by the Galena track west from Kinzie Street was doubtless due to this work.

First effects of Drainage.

A board of sewerage commissioners was organized in 1855, consisting of William B. Ogden, Joseph D. Webster, and Sylvester Lind, with Ellis S. Chesbrough as Chief, and William H. Clark Assistant Engineer. The following was the system agreed on. It has remained in force ever since and will continue perhaps as long as Chicago stands. It will be observed that it follows essentially the old plan as to levels and slopes; State Street the summit line north and South, and Madison Street the summit east and west:

The South Division east of State Street was drained by a main sewer in Michigan avenue, from the river to Sixteenth Street, the summit being at Van Buren Street; that part south of Van Buren Street discharging into the lake at Twelfth Street, the part north of Van Buren emptying into the main river [near Rush Street bridge]; the portion lying south of Washington Street west of State to be discharged into the south branch at various streets; north of Washington by two foot sewers in each north and south street, emptying into the main river.

From the outset Mr. Chesbrough insisted on constructing sewers to discharge by gravity; this necessitated raising all streets from one to three feet above the natural surface of the ground, in order to have sufficient cover over the top of the sewers to protect them from frosts and traffic.



SYLVESTER LIND.

At the end of 1856 there were in operation six miles of sewers; at the end of 1890 there were seven hundred and eighty-five miles.

This shows that on even the south side, with its ready access to river and lake, the ground had to be raised from one to three feet merely to give the requisite cover to the sewers. So it seems like the constructing of a network of sewers on the surface, and then filling up streets and house-lots to a point high enough to use those sewers by draining into them! No wonder the house-owner stood aghast and even strove to prevent the carrying out of such a ruinous "improvement!" Take a great brick hotel like the Tremont House; how was it to live when the street which had been level with its front door was raised half way up to its second story windows?

The city lifted above the sewers.

Law of street  
grades fixed.

One of Judge Caton's numerous reminiscences of occurrences on the bench refers to the changes of street grade in their relation to private rights. Lake Street was ordered to be raised, and the Couches, owners of the Tremont House, prayed an injunction to stay the work; which had already been begun. The crisis was so important that the judge was induced to hold a special term of circuit court (which, as a Justice of the Supreme Court, he could do at his own discretion) to hear the cause.

Court opened, and Beckwith, for the claimants, and Arnold, for the city (evidently expecting several days of wordy war), came into the room, each armed with a formidable pile of law books. Scarcely had they got under way when the judge, instead of listening to their speeches, began to ask questions regarding the facts of the case and



FIRST RUSH MEDICAL COLLEGE.

the points of law relied upon. Then he asked that the papers in the case be handed him, and without consulting any authorities adjourned court and retired to his room in the Tremont House, the very property concerning which the suit was brought, and overlooking the street-filling which was objected to.

Before he slept he had completed his examination and written his opinion. Next morning he walked over to the clerk's office, found it locked, tossed the whole mass of documents in through the transom over the door, and went back to the hotel; on his way telling the contractor he could set his men at work, he had decided the case. Before the court hour arrived he had started out of town.

His opinion was in favor of sustaining the power of the city over the street grades, and that has been the law from that day to this. The case was not even appealed.

Raising of old  
brick buildings.

With the trouble came (once more!) the remedy. A contractor was found willing to raise the whole great, high building (the Tremont House) to its new grade, without even interrupting its business. The cellar was vacated, huge timbers were introduced and placed so as to take upon themselves the weight of the sustaining walls, 5,000 jack-screws were placed under the timbers and a small army of men detailed to work by word of command, one man to four screws. Then, at a signal given by the whistle of the foreman, each man gave each

jack-screw one half-turn; and the whole structure, by imperceptible steps, rose in the air, the bricklayers building up the walls as fast as there came spare space wherein to lay a course of brick. It was said the guests did not know they were mounting toward the sky. However that may be, not a wall was cracked, not the slightest accident or untoward event took place to interfere with the entire and perfect success of the novel experiment.

Soon after, the entire brick block of stores facing south on Lake street, and reaching from Clark to La Salle street, was similarly treated, and these were only specimen instances of a great undertaking; the lifting of a whole city out of the Slough of Despond on to dry ground. The extent of that particular raising was from six to eight feet. Others have occurred at especial times and places, so that many parts of the city now tower fourteen feet above original levels. Men's feet are above the place where passed the heads of their predecessors.

This enterprise benefited Chicago indirectly, thus: A young man, born in central New York in 1831, grown up without wealth and educated without help, having a widowed mother dependent on him for support, had bravely undertaken a large contract for the raising of buildings along the Erie Canal to the new plane made necessary by the canal enlargement then recently affected. The knowledge of the great task to be done in Chicago in the direct line of his experience brought him out to the West, and he became the leading house-raiser in Chicago. The man was George M. Pullman.

First work of  
Geo. Pullman.

After making much reputation and a little money in his original business, he turned his attention to the greater job of improving the system of long-distance travel, and began, in a small way, the enterprise which has revolutionized the passenger-carrying of the country, and, to some extent, of the whole world.

It was in 1859 that he made a contract with Governor Matteson, of the Chicago & Alton railroad, to fit up two old passenger cars on that road as sleeping-coaches. This was the first step; the next was in 1863 when he hired from the same Company the use of an old repairing shed, secured skilled workmen and built the first "Palace car," a combined day and sleeping coach. (Previous sleeping cars had been mere bunking coaches, used only for the night.) The car took a year in completion and cost \$18,000. Like our friend the old-new locomotive, it was christened the "Pioneer" and like that is still in existence, being preserved for the sake of the vista of enterprise which opened with its birth.

Beginning of  
Palace Cars.

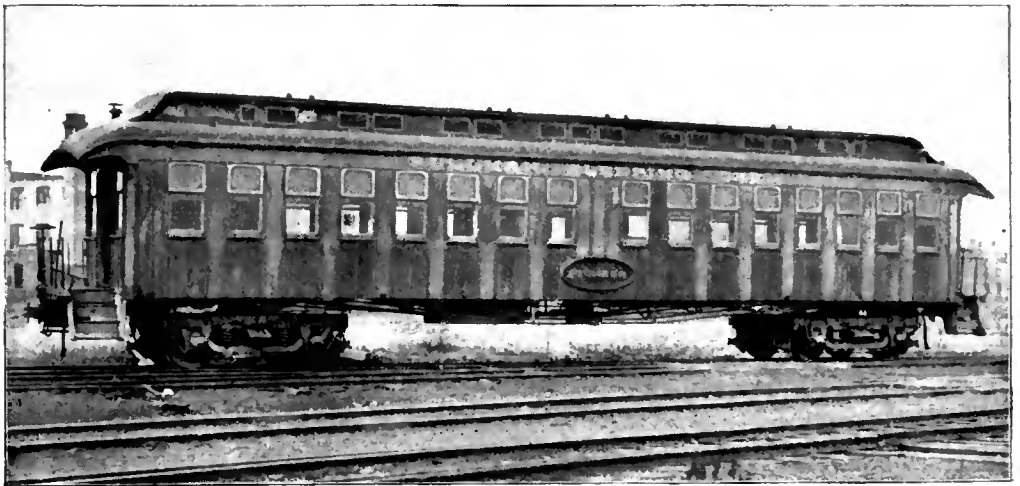
The next great step was the formation of a running arrangement with the Michigan Central Railroad for the use of Pullman's cars on

The Sleeping  
Car system.

that line for a term of years. The fact was soon apparent that any road using those cars took the cream of patronage away from any rival road not doing so, and from that day to this the course of the sleeping coach and its originator has been onward and upward, until to-day (1891) the Pullman Palace Car Company controls more than 2,000 cars running on 14,000 miles of rails, while all rivals and imitators combined have perhaps as many more in their fields of operations.

In 1880 Mr. Pullman devised and built the model town of Pullman (now within the corporate limits of Chicago), which will be treated herein, when reached in due chronological order.

The early fifties were cholera years. The deaths by this strange epidemic were as follows: In 1851, 216 out of 669 total deaths; in 1852, 630 out of 1652; 1853, 113 out of 1205; 1854, 1424 out of 3834; in 1855,



FIRST SLEEPING CAR AS IT LOOKS IN 1891.

147 out of 1983. A few items from the record of 1850 may recall to our minds the aspect of that half-forgotten terror. Captain Andreas quotes from "an old settler who was participator in the horrors whereof he wrote and had a narrow escape from death himself":

One Sunday morning in May, or perhaps June, on my way to church, I was crossing Rush Street ferry when I overheard a fellow-passenger telling another that Captain Jackson had died of cholera. As the ferry landing was within a few rods of the Jackson dwelling, being one of the houses within the fort, I hastened thither. I found William Jones alone with the corpse. The face was a shade darker than usual and around the mouth were the dark purple spots which I soon learned to be the unmistakable deathmarks of that dreaded disease. Mr. Jackson had been attacked the previous afternoon while engaged in his usual employment of driving piles along the river; he hastened home and died within a few hours. . . .

The Cholera:  
1852 to 1855.

I think the death of Mr. Bentley, the father of Cyrus Bentley, soon followed that of Deacon Jackson. L. M. Boyce, a prominent druggist, died in his house alone, his family having just left for the country. The Rev. W. H. Rice, pastor of the Tabernacle Baptist church . . . was intending to preach and was hastening for that purpose. I assisted him into the house of Mr. Pillsbury on Dearborn street, a few doors south of where the Tribune building now stands. Dr. D. S. Smith attended him. . . . He continued thus through the day when he again began to fail and soon died. When Mr. Price was attacked the weather was very warm and so continued till there came

one of our Lake Michigan chilling breezes. It was to this that I attributed his relapse, for I had noticed that deaths were more numerous after these sudden changes from hot to cool. . . .

That summer I boarded with Mr. T. C. James. One day when I went in to dinner, Mrs. James asked me to go into another room and look at one of her daughters, a girl of fourteen, who had just begun to complain and had lain down. I saw at a glance it was cholera. She died in about seven hours. Another daughter was taken while returning from the funeral and died before morning.

Judge Caton was holding court in Ottawa on a certain afternoon. James H. Collins, his intimate friend and former partner, argued a case up to adjournment of court; apparently in good health and spirits. He went to his room at the Fox River house and Judge C. went to his own home. About day-break some one came to the judge's door and called him, saying that Mr. Collins had died of cholera. Judge Caton went at once to the hotel where he found the report to be true; thence he went to the telegraph office (he was an officer of the company, carried an office-key and was himself a pretty good operator), and as he entered he heard Chicago calling Ottawa, the message being addressed to Mr. Collins, telling him that a servant had just died of cholera at his house. The judge took the message, replied, in telegraphic custom, "O. K.;" and wired back to the sender the news that Mr. Collins was dead.

Hospitals were established and quarantine to isolate the sick on arrival. In June, 1854, an incoming train arrived, carrying Norwegian emigrants, among whom the disease was raging. Six were dead on the train, and a seventh died a few minutes after being taken out.

Dr. Dyer used to tell this story at the expense of his profession:

"Deeming it requisite to establish a quarantine to prevent the introduction of the disease, we organized an amateur board of health, and hired a warehouse to be used as a hospital. Hearing that a steam-boat was coming into port with eighteen cases of cholera on board, we went out to the vessel and removed the patients to the improvised hospital. On viewing the sick, nine were decided to be beyond medical aid, and the remaining moiety were decreed to be favorable subjects for pathological skill; but, unfortunately, the nine upon whom we lavished all the resources of science died, and those who were esteemed to be about in *articulo mortis* all got well."



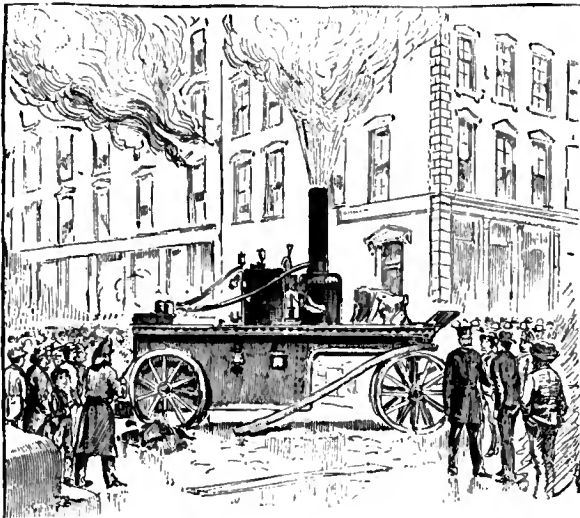
CHARLES V. DYER.

Incidents of the epidemic.

Dr. Dyer's good story.

The fire department, in its volunteer stage, has been already spoken of. In 1850 "fire limits" were established, and no wooden buildings were allowed to be built between Randolph street, the main river, Wabash avenue and the South Branch. Up to 1855 fire alarms were struck by the bell of the First Baptist church, Washington and LaSalle streets, but in February of that year the large bell was hung in the steeple of the Court House, a watch was set there, and whenever the watchman detected a fire the bell was rung; and by day flags, and by night, lanterns, were hung out to show in which direction citizens were to look for the danger.

In 1857 a dreadful calamity occurred; the memorable "Lake street fire," wherein the loss of property was only some half million dollars' worth, but there were twenty-three lives sacrificed, many of the dead being leading citizens. Water was scarce and the flames raged long and fiercely, but as morning approached they were getting somewhat under control, when suddenly the walls and upper floors of Barnum Brothers' dry goods store on Lake street fell, burying more than a score of men who were engaged in removing goods from the lower floor. Among



LONG JOHN FIRE ENGINE.

the well-known citizens crushed to death were: Ezra H. Barnum, E. R. Clark, John High and Alfred H. P. Corning.\*

The fire department on this occasion showed its inefficiency, disorganization and incapacity to deal with any serious fire. Two engines, (No. 6 and 10) were out of order and did not work, having been injured while competing for a silver trumpet. Hundreds of feet of hose had been burst on the same festive occasion. A movement for a paid fire department was instituted, supported by the best of the firemen and opposed by the worst. The better counsels prevailed—though not without danger of serious rioting. The first steam fire-engine, the "Long John," was bought, tested at the foot of La Salle street and approved—a death-blow to the volunteer system. Engine Companies No. 4, 10 and 14, Hose companies Nos. 3 and 5 and Hook and Ladder No. 3

The first Steam Fire Engine.

\* The writer was at work at the fire, heard the crash, and saw some of the blackened and distorted corpses brought out next day.

met on Clark street, traversed the principal streets and marched into Court House Square, to show defiance of law and order. The mayor (Wentworth) was equal to the occasion. He dispatched a force of 200 policemen with orders to arrest the demonstrators for riot and disorderly conduct. A few arrests were made and the rest of the rioters fled, leaving their apparatus to the police, who took the machines to the armory and locked them up, arrangements being made with special policemen to man them in case of fire. On August, 2, 1858, the paid fire department was established.

Riotous Firemen.

Concerning our highly-prized, praised and persecuted river, Mr. Cregier's report is full of interest. In July, 1856, the first clearance from Chicago direct from England was made, the vessel being the "Dean Richmond." Her trip was probably not profitable; she got no return freight and was sold abroad. In 1857 the "Madeira Pet" left Liverpool April 24th and arrived July 14th in Chicago. The long and expensive voyage via ocean, St. Lawrence river, Welland canal and the lakes made a loss of time, wages, insurance and interest, which more than counterbalanced the gain by relief from cost of trans-shipments.



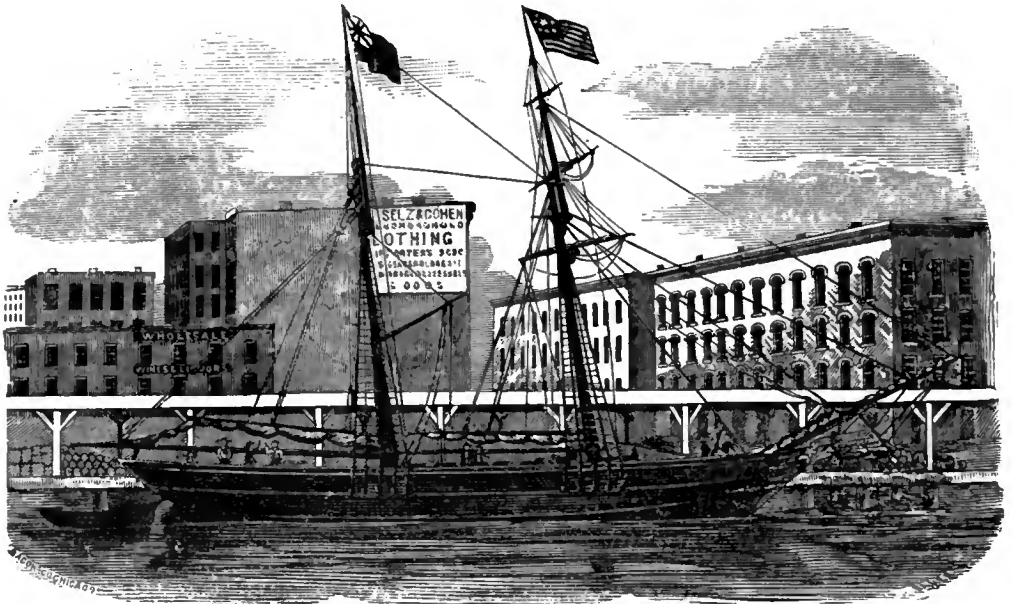
MAYOR WENTWORTH.

The original plan concerning river-banks was to arrange them in levees, sloped and paved like those on the great rivers. Therefore, "water lots" were not sold. The river-side streets extended to the stream itself. But this system, excellent for the light draft Mississippi boats, was not good for the deep-hulled lake craft; their keels would be on the bottom long before their bulwarks were within reach of the bank. Thereupon some enterprising citizens, holding lots fronting on the streets whereof the opposite sides were river-

Fate of the river banks.

banks, caused an act to be passed by the legislature allowing the owners of such lots to take up, at nominal prices, the "river lots" opposite their respective holdings, which they immediately turned into building-spots; a shallow store being placed on each with its face toward the street and its back upon the river, with only a five-foot strip of wharf between. This is the explanation of the unsightly condition of the river-banks—a succession of back-walls instead of the open streets contemplated by the original plan.

A great deal of litigation ensued, but it is hard to annul an act of the legislature. The intruders held on, and, as to the law-suits, time



MADEIRA PET.

has mad away with their memory and the great fire with their records.

There were, up to 1857, only six miles of dockage built along the river-banks, including the basins. The length of dock at the present writing (1891) is not given by the report, but it is stated by Mr. Cregier verbally that, including the annexed towns, the running frontage of both sides is forty-one miles, spanned by fifty-eight bridges and two tunnels.

River and Har-  
bor history.

An interesting letter, dated June 21, 1880, written by G. J. Lydecker, Major of Engineers, U. S. A., to Rufus Blanchard ("Discovery of the Northwest and History of Chicago," p. 540), gives the Government expenditures up to that time as \$1,108,005, to which must be added \$105,000 appropriated in 1880 and laid out in the completion of the works then under way. It would seem that the municipal expenditures on rivers and harbor, excluding sums spent for deepening the Illinois and



Michigan canal, and for building the tunnels and bridges, would be not very far from equal to this amount.

An interesting circumstance connected with Chicago's lake and river is the occasional advent of a "tidal wave," often several feet in height, coming suddenly and departing in the same unceremonious fashion. No satisfactory explanation of these phenomena has been offered; nor of the slower and more majestic variations of lake levels. The report so often quoted contains a very beautiful diagram or chart of curves, showing, by colored lines, the variations in successive years of the following historical items: Population, harbor expenditures, com-



W. B. SNOWHOOK.



THOMAS B. CARTER.

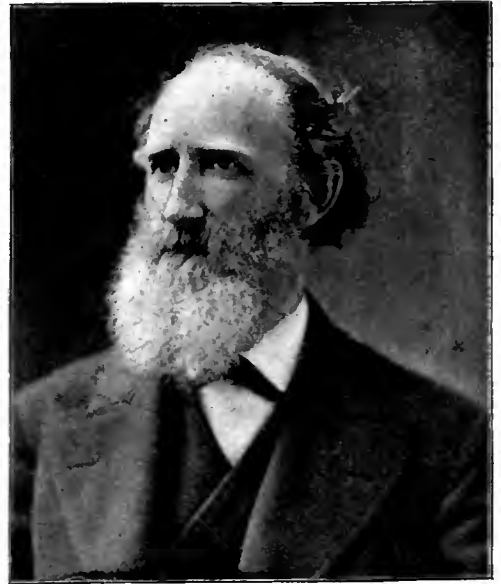
merce by tonnage, canal tolls, and lake levels. The last named line starts with the lowest level of the lake in 1855 (called "datum"), and shows a gradual rise of the high-water mark up to four and three-quarters feet in 1858, a gradual fall to one and four-fifths feet in 1872, a gradual rise to four and two-fifths feet in 1876, a gradual fall to two and one-half feet in 1879, a gradual rise to four and two-fifths feet in 1886 and a gradual fall to two and one-fifth feet in 1890. Low-water mark in each year was pretty regularly about three and a half feet below the high-water mark of the same year, except in 1881, when it got away down to two feet below "datum;" in other words, six and three quarters feet below highest water recorded, and six and two-fifths feet below high water of 1876 and of 1886.

Referring to tidal waves, an interesting one of these phenomena was observed by Judge Caton in 1838. His office was then in the irregular "triangle" formed by Water, Market and Lake Streets. As he was approaching the office and facing the river, he observed an overflowing of the water, which flooded the street and checked his progress. He halted until it receded, as suddenly as it had come; then, going on to where the wave had formed and left a pool in a slight depression, he found imprisoned in the little pond a large fish, three or four pounds in weight. He picked it up, floundering as it was, took it home, and it was served for the family dinner.

The history of the Chicago river as a river is easy to write; as water, it is more puzzling. In fact, in some times and places it has



ISAAC D. HARMON.



ISAAC N. HARMON.

been scarcely recognizable as water.\* About the middle of the thirties, Charles Cleaver speared a fine muskallonge in the North Branch. Since those, its halcyon days, the long-suffering stream has over and over gone from bad to worse, until the worse became intolerable, when some costly expedient has been adopted looking to a "permanent" cure.

Before incorporation a township ordinance was passed, threatening with fine any one who should put into the stream the carcass of any dead animal. In 1848, the starting of the canal pumps to lift water into the "shallow cut" was a prompt and welcome relief. In 1871 this was supplemented by the completion of the "deep cut," at huge

\* An old fable tells how a philosopher, to illustrate the evanescence of earthly things, said to one of his disciples, "Wouldst thou know how long thou wilt be remembered when thou art dead? Then thrust thy hand into the river and mark how long the shape of it will endure in the water after thou hast withdrawn it." To which some Chicago man added that if it was the Chicago River, he guessed it would last about an hour and a half.

expense, and again the relief was welcome, but it helped only the south branch and main river, the north branch having no source of supply to drive its polluted mass toward the canal-gate. To remedy this, half a million was spent in engines and a subterranean channel from the lake to the river, along the line of Fullerton avenue. At this present writing (1891) we are brought face to face with a mammoth undertaking—nothing less than the outlay of a score of millions, to send a whole river of Lake Michigan water (600,000 cubic feet a minute) down to the Illinois; whereby the city sewage shall not only be carried off, but shall be so diluted as to be “oxydized,” and therefore inoffensive to the dwellers on the borders of the stream below.

This seems surely ample and final, and a permanent solution of the fearful problem. The whole civic life of Chicago has been a succession of strenuous throes, whereby she has kept barely ahead of her absolute needs. Her citizens do not drag her car along; they have all they can do to keep from being overtaken and crushed by its irresistible progress. She is a Juggernaut to the laggard.



MICHIGAN AVENUE IN 1859. RESIDENCE OF I. H. BURCH.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### THE STUMP-TAIL CHIMERA.



WHILE glorying in and gloating over the phenomenal gifts nature had heaped upon her favorite garden-spot of ground, as depicted in the last previous chapter, an old Chicagoan, looking back in "the fifties," will be conscious of an uneasy sense that all was not quite so rosy as, to a superficial view, it appeared. He knows that at that very moment there was a hidden weakness in the foundation of things; that the edifice was based on a shaking quagmire, and would take something more efficient than jack-screws to lift it up to solid ground.

It is impossible to overestimate the adequacy of the natural advantages for business, or the inadequacy of some of the artificial expedients by which it was being carried on.

Among others, the system of banking and currency was bad to the point of absurdity. The banks started in the following order (1 Andreas, 534):

Banking and  
Currency system a failure.

1836.—Chicago branch of the State Bank of Illinois, corner La Salle and South Water Streets, removed to Lockport in 1840; agency remained in Chicago till bank closed in 1843.

1837.—Strachan & Scott, remained in business until 1840; sold out private banking business to Murray & Brand. George Smith succeeded them as agents of the Wisconsin Fire and Marine Insurance Co. The Chicago Fire and Marine Insurance Co. did a full banking business, except issuing bills. Its charter was amended in 1849, and it was the predecessor of the Marine Co. of Chicago.

1840.—George Smith & Co., La Salle Street bankers, continued in business in Chicago until 1856-57, at which time the business of the house was closed up. Mr. Smith, after an honorable and successful career of twenty years as a Western banker, retired with a very large fortune and returned to Scotland.

1844.—Murray & Brand, exchange brokers, corner of Lake and Clark Streets; Newberry (Walter L.) & Burch (I. H.), bankers, 97 Lake Street; Griffin & Vincent, brokers, Dearborn and State Streets; George Smith & Co., private bankers and exchange brokers, Bank Building, La Salle Street; Elijah Swift, broker, 102 Lake Street; R. K. Swift, broker, 102 Lake Street; H. W. Wells, agent of Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, 112 Lake Street.

The directory for 1849-50 has the following:

Money lenders.—G. P. Baker, 193 Lake Street; J. S. Dole, 131 Lake Street; Thomas Parker, 40 Clark Street; R. K. Swift, 111 Lake Street. Banks, bankers and dealers in exchange: Alexander Brand & Co., 127 Lake Street; I. H. Burch, 125 Lake Street; Chicago Savings Bank, 125 Lake Street; Chicago Bank, 125 Lake Street; Curtis & Tinkham, 40 Clark Street; D. C. Eddy, 97 Lake Street; George Smith & Co., 41 and 43 Clark Street.

This showing, on the face of it, does not indicate anything essen-

tially rotten. The banks named were "private banks" and dependent on private capital and individual character, credit, means and responsibility; and their whole history shows the truth of what was said by the apologists of the system at the time: "Illegal banking honestly conducted is better than legal banking dishonestly conducted."

The following extract from the "Democrat" of September 19, 1849, shows—or at least outlines—the chaos of money-matters as late as forty years ago; the first schedule being the "current funds;" *i. e.* worth 99 cents on the dollar:

Chaos of Bank notes.

New England banks in good credit, New York State banks in good credit, New Jersey and Maryland banks in good credit; Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky banks in good credit; Michigan, Virginia and Missouri banks in good credit; Wisconsin Marine and Fire Insurance Company [George Smith and Strachan & Scott] and Pennsylvania banks not over one per cent. discount in New York.

Uncurrent: Canada, three per cent. discount; Pennsylvania, par to three per cent. discount; Tennessee not taken; State Bank of Illinois, fifty per cent. discount; State Bank of Shawneetown, seventy five per cent. discount.

Scrip: Chicago city orders, par to five per cent. discount; Cook County orders, thirty to thirty-five per cent. discount; Auditor's warrants, ten to fifteen per cent. discount.

New York exchange was sold for \$10 premium per \$1,000 for coin, \$15 per \$1,000 for currency; while in 1891 its average is not far from par, and it is almost never at so much as \$1 per \$1,000; either of premium or discount.

To those who lived and did business through those strange days, it would seem like the millennium to fancy many of the blessings now enjoyed by all, especially those of a solid and stable currency, one "dollar" as good as another over all the broad land! Then a study of "Thompson's bank-note reporter," giving standing, credit, value, *and counterfeits* on perhaps 1,000 banks in all the States of the Union, was an indispensable part of the daily life of every business man.

As an illustration of the chaos of currency, Captain Andreas quotes the list of bank-bills received and turned in by Oscar Caldwell, a conductor on the C. B. & Q. Railroad, as taken by him on a single trip. The whole amount was \$203, and the hotch-potch was as follows: Twenty-seven bills on five Georgia banks; two bills on one Michigan bank; seven bills on five Illinois banks; three bills on three banks in



GEORGE SMITH.

One day's collections on the C., B. & Q.

New York; three bills on three banks in Wisconsin; one bill on a bank in Ohio; one on a bank in Connecticut; one on a bank in Maine; one on a bank in Indiana; one on a bank in Tennessee; one on a bank in Virginia and one on a bank in Iowa. What a memory such a conductor must have needed! If he took a "bad bill" it was his own loss.\*

The hard-  
money  
"Democrat."

The "Democrat" was bitterly hostile to all this business of issuing "money" and is quoted by Captain Andreas as saying: "We understand that before long we shall be blessed (?) with more home-made money. Glorious times, by and by, if paper money will make them." And the gold-and-silver organ did not have to wait long for its "glorious times."

Up to 1837 there had been a revulsion in business affairs about every ten years for a long time; 1817, 1827 and 1837 being the years of "liquidation." It is probable that somewhere about 1847 there would have been another of these periodical spasms, if it had not been for the intervention of the California bonanza, with its huge inflation of the world's supply of solid currency. But the settling day was only delayed, not abolished. Whether because of our stimulating climate, our quickening pulse as the liveliest blood of many races meets and mingles, or of some other disturbing element or circumstance, we seem doomed to overdo, from time to time, our buying, selling, building, borrowing, lending, etc.; and to be forced to a halt and a painful accounting.

Periodical  
Convulsions.

The crops of 1854 were almost a failure. Wall street was shaken to its foundation by the exposure of the "Schuyler fraud"—the over-issue by Robert Schuyler of \$2,000,000 of New York and New Haven Railroad stock. The political horizon was clouding up in anticipation of the thunder storm of 1861, and foreign capitalists were prone to disbelieve in the future solvency and cohesion of our States as a Nation.

Rome was not built in a day, neither did it fall in a day; there were years of fighting against the inevitable. Who shall tell of the desperate struggles of business men through 1855, 1856 and the early part of 1857 to preserve at least an appearance of solvency? It was just twenty years after the cataclysm of 1837 that the financial ground again took to shaking under men's feet. On June 18, 1857 the "Tribune" announced the protest of Chicago city orders for non-payment. On July 3d, the private banking-house of E. R. Hinckley & Co. closed. On August 3d there was a run on Hoffman's bank, which it withstood successfully. On September 29th the great banking house of R. K.

\*The witty John B. Calhoun, local treasurer on the Illinois Central Railroad, once said to the writer: "Curious isn't it, that whenever we throw out a bill turned in by a conductor and he takes it back he 'most always finds the man that gave it to him!" This was a sarcasm, the hidden meaning being that the conductor simply passed off the worthless token on some fresh victim.

Swift, Brother & Co. failed. On November 16th the great house of Walker, Bronson & Co., dealers in grain and provisions, suspended; after which everything seemed to go to ruin. An occurrence outside Chicago which was typical of the state of things, was the failure on August 4, 1857, of the Ohio Life & Trust Company of Cincinnati, for \$7,000,000. In the vast upheaval there occurred, in the United States and Canada, 5,123 bankruptcies, with liabilities amounting to \$299,800,000; a sum equivalent to \$1,000,000,000 in these later and larger times.

Ohio Life &  
Trust fails for  
\$7,000,000.

Meanwhile, namely on October 9th (direful date for catastrophes, being the same as that of the great Chicago fire of 1871), every bank in



THE SECOND COURT-HOUSE, WITH ITS ADDED STORY.

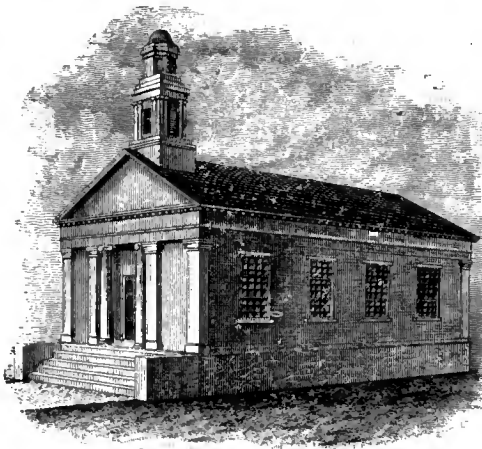
New York, except the Chemical, suspended payment, and most of those throughout the country followed suit, though, as we have seen, some in Chicago stood firm. On that day, however, the Illinois Central railroad was driven to the wall. The company, especially while operating disconnected bits of road, had not paid running expenses, and even its great land sales had furnished little ready cash, being made chiefly on credit; and being, besides, of mortgaged lands, they yielded most of their receipts toward the redemption of bonds, not toward the payment of interest or expenses. The Michigan Southern railroad was also forced to an assignment. The Alton road had previously been in difficulties from which it was still suffering. It is not now quite certain what other railroads were practically bankrupt in 1857, but it is safe to say that tem-

Tribulation of  
the Illinois  
Central.

porary insolvency was the rule; regular payment of all demands when due, the rare exception.

As ill-luck would have it, 1858 was another poor-crop year. The enforced liquidation, return to safe bounds after perilous, disastrous inflation, would have been hard enough even if nature had been especially bountiful instead of exceptionally niggardly. As it was, the feeling once more prevailed, that "hard times" was the natural state of human affairs; and that any other condition was only a delusion, fleeting and foolish. Once more we had come to look upon our currency as mere token-money; perhaps available to pay debts with, but having no special relation to the coin which it professed to represent. It was (as had been the trash of 1837) called by a contemptuous nickname, only this time instead of "wild-cat," "red-dog" or "shinplaster," it was characterized as "stump-tail," in allusion to the diseased and mori-

bund milch-kine fed upon distillery slops in low, pestilential city milk factories.



FIRST UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

By a curious anomaly in finance, badness in the circulating medium serves a certain purpose in expediting and facilitating liquidation in times of business disaster. Distrust in the currency prompts the holder to thrust it upon his creditor, if he have one. It often happens that instead of a debtor's flying from him to whom he is indebted, he is seen pursuing him to force a

settlement. Thus the questionable "money" gets chiefly into the hands of the "creditor class," which class is, on the whole, better able to stand its depreciation than is any other.

The natural law (announced by Gresham in the time of Henry VIII.), that where two kinds of money are available the one having least intrinsic value drives out the better one, had operated on the masses unknowing of its existence. (As has been wittily said, "Nature plays fair, but puts in force against you all the rules of the game, whether you know them or not.") Bills of banks at a distance kept flying about from hand to hand; but those of sound Chicago banks were no sooner issued than they were presented at the counters of their respective institutions for redemption in coin or in Eastern or foreign Exchange. This gave rise to the natural expedient of locating banks at inaccessible points.



The Illinois banking law of 1851, prescribed that no Illinois bank should issue its notes without having first deposited with the auditor at Springfield, the State bonds of Illinois or some other solvent State, in amount equal to that of the bills proposed to be issued. Then, and not till then could it present its bills to be countersigned by the auditor; and the issuance of bills not so countersigned was an offense to be heavily punished. Several good Chicago banks began business on this basis; but their bills came back upon them nearly as fast as they were put forth. Then Chicago men, desiring to earn the profit naturally attendant upon a currency bearing no interest, yet loanable on interest, located many banks at out-of-the-way places, small towns far from any railroad or river. Now, the bills being scattered in many hands, it was rare that enough were accumulated at one time and place to make it worth any one's while to send them home for redemption in any inconvenient amounts. This made, for some years, a comparatively safe and respectable circulating medium.\*

Illinois Banking  
and Currency  
act.

But, as there was a currency afloat intrinsically poorer, Gresham's law came in and the Illinois banks were slowly driven to the wall. Georgia was perhaps the furthest off and least accessible of the "money factories," therefore we observe in Conductor Caldwell's hotch-potch, 27 Georgia bills, and only two from all New England: To their honor be it said, most of the Illinois banks, compelled to wind up at this time, finally redeemed their bills at par, or near it, though forced to sell the bonds, (especially those of the Southern States) at such discounts as used up all the profits which had been so easily—and as it seemed so safely—made when they were organized. Men can be named, now poor, who were rich in the days when they were running these banks at full swing and who impoverished themselves to redeem the bills when the bonds deposited for their security became, through depreciation, insufficient for the purpose.

Luckily—and Chicago has always had a good deal of this kind of luck—the principal "Georgia banks" owned in Chicago were run by a man who always paid dollar for dollar—George Smith. Therefore even the despised Georgia currency, so far as he controlled it, was also finally redeemed in full.

George Smith  
and the  
Georgia  
Banks.

It is not to be understood that banks did not fail. They did, in numbers, and in their failure dragged down business men by the hundred;

\* Absurd as it may seem, this system made it possible for a shrewd man of good character and credit, to start a bank when he had only enough money to pay for engraving the bills! Thus: From a rich friend he borrows, say, \$10,000 worth of Missouri 6 per cent. State Bonds. These he deposits with the State Auditor and receives \$10,000 worth of legitimate bank bills. These he may use to square accounts with his rich friend; or, still better, he may, with his \$10,000 in bills, buy another like sum in bonds whereon to base another like issue in bills. And so on, he may turn his fund over and over until he has say, \$100,000 of bonds in the State's custody drawing interest, while he has outstanding \$100,000 in currency bearing no interest. (Of course when he chooses to stop buying bonds he pays his last \$10,000 of bills over to the friend who lent him the first bonds.)

but in their failure the sufferers were their depositors, not the bill-holders. The system was like (though inferior to) the present "National Bank" system; in which banks may and do fail, yet the bonds (all National bonds) placed in the U. S. Treasury by such banks, remain there and are infallibly enough, and more than enough, to protect the bank-notes issued by the bank and used by the public.

On the whole, the position in Chicago from 1857 to the breaking out of the war in 1861 was "on the ragged edge." It was a time of



FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

retrenchment, contraction, liquidation. In the autumn of 1860, there was \$12,000,000 of Illinois currency afloat, secured by \$14,000,000 of State bonds, of which \$9,500,000 were of the Slave States! Beside this mass, there was the "Georgia currency," of unknown volume; and as to gold and silver, scarcely enough to keep the common people in mind of what it looked like! Small change had become so scarce that extraordinary expedients were resorted to to accommodate the people. The State law prohibited the issuance of bills for a less denomination than \$1, but it did not in terms specify that all bills must be in multiples of \$1; therefore bills were issued for \$1.25 and \$1.50. "Anything for change!" was the cry.

The financial disturbance came in company with a political crisis which, compared to it, was as a cyclone to a zephyr.

Never, after Douglas' rebuff at North Market hall in 1854, was there any doubt as to Chicago's position on the slavery question. The "Free Kansas" movement had her indorsement and support. Captain Andreas quotes at length from the "Tribune" of June 2, 1856, an account of a meeting, evidently composed of members of both the old parties, at which men and money were pledged to oppose the "Border Ruffians:"

Illinois alive and awake! Ten thousand freemen in council! Two thousand Old Hunkers [Democrats] on hand! Fifteen thousand dollars subscribed for Kansas!

The resolutions were as follows:

That the people of Illinois will aid in the freedom of Kansas. That they will send a colony of five hundred actual settlers to Kansas and will provision them for one year. That these settlers

will invade no man's rights, but will maintain their own. . . . That an Executive Committee of seven, namely, J. C. Vaughan, Mark Skinner, George W. Dole, I. N. Arnold, N. B. Judd and E. I. Tinkham be appointed with full powers to carry into effect these resolutions. That Tutthill King, R. M. Hough, C. B. Waite, J. H. Dunham, Dr. Gibbs, J. T. Ryerson and W. B. Egan be a finance committee to raise and distribute material aid.

\* \* \* \* \*

About half-past twelve, Sunday having come, the meeting unwillingly adjourned and the crowd reluctantly went home. At a later hour the Star-Spangled Banner and the Marseillaise, sung by bands of men whose hearts were full of the spirit of those magnificent hymns, were the only evidences of the event that we have endeavored to describe.

It is a bright and enlivening picture—that hilarious and shouting meeting of freedom-lovers, and the groups straggling homeward through the “wee sma’ hours,” singing the freedom-breathing songs in voices and volume which might reach almost from one end to the other of the little city. Well for them that they did not see all the consequences that were to flow from the movement so blithely undertaken!

Free Kansas meeting in 1856.

In the next year occurred a most significant event—the election of the “Old Hunker” editor of the “Chicago Democrat,” John Wentworth, to the mayorality on the Republican ticket!

No fugitive slave was ever taken back to slavery from Chicago. The efforts made in that direction were futile; Chicago recognized some rights as inherent in a negro, and took care that the white man should admit them, whether the constitution did or not. Most Chicagoans doubtless think to this day that Justice Taney said that a negro had no rights which a white man was bound to respect; whereas, what he did say was quite different—almost the opposite. He said (1857) that in this day it was difficult to conceive of the state of public sentiment regarding the negro, which prevailed for centuries before the constitution was adopted. He said: “They had been regarded as beings of an inferior order and altogether unfit to associate with the white race, either in social or political relations, and so far inferior that they had no rights which the white man was bound to respect.”

Injustice to Judge Taney.

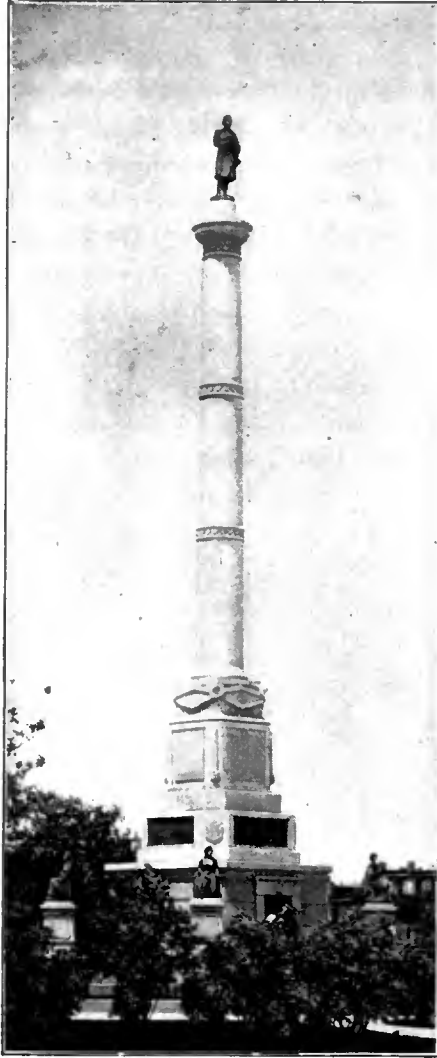
Events were crowding on thick and fast. In 1857 took place the celebrated series of “Joint Debates” between Lincoln and Douglas, in the effort to overthrow the Democratic majority in the Illinois Legislature, and elect Lincoln senator in place of Douglas. The debate did not elect Lincoln to the senatorship, but it did more—it educated the people to elect him to the Presidency, three years later. In 1858 occurred John Brown’s raid on Harper’s Ferry, his death and burial; since which “his soul goes marching on,” with a goodly host of fellow-martyrs to the cause of freedom.

Lincoln-Douglas Debates.

Douglas stuck to his party until its southern wing became involved in the movement for disunion. He saw the peril the Union was in, and tried to avert it by concession and compromise. (Perhaps if others

Douglas' strong  
Unionism.

had had as clear vision as he to see the approaching reign of blood and horror, they, too, would have taken the course which seemed to him the safe one.) But from the firing of the memorable "first gun" on Fort Sumter, the "Little Giant," true to his life-long devotion to the cause of the union of the States, gave every thought of his heart, and every effort



DOUGLAS MONUMENT.

of his great strength, to oppose those who attacked it, although they were men whom he had counted as friends. Secessionism, whether Northern or Southern, was always fought by Mr. Douglas, from the beginning to the end. No better statement of his last public acts can be made than that given by Capt. Andreas (2 Hist. Chic. 305):

In 1858, speaking from his place on the floor of the Senate, Douglas denounced in scathing terms the Harper's Ferry insurrection, and charged the Republican party with having abetted, if not instigated it. This was his last public utterance of sympathy with his old pro-slavery allies. When the cloud of secession appeared on the political horizon, Senator Douglas was one of the first to see and prepare to avert the coming storm. . . . From the moment when boomed the first gun which consummated South Carolina's treason, to the hour of his premature death, he gave to the Federal government all that he had of time, of strength, and of devotion.

His support of the administration was hearty and sincere, and Abraham Lincoln soon learned to trust as a friend and counsellor the man whom he had long since learned to respect as a foe. . . . On May 1, 1861, he returned from Washington to Chicago. . . . All parties united in making his return the occasion of an ovation. . . . A salute of thirty-four guns was fired as he was escorted to the old Wigwam, which had been rechristened National Hall, where he addressed an audience of 10,000 on the issues of the day. This was his last public address. The malady from which he had long been suffering, acute rheumatism, assumed a typhoid type. On the morning of June 5, 1861, the spirit of Stephen A. Douglas took its flight.

Judge Douglas lies under the monument erected to his memory, by the State of Illinois, on the Lake shore at Cottage Grove (35th Street).

Clouds do not impede crops; in fact, the alternation of storm and sunshine is the condition of healthy, natural growth; and this condition surely has always prevailed in Chicago. Under the cloud she has strengthened and under the sunshine she has blossomed. So during

Chicago under  
cloud and  
storm.

the dark days that closed the fifties she went on laying stone on stone and enterprise on enterprise. Street railroads began then. The city council in 1856 granted to Roswell B. Mason and Charles B. Phillips the right to lay tracks on State Street from Randolph south to the southern city limits (then 22d Street) and on Dearborn and Franklin Streets north from Kinzie to the northern city limits (then Fullerton Avenue). The panic killed this grant, but in 1858 the council passed another giving to Henry Fuller, Franklin Parmelee and Liberty Bigelow the right to lay tracks on State Street and Cottage Grove Avenue, on Archer Avenue and on Madison Street. Ground was broken November 1, 1858, in front of the Garret block, on State near Randolph Street, Henry Fuller wielding the spade and William Bross the spike-maul. Track was laid from Randolph to Madison Street, and two cars were run back and forth (Andreas says) greatly to the amusement of the public. The line was opposed by property-owners but was opened to 12th Street on April 25th, 1859. It was a single track with turnouts, the cars running every twelve minutes. Silver change was becoming quite scarce, and the company found it necessary to resort to twelve-ride punch-tickets, which it sold at fifty cents; and before long these began to be used as currency by the public, driven to its wits' end by lack of small coin and forced to use postage-stamps, milk-tickets, bread-tickets, and various other devices contrived by the mother of invention. Many of these tickets were worn out, lost, burned, destroyed or laid away as curiosities; never presented for redemption.

Beginning of  
Street Rail-  
roads.

In 1855 we bid good-bye to Fort Dearborn—new Fort Dearborn it must be called, in deference to the structure burned by the fury of the savages during or after their bloody deeds of August 15th, 1812. Now the Illinois Central bought the historic ground and pulled down the memorable buildings. The old blockhouse, so often drawn and painted, lasted a year or two longer than the other fort buildings. The writer remembers it with its picturesque over-hanging upper story, built in that shape in order that it might be better defended from the torch of the Indian. When he looked at it, where it stood, lonely and deserted on the river bank, the thought struck him that it ought to be preserved as a memento of departed perils and sufferings. The same thought rose in the mind of others—even found expression in the newspapers—but what is everybody's business is nobody's business. It was moved somewhere, log by log, with the idea of preservation, but now no man knows even the place or manner of its final disappearance from the earth, any more than of the immortal old "Kinzie mansion," which had antedated it eighty years, and endured to within twenty years of its end.

Disappearance  
of Fort Dear  
born.

In 1856 a fine iron bridge (the first in the West) was built across

First iron draw-  
l.r.dge.

the river at Rush Street. Its cost was \$48,000, of which the city paid \$18,000, and the Galena and the Illinois Central railroads \$15,000 each.\* (The first bridge built entirely at the city's cost was that at Madison Street, put up in 1857.)

December 2, 1858, the schooner "Charles Howard" was driven



SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

ashore off Lake View. The crew was rescued in the yawl-boat of the "Mohawk" manned by Captain Graw, N. K. Fairbank, Isaac Walker and Captain Moore. (A story of the rescue is appended to this chapter.)

The telegraph and express business was growing. We reproduce statistics of railroads centering in Chicago as given in Bross's His-

\* This bridge had a curious fate. In 1863 it was destroyed in consequence of being opened while a drove of cattle was crossing. They took a stampede toward one of the unsupported ends and the whole structure toppled over, drowning the cattle and sinking into irretrievable ruin at the bottom of the river.

tory (p. 77) up to the close of 1857. (The change for the next three years, clouded as they were by revulsion and disaster, was not marked.) Mr. Bross does not give the final column (earnings per mile), but it is made up from his figures and is at least nearly correct. The comparison with present earnings per mile of the same roads may be observed by those interested; but should be noted with the fact that rates per mile, both for passage and freight, have fallen more than one-half since those days, so that twice as much service is now rendered for every dollar paid.

Railroad miles and earnings in 1857.

WILLIAM BROSS'S TABLE FOR 1857.

<i>Railroads, both Main and Branch.</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Gross Earnings.</i>	<i>Earnings per mile.</i>
Chicago & Milwaukee .....	85	} \$794,340	\$4,364
Kenosha & Rockford.....	11		
Racine & Mississippi.....	86		
Chicago, St. Paul & Fond du Lac.....	131	} 870,714	3,335
Milwaukee & Mississippi.....	130		
Galena & Chicago Union.....	121	} 2,242,977	5,180
Fox River Valley .....	34		
Wisconsin Central.....	8		
Beloit Branch.....	20		
Beloit & Madison.....	17		
Mineral Point.....	32		
Dubuque & Pacific.....	29		
Galena (Fulton) air line.....	136	} 2,275,955	5,551
Chicago, Iowa & Nebraska.....	36		
Chicago, Burlington & Quincy.....	210	} 1,977,257	4,298
Burlington & Missouri.....	35		
Quincy & Chicago .....	100		
Hannibal & St. Joseph.....	65		
Chicago & Rock Island.....	182	} 998,309	3,515
Mississippi & Missouri.....	88		
Peoria & Bureau Valley.....	47		
Peoria & Oquawka.....	143	} 2,293,965	3,258
Chicago, Alton & St. Louis.....	284		
Illinois Central.....	704	} 1,652,728	4,315
Pittsburgh, Ft. Wayne & Chicago.....	383		
Michigan Southern & Northern Ind.....	242	} 2,186,125	8,097
Cincinnati, Peru & Chicago.....	28		
Michigan Central.....	282	} 3,288,340	5,810
New Albany & Salem.....	284		
Totals.....	3,953	\$18,580,710	\$4,703

The typical "grain of mustard seed" took root in 1850 when the Chicago Board of Trade began its corporate existence. In the outset it did not buy and sell and get gain; it merely collected \$2 a year from each member, appointed inspectors of fish, provisions and flour, committees on banking, etc., worked for public good in the matter of harbor improvements, canal tolls, etc., passed resolutions concerning the free navigation of the St. Lawrence, the Illinois Central Land Grant, and,

Union Stock  
Yards started.

in short, paid its respects to nearly every subject except the making of money. (Its practice in this regard has not continued unchanged to the present time, 1891.) Under these circumstances we are not surprised to learn that at the annual meeting of 1851 the membership was only 38, and the Board almost hopelessly in debt, owing \$165.96.

Captain Andreas gives the following record of attendance: July 9, Present, C. Walker. No transactions. July 10.—Present, C. Walker, J. C. White, J. C. Walter. July 12.—Present, O. Lunt. July 13.—Present, none. July 14.—Present, none. July 15.—Present, C.

Walker. July 16.—Present, none. July 17.—Present, J. C. Walter. July 18.—Present, none.

New rooms were rented at the corner of Clark and South Water Streets; and occupied for the first time at the fourth annual meeting, April, 1852.

In 1853 the meetings were held in rooms at No. 8 Dearborn Street, daily, at 10 A. M., and "regular attendants" were provided with crackers, cheese and ale. In 1854, the Board took up the question of grain measurement, which, up to that time, had all been done by the half-bushel measure! Through its efforts all the grain-producing States soon substituted weights for measures, and thus made possible the huge business now carried on. Its next great public service was the beginning, in 1857, of the annual reports of the trade, commerce and manufactures of Chicago.



ST. JAMES' CHURCH AND PARSONAGE.

Captain Andreas well says:

Nearly all the modern means, methods and facilities for transacting business or carrying on either local trade or foreign commerce had their inception in the Board, and were, in their perfection, evolved from its action. The inspection, warehousing and shipping of grain in well defined and standard grades; the standards of inspection of flour, pork, beef, lard, butter, lumber, etc., were all primarily established and ultimately perfected through its action. The rapid dissemination and interchange of reliable commercial news and market quotations was evolved from the mutual necessities of Boards of Trade in the business centres of the world. The daily gathering on the floor, the Babel of trade, where more business is done than in any like place in the world, although the most conspicuous, is thus seen to be but one of the many phases of its work. In all great crises the Board has come to be the true index of the patriotism, the benevolence and the humanity of its members. Witness their acts of humanity when Chicago went up in flame and



smoke, and their never failing loyalty and patriotism in the dark and troublous times of the Rebellion. The history of these years will in future volumes constitute the brightest pages in its annals.

The mayors from 1850 to 1860 inclusive were Curtiss, Gurnee, Gurnee, Gray, Milliken, Boone, Dyer, Wentworth, Haines, Haines and Wentworth. The population by years was as follows: 1850, 28,269; 1851, 34,437; 1852, 38,733; 1853, 60,652; 1854, 65,872; 1855, 80,028; 1856, 84,113; 1857, 93,000; 1858, 90,000; 1859, 95,000; 1860, 112,172. Progress in the fifties.

In 1850 Chicago was an almost unknown wooden town in the mud, in darkness, in comparative isolation, save for its lake and canal, without water, without coal, without steam-tugs, without draw-bridges except "floats," without suburbs, without a theatre though with many churches, without elevators or stock yards, almost without manufactures.

In 1860, Chicago was a thriving young city, raised up and drained, connected by rail and wire with the North, South, East and West; having streets planked, cobble-stoned or wooden-blocked, with gas, water, coal, stone; with stages and the beginning of street railroads; with fine, high draw-bridges; with many large factories; many papers, daily and weekly; in short, a place of great pretensions and still greater hopes. The best residences were large, comfortable, hospitable wooden houses, each occupying, with barn, green-house, out-houses, garden and shrubbery, the middle of an entire square, having streets on its four sides.



GEN. HART L. STEWART,  
Friend of Stephen A. Douglas.

The decade saw the end of the Taylor and Fillmore administration; the election where Franklin Pierce defeated the veteran Winfield Scott; the consequent disintegration of the Whig party and the inauguration of the Republican—originally called the "Fusion Republican"—and the political battle between slavery and freedom wherein slavery, under Buchanan, achieved a temporary triumph; and, all the while, beneath the surface there was the unconscious embattling the hosts that were to fight out the Secession question in the first half of the next decennial period. Birth of the Republican party.

And so, amid doubt, dismay, determination and defiance, the afternoon of the "fifties" comes to its sombre close.

## WRECK OF THE "CHARLES HOWARD."

NARRATIVE OF N. K. FAIRBANK.

On the night of December 2, 1856, I came into the Tremont House, where I lived, about nine o'clock, and found a group of men quite excited over a message just received from Mr. Rees, of Lake View, that a vessel had run ashore near the old Lake View House—that she had struck on the bar, so far out that no assistance could be rendered by the people on shore. The sea was making a clean break over her; her crew were in the rigging. It was a very cold night and a severe storm of rain, sleet and snow was raging.

I started out at once with Mr. C. L. Bissell to see if we could not send a life-boat and crew to their rescue. We first found Colonel Joseph Stockton, who put one of his large trucks, with a good four-horse team and several men, at our disposal, and I think he went himself.

I then went around to several saloons on South Water Street where sailors congregate o'nights, and telling the story of the peril of the crew as graphically as I could, called for volunteers to man the life-boat. I soon had a good crew.

We first tried to get the government life-boat, which was stored on the pier of Clark Street bridge, but found it unfit for use—no oars, etc. I then went to a propellor lying at the dock, roused the captain and told the story and asked for his life-boat, which he willingly gave us. (Don't remember the propellor or captain.) We quickly loaded it on the truck and started them off for the scene of the wreck.

Meantime I procured a good supply of whisky, brandy, etc., and a quantity of clothing and blankets to be used in resuscitating the men if we should get them off, and followed the truck. When we arrived at the scene we found a hundred people gathered on the shore. They had done all they could. We built a large fire, by the light of which we could plainly see the vessel and the crew in the rigging.

We were received with shouts, and the crew could see by the light that a boat had arrived and help was at hand, which they afterward said encouraged them to hold on, although so benumbed with the cold that they were on the point of giving up.



NATHANIEL KELLOGG FAIRBANK.

We had great difficulty in launching the boat, as there seemed to be no one among the sailors I had hurriedly picked up who was a "captain." The boat was swamped several times, as the water was shoal and the seas very heavy. They would launch her on a big wave and before she caught the next one she would strike the bottom and roll over. I finally called for volunteers and took the command. I put twelve men on each side of the boat and we went into the surf and out far enough and held her steady until they could catch a wave which we thought big enough to float them on to the next as she rose to the top of that. I shouted "let go" to my men and "give way" to the crew, and she caught the next wave without striking in the trough. This was only accomplished after several attempts, so that we were all in the water up to our necks about half an hour; in fact the final wave that floated her off lifted us off our feet and washed us ashore.

The boat carried out a line which I had brought out and with it reached the vessel. Making the line fast to the wreck and a tree on the shore, we had a good rope ferry established and landed them all safely. Blankets and brandy soon made us warm, and we returned to the city none the worse for our adventure, though if that wreck had been on a prohibition coast, I doubt if any one of the crew or participators in the rescue would have been left to tell the tale.

Wreck of the  
"Charles  
Howard."

## CHAPTER XXIV.

TO ARMS, YE BRAVE!



WHEN Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war. When free men loyal to the union of States are assailed by free men loyal to the individual States, then it is a fight to the death.

The story of Chicago during the momentous days of the Civil war is largely the story of the whole country, but the limits set for this especial narrative require that only so much of the general course of events be sketched as is indispensable to the picturing of the city's doings, condition and progress.

Chicago was the place, 1860 was the time and the Republican convention the circumstance which marked the opening of a new era in the national career of the United States of America.

It is safe to say that if the selection of a place for the convention had been left to New York, Chicago would not have been chosen. The writer well remembers the mixture of surprise, amusement and incredulity with which was received the whisper that Mr. Seward and the New York delegation had brought along some hired professional bruisers to see to their personal safety! We peaceful, order-loving Chicagoans could scarcely believe that anybody should have an idea that we were so bad as to be dangerous to visitors, or, on the other hand, so weak as to be unable to defend them from violence. But there they were—Mr. Thomas Hyer (whom we recognized from his prize-ring pictures) and other lights in the sporting world registered at the Richmond House on the same page with Mr. William H. Seward and the other lights of Eastern politics. To tell the truth, the confident expectation was entertained at the East that Mr. Seward would be the nominee, and it was equally expected that his nomination would lead to mob violence against the Eastern man by the disappointed adherents of the Western favorite.

Republican  
Convention  
of 1861.

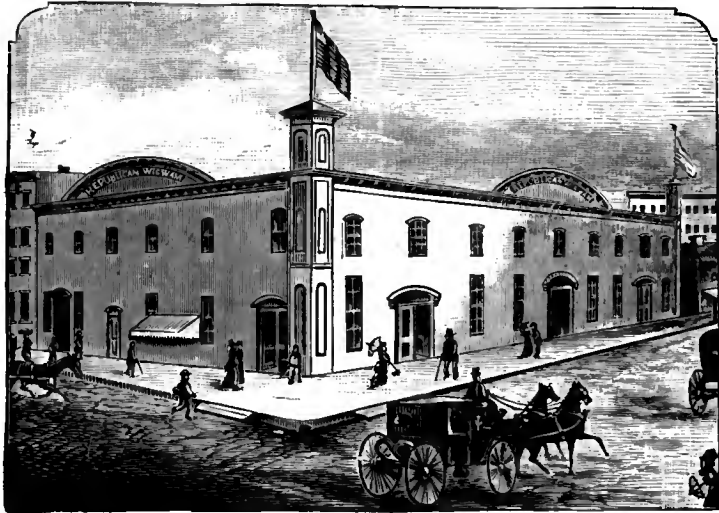
Lincoln had been a candidate for nomination to the Vice-presidency with Fremont at the Philadelphia convention in 1856, receiving about a third of the votes cast, Mr. Dayton getting the other two-thirds. In 1857 he wrote a letter saying that he and his friends were "setting no

Seward and the  
New Yorkers.

Lincoln on  
his own  
Candidacy.

stakes against Seward." In 1858 he made his carefully considered declaration of opinion that the Union could not endure half free and half slave. In the same year he said: "Nobody ever expected me to be President. In my poor, lean, lank face nobody has ever seen that any cabbages were sprouting." In 1859 he made his wonderful speech at the Cooper Institute, New York; facing a magnificent audience of all the best citizens, and having on the platform with him William Cullen Bryant, Horace Greeley and a large number of others of the leaders of thought in the country. Then the break in the Democratic ranks at Charleston and Baltimore made the success of the Republicans probable, and his friends grew more and more urgent in his behalf, he himself being the most reluctant to take up the idea.

Mr. Seward seemed to have everything in his favor. He was an



WIGWAM.

Seward's  
Chances and  
Mischances.

experienced politician and statesman—a governor, senator, scholar and gentleman. Ninety-nine in the hundred of the thinking men would have said in their hearts (and been utterly wrong in saying it) that he would make the best possible President. "Practical Politics" would say that, though he might be the best President, he would not be the best candidate, seeing that the enemies he had made would lose him the "doubtful States," New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Indiana and Illinois.

The Lincoln headquarters were at the Tremont House, as the Seward rallying point was at the Richmond (Michigan Avenue and South Water Street). The Seward men had plenty of money, brass bands, flags, torches and "organization." The Lincoln men had David Davis and the common people from all over the West to the number of 40,000. Chicago was crammed to overflowing. On the night before the opening of the convention Horace Greeley (who was not giving Seward a hearty

support) telegraphed his "Tribune" that Seward was sure to be nominated because the opposition could not unite on either of the other candidates, Lincoln, Dayton, Chase, Cameron and Bates.

On the morning of May 16 1860, the convention met and began its labors; George Ashmun of Massachusetts being made chairman. May 18th was nomination-day, and the Seward crowd indiscreetly marched about the streets in a noisy procession all through a precious hour during which the hall, except the part reserved for delegates, was quietly occupied by the Western men; so that when the procession arrived but a small part of it could find even standing room. Senator Evarts nominated



THE REV. ROBERT COLLYER.

Mr. Seward, and the New York Delegates shouted, but the audience made but slight demonstration. Then Norman B. Judd nominated Mr.



DR. MOSES GUNN.

Lincoln, and his sympathizers made themselves heard in no uncertain tone. The other possible candidates were named. Indiana seconded Lincoln with increased demonstrations from outside, and Michigan seconded Seward, who also had an ovation. A portion of the Ohio delegation added its voice to the nomination of Lincoln, which was the signal for a demonstration from the Westerners, which dwarfed all previous experience. So says a gentleman who was present: "It wasn't a shout, it was worse than a shout. It was an unbridled shriek such as I never heard before nor since. It was almost unearthly. It made the wigwam shiver. It made a cold sweat come out on the brows of the

Scenes in the  
Wigwam.

members of the New York delegation."

For a picture of the final scene nothing better can be said than the words of an article in the Chicago "Tribune" of September 5, 1891:\*

\* The *Chicago Tribune* of 1860 must be credited with a piece of journalistic enterprise which was unprecedented in those days. It reported the convention in full, proceedings, speeches, aspect and occurrences of all kinds.

The roll was called and the result of the first ballot was, Seward, 173½; Lincoln, 102. A second roll-call was ordered and the result was a gain of 179 for Lincoln. All the complimentaries had come to him. Seward had gained 11. The result was, Seward, 184½; Lincoln, 181, scattering 99½. Then the Lincoln crowd continued their hurrahs, yells and shrieks. No string of adjectives, no matter how ably they might be arranged, could do justice to the scene.

The Balloting.

On the third ballot Lincoln got . . . . 231½, Seward, 180. Total votes cast, 465; necessary to a choice, 233. Lacking to nominate, 1½. A breathless moment actually came upon that scene. The stillness was so effective that the flutter of fans by the ladies and the scratching of pencils by the reporters could be heard distinctly. If New York could rally, the tide might yet be turned to Seward. Lincoln must win the next turn or he was liable to fall back and be lost. An Ohio Delegate got up and announced a change of four votes from Chase to Lincoln. There was another pause. The teller waved his tally sheet and announced a name. There was a cannon which the Lincoln men had planted on the roof of the wigwag to be fired off when the nomination was made. The cannonier got a tip and the explosion occurred. It shook that section of the earth, and the great crowd in the streets yelled and shrieked and jostled . . . . The teller announced that Lincoln had received 364 votes. Senator Evarts moved to make the nomination unanimous.

The momentous election of November, 1860, passed off quietly. Illinois gave Lincoln over Douglas 11,646 majority; Cook County giving 4,743. (In 1856 Illinois had given Buchanan over Fremont 9,098; Cook County 3,340 Fremont over Buchanan.)



GEN. J. B. LEAKE.

knees and shoulder his rifle, and that Sumter, if taken by the foe like Bunker Hill, so like Bunker Hill it must be retaken. Robert Collyer, at the Second Unitarian; Mr. Corning, at the Plymouth Congregational, and indeed the preachers at nearly every church in the city, spoke only of "war and rumors of war." (2d Andreas, 160.)

On Saturday evening, April 13, 1861, telegraphic dispatches announced the bombardment of Fort Sumter. The following day was . . . one of those beautiful, cloudless Spring days that visit the West, and in the sweet April air floated the old flag from every spire and balcony, office and warehouse, mast and dwelling. From early morning until late at night the usually quiet Sunday streets were thronged with an eager, indignant, troubled people, all intent on one subject and swayed by one common feeling. Men of all parties talked only of the indignity done the flag of the country, and the necessity of preserving its honor as a priceless heritage. . . . Dr. Patton, at the First Congregational Church, told his congregation that the crisis had arrived in which every Christian might rise from his

Union Mass Meeting at Bryan Hall.

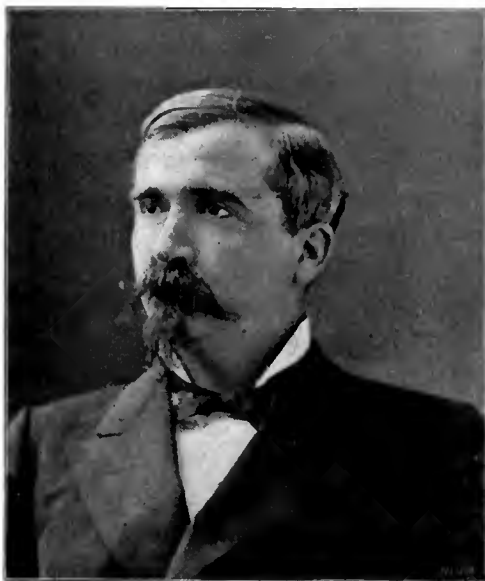
On April 18th a mass-meeting was held in Bryan and Metropolitan Halls. At the former a Union defence fund was started, to which \$9,000 was at once subscribed; \$36,000 before the close of the next day. The banks of Chicago offered the Governor \$500,000 to be used in the Union cause in advance of the assembling of the Legislature. A War Finance Committee was appointed, which later was merged in the "Union Defence Committee," composed of Judges John M. Wilson, Grant Goodrich, Van H. Higgins, Thomas Drummond and George Manierre, and Messrs. E. W. Willard, John M. Douglas, Thomas

Hoyne, Thomas B. Bryan, A. H. Burley, Edwin C. Larned, James. H. Bowen, J. C. Dore, H. D. Colvin, John Van Arman, George Schneider, Eliphalet Wood, Rosell M. Hough, P. L. Yoe and Charles G. Wicker and Colonel Joseph H. Tucker.

Chicago, like all other cities, had had companies of "citizen soldiery" from time to time, no two alike in arms, uniform, accoutrements or outfit. Like other Northern cities she had given these self-sacrificing little bands scanty support and encouragement. The adversity of the last few years had worked against the militia-men, and they had been too busy to give time, toil and attention to the thankless task, and too poor to pay for arms, clothing, armory-rent and the many other things required by such organizations as theirs. So, in fact, 1861 found this

Only 150  
Militiamen  
in 1860.

city, containing 110,000 inhabitants, possessed of not more than 150 armed, drilled and equipped militia-men. The exigencies of the hour now moved the public-spirited citizens to fill up and improve these skeleton companies so that, when on April 19th Governor Yates called on Gen. R. K. Swift to take what men and arms he could muster and with them occupy Cairo, he, in two days, started with 595 men and four six-pounders and took temporary possession of the important point—a point, by the way, south of the latitude of Richmond, Va. The companies A and



GEN. RICHARD S. TUTHILL.

B Chicago Zouaves, commanded by James R. Hayden and John H. Clybourn (it is pleasant to recognize this pioneer name again!); Chicago Light Infantry, Captain Frederick Harding; Turner Union Cadets, Captain Kowald; Lincoln Rifles, Captain Mihalotzy; Chicago Light Artillery, Captain James Smith.

First Call for  
Volunteers.

The President's call for 75,000 volunteers for three months quickly followed, and six regiments were demanded from Illinois. Out of regard for the six volunteer regiments (numbered one to six), which Illinois had sent to the Mexican war, these new battalions were numbered seven to twelve. Chicago at once recruited two companies, which were both incorporated in the Twelfth Illinois Volunteer Infantry, under Colonel (afterward Brigadier-General) John McArthur. The Twelfth was, therefore, the first volunteer regiment embodying Chicago troops. The

companies were A, Captain Kellogg; and K, Captain James R. Hugunin; General A. L. Chetlain and General A. C. Ducat were later connected with this pioneer among the regiments.

12th and 19th  
Regiments.

The next regiment to be noticed is the Nineteenth, one of those organized under the "Ten Regiments Bill." It, like the Twelfth, was made up of companies from different parts of the State. It was largely composed of bodies of militia which had been organized years before; the Highland Guards (1855) and the Chicago Zouaves (1856), which hastened to Cairo under General Swift as before-mentioned, formed three of its companies. It was mustered into service "for three



JOSEPH MEDILL.

years or during the war," on May 4, 1861, under Colonel John B. Turchin, an educated soldier and engineer and an eminent commander all through the war. The Chicago Zouaves were the company which, under the guidance and inspiration of Colonel Ellsworth, became famous for drill and discipline in 1859 and 1860, making a tour of the United States and giving exhibition drills in Michigan, Ohio, New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Washington, Missouri and Illinois, and being *fêted* and praised to the utmost. It is said that, on their return to Chicago, with all the decorations which had been showered upon them, they "looked like a Christmas tree."

23d; Irish-  
American.

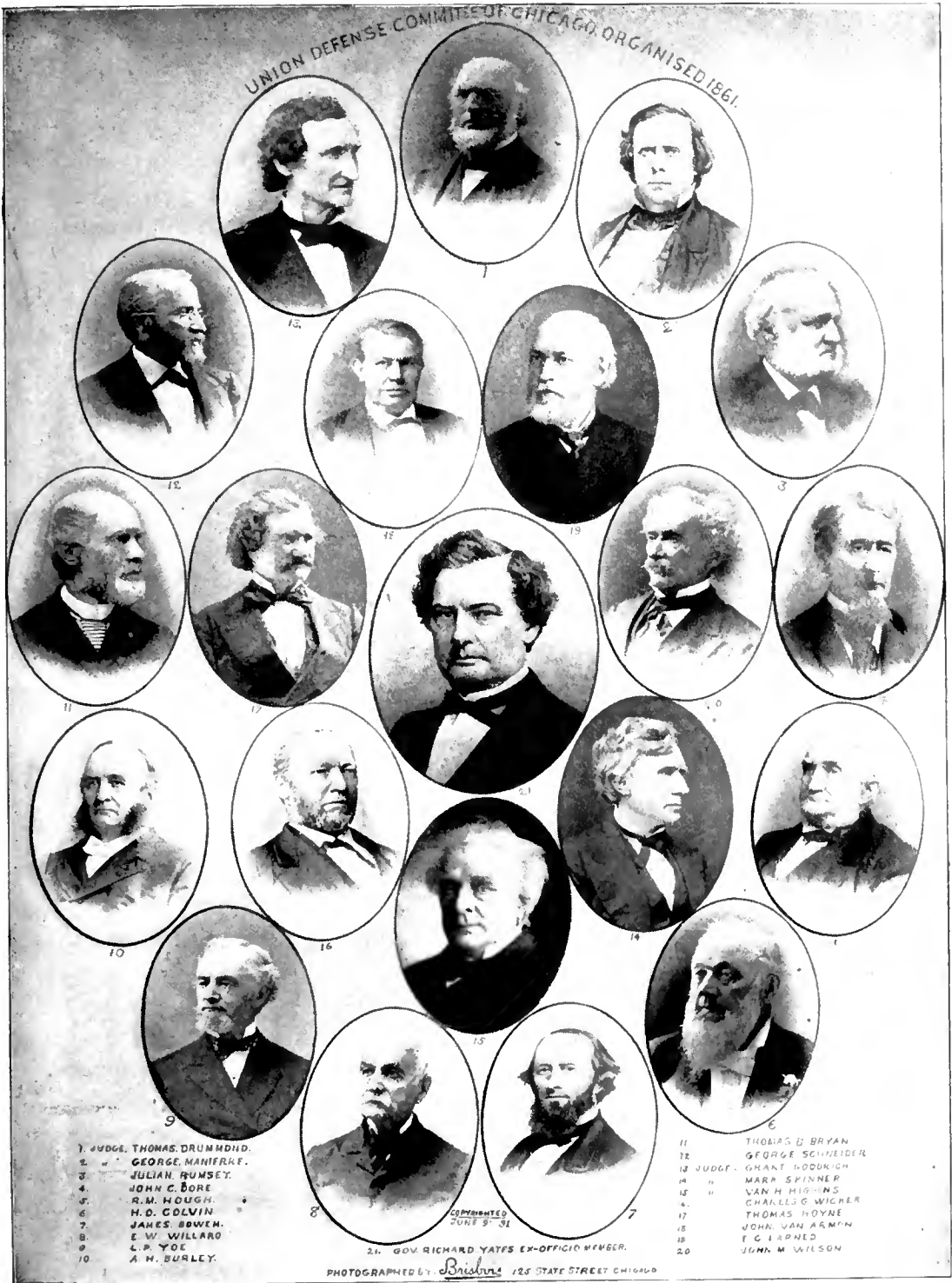
The Nineteenth was a battle regiment. To follow it through its trials and triumphs and its immense sacrifices, would be to write a story of the war in the West. We are only writing the Story of Chicago.

The Twenty-third was raised in response to a call to the Irish, signed by James A. Mulligan and other patriotic Irish-Americans. It was mustered in June 15th, 1861, under the colonelcy of James A. Mulligan. The Twenty-third earned battle fame sooner than any other Chicago regiment, through its heroic fight at Lexington, Missouri, September 18, 1861. General Mulligan was killed at Kernstown in 1864.

Hecker Jaeger  
Regiment.

The Twenty-fourth was composed of German companies, and originally called the "Hecker Jaeger regiment." Two of its companies





UNION DEFENSE COMMITTEE OF CHICAGO ORGANISED 1861.

- 1. JUDGE THOMAS DRUMMOND.
- 2. GEORGE MANIERKE.
- 3. JULIAN RUMSEY.
- 4. JOHN C. BORE.
- 5. R. M. HOUGH.
- 6. H. D. COLVIN.
- 7. JAMES BOWEN.
- 8. E. W. WILLARD.
- 9. C. P. YOE.
- 10. A. M. BURLEY.

21. GOV. RICHARD YATES EX-OFFICIO MEMBER.

- 11. THOMAS D. BRYAN.
- 12. GEORGE SCHNEIDER.
- 13. JUDGE GRANT HODDERICH.
- 14. MARK SPINNER.
- 15. VAN H. HIGGINS.
- 16. CHARLES G. WICHER.
- 17. THOMAS HOYME.
- 18. JOHN VAN ARMIN.
- 19. E. G. LARNED.
- 20. JOHN M. WILSON.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BIRDSON 125 STATE STREET CHICAGO

UNION DEFENCE COMMITTEE OF CHICAGO, ORGANIZED IN 1861.

had been the "Union Cadets" and the "Lincoln Rifles," which formed part of the original Cairo expedition. The regiment was mustered in on July 8, 1861. It was made of good men as its conduct showed later.

24th; German-American.

The Thirty-seventh was organized by Julius White, under the name of the "Fremont Rifle Regiment." It was mustered in September 18, 1861. Mr. White was its first Colonel; upon his promotion to brigadier-general, Lieutenant-Colonel Barnes took command, and at the bloody fight of Pea Ridge it was led by Major (afterward General) John Charles Black, who was severely wounded.

37th; Fremont Rifles.

39th; Yates Phalanx.

The Thirty-ninth Regiment was called the Yates Phalanx. It was mustered in in August, 1861; Thomas O. Osborne being unanimously elected colonel, but resigning in favor of Austin Light, who had been a sergeant in the regular army and had served in the Mexican war. Lieutenant-Colonel Osborne and Major O. L. Mann in succession came to command the Thirty-ninth; and under Colonel Mann it had the distinction of taking by assault Fort Wagner.



WILLIAM DE WOLF.\*

The Forty-second was organized in Chicago and mustered into service September 17, 1861, under Colonel William A. Webb. Murfreesboro was its first severe battle-

42d Infantry.

experience, though it fought at Chickamauga, Mission Ridge, and at many other places where service was to be rendered and sacrifices were to be made, ending with the terribly glorious day of Franklin, Tennessee.

51st; Chicago Legion.

The Fifty-first was made up of home companies and called the Chicago Legion. It was mustered in December 4, 1861, under the colonelcy of Gilbert W. Cumming, who was later succeeded by Luther P. Bradley. Its service was much like that of the Forty-second; Murfreesboro, Stone River, Chickamauga, Mission Ridge, Peach-tree Creek, Atlanta, and other names connected with bloody fighting.

57th; National Guards.

The Fifty-seventh, called the "National Guards," was mustered in December 26, 1861, under Colonel Silas D. Baldwin. It served at the capture of Fort Donelson and the bloody battle of Shiloh.

\* Son of William F. De Wolf, an old citizen of Chicago. The young soldier was wounded at Donelson. At Williamsburg, May 4, 1862, he got a wound in the left thigh from a shell which killed his horse; caught another horse and kept his post, received a bullet in his right knee; yet stuck to his battery all day! He died of his wounds June 2

The Fifty-eighth, called the "McClellan Brigade," was mustered in January 25, 1862, under Colonel William F. Lynch. It fought at Donelson (only a few weeks after it left Chicago), and again at Shiloh, where it suffered heavily.

58th; McClellan  
Brigade.

The Sixty-fifth, known as the "Scotch Regiment," was mustered in on May 5, 1862, under Colonel Daniel Cameron. Its service was severe and ended with the great battle of Franklin and the subsequent pursuit of the enemy.

65th; Scotch  
Regiment.

The Seventy-second was known as the "Board of Trade Regiment," that institution taking the initiative and bearing the expenses of the organization. It was (what most of the regiments were not) made

72d; Board of  
Trade.



GEN. AUGUSTUS L. CHETLAIN.



GEN. ARTHUR C. DUCAT.

up almost entirely of Chicago officers and men. It was mustered in on August 23, 1862, under Colonel F. A. Starring. It suffered terribly in the fruitless and ill-advised assault on Vicksburg on May 22, 1863. It was in the battle of Franklin, where its lieutenant-colonel, Joseph Stockton, was severely wounded.

The Eighty-second was called "the Second Hecker Regiment," being, like the Twenty-fourth, largely German. It was mustered into service October 23, 1862, under Colonel Frederick Hecker, who was succeeded by Col. Edward S. Saloman. Its first heavy fights were in the East, at Chancellorsville and Gettysburg; then it returned westward and fought at Resaca and Peach Tree (where the men are said to have fired more than 140 rounds apiece), and, after the march to the sea, closed with the battle of Bentonville. As might be expected the losses of this regiment stand almost unrivaled in the history of the war.

82d; Second  
German-  
American.

88th; Second  
Board of  
Trade.

The Eighty-eighth was the "Second Board of Trade Regiment." It was mustered in on August 27, 1862, under Colonel Francis T. Sherman. Its baptism of fire was at Perryville, the first of many fights.

80th; Rail Road  
Regiment.

The Eighty-ninth was called the "Railroad Regiment," being organized under the supervision of Robert Forsyth, of the Illinois Central and W. D. Manchester, of the Michigan Southern. It was mustered in September 4, 1862, under Lieutenant-Colonel Hotchkiss. Like so many other Chicago regiments, the first battle of the Eighty-ninth was Murfreesboro, and its last Nashville.

90th; Irish  
Legion.

The Ninetieth was called the "Irish Legion." It was mustered in September 22, 1862, under Colonel Timothy O'Meara, and on November 25th, fought its first battle, at Mission Ridge. Its last was at Bentonville, March 21, 1865, and it fought on many fields between.



GEN. JOHN C. BLACK.

The One Hundred and Thirteenth was the "Third Board of Trade Regiment." It was mustered in on October 1, 1862, under Colonel George B. Hoge. Its first serious fight was the taking of Arkansas Post in January, 1863.

The One Hundred and Twenty-Seventh was mustered in on September 6, 1862, under Colonel John Van Arman. It took part in the terrible seige of Vicksburg in 1863, and in all the subsequent struggles

113th; Third  
Board of  
Trade.

of that force, including the March to the Sea and the actions of Fayetteville and Bentonville. It is claimed for it that it marched 3,000 miles and was in 100 engagements.

The Fourth Cavalry had many Chicago men; among others M. R. M. Wallace, later county judge of Cook county.

127th; 3,000  
Miles, 100  
Engagements

The Eighth Cavalry (Col. Farnsworth) was not a Chicago troop, though Chicago furnished it at least one distinguished officer: Major William H. Medill, brother of Joseph Medill, for many years a the head of the Chicago "Tribune." The regiment won fame unsurpassed by that of any cavalry regiment in the whole war, largely through the gallant leadership of Major Medill, who gave his life to the cause; being killed in a bold effort to check Lee's retreat after Gettysburg.

Cavalry.

The Ninth Cavalry was mustered into service November 30, 1861, under Col. Albert G. Bracket. The Twelfth Cavalry was mustered in

in February, 1862, under Colonel Arno Voss, succeeded by Lieut.-Col. Hasbrouck Davis. The Thirteenth Cavalry was mustered in late in 1861 under Col. Joseph W. Bell. The Sixteenth Cavalry was made up of companies organized from time to time and mustered in in June, 1863, under Col. Christian Thielemann. The Seventeenth Cavalry was mustered in on January 22, 1864, under Col. John L. Beveridge, afterward governor of Illinois.

16th and 17th  
Cavalry.

The old Chicago Light Artillery was in existence as early as 1854. On April 19, 1861, when men were called for to seize and hold Cairo, the company was recruited up to its full strength in three hours after the call was received, and the battery formed part of the expedition sent down under General Swift. It later

Artillery.

formed Batteries "A" and "B" and fought through the war, beginning with Donelson and Shiloh. Battery B, Light Artillery, known as Bridges's battery, was formed of Company G, Nineteenth Infantry. After receiving its guns it served through the heavy operations, beginning at Chickamauga, and ending with Franklin and Nashville. Company I, First Artillery "Bouton's Chicago Battery," was mustered in on February 10, 1862, and saw hard service at Shiloh. Battery L, Second Artillery, "Bolton's Battery," was mustered in on February



GENERAL LYMAN BRIDGES.

28, 1862, and, among other services, took part in the Siege of Vicksburg. Battery M, Second Light Artillery, "Phillip's Battery," was mustered in June 6, 1862. The Chicago Board of Trade Battery was mustered in on August 1, 1862. It had the inestimable advantage of the captaincy of James H. Stokes, of the regular army, who had been instructor of artillery at West Point. Its services were in accordance with its name and leadership. The Chicago Mercantile Battery was mustered in on August 29, 1862, and served through the war.

Stokes' Board  
of Trade  
Battery.

It need not be said that a large proportion of the troops in these regiments, squadrons and batteries came from parts of the State outside of Chicago. It is also true that many Chicago men joined other regiments than those here named.

Chicago commissioned officers who were killed in action or died of wounds are given by Captain Andreas (2 Hist. Chi. p. 288-299) as

Death-Roll  
of Honor.

follows: Joseph R. Scott, James A. Mulligan, James Nugent, Thomas Cliff, Geza Mihalotzy, Nathan E. Davis, Charles J. Wilder, George W. Roberts, David Stuart, Edward H. Brown, Julius Lettman, George C. Smith, Alfred O. Johnson, Henry W. Hall, John S. Keith, Thomas T. Lester, George L. Bellows, Otis Moody, Henry A. Buck, Robert D. Adams, Theodore M. Doggett, Joseph C. Wright, Henry C. Mowry, Richard Pomeroy, Edwin C. Prior, Frederick Bechstein, George W. Chandler, Charles H. Lane, Thos. F. W. Gullen, Henry W. Bingham, Duncan J. Hall, William H. Rice, Henry L. Rowell, John W. Spink, Herbert M. Blake, James J. Conway, John A. Bross, Henry A. Rodgers, George Throop, Joseph W. Barr, William H. Medill, Frederick Schaumbeck, William De Wolf, John H. Kinzie (Jr.) Lucius S. Larrabee and Richard Skinner. (The last four names are inscribed on the tablet erected in the vestibule of St. James' church in memory of its parishioners who were



COL. ALBERT ERSKINE, 13TH CAVALRY.

soldiers in the Union War.)\*



WILLIAM H. MEDILL.

Typical Memoir  
of one  
Chicago  
Officer.

It was at Ashby's Gap in 1863. Medill, now Major of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry, was attacking

\* This list is necessarily extremely imperfect. It is hoped that its publication in this shape will lead to the receipt of facts to make it more nearly a true and complete Roll of Honor.

To lighten these cold-blooded details with the touch of nature that "makes the whole world kin," read a bit of biography typical of our best volunteer officers. Major William H. Medill entered (at 26) Barker's Dragoons, the first troop formed in Chicago, signing the roll two days after the fall of Sumter. This squadron took part in McClellan's short, brilliant campaign in West Virginia. At the affair near Beverley the Dragoons fought on foot with their carbines. Private Medill (always among the foremost) advancing through the woods, saw a rebel lieutenant aiming at him from behind a tree. Taking a tree of his own, he waited till the rebel had fired and missed; then, rushing forward before the other could re-load, he called to him, in the stormy language natural to the occasion, to surrender or he would let daylight through him. In short order there was a rebel prisoner marching to the rear, and now (1891) his straight, rapier-like sword hangs in Joseph Medill's hall, crossed with that of the captor's sword and with another taken later in somewhat similiar fashion.



RICHARD SKINNER.\*

\* Omitted in first edition, to appear in its place in subsequent editions.





Stewart's Cavalry guarding the Gap. A little sergeant of the Eighth, somewhat separated from the command, was marked for capture by the Colonel of the Eleventh Virginia Cavalry. Major Medill put spurs to his "big bay" and dashed straight for the would-be captor who, giving up the lesser prize for the greater, turned toward Medill, with sword upraised, shouting, "surrender!" Still they drew near together, and then the rebel saw the unionist's revolver with its six bullets staring him in the face. He seemed to grasp the situation and realize the shortness of range of his sword compared with that of the revolver; for he suddenly shouted "Don't shoot, I surrender!"

The troopers who noticed the incident said: "That makes the Major colonel of the Eighth." And so it would, but that he was marked for higher promotion—martyrdom. In bidding his last good-bye to Chicago he said: "You'll see me next with brigadier's stars, or in my coffin." It was the coffin.

After Lee's defeat at Gettysburg, the Eighth and Twelfth were hurried forward to harass his retreat to the Potomac, taking over 2,000 prisoners and 800 army wagons. They came to where the enemy were building a bridge at Williamsport, and attacked the unknown force without hesitation. Half the Eighth was dismounted, fighting as skirmishers. Major Medill took a carbine and fought with the rest. He was aiming it at the rebels when a ball struck him in the lower part of the breast, penetrating bone and lung. He lived for ten days, during which his brother Joseph arrived only to bid him good-bye. The bad news was brought to him that Lee had got away. "I wish I had not heard it!" he cried. "I am going to die without knowing that my country is saved." He was greatly consoled, however, by the news of the capture of Vicksburg and Port Hudson. "Ah!" said

he, "blood will tell. It takes the Western boys to handle the rebels." He asked that his body

might be embalmed, dressed in full uniform, and buried from Chicago in Graceland cemetery, because it was controlled by the patriot Thomas B. Bryan, and that the funeral be conducted by the patriot Robert Collyer—and so he died, a soldier, a gentleman, a lover of his country.

In September, 1861, Camp Douglas was established to serve as a rendezvous for Illinois volunteers. It was an irregular block belonging to the Douglas estate, bounded by 31st and 33d streets, and Cottage Grove and Forest avenues. It was in the open prairie far below the southern boundary of the built-up district. Colonel Joseph H. Tucker was its constructor and first commandant. Its design was changed after the taking of Fort Donelson

Camp Douglas.



GEN. JAMES H. STOKES.

(February, 1862), when some 8,000 or 9,000 prisoners from that victory and the one at Island No. 10 were sent up. Much suffering ensued



JAMES H. STOKES,  
Captain of Battery.

among the prisoners, and a public meeting was held at Bryan Hall, where a relief committee was appointed and liberal contributions received from public subscriptions and collections in the churches. The philanthropic and patriotic Thomas B. Bryan was treasurer of the fund. After this there was never any scarcity of good and sufficient food, but the unfamiliar climate and poor sanitary arrangements caused pneumonia and camp fever; and the deaths averaged six a day. The dead were buried at the old cemetery on the lake shore, about six miles south of the camp. In 1864 small-pox and other diseases attacked the prisoners and 1156 died, out of the 12,000 confined—a record that shows how Camp Douglas compared with Andersonville—as Paradise might compare with sheol. The expenses of the camp, not including pay of the garrison, was \$8,540 a day.

“The Camp Douglas Conspiracy” as recorded by William Bross and the official report of General B. J. Sweet, then commandant of the camp, was a serious and dangerous plot set on foot, in 1864, by Jacob Thompson (a member of Buchanan’s cabinet), to liberate the prisoners of war and form a union between them and Southern sympathizers in the North, to aid the secession cause by a Northern insurrection. The developments were sufficiently grave to induce a



THOMAS B. BRYAN.

strong re-inforcement of the camp guard with infantry and artillery. No overt act was attempted, though a large deposit of arms and ammunition was found. Some Chicago men, and more Southerners, were arrested and tried. Five were found guilty and served terms of imprisonment. One, the venerable Buckner S. Morris, was acquitted of guilty knowledge of the contemplated crimes, both by the court and by deliberate public opinion. The war closed and most of the punishments were remitted.

Time and space would fail to give even a sketch of the patriotic self-devotion of the citizens of Chicago to the cause of the Union and of humanity. Scarcely did the need arise for help to soldiers on their way to or from the front, before the means were provided to meet that need. There was a great meeting for the purpose as early as April 18, 1861. The Young Men’s Christian Association took the lead in organ-

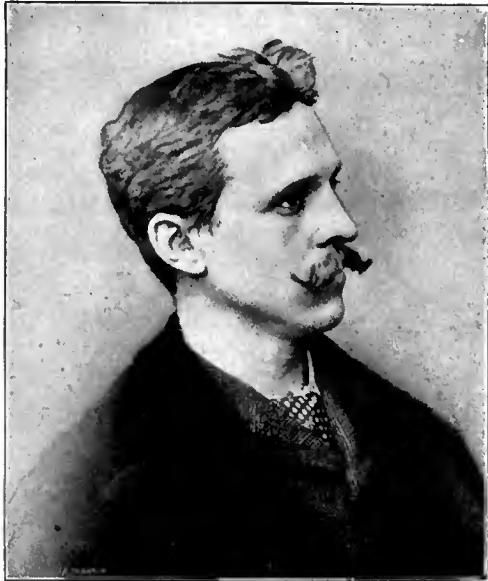
Prisoners’ Aid  
and Relief.

Camp Douglas  
Conspiracy.

ized effort, and with it was afterward combined the Chicago branch of the Sanitary Commission, whereof the great and good Henry W. Bel-<sup>Sanitary</sup> lows, of New York, was the head. Thomas B. Bryan—as usual—was the <sup>Commission.</sup> most liberal among the liberal, the most devoted among the devoted, the chief among the leaders in every movement of philanthropic patriotism.

With him in the work were Mrs. George Gibbs, Mrs. O. E. Hosmer, Mrs. Joseph Medill, Mrs. D. P. Livermore, Mrs. A. H. Hoge, Mrs. Smith Tinkham, and a host of less well-known women. As the demand grew, the supply came forward to match it; the hosts of wounded from Chickamauga and Mission Ridge were no less well cared for than the few early maimed and helpless whose arrival first brought home to swelling hearts and tearful eyes the dread reality of war. In July, 1863, the first great Sanitary Commission Fair was held, and netted \$86,000. The second was held in Dearborn Park in March, 1864, and yielded \$240,813! The published report of the Sanitary Commission contains the following summary of its work: "In the four years of its existence the Northwestern Commission disbursed 77,666 packages from its storehouse and \$405,792.66 from its treasury." And even these large figures are but a part of the universal outpouring of love and gratitude to those who went forth to fight from those who stayed at home. Then at least the men in the rear felt as if they could not do enough to put themselves on an equality with the men at the front.

It was then as happy a task to give time and money for public <sup>Love and grati-</sup> good as it is in these changed and later days to use them for private <sup>tude of those</sup> and personal ends. <sup>old days.</sup>



HENRY DE WOLF. \*

\* Another son of William F. De Wolf. He served in the 134th Regiment until the end of the war; and is now (1891) treasurer of the Illinois Central Rail Road.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### THE SIXTIES AT HOME.



WAR did not invent death, nor can even blessed peace prevent it. On Friday, November 7, 1860, the "Lady Elgin" (Captain John Wilson), one of the largest and finest of lake steamers, left her dock at Chicago for a voyage to Milwaukee, it being the return trip of an excursion which she had brought from Milwaukee the day before. There were 393 persons on board. In the night the steamer was run into by the schooner "Augusta," lumber-laden, bound south. The following is condensed from the excellent account, given in much detail, by Captain Andreas (2 Hist. Chic. 75):

At two o'clock in the morning the vessel was off Waukegan, about ten miles from shore, and the passengers were at the height of their merriment. . . . After the crash of the collision, the music and dancing ceased of course; but, though the lamps were extinguished by the shock, no cry nor shriek was heard. The women stood in the cabins—pale, motionless, and silent. No sound was heard except the escaping steam and the surging of the waves. As the vessel settled, the passengers mounted to the hurricane deck. . . . Within half an hour after the collision, the engine fell through the bottom of the vessel, and the hull went down immediately after, leaving the hurricane deck with its vast, living freight, floating like a raft. . . . And now, drifting before the wind, and tossed by the waves, the deck began to break up, and finally separated into five pieces, to each of which, half-submerged, many of the passengers desperately clung; but many, as their strength gave out sank amid the tossing waves. One portion of the deck, on which the captain was, held twenty-five persons. He was the only one who stirred from the recumbent position necessary to keep a secure hold on the precarious support. . . . Day broke upon them, and found them drifting southward, nearly off Winnetka. . . . Relief parties hurried to the scene from Evanston, Winnetka, and along the shore. . . . The saving of John Eviston and wife created great excitement. The gallant fellow was seen some distance out, on the wheel-house, on which he firmly held his wife. As they neared the shore, the surf capsized the raft, and for several seconds both were submerged. When they rose again to view, the wife was at some distance from the wheel-house, to which Mr. Eviston was still holding. Seeing his wife, he swam out to her, and succeeded in regaining the wheel-house with her. . . . At last the wheel-house grounded. Taking his wife in his arms, he attempted to wade to the land, but sank exhausted. At this moment he was caught by the brave Edward W. Spencer, and they were brought safely to shore.

Loss of the  
Lady Elgin.

It was past noon on Saturday before the last rescued passenger was brought ashore. From the raft on which the captain was, not more than seven or eight persons were saved; the brave captain not among them. As the raft neared the shore, it, too, capsized, and but a few of the chilled and exhausted waifs who had clung to it up to that moment, regained their hold. Captain Wilson managed to drag

back to it one of the women washed off; but a great sea swept them off again, and both drowned, only a few rods from shore.

The lost numbered two hundred and ninety-seven, the greatest single fatality Chicago or Milwaukee ever suffered, and a larger death-roll than befell the soldiers of both cities in any one battle.

Years after the disaster there drifted ashore, in front of General Simpson's place at Winnetka, a great piece of wreckage, part of the keel, planking, and ribs of a side-wheel steamer, easily recognizable as a relic of the "Lady Elgin." The pitiful skeleton lies there yet (1891), and a picture of it in its present desolation is herewith presented.

The bones of  
the ship now  
visible.



WRECKAGE OF THE "LADY ELGIN."

The next serious calamity was the foundering, in Lake Superior, of the Chicago steamer "Sunbeam," in August, 1863, when, of a human freight of twenty-six, only one was saved.

Another terrible disaster was the burning of the Goodrich steamer, "Sea-Bird," off Lake Forest, in April, 1868, when sixty-seven of the passengers and crew were drowned.

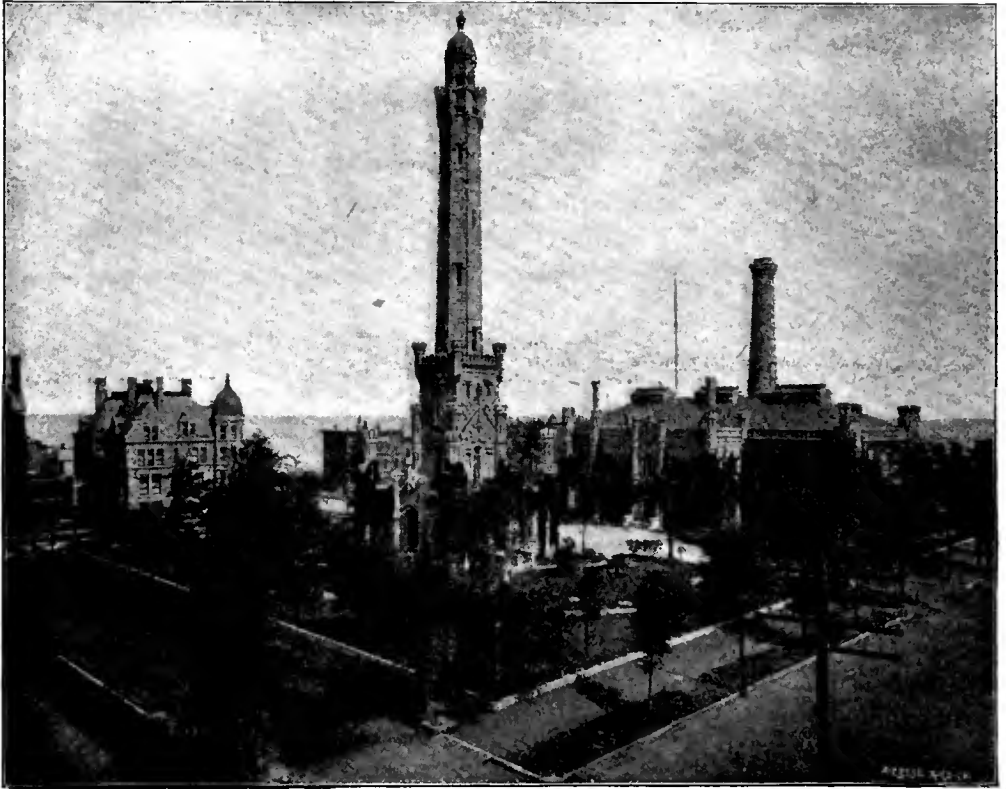
Other Wrecks.

It has of late years been thought that for lake navigation, where short, high waves are to be expected, the paddle-wheel steamer, with its wide, weak "overhang," is not as well adapted as is the propeller, with its smooth sides which give the waves no "hold."

There was no pause in the growth of Chicago before, during

or after the war. If asked to tell, from the census, when the "drain of men for soldiers" occurred, one would be completely at a loss. The population stood as follows: 1860, 112,172; 1861, 120,000; 1862, 138,835; 1863, 160,000; 1864, 169,353; 1865, 178,900; 1866, 200,418; 1867, 220,000; 1868, 252,054; 1869, 273,043; 1870, 298,977. All the works of peace went on in ever accelerating ratio. The Board of Public Works was created in 1861 (Benjamin Carpenter, J. G. Gindele, and F. Letz; later, J. G. Gindele, F. Letz and O. J. Rose, together with the mayor, F. C. Sherman); and its great work was the construc-

Population  
not checked  
by War.

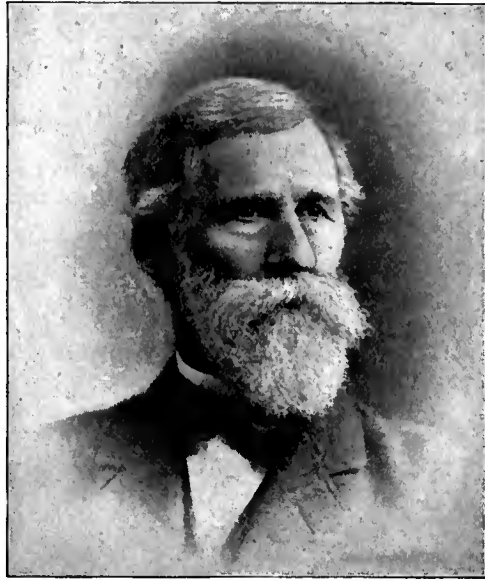


THE CITY WATER-WORKS, 1891.

tion of an inlet crib in the lake, two miles from shore, and a tunnel to connect it with the water-works at the foot of Chicago avenue. The shaft was sunk to the required depth (seventy feet), and the drift begun May 26, 1864, after which it burrowed out in the hard, blue clay at the rate of some ten feet a day. Ellis S. Chesbrough was city engineer, one of the most trustworthy servants Chicago has ever had. William H. Clarke was the engineer in charge, a most efficient officer, who had under him a most efficient corps of helpers. The lake crib was five-sided, each side of the outer shell 58 feet long, and each side of the inner shell 22 feet long, which left a space 25 feet

Lake Tunnel  
Crib.

wide between inner and outer shells. It was 40 feet high. The huge structure was built on the south side of the north pier, and was launched on slanting ways, like a great five-sided ship, July 25, 1865, gliding gracefully into the river without delay or accident. It was towed at once to its destined place over the proposed eastern end of the tunnel, and the work begun of filling with stone the space between the two shells. A three-days' storm came on before the filling had gone far, and moved the structure thirteen feet (against the wind), and threw it out of the perpendicular. These imperfections are still perceptible; but from the time the filling was complete no



E. S. CHESBROUGH.

change or deflection in its position has occurred up to this day (1891), a period of twenty-seven years. Mr. Cregier's report says:

A tremor is frequently felt during severe storms, and when large fields of ice are passing. The rubbing of field ice against the crib is occasionally accompanied by a fearful noise. At such times the crib appears, to a spectator on it, to be an immense plough moving through the ice. On several occasions the broken masses lodged on the south side of the crib, forming banks several hundred feet long, and reaching from the bottom of the lake to ten or fifteen feet above the surface. . . . The work of tunneling was carried on from this end about as rapidly as it was from the land shaft. . . . When the work from the land shaft was within one hundred feet, it was thought necessary to stop the masonry there, and run a small timber drift through to be certain as to how the lines were going to meet. The two faces were brought together November 30, 1866, when it was found that the masonry at the east face was only about seven and one-half inches out of the line from the west end. This result, considering the difficulty of getting a clear atmosphere in the tunnel, was considered very good, and much better than was generally expected. . . . Water was first let into it on March 8, 1867. . . . On the 24th, about 4 p. m., the mouth of the old inlet was cut

Lake Difficulties overcome



WILLIAM H. CLARKE.

off from the lake. . . . The actual cost, up to April 1, 1857, was \$457,844.95. . . . The usual

prices paid during the work were: Common labor, \$2; masons, \$5, and engine-men, \$3 per day; for brick, \$14 per thousand, and cement, \$2.75 per cask of 300 pounds.

Once more the struggling citizens had leaped forward out of the way of the advancing city; but this was only for a time, as we shall see hereafter.

Beginning of  
Lincoln Park.

The splendid park system of Chicago, constituting (with its connecting boulevards), one of the most extended in the world, took its rise in the construction of Lincoln Park, and this in its turn was the offspring of the cemetery established in 1835, north of and adjoining what is now North Avenue. In all, this burial-place included sixty acres of what was once sand-hill and pine forest but became, by the care of lot-owners, a fine and well-ordered graveyard. The city also owned sixty acres north of and adjoining the burial-place. In 1860 the council passed an ordinance forbidding the sale of lots and the interment of dead in



LAWRENCE PROUDFOOT.

the last-named tract, and in 1864 another ordinance setting apart the same for a public park, "to be named Lake Park." The latter ordinance also forbade the sale of more lots in the first plot, and the interment of bodies on the part not sold—the "potter's field."\*

Mr. Lawrence Proudfoot was elected, in 1865, alderman of the ward inclosing the 120 acres, and to him belongs more credit than to any other one man for the initial steps that led to the dedication of the Park which is now the pride of the city; the resort of uncounted thousands who love the lake shore

and the lake breezes; and the show-place for strangers whom it is desirable to impress with the beauty of Chicago's eastern water horizon. It is the one place where innumerable inland dwellers can stand among trees and look out to where sky and water meet.

Sectional  
Jealousies.

The South and West Sides were jealous of so large a gift to the North Side, and it was only the fact that they were more jealous of each other than of the smaller North, and that the latter held the balance of power between them, which made success possible. One thing was evident;

\* Numberless bodies, unclaimed and therefore unremoved, still repose where they were laid, quite undisturbed by the footsteps of thousands of pleasure-seekers passing over them. One noticeable instance of this is the case of David Kennison who was buried there in 1852. He was 114 years old and was the last survivor of the "Boston Teaparty" of 1774. More than this; he was a soldier in old Fort Dearborn, and his name appears on the muster-roll of the Fort in 1810. He was a pensioner and eked out his living by service in \_\_\_\_\_ museum. George Fergus, of the Fergus Printing Co., is able to point out the spot where the old man lies, and would be glad to do so to any one who will provide a stone to mark his grave.



the city having grown out around the cemetery, the latter must be removed. This was first accomplished through the efforts of a committee whereof Mr. Proudfoot was chairman; and the further disposition of the land was next taken up. In season and out of season he urged the importance of parks to a city's well-being, and the folly of falling into the usual error of waiting before establishing them until land grew too dear to be bought. The city was short of money, and a resolution was offered directing that the vacated ground be subdivided and sold for the benefit of the city. Proudfoot proposed as a substitute a resolution that the property be dedicated as a public park. The latter policy prevailed.

Removal of  
the Cemetery.

In the meantime William C. Goudy was pressing upon the State legislature a bill creating a "North Park Commission," to effect the procuring of not more than a square mile of land for park purposes, and



THE LINCOLN STATUE.

the joining the same with the cemetery tracts already described. The bill passed February 16, 1865, and Lincoln Park was safe. From such small beginnings and by such great efforts and narrow margins was the great Chicago Park System instituted.

In 1865 "Goose Island," a small triangle of dry land at the north side of the junction of the North and South branches, was dredged away and the fine large basin opened there which is so important an adjunct of the river-harbor. A sand-bar had begun to form at the outer end of the North Pier, so an extension of it was necessary. Congress made the required appropriation, there was no Polk to veto it, and the work was begun; to be finished in 1866.

Enlargement  
of the River  
Forks.

One of the greatest "institutions" of Chicago—the greatest in profits earned—dates from 1864; it is the "Union Stock Yards." At that time the unparalleled growth of the trade in live-stock and its products



VIEW IN THE STOCK YARDS.

had made it evident that some plan must be evolved for bringing together buyers, sellers, manufacturers and carriers. To quote Elias Colbert ("Chicago," p. 60):

Very frequently it was the case that the market for cattle or hogs was quite active at one yard, while at the others it was fearfully dull. Sometimes the receipts at one yard would almost equal the combined receipts of all the others. . . The commercial reporters from the various papers had great difficulty in making up an accurate summary of the daily market, from the conflicting reports of the buyers and sellers at the various yards. The packers, particularly, found the system disadvantageous. Finally the railroad managers saw the inutility of the old system. The expense of switching and the wear and tear of rolling stock over the narrow and tortuous curves were eating a large hole in their profits. The trade had reached a magnitude never anticipated, and the then Eastern railroads found that they had as much to do in transporting stock as could be attended to.

Inception of  
the Union  
Stock Yards.

The issuing of the prospectus was followed by an almost immediate subscription of the stock of \$1,000,000, of which \$925,000 was subscribed by nine railroad companies. . . . Opened for business December 25, 1865; area of ground, 345 acres; in pens, 100; acres for hotel and other buildings, 45; present capacity, 21,000 head of cattle, 75,000 hogs, 22,000 sheep, 200 horses; total 118,200. There are in the yards 31 miles of drainage, 7 miles of streets and alleys, 3 miles of water-troughs, 10 miles of feed-troughs, 2,300 gates, 1,500 open pens and 800 covered pens. 22,000,000 feet of lumber were used in construction, at a total cost of \$1,675,000. The water is supplied by an artesian well about 1,100 feet deep.

Professor Colbert's statement of dimensions, capacities, etc., should be doubled—many of them more than once—to fit the stock yards of 1891. It has been generally supposed that the grain trade was the leading business in Chicago, but this is a mistake: Grain is enormous, lumber is far larger than grain, and the stock yards larger than grain and lumber together. Again: Manufactures far overshadow everything else.

In 1865 the clearing house was established. James D. Sturges (later National Bank Examiner) was its prime mover. It is a daily "bankers' fair," where the claims of each bank against every other are adjusted and the balances or "differences" only are required to be settled in money. Before the invention of this labor-saving contrivance (in London, about the beginning of this century) each bank had to send its claims on every other bank to such other bank and get the money for them. The First, having taken from its depositors and correspondents a thousand checks and drafts on the Second, the Third, the Fourth and so on, had to sort out these checks and drafts and hurry them around to the banks they were respectively drawn on; while each of the other banks was doing the same. The day was hardly long enough for the messengers racing about and passing each other on the streets. Under the clearing house system, all their mutual claims are sent to a convenient upper chamber where they are, by a simple arrangement of desks in a line, matched against each other. The messenger goes there with his checks and drafts done up in neat little bundles, one for each of the other banks, and he comes back with another lot of neat little bundles, being the checks and drafts on his bank sent in by the others; also a memorandum of the cash balance which his bank has to pay (or to receive, as the case may be) to "clear."

Of the Clearing  
House.

Within an hour the debit balances are all paid in cash to the clearing house manager and he pays to each bank which chances to be "at credit" the amount of its claim. Quietly, leisurely, orderly, between 11 A. M. and 1 P. M. six days in the week, the whole business is done, the liquidation (1891) of \$15,000,000 to \$18,000,000 of indebtedness.

The River  
again foul.

Again Nemesis, in the shape of intolerable foulness of the river, was fast overtaking the hard-worked city; and again was a desperate effort called for to remedy the evil. This time the plan was to change



LA SALLE STREET TUNNEL.

The Remedy.

the "shallow cut" canal into the deep channel originally planned. The upper level is twenty-six miles long, and, though part of it had already been cut deep, yet by far the larger part must now be deepened at enormous expense; the desideratum being a continuous movement of water at the rate of 24,000 cubic feet per minute. (The minimum in the drainage scheme of 1891 is 600,000 cubic feet per minute.) The work was pushed vigorously—only in winter however, the use of the canal being uninterrupted—and finally completed at a cost of \$2,982,437. It was on Saturday, July 18, 1871, that the final blow was struck;

a temporary dam across the canal at Bridgeport was cut away, and, as Mr. Cregier says: "Quite a strong current was at once created in the canal, and an entire change in the water in the main river and the South Branch was effected in about thirty-six hours.

The Two  
Tunnels.

Other noteworthy permanent public improvements were going on at the same time. The tunnel at Washington Street was begun in 1866, and finished in 1869, at a cost of \$517,000. The tunnel at La Salle Street was built in 1871, and, having the advantage of previous experience, only cost \$566,276, though possessing an intrinsic value certainly fifty per cent. greater than its forerunner.

Exactly how did Chicago and the West emerge from gloom of many kinds to brightness of many kinds? Strangely enough, it was through the dark iron gate of war. Thousands died that millions might live. Incalculable waste occurred that infinite prosperity might follow. The flowers of happiness took root in a soil enriched by countless nameless and forgotten graves.

The central government took hold of the affairs, not only of the nation, but of the people; and each loyal State (though not every citizen) upheld the Federal Union in its strong-handed grasp of the situation, leaving to some future day the re-establishment of the old "compromises of the constitution." As war measures, legal-tender currency was issued. National banks were organized, income and stamp-taxes were levied and collected, the draft was enacted and enforced by the Federal arm. Martial law was declared, and the writ of habeas corpus suspended. No wonder that most Europeans thought our boasted republican liberty to be gone forever.\* Nor is it any wonder that when the war was fought and won, and the volunteers hurried back to their farms, their factories, their shops and their homes as eagerly as prisoners freed from a dungeon, then the cause of free government grew suddenly stronger the world over.

Federal Affairs.

The withdrawal of workers from all fields of labor was slow to make itself felt. The first change in daily life that affected every body was the issue of the "greenback currency," the promissory notes of the Federal government, made legal tender in all amounts for all purposes except duties on imports. These bills were a positive and welcome relief from the horrors of "stumptail," and the "fractional currency," little halves, quarters, dimes, and half-dimes,

Greenbacks.

\* William H. Russell, war correspondent of the London *Times*, said to a young volunteer officer: "It is all very well to get a million men together and arm them; but how will you ever get rid of them? All history shows that a great army, when once it feels its power, is slow to give it up again. Suppose you whip the rebels—as I think you will—then what?" "Pay off the volunteers and let them go home." "But suppose they won't go." "O just give them the chance! They'll go so quick it will make your head swim." "Suppose your own General [McClellan] were to call on his army to follow him to Washington and seize the government." "He'd never think of such a thing. He'd die sooner. And if he were to try it, his whole army would leave him—1 among the first." "Aha! That sounds well; but you'll see. You'll see."



1. Maj. Gen. John M. Schofield, U. S. A.  
 5. Brig. Gen. Francis T. Sherman, U. S. A.  
 9. Col. Henry M. Kidder, U. S. V.  
 13. Capt. Richard Robins, U. S. A.  
 17. Col. Stephen V. Shipman, U. S. V.

2. Maj. Gen. George Crook, U. S. A.  
 6. Capt. James A. Sexton, U. S. V.  
 10. Maj. William L. B. Jenney, U. S. V.  
 14. Capt. Ephraim Otis, U. S. V.  
 18. Capt. Edward A. Blodgett, U. S. V.

3. Gen. Philip H. Sheridan, U. S. A.  
 7. Lieut. Richard Waterman, U. S. V.  
 11. Col. Arba N. Waterman, U. S. V.  
 15. Capt. Eli Huggins, U. S. A.  
 19. Paymaster Horatio L. Wait, U. S. N.

4. Bvt. Maj. Gen. Rufus Ingalls, U. S. A.  
 8. Lieut. Col. Robert W. Clowry, U. S. V.  
 12. Surgeon Edmund Andrews, U. S. V.  
 16. Brig. Gen. Joseph B. Leake, U. S. V.  
 20. Capt. George K. Dauchy, U. S. V.

were eagerly welcomed to take the place of the postage stamps, cartickets, bar-tickets, and other scraps and valueless tokens of small values. These had an intrinsic worth, in that they pledged the faith of the nation to their holder; and they had a patriotic value—a sentimental beauty—well borne out by their handsome, tasteful, and dignified appearance. Many can not, to this day, see a new “green-back” without a thrill of recollection of their first welcome.

For years the sweet jingle of coin was, to the many, an unknown sound. Dollars and fractions of dollars rustled instead of rattling, and their dwelling-place was the wallet, not the purse. The nickel half-dimes were the first glimpse of a return to old-time moneys, and many a dollar's worth of them was hoarded by simple folk as being safer than paper, green or white.

To feel the pulse of an industrial community one must put his finger on the banks. Chicago's was a fluttering pulse in the early sixties. As Captain Andreas says:

The Illinois currency in circulation had no uniform value; it had been transformed into a mass of bank debentures, the value of which could only be estimated by the value of the bonds deposited for their redemption. . . . The Chicago bankers issued daily bulletins giving the names of those banks whose bills were entirely discredited, such as would be received at a discount, and such as would be received at par. Railroads, lumbermen, merchants, and the Board of Trade each issued a list of the current value of bank-bills, no two of which were alike, and none of which remained unchanged long enough to be of any value. . . . The Marine Bank [not George Smith's “Wisconsin Fire & Marine”] was the depository of the city funds, and its officers declined to liquidate their indebtedness to the city in specie. On July 5, 1861, at a meeting of the Board of Education, a proposition was submitted by the president of the Marine Bank [Scammon], that the city accept sixty-five cents on the dollar . . . of the school fund. In respect to other city funds the proposition was not so favorable.

In November, 1862, there were but twenty-two solvent banks reported in all Illinois, while ninety-three were reported as suspended, or in process of closing business. Andreas gives a list of the rates at which the bills of the failed banks were finally redeemed, five being paid off in full, namely, Bank of Northern Illinois at Waukegan, Bank of Peru at Peru, Chicago Bank at Chicago, E. I. Tinkham & Co.'s Bank at McLeansboro, and Kane County Bank at Geneva. The remainder ran from 49 to 95 per cent., with quotations at almost every point between those two extremes.

The Merchants' Loan & Trust Company (originally called the “Merchants' Savings, Loan & Trust Company”) is the only bank or banking house which, dating from before the war, exists to this day (1891), in continuous strength and solvency under its original designation. And even this institution, having a “currency-mill” (the “Reaper Bank”) on its hands, was forced, on October 11, 1864, to a short suspension of active operations, though sound at bottom, as it has always been, before and since.

Money that rustled but did not rattle.

The old banks died hard.

Unfailing value  
of City  
Securities.

The State Savings Institution (1861), which later (1877) became a disastrous wreck, and a reproach to Chicago's fair fame, was, through the troublous times of war and business disaster, a tower of strength. George Schneider was its manager, and under him it paid all demands in gold or its equivalent. His expedient was simple, as his foresight was unimpeachable. He argued that, though States might fail, municipal securities must be valid; and as fast as the so-called "current funds" poured into the savings depository he invested them in Chicago Sewerage and Water-works bonds. These remained sound and solvent, and so did the State Savings Institution, until its evil days came on, years after he was out of it. (Even after its disastrous failure, its assets, by careful management, and the rise of the real estate

which had been thrown on its hands, became large enough to have met its liabilities, in full.)

How did the luckless debtors and the almost equally unhappy creditors get on in the troublous times of the early sixties?

The chief manifestation was the utter collapse of the "stump-tail" currency. It had long been moribund, now it was in dissolution. Individual men in the early sixties kept their strong shoulders under the towering, tottering mass. George Smith was the Atlas supporting the Georgia banks of Milledgeville and La Grange. Against him and them fought



ELIHU B. WASHBURN.

Henry Corwith, described as "a fighter by nature." He was a Galena banker, and Galena was fortified by its lead mines, the products whereof brought gold in the world's markets. R. K. Swift joined with Corwith in the effort to drive out George Smith by collecting and sending down to Georgia by Elihu B. Washburn all the Milledgeville and La Grange bills they could get; but Smith was always ready for them, redeemed the bills as fast as presented, and got back at the senders with equal, or greater, sums of the bills of banks which they had started. The Swifts were driven to the wall, and, at the breaking out of the war, travel between North and South being interrupted, no more demands on Georgia banks could be made. Nevertheless George Smith finally redeemed every dollar of his currency at par.

Farewell to  
George Smith



One naturally asks what became of those millions of slips of paper after they had passed from hand to hand, from banker to public, from buyer to seller, from debtor to creditor, from employer to employed, from victim to robber, from philanthropist to beggar, from beggar to grog shop—loans, legacies, payments, bribes, gifts, wages of labor and of sin or what not. There must have been tons in all; if not a car-load, at least a huge truck-load. Some of it exists, in the shape of curious relics. The Historical Society possesses some nominal thousands in all stages of wear-and-tear, loaded with grime, grease and the sweat of many palms. But all these would not fill a grip-sack. Where did the great mass finally lodge and rest?

Where did the  
old rags go?

This seeming puzzle has a very simple answer, so far as concerns the bills issued on the security of bonds deposited with the Auditor of the State of Illinois or whatever officer in other States had charge of securities deposited under laws similar to that of Illinois. He it was who countersigned and issued the bills as he received the State bonds furnished to him as security for them; and he it was who must take them back before he could return those State bonds to their owners. Therefore the bankers, as fast as their issues were returned to them for redemption, hurried them to Springfield, got back their bonds and sold them in Wall street or where they could. The currency poured into the State office at Springfield and was burned.\*

When the war closed, business affairs in Chicago and the Northwest were in an easy, though not a healthy, state. Inflation still prevailed, though it was national inflation instead of stumptail inflation. Gold was worth two-and-a-half for one at the darkest days; therefore a man who borrowed a dollar in 1860 could pay the debt with forty cents in 1865. The apparent profits of investment in real or personal property were fifty per cent. a year through the mere depreciation of currency. Therefore was it said, with a kind of truth, that "the greatest fool was the best man of business;" that is, he who went most recklessly into debt got rich the fastest.

Greenback  
Inflation.

Under these circumstances the rates paid for day labor grew in a triple ratio. There was more to do because of the demands of Government and the waste of war: There were fewer to do it because of the absence of so many workers: The wages were paid in depreciated currency. The chief sufferers were those who had to live on a stated income arising from money lent, or in some other way established when things were at a specie basis and unchanged when inflation made everything dear.

Laborers on  
top.

\*A similar process is now (1891) constantly going on in the United States Treasury building at Washington regarding such greenbacks or bills of national banks as are to be redeemed because of being worn or mutilated or because the issuing banks desire, for any reason, to have them retired. The process now, however, is to macerate the bills to a pulp instead of burning them.



- |  |  |   |   |
|--|--|---|---|
| 21. Col. Charles W. Davis,<br>U. S. V.   | 22. Maj. William E. Furness,<br>U. S. V. | 23. Maj. Huntington W. Jackson,<br>U. S. V. | 24. Col. Aldace F. Walker,<br>U. S. V.      |
| 25. Maj. George Mason,<br>U. S. V.       | 26. Capt. Horace H. Thomas,<br>U. S. V.  | 27. Capt. John G. McWilliams,<br>U. S. V.   | 28. Brig. Gen. Joseph Stockton,<br>U. S. V. |
| 29. Capt. George M. Farnham,<br>U. S. V. | 30. Col. William B. Keeler,<br>U. S. V.  | 31. Capt. Amos J. Harding,<br>U. S. V.      | 32. Lieut. Martin J. Russell,<br>U. S. V.   |
| 33. Lieut. Archibald Winne,<br>U. S. V.  | 34. Surgeon James N. Hyde,<br>U. S. N.   | 35. Maj. Clarence H. Dyer,<br>U. S. V.      | 36. Maj. Robert W. McClaghry,<br>U. S. V.   |
| 37. Maj. William M. Luff,<br>U. S. V.    | 38. Master Charles W. Adams,<br>U. S. N. | 39. Maj. Samuel E. Barrett,<br>U. S. V.     | 40. Col. John Mason Loomis,<br>U. S. V.     |

dearer, dearest. A soldier's family, trying to get along on the money sent back by the absent bread-winner—only thirteen dollars a month, even when he sent every penny home, as many did,—and the thirteen dollars dwindling month by month as the price of the necessaries of life climbed out of reach; the thought of such sufferings and sacrifices brings a swelling of the heart and dimming of the eyes which makes it hard even to dwell upon them! The relief societies of the rich did large and noble work; the neighborly help of the poor did ten times as much in unmarked ways; all this was well, but, after all, the stay-at-home givers grew rich and the absent fighters and their families grew poor, and so, to this day, the respective classes have, on an average, remained. There was always plenty of work and wages at the rear—and plenty of room at the front.

End of the  
Stormy  
Sixties.



But now the stormy "sixties" seemed to come to a safe, untroubled close. The war was five years past, the gold premium falling every day, the national debt shrinking every month, the city growing at every census, fresh water coming in floods from the new crib and tunnel, the sewage departing through the deep-cut canal by its own gravity, the city government all in good working order.

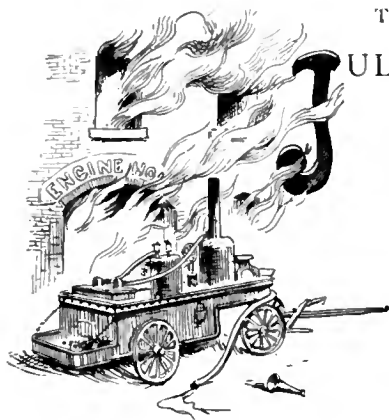
Delusive  
Confidence.

The fire department was particularly ample, showing 201 men, 17 steam fire-engines, 54 hose carts, 4 hook-and-ladder trucks, 2 hose elevators, 1 fire escape, 11 alarm bells and 48,000 feet of hose.

"Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### THE GREAT FIRE.



The Great Drought before the Great Fire.

JULY 3, 1871, was a "showery day," that is to say, one-and-a-half inches of rain fell. From that time to October 9, 1871, but two-and-a-half inches fell in all. In other words in the ninety-eight days there was only a total rainfall equal to a day and two-thirds of showers,\* about one-fourth of the average supply at that season of the year. Such dryness, if perpetual, would make a desert of the Grand Prairie. Meanwhile, the southwest wind,

the hot-haze-laden, the thirsty, the grass-killer, the corn-ripeners, the hay-fever-breeder, the Western sirocco — in short, the prevailing prairie breeze which, even in ordinary seasons, blows strongly and steadily perhaps four days out of five the year round, and perhaps nine days out of ten during the summer, leaving its mark on the trend of the branches of every pliable tree, from the willow to the cottonwood; this blast blew without ceasing.

It turned the prairies brown and dry as old hay, so that they lighted at a touch, and burned as long as a blade or a leaf was in the fire's path. The prairie fires ignited the grass in meadow and the hay in stack, the grain in rick, and the corn in shock. The wind sucked all the moisture out of the forests, so that by the square mile and the township they burned like the grass and the crops. It turned all the wood in wooden Chicago into tinder; and as soon as the fittest moment came, turned the tinder into flame and ashes.

Chicago had then a population of about 334,000. The city limits were Fullerton Avenue on the north, the lake on the east, Thirty-first Street on the south, and Western Avenue on the west, about eighteen square miles, or 11,520 acres. The North Side had chiefly wooden buildings; varying from the elegant homestead, occupying a whole square, to the miles of small, cheap tenements, each usually standing alone, gable toward the street, and only a few feet from its neighbor on each side, from which it was separated by high pine fences. The pavements were wooden, but not inflammable; while the sidewalks,

Condition of the city in 1871.

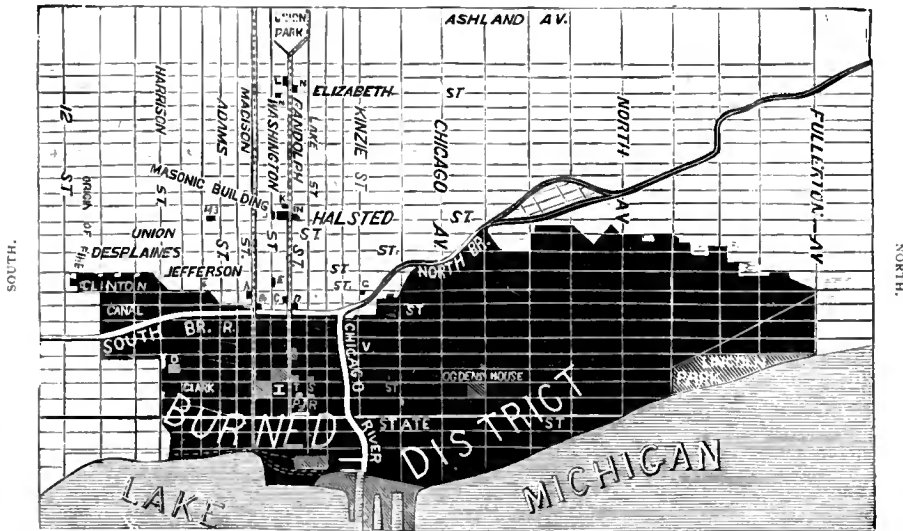
\* The War Department records show even less; namely, one-and-a-quarter inches for the ninety-eight days.

almost entirely of pine plank, were generally raised, allowing a free circulation of air beneath, and fit to burn like a box of matches.

The business part of the South Side also contained a great number of wooden buildings; and even the brick structures were, as a rule, of flimsy build, with wooden floors, doors, windows, lathing and roofs. Of the West Side no account need be made, except to say that from Jefferson and De Koven Streets to the South Branch everything was wooden. Worst of all and most disastrous (and insane), the Water-works (at the foot of Chicago Avenue) had a wooden ceiling to its engine-room, and a wooden roof covered with a thin layer of slate.\*

The Feast Spread.

The feast was spread, and only awaited the fiend; and he deigned to take a taste of it on Saturday, October 7, 1871. A fire occurred



THE BURNT DISTRICT.

that night, the largest, in extent of ground laid bare, that Chicago had ever seen. Twenty-seven acres — four blocks, inclosed by Adams, Clinton and Van Buren Streets, and the South Branch — were burned over. The "Tribune" of the next morning reports the firemen as working most heroically. It adds, however, that a saloon-keeper, at the corner of Canal and Adams Streets, threw open his stock to the public, and that the firemen availed themselves of that hospitality. This brings to mind the talk which, in the days that followed, threw discredit on the personnel of the Fire Department. It was reported and believed that this branch of the city government, like most of the others, had been controlled by party politics, and not in accordance with the best interests of the city. Also, that Saturday, October

Condition of the Fire Department.

\*It is reported that the roof and ceiling were originally of iron, but had been replaced with wood, because the iron collected and condensed the steam, letting it drop in water on the machinery and injure it by rust.

7th, was pay-day in the department, which fact, added to the great and exhausting labors of Saturday night, made Sunday, a day of—relaxation to use no harsher term. Two of the seventeen engines were in the repair-shop, and the rest were certainly not the better for their



WHERE THE FIRE OF 1871 STARTED—137 DE KOVEN STREET, 1891.

The O'Leary  
House and  
Stable.

Saturday's experience, any more than were the men in charge of them. Such was the angry gossip of the days we are now nearing.

On Sunday night there was a festive dance in the little wooden house, No. 137 De Koven Street, occupied by Patrick O'Leary and

his wife Catherine, also their five children, also Catherine McLaughlan, who occupied part of the house, and was on that evening entertaining friends with music, dancing and the festive bowl. In the rear of the house was a barn, of wood, two stories high; the loft full of hay, and the main floor containing a horse and wagon and some cows which the O'Learys kept, making a business of supplying milk to customers. A high wind was blowing from the Southwest.

Shortly before 9 P. M. fire was discovered issuing from the O'Leary barn. So far, there is no conflict of testimony. The belief of the city and the world was that the fire aforesaid was started by a kerosene lamp, used by Mrs. O'Leary and upset by the cow. (A broken lamp was found in the ruins of the stable.) But Mrs. O'Leary denied under oath the soft impeachment. She testified "that she and her family were in bed, but not asleep, . . . and knew nothing of the fire until Mr. Sullivan . . . woke them up." Thereupon, the captious world re-asserted its belief that Mrs. O'Leary knew all about the fire before being awakened from the sleep into which she had not yet fallen; and that her denial was prompted by fear that she might be called upon to make good the consequent loss of \$200,000,000, which, even if she had been willing, she was quite unable to do, seeing that, though her house was unharmed, she had lost her barn, her live-stock, and consequently her milk-business.

So did a little laughter force its way through many groans, sighs and tears.

There was miserable delay in getting the alarm to the department, and in getting water to the fire after the alarm. The watchman on the court-house saw the light and misjudged it as being a mile west of where it actually was; by which error the nearest engines failed to get to the fire until it was beyond control, in the dry gale that was blowing and the dry fuel that was ready to help it forward.

Now began a frightful scene. Great brands of fire were caught up high in the air—observers say from 300 to 500 feet—and whirled off to the northeast, dropping where they would, and starting new fires far to leeward of the old, and of the few, puny, ill-manned engines playing (rather than working), to hold it in check. At this point occurred an incident which connects the great catastrophe with the old, peaceful, early days; it is the burning of the house put up "in the prairie," by Judge Caton, as related in a previous chapter. The incident is given (2 Andreas, 717) by William Bateham, an early fire-marshal, and in 1871 a member of the city council. He says:

The northwest quarter of this large block of ground was known as the "Huntoon Place," having the appearance of a large country farm-house. The residence stood well back from the street, and the lot was filled with large trees. The house was a land-mark, having been built

Testimony  
of the  
O'Learys.

Delay in giving  
the alarm.

The attack  
outflanks  
the defence.

by Judge J. D. Caton, nearly half a century before. The quaint old mansion had twelve stacks of chimneys, constructed in various parts of the house to accommodate the rooms. It was altogether a picturesque place in the neighborhood of puffing and impertinent modern factories. . . . Thus was the block bounded by Harrison, Mather, Canal and Clinton Streets not only a landmark of the progress of the great fire, but also a site of historic interest.

First loss of a steam fire-engine.

Engine No. 14 was surrounded by fire at Canal and Van Buren Streets, and abandoned to destruction. This was about half-past ten. Now the flames had reached the space burned over on Saturday night, and here, under ordinary circumstances, would the destruction have been stayed. But that night no single ordinary circumstance prevailed. To quote the account of Sheahan and Upton :



WASHINGTON STREET AND COURT HOUSE, OCTOBER 17, 1871.

Flames jump over the South Branch

There was probably not a person in the South Division who imagined for a moment that the fire would extend beyond the portion of the city in which it originated. Indeed, when it approached the burned district of the previous Saturday night, there was a universal sigh of relief, for here, certainly, it would be stayed, notwithstanding the furious wind. The hope was futile. At twenty minutes past twelve, a huge burning brand was blown across the river. Onward it sped, like a fiery messenger of doom, and lodged on the roof of a three-story tenement house which was as dry as tinder. The roof was immediately in a blaze. . . . The house was about midway between Adams, Monroe, Wells and Market Streets, and surrounded by wooden houses. Through this wooden nest the fire spread with inconceivable rapidity, and soon attacked "Conley's Patch," densely covered with saloons, tumble-down hovels and sheds, and peopled by the lowest class in the city. . . . The male inhabitants were absent at the fire in the West Division; and, as the flames reached it, squalid women and children rushed out in droves. Most of them escaped; but undoubtedly some were overtaken by the fire and miserably perished. Right and



left the flames spread as fast as a man could walk, and soon the gas works, and huge piles of coal in the yard, took fire, and a red glare shone all over the doomed city.

The watchmen on the Court-house fought the flying embers, and kept the great 10,000 pound bell ringing by machinery until they were driven away by the ignition of the cupola (wooden), and the whole structure became almost instantly a mass of flames. The bell rang on until it fell. The mayor, Roswell B. Mason, was in the building as long as it was tenatable, giving such directions as seemed best, among other things authorizing the use of powder by Alderman Hildreth. This was about 1 A. M. The jail was in the basement, and the prisoners, half-suffocated with smoke and frenzied with fear, shrieked and shook the bars of their cells, until Captain Hickey, to save their lives, ordered the doors to be thrown open, when they rushed out, half-naked, swarmed on a truck load of clothing that was passing and then dispersed; the one wretched fragment of humanity bettered by the stupendous calamity.

Battle on the Court-house roof.

Use of Gun-powder.

This was the supreme moment of disaster; for that building had been the storehouse and was now the tomb of the public records. The chain of title by which every owner held every foot of property in Cook County, from the Government to the latest buyer and lender, was coming to utter annihilation. All real estate—the burned, the burning and the untouched—would lie, when those records were destroyed, as naked of legal, recorded proof of ownership, as it had been when Joliet passed it in 1673; always excepting a slender thread of evidence contained in certain “abstract books” and “indexes” owned by private persons, all stored near by in buildings as certain to be burned as the burning Court-house itself. Did this slender thread also perish? We shall see.

Cook County Record Office

At about 3 A. M. the Postoffice and Sub-treasury were burned, the latter with some \$2,000,000 in currency and Government securities. A writer in the “Times” of October 18 said:

Hardly twenty minutes had elapsed from the burning of the Grand Pacific Hotel [La Salle and Jackson Streets] before the fire had cut its hot swathe through every one of the intervening buildings, and fallen mercilessly upon the Chamber of Commerce [La Salle and Washington Streets]. The few heroic workers of the Police and Fire Departments, who had not already dropped out of the ranks of fighters, from sheer exhaustion, sought once more to check the devastation by the aid of powder. A number of kegs were thrown into the basement of the grand business palace of the Merchants' Insurance Company. A slow match was applied, and as the crowd drew back the explosion ensued. A broad, black chasm was opened; but . . . the arms of flame swung over the gap, and tore lustily at the rows of banking houses and insurance companies beyond.

One observer reported that the fire moved straight from its starting point to the water-works, like a wild beast intent on destroying its worst enemy, the enemy which it must either kill or be killed by. Another likens it to a torrent sweeping mainly straight onward, but

Fierce Speed of the flames.

causing innumerable side eddies. Another calls it an army, preceded and flanked by skirmishers, and leaving in its track only dead and wounded.

Up to the time of its passage of the main river, the fire had done its work on the West Side (194 acres), and had partly done that on the South Side (460 acres); now it began the unchecked devastation of the North Side (1,488 acres). It was at half-past two, A. M., that Wright's livery stable, at Kinzie and State Streets, only a stone's throw from the river, caught fire and burned fiercely; many fine horses

Fire crosses  
the main  
river.



DEARBORN STREET NORTH FROM ADAMS, OCTOBER 17, 1871.

being lost through the suddenness of the attack. It took fire from a car loaded with kerosene standing on the North-Western Railway.

At 3.20 A. M. the city water-works took fire in the inflammable and unprotected roof. To avoid doing injustice to the persons in charge of the one establishment the failure of which to do its duty was the death-blow to all efforts to fight the fire, let their own words be heard :

Failure to  
defend the  
Water Works

Frank Trautman, assistant engineer; S. W. Fuller, time-keeper; D. W. Fuller and others were on watch, guarding every exposed point to the best of their ability. . . . As the walls of the building were of stone, the roof covered with slate, and the whole structure quite as substantial as ordinary circumstances would require, there appeared no immediate cause for alarm.

However, . . . a line of hose was laid from the hydrant, and men with buckets of water were stationed on the roof and between that and the ceiling. . . .

The roof of the main building, as before stated, was covered with slate; the bays, and that portion adjoining the battlements of stone three feet high were covered with tin. There was no exterior woodwork in the cornice or elsewhere. However, but a short time elapsed before the roof ignited, the fire communicated to the floors and other woodwork, and the interior became a mass of flame. . . . Assistant Engineer Trautman, with the regular night corps of firemen and others, courageously remained at their posts until a portion of the roof fell in, when the engines were stopped, the fires hauled and the safety-valves raised, leaving the faithful men barely time to escape from the burning building.

“The assistant engineer with the regular night force.” Where was the day-force, and, if needful, a hundred or a thousand extra



WASHINGTON STREET, WEST FROM WABASH AVENUE, OCTOBER 17, 1871.

men? It certainly must have been known that the ceiling of the engine-room was of wood, as were the doors, floors and window frames. All must have perceived that a fearful exigency was at hand, wherein devotion to the very death might be called for. This Waterworks squad was the forlorn hope, the last reliance of a beaten army, and—it makes an orderly retreat; all hands saved. [See Fire Appendix.]

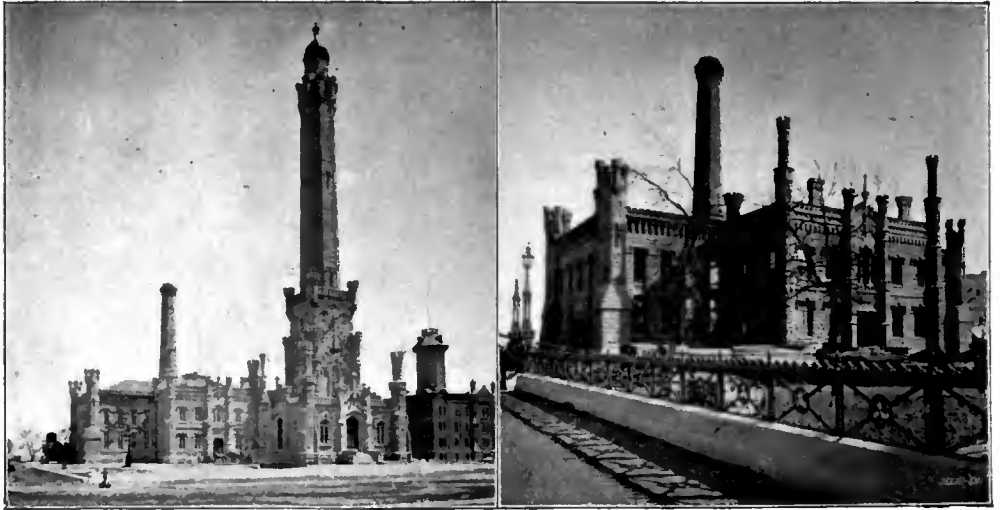
Whose fault?

The fire, having now reached the wooden North Side, laid low its foes, the pumping engines, and entered upon an unopposed career of rapine; seemed to take on a new character, best described by a letter

written to the East immediately afterward, and preserved in certain family archives. The following are extracts from that letter:

One woman's  
story.

. . . On Sunday morning, October 8th, Robert Collyer gave his people what we all felt to be a wonderful sermon on the text: "Think ye that those upon whom the tower of Siloam fell were sinners above all those who dwelt at Jerusalem?" . . . We passed the pleasant, bright Sunday, some of us going over to the scene of the West Side fire of the night before and espying, from a good distance, the unhappy losers of so much property. . . . At ten o'clock in the evening the fire bells were ringing constantly, and we went to bed, regretting that there must be more property burning up on the West Side. Eleven o'clock, twelve o'clock, and I woke my sister, saying: "It's very singular; I never heard anything like the fires to-night. It seems as if the whole West Side must be afire." One o'clock, two o'clock; we get up and look out. "Great God! The fire has crossed the river from the South! Can there be any danger here?" And we looked anxiously out, to see men hurrying by, screaming and swearing, and the whole city to the South and West of us one vivid glare. "Where are the engines? Why don't we hear them as usual?" we asked each



CITY WATER WORKS, BEFORE AND AFTER THE FIRE OF 1871.

other, thoroughly puzzled, but even yet hardly personally frightened, by the strange aspect of the brilliant and surging streets below. Then came a loud knocking at the door: "Ladies, ladies, get up! Pack your trunks and prepare to leave your house. It may not be necessary, but it's well to be prepared." It was a friend who had fought his way through the LaSalle Street tunnel to warn us that the city was on fire. We looked at each other with white faces. . . . We determined to wait till the last minute, and threw some valuables into a trunk, while we anxiously watched the ever-approaching flame and tumult.

Then came a strange sound in the air, which stilled, for a moment, the surging crowd. Was it thunder? No, the sky was clear and full of stars, and we shuddered as we felt, but did not say, it was a tremendous explosion of gunpowder. By this time the blazing sparks and bits of burning wood, which we had been fearfully watching, were fast becoming an unintermitting fall of burning hail, and another shower of blows on the door warned us that there was not a moment to be lost. . . . I ran down-stairs, repeating to make myself remember, "birds, deeds, silver, jewelry, silk dresses," as the order in which we would try to save our property, if it came to the worst.

As I paused in our pretty parlors, how my heart ached! Here lay a relic of my father's library, a copy of a Bible printed in 1637, on one table; on another . . . the gift of a lost friend. What should I take? What should I leave? I alternately loaded myself with gift after gift, and dashed them down in despair. . . . But my poor parrot called my name and asked for a peanut, and I could no more have left him than if he had been a baby. But could I carry that huge cage? No indeed! So I reluctantly took my poor little canary, who was painfully fluttering about and

wondering at the disturbance, and kissing him, opened the front door and set him free—only to smother, I fear. . . .

What a sight our usually quiet street [Dearborn Avenue] presented! As far as I could see, a horrible wall—a surging, struggling, encroaching wall—like a vast surface of grimacing demons, came pressing up the street—a wall of fire, ever nearer and nearer, steadily advancing on our midnight helplessness. . . . A truck loaded with goods dashed up the street, and, as I looked, flames burst out from the sides and it burned to ashes in front of our door. No hope, no help for property: what we could not carry, we must lose. So, forcing my reluctant parrot into the little bird's cage, I took him under one arm and a little handbag on the other, and started. The good friend who had warned us appeared, and, leaving all his own things, insisted on helping my sister save ours, and he and she started on, dragging a trunk. They were obliged to abandon it at the second corner. . . . As I turned wildly back once more, I saw the beautiful Episcopal Church of St. James in flames. They came on all sides, licking the marble buttresses, one by one, and leaving charred or blackened masses. But the most wonderful sight of all was the white and shining church tower, from which, as I looked, burst tongues of fire. . . .

Mental  
phenomena.

Constantly, faces that I knew flashed across me, but they were always in a dream, all blackened and discolored, and with an expression I never saw before. . . . Very little selfishness and no violence did I see. . . . Some friend—it was days before I knew who—took my parrot and



ST. JAMES CHURCH, FROM RUSH ST.

FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

forced a little bottle of tea and a bag of crackers into my hand as I wandered. . . . I found myself opposite Unity Church. . . . I was grieving enough, heaven knows, over my private woes; but I awoke to new miseries when I saw our pastor's heart, which had sustained the fainting spirit of so many, freely give way to lamentations and tears, as his precious library, the slow accumulation of twenty laborious and economical years, fell and flamed into nothingness in that awful fire. . . . A new sight soon struck my eye. What in the world was that dark, lurid, purplish ball, that hung before me, constantly changing its appearance, like some fiendish face that grimaces at our misery? I looked and looked and looked again. May I never see the sun, the cheerful daily herald of comfort and peace, look like that again. It looked devilish, and I pinched myself to see if I was not losing my senses. It did not seem ten minutes since I had seen the little moon look out, cold, quiet and pitiless, through a rift in the smoke-cloud, from the deep blue of the sky. . . .

C. S. K.

It is needless to follow the sickening details of the slow hours following the failure of the water-works. Many a man made frantic efforts to save his home, only to see it lost at last. Each was like a private soldier, facing a victorious enemy after his captain has fallen or fled.

Pitiful  
struggles.

Many, out of the direct course of the wind, succeeded in their efforts. They soaked carpets and blankets in the scanty and uncertain cisterns and other deposits not dependent on the public supply, and with them covered their roofs and window cases, while with their feet they stamped out the stray brands that assailed them. So was the destruction stayed on its Northwestern edge. The last house to be destroyed was that of Dr. John H. Foster, on Fullerton Avenue, where it ends in Lincoln Park. It burned at about half-past ten on Monday night, twenty-five hours after the time, and four miles from the place, of the starting of the flames.

Of the fire apparatus there were abandoned to destruction eight engines, one hose-elevator, three hose-carts and three hook and ladder



MARINE BANK.

SOUTHEAST COR. OF LAKE AND CLARK STS.

trucks. This is not, as might at first appear, a mark of cowardly desertion; rather the contrary, for it tends to show that the men kept their machines in service until it was too late to harness the horses to them; and a steam fire-engine can not be dragged by hand without leading-ropes, no matter how willing its crew might be.

Outpouring of  
the world's  
pity.

The relief work, wherein all the world joined, is a familiar memory. Volumes have been written about it, and still much must be left to the imagination. At first, everybody was full of zeal in trying to do everything for everybody else. The natural impulse was to get rid of as many hungry mouths as possible, and so the railroads carried away thousands and tens of thousands; and, in an immense number of cases, without charge. Special relief committees brought money, provisions (cooked and uncooked), clothing, and all the imme-

diate necessities of life. This generous course, indispensable at first, could not go on without injustice to givers and receivers, for it offered a premium on grasping beggary, and left honest want in the background.

It would be impossible to begin to name the benefactors. Once begun, the list could never be closed without doing injustice to the unenumerated. By telegraph came offers of \$100,000 each from Boston, New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh! Now, if one could look at some of the small, smaller, smallest gifts, with knowledge of the proportion they bore to the means of the giver, it is safe to say that these great benefactions would dwindle by comparison.

A Relief Committee was organized, which appointed sub-committees in charge of health, the lost and found, the water supply,

First Relief  
Committees.



TRIBUNE BUILDING, BEFORE AND AFTER THE FIRE OF 1871.

the shelter and provisions. Churches became the natural centres of relief. All school-houses were devoted to sheltering the homeless. The street watering-carts turned their attention from laying the dust of the streets to moistening the clay of thirsty humanity. It is safe to say that even on those terrible nights of Monday and Tuesday, few if any went hungry to rest, though many had to sleep out of doors, under such slight shelters as ruins and scraps could afford. On Monday night Chicagoans fed each other; on Tuesday night the outside world was feeding all together.

Some of the ablest, most noted, honored and trusted citizens, banded together under the name of the Relief and Aid Society, met and remained in almost continuous session, and gradually all the scattered and sporadic movements were quietly turned over to their

The Chicago  
Relief and  
Aid Society.

charge. The Mayor was naturally the recipient of the great mass of money, goods and offers of assistance; and, on Friday, October 13th, he issued his proclamation turning over to this splendid organization all the contributions which had reached him, and which should reach him. The manner in which this trust was administered furnishes the best possible testimony to the wisdom of the act. They persevered in their devoted, unpaid servitude to the city not for days and weeks only, but for months and years.



GENERAL RUIN; CHICAGO, OCTOBER 17, 1871

Special Police  
sworn in.

To preserve order some 500 citizens were sworn in as special policemen, and many thousands enrolled themselves in volunteer patrols by which the unburned streets were watched day and night to guard against fire and against any organized movement of the lawless class threatening peace and order. With the same object in view Governor Palmer took into the State service and ordered to the city six companies of the State militia. At the same time—or rather, before the arrival of troops, for it was on the night of October 10—he sent three carloads of tents and supplies from Springfield, which arrived on Wednesday, the eleventh. On the same morn-



ing arrived two companies of regulars from Omaha, ordered in by General Philip Sheridan, at the request of Mayor Mason, and under the sanction of the Secretary of War, General Belknap. More were under way and continued to arrive until there were on the ground in all ten companies of regulars, and eight companies of State militia. The city was never in better order—so far as administration of justice was concerned—than then. It is not necessary to do more than allude to a spasm of jealous State pride which made Governor Palmer and others take offence at the use of United States troops on this occasion. Everybody was working with the same object in view, and the object was accomplished. That is all.

Militia and regular troops come.

Sensitiveness regarding U. S. soldiers.



MICHIGAN SOUTHERN R. R. DEPOT BEFORE AND AFTER THE FIRE OF 1871.

“Water” was now the cry. All the surviving steam fire-engines were stationed where they could draw water from the river, and inject it into the pipes of the city water-system. The Crane Brothers Manufacturing Company contributed some powerful steam pumps for the same use, which were driven by steam from the boiler of a North-Western railway engine; and slowly, slowly, the pipes were filled high enough to reach the level of the fire-plugs; so that one cause for dread was somewhat relieved. Then, eight days after the stoppage, namely, on October 17, the main engine built up to that time was restored to running order; and, with its 18,000,000 gallons per day, made the temporary expedients with their few thousands quite unnecessary, welcome as they had been in their day.

First new supply of water.

So disappeared from earth about 275 lives, \$190,000,000 of property, 17,450 buildings, including the homes of 98,000 persons, with substantially all their household goods, chattels, books, pictures, cloth-

Summary of  
losses and  
compensations

ing—in short, everything that goes to make a home. To help Chicago sustain the blow, came funds about as follows: From insurers (New York, Connecticut, Great Britain, Massachusetts, Ohio, Pennsylvania, California and Rhode Island leading), between \$45,000,000 and \$50,000,000.\* From gifts in money and other valuables, sent freely by a vast range of countries and a variety of ranks, embracing England's queen and New York's newsboys, the African, the Japanese and the Hindoo, something like \$4,000,000. From the bone and marrow, blood and sinew of Chicago herself, about \$140,000,000 were taken, after all alleviations are allowed for.

Nevertheless, the spirit of the citizens was too elastic to show any long depression. What man has done man can do. Man had



SHEPARD'S BUILDING, DEARBORN AND MONROE STS., BEFORE AND AFTER THE FIRE OF 1871.

Rebound of  
hope.

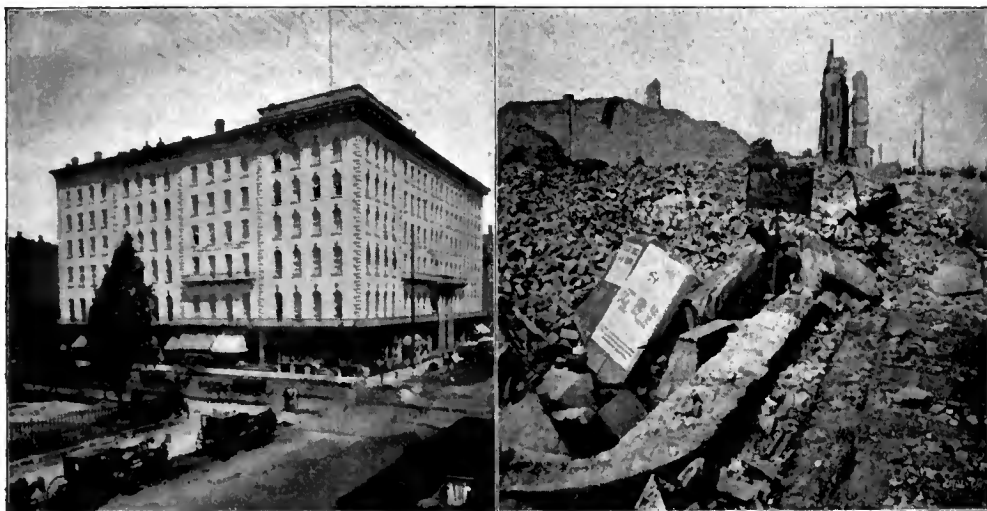
built Chicago, and could build it again. Some one saw a "burnt outer" pick up a brick from his ruins, and asked him what he was looking for. "Looking to see how soon they will be cool enough to lay again," said he. Mr. Bross, traveling in the East to buy a new outfit for the "Tribune," had occasion to speak in public in answer to the oft-repeated question regarding Chicago's future. He felt confident, and tried to express his confidence—tried not to *understate* the city's future—but he failed; he did understate it in spite of himself. Here was his most extravagant prediction: "By the year 1900 the new Chicago will boast a population of 1,000,000 souls." To-day (1891) the city contains a million and a quarter.

Even Gov.  
Bross under-  
estimates the  
recovery.

\* Charles A. Hewitt, editor of the Albany "Argus," gives the following whimsical details concerning this great sum: "Converted into \$5 bills, it would make a greenback ribbon from New York through Chicago to Davenport, Iowa; or a legal tender blanket of thirty-eight acres. In \$1 bills it would make a railroad track (two rails) from New York to San Francisco.

Close by St. James Church (corner of Cass and Huron Streets) stood one of the small wooden houses so numerous all over the city, but particularly on the North Side. It was undistinguished from the thousands of its kind; except that it was the home of the writer hereof; its master away and its mistress and her three little children alone and unprotected. The mother was wakened shortly after midnight by the roaring wind and the voices of people talking in the street; and looking out saw the southern sky red with flame. A brother living near by tried to calm her fears by ridiculing the idea of danger, but maternal instinct forced her to arouse and dress the children, and send them northward in his carriage, she remaining behind, and watching the ever-increasing glare, and the flight of sparks borne on the blast

Another friend appeared with offers of help, and by his aid she got her own pony-phaeton from the livery stable where it was kept. Meanwhile she was packing the family silver and a few garments into a bundle tied in a sheet; these she put on the phaeton and carried northward (the horse restive under the falling sparks), to the house where the children were already lodged in temporary safety. Then she walked, facing the blast and the storm of sparks, back to a point whence she could see the beloved home, but not reach it. All its treasures were beyond human help. The next day (Monday), the fire in its course was unhurried, as it was traveling across the direction of the wind; but, the water having failed, it was irresistible as ever. At about



SHERMAN HOUSE BEFORE AND AFTER THE FIRE OF 1871.

6 A. M. they were compelled to leave the refuge of the night before, and this time they fled far to the north, into the part, then sparsely peopled and covered with forest, lying quite beyond Lincoln Park even as now (1891) extended.

One man's recollections.

It was after daylight on Tuesday that the writer arrived at Chicago, still unable to believe that the destruction was quite so frightful as rumor had made it. The first startling and suggestive indication was the sight of scores—hundreds—of people, armed with pails, pitchers, casks, cans and even barrels, crossing and recrossing the Central tracks, dipping water from the lake, and carrying it inland. Then the water-works were really destroyed! This was bringing it near home! The train came no further than Twenty-second Street; where began a memorable walk. At first nothing strange was met—except the “bucket brigade,” and the occasional overhearing of trivial, defiant, jocular allusions to the fire, uttered by men drunk either with liquor or with over-wrought nerves. Walking northward on State Street, distant ruins began to be visible; then, just as the last surviving structures were passed, there were several houses ruined and prostrate, but not burned. These were no doubt those which were blown up to check the spread of fire southward, for beyond them all was chaos.

State Street was obstructed with street car rails bent, contorted, displaced by the heat, and with tangled skeins of telegraph wire mixed with the brands of burned poles. Perhaps a quarter of a mile away might be seen a building or two which seemed to have escaped the destruction; but, on approaching, each one turned out to be only an empty shell, desolate and blackened.

In hundreds of cellars the coal-pile was still slowly burning; and, by the way, when night fell these scattered, lurid, half-buried flames were a most picturesque feature of the strange landscape.

It was a fresh Autumn morning, beautifully clear; the slanting rays of the sun came over the lake, and silvered the calcined walls and chimney-stacks with a cruel imitation of life, gayety and brilliance. For the first time in many a year the eye roamed at will from lake to river. The masts of unburned craft in the South Branch were plainly visible; as were also on the bosom of the lake the vessels freshly arrived, bringing freight and passengers to the city which was no city. If Captain Wells could now have looked from the roof of the block house he might have thought the flat waste of 1812 to have been turned into a magnificent grave-yard.



RESIDENCE OF WM. B. OGDEN.

Not many people were visible; and those met had either never had any sensibilities aroused, or had had them calloused by over-tension. Not so the newcomer from outside; no hard-fought battle-field could have been more dreadful than this vast waste of the products of human labor and life. Every fresh vista of ruined beauty, vanished riches, departed glory, was a fresh poignant, tear-compelling pang.

It is not true that streets were obliterated and landmarks destroyed. Any one familiar with the city could go where he pleased with never more than a momentary doubt of his road. Far off on the right the great Illinois Central elevator was standing, towering like a huge elephant above the intervening ruins.

How the streets looked to a newly arrived Chicagoan.

Toward the west arose the white marble walls of the Postoffice; only its blind, glassless windows and its roofless upper story showing that it was a mere empty shell. A fine tall arch



ST. PAUL UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, BEFORE AND AFTER THE FIRE OF 1871.

Particular ruins.

of pointed gothic was remarkable as it stood like a gateway; vacancy behind it. It was the remains of the entrance to the Honoré Building on Dearborn Street. Further in the same direction—a half-mile away, yet perfectly visible from State Street—was the well-known form of the Court-House and City Hall. All these passed, by threading the way through the middle of streets still quite impassable to vehicles of any kind, the La Salle Street tunnel was reached. This being the only remaining passage way between the South Side and the North, was already well filled

with walkers. The covered part was in darkness, and the cry, "Keep to the right," was incessantly repeated, mingling with the tread of innumerable footsteps.

Even now it seemed as if some miracle must have saved the little homestead; but emergence from the tunnel, showing a much more perfect clearance than even that of the South Side, showing the naked tower of St. James Church standing in solitary state, visible from summit almost to base — this brought home the certainty of homelessness and desolation. The tower being a guide the intervening space was soon passed, and there was the vacant lot; there near the front was the harp-shaped iron of the piano, with a jangle of tuneless strings; half-way back lay the distorted remains of the heating-furnace; beyond that again the fragments of the cooking-range, and this was all. Not quite all either, for under where the familiar "hall-closet" had been, there lay three blackened, bared and twisted strips of steel which had been swords—one Union and two rebel.

No shadow of doubt had been felt (or needed to be felt) as to the safety of the more precious contents of the home. They must of course be sought in the North. So Lincoln Park was the next objective point. In passing through the park the attention was repeatedly drawn to pitiful little heaps of ashes with spiral bed-springs and other scraps of iron scattered about them. Each of these told of some hurried deposit of household gear, brought thus far out of the burning, and here left to be set on fire by the flying embers.

Somewhere along there a country visitor made his appearance driving a one-horse wagon.



North Side  
Desolation.



ST. JAMES CHURCH RUINS, FROM HURON STREET.

On being thereto moved he named the moderate sum of one dollar as his price for turning round and carrying a passenger indefinitely northward. A shorter task was his, however, for a scant half-mile showed approaching the well-known phaeton and pony. "All safe!" "Of course, with you to care for them. How about the old pictures?" "All gone!" "Everything else gone?" "Everything, but silver and watches, and a bundle of clothing." "Well; we'll get some more."—J. K.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### A NEW STORY OF THE FIRE.



Books about  
the Fire.

THE first book published about the Great Fire was by Alfred L. Sewell. After that followed volumes enough to form a small library; those of Sheahan and Upton, of Elias Colbert, of Isaac N. Arnold, and a host of others.\* As even these careful and able works, written at the time and on the spot, could not exhaust the great theme, it is vain to try to do it any kind of justice in a short "story" aimed at showing the before-and-after as well as the famous event. He who would gain an adequate idea of it may read any of the works, or all of them, and the more he reads the more nearly he will come to a real conception of the scenes and incidents. From one or other he will learn of the



SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, BEFORE AND AFTER THE FIRE OF 1871.

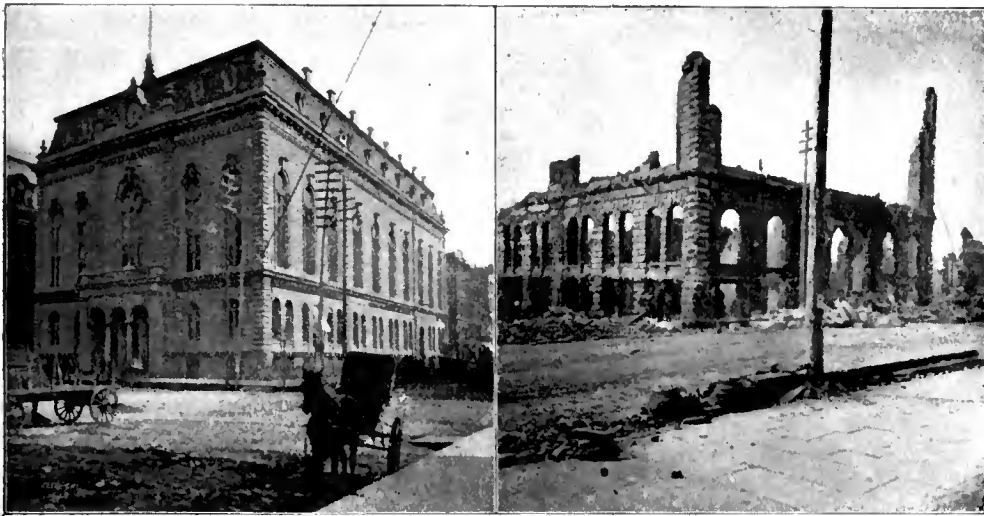
sufferings of those who took to the lake shore for refuge, some of whom were forced into the waves even up to the chin. He will read of the

\* The list in the Chicago Public Library is as follows: "The Doomed City," "New Chicago," "Relief from Artists of Paris and Dresseldorf," "Colbert and Chamberlain; Chicago Fire," "Goodspeed; Fires in Chicago and the Northwest," "Luzerne; Chicago, or the Fire-lost City," "The Ruined City," "Sewell: the Great Fire of 1871;" "Sheahan and Upton: Chicago Conflagration;" Strickland: the Chicago Fire, 1871;" Seeger and Schlaeger: Chicago," and bound volumes of newspapers relating to the Chicago fire.

bank-officer who saved the treasures of his bank, and find out how he did it; of those who passed up the river in a tug-boat threading its way through masses of floating obstruction and between walls of fire; of the terrible experiences of the sick and the gruesome fate of corpses awaiting burial.

In a previous chapter the destruction of the Public Records was mentioned, and the existence of a thread of testimony which if saved might mitigate the loss. To make this more clear it is necessary to inform those who do not already know the fact that transfers of real estate are, in this country, matters of public record. In each county a "Recorder" is appointed, whose business it is to copy,

Fate of the  
County  
Records.



CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, BEFORE AND AFTER THE FIRE OF 1871.

at full length, in a book or books provided for the purpose, every deed, every mortgage, every judgment, and every release of mortgage or judgment. It is the duty and privilege of him who receives any such instrument to present it at once for record; and from that moment the original instrument is almost a superfluity, for the record of it answers all purposes which such original could serve. In England, the owner of property which he wishes to sell offers to the proposed buyer bundles and boxes full of documents showing who has owned the land before him, from time immemorial; thus establishing the chain by which the title has come to him. The examination of this mass of wills, deeds, mortgages, releases and what not, makes fine pickings for attorneys, but it also makes the transfer of land very awkward, slow and expensive. In America the buyer has his recourse to the title as shown by the Public Records, which he can have abbreviated and shown in one convenient document

American  
Record  
System.

called an "Abstract of Title," which presents, not copies in full of the deeds, etc., as they exist on the Records, but a brief statement of each, showing date, page of record, description of property, names of grantor and grantee, witnesses, consideration, acknowledgment and other particulars. The original documents may be, and usually are, neglected, scattered, destroyed or otherwise lost sight of; the Record taking their place for all practical purposes. The great ledgers of items accumulate by the thousand in the vaults of county buildings. The property holder feels safe. Whether he lives or dies; there is the legal proof of his ownership, safe under the seal of law.

Maps and plats  
of City prop-  
erty.

The public records included, besides, maps or plates of the whole city, showing all the original boundaries and also the additions, sub-



RUSH MEDICAL COLLEGE, BEFORE AND AFTER THE FIRE OF 1871.

divisions and re-subdivisions—sometimes several successive cuttings up of the same land, giving new lots, blocks, streets and alleys to supersede the old—in which every foot of ground is displayed, and according to which every conveyance is made. These maps and plats were copied by the "abstract men," as well as the written instruments, and were as necessary—indispensable—as they, to the integrity of the private property of each citizen.

The Abstract-  
makers and  
their work.

As these records are public; absolutely open to every citizen, high or low, lawyer or layman, property-owner or pauper; there are a host of industrious scribes who spend their time in making indexes of these transfers, and preparing the "abstracts of title" before mentioned, as the convenient vouchers of ownership to accompany every fresh transfer.



This "Abstract Business," so-called, had been, up to 1871, a safe, laborious and reasonably profitable calling; mainly in the hands of Chase Brothers, Shortall & Hoard, and Jones & Sellers; and each of these firms had a set of books, more or less complete, showing indexes, lot-records and press copies of abstracts given out.

On the morning of October 9, 1871, within half an hour after the Court-House bell fell (2.05), every scrap and vestige of the Public Records of Cook County vanished into thin air and ashes.

What next? Suppose one to have bought a lot, paid for it, built a house on it and seen it burn, with the deed which showed his ownership; how is he to make good his claim? Suppose another to have sold a lot, but not got the pay for



FERNANDO JONES.



S. J. HAYES.

it in full; how is he to prove his lien? Suppose a third to have lent money on mortgage, how is he to collect his debt? Suppose a fourth to have borrowed money on mortgage, and afterward repaid it wholly or in part; how is he to show his credit? How are pending suits concerning disputed titles to be settled, now that Court Records and County Records are alike lost?

The real-estate dilemma.

The "abstract-men" naturally had their offices, their indexes and their lot-books all in the immediate neighborhood of the Court-House and the records which formed the basis of their work; and there was not an hour's difference

between the burning of the first and the last of them. If there was a thread or shred of evidence preserved by them to avert the unspeakable disaster which seemed to have overtaken all property-holders,

from the cottager to the millionaire, it was worth an incalculable sum. "Its weight in gold" is an absurdly inadequate standard of value for the occasion.

Happily, the golden thread, the clew to the labyrinth, was safe; and to show just how it chanced to survive, and at the same time to give a fresh and hitherto unwritten account of the events of that momentous night, we are favored with a narrative drawn from the excellent memory of John G. Shortall; a chief actor in the episode by which his firm's part of the precious documents were preserved. They were almost unharmed, and to this day (1891) they remain in the abstract office (now Handy, Simmons & Company), as precious muniments to show the origin of land-titles, as well as an interesting memento of a terrible night's work:

A clue to the labyrinth.



FIELD & LEITER'S STORE, BEFORE AND AFTER THE FIRE OF 1871.

I went to church Sunday night as usual; while we were walking home—Mr. and Mrs. Hibbard and Mrs. Shortall and I—Mr. Hibbard said to me: "You should have seen that fire last night; it was an amazing spectacle; the flames were fiercer, rose higher than I had ever seen before," and he gave me a very vivid description of it. Naturally, inasmuch as it had occurred, I regretted that I had not seen it. My interest was much excited by his description.

John G. Shortall's story of a night.

About half-past nine o'clock, as we were retiring, passing a north window, I noticed the reflection in the sky of another great fire; I thought at first it was that which remained of the fire of the night before, but soon saw that it was too far south for that; I stood there a few moments, and presently concluded—doubtless impressed by Mr. Hibbard's description of an hour before—that I would go out and see it—"run to a fire"—something I had not done for ten years or more. Just as I was, with a velveteen house-coat I had on, I put on my hat and started.

I followed the crowd down Michigan Avenue and across Harrison Street bridge, and then turned again southward, until I came close to, but still northward and eastward of the fire. It was even then an awful exhibition of the fury of flame uncontrolled. I retired before it, as it moved from house to house, continually spreading, and a great stillness was upon the crowds who had gathered; nothing was audible but the roar of the flame and the crackling of the timbers and sheathing of the houses. At that time I perceived one house, it must have been fifty

feet by seventy feet, two high stories, with a sort of an attic—a very fine house, one of the best of those days—and as I remember near if not upon Harrison Street. From curiosity, I timed the burning of that house from the moment the cornice began to smoke, for it took fire from the top, until there was not a particle of the woodwork of the structure left, and it was all woodwork except the foundation: it took—it seems scarcely credible—just eight minutes to burn; just eight minutes until there was nothing left but a heap of ashes.\* The wind was high, very high, from the southwest. I went along with the crowd, retreating before the fire, burning clapboards and smaller stuff carried high over our heads, or falling about us, the air being filled with the glowing particles that were carried on the wind, now risen to a heavy gale. The heat was dreadful; the heat of both air and fire.

Fate of an old landmark.

By the time we reached Van Buren Street bridge, or near it, the whole air was filled, as I have said, with the movable burning embers, and with hundreds—thousands—of larger pieces of burning material that had been wrenched away by the wind, and were being hurled along through space, northeasterly, *toward our office*, a mile away. I perceived here in the crowd, Mr. B. F. Haddock, an old friend and client of ours, as we were struggling across Van Buren Street bridge, and I said to him (he was the only one with whom I spoke that night until I arrived at my office): "I am afraid that these embers, driven by the wind, will set fire to the roofs or curtains or screens in front of our buildings down town, and those buildings will be set on fire."



LAKE STREET FROM MICHIGAN AVE., BEFORE AND AFTER THE FIRE OF 1871.

He did not think it possible, but I made up my mind that our office building was in danger from that cause. The great projecting cornices that were in those days all woodwork, the casings about the windows, and the window screens or awnings, would be easily set on fire, and when any of these should catch, anything—everything—might be apprehended; so I started for the office, resolved to cut down our awnings.

First apprehension of the coming catastrophe.

Our office—of Shortall & Hoard, Conveyancers—was in the building on the northeast corner of Washington Street and Clark Street, directly opposite the Court-House and County Record office. I tried to find the janitor, but failed. It was as quiet as the grave there at that time. I broke open the office door and got inside, and began to cut down the awnings upon which the embers were already falling, and the fire was approaching rapidly. At this time a very curious thing occurred; a sudden jet of flame appeared to rise, as I judged, about Lake Street, near La Salle Street, a sudden bursting out of flame, out of the darkness of the night—and I thought something had been set on fire by those flying embers, as I had expected. I did not have time to watch its development—I was too busy with my own affairs.

But to resume; I got our awnings cut down, and they fell to the ground, but I found the work done of no value, for all the front windows of the building being supplied with awnings, the removal of our half-dozen was useless. I tried again to find the janitor to help me, but again failed. Then I gave up the thought of saving the building, and made up my mind that

\* This was the old "Caton house in the prairie," mentioned back in "the thirties."

I would get a truck, and get out our books, if I could. The street was now filled with streams of people; all sorts of vehicles, trucks, wagons, were flying by us, all going northward; it seemed that everybody was driving northward, or being driven, by the fire behind them.

It did not seem possible even then that the fire could *cross the river*—the South Branch, half-a-mile away—it *could* not be, unless it should have leaped, and fallen so, by the mode I have suggested, that is, by the setting fire to awnings or cornices by the dropping embers. I stood down on the street in front of our door, and I engaged, I am sure, fifteen trucks—stopped them as they were flying northward, filled with all sorts of household stuff, beds and bureaus, chairs, clothing, people even, the old and helpless. I engaged them one by one to come back to me; not one of them returned. I offered them any price they demanded. The fact was they were largely taken forcible possession of by people who were in dire distress, who insisted that they should carry their goods and little things to a place of safety.

The fugitive crowd.

By this time I became convinced that I must act at once, and that it was rather dangerous to risk the return of any of those truck-men; when my friend Mr. J. Young Scammon rode by on a horse, and I said to him: "Mr. Scammon, I am afraid we are all going to burn up." (At this time, I may say that several of the old clerks employed in our office, were gathering about the entrance to the office—all faithful friends—ready to help in the endeavor to save our



PORTLAND BLOCK, BEFORE AND AFTER THE FIRE OF 1871.

Records, a great mass of heavy volumes in which were entered all matters pertaining to our land titles, and from which we make our digests or abstracts). Mr. Scammon said: "Why, Shortall, you have no idea that the fire will get as far as this?" I said: "I am very much afraid it will, Mr. Scammon, and I wish you would do me the favor to ride over to Parmelee's stables, and ask him to send me a couple of his largest wagons." "Oh," said he, "I think you are mistaken, but I will give you the horse if you wish, and you ride over." It was kind of him, but I said I did not dare to leave my office, hoping some of the trucks would return, and possibly our little force would scatter in my absence, so I waited. At one time during these moments, that seemed as years, a most providential thing occurred, well worth considering. I tried to get into the Court-House at its eastern door—with the intention of carrying our books in for safety, never dreaming of the possibility of its destruction—a large stone building, isolated as it was. I found that east door locked, and I could not get the key. Had I found it all our books would have shared the fate of the Public Records they duplicated.

Lucky failure of a well-meant effort.

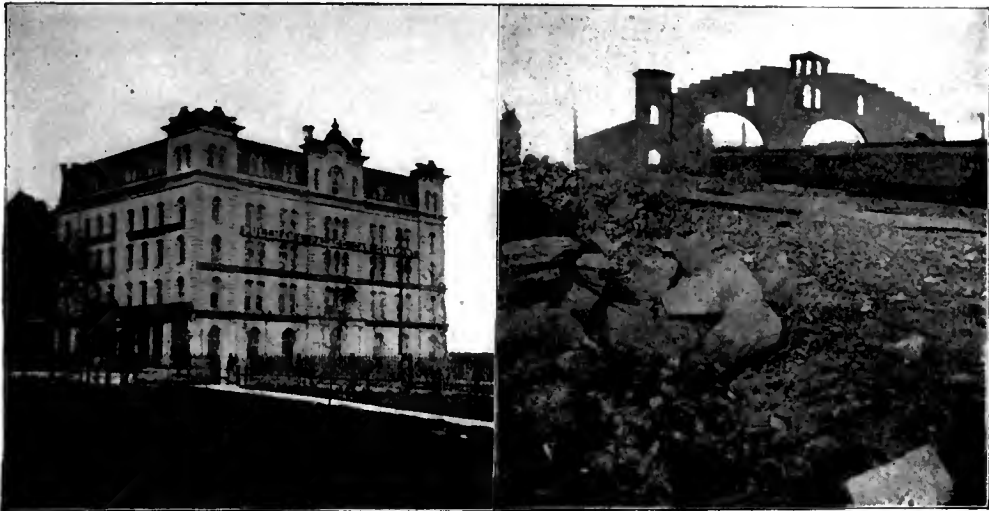
Just then Mr. James W. Nye, who was in the hardware house of Hibbard & Spencer, came up and said: "Mr. Shortall, what are you going to do? Are you going to get your books out?" "I want to," I said; "that is what I am here for, and we must have a truck, or we are all lost." He said, "You stand here on Clark Street, and I will go around the corner on Washington Street, and we will hire or take the first man with a wagon who passes by." That was practical and timely help. I waited there, and Mr. Nye went around on Washington Street. In a few minutes he called to me. I hastened to him, and found him holding an expressman's

horse by the bit, while the driver was mad all through, as was natural, but useless under the pressure. I soon had the horse's head myself; and the driver being now under some subjection, I released Mr. Nye, with much gratitude, from his position. Before going he handed me a revolver he had in his pocket, and said I might want to use it. I told the man there was no use in his struggling; we should hold the horse and wagon; would release *him* if he desired, but the horse and wagon we must have.

So I backed the horse up to the side entrance of the building on Washington Street. As soon as our clerks saw this, they began to bring down the books from the office, and soon the wagon, which was a small one and weak, was as full as it could be, and yet not one fifth of the books we desired to save were down. It was a trying moment.

Just then our friend, Mr. John L. Stockton, came up with a double-team large truck; I did not know him, he was so black and grimy with smoke, cinders and dust. He said: "John, this is what you want; I have been trying to find one of our teams for you for the last hour." Curiously, as I afterward found, this was one of the men I engaged hours before to come back to me—but the Messrs. Stockton had given instructions to these men—all of them (they were in the transportation business), to go out with their teams and save and help everybody they could. This was a team and truck he had at last found, and brought around to us; of course it

Stocktons to  
the rescue.



ARMOUR'S BLOCK, BEFORE AND AFTER THE FIRE OF 1871.

took but a few moments to unload the wagon, and get the books piled up snugly and carefully on the new god-send, as I deemed it. I gave the expressman \$5 for his five minutes—that was about the time he was in our possession—and dismissed him with thanks.

It was now about 1.30 A. M. or 2 o'clock. At that time the air was full of the fire, sweeping toward and all about us, and of cinders, that fell on the books, as I stood on the truck stowing them snugly, and on horses and driver; it was a perfect rain of fire. No description is adequate, and yet so wrought up was I that I did not feel it, barely was conscious of it, while I brushed the burning cinders off the books, and occasionally shook myself, to keep free. We then continued bringing the books down from the office, and the various port-folios and material, and so with my aides I got everything out except a lot of the labor saving memoranda that we had made in all the years preceding. But the books or records themselves were all on the truck and piled up high upon it, as you may guess.

Books on the  
truck and rain  
of fire on the  
books.

A serious difficulty occurred when it was reported that General Sheridan and some of his soldiers were down there, at the corner diagonally opposite us, about Smith & Nixon's building (where the Opera House Block is now)—to blow up the building, to stop the fire if possible. That was a fact that filled the driver of our truck with alarm, and he said he'd be damned if he would consent to be blown up for all the people in the city; and I threatened him, but did not blame him. There was no cessation of our work, whatever danger might impend. The men kept steadily on carrying the books down; but the driver would start up his horses every little minute, and when I

threatened, and in earnest, too, would stop, and then start and stop again, and so on through that dreadful time, until the last load of books that came out of the office—and they came out only when the fire was coming up through the floor of the office, from Buck & Rayner's drug store underneath—were placed on our wagon a block away from the door, to which point we had thus nervously, spasmodically, come.

The great bell  
falls unheard.

During that last hour, the Court-house, with all its contents, was burned down, and the great bell came down, down through the floor of the belfry, and on down, crashing through one floor after another to the bottom; and fell within a few hundred feet of me, and I never heard it, the roar of the fire was so awful, and the hoarse noise of the frightened, panic-stricken crowd so great, to which was added my own great stress, so that the first I knew of it was when other people spoke of the great crash afterwards.

Then we started, all being safely stowed on the truck. There were two prisoners who had been allowed to escape from the jail (then in the Court-house) and I had one of these two on each side of my overladen truck, to hold the books on. I formed the apex of the group, with my pistol, cocked still, in my pocket, and directed the truck man to drive forward through the rain of fire so as soon as possible, to get to windward of it; and we worked to eastward, and southward, through the dense crowds of people who were fleeing toward the north, until we got finally through the fire



COURT HOUSE, BEFORE AND AFTER THE FIRE OF 1871.

and brought our precious books down to my house and gratefully stowed them away there in safety—in safety if the wind should continue southwest, and not change, of which there was much and natural fear.

Help of the  
jail-birds.

When we arrived at home, my jail-birds, the truckman and I carried the books in, piling them up in the hall, library and parlor—got them in any way. There must have been two hundred record volumes—and this I may say, in parenthesis, that it took three trucks to carry those books back again, to where they were lodged after the fire, when we built our vault for them in a basement on Wabash Avenue. We lost nothing from the truck in that savage passage of wind and fire and insanity.

Back again to  
the fire.

What streets did we take? We went down Washington Street to State Street, along State to Madison, along Madison to Wabash Avenue, Wabash Avenue to Adams Street, I think, and then over to Michigan Avenue—Michigan Avenue was full of moving, fleeing people, bent on reaching the lake shore with their goods and lives; the buildings were there yet untouched by the fire; it had not yet worked so far eastward.

When I had gotten my books safely housed, I left them to return to the fire to help other friends—Hibbard & Spencer and others. When I returned, the fire was destroying the west side of State Street; it had gotten thus far.

While I was at the office, between 1 and 2 o'clock in the morning, Mr. Hoard, my associate, came to the house to find me, and Mrs. Shortall told him that I had been gone since 9:30 o'clock.

He said to my wife: "We are all ruined; our office is gone, the whole city is on fire;"—and went on down town. While he was down town, I had carried the books up to the house, and, as I said, returned to the fire to help my friends who were in the same agony of mind I had passed through, and I did work, with them, until morning.

Hoard went from my house down town, as I said, and returned in a couple of hours—about 3.30 A. M., to my house—I having come home and gone again. He said, again: "We are all ruined"—appearing to be entirely broken down—"I have been down town, and can not get within three blocks of the office, everything is destroyed—gone utterly." As he was turning to go away, Mrs. Shortall said, "Mr. Hoard, won't you step inside?" And when he saw the library in the house, he threw up his hands, and said: "My God, who has done this?" He was completely unnerved, as I said. I speak of this to show how little one could have done had he not followed the progress of the destruction as I did.

I went back again to help my neighbors, as I might be able to do, and did what I could. One incident will show the thoughtlessness of some men: Hibbard & Spencer attempted to save a lot of their fine cutlery, and, after great effort, got it carted over to that vacant space of ground, east from the avenue—the north end of the ground between Michigan Avenue and the lake—and we all worked hard to cover it up with sheet-iron and zinc plates to make it reasonably fireproof. Just as we had gotten it perfectly packed and secure, as we thought, some one came along with a great truck-load of boxes of tea, and the truck man insisted on unloading it in front of, and to windward of this valuable cutlery. We all expostulated, pleaded with him: We said: "Please do not put it down there, it is so inflammable;" but in spite of anything we could do, he persisted, and unloaded it there; it was not half an hour before the flames had fallen upon the tea, and not only it, but all our fine cutlery was destroyed. Fancy that heat!

Worn out, and on my way home, I sat down for a moment on the Western News Company's front doorstep on State Street—John R. Walsh then had his news store where Mandel Brothers are now—and there it was, that, for the first time, I lost my nerve. Sitting there, I saw the walls of the building just south of the First National Bank building on the corner of Washington and State Streets crumble, as the fire swept through the buildings from the West. The destructibility of all material, the instability of all substance, even the most impervious, shocked me. I saw those walls crumble with the heat, they seemed to melt, slowly, steadily; one could see them moving in the process of disintegration, and presently sink helplessly down. I cried like a child, and it was some time before I recovered myself sufficiently to go home.

Tuesday afternoon at Madison Street, standing on a slight elevation, say the height of an omnibus, one could see the trees in Lincoln Park, two and a half miles away, with everything in the intervening space utterly destroyed. That was slightly illustrative of the superficial extent of the destruction.

CHICAGO, July, 1891.

Such is the thrilling story; interesting as a mere narrative of struggle with and victory over adverse future, doubly interesting by reason of the magnitude of the interests at stake. True, these were only the archives of one of the three "Abstract Firms," but their loss would not only have ruined the owners—scattered to the winds the product of all the myriad hours of human labor with mind and pen, that had been



JOHN G. SHORTALL.

Exasperating fatality.

Exhausted nature breaks down.

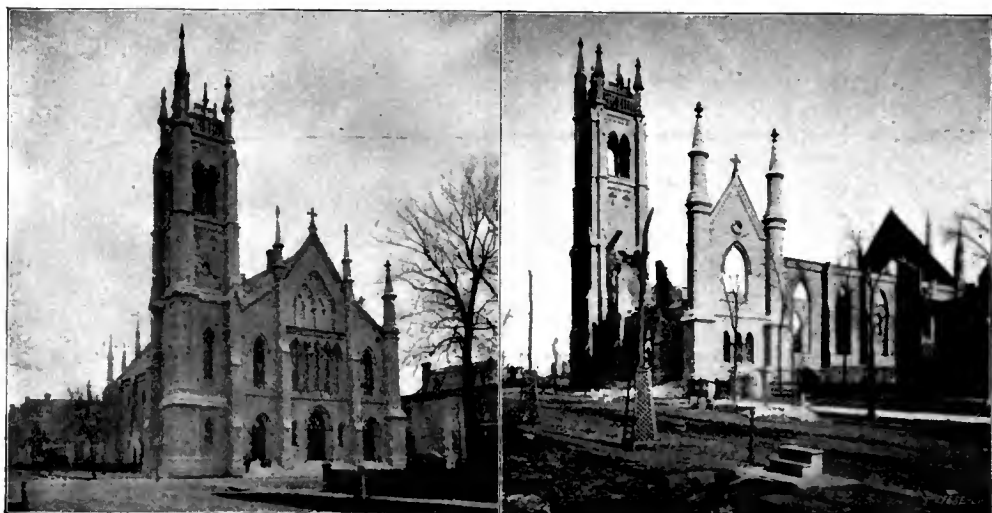
JOHN G. SHORTALL.

The loss  
averted.

spent in creating these records—but would have left a disastrous blank in the “chains of title” of thousands of pieces of property: And in law, as well as in mechanics, a chain is only as strong as its weakest link.

The other abstract firms (Chase Brothers and Jones & Sellers) had somewhat different experiences. They carried away some things, saved some in fire-proof safes, and left some to burn; for they were all literally within a stone’s throw of each other, and burned practically at the same moment.

It curiously happened that, though the portion of records saved by each abstract firm was only a portion, yet the part lost by each was saved by another, so that when combined the fragments made a total whole and entire, lacking nothing in continuity or completeness. Chase Brothers lost many of their press copies of abstracts given out, but saved



ST. JAMES CHURCH, BEFORE AND AFTER THE FIRE OF 1871.

The combined  
savings.

Tract indexes, Judgment docket, Tax sales, and some volumes of their “Original entries.” Shortall & Hoard lost their record of Original Entries, but saved Tract indexes, Judgment docket, Tax sales, and some volumes of their Original entries. Jones & Sellers saved all their Original entries and letter-press copies of abstracts given out.

Chance for  
extortion.

So the past history of all Chicago real estate (and its future fate, one might almost say) was in the hands of six men, their private property, to do with as they pleased. They could destroy it without breaking any law. They could keep it to themselves, using their private knowledge to unsettle titles, and take advantage of confusion and disturbance to convert property to their own use. They might make their ownership the means of immense extortion, of incalculable gain to themselves and their heirs and successors forever. Who so rich as he



who holds his fellows at his mercy and treats them without mercy?\*

A third course was open to them; to use their precious records for the benefit of the public, charging a reasonable price for reasonable service. The last was the course pursued; and the abstract business of the three firms, combined into one vast establishment, is to-day what it was before the fire, laborious, intricate, well done, prosperous and reasonably profitable; its owners not the poorest men in the community, and very far indeed from being the richest.

Honorable  
conduct.

Such a course of conduct places these men in the list of Chicago's worthies; a long list, and yet one where there is always room. In 1673 and 1683 LaSalle and Marquette toiled, and died for an idea. In 1812 William Wells rode out to almost certain death in the effort to save the helpless whites from the ruthless red men. In 1835 George W. Dole



BOOKSELLERS' ROW, BEFORE AND AFTER THE FIRE OF 1871.

refused to trade upon the necessities of the hungry, or even to let others do so. In 1861 thousands of citizens threw life and fortune into

\* Evil-disposed persons tried, in the days that followed, to lure them into such schemes. Over and over they were approached by sharpers anxious to pry into weak titles, in order to trouble innocent holders and get their holdings away from them or levy "blackmail" on them; but no: "What interest have you in the property in question?" was asked; and where the answer was not satisfactory, the precious books remained sealed to the knavish schemer.

The following letter, additional to the narrative furnished by Mr. Shortall, will speak for itself, and is printed as corroborative of the opinions above expressed:

... "After the fire it became necessary to reinstate, so far as practicable, the pending cases and dockets of the various Courts, as well as the plats of Sub-divisions, in order that the business of the Courts and the work of the tax collector's office might proceed with the least injury to the public interest—the whole Public Records, of that character, as of its deeds, mortgages, etc., having been entirely swept away by the Fire. This information was promptly and freely given to the public by our firms, whenever and wherever requested by the authorities, without any charge being made by us. The Surveyors of the city were also allowed free and generous access to our maps, for information for the public interest. The well-known atlases compiled by Greeley and Carlsen were so compiled by them, for the most part, from our original maps and tracings, without any charge by us, upon the theory that we were thus serving the public—replacing and making accessible, in so much, the fundamental portions of the Public records.

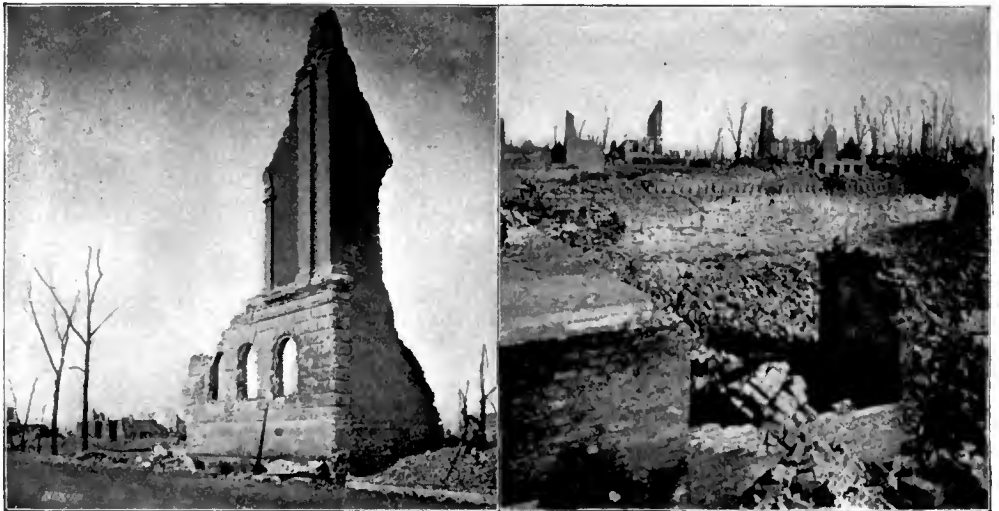
"Our officers always stood between the assaulter of titles—professional or otherwise—and the owners of property, in protection of the latter's interest. Information has invariably been refused, although continuously sought for, and at any price, that would endanger property interests or serve to disturb the bona fide holders of Chicago real estate. . . .

JOHN G. SHORTALL."

Chicago  
worthies.

the scale of patriotic duty. In 1871 Joseph Stockton (one of the wounded veterans of 1861), and his brother and partner, John Stockton, when in possession of a small army of teams and trucks, which might have been farmed out at \$1,000 an hour, simply sent them forth with orders to give all the help they could to whomsoever might be most in need. (They themselves were already "burned out," and heavy losers.) And to this list of model citizens, arising in time of trial, tried and not found wanting, should be added the names of the Abstract-men of 1872.

It has often been said that the only building in the track of the fire which escaped destruction was the wooden house of Mahlon D. Ogden, which stood at about the center of the North Division (North Clark Street and Walton Place). This is a mistake, as it loses sight of the great Sturges & Buckingham "Elevator B" (also of wood) in the



HISTORICAL SOCIETY, COR. CLARK AND INDIANA ST., AFTER THE FIRE OF 1871.

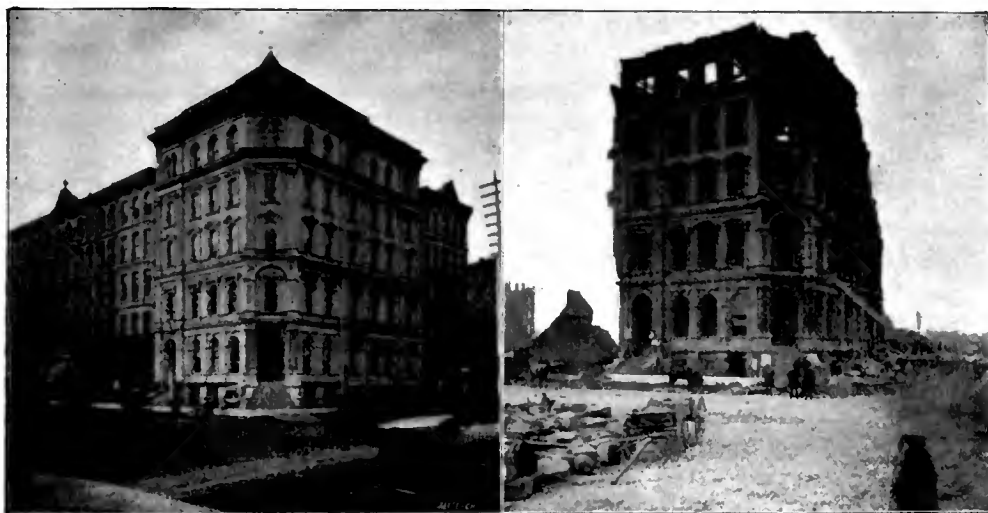
Illinois Central freight grounds, at the junction of Chicago river and Lake Michigan. The story of the saving of this important structure is worth recording, but seems to have remained untold. Mr. Ebenezer Buckingham relates it as it was burned in upon his memory at the time. Putting this with the recollections of Joseph F. Tucker, general freight agent of the Illinois Central road, the following facts appear:

Toward morning of Monday, Mr. Tucker became convinced that the fire must reach the Illinois Central and Michigan Central grounds, full as they were of buildings, trains and goods. He went down to the machine shops at Twelfth Street, where the engines were stored and where S. J. Hayes, master of machinery, lived, and with loud knocking and calls awoke Mr. Hayes and told him that the yards must be cleared. In a short time Mr. Hayes had a great force of engines fired up, manned

and started, and as fast as cars could be coupled they were sent down the road ; some of them switched out as far as Calumet, fourteen miles away. All the cars were saved, with whatever of value they contained ; but the buildings, with all goods, wares, merchandise and baggage stored in them, were perforce left to their fate

Among the articles in the freight-yard were two steam fire-engines shipped on a flat car from the "Fishhill Manufacturing Co." to Chicago for forwarding, one to Racine, Illinois, and one to Manistee, Michigan. On Monday morning, at about eight o'clock, Elevator A (only a few hundred feet from B) caught fire from the flying embers, or from the Illinois Central freight house or passenger station, and was soon a mass of flame.

This was a matter of almost as much importance to the railway as



FIRST NATIONAL BANK, BEFORE AND AFTER THE FIRE OF 1871.

to the owners ; for without elevators what could the road do with its great grain business ? It was a ticklish moment. The wooden coal-shed of Elevator B took fire from the intense heat of its burning neighbor, and all seemed lost.

In some way the knowledge of the presence of the new fire-engines came to the helpless watchers, and they acted on the impulse of the moment. Mr. John Buckingham, Mr. Hayes and Mr. Mitchell (superintendent) seized a machine ; Mr. Hayes fired it up, backed it to where it could draw water from the river, and started the pump. Mr. Mitchell held the hose, and though the fire had already burned through from the coal-shed to the office in the engine-room of the elevator, the building was saved.

The elevator company gladly bought the engine, and, in honor of its service, gave it the name of "Rescue," and a good house to itself; and to this day (1891) it remains on the ground, in perfect condition and well cared for, and once a month is fired up and put in operation to test its continued efficiency.

Reverting to the matter of Cook County Records, some new and interesting statistics and narratives are given as appropriate to the subject, although the statement of facts is anticipatory.

Accumulations  
since the fire.

New books, pens, ink, paper, desks, etc., were bought; the interior of the old water-tank at Adams and La Salle Streets was fitted up and the gigantic task entered upon anew with unabated spirit.

Mr. W. Scott Kaufman, Deputy Recorder, is authority for the following resumé of the accumulations of the Record office in the twenty years following the Fire (1871—1891):

<i>Record Department.</i>		<i>Pages.</i>
4,000	Record Books, averaging 640 pages each.....	2,560,000
325	Index " " 600 " " .....	195,000
53	Tract " " 75 " " .....	3,975
6	Index " " 600 " " .....	3,600
<i>Abstract Department.</i>		
200	Original Land Entry Books, averaging 640 pages each.....	128,000
300	Tract " " 500 " " .....	150,000
100	Recorded Abstract " " 640 " " .....	64,000
325	Tax-Sale " " 400 " " .....	130,000
100	Judgment Record " " 400 " " .....	40,000
120	Office Memorandum " " 600 " " .....	72,000
320	Press Copy Abstract " " 1,000 " " .....	300,000
5,829	Total.....	3,646,575

The entire number of documents recorded in the twenty years has been 1,762,233. The number recorded in the year ending April 30, 1891, was 200,000; a number exceeding, it is said, those of New York, Philadelphia and Boston put together. So active is the market for lands and lots; and the buying, selling, incumbering, releasing, laying out and indexing of real estate in the formation of a mighty city.

Government  
weather-sig-  
nal officers.

Mr. Kaufman was in charge of the U. S. Government Weather signal office at the time of the Fire and sent off his final report for Chicago just before midnight. When he left the office he observed the advancing glow in the southwest and walked toward it, crossed the river, turned about and recrossed it at just the same time when the fire leaped over. He returned to the signal office (La Salle Street, opposite the Court House) and packed up his instruments for carrying away. Before starting he went out on the roof and took a last look at his anemometer (wind gauge) and saw that it registered sixty miles an hour! The additional resistance offered by his body to the furious gale was such as to threaten the carrying away of the gauge frame, himself and all, and he beat a hasty retreat; later pausing at the corner of Washington and Clark Streets until his office and the Court House were all burning up together. His boarding house was on Michigan Avenue, near Monroe Street, from which place he was driven by the flames shortly after seven on Monday

morning. He dragged his trunk across the Lake Front Park (then filled with furniture, pictures, books, baggage, etc., all doomed to destruction) and threw it into the water, covering it with a drenched mattress to keep it under. Then he found a friend, and the two hired a boat, came back for the trunk, tried to row the boat against the wind down to Twelfth Street, gave up the effort, spent most of the day among the piles which supported the railroad track, and late in the afternoon boarded a train which had backed down to about Madison Street to allow the refugees to get on board, and so were carried South, out of the way of further harm.

## FIRE APPENDIX.

That there are two sides to every question is a general rule, and it would be absurd to assume that an exception existed in the matter of the conduct of the Chicago fire department and water department on that night and day of trial, failure and disaster. As to the destruction of the water works, it should be noticed that D. W. C. Cregier, chief engineer, was out of the city. In reply to a question as to whether or not it would have made any difference if he had been here, Mr. Cregier says (1891) that the building would have gone just the same, only he would probably not have remained alive to tell of it. He says that they had streams playing on the roof, and that the south windows were where the fire came in, from the burning of Lill's carpenter-shop, and came in such intensity that to stay would mean death, sudden and inevitable. He says that three men in the brewery staid too long, and on coming out, crept into some lengths of large iron pipe lying near by, where they perished, and whence he next morning pulled out their remains—a mere handful, without clothing or any semblance of humanity. He says that this building had never had a metal roof; that the previous building (1854) had a ceiling of corrugated iron, which condensed the steam and dropped the condensations, to the injury of the machinery; wherefore the use of wood on the new building. Regarding the fire department he can say but little. It was not up to the wants of the city, and never would have been but for the Great Fire and the fire of 1874. After the flames got across the South Branch, no department in the world could have done anything with it in the face of that furious dry gale, and in a city built as Chicago was at that time.

Interview with  
ex-Mayor  
Cregier.

It is to be remembered that the steam fire-engines of that day were not equal to those of the present; and that directed against the furious gale, an eye-witness says, "They wouldn't carry ten feet!" In an interview with Chief Fire Marshal Williams, on November 14th, copied in Sheahan & Upton's admirable "Chicago, Past, Present and Future," we read: "When I got to the fire I should think there were six or seven buildings ablaze—sheds and out-houses. We got it under control and it wouldn't have gone a foot further, but the next thing I knew they came and told me that St. Paul's Church, two squares north, was on fire. . . . The Rehm stood on the corner of Church and Mather Streets, working that plug, and it was so hot the engineer had to put up a door to protect himself. The Gund was on the east side of the church and the Coventry on the north. . . . The next thing I knew the fire was in Bateham's planing-mill. When I got there I found that the match factory was going, as was the lumber just north of it. We got two streams in there, but couldn't do any good; as the fire was thick and heavy, and ran along to another lumber yard, north, and spread east to the old red mill. I went north to head it off and found it was down to Harrison Street. Commissioner Chadwick came to me, and said, 'Don't you know the fire is ahead of you?' I told him it was getting ahead of me in spite of all I could do; it was just driving me right along. I got down to Van Buren Street and was working the engines there, but it was so hot that the men were obliged to run for their lives, leaving their hose on the ground. They came to me and asked what they were to do about hose. I said, 'God only knows.'

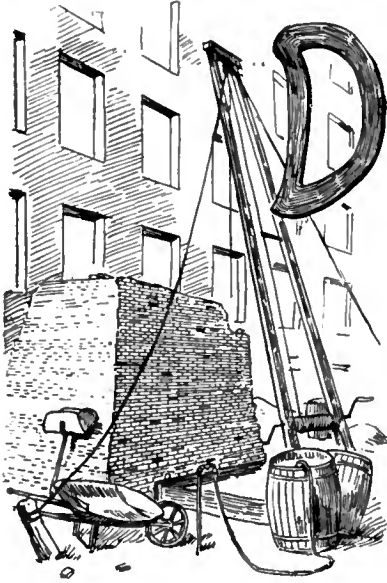
Interview with  
Chief-Fire-  
Marshal  
Williams.

"We got the Gund located at the corner of Van Buren and Canal Streets. . . . The flames rolled over the men who were with the engine on the corner and I told the foreman to get her out or we would lose her. I asked some citizens to help and we ran up to uncouple the suction from the plug, and others commenced to uncouple the hose. Just then a wave of flame came rolling over the street, and I was obliged to get away. Hose was afterward attached to the axle of the Gund, and the citizens pulled her up on the sidewalk where she was burned up.

"I met Alec McGonigle, fireman of the Long John, and he told me there was a fire on the South Side. I told him to go for it, and I jumped on a hose cart and went over too. . . . I got the Economy to work on the corner of Washington and La Salle Streets and led the hose in through the stairway opposite. We were not in there three minutes before a sheet of flames rolled over us and the boys dropped the pipe and ran for their lives. The wind was blowing so heavy that the water would not go ten feet from the nozzle of the pipe. We could not strike a second-story window. . . . I then went to work and got my two engines to play on the Sherman House. I thought we would be able to save it on account of the open space opposite. But, my God! there was a piece of board six feet long that came over and landed right on top of the [old] Tribune building on Clark Street, and it was not two minutes before that row was on fire. . . . While I was wetting down the Sherman House I heard that the Water Works were on fire. I jumped into my wagon and drove over to see if it was true, and when I got near there I saw that the roof was all on fire, and the flames rolling out of every opening of the building."

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### DERRICK TIME.



"DERRICK time" is the name which attached itself to the years immediately following the great fire. Those who have complained bitterly of an occasional obstruction caused by construction can partly appreciate the state of things when everywhere in the burned district there was either a blank or a brick-pile. Not infrequently a derrick dropped its load to the ground, or toppled over bodily into the street. Occasionally some one—usually a laborer—was killed, or grievously hurt. In such cases, the stricken family was well and easily cared for, as it was only one additional item on the hands of

the toiling, burdened, but inexhaustible Relief and Aid Society. The poor, in those days, were the rich, and the rich were the poor, for common labor was in unparalleled demand; the only trouble was to obtain the money for settling-day. Even this was not a desperate thing, for the blessed insurance companies—those which did not utterly fail—vied with each other in promptness and liberality of payments, and \$50,000,000 is a huge sum! A. T. Stewart, shrewd old Scot, foresaw that the worst pinch would come, not at once, but a few years later, when the first outflow of cash should begin to diminish; and he directed a part, or the whole, of his large gift (\$50,000) to the relief of the postponed suffering.

A vast quantity of foolishness was talked, and some excusable alarm was really felt, regarding the possibility of rebuilding on the old lines and with the old stability. The first question was, "Who will lend money where titles can not be shown of record?" This agitation was soon quelled by the passage through the legislature of what is called "The Burnt Record Act," which provided for the use of "abstracts of title," and other documents (though in private custody) as foundation for new records, and as proof of ownership under certain careful restrictions. Suits brought under this act had a calendar of their own,

Splendid  
conduct of  
Insurance  
companies.

Trepidation of  
the timid.

and were tried more promptly than other cases. This was the first great step toward perfect relief; the next was the liberal and reasonable course of the "abstract men," described in the last previous chapter.

The Burnt  
Record Act.

Then came the question whether the city could be built, and business credit re-established, by a set of "ruined" merchants. In answer to this doubt came a cloud of telegrams from Eastern wholesalers and manufacturers reading in this wise: "We suppose you are burned out. Order from us what goods you want, and pay us when you can." Many a man who, dry-eyed, had seen his property burn, felt the tears surging up, as he spelled out this message.

Words hearty  
and timely.

To this, followed the doubt as to whether, even if rebuilt, the business district would not be somewhere outside the old locality. Banks,

insurance companies, stores, hotels, shops, etc., occupied the residences lying south and west of the burnt district; would they not stay there indefinitely, rather than rebuild in their old places, having nothing to rebuild with?

The city council gave a good deal of acceptable relief by leasing out the east side of Michigan avenue (Lake Front Park) in twenty-five foot lots, at twenty-five dollars a year, apiece, for one year, to persons needing temporary stores and shops while permanent ones were preparing. The whole space from Park Row to Randolph



J. MCGREGOR ADAMS.

street was soon filled with low, barn-like "shanties," which, though small, dark and desperately cold in winter and hot in summer, served a very good purpose. The Relief and Aid Society\* spent nearly a million dollars in structures, temporary and permanent, some of which are still standing (1891). Between October 18th and November 17th, the society put up 5,226 houses, using 35,000,000 feet of lumber. The reports of this great charity present a bewildering mass and magni-

Buildings  
put up by the  
R. & A.

\* The following is an imperfect list of the workers in the Relief and Aid directly after the fire; incomplete as to number, and faulty in its failure to distinguish those more devoted than their fellows: Henry W. King, Wirt Dexter, E. C. Larned, T. M. Avery, T. W. Harvey, Marshall Field, John V. Farwell, N. S. Bouton, Murry Nelson, J. T. Ryerson, N. K. Fairbank, George M. Pullman, Dr. H. A. Johnson, H. E. Sargeant, Julius Rosenthal, C. H. S. Mixer, A. B. Meeker, B. G. Caulfield, J. McGregor Adams, C. G. Hammond, Mayor R. B. Mason (ex-officio), Mayor Joseph Medill (ex-officio), Rev. Robert Laird Collier, J. Mason Loomis, E. B. McCagg, Abijah Keith, George R. Chittenden, Rev. E. P. Goodwin, Mrs. D. A. Gage, Louis Wahl, Mrs. J. Mason Loomis, Mrs. Joseph Medill, Mrs. J. E. Tyler, Orrington Lunt, Elijah K. Hubbard, William E. Doggett, and Drs. J. E. Gilman, B. McVicker, Reuben Ludlam, M. J. Asch, J. H. Rauch, M. Mannheimer, Ernst Schmidt and R. C. Miller.

tude of statistics; and the services of its administrators, as a spectacle of self-devotion, are such as the world has rarely seen in time of peace. They must be added to the list of Chicago's "worthies."

Doubts all  
proved to be  
vain.

Vain doubts. Substantially the same trades went back to the same places—often a firm hired a new building (as soon as it could be built) on the very lot which it had before occupied. Those who had owned the lots hastened to settle all doubts by building anew. "Build first, and discuss afterward," was the principle acted on; but how it piled up the mortgages! Every man asked himself and the lending world, "How much can I borrow?" Not "How am I going to pay?" It was a perilous system; nothing can justify it except the result, which has



CHARLES G. HAMMOND.



JOHN V. FARWELL.

been triumphant. Still, it should not be taken as a precedent, for the world does not contain many Chicagos.

Another serious problem was to be met in the rehabilitation of the city's terribly depleted finances. A new city government was elected within the month following the fire, including, as mayor, Joseph Medill. The new chief officer showed himself a man of immense power, dauntless courage, tireless industry, unflinching shrewdness and unquestionable personal honesty. Even in the heat of political partisan strife, it is difficult to find any serious attack on Mr. Medill's administration of his office as the "Great Fire Mayor." In his inaugural message to the council, he said:

Mayor Medill  
and the city  
problem.

Of the total property in Chicago created by labor and capital, existing on the 8th of October, more than half perished on the 9th. . . . The city, as a corporation, has lost its property and income, precisely as have individuals . . . . As our citizens are retrenching expenses to meet



the exigencies, and keep within their means, so must the municipal government do likewise . . . .  
I shall proceed to state the present fiscal condition of the city

Bonded debt	-	-	-	-	-	\$14,103,000	
Less bonds in sinking fund	-	-	-	-	-	557,000	\$13,546,000
The debt is composed of the following items :							
Funded debt, old issues	-	-	-	-	-	\$ 342,000	
"    new issues	-	-	-	-	-	2,192,500	
School bonds	-	-	-	-	-	1,119,500	
School construction bonds	-	-	-	-	-	53,000	
Sewerage bonds	-	-	-	-	-	2,680,000	
River Improvement bonds	-	-	-	-	-	2,896,000	
Water bonds	-	-	-	-	-	4,820,000	\$14,103,000

[Floating debt may be omitted, as it is nearly balanced by cash on hand. The loss of the city in buildings, machinery, etc., is placed at \$2,509,180, but was more.]



GEORGE SCHNEIDER.



EZRA B. McCAGG.

. . . . What lesson should this cruel visitation teach us? . . . . A blind, unreasoning infatuation in favor of pine for outside walls, and pine, covered with paper and tar, for roofs, has possessed many of our people. . . . If we rebuild the city with this dangerous material, we have a moral certainty, at no distant day, of a recurrence of the catastrophe. . . . The outside walls of every building hereafter erected within the limits of Chicago should be composed of materials as incombustible as brick, stone, iron, concrete or slate.

In accordance with the mayor's suggestion, the "fire limits" (prohibition of wooden buildings) were extended to the city limits, but not without bitter opposition. People naturally cried out against a new burden, added just when all were least able to bear it. The Relief and Aid cottages were already built; and, excepting some cases of unnoticed breach of the law, no other wooden structures have been put up in, or moved into, the city proper, since the great fire. To this is attributed the comparative uniformity of architecture observable throughout the burnt district at this time (1891). In New York, some thousands of old, unsightly wooden tenements may be counted in even the ancient

Fire limits extended.

portion of the city—say south of the line of Bleecker Street. One looks down upon them from each of the elevated roads, wondering how they could have been put up within modern days, or have stood since earlier times. New York has had no Great Fire.

How serious  
is the loss of  
old buildings.

This brings up a question as to how grievous, after all, was the permanent loss in the destruction of buildings. Every day one sees, in Chicago, large, costly brick buildings demolished to make place for structures larger and more costly. How much worse would it be if those buildings were burned instead of pulled down? It is rare that the debris of a demolished building pays for the labor and loss of time involved in its demolition. Suppose *all* the burned structures to have been, by this time, doomed to destruction, to make way for better



UNION BUILDING, BEFORE AND AFTER THE FIRE OF 1871.

things; how much loss, if any, would be chargeable to their sudden, wholesale removal? Andreas says :

Within six weeks after the fire, 212 permanent stone and brick buildings were in course of erection in the South Division alone, their total street frontage extending 17,715 feet, or three-and-a-half miles. Before December 1st, 250 building permits had been issued, and between December 1, 1871, and October 1, 1872, the number of permits issued was 1,250, classified as follows :

	As to material :		As to height :	
Early recon- struction.	Frame (exclusive of temporary structures),	- - - - - 65	One story - - - - -	254
	Brick - - - - -	965	Two stories - - - - -	375
	Iron - - - - -	20	Three stories - - - - -	226
	Stone - - - - -	200	Four stories - - - - -	263
			Five stories - - - - -	88
		Six stories - - - - -	10	
		Seven stories - - - - -	1	

The total frontage of these buildings was 43,413 feet; over eight miles. Below is given the grand total of the first year's work :

		Total frontage.	Total cost.
South Division	- - - - -	52,792 feet	\$38,134,700
North Division	- - - - -	7,691 "	6,425,000
West Division	- - - - -	891 "	995,500
Totals,	- - - - -	61,374	\$45,555,200

Reverting to the matter of civic finances, one wonders how the interest on the public debt can be paid, the absolute damages repaired, and the defects remedied, which the fire has brought to light, all with destroyed assessment rolls, and diminished tax-paying power. Mayor Cregier's report, already quoted, gives the following items of destruction of corporation property:

Civic finances and their prospects.

The fire spread over a territory about four miles in length by an average of two-thirds of a mile in breadth, comprising about 1,687.89 acres, and finally ended at midnight of the second day, at the extreme northeast portion of the city, having destroyed, with two or three exceptions, every building in its course. It burned over, on an average, sixty-five acres per hour, and the average destruction of property was about \$7,500,000 per hour, or \$125,000 per minute . . . . The new City Hall, which had been occupied only about a year, and which had cost the city about \$470,000, was entirely ruined . . . . There were six vaults in the building, which were intended to be fire-proof . . . . In the first four, which were composed wholly of brick, everything was preserved



CROSBY'S OPERA HOUSE, BEFORE AND AFTER THE FIRE OF 1871.

uninjured, while in the last two, in consequence of the giving way of the stone which was used for the floors, the contents were destroyed. [The general experience was to the effect that brick stood the fire better than stone.]

The great fire inflicted material injury on the harbor. Several vessels were sunk, and being abandoned by their owners, the city had to remove them. All the plats of the river survey . . . were destroyed. The following is an estimate of damages resulting from the fire, inflicted upon public property relating to the harbor: Bridges and viaducts, \$204,310; river tunnels, \$6,000; docks at ends of streets, \$6,000; removing sunken bulls, \$7,300 . . . .

At this trying juncture occurred something which illustrated the soundness of Mr. Schneider's saying; that municipal securities are safer than other public obligations, because there is tangible property to show for them. The city had taken hold of the Illinois and Michigan canal, and enlarged it at an expense of \$2,955,340. Now the State legislature (convened by Governor Palmer to devise measures of relief) took from Chicago its lien on the canal, paying to the city its sorely needed \$2,955,340! The act provided that not less than a fifth nor more than

Schneider's saying about metropolitan securities.

a third of the sum should be applied to the re-building of bridges and other structures of a permanent character, while the remainder should go to the payment of interest on the public debt and the maintenance of the police and fire departments. This was in the form of a purchase (in fact, if the city had not had this to offer as an equivalent, the legislature could not have appropriated the money, for the lack of constitutional authority), but it was in truth a noble act of benevolence; showing that though Chicago's rural neighbors may sometimes feel or pretend to feel a certain jealousy and distrust of metropolitan airs, graces, pretenses and extravagances; yet when evil days fall upon the chief town of the State, it suddenly becomes evident that blood is thicker than water, and that all Illinoisans are of one blood, from the Cairo point to the Wisconsin line.

Timely liberality of the State Government.



POST OFFICE, BEFORE AND AFTER THE FIRE OF 1871.

The city, owning the lot (178 feet square) whereon stood the great, ugly, circular, iron water-tank or reservoir, at the corner of LaSalle and Adams Streets, proceeded to build around it a City Hall, uglier if possible than the tank itself.\* This, from its barrack-like squalor and dusty desolation, acquired the name of the "Rookery," and in revenge, the same lot now shows (1891) one of the most beautiful office-buildings in the city or the world; the name "Rookery" still sticking to it and being glorified by its new application. The old "rookery" was begun a week after the fire and finished, furnished and occupied in little more than seventy days, at a cost of \$75,000. Bad as it was, it served, for want of a better, for fourteen years; when its gigantic successor, on the old Court-house lot, took its place; more imposing, more costly,

The Rookeries, old and new.

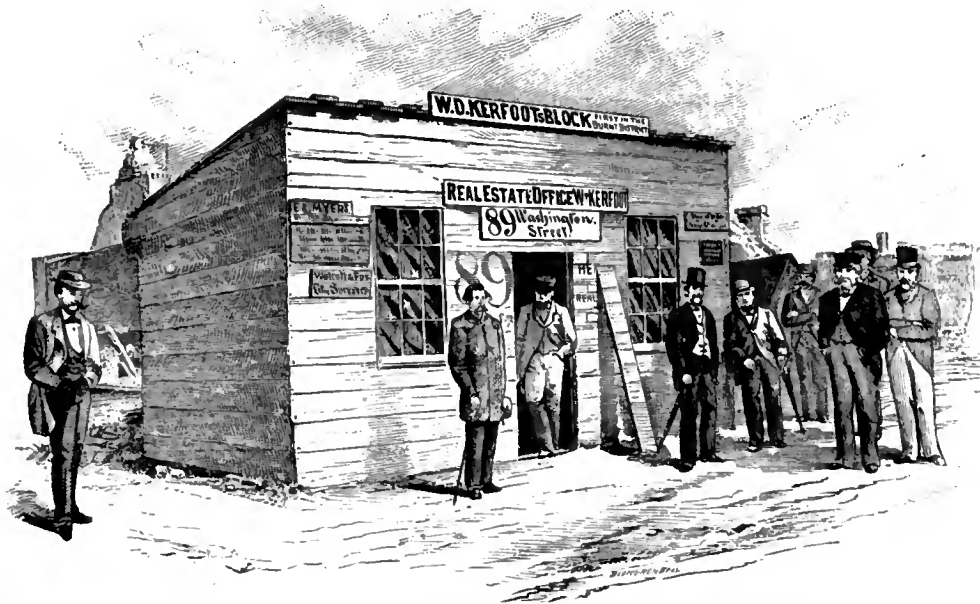
\* One critic said that the tank looked like the hasement of the Tower of Babel, while the Rookery looked as if it had been a formless product out of the waste material after the confusion of tongues.

more pleasing to the eye, more satisfying to civic pride, but scarcely less faulty, being perishable, dark and incommodious.

To make a long story short, the city's public losses were met; the damages of all kinds were repaired; the buildings, bridges, lamps, pumps, hydrants, fire-engines and houses, alarm system, tunnels, docks, viaducts and ten thousand other necessities of civic life have been provided and paid for; and after it is all done and doubled and re-doubled in the twenty years that have elapsed, the city debt, \$14,103,000 in 1871, is \$13,545,400 in 1891, of which nearly a million (\$983,900) has arisen from the assumption of the debts of annexed suburbs. Can history show a parallel to this achievement?\*

Unparalleled  
achievement  
by the city.

The first new structure in the business district was built almost before the fire had spent its force in the north. It was a board hut put



FIRST BUILDING ERECTED AFTER THE FIRE.

up by William D. Kerfoot, real estate agent, in front of his old office, 89 Washington Street, between Clark and Dearborn, and was begun and finished on Tuesday, October 10th. It was 12 by 16 feet, had board sides, floor and roof, and was surmounted by the proud sign, "Kerfoot's Block." (He would have built it on the lot instead of the street, but the bricks were still too hot.) Here was the gathering-

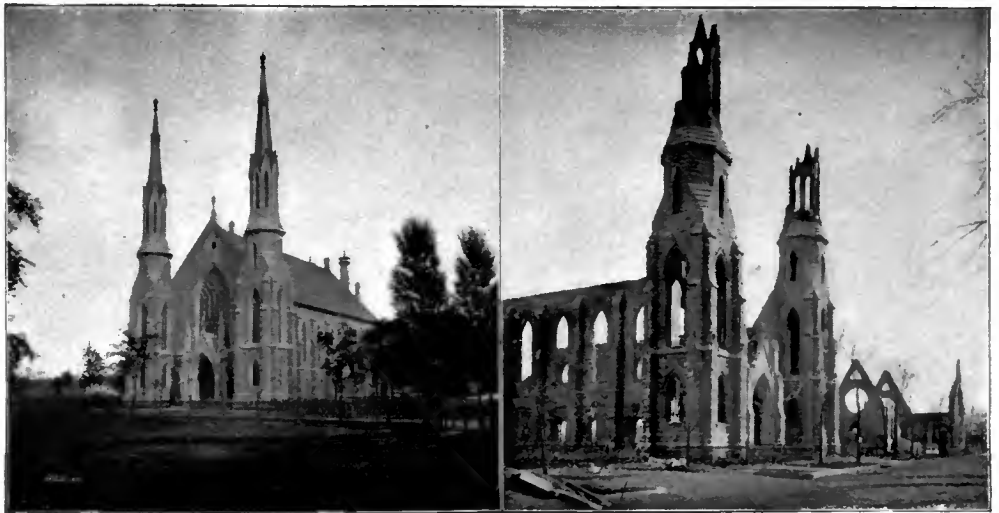
Kerfoot's  
Block.

\* A change in method of collecting taxes suspended and finally defeated parts of the tax-levy of 1873, '74 and '75, amounting to \$900,000. A defalcation of the City Treasurer, amounting to \$500,000, brought the total deficit up to \$1,400,000. Meanwhile City scrip was issued for pressing needs, relying for its redemption on these "assets," so called, which scrip being based on an unlawful assessment, and in excess of the constitutional limit of indebtedness, could not be collected by law. The City was morally bound, but legally free. Thereupon Mayor Colvin called a meeting of leading citizens at the Old Rookery. One and all, Marshall Field, John V. Farwell, and others (whose names ought to be remembered but are not) declared in favor of payment, and a bill was prepared and pushed through the Legislature, providing for the re-assessment of the old defeated levy, which re-assessment was made in 1878 and collected in 1879, and every dollar of the indebtedness paid—a really voluntary act on the part of a "soul-less" corporation. Chicago worked as hard to find an expedient for paying, as some others have worked to find an excuse for repudiating.

place, the half-way house between the South and West divisions—there was no North. Here people put up their names and new addresses, and here were the notices of meetings, etc., affixed.

What quiet reigned for a few days and then what a busy hum began! The telegraph wires and contorted street-car rails were shoved aside, on certain streets, especially those leading to the tunnels, enough of the débris of fallen walls was removed to make a passage, narrow and tortuous, for wheeled vehicles, and in about a week these could make their way about the desolate wastes; not on all the streets, but on many; the number being daily increased. Meanwhile the streets and bridges just outside the destroyed part were crowded with carriages and wagons of all kinds; and foot-passengers brought in by business or curiosity tramped among the ruins. Whole rows of dwellings in the

Gradual clearance of the obstructed streets.



UNITY CHURCH, BEFORE AND AFTER THE FIRE OF 1871.

far south, and in the not-so-distant west, were turned into hotels. Many single residences, and the front rooms of others, were let at great rentals for banks, business offices, etc. The postoffice was established in a convenient church. The newspaper offices were opened chiefly on the West Side, as that was nearest to the ancient news center. The "Journal" had almost alone the distinction of continuous publication. Regarding the "Tribune" we have the vivid word-painting of Mr. Bross:

On Monday afternoon Mr. Medill sought for and purchased Edwards' job office, No. 15 South Canal street. When I arrived, I found him in the upper stories among the types and printers, doing all he could to get ready to issue a paper in the morning. . . . My next duty was to get up four stoves. For these I started west on Randolph Street, but every store had sold out. At the corner of Halsted Street I found the four I wanted, price \$16 each. Told the owner. . . . they were for the Tribune Company . . . "I don't know about dat," said the worthy Teuton; "I guess I must have de money for dem stoves." . . . On Saturday our note would have been good for \$100,000, and on Tuesday we could not buy four stoves on credit. . . . My first question, half joke, half earnest, to every friend I met was "Have you got any money?" The tenth man,

Rehabilitation of the newspapers.

perhaps, said: "Yes; how much do you want?" "All you can spare." And he handed me \$60. . . . Coming back to the office I found a dozen or two more of our leading citizens, like myself, all "strapped," till, at last, E. S. Wadsworth handed me \$100 . . . . But money soon began to flow in. Between three and four o'clock our clerk, Mr. Lowell, came to me and said: "There are some people here with advertisements for lost friends." I said: "Take them and the cash, registering in your memorandum book," and, upon a dirty old box on the window-sill for a desk, the "Tribune" at once commenced doing a lively business. . . . Another sleepless night; and in the morning, as I sat sipping my coffee, I saw Sheridan's boys, with knapsacks and muskets, march proudly by. Never did deeper emotions of joy overcome me. Thank God, those most dear to me, and the city as well, were safe.

As might be expected, the earliest impulses were the most generous and unquestioning. Where delay occurred, other interests came in, calculation took the place of impulse and men began again to see that "business is business" after all. The most conspicuous example of this was in the effort to move Congress to rebate the duty on building materials absolutely used in reconstruction; as had been done in the

Failure of Con-  
gressional ef-  
forts at relief.



RESIDENCE OF GEO. RUMSEY, BEFORE AND AFTER THE FIRE OF 1871.

case of the Great Fire in Portland, Maine, in 1866. Andreas (2 Hist. Chic., p. 59) says:

When the measure was first proposed it encountered no serious objection; but before the bill was taken up for action, the enthusiasm of sympathy had cooled, and an opposition, headed by the lumber interest, had been formed. A long and bitter fight over the passage of the bill ensued, resulting in its enactment, with the rebate clause relating to lumber stricken out. Chicago derived but little benefit from the enactment, owing to the dilatoriness of the Treasury Department in adopting rules to give it efficacy. Many difficulties were interposed and not a little bitter feeling toward the Secretary of the Treasury was engendered by what was believed to indicate a disposition on his part to defeat the object of the act.

The upshot of it was that only a single block of buildings (east side of Rush Street, between Ohio and Indiana Streets) was built wholly or largely of material imported free of duty.

Derrick time was not an unhappy time. All were in similar straits, all busy, all hopeful, all economical together. A certain informality,

All poor, busy,  
hopeful and  
economical.

comradeship, frankness, is the inevitable result of this state of things; shipwreck brings all passengers to a level of helplessness or helpfulness, as their nature may be; whether they be first cabin, second cabin or steerage. The natural leaders go to the front, and the natural workers follow them. Economy and benevolence were the fashion. The earliest gaiety was the establishment of a dancing-class wittily named "The Cinders." The old Court-house bell was bought by an enterprising speculator who broke it up and melted it down into innumerable tiny bells suitable for a lady's chatelaine, and the "Cinders" dances were vocal with a silvery tinkling; a sound, by the way, that was also audible at the dispersing of certain church congregations, until it was frowned away as being unsuited to the time and place. These bells are still (1891) for sale in town.

Relics of the  
Court-house  
fire.



MICHIGAN AVE. NORTH FROM MADISON ST., BEFORE AND AFTER THE FIRE OF 1871.

The east-bound trains for days and weeks were loaded to their full capacity with women and children, in almost all stages of destitution as to clothing. For once the baggage cars were not filled proportionately with the passenger coaches. Most of the refugees had nothing whatever to take along. As has been said, a vast number of these were transported by the railroads without charge, though the roads themselves had shared the losses of the people.

East-bound  
trains.

Severed families were many; the bread-winners toiling among their ruins while their hearts were away with the loved ones at the "old home" in the East, whither their thoughts turned whenever they were free to turn at all. Meanwhile the "mother-in-law"—derided in fiction and journalism, though beloved in real life—was caring for wife and babies. It is safe to say that in ten thousand hearts there arose the consoling thought, even while the fire was raging, that "Father's" was



the safe and certain refuge; and that ten thousand wandering, homeless, uncomfortable little ones were comforted by the assurance that all would be well as soon as they could get to "grandmother." It is with a feeling of shame that an old "burnt-outer" comes across the current gibes and jeers at mothers-in-law; and he wonders if the wittings remember that every grandmother is necessarily a mother-in-law; that that position comes successively to every woman who, with her offspring, perpetuates the race.

The blessed  
mother-in-  
law.

FIRST MERCHANTS IN THE BURNT DISTRICT.



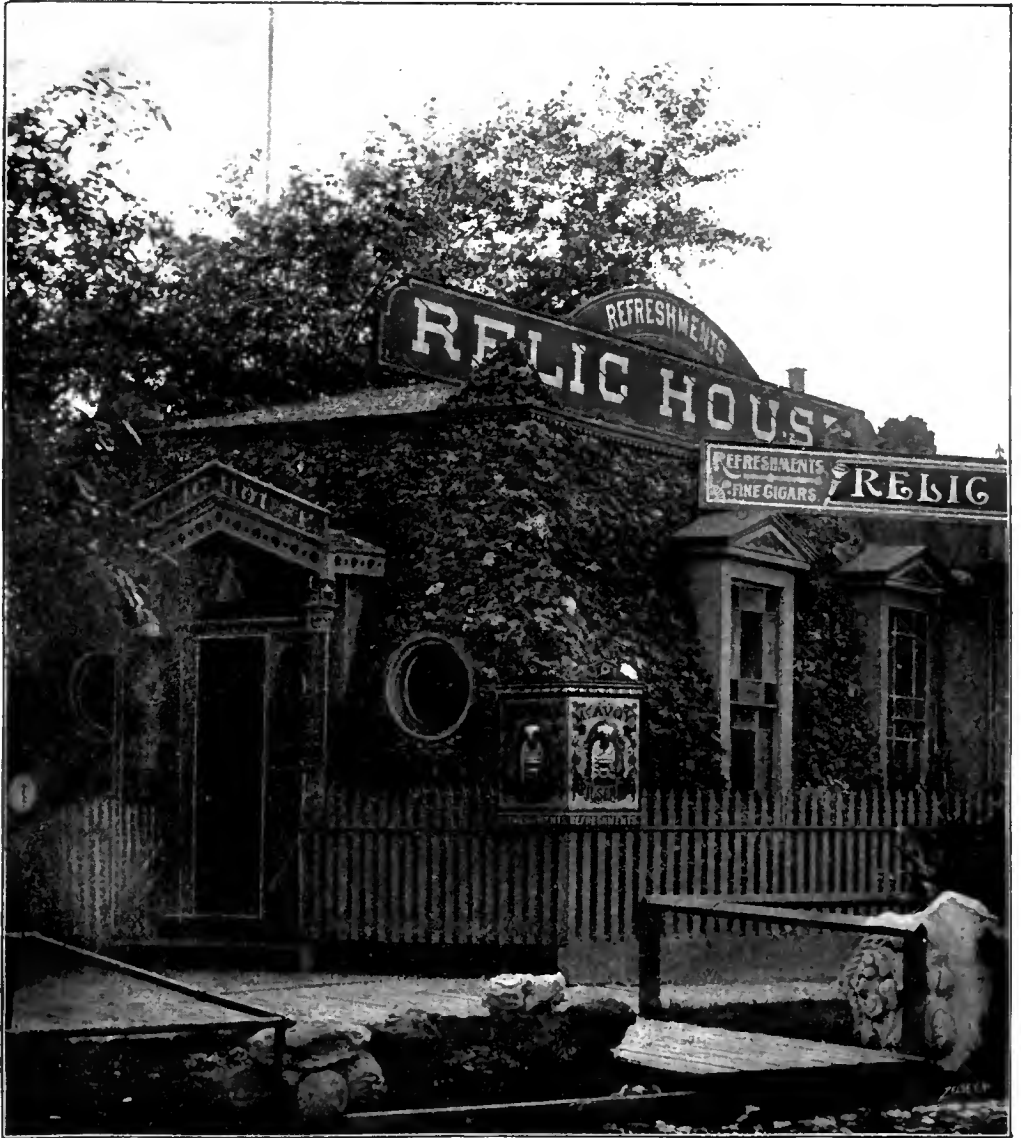
About ten A. M., Wednesday, October 11, 1871, Mr. Shock, T. J. Bigford and myself, walking along State Street, below Harrison, noticed an old mahogany sideboard. It was suggested that we purchase it and start business, so we made a bargain with the owner, a second-hand dealer.

Our combined cash capital being less than \$5.00, we had to make the most of it. Our purchases consisted of the old sideboard, an empty barrel, a water bucket and six glasses, which cost us \$2.50. We then hired an expressman to take the things down to the Lake, fill the barrel with water

and haul it to the corner of Dearborn and Monroe Streets, opposite the old Post Office. While this was being done, I went over on West Lake Street, where the commission men were opening their stores, and purchased a barrel of cider, a barrel of apples and some grapes, getting trusted for them.

At about one o'clock we opened the first store in the burned district, our stand being located at 169 Dearborn Street. We cleared about \$25.00 that afternoon, selling our goods at the "old prices." The photograph of our stand was taken by Coplin.

The next day Mr. Bandwin opened a book and news stand near us, Frank Barker, then a little boy, clerking for him.—H. W. KENNICOTT.

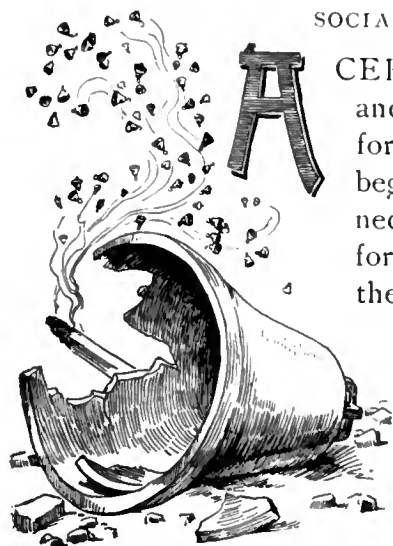


RELIC HOUSE.

(A building entirely made of fragments collected from the ruins of the North Side. Still standing in 1891.)

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### SOCIAL RE-ORGANIZATION.



**A** CERTAIN metropolitan character began, from and after the Fire, to mark Chicago society for the first time. As already observed, the beginnings of social life had been largely connected with the several churches, and therefore clannish, rather than homogenous. Now the congregations were scattered, some of them never to re-unite, for the principal church-buildings, to the number of thirty-nine, were burned; and such as had been central in place, so as to draw attendance from all over the city, were not rebuilt in the same spots (the land being at once too valuable, and too far from the homes of the people),

Thirty-nine churches burned.

but were moved out to one or other of the three residence districts, which are north, south and west of the business area.

This scattering was painful at the outset, but advantageous in the end, for it tended to break up cliques, and to favor the formation of society on its proper basis; association induced by intellectual sympathy instead of mere church membership. Social growth on this basis has been rapid and creditable, although subject to a disadvantage springing from the topographical character of the city; in that it is divided into three widely separated areas, the North, the South and the West Sides, by the main river and its sprawling north and south branches. Adjoining the main river are some square miles of solid business streets. Along the banks of each branch are long lines of the sordid and rather squalid growth which is inevitable to commercial water-ways. Far on the outskirts of the region thus useless for society are three "centers," of social life; three large cities instead of the one very great one which alone could make the full and adequate tabernacle of culture, art, fashion and luxury for a rich metropolis of a million and-a-quarter of inhabitants; for the Chicago of 1891. The day will come when one or other of these three will take its unquestioned place as the Holy of Holies for worshipers at the shrine of "good society." In the meantime the lingering provincialism of the three smaller circles is not without its compensating advantages. As social life grows in magnificence and

Scattering of Congregations by the fire.

North, South and West Side circles.

splendor, it loses the gentler graces of youth and simplicity; graces which still flourish in Chicago, associated with a degree of gay hospitality and *inclusiveness* which it will lose when *exclusiveness* shall be forced upon it by metropolitan proportions and aristocratic aspiration.

Hospitality and  
Benevolence.

Unquestionably, some of the most hospitable and benevolent people in the world live in Chicago. Their houses, their opera-boxes, their carriages, their luxuries of all kinds are kept for the use of their friends as well as themselves. The city is not yet old enough (especially since the Fire) to have lost the personal love and pride of its citizens. No Newport competes with it for their devotion. London, Paris, Rome



HENRY W. KING.



WIRT DEXTER.

and Berlin are all very well to visit—with Chicago as a line of retreat and base of supply.

None rich by  
inheritance.

The thing to be borne in mind in studying Chicago social phenomena, is the fact that all the riches of the community are still in the hands of the men who have, by labor, power, good luck and good management, earned and won them. Not one of the hundreds of millionaires, and scarcely one of the thousands of smaller fortune-holders, is rich by inheritance. Each has earned and counted his dollars as they came in. Therefore, when he is economical he knows it, when he is extravagant he knows it, when he is (as he very often is) liberal, hospitable, charitable, generous,—even lavish—he knows it all the time. Let him (as he constantly does) travel abroad *en prince*, give great sums to the cultivation of the arts, entertain his friends with unbounded hospitality, endow charities, colleges and churches splendidly; he does

it all with a full knowledge of the value of money and a keen enjoyment in the use of it for the benefit of others. It is not "easy come, easy go" with him; it is the deliberate outlay of hard won wealth, keeping a proper application of means to ends; so that no matter how much is paid or given, nothing is wasted.

If the true Chicagoan allows himself, in his general good nature and tolerance, to hate anyone, it is the man who, having found Chicago a good enough place to make a fortune in, looks for some better place wherein to enjoy it. There have been a few such, but their memory is not fragrant in their old home. The question naturally arises: "If

Absenteeism  
not favored.



EDWIN C. LARNED.



JOSEPH T. RYERSON.

Chicago is deficient in any of the arts and graces, why not stay and help remove the imperfection?" And this is the course most of her children are pursuing with great pleasure and great success.

"With age our faults diminish, while our vices increase." It is to be feared—not hoped—that when the three big social circles shall have merged into one, these youthful exuberances will disappear and be replaced by the more dignified, self-centered, aristocratic characteristics of the communities full of inherited fortunes, where luxury and idleness are taken as the natural endowment of the "upper ten thousand" instead of the reward of labor well done, and of brave fighting in the battle of life.

One circle in  
the far future

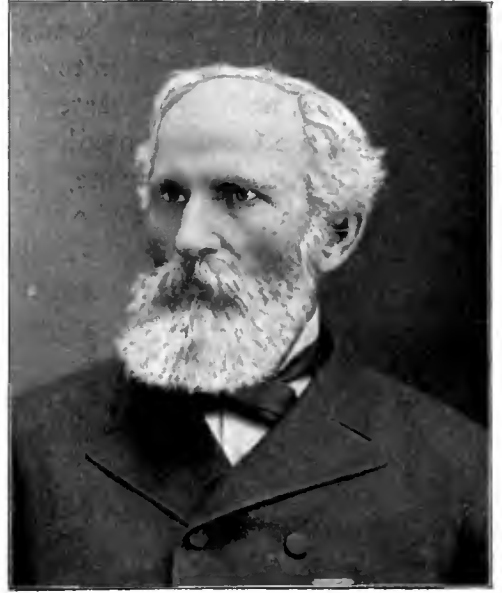
The old-world "nobility" which "draws the line" at any trade or profession where money is to be made; the supercilious indifference to all things and persons outside a narrow pale; to all labor and usefulness

except as it is the labor of outsiders, useful to the chosen few, to all the sources of their luxury so long as the luxury itself is unstinted; this "nobility" is beyond the scope of the present generation of Chicagoans. They know how hard they themselves or their fathers have worked and are not ashamed of it. And just now it seems more probable that the "great world" will come to their way sooner than they will go to its way.

No true Aristocracy in Chicago as yet.

Development of Clubs.

Social clubs are later developments of the change wrought by the Fire. In Chicago as elsewhere, they are a mixture of good and evil. As an elevating and brightening influence for men without families, they seem indispensable to modern city life; as an influence



DR. HOSMER A. JOHNSON.

adverse to the taking up of family cares, and a drawback to home purity, integrity, happiness and sufficiency, they are disastrous. Of all Anglo-Saxon true nobility and stability, the home, the ancestral homestead, the household, the fireside, and the family, are the root, the trunk, the branches, the flower and the fruit. The best of clubs is that which a fortunate man gathers about his own hearthstone, his wife and children being his fellow-members. The true glory of Chicago is to be found, not in its parks and boulevards, stock-yards, elevators, factories, banks, newspapers, shipping, railroads or sky-scraping structures;



ART INSTITUTE, FORTNIGHTLY AND LITERARY CLUB.

ures; but behind its front doors, from the proudest to the humblest.

Between churches and social clubs, as nuclei of gregarious humanity, no philanthropist, whether churchman or not, can hesitate to give the preference to the churches. They tend to unselfishness instead of mere pleasure, to cultivation instead of mere amusement, to "faith, hope and charity," instead of (possible) dissipation. Above all, they make no invidious distinction between the sexes; they seek to enfold man, woman and child in happy and virtuous communion.

The earliest of the great clubs, properly so called (as distinguished from societies organized for special purposes, such as music, dancing, athletics, etc.) was the Chicago Club, chartered March 25, 1869; with Ezra B. McCagg as the first president. Almost at the same time (April 5, 1869) the Standard, specially instituted by Jewish citizens, was incorporated, its first president being E. Frankenthal. The third in order of precedence is "The Fortnightly," organized June 4, 1873. Its object is the intellectual and social culture of women. Mrs. Kate Newell Doggett was its prime mover and its first president. Its meetings occur on alternate Fridays of the Spring, Autumn and Winter months. At each there is an essay, discussion, reading or concert.

At this present writing (1891) the Fortnightly is approaching its three hundredth successive meeting; and has at least a fair showing of right to accept the position attributed to it by an English visitor, that of "the greatest of women's clubs of its kind in the world."

Next came the Chicago Literary Club, organized in 1874, for "social, literary and æsthetic culture." Its first president was the



UNION LEAGUE CLUB.

The Chicago, the Standard and the Fortnightly.

The Literary.

Rev. Robert Collyer. Every Monday evening (except in summer) it meets in its handsome rooms overlooking Lake Michigan, for an essay, conversation or reception, and now (1891), in its seventeenth year, is holding its fifth hundred of consecutive sessions. (It is characteristic of Chicago's newness that such a space of time is cherished as venerable, rock-rooted antiquity and stability.)

The Union.

The Union Club was organized in 1878, Henry W. Bishop being its first president. This is the North Side club, being finely located on Washington Square.



THE UNION CLUB HOUSE.

The Illinois.

The Illinois Club was chartered April 26, 1878, its first president being John G. Rogers. The Illinois is the West Side social club, its home being on Ashland Avenue, between Monroe and Adams Streets.

The Union League.

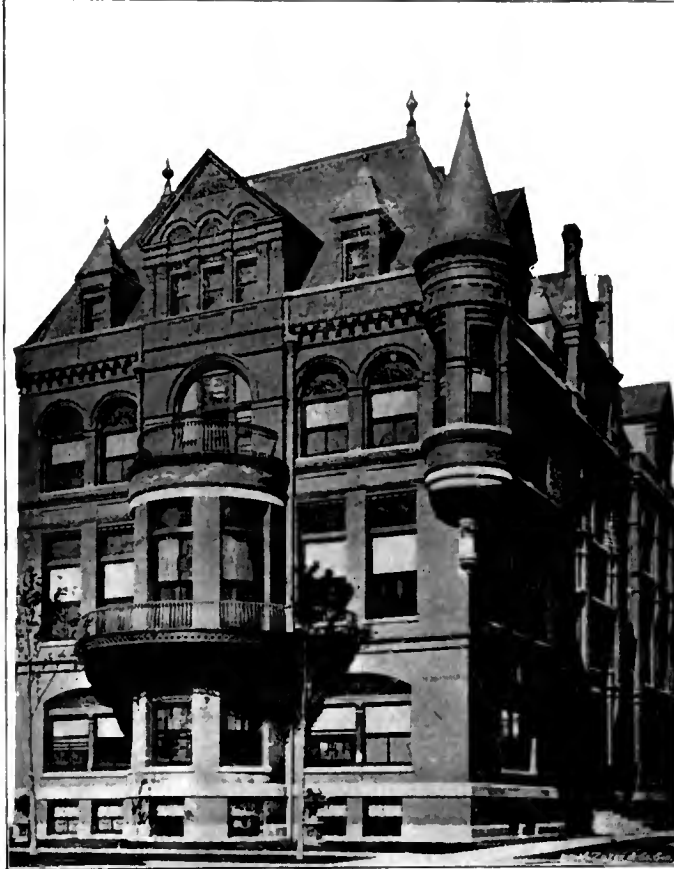
The first club to unite political with social aims was the Union League. Though the name "Republican" was not used in its programme, yet the phraseology was so framed as to emphasize the principles which had been the groundwork of that party, and which had called it into being; and it is recognized as a Republican stronghold. It was organized in 1879, with Lewis L. Coburn as its first president. Its club-house, facing the government building from the south, is the most imposing of all in the city.



The Iroquois Club was the next to recognize party distinctions. It was organized by leading members of the Democratic party in 1880, its first president being Perry H. Smith, Jr. The Iroquois.

These are the leading clubs of the city dating earlier than 1880, leaving out of view those which have no permanent abiding-place, or are devoted to the interests of citizens coming from some particular state or foreign nation, or to the study of some particular art, science, or accomplishment. Their comparatively rapid growth in the years following the fire is a mark of the great metropolitan change which was one of the conspicuous consequences of that momentous cataclysm.

When a Chicagoan turns to the purely benevolent, philanthropic and patriotic side of his city he finds much to be proud of. True, there are other cities where more money is invested in public charities—or rather private charities for public use—larger and more numerous endowments and foundations; but none where, *within the same space of time*, anything like



CALUMET CLUB.

an equal sum has been given; and it has come mostly from living men, who have themselves earned and saved what they gave.

The Relief and Aid Society, so fully spoken of in connection with the Great Fire, was organized in 1857. To mention the names of its incorporators is somewhat like writing a directory of leading "Old Citizens." They were Edwin C. Larned, Mark Skinner, Edward I. Tinkham, Joseph D. Webster, Joseph T. Ryerson, Isaac N. Arnold, Norman B. Judd, John H. Dunham, A. H. Mueller, Samuel S.

Relief and Aid  
Society.

Greeley, B. F. Cook, N. S. Davis, George W. Dole, George M. Higginson, John H. Kinzie, John Woodbridge, Jr., Erastus S. Williams, Philo Carpenter, George W. Gage, S. S. Hayes, Henry Farnham, William H. Brown, Philip J. Wardner and others.

In the work following the fire (October 18, 1871, to April 20, 1873, in which space of time relief was extended to the extent of \$8,923,400) the great mass of free, unpaid supervision was exercised by Henry W. King, Wirt Dexter, Edwin C. Larned, T. M. Avery, T. W. Harvey, Charles G. Hammond, Nathaniel K. Fairbank, Dr. H. A. Johnson, J. McGregor Adams, Ezra B. McCagg, the Rev. Robert Laird Collier and others—too valuable to be forgotten, but too numerous to be named here. It is with extreme regret that this inestimable benevolence is here dismissed with words so few and inadequate. A chapter would scarcely do it greater justice in proportion to its deserts. Those who desire a more complete appreciation of the possibilities of charity and knowledge of how to apply wisely immense means to an immense

object, should buy the handsome volume comprising the Society's Report for 1874, written by Sidney Howard Gay and published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

In 1858 the Home for the Friendless was organized. The names of the incorporators, being those of women, are less known though not less notable than those connected with the Relief and Aid. They are Martha A. Wilson, Adaline R. Judd, Julia Dole, Julia A. Warner, Anna M. Gibbs, Margaretta Varian, Margaret M. Gilman, Jane C. Hoge, Adaline C. Morgan, Lavinia Morris, Maria Excern, Emily S. Roy, Minerva Botsford



JOHN L. BEVEREDGE.

and Emma F. Haines. Jonathan Burr was the greatest benefactor of the institution, both during life and by bequest; and George Smith and Flavel Moseley were also among the early supporters.

The Nursery and Half-Orphan Asylum began in 1859, when, as Capt. Andreas says, "Mrs. Samuel Howe and a few other ladies undertook the task of maintaining a day school for little ones whose mothers were unable to care for them during working hours." From this small beginning grew up a great charity. In 1869 it received \$17,000,

Its most  
devoted  
servants.

Home for the  
Friendless.

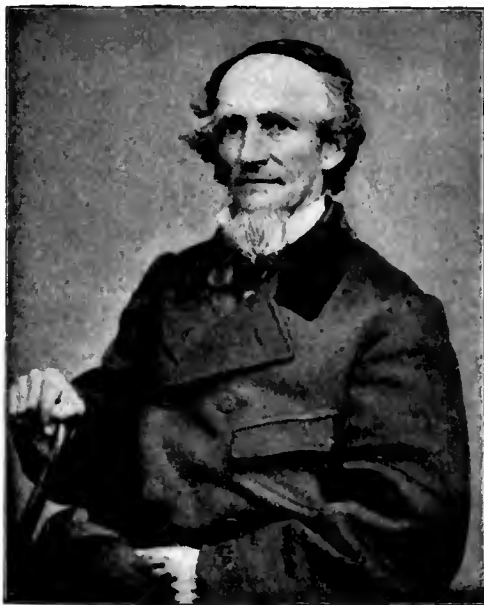
Nursery and  
Half-Orphan  
Asylum.

bequeathed by the sainted Jonathan Burr; and William B. Ogden, with a few others, endowed it with a large lot on the corner of North Franklin and Burling Streets, where its asylum still stands. At the Great Fire it was not finished, but the children, driven from their former refuge, were huddled there for shelter—then carried further on the approach of the flames—then returned there; for the destruction had halted *two squares away!*

The Old Ladies' Home was begun in 1861 by Miss Caroline Smith. Upon Miss Smith's death she bequeathed to it \$1,000, and also devised to it two lots on Wabash Avenue, near 35th Street. Its permanent home is in Indiana Street, near 27th. The Society was incorporated in 1865 by Benjamin W. Raymond, O. H. Tiffany, George D. Cummings, W. W. Everts, F. W. Fisk, William H. Ryder, Jonathan Young Scammon, Robert Collyer, Mark Kimball and S. P. Farrington.

Old Ladies'  
Home.

The Chicago Historical Society seems, in the view of a writer of history, to deserve a chapter to itself, so grand is its aim and so laborious and painstaking have been the efforts of its faithful friends. Its prime mover was the Rev. William Barry, who started it in 1856. Again do we seem to be making a list of early Chicago worthies as we copy the names of the incorporators. William H. Brown (president), Wm. B. Ogden and J. Young Scammon (vice-presidents), S. D. Ward (treasurer), William Barry (recording secretary and librarian), Charles S. Ray (corresponding secretary), Mark Skinner, M. Brayman, Isaac N. Arnold, George Manierre, John H.



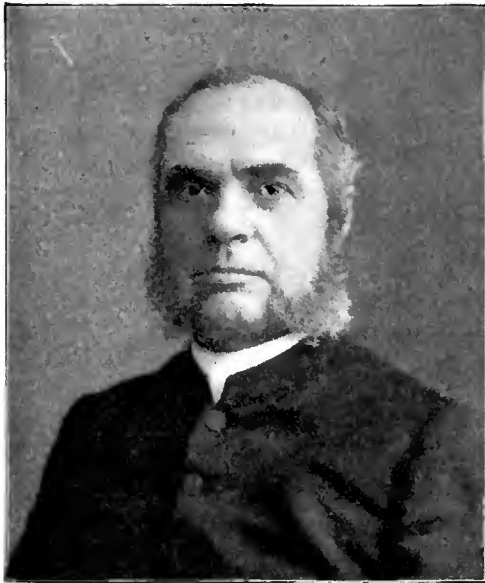
WM. BARRY.

Kinzie, J. V. Z. Blaney, Edward I. Tinkham, Joseph D. Webster, W. A. Smallwood, Van H. Higgins, N. S. Davis, Mahlon D. Ogden, F. Scammon and Ezra B. McCagg. (Of all these, only four are alive at the present writing, 1891.) The devoted services of its friends managed, in the first fifteen years of its life, to accumulate a mass of historical treasure. There were some 20,000 volumes, 1,738 files of early newspapers, 4,689 manuscripts (including the entire Kinzie collection), portraits of noted men of early times in the West, and last, but not least, the original draft of Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation! These call a glow to

Historical  
Society.

the heart, only to be followed by a spasm of pain, for every vestige of them all was destroyed in the Great Fire. After this disaster many friends sent boxes of books addressed to the society, which were stored, awaiting some movement for rehabilitation; and again, in the Fire of July, 1874, these, too, were burned.

If this had been all, it seems impossible that even such faithfulness as theirs could have survived in the hearts of its friends; but there were funds, which must be administered, notably the "Gilpin Fund," which was a sum of money bequeathed by Henry D. Gilpin, of Philadelphia, (Solicitor of the Treasury in 1839), which, with accumulations, amounted in 1874 to over \$72,000. There were also debts to be paid, so it was:



REV. CLINTON LOCKE.

"Once more into the breach, dear friends,  
once more,"

and E. H. Sheldon, B. F. Culver, Geo. F. Rumsey, Isaac N. Arnold, George L. Dunlap, W. S. Johnson, Levi Z. Leiter, Mark Skinner, Julian S. Rumsey, J. S. Waterman, E. T. Watkins, Charles B. Farwell, John Wentworth, Jonathan Young Scammon and others put their weary and burthened shoulders to the wheel and lifted it out of the Slough of Despond. At this present writing (1891) it has gotten together a new lot of treasures, though, alas! still in mourning for the old. They are now stored in an old, low, one-story "fire-trap,"

but the funds of the Society have accumulated to over \$110,000, and the new, permanent, fire-proof building will very shortly take shape and substance.

The Athenæum is an institution most creditable to Chicago, and one of the most admirable in the world. It is quite independent of sects—except as unsectarianism is itself stigmatized as a sect—and enjoys the support and honor of liberal men of all creeds and professions. It is devoted to the dissemination of useful knowledge, and this it does through a reading-room and library, a gymnasium, with bath-rooms, etc., and eight class-rooms. In these, nearly a thousand pupils are taught each year, at charges which barely cover the mere cost, for it is not a charity school. Every beneficiary pays something, however small.

The existence of the Athenæum dates from the very month of the

Great Fire. To quote from its report: "Then the fairest portion of the city lay in ashes, and it was this great calamity that prompted a few earnest spirits to plant amidst the ruins an institution which should help to build up true manhood as the best criterion of progress."

The Athenæum is allied with the Mechanics' Institute, quite the oldest of Chicago benevolent associations, dating, as it does, from 1843.

The religious charities of Chicago are beyond count. Each church is in itself a vast benevolence, and each has some one or more separate dependent charities, whether reformatory, educational, or simply humane.

One, destined to reach immense proportions, not confined to any one denomination (though largely composed of Methodists), was the Young Men's Christian Association. It was started as early as 1858, under the leadership of Cyrus Bentley, Henry Howland, John V. Farwell, T. M. Avery, E. W. Blatchford, and others.\*

This great agency for strengthening the weak, raising the fallen, finding work for the strong and bread for the weak, has never ceased its blessed ministrations for a single day, through fire and trial of all kinds, through the days of danger and suffering, and the still more perilous times of prosperity and indifference. It, with its congenial and connected Young Men's Christian Temperance Association,

Women's Christian Temperance Union, and other allied societies, has done a mass of public service which defies the power of imagination.

The Illinois Humane Society has for its motto the gentle words "We speak for those who can not speak for themselves." It was incorporated March 25, 1869, by George C. Walker, Thomas B. Bryan, Julian S. Rumsey, Belden F. Culver, I. N. Wilcox, and T. D. Brown. The objects of the Society were the pledging of the State to the protection of its children and animals from unnecessary cruelty, and the enforcement of such laws in that behalf as might be enacted. It is an honorable mark of any time and place that such laws exist, that such societies have their administration in charge and that public sentiment is in

Young Men's  
Christian As-  
sociation.



EDWARD I. TINKHAM.

Humane  
Society.

\*The far-famed Dwight L. Moody began his work, a very young man, in this association, and, gathering strength by the use of his abilities, graduated from it to be the great power for good he later became and still is (1891).

sympathy with them. At this time (1891) its president and untiring supporter is John G. Shortall.

Secret  
Societies.

Union war  
Veterans.

The Great Secret Societies, Free Masons, Odd Fellows, etc., have their favorite field in Chicago. Here they exercise all their benevolent and ennobling influence, and mould and sway an innumerable host of the bone and sinew of the land. A mere catalogue of their Lodges, Posts, Circles, Encampments, etc., would fill a page of our Story. The Grand Army of the Republic had its origin in Illinois and has in Chicago its largest or nearly largest "stamping ground" and the largest Post (No. 5, the "George H. Thomas") in the whole organization. The Veteran Union League, the Union Veteran Club, the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, and many veteran regimental societies, are all strong, well ordered and flourishing mementoes of the War for the Union.



G. P. A. HEALY.

The Art Institute is perhaps the most distinguished, successful and prosperous of all the undertakings for advanced culture which exist in Chicago. It is the successor of the Academy of Design, which was organized in 1866, and which, in 1869, was incorporated by E. B. McCagg and others. The Academy included among its members some artists of world-wide reputation, notably George P. A. Healy, whose long course of splendid work, beginning in 1836, and continuing even to the present writing (1891), places him easily in the front rank of portrait-painters

The Art  
Institute.

of this country. The fire, destroying at once nearly all the art products and quite all the demand for art, was a terrible blow to the Academy and the final result was the institution, in 1879, of a new Society, with the same general purpose of the old.

The new enterprise, the "Art Institute," was incorporated by Marshall Field, Murry Nelson, Charles D. Hamill, Ferd W. Peck and George E. Adams. By slow, strong and steady steps it reached a height of achievement scarcely hoped for by its founders, having a splendid building overlooking Lake Michigan, a magnificent collection of pictures, ancient and modern (owned by the Institute or loaned to it), a large and flourishing school of design, and, better than all, a corps of strong and devoted friends, proud of its progress hitherto and

resolved upon still greater advance in the future. Among them are Charles L. Hutchinson, Edson Keith, Lyman J. Gage, James H. Dole, Charles D. Hamill, W. F. Blair, W. T. Baker, D. W. Irwin, E. W. Blatchford, N. K. Fairbank, O. S. A. Sprague, H. N. Hibbard, George E. Adams, S. M. Nickerson, Levi Z. Leiter, Marshall Field, Lambert Tree and John C. Black. William M. R. French is Director of Schools and Galleries, and to his artistic ability, his business capacity and his fine personal qualities is attributable an incalculable proportion of the remarkable success of the great institution.

The Art Institute has 265 "governing members," 5 "honorary members," and 2,070 "annual members." Its students number from 500 to 700 a year. In his report for 1890, Director French observes:

It is an extraordinary fact in our history that the Art Institute has never had any endowment, has never received any bequests, and has never required contributions for current expenses. The only considerable gifts have been to the building fund and collections. While almost all the other museums of the country have at least received the privilege of building upon public land, the Art Institute has bought all its real estate. The regular sources of income, aside from gifts, are membership fees, exhibition receipts, tuition fees, and rents. . . . The expenses of the Museum for the last year have been \$25,559.53. The earnings of the Museum have been \$26,010.35. The expenses of the school were \$12,315.25, and the earnings \$14,881.13. The expenses of the library were \$674.04, and the receipts \$831.42.



ENOCH WARD, Artist, now of London.

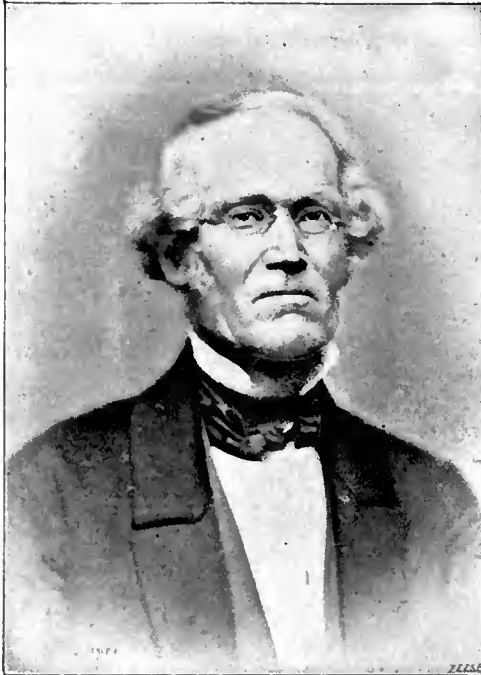
Like other young cities, Chicago has been better as a market for art produced elsewhere, than as a place for the production of salable work. A conspicuous and unmistakable mark of provincialism is lack of confidence in one's own judgment, in social, artistic and literary matters. Every new community looks to an older one for guidance in these respects. "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country," and a Western man or woman who does anything worthy of honor must, ordinarily, look for recognition in some older community before he or she can enjoy it at home. The home-bred author, painter, etc., finds his home fame dependent on what New York, Boston and Philadelphia critics say about him. This reminds one of a story familiar in army circles: It is a well known military principle that "any fortress can be taken if the assailant be strong enough." A certain instructor, who had inculcated this lesson on his class, asked, later on, what would be the best expedient for the defence in a given case, to which a bright student

Chicago as an art centre and art market.

replied: "Move out; get the assailant inside, and then defeat him." So, in matters of taste in a provincial city, it can more readily be captured from without than from within. These remarks apply to Chicago, particularly, during "the seventies."

While Chicago was experiencing great triumphs and great reverses, places just below her horizon were going on in the even tenor of their way. The following sketch in the quiet life of one of those localities was crowded out of the page in "the thirties," where it might more appropriately have found a place; but it perhaps fits here well

A glance back  
at a primitive  
time and  
place.



P. H. HOLDEN.



MRS. BETSEY (PARKER) HOLDEN.

enough as a "foil" to the great things which were happening "so near and yet so far;" for the glare of the Great Fire was quite visible from the place in question.

A few miles from the Israel Blodgett settlement on the DuPage is the inappropriately named "Skunk's Grove," on Hickory Creek. Hither came the parents of Charles C. P. Holden, already mentioned; Phineas, born in New Hampshire in 1792, and Betsey (Parker) Holden, born in Massachusetts in 1793. They arrived in Chicago, June 30, 1836, and put up for a short time at the old Green Tree House, the first shelter of so many Chicagoans. (It still exists and should be placed in some appropriate spot and custody for long years of future preservation.)



Naturally, being farmers, they liked not at all the little, dirty, disorderly, squalid trading-post, and were very glad to find such a garden-spot as the DuPage Valley, a leafy forest meandering through grassy prairies. Here they lived, prospered, grew old, died and are buried; another grafting on the young West of old New England strength.

A curious anecdote is told by C. C. P. Holden, illustrating the habitual and affectionate reference (more frequently made then than now) to the charters of our liberties. At a celebration—Independence Day, probably—there was a gathering at “the Grove,” and loud calls were made for the reading of the Declaration of Independence. For a time no copy could be found, as books, whether of law or of history, were still a rare possession. At last the deficiency was supplied, the desired scripture was found; where does one suppose? Printed on a woman’s pocket-handkerchief!

The Declaration of Independence read from a pocket-handkerchief.



RESIDENCE OF GENERAL TORRENCE; LAKE SHORE DRIVE.

## CHAPTER XXX.

PANIC OF 1873. FIRE OF 1874. WHISKY RING.



Ruins of twenty-nine banking-houses.

**E**IGHTEEN of the nineteen Chicago National banks were burned in the Great Fire, together with eleven other banks, including savings-banks. Twenty-nine piles of ruins confronted, on Tuesday morning, the eyes of bankers, depositors and public. Perhaps no more fearful suspense can be imagined than the state of mind with which the slow cooling of these pitiful heaps of chaos were watched. It was at once evident that the contents of the Sub-treasury were hopelessly lost; what better chance had the private hoards? One by one the vaults were reached and opened. Great care was needed; for in at least one

case, where air was admitted before the inside temperature was sufficiently lowered, the whole contents, though safe till then, burst into a blaze. Great care was used; in fact the operation of opening was, in most cases, a job, not for the cashier with keys or combination, but for a blacksmith with sledge-hammer and chisel.

Only one serious loss occurred; that of the bank of Lazarus Silverman, whose safe, containing \$50,000 in gold and currency, was destroyed. The safety of the others was due to the fact that they were universally built into brick vaults, the foundations whereof rested on the solid earth. No "safe," elevated above the ground and liable to fall into a bed of coals when the floor beneath it should burn away, could be counted on. The trouble in the case of the Sub-treasury was due to the fact that the brick vault was held up clear of the ground by iron pillars, supporting bars of railway iron, which bent when hot and let the whole mass fall in ruins.

Two days delay was enough—Monday for consternation and Tuesday for deliberation. On Wednesday a meeting was held at Standard Hall, Wabash Avenue, presided over by W. F. Coolbaugh, President of the Union National Bank, and all resolved on starting again as soon as each could find a place to start in. Before that night half of them had secured quarters of some kind; a parlor on Wabash or Michigan Ave-

Only one safe failed in its duty.

Consternation first and deliberation next.

nue, or the cross-streets between them; a room or two in some of the small buildings on the old "Wolf's Point," west of the forks of the river, or some other place where clerks and tellers could sit or stand, and where customers could apply for cash or drafts, *or could bring cash for deposit.* This last may seem to be an unnecessary provision, but not so. The deposits came in faster than they were drawn out, almost from the very start.

On Thursday most of the banks had recovered, or were recovering, the contents of their vaults, and it was publicly given out that all depositors could have fifteen per cent. of their funds on demand—savings banks paying in full all demands not exceeding twenty dollars by one person. By the next Tuesday (17th of October), most of the institutions had begun paying all demands in full. Andreas (3 Hist. Chic., 434) says:

Banks begin again to pay out money.

The deposits exceeded the drafts, even with the Savings-banks. Among the causes of this fact may be named the circumstance that large sums of money were forwarded here for relief, and millions of dollars paid by Insurance Companies in settlement of losses.\* In addition, much Eastern capital was sent here for investment in real estate at the anticipated low prices. . . . On October 16th, Comptroller Hubbard made an official examination of the Chicago banks and reported their condition as satisfactory, and from the date of the resumption forward, for a period of some months, money was so "flush" in the city that the banks had more cash than before the fire, notwithstanding that immense sums were sent East in payment of mercantile indebtedness. . . . The announcement of their intention by the Savings-banks resulted in but little demand for money, except from small depositors.



LUMAN TRUMBULL.

It was just two years after the Fire that the "pinch" came again upon the city and the financial world. Wall Street in a manner suspended payment; so did Boston, Philadelphia and most of the other money centres. The clearing-houses were the crucial tests, for when a bank can not "clear," that is, make good to its sister banks the checks upon it they have taken from its depositors, then such bank has failed. But a pooling expedient was invented in Wall Street and copied by the cities which take their cue from New York; and that expedient was the use between banks of "clearing-house certificates." A bank which can not "clear," sends a mass of securities, in place of cash, to the clearing-house, and the latter thereupon delivers vouchers, or "certificates," to the

Stringency two years later.

\*The Phenix, of Brooklyn, claims the honor of having made the first payment on account of the Fire losses. It was a draft for \$5,000, dated October 12, 1871, in favor of Hart, Asten & Co., well-known manufacturers of paper bags.

creditor banks. This of course is good for the feeble bank and bad for the strong, for a depositor who draws his check on the former and deposits it in the latter, can get his cash from the latter, while it gets only a "clearing-house certificate" in return. On a certain day this quasi stoppage took effect in the Eastern cities, and the question arose of the taking of similar action in Chicago. One would expect the stricken and struggling burnt-out city to be helpless, the earliest to succumb, stunned, if not paralyzed, by the first blast of monetary stringency. There was a meeting of Chicago bankers in the clearing-house room, and a stormy debate lasting till two A. M. A few heroes of financial courage withstood the natural impulse to follow Wall Street's comfortable

Clearing-house  
certificates  
not used.



LYMAN J. GAGE.

example. A clear numerical majority was in favor of it, but Geo. Schneider, Lyman J. Gage, C. B. Blair and others opposed it, and this is an operation which could not go on without their co-operation, for they could insist on receiving their balances in cash, being themselves ready to pay cash. Mr. Blair said: "I don't care what others may do, and I don't know how I shall come out; but no matter who stops, I go on paying." The First National was called on for its vote on the question of a resort to clearing-house certificates, and Lyman J. Gage answered, "No." The die was

cast, and the general collapse being averted, even those who had faltered came into line or tried to do so, and soon most of them—all who ought to survive—were going on as usual. Among these were National banks as follows: The First, the Fifth (now the National Bank of America), the Merchants', the North-Western, the Illinois, the Commercial, the Union, the Hide & Leather, the Home, the Corn Exchange, the Stock Yards and doubtless others. Among non-National banks, there were the Merchants Loan & Trust, the Illinois Trust & Savings, the Hibernian and many others not now recalled to mind. The banks which failed at this crisis or within the year were: the Second, Fourth, Cook County, Manufacturers, City and German National banks, and the Franklin Savings Bank; beside others now forgotten by all except perhaps some of their unlucky depositors and share-holders. The bill-holders could lose nothing.

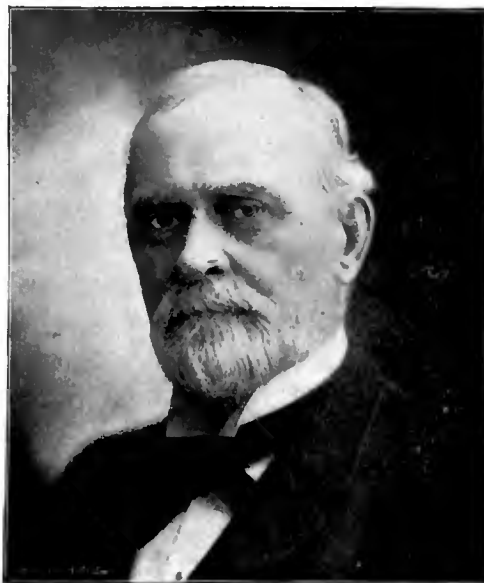
Collapse  
averted

Failures.

The fact is that what the Chicago Board of Trade buys and sells is more staple than what the New York Stock Board buys and sells. Wall Street owns securities, La Salle Street owns food. Grain and meats have a world-wide value and salability, which stocks and bonds can not claim. The latter exist for generations, whereas the former are necessarily created, sold and eaten each year, since mankind must have them or perish; while the paper muniments of ownership are always subject to the fluctuations of popular favor—the luxuries of the rich, instead of the necessities of all. When the panic came, our English and Canadian neighbors rushed in to buy up, not Erie seconds, but wheat, corn, oats, beef and pork. There is a whimsical parallelism between the stability of Western banks when the Eastern banks gave way, and the firmness of brick vaults compared to the failure of the Government depository. The latter had most funds in store, but it was insecurely based on railway iron; while the former rested on the solid earth, the soil itself, whence comes all permanent stability.

Food-product a better financial basis than stocks and bonds.

A whimsical parallel.



POTTER PALMER.

For this reason, among others, Chicago failures have rarely been total wrecks. In the cases of bankrupt National banks, the proceeds of their United States bonds have always redeemed the bank-notes, the other assets have partly or wholly paid the other liabilities, and the shareholders have usually made up the deficiency, if any.

Now (1891) the stock of one bankrupt bank (the Third National) is worth 250 per cent. or more, through the advance of real estate which was among its abandoned resources.

The only really disastrous banking convulsion which has struck Chicago since 1837, was that of 1878, when the State, the Beehive, the Fidelity and the German savings-banks went down, chiefly because of real estate loans, the security for which was valuable, but inconvertible. The losses were terrible, not because of their magnitude, but of the helplessness of the losers, they being savings depositors. The State was precipitated by wrong doing and flight on the part of its manager, D. D. Spencer. George Schneider had been out of it for fifteen years, and the sound principles which guided him had been replaced by a very

The great Savings-Bank disaster.

State, Beehive,  
Fidelity, and  
German Sav-  
ings-Banks.

different spirit.\* The others were recognized as being the victims of misfortune and bad judgment. The two largest, the State and the Fidelity, finally paid between fifty and sixty per cent of their indebtedness, but most of the small depositors had already sold their claims for a song. At prices afterward reached, the land securities would have paid all claims in full with interest. The moral effect of these failures was bad, as many of the sufferers were discouraged from ever again practising the painful economies whereof the results were so pitifully lost.

Other savings-banks have sprung up, and the innumerable "building associations" have formed attractive, profitable, and hitherto safe channels or reservoirs for savings, through which tens of thousands of



LEVI. Z. LEITER

homes have been built up and occupied. Properly managed "building societies," namely, those which lend to individual heads of families and not to building speculators, are safe beyond peradventure.

At the same time, savings-banks are now (1891) coming again into favor. As fast as homes are built and paid for (probably faster in Chicago than in any other city on earth), the habit of saving becoming formed, other healthy investments will follow. Speed the day! The additional sums which might be saved to American laboring classes, if there were no spirits or beer in the world, would trans-

fer to their ownership all the most valuable property in the country, railways, mines and manufactures, in a single generation. It is calculated that the "drink bill" of Chicago (not taking into account the indirect injury caused by the drink habit) amounts to between \$20,000,000 and \$30,000,000 each year, chiefly from the earnings of labor. The rich are not saving money half as fast as the poor are throwing it away.

The mass of ashes, stone-fragments, brick-bats, mortar-dust, slag, metallic débris, melted and agglomerated nails, spikes, horse-shoes, bars, bundles and other forms of iron, crockery, china and glass-ware and ten

\* Mr. Schneider is characterized by a friend as "the man to whom is justly due the honor of having done more than any other journalist to bring the Germans of the Northwest into line with that great anti-slavery movement which, taking its rise in England under Wilberforce, Clarkson, George Thompson, Daniel O'Connell and others, saw the consummation of its labors in the emancipation proclamation of Abraham Lincoln."

Building Soci-  
eties and their  
mission.

thousand thousand other relics, impossible of grasp by memory or imagination, remained to be disposed of.\* If the fire had annihilated them all it would have been well; but there they lay, the bones of the old Chicago to be buried out of the path of the new. Burdensome as they were, they were not entirely useless. In the first place, the occasion was seized for raising the established grade in some places; and in others, raising the actual grade to the established standard. Then again there was the "basin" in front of the Lake Front Park and within the Illinois Central breakwater. This had long been a weedy, half stagnant eyesore; now it was the convenient dumping-ground. Thither went the wagon-loads of débris, almost by the million. The place was filled; and if at some far distant age Macaulay's fancied "New Zealander" shall sit on the ruins of the ancient Chicago and wonder at the great remains of past glory, he may be led to excavate the bank which the lake will have abandoned, and if so he shall there have rich finds of the relics of a forgotten race.

The "Little Fire," the great fire of July 14, 1874, seemed like adding insult to injury; like plunging the same dagger afresh into the old, half-healed wound. Captain Andreas says (3 Hist. Chic. 462):

The starting point was a low shanty in the rear of No. 527 South Clark Street, occupied by a rag peddler as a store-house. . . . The first estimate of the loss was \$4,025,000, but this was subsequently reduced to \$3,845,000. The loss to the insurance companies was about \$2,200,000, leaving a loss to property owners of between \$1,600,000 and \$2,000,000. The fire lasted from 4:30 P. M. on the 14th till 3:30 A. M. on the 15th, and at one time it looked as if the city was menaced by another sweeping conflagration. At an early hour in the evening the apprehension was so great that many firms began carting their valuable goods to the West Side. Guests left the hotels and people on the North Side began preparing for another visitation by packing up their chattels.

The Fire, driven by a southwest wind, as was its greater predecessor, swept from its origin on Clark Street eastward to the Lake, skirting the southern edge of the rebuilding "burnt district," and doing little damage, if any, to the new brick structures. But it was the "last straw" on the back of the patient insurance interest. Anticipating the inevitable outcry, the local insurance agents met on the day after the disaster and agreed to insist on a "new deal." The fire department must be



WM. F. DE WOLF.

Relics of the past made foundations for the future.

A new blow on the old sore spot.

\*Even while these pages were preparing, a huge mass of iron melted together in an obstinate heap, has lain in the way of the erection of one of the great new structures (the Masonic Temple), and has finally been raised and transferred to the "Libby Prison Museum."

Last straw on  
the backs of  
the Insurance  
Companies

re-organized, the chief must have absolute control, the fire-limits must be strictly observed and respected in all building, the water-mains must be enlarged, extra hazardous merchandise must not be stored, wooden awnings, cornices and cupolas must be removed. In spite of all this the National Board of Underwriters in Philadelphia, on October 1st resolved that all its companies should retire from Chicago, and the withdrawal actually began.

Citizens' Association to the rescue.

At this alarming juncture the Citizens' Association (working with the Board of Underwriters) raised \$5,000 to carry into effect the reform of the Fire Department. Franklin MacVeagh went East, argued the matter before the Board of Underwriters and engaged General Shaler,



J. VAN OSDEL.

of New York, an old soldier and an experienced fireman, to come to Chicago and re-organize the fire-fighting service, and the second conflagration, severe trial as it was, proved to have been a blessing in disguise, for from that day to this (1891) no fire has got beyond the control of the department, so as to outflank it, jump<sup>o</sup> over it, defy it and rage unchecked over any large extent of ground, although Chicago still remains largely a "wooden city."

The Insurance Companies, it is needless to say, cheerfully—even eagerly—returned to Chicago, and have found it a profitable field for their tillage; although one of the authorities on the subject assures

the writer (1891) that the net profits of the business here can never repay the big loss; for the reason that they can not pay the interest on it, year by year. At six per cent. this would amount to \$3,000,000; and, compounding interest for the delay, would now take perhaps \$10,000,000 per annum to be gained before any beginning is made toward reducing the enormous principal.

The companies forgive, but do not forget.

The growth of the Fire Department from the fifteen poor rotary engines of 1871, which could scarcely throw a respectable stream against the wind, may be judged from the following extract from Mayor Cregier's report of 1890, dated April 27, 1891:

The fire department continues its usual efficiency. This arm of the service consists of 914 men in all capacities, 209 fire apparatuses, 89 stations, 387 horses and 115,000 feet or nearly 22 miles

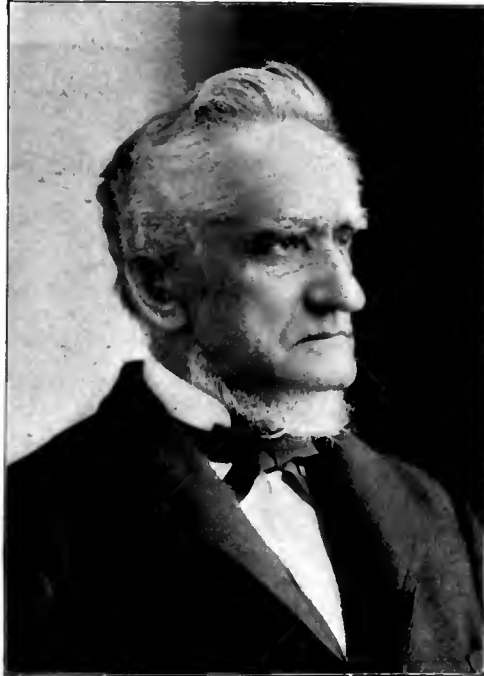


of hose. During the year the department has responded to 4,639 alarms, of which 3,459 were fires. 104 men were injured while in the discharge of duty, but not a life was sacrificed during the year.

The new fire-boat "Yo Semite" was completed and put in service December 19th, and has a capacity to deliver 24 one-and-one-fourth streams simultaneously. This fire-boat has thrown a single four-inch stream a distance of 420 feet. The power and utility of this boat will prove an important addition to the department. The new army of fire fighters.

This one flood-thrower, drawing water from the river regardless of any water-works, would alone have quelled the fire-fiend of 1871. Its power is probably three times as great as that of all the apparatus of the older days put together. There are more machines now than there were men in the ante-fire days.

A very striking and noteworthy experience in the business history of Chicago was the exposure and punishment of the "whisky frauds" in 1875. The large internal revenue tax laid on distilled spirits by Congress in war time (\$2 a gallon, later reduced to 90 cents a gallon), offered an overpowering temptation to fraud and concealment, the tax being more than ten times the cost of production.\* The frauds had been of long standing, and, as is usual in such cases, the offenders had grown bold and careless, regarding "beating the Government" as a kind of recognized game of chance and skill — even as certain women look upon the introduction of foreign finery in defiance of the customs laws. The conspiracy involved many Government officers. One member of President Grant's Cabinet was considered to be implicated, and people went so far as to charge the President himself with privity in the swelling of campaign means by "whisky money," or corruption funds, paid for convenient blindness on the part of tax-collectors. This accusation, false as it proved, found many believers among his political opponents. General Grant's famous phrase, "Let no guilty man escape," was the keynote of the prosecution, and it went on to a triumphant conclusion.



DR. N. S. DAVIS.

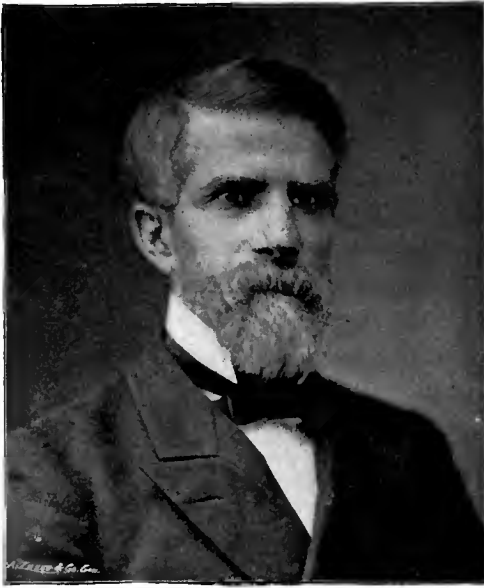
Bursting of the Whisky ring.

"Let no guilty man escape."

Secretary Bristow was the instigator of the whole proceeding, and

\* When corn is low and beef and pork are high, spirits can be distilled in the West almost for nothing, seeing that the "slops," or remains from distillation, are nearly as valuable for fattening cattle and hogs as was the corn before "mashing."

to him, perhaps, more than to any other one Government officer, was due the great reform, comparable to that which ousted the "Tweed Ring," in New York, in the same year,\* a campaign whereof the glory is assigned to Samuel J. Tilden. Special Deputies Tutton, Asa Matthews and Captain William Somerville (the two last named Illinois men) made the arrests and seizures. Judge Mark Bangs was the United States District Attorney and managed the attacking force. He had the help of some of the best legal talent in the city, Wirt Dexter, B. F. Ayer, and L. H. Boutell; and, of course, was opposed by all the ingenuity and ability that the profession could furnish and money could employ: Robert G. Ingersoll, Emory A. Storrs, Leonard Swett, Sydney Smith and others.



MARK BANGS.

Eight large distilleries and numerous rectifying and wholesale liquor houses were seized, and goods bearing the marks of these houses were confiscated all over the country, wherever found. The "first batch" of the accused arrested were scarcely in custody before some of them showed symptoms of weakening. They knew that the Government would have little or no trouble in making out its case, and finally, with one accord, offered their testimony against others on the hope of obtaining indemnity from the penalties of their wrong-doing. After much consul-

tation and mature deliberation, Judge Bangs concluded to put them on the witness stand, they to rely on the clemency of the Government as the consideration for their repentance and becoming its friends and allies. Thereupon about a score of more distinguished culprits were arrested, including some men widely known and highly esteemed.

The trial was sensational, the court room crowded, the public-press alive with staring headlines and full columns. All defence was practically hopeless, in view of the extreme severity and far-reaching penetration of the revenue laws. Every gallon fraudulently distilled and marketed was a separate offence calling for fine, confiscation and impris-

\* It is partly in consequence of the uncounted stealings of the "Tweed Ring" that the public debt of New York is so great and so complicated that no man can give a complete statement of its amount. It has been estimated at \$140,000,000, which is somewhat more than ten times that of Chicago. Chicago naturally boasts of the difference, and of the fact that in spite of all the charges, true and false, of fraud and speculation in her city government, no official or contractor has grown rich on his city business.

Enormous seizures of property.

Sensational Trial, verdict and sentences.

onment. As millions of gallons had been "crooked," all the money in the country would not have paid the possible fines, and centuries would not have exhausted the possible terms of imprisonment. Frantic efforts were made to have the sentences confined to money penalties, but imprisonment, with its accompanying stigma, was insisted on in every case, and men of age, wealth and standing broke down in tears on being condemned to the common jail. Strong men broken down.

Afterward came the question of the extent of indemnity to be allowed to the "State's evidence" men. The Government was disposed to insist that only imprisonment should be spared them; that all fines and confiscations should be enforced, and further, all liability as surety on the bonds of the very men whom their evidence had brought to justice. As finally settled, the "squealers" submitted to the loss of the distilleries and liquors siezed, also to all the taxes proven against them as being unpaid, but escaped the money penalties and liabilities on bonds, the latter chiefly by compromise, for they were stripped of their property and could not go into business again with the old liabilities hanging over them. "Let no guilty man escape" was carried out so far as the law or the public could identify him. Even if the "State's evidence" men had got off scott free, it would only be in accord with the general common-law principle of expediency. "Approvers" have been favored, from very ancient times, on the ground given by an old English commentator who says that a main safeguard for the upright is found in the mutual distrust of the knaves who fear betrayal at each other's hands. Indemnity to "squealers."

The years 1873 to 1878 were years of extreme business depression; usually called years of "disaster;" but Judge Caton wisely calls them years of prosperity, seeing that they were those where the process of economical repair and renewal went on. In 1873, he observes, the imports were \$300,000,000 more than the exports; indicating wild extravagance in the use of foreign luxuries. This was quenched by the "hard times," and economy took its place. Debts were liquidated and the balance restored; so that in 1878 the exports were \$300,000,000 above the imports. The process of contraction was not one of destruction but of reconstruction; not an attack of melancholia, but the return to reason after drunken foolishness. The "ministry of pain" is a blessing; deeply disguised, but a blessing nevertheless when it is a preventive of greater pains. Seeming financial disaster but real return of health.

Sure it is that every check which Chicago has ever met, be it war, pestilence or (money) famine; flood, fire or scandal, has only marked a pause in her progress, a halt to gather strength for a higher leap.

In the Mayoralty, Roswell B. Mason was succeeded in 1871 by Joseph Medill next (1873) came Harvey D. Colvin; next (1876) Monroe Heath; next (1879)

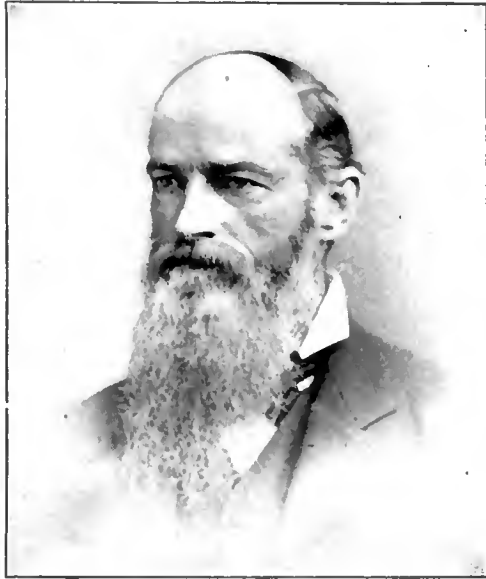


Carter H. Harrison, who had the unprecedented honor of serving through four successive terms with marked ability.

After Mr. Harrison, came (1887) John A. Roche, and next (1889) DeWitt Clinton Cregier, who was followed (1891) by the present Mayor, Hempstead Washburne.



JOHN A. ROCHE.



DE WITT CLINTON CREGIER.

Chicago should congratulate herself on the high character for personal honesty which has marked her chief executives without exception.

Uniform integrity of the Mayors of Chicago.



HEMPSTEAD WASHBURNE.

In war and peace, through dark days and bright, through fire and flood, through riots and other epidemics, they have served her faithfully. In many cases the choice to the high office has seemed to raise its incumbent to a higher plane of principle than had ever before been attributed to him. Partisan rancor has often accused them of partisan bias; never of private speculation. So far as known, they, one and all, have left the Mayoralty poorer than they entered it; in spite of the fact that in the meantime huge sums have been spent upon public works of great extent and magnificence, offering

temptations to all kinds of "crookedness."

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### THE BEAUTY SPOTS.



**P**ARKS are among the many luxuries which the advance of the world's means and appliances for human enjoyment has brought into the category of necessities of life. Warmth, light, air, sport, beauty and music (among thousands of other comforting and elevating gifts) are now offered to the poorest, to a degree which even within historic times, was beyond the dream of the most favored of men. And city parks are the purveyors of warmth, light, air, sport, beauty and music, to vast crowds of city-dwellers, who otherwise would find very little of either in their lives.

The luxury of  
the poor and  
the rich.

Reference has already been made to the establishment of Lincoln Park, the pioneer of the magnificent park system of Chicago. Those



SEA LION POND, LINCOLN PARK.

who, with so much courage and persistency, carried through that enterprise, established not only a park, but a precedent. The legislative commission, with its powers, duties and limitations, was the all-potent machine by which, in 1869, the South and West Divisions effected for themselves what the North Division had devised for itself.

On February 24, 1869, an act of the legislature was passed and approved, which created a commission, consisting of John M. Wilson, George W. Gage, Chauncey T. Bowen, L. B. Sidway and Paul Cornell, to locate and maintain a park in the towns of South Chicago, Hyde Park and Lake, authorizing them to obtain certain designated lands by purchase or condemnation, to cause the appointment of assessors by the Circuit Court to levy taxes, to issue bonds secured on the park and its improvements, and generally to do all things needful in the premises.

South Park  
Commission.



GATES AJAR, WASHINGTON PARK

After nearly two years of hard work, the Fire came and swept away almost all the visible result, namely, the magnificent plans and specifications prepared by Olmstead & Vaux (landscape architects of New York Central Park), the maps of the region, with ownership, etc., the Board records and books of account, all contracts, estimates, accounts and vouchers, and, perhaps worst of all, the roll of "assessment for benefits." In spite of this, and in accordance with the spirit which animated the community, they were soon at work again, making up for lost time. In 1872, '73 and '74, boulevards were laid out and graded, an artesian well was sunk, water-mains were extended, sewers built, hundreds of acres of land planted and fertilized, artificial lakes excavated, a tempo-

Its Fire losses.

rary music-stand was erected and Hans Balatka's orchestra employed to give weekly concerts.

To quote Andreas (3 Hist. Chic., 170):

Up to 1875 the whole amount of land purchased was 1,045 acres. . . . 350 acres had been tilled, seeded down and planted with forest trees, of from three to twelve inches diameter. That part of it known as the "South Open Green" had been laid out as a lawn—probably the most extensive in America—and the four main boulevards, Grand, Drexel, Pavilion and Oakwood, had been built and completed, affording eleven and one-half miles of road. A connecting drive between the East and West divisions of the park, beside other minor boulevards, some five miles in length, had been constructed. The nursery furnished several thousand trees each season, which were planted in the park, their places being supplied with young stock. The floral department and botanical garden were well established, with good hot-houses, steam forcing apparatus, etc., and the Board found itself able to furnish therefrom all the plants for the walks and drives in the parks.

The various boulevards and portions of the park were named from time to time. The East became Jackson Park; the West, Washington



FLORAL GLOBE, WASHINGTON PARK.

Park. The boulevards were named Grand, Garfield, Drexel, etc. In acknowledgment of the last, the Drexel heirs in Philadelphia furnished that boulevard with a handsome bronze fountain, surmounted by a statue of A. J. Drexel, the founder of the family, and a distinguished philanthropist. The greatest innovation was that which connected the park with the centre of the city by the adoption by the Board, and repaving and improving as a boulevard, of Michigan Avenue, for nearly its whole length, namely, from Jackson Street to 35th Street, a distance of over three miles. This cost more than \$500,000.

Under the provisions of the Park acts, any street "boulevarded" is placed under the control of the Park Board, as to its care, government

Early purchases and improvements

Drexel Statue.



and use, and the Board can assess adjacent property for its reimbursement. The Board thereupon forbids the use of the roadway for busi-



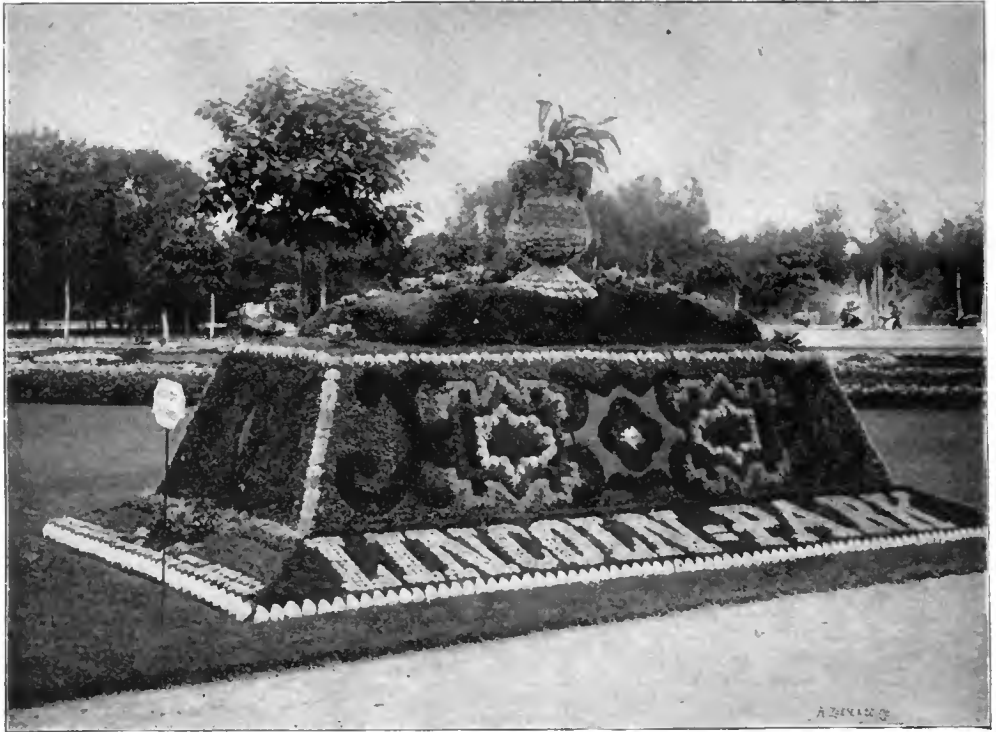
IN THE PALM HOUSE, LINCOLN PARK.

ness travel (and even for funerals) except so far as absolutely necessary to the residents on the street itself. The Board must be applied to for permission by any railway which desires to cross its boulevards; in short,

Hardship of  
Boulevarding  
some streets  
at the cost of  
others.

the whole length of each is treated as part of the park. This is not looked upon with favor by the residents on parallel streets near by, as it not only gives the favored avenue a certain glory and distinction, but also throws on the other roadways more than their share of the public business, the traffic which is heavy, dirty, noisy, unsightly, undesirable and pavement-wearing. Still, they submit, perforce, and with as good a grace as may be. "It is for the city's good."

The South Park Commissioners' report for 1890 gives the total outlays since 1869 as \$11,101,935, and the entire remaining debt as \$281,000. In other words, the taxpayers of the South Division have in



FLORAL DESIGN IN LINCOLN PARK.

Pay-as-you-go  
policy

eighteen years freely paid \$10,820,935, and wiped out the cost of lands and everything else, except the paltry sum of \$281,000. This is a fresh and strong illustration of the severe "pay as you go" policy which has always characterized Chicago and resulted in making all her immense outlays, both before and after the Fire, without increasing by a dollar the old debt of less than \$14,000,000.

The South Park is to accommodate the World's Fair. It has surrendered to the "Columbian Exposition Board" the whole of Jackson Park and the midway Plaisance. This makes 666 acres, including a mile and a half of lake frontage. As Paris managed to do fairly well with

225 acres and no lake frontage, it may be supposed that the Columbian will not suffer for elbow room.

Some idea of the work required to keep the South Park in shape may be gained from the list of equipments, etc., it has in use: 53 wagons, 8 phaetons, 23 sprinkling wagons, 5 carts, 1 steam roller, 121 horses, 85 boats, and tools and implements beyond count. The park has 40 tennis courts, 10 base ball fields, three skating ponds and one curling pool. The receipts from sale of hay, hire of phaetons and boats, sales at refreshment counters, etc., were over \$24,000.

Equipment needed by a park.

The Commissioners' report for 1890 gives the following:

TABLE OF THE AREAS AND DISTANCES OF THE SOUTH PARKS AND BOULEVARDS.

	Total Area, Acres.	Total Length Miles.	Improved Area, Acres.	Improved Drives, Miles.
Jackson Park .....	524	.....	84	1.54
Washington Park.....	371	.....	371	6.18
Gage Park.....	20	.....	.....	.....
Midway Plaisance.....	80	.....	.....	1.88
Grand Boulevard, 198 feet wide.....	.....	2.00	.....	3.75
Drexel Boulevard, 200 feet wide.....	.....	1.58	.....	3.05
Oakwood Boulevard, 100 feet wide.....	.....	.50	.....	.50
Michigan Avenue.....	.....	5.73	.....	4.73
Thirty-fifth Street Boulevard.....	.....	.32	.....	.32
Garfield Boulevard, 200 feet wide.....	.....	3.50	.....	4.37
Western Avenue Boulevard, 200 feet wide.....	.....	2.81	.....	1.79
Fifty-seventh Street, 100 feet wide.....	.....	.03	.....	.03
<b>Total Area of Parks.....</b>	<b>995</b>	.....	.....	.....
<b>Total Length of Boulevard.....</b>	.....	<b>16.37</b>	.....	.....
<b>Area of Parks Improved.....</b>	.....	.....	<b>455</b>	.....
<b>Total Length of Improved Drives.....</b>	.....	.....	.....	<b>28.14</b>

Table of areas and distances.

The total area of the territory embraced within the limits of the South Parks and Boulevards is 1,306 acres.

The commissioners are (1891) William Best, Joseph Donnersberger, James W. Ellsworth, John B. Sherman and Martin J. Russell.

The act for incorporating the West Park Board was passed February 27, 1869, the commissioners being Charles C. P. Holden, Henry Greenebaum, George W. Stanford, E. F. Runyan, Isaac R. Hitt, Clark Lipe and P. W. Gates. The act provided for a boulevard, beginning at the North Branch north of Fullerton Avenue, running west to a point west of Western Avenue; then southerly, as the commissioners might direct, to the line of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railway; and parks were to be situated along the line of this boulevard, in the discretion of the Board. With this large liberty of choice, the Board laid out four boulevards, namely, Douglas, Central, Humboldt and South-

Beginning of West Side Park system.

Douglas, Garfield and Humboldt.

west; with a total surface of 262 acres, and a length of  $8\frac{1}{2}$  miles. These boulevards join together the three great new parks: Douglas, 180 acres; Garfield, 186 acres; and Humboldt, 200 acres; covering, with the boulevards, 828 acres. Besides these laid out by the Board, it has had assigned to its charge five older parks, namely: Union, 15 acres; Jefferson, 5 acres; Vernon, 4 acres; Wicker, 5 acres, and Campbell, half an acre. Also five older boulevards, namely: Washington, Jackson, Ashland, Twelfth Street and Ogden Avenue; which bring the total surface of West Side parks and boulevards up to about 940 acres.



SCENE IN LINCOLN PARK.

Great Boulevards on the West Side.

The boulevards are 250 feet wide; and, starting from Lincoln Park, and running west to Humboldt, thence south through Garfield Park, they continue until they join the South Park system. This carries the roadway on southward to a point parallel with Jackson Park; there it turns eastward, reaching, through the South parks, Lake Michigan, which it quitted at Lincoln Park, some nine miles north, having, in the meantime, traversed seventeen miles of continuous boulevard and park cultivation. There, the traveler can, if he so choose, turn northward, and by Grand and Michigan Boulevards return to the place he started, after making a grand tour of twenty-six miles.

As yet, this long detour is through the outskirts of the city (except the Michigan and Grand Boulevards stretch), but within the not distant future the city "without the wall"\* will be larger than that within it, and it is easy to fancy the grandeur and beauty of this system under those circumstances.

Future beauties.



WASHINGTON PARK FOUNTAIN.

TABLE OF WEST PARKS AND BOULEVARDS.

	Area, Acres.	Improved Acres.		Length, Miles.	
Humboldt Park.....	200½	95	Humboldt Boulevard .....	2½	Acres and miles of West Side system.
Garfield Park.....	185¾	114	Central Boulevard.....	1½	
Douglas Park .....	179¾	179¾	Southwestern Boulevard. ....	2½	
Wicker Park . ....	4¾	4¾	Washington Boulevard.....	3¼	
Uninn Park.....	14¾	14¾	Ashland Boulevard.....	1	
Jefferson Park.....	5½	5½	Twelfth Street Boulevard .....	⅞	
Vernon Park.....	4½	4½	Ogden Avenue Boulevard .....	1½	
Campbell Park.....	¾	¾	Jackson Boulevard .....	3½	
Total acres.....	596	419	Total miles.....	16¼	

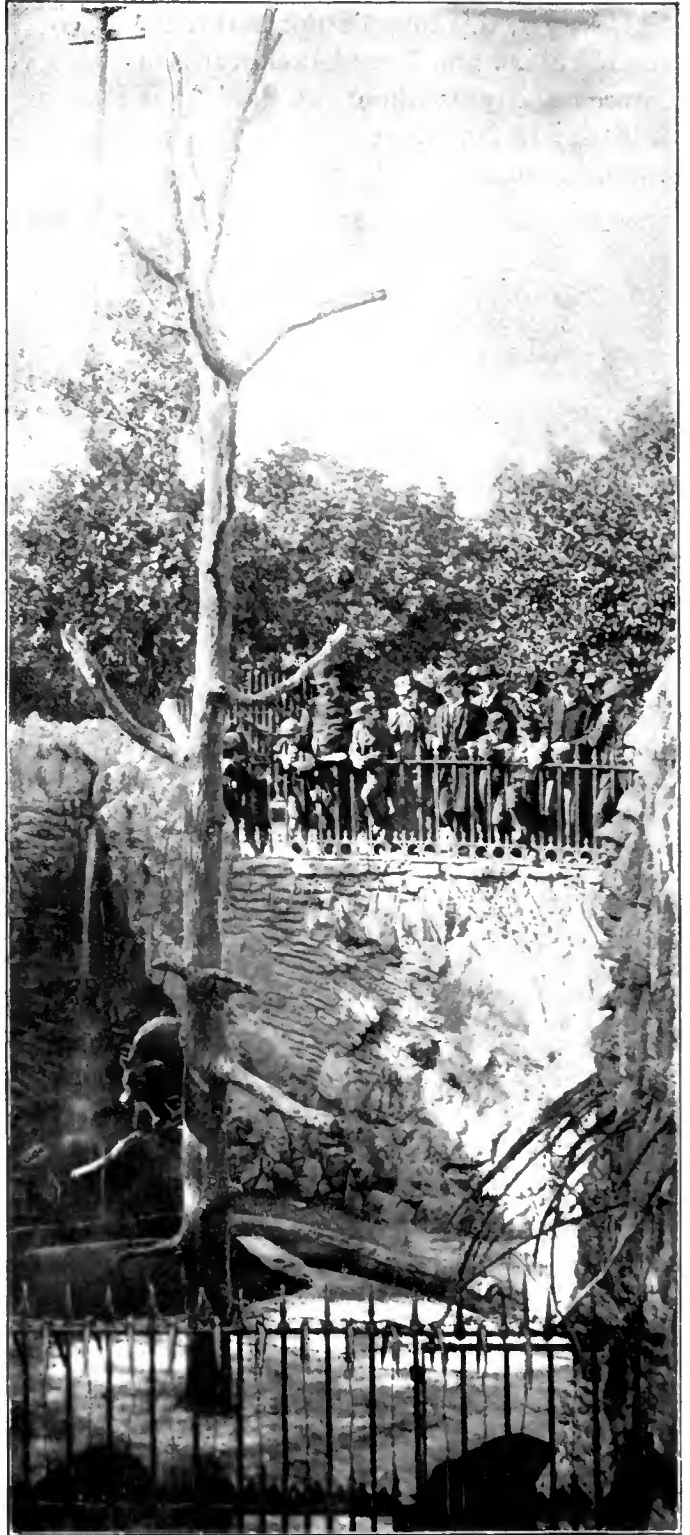
The outlay on the West Side parks and boulevards for 1890 was \$148,150 for maintenance, and \$114,361 for improvement. The miscellaneous receipts from boat-hire, rents, etc., were \$17,647.

The Board of West Park Commissioners for 1891 comprises George Mason, Henry S. Burkhardt, Fred M. Blount, Willard Woodard, Harvey L. Thompson, C. K. G. Billings and John Kralovec.

\*The original signification of "Boulevard" is bulwark or rampart.

Lincoln Park, on the North Side, has the peculiar and inestimable advantage of a Lake Shore drive; the beginning of a roadway destined to be at some future time continuous to Milwaukee; if not to far away "Devil's Door," the entrance to Green Bay, 300 miles to the northward. Already (1891) it is completed or in a fair state of forwardness, from the heart of the city to Fort Sheridan, the United States Military Post, twenty-two miles down the lake, passing through an almost continuous line of pretty suburbs. Wherever possible, the drive skirts the lake itself; elsewhere it keeps the water in view through the trees or over the bluff, and at still other places it is driven quite inland by the irregularities of surface or by the unwillingness of private owners to be separated from the beach. Doubtless, as time goes on, changes will

Lake Shore  
Drive; the  
Glory of the  
North Side.



BEAR PIT IN LINCOLN PARK.

be made in its location, and always in the direction of nearer conformity to the meandering shore; for nothing in all the joys of mere travel can compare with the delight of speeding over solid land beside open water—unless it be sailing along smiling water in view of a pretty landscape.

Of this peculiar opportunity the Lincoln Park Commissioners took shrewd and early advantage. Almost the first outlay they incurred was the preparation of the driveway along the Park front. This was at once (in 1870) made much use of, even while most of the Park land was still in its normal and primeval condition of barren, bare or weedy sand-hills. The driveway served a double purpose: it pleased the North Siders and made them, one and all, willing to pay the new assessment which added to their tax burden, and it shut out and made forever

Primeval Sand-hills.



SCENE IN DOUGLAS PARK.

impossible the alienation of the Lake Shore for a railway entrance to the city; a fate which overtook the whole South lake front at a day so far back that it was in the time when the shore was regarded as a dreary waste instead of a refreshing pleasure-ground.

Exclusion of Shore railways.

It is easy to perceive that a range of wind-swept sand-hills is an unpromising place for a park, but hard to conceive of the immensity of the task of subduing it to verdure and beauty. On the other hand, there are some compensatory features; the sand is easy to move by plow and scraper, and is a self-draining material when reduced to the desired form. On the whole, one would rather attack for park purposes warm sand than cold, refractory soaked clay or hardpan. A design once fixed on, with a pond here and there to be excavated, a hill or two or three

to be brought low, a mound to be raised, a slope to be graded, a ridge to be ranged, numberless flower beds to be started, a hot-house, a conservatory, a green-house, a palm-house, a boat-house, a tool and-machinery-house, a keeper's dwelling and barn to be built—all these things and a thousand others being laid out for deliberate achievement, the thing goes on step by step, and the change, to an occasional visitor, seems almost magical. 100,000 cubic yards or more of clay make a substratum to the grass-plats; tens of thousands of loads of black soil and the fertilizing city street-sweepings make the top-dressing; thousands of trees, home-grown and imported, soon stand in orderly confusion, and behold! the wilderness blossoms as the rose.

Blossoming as  
the rose.

Lincoln Park, itself, is the only park under the control of the Com-



SCENE IN DOUGLAS PARK.

missioners of Lincoln Park; its acreage, including the area within the shore protection now in process of construction, is 325 acres, of which 300 acres are improved. Its driveways, outside its own limits and those of the Lake Shore Drive, are:

Lincoln Park Boulevard, one-fourth of a mile (being Pine Street from Pearson to Oak Street).

North Avenue Boulevard (Clark Street to Lake Shore Drive), one-fourth of a mile.

North Park Avenue Boulevard (Center Street to Fullerton Avenue), one half-mile.

Lake View Avenue Boulevard (Diversey Avenue to Belmont Avenue), one half-mile.



Diversey Avenue Boulevard (Clark Street to Lake Shore) one-fourth of a mile.

The city council of Chicago recently transferred to the Lincoln Park Board control of Fullerton Avenue from Clark Street to North Park Avenue, nearly one-fourth of a mile, and it is now being improved; the city council also transferred the control of Diversey Avenue from Clark Street west to the North Branch (the exact distance unknown).

Miles and acres of the Lincoln Park system.

It has been conditionally accepted by the Commissioners—but it is probable an amendatory ordinance will be passed before the Board assumes control.



SCENE IN DOUGLAS PARK.

The Board issued seven per cent. bonds for land amounting to	\$900,000
Of these 650 have been paid	650,000
Outstanding	\$250,000

Original cost and present debt.

\$50,000 of this issue is retired in April of each year. Beside these, \$350,000 of five per cent. bonds have been issued for the construction of the outer drive and protection.

There has been expended on account of Land Improvement and Maintenance, from 1869 to April 1, 1891, the sum of \$5,250,264, and the only sum unpaid is the bonded debt of \$600,000 before mentioned.

For the year ending April 30, 1891, the receipts were \$347,566, and the outlays \$341,364.

Successive  
Commission-  
ers.

The successive Commissioners have been Ezra B. McCagg, John B. Turner, Joseph Stockton, Jacob Rehm, Andrew Nelson, Samuel M. Nickerson, William H. Bradley, Francis H. Kales, Belden F. Culver, Frederick H. Winston, Anthony C. Hesing, Thomas F. Withrow, L. J. Kadish, Max Hjortsberg, Isaac N. Arnold, Charles Catlin, and J. McGregor Adams. The Commissioners for 1891 are William C. Goudy, President; C. J. Blair, Treasurer; E. S. Taylor, Secretary, and Horatio N. May, Andrew E. Leicht, Joseph Stockton and John Worthy.

It is unquestionable that the park and boulevard system of Chicago was planned and carried out far ahead of the city's actual needs. In



SCENE IN GARFIELD PARK.

Park System  
still beyond  
present needs.

truth, even at the present writing (1891) they are beyond all proportion to the use made of them. Large expanses of park are lonely solitudes, except on some special feast day. Long stretches of boulevard are as inappropriate to their respective neighborhoods as would be a cathedral in a country village. This being so when the city has long passed the million mark, how almost absurd must they have seemed when they were laid out encircling (though far away from) a town of only 300,000 souls! They fitted about as well as a wedding ring on a baby girl's finger. But, all this being true, it only proves the projectors to have had the gift of second-sight. If it had not been done when it was, it would have been impossible ever afterward. In spite of the loudly-blamed greed of the property owners (who in general, though not invariably, got every

penny they could) the land was bought at prices far below present values. The limit of permitted rates of assessment (between one and two cents on the hundred dollars of value) gave, at first, very scanty means for improvements and sinking funds; but as surrounding lands and lots rise (partly by aid of the parks and boulevards themselves) the same old rates give generous yearly sums to the successive Boards, while the lessening of the debt, by calling in bonds for the sinking

Increasing means and decreasing demands.



GRAND BOULEVARD.

funds, reduces year by year the interest charges, so that in the Columbian year the whole system will be substantially clear of incumbrance, while the available funds will authorize expenditures not less than magnificent. Not only has this generation planned for the next and its successors a princely pleasure ground, it has bought it and paid for it, and devises it to the future free of the usual purchase-money mortgage. And this, too, achieved by the burnt-out generation, the rebuilders of the ruined city.

Bought and paid for; a free gift to the future.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### RIOTS AND THEIR SUPPRESSION.



EVERY city, the majority of the citizens whereof are householders, is safe, not from riots, but from successful riots. He who has much to lose is a sure defender of law and order. Building societies are the best form of special police and civic, unarmed militia. The dangerous classes are nomadic; rovers, "foot-loose," dwellers in tents, figuratively, if not literally. The home-lover is not formidable for attack and aggression, but for defence he is invincible.

On the other hand, combinations of wage-earners are natural and proper, as are also combinations of employers. The latter are not prone to advance wages (however reasonably) except upon necessity, and that necessity is not brought to bear, except by the refusal of employées to work at the lower rates; nor will the wage-earners consent to a reduction (however necessary) except by the refusal of all employers to pay the higher. Both seem to be as necessary as are two parties in national politics. Their contests and clashings are inevitable and lawful (so long as peacefully carried on), and from them comes the "market rate," the meeting point of supply and demand.

In July, 1877, occurred what were known as the "Railroad Riots," in reality a combined and premeditated effort on the part of wage-earners all over the Union to force down the hours of labor and force up the rates of wages, the railroads being chosen as the point of attack. In many Eastern cities there were great riots, with bloody results, especially in Pittsburg, where the killed and wounded, among citizen-soldiers and citizen workmen, numbered hundreds.\* In Chicago on July 23rd, a mass-meeting of laborers was called at Market Square (Market, Madison and Washington Streets), at which speeches were made, coun-

\* In Pittsburg, mismanagement (complicated with treachery or cowardice) led to dreadful disaster. The local military refused or failed to support the civil power, whereupon regiments from other parts of Pennsylvania were brought into service. These probably opened fire too soon—certainly stopped too soon after the fight was upon them. The enraged rioters by thousands surrounded them, and drove them into the railway machine shops and engine houses, then set fire to the places of refuge. The militia sought refuge in the armories of the city companies and were refused. They dispersed and were killed and wounded in large numbers. Every vestige of railway property was burned—buildings, machinery and rolling stock, including 125 first-class engines. The loss aggregated \$10,000,000.

A city of homes safe from certain dangers.

Trade unions necessary and proper.

The Pittsburg Riots.

selling mob violence. On Tuesday some hundreds of men and boys marched down Canal Street, warning from their work all laborers in coal-yards, lumber-yards, factories and railway-yards, and threatening with violence any who persisted in their occupations. These were dispersed by the police, but the isolated bands continued their paralyzing interference, so that before the next morning industry was almost at a stand-still. The railroads, except some mail-trains, were entirely stopped.

First troubles in Chicago.

Warned by the occurrences at Pittsburg, where gun-stores were raided and the mob armed with their contents, the Police (M. C. Hickey, Supt., and Joseph H. Dixon, Deputy) requested fire-arm dealers to remove all weapons from their windows to a place of safety, a request which they willingly complied with, well knowing that if called on to part with their wares it would be in a way devoid of profit to their pockets. Handbills were circulated calling another mass-meeting at Market Square on Tuesday evening, but the assembly was prevented by the police, who dispersed the crowds as fast as they arrived. By Tuesday evening 322 special policemen had been called into service, and over 125 rioters arrested and confined. Mayor Heath issued his proclamation calling on citizens to organize protective associations in each ward, and the First and Second Regiments of militia, with Bolton's Veteran Battery, the Battalion of Cavalry and some smaller armed companies were assembled at their respective armories. Beside these, the Grand Army posts and other veteran organizations offered their services, and, as if by magic, a force estimated at 20,000 men was enrolled for the defence of law, order and property.



GEN. JOSEPH T. TORRENCE.

A. C. Ducat, Major General, and Joseph T. Torrence, Brigadier General of State Militia, and took immediate command of the force, making up their staffs from such material as could be readily found, availing themselves, as far as possible, of men who had seen service during the rebellion, as both the generals named had done. Mayor Heath placed the public defence entirely in their hands, ordering the police force to report to General Torrence for orders.

Assembling of forces for defence.

The earliest, longest and latest parts of the struggle fell necessarily on the police, which certainly acquitted itself admirably. To quote Andreas (3 Hist. Chic., 109):

Outbreak and bloodshed.

The first actual violence occurred on Wednesday. The rioters, growing bolder, began driving men from work and destroying property in the lumber districts, and massed 900 strong near McCormick's reaper factory on Blue Island avenue. Here a detachment of police, under command of Lieutenants Cailahan and Vesey, routed the mob. A second mob, at Van Buren Street bridge, was dispersed by Lieutenant Ebersold; and still another, in the vicinity of the Illinois Central elevators, by Lieutenant Bell and Sergeant Brennan. Before noon a dozen outbreaks occurred in the various divisions of the city, in which men were beaten, windows broken and street cars stopped. . . . The saloons were ordered to be closed, trucks were kept in readiness to carry the police. A mass-meeting of the rioters was broken up and their platforms torn down. . . . At the Burlington & Quincy Round-house, on Sixteenth Street, Lieutenant Macauley and Sergeant Ryan's detail had a half-hour battle with the rioters, during which five of the latter were shot dead. That evening Pribyl's gun store on South Halsted Street was raided, and the arms taken by the mob.



DAVID QUIRK.



MAYOR HEATH.

Thursday morning the rioters were massed in the vicinity of the Sixteenth Street viaduct. Lieutenant Bischoff's detail were fired on, special policemen Landacher and Shanley being wounded. . . . Alarming rumors of riot and carnage were afloat and each fusillade intensified the popular excitement. The hour for decisive action had come, and the First and Second regiments, commanded respectively by Colonel S. B. Sherer and Colonel James Quirk, were ordered by General Torrence to report at the scene of disturbance to Police Captain Seavey.

Points to be defended.

The points of first importance to be protected were the water-works, the fire department whenever it should be called out by an alarm, the various distilleries with their large stores of spirits, and whenever they should resume their operations, the railroads. The residence portions of the city were protected by organized bodies of citizens who patrolled the streets by regular "reliefs" and made any organized attack on private property hopeless—if any plan for such attack was ever entertained, which is not proven and not probable.

Turning now to General Torrence's report, it appears that :

The Union Veterans, a force wholly composed of old and tried soldiers, not connected with the State military organization, but sworn in as special policemen, reported to me for duty and obeyed orders from headquarters. The command was organized and equipped under the efficient supervision of General Reynolds, Colonel Owen Stuart, General O. L. Mann and General Martin Beem, on the 24th of July [Tuesday]; and from that time forward was almost constantly engaged in the performance of duties which were of the first importance to the preservation of public order. Company A, Captain Lewis F. Jacobs, and Company D, Captain Charles H. French, were on duty for several days, guarding the Phoenix Distillery [Clybourn Ave. Bridge], which was seriously threatened by mobs. Company B, Captain L. W. Pierce, was the first fully organized and equipped, and was employed in guarding the North and West Side water-works. Company F, Captain C. R. E. Koch, was mainly occupied in protecting the distillery at the corner of Canalport Avenue and Morgan Street. General Lieb also recruited and commanded a company of veterans, which was of the greatest service

Gen. Torrence's  
disposition of  
forces.

The infantry was moved from its armories for the first time on Thursday, July 26th. The First was then marched to the Exposition building (Lake Front Park) and the Second to the Rock Island Railway Station. At 10 A. M. Captain Williams, with Lackey's Zouaves, the North Chicago Light Guard and his own company of the First, marched to the corner of Milwaukee and Chicago Avenues, near Halsted Street bridge, where the police were hard pressed. At 11 A. M. the main body of the First was marched to the Harrison Street Police Station, where it was joined by one gun of Bolton's veteran battery, when the force was marched to the eastern end of Twelfth Street bridge, where the gun was placed in position to command the bridge, the infantry supporting.



CAPTAIN JOHN BONFIELD.

The Second at the same time took its position at the West Twelfth Street Station, supporting a second gun of Bolton's battery. Thursday night the troops occupied the following positions: Four companies of the Second, under Colonel Quirk, on Halsted Street viaduct, and three companies under Major Murphy between the viaduct and Twelfth Street; two companies of the First at Twelfth Street bridge, two at Jefferson Street and two near West Twelfth Street Turner Hall.

Military sup-  
ports police.

General Torrence's report continues :

. . . On the 26th of July [Thursday] a strong veteran cavalry force of about 150 men was organized by Major James H. B. Daly, assisted by General Shaffner. . . . Immediately upon being mounted and equipped, the troops under Captains Waters, McNeill and Agramonte were ordered to the scene of disturbance—the Halsted Street viaduct—in the neighborhood of which they remained on duty all day, making many charges and capturing a number of prisoners, some in the open streets and others in houses from which shots had been fired, and dispersing groups of rioters. General Torrence took command of the cavalry on Halsted Street and at the viaduct in person. The conflict on Halsted Street having terminated in the discomfiture of the rioters, the

cavalry was employed for the remainder of the time in patrolling the disaffected districts. It would be difficult to overestimate the services rendered by the cavalry, some of whom were almost constantly in the saddle performing duties of the most exhausting and harassing nature.

Two companies of United States infantry arrived during the progress of the affair, and their soldierly quiet and dignified bearing were a matter of admiration and inspiration to the local forces. They reported to the State commanders and were posted in exposed positions. As is usual wherever they appear, all over the Union, they were received with respectful welcome. Even in cases where local militia are subject to jibes, if not opposition, "the regulars" never fail to meet with cordiality. Men may be jealous of their neighbors in arms, but are sure to look upon National soldiers with pride and affection.

United States  
Regulars.



JUDGE JOSEPH E. GARY.

It is certain that all the troops behaved with exemplary faithfulness, discipline and self-restraint. They were never in the way when the police found themselves adequate to the emergency, and never out of the way when the civil force required help. It was a task of some delicacy to assign its place to each body of troops, not because any hung back, but because each chafed at being held back. The First was stigmatized as the "silk-stocking" regiment, and the Second was even (by persons who did not know it well) distrusted as possible sympathizers with the striking rioters. The Second burned to show its loyalty, and when the First was

moved from the armory before orders were received by the Second, the latter made known its displeasure in no uncertain terms. In fact, there was not, nor has there ever been, any feeling in either except eagerness to prove its usefulness and devotion to duty, harm who it might. The same is true of the troops judged by nationality. The Clan-na-Gael Guards were as trustworthy as Lackey's Zouaves or the North Chicago Light Guard: All were simply Americans and citizen soldiers of Chicago.

Unanimity in  
the defenders.

The grand display of force made any severe use of force needless. It seems that riots do not start out with many persons resolved to break law, but grow by the excitement of any early success that may attend them, drawing into their bad influence idle spectators, carried away by



the infection of excited example. Panics grow and spread in like manner. Men may be "stampeded" forward as well as backward; to attack as well as to fly. This riot was like an Alpine snow-ball scattered by a timely obstruction; but for which it might have become an avalanche.

The threatened avalanche scattered at the start

The stampede, in this case, seized upon the "upper classes," at the dawning of the day of trouble. Not that there was any general exodus (though some few men were "compelled to leave town" with their



HAV MARKET.

families), but there was general alarm, consternation, dismay, earnest appeal to all who had any experience in military matters—a degree of trepidation which was not without its entertaining features to such as did not share it. The newspapers blazed with what are technically called "scare headlines." At the first collision one saw "the pale air streaked with blood." At this stage the force which stood between property and its perils were "brave defenders," and nothing they could ask was too good for them. They asked nothing but arms, ammunition, supplies and means of transportation; these furnished, they did their duty quietly, incessantly for seven days and nights, till all anxiety was over, the railways again running, the wheels of industry turning and life and money-making going on as usual. Then all was changed,

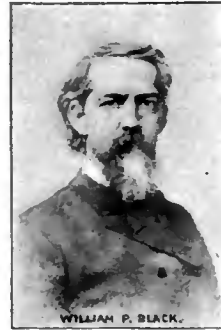
Fear of the mob succeeded by jibes at the military.

blanched faces grew red with laughter, the timid grew jocular—it had been a huge joke! The public press was not ashamed to turn the defence to ridicule, publishing the names and personal characteristics of inconspicuous actors in the drama, and, with exquisite irony, prefixing the title of “General” to each. If the militia had originally paused to raise the question of regimental armories, money for uniforms, flags, music and other requisites of fine “soldiering,” they might have gotten all they had been so long asking in vain. But they stopped for nothing, and consequently are still (1891) giving, not only their time but much money they can ill spare, all in the service of a heedless and ungrateful public.

Thankless task  
of the militia.

Probably very few of those who “turned out” thought of any possible money equivalent for their efforts, but as soon as the Legislature met all were paid in proper proportion to their rank and term of service.

#### THE ANARCHIST RIOT AND ITS SEQUEL.



It seemed likely that a generation might pass before there would come another collision between law and lawlessness. Such storms are wont to clear the air and make all ready for a long calm diversified by only gentle showers and soft zephyrs. So far as concerns anything like a popular uprising the railroad riots may turn out to be the last for several decades, but within a single one a new collision between law and anarchy took place; the latter being a struggle wherein reputable labor had no recognized place. It was in 1886 that certain professed and professional law contemners (all of foreign birth) tried to bring the masses of American working-men to the principles or sentiments entertained by certain European theorists who hold with Marat that “property is robbery,” that law is oppression, and that order is slavery. Right or wrong, the American public disagrees with them, and they are in a minority so hopeless as to be pitiful. They are not either loved, hated or feared; they are only laughed at.

The Anarchist  
movement.

In that year they fancied that the time was ripe for a revolution in their favor. This was only one of their delusions, as the world thinks and

as the result tends to prove. Two newspapers, the "Arbeiter-Zeitung" and the "Appeal," socialistic, communistic or anarchistic, it is hard to say which, had been leading a struggling existence for some time, the former edited by a zealous and able man named August Spies, and printed and published by him in connection with Balthazar Rau, Albert Parsons, Michael Schwab, Gustav Fischer, Rudolph Schnaubelt, Louis Lingg and others; and these men had really formed sundry clubs, called The prime movers.



JURY IN THE ANARCHIST CASE.

"Lehr und Wehr Verein," with "Armed Groups," which were secretly sworn in, armed, drilled and organized for a war with the great American Nation. They were not crazy enough to fancy that these squads could, single-handed, cope with the powers that be; but just crazy enough to believe that a little bit of success at the start would bring to their side the mass of wage-earners of Chicago, and then those of other towns and cities. (What part the far greater masses of agriculturists were to play does not appear.) Their folly.

Shorter hours of labor was the reform aimed at in the agitation of 1885-86. This the communists did not favor, calling it a half-way measure, likely to postpone complete communism. Albert R. Parsons wrote in the "Alarm":

Difference between labor unionists and anarchists.

The private possession of property, or ownership of the means of production and exchange, places the propertyless class in the power and control of the propertied class, since they can refuse bread, or the chance to earn it, to all the wage-classes who refuse to obey their dictation. Eight hours, or less hours, is, therefore, under existing conditions, a lost battle. The private property system employs labor only to exploit (rob) it, and while the system is in vogue, the victims—those it disinherits—have only the choice of submission or starvation.

The McCormick Reaper Works, after long and bitter negotiations with their men, closed voluntarily on February 16, 1886. This was the communists' opportunity, and they urged the idle wage-workers to violence. They formed and drilled two "armed groups," experimented with dynamite and the making of bombs, and looked for the "Great upheaval." At the same time the McCormick Company hired detect-



ives, and the regular police placed 500 men on the ground to preserve order. Under the advice of the press and leading citizens, the Company raised wages, but insisted on employing whom they pleased, union or non-union. This started the works—and the disturbances; for every "scab" was marked for insult and injury by the "unionists."

Saturday, May 1, 1886, was the day set for the universal eight-hour strike. On Monday, May 3rd, a crowd of 10,000 collected not far from the McCormick Works. August Spies addressed the men, advising them to arm themselves with "dynamite, rifles, shot-guns, pistols, clubs, sticks, stones"—anything they could use, and make a bold stroke for "freedom." The factory was attacked, the chief sufferers being non-union moulders in the foundry. Two officers, Condon and West, trying to defend the "scabs," were badly beaten. Reinforcements of police arrived and a fierce struggle occurred. About half a dozen rioters were killed and half a hundred wounded. From this scene Spies went to the office of the "Arbeiter-Zeitung," and there wrote a circular, as follows:

Trouble at McCormick's Reaper-works.

Revenge! Workingmen, to arms! Your masters sent out their bloodhounds, the police. They killed six of your brothers at McCormick's this afternoon. They killed them because they had the courage to disobey the supreme will of your bosses; they killed them because they dared to ask for the shortening of the hours of toil; they killed them to show you, free American citizens, that you

must be satisfied and contented with whatever your bosses condescend to allow you, or you will get killed. You have for years suffered unmeasurable iniquities, you have worked yourself to death, you have endured the pangs of want and hunger, your children you have sacrificed to the factory lords—in short, you have been miserable and obedient slaves all these years. Why? To satisfy the insatiable greed, to fill the coffers of your lazy, thieving masters. When you ask them now to lessen the burthen, they send their bloodhounds out to shoot you—kill you. If you are men, if you are the sons of your grandsires, who have shed their blood to free you, then you will rise in your might, Hercules, and destroy the hideous monster that seeks to destroy you. To arms! We call you to arms!

The "Revenge" circular.

YOUR BROTHERS.

The "brothers" in whose name he signed the "Revenge" circular were the little separate knot of communists. To each of their "armed groups" was sent the word "Ruhe" (Rest), which, as afterward disclosed, was the agreed watchword for a forcible uprising which should put into use their warlike preparations.

That night a meeting took place in Haymarket Square (West Randolph and Desplaines Streets), which soon moved north on Desplaines to the nearest alley, where stood a convenient truck to serve as



a speakers' stand. At this meeting were Fischer, Engel, Schwab, Parsons, Fielden, Spies, and others of the same kidney.

Reporter Hull, of the "News," quotes Parsons as saying:

We speak harshly of the scabs. . . . What is a scab? He is a flea on a dog. Now the trade-unionists want to kill the scab, or flea, while the socialists want to kill the dog itself and prevent fleas.

This is an apt illustration of the difference between a labor rioter and a communistic agitator. The blows of the former are struck against laborers who propose to underbid the unionists; the latter aims at the employer.

Parsons in his speech also said:

You have nothing more to do with the law except to lay hands on it and throttle it until it makes its last kick. . . . Keep your eye upon it. Throttle it. Kill it. Stab it. Do everything you can to wound it—to impede its progress. . . . Don't turn over your business to anybody else. No man deserves anything unless he is man enough to make an effort to lift himself from oppression.

Parsons' speech at the Haymarket.

Six platoons of police now came on the scene. They took up the whole width of Desplaines Street and swept it clean as they advanced—the people retiring without resistance. Captains Bonfield and Ward marched in front of the leading platoon. On reaching a point near the

speakers' stand (the truck) Captain Ward gave the word "Halt;" then stepping forward to within three feet of the truck he cried, "I command you, in the name of the people of the State, immediately and peaceably to disperse;" and turning to the right and left added, "I command you, and you, to assist."

Explosion,  
wounds and  
death.

There was a hissing sound from the ground in the middle of the police array and then a tremendous explosion. Sixty-seven of the police were wounded (of whom seven died): A moment's consternation seized the unhurt, but not a moment's disorder, for on the instant rang out the voice of Officer Fitzpatrick: "Close up, form into line and charge." The conspirators had perhaps expected that more than one bomb would be thrown; at any rate, except a pistol fusillade (afterward denied by the accused), they fled in disorder, leaving many wounded on the ground, victims of the pistols rapidly and effectively used by the advancing officers.

Arrests.

Next day, Wednesday, May 5th, began the arrests. Fielden, Spies, Engel, Neebe, Schwab, Fischer, Lingg, Rau and others were taken into custody. Rudolph Schnaubelt was taken, but for some reason or other released; though later the opinion gained ground that he was the one of the conspirators who actually threw the fatal bomb. Dynamite, loaded and unloaded bombs, moulds, fulminating caps, pipe and lead for making bombs, arms, ammunition and incendiary literature were found at the "Arbeiter" office, at Louis Lingg's home, under sidewalks and in lumber yards, and at many other places, some quite near the scene of the explosion.

Trial,  
conviction and  
punishment.

On June 7th the trial began. In impaneling the jury, twenty-one days were consumed and 982 men examined, under the cumbersome and fictitious system which rules criminal practice in Illinois; a system that has survived from the old days when the accused were really in danger from the oppression of the court. The trial lasted sixty-two days. The prosecution called and examined 143 witnesses and the defence 79. Parsons, Spies, Engel, Fischer, Lingg, Fielden and Schwab were found guilty; the four first named were hanged, Lingg killed himself by exploding a fulminating capsule in his mouth, and Fielden and Schwab were sent to prison for life; where to this time (1891) they remain.

Judge Gary  
and Prosecutor  
Grinnell.

Julius S. Grinnell was State's Attorney, and to his excellent conduct of the prosecution was its success attributable more than to any other one agency; while the wise, able and correct rulings of the veteran Judge Joseph E. Gary were the efficient cause of making the proceedings invulnerable on the review by the Supreme Court.

Loud outcries are made by sympathizers with communism,

impugning the fairness of the trial, the sufficiency of the evidence, the treatment of the defence, etc. These are the points dwelt upon, not the probable guilt or innocence of the accused. But the world will take a view forbidden to court and jury; will start from the other end, asking: "Was dynamite prepared? Were bombs cast, loaded and capped? If so, by whom, and with what possible lawful purpose? Were articles published advising violence? If so, by whom? Were men killed by dynamite while in the act of breaking up a communistic meeting? If



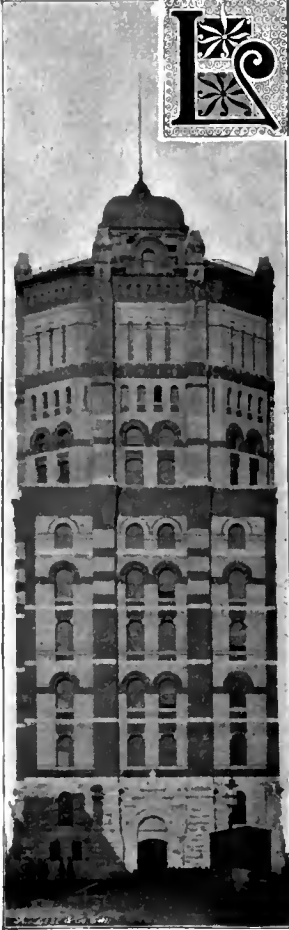
POLICE PATROL.

so, by whom?" So, by "exhaustive analysis," will the world probably come to the conclusion that justice was done.

The most noteworthy thing of the whole momentous story is not the conduct of the offenders, or of the police, but of the true working masses of the City, State and Country, not one of whom raised hand or voice to defend these "Saviors of Labor," or made any public utterance, except to disclaim part or lot in the effort to disturb the law of the land; that system of government wherein they and each of them has his share of control through the ballot-box.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### PULLMAN.



PULLMAN WATER TOWER.

The grand plan  
and its origin-  
ator.

LABOR, law-abiding industry, leads the Chicago annalist quite naturally to the discussion of the great Pullman experiment—say rather enterprise, seeing that at the present writing (1891) it seems to have passed from the stage of innovation to that of approved invention. Like other new things, it received scanty approval, and still more sparing help, from any one except the originator and advocate himself. It is an old saying in military matters that “a council of war never fights,” and it is equally true that an industrial corporation never innovates. In each case, the new departure must be substantially undertaken and carried through by the Commander-in-Chief. If he chances to be a Marlborough, a Frederick, or a Clive, he wins all; if a Napoleon III., he loses all, and the glory or the ignominy is deserved and bestowed accordingly.

In 1880 the idea long entertained by George M. Pullman began to take physical shape in architectural, mechanical, commercial, industrial and sociological detail. It was, perhaps, quite as well that he had to carry on alone the campaign his mind had conceived. Divided counsels are not strong in any case, and Mr. Pullman's nature is one that demands not countenance, but seconding. He welcomes knowledge from every source, but would not care to drive a team, he holding one rein and some one else the other. So, having ample power, though little sympathy or encouragement, he managed every detail, and even since success has crowned the work there is no man who disputes with him the credit of devising it, or of arranging its details down to the smallest particulars.

The tract of land now “Pullman” at the beginning of 1880 was a lonely waste of low, nearly level, grassy prairie, on the west shore of Lake Calumet, fourteen miles south of the centre of Chicago and eight miles south of Hyde Park, the nearest suburb of the city itself. It



extended about two miles north and south, by a mile and a half of average width. It was crossed lengthwise by the Illinois Central and Michigan Central Railways.

This was the unpromising plain whereon the prescient eye pictured —what? That which exists ten years later; namely: nearly eight miles of paved and drained streets, including a grand boulevard (now 111th street of the city of Chicago), 100 feet wide, abutting on the lake: Twenty-five blocks of brick dwellings along these streets, capable of housing 1,750 families: A steam-heated arcade building 250 by 164 feet, containing all the mercantile stores, the bank and the post-office, and, in its second story, rented offices, a public library and reading-room, and a pretty and well-appointed theatre; while its third story holds lodge-rooms for societies: A handsome and well-kept hotel: School houses (now in charge of the Chicago Board of Education), where 1,000 pupils a day are taught: A water-tower 195 feet high, having one tank containing 500,000 gallons, at an elevation great enough to throw water over the highest building, in case of fire: A market 110 by 100 feet in size, with stalls for meat, vegetables, fish, poultry, etc.; and in its upper story a public hall capable of seating 600: Gas-works connected with every house in town: Green-houses for furnishing the town, its parks and gardens with flowers and shrubs: Brick-yards, ice-houses along the lake and lumber yards covering eighty acres. Finally, the soul of the whole and the reason of its existence, the great Pullman car-works, the Union Foundry, the Drop Forge and Foundry, the street-car works, the Terra-Cotta works, the Standard Knitting-mills, the Columbia Screw factory, the Allen Paper Car-wheel works, the Calumet Paint-manufacturing works, the Pullman Iron and Steel works and other enterprises

An unpromising spot.



GEO. M. PULLMAN.

It is perhaps too much to say that any one mind could grasp in advance each of these details, but the idea contained the "plan and potentiality" of them all, and laid the broad and deep foundations on which they could rise, have risen and are constantly growing. Then, too, Mr. Pullman's designing mind has seized each position and made it a stepping-stone for each further advance. It has been his

Magical transformation.

"daily thought and nightly dream," and nothing has seemed to him too good and great for his "model town."

The workers  
and the work.

The commercial result may be loosely summed up as the production on weekly average of ten passenger coaches, three sleeping-coaches, 240 freight cars, and several street cars (making about four cars an hour during working hours), 240 paper car-wheels, 600 tons of rolled iron, 1,200,000 brick, and many other articles of minor importance, whereof the value is estimated at \$14,000,000 a year. This comes by the labor of about 5,250 operatives whose average earnings are \$2 a day each. Of these only a few are children (perhaps 200 in all), and still fewer women, of whom only 150 are employed. Some of the latter hold clerkships, some work in the upholstering rooms, and some in the knitting-mill.

Corliss Engine.

The largest single motor is the famous "Corliss Engine," which won so much admiration by its majestic beauty of form and operation as the source of motive power for the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition. It is a simple condensing engine of 2,500 horse-power. (The total engine force in all the works is rated at 8,632 horse-power.) The Corliss is ample for its purpose, easily run and cheap to keep in repair and will doubtless last for many years unless displaced by a "triple condensing" engine, or some still better device for saving fuel. The "triple condensing" has a scientific beauty, but to the uninstructed eye compares but poorly with the stately Corliss, with its two great eleven-ton walking-beams held up twenty-five feet above the floor by the great A-shaped frame. The engine-room is sixty feet high, and brilliantly lighted.

Architecture.

The buildings, both for business and for residence, are mainly in the various modifications and varieties of the Queen Anne architecture, pleasantly diversified and adapted to the purpose of each edifice.

Sewerage and  
disposition of  
sewage.

Turning now to the less obvious features, one finds still more to admire. The sewerage and surface drainage preceded the population, being established at the same time when the dwellings were building. The surface drainage carries the rainfall into Lake Calumet. The sewerage proper is a separate system, connected with every sink and cesspool, and taking the entire sewage from houses and shops. (Each house is supplied with sanitary plumbing, and there are no out-of-door closets.) The sewage is conducted below the surface to a huge tank beneath the water-tower, whence it is pumped and piped (1,800,000 gallons a day) to the "Pullman farm," three miles away to the southwest, to be used as a fertilizer. The sewage-tank is thoroughly ventilated through pipes debouching above the top of the water-tower, and has, besides, a connection with the tall chimney of the boiler-house,

which outlets, combined, produce a down-draught in all the neighboring sewer openings. The town has no evil odors.

The water supply (except for the fire service) is not brought from the water-tower, as usually imagined, but is furnished from the Chicago water system, which sells it (by metre measurement) to the Pullman Company, and the latter collects water-rates from the householders. The town has about fifteen miles of water mains.

The brick-kilns are supplied with good clay dredged from the bottom of the lake, which, in this process, is being gradually deepened for commercial use. The ice-houses have a storage capacity for 25,000 tons.

The Pullman farm consists of 140 acres, thoroughly piped and underdrained for the reception, purification and utilization of the



RAILWAY STATION.

Pullman village sewage. Hydrants are placed so that the distribution can be conveniently done. All organic matter in the sewage is taken up by the soil and the growing vegetation, and the water (which is, of course, by far the greater mass) runs off through the underdrains to the ditches, and they deliver it, pure and clear as spring-water, into the Calumet river. In winter the sewage runs upon one field or one filter-bed, and then on another, the filtering process appearing as perfect as in summer. Thus are the waste products largely transmuted by vital chemistry into luxurious vegetable forms. The most profitable crops have been found to be onions, cabbages, potatoes and celery. One acre takes care of the sewage of one hundred of the population. This solution answers one of the problems so often propounded in relation to the

Lesson Regarding Chicago Sewage.

sewage of Chicago, namely: "Why not utilize it for fertilization?" At one acre to the hundred of population, it would need twelve thousand acres to dispose of the sewage of Chicago—twenty square miles from which settlers would have to be excluded. At some future day, when lands naturally fertile and spontaneously productive shall have grown more scarce and distant, this may be effected, but now it is a manifest impossibility. Even in old Europe, where there are at least 150 sewage farms, there is scarcely one which pays expenses of handling, instead of the large profit which might be expected from a free gift of unlimited manure. On the other hand, guano is brought from far away, and finds ready sale at all times. The difference seems to be in the impossibility of rotting or properly "composting" the crude elements of the sewage. The Pullman farm pays a reasonable profit.



THE FIRE DEPARTMENT AND STABLES.

Growth of a Car.

The growth of a freight car in the works is a most interesting process. The wheeled axles roll in on the track, and from that moment its course (though not its motion) is continuous, through process after process—timber, lumber, iron, bolts, nails, screws, plates, springs, chains, patent appliances, etc., and finally paints, and lubricating oil for the journals—until it issues gaily forth for all the service, the hardships, the vicissitudes of its hundreds of thousands of miles of motion.

A Train a day produced.

Cars equal to a full train a day of new-built passenger and freight cars leave Pullman to carry, to feed, to warm, to shelter the people.

One of the main beauties of the town is a negative adornment: It has no drinking shops, no gambling houses and no alms house. A

cemetery it can not quite dispense with ; but the " City of the Dead " is of slow growth. The Pullman " death-rate " is one of the smallest in the world, having never exceeded eleven per thousand, which is less than half the average for American cities, and only one third of the world's average, while the birth-rate has run as high as forty-six per thousand. One is not surprised to learn this after looking at the big crowd of little folks swarming about the beautiful public school.

Health of the  
Town.

The absence of " saloons," those forcing-beds of depravity, is due to the fact that the Company has not parted with its realty, in fact, it was chiefly to insure this that it resolved on that policy. Whenever and wherever public sentiment is up to it, they can be excluded by popular consent ; but in this case the promoters preferred to take no

Temperance.



HOTEL FLORENCE.

chances ; and " prohibition prohibits " at Pullman, however it may struggle, prevail, triumph and fail elsewhere. At the same time, nobody is prohibited from drinking. In fact, just outside the town limits there are drinking places enough, and drinkers patronizing them can, if they choose, bring into the town itself the cup which inebriates but does not cheer. Therefore drunkenness is not unknown; but it is marked, exceptional and disgraceful. The sight of it under these conditions is not so much corrupting as warning. It serves the purpose for which the Spartans of old forced their slaves to become drunken ; namely, that their young might look on drunkenness and be disgusted. At any rate, the poison is not paraded and disguised, with all the art of luxury and light, to lead youth into the damning error that spirituous stimulation is the parent of joy instead of the solemn truth that it is its deadly,

Personal  
liberty.

Free public  
opinion.

sneaking assassin. The operatives doubtless know which of them are drinkers and which are not, and form their likes and dislikes accordingly; but the management leaves it all to them, taking no cognizance of the matter. Freedom is held to be the only condition for a healthy, stable growth of morals, manners, intelligence and wealth.

Religion.

At Pullman, personal liberty of thought is associated with that of action. Religion is not assailed and dwarfed by patronage—certainly not by opposition. There are eight places of worship in town, representing as many shades of sectarian belief. Each is (of course), entirely sustained by the voluntary contributions of its members. The company built, at the outset, a beautiful green-stone church, but it is rented to a congregation like any other edifice or tenement



LAKE VISTA.

Mr. Duane Doty, of Pullman, is the inexhaustible source of interesting information concerning the enterprise in all its aspects. He says :

Aspect of the  
town.

The portion of the city already built is about half a mile in width, and it is two miles from the north to the south end of the town. The successive blocks are unlike, giving pleasing changes to the views along any street. There are now about seven miles of paved streets, and twelve miles of sidewalks. At intervals of thirty feet, shade-trees are planted along both sides of the streets, and on the main streets flowers are grown around the trees. Open spaces planted with shrubbery and flowers really constitute a large park, in the midst of which the homes of the people stand. The monumental buildings and vast shops in the long stretches of meadow, walks and shrubbery, emphasizes the park features of Pullman.

There is one style of flats having from two to four rooms each, which rent from six to nine dollars a month. Of these there are now six buildings, each containing twelve families, one building containing twenty-four families, two containing thirty-six each, and one containing forty-eight families. There is not a room in these buildings which has not one or more windows, giving residents abundance of fresh air and light. These flats and their surroundings are kept in order by the

company. Blocks 14, 27 and 30 contain about 300 flats, each apartment containing from two to five good rooms and its proper proportion of basement. Still another style of flats is seen where every family has a separate entrance, and is accommodated with five good rooms and a basement. These flats rent from \$14 to \$16 a month. There is now a tendency in cities to build flats, and the advantages in them are usually set forth about as follows: The tenant secures a home for a lower rent, and is brought nearer his place of work and business. In case of sickness and trouble he has help close at hand; the common hallway is lighted and the whole building cared for by a janitor, services which can not be rendered in single houses. By accommodating many families upon a small tract of land, men are able to reduce their living expenses to a minimum, while all have the advantages of living upon improved streets, and in close proximity to parks and gardens. Of course, separate sinks, water-taps and closets, all inside the houses, are provided for every family.

Flats and other homes.

There is a variety of single houses with rents ranging all the way from \$16 to \$50 a month. These houses are adapted to the needs of men receiving from \$2 a day to \$5,000 a year. The average rental of all the tenements in Pullman is only \$14 a month.

The average monthly rental per room, including basements used as



THE ARCADE BUILDING.

kitchen and dining-room, in houses occupied wholly by operatives is \$2.50.

The population of Pullman grew between 1881 and 1885 from nothing to 8,603. The census of 1890 showed 10,680, of whom 5,223 were workmen; the latter classified as to nativity as follows: Americans, 1,738 (33 per cent.); Scandinavians, 1,137 (21.8 per cent.); Irish, 318 (6.1 per cent.); Other British, 685 (13.1 per cent.); German and Dutch, 1,177 (22.5 per cent.); Latin races, 56 (1 per cent.) and all others 112.

Statistics of Population.

In 1891 the total population is 11,000, of whom 6,083 are workmen; the latter classified as to nativity as follows: Americans, 2,086 (34.3 per cent.); Scandinavians, 1,375 (22.44 per cent.); Irish, 315 (5.18 per cent.); Other British, 796 (13.1 per cent.); German and Dutch, 1,348 (22.15 per cent.); Latin races, 107 (1.76 per cent.); and all others, 56.

It is not improbable that these percentages would hold mainly good throughout the manufacturing population of Chicago.

Savings in  
Bank.

The Pullman Loan and Savings Bank is the local financial depository of the Company, and also the custodian of the voluntary hoards of the citizens. Its savings deposits in 1891 amount to \$467,981.45, in the names of 1,828 depositors. The average sum held by each savings depositor in 1884 was \$145.43. In 1890 it had grown to \$243.97, and in 1891 is \$256. By purchases in the immediate vicinity, 885 of the operatives are freeholders in their own right. In all, 2,297 live outside the town. All employed are free to live where they please—but Pullman town is always full.

No reserve or "hospital money," or "insurance fund" is exacted by the Company, nor are any store accounts collected on the wages pay-roll. (The Company is not interested in the shops except as landlord of the shopkeepers.) The only deductions from the earned wages are rents due by those who occupy Company houses or flats.

Spontaneous  
good order.

Good order in the community is always maintained, without interfering with the freedom of the individual, so long as his freedom does not trespass on the liberty of another. There has never been any attempt (by the founders) to set up any religious denomination in the town. There was a church building constructed at the outset, but it was rented to a society which represented a majority in the town. Within a stone's throw of the green-stone Presbyterian church is a new building put up by the Catholics. In addition to this the Swedish Lutheran and other denominations have rooms where services are held. . . . There is no artificial stimulus anywhere. There are no lectures given to the workmen. Neither politics nor religion has any part in the administration; that is left to the individual. Sunday is a day of relaxation; many go to church; many go to the lake shore and take part in the out-door games. . . . The town gave a small democratic majority at the last election. The men know that they are perfectly free from criticism on the part of the management, whatever result is declared at the polls.

The labor  
troubles of  
1886.

The connection of the Pullman Company with the so-called "labor riots" treated in the last preceding chapter was short, but full of interest for the moment, and suggestion for the future. Pullman industries were a shining mark, and the elements of destruction would score a brilliant victory if they could lay them low. Therefore, the attack was expected, and it came—from the outside, of course. With a shrewdness worthy of them, the assailants chose, as the weakest point in the industrial citadel, the cabinet-shop, which was largely filled with foreigners, not yet imbued with the "American Idea."

The foreign idea of irrepressible conflict between labor and capital, and of "Internationalism" as the only refuge of the former from the oppression of the latter, these men had either brought over with them or readily absorbed from the plausible talkers sent among them. The mass of other workmen, not so much convinced by argument as moved by brotherly feeling, consented to join in the demand for an eight-hour day and other proposed changes, and at an appointed time a committee called on Mr. Pullman to lay that demand before him.



The committee, as usual in such cases, was chosen mainly from the men known to and respected by their employers; but contained



WATCHMAN AT GATE.

also some of the "walking delegate" element; men who had entered the employment on purpose to interfere with it. Mr. Pullman, recognizing easily the "outsiders," invited a statement of their position. They had free scope to ask what they had determined on, and to enforce the demands by such arguments they thought best. When they had entirely covered the ground he said, in substance, as follows:

Arrival of the walking delegate.

That it was evident that the advocates had come with the deliberate purpose of either controlling the works or stopping them. Control them they could not, for the

Pullman Company was satisfied with its present management, and was as free in its actions as were its employés in theirs. Stop them they very possibly might, and what then? The Company could live, doing its work elsewhere, or not doing it at all, but how about the wage-earners?

The Pullman Company was paying out \$10,000 a day in wages for work, and when work stopped wages must stop. The shop-keepers in the Arcade would look pretty blue at the prospect of unpaid accounts; even the saloon-keepers down at Kensington were likely to feel unhappy, and though these delegates might be far away, propagating dissension elsewhere, yet the mass of men, hitherto doing well, would still be here, sitting about on doorsteps and fences and doing nothing, and unable to explain to their families why they are idle. How were all these to be satisfied? Had not the delegates taken a pretty big contract? Were they sure they could fill it?

Mr. Pullman's reception of the committee

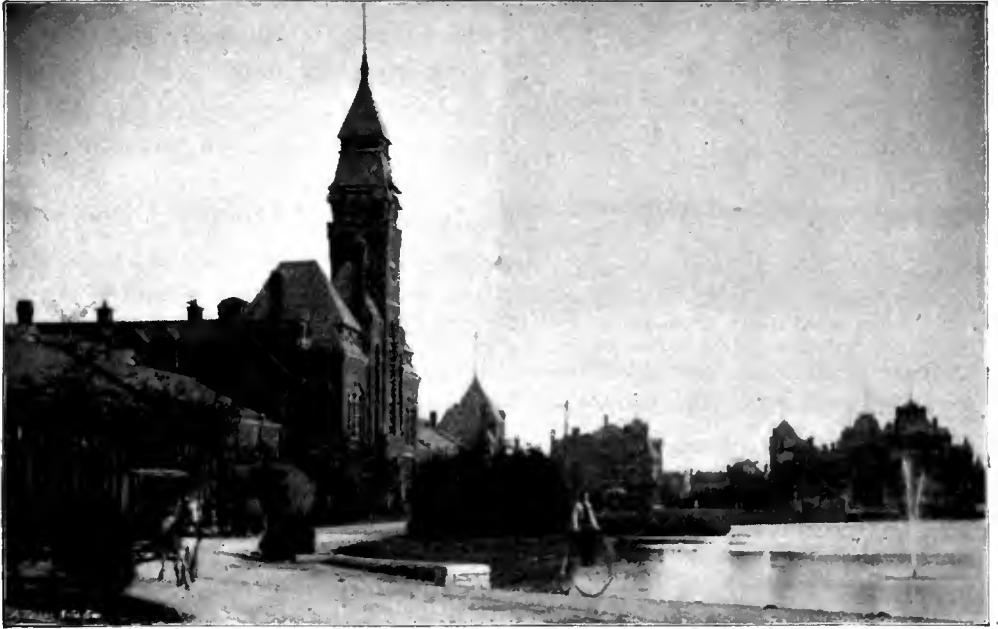
The sight of all these manufacturing shops standing idle, nothing moving but their shadows as the sun advanced, would not be pleasant, but he could stand it as long as anybody. He had not the slightest apprehension concerning their safety, for he knew the nature of the American workman. The buildings as long as they stood idle would take care of themselves; there were no policemen here, nor were any needed. And idle they must stand until their owners and their operatives should agree to start them; a thing which neither could ever do alone or on compulsion, or otherwise than as free agents.

His answer.

Finality of the  
interview.

One thing more he had to say, namely, that as each side had had its hearing, the subject, being exhausted, would close with the end of this interview, and no other would be held. The delegates would, of course, be expected to call the men together to "report progress;" but he could assure them there could be no progress to report as far as the Company was concerned.

He then stopped to hear further from the committee, and they talked for some time, but, as he had nothing to add, they bid him good-afternoon; and immediately upon their departure, the watchword being



THE MAIN ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.

The strike is on.

given, the operatives filed out of their shops in orderly fashion, and the procession began its parade. "The strike was on." The men next morning sat around in sun and shade, listless and ill at ease, the officials giving to the works such care as was requisite to prevent injury by non-use—there was no need of any other watchfulness. So passed the idle days—idle yet not restful.

One day certain leading Socialists arrived bent on an interview. Mr. Pullman, sitting working in his office, heard the confab in the ante-room. The agitators asked for him and were told he was engaged. The visitors answered that they had business with Mr. Pullman and wanted to see him, and that *at once*. Their card was brought in, and Mr. Pullman sent word back that he was quite certain he had no business with them and should not see them, whereupon they departed. Looking from the window, it was observed that the esplanade was crowded

with workmen, doubtless gathered to see the result of the issue between the great leaders of disorder and the great leader of order. The latter



DAUGHTERS OF PULLMAN WORKINGMEN.

knew men—knew these men especially—and, his business being ended, alone and defenceless, he went out (the crowd dividing for him without a sign of disfavor), and walked over to the hotel to supper.

Attempted socialist intervention.

The next development was a request on the part of the foundrymen, a very large, strong and respectable body, that they be allowed to go to work; that the whistle should blow next morning, and that they would take care of themselves. That night a great meeting was called. Next morning the first man at the gate, in his working-clothes, and with dinner-bucket in hand, was *the chairman of that meeting!* The

Foundrymen come forward.

great Pullman strike was ended. It had lasted two weeks, a space of time well invested to the saving of time in the future.

End of strike.

To the superficial view, this must seem like a victory for capital over labor, for the few over the many. Not so. It was a victory for the many order-lovers over the few law-contemners. George Pullman simply took his natural place as a leader of men; and the best men—of course a majority of all—followed his lead, maintained their individual liberty to work such hours as they chose at such wages as suited them. In short, they re-asserted the “American Idea” of free competition, in opposition to the un-American doctrine of enforced combination or communism.



MAX HJORTSBERG. \*

That this happy outcome of a critical epoch was in no proper sense a “victory” for one or a “defeat” for another, is proven by the fact

\* This great engineer, engaged on the Pullman works, was accidentally killed during its progress.

Piece-work at  
Pullman.

that that outcome was by no means a closing of discussion between employer and employed; on the contrary, it was a re-opening of it. The work at Pullman is largely (as largely as possible) piece-work, that *bête noir* of the socialist and the communist, who desires to put all men on a dead level. This piece-work depends to a great extent on arrangements, appliances, proportionings of advantages and profits; and these are the themes of frequent free discussions between the management and the operatives. These conferences are carried on in a friendly—not servile—spirit, and sometimes result in convincing the one party, sometimes



THE SCHOOL BUILDING.

the other; oftenest in a compromise of conflicting interests and claims. What will be the consequence of the next great, far-reaching business depression it is hard to predict; but it is not too much to hope that Pullman will fare as well as the best, perhaps better. The vast resources of the Company enable it to go on with work through "hard times" (even at an apparent loss), in which case its reserve capital acts as a balance-wheel, an "insurance fund for the perpetuation of wages."

Perhaps a key-  
bearer.

This chapter of history is "*fors clavigera*," as Mr. Ruskin says; "perhaps a key-bearer." Before the civilized world a great vault seems to stand; a vault with a locked door, a stronghold containing prosperity and peace and other blessings which all desire and few possess. Shall the stronghold remain locked? It can not. Shall it be taken by assault? That would destroy its contents as by fire. Shall it be opened? If yes, then where is the key? Is it nowhere, or is it now here?

The cap-stone  
is peace.

The historian is not the prophet, but it may be said without undue presumption that if—if the path in front of Pullman proves as fair to the foot as its vista appears to the eye, then the enterprise sounds the keynote for the full and final chorus of concord between labor and capital. In that case its founder has, single-handed, built the enduring monument of the passing XIXth century; a pyramid, the broad, deep ground-course whereof is human nature, while its sun-lit cap-stone is peace.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### THE THRIFTY EIGHTIES.



**N**OTHING teaches more effectually the vastness of "a million," so easy to write, to speak of and to treat as a unit, than the effort to summarize the doings and sayings, haps and mishaps of a city as it nears, reaches and passes the million-mark. Whichever way one turns, the vista stretches to an infinite and invisible horizon. Each subject touched seems to call for a volume. Individual men, who, while the city was young and small, would have loomed up into heroic proportions and called for corresponding attention, must be ignored or treated, not as interesting individuals, but as types, imper-

sonal and therefore shorn of attractive characteristics. Events, incidents and accidents are swamped by their own number, and dwarfed into insignificance. In the forties a single railway train a day ran slowly out a few miles and came slowly back when it was convenient; in the eighties hundreds of trains each day rush thundering out and in; and more wayfarers are accidentally killed—all unnoticed, save by those personally concerned—than the entire death-list of fifty years ago. Then a church festival was a notable event, making a stir proportional to that now created by a presidential convention. In the thirties the mark for a rich man was the possession of \$10,000; and the entire annual transactions did not usually reach a million dollars; now the fortune of a single merchant is rated at \$30,000,000, and the business of a single packer at \$1,000,000 a week. In 1833 one farm wagon coming in from the "Wabash region" with butter, eggs, apples, honey and poultry, would draw about it half the housekeepers in town. Now, on the Board of Trade, the daily transactions in food-products often reach a magnitude which would relieve the Russian famine. A single bank now handles, out and in, \$10,000,000 a day.

Vastness of the million.

Then and now.

Chicago in 1891 embraces the Southern end of Lake Michigan (the head of the lake) and extends northward along its west bank some

Chicago in 1891.

fifteen miles. Her nearest seaports on the Atlantic are Boston, 1,150 miles east by north; New York, 911 miles east; Philadelphia, 822 miles nearly east; and Baltimore, 850 miles east by south. Her nearest ports on the Pacific are Vancouver, 2,350 miles north-westward; Portland, 2,450 miles west by north; and San Francisco, 2,450 miles west by south.



BRONZE STATUE OF LINNÆUS IN LINCOLN PARK. (Gift of Scandinavian citizens.)

Her relative position.

New Orleans, on the Gulf of Mexico, is 920 miles south. The centre of population in the Union is about 200 miles south of Chicago and a little to the eastward, but moving slightly north of west at every census. Therefore Chicago is very much nearer the centre of population than any other great city. This fact was duly considered in connection with the choice of place for the Columbian Exposition, together with the

further fact that of all visitors to the Fair, ninety-nine in the hundred will be Americans.

In his "World's Fairs, Past and Future," the late Colonel Charles B. Norton (a veteran of the Union war) whose lamented death occurred in Chicago in 1891, while engaged in indefatigable labors for the Columbian Exposition, gives the following table of nationalities forming the population of Chicago in 1890, with his remarks thereon :

American.....	292,463	Hollanders.....	4,912
German.....	384,958	Hungarians.....	4,827
Irish.....	215,534	Swiss.....	2,735
Bohemian.....	54,209	Roumanians.....	4,350
Polish.....	52,756	Canadians.....	6,989
Swedish.....	45,877	Belgians.....	682
Norwegian.....	44,615	Greeks.....	698
English.....	33,785	Spanish.....	297
French.....	12,963	Portugese.....	34
Scotch.....	11,927	East Indians.....	28
Welsh.....	2,966	West Indians.....	37
Russian.....	9,977	Sandwich Islands.....	31
Danes.....	9,891	Mongolians.....	1,217
Italians.....	9,921		1,208,679

Other World's Fairs.

Thus it will be seen that there are few nations in the world that are not represented in Chicago, and certain sections of this great city are almost entirely given up to special nationalities, so that in 1893 every foreigner will be sure to receive a hearty welcome in his own language. One would suppose that in so large a body of representatives of all nations that there would be an increased mortality, but, as indicated below, Chicago is an exceptionally healthy city, comparing most favorably with the three cities in Europe in which Worlds' Fairs have been held. The annual mortality per 1,000 is :

London.....	21.92	New York.....	26.27
Paris.....	27.02	Boston.....	25.18
Vienna.....	27.19	Philadelphia.....	21.19
Chicago.....	17.49	Brooklyn.....	22.05

The number of births for the year 1889 was 20,995, and the number of marriages for the same period, 12,500.

The population of the city since the fire has grown by the following striking steps: In 1872, 367,396; in 1874, 395,408; in 1876, 407,661; in 1878, 436,731; in 1880, 503,298; in 1882, 560,693; in 1884, 629,985; in 1886, 825,880; in 1887, 850,000; in 1888, 875,000; in 1889, 900,000, and in 1890, 1,208,669, of which 200,000 are due to the annexation of the great suburbs which now form part of the city.

Growth of Chicago since the Fire.

The public schools, absolutely free to every child without regard to race, color or nationality, number 286, the teachers 2,920 and the pupils 119,602, to which should be added 341 private schools, attended by 65,000 pupils. The number of adults in Chicago who can neither read nor write is 2,635.

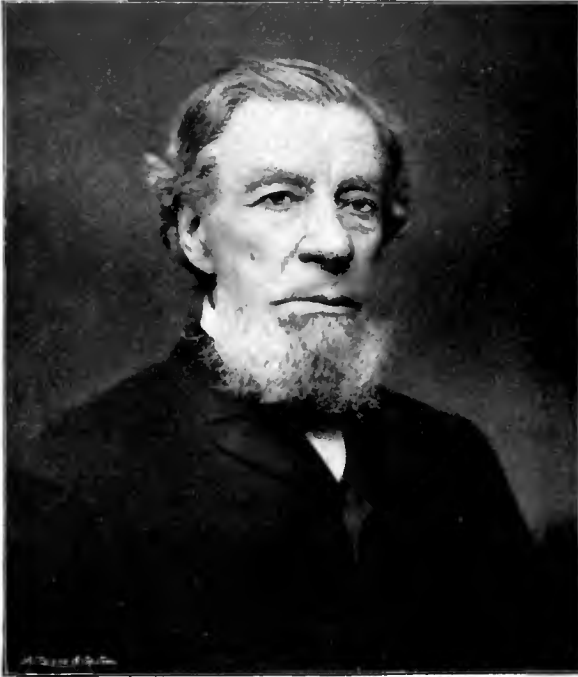
The growth of the city, at this present writing (close of 1891) is estimated at 100,000 a year. Does anyone, without having his attention specially called to it, appreciate what this means? There are

Present growth  
and what it  
means.

2,000 additional souls and bodies a week to care for, to house, to feed, to clothe, to warm, to govern and protect, to transport, to provide with mail and banking facilities, medical attendance, legal advice, news, instruction and amusement. In short, one large town of 2,000 inhabitants must be built and equipped within Chicago city limits between every Monday morning and its following Saturday night.

Demand again  
overtakes sup-  
ply.

The industry and devotion of business men are inconceivable and the rush and crush of traffic unparalleled. Once more the car of progress is overtaking the moving mass of humanity, and once more must every facility for existence be enlarged. The intramural travel is beyond the means of carrying it on, and its avenues are almost hopelessly congested. Two great elevated railroads are approaching completion—and none too soon. A third, the elevated terminal, is projected, more far-reaching in its scope than any existing in any city, and even that is not likely to over-top the demand. A moving sidewalk, of very great carrying capacity (four times that of any railway), is in the experimental stage, with fine prospects of success.



LAST PORTRAIT OF GURDON S. HUBBARD.

—the anarchist riots, trial and punishment—have already been detailed.

Good-bye to  
Gurdon Hub-  
bard.

An occurrence of private loss and regret was the death, in 1886, of Gurdon S. Hubbard, our pioneer hero, venerated patriarch, beloved friend. His losses by the fire and other adverse fatalities were never repaired; and worst of all, his health gave way, his eyesight failed, and when too late his old friends awoke to the consciousness that they had not made the utmost possible of his declining years, either for his sake or their own.

Now to turn to some of the inestimable blessings the past decade has brought; its charitable and benevolent bequests and gifts.



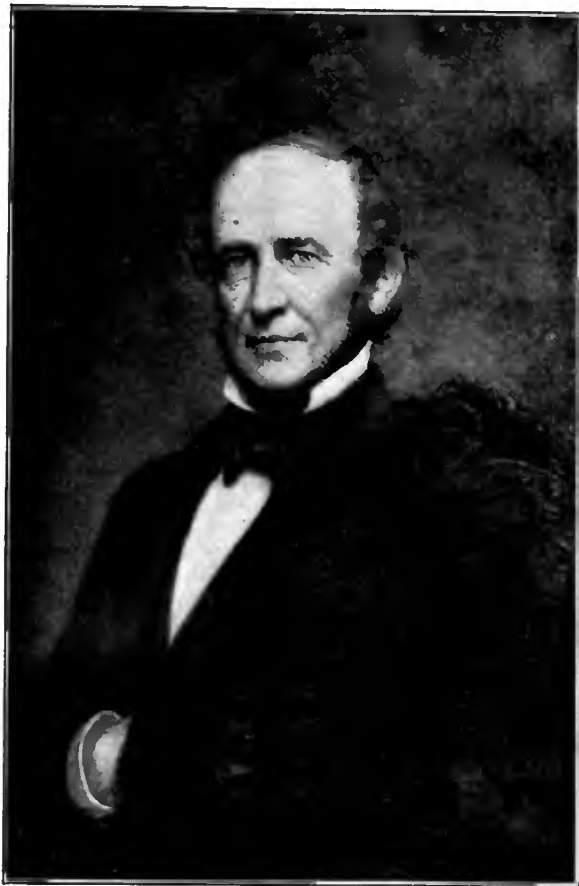
As controlled by Government surveys, the land next north of the main river was taken and held in three eighty-acre subdivisions; each bounded on the north by Chicago Avenue and on the south by Kinzie Street, which streets are half a mile apart. (A Government "eighty" is always half a mile long by a quarter of a mile wide.) The eastern tract (Kinzie's addition) extends from the Lake to State Street; the next (Wolcott's addition) from State to LaSalle; the next (Newberry's addition) from LaSalle to Market Street. Kings-

bury's addition, broken by the North Branch of the river, lies west of Newberry's. Each of these was bought from the Government at \$1.25 an acre. The Kinzies and Wolcotts sold theirs early at what seemed a fine profit, but Walter L. Newberry held on to his till it became an enormous fortune.

Mr. Newberry came to Chicago in 1833 (it is believed), and his name is one constantly recurring in its annals from that time until his death, in 1868; while his memory must endure for countless years to come. From Andreas we learn that he offered "valuable lots for sale" in the "land boom" of 1835-6.

In the latter year he was one

of the petitioners for a city charter. 1840 was the year of the great bridge contest, when the South and West Sides tried to prevent the North from having any bridge across the river. The contest was close and (it is said) in the nick of time, Messrs Ogden and Newberry, advocates of the bridge, gave to the Catholic Church the lots it still owns on the corner of State Street and Chicago Avenue—and the bridge was voted. (The anti-bridge men sneeringly "put this and that together," but later all agreed that the bridge ought to have been built, by all means.)



W. L. NEWBERRY.

The Newberry fortune.

Walter L. Newberry's Chicago history.

In 1841 Mr. Newberry was President of the "Young Men's Association," which may be considered as the pioneer of Chicago's great Public Library—a foretaste of the greater service he was to render in the same direction in the magnificent endowment of the Newberry Library. In 1843 he served on the Board of Health; and he and William B. Ogden joined in the gift of a lot on the corner of Ohio and LaSalle Streets for the Lutheran Church, which still (1891) occupies that place.



MARY LOUISA NEWBERRY.

In 1846 he took part in the convention assembled in the interest of Common Schools. In 1847 he was a director in the pioneer railway, the Chicago and Galena. In 1848 he sold, for public school purposes, 85 feet frontage on Ohio Street for \$1,050—a little over \$12.25 a front foot. This seems cheap enough, yet also dear enough, considering that each front foot brought ten times as much as each acre had cost only fifteen years before.

In 1851 Mr. Newberry was City Comptroller and for a time acting Mayor. In 1857 he was one of the organizers of the "Merchants' Loan and Trust Company," the only banking institution which, in 1891, dates back to ante-war times. From 1859 to

His public acts, 1863 he was a member of the Board of Education and in the latter year President of the Board. In 1862 he gave \$1,000 to serve as a permanent fund for providing books for indigent scholars in the Newberry School. In 1863 he helped the Sanitary Fair by lending works of art to the exhibition held in its aid. In 1864 he gave to the Charitable Eye and Ear Infirmary the use of a lot in East Pearson Street. In 1857 he became a member of the Historical Society, and its president in 1863, and remained its friend and benefactor up to his death in 1868.

Mr. Newberry possessed much public spirit, as his numerous public services attest. His gifts of money were doubtless very far greater than are now known or can be known. At the same time he was a man of exceeding thrift in money matters, a characteristic which grew upon him with years. As age and illness impaired his faculties this tendency grew to a mania, and he was possessed with an unreasoning terror of coming to want. During his last illness (consumption) he consulted his physician as to the probable duration of his life, and learned that even with all possible care it might not last six weeks. Thereupon he proceeded to settle his earthly affairs and make ready for a voyage to Europe, where his wife and daughters were living. He had a faithful nurse whom he was urged by his most intimate friend, Judge Skinner, to take with him, but his only reply was "I can not afford it." The attendant did go with him as far as New York, only to be there dismissed; and the unhappy millionaire died alone in his state-room during the passage outward.

This trait interfered with the personal affection which his other and more important characteristics should have inspired. On the other hand, this very quality of acquisitiveness became, through the happening of unforeseen events, the cause of a blessing of almost infinite value to the city which had made the immense fortune wherefrom he drew so little happiness. It was through the inspiring suggestion of that good man, Mark Skinner, coming opportunely to aid Mr. Newberry's own philanthropy, that this grand result was made possible, and, as events turned out, actual and certain. Mr. Newberry called upon Judge Skinner to draw his will, and the latter, under instructions, devised and

Personal characteristics.



JULIA ROSA NEWBERRY.

bequeathed everything in trust for the benefit of Mr. Newberry's wife and daughters, during their lives, with remainder over to their heirs. Judge Skinner then observed that there might be no direct heirs and suggested a library as the alternative inheritor. Mr. Newberry thought the contingency most improbable, but co-incided with Judge Skinner's suggestions for providing for it, and added the clauses under which Chicago is receiving and is to receive the grandest endowment ever made for such a purpose in America, a benefaction which, by present appearances, may reach to \$4,000,000.

Judge Skinner, in his position of friend and legal adviser, suggested other possible bequests which should take effect, even if the great gift should never fall in to the benefit of Chicago, suggesting the Historical

Society; but Mr. Newberry said all must remain as it stood; adding, as if with a new thought at variance with his former idea: "I feel in my heart a prophecy that my property will never reach my descendants. It will go to the city."

The pregnant clause in his will reads as follows:

In case of the death of both of my said daughters without leaving lawful issue, then immediately after the decease of my wife, if she survives my said daughters, my said trustees shall divide my estate into two equal shares, my said trustees being the sole judges of the equality and correctness of such division, and shall at once proceed to distribute one of such shares among the lawful surviving descendants of my own brothers and sisters, such descendants taking per stirpes and not per capita.

The other share of my estate shall be applied by my said trustees, as soon as the same can con-



E. W. BLATCHFORD.

veniently be done, to the founding of a free public library, to be located in that part of the city of Chicago now known as the "North Division." And I do hereby authorize and empower my said trustees to establish such library on such foundation, under such rules and regulations for the government thereof, appropriate such portion of the property set apart for such library to the erection of proper buildings and furnishing the same, and such portion to the purchase and procurement of books, maps, charts and all other articles and things as they may deem proper and appropriate for a library, and such other portion to constitute a permanent fund, the income of which shall be applicable to the purpose of extending and increasing such library, as they may judge fit and best, having in view the growth, preservation, permanence and general usefulness of such library.

Mr. Newberry had planned to make Judge Skinner his executor and trustee; and, though the latter objected strenuously, for professional and personal reasons, his objections were overborne by Mr. Newberry's appeal, based on inability, in his failing health and strength, to take care of the matter. Even then it is unlikely that Judge Skinner would have consented, but for the possible public service which might result

Mr. Newberry's  
will.

Judge Skinner.

from his doing so. He joined with him in the trust Eliphalet W. Blatchford, and later, compelled by his own declining strength, left the charge to the trustworthy hands of Mr. Blatchford and Mr. William H. Bradley.

The daughters died unmarried; Mary Louisa, February 14, 1874, at Pau, France; and Julia Rosa, April 4, 1876, at Rome, Italy. Mrs. Newberry died at Paris, December 9, 1885. The nine years intervening between the end of any possibility of direct descendants and the close of Mrs. Newberry's life were troubled by much discussion and some litigation. The descendants of Mr. Newberry's brothers and sisters naturally sought for a division which should enable them to begin



WILLIAM H. BRADLEY.



WILLIAM F. POOLE, LL. D.

the enjoyment of their portions; and they brought suit, which the trustees were compelled, for their own protection, to defend, willing as they would have been to begin administering the library bequest should the courts so decide. The decision was against the claimants and favorable to a strict and literal obedience to the dictates of the will.

The daughters left all their property to their mother, and the latter, at her death, bequeathed her large accumulations to her own relatives at the East.

At the settlement of the estate in 1886 the inventory and appraisal amounted to \$4,298,403, of which the moiety reserved to the library was \$2,149,201. The trustees wisely chose for custodian William F. Poole, Esq., L.L. D., then librarian of Chicago Public Library (a life-long librarian and, perhaps, the most distinguished in America, if not in the world), and the buying of books began. A depository was

established in Ontario Street, adjoining the open square which had been Mr. Newberry's home in his lifetime and had been vacant since the great fire. A very large proportion of the persons most interested thought that this fine square would have been the best and most appropriate place for a "Scholar's Library" (the founder's plan does not include the lending of books), but the trustees decided against it, and bought the "Mahlon Ogden lot," fronting on Washington Square, Clark Street, Oak Street and Dearborn Avenue, where a great building is planned and begun, the library, meanwhile, occupying a temporary structure built for the purpose at the corner of Oak and State Streets.

Location of  
permanent  
library.



JOHN MOSES (Custodian of the Historical Society).

The lot selected is, in its way, memorable. For many years before the fire, as the residence of Mahlon D. Ogden, the house on it was one of the handsomest dwellings in the city, the home of elegance and of boundless hospitality. Later, when the Fire swept the North Side, this house had the distinction of being the only structure spared in its course. It had, to the windward of it, first, Washington Square, and beyond the square the large tree-covered lot of Mr. McCagg, with only one house and barn to carry forward the conflagration.\* Then, too, there was a zealous and systematic defense, headed by General Wm. E. Strong (Mr. Ogden's son-in-law), who, after being driven from his own home, found refuge there, and by the help of other refugees actually preserved the place entire. As the homestead ante-dated the water system, there were in the grounds wells, cisterns and tanks which contained a little of the precious fluid, and these sufficed to wet carpets spread on the roof and other cloths covering the window frames, so that the fiery hail assailed it in vain. But alas! the desolation about it for miles on every side made it nearly intolerable as a residence, and after lying idle for years it was leased to the Union Club, and later was left tenantless until the lot was taken for the Library, when the old landmark (in 1890) was pulled down.

\*Curiously enough, the great green-house, adjoining Mr. McCagg's beautiful home, lived through the fire, and was a marked object next day, standing fresh and fair, with scarcely a pane of glass broken.

To quote from an address by Dr. Poole :

The largest legacy made for a public library in this country has recently fallen to the benefit of the citizens of Chicago, by the death of Miss Julia Newberry, last surviving daughter of the late Walter F. Newberry, of Chicago. She died at Rome, Italy, April 4, 1876. The value of the Newberry estate is now estimated by the trustees at \$4,000,000. One-half of the estate is to descend to the heirs of the testator's brothers and sisters, and the other half is to be devoted to the foundation and support of a free public library, to be situated in the North Division of Chicago. Mr. Newberry died on the 6th of November, 1868, leaving his whole estate to Mark Skinner and E. W. Blatchford as executors and trustees, with full powers to administer the same and to appoint their successors.

Dr. Poole's  
remarks.

After providing for the widow, his two unmarried daughters and other relatives, his executors were required to pay to his daughters, or to the survivors of them, annually the net income of the estate. After the death of the daughters, if they married and had issue, the estate was to be divided among such issue.

Mr. Newberry, formerly a resident of Detroit, came to the city when it had less than 10,000 inhabitants. He brought with him money which he judiciously invested in land, which has increased enormously in value.

His business habits were singularly exact and methodical. He never contracted debts or allowed incumbrance on his property. To the attorney who drew up his will he stated the estimate he had made that one-half of his estate would go to the founding of a library eventually.

For several years before his death he was president of the Historical Society, and took great interest in the institution. It was a surprise to the society that it received no legacy in his will.



NEWBERRY LIBRARY BUILDING, (Under construction January 1st, 1892.)

The plans for the Newberry library building have been prepared with the most anxious and painstaking care, and the lower stories of the first building are even yet (1891) only fairly begun. The building will be 300 feet long and 60 feet deep; and all the resources of art, science and experience will be exhausted to make it absolutely perfect as to safety, light, air, convenience and beauty. It is planned with a view to adding other buildings as they may be required. The librarian's latest report gives the whole number of books on January 1, 1891, as 60,614, and of pamphlets, 23,958. The average attendance has risen to about forty a day, even in the present temporary, inconspicuous and incomplete quarters.

The building  
itself.

John Crerar.



JOHN CRERAR.

The death (in 1890) of John Crerar is the latest of the bereavements whereby Chicago, while gaining a vast benevolence, loses the presence of a good and worthy citizen and a much-beloved man. He was of Scotch descent, born in New York in 1827, where he was at one time president of the great Mercantile Library Association. He came to Chicago in

1862 as a member of the railway-supply firm of Jesup, Kennedy & Co., later merged in the great house of Crerar, Adams & Co. In 1863 he became a director in the Chicago & Alton Railway. He was one of the original incorporators of the Pullman Palace Car Company and always a director. In 1883 he is named as a director in the Liverpool & London & Globe Insurance Company.\* He was one of the original and constant stockholders of the Illinois Trust and Savings bank; and in 1877, when the State, the Fidelity, the Beehive and the German went down, the Illinois, then newly organized, paid out "a cold million" as fast as it was demanded and came forth with its credit only burnished by the terribly hard rubbing.

A few of his  
business con-  
nections.

These are but a few of Mr. Crerar's business connections, which were vast and varied. And when one turns to his charitable works, he finds them to be beyond count. In innumerable cases they were known at the time to no one on earth except the giver and the receiver. Among those recorded are gifts to the Relief and Aid, the Historical Society, the Presbyterian Hospital, the Chicago Orphan Asylum, and

\* The "Liverpool and London and Globe" telegraphed from its main office, two days after the fire, "Draw at sight and subscribe, for the benefit of sufferers, ten thousand dollars;" and it paid, in settlement of Great Fire losses, \$3,270,000. Only the "Etna," of Hartford (\$3,700,000), exceeded this stupendous outpouring; and only one other, the "Home," of New York, reached \$3,000,000.



the Chicago Manual Training School; and the Musical Festivals of 1882-84. He was a Vice-president of the Young Men's Christian Association. He was one of the founders of the Commercial Club, and a very long time member of the Literary. In the First Presbyterian Church Mr. Crerar was an elder, a constant attendant, and an unflinching, liberal supporter of "every good word and work." In 1871 he was one of the Vice-presidents of the Young Men's Christian Association.

But Mr. Crerar's largest—perhaps not most precious—services to Chicago and to humanity were to come out after his death. His will, made in 1886, appoints Huntington W. Jackson and Norman Williams his executors and trustees; and, after a great number of special gifts to relatives and friends, makes the following charitable bequests: To the Second Presbyterian Church, Chicago, \$100,000, and for Mission Schools a like sum: To the Scotch Presbyterian Church, New York, \$25,000: To the Chicago Orphan Asylum and the Nursery and Half Orphan Asylum, \$50,000 each: To the Historical Society, the Presbyterian Hospital, St. Luke's Hospital and Bible Society, 25,000 each: To the American Sunday School Union, the Relief and Aid Society, Training School for Nurses, Manual Training School, Presbyterian League, Old People's Home, and Home for the Friendless, \$50,000 each: To the St. Andrews Societies of New York and of Chicago, and the Chicago Literary Club, \$10,000 each: For the erection of a colossal statue of Abraham Lincoln, \$100,000: To the Greenwood Cemetery Association, \$1,000, and to the Young Men's Christian Association, \$5,000.



HUNTINGTON W. JACKSON.

Then follow these cordial, cheerful, loving words:

Recognizing the fact that I have been a resident of Chicago since 1862, and that the greater part of my fortune has been acquired here, and acknowledging with hearty gratitude the kindness which has always been extended to me by my many friends and by my business and social acquaintances and associates, I give, devise and bequeath all the rest, remainder and residue of my estate, both real and personal, for the erection, creation, maintenance and endowment of a free public library, to be called "The John Crerar Library," and to be located in the City of Chicago, the preference being given to the South Division of the city, inasmuch as the Newberry Library will be located in the North Division.

Mr. Crerar's will.

The Crerar Library.

A message from  
beyond the  
grave.

This hearty greeting seems like a voice from beyond the grave; like a cheery call from a departing traveler as his steamer leaves the dock: "Good-bye, dear friends, till we meet again soon!" and a toss back of a precious keepsake to each, which he had been thoughtfully providing for the occasion.

The gift will probably reach \$2,000,000. The directors whom he asks to have appointed for the first year of the corporate life of the library are Marshall Field, E. W. Blatchford, T. B. Blackstone, Robert T. Lincoln, Henry W. Bishop, Edward G. Mason, Albert Keep, Edson Keith, Simon J. McPherson, John M. Clark and George A. Armour.



NORMAN WILLIAMS.

John Crerar lived and died a bachelor. His demeanor to his fellow-men was the very type and example of equable, dignified gaiety, good humor, kindness and charity toward all the world. He was fond of the best society. His favorite attitude was standing firm and erect, the lapel of his coat thrown back, and his thumb caught in his vest. To see him in this position was a signal for gay, welcoming recognition from friends and acquaintances—perhaps to the number of a thousand or more. When rallied on his insensibility to feminine charms, his customary answer was, "I am in love with all."

The Armour  
Mission and  
its founders.

A great charity—the largest in Chicago springing from an individual gift—is the Armour Mission. It was established in November, 1886, and owes its origin to a provision in the will of the late Joseph F. Armour, bequeathing \$100,000, for its founding. He entrusted the carrying out of his design to his brother Philip D. Armour, who in administering the trust has given to it the same tremendous energy and close attention he shows in managing his business affairs; and no man excels him in these qualities. With characteristic shrewdness he has elected to administer his charity himself, leaving nothing to the chances of post-mortem litigation. In this line he has united with his brother's bequest a great gift of his own, and the entire foundation now reaches the large sum of a million dollars. It is in the hands of a corporation, having a

board of five directors, Philip D. Armour, John C. Black, William J. Campbell, Jonathan O. Arnour and Philip D. Armour, Jr.



JOSEPH F. ARMOUR.

The foundation is established <sup>its ways and means.</sup> and its income made perpetual by a block of buildings containing 194 separate flats whereof the revenue is collected by the corporation and applied to the use of the Mission. The corporation also owns adjoining ground upon which Mr. Armour is erecting a manual training school, to supplement the instruction given in the Mission. The construction of the school building is only commenced. It is designed for giving boys an education in all manual training, with departments for girls in <sup>Manual Training School.</sup> cooking, dress-making, millinery, type-writing, etc. It will be for

education only, and not for maintenance. There will probably be sessions both day and evening. It will be a magnificent building, and as complete in every department as any similar institution in the country. It will cost upwards of \$300,000.

The Mission is strictly non-sectarian; free and open to all to the limit of its capacity, without condition as to sex, race, creed or other peculiarity. Its building fronts north on 33d street, adjoining Armour avenue, and is very handsome without and within. The first floor contains a large room fitted up to receive the crèche or day nursery, kitchen, day-room, kindergarten room, reading-room, bath-rooms, etc., and four rooms used as a free dispensary for the sick poor. The second floor contains pastor's study, library, officer's rooms and a main audience room capable of seating 1,300, but divisible by ingenious glass partitions into nine separate rooms for



PHILIP D. ARMOUR.

classes, etc. The third floor contains a large audience-room with stage, organ, etc., and a smaller place for lectures. The building will accommodate about 2,500 in all.

William B.  
Ogden's  
will.

Allusion has already been made to a bequest in the will of William B. Ogden which was expected to inure to the benefit of Chicago. Further inquiries develop the fact that the disposition of this fund was not specified, but was left to the discretion of his executors and trustees. The bequest was in these words :

To such charitable uses as I shall hereafter designate without the solemnity of a will ; or, in default of such designation, as a majority of my said Executors and Trustees may select and appoint, the remaining one and-a half shares, or seven and-one-half per centum of said income and distributable moneys. But in this connection I authorize and empower my said Executors and Trustees, or a majority of them, in their own discretion and not otherwise, to apply not exceeding the said one-half share at any time or from time to time, in case and so long as it may not have been applied to such charitable uses, to the use of all or any of my heirs who they may deem in need, or worthy of and entitled to receive the same.

The above is the eighth section of the third clause in the will, which clause was in relation to the *income* of the estate. In a later part (the eighth section of the sixth clause) he made a similiar disposition of one-and-a-half shares in the *principal* of the estate.

It will be observed that he meant one share to go to outside charities, and one-half share to the same, except so much of it as his executors and trustees might see fit to give to heirs named elsewhere in the will, who might be "in need or worthy of and entitled to receive the same." The entire one-and-a-half shares were devoted, by the testator, to kindly charity.

Fate of his well-  
meant chari-  
table effort.

Now (1891), a strange thing has come to pass ; some of the persons interested in that will (and largely benefited by it) have sued in the New York courts to have this bequest annulled, for their further benefit. The legal technicality which they urge to defeat the wishes of Mr. Ogden is the absence of an existing beneficiary. "There is no one who could sue in any court for its enforcement," and it is held that under the New York Code a clause of that character must be set aside. So does law sometimes lend itself to the robbery of the dead and the living.\*

Not presuming to determine the ethics of this proceeding, it may be observed that it is not probable that the same trouble would have overtaken Mr. Ogden's intended benevolence if he had remained a resident of the city where he gained his fortune ; for, as Justice Caton points

\*The complainants in the case are five, all bearing names noted and honored in Chicago, though neither of the five is now among its residents. All the other heirs, declining to join in the proceeding, are made parties defendant; together with the Executors and Trustees.

Since the above remarks were penned Mr. William Fitz Hugh Whitehouse (apparently on behalf of the complainants) has published a statement to the effect that the proceeding was instituted, not to thwart the wishes of Mr. Ogden but to enable or compel the trustees to carry them out or to place the fund (now \$300,000) in possession of those legally entitled to it. He adds: "Possibly it might be well to wait and see what they do with the money. . . . It may be that their use of this charity fund will be quite as appropriate as that which seems likely to fail for the present."

out with justifiable pride, the early decisions of the Supreme Court of Illinois made the intention of the testator the rule for the courts, and following those precedents, it is only in a case where that intention can not be ascertained that they can assume any control over the bequest.

A still more gratifying circumstance in this: That a very large part of the property left by Mr. Ogden is in the shape of Chicago real estate; also that by law real estate follows the rule of the State wherein it lies (while personalty is governed by the domicile of its owner); and that therefore it is probable that in administering on that realty the clauses quoted may be held valid; and some hundreds of thousands of dollars may after all be disposed of as Mr. Ogden desired, intended and willed.

Difference  
between New  
York and Chi-  
cago charita-  
ble bequests.



WILLIAM T. SHERMAN AND OFFICERS.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.



HE tenth decade of this greatest of centuries comes upon Chicago "with the burden of an honor unto which she was not born." Still she takes it up stoutly and bravely, smiling as is her wont alike in storm and sunshine. Work is her play. Judging by her past, she will make no failure in the future. The undertaking of a World's Fair which at least shall not fall behind any of the thirteen chief international expositions that have preceded it is bold almost to rashness; but its very boldness is an element of probable success.

Undertaking of  
the World's  
Columbian.

The idea of celebrating the four-hundredth anniversary of Columbus' discovery was of course a spontaneous thought in thousands of minds; an idea which, without any definite moment of origin, has grown with the growth of the century. The first tangible entity was a corporation formed in 1889 under the laws of Illinois, under the name of "The World's Exposition of 1892." The next the passage by Congress and approval by President Harrison, on April 25, 1890, of an act whereof the following are the preamble and first section:

WHEREAS, It is fit and appropriate that the four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America be commemorated by an exhibition of the resources of the United States of America, their development and the progress of civilization in the New World; and

WHEREAS, Such an exhibition should be of a national and international character, so that not only the people of our Union and this continent, but those of all other nations as well, can participate, and should therefore have the sanction of the Congress of the United States: Therefore,

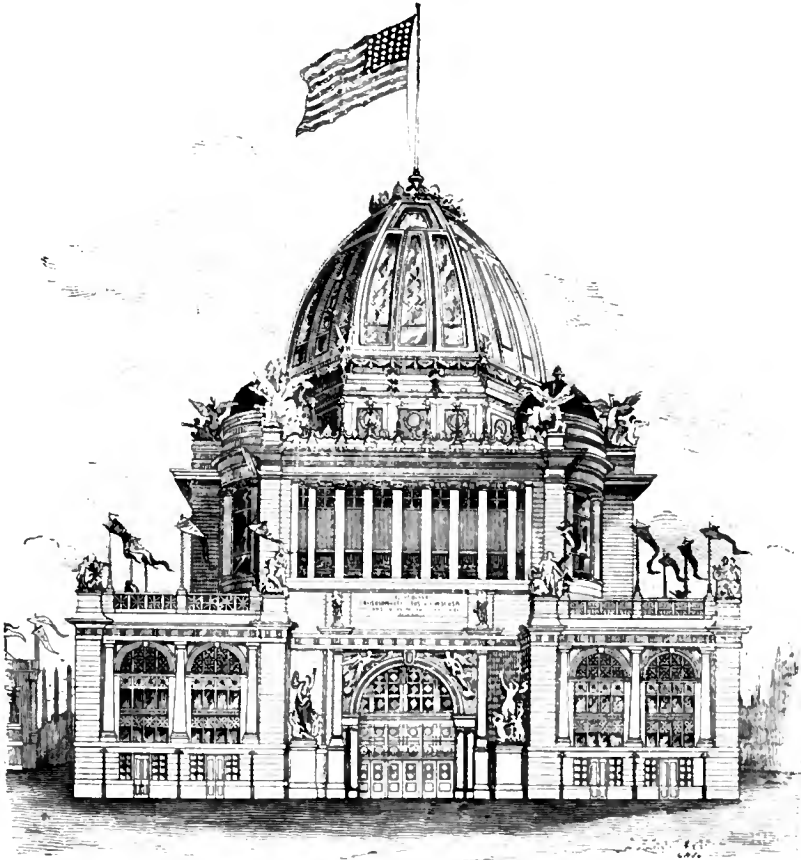
*Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled,* That an exhibition of arts, industries, manufactures and products of the soil, mine and sea shall be inaugurated in the year 1892, in the city of Chicago, in the State of Illinois, as hereafter provided.

Act of Congress.

The act adopts the name "World's Columbian Exposition" and provides for the appointment and payment of a National Commission empowered to accept for the Exposition such site and such plans and specifications of buildings as may be tendered by the "World's Columbian Exposition" (as the Illinois corporation was newly named), provided that the site and plans seem adequate, and provided "that said commission shall be satisfied that the said corporation has an actual, bona

fide and valid subscription to its capital stock which will secure the payment of at least five million dollars . . . and that the further sum of five million dollars . . . will be provided by said corporation in ample time for its needful use during the prosecution of the work for the complete preparation for said Exposition." Conditional on certain funds.

The first contest was before the Congressional Committee, to secure the location at Chicago. Her central position, her lake frontage, her large hotel-room, her wealth, prosperity and enterprise, and the



ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.

enthusiastic confidence of her press and people turned the scale in favor of Chicago against many contestants. Then a popular subscription, taking in all classes from the multimillionaire to the day-laborer, and from the railway corporation to the dime museum, provided the five million dollars first exacted. The second five million was provided by an issue of city bonds which it took an act of legislature and an amendment of the State Constitution to authorize. Funds provided.

Naturally, among the subscribers to the stock, along with persons actuated by pure and unmixed public spirit, were many who (beside

their unquestionable public spirit) had much to gain by the coming of the Columbian to their city. Among these were innkeepers, caterers, etc., and the cry arose that they meant to recoup themselves by raising the prices of entertainment. To quiet this, an agreement was circulated and signed by all the prominent firms, disclaiming any such purpose and pledging themselves to maintain their customary rates. What did happen, however, was an effort of certain trades' unions to do something of the same sort, namely, to prevent the employment of wage-earners not members of one or other of their bodies; and to forbid the contracting for, or performance of, more than eight hours as a day's work on the Fair grounds; or the payment or receipt of less than certain wages, even though employers and employed might agree upon it. This was also effectually disposed of, and the immense and inconceivable task of surveys, plans, specifications, working drawings and details was begun; to go on unceasingly for many a month to follow.

Innkeepers,  
etc., pledged  
against  
extortion.



UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

The further sections of the Act of Congress provide for a Naval Review in New York harbor in April, 1893, foreign navies to be invited to participate therein. Also for the dedication of the Fair in Chicago on October 12th, 1892 (the anniversary of the day of landing), and the opening of the exhibition not later than May 1, 1893, and its closing not later than October 30, 1893, a maximum interval of 184 days.

Naval reviews.

It may seem strange that an anniversary occurring in 1892 should be mainly celebrated in 1893, but it should be considered that the exhibition *must* be held in the summer months, and that, to hold it in the summer of 1892, would be to anticipate the event, and to begin the celebration of the landing on a day of the year when Columbus had not yet set sail. An inaugural ceremony on the exact anniversary and a formal opening at the earliest practicable day afterward seems a happy compromise; especially as the time for preparation is short at best.

The true Anni-  
versary.



The next provision of the act is for the issuance of the President's proclamation announcing the enterprise to all the World; copies to be officially communicated to all foreign representatives near our Government, with invitation to their respective Nations to take part in the Exposition and appoint representatives to it. The next allows dutiable articles to be imported for the Fair, under proper regulations, free of customs dues and fees. The proclamation was issued December 24, 1890. Its chief clause reads as follows:

And in the name of the Government and of the people of the United States, I do hereby invite all the nations of the earth to take part in the commemoration of an event that is pre-eminent in human history and of lasting interest to mankind, by appointing representatives thereto, and sending such exhibits to the World's Columbian Exposition as will most fitly and fully illustrate their resources, their industries and their progress in civilization.

Peale's "Artistic Guide to Chicago and the World's Columbian Exposition" gives the following condensation of the fundamental facts of the enterprise:

The management of the Exposition includes four organizations:

1. National Commission (authorized by Act of Congress).
2. World's Columbian Exposition (organized under laws of the State of Illinois).
3. Board of Lady Managers (authorized by Act of Congress).
4. World's Congress Auxiliary.

The National Commission, which is a supervisory body, is composed of eight commissioners-at-large, with alternates, appointed by the President, and two commissioners and two alternates from each State and Territory and the District of Columbia, appointed by the President on nomination of their respective Governors. This commission has held four sessions, and has now practically delegated its authority to eight of its members who constitute a Board of Reference and Control, and who act with a similar number selected from the World's Columbian Exposition.

The World's Columbian Exposition, as its corporate name reads, is composed of forty-five citizens of Chicago, elected annually by the stockholders of the organization. To this body falls the duty of raising the necessary funds and of the active management of the Exposition. Its committees supervise the various departments into which the work has been divided.

The Board of Lady Managers is composed of two members, with alternates, from each State and Territory and nine from the City of Chicago. It has supervision of women's participation in the Exposition and of whatever exhibits of women's work may be made.

The World's Congress Auxiliary is organized to provide for and facilitate the holding of a series of congresses of thinkers, or to supplement the exposition that will be made of the material progress of the world by a portrayal of the achievements in science, literature, education, government, jurisprudence, morals, charity, art, religion and other branches of mental activity.

The Director-General is the chief executive officer of the Exposition, and the work is divided into the following great departments:

- A—Agriculture, Food and Food Products, Farming Machinery and Appliances.
- B—Viticulture, Horticulture and Floriculture.
- C—Live-stock, Domestic and Wild Animals.
- D—Fish, Fisheries, Fish Products and Apparatus of Fishing.
- E—Mines, Mining and Metallurgy.
- F—Machinery.
- G—Transportation Exhibit; Railways, Vessels, Vehicles.
- H—Manufactures.
- J—Electricity and Electrical Appliances.
- K—Fine Arts; Pictorial, Plastic and Decorative.
- L—Liberal Arts; Education, Engineering, Public Works, Architecture, Music and the Drama.
- M—Ethnology, Archæology, Progress of Labor and Invention, and Collective Exhibits.
- N—Forestry and Forest Products.
- O—Publicity and Promotion.
- P—Foreign Affairs.

President's  
proclamation.

Four organiza-  
tions.

Fifteen great  
departments.

## CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICERS OF THE EXPOSITION.

DIRECTOR GENERAL: George R. Davis.

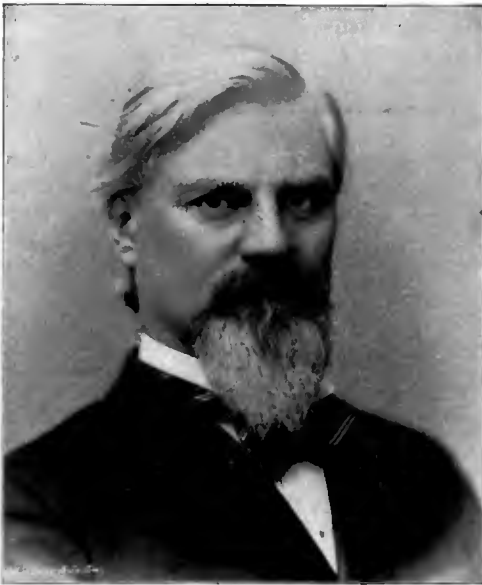
NATIONAL COMMISSION: President, Thomas W. Palmer; Vice-Presidents, Thomas M. Waller, M. H. de Young, D. B. Penn, G. W. Allen, Alex. B. Andrews; Secretary, John T. Dickinson.

General  
officers.

WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION: President, W. T. Baker; Vice-Presidents, Thomas B. Bryan, Potter Palmer; Secretary, J. A. Kingwell; Solicitor General, Benjamin Butterworth; Treasurer, A. F. Seeger; Auditor, W. K. Ackerman; Chief of Construction, D. H. Burnham.

## JOINT BOARD OF REFERENCE AND CONTROL.

From the Commission—Thomas W. Palmer, Michigan, President; James A. McKenzie, Kentucky; George V. Massey, Delaware; William



GEO. R. DAVIS.



W. T. BAKER.

Board mem-  
bers.

Lindsay, Kentucky; Michael H. de Young, California; Thos. M. Waller, Connecticut; Elijah B. Martindale, Indiana; J. W. St. Clair, West Virginia. From the Directors—Lyman J. Gage, President; Thomas B. Bryan, Potter Palmer, Ferd. W. Peck, Edward T. Jeffery, Edwin Walker, Frederick S. Winston, W. T. Baker.

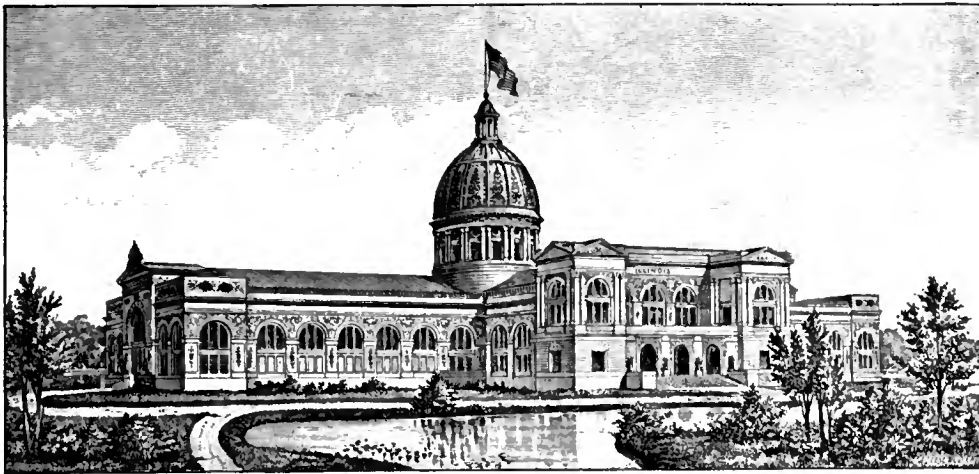
In order to judge of the probable or possible magnitude and magnificence of the Columbian, it is worth while to glance backward at some recorded items concerning past exhibitions. The following table is made largely from facts scattered through Col. Norton's book, "World's Fairs."

Exhibitions.	Exhibitors.	Visitors.	Visitors in a Single Day.	Days Open.	Total Outlays.	Area in Acres.	Rec'ts for Admis'on.	Estimated Gain to City.
London, 1851...	13,937	6,039,195	.....	144	\$1,584,000	21	\$1,780,000	\$20,000,000
Paris, 1855...	23,954	5,162,330	123,017	200	2,257,000	41	644,000	30,000,000
London, 1862...	28,653	6,250,000	67,981	121	2,300,000	24	1,644,000	.....
Paris, 1867...	50,226	10,200,000	.....	117	.....	87	2,103,600	.....
Vienna, 1873...	70,000	7,254,657	.....	186	7,850,000	280	.....	.....
Philad'a, 1876...	30,864	9,910,966	274,919	184	.....	285	3,813,724	.....
Paris, 1878...	40,366	16,032,725	200,613	163	8,000,000	100	2,531,650	15,000,000
Paris, 1889 ...	55,000	28,149,353	400,000	159	8,300,000	173	9,900,000	50,000,000

Statistics of previous fairs.

When the Chicago plans are compared with even the largest of these, namely the Paris Exposition of 1889, it seems small. The means "in sight" for Chicago are: Popular subscription and city appropriation \$5,000,000 each: Estimated gate receipts, \$7,000,000; Concessions \$1,000,000, and salvage, \$3,000,000. These make \$21,000,000. Then,

How Chicago compares.



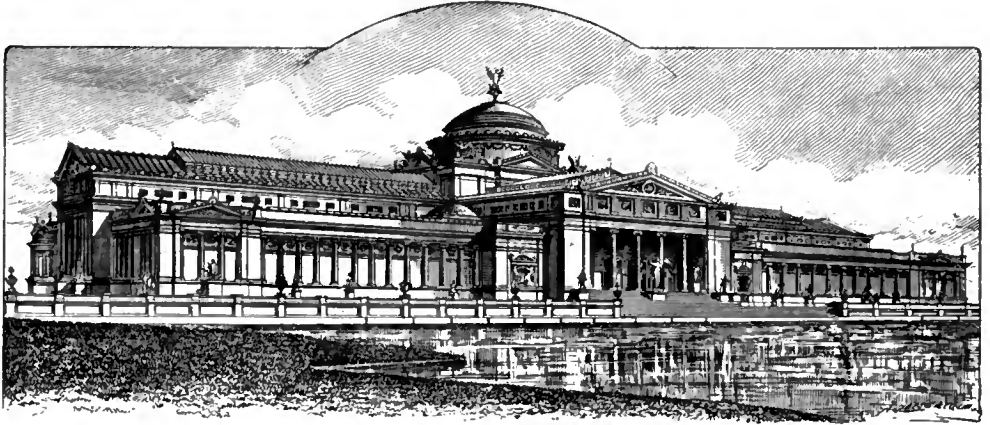
ILLINOIS STATE BUILDING.

the several States and Territories which have acted on the subject are as follows: Delaware, \$10,000; Vermont, Idaho and New Jersey, 20,000 each; Arizona, New Hampshire, New Mexico, North Carolina, North Dakota and Rhode Island, \$25,000 each; Wyoming and Arizona, \$30,000 each; Maine and West Virginia, \$40,000 each; Iowa, Minnesota, Montana and Nebraska \$50,000 each; Wisconsin, \$65,000; Indiana and Massachusetts, \$75,000 each; Colorado, Michigan, Ohio and Washington Ter., \$100,000 each; Missouri, \$150,000; California and Pennsylvania, \$300,000 each; Illinois, \$800,000. These make \$2,700,000, with a third of all the States and Territories yet to hear from, beginning with old New York and ending with young Alaska. These will doubtless bring the total to \$4,000,000, making a sum of \$25,000,000; to which may possibly be added a loan or gift of \$5,000,000 from the United States, which

Action of States and Territories.

has already voted \$1,775,000 for the expense of its own commission and the governmental exhibits. Section sixteen of the act provides as follows :

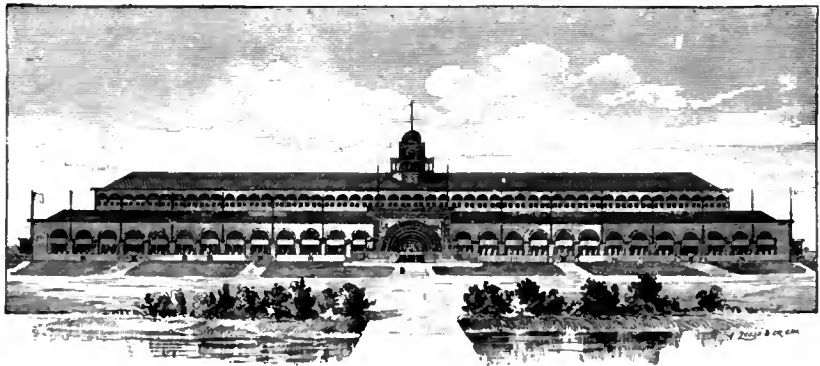
That there shall be exhibited at the said Exposition, by the Government of the United States, from its Executive Department, the Smithsonian Institution, the United States Fish Commission, and the National Museum, such articles and materials as illustrate the function and administrative faculty of the Government in time of peace, and its resources as a war power, tending to demon



ART PALACE.

Action of the  
general  
government.

strate the nature of our institutions and their adaptation to the wants of the people, and to secure a complete and harmonious arrangement of such a government exhibit, a board shall be created to be charged with the selection, preparation, arrangement, safekeeping and exhibition of such articles and materials as the heads of the several departments and the directors of the Smithsonian Institute and National Museum may respectively decide shall be embraced in the said government exhibit. The President may also designate additional articles for exhibition. Such board shall be composed



TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.

of one person, to be named by the head of each Executive Department, and one by the directors of the Smithsonian Institution and National Museum, and one by the Fish Commission, such selections to be approved by the President of the United States. The President shall name the chairman of the said Board, and the Board itself shall select such other officers as it may deem necessary.

That the Secretary of the Treasury is hereby authorized and directed to place on exhibition, upon such grounds as shall be allotted for the purpose, one of the life-saving stations authorized to be constructed on the coast of the United States by existing law, and to cause the same to be fully equipped with all apparatus, furniture and appliances now in use in all life-saving stations of the United States, said building and apparatus to be removed at the close of the exhibition and re-erected at the place now authorized by law.

Government  
exhibits.

EXPENDITURES.

The total disbursements to November 1, 1891, for all purposes, have been \$1,694,575. The estimated total expenses to be borne by the Exposition Company are: Grounds and Buildings, \$12,966,890; organization and administration, \$3,308,563; operation expenses, May to November, 1893, 1,550,000. Total, \$17,825,453.

Outlayshitherto and in the future.

The foreign nations and colonies which have formally determined to participate in the Exposition, and the amounts of their appropriations made or officially proposed, as far as information concerning them has been received at headquarters, are the following:

Argentine Republic.....	\$100,000	Guatemala.....	\$120,000
Austria-Hungary.....	147,000	Hayti.....	
Belgium.....		Honduras.....	20,000
Bolivia.....	150,000	Japan.....	500,000
Brazil.....	550,000	Mexico.....	750,000
China.....		Netherlands (declined).....	
Chili.....	100,000	Dutch Guiana.....	6,000
Colombia.....	100,000	“ West Indies.....	10,000
Costa Rica.....	100,000	Nicaragua.....	50,000
Denmark.....		Paraguay.....	
Danish West Indies.....	10,000	Persia.....	
Ecuador.....	125,000	Peru.....	100,000
France.....	400,000	Russia.....	
Algeria.....		Salvador.....	30,000
French Guiana.....		San Domingo.....	
Germany.....	250,000	Siam.....	
Great Britain.....	125,000	Spain.....	
Barbadoes.....		Cuba.....	25,000
British Columbia.....		Porto Rico.....	
“ Guiana.....	20,000	Turkey.....	
“ Honduras.....	7,000	Uruguay.....	
Cape Colony.....		Venezuela.....	
Ceylon.....	40,000	Zanzibar.....	
Jamaica.....	10,000		
New South Wales.....		Total.....	\$3,887,500
New Zealand.....	27,500		
Trinidad.....	15,000		

Action of foreign nations.

The other foundations for grandeur are not out of proportion to the financial outlook. The ground, as already observed, is 666 acres—over a square mile—and wherever more is required (for agricultural competitions, military and civic encampments, etc.) more is available in convenient proximity. The boulevards of the city, all connected together and connected with the Columbian Grounds, measure about forty-five miles.

A mile square of land and more if needed.

Quoting from the report made by Lyman J. Gage before his resignation as president of the corporation:

The ground is being prepared for a system of lagoons and canals from 100 to 300 feet wide, which, with the broad, grassy terraces leading down to them, will pass the principal buildings, inclose a wooded island 800 feet long and form a circuit of three miles, navigable by pleasure boats. These canals, which will be crossed by many bridges, will connect with the lake at two points, one at the southern limit of the present improved portion of the Park, and the other more than half a mile further south, at the great main court of the Exposition. At this point, extending eastward into the Lake 1200 feet, will be piers which will afford a landing place for the lake steamers and inclose a harbor for the picturesque little pleasure boats of all epochs and nations, which will carry passengers along the canals, stopping at numerous landing-places.

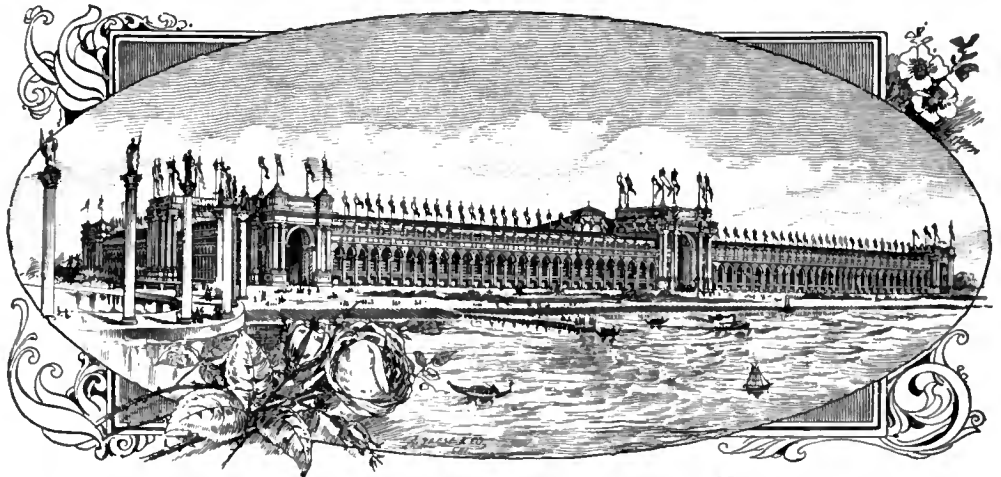
The lake and the water courses.

The harbor will be bounded on the east, far out in the lake, by the long-columned facade of the Casino, in whose free spaces crowds of men and women, protected by its ceiling of gay awnings, can look east to the lake and west to the long vista between the main edifices as far as the gilded dome of the Administration Building. The first notable object in this vista will be the colossal Statue of Liberty, rising out of the lagoon at the point where it enters the land, protected by moles which will carry sculptured columns emblematic of the thirteen original States of our Union. Beyond this, beyond the first of many bridges, will lie a broad basin, from which grassy terraces and broad walks will lead, on the north, to the south elevation of the enormous Main Building, and on the south to the structure dedicated to agriculture.

Statue of  
liberty.

The Main Building, extending northwestward a third of a mile, will be devoted to manufactures and Liberal Arts, and will receive from all nations the rich products of modern workmanship. Recalling architecturally the period of classic revival, it has the vivacity, the emphatic joyousness of that awakening epoch. The long, low lines of its sloping roof, supported by rows of arches, will be relieved by a central dome over the great main entrance; and emblematic statuary and floating banners will add to its festive character.

The north elevation of the classic edifice devoted to agriculture will show a long arcade behind corinthian columns, supporting a series of triple arches and three low, graceful domes. Liberally adorned with sculpture and enriched with color, this building, by its simplicity, refinement



MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.

and grace, will be idyllically expressive of pastoral serenity and peace. At its noble entrance a statue of Ceres will offer hospitality to the fruits of the earth. Behind it, at the south, sixty-three acres of land will be reserved for the live stock exhibit.

General  
architectural  
scheme.

The lofty octagonal dome of the Administration Building forms the central point of the architectural scheme. Rising from the columned stones of its square base, 250 feet into the air, it will stand in the center of a spacious open plaza, adorned with statuary and fountains, with flower-beds and terraces sloping at the east down to the main lagoon. North of the plaza will be the two buildings devoted to mines and electricity; the latter bristling with points and pinnacles, as if to entrap from the air the intangible element whose achievements it will display.

Machinery Hall.

South of the plaza will be Machinery Hall, with its power-house at the southeast corner. A subway at the west will pass under the terminal railway loop of the Illinois Central Road to the circular machinery annex within. North of this railway loop, and along the western limit of the park, will be the Transportation Building. Still further north, lying west of the North Branch of the lagoon at the point where it encloses the wooded island, will extend the long shining surfaces and the gracefully curving roof of the Crystal Palace of Horticulture. Following the lagoon northward, one will pass the Women's Building, and eastward will reach the island devoted to the novel and interesting fisheries exhibit, shown in an effective, low-roofed romanesque structure, flanked by two vast circular aquaria, in which the spectator can look upward through the clear waters and study the creatures of ocean and river. This building will be directly west of the northern opening of the system of lagoons into Lake Michigan, and in a straight line with the Government Building and the Main Building which extend along the lake shore to the southeast.

North of the lagoon which bounds this fisheries island lies the present improved portion of Jackson Park, which will be reserved for the buildings of States and of foreign governments. The Illinois Building will occupy a commanding position here, its classic dome being visible over the long lagoon from the central plaza. Along the Midway Plaisance will be placed a number of special exhibits, like the historical series of human dwellings, reproductions of famous streets, etc., and it is probable that some of these may overflow into Washington Park. Fisheries island.

This admirable and picturesque description, from the pen of one who has been in and of the business since its very beginning, is necessarily the best forth-setting possible to find or to make. One would wish that every intelligent being in all civilized lands might read it, to get an idea of the vast use which is to be made of such vast means.



GEN. NELSON A. MILES.

General Nelson A. Miles, commanding the Military Division in which Chicago is situated, has been, by the War Department, appointed in charge of the military features of the Columbian. He thinks there should be here 5,000 United States regulars, including five regiments of infantry, two regiments of cavalry and four batteries of light artillery. Also at least 10,000 militia and, if possible, 2,000 Indians from various tribes. Colorado, California, North Dakota, Kansas, Indiana, Ohio and Pennsylvania propose to send some of their best companies of citizen soldiery; and it is said that the famous "Ancient and Honorable Artillery," of Boston, an organization dating from 1640, will be present. General Miles in charge of military features.

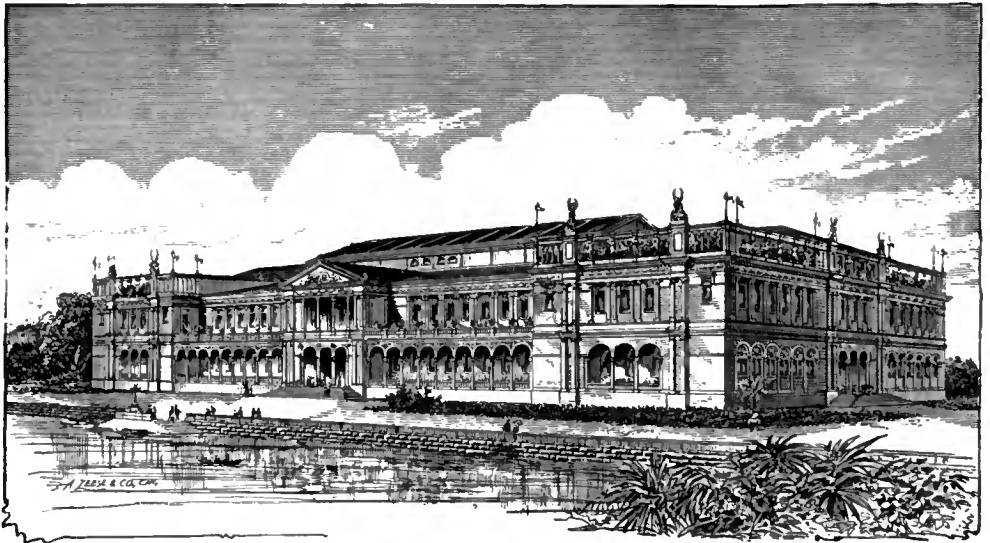
There might be (what is so fine a feature of foreign reviews) a sham battle; an attack and defence of a fortified post; or the meeting of two armed forces of which one (the weaker) intrenches itself under cover of its skirmishers, who, when driven in by overwhelming numbers, retire only to unmask the "deadly earthwork," pierced for artillery and topped by a solid line of musketry. The entire paraphernalia of war should be there; the intrenching tools, the military telegraph, the balloon service, the ammunition hurried up from the rear, the stretchers picking up wounded, the field hospitals with their terrible appliances and all. These, with the roar of artillery, the rattle of musketry, the bugle calls and shouts of command, would make a splendid spectacle. Troops and Indians.

Possible sham battle.

Pride in showing how few soldiers we need.

Thousands of veterans would feel their hearts thrill anew at the long-remembered sights and sounds. Patriotism would revive, in hearts long given over to the pursuit of gain, at the sight of a living picture of the late deadly struggle by which their prosperity was made possible. As to visitors from foreign military nations, we should be proud to show them, not how great is our military strength, but, on the contrary, how little is needed in a nation of self-governed freemen. They well know that, strong or weak in a show of arms, we are invincible in the defence of our home.

The Board of Lady Managers is composed as follows: President, Mrs. Potter Palmer; Vice-presidents—First, Mrs. Ralph Trautman, of New York; Second, Mrs. Edwin C. Burleigh, of Maine; Third, Mrs.



WOMEN'S BUILDING.

Charles Price, of North Carolina; Fourth, Mrs. Catharine L. Minor, of Louisiana; Fifth, Mrs. Beriah Wilkins, of the District of Columbia; Sixth, Mrs. Susan R. Ashley, of Colorado; Seventh, Mrs. Flora Beall Ginty, of Wisconsin; Eighth, Mrs. Margaret Blaine Salisbury, of Utah; At Large, Mrs. Russell B. Harrison, of Montana.

Lady managers.

Vice Chairman Executive Committee, Mrs. Virginia C. Meredith, of Indiana. Secretary, Mrs. Susan G. Cooke, of Tennessee.

Lady delegates.

The Board is constituted in the same way as is the Columbian Commission; eight delegates and eight alternates by Commissioners-at-Large, and two delegates and two alternates from each State and Territory. This, with the officers, brings the number to over one hundred. The duties of the Board, as prescribed by the Columbian Commission, are: To appoint one or more members of all committees authorized to

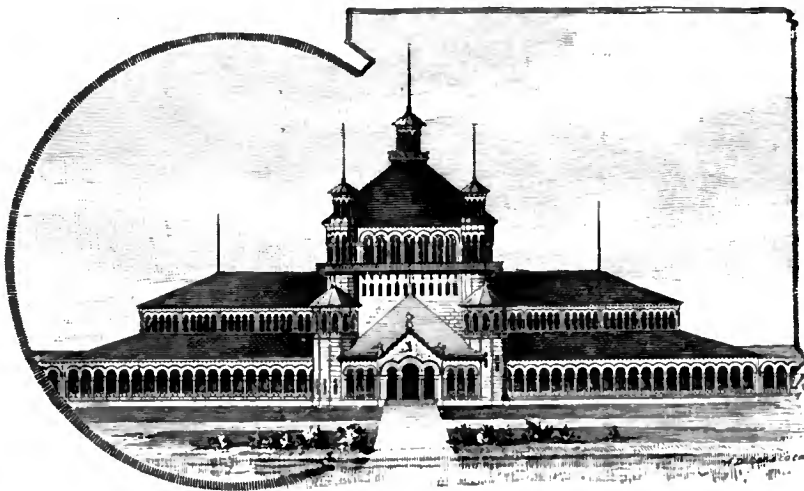


award prizes for exhibits which may be produced in whole or in part by female labor: To manage and control the "Women's Building" on the Fair grounds: To have general charge and management of all the interests of women in connection with the Exposition; so that its management, so far as it relates to women's work, exhibits and interests in general, shall be under the direction of the Board of Lady Managers, through its President, shall be necessary before final and conclusive action is taken.

Their powers and duties.

The first meeting of the Board took place November 19, 1890. President Thomas W. Palmer made an excellent address, expressly discarding the old style of talk used when women were regarded as without powers or duties except those for promoting philanthropic or sentimental enterprises.

First meeting.



FISH AND FISHERIES BUILDING.

Mrs. William Felton, of Georgia, elected temporary chairman, made a speech of admirable temper and timeliness. She said:

As a Southern woman, I certainly appreciate this compliment at your hands, and my own inexperience gives me more serious concern at this hour than at any time in my life before. I can only promise to do my very best in this unexpected position. . . . My heart is full of kindness to every one of you. I know no North, no South, no East, no West. We are all dear sisters engaged in a work full of patriotism and loyalty under the grand old flag in the home of our fathers.

At the next meeting Mrs. Potter Palmer, of Chicago, was elected President; and in her turn made an admirable speech. Among other things she said:

Speeches by Mrs. Felton and Mrs. Palmer.

I regret, after such a mark of confidence, that I have to ask the indulgence of the ladies for my inexperience in presiding. I hope that when we have been holding meetings as long as the other sex have, a knowledge of parliamentary law will be taken as a matter of course in every woman's training. In the meantime, we may amend an amendment just a few times too often. . . . We may surprise Roberts and Cushing by proving that motions put down in their manuals as undebatable present no difficulties in that line to us. . . .

The full benefit of this intermingling will not be felt unless we, each and all, are generously willing to leave for a time the narrow boundaries in which our individual lives are passed, to give our hearts and minds an airing by entering into the thoughts and aspirations of others and enjoying the alluring vistas which are open before us.

The second session of the Board was held in September, 1891. Mrs. President Palmer reported a trip abroad which she had taken, at her own expense, in the interest of the board. She also mentioned the fact that a salary of \$5,000 a year had been kindly and considerably appropriated to the office she held, although she felt obliged personally to decline it, feeling that there would be other ways of spending all the money that the available sources would supply. In Europe she had found many women most favorably disposed toward the Women's Board and enthusiastic in their wishes to help it. She had found that it was a

Mrs. Palmer's  
report of her  
foreign trip.



MACHINERY HALL.

mistake to think that this was the first movement of the kind, for the French Government had created a committee of women in connection with the Paris Exposition of 1889, to organize and carry on a "Congress of Feminine Works and Institutions," the congress having been shared by all countries which desired to do so, and the expenses being paid by the French Government, the women being entertained as government officials by M. Guiot (a great champion of women) and other ministers.

How royalty  
and aristoc-  
racy look at  
the move-  
ment.

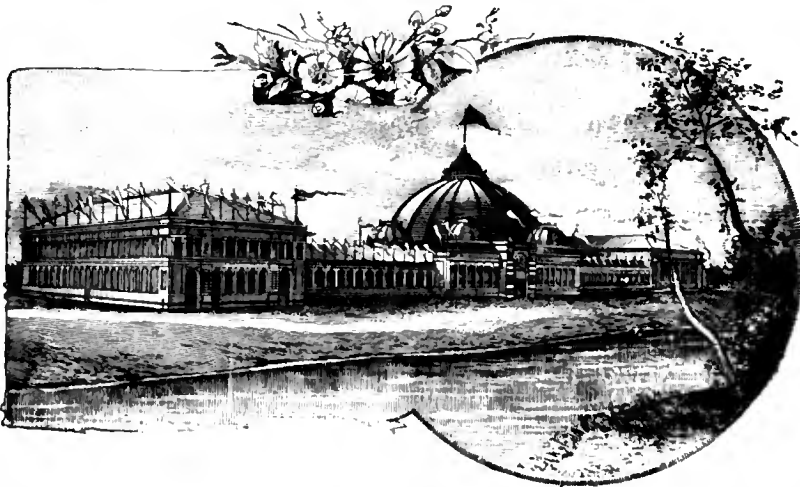
It may interest you to know that I found, as might be expected, the persons highest in rank the most conservative. Princess Christian, and later Madame Carnot, were opposed to any extreme views about women, deprecated their trying to enter the learned professions and to take the highest honors at colleges, as they thought it led to nothing. They disapproved, consequently, of the suffrage movement, but were extremely interested in all plans to educate women so that they might gain

better wages in the employments usual to their sex, and especially in all that tended to make good wives and mothers and happy homes.

Princess Christian has for years been at the head of many of the most important industrial movements in England such as the South Kensington School of Art Needlework, and has recently assisted at the opening of a college, of which she is the patroness, and of which she spoke with great interest. In this college women are taught, beside all the industrial arts, such as carving, modeling, etc., household economy and sewing. The Princess was greatly pleased with our plans from the standpoint to be made of the showing for industrial women, and before I left there proposed forming a committee to aid us.

Princess  
Christian.

I must forewarn you that we American women will find it difficult to come up to the expectation formed of us abroad. We are considered very advanced, especially in the matter of organization and cohesion: There each woman carries on her own work by the impulse she individually gives it, and when she dies or drops out, the work falls to pieces. . . . I must say again to our members that we, as women of America, have been given an opportunity such as has never before occurred. . . . If we do not realize the almost solemn nature of the trust placed in our hands, we shall set back the clock of time half a century for women. If we live up to the possibilities, we shall open a new era for them.



HORTICULTURAL BUILDING.

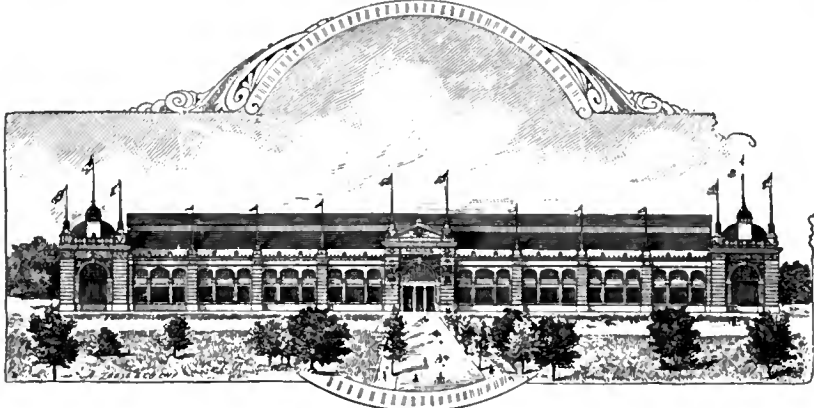
At the meeting of the State Boards on December 11, 1891, Mrs. President Palmer, on invitation, addressed the delegates. She said: "No sentimental sympathy for women will cause the admission of second-rate objects; for the highest standard of excellence is to be strictly maintained." She also gave an explanation of what the Commissioners, co-operating with the Board of Lady Managers, would be asked to aid in doing. First, to get a representative exhibit of women's work; second, to get statistics of women's work that may enter to other exhibits; third, to find women's work worthy to be shown in the "Women's building"; fourth, to recommend to the general Board women fit to serve on juries of award; fifth, to see that their educational work should have its proper showing; sixth, the same regarding their charitable work; seventh, to secure the desirable publicity; eighth, to aid in the collection of a loan exhibition of old lace, embroideries, fans, etc.; ninth, to secure the books written by women to be in the Women's Library, especially books relating to the exact sciences, philosophy, art, etc.

Mrs. Palmer's  
address to the  
commissioners.

Mrs. Palmer announced that she had addressed an official letter to the chief lady in each of the foreign governments and courts, asking co-operation in the effort making in relation to the sex in the Columbian Exposition.

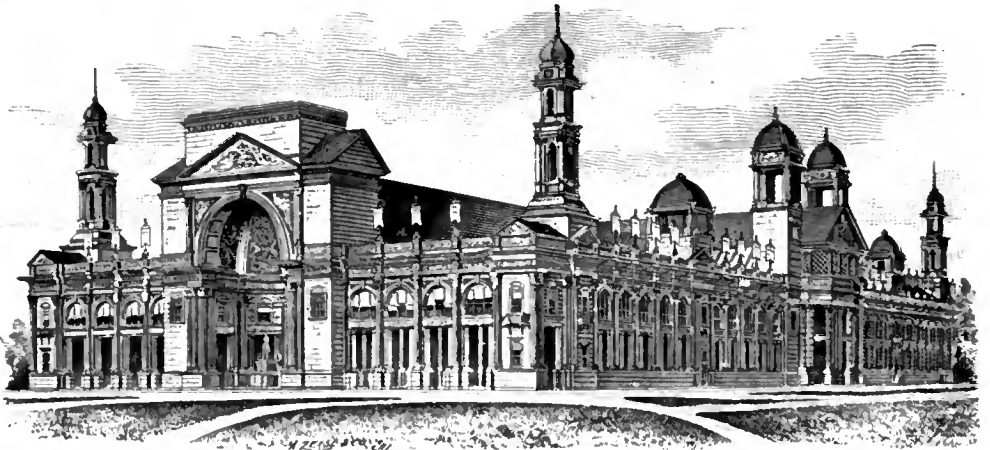
The "Auxiliary" aims to do for mind what the other departments do for matter. "Not things, but men" is its motto. To use its own language:

The World's Congress Auxiliary of the World's Columbian Exposition is an organization authorized and supported by the Exposition corporation for the purpose of bringing about a series



MINES AND MINING BUILDING.

The Auxiliary. of world's conventions of the leaders in the various departments of human progress during the exposition season of 1893. The Auxiliary has also been recognized and approved by the government of the United States. Its general announcement has been sent to foreign governments by the Department of State and an appropriation on account of its expenses has been made by act of Congress. . . .



ELECTRICAL BUILDING.

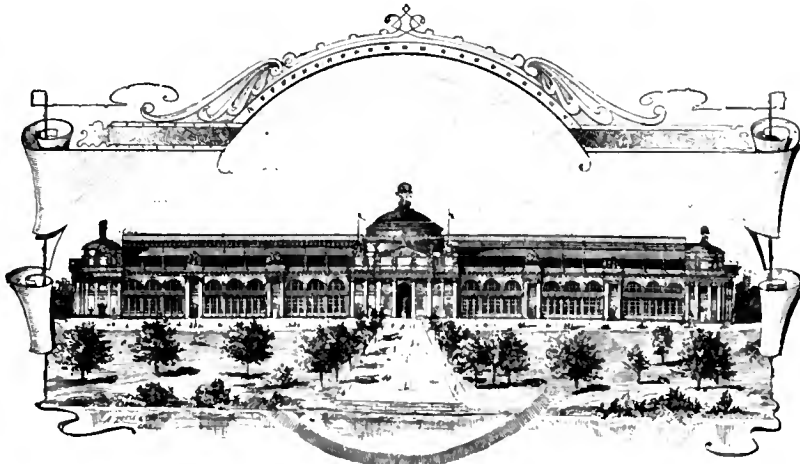
The Auxiliary has no jurisdiction over any exhibit of material things, but will deal exclusively with conventions of persons and their proceedings. The Exposition will present the progress of mankind as represented by material forms; while the Auxiliary will portray that progress with the pen and the living voice and will endeavor to crown the whole glorious work by the formation and adoption of better and more comprehensive plans than have hitherto been pursued to secure the

progress, prosperity, unity, peace and happiness of the world. . . . We are informed that at Paris there were about sixty different conventions and congresses during the last exposition there, and we suppose there will be many more during the exposition here.

Among prominent subjects to be discussed in congresses to be brought together under these auspices are Education, Temperance, Moral and Social Reform, Labor, Literature, Law Reform, Commerce and Finance, Agriculture, Arbitration and Peace, Music, Art, Women's welfare, etc. To avoid the confusion which might arise from the accidental occurrence of too many conventions at any one time, the subjects have been divided into groups and each group assigned to one of the months during which the Exposition shall be open. The Auxiliary will avoid interference with any of the conventions, except so far as it may help them by furnishing places of meeting and other needed facilities.

A congress of congresses.

A large number of corresponding and honorary memberships of the Auxiliary have been created, and many cordial responses have been



AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.

received from the distinguished persons to whom they have been offered, including such men as Lord Tennyson, Archbishop Ireland, James G. Blaine, Carl Schurz, Edward Everett Hale, Robert Collyer, Andrew White, John G. Whittier, Phillips Brooks, James Brice, Sir Edwin Arnold, Theodore Thomas, etc. The officers of the Auxiliary are C. C. Bonney, president; Thomas B. Bryan, vice-president; Lyman J. Gage, treasurer; Benjamin Butterworth, secretary.

Great men who have responded.

This "Auxiliary" seems to those engaged in it the one feature of the Columbian which is entirely new, and an advance on all previous World's Fairs. This fact makes it all the more difficult to arrange, and the difficulty is increased by the intangible nature of the things to be set forth—thoughts, conclusions, results of study and research, immaterial products of the brain of man, instead of the material work of his hands. It is a convention of conventions, a congress of congresses.

## BUILDING PLANS AT THE OPENING OF 1892.

	BUILDINGS.	Length, feet.	Width, feet.	Height, feet.	Cost.	ARCHITECTS.
	Administration.....	260	260	\$ 220	\$ 450,000	Richard M. Hunt (N. Y.)
	United States Government .....	420	350	150	400,000	Windrim & Edbrooke.
	Mines and Mining.....	700	350	162	260,000	S. S. Beman (Pullman).
	Electrical .....	700	345	112	375,000	Van Brunt & Howe (Bost'n).
	Agricultural.....	800	500	130	540,000	McKim, Meade & White
	" Annex and Assembly Hall	1,000	778	.....	200,000	(N. Y.)
	Machinery Hall.....	850	500	.....	.....	.....
	" Annex and Power House	1,151	570	130	1,200,000	Peabody & Stearns (Bost'n).
Building plans and costs.	Women's Building.....	400	260	85	120,000	Sophia G. Hayden (Bost'n).
	Fish and Fisheries .....	498	298	144	200,000	Henry Ives Cobb (Chicago).
	Manufactures and Liberal Arts ..	1,688	788	80	1,100,000	George B. Post (N. Y.)
	Fine Arts.....	500	320	.....	.....	.....
	" Annexes.....	200	120	125	500,000	C. B. Atwood (Chicago).
	Transportation .....	960	250	112	280,000	Adler & Sullivan (Chicago).
	Horticultural .....	1,000	250	113	300,000	W. L. B. Jenney (Chicago).
	Forestry.....	500	200	.....	100,000	.....
	United States Battle Ship.....	348	70	.....	100,000	.....
	Illinois State Building.....	450	160	.....	250,000	.....
Sawmill .....	300	125	.....	35,000	.....	
Dairy .....	200	95	.....	30,000	.....	
Live Stock (sheds 40 acres) ..	200	65	.....	150,000	.....	
Casino (including cost of pier)...	300	75	.....	150,000	.....	
	Total up to date. ....	.....	.....	.....	\$6,740,000	.....

The Exposition Company has very large expenditures to meet in addition to the cost of the buildings. In fact, the latter does not constitute one-half of the total amount necessary to carry through the Exposition enterprise. In a recent report made by the Grounds and Buildings Committee, the following estimates of such expenses were given :

Other necessary outlays.	Grading, filling, etc.....	\$ 450,400	Seating.....	\$ 8,000
	Landscape gardening.....	323,490	Water supply, sewerage, etc .....	600,000
	Viaducts and bridges.....	125,000	Improvement of lake front .....	200,000
	Piers.....	70,000	World's congress auxiliary .....	200,000
	Waterway improvements .....	225,000	Construction department expenses, in-	.....
	Railways .....	500,000	cluding fuel, etc.....	520,000
	Steam plant .....	800,000	Organization and administration .....	3,308,563
	Electricity .....	1,500,000	Operating expenses.....	1,550,000
	Statuary on buildings.....	100,000		
	Vases, lamps and posts.....	50,000	Total.....	\$10,530,453

Adding to this the amount estimated to be necessary for buildings (\$7,295,000), and the grand total sum to be expended by the Exposition Company, stands at \$17,825,453. All of the great buildings have been contracted for and are under construction. On several the work is proceeding night and day, and all are being pushed to completion by large forces of workmen. Insurance is placed and increased on the buildings as their construction proceeds. It is the intention to carry insurance aggregating \$300,000,000 on the buildings and exhibits.

For protection against fire there are, and are to be, an organized fire-brigade and reels of hose in convenient places on every side. During the early stages of construction three million-gallon pumps will be relied on for the checking of any blaze; later, four great pumps of a

capacity of forty million gallons in twenty-four hours, will be provided, which will ordinarily supply the fountains, etc., but can be instantly turned into an efficient fire-service. Chicago is a trained veteran in that warfare!

The materials for the structures will, of course, be iron and steel, glass, slate, tiles, wood, stone, brick, cement, asphaltum and concrete. To these ordinary building articles will be added, in large measure, "staff," which is the name given to plaster of paris through which jute is mixed to hold it together, as straw was used for bricks by the Israelites in Egypt. Building materials.

Sewerage will be carefully provided, and the sewage pumped to a central station, where it will be separated; the liquid part, well diluted Sewerage.



WALTER FEARN.



CHARLES C. BONNEY.

and carried off by sewers, and the solid portion be treated, pressed, and dried, to be burned or sold for fertilizing purposes.

At this present writing (end of 1891), the Columbian mile-square looks like a city of incipient palaces, hillocks, slopes, pleasure-grounds, lakes, water-ways, etc., just springing up on a lonely coast, as if at the waving of an enchanter's wand. One would not imagine from this sordid toiling and moiling, that minds' eyes from all over the world below the horizon are directed that way. But so it is: Thought is bent upon that shore, and whither thought turns, footsteps follow. Delighted, edified, instructed, broadened and softened will be the vast crowds who will tread that mile-square in 1893.

Aspect of the ground in Dec. 1891.

## TRANSPORTATION.

The problem of transporting visitors to and from the Columbian grounds has yet to be solved. The avenues of travel already in existence are quite inadequate; and the difficulty is one not met with, in its present degree, at any previous World's Fair, because neither of them has been as far from the main body of its city as is the Columbian from the centre of Chicago. In Paris, as statistics show, the average attendance was 137,289; and the estimate of the largest attendance on any single day was about 400,000 (probably an overestimate). Now, taking that as a guide, how is an equal number of visitors to be carried to Jackson Park in any six or eight hours? And, still more puzzling, how is that number, or anything like it, to be carried away from the grounds at the close of any day, the time when most visitors will desire to depart thence?

A late report (October 31, 1891) of the Columbian sub-committee having the matter in charge gives the following estimates of the capacity of all methods now in existence:

Walking and carriages, per hour	15,000
Chicago city cable lines	12,000
Illinois Central Railroad	6,000
Other railroads	1,000
Water craft	5,000
	39,000

The committee proceeds to make suggestions as to possible enlargements, such as Lake Front viaducts, to facilitate water transportation, and a viaduct over the Illinois Central track adjoining the grounds, to give greater freedom to foot and carriage passengers, which, it is thought, might add 6,000 per hour, making 45,000, a still inadequate number. Next, an independent loop at each end of the cable line, and a connection between the State Street line and the Park would add 8,000 per hour during two hours at morning and evening.

These changes, producing a total of 53,000 per hour, might be considered as an approach toward sufficiency; but it is obvious that the slightest accident or delay in any branch of the service, a blow on the lake, a rain, a breakdown on the railway or a "hitch" in the cable would produce an intolerable delay and congestion. The system must be so varied, so pliable, so extensive that no one or two failures could do more than divert the travel to adjacent routes.

The committee then proposes elevating the Illinois Central tracks, further increasing the facilities for loading and unloading cars at both ends of the line, establishing a "block system" of signals so as to allow trains safely to follow each other at intervals of two-and-a-half minutes, and providing additional cars and engines to make these additional ways available—all at a cost of \$3,174,600. This would increase the Illinois Central capacity from 6,000 to 21,000, and the total from 53,000 to 68,000 per hour, to which is to be added the completion of the "Alley Elevated Railroad" (now nearly finished) with a possible capacity of 20,000 per hour, making a maximum grand total of 88,000. These improvements would place the supposed maximum number of visitors in one day (400,000 or less) at the Fair gates in about five hours and remove them in a similar length of time.

Meanwhile the "movable sidewalk" proposes, at small expense, to do the same service, or any part of it, from any distance in any direction, with equal speed and greater personal convenience; at a minimum cost per passenger. This mode of transportation is already (1891) on exhibition on the Fair grounds, where passengers are daily transported over an elevated track, very much to their satisfaction.



## CHAPTER XXXVI.

ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY, 1892.



CHICAGO during its civic life hitherto has been pretty nearly "all work and no play," and (the world is prone to say) has not escaped the fate proposed for that state of things by the old proverb. Especially since the Fire have men kept their noses to the grindstone until they have grown too sharp for beauty. The lawyer, in all companies, is prone to think and talk law, the doctor to talk physic, the merchant to talk merchandize, the Board of Trade man to talk trades, the real estate dealer to talk lands and lots, the manufacturer to talk wages, tariffs and patent devices. There is no company where the word "dollars" may not be overheard. Ethics and æsthetics are alike out of the question to men working, working, working, early and late, in storm and calm, in good times and bad, from youth to old age. Leisurely

Chicago bent on business.

quiet does not exist in Chicago even for men in a position to command



PRAIRIE AVENUE.

it, for excess of work, like any other excess, perpetuates itself by becoming a fixed habit, a second nature. Men enjoy their work and its results

The idle man a  
lonely man.

to the exclusion of other enjoyment. Then, too, by reason of their strength and wealth, combined with many fine qualities, the leaders make working the custom and fashion, so that the non-worker is exceptional, lonely, out-of-place. He is tempted to depart for some spot where he can find others of his kind. Unfortunately this isolation spreads even to some workers, namely, those whose work is not money-making. The student, the artist, the writer, is only in very late years beginning to find an element in which he can breathe and thrive.

So high is the standard of personal achievement under these stimulating influences that the man who merely "does his duty" is left



GRANT MONUMENT IN LINCOLN PARK.

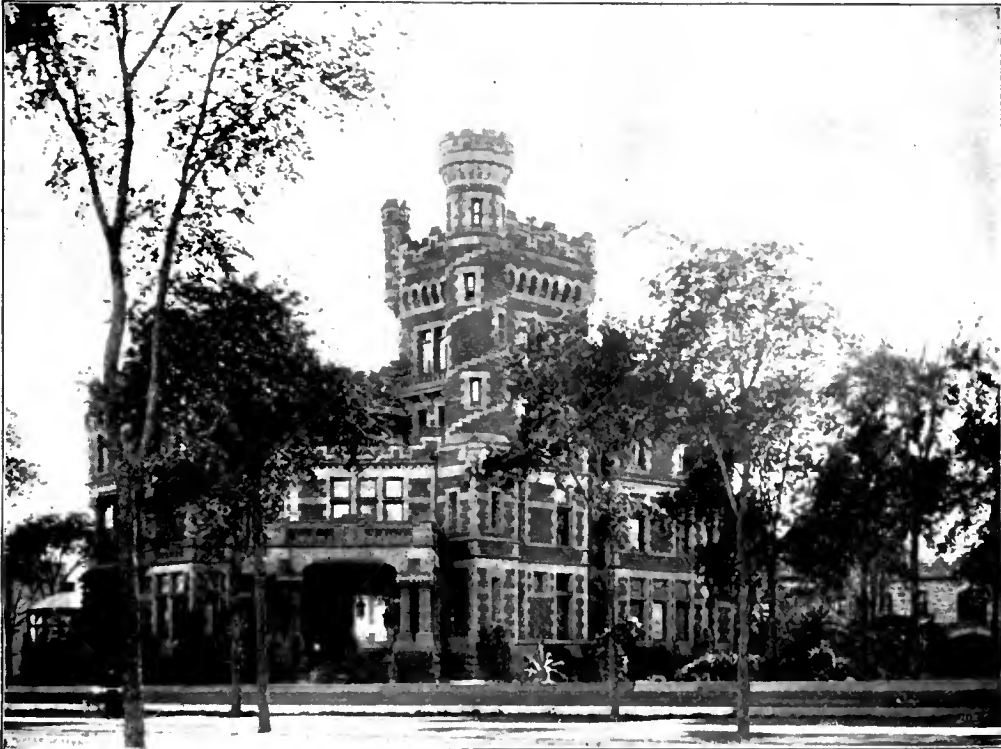
Doing only  
one's duty is  
not enough.

behind by men who do more: who reach out for new duties and obligations, who are insatiable for work, who are always learning and always inventing; whose memory is perfect and whose judgement and foresight are unailing; who know on the instant what to do and what not to do. In the hands of such men the conduct of business rises to a science, and its devotees show all the enthusiasm which characterizes the pursuit of science. They are the Humbolts, Darwins, of commerce, manufactures and the professions.

Many will see in this devotion to labor no beauty or praiseworthiness, but if they look below the surface of things they discover, in the

first place, a good reason for it in the engulfing Fire that swamped the community under a load of debt such as was probably never before borne by men; and, in the second place, a good result of it, in that the debts are essentially paid off, principal and interest, and a splendid new city built on the ruins of the shabby old one—all by hard work. Then, too, the aspect of these over-taxed men is a standing refutation of the notion that profitable labor, well-paid toil (although excessive) is depressing. They are bright in their way, and gay even to hilarity. It is not the gayety of Regent Street, the Boulevards, or Monte Carlo, but it is the better (though less polished) exuberance of the fresh West.

The beauty of it.



POTTER PALMER'S RESIDENCE ON LAKE-SHORE DRIVE.

The whole region believes that the fiat, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," is not a curse but a blessing, and it acts on the belief.

To the honest worker debt is not a natural, inevitable and continuous evil; "duns" are not beings of a lower order, nuisances to be fought off by locked doors and ingenious evasions. That view is reserved to the "higher civilization"—save the mark! To him his creditors are friends who have trusted him and whom he is glad to seek that he may render them their own and so relieve himself of a burden of obligation.

Debt-paying,  
peace and  
plenty.

What is the result where all men work? Peace and Plenty, and an assimilating of the conditions of life between the rich and the not rich. America is not (and never will be while present conditions obtain) on

Suppose labor  
were excep-  
tional.

the "ragged edge" of possibility of want. Suppose, instead of a community of universal work, ours were one where there were an Imperial Court and nobility doing no productive labor, a huge army, navy and police, an innumerable corps of thieving officials, a horde of blood-sucking tax-gatherers, and almost worst of all, a black swarm of priestly drones, to add spiritual bondage to the temporal slavery—all engaged in the self-profitable task of governing the real workers! Then would famine be possible in America as it is in Russia, a land having a climate

as varied and favorable and a soil as productive as ours.

Chicago is typical of the West; showing how hard men work when they are free to work, and how strong and supple their muscles and minds grow by use in their self-imposed tasks. At the same time the result of this strenuous devotion to "the main chance" is not all good in its effect on character. While some men seem to grow to broader horizons by climbing, others seem to be darkened by delving. The truly great man finds in his riches glorious means for public benefaction; the little soul sees in money only the means for making



MRS. POTTER PALMER.

more money. One newly rich will appear unpleasantly conscious of his wealth, another not less unpleasantly unconscious of his. The latter goes on in his old economies; he does not feel his millions, and his followers observe with a quiet smile "he hasn't heard the news yet."

Avoiding personal eulogy, it may be said that one of the most interesting developments of modern Chicago, especially in connection with

Effect of  
success not  
all good.

the Women's Department in the Columbian Exposition, is the energy, enterprise, ability—even brilliancy—which the gentler sex displays on being brought into situations of unaccustomed and unexpected public service. Women endowed with fortune, station and every personal charm, resist the impulse which would keep them in the well-trodden road of fashion, frivolity and self-indulgence, and startle their fellow-citizens by their success in the management of matters long thought to be beyond their scope, mental and bodily. It is pleasant to think that this is a natural result of the freedom and plenteousness of Western life; that the present proofs of force and self-reliance are but a foretaste of other progress, as yet scarcely dreamed of, even by the long-time advocates of "Women's Rights." As the better half of mankind grows stronger, the stronger half must be bettered, in ways uncountable.

Woman in her  
new place.

The religious growth of Chicago has gone on with its material increase, and if not in full proportion to it, at least as nearly so as is the case in other great cities. The church-goers are still the leaders in society and in business, as well as in morality, philanthropy and general good citizenship. Toleration and a sense of the brotherhood of all



MISS FRANCES WILLARD, President of the W. C. T. U.

grows everywhere in the Christian world, in Chicago as fast as elsewhere, and perhaps faster. No man is smiled or frowned upon because of his belief or unbelief. Each is judged by his acts and not by his thoughts. Under the influence of such leaders, the standard of manly conduct in Chicago has always been high, and dissipation, though not unknown or even rare, is not fashionable or reputable.

Men judged by  
acts, not by  
thoughts.

A sign of the times may, perhaps, be observed, by whomsoever will, in two late ecclesiastical trials for heresy, their result and their consequences. The first case was that of the Rev. David Swing, long recognized as one of the brightest lights in the Presbyterian Church; the second, that of the Rev. Hiram W. Thomas, who held a similar eminence in the Methodist Church. The former resulted in acquittal, but after it Mr. Swing voluntarily withdrew from his denominational connection. In Dr. Thomas' case the decision of the court was adverse, and he was expelled from the Methodist Church. Both ministers had enthusiastic

Ecclesiastical  
Trials.

Two creedless  
churches.

adherents—in fact, their powers, virtues and personal charm were undisputable, even by those who differed from their views—and in each case a new path was struck out; each clergyman established a creedless



WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION BUILDING.

church of his own, and disregarding the traditions of form as well as of doctrine, called his people together, not in a building set apart for church purposes, but in one of the common meeting-places of men.

Mr. Swing's people selected Central Music Hall, then the largest audience-room in Chicago, and engaged it permanently for Sunday use, and now (1891) for fifteen years there has gathered at that place, weekly, Central Church. a great audience of devout and earnest worshipers, who listen with rapt attention to discourses of deep thought, broad sympathy, fervent piety, and shrewd common sense; all framed in language eloquent, poetic and appropriate. To hear Mr. Swing is one of the prized privileges of the Chicagoan, churchman or not; and strangers flock into the vast, free audience-hall to be delighted and to carry away new ideas of the possibilities of future freedom of thought and hope.

Dr. Thomas' meeting (called the People's Church) began by using Hooley's theatre, but later took a permanent Sunday lease of McVicker's, one of the largest in the city; and there Dr. Thomas has drawn People's Church audiences similar in size and character to those of Mr. Swing, and exercised the same broad and broadening influence.

Another "sign of the times" was the breaking up, in 1884, of a long continued and disgraceful course of "manipulation" of election returns. The case in point was an outrage perpetrated by Joseph Mackin and some associates in stealing a ballot-box with its ballots, election returns, etc., and first substituting false returns; and, when it was evident that the ballots would be overhauled, causing an entire set of false ballots to be printed and put in place of those originally cast. The fraud was attempted in favor of the Democratic party, but the committee of citizens which unearthed it was composed of men of both parties, working together for public good; among them an honored Chicago resident since appointed by President Cleveland to the Chief-Justiceship of the U. S. Supreme Court. The committee was composed of E. Nelson Blake, A. A. Carpenter, Melville E. Stone, General Isaac N. Stiles, Edwin Lee Brown, Albert M. Day, Edward F. Cragin, Erskine M. Phelps, Melville W. Fuller and others. The democratic representative who had been returned by the help of the forgeries promptly resigned, and his opponent took his place in the State legislature; a proceeding which resulted in the return of General John A. Logan to the U. S. Senate, to prevent which the whole plot had been hatched. The conspirators were convicted and punished, and no election fraud of that kind has since been attempted. The "Australian ballot system," adopted in 1890, seems likely to add to the safety and purity of the ballot-box for the future. The problem of popular government in great cities is not yet solved; but there are signs of the existence in Chicago of a body of voters independent, in municipal matters, of party ties, who will influence nominations for office, not by engaging in the caucus,

Non-partisan  
movement  
whereby  
ballot-box  
frauds were  
stopped.



MASONIC TEMPLE, NORTHEAST CORNER OF STATE AND RANDOLPH STREETS.

Approximate cost, \$2,000,000; height to cornice, 226 feet; height to ridge, 269 feet; height to top of skylight, 305 feet; dimensions, 170 feet on State Street, 113 feet on Randolph Street. Number of stores, 47—first to ninth story, inclusive. Number of offices, 250—tenth to sixteenth story, inclusive. Commandery and Consistory, eighteenth floor; Masonic rooms, toilet rooms and barber shop, nineteenth floor; cafe in basement.



but by making its efforts fruitless, when they result in the selection of unworthy candidates, through the defeat of such candidates at the polls.

While on the subject of corruption in high places, it should be observed that no rich man in Chicago can be pointed out as having made his fortune by his connection with "politics," National, State or City, or by any dealings with the civic government.\* The fierce glare of partisan strife, as refracted through an almost unbridled public press, has at least this saving grace; that, while subjecting to general view much that should be sacred privacy, it also makes nearly impossible any underhanded plotting for nefarious purposes. No "Tweed ring" has ever existed, or can exist, in Chicago. This is partly because the prying eyes of press and public are always on the watch to turn any crimes, arising in one political party, to the advantage of the other, and partly because New York has passed through the trial and come out triumphant. Chicago (in spite of frequent tiffs and hard words) looks on New York as her elder sister in blood-relationship, her senior partner in business, and her benefactor in time of dire distress; and is ready and willing to learn, thankfully, whatever the elder municipality may teach—either by example or by warning.

No Chicago fortunes based on public plunder.

New York Chicago's elder sister and senior business partner.

Passing from moral to material characteristics, the practical city is scarcely (as yet) the ideal abode of elegance and ease. The old resident, unforgetting of the days when the air was pure and liquid mud spurted up between the planks in Lake Street, thinks that the pavements are now quite respectably kept, but that the smoke-laden atmosphere is intolerable; while the visiting Londoner, on the contrary, would say that the air is very fair, but the mud disgraceful. It all depends on the standard and point of view. Both nuisances are bad, and both can be, will be and are being abated. The smoke evil springs from one of the chief commercial advantages of the situation, namely, the abundance and cheapness of coal. This, it is needless to say, is the very foundation of all prosperity springing from the use of machinery, as well as an inestimable blessing to the wage-earners in their daily home-lives. True, nature might have made the immense coal-beds of Illinois a little purer in quality while showing such lavishness as to quantity; but no one place can have every conceivable blessing—not even Chicago. Care and pains, the stern administration of law and lavish use of money, may mitigate the smoke-evil; though London, Manchester, Leeds and Birmingham have not yet cured it. The most efficient means of reform

Chicago not yet the ideal city.

Smoke, dust and mud.

\*On the other hand, much wrong may be done by corruption whereby the corrupted public servant profits but little, while the corrupting outsider profits hugely. The charge is freely made that the legislative branch of the city government is hopelessly corrupt; that even legitimate measures for public good can not be passed without a lavish use of money, and that franchises of fabulous value are constantly and shamelessly bartered away. Meanwhile, men in general are looking for some Messiah to arise, who will clear out the temple with a knotted scourge—but each man is individually "too busy" to stir in the matter.

Remedies  
possible.

will be found in the removal of the stock-yards and other great smoke-producing industries to more distant location (not to windward, that is southwest, where they now are); then the use of anthracite coal, coke, etc., may be forced upon railway engines and river tugs, and so finally the main city be lightened of its prevalent pall, and the fine goods now ruined by millions of dollars' worth every year, be saved for their more legitimate kind of use. The mud is merely a matter of "wasteful economy." The street-cleaning must be brought up to a higher standard, and that promptly. The prevailing prairie breeze, blessing though it be on the whole, intensifies the curse of dust which dominates the city. The profuse spread of literature (such as it is) seems typified by the wild whirl of waste-paper-scrap which disfigure the streets. They come in clouds from the alleys where they have been deposited with other sweepings, and whence the scavenger-carts would remove them if they would only stay to be removed, instead of taking to themselves wings and rioting in freedom. If it were made a part of good housekeeping to burn all waste paper, a great nuisance would suddenly abate.

Money growing  
plenty.

As to the care of the more solid waste matter, that only needs larger appropriations, and better scrutiny of the manner in which they are expended. Now that the Fire-damages are practically repaired and the liabilities for parks and boulevards discharged, there will be, or should be, abundant means to spare for the more ornamental uses of money. Business first and pleasure afterward. The best use for money is to pay debts with it; the next best, perhaps, to beautify the home.

Village-like  
character-  
istics.

Chicago, while preserving many of the excellent characteristics of youth, has some village habits that sit upon her like a child's clothes on a grown person. Horses are left tied and untended even in the crowded business streets, and often are to be seen feeding at the curbstone. Vehicles stand idly for hours beside thronged thoroughfares. Others are backed up to sidewalks, projecting so far into the street that passage is seriously impeded and sometimes quite blocked. Cases may daily be observed where drivers, finding the edge of the street occupied, station their vehicles near its middle, awaiting their turn at the sidewalk and at the same time preventing the proper use of the roadway. It would probably be a new idea to most Chicago horse-owners were they told that they have no right to keep a vehicle standing (longer than absolutely required for loading or unloading its passengers or freight) even at their own front doors. Yet such is the common law. The street is only for passage, not for storage. Every man may have a privilege—not a right—to occupy the space at his own door or elsewhere, when his doing so does not interfere with the legitimate use of the street, which is simply for passing to and fro. "Move on" is a lawful command at all times in the "public highway."

The sidewalks are used for storage and handling-places to an unreasonable degree; while there (as in the street) the articles and their movers have no rights except the right of prompt passage.

Then, too, the notion prevails that the street railways have a better claim to the space between their rails than have other persons, and that at street crossings and elsewhere the street cars must be given the first chance. This is a mistake; the streets belong to all alike, and it is only wanton and needless obstruction which can be punished.

The gay good-nature with which these infringements of popular rights are submitted to is a trait of Chicago character. "It's all for the good of trade" is the feeling and the saying, and so trade dominates and imposes on individual comfort and convenience. This toleration looks foolish and provincial to a stranger, and, what is more important,

tends to encourage, perpetuate and increase the wrong. If, suddenly, by some miracle, the "law of the road" were made universally operative in Chicago, perhaps a tenth of all the public would feel as if their rights were taken away, while in fact it would be only a tardy restoration of rights to the other nine-tenths. It is a pleasant fact that in Chicago, a woman, especially if she be old, or burdened, or in any way infirm, is sure in a crowded street-car to have a seat offered her by any man who has one to offer; but this custom works in favor of the owners and operators of the street cars, who deliberately plan and arrange to have



FRANKLIN MACVEAGH.

their vehicles overcrowded, by running a number insufficient to seat all the persons who pay for using them. Great profits are thus gained.

One often sees every seat in a car occupied by women, while every foot of standing room is filled by men, holding on to straps, dependent from the roof, and kindly furnished for their accommodation. Innumerable persons, using the cars at the most crowded times, scarcely expect ever to be allowed to enjoy the seat they have paid for.\*

So it comes about that not only foreigners but Chicagoans who have traveled abroad (and almost every one in comfortable circumstances has done so, once or oftener) feels that the city is, after all, only

\* In Chicago, men getting on or off a street car rarely bring it to a full stop.

a great, overgrown, smiling village, that does not even now "take itself seriously." It seems like "a young giant, refreshed with new wine," or a budding girl, not yet used to being gazed at. The hundreds whose birth antedates the incorporation (1837) can scarcely greet each other without a smile that seems to ask, "Why, what's all this?" Well, "all this" is simply a glorious opportunity to establish order, cleanliness and that good government under which each must use his own without injuring another; to frown upon impositions instead of smiling at them; to enjoy good fortune with manly reticence instead of childish exuberance; in short, to preserve every good and pleasant trait, while doing away with the others.

"What's all this?"



CYRUS H. McCORMICK.

The over-crowding of the streets themselves (in spite of their unusual breadth) is a terrible and growing evil, fostered by the extravagant height to which buildings have begun to be carried. One of the manifestations of thrift in the "thrifty eighties" is the making more use of a given number of superficial square feet of the earth's surface than has ever been achieved at any other time or place. Beginning with the "Montauk Block" of ten stories, and going on step by step to the "Masonic Temple" with nineteen, the art of building made a great advance in that decade, and what

may be called a new style of civic architecture has been instituted, whereby inordinate height is shown to be not incompatible with a certain stately beauty. But when a house is so spacious that the length of street in front of it can not contain its occupants, there comes a dead-lock. It is easy to say, "Let them spread out in front of their neighbors' houses," but suppose the neighbors also to have built "sky-scrapers," what then? In a city or even a street of such edifices the inhabitants would be compelled to use the street in turn, for it is a physical impossibility for all to be abroad at once. It seems manifest that a limit must be set to the height of buildings; whether by the London plan of proportioning them to the width of the street in front of them, or by some other standard of restriction. As in all the other interferences of statute with personal conduct, public good must prevail over private greed. It will be difficult, seeing that the ability to make so much use of well-placed lots

Over-crowding of streets arising from over-building of houses.



"THE CHICAGO CONSTRUCTION," A FRAME THAT HOLDS UP THE WALLS.

has enhanced their value to something very near the prices prevalent in the heart of London! But, however difficult, it is necessary, and in such a case Chicago takes no account of obstacles.

The "Chicago construction" is not the invention of any one mind, but it is probably due more to the genius of the late lamented John W. Root than to that of any other person. He first devised the system whereby the weight of the structure is spread over the whole of the ground it covers, instead of being carried by walls alone. In the Montauk Block he used the plan of laying iron or steel beams side by side, and crossed at right angles by other similar beams, over



John W. Root  
and the  
Chicago  
construction.

JOHN WELBORN ROOT.

the entire surface to be built upon, and then inbedding the whole mighty mass in cement. On this impregnable base is placed the super-



COOK COUNTY HOSPITAL, HARRISON STREET.

structure, several series of columns in orderly array, forming the walls and carrying the floors of every apartment in the structure. To this the outside shell or covering is merely an addition; the frame carries the

walls instead of being carried by them as of old. The towering Masonic Temple is the final work of Mr. Root's short but crowded and brilliant career; having been begun and finished according to his plans, but after his untimely death.

In dwelling upon the growth of Chicago the historian is prone to treat it as if it had arrived at its acme; forgetting that every past chronicler has done the same, and been belittled by later progress. Mr. Balestier in his paper read before the "Lyceum" in 1840, when the population had reached the proud eminence of 4,479, exults thus:

Each historian  
laughs at his  
predecessor.

"Chicago has sprung, as it were, from the very mire, and assumed the aspect of a populous city. . . . The memory is at fault when it attempts to keep pace with this rapid progression. Well may we rejoice in a result so glorious! No curiosity is excited by the advent of a schooner, and even the vapor-driven monsters which frequent our harbor have ceased to call forth our wonder!"

Such enthusiasm as Mr. Balestier's in 1840, Gov. Bross's in 1856, and in fact, everybody's who has successively treated the subject, compels a smile as one looks back upon it; and he is likely to forget that his own observations will be no less amusing to the writers who shall come later. Yet he has always the comforting thought that each laughter in turn, through a long series, will furnish amusement to those who follow him, even as the annalist of 1840 is smiled at by him of 1891.

PROF. COLBERT'S FIGURES OF 40 YEARS' PROGRESS IN MANUFACTURES AND WHOLESALE TRADE, CHICAGO TRIBUNE, JANUARY 1, 1892.

1850.....	\$ 20,000,000	1876.....	\$ 587,000,000	1884.....	\$ 933,000,000
1860.....	97,000,000	1877.....	595,000,000	1885.....	959,000,000
1868.....	310,000,000	1878.....	650,000,000	1886.....	997,000,000
1869.....	336,000,000	1879.....	764,000,000	1887.....	1,103,000,000
1870.....	377,000,000	1880.....	900,000,000	1888.....	1,125,000,000
1873.....	514,000,000	1881.....	1,015,000,000	1889.....	1,177,000,000
1874.....	575,000,000	1882.....	1,045,000,000	1890.....	1,380,000,000
1875.....	566,000,000	1883.....	1,050,000,000	1891.....	1,459,000,000

Time and space are not adequate to the presenting of anything like a complete sketch of the present greatness of Chicago. Fortunately this is not a report, a compendium or a guide book; it is merely a story, and at best can only, by a touch here and there, indicate the ascending steps, leaps and bounds by which the fair city has advanced; not portray or depict the wonderful result. Onward and upward she climbs. On the shining height, the point which was her goal yesterday is her starting-place to-day, and to-morrow will be far behind her, a mere study for her future historian.

On the shining  
height.





## INDEX.

### A

Abbot, Dr., 67.  
 Aborigines, 8.  
 Abstracts of Title, see Real Estate.  
 Academy of Design, 346.  
 Ackerman, Wm. K., 171, 218, 222, 422.  
 Aco, Pierre, 25.  
 Adams, George E., 346, 7.  
     J. McGregor, 342, 374.  
     Robert D., 268.  
 A. F. & A. M., 346.  
 Agramonte, Capt., 379.  
 Albany, "Journal," 197.  
     "Argus," 302.  
 Aldermen, see Municipal Government.  
 Algonquins, 8.  
 Allen, G. W., 422.  
 Alton, see Railroads.  
 American, The, 181, 189.  
     Fur Company, 81, 93.  
 Anarchist Riot.  
     "Alarm, The," 383.  
     "Appeal, The," 383.  
     "Arbeiter Zeitung," 383, 384, 386.  
 Arrests, 386.  
 Beginnings of, 382.  
 Bomb-throwing, 386.  
 Clubs formed, 383.  
 Haymarket meeting, 385.  
 Incendiary speeches, 385.  
 McCormick Reaper Works closed, 384.  
 Police sweep the square, 386.  
 Short hours aimed at, 384.  
 Spies' Address, 384.  
 Trial and sentence, 386.  
 Andersonville, 270.  
 Andreas' Hist. of Chicago, 32, 35, 39, 48, 50, 71,  
     87, 89, 90, 96, 98, 99, 117, 133, 144, 158, 176,  
     181, 183, 184, 185, 190, 201, 204, 211, 213,  
     222, 224, 242, 243, 244, 248, 250, 254, 260,  
     267, 272, 283, 291, 331, 351, 361, 378, 405  
 Andrews, Alex. B., 422.  
 St. Ange de Bellerive, 25.  
 Anti-slavery movement, see Slavery.  
 "Appeal" (anarchist organ), 383.  
 "Arbeiter Zeitung," 383.  
 Archer, Col., 112, 113.  
 Archer's Road (Archer avenue), 113.  
 Arkansas, 25.  
 Armour, Geo. A., 414.  
     Jonathan O., 415.  
     Joseph F., 414.  
     Philip D., 414, 415.  
     Philip D. Jr., 415.  
 Armour Mission, 414.  
 Arnold, General Benedict, 34.  
     Sir Edwin, 433.  
     Isaac N., 113, 146, 147, 155, 156, 184, 191,  
     232, 249, 306, 341, 343, 344, 374.  
 Art Institute, 346-7  
 d'Artagnette, 25.  
 Ashby's Gap, 268.  
 Ashland avenue, see Streets.

Ashley, Mrs. Susan R., 428.  
 Ashmun, George, 259.  
 Astor, John Jacob, 81-83.  
 Astoria, Irving's, 83.  
 Athenæum, 344-5.  
 Atlanta, Battle of, 264.  
 Atlantic Ocean, 1-9.  
 Austin, A.  
 Australian Ballot System, 443.  
 Avery, T. M., 342-345.  
 Ayer, B. F., 358.  
 Aztecs, 7.

### B

Bailey, Jonathan N., 90-128.  
 Baker, Col. E. D., 206.  
     G. P., 242.  
     Major, 85.  
     W. T., 347-422.  
 Balatka, Hans, 364.  
 Baldwin, Col. Silas D., 264.  
 Balesier, Joseph N., 160, 161, 168, 451.  
 Ballance, 84-85.  
 Ballot-box Frauds, 443.  
 Baldwin, Mr., 334.  
 Bangs, Judge Mark, 358.  
 Banks and Banking  
     Brokers, 242.  
     Building Associations, 354.  
     Chicago Savings, 242.  
     Clearing House Certificates, 352.  
     Collapse Averted, 352.  
     From 1836 to 1844, 242.  
     Failures, 166.  
     In New York, 245.  
     In '73, 352.  
     Farmers and Mechanics, 242.  
     Food Products as a Financial Basis, 353.  
     Illinois Law, 247.  
     Insurance Payments, 357.  
     Kane County Bank, 283.  
     Marine, 283.  
     Merchants' Loan & Trust Co., 283, 406.  
     National System, 248  
     Notes, 243-246.  
     Payments resumed after Fire, 351.  
     Private Banks, 243.  
     Reaper Bank, 283.  
     Savings Bank Disaster, 353-354.  
     Silverman's, 356.  
     State Bank Fails, 166.  
     Union National, 350.  
     Vaults in the Fire, 350.  
     War, Support offered, 260.  
     Wildcat Banks, 242.  
 Bank of England chartered, 25.  
 Baptist Indian Missions, History of, 81.  
 Barclay, Commodore, 77.  
 Baring Brothers, 181.  
 Barnes, Lieut.-Col., 264.  
 Barnum Brothers, 206.  
 Barr, Joseph W., 268.  
 Barry, W., 343.  
 Bascaut, Pierre, 32.  
 Bascom, Rev. Flavel, 221.

- Bateham, Wm., 291.  
 Bateman, Kate and Ellen, 223.  
 Bates, Candidate for Presidency, 259.  
   Edward, 198.  
   Hon. Geo. C., 95.  
   John, 130, 181.  
   John, Jr., 129.  
 Batteries: See War.  
 Beaubien, Alexander, 99, 123.  
   Frank G., 135.  
   Henry, 123.  
   Jean Baptiste, 19, 65, 79, 86, 87, 89, 90,  
     93, 95, 98, 99, 100, 108, 122, 127, 135,  
     141, 157, 159.  
   Mark, 100, 118, 135, 159.  
   Philip, 123.  
 Beauharnois, Marquis de, 32.  
 Beaver and Beckwith, 213.  
 Beaver dams, 5, 12, 79.  
 Bechstein, Frederick, 268.  
 Beckwith, Hiram W., 90.  
 Beckwith, Judge, 232.  
 Beam, Gen. Martin, 379.  
 Beggs, Rev. Stephen Ruddel, 105, 177.  
 Belknap, Gen., 301.  
 Bell, Col. Joseph W., 267.  
   Lieut., 378.  
 Bellefontaine, Mo., 50.  
 Bellows, George L., 268.  
 Bellows, Dr. Henry W., 271.  
 Bentley, Cyrus, 234, 345.  
 Benton, T. H., 195.  
 Bentonville, Battle of, 265, 266.  
 Bessemer Steel Invented, 25.  
 Best, Wm., 367.  
 Beveridge, Col. John L., 267.  
 Bigelow, Liberty, 251.  
 Big Foot, Chief of Pottawatomies, 84.  
 Bigford, T. J., 333.  
 Billings, C. K. G., 369.  
 Bingham, Henry W., 268.  
 Bischoff, Lieut., 378.  
 Bishop, Henry W., 340, 414.  
 Bissell, C. L., 256.  
 Bissell, Wm. H., 218.  
 Black, Gen. John Charles, 264, 266, 347.  
   J. C., 415.  
 Blackbird, Pottawatomie Chief, 68.  
 Black Hawk, Indian Chief, 103, 104, 105, 132.  
 Black Hawk War, 104.  
 Black Hole of Calcutta, 25.  
 Black Partridge, 12, 61, 68, 75, 76.  
 Blackstone, T. B., 414.  
 Blaine, Jas. G., 433.  
 Blair, C. B., 352.  
   C. J., 374.  
   W. F., 347.  
 Blake, Capt. S. S., Illinois, 225.  
   E. Nelson, 443.  
   Herbert M., 268.  
 Blanchard, Rufus, 80, 91, 113, 120, 206, 238.  
 Blancy, J. V. Z., 343.  
 Blatchford, E. W., 345, 347, 409, 411, 414.  
 Blaye, Alexis, 32.  
 Block House, 62, 72, 80, 81.  
   Unveiling of Tablet, 72.  
 Blodgett, Judge Henry W., 132, 152, 167, 172, 188.  
   Israel P., 186, 187, 188.  
 Blount, Fred M., 369.  
 Blue Licks, Battle of, 14.  
 Board of Trade, 189, 352.  
   Attitude towards currency, 283.  
   Incorporated, 353.  
   Innocent Beginnings, 254.  
   Board of Trade Regiments, 256-7.  
   Bogardus, John L., 97.  
   Boisbriant, 25, 28.  
   Bolton's Battery, See War.  
   Bonfield, Capt. John, 379, 385.  
   Bonnell, J. D., 157.  
   Bonney, C. C., 433.  
   Boone, Daniel, 36, 43, 44.  
   Boston Capital in Western Roads, 183.  
   Botsford, Jabez K., 211.  
   Botsford, Minerva, 342.  
   Boulevards, see Park System.  
   Boutell, L. H., 358.  
   Bowen, James H., 261.  
   Bowers, "Professor," 141.  
   Boyce, L. M., 234.  
   Brackett, Col. Albert G., 267.  
   Braddock's Defeat, 25.  
   Bradley, Cyrus P., 198, 207.  
     Capt. Hezekiah, 80, 85.  
     Col. Luther P., 264.  
     Wm. H., 374, 409.  
   Brainard, Dr. Daniel, 131, 133, 147, 194, 223.  
   Brand, Alexander & Co., 242.  
   Bransart, Laurent, 32.  
   Brayman, M., 343.  
   Breakwaters, 120.  
   Breese, Senator Sidney, 197, 218.  
   Brennan, Sergt., 378.  
   Brice, James, 433.  
   Bridewell, 18.  
   Bridgeport (Canalport), 113.  
   Bridges, Gen. Lyman, 267.  
   Bridges' Batteries, see War.  
   Bridges:  
     Clark Street, 120, 207, 210, 211.  
     Dearborn Street, 119, 120, 210.  
     During the Flood, 207.  
     First Iron, 251, 252.  
     Future of, 211.  
     Kinzie }  
     Madison } Streets, 210.  
     Wells }  
     See also Ferries.  
   Bristol, R. C., 207.  
   Bronson, Arthur, 113, 144, 184.  
   Brooks, James, 195.  
     Samuel, 134, 136, 137.  
     Phillips, 433.  
   Bross, John A., 268.  
     Ex-Gov. William, 120, 133, 158, 214, 215,  
       251-3, 270, 302, 330.  
   Brown, Edward H., 268.  
     Edwin Lee, 443.  
     Miss H. E., 129.  
     Judge Henry, 57.  
     John, 43, 249, 250.  
     T. D., 345.  
     William H., 172, 216, 342, 343.  
   Bryan Hall, 260, 270.  
   Bryan, Thomas B., 261, 269, 270, 271, 345, 422,  
     433.  
   Bryant, William Cullen, 258.  
   Buck, Henry A., 268.  
   Buckingham, Ebenezer, 318, 319.  
   Buffalo, 3, 69, 74, 83.  
   Building Associations, 354.  
   Buildings, High, 448.  
     Chicago Construction, 450.  
     Masonic Temple, 444, 448.  
     Montauk Block, 448, 450.  
   Buildings, Raising, 232-3.  
   Bunker Hill, Battle of, 25.  
   Burch, I. H., 241, 242.

- Bureau River, 84.  
 Gurdon Hubbard's Fur Trade, 84.  
 Jones' Settlement, 187.
- Burgess, Joseph W., 213.
- Burgoyne, General, 25, 50.
- Burkhardt, Henry S., 369.
- Burlings, Mrs. Edwin C., 428.
- Burley, Arthur G., 173, 174, 176, 203.  
 Augustus H., 173, 174, 176, 203.
- Burlingame, A., 195.
- Burnett, William, 48, 81.
- Burnham, D. H., 422.
- Burns, John, 62.
- Burr, Jonathan, 342, 343.
- Burying Grounds.  
 First Public, 151, 181, 182.  
 Graceland, 91, 141, 269.  
 Lake Front Park, 80.  
 Garrison Cemetery in 1816.  
 Lincoln Park, 91, 182, 276.
- Business, devotion to, 437-8.
- Butterfield, Justin, 113, 155, 175, 184.
- Butterworth, Benj., 422, 433.
- Butler, Charles, 144, 158.
- C.**
- Cadillac, 81.
- Cahokia, 37.
- Caldwell, Billy (Sauganash), 76, 77, 107, 123.  
 Oscar, 243, 247.
- Calhoun, Alvin, 207.  
 John, 116, 130, 147, 169, 194.  
 John B., 219, 222, 244.
- California Gold Discovery, 25.
- Callahan, Lieut., 378.
- Cameron, Col. Daniel, 259, 265.
- Campbell Park, see Park System.
- Campbell, T. H., 170.  
 Wm. J., 415.
- Canada, 15, 29
- Canal, Illinois and Michigan, 80.  
 Benefits of, 185.  
 Buffalo united with New Orleans, 83, 185.  
 Canal Scrip, 113, 185, 189.  
 Canal Time, 215.  
 Cholera, 167.  
 Commissioners, 114.  
 Convention, 194, 199.  
 Deepening, 280. (See Drainage.)  
 Divided Dominion, Saved from, 184.  
 First shipments, 185.  
 Finished, 1848, 113.  
 Inauguration, 112.  
 Opened 1848, 189.  
 Receipts of, 201.  
 River and Harbor Bill, 192, 194.  
 Subscriptions for, 184.  
 State generosity, 327.
- Canning, George, 56.
- Carnot, Mme., 430.
- Carpenter, Mrs. A. E., 123.  
 A. A., 443.  
 Benjamin, 274.  
 Philo, 117, 125, 141, 221, 342.
- Carriages, 121, 141, 142.
- Cartier, Admiral, 15.
- Car works, see Pullman, town of.
- Cass, Gen. Lewis, 82, 83, 85, 89, 90, 225.
- Catlin, Charles, 374.
- Caton, Chief Justice John Dean, 11, 13, 19, 25,  
 33, 51, 95, 108, 109, 121, 131, 133, 137, 138,  
 149, 150, 152, 166, 171, 173, 190, 198, 219,  
 235, 291, 292, 311, 359.  
 Mrs. John Dean, 138, 139.
- Cavelier, Robert, Sieur de La Salle, 8, 19-22, 25-  
 27, 30, 78, 114, 317.
- Cemeteries, see Burying Grounds.
- Central Boulevard, see Park system.
- Central Music Hall, 413.
- Chain of Acquaintance, from first explorer to the  
 present day, 25.
- Champlain, 15, 18.
- Chancellorsville, Battle of, 265.
- Chandonnais, 73.
- Chapman, Mrs. Nancy, 211.
- Chappel, Miss Eliza, 123, 124.
- Charities:  
 Armour Mission, 414, 415.  
 Athenaeum, 344.  
 First General Charity Hospital, 223.  
 Home for the Friendless, 342.  
 Illinois Humane Society, 345.  
 John Crear's Will, 413.  
 Nursery and Half-Orphan Asylum, 342.  
 Ogden, Wm. B., Bequests of, 415.  
 Old Ladies' Home, 342.  
 Relief Societies, 287, 298.  
 Relief and Aid Society, 299, 322, 341, 342.  
 Supervision after the Fire, 342.  
 Women's Christ'n Temperance Union, 345.  
 Young Men's Christian Assoc., 270, 345.  
 "Charles Howard," 252, 256.
- Chart showing retirement of Niagara, 3.
- Chartres, Fort, 15, 17, 25, 28, 29, 32, 33, 36.
- Chase, Salmon P., 259.  
 Bros., 309.
- Chauvin, Lady Michelle, 32.
- Cherokees, 40.
- Chesapeake American frigate, 56.
- Chesbrough, Ellis S., 231, 274, 275.
- Chetlain, Gen. A. L., 262, 265.
- Chicago—  
 Beginnings.  
 Board of Trade Established, 189.  
 Canal Established, 189.  
 City Charter, 154.  
 Early Amusements, 121, 139, 214.  
 Customs and Courtesies, 88, 89.  
 Hotels, 96, 97, 109, 110, 139, 174.  
 First Book published, 189.  
 Buildings on North Side, 87  
 Carriages, 121, 141, 142.  
 Cemeteries, 80, 91, 151, 181, 182, 276.  
 Census, 152.  
 Chicago-built Vessel, 153.  
 County Court House, 153.  
 Daily Paper, 181.  
 Drawbridge, 119.  
 Ferries, 52, 97, 117, 118, 209.  
 Fire-engines, 125, 152.  
 Fire-proof building, 173.  
 Jail, 149.  
 Laying out Town, 114, 117.  
 Lighthouse, 141.  
 Locomotive, 189.  
 Meat packed, 189.  
 Newspapers, 116, 130, 189.  
 Pound, 149.  
 Propellor launched, 186.  
 Protestant sermon, 83.  
 Railroad, 189.  
 School building, 189.  
 Street improvements, 255, 274, 276, 277.  
 Telegram received, 189.  
 Theatre, 189.  
 Vessel on River, 121, 150, 189.  
 Waterworks, 189.  
 Wedding of note, 137.

- First House of Business, 173, 174.  
 Reaper Factory started, 189.  
 Nationalities in Population, 403.  
 Suburbs annexed, 403.  
 Transportation Problem, 404.  
 Chicago, name and derivation.  
   Checaugou, 8.  
   Chica-a-go, 92.  
   Chicagou, 8, 9, 17, 25, 32, 47.  
     Wild onion, leek or garlick.  
   Chicagu, 8.  
   Chicagua, 8, 32.  
   Chicauga, 74.  
   Chickahou, 8.  
   Chikago, 50.  
   Chikagou, 8.  
   Chikagu, 8.  
   Choc-cu-go (destitute), 8.  
   Eschikagou, 8, 25, 39.  
   Gitchi Kage.  
   Shecaugo, 8.  
   Shegahg, 8.  
   She-gau-ga-winzhe, 8.  
   American, see Newspapers.  
   Bank, 242, 283.  
   Burlington & Quincy R. R., see railroads.  
   Construction, see Buildings.  
   Democrat, see Newspapers.  
   Fire, see Fire of 1871.  
   Fire and Marine Ins. Co., 242.  
   Magazine, see Newspapers.  
   River. Fishing in, 240.  
     Impurity of, 240, 280.  
     Navigation, 237.  
     Permanent Improvement, 241.  
     Skating on, 139.  
     Savings Bank, 242.  
 Chickamauga, Battle of, 264-267.  
 Chickasaw Indians, 32, 40.  
 Childs, Luther, 125.  
 Childs, Mr., Chicago Engraver, 169.  
 Chippewa Indians, 8, 86, 111.  
 Cholera Scare, 131, 132, 176, 234, 235  
 Christian, Princess, 430.  
 Church, Thomas, 196.  
 Churches.  
   Baptist, 81, 126.  
   Creedless, 442.  
   Episcopal (St. James), 101, 127, 254.  
   First Baptist, 126.  
     " Congregational, 260.  
     " Methodist, 125, 126.  
     " Presbyterian, 124, 126.  
     " Universalist, 246.  
   " Father Walker's Log Cabin," 126.  
   Lutheran, 406.  
   Methodist, 125, 126.  
   Plymouth Congregational, 260.  
   Presbyterian (cor. Lake and Clark streets),  
     124, 136.  
   Roman Catholic Cathedral, 120, 127.  
   Second Unitarian, 260.  
   St. James, 101, 127, 136, 254, 297.  
   St. Mary's Roman Catholic Society, 127.  
   Unity, 296, 330.  
   Temple Building, 126.  
   Centres of Relief after the Fire, 299.  
   Thirty-nine burned in Great Fire, 335.  
   Prof. Swing, 441-3.  
   Dr. Thomas, 441-3.  
 "Clarissa," the first Chicago-built Vessel, 153.  
 Clark, E. R., 236.  
 Clark, General William, 103.  
 Clark, George Rogers, 17, 25, 36, 37, 39, 40, 41,  
   42, 43, 44, 84, 114.  
   John K., 95, 97, 98, 100.  
   John M., 414.  
   N. B., 213.  
   Dr. Wm., 150.  
 Clarke, W. H., 231, 274, 275.  
 Clay, Henry, 195.  
 Clearing House, 279.  
 Cleaver, Charles, 136, 139, 140, 141, 178, 240.  
 Clermont, Jeremy, 100.  
 Cleveland, Grover, 443.  
 Cliff, Thos., 268.  
 Clifford, D., 213.  
 Clubs—  
   Debating, 136.  
   " The Club," 141.  
   Development of, 338.  
   Chicago, 339.  
   Standard, 339.  
   Fortnightly, 339.  
   Literary, 339.  
   Union, 340.  
   Union League, 339, 340.  
   Illinois, 340.  
   Iroquois, 341.  
   Calumet, 341.  
 "Cinders, The," 332.  
 Citizens' Association, 356.  
 City Charter, 154.  
 City Hall, 328.  
 City Scrip, 168.  
 Clybourne Family, 35, 93, 95.  
 Clybourne Archibald, 35, 97, 98, 99.  
   Henley, 35, 98.  
   John H., 261.  
   Jonas, 35, 98, 100.  
 Cobb, Mr., 194.  
 Cobweb Castle, 87.  
 Colbert, Prof. Elias, 138, 168, 279, 306, 451  
 Colburn, L. L., 340.  
 Colfax, Schuyler, 195.  
 Collier, Rev. Robt. Laird, 342.  
 Collins, James H., 205, 225, 235.  
 Collyer, Rev. Robert, 260, 269, 296, 340, 343, 433.  
 Columbian Exposition, see World's Columbian  
   Exposition.  
 Colvin, H. D., 261, 329, 360.  
 Companies, see War.  
 Conant, Mr., 87.  
 Concerts, see music.  
 Confute Indians, 67.  
 Convention of 1860, see Republican Convention.  
 Conway, James J., 268.  
 Cook, B. F., 342.  
 Cook, Daniel P., 112.  
 Cook, Isaac, 230.  
 Cooke, Mrs. Susan G., 428.  
 Cooper Institute, 258.  
 Cooper Isabella, 76.  
 Coplin, Mr., 334.  
 Copper mines, 7, 10, 14.  
 Corbin, Mrs. Philin, 70.  
 Corliss Engine, 390.  
 Corning, A. H. P., 236, 260.  
 Corning, E., 195.  
 Corwin, Thos., 197.  
 Corwith, Henry, 284.  
 Cotton Gin, Invention of, 25.  
 Couch, James, 194, 232.  
 Council Bluffs, Ia., 48, 82, 83, 111.  
 County Court House, 153.  
 Contra Louis, 100.

- Cox, Wm. L., 122.  
 Crafts, John, 100.  
 Cragin, Edward F., 448.  
 Crane Brothers, 301.  
 Crawford, Col. Wm., 35.  
 Creek Indians, 40.  
 Cregier, D. W. C., 229, 237, 275, 281, 321, 327, 361.  
 Crerar, John, 412, 413, 414.  
     Bequests of, 413.  
     Founds the Crerar Library, 413-4.  
 Crerar Library, 413-4.  
 Crève-Cœur, Fort, 22.  
 Crib and Tunnel, see Water Works.  
 Crooks, Ramsay, 83.  
 Culver, B. F., 344, 345, 374.  
 Cumming, Col. Gilbert W., 264.  
 Cummings, Geo. D., 343.  
 Currency, 125, 175, 242, 243, 246, 247, 248, 281, 282, 283  
     Greenbacks, 281.  
     "Michigan money," 167, 168.  
     Stump-tail Chimera, 242, 246, 282.  
     Token-money, 246, 283.  
 Curtis, James, 204.  
 Curtis & Tinkham, 242.
- D**
- Daggy, Peter, 222, 224.  
 Daly, Major James H. B., 379.  
 Dane, Nathan, 49.  
 Danville Volunteers in Winnebago Scare, 89, 90, 184.  
 Darris, William H., 212.  
 Davis, David, 258.  
     George, 137, 214.  
     George R., 422.  
     Col. H., 267.  
     Gov. John, 184.  
     Nathan E., 268.  
     Nathan S., 223, 342, 343.  
 Day, Albert M., 443.  
 Dayton, 257, 259.  
 "Dean Richmond," clears from Chicago to Eng-  
     land, 237.  
 Dearborn, New Fort, 80, 85, 93, 98, 110, 251.  
 Dearborn, Old Fort, 48, 51-6, 72, 73, 154, 276.  
 Dearborn, Gen'l, 50.  
 Debating Society, 99, 136.  
 Debou, 54.  
 Debt, Chicago's and New York's, 358.  
 Declaration of Independence, 25.  
 Deerfield Massacre, 25.  
 Democrats, Leading, 131.  
 De Puyster, Col. Arent Schuyler, 8, 25, 39, 40.  
 Des Champs, 84.  
 Des Plaines River, 1, 4-6, 18, 20, 22, 84, 92; 206.  
 Detroit, English stronghold, 34.  
     Founded, 25.  
     River, 21, 36, 40.  
 Dexter, S. M., 173.  
     Wirt, 342, 358.  
 De Wolf, Henry, 271.  
     William, 264, 268.  
     William F., 264.  
 Dickey, Hugh T., 223.  
     Judge T. Lyle, 174.  
 Dickinson, John T., 422.  
 Divide, The, 1, 6, 8, 20.  
 Dixon (Ferryman), 104.  
     Joseph H., 377.  
 Doggett, Kate N., 339.  
     Theodore M., 268.  
 Dole, George W., 138, 147, 150, 194, 204, 249, 317, 342.
- Doie, Julia, 342.  
     J. H., 347.  
     J. S., 242.  
 Donelson, Fort, 264, 265, 267, 269.  
 Donnersberger, J., 367.  
 Dore, J. C., 260.  
 Doty, Duane, 394.  
 Douglas Boulevard: See Park System.  
     Camp, Conspiracy, 269, 270.  
     Park: See Park System.  
 Douglas, Stephen A., 143, 163, 165, 197, 218, 224, 248, 249, 250.  
 Douglass, John M., 222, 260.  
 Drainage, 140, 230, 280.  
     Commissioners, 230, 231.  
     In Early Days, 140, 231.  
     Sewers, 230.  
     Raising City, 231.  
     Deepening Canal, 185, 241, 280.  
 Drexel, A. J., 364.  
     Statue, 364.  
 Drink Bill, 354.  
 Drummond, Judge Thomas, 210, 216, 260.  
 Ducat, Gen. Arthur C., 262, 265, 377.  
 Duncan, Gov., 163-5.  
 Dunham, John H., 249, 341  
 Dunlap, George L., 344.  
 Dunn, Charles, 114.  
 Du Pratz, 32.  
 Dust nuisance, 445-6.  
 Dutch, First Settlement of, 17.  
 Dyer, Charles V., 224, 230, 235.  
     Rev. Palmer, 127, 225.  
     Thomas, 205.  
 Dyhrenfurth, George, 214.
- E**
- Eastman, Zebina, 225, 226.  
 Ebbert, John, 202, 203.  
 Ebersold, Lieut., 378.  
 "Economy" (Fire Engine), 321.  
 Eddy, D. C., 242.  
 Edmunds, of Kaskaskia, 114.  
 Education, see Schools.  
 Edwards, A. H., 72, 75.  
 Egan, Dr. Wm. Bradshaw, 112, 113, 114, 128, 132, 133, 147, 157, 181, 194, 249.  
 Election Frauds, 443.  
 Electrical Inventions, 25.  
 Elgin, Ill., 178.  
 Ellis & Fergus, 57, 143.  
 Ellsworth, Jas. W., 367.  
     Col., 262.  
 England:  
     Alliance with Indians, 34, 35.  
     National Debt Begun, 25.  
     Peace with, 25.  
     War of 1812, 56.  
 Engel, Geo., 385.  
 Episcopal Church, see Churches: Religions.  
 Erie, Lake, 2, 3, 18, 21, 40.  
 Erskine, Col. Albert, 268.  
 Eschikagou, 8, 25, 39.  
 Estray Pen, 140.  
 Evans, Dr. John, 223.  
 Evanston, Ill., 48, 272.  
 Everts, Senator, 259.  
 Everts, W. W., 343.  
 Eviston, John, 272.  
 Excern, Maria, 342.  
 Exhibition, First Public, in Chicago, 141.  
 Expositions: See World's Columbian Ex-  
     position.

Expositions: Statistics of World's Fairs, 423.  
 Eye and Ear Infirmary, 406.

## F

Fairbank, N. K., 252, 256, 342, 347.  
 Farmer's and Mechanic's Bank, 242.  
 Farnham, Henry, 342.  
 Farnsworth, Colonel, 266.  
 Farrington, S. P., 343.  
 Farwell, C. B., 344.  
   J. V., 329, 345.  
 Felton, Mrs. Wm., 429.  
 Fergus, George, 276.  
 Fergus, Robert, 57, 143, 180, 194.  
 Fergus Historical Series, 11, 13, 48, 50, 51, 57,  
   67, 72, 90, 101, 119, 122, 136, 147, 160,  
   171, 193, 203-5, 216, 218.  
 Fergus Printing Co., 57.  
 Ferry, Rope, 52, 209.  
 Ferson, John, 50.  
   Julia, 50.  
   Mary La Duke, 50.  
 Field, D. D. 195, 196.  
 Field, Marshall, 329, 346, 347, 414.  
 Field sports, 141.  
 Fielden, Sam'l, 385.  
 Finley, Dr. Clement A., 93.  
 Fires: (See Fire of 1871. Fire of 1874. Early  
   Fires, 236. First Engines, 125, 152. Lake  
   Street Fire, 236.)  
 Fire of 1871.  
   After the Fire.  
     Building up, 322, 324, 326.  
     Debris, Use of, 355.  
     Description of Scenes, 304, 318.  
     Financial Condition, 323, 325, 327, 329.  
     Fire Limits Extended, 325.  
     First Business Efforts, 329, 333.  
     Insurance Settlements, 322, 351, 356, 412.  
     Military Aid, 301.  
     Recovery Prophesied, 302.  
     Safes and Vaults opened, 350.  
     Water, Lack of, 301.  
   Descriptions of,  
     Bateman's, 291.  
     D. C. Cregier's, 321.  
     Kauffman's, 320, 321.  
     C. S. K's, 296-7.  
     J. K's, 303-5.  
     Sheahan & Upton's, 292.  
     Shortall's, 310.  
     Bibliography of, 306.  
     Williams' (Fire Marshall), 321.  
   Destruction by,  
     Bateham's Planing Mill, 321.  
     Caton House, 311.  
     Court House Be l falls, 314.  
     Hibbard & Spencer's cutlery, 315.  
     Last House falls, 298.  
     Old Buildings, 326.  
     Park Plans, 363.  
     Records: See Real Estate.  
     Safes and Vaults, 350.  
     Sherman House, 321.  
     Summary of Losses and Compensations,  
       301, 302  
     Tribune Building, 321.  
     Water Works, 295, 321.  
 Suffering Relieved,  
   Credit from the East, 323.  
   Insurance Settlements, { 322, 351,  
                                   } 356, 412.  
   Other Cities send aid, 299, 302, 322.  
   Relief at Home, 298, 322.

Fire of 1871—Suffering Relieved,  
 State Legislature to the Rescue, 327.  
 A. T. Stewart sends aid, 322.  
 Miscellaneous.  
   Course of the Fire, 293, 294.  
   Elevator Rescued, 318, 319.  
   Exodus of Women and Children, 332.  
   Fire Department, 287-90, 321.  
   Freight in Yards Saved, 318, 319.  
   Gen. Stockton's generosity, 312.  
   Mayor and Relief Society, 300.  
   Origin of the Fire, 291.  
   Police, Special Sworn In, 300.  
   River Crossed by the Fire, 292, 312.  
   Sun, Appearance of, 297.  
   Troops Called Out, 313.  
   See, also, Real Estate.  
 Fire of 1874.  
   Fire Department, 355-6.  
   Origin, 355.  
   Losses by, 355.  
 Fischer, Gustav, 383, 385.  
 Fisk, F. W., 343.  
 Flood of 1849, 205-9.  
 Fonda, John H., 92, 93.  
 Food, Scarcity of, in 1834, 138.  
 Forbes, Stephen, 122.  
 Ford, Gov., 165, 166, 191.  
 Forsyth, Robert A., 122, 266.  
   Thomas, 88.  
 Foster, Geo. F., 160.  
   John H., 182, 298.  
   John W., 222.  
 Fort Dearborn, See Dearborn Fort.  
 Fowle, Maj. John, 95.  
 Fox Indians, 25, 30, 32.  
 Frankenthal, E., 339.  
 Franklin, Benjamin, 25, 36, 46.  
 Frederick the Great, 25.  
 Freer, Dr. Otto, 101.  
 Freeman, Robert, 224.  
   Rev. Allen B., 126.  
 Free Soil, 225.  
 French Alliance with America, 25, 36, 37.  
   Community in Illinois, 15.  
   Explorations in America, 15.  
   First Settlement in Illinois, 17.  
   Negro Slavery Brought to Illinois, 25.  
 French, Capt. Chas. H., 379.  
   Wm. R., 347.  
 Frink, John, 180, 194.  
 Frink & Bingham, 181.  
 Frink & Walker, 181.  
 Frontenac, 22.  
 Fry, Jacob, 113, 169, 171.  
 Fugitive Slave Law, 49, 224, 225.  
 Fuller, D. W., 294.  
   Henry, 251.  
   Melville W., 443.  
   S. W., 294.  
 Furman, Lieut. John G., 93.

## G

Gage, Geo. W., 342.  
 Gage, Lyman J., 347, 352, 422, 425, 433.  
 Gaines, Gen., 103, 104.  
 Gale, Stephen F., 173, 178, 182.  
 Galena, 32, 216, 217.  
   And Chicago Union R. R., 176, 189, 203-  
   205, 218, 252.  
 Galewood, 4.  
 Galloway, James, 98.  
   Mary, 98.

- Game** in pre-historic times, 5, 7, 98.  
**Garfield Park**, see Park System.  
**Garlick Creek**, 9, 47.  
     Portage, 77.  
     Wild, 8, 9.  
**Garrett**, Aug., 158.  
**Gary**, Judge Joseph E., 386.  
**Gates**, General, 34.  
     P. W., 367.  
**Gay**, S. H., 342.  
**Geographical position of Chicago**, 402.  
**George II**, 24, 25.  
**George III**, 26, 33, 45, 56.  
**Georgia Banks**, 243, 247, 284.  
**Gettysburg, Battle of**, 256, 266, 269.  
**Gibault**, Pèrè, 37.  
**Gibbs**, Anna M., 342.  
     Dr., 249.  
     Mrs. George, 271.  
**Gilman**, Margaret M., 342.  
**Gilpin**, Henry D., 344.  
**Gindele**, J. G., 274.  
**Ginty**, Mrs. F. B., 428.  
**Girardot** (Cape Girardeau), 25.  
**Girty**, Simon, 35.  
     "Gitichikago," 9.  
**Glamorgan**, 39.  
**Goodhue**, Josiah G., 149, 150.  
**Goodrich**, Judge Grant, 160, 194, 260.  
**Goodrich Steamboat Dock**, 121.  
**Grounds**, Burying.  
     "Goose Island," 277.  
**Goudy**, Wm. C., 277, 374.  
**Government Land Sales**, 158.  
**Graceland**, 141.  
**Grade Crossings**, 218.  
**Grand River**, 86.  
**Grand Army of the Republic**, 346.  
**Grant**, James, 93.  
**Gravier**, S. J., 24, 25, 28.  
**Graves**, D., 141.  
**Graw**, Capt., 252.  
**Great Lakes** Course of, 1.  
     Changed direction of, 1, 2.  
     See also Lake Michigan.  
     Lake Superior, etc.  
**Greeley & Carlson**, City Surveyors, 317.  
**Greeley**, Horace, 195, 196, 197, 258.  
     Samuel S., 342.  
**Green**, Capt., at Ft. Dearborn, 85.  
**Green Bay**, Joliet's Voyage, 18.  
**Green Tree Tavern**. See Hotels.  
**Greenebaum**, Henry, 367.  
**Greenville**, Treaty of, 49, 79.  
**Gresham's Law**, 246, 247.  
**Griffin & Vincent**, 242.  
**Grignon**, Augustin, 25, 39.  
     Peresh, 39.  
**Grinnell**, Julius S., 386.  
**Gross Point**, Evanston, 48.  
**Growth of Chicago since the Fire**, 408.  
     "Grutte," 65, 80.  
**Guarie**, 48, 51, 62.  
     River, North Branch, 51, 56, 62.  
**Guiot**, M., 429.  
**Gullen**, Thos. F. W., 268.  
     "Gund" Fire Engine, 321.  
**Gurley**, 194.
- H**
- Hadduck**, B. F., 311.  
**Hage**, Joseph, 184.  
**Haines**, Emma F., 342.  
**Haldimand**, Sir Frederick, 39.  
     Mss, 34, 39.  
**Haldimand**, William, 39.  
**Hale**, Rev. E. E., 433.  
**Hall**, David, 97, 98, 107.  
     Duncan J., 268.  
     Henry W., 268.  
     W. M., 193, 199.  
**Hallam**, Rev. Isaac W., 127.  
**Halsted Street**, 54.  
**Hamill**, Chas. D., 346, 347.  
**Hamilton**, Col. Henry, 34, 39, 40, 41, 42, 44.  
**Hamilton**, R. J., 105, 117, 123, 129.  
**Hammond**, C. G., 342.  
**Handy**, Simmons & Co., 310.  
**Hardin**, John J., 150.  
**Harding**, Capt. Frederick, 261.  
     "Hardscrabble," 18, 54, 98.  
**Harmer**, 61.  
**Harmon**, Dr. Elijah D., 131, 132, 141.  
     Isaac D., 141.  
**Harmonic Society**, See Music.  
**Harper**, City Supt., 120.  
**Harrison**, President Benjamin, 418.  
     Hon. Carter H., 360, 361.  
     Mrs. Russell B., 428.  
**Hartzell**, Thos., 159.  
**Harvey**, T. W., 342.  
**Harwick**, J. H., 213.  
**Hayden**, James R., 261.  
**Hayes**, S. J., 318, 319.  
**Hayes**, S. S., 342.  
**Heacock**, Russell E., 133.  
**Heald**, Hon. Darius, 72, 74.  
     Capt. Nathan, 56, 57, 59, 60, 61, 64, 65,  
     66, 67, 72, 73, 74, 77.  
     Mrs. Rebekeh, 58, 62, 67, 73, 74, 76, 126.  
**Healey**, G. P. A., 346.  
**Heath**, Mayor, 360, 377.  
**Heathcock**, Edwin, 225.  
**Hecker**, Col. Frederick, 265.  
**Helm**, Lieut., 64, 67.  
     Mrs. Margaret McKillop, 58, 61, 66, 67,  
     74, 75, 76, 77, 107.  
**Hempstead**, Mr., 216.  
**Hennepin**, Father, 8, 26.  
**Henry**, Patrick, 36, 40, 44.  
**Hesing**, Washington, 374.  
**Hesler**, Alex., 125, 200.  
**Hewitt**, Chas. A., 302.  
**Hibbard**, Mr., 310.  
     H. M., 347.  
**Hibbard & Spencer**, 312, 314, 315.  
**Hickey**, Capt., 293.  
     M. C., 377.  
**Higgins**, Judge Van H., 260, 343.  
**Higginson**, G. M., 342.  
**High**, John, 176, 236.  
**Highland Park**, 4.  
**Highwood**, 4.  
**Hildreth**, Alderman, 293.  
**Hinckley**, E. R., 244.  
**Histories** referred to:  
     Andreas' History of Chicago.  
     Ballance's History of Peoria.  
     Blanchard's Northwest.  
     Brown's History of Illinois.  
     Fergus' Historical Series.  
     Hurlbut's Chicago Antiquities.  
     Moses' History of Illinois.  
     Schoolcraft, Indian Chronicles.  
**Historians of Chicago**, 451.  
**Historical Society**, 25, 27, 45, 47, 81, 87, 101, 130,  
     216, 285, 343, 344, 406.  
     of Waconin, 39.  
**Hitchcock**, Prof., 228.

- Hitt, Isaac R., 367.  
Hjortsberg, Max, 374.  
Hoffman's Bank, 244.  
Hogan, J. S. C., 112, 128, 129, 168.  
Hoge, Col. Geo. B., 266.  
    Jane C., 342.  
    Mrs. A. H., 271.  
Holden, C. C. P., 191, 192, 248, 349, 367.  
    C. N., 161.  
    P. H., 348.  
Home for the Friendless: See Charities.  
Hone, Philip, 195.  
Hosmer, Dr. Arthur B., 101.  
    Mrs. O. E., 271.  
Hospitals: See Charities.  
Hotchkiss, Lieut. Col., 266.  
Hotels.  
    City Hotel, 174.  
    Green Tree House, 96, 348.  
    Lake House, 139.  
    Miller House, 97.  
    Richmond House, 257, 258.  
    Sauganash, 100, 109, 139.  
    Tremont House, 110, 258.  
    Wolf Tavern, 96.  
Hough, R. M., 249, 261.  
Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 342.  
Howe, Mrs. Samuel, 342.  
Howland, Henry, 345.  
Hoyne, Thomas, 194, 216, 260.  
Hoyt, W. H. & Co.'s Store, 51, 52, 72, 81.  
Hubbard, Gurdon Saltonstall, 25, 71, 80, 84, 89,  
    90, 91, 92, 93, 101, 113, 404.  
    Henry, 112, 146, 147, 194.  
Hugunin, Hiram, 131.  
    Capt. Jas R., 262.  
Hull, Gen., 56, 59, 62.  
Humboldt Boulevard: See Park System.  
    Park: See Park System.  
Hunter, Gen. David, 53, 64, 95, 122, 160, 178,  
    180.  
    Mrs. David, 53, 64, 95, 107.  
Huntington, Alonzo, 194, 196.  
Hurlbut, Henry H., 65, 81, 86, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93,  
    105, 117, 124, 125, 129.  
Huron, Lake, 1, 21.  
Hutchinson, C. L., 347.  
Hyde Park, 61.  
Hyde, Dr. J. Nevins, 129.  
Hyer, Thos., 257.
- I.**
- Illinois.  
    Banking Law, 247.  
    Boundaries fixed, 48.  
    Central R. R.: See Railroads.  
    Humane Society, 345.  
    Interest, failed to pay in '42, 113.  
    Indian Tribe, 9, 13, 27, 30.  
        Battle with Fox Tribe, 32.  
        Extermination Attempted, 27.  
    Land Company, 47.  
    Legislature.  
        Bill passed over Governor's veto, 163,  
        165.  
        Foolish Enactments, 161.  
        Recoups Chicago, 327.  
    River, 1, 6, 18, 22, 23, 27, 79.  
    State Bank of, 242.  
    Steamship, 225.  
    Valley, 1, 5, 6.  
Illuminating Gas Invented, 25.  
Indiana.  
    Boundaries fixed, 48.
- Indians.  
    Black Hawk War, 104.  
    Calumets' Prediction, 58.  
    Hostilities, 103, 104.  
    Habits, 10, 12, 14, 27, 30, 106.  
    Outrages, 13, 14, 32-4.  
    Treaties, 105-7.  
    War Dance, 108.  
Inflation, 285.  
Ingersoll, Robert G., 358.  
Insurance.  
    Re-organization after Fire of '74, 356.  
    Settlements for Fire of '71; 351, 412.  
Insurance Companies.  
    Ætna, 412.  
    Chicago Fire & Marine, 242.  
    Liverpool & London & Globe, 412.  
    Wisconsin Fire & Marine, 242.  
Internal Improvements.  
    Craze for, 163-5, 170, 171.  
    Enactment, 113.  
    Lincoln supports, 117.  
I. O. O. F., 346.  
Ireland, Archbishop, 433.  
Iroquois Indians, 13, 22, 27, 30.  
Irving, Washington, 83.  
Irwin, D. W., 347.  
Isherwood, Harry, 185.  
Isherwood & McKenzie, 181.
- J**
- Jackson, Capt., 234.  
    Huntington W., 413.  
Jacobs, Capt. Lewis F., 379.  
Jail, log, 149.  
James, T. C., 235.  
Jayne, Dr., 114.  
Jeffery, E. T., 422.  
Jesuits, 18, 19, 21, 23.  
Johnson, Alfred O., 268.  
    Captain, 132.  
    Dr. Hosmer A., 342.  
    Mrs. Seth, 125.  
    W. S., 344.  
Johnston, Shepherd, 116.  
Joliet, 17, 18, 19, 24, 25, 26, 78.  
    Lake, 1, 5.  
    River, 2, 5, 6.  
Jones, —, 187.  
    Fernando, 141, 173, 182.  
    Wm., 182, 234.  
Jones, King & Co., 176.  
Jones & Sellers, 309.  
Jordan, Walter, 67.  
Jouett, Charles, 53, 133.  
Journal, The: See newspapers.  
Judd, Adaline R., 342.  
Judd, Norman B., 147, 154, 194, 249, 341.
- K**
- Kadish, L. J., 374.  
Kales, Francis H., 374.  
Kanawha Valley, 46.  
Kane County Bank, 283.  
Kansas.  
    Free state, 224.  
    Kansas-Nebraska Bill, 224.  
Kaskaskia.  
    Fort at, built by La Salle, 22, 25.  
    Named "Crève-cœur," 22.  
    Surrenders to English, 33.  
    Taken by Clark, 17, 25, 37, 40, 42, 44.



- Kaskaskia.  
 Indian village:  
 First settlement, 18, 25, 27, 36, 103.  
 Land Companies at, 47.  
 Moved South, 25, 28.  
 Mission at.  
 Founded by Marquette, 25.  
 Moved south, 29.  
 River, 37.
- Kaufman, W. Scott, 320-1.  
 Keating, Wm. H., 92.  
 Keep, Albert, 414.  
 Keith, Edson 347, 414.  
 John S 268.  
 Kellogg, Capt. 262.  
 Kennicott, H. W., 422.  
 Kennison, James, 276.  
 Kentucky taken from Indians, 36.  
 Kerchival, B. B., 159, 225.  
 Kerfoot, S. H. & Co., 159.  
 W. D., 320.  
 Kerfoot's Block, 329.  
 Kernstown, Battle of, 262.  
 Kickapoo Indians, 67.  
 Kimball, Mark, 343.  
 W., 112.  
 Kimberly, E. S., 150.  
 King, Henry, 342.  
 Tuthill, 249.  
 Kingwell, J. A., 422.  
 Kinzie, Elizabeth, 35, 97.  
 Ellen Marion, 53, 64, 91, 95, 131.  
 Gwenthlean Whistler, 51, 90.  
 James, 35, 95-8, 107, 133, 159.  
 John, 24, 25, 35, 52, 53, 54, 56, 57, 59, 60, 62,  
 64, 67, 74-5, 76, 77-8, 79, 84, 86, 87, 88,  
 89, 90, 98, 100, 101, 107-8, 123, 133, 159.  
 Mrs. John, 64, 65, 94.  
 John Harris, 53, 57, 59, 64, 74, 87, 94, 107,  
 127, 182, 342, 343.  
 Mrs. John Harris, 54, 57, 58, 59, 61, 65,  
 67, 69, 72, 74, 75, 80, 94, 122.  
 John Harris, Jr., 268.  
 Maria Indiana, 53, 64.  
 Col. Robert A., 51, 53, 64, 93, 95, 107, 112,  
 137.  
 Mrs. Rob't A.: See Kinzie, Gwenthlean W.  
 William, 35, 96, 107.
- Kinzie Ancestors, 35.  
 Kinzie Family, 144 405.  
 Kinzie Mansion, 51  
 Knights, Darius, 207  
 Koch, Capt. C. R. E., 379.  
 Kowald, Captain, 261  
 Kralovec, John, 369.
- L.**
- Labor troubles: See Anarchist Riot, Pullman  
 Strike, McCormick Reaper Works.  
 Labrador, 10.  
 Lackey's Zouaves, 379.  
 "Lady Elgin," Wreck of, 272, 273.  
 Lady Managers, See World's Columbian Exposi-  
 tion.  
 La Framboise, Josette, 65, 79, 89, 99.  
 La Frank, Claude, 98, 100.  
 Francis, Sr., 98, 99.  
 Francis, Jr., 98.  
 Joseph, 98, 100, 127.  
 La Hontan, 8.  
 Lake, Wells, 202.  
 Lake Erie, 2, 3, 18, 21.  
 Lake Forest, 4.  
 Lake Front Park, 80.  
 Lake Huron, 1, 21.  
 Lake Joliet, 1.  
 Lake Michigan, 1, 3, 4, 18, 20, 21, 50.  
 Height, 239.  
 Tides, 239.  
 Lake Navigation:  
 Exports and Imports by Lake, 153.  
 First Lake Vessels, 21.  
 Lake Steamboat Association, 193.  
 Wrecks, 252, 256, 272-3.  
 Lake Ontario, 2.  
 Lake Shore Drive, See Park System.  
 Lake St. Clair, 21.  
 Lake Street Fire, See Fires.  
 Lake Superior, 1, 7.  
 Lakeside, 4.  
 Lake View, 252, 256.  
 Lalime, John, 54, 101.  
 Lalime's Skeleton unearthed, 101.  
 Landacher (policeman), 378.  
 Lane, Charles H., 268.  
 Larned, Edwin C., 261, 341.  
 Larrabee, Lucius, 268.  
 LaSalle, Ill., 32.  
 LaSalle, See Cavellier.  
 Latrobe, C. J., 105-6.  
 Law.  
 Early Laws, 149.  
 Lawyers in Chicago, 134, 152.  
 Law, John, 25, 29, 30.  
 Lawton, Barney, 98.  
 Leake, Genl. J. B. 260.  
 Leavitt, David, 113.  
 Le Bar, 22  
 LeBrise, Francoise, 25.  
 Le Clerc, Peresh, 69.  
 Lee, Mr., 54, 63.  
 Genl. R. E., 269.  
 Thomas, 46.  
 Leck (Wild Onion), 8, 9.  
 Leicht, Andrew E., 374.  
 Leisure Class, few in Chicago, 437, 438.  
 Leiter, Levi Z., 344, 347.  
 Le Mai, Joseph, 25, 48, 52.  
 Lemont Stone, 228.  
 "Leopard," English frigate, 56.  
 Lester, Thomas T., 268.  
 Lettman, Julius, 268.  
 Letz, F., 274,  
 Lexington, Mo., battle of, 262.  
 Libraries, see { Crerar Library.  
 { Newberry "  
 Lieb, Gen., 379.  
 Light, Austin, 264.  
 Lighthouse, first, 141.  
 De Lignerie, Commandant, 25, 32.  
 Lill (carpenter), 321.  
 Lincoln, Abraham, 25, 92, 104, 113, 150, 161, 163,  
 164, 195, 196, 197, 200, 219, 249, 250,  
 257, 258, 259.  
 Hon. Robert A., 57, 72.  
 Lincoln Park, see Park system  
 Lind, Sylvester, 231.  
 Lindsay, Wm., 422.  
 Lingg, Louis, see Anarchist Riot.  
 Lipe, Clark, 367  
 Literature, First book, 189.  
 Little Turtle, 12, 50, 60, 61.  
 Livermore, Mrs. D. P., 271.  
 Liverpool & London & Globe Insurance Co., 412.  
 Lockport, 5, 112.  
 Lockwood, Judge, 150, 190.  
 Locomotive, First in Chicago, 201, 202.

- Logan, Hugh, 70.  
 Gen. John A., 443.  
 S. T., 150.
- London "Times" started, 25.
- Long, James, 189.
- "Long John," (fire engine), 321.
- Loomis, H. G., 229.
- Louis XIV., 8, 24, 25.
- Louis XV., 33.
- Louisburg, Capture of, 25.
- Louisiana, 23, 80.
- Lovejoy, Killing of, 224.
- Lowe, Sheriff, 225.
- Lowell, Mr. of "Tribune," 331.  
 James Russell quoted, 193.
- Loyal Legion, 346.
- Lumbard, Frank, 214.
- Lutherans, see Churches.
- Lydecker, Major L. J., 120, 238.
- Lynch, Col. Wm. F., 265.
- M**
- Mac Arthur, E., 209.
- Macauley, Lieut., 378.
- Mackin, Joseph, 443.
- Mackinac, see Mackinaw.
- Mackinaw, 83.  
 Fort, 56, 74, 84.  
 Straits of, 26, 58.
- "Madeira Pet" 237-8.
- Madison, James, 56, 80.
- Magazines, see Newspapers.
- Magie, H. H., 176.
- Magill, Juliette A.: see Kinzie, Mrs. John H.
- Man, first approach of, 7.
- Manchester, W. D., 266.
- Manierre, Judge Geo., 260.
- Mann, Gen. O. L., 264, 379.
- Manning, J., 169.
- Mansfield, Col., 115.
- Manvers (Opera singer), 222.
- Marest, Pere, S. J., 25, 28.
- Margry (Historian), 21, 25, 41.
- Marine Bank, 283.
- Marion, Gen., 34, 43.
- Markets, Building, 212.
- Marquette, Père, 18, 19, 25, 26, 27, 127, 317.
- Marsh, Sylvester, 188, 189.
- Marshall, Chief Justice, 44.  
 Perry, 213.  
 Thomas, 44.
- Martindale, Elijah B., 422.
- Mason, E. G., 25, 26, 68.  
 Geo., 369.  
 Roswell B., 217, 221, 251, 293, 360.
- Masonic Temple, 444, 448.
- Masons, See A. F. & A. M.
- Massac, Fort, 37.
- Massacre Elm, 71, 78.
- Massacre at Fort Dearborn.  
 Darius Heald's account, 73.  
 Capt. Heald's mistake, 66.  
 Mrs. Helm's account, 66-9.  
 Horrors of, 66-71.  
 Murder of Children, 69-71.  
 See also Dearborn, Fort, and Massacre Elm.
- Massey, Geo. V., 422.
- Matagorda, Benj., 23.
- Matteson, Gov., 233.
- Matthews, Asa, 358.  
 Geo., 100.  
 Mrs. Geo., 135.
- Maumee River, 30, 40.
- Maxwell, Dr. Philip, 93.
- May, Horatio N., 374.
- Mayors of Chicago.  
 See Municipal Government.
- McArthur, Col. John, 261.
- McCagg, Ezra B., 339, 342-3, 346, 374, 410.
- McClellan, Gen. Geo. B., 268.
- McCormick Reaper Works.  
 Origin of, 189.  
 Strike at, 383.
- McCoy, Rev. Isaac, 81, 83, 126.
- McGonnigle, Alex., 321.
- McKee, Daniel, 98, 100, 187, 188.
- McKenzie, Jas. A., 422.
- McKenzie & Isherwood, 181.
- McKenzie, see McKinzie.
- McKinney, 11.
- McKinzie, Elizabeth, 35, 97, 98.  
 Isaac, 35, 95, 97.  
 Margaret, 35, 95, 96, 97, 98.
- McVicker, James H., 213, 223.  
 Mrs. James H., 213.
- McVicker's Theatre, 443.
- Medill, Joseph, 262, 266, 324-5, 360.  
 Mrs. Joseph, 271.  
 Major Wm. H., 266, 268, 269.
- Meeker, G. W., 194.
- Meeker, Wm., 213.
- Menard, P., 159.
- Merchant's Loan & Trust Co., 283, 406.
- Meredith, Mrs. Virginia C., 428.
- Me-tee-a, 86.
- Metropolitan Hall, 260.
- Mexican War, 191-2.
- Miami Indians, 22, 61, 64.
- Michigan Central R. R.: See Railroads.  
 "Michigan Money", 167-8.
- Michigan Southern R. R.: See Railroads.
- Michilimackinack, 9, 22.
- Mihalotzy, Capt., 261, 268.
- Miles, Gen. Nelson A., 427.
- Miller, Samuel, 97, 117.
- Miller's Tannery, 152.
- Miltimore, Ira, 184, 189.
- Milwaukee "Advertiser," 162.
- Minor, Mrs. Catherine L., 428.
- Miquelon, 15.
- Mirandean, 89.
- Mission Ridge, Battle of, 264, 266, 271.
- Missions, See Religion.
- Mississippi River, I., 18, 21, 22, 23, 25, 27.
- Mitchell, Mr. (Supt. I. C. R. R.), 319.
- Mobile, Ala., 28.
- "Mohawk," Rescues the "Charles Howard,"  
 252-256
- Money.  
 Abundance of in Chicago, 446.  
 Lenders, 242.
- Montauk Block, 448.
- Montreal, 15, 18, 22, 23.
- Moody, Dwight L., 345.
- Moody, Otis, 268.
- Moore, Captain, 252.
- Moreau, Pierre, 18.
- Morgan, Adaline C., 342.
- Morgan, Geo. C., 202.
- Morris, Geo. P., 160.  
 Buckner S., 270.  
 Lavinia, 342.
- Moses, Judge, 11, 28, 45, 49, 164, 165-6.
- Mott, August, 70.
- Mound Builders, 7, 14.
- Movable Sidewalk, 404.

- Mower, Capt. L., 191.  
Mowry, Henry C., 268.  
Mud in Early Days, 140.  
    Nuisance at Present, 445-6.  
Mud Lake, I, 6, 20, 84, 94, 206.  
Mueller, A. H., 341.  
Mulligan, Gen James A., 262, 268.  
Multiple Dispatch Railway, 404.  
Municipal Government,  
    Aldermen, First Board, 154.  
    Mayors, Succession of, 360-1.  
Murfreesboro, Battle of, 264-6.  
Murphy, Major, 379.  
Murray, Wm., 9, 25, 47.  
Murray & Brand, 242.  
Music in Chicago, 213, 214.  
    Choir of St. James, 136.  
    Concerts in the Parks, 364.  
    First Concert, 136-7.  
    " Organ, 136.  
    " Piano, 135.  
    Harmonic Society, 136.  
    Philharmonic Society, 136.
- N.**
- Nadeau, Monique, 100.  
Naperville, Ill., 187.  
Napoleon born, 25.  
Nashville, Battle of, 266-7.  
Nationalities in Chicago, 403.  
Natural Gas Discovered, 25.  
Navigation, see Chicago River, Lake Navigation.  
Neads, John, 70.  
    Mrs. John, 70.  
Nelson, Andrew, 374.  
    Murry, 346.  
Nepven Family, Murder of, 32.  
Nes-cot-no-meg, 85.  
Newberry, Julia R., 408, 411.  
    Mary Louisa, 408.  
    Oliver, 195.  
    Walter L., 242, 405-411.  
Newberry & Burch, 242.  
Newberry Estate, 408.  
    Conditions of Will, 408.  
    Litigation over, 409.  
Newberry Library, 406-8.  
    Bequest for, 409.  
    Librarian, 409.  
    Location, 410.  
    Plans for, 411.  
New England Festival, 214.  
New France, 23.  
Newhall, Harry 215.  
New Orleans, 29, 30.  
Newspapers, Periodicals, etc.  
    Chicago Publications:  
        " American," 154, 158, 181, 189.  
        " Chicago Magazine," 87, 136, 168, 172.  
        " Democrat," 116, 130, 141, 180, 207, 208,  
            209, 212, 243, 244.  
        " Democratic Advocate," 180.  
        " Journal," 193, 195, 207, 209, 330.  
        " Times," 119, 120, 224, 230, 293.  
        " Tribune," 147, 160, 244, 248, 259, 330.  
    Milwaukee " Advertiser," 162.  
    New York " Herald," 194.  
        " Mirror," 160.  
        " Tribune," 196.  
    Niles "Weekly Register," 69, 70, 72, 74.  
    Washington " Union," 197.  
Newton, Isaac, died, 25.  
New York,  
    Chicago's Elder Sister, 445  
    New York,  
        Dutch Settlement, 25  
        See also Newspapers.  
        Tweed Ring, 358.  
    Niagara Falls, 2, 3, 7.  
    Niagara River, I, 2, 5, 21, 30.  
    Nickerson, S. M., 547, 374.  
    Nicolet, 18.  
    Niles "Weekly Register," see Newspapers.  
    Noble, John, 99.  
        Mark, 90.  
        The Misses, 125.  
    Norton, Col. Chas. B., 403, 422.  
        Nelson R., 119, 153.  
    Nugent, Jas., 268.  
    Nursery and Half Orphan Asylum, 342.  
    Nye, James W., 312, 313.
- O.**
- Oakley, Charles, 184.  
Oak Park, 4.  
Odd Fellows, See I. O. O. F.  
Ogden, J. De P., 195.  
    Mahlon D., 225, 410.  
    William B., 113, 115, 144-6, 154, 160, 172,  
        182, 184, 194, 205, 214, 216, 231, 343,  
        405-6, 416-7.  
Ogden Estate, Litigation over, 416-7.  
Ogden Residence, 410.  
Ogden-Wentworth Ditch, 1.  
Ogee, Mrs. Sophia (Beaubien), 135.  
    Ohio, admitted to the Union, 115.  
    Boundaries fixed, 49.  
Ohio Company, 46.  
Ohio Life & Trust Co., 245.  
Ohio River, 28, 46.  
Oklahoma, 111.  
Old Ladies' Home, 342.  
O'Leary, Mrs. Patrick, 290, 291.  
Olmstead & Vaux, 363.  
O'Meara, Col. Timothy, 266.  
Onion, Wild, 8, 9.  
Ontario Flat, 2.  
Ordinance of 1787, 49.  
Organ, First, 136.  
Osborne, Lieut. Col. Thomas O., 264.  
    Wm. H., 222.  
Ottawa Indians, II, 13, 86, 88, 111.  
Ouillemette, Antoine, 48, 52, 62, 75, 78, 79, 84, 93,  
    100, 107.  
Owens, Geo., 123.  
    Thos. J. V., 105, 123, 127, 130.  
    William, 123.
- P.**
- Packing Industry,  
    G. W. Dole the Father of the System, 138.  
    First Meat Packed, 189.  
Page, Peter, 195.  
Palmer, Gov., 300, 327.  
Palmer, Potter, 422.  
    Mrs. Potter, 428-32  
    Thos. W., 422, 429.  
Panic of 1837, 117, 163, 168, 185, 189  
    Of 1873, 352, et seq.  
Parc au Vaches, 88.  
Park System,  
    Boulevards, 364-9, 370-2.  
    Miscellaneous,  
        Debt Lessened, 375  
        Early Purchases, 364  
        A Free Gift to the Future, 375.  
        Losses by Fire, 363.  
        Present Needs Outrun, 374.

- Park System.—*Continued.*  
 Parks.  
 Campbell Park, 368.  
 Douglas Park, 368.  
 Drexel Statue, 364.  
 Garfield Park, 368.  
 Humboldt Park, 368.  
 Jackson Park, 366.  
 Jefferson Park, 368.  
 Lake Front Park, 80.  
 Lincoln Park, 182, 276, 277, 362, 368, 370-2, 374.  
 South Park, 363, 366-8  
 Union Park, 368.  
 Vernon Park, 368.  
 West Side Parks, 367-9.  
 Wicker Park, 368,  
 Statistics.  
 Lincoln Park, Acreage, 372-3.  
 Cost, 373. Debt, 373.  
 South Park Equipment, 367.  
 South Side Parks. Table of Areas, 367.  
 West Side Parks. Table of Areas, 369.
- Parker, Thos. 242.  
 Parmelee, Franklin, 251.  
 Parsons, Albert, 383, 385.  
 Parthenon destroyed, 25.  
 Patriotism during the Civil War, 270-1.  
 Patton, Rev. Dr., 260.  
 Pavements, 140, 212, 222  
 Peace with England, 25.  
 Peach-tree Creek, Battle of, 264-5.  
 Peale's "Guide," 421.  
 Pea Ridge, Fight at, 264.  
 Pearson, Hiram, 119.  
 Peck, Ebenezer, 131.  
 Ferd. W., 346, 422.  
 Judge, 147.  
 Pee-so-tum, 68, 69.  
 Penn, D. B., 422.  
 Penn, Wm., 25.  
 Peoria, 84.  
 Peoria Ferry, 97.  
 Peoria Indians, 39.  
 Peoria Lake, 92  
 Perryville, 266.  
 Peru, Bank of, 283.  
 Peter the Great, died, 25.  
 Petroleum discovered, 25.  
 Pettell, 52.  
 Phelps, Erskine M., 443.  
 Philadelphia founded, 25.  
 Philharmonic Society, 214.  
 Phillips, Chas. B., 251.  
 Phonograph invented, 25.  
 Photograph invented, 25.  
 Physicians, 131-3.  
 Pianos. Business in Chicago, 135.  
 First in Chicago, 135, 137.  
 Piche, P., 100.  
 Pierce, Capt. L. W., 379.  
 Piers, 121, 277.  
 Pilgrims, Landing of, 15, 17.  
 "Pioneer" first locomotive, 189, 202-3.  
 Pitt, Fort, 39, 40, 44.  
 Pointe de Sable, Jean Baptiste, 25, 39, 40, 47, 48, 52, 62  
 Politeness, a Chicago Trait, 447.  
 Political Opinion, Development of, 224.  
 Polk, President, 193.  
 Pomroy, Richard, 268.  
 Poole, Wm. F., 409, 411.  
 Pope, Coleman, 213.  
 Population, 153, 255, 274, 403.  
 Port Hudson, 269.  
 Portage, The, 9, 18, 20, 178, 206.  
 Portage River, 48, 55, 63, 185.  
 Porter, Geo. B., 105.  
 Jeremial, 124, 125.  
 Porthick : See Porthier.  
 Porthier, Jean, 127.  
 Joseph, 89, 98.  
 Position of Chicago. Geographical, 402.  
 Postage Stamp, invented, 25.  
 Postal Service.  
 In Early Days, 143.  
 Post Office, Early, 128, 143.  
 Rates, Early, 143.  
 Pottawattomie Indians, 8, 11, 13, 48, 54, 68, 86, 111.  
 Pound, The, 149.  
 Prairie du Chien, Massacre at, 104.  
 Prairie Schooner, 119, 176.  
 Presbyterians : See Churches, Religions.  
 Pribyl's Gun store, 378.  
 Price, Mrs. Chas., 428.  
 Prickett, D., 169.  
 Prindville, Capt. Redmond, 202, 203, 214.  
 Prior, Edwin C., 268.  
 Prisons, 149.  
 Proctor, General, 77.  
 Prophet, The, 55.  
 Proudfoot, Lawrence, 276, 277.  
 Provisions, Scarcity of in 1834, 138.  
 Public Improvements: See Internal Improvements  
 Public Works, Board of, 274.  
 Pullman, George M., 71, 233, 234, 388, 390-9.  
 Pullman, town of, 71, 234, 388, 400.  
 Architecture, 390.  
 Corliss Engine, 390.  
 Description of town, 394-5.  
 Drainage, 390.  
 Labor troubles, 396-9.  
 Liquor Question, 393.  
 Origin of, 388.  
 Output of, 390.  
 Piece work at, 400.  
 Population, 395.  
 Present Condition, 389.  
 Public Health, 393.  
 Religion, 394.  
 Savings Bank, 396.  
 Schools in, 389.  
 Sewage Farm, 391-2.  
 Water Supply, 391.  
 Pullman's Palace Car Co., 234, 412.  
 Puritans, First Settlement, 17-8.
- Q.
- Quebec, 25.  
 Quirk, David, 378.  
 Col. James, 378-9.
- R.
- Railroads.  
 Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, 1.  
 Chicago & Alton, 1, 233, 245.  
 Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, 243.  
 Chicago & Eastern Illinois, 84.  
 Chicago & Galena Union, 176, 189, 203-5, 216.  
 No faith in, 205, 252.  
 Profitable investment, 205.  
 Chicago & North-Western, 187, 301.  
 Illinois Central, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 245, 251, 252, 266, 318, 319, 436.

- Railroads.—*Continued.*  
 Lake Shore & Michigan Southern, 183, 217, 245, 266.  
 Michigan Central, 183, 217, 233.  
 Wabash, 183.  
 Statistics.  
   Earnings in 1857, 253.  
 Transportation.  
   Advantage to the City, 220, 221.  
   Elevated Road, 404.  
   Movable Sidewalk, 404, 436.  
   Rapid Transit, 404.  
   World's Fair Problem, 436.  
 Miscellaneous.  
   After the Fire, 298, 301, 332.  
   Birth of American Railroads, 94.  
   Bond-voting, Early, 163.  
   Boston Capital in Western Roads, 183.  
   Early Building, 171, 203, 216.  
   Land Grants, 218.  
   Palace Cars Begun, 233.  
   Railroad Regiment, 266.  
   State Repaid by I. C. R. R., 219.  
 Rau, Balthazar, 383.  
 Ray, Charles S., 343.  
   Emily S., 342.  
 Raymond, Benjamin W., 120, 173, 216, 343, 360.  
 Real Estate.  
   Abstracts of Title.  
     Burnt Record Act, 322.  
     Record Offices, 309.  
     Record System, 308.  
     Saved From the Fire, 312, 313, 316.  
     Burnt Record Act, 322.  
     Destruction of Records in the Great Fire, 293, 307, 308, 312.  
     English & American, 307.  
     Present System, 320-1.  
   Sales.  
     1830-7, 156-8.  
     1831, School Section sold, 117.  
     1835, Government Sales, 158.  
     1835, Kinzie Sales, 144.  
     1848, Newberry Sales, 406.  
     1849-50, 214.  
   Values.  
     1835-7, Inflated, 156-7  
     1837-8, Panic, 163-8.  
     1842, Leland Hotel Lot, 174.  
     1842, 174.  
     1853-1891, 159.  
     Affected by burning of records, 322.  
     Tremont House Lot, 157.  
 Reaper Bank, 283.  
 Reaping Machine Invented, 25.  
 Reaper Factory, McCormick's, 189.  
 Rebellion: See War.  
 Records: See Real Estate.  
 "Red Dog" Michigan Currency, 168.  
 Reed, Jas. H., 230.  
 "Rehm" (fire engine), 321.  
 Rehm, Jacob, 374.  
 Reign of Terror, 25.  
 Relic House, 334.  
 Relief Law, 190.  
 Relief Societies: See Charities.  
 Religion: See also Churches.  
   Baptist, 81, 126.  
   Congregational, 260.  
   Episcopal, 101, 127, 254.  
   Methodist, 125, 126.  
   Presbyterian, 124, 136.  
   Religion: See also Churches.  
     Roman Catholic, 120, 127.  
     Unitarian, 260, 296, 330.  
     Universalist, 246.  
     Ecclesiastical Trials, 441.  
     First Religious Movements, 136.  
     Independent Churches, 442.  
     Religious Growth, 441.  
 Missions.  
   Baptist, 80, 126.  
   Jesuit, 17, 18, 19, 27.  
   Methodist, 126.  
 Renault, 25.  
 Republican Convention of 1860.  
   The Balloting, 260.  
   Lincoln's Chances, 258-9.  
   Seward's Chances, 258-9.  
   Scenes, during, 259-60.  
 Republican Party, 255.  
 Resaca, Battle of, 265.  
 "Rescue," Fire Engine, 319.  
 Revolutionary War, 46-7.  
 Reynolds, Gen., 379.  
   Gov. John, 103.  
 Rialto, The (first Theatre), 181.  
 Rice, John B., 189, 212, 213.  
 Rice, Rev. W. H., 234, 268.  
 Riches, Effect of, 440.  
 Ridgeland, 4.  
 Ridges along Lake Shore, 2.  
 Rights of Landsmen and Sailors, 209.  
 Riots: See Anarchist Riot, Riot of 1877.  
 Riot of 1877.  
   Alarm felt, 381.  
   Forces, Disposition of, 379.  
   Gun Stores Raided, 378.  
   Militia Called out, 377.  
   Preparation's for Defence, 377-8.  
   Regular Troops Called out, 380.  
   Subsiding of the Turmoil, 381.  
   Torrence, Gen., Report of, 379.  
   Violence and Bloodshed, 378.  
 River. See Chicago River.  
 River and Harbor Bill, 120, 189, 192, 199, 238.  
 Riverside, Ill., 4.  
 Roberts, Edmund, 114, 159.  
   Geo. W., 268.  
 Robinson, Alexander, 75, 77, 98, 100, 127.  
 Rocheblave (French soldier), 25, 33, 37.  
 Rodgers, Henry A., 268.  
 Rodgers, John G., 340.  
 Roman, Ensign, 64, 67.  
 Rookery Building, 328.  
 Roosevelt, Theodore, 13, 34, 35, 37, 40.  
 Root, John W., 450.  
 Rope Ferry, 52, 209.  
 Rose, O. J., 274.  
 Rowell, Henry L., 268.  
 Rudd & Childs, 169.  
 Rumsey, George F., 344.  
   Julian S., 344, 345.  
 Runyan, E. F., 367.  
 Rush Street Iron Bridge, 251-2.  
   Rope Ferry, 52, 209.  
 Russell, J. B. F., 112.  
   Martin J., 367.  
   Wm. H., 281.  
 Ryan, Michael, 184.  
   Sergeant, 378.  
   Thomas, 159.  
 Ryder, W. H., 343.  
 Ryerson, Joseph T., 219, 341.

## S

- Sacs and Foxes, 25, 30, 32.  
 St. Ange de Bellerive, 25.  
 St. Clair, Gen., 50, 61.  
     J. W., 422.  
 St. Clair Lake, 21.  
 St. Cosme (Cinq-Hommes), 825.  
 St. Cyr, Father, 127.  
 St. Ignace, 26.  
 St. James Church: See Churches.  
 St. Joseph, Mich., 48, 74.  
 St. Lawrence Gulf, 23.  
     River, 1, 10, 21, 30.  
 St. Louis, Mo., 9, 25, 28, 50.  
 St. Louis, Fort, 27.  
 Saint Pierre, 15.  
 Salem Witchcraft, 25.  
 Salisbury, Mrs. M. B., 428.  
 Saloman, Col. Edward S., 265.  
 "Saloon Building," 143.  
 Samson, Geographer, 8.  
 Sandusky, 3.  
 Sanitary Commission, 271.  
 Saratoga, N. Y., 34, 50.  
 Sauganash, The, 76, 123.  
     Hotel, 100.  
 Savings Banks: See Banks & Banking.  
     See also Pullman.  
 Sawyer, Sidney, 160.  
 Scalping, 12, 14, 30, 34.  
 Scammon, F., 343.  
     Jonathan Young, 141, 182, 194, 205, 212,  
     216, 283, 343, 344.  
 Schaumbeck, Frederick, 268.  
 Schnaubelt, Rudolph, 333.  
 Schneider, George, 284, 327, 352, 353.  
 Schoolcraft, H. R., 85, 86, 92.  
     John L., 195.  
 Schools.  
     Convention of 1846, 406.  
     First Public School Building, 189  
     Indian Education, 123.  
     Newberry School, 406.  
     Sale of School Section, 116, 117.  
     Shelters after the Fire, 299.  
     School Teachers.  
         Chappel, Miss Eliza, 123.  
         Forbes, Stephen, 122.  
         Sproat, Granville T., 123.  
         Warren, Miss Sarah L., 123.  
         Watkins, John, 123.  
     Statistics of Public Schools, 403.  
     Wells' History, 116.  
 Schurz, Carl, 433.  
 Schuyler, Gen'l, 34.  
     Robert, 244.  
 Schuyler Fraud, 244  
 Schwab, Michael, 383, 385.  
 Scott, Joseph, R., 1, 268.  
     Capt. Martin, 93.  
     Sir Walter, born, 25.  
     Gen'l Winfield, 131, 255.  
 Scrip, Canal, 168.  
     City, 168.  
     Counterfeit, 170.  
     Fac Similes, 169, 171.  
 "Sea Bird" Wreck of the, 273.  
 Seavey, Police Capt., 378.  
 Sections, Government, 115-6.  
 Seeberger, A. F., 422.  
 Seward, William H., 257-9.  
 Sewell, Alfred L., 306.  
 Sewerage: See Drainage  
     See also Pullman, Town of.  
 Sewing Machines Invented, 25.  
 Seymour, James, 203.  
 Shaffner, Gen., 379.  
 Shaubena, 104, 108.  
 Shaw-nee-aw-kee, 74, 108.  
 Sheahan & Upton, 306.  
 "Shecaugo," 8.  
 "Shegahg," 8.  
 "Shegau ga-winzhe," 8.  
 Sheldon, Edwin H., 145, 344.  
 Sheldon Thompson, steamer., 131.  
 Sherer, Col. S. B., 378.  
 Sheridan, Gen'l. Philip, 301, 313.  
     Mrs. Philip, 51.  
 Sherman, A. S., 229.  
     Col. Francis T., 266.  
     Frank, 195.  
     John B., 367.  
 Sherman House, 321.  
 Sherwood, Thomas, 194.  
 Shields, James, 218.  
 Shiloh, Battle of, 264, 265, 267.  
 Shock, Mr., 333.  
 Shortall, J. G., 310-18, 346.  
 Shortall & Hoard, 309, 311.  
 Sibley, Solomon, 86.  
 Sidewalks Impeded, 446.  
 Sidewalks, Early, 215.  
 Siette, de, 25, 32.  
 Simpson, Gen'l., 273.  
 Six Nations Indians, 46.  
 Skinner, Judge Mark, 147, 160, 180, 194, 223,  
     249, 341, 344, 407, 408, 411.  
     Richard, 268  
 Skokie, The, 4, 8.  
 Slavery.  
     Anti-Slavery Movement, 224, 248-9, 255.  
     Sleeping Cars, Development of, 233-4.  
 Smallwood, W. A., 343.  
 Smith, Dr. D. S., 234.  
     George, 205, 242, 247, 284.  
     George C., 268.  
     Henry, 230.  
     Capt. James, 261.  
 Smith, Judge, 113.  
     Perry H., Jr., 341.  
     S. L., 194.  
     Sidney, 358.  
 Smith & Nixon, 313.  
 Sinoke Nuisance, 445, 446.  
 Snow, George W., 112, 230.  
 Societies.  
     A. F. & A. M., 346.  
     Art Institute, 346.  
     G. A. R., 346.  
     I. O. O. F., 346.  
     Illinois Humane Society, 345.  
     Harmonic: See Music.  
     Loyal Legion, 346.  
     Military, 346.  
     Philharmonic: See Music.  
     Secret, 346.  
     W. C. T. U., 345.  
     Y. M. C. A., 345.  
     See also Clubs, Music.  
 Society in Chicago.  
     Amusements in Early Days, 139.  
     Aristocracy, 338.  
     Church Gatherings, 136, 137.  
     Hospitality and Benevolence, 336.  
     North, South and West Sides, 335.  
     Present Aspect of, 437-51.  
     Public Exhibition, earliest, 141.  
     Re-organization after the Fire, 335.

- Society in Chicago.—*Continued.*  
 Wealth as a factor in, 337.  
 Somerville, Capt. W., 358.  
 South Park }  
 Southwest Boulevard } See Park System.  
 Specie Payments Suspended, 165, 167, 175.  
 Spencer, D. D., 353.  
   Edward H., 272.  
   J. C., 195.  
 Spies, August, 383, 385.  
 Spink, John W., 268.  
 Sprague, O. S. A., 347.  
 Sproat, Granville Temple, 123.  
 Stage Lines, 180, 181.  
 Standish, Miles, 43.  
 Stanford, Geo. W., 367.  
 Stanwix Treaty, Fort, 46.  
 Starring, Col. F. A., 265.  
 Starved Rock, 13, 22, 27, 32.  
 State Bank fails, 166.  
   Bonds, 1836-7, 161.  
   Debt, 165, 166.  
 Savings Institution, 284.  
 Steamboat invented, 25.  
 Steam Engine invented, 25.  
 Steele, George, 230.  
 Stewart, Hon. Andrew, 196.  
   A. T., 322.  
   Genl. Hart L., 216, 230, 265.  
   J. T., 150.  
 Stiles, Genl. Isaac N., 443.  
 Stockton, John, 313, 318.  
   Genl. Joseph, 139, 256, 265, 313, 318, 374.  
 Stockyards, 277, 279.  
 Stokes, Genl. James H., 267, 269.  
 Stone, D., 150.  
   Melville E., 443.  
 Stone River, Battle of, 264.  
 Storrow, Judge Samuel A., 85.  
 Storrs, Emery A., 358.  
 Strachan & Scott, 242.  
 Streets after the Fire, 330.  
   Draining, 140, 230.  
   Laying Out, 114, 117.  
   Mud in Early Days, 140.  
   Nuisance at Present, 445-6.  
   Naming, 114, 116, 117.  
   Numbering, 212, 222.  
   Raising, 141.  
 Street Cars, Women in, 447.  
 Strikes, See Labor Troubles.  
 Strode, Col. J. M., 175.  
 Strong, Wm. E., 410.  
 Stuart, David, 268.  
   Robert, 83.  
 Sturges, James D., 279.  
 Sturges & Buckingham, 318, 319.  
 Sumter, Fort, 260.  
 "Sunbeam," Wreck of the, 273.  
 Sweet, Genl. B. J., 270.  
 Swett, Leonard, 358.  
 Swift, Elijah, 242.  
   Genl. R. K., 242, 245, 261, 262, 284.  
   Capt. Wm. H., 113, 184.  
 Swing, Rev. David, 441-3.
- T.
- Taney, Justice, 249.  
 Tannery, Miller's, 152.  
 Taxes, 1825, 100.  
   1836-1840, 153.  
 Taxpayers in 1825, List of, 100.  
 Taylor, Anson N., 90.  
   E. D., 112.  
   E. S., 374.  
 Tecumseh, 55, 58, 76, 77.  
 Telegraph Invented, 25.  
 Telephone " " 25.  
 Temple, Dr. John T., 110, 126, 129, 180.  
 Ten Regiments Bill, 262.  
 Tennyson, Lord, 433.  
 Territorial Government Organized, 48.  
 Texas, 23.  
 Theatres.  
   Early Program, 212, 213.  
   First Stock Company, 213.  
   Grand Opera House, 222, 223.  
   McVicker's, 443.  
   Rialto, 181.  
   Rice's, 189, 212-14, 223.  
   New Theater, 223.  
   Tremont Hall, 214, 223.  
 Thielemann, Col. Christian, 267.  
 Thomas, Rev. Hiram W., 441-3.  
   Judge Jesse B., 215.  
   Theodore, 433.  
 Thompson, Harvey L., 369.  
   Jacob, 270.  
   James, 114.  
   Licut. James, 93.  
 Thompson's Bank Note Reporter, 243.  
 Thornton, W. F., 169-71.  
 Throop, George, 268.  
 Tidal Waves in Lake Michigan, 239, 240.  
 Tilden, S. J., 145, 358.  
 Times, Chicago: See newspapers.  
 Tinkham, Edward L., 249, 283, 341, 343.  
   Mrs. Smith, 271.  
 Tippecanoe Hall, 127.  
 Todd, John, 25, 36, 43, 44.  
 Toledo, 3.  
 Tonty, 9, 21, 22, 24-6  
 To-pee-nee-bee, "Topenebe," 12, 64, 65, 83.  
 Torrence, Gen. Joseph T., 377, 379.  
 Townships, 115, 116.  
 Trades.  
   Fur Trade, 81, 83.  
   Grain Trade, 279.  
   Lumber, 283.  
   Provisions: See "Packing Industry."  
   Stock Yards, 277, 279.  
   Tannery, 152.  
 Trades and Manufactures, 40 years compared, 451.  
 Trades Unions, 376.  
   See also "Labor Troubles"  
 Transportation Problem: See "Railroads."  
 Trautman, Frank, 294.  
   Mrs. Ralph, 428.  
 Treaties with Indians:  
   Gen. Cass's, 82.  
   Greenville, O., 49, 79.  
   Fort Stanwix, 46.  
   Last at Chicago, 1833, 105-7.  
 Tree, Lambert, 347.  
 Tremont Hall, 214, 223.  
 Tremont House, 157, 231, 232.  
 Tribune, Chicago, 147, 160, 244, 248, 259, 330.  
 Tucker, Joseph F., 222, 318.  
   Joseph H., 261, 269.  
 Tuley, Judge M. F., 191.  
 Tunnels.  
   LaSalle Street, 280, 281.  
   Washington Street, 281.  
   Waterworks, 230, 274.  
 Turchin, Col. John B., 262.  
 Turner, John B., 229, 371.  
 Tutbill, Genl. Richard S., 261.  
 Tutton, Deputy, 358.  
 Tweed Ring, 358.  
 Twelfth Illinois Volunteer Infantry, 261.

## U.

- Underground Railroad, 225, 226.
- Union Defence Committee, 260, 261.
- Union National Bank, 350.
- Union Veteran Club, 346.
- United States.
  - War declared against England, 56.
- Upton, George P., 222, 306.
- Utica, Ill., 27.

## V.

- Valley Forge, 42.
- Van Arman, Col. John, 261, 266.
- Van Buren, Martin, 195.
- Van Voorhees, Dr. Isaac, 66-8, 131.
- Varian, Margaretta, 342.
- Vaughan, J. C., 249.
- Vaults in the Fire, 350.
- Versailles, Treaty of, 44.
- Vesey, Lient., 378.
- Veteran Union League, 346.
- Vicksburg, Siege of, 265-9.
- Victoria, born, 25.
- Village like Characteristics of Chicago, 446.
- Vincennes, 17, 36, 39, 40, 42, 44.
- Virginia, 36, 39, 42-4, 48.
- Voltaire, 25.
- Vos, Col. Arno, 267.

## W

- Wabash, "Ouabache," 30, 32, 40, 41.
- Wabash Land Company, 47.
- Wadsworth, E. S., 331.
- Wagner, Assault of Fort, 264.
- Waite, C. B., 249.
  - G. W., 202.
- Walker, Capt. A., 131.
  - Charles, 172, 185.
  - Edwin, 422.
  - George C., 345.
  - Isaac, 252.
  - Rev. Jesse, 126.
  - M. O., 181.
- Walker Bronson & Co., 245.
- Wallace, 98.
  - Judge M. R. M., 266.
- Waller, Thomas M., 422.
- Walpole, Thomas, 46.
- Walsh, John R., 315.
- Wa-nan-ga peth, 62.
- War.
  - Revolutionary, 1775-1783.
    - Clark, George Rogers, 36-45.
    - English Alliance with Indians, 34.
    - English Headquarters at Detroit, 34.
    - Hamilton, "Hair-buyer General," 34, 39, 40.
    - Indians at Kaskaskia, 36, 37.
    - Killing of Col. Crawford, 35.
      - " John Todd, 44.
    - Massacres by Indians, 34, 35.
    - Rocheblave's surrender of Ft. Kaskaskia, 37.
    - Vincennes captured by Hamilton, 40.
      - Recaptured by Clark, 42.
  - See also Clark, G. R.
- 1812.
  - Fort Mackinac surrenders, 56.
  - Hull orders Ft. Dearborn evacuated, 56, 59.
  - Massacre at Ft. Dearborn, 66-71.
  - United States declares War, 56.
  - See also Detroit, etc.
- Mexican.
  - Chicago Companies, 191.
  - General Taylor's Invasion, 191.
  - Volunteers called for, 191.

## Rebellion.

- Battles of
  - Arkansas Post, 266.
  - Ashby's Gap, 268, 269.
  - Atlanta, 264.
  - Bentonville, 265, 266.
  - Beverly, 268.
  - Chancellorsville, 265.
  - Chickamauga, 264, 267.
  - Fayetteville, 266.
  - Fort Donelson, 264-5, 267, 269.
  - Fort Wagner, 264.
  - Franklin, 265.
  - Gettysburg, 265, 266, 269.
  - Kernstown, 262.
  - Lexington, Mo., 262.
  - Mission Ridge, 264, 266.
  - Murfreesboro, 264, 266.
  - Nashville, 266, 267.
  - Pea Ridge, 264.
  - Peach Tree Creek, 264, 265.
  - Perryville, 266.
  - Resaca, 265.
  - Shiloh, 264, 265, 267.
  - Stone River, 264.
  - Vicksburg, 265, 267.
- Chicago Artillery.
  - Battery A, 267.
  - Battery B (Bridge's), 267.
  - Battery L (Bolton's), 267.
  - Battery M (Phillips'), 267.
  - Board of Trade Battery, 267.
  - Bonton's Chicago Battery, 267.
  - Chicago Mercantile Battery, 267.
- Chicago Companies.
  - Highland Guards, 262.
  - Light Artillery, 261.
  - Light Infantry, 261.
  - Lincoln Rifles, 261.
  - Turner Union Cadets, 261.
  - Zouaves, 261.
- Chicago Regiments
  - Cavalry.
    - Fourth, 266.
    - Eighth, 266.
    - Ninth, 266.
    - Twelfth, 266, 267.
    - Thirteenth, 267.
    - Sixteenth, 267.
    - Seventeenth, 267.
  - Infantry.
    - Twelfth, 261, 262.
    - Nineteenth, 262.
    - Twenty-third, 262.
    - Twenty fourth, "Hecker Jaeger Regt.," 262.
    - Thirty-seventh, "Fremont Rifle Regt.," 264.
    - Thirty-ninth, "Yates Phalanx," 264.
    - Forty-second, 264.
    - Fifty-first, "Chicago Legion," 264.
    - Fifty seventh, "National Guards," 264.
    - Fifty-eighth, "McClellan Brigade," 265.
    - Sixty-fifth, "Scotch Regiment," 265.
    - Seventy-second, "Board of Trade Regt.," 265.
    - Eighty-second, "Second Haecker Regt.," 265.
    - Eighty-eighth, "Second Board of Trade Regt.," 266.
    - Eighty-ninth, "Railroad Regt.," 266.
    - Ninetieth, "Irish Legion," 266.
    - One Hundred-thirteenth, "Third Board of Trade Regt.," 266.
    - One Hundred twenty seventh, 266.



- Rebellion.—*Continued.*  
 Miscellaneous.  
 Andersonville, 270.  
 Camp Douglas, 269, 270.  
 Conspiracy, 270.  
 Fort Sumter, 260.  
 Illinois Militia in 1860, 261.  
 Medill, Major, Biography of, 268-9.  
 Officers Killed, 268.  
 Republican Convention of 1860, 257-60.  
 Sanitary Commission, 271.  
 Ten Regiments Bill, 262.  
 Union Defence Committee, 260-1, 263.  
 Volunteers, First Call for, 261.
- War Dance, Indian, 108-110.  
 Ward, Police Captain, 385, 386.  
 Wardner, Philip J., 342.  
 Warner, Julia A., 342.  
 Warren, Miss Sarah L., 124.  
 Washburne, Elihu B., 216, 284.  
   Hempstead, 361.  
 Washington, Augustine, 46.  
   George, 25, 33, 34, 42, 46  
   Lawrence, 46.  
 Washington Heights, 5.  
 Washington Union, 197.  
 Waterman, J. S., 344.  
 Waters, Captain, 379.  
 Watershed, Northwestern, 1.  
 Waterworks.  
   Account of First, 184, 189.  
   Commissioners, 229.  
   Crib and Tunnel, 230, 274, 275.  
   Imperfections of, 229, 230.  
   In 1854, 229.  
   In the Fire, 289, 294.  
   Primitive Piping, 190.
- Watkins, E. T., 344.  
   John, 123.
- Wauhansa Stone, 154, 155.  
 Wauhansee, 68.  
 Wau bce-nee-mah, 69.  
 "Wau-Bun," Mrs. Kinzie's Book, 54, 57, 59, 60,  
   65, 67, 69, 72, 74, 77-80, 94.
- Waukegan Point, 4, 272.  
 Waves, Damage by, 205-9, 220, 230.  
 Wayne, Fort, 57, 59, 61.  
 Wayne, Genl. Anthony, 49, 50, 61, 62.  
 Wealth in Chicago, 336, 439, 440.  
   None based on public plunder, 445.
- Weatherford, Wm., 105.  
 Webb, Wm. A., 264.  
 Webster, Daniel, 155, 195.  
   Genl. J. D., 199, 231, 341, 343.
- Weed, Rev. Ira M., 215.  
   Thurlow, 195, 107-9.
- Wells, Capt. E., 191.  
   H. W., 242.  
   Samuel, 61.  
   Capt. Wm., 50, 61, 62, 64-7, 73, 74, 114,  
   317.  
   W. H., 116, 123.
- Wentworth, Elijah, 96.  
   Elijah, Jr., 128.  
   John, 51, 57, 67, 72, 74, 75, 119, 128, 129,  
   131, 135, 147, 157, 180, 184, 218, 237, 249,  
   344.
- Western News Co., 315.  
 Wheeler, John S., 182.  
 Whisky, 56, 59, 60, 83.  
 Whisky Ring.  
   Cabinet Implicated, 357.  
   Distilleries Seized, 358.  
   Frauds in 1875, 357.  
   Indemnity to Informers, 359.
- Whiskey Ring.—*Continued.*  
   Internal Revenue Tax, 357.  
   Penalties Inflicted, 359  
   Trial, 358.
- Whistler, Major George, 50.  
   Gwenthlean, See Mrs. Robt. A. Kinzie.  
   Capt. John, 48, 50,  
   John Harris, 53.  
   Major Wm., 50, 51, 132, 177.  
   Mrs. Wm., 50, 51.
- White, Andrew D., 195, 433.  
   Julius, 264.  
   Liberty, 54.
- White Cloud, The Prophet, 104.  
 Whitehouse, Wm. Fitz Hugh, 416.  
 White Raccoon, Indian Chief, 69.  
 Whittier, J. G., 433.  
 Wicker, Charles G., 260.  
 Wilcox, I. N., 345.  
 Wilder Charles J., 268.  
 Wild owl, 4.  
   Game in Early Days, 141, 148.
- Wildcat Banks. See Banks and Banking.  
 Wilmet. See Ouillemette.  
 Wilkes, George, 199.  
 Wilkins, Mrs. Beriah, 428.  
 Wilkinson, Genl., 50.  
 Willard, E. W., 260.  
 Williams, Capt., 379.  
   E. B., 194.  
   E. S., 342.
- Wilmette, town of, 448.  
 Williamsburg, Va., 44.  
 Wilson, C. H., 213.  
   Capt. John, 272.  
   Judge John M., 260.  
   Martha A., 342.  
   Mr., 147.  
   W. D., 194.
- Winnebago Indians, 67, 89, 90.  
 "Winnebago Scarc," 89, 90.  
 Winnemeg, 12, 56, 57.  
 Winnetka, 4, 272, 273.  
 Winston, Frederick H., 374.  
   Frederick S., 422.
- Winter of 1834, Severity of, 138.  
 Wisconsin Fire and Marine Insurance Company,  
   242.
- Witchcraft, Salem, 25.  
 Withrow, Thomas F., 374.  
 Wolcott, Dr. Alexander, 53, 61, 86, 87, 90, 91,  
   95, 98, 100, 114, 131, 159, 192.  
   Mrs. Alexander, 53, 64, 91, 95, 107.
- Wolf Point, 98.  
 Women's Christian Temperance Union, 345.  
 Woman in Chicago, 441.  
   Courtesy towards, 447.
- Woman's Rights, 441.  
   Sphere of Labor, 441.  
   In the World's Fair, 431
- Wood, A. C., 173, 206.  
   Eliphalet, 261.
- Woodard, Willard, 369.  
 Woodbridge, John, Jr., 342.  
 Woodruff & Childs, 170.  
 Woodworth, James H., 182, 185.
- Work, Value of in Chicago, 439, 440.  
 World's Columbian Exposition.  
   Preliminary efforts.  
   Chicago's fitness as the Site, 419.  
   Contest for Location, 419.  
   Hotels pledged against extortion, 420.  
   Incorporation, 418.  
   Subscriptions and Stock, 419.

World's Columbian Exposition.—*Continued.*

- Executive.
  - Departments, 421.
  - Lady Managers, 428-30.
  - Management, 421.
  - Officers, 422.
  - World's Congress Auxiliary, 422, 433.
- Features.
  - Dedication, 420.
  - Exhibits, 424.
  - Grounds, Description of, 425, 426.
  - Military Display, 427.
  - Naval Review, 420.
  - Watercourses, 425.
  - Women's Work, 431.
  - World's Thinkers, Congress of, 433.
- Reports.
  - Mrs. Potter Palmer's, 430-1.
  - President Gage's, 425-6.
  - Present Aspect, 435.
- Statistics.
  - Appropriation's, Foreign, 425
  - State, 423.
  - Expenditures, 425.
  - Previous Fairs, 425.

World's Columbian Exposition.—*Continued.*

- System.
    - Building Materials, 435.
    - Plans, 434.
    - Expenses, 434.
    - Fire Department, 434.
    - Insurance, 434.
    - Plans and Specifications, 420, 423.
    - Sewerage, 435.
    - Transportation Problem, 436.
  - Worthy, John, 374.
  - Wrecks: See Lake Navigation.
  - Wright, Ann D., 199.
  - Joseph C., 268.
  - Mr., 294.
  - Silas, 195.
  - Wynbago: See Winnebago.
- Y**
- Yates, Governor, 261.
  - Yoc, P. L., 260.
  - Yorktown taken, 25.
  - Young, Judge, 133.
  - M. H. de, 422.
  - Young Men's Christian Association, 270, 345, 406.



**T**HE WEST is the fairest work ever done by kind Mother Nature, and when she made it she made (as Zury says) "the poottiest keduntry that ever laid on' doors." Then when she brought white folks to people it she picked them out, the best, brightest, bravest and hardest-working folks the sun ever shone upon. But when she had brought the people and the prairies together she left them to fight it out as best they could. She didn't give them any easy job!

How did Zury come in? A boy tramping beside a "prairie schooner" with his father, mother and sister, not to speak of two mares and colts, one cow and calf, and last, but not least, "Ole Shep" the dog. And how did Zury come out? The richest man in Spring County, and (for a good part of his life) the

meanest. One whole chapter of "Zury" is devoted to tales showing "How the meanest man got so mean and how mean he got." But as Zury himself says:

"Honest! Me? Wal, I guess so. Fustly, I wouldn't be noth'n else, nohoaw; seck'ndly I kin afford t' be, seein' as haow it takes a full bag to stand alone; thirdly, I can't afford to be noth'n else, 'cause honesty's the best policy."

And as one of his neighbors expressed it:

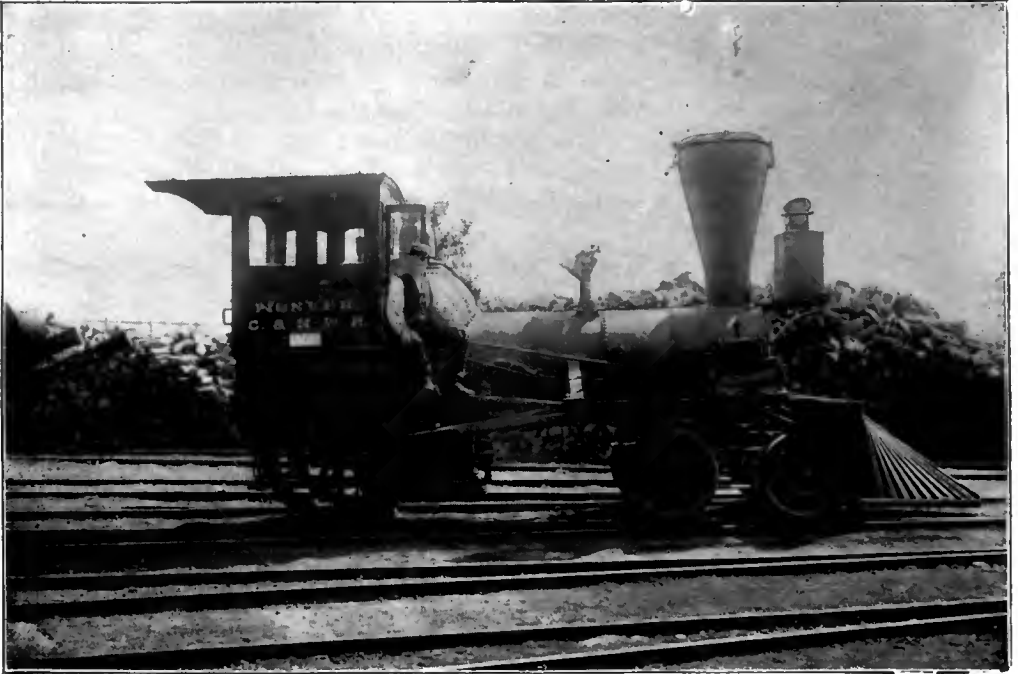
"Th' ain't noth'n *mean* abaout Zewry, mean as he is. Gimme a man that sez right oaut look aout fer yourself' and I kin git along with him. It's there h'yer sneakin' fellers that's one thing afore your face and another behind yer back, th't I can't abide."

Did Zury stay mean all his life? No. As his friends all say, "not by a long shot!" There came to Spring County a charming young Yankee School-ma-am, Anne Sparrow, and then there was a school exhibition where Anne was dressed up as a puritan maiden, and then—many things



ANNE SPARROW AS "THE PURITAN MAIDEN."

happened—She married one McVey and was soon a widow with a boy and girl, living and thriving at the growing town of Springville. And to Springville Zury followed her and watched the children grow up strong and fine while she stayed young and fair. The boy became engineer on the Galena railroad, driving the old "Pioneer" the "first engine that ever turned a wheel in Chicago." (By the way, the Pioneer is still on deck in the North Western R. R. shops.)



THE PIONEER AS SHE LOOKS IN 1892.

Long wooing brought Zury's reward at last, and pretty Anne Sparrow-McVey, made him happy, also made him a gentleman outwardly as he had always been at heart 'though under a very deep disguise'; and made him the soul of benevolence and liberality.

It takes one book ("Zury") to tell of life on Zury's farm, and another ("McVey's") to tell of life at Springville and Chicago—with a glimpse of Lincoln, Douglas, David Davis, etc.—and bring Zury and Anne together. Of these two books, Hamlin Garland in the Boston Transcript says:

But the full revelation of the inexhaustible wealth of native American material . . . will come to the Eastern reader with the reading of "Zury." . . . It is as native to Illinois as Tolstoi's "Anna Karénina" and Tourguéniéff's "Father and Son" are to Russia, its descriptions are so infused with real emotion and so graphic. The book is absolutely unconventional . . . not a trace of the old-world literature or society—and every character is new and native. . . The heroine is a Boston girl, . . . a bouncing, resolute and very frank personage, able to care for herself in any place. The central figure . . . is Zury. This is a great and consistent piece of character painting. He fills the book with his presence and his inimitable comments upon life and society. A man whose better nature flowered late.

"McVeys: An Episode," has the sincerity of history, and while one reads it he is in the very atmosphere of Spring County. The surveying crew, the railroad

building and final jubilee, the lead mining, all go on under the eye, and Springville itself, though touched but generally in description, is always present as the setting. The story is not strictly a continuation of "Zury," but is an "episode;" that is to say, the reader's attention is transferred from Wayback to Springville and centered around Anne (Sparrow) McVey, who married and moved to Springville in the history of "Zury." The story of Anne and her children forms the connecting thread of a book of great power and freshness. . . . Listen to this conversation between Phil (cashier of the surveying crew) and the widow Tansey

relative to the charges for feeding and lodging eight men :

"How much is it?"

"Oh, I didn't 'llow to charge ye nothin'! 'Tain't aour way hereabouts to take folks' money that stops with us fer a meal 'o vittles er a night's lodgin'!"

"Well, that's all right for just common way-farers, but you see here are eight of us, and the railroad hires us and pays our expenses."

"T wouldn't cost ye a cent, hey?"

"Not a cent."

"Wal, then, would a dollar be out o' the way?"



*Joseph Kirkland*

"The McVeys," by the author of "Zury," one of the strangest novels of late years, will attract many readers. It has features in common with the earlier tale, but it is much better constructed and will afford the reader a higher degree of pleasure. — *Cleveland Sun*.

It is full of humor, of quaint wit and wisdom, with sufficient love and tragedy to lend vivid interest to the plot. — *Mid-Continent, St. Louis*.



WAR for the Union broke out and patriotism swept the West like a prairie fire. As private Mulvany says: "That is another story;" and another story it makes, "The Captain of Company K"; in which western men develop into patriotic heroes.

Following the good practice of "letting the other men do the talking," here are some of the innumerable favorable reviews which came crowding in after the publication of "The Captain of Company K."

"The Captain of Company K," by Joseph Kirkland, is one of the very few later stories of '61 which cannot fail to interest everybody. To those readers who are already acquainted with Mr. Kirkland's "Zury" and "The McVeys," and they are not a few, "Company K" will be a double treat, as it carries some of the delightful characters he has portrayed in them through the scene of the great rebellion. The style of the book is clearly hinted at in its unique



COMPANY K AT THE BATTLE OF SHILOH. P. 289.

dedication to "The surviving men of the firing line; who could see the enemy in front of them with the naked eye, while they would need a field-glass to see the history-makers behind them." The private's impressions of war, formed in the teeth of musketry, may be of less value to accurate history than the view from the epaulette quarter, but for dramatic purposes the foot-soldier's story is best, as Mr. Kirkland proves by his success with a military novel.—*Kingston (N. Y.) Freeman*.

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 So fragrant all I meet:  
 Use all the minutes of the hours.  
 The days die here so sweet!

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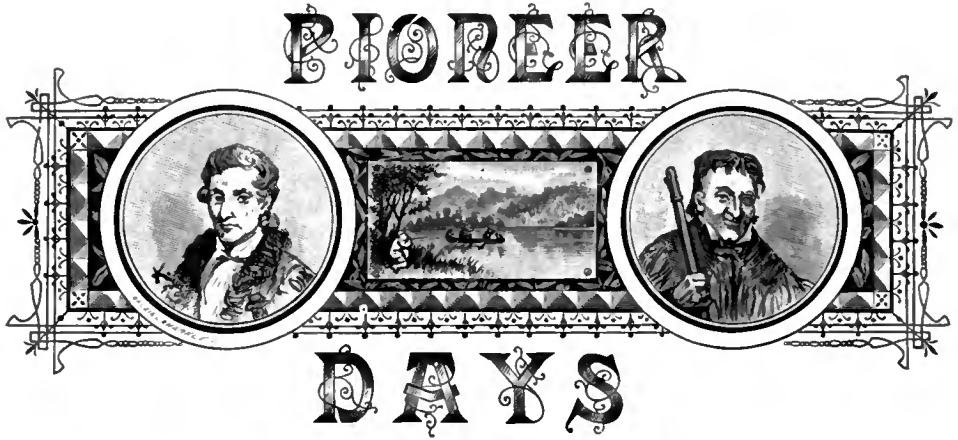
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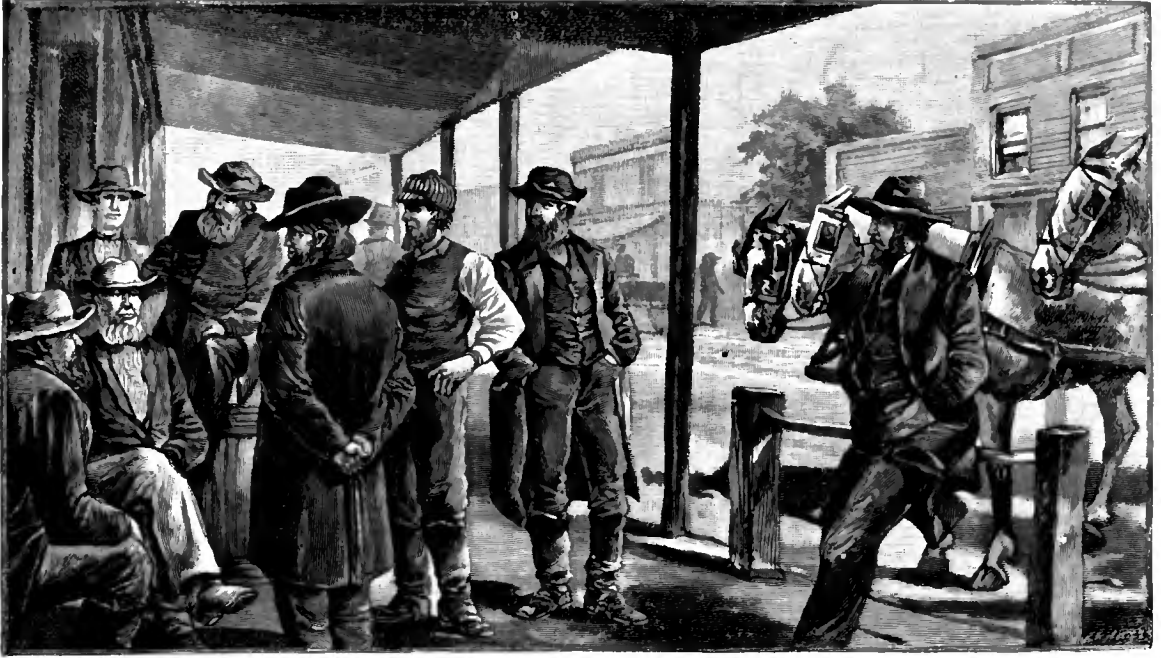
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of Benj. F. Butler*

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“BUTLER’S BOOK,” is certainly a full and complete history of the most eventful career of any man now living. Starting in youth with few advantages except those supplied by nature, he has fought his way manfully from poverty and obscurity through riots, wars, litigations, and a multiplicity of difficulties, to high positions, honor and wealth. A good fighter, good soldier, governor, senator, lawyer, a noble and generous citizen, and now a biographer and historian, handing down to future generations the true history of all his important acts as a citizen, lawmaker, lawyer, soldier and governor; his sharp, shrewd, all-searching

scrutiny has enabled him to give to the public the facts concerning thousands of important points in the history of the last half century.

In a masterly hand, and in the most comprehensive manner, he proceeds to unravel and reveal the secret history of our country from a political, military, legislative, administrative, social and religious standpoint, both at home and abroad. Parties and their leaders are handled without fear or favor, and those who as he thinks deserve exposure are showed up through a connecting chain of original documents, much to the credit of many who have stood calumny rather than rush into print and to the injury of some who have, so far, escaped the righteous judgment that should have been dealt out to them long ago.

Men both North and South have called Butler very hard names, *but no man ever called him a coward or a fool.*

An unreconstructed rebel, not very long ago was railing at Gen. Butler, when his interlocutor observed that at least he had cleaned up

New Orleans so that yellow fever never came near it. "Yellow fever and Ben Butler both in the same year? No sir! It could not be! There is still a merciful God in Heaven!"

#### PRESS COMMENTS.

*New York World*.—Few Americans have been more famous and have exhibited more versatility in public affairs during a long and crowded career, and few have been so thoroughly abused or have borne calumny and invective with greater equanimity than Benj. F. Butler.

Few writers can be more interesting than the doughty old General. He is as terse and idiomatic as Franklin, and tells his story that holds the attention with a strong and natural interest.

*New York Sun*.—The long-expected autobiography of Benj. F. Butler will soon be in the hands of the American people. The preface of the work itself is so interesting that it is worth a complete reproduction. It is a characteristic of this work, and, unlike most prefaces, it will receive as much attention from the reader as any other portion of the book.

*New York Mail and Express*.—Gen. Butler is giving to the world in one huge volume his memoirs. Butler is a remarkable man. When he was young he was ambitious, and many of the great dreams he dreamed of success were realized. His book will create a breeze.

*Harper's Weekly*.—To labor is to pray. The sincerity of prayer against pestilence is best shown by the unsparing and intelligent diligence in observing the laws of health so effectively done in 1862 by General Butler in New Orleans. The same effective precautions which he took in New Orleans he took two years later in Norfolk, and with similar good results. His forthcoming book will, therefore, not only be political but we trust explicit regarding his ideas of sanitation. Probably our modern physicians will find some good points in it.

*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.—No figure in American history is grander or more picturesque than that of General Butler. In the light of time historians will do this greatest of soldiers and statesmen justice. He has been misunderstood, misjudged, and reviled, and has borne injustice with a silence and patience as pathetic as noble; but in his autobiography, which he is now soon to give to the world, he will speak and tell truly what has been so often misrepresented.

*Boston Journal*.—The book will be an epitome of the history of the United States from the time General Butler first entered upon the scene of action down to to-day.

*Chicago Herald*.—The style is peculiarly Butlerian,—curt, original, breezy, and independent. Old age ne'er cools the Butler blood; he is just as free and vigorous in his printed utterances as he ever was on the political platform or before a jury.

*The Herald, Cleveland, O.*.—General Butler's forthcoming autobiography contains much history and personal matter never before published. The contents—well, they must be read to be appreciated. Everything is being done by his publishers, A. M. Thayer & Co., of Boston, on an elaborate scale to make the book one of the most attractive of the century. In point of typographical beauty and mechanical and literary executions it will be a gem.

*Rocky Mountain News, Denver, Col.*.—No little interest is being attached to the review copies sent out by A. M. Thayer & Co., the wide-awake publishers of Boston, on the forthcoming autobiography and personal reminiscences of General Butler. It is a book for the millions and we hope it will be bought by the millions.

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