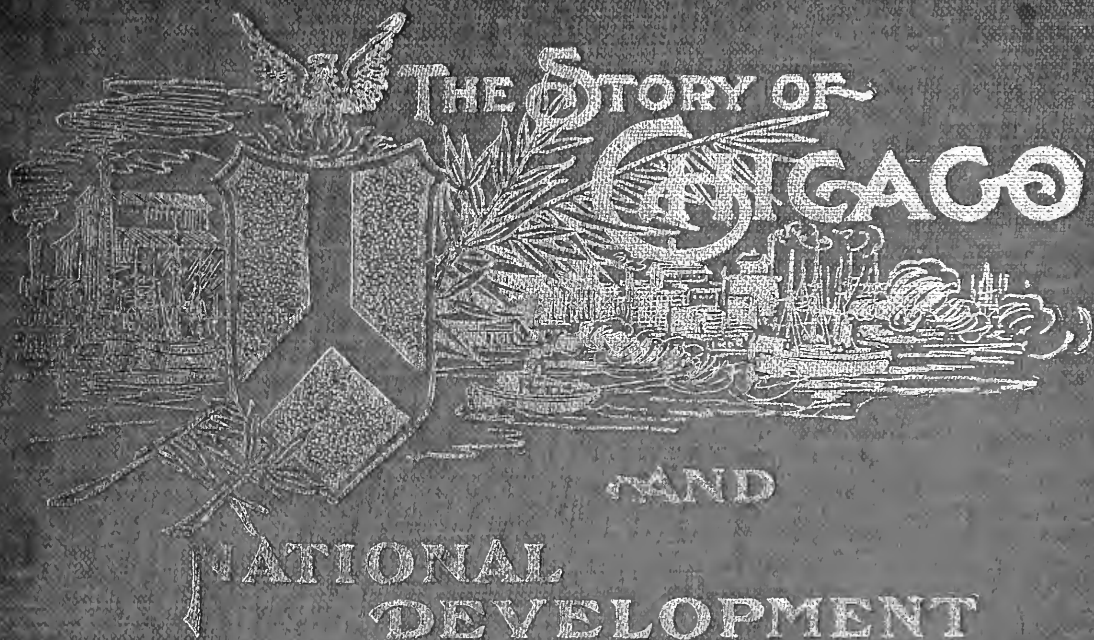

The Story of Chicago and National Development

1534 — 1910

The Little Chronicle Company
CHICAGO

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THE STORY OF CHICAGO AND NATIONAL DEVELOPMENT

1534-1912.

BY

ELEANOR ATKINSON.

EDITED AND EXTENDED BY THE EDITORIAL STAFF OF THE LITTLE CHRONICLE COMPANY.

TENTH EDITION

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PREFACE.

This little book has been prepared by several hands as a text to be used by educators in teaching the things of the middle West, particularly Chicago. Mrs. Atkinson, the author of the original, produced a charming story for boys and girls and won many friends in their ranks as well as among educators all over the United States. We have had many requests for the story in book form. In response to repeated requests we ran the story a second time in our magazine, THE WORLD'S CHRONICLE. Now we meet the further demands and present it in book form.

The editors of THE WORLD'S CHRONICLE have worked over most of the details in an attempt to bring the story down to date. The whirl of events in the city are such that ink hardly dries on an article on Chicago before the writing becomes out of date because of the march of events.

We have almost despaired of giving figures for anything in this book because the figures of good things grow so rapidly over night. Yet we have persisted in giving them, trusting to our ability to revise as time goes on, and believing the schools need the figures of this year now and that orders will come for revised editions every year. We plan to sell out our editions fast enough to keep the story ever new and true.

Special thanks are due to The Chicago Association of Commerce for data supplied, to the city archivist, to the librarian of the Chicago Historical Society, and to many individuals who have assisted us in making the work as accurate and interesting as it now is. Suggestions from educators using the work will be gladly received and thankfully, for we know such suggestions will come in time for an early revision. When a city grows 10,000 a month no set of writers can keep pace with all its progress. So we invite the help of our friends.

A statement of the main fact regarding the present state of the city is being carried forward from week to week in the Illinois Teachers' Edition of THE WORLD'S CHRONICLE with a view to issuing a second book or of adding pages to the original in its next edition. The city government, city hall, fire department, police department, health department, the county government, that of the state, the parks, water supply, sewers, care of streets, transportation, gas and electric lighting, tunnels, and plans for improvement of the city, are all proper subjects for more complete treatment than could be given in the present limits of the work.

The industries of the city, such as the Stock Yards, the rolling mills, the grain trade, the manufacture of agricultural implements, the lumber trade, machinery, electrical supplies, furniture, books, musical instruments, boots, shoes and clothing, are all to be given close attention as a supplement to the present work for the use of teachers and pupils who desire to know them minutely and accurately.

Chicago is a great subject. We trust we have laid enough of it before our readers to give them a better appreciation of its greatness.

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THE STORY OF CHICAGO AND NATIONAL DEVELOPMENT

By Eleanor Atkinson.
Edited, Enlarged and Continued by the Editorial Corps of
The Little Chronicle Company.

Note.—It is suggested that all schools at points touched in this work make a study of local history. State and county history have preserved much of which far too little is brought into the schoolroom. There is scarcely a town from Nova Scotia to Saint Anthony's Falls and down to New Orleans along the waterways followed by the French, from which a historical excursion could not easily be conducted.

Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood's "The Story of Tonty" may be read with much pleasure and profit as it makes the friend of La Salle, "the man with iron hand," a living personage and invests Starved Rock and other historic portions of Illinois with lively images. Her "Romance of Dollard" is the story of the heroes of the Long Sault; and her "White Islander" is the story of a French girl among the Indians on the Island of Mackinac.

It would be a good idea for pupils to locate on an outline map of North America the disposition of the various tribes of Indians and the posts and missions established by the French. It will be found that the St. Lawrence was the dividing line between tribes friendly and tribes hostile to them. This will help to explain the struggle that was to take place in the next century for the possession of North America and the defeat of the French.

CHAPTER I.
The Pathfinders.
(1534-1673.)

The Strange Adventures of Jean Nicolet.—In the spring of the year 1634, a number of birch-bark canoes manned by Huron Indians, turned south after passing the Strait of Michilimackinac and into the "Lake of the Illinois," as Lake Michigan was called by the tribes who lived on its shore. Pausing only at night to camp on some one of the numerous green islands that dot the reaches of blue water, the Hurons pushed on to Green Bay.

They were on a peace mission to the "Men of the Western Sea," whose country they had never seen, but whose warriors often fell on the villages of the Hurons which lay on Lake Nipissing, six weeks distant, by canoe journey, to the east.

When they reached Green Bay a crowd of painted savages rushed down to the shore, brandishing their bows and arrows and ignoring the peace-pipes which the visitors displayed. The Hurons were not men to show fear. They raced their canoes through the surf and grounded them high on the beach. From the foremost boat sprang a white man who wore a magic robe of green silk encrusted with a profusion of birds and beasts and flowers, in brilliant colors. The savages fell back in amazement, and before they could gather their wits again the white man threw up first one hand and then the other, and thunder and lightning roared and flashed from the tips of his fingers.

Who was this white man who first startled the woods and waters of Wisconsin with a pistol shot? Where did he come from? How did he reach Lake Michigan only fourteen years after the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock? And why was he dressed in the robe of a Chinese mandarin?

His name was Jean Nicolet. He had come from France. He wore a mandarin's robe because he thought the "Western Sea" might wash the shore of China or India, and that such a costume would win the confidence and respect of the natives.

But we shall have to go back a century, to account for Jean Nicolet, before we can discover what his venturesome voyage led to.

The Division of the New World.—Exactly one hundred years before, in 1534, Jacques Cartier sailed into the St. Lawrence river and claimed for France the country drained by it. In 1542 De Soto found a grave in the Mississippi, which he explored from the south as far as the mouth of the Arkansas. In 1565 Spain established a military post at St. Augustine, Florida, and, in 1584, Sir Walter Raleigh discovered and claimed Virginia for England.

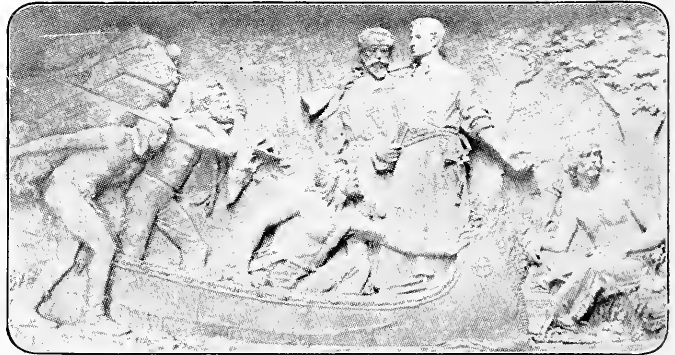
Thus the fields of future colonization in North America were roughly blocked out; but the

Seventeenth Century was to open before any serious attempts at settlements were to be made by any European nation. Then, two years after the founding of Jamestown, Virginia, Samuel de Champlain arrived at Quebec.

LOUIS JOLIET.

The Conqueror, the Colonizer and the Adventurer.—From the very first the English, French and Spanish explorers differed in all their aims and methods. The Spaniards were conquerors. They had but one object: to enrich Spain. The English came to found new homes. Their outposts were always in a hostile country, but they held and peopled every foot of soil they gained. The French, at first, came neither as home-builders nor as exploiters, but as merchants, to secure the monopoly of the fur trade of the Canadian forests to France.

It is clear, from the geographical position occupied by the three colonizing nations of the Atlantic seaboard, that the French were destined to be the first to penetrate far into the interior. The English settlers had a wall of mountains—the Appalachian ranges—to bar their way; the Spaniards had a limitless ocean front and innumerable tropic islands to engage all their powers. But the French, with no room to spread along the coast, had the St. Lawrence and the chain of lakes, forming a matchless and inviting highway into the wilderness.



JOLIET AND MARQUETTE STARTING ON VOYAGE TO THE MISSISSIPPI.

In New France, as Canada was then called, the trader and the explorer flourished, while the settler was but indifferently developed. There was no material out of which to make him. To the Frenchman of that day the toil of the pioneer was distasteful. He was romantic, and gain appealed to him less than the heroic. Today, in the colonial possession of France—Algiers, Madagascar, French Congo and Tonquin, the Frenchman displays similar characteristics. He pushes far into the interior, seeking adventure and empire, but he does not, as a rule, occupy the land except with military forces, nor till the soil.

The French who actually did settle in Acadia and all along the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi were thrifty and domestic and their descendants today make up a large percentage of the population of these regions. They use the French language and retain as far as practicable many of the old world customs to this day. Americans who visit such localities are struck with the remarkable reserve of the American French who still prefer to transact business in the old language and carry on the operations of their very productive farms as nearly in the manner of their fathers as possible. They preferred throwing up dykes to reclaim lands from the tide or from the streams to cutting down forests. The spade was their favored instrument rather than the ax when settlements were laid out.

Their farms were usually narrow with one end touching the water or the highway so the houses could be close together. This accounts for the surprising array of fences so close together and running back from the water which we see on a trip down the St. Lawrence or along the bayous of Louisiana.

But the French explorer was different from the French settler. He was a romancer, a hero, an adventurer, a soldier with his gaze fixed on the distant hills. The whole French court was surging in miniature ebb and flow in his heaving breast.

Here in the New World what the Frenchman won in trade was spent lavishly in adventure. La Salle threw away his personal inheritance,

his grant of the seigniory on Montreal Island, and all he could beg from his relations and from the crown, to win an empire for France. He did only, but in a larger way, what every man in New France, of as good birth and fortune, dreamed of doing. He was an excellent representative of the spirit of New France. In moral daring and self-sacrifice he was matched by the early missionaries.

The French had many characteristics which fitted them to take the highest advantage of their position in the New World. They had urbanity and adaptability. The savage tribes were picturesque rather than disgusting to them. The hunters, fishers, sailors, traders, adventurers

PERE MARQUETTE.

From an oil painting discovered on a cart of rubbish in Montreal, 1897; artist, R. Roos, 1669; and labelled, "Marquette de la Confrerie de Jesus."

who came to Quebec with Champlain, felt for the Indian neither the Spaniard's scorn nor the Englishman's moral and social superiority. The brave was mon frere sauvage (my wild brother). Without any sense of degradation they went at once into the forest, lived with the natives, adopted their dress, habits, and speech, and took squaws for wives.

It was Champlain, the "Father of New France," as he is called by Parkman, who shaped the destiny of France in America. It is said by historians that he came to Quebec with no other thought than to develop the fur trade in Canada; but, as he stood on the forest-crowned bluff, afterwards known as the Heights of Abraham, three hundred miles from the ocean, and watched the broad flood of the St. Lawrence pour out of the wooded wildernes to the southwest, he realized the colossal scale on which this unknown continent had been planned, and it fired his imagination.

"Whence came this mighty stream?" he asked himself. He thought it must rise in the South, and that across some distant watershed he might find the head waters of De Soto's "Great river." Whoever could hold these two rivers, he argued, would be masters of the continent they drained, and of the East Indian trade. The vast extent of North America and of the Pacific ocean had not been guessed. The object of exploration in the New World was still the discovery of a western route to the Orient.

In the year after he reached Quebec Champlain made an expedition to the south by way of what is now the Richelieu river. This brought him to the lake between New York and Vermont which bears his name. After the dark pines and spruces which give the predominating force to the St. Lawrence, Champlain was enchanted by the autumnal colors of the woods that clothed the Adirondacks.

How an Indian Skirmish Turned the Course of History.—He rode and marched down Lake Champlain and its shore very nearly to Lake George, and must soon have come to the Hudson, up which Henry Hudson had, the year before, sailed in the Half-Moon. Somewhere near Ticonderoga, the French explorers and their Algonquin guides met a band of Iriquois Indians—probably the Mohawks. The Iroquois were defeated, but Champlain gathered none of the fruits of victory, for the Algonquins turned and fled back to Canada.

The Iroquois tribes who occupied the region south of the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario, in the present state of New York, were the hereditary foes of the Algonquin tribes north of the river. The news of this battle must soon run to Lake Erie and start the Five Nations on the warpath. As the Iroquois were the bravest, brainiest, and most ferocious of the tribes of eastern North America, the Algonquins considered discretion the better part of valor.

The French in New France were never to forget or cease to regret that small engagement which seemed so trivial at the time. Within the next hundred years the Five or Six Nations, as they were known after being joined by the Tuscaroras of the Carolinas, were to sweep every tribe from their path to the Mississippi. The Dutch of New York and afterwards the British used them to check the exploration of the French, furnishing them with fire-arms and supplies, in return for skins and military service. Had the French allied themselves with the Iroquois, instead of with the Algonquins, whose power was waning, the history of the American continent, as we now know it, must have been radically different.

Down the St. Lawrence into the Wilderness.—The route to the south thus closed to French explorers, they turned to the great water highway to the west. In 1611 Champlain opened a trading post at Montreal. To this point the Huron Indians—an outcast band of Iroquois who

had fled from the south and sought protection and alliance with the Algonquins—brought skins and specimens of copper ores from the upper lakes in their canoes over the Ottawa river. Every Huron village on the Ottawa and Lake Nipissing soon had its group of young Frenchmen, who were very much at home with their red brothers of the forest. To the Hurons' Iroquois hatred was dealt out in double measure. These they drove, at last, to the edge of the Sioux country at the head of Lake Superior.

It was in this way that Jean Nicolet came to live among the Hurons on Lake Nipissing. The Hurons were enjoying a respite of persecution from the Iroquois, at this period, but they had an annoying foe in a tribe which they called the "Men of the Western Sea." These were the Winnebagoes of Green Bay. Famous canoeists they must have been, for they thought little of taking a six weeks' voyage eastward, over wild and devious waters, just to stir up the Hurons.

It was in 1634 that Nicolet conceived the idea of heading a peace mission to these "Men of the Western Sea." The priest of Montreal blessed him and absolved him of his sins, and Father Champlain, who was to die before Nicolet returned, gave him the mandarin's robe, for it might be this young explorer's fortune to arrive on the shore of China or India. In that case such a robe would inspire respect. As a protection Nicolet armed himself with a pair of the duelling pistols that were used so skillfully by all adventurous Frenchmen in the age of Louis le Grand.

NICOLET AMONG THE WINNEBAGOS. (COPYRIGHT, D. LATHROP & CO.)

So the first French explorer to reach Lake Michigan set his face westward and disappeared in the wilderness of woods and waters.

It would now be but a few days' journey by steamer, from Lake Nipissing, off Georgian Bay, Lake Huron, to Green Bay, Wis. Pleasant towns and lumber camps are to be seen on the shores, and there are glimpses of broad pasture lands and golden wheat fields through the clearings. The Canadian Pacific railway runs a branch line along the north channel of Lake Huron to the Sault Ste. Marie.

To Nicolet this journey was a six weeks' voyage by canoe through waters which, in all probability, had never before been traversed by a white man. Spruce and pine forests shut in the tortuous course of the French river like prison walls, and marched with the shore of the North Channel in dark ranks. Everywhere Nicolet stopped—at the nation of the Beavers on Lake Huron, at the Ojibwa village at the Falls, at the retreats of the Ottawas on the Manitoulins and of the Pottawatomies on the islands outside of Green Bay—he was warned of venturing among the savage Winnebagoes. Along his journey he had passed through only Algonquin tribes, and these allies of the French were concerned for his safety.

His wonderful robe clothed him with mystery, however, and his pistols invested him with superhuman power. At Green Bay were soon collected 5,000 red men and their families, made up of Winnebagoes, Menominees, Foxes, Sacs and Mascoutins. Nicolet seems to have made friends with them all, and to have lived among them on the most amicable terms for two years.

They told him, at last, of the Great river to the west, that flowed southward through a land of burning heat. No man knew where it reached the sea. Nicolet very nearly had the honor of discovering the Mississippi from the north. He went down Fox river, made the portage across the prairie to the Wisconsin and reached a point within fifty miles of where Prairie du Chien stands today. For what reason is not known, he turned back. It was nearly forty years before Joliet and Marquette followed in the footsteps of this explorer, who reported in Montreal that he had been near the Great river "whence, in three days, one could journey to the South sea."

Some one must soon have discovered the Mississippi but for the fact that the Iroquois Indians entered upon a thirty years' war against the Hurons, the Algonquin tribes and their French allies. They swarmed over Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence, drove the tribes far to the north and west, and shut the French up in their three fortified settlements—Quebec, Montreal and Three Rivers. For at least a quarter of a century the French scarcely dared venture outside their fortifications. Canada writhed for

twenty years, with little respite, under the scourge of Iroquois war.

In 1660, when there were but 3,000 white people in all New France, the three towns were in danger of extermination. Eight hundred Iroquois were encamped below Montreal and 400 more on the Ottawa. This united force was to lay siege to one stronghold after the other, until all should be reduced by starvation, when the forts were to be destroyed by flames.

What Twenty-one Heroes Did.—The commandant in Montreal, at the time, was one Adam Daulac, the Sieur des Ormeaus, better known as "Dollard." He conceived the idea of leading a band of volunteers against the savage enemy. Sixteen others joined him in the march up the Ottawa. Before starting on that heroic expedition they made their wills, confessed their sins and received the last sacraments of the church. They never expected to come back, for they had sworn neither to give nor to ask quarter. They hoped only to give the Iroquois such an example of the bravery and the fighting qualities of white men that should save the forts from attack.

This little band reached the rapids of the Ottawa (called the Long Sault or Soo) in May. There they found a rough Iroquois fort built of stakes and falling to ruin. This they repaired, built an inner wall, and filled in the space with earth, leaving loop holes for firing. They had only pounded corn to eat and no water, although the sparkling river laved the wall of their defense. An Algonquin and four Hurons joined them.

Day after day this heroic band held the little fort in the woods against 700 Iroquois who camped around it, and they picked off scores of Indians through the loop holes. It ended in the only way it could end—the extermination of the defenders. The sacrifice saved the colony of New France. The Iroquois had had fighting enough. They argued that if seventeen Frenchmen and four Indians, behind a picket fence, could hold off 700 Iroquois so long and each demand a score of lives for his own, what might they not expect from hundreds of men fighting from behind stone walls?

This story is told here to illustrate what sort of men were to reach and explore the Mississippi and the upper lake region and to give their names suitable prominence in the history of Chicago.

The Altars in the Wilderness. Daring and Devotion of the Missionaries.—The missionary priests were no less daring and devoted. A number of Jesuits came out to New France as early as 1626 and scattered through the woods around the river and the lower lakes. Thereafter, priests of this order were with every harried band of Hurons and Algonquins, sleeping on the ground, listening for the midnight alarm, living on roots and berries and the results of the chase; rearing their altars in the forests, comforting dying warriors, taking squaws and children to their scattered kindred and themselves dying strange obscure deaths in unhallowed lands.

It is not a matter for wonder, therefore, to find Père René Menard on the south shore of Lake Superior in 1661, with a band of fugitive Hurons. He led his savage flock, who needed all the consolation his religion could give them, to Chequamegon Bay, that beautiful sheet of water on which Ashland, Washburn and Bayfield, Wis., now stand. A long, lovely, green-rimmed arm of the "big sea water" fringed, on the outer edge, by the Apostle islands, twenty-seven in number, it is today a popular summer resort.

But gloomy enough it looked to that starving band of Hurons, in the beginning of the winter of 1661. The water was dark and stormy, the islands masses of funereal evergreens. Father Menard set up his altar near the city of Ashland. A stockade cut off the point, and canoes for escape were moored on the shore. In the spring a better fort was erected on Oak Point. Père Menard perished in the woods, in some obscure way, like so many of the heroic brothers of his order.

There was soon another to take his place, for Father Claude Allouez arrived in 1665, and built the mission of La Pointe du St. Esprit (the point of the Holy Ghost) between the sites of Ashland and Washburn on the shore of the bay. The original La Pointe mission was thus on the mainland, and not on Madeleine island, where there is an Indian mission some seventy years old.

This mission at La Pointe was among the Ottawas, Ojibwas and Hurons. But Pottawatomies, Miamis, Kickapoos, Sacs, Foxes, Sioux and Illinois Indians all visited it, and marveled at the altar fittings, the missionary's vestments and the tall wax candles and incense that gave such splendor and mystery to the bark chapel. Father Allouez remained at La Pointe four years. His mission is notable only because of the stories he brought back when he returned to Montreal, in 1667, on a visit. He reported that, beyond the country of the Sioux, lay the end of the world, and that the Great river, which was called the Messippi by the Indians, fell into the sea by Virginia.

This news was sent to France. It was the age of Louis XIV, and Count Frontenac was ruling at Montreal as royally as was the grand Monarque at Versailles. The word went forth that New France must keep pace with the glory of Old France. In 1669 Father Allouez was directed to go to Green Bay to establish the mission of St. Francis Xavier, near the mouth of Fox river, while Father James Marquette, a priest known for his youth, his beauty of character and his zeal, was sent from Sault Ste. Marie, where he had helped Father Bablon establish a mission, to La Pointe.

The French Claim.—There were thus three missions on the upper lakes when, in the year 1671, occurred at the Sault Ste. Marie, the stately ceremony of proclamation of French sovereignty over the Great Lakes. This ceremony took place in the presence of several Algonquin tribes who, harried from the east by the Iroquois and from the west by the Sioux, were only too glad of this promise of French protection.

The mission at La Pointe had to be abandoned. The Hurons and Ottawas, not content with their hard-earned peace, provoked the Sioux to war. Father Marquette led his unhappy Hurons back to Michilimackinac, where he founded the mission of St. Ignace, while the Ottawas took refuge on the Manitoulins near the strait. How many starving bands of Algonquins were then living precariously on the wooded islands and on the defensible points of land amid the wild waters of the upper lakes!

The Lake Superior region was closed to the French by the Sioux. The mission of La Pointe was not to be re-established for 170 years. Exit was sought to the south over the Lake of the Illinois. This was helped forward by the fact that the tribes of Wisconsin came peacefully under the dominion of France. The moment had come—now for the men!

Where was Father Marquette's mission of St. Ignace at Michilimackinac? The name belongs to an island, a strait and, later, to a town on a point extending into the strait from the south shore. But on the northern shore of the strait, in upper Michigan, was also an early mission known as St. Ignace. Indeed, the northern point is known today as Point St. Ignace. This has brought about confusion. Both sides of the strait claim the honor of Marquette's mission.

There does not seem to be any doubt, however, that it was on the south shore, at what was afterwards known as Old Mackinac, that Father Marquette established his mission of St. Ignace. It was there that all voyageurs and explorers stopped in their journeys over the upper lakes, for there was anchorage for a fleet in Mackinac Bay. The place seems thus early to have been known to the French, for Marquette had no more than set up his cross, built a bark chapel and gathered his Ottawas and Hurons about him in a village on the sandy beach below the cliffs, when a trader and explorer sought shelter in the bay.

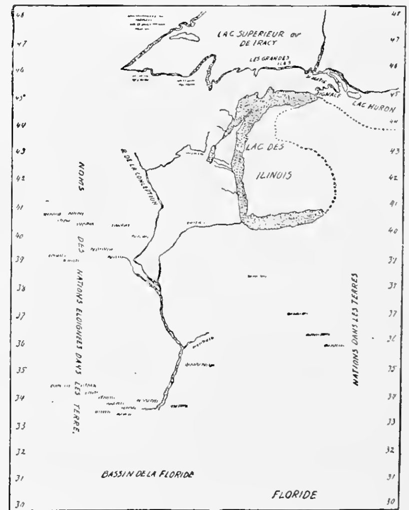
It was Louis Joliet, who was going back to Montreal with copper ores which he had taken from Indian mines at the head of Lake Superior, and who paused for a blessing at Father Marquette's mission. There, at Old Mackinac, as they sat around the council fire and Joliet smoked a peace-pipe with the chiefs, the frail young priest with the luminous eyes told the trader that, when at La Pointe, a band of strange Indians, who called themselves Illini, had come from the south, and begged him to return with them to their village by the "Messippi" which lay thirty days' march distant.

He had promised to go, but he must await the permission of his superiors in Montreal. His heart was filled with longing to carry the cross to the tribes along the Great river. He told his story and the desire of his heart to Louis Joliet. With a last wave of the hand and a benediction the two parted, never, perhaps, expecting to meet again. One was going through a hostile country, where many adventurers perished every year, to Montreal, and the other was wearing out a fragile body by labor and fasting in a land beset with danger and hardships.

Not a word reached across those hundreds of leagues of wilderness, on which to feed hope. But in just two years Louis Joliet returned to Michilimackinac with the joyful news that he had been commissioned to find the Great river and that Pere Marquette was to go with him as a missionary.

To that saintly soul on his forest and wave-girt rocky point, this news was like an answer to two years' ceaseless prayers to the Virgin.

The Search for the Great River.—The French explorer and missionary who were to re-discover



Marquette's map of region traversed by himself and Joliet showing return through Chicago.

the Mississippi from the north, set out on their voyage in May, 1673, in two birch-bark canoes. They were accompanied by five Indians. For supplies they had only some bags of corn and dried meat. They carried the weapons of the hunter to obtain food, but for their safety they depended on the peace-pipe, and on the cross which Father Marquette lifted to heaven in an appeal for help whenever danger threatend.

They followed the route Nicolet had taken

nearly forty years before, going by way of Green Bay, Lake Winnebago, the Fox and Wisconsin rivers. In just one month their canoes glided past the bluff where Prairie du Chien now stands, and rocked on the blue waters of the Mississippi.

They had found the Great river!

Parkman has told in his "Discovery of the Great West," all that is known of that wonderful voyage, and of the journey back by way of the Illinois river. The year was young and the landscape that unrolled before them, in bluff, prairie and tender woods, enchanted them so that Marquette's journal reads today like the setting of some classic romance.

On the way down the Mississippi they stopped at an Illinois Indian village on the west bank of the river, below the mouth of the Des Moines. There the explorers were told of a shorter route back to the Lake of the Illinois (Lake Michigan). They were directed to go up the Illinois river to the portage to the river now known as the Chicago and which was occupied by tribes of the Illinois Indians. This was a branch of the great Algonquin family and would prove friendly to the French.

It was thus that, in the Illinois Indian village of Kaskaskia, which stood where Utica, La Salle county, Illinois, stands today, that the explorer and missionary rested—in as fair a wilderness as ever gladdened the eyes of white men.

With all that civilization has done to this landscape it remains unchanged in many of its aspects today. The plow has turned up the prairie sod; the forests have been cut from the bluffs, and grown again; towns and railroads and farmsteads have been built, and cliffs blasted for lime rock and sandstone. But remove that modern town, the farm houses, quarries and railroads, and people the meadow with red men; sweep away the iron bridges and let the river rock the fleets of bird-like canoes; let smoke rise from lodges instead of factories and locomotives, and you will have restored to you the very landscape on which Marquette and Joliet gazed.

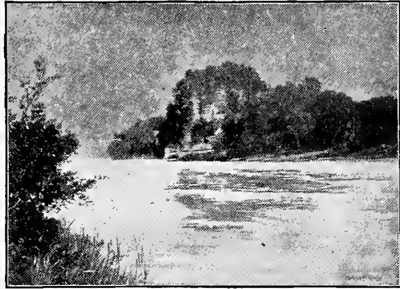
There is the valley of the Illinois, yellow with corn as of old, when squaws planted; the verdant line of hills, a cleft in the bluff for the Big Vermilion to break through, and, on the south bank of the river, an isolated cliff with three precipitous sides, that is now known in history as La Salle's "Rock of St. Louis," and to the vanishing tribes of the Illini, of a century or more later, as "Starved Rock."

Through the Portage which Became Chicago.— When ready to depart, Joliet and Marquette were furnished guides to the Lake of the Illinois.

No record of this passage through what was afterward Chicago is now in existence, except the mute testimony of Marquette's map. Joliet's maps and papers were lost by the capsizing of his canoe in the La Chine rapids of the St. Lawrence, when he was within sight of the fort at Montreal. But that he gave an account of the portage to La Salle there is proof which will be presented in the course of this narrative.

Joliet could scarcely have arrived at Montreal before Père Marquette was retracing his footsteps. He had promised the Illinois Indians that he would return and found a mission at Kaskaskia. The Pottawatomie Indians, of the islands and shore below Green bay, begged the missionary to wait until spring, but his health was failing so fast that he feared to delay.

It was late in October and the lake was stormy when Marquette embarked for the return voyage. Two French coureurs du bois, named Pierre and Jacques, and a band of Pottawatomies accompanied him, and the party was guided by Indians from the Illinois village. There were ten canoes in all.



THE ROCK OF ST. LOUIS (STARVED ROCK).
On the meadow below this cliff at Utica, Ill., was located the great Illinois Indian village of Kaskaskia, numbering 2,500 at the time of Joliet's and Marquette's visit.

Every night this company camped on shore, and in some places they were detained for days when storms raged on the lake. In this way Marquette saw, and described in his journal, every stream between Green Bay and Chicago. It was the 14th of December when the exhausted party arrived at "Portage river," as the French translated the Indian term for our Chicago river of today. It had no distinctive name, but was simply the outlet to the portage or carrying-place between the lake and the Illinois.

What sort of welcome do you think was extended here to this weary saint, who was so soon to die, with his name linked forever to the history of this region of marvels?

The cities were the centers of Greek and Roman civilization and in our own time they dominate the life, culture, and business enterprise of the world. Were they to disappear, our whole life, even in the country, would necessarily undergo a profound change and tend to become primitive again like that of the age of Charlemagne.—Robinson: History of Western Europe.

CHAPTER II.
The Gateway to the Mississippi.
(1674-1700.)

Summary. Of the three colonizing nations in the New World in the Seventeenth century the French alone were so placed that they could reach the great West at an early period; the hostility of the Iroquois compelled them to expand in this direction rather than southward across New York and Ohio. When they had got as far as the Lake Superior region further progress westward was cut off by the ferocious Sioux, and they were forced to return to the northern end of Lake Michigan. Sailing south on the lake, they came to Green Bay, proceeded by water to the portage to the Wisconsin river, sailed down this to the Mississippi, down the Mississippi to the mouth of the Arkansas, and back by the way of the Illinois to the portage to the Chicago river, and so, through what is now Chicago, into Lake Michigan. To this point Marquette returned alone.

(From Lincoln Park Statue.)
LA SALLE.
"A man born to command."

Marquette's Winter in the Trader's Hut. The site of Chicago was inhospitable and dreary to the last degree the day Marquette arrived at the mouth of the Chicago river in December, 1674. For eight days high winds prevented the canoes from rounding the sandbar that obstructed the mouth of the river. The only shelter from the bitter winds and from the waves that buffeted the low shore was among the stunted trees and underbrush on the sand-dunes north of the river. Of human habitation on the lake shore there was no sign. The place was used as a highway, and no Indian village was ever located on the shore at this point.

For miles up and down the shore, and back to the horizon, twelve miles to the west, where a low ridge marked the ancient limits of Lake Michigan and formed a part of the long watershed between the Mississippi and St. Lawrence river systems, stretched one vast tract of half-frozen marsh. Through this swamp the river flowed so sluggishly that the lake had piled up a long sandbar and forced the stream to run parallel to the shore for a half mile before it found an outlet. The Chicago river thus flowed into Lake Michigan not where it does today but five blocks south, at the foot of Madison street, two blocks north of the spot now occupied by the Art Institute.

Far to the south, beyond a grove of oaks which began near Thirty-fifth street, Stony Island, a hillock of disintegrated rock, and Blue Island, a long mound of blue clay, both left by the glacier that had receded ages before, rose

ROBERT CAVELIER, SIEUR DE LA SALLE.
(From the Margry Portrait.)
"Look into his face and you may see why he was to become the first great self-made man who ever trod the streets of Chicago."

above the spongy flats. In their neighborhood an intricate network of shallow streams converged into Calumet Lake through territory now occupied by several suburban towns. School children of Chicago go to these "islands" today

to study the effect of glacial action.

Marquette did not take note in his journal of the forkings of the Chicago river, but otherwise he gave an accurate and minute description of the region. The peculiar sandbar which obstructed the mouth would alone serve to identify it. Francis Parkman, who lived for years in the footsteps of the early French explorers, states positively that the missionary spent the winter of 1674-75 on the Chicago river.

Little did Marquette dream that two hundred years after his mission on earth was finished a city larger than any of Europe in his day was to spring up on this dreary marsh, vanish in flames, and again rise in greater beauty and strength from the ashes. And little did the Pottawatomie Indians who saw the Chicagou portage for the first time dream that this land was to become the scene of their council fires; that they were to wage war to the death with the Illinois Indians with whom they now vied in attentions to Marquette; that when a century and a third had passed their descendants were to dance around the blazing fort of the first white settlers in Chicago.

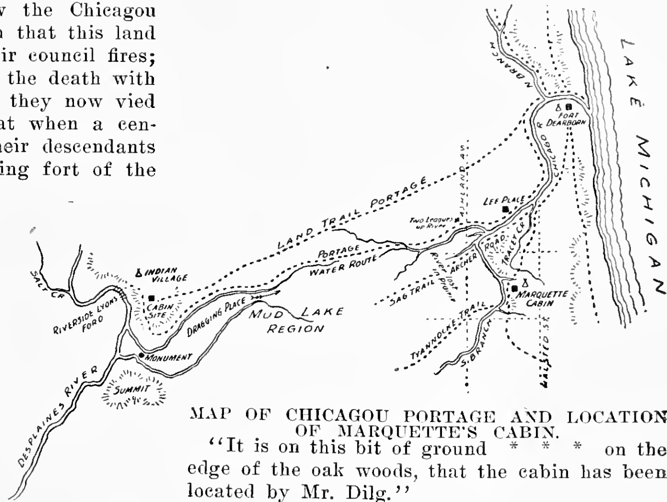
The Indians with Marquette were concerned about getting the missionary to some sort of shelter, for it was clear that he was too ill to complete the journey to Kaskaskia, nearly one hundred miles to the west. When, on the 12th of December, the river had frozen over, they improvised a sledge of their canoes and dragged him up the stream. How they must have longed for the comfortable dome-shaped, rush-matted, skin-lined lodges of Kaskaskia and its stores of maize and pemmican!

Where Did the Hut Stand? Where, now, did the missionary find a resting place? He says himself that they proceeded "about two leagues" up the river, where they found the abandoned hut of two couriers du vois, who were in the woods with the Indians. This hut had doubtless been left by a trader. The trader long preceded the explorer and missionary in the great West, but he was usually too ignorant or indifferent to leave any record of his wanderings.

But does this vague description help us very much after the changes of so many years? The river has been widened, deepened and straightened, the very course of the water turned westward into the Drainage canal. The old sandbar is gone, and a deep harbor occupies the place of shallow water. More than 250 square miles of marsh have been drained, filled in, paved and built over. All inequalities of surface and ancient landmarks have disappeared.

A mile and a half back from its old mouth at Madison street the river branched, as it does today. There were portages into the Desplaines from the North branch, the South branch and the Calumet, all of which were used by the Indians. It is generally agreed that the South branch was the one followed by Marquette, for by both the other routes the measurements are almost double those given by him.

But now comes confusion. The league has varied in length in every country and century, and so has the mile. The English land league and the marine league used by seamen was three miles long. France had leagues of 2.42, 2.764 and 3.52 miles in length. In the Seventeenth century the posting league of 3.52 miles was



MAP OF CHICAGOU PORTAGE AND LOCATION OF MARQUETTE'S CABIN.

"It is on this bit of ground * * * on the edge of the oak woods, that the cabin has been located by Mr. Dilg."

used by French explorers in the New World. "About two leagues," then, would have meant something less than seven miles. Before that distance is reached on the Chicago river, however, the South branch forks again into the West and South forks. Upon which of these was the cabin located?

Had the party been going directly through to the Desplaines the West fork would have been followed, for this was the portage route. Assuming that they intended going on, one historian at first located the cabin near where Ashland avenue crosses the West fork. Upon further investigation he placed it at the foot of Center avenue, near Twenty-second street, where the famous Lee's Place cabin afterward stood. This point was only a league and a half from the mouth of the river. Still later, however, this same historian concluded that the cabin must have been close to the stockyards on the South fork.

The West fork is on the portage, while Marquette says he was "near the portage, on a little hillock." The West fork was uniformly

low and marshy. On the South fork there was a bit of rising ground where is now the east end of the Thirty-fifth Street bridge, at the intersection of Center avenue. This point was six miles from the mouth of the river.

It is on this bit of ground that was elevated above the marsh, and that stood on the edge of the oak woods, thus being dry and somewhat sheltered from the winds that swept the plain, the cabin has been located by Mr. Carl Dilg, an archaeologist of Chicago. By a dozen years of tramping and digging in the ground to find sepultured bones, chert arrow-heads, and fragments of Indian pottery, he has succeeded in mapping all the Indian villages and trails in Cook county. His map covers forty miles of lake shore and all the territory back to the ridge at Riverside. It is only a manuscript map today and it is kept locked in the safe at the Chicago Historical Library.

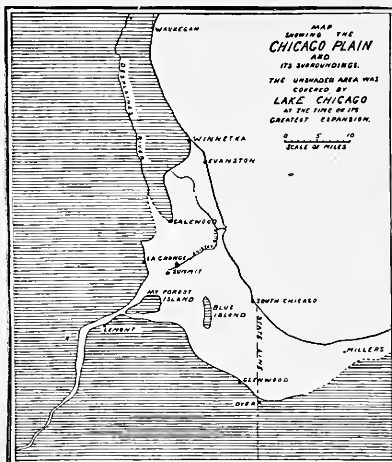
To the writer of this history Mr. Dilg has given this valuable fragment of his map and the data explaining it, showing the Chicagou portage, by way of the South branch, into the Desplaines, the land trails and water route and the location of the Marquette cabin. Whether he is right in all his conclusions is not determined, but certainly no one else has gone so exhaustively into this obscure field of inquiry or presented his material so convincingly.

In our map, which is clear of the confusion of streets which criss-cross maps of Chicago today, you can see the entire region was one of natural waterways. The forks of the Chicago and the Desplaines almost inclose a tract called the Mud Lake region. The entire tract was subject to overflow, the lake expanding to the highest banks of the streams in every spring freshet. It is down the bed of old Mud Lake that the Illinois and Michigan canal and the Drainage canal have been led until, at the town of Summit, they are carried over the higher level, after which they follow the valley of the Desplaines.

Marquette said that in dry weather the Indians had to carry their canoes across the prairie nine miles, but when the prairie was flooded there was only half a league—one and three-fourths miles—to be made by land. These measurements have been verified by modern surveys.

On the rise at Thirty-fifth street on the South fork Mr. Dilg found all the evidences of an Indian village. Marquette says that Indians were camped around his cabin. At this point, also, the Tyanockee trail branched, one branch going down to the Calumet region and the other crossing the South fork near the stockyards. The missionary says that Illinois Indians passed his door carrying their furs. He was thus on dry ground, in the shelter of trees, in an Indian village, and on a constantly traveled trail. In such a situation he could best be cared for.

The winter could not have been other than dreary. Wind and snow held high carnival on the bleak wastes. With the alternate thawing and freezing of the slough and the watercourses hunting must have been difficult. Few Indians remained in the village over the winter, but were off in the woods where game was more plentiful. The two French voyageurs with Marquette killed three buffaloes and four deer, and other supplies were brought in by Mascoutins—the rude and boorish tribe which then occupied the site of Chicago. Once a French voyageur visited the sick missionary, coming a hundred



THE CHICAGO PLAIN.

"Back to the horizon, fifteen miles to the west, where a low ridge marked the ancient limits of Lake Michigan * * * stretched one vast tract of half-frozen marsh."

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miles, in all probability, for a blessing.

It was late in March when the ice broke up in the Desplaines and flooded the prairie. Marquette embarked from his cabin door in a canoe and was rowed back to the portage and across to the ridge. Both Riverside and Summit claim the honor of being at the west end of the Chicagou portage, and Summit has erected a monument of rock from the Drainage canal near the Alton depot to mark the supposed spot where Marquette left his canoe and crossed the ridge to the Desplaines.

One historian takes the position that Marquette crossed at Summit in the autumn of '73 when with Joliet, and at Riverside on the second voyage in the spring of '75. Marquette, in his famous journal, says: "Here we commenced our portage eighteen months ago," which clearly conveys the information that he used the same route on both voyages.

Suggestions for Teachers and Pupils. In connection with this chapter there are opportunities for schools to make special local studies at Niagara, Detroit, Mackinac, St. Joseph, South Bend, Chicago, LaSalle county, Illinois, and Peoria. Fort Crevecœur is believed to have been on the Tazewell county shore of Peoria Lake, about a mile and a half from the outlet.

The Chicago Historical Library is full of material for the student. Here may be seen bronze bas-relief panels and portrait busts, fine oil paintings of the explorers, and water colors of the Mud Lake region, Starved Rock and other points here mentioned. Miss Caroline McIlvaine, the librarian, has requested us to inform teachers and schools that when visiting the library they should first apply to her in the office at the rear of the entrance hall. One of the attendants will always be assigned to show and explain the matter illustrating any particular time or event.

How the Indians "Surveyed" the Burlington. The Riverside-Lyons ford was the one used by the Indians in wet weather and dry. The French explorers and voyageurs were usually guided by Indians, and always followed the Indian trails. In later days the white settlers around Fort Dearborn used this Indian trail. It was also followed by the earliest stage-coach lines to the west, by the first plank road to Aurora and later by the builders of the Burlington railroad.

This route was the straightest and dryest one to the ridge, being above flood level. Roads and railroad beds were thus more easily graded.

Below the ridge at Summit was a bottomless morass, on the borders of Mud Lake. Traces of this swamp exist today. For this reason it was found easier to lead the two canals over the Summit-Level. Nature had already done much of the excavating necessary. We must assume, then, that it was at Riverside, a little north of the Burlington railway bridge, where the shelving banks furnished an easy slope for launching canoes, and later for a wagon ford, that Marquette embarked on the beautiful Desplaines—"the river of the maples"—where in the first warm days of spring the trees were covered with scarlet bloom.

Marquette arrived in the great Illinois Indian village of Kaskaskia in April. He was received, as he quaintly records in his journal, "like an angel from heaven." He seems only to have set up a cross and an altar on the meadow below the lordly bluff, to have confessed and blessed his new converts, and then to have departed, a sorrowful procession of Illinois warriors accompanying him back to the shore of Lake Michigan.

Death of Marquette. Late in the month of May, 1675, at the age of thirty-seven, he died on the bank of a little stream in Michigan, just south of the promontory called Sleeping Bear Point. The little town of Glenn Haven stands today nearest this historic scene, on the point which extends from the mainland opposite the Manitou Islands. The next year the bones of the missionary were moved by a procession of thirty canoes, manned by Pottawatomies, Ottawas and Hurons, to some other point, but as to where they were taken the historians are not agreed. Some say to Point St. Ignace on the north shore of the strait, where a monument has been erected to mark his tomb. Others say to Frankfort or Ludington, Mich., in a country the Pottawatomies were beginning to occupy, and still others to the St. Francis Xavier mission at Green Bay. Still others claim the honor

LA SALLE'S LIEUTENANT, HENRI DE TONTY.
Tonty lost a hand in Italian wars and wore a gloved hand of jointed steel. This is shown on the bronze panel.

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for Old Mackinac, declaring that he was laid there under the floor of his bark chapel, all traces of which disappeared in the half century that British and American troops occupied the post. This seems the most reasonable theory, for LaSalle a few years later put into the Bay of Mackinac in his sailing vessel and prayed at Marquette's grave before proceeding on his voyage.

From the great West Marquette vanished like some dim figure of a medieval saint. Long was his spirit invoked by the Algonquin tribes to still the tempests on the Great Lakes. Joliet never returned to the West, but found in domestic life in Montreal consolation for the loss of his papers.

An Empire Builder and His Dreams. And now there loomed up a man of different stamp from either of these; one of imperial enterprise and resource, of practical energy and undaunted

courage; one with the spirit of the Twentieth rather than of the Seventeenth century. Parkman has called him the "undespairing Norman."

This was Robert Cavelier, Sieur de la Salle. Like the names of other men who have filled unique places in history, his has been shortened to LaSalle.

We are glad that we have in Illinois a city and county of LaSalle; and it is fitting that the great building occupied by the Board of Trade in Chicago, which rules the price of grain for the world, should front LaSalle street. If this explorer were with us today he would be reaching out for the empire of commerce. He was destined to explore the Mississippi to its mouth, claim its vast basin for the French crown, and give it the name of Louisiana.

When he began his task he was penniless, unknown, of middle-class birth—a handicap in those days of privilege for nobles—and he was that the Mississippi flows into the Gulf of Mexico. He knew that it has great tributaries which he was sure must drain a fertile, temperate basin more than a thousand miles wide. With this knowledge he went to France and secured from the king a commission to explore, fortify, colonize and trade in the Mississippi Valley.

LaSalle Begins His Great Work. He sold his estate at La Chine on Montreal Island, mortgaged Fort Frontenac, which was included in his grant, and thus obtained money to build a fort at Niagara and a sailing vessel, the "Griffin." The first sails were unfurled on the Great Lakes in 1679—the "floating fort" the Indians called it when it swung into the snug cove at Michilimackinac and dropped anchor in the midst of a hundred bark canoes "like a triton among minnows." Its cannon awoke the echoes of the wooded cliffs. At Marquette's tomb LaSalle prayed in a mantle of scarlet edged with gold. No humble petitioner this, but a conqueror, whom only death could defeat.

KASKASKIA IN 1901.

"In that lovely green peninsula—an island today—the mission established by Marquette was continued."

a man of few words and a haughty spirit that repelled comradeship. He had been educated in the order of the Jesuits—taught to obey when he was born to command. All these difficulties he overcame. Look in his face and you may see why he was to become the first great self-made man who ever trod the ground which now lies a dozen feet under the pavements of Chicago.

When Joliet returned to Montreal in 1674 LaSalle was in command at Fort Frontenac, the French frontier post at the foot of Lake Ontario. You may imagine how he gloated over Joliet's maps and journal of that first voyage down the great river, as a miser gloats over treasure. For years he had dreamed of the empire in the great West to be won for France. Now his dreams took shape. He knew positively

From Green Bay the "Griffin" was sent back to Montreal with a load of furs. Guided by Pottawatomies, who then occupied the east shore of Lake Michigan to the Grand river, LaSalle, with his fourteen white men and his faithful Mohegan, Nika, paddled to the St. Joseph river. There, while waiting for his lieutenant, Henri de Tonty, who had preceded him to the Illinois country to prepare for his coming, he built Fort Miami. The St. Joseph and Kankakee rivers, through the portage at South Bend, Ind., ever afterward formed LaSalle's favorite route to the Illinois. In the next year he erected Fort Crevecœur at Peoria, and began to build a vessel on Peoria Lake for the voyage down the Mississippi.

Leaving Tonty to fortify the bluff (now Starved Rock) at Kaskaskia, which contained

at that time no less than 460 Illinois Indian lodges, LaSalle went back to Montreal for supplies, for the "Griffin" had been lost on the return voyage. In this journey (March, 1680) he passed through Chicagou portage, of which he had had an account from Joliet. Because of the ice he hid his canoes on an island in the Desplaines, near the present site of the city of Joliet, and struck across the prairie toward Lake Michigan. Joliet, when detained at Fort Frontenac, had told LaSalle that "it would be possible to go from Lake Erie to the Mississippi in boats, and by very good navigation, if there would be cut a canal through a half league of prairie at the Chicagou portage."

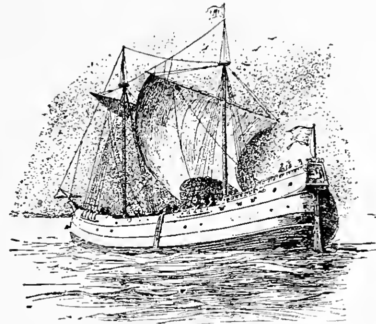
LaSalle found here one vast tract of half-frozen mud and snow. It was just before the spring freshet, and Mud Lake was doubtless shrunk to its smallest dimensions, for LaSalle wrote to Count Frontenac, governor of New France, disdainfully of Joliet's "proposed ditch at the Portage du Chicagou." This is his description of the existing waterway:

At 41° 50′ north latitude, at the west of the Lake of the Illinois, is a channel formed by the junction of several rivulets or meadow ditches. It is navigable for about two leagues, where is a little lake divided by a causeway made by beavers and is about a league and a half long, from which, again, runs a stream which flows into the Illinois (Desplaines). This little lake is filled by spring freshets and discharges into the Desplaines and also into the Lake of the Illinois (Michigan), which is only seven feet lower than the level of this prairie. The Illinois (Desplaines), in the spring, when its channel is overfull, sends a part of its water by this little lake into the Lake of the Illinois.

LaSalle did not consider a canal such as Joliet proposed feasible, for the supply of water varied so with the seasons. What would he say could he see two canals connecting Lake Michigan with the Illinois, one of them not for commerce, but to secure the health of the 2,000,000 inhabitants of the Chicagou portage?

Six months later Tonty fled from the Iroquois and Miamis over the marsh at Chicago. The Illinois village of Kaskaskia had been destroyed, the Indian allies of the French massacred, captured and scattered far down the Mississippi. It was October (1680) when Tonty reached the Chicagou portage, and the cold was bitter. Two Franciscan priests, Father Riborde and Father Boisrondet, and two other Frenchmen were with him. Father Riborde was wantonly murdered by a wandering band of Kickapoos, and Father Boisrondet was lost for some days on the marsh while trying to find game for the starving fugitives. Tonty himself was sick of a malaria fever and may have lain in the same hut that had sheltered Marquette fifteen years before. The whole party was kept alive by wild onions which they grubbed from the marsh. It was the end of November before they reached Green Bay.

The Lord of the Wilderness and His Red Retainers. The next year LaSalle and Tonty were back at the ruined village of Kaskaskia, near the present Utica, building Fort St. Louis on the isolated cliff, and gathering about them a great confederacy of Algonquin and other tribes to defend the country and the Indians from the conquering Iroquois. The Illinois, the Miamis, who repented of their brief alliance with the



THE GRIFFIN.
"Its cannon awoke the echoes of the wooded cliffs."

common enemy; Shawanoes, Weas, Piankeshas, Pepikakias, Kilaticas, Abenakis, Mohegans, and many other tribes with names too barbarous to be recorded, to the number of 4,000 warriors, with their women and children, were gathered about the Rock of St. Louis "like European peasants of the Middle Ages about the castle of a feudal lord." As yet there were no Pottawatomies below the Grand river in Michigan.

This extraordinary confederacy, which LaSalle was able to form to check the advance of the Iroquois, needs explanation.

Rise and Fall of the Algonquin Empire. The Algonquin nation had formerly been the largest on the North American continent. It was composed of a score of tribes, related in language and customs and knit in close aggressive alliance. These had spread from Labrador to the Rockies and southward to North Carolina. The Five Nations, who made up the Iroquois confederacy, were driven out of Canada into the present state of New York. There they lived precariously for a century or more, nursing their grievances and biding their time.

Origin of the Name "Chicago." There are many theories as to the origin of the name "Chicago." The one that has geen generally accepted is that it is an Indian word, signifying a bad smell. As applied to this region it is supposed to have referred to the wild onions which grew rankly all over the marshy plain. By other authorities the name is said to have been derived from an Indian word meaning strong or mighty. The Indians are said to have applied the name to the Mississippi, to thunder, and to the voice of the Great Manitou. Father Hennepin used the name to designate the Illinois river. On Franquelins' map (1684) it is given to the Ohio river. Samson (1673), geographer to Louis XIV., applied it to the Mississippi. LaSalle gave the name to the Desplaines and also to the Calumet. Doubtless he applied it to this whole region of connected waterways. He speaks of the "Chicagou portage." The name came at last to designate both the plain and the river which bear it today, long before Fort Dearborn came to be built. The fort at Chicagou and the Miami village are referred to by St. Cosme, who was here in 1699. About 1735 the French commandant at Green Bay, in a letter, speaks of the Indians who obstruct passage through Chicagou and the Illinois. And in 1778, during the Revolution, the British commander at Mackinac refers to the negro Jean Baptiste Pointe de Saible as being at Chicagou "very much in the interest of the French" (then on the lower Mississippi). Under the name of Chicago the tract was conveyed to the United States in 1795 by the Indians.

When the French reached Canada in 1609 the power of the Algonquins was waning. It was disputed by the fierce Sioux, far to the west; by the swift-moving Sacs and Foxes of Wisconsin; by the Tuscaroras in North Carolina, who ultimately joined the Iroquois and thus formed the Six Nations; and by the Iroquois in New York. Now prosperity had caused the Algonquins to relax their vigilance, and many breaks had been made in their ranks. They had also grown more civilized and at the same time more peaceable. The populous village, with its well-built lodges and fields of maize, was more attractive to them than the war-path. They fell easily under the blandishments of the French and became converts who delighted the Jesuit and Franciscan missionaries.

WA-PA-KE-SEK.
Chief of Sac and Fox Tribe.

You will remember that after Nicolet's voyage to Green Bay in 1634 the Iroquois swarmed over into Canada and drove the Algonquin tribes to the upper lakes. From this blow, after a generation, they recovered, and once more, but in lessened number, occupied the banks of the Ottawa and the St. Lawrence and afforded the French a safe route to the Miss.

Now, with startling suddenness, the Iroquois had swept across Ohio and Indiana and destroyed a flourishing Illinois town of 500 lodges. No tribe in the Middle West felt safe from this relentless foe. It was with gratitude that 20,000 Indians accepted the promise of French protection from LaSalle and huddled below his mag. cannon on the Rock of St. Louis. The Chicagou and St. Joseph portages were kept open by the Miamis and Pottawatomies, so that communication with Montreal was safe and swift.

A Great Exploit, and How It Was Rewarded. To complete this brilliant exploit LaSalle went to the mouth of the Mississippi. He reached the Gulf of Mexico on the 9th of April, 1682, named the country Louisiana, and proclaimed the sovereignty of France over it. He saw the necessity for direct communication with Paris, for the Iroquois might compel him to cut loose from New France. In LaSalle's plans Louisiana was to become a separate colony. He really had the beginnings of an empire a hundred miles west of Chicago in the year 1682, a year before Penn signed his famous treaty with the Indians at Philadelphia.

"Did not Paris," I imagine you asking, "go wild with delight at this news? Did not Louis XIV., who knew how to reward greatness, load this amazing man with honors and wealth? Did not the governor of New France send in soldiers, guns and supplies to hold that empire and to sustain the red allies of France? Did not colonists—carpenters, smiths, shipwrights, farmers, millers and traders—swarm into that virgin land to reap its riches?"

No. Strange as it seems, none of these things happened. But little appreciation of these great services of LaSalle was shown by any of his contemporaries.

LaSalle had spent 40,000 crowns (the French crown, before the Eighteenth century, varied in value from $1.50 to $2.20) in his explorations. This he had raised by the sale of his own seigniory at La Chine on Montreal Island, by mortgaging Fort Frontenac, by begging and bor-

rowing of rich relatives in France who were proud of him, and by persuading traders in Montreal to invest in his speculative enterprise. Large powers had been given him by the French king, but no means of developing them. His friend and patron, Count Frontenac, governor of New France, was dead, and in his stead ruled La Barre, the explorer's unscrupulous, envious rival.

LaSalle had found, claimed and opened up an empire, built forts and organized an army of red soldiers whose salvation depended on their fealty to the French crown and the redemption of LaSalle's promises of protection. He was to arm and drill them. In return they were to bring him their furs, reveal their mines, and help him conquer the tribes of the lower Mississippi. In his large vision he already saw a French fleet trading on the Mississippi and a chain of forts strung along its banks. He had entered into negotiations for the friendship of the Chickasaw and Natchez Indians in Arkansas and Mississippi.

French Soldier in Illinois. Early Eighteenth Century.

But now he was bankrupt of funds, and enemies in Montreal were undermining his work. He was discredited in Paris. Doubts were even expressed that he had reached the mouth of the Mississippi, or that the "Coloine du Sieur de la Salle" about the Rock of St. Louis had other existence than in the disordered brain of a reckless adventurer.

Father Hennepin, the Recollet friar whom LaSalle had sent to explore the upper Mississippi and who really reached the falls of St. Anthony, had returned to France and out of sheer vanity claimed the honor of having explored the mouth of the great river himself. He was a facile and convincing writer and, from his published book and maps, won more than a brief glory. LaSalle's claims were dismissed without a hearing as a piece of effrontery, and the man himself was considered a dangerous visionary gone mad. Word went forth that his pretensions were to be checked lest he demoralize the Indians and break up the fur trade of New France.

Waiting there at the fort on the lordly bluff, his proud heart bursting with high hope for the glorious future of Louisiana, waiting for the help and recognition due him, LaSalle suddenly saw his work crumble into dust. Supplies from New France were cut off, and he was forbidden to engage in the fur trade.

"The Undespairing Norman." This was bitter defeat. Any other man would have given up in despair; LaSalle returned to France to face his enemies and to get the ear of the king. It was in 1684 that he passed through the Chicagou portage for the last time. He was detained there for several days by a snowstorm. Then he embarked on Lake Michigan. Watch him as his frail bark canoe dances on the rippling lake, that gallant figure with the clean-cut, haughty face and undaunted eyes. Now the canoe is a mere speck on the blue expanse; then it vanishes. Chicagou is to see the "undespairing Norman" no more!

Does it not thrill you to think that the city which rose on the shore he left behind him is imbued with his own unconquerable spirit?

LaSalle was heard and believed. He completely won over king and court. He got all he asked for—ships, money, supplies, soldiers, colonists, authority over Louisiana—and he sailed back, going by way of the Gulf of Mexico. He was to be hindered no more by the petty tyrants at Montreal.

Who Was Responsible for LaSalle's Assassination? But jealousy, hatred and treachery dogged his footsteps. Was LaSalle's fleet commander, Beaujeu, paid to bring his expedition to disaster? In Louisiana LaSalle was to represent the person and authority of King Louis, but on shipboard he was under the fleet commander. A murmur would have meant mutiny; mutiny—chains, disgrace and failure. Beaujeu did not conceal his hostility, ignored LaSalle's instructions, sailed past the mouth of the Mississippi, and landed the explorer and his hapless colonists 400 miles to the west, on the shore of Texas. This was in a territory occupied by Spain and it was infested with unfriendly tribes of Indians.

There, after long wanderings to find the lost river, after battle, famine and sickness had decimated his followers, LaSalle was assassinated by mutineers of his own party. While he undoubtedly had powerful enemies who would stoop at nothing to compass his death, yet his tragic fate may in part have been due to certain traits in the explorer's character.

When he chose to exercise them LaSalle was a man of extraordinary social gifts. He charmed Louis XIV., and he convinced everyone of his brilliant powers. But he was naturally reserved and haughty. To Count Frontenac and Henri de Tonty he no doubt poured out all his cherished dreams, and he won their lifelong devotion. To no other did he seem to give his confidence or affection. This bred resentment in men of small imagination, then distrust, and finally treachery. To feel themselves despised by a man whom fortune had forgotten aroused

all the basest instincts in his followers.

LaSalle's faithful lieutenant, Henri de Tonty, remained in the Illinois country, engaged in a losing fight with the Iroquois, Sacs and Foxes. Twice he went down the Mississippi to find traces of his dead chief. And once, when hard-pressed (1685), he went up to Mackinac for help, and brought down Durantaye and Du Lhut (Duluth), that prince of coureurs du bois, from the country of the Sioux. Together they built a fort at the Chicagou portage.

The Chicagou Post and the Lost Boy. There was an Indian depot or post at Chicagou as early as 1682. This seems to have been rebuilt or strengthened in 1685, when Durantye occupied it with sixty French soldiers. From that time to the end of the century it seems to have been one of the defenses of the country, for a Miami village of 150 wigwams was clustered around it in 1699 when St. Cosme passed through the portage and was detained "over a feast day among my own people (French) at Chicagou" by the loss of a young French boy in the tall grass on the marshy plains.

This fort and Indian village, with a chapel and priest's house, were on the north side of the river, probably where the Kinzie place afterward stood, as is shown in Popple's map of 1733. It was then called Fort Miamis. When, in 1795, the government of the United States secured the site of Chicago by the Treaty of Greenville, it was described as a place "where a fort formerly stood."

This fort of Durantye's could in any case have been nothing more than a stout stockade of tree-trunks, inclosing rude barracks and a storage house. There were no large guns, for the only cannon brought into the Illinois country at so early a date were the two small ones that were mounted on the Rock of St. Louis. Tonty made his headquarters until the close of the century on this famous bluff, midway between the forts of Chicago and Peoria.

Tonty thus had three strongholds in Illinois, which for twenty years kept communication open between New France and the Mississippi. They were defended not only by small bodies of French troops but by the five tribes of the Illinois Indians—the Kaskaskias, Peorias, Cahokias, Tamaroas and Mitchigamias. The Miami Indians, who were disposed at this time to ally themselves with the French, stretched from the mission village at Chicago, which grew up in the shelter of the fort, across Indiana and to the Maumee and Scioto rivers in Ohio, with their capital at Fort Wayne, and resisted the advance of the Iroquois. The Pottawatomies were working steadily downward through Michigan. All the prowess of this tribe was at the service of the French.

So Tonty waited and held the Illinois country for LaSalle, who lay dead on the banks of Trinity river, Texas.

LaSalle's Faithful Lieutenant. Think of him, too, when you think of LaSalle. Many a country has served the captains of industry of Chicago since, and helped build up fortunes and enterprises not their own. No city or state could reach greatness without just such disinterested services as his. Brilliant mind, faithful heart, sterling integrity, untiring energy, he gave them all to his illustrious chief, and asked no reward, not even fame.

A FRENCH VOYAGEUR.

Suggestions to Teachers and Pupils. On an outline map of North America, pupils may mark the locations of the French forts which existed in 1750 in the St. Lawrence, Ohio and Mississippi valleys, and find related matter in the account in their school histories of the French and Indian War. Lives of Washington will all tell of his long journey through the wilderness to carry the message from Governor Dinwiddie to Fort Duquesne, and of his surrender of Fort Necessity.

Of the French settlements and Fort Chartres in Illinois, there is practically no matter that can be taken into the school room, since the period has not had its popular historian. One of the popular new novels is based on John Law's famous Company of the West. It is "The Mississippi Bubble," by Emerson Hough. Some future romancer, perhaps, may find inspiration for a great historical novel in Pierre d'Artaguette. In the Chicago Public Library may be found Edward G. Mason's scholarly work, "Illinois in the Eighteenth Century." It is recommended for reference. The state-house at Springfield has a mural painting of Fort Chartres.

CHAPTER III.

THE FRENCH IN THE MISSISSIPPI BOTTOM.

(1700-1754.)

The Story Thus Far. Having found Chicago to be the most available portage to the Illinois valley, Marquette returned through the place (1675), founded his mission at Kaskaskia, and died. In 1679 LaSalle and his lieutenant, Henri de Tonty, arrived and built forts on Peoria lake and the Rock of St. Louis. At this latter place LaSalle formed his confederacy of Indian tribes to hold the country for France. He returned to France for help and was assassinated in Texas. Tonty built a fort at Chicagou (1685), and occupied the Illinois country up to the end of the century. In 1699 St. Cosme, in passing through the portage, remained for several days "among his own people" at Chicagou.

How Fort Dearborn Came to Be Built. Now we come to the time when the last of the early French explorers is to disappear from northern Illinois. After twenty-seven heroic years Chicago and the valley of the Illinois were to enter a century of obscurity. So far as the ordinary history of the United States is concerned this hundred years in the Northwest is a lost century. The single event that is considered worthy of record is the capture of Kaskaskia and Vincennes by Col. George Rogers Clark from the British during the Revolution. But how these places came to be on the Mississippi and the Wabash, who settled them, how they came into the possession of the British, and why their capture should have been considered an important matter, is not explained.

Let us trace the history of this lost century and study the stirring events which led up to the building of Fort Dearborn at Chicago in 1803.

Tonty Gives Up the Struggle. In 1700 Henri de Tonty abandoned the Illinois country. Twenty years had he held the disheartened tribes together in the hope that France would redeem LaSalle's promises; but LaSalle had been long dead and his red allies forgotten in France. Now word came that France was to take up LaSalle's work, not where he had left off, but at the mouth of the Mississippi river. D'Iberville was among the Biloxi Indians on the Gulf, and there is reason to believe that he sent for Tonty to help him fortify Biloxi and Mobile, for Tonty went down the river to Mobile and died there in 1704.

It must have been with a sad heart that he advised the Illinois Indians to leave their old home and go down the great river, where they could again live under the protection of French forts far from the Iroquois and from the Sacs and Foxes who now preyed on their lessened numbers.

Early in the eighteenth century we find only a few Illinois Indians in their old villages. The Sacs and Foxes filled the Rock river valley and foraged southward. The Miamis moved eastward into the region where Fort Wayne, Ind., stands today. The Pottawatomies took possession of the end of Lake Michigan and began to use the Chicagou portage. It was with the Pottawatomies, Sacs and Foxes that the soldiers of Fort Dearborn and the early settlers of Chicago had to deal more than a hundred years later.

"Chicago: The Climax and Epitome of the West." From this time forward the history of Chicago is the history of the Northwest. Because in the eighteenth century nothing was to happen at this point, it is all the more necessary to learn of the development which took place three hundred miles behind it on the banks of the Mississippi below St. Louis.

For the next twenty years French missionaries alone were to keep the little spark of civilization alive in the western wilderness. Tribe after tribe of the Illinois Indians journeyed leisurely southward, each with its packs of skins and

canoe-loads of maize, its priest and mission property, its carpenter and blacksmith outfit, its millstones and few small firearms, and the ponies, cattle and swine that had been brought in from New France.

These bands may have intended going down to the Gulf with Tonty, but they would have had to fight their way through the fierce Chickasaw and Natchez Indians. Of wars they were weary and in the end they paused on the east bank of the Mississippi at various points which they found unoccupied between the present site of St. Louis and the mouth of the Ohio river, 1,200 miles above the French forts at Mobile and Biloxi. You can find the locations of their new homes today by the names of villages in the region—Cahokia, Kaskaskia and Tamaroa. A number of the Peorias went with the Cahokias, the rest remaining at Peoria lake. Of the Mitchigamias after this migration there is no trace. It may have been that tribe of the Illinois which remained at the Rock of St. Louis and which caused the Lake of the Illinois to change its name to the Lake of the Mitchigamias—Lake Michigan.

The Founding of Illinois' First Capital. It is the Kaskaskias with whom we are chiefly concerned. This tribe was led by missionaries to the bank of the Okaw or Kaskaskia river near its junction with the Mississippi. On that lovely green peninsula — an island today, bordered on two sides by the broad brown flood of the Father of Waters, on the third by the rippling Okaw, and sentineled by a lordly line of bluffs to the east—the mission established by Marquette on the Illinois was continued.

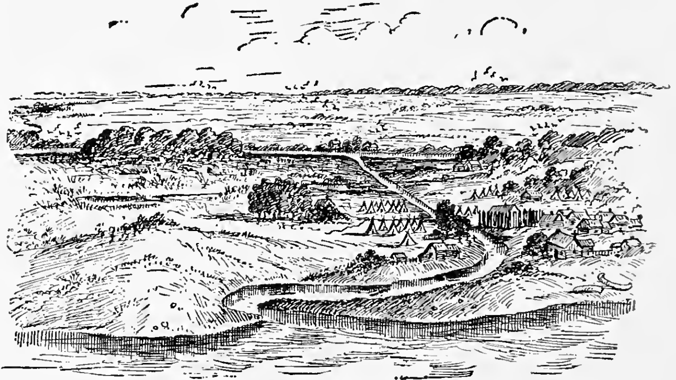
From a mission village this new Kaskaskia was to become a trading post and parish; the seat of government of the French commandant of the Illinois country; the center of an aristocratic social life; the county seat of a single county of Virginia that comprised five of our present states; the capital of the territory of Illinois; and finally, fifteen years before Chicago was incorporated as a village, the capital of the state of Illinois.

For eighteen years Kaskaskia existed almost without communication with the outer world. The only material for the historian of this period is to be found in the mission register kept by the priests and in the periodical reports which they made to the College of Jesuits at Montreal.

Traders from New France made the portage from Lake Erie and into the Wabash, at what is now Fort Wayne—then the chief village of the Miamis—on the Maumee, and so reached the lower Mississippi, through the Ohio, without passing the Illinois villages.

Except at Detroit, where Cadillac built Fort Ponchartrain and began a settlement in 1701, the French made no further attempt to open up new posts on the upper lakes, contenting themselves with holding Michilimackinac, the Sault Ste. Marie, Green Bay and St. Joseph. A new route across Indiana into the Mississippi they fortified in 1702, building Fort Ouatanon, near the portage on the Wabash, and the fort and trading post of Vinsenne on the present site of Vincennes, Ind.

Red Warriors Learn the Arts of Peace. In the meantime in Kaskaskia and Cahokia all the conditions existed under which primitive peoples may begin to take the first steps in the arts of civilization. The Illinois Indians were lost to their hereditary foes in a land of plenty. Neither fear nor care troubled them. The climate was milder than that of their old home, game abundant and the soil fertile and easily cultivated. Around them were virgin forests and ledges of rock—materials out of which permanent homes could be constructed. They had domestic animals and a few tools. Best of all, they had with them priests and traders who could instruct them.



CHICAGO AS IT PROBABLY LOOKED WHEN SEEN BY ST. COSME, 1699.

What trades do you think were learned in those mission villages, hundreds of leagues from the outposts of civilization?

They beat out plowshares from old iron, on the anvil, and turned up the soft soil. Oxen were yoked and made to do this labor. They grew not only maize but wheat, rye, barley, beans, hops and tobacco. Of rawhide they made flails to thresh grain. They cut down timbers and built a grist-mill which they operated by ox-power. They tempered axes and picks, quarried limestone for lime to make mortar, built stone chapels and priests' houses, burned charcoal for the forge, and dressed millstones. They

herded cattle and swine, made yeast for leavening bread; of the wild grapes on the bluff they made wine for the communion.

No doubt the priests laid many of these tasks on their red converts by way of penance. The Indians never took kindly to such work, which they must have looked upon as unnecessary toil. The Illinois were a dying people and the lethargy and docility of old age were upon them. There were no more than six hundred warriors altogether, and the year 1800 was to see the tribes reduced to thirty warriors and living among the whites at Kaskaskia. Now, although they toiled for the priests and traders, they continued to live in their own dome-shaped, rush matted and skin-lined lodges, and to depend chiefly on the chase, the rivers and the maize fields for a living.

INDIAN CHIEF.

In the course of a few years a number of Frenchmen made Kaskaskia their headquarters for trading. Furs were brought down from Peoria and even Chicago. That region sent no more skins to Montreal, but had its trade outlet down the Mississippi. These traders married Indian girls, as is duly recorded in the mission register. In 1715 a French woman came to Kaskaskia, the first white woman to settle permanently in Illinois. Her name was Francoise Le Brise. She could not write her name, but this the mission priests did for her when she affixed her mark as witness at weddings and acted as godmother at the christening of Indian babies.

Valiant Francoise Le Brise! She had no doubt come to far-away Kaskaskia from Montreal, traversing hundreds of leagues of woods and prairies and wild waters, under the protection of a missionary or trader uncle or brother. Society may be said to have begun in Illinois with the advent of Francoise Le Brise. You may be assured that it was laid upon the squaws to make soap of wood-ashes, lye and animal fat, to wash Francoise's linen and the priests' vestments in the clear water of the Okaw, and to hang the "Monday wash" on the hazel bushes to bleach and dry. Francoise was a capable woman with true public spirit. She married at last a bold trader named Jean Potier and brought up a family of children to be a credit to Kaskaskia. Her popularity is attested by the frequency with which her mark appears in the parish register long after there were plenty of grander folk in Kaskaskia who were able to sign their titled names with a lavish use of ink on the flourishes.

The Mississippi Bubble. For eighteen years Kaskaskia basked in the sunshine on the green peninsula, its peace and silence unbroken by war-whoop or gunshot or rumor of the world without. Then, one morning in June, 1718, missionaries and traders and Indians were startled by the boom of cannon on the Mississippi. At the mouth of the Okaw stood a formidable fleet of sailing vessels. Troops were lined up on the deck of the flagship, from which floated the lilies of France, and officers in gorgeous uniforms of scarlet and blue and white and gold lifted their hands in salute to their cocked and plumed hats. The Sieur Duque Boisbriant, king's lieutenant in the Illinois country—the first governor of Illinois—had arrived with instructions to build a fort.

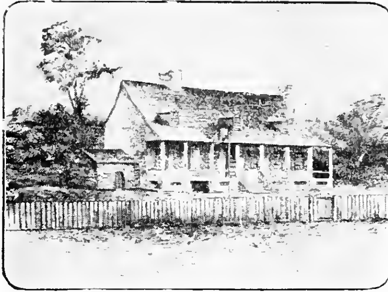
To protect the mission villages? Ah, no; something much grander to them than that—mines!

No one knows just how the rumor of fabulous riches in the Illinois country originated. Lead had been discovered near Prairie du Chien, Wis., a third of a century before, probably by Father Hennepin, who explored the upper Mississippi for LaSalle; and copper was found by Joliet on Lake Superior. Spanish adventurers, coming from the settlement of Santa Fe, now in New Mexico, had penetrated the mouth of the Mississippi and had discovered lead mines west of Kaskaskia, in the present state of Missouri. These mines were similar to the argentiferous—or silver-bearing—lead mines of Mexico from which the Spaniards had coined wealth.

In the Natchez country of Mississippi a semi-precious stone—just one—had been picked up by a French adventurer. Traders who had been in the Illinois Indian villages went down to Mobile and Biloxi and told tales of the wonderful fertility of the soil in the Mississippi bottom. These stories reached France, were enlarged upon and exaggerated. Suddenly all Paris was talking of the Illinois country, whose soil, it was declared, rivaled the banks of the

Nile in richness and whose mines were equal to those of Peru. The country was described as bristling with gold, silver and precious stones!

Every one was eager to go to the new country or to invest his money there. At the moment of the greatest excitement John Law, a Scotch banker of Paris, came forward with the Company of the West, duly chartered by King Louis XV. Millions of crowns' worth of shares of this company were sold, not only in Paris but in London and Vienna. The public debt of France was refunded by the proceeds, the bold promoter sinking his own fortune in the speculative enterprise which is spoken of today as the "Great Mississippi Bubble." The bubble was fifteen years in bursting, and during that time it dazzled all Europe with its promise of the wealth of Golconda.



First Government House of Upper Louisiana, Built at St. Louis (1776).

The Company of the West went about its business in a royal way. King Louis himself, who was admitted to a sort of partnership, offered to build a fort out of the public treasury and to furnish a garrison for it. The troops were officered by the proudest nobility of France. Humble folk—farmers, wine growers, carpenters, masons, ship and mill wrights, who had no money to invest in the mines—were offered grants of lands, fabulous wages and high prices for the products of the soil. Food and clothing, shelter and service would be needed by the scions of noble houses who were going out to the fabled wilderness to make princely fortunes.

The king's lieutenant, the Sieur de Boisbriant, selected a site sixteen miles above Kaskaskia on the Illinois bank of the Mississippi and set his soldiers to hewing timbers and quarrying stones for the largest fort the French were ever to build in the United States. It was two years before the stronghold was finished and named for the Duc de Chartres. The wall, which inclosed an area of more than four acres, was built of a palisade of timbers, set in masonry. Within were barracks, the commandant's house, storehouse, well, mill, powder magazine of stone, and the great hall where the representative of the Company of the West was for ten years to transact business of such magnitude as to amaze and then to alarm Europe.

The lilies of France floated from the bastion of Fort Chartres and heralded the arrival of Philip Francis Renault, director-general of the Company of the West, an iron founder and banker of Paris. He arrived on a fleet of sailing vessels owned by the company and brought with him more soldiers to guard the company's treasure; and he brought miners, settlers and 500 negro slaves from the French West Indies to work in the mines.

Court Life in the Illinois Wilderness. The commandant, the Sieur de Boisbriant, led a merry life. Magnificent quarters and luxurious living were provided for the military officers in the fort. Some of them had brought their wives and mothers and daughters to form a court. Cannon were planted to command the river, to terrorize hostile Indians and to warn Spaniards not to encroach on French territory. Gay cavalcades of gentlemen and ladies in velvets, brocades, laces, powder and jewels rode over to Kaskaskia to attend mass in the missionary chapel. The splendor and gaiety of Versailles were imitated in the hunting parties and in the balls and dinners at the fort. The mission at Kaskaskia was raised to a parish and, mixed in with the births and deaths and marriages of Indians, were recorded in the parish register momentous events in the lives of members of the old aristocracy of France.

What a procession of them there was within the next forty years!—De Siette, St. Ange de Bellerive, the gallant young Pierre D'Artaguette, of whom a volume of stories could be written; Vinsenne, the elder and younger; De Bienville, the Marquis de Vaudreuil, De Bertel and the Chevalier de Makarty. They were all there—accompanied by black robes, tonsured heads, high-born ladies, plumes and banners and sabers, and smart musketeers.

The country began to be settled along the river for a distance of fifty miles between Cahokia, which is just below St. Louis on the Illinois side, and Kaskaskia. The village of Ste. Anne de Fort Chartres sprang up at the rustic gate of the fort. French houses were built of hewn timbers set upright in the ground, the intervals filled in with stone and mortar neatly dressed and washed with lime. They were usually a story and a half high, with the long roof sloping out over a veranda and pierced with dormers. Longfellow has described such houses in "Evangeline":

"Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of hemlock,
Such as the peasants of Normandy built, in the reign of the Henrys.
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer windows, while gables, projecting
Over the basement below, protected and shaded the doorway;"

Such was the French colonial house in Canada, at New Orleans, in the Mississippi valley and in the French West Indies.

Powder Magazine of Stone at Fort Chartres, Built About 1750, Still Standing.

The French Farm Villages. Within five years every house in the French settlements had its picket-fenced garden, with apple, pear, peach, cherry and plum trees, and its strawberry, asparagus and salad-vegetable beds. Roses draped the veranda pillars, and bulbs and seeds brought from France had taken root and flourished. Five villages thus grew up in Illinois along the river. From each, farms were laid out in strips running back for a mile or more. The French cannot endure the solitude of the isolated farm, and this plan had its advantages. The tillers of the soil could all be called to the village with one alarm. Few French pioneers, therefore, fell victims to prowling Indians, although the Sacs and Foxes had begun to skulk around the settlements.

This farm-village life, too, accounts for the great number of social events that were held along the river. Every village, as well as the Fort, had its evening dance, its Spring flower festival, Fall Nutting parties, and Twelfth Night ball. The settlers were Parisians. The women did not spin and dye and weave and knit, as did the English women on the Eastern seaboard. All clothing was brought from Paris, and the wives and daughters of these gay pioneers were richly appareled.

Life was not so gay for Director-General Renault. It was his business to find the gold and silver mines and diamond deposits of the Illinois country, so that dividends could be paid on the millions of crowns' worth of shares that had been floated in the capitals of Europe. Where was he to look for them?

France, at that time, claimed both banks of the Mississippi. And the "Illinois country" included Missouri and a portion of Iowa and Wisconsin, as well as the Illinois of today. The lead-mining district of Galena and Prairie du Chien was known, but that region swarmed with Sacs and Foxes and had a fringe of fierce Sioux to the west. Besides, the lead-mines of Missouri were believed to overlie beds of silver. From the ramparts of Fort Chartres, the low mountains of mineral formation could be seen along the western sky line. It was in these mountains that Renault hoped to realize the belief on which the Company of the West had been founded.

To supply his mines with provisions, Renault laid out the village of St. Philip, five miles north of Fort Chartres. Here, in what is now Monroe county, Illinois, he had a large grant of land. His village consisted of sixteen farm houses and farms, a gristmill, and a chapel. With a base of supplies at his back he crossed the Mississippi with his mining expert, M. La Motte, and went prospecting.

The Bursting of the Bubble. It is believed that Renault and La Motte went over the entire lead-mining region of Missouri. Traces of their diggings are found today, overgrown with brush and trees, around Potosi, Old Mines, Renault, in the St. Francis river district and around Iron Mountain. Lead they found everywhere, and of zinc they must have found traces. Beds of coal and iron ore were laid bare, but of silver and gold and precious stones they found none. Vast sums of money melted away like snow, and the Illinois country had not treasures with which to replace the enormous sums that had been expended. In 1731 the Company of the West failed and surrendered its charter to the king.

JOHN LAW.

No Gold Fields but Fields of Golden Grain. But, strange to relate, the Illinois country itself was prosperous and no longer needed the company. "The settlers," as Governor Reynolds, one of the early governors of Illinois says, quaintly in his history of the state, "had begun by this time to draw on that old bank Mother Earth, who never yet refused to honor the drafts of labor and enterprise." There were no mines of gold in that region, but there were broad fields of golden grain.

M. Paget had built a water-mill on the Okaw where it fell foaming down the bluff above Kaskaskia. Wheat and flour and pork were now sent down the river to the city of New Orleans that had sprung up amid the jungle of canebrakes on the river; and when the forts at Mobile and Biloxi had also been supplied the sailing vessels went on to discharge their cargoes at the ports of San Domingo and Martinique. The Illinois country came to be called "the granary of the French West Indies."

What of Renault? He was not a man to admit defeat, this first captain of industry in Illinois. When the charter of the Company of the West was surrendered Renault secured in his own name a grant of the land on which was his village of St. Philip, and the lead mines at the headwaters of the St. Francis river. The mines he named La Motte, for his faithful mineralogist, in whom you may see the qualities of Tonty repeated. Together they worked this rich region, bringing up the ore by hand labor and smelting it in open clay furnaces. No manufacturing of lead was attempted. The "pigs" of metal were sent to Fort Chartres to be run into bullets to supply the French forts on the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi.

Of bullets there had begun to be need. Built to protect mines that never existed, Fort Chartres was maintained to develop a rich agricultural country. Not a shot was ever directed against its walls, but the French settlers along the river were threatened with extermination by the Sacs and Foxes from the north and by the Chickasaws from Arkansas.

"In the Days of D'Artaguette." This was the state of affairs when the gallant Pierre D'Artaguette arrived in 1734 to take command of Fort Chartres. Much was expected of him, for he had won such renown in fights with the Natchez Indians in Mississippi that the river still rings with his name. In old steamboat days Mark Twain somewhere speaks of the negro boatmen as singing a chorus which ran:

"In the days of D'Artaguette, yo ho!"

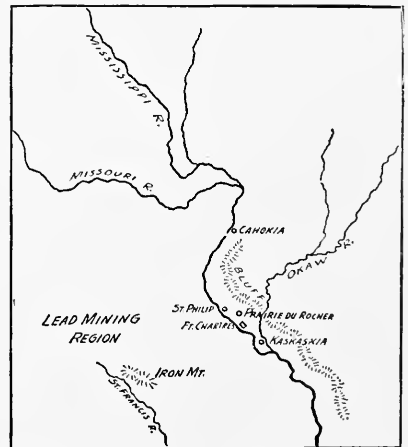
When he arrived at Fort Chartres D'Artaguette wrote to the French commandant at Green Bay, Wis., that he hoped to meet him and the officer in command at Detroit, either at the Rock of St. Louis or at the Chicagou portage, to devise some plan for exterminating the Sacs and Foxes and to open up communication with Montreal again by way of Chicagou. He advised that a fort be built for this conference. The commandant of Green Bay replied that such an end was very much to be desired, but he feared that the Sacs and Foxes would do the exterminating and not the French.

Had D'Artaguette lived Chicagou portage might have been opened sixty years before it was. As it happened the Chickasaws threatened the peace of the Illinois country more immediately, and the young commander marched against them. In a fleet of bateaux and canoes he embarked nearly all the garrison of Fort Chartres. Volunteers from the French villages and from Green Bay and Detroit joined him. The younger Vinsenne came to his help with the garrisons of Fort Vincennes and Fort Ouatanon on the Wabash. Chief Chicago lead the Illinois and Miami Indian allies, and troops were to reinforce the party from New Orleans.

Those gallant young Frenchmen never came back. The troops from New Orleans failed to appear and the Chickasaws had mustered their savage allies by the thousands. A boy of sixteen led the survivors back to Fort Chartres. D'Artaguette, Vinsenne the son, young St. Ange—all who survived the battle and were taken prisoners—were burned at the stake. A bell was tolled in Kaskaskia when masses were said for their souls. It was the first bell ever rung in the Mississippi valley. Cast in Rochelle, France, it was hung in the chapel in Kaskaskia in 1741.

Halcyon days now began for the Illinois country. There was a new garrison and commandant at Fort Chartres, and the younger sons of noble families began to arrive to take up grants of land. These five French villages on the Mississippi, of which I have already spoken, had, in 1750, 1,100 white inhabitants and 300 black slaves, besides the still numerous tribes of the Illinois. Twice each year fleets convoyed by an armed cruiser, and numbering forty vessels, loaded with grain, flour, pork, lead and furs, went down to New Orleans.

The Illinois French and the War with England. But now there were rumors of the coming war with England, to be known in history as the French and Indian War. The French had forts stretching from Nova Scotia to New Orleans. Louisburg, Quebec, Montreal, Frontenac and Niagara, Sandusky and Detroit were all fortified on the lower lakes, and the upper lake region was held by forts at Mackinac, the Sault Ste. Marie, Green Bay and St. Joseph. On the present site of Pittsburg was Fort Duquesne,



FRENCH SETTLEMENTS IN ILLINOIS.

"From the ramparts of Fort Chartres the low mountains of mineral formation could be seen along the western sky line."

guarding the headwaters of the Ohio. The Wabash was defended by Fort Ouatanon, near the portage, and by Fort Vinsenne. Fort Chartres commanded the reaches of the middle Missis

sippi, and down the river were forts in Arkansas and Mississippi and at Mobile and Biloxi. La Salle's dream of empire was being realized.

The only missing links of that splendid chain of defenses were those he himself had forged across the wilderness of northern Illinois. The forts at Chicago, the Rock of St. Louis and Peoria had been rebuilt. This did not weaken the chain, however, for that region was defended against all comers, French and British alike, by the Sacs and Foxes, and in it the French still had their hardy traders.

No one was more alarmed by all this activity of the French in the interior than Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia, for Virginia colony claimed much of this territory under its old "sea-to-sea" charter. Rich planters of Virginia had formed the Ohio Company and obtained a large grant of land west of the Monongahela which they proposed to settle. Governor Dinwiddie therefore sent young George Washington with a letter to the commandant at Fort Duquesne (Pittsburg), asking the French to vacate territory claimed by Virginia. The reply was not reassuring; in fact, Virginia was notified that if the French were dislodged it would be only by war. This news of the demand of Virginia aroused the French settlements in Illinois to fury. It was bad enough for the king of England to lay claim to the Mississippi valley—which the French had discovered, explored and settled—just because Sir Walter Raleigh had discovered the shore of Virginia; but for the colony of Virginia to propose to take the fruit of all their labor was not to be endured.

Fort Chartres, in Illinois, was the central link in the chain of forts. It was in the heart of the territory claimed by Virginia, and it was in the middle of a rich region that every year became more thickly settled. New Orleans, with its more than a thousand white people, depended upon Illinois for grain. Into Louisiana in the year 1750 sugar-cane and cotton were introduced, and the plantations were cultivated by negro slaves. Excitement became intense when some Englishmen were captured along the river and confined as spies in the dungeon of Fort Chartres. Commandant de Bertel called frantically for reinforcements.

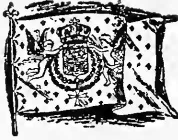
France did better than merely to send reinforcements. In 1750 the Chevalier de Makarty arrived, not only with soldiers but with orders to rebuild Fort Chartres in solid masonry. After the work was finished Fort Chartres was described in the records as having walls of stone eighteen feet high, with forty-eight loopholes in the corner bastions. Stairways, arched gate, platforms for mounting cannon, embrasures, sentry-box, storehouse, guardhouse, chapel and coachhouse were all of cut stone, and there were besides within the inclosure two stone barracks, a powder magazine, wells, bakehouses and cells for prisoners.

"Now!" said the Chevalier de Makarty, when the work was completed; "Let England and Virginia come and take the Illinois country if they can."

Illinois Defeats Virginia and "Monsieur de Wachenston." In the first engagement of the war a young captain from Fort Chartres, Nyon de Villiers, who took a company of French troops and Indian allies up the Ohio and across the Monongahela and a spur of the Alleghanies, compelled Monsieur de Wachenston (George Washington) to surrender Fort Necessity. As an act of grace De Villiers permitted his foe, who was to become so illustrious, to march out with drums beating and flags flying.

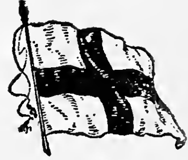
What a story to tell his children when a quarter of a century later sons of the proudest houses in France were to enlist and fight under the banner of this same "Monsieur de Wachenston"!

But now at Fort Chartres was celebrated this victory of Illinois over Virginia. Immediately nine tons of flour were loaded on flatboats at Kaskaskia and started over the Ohio river to Fort Duquesne to feed French troops. For six years the Illinois country was to furnish an unfailing supply of foodstuffs, lead for bullets, and soldiers, to hold Louisiana for the French flag.



LILIES OF FRANCE.
(1682-1763.)

THIRTEEN COLONIES.
(Unfurled 1778.)



CROSS OF ST. GEORGE.
(1763-1778.)

CHAPTER IV.

UNDER THREE FLAGS.
(1754-1803.)

The Story Thus Far.—In the year 1700, Tonty, the last of the four early French explorers who passed through Chicago, disappeared from the region. He went down to Mobile to help d'Iberville fortify the mouth of the river. The Illinois Indian tribes, unable longer to withstand their enemies, migrated to the Mississippi bottom, below St. Louis. They were accompanied by missionaries and traders. In 1718 John Law, a Scotch banker of Paris, formed his famous Company of the West to develop the alleged mines of precious metals in the Illinois country. Fort Chartres was built sixty miles below the present site of St. Louis to protect the country and the five French villages which grew up along the river. Only lead mines were found (in Missouri), and the "Mississippi Bubble" burst. But by that time the soil was producing great crops of grain which were sold in Martinique and San Domingo, so that the Illinois country was spoken of as "the granary of the French West Indies." Virginia colony, however, under its "sea to sea" charter, claimed all this territory which had been colonized by the French, and began the French and Indian war. The French had forts strung along the waterways, which then formed the highways of travel in the interior, from Nova Scotia to New Orleans. From Kaskaskia and Fort Chartres were sent flower, pork, and lead for bullets, as well as soldiers to defend the territory of France in a war for the possession of the North American continent, for Great Britain backed up the claims of Virginia.

"New France" Passes Into English Hands.—The French and Indian war, which began between the French and the colony of Virginia in 1754, for the possession of the Ohio river valley, was continued, after 1756, between England and France, in both the Old World and the New. It was understood by everyone concerned that the struggle was for the ownership of the continent of North America.

In America, the French stood on the defensive with their line of forts stretched from Nova Scotia to New Orleans. Not only was Fort Chartres in the Illinois country rebuilt of stone and twenty cannon mounted on its walls, but the great fortress of Louisburg at the mouth of the St. Lawrence on Cape Breton Island, and the defenses of Montreal and Quebec were made, what was fondly believed, impregnable. Upon Fort Duquesne (at Pittsburg), Vanango and Le Bouf on the Allegheny, and Presque Isle where Erie, Pennsylvania, now stands, depended the keeping open of the Ohio trade route between New France and Louisiana.

To British troops and New England and Virginia volunteers was left the task of cutting through the tangled forest, climbing the wild mountain ranges, and breasting the broad rivers that separated the colonies of the two nations. The French were commanded by Montcalm, "the very ablest Frenchman that ever commanded on this continent," as McMaster says. When Montcalm had burned Oswego, New York, and had won over even the Iroquois tribes to the French cause or to neutrality, the astutest observer of the time would scarcely have ventured to predict that, within four years France was to lose the vast empire in America upon which she seemed to have so firm a hold.

We cannot go into all the reasons for the final triumph of British arms, but, 1758, the tide of fortune suddenly turned. Louisburg was surrendered. Fort Frontenac, at the foot of Lake Ontario, which you will remember was built by La Salle, eighty years before, and mortgaged to supply funds for his explorations in the West, was taken by colonials from New England. Simultaneously Fort Duquesne was captured by Virginians under Washington and named Fort Pitt (Pittsburg). At one stroke Quebec and the

Ohio valley lost their defenses, and New France was cut off from Louisiana.

A year later Quebec was surrendered to the British after that famous fight on the Heights of Abraham, in which Montcalm and Wolfe both received mortal wounds, men whom, for other qualities, aside from their military ability, the world could ill spare. Montreal fell in 1760, and the British very soon afterward occupied all the old French forts back to Detroit, and began to trade with and, as Parkman declares, "to irritate the Indians."

THE PIERRE MENARD HOUSE AT KASKASKIA.
A Typical French Colonial Mansion.

The war in America was over. In Europe it dragged on for three years. France was so badly whipped that Great Britain dictated the terms of peace. As if anxious to be done with colonies in America, once and for all time, France divided her colonial possessions, with the exception of a few islands at the mouth of the St. Lawrence and in the West Indies, between England and Spain. The Mississippi river became a new boundary line, Spain retaining the mouth of the river and all the territory to the westward. The terms of the treaty of peace came like a thunder clap out of a clear sky to New Orleans, Fort Chartres, and the French villages in the Illinois country. The war had scarcely affected the colony of Louisiana, for, to be cut off from Montreal was not a hardship to settlements whose highway to the ocean had long been the Mississippi.

From Fort Chartres three expeditions had been sent out, and its soldiers had shared in the victories of the early part of the war.

Fleet after fleet of flat boats, loaded with flour, pork, and lead, had been sent by way of the Ohio to sustain the French troops in the forts along the St. Lawrence until the capture of Fort Duquesne. After that time the forts on the Wabash and on the lower Mississippi were supplied. Every post in Louisiana could have withstood a long siege, but the British made no attempt to occupy the country or to take a military expedition south or west of Detroit.

No British fleet appeared before New Orleans. The reaches of the wilderness drained by the Mississippi were too vast to be compassed and, indeed, there is no evidence that England was aware of all that had been accomplished around Fort Chartres, 500 miles back of Detroit and 1,200 miles above New Orleans—a long voyage up from a Gulf on which British ships had never explored or traded.

Because of their isolation and the strength of their fort the French villages in Illinois dwelt in fancied security. There was now, about Fort Chartres and along the river, a white population of 2,000 farmers, traders, priests, nobles, artisans, and mining operators. There was little money in circulation but their wheat, pork, lead, and furs were paid for in the luxuries of France. Their farms, gardens, orchards, the results of the chase brought in by the Indians, and the cattle grazing on the common fields that had been given to each village by royal grant, kept their tables abundantly supplied. Slaves did all their labor. These, with the docile, dependent Indians, reproduced a condition of feudalism most flattering to the French seigneurs of the soil. The loss of New France was a puzzle to them, but the British were evidently afraid to carry their pretensions into Louisiana. It became somewhat the fashion at Kaskaskia to sneer at the enemy of France. The news of the cession of Eastern Louisiana, as well as New France, to Great Britain, was therefore received with incredulity, disgust, and dismay. In the village of Cahokia the announcement brought also care.

To the hamlet of Cahokia, which lay farthest north of all the French settlements in Illinois, had come, at the beginning of the war eight years before, a band of refugees from Acadia. The story of the expulsion of the Acadians from Nova Scotia, is told in "Evangeline." The British were not wholly without excuse nor the French wholly without blame, as the poem represents, but the work was done with heedless cruelty, and the incident, as a whole, is a fit subject for Longfellow's genius.

Many of these simple, disheartened people who had thus been ruined and bereft of kindred and France, had found new homes in New Orleans and along the Mississippi, in the numerous scattered settlements of France. Those who reached the Illinois country went past Kaskaskia, where the gaiety and prosperity of the French capital was ill-suited to their sad heart and fallen fortunes, and settled at Cahokia, fifty miles further up the river.

In her search for Gabriel, Evangeline, if such a person really lived, must have visited this refuge of the Acadians in Illinois. Longfellow has described her wanderings up and down the Mississippi, "past the Ohio's mouth," westward across the mining region of the Ozarks in Missouri, and northeastward, up the Ohio and Wabash, past the fort at Detroit, and into the Ottawa country around Saginaw, Michigan. How eloquent that story of her wanderings is of the entire possession the French had of the Mississippi, Ohio and St. Lawrence valleys! Priest and trader and seigneur, coureur du bois and friendly Indian watched over the footsteps of that forlorn demoiselle, and aided her in her hopeless search for her lover. At no later pioneer period could a young girl safely have made such a journey.

PIERRE LACLEDE.

Among other places she must have paused in Cahokia, Illinois, and there, amid the fallen and unlettered stones which lie to-day in the Catholic cemetery,

"Sat by some nameless grave and thought that perhaps in its bosom,
He was already at rest and she longed to slumber beside him."

Many of the people of Kaskaskia crossed the river and settled at Ste. Genevieve in Missouri, preferring to live under Spanish rather than British rule. Neyon de Villiers, who then commanded at Fort Chartres, took the first boat for New Orleans and went back to France. St. Ange de Bellerive and other French officers, and the garrison of Fort Chartres to the number of forty, marched out, leaving twenty cannon mounted and the lilies of France floating over the bastion for the soldiers of King George to take down. They crossed the river just above Cahokia, the Acadians following, and taking with them all their possessions even to the frames and clapboarding of their houses.

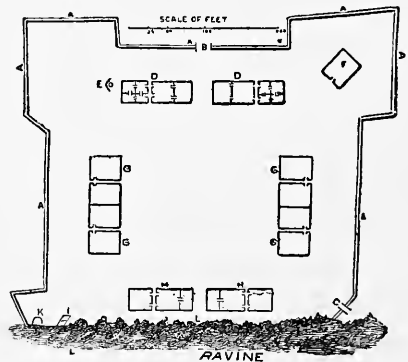
There, on a wooded bluff which faced the rising instead of the setting sun, Pierre Laclede and Pierre Chouteau had begun to trade with the Indians at a point which they had named St. Louis, and to which they had invited the discontented French of Illinois to settle. This migration gave St. Louis its first "boom." There were soon storehouses and forty private dwellings in the place, and a military force was organized. In the next year the Spanish authorities made St. Louis the capital of Upper Louisiana and St. Ange de Bellerive its first governor.

The Great Conspiracy of Pontiac.—Although the French garrison had thus abandoned Fort Chartres, the British did not take possession of it for two years. Pontiac, chief of the Ottawas—an Algonquin tribe—barred the way. Behind him was the tradition of a century and a half of unbroken friendship with the French, and he could not endure to see them dispossessed.

On his island home in the St. Clair river, above Detroit, Pontiac brooded over the results of the war. He argued, too, that having driven out the French, the British would next drive out the red man. There was much in the attitude of the British garrisons, then occupying the old French forts, to fill the Indians with hatred and alarm. Contempt and neglect were now dealt out to the tribes which had known only honor, affection, and paternal care from the French.

Pontiac had courage, sagacity, endurance, and eloquence, beside the duplicity and cruelty of the savage, to fit him for his task of organizing the tribes of the West against British occupation. He journeyed from Lake Champlain to Lake Superior and from the Sault Ste. Marie to New Orleans, exhorting the tribes. All the Algonquins came under his banner, beside the Natchez, Shawanoes, and even the Senecas, one of the tribes of the Iroquois.

Within six months—May to December of 1763—Pontiac recaptured all the old French forts except Niagara, Fort Pitt, and Detroit. The British got them back again, but Pontiac was not conquered. He retreated across Illinois to make a last stand before Fort Chartres, in the same month that the French garrison marched out voluntarily and retired to St. Louis.



GROUND PLAN OF FORT CHARTRES.
One Wall Was Washed Away by a Mississippi River Flood in 1772.

Three separate expeditions were sent by the British to take formal possesion of Fort Chartres, but King Pontiac refused to capitulate. For two years the Illinois country was without any civilized rule. At the entreaty of the French villages, St. Ange came down from St. Louis to Fort Chartres, and restored his gentle despotism. Pontiac, thinking that France had returned to its own once more, brought his red

warriors to the fort, where the lilies still floated above the bastion. St. Ange told the chief that it was all over. No resistance was offered when, one day, a company of Highlanders, of the famous "Black Watch," in Tartan kilts, bare legs, sporrans, and plumed helmets, marched in, with a shrieking bag-piper at their head, and raised the cross of St. George over Fort Chartres.

But Pontiac drove a hard bargain with the British. Because of his long and stubborn resistance, he secured for the red men the country won from the French. The English seaboard colonies were startled by the royal proclamation that the vast region running westward from the crest of the Alleghanies to the Mississippi, and including all of the Mississippi and the upper St. Lawrence basins, had been turned over to Pontiac, and closed to settlement by the whites.

How Pontiac Helped to Bring on the Revolution.—No single event since the original settlement and division of territory in America among colonizing European nations, proved to be of as profound importance as this treaty of peace between Great Britain and the Northwestern Indians. For the first time, England recognized the power of the red man and made concessions to him. This policy she was to continue during the next fifty years. From a bitter and relentless foe, the Indian was turned into a paid ally of Great Britain against her own colonies in the Revolutionary war; and, until after the war of 1812, the red man, at British instigation, was to oppose his savage tactics against the settlements of the Great West.

For this alliance with the savage, England paid the price of the loss of her American colonies. You will remember that it was Virginia which began the French and Indian war in trying to establish her charter rights to lands in the Ohio valley that were held by the French. Now, by this treaty with Pontiac, her claims were ignored.

The seeds of discontent were thus sown in Virginia, and the sense of injustice was intensified when parliament laid stamp duties on the colonies for the defense of a frontier they were forbidden to cross. Heretofore the colonial assemblies had opposed taxes and raised revenues for the king, but parliament had never before levied internal taxes in the colonies. It was in 1765, the very year British troops entered Fort Chartres, that Patrick Henry raised the battle cry of the Revolution in the House of Burgesses of Virginia:

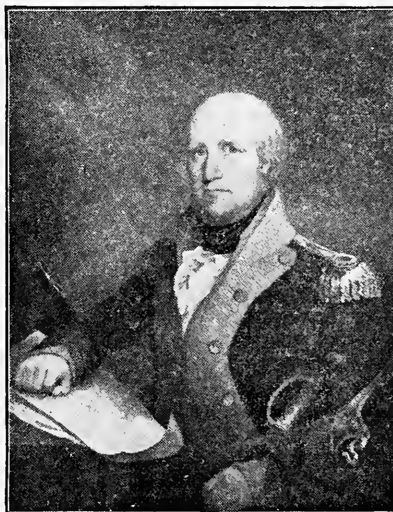
"Taxation without representation is tyranny."

Pioneers Ignore the King's Proclamation.—And do you think that the king's proclamation that no settlements were to be made west of the Alleghanies checked the emigration that had just begun to flow westward? No. The hearty frontiersmen, who had fought their way to the mountain crest, cared no more for a royal proclamation than they did for the bark of the gray wolf at their cabin doors in the wilderness. Settlers began to pour into the Indian country, down the Ohio into Kentucky, and through Cumberland Gap into Tennessee. In 1769 Wheeling, West Virginia, was founded, and Daniel Boone reached Kentucky. Within a few years he had fortified Boonsboro, and George Rogers Clark had another outpost at Harrodsburg.

"New France" Changes Masters Again.—When the first shot was fired in the Revolutionary war, Col. John Tod, who was with Clark, named another cluster of cabins, in the blue grass region of Kentucky, Lexington, in honor of the first battle-field of the patriots of New England. Clark forthwith organized Kentucky into a county of Virginia, fortified Harrodsburg and formed a plan to capture Kaskaskia and Vincennes from the British.

It was very important that this should be done, for the British, in their anxiety to nip the Revolution in the bud, were inciting the Indians to fall upon the frontiers of the rebellious colonies. This patriot in Kentucky felt it to be his special mission to put a stop to that dastardly scheme and to keep the Indians in check.

You may admire this George Rogers Clark to your heart's content, for, by his timely action, he saved much bloodshed. He was the first hero of the new era in the Great West. He readily got a commisison from Patrick Henry, Governor of the State of Virginia, to command a military expedition. In the spring of 1778, he started from his camp on Corn Island in the Ohio river, near the present city of Louisville, in his long march to Kaskaskia.



GENERAL GEORGE E. ROGERS CLARK,
"The First Hero of the New Era in the Great West."

Did he capture famous Fort Chartres near that town? No! Fort Chartres, built in 1718, rebuilt in stone in 1750, was destined never to have a shot fired against it. Three years before the war of the Revolution began, it had the honor of having its walls razed by a Mississippi river flood.

GEN. ANTHONY WAYNE.

With the unfurling of the British flag in 1765, the river began to mutter at the base of the bluff. Higher and higher crept the water with each spring freshet. In 1772, a rush of waters washed away the river wall of the old fort. The British garrison fled to Kaskaskia. On the bluff above the rippling Okaw, and overlooking the busy town, which then had a population of 1,000, Fort Gage was built. There a M. de Rocheblave, a renegade Frenchman, who in his time had served King Louis in Fort Chartres, now commanded Fort Gage in the name of King George, and was held in execration by the loyal French of the town.

One of the stories in connection with the capture of Fort Gage is that Major Clark was helped by Father Pierre Gibault, a priest of Kaskaskia, who expressed the liveliest satisfaction when De Rocheblave departed, a prisoner of war of the "Long Knives" of Virginia, as the Indians called the American pioneers from their habit of carrying great hunting knives in their belts.

Fort Gage was easily taken, for the British officers, in fancied security from attack, were attending a ball in the pleasure-loving French town. The sentinels were captured, the garrison imprisoned and placed under guard, and then Major Clark with a picked company crossed the Okaw in a ferry boat and appeared in frontier costumes of deerskin shirts and trousers, coonskin caps and great boots, and armed with guns and knives, at the door of the ballroom. There was a panic. Ladies screamed and fainted, the British officers turned pale with rage and chagrin, and Father Gibault, in his long, loose gown, behind the "Long Knives" chuckled with amusement.

The French villages in the Illinois country were ready enough to welcome the rule of Virginia, for the French alliance had been announced. Lafayette was fighting under Washington, and Admiral d'Estaing had arrived in the Delaware in a French fleet. Loyalty to the rebel Americans meant loyalty to France. It was fondly dreamed, too, that, should the Revolution succeed, France might regain Louisiana.

A People Who Objected to the Anglo-Saxon Self-Government.—They were not so ready, however, for self-government, which came as a consequence of Clark's capture of Fort Gage. For eighty years the French dwellers along the Mississippi had been under priest, chartered company, royal commandant, or British military rule. They were prepared to accept a new despot with philosophy.

As a self-governing state, Virginia was less than three years old and there were to be three years more before her political status was to be assured at Yorktown, but she did not shrink from her duty of giving republican institutions to the vast territory in the Great West, which she claimed by charter and by conference. An act was passed by the Virginia assembly organizing the present states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin into the county of Illinois, and Col. John Tod was appointed County Lieutenant, with his capital at Kaskaskia.

Colonel Tod arrived at Kaskaskia in May, 1779, by way of the Ohio. In all probability he made a journey from Pittsburg in a sailing vessel, for there were sailboats on the Ohio as early as 1774. The thirteen stars and thirteen stripes flew from the masthead, as the boat came to anchor in the Okaw before the town. The inhabitants were gathered on the bank. Here and there a voice cried:

"Vive le Roi!"

"There is no king, now," another would say.

"Parbleu! Who then is to rule us?"

"They say we are to govern ourselves."

Heads were shaken in bewilderment. The new

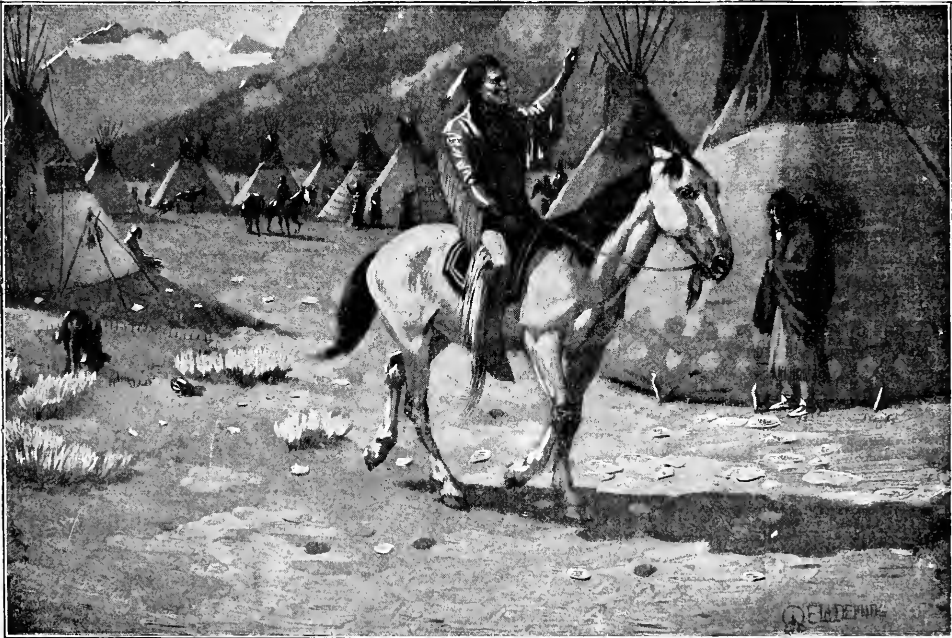
governor, who called himself simply County Lieuatenant, and came in little state, inspired no confidence. Kaskaskia was used to splendor and high-sounding titles. The first thing Colonel Tod did was to organize a military force. That the people understood. But when he ordered an election of civil officers they had to be instructed in the business of voting. The climax was reached when the new town councils were told that it was their duty to levy taxes to defend their new liberties. To taxes imposed by the king they had always submitted, as to the will of God, but to impose taxes on themselves was a queer use to make of liberty. It was beyond their comprehension that the English colonies were fighting bitterly for the right to tax themselves. Had the world gone mad?

By dint of not a little old-fashioned despotism, Governor Tod forced these simple Frenchmen to take the trouble to govern and tax themselves. It was not so difficult to raise recruits for Major Clark, who had taken Vincennes and was clearing the Wabash region of troublesome Indians. The British did not venture out of the French forts on the Great Lakes. Thus it happened that, with very little bloodshed, Virginia established military and civil rule over the region northwest of the Ohio. It was this fact of actual occupation which secured the Mississippi and the western boundary of the United States at the close of the Revolution.

For the possession of the country of the Illinois, Virginia had fought twice in the conviction that it belonged to her. She had conquered it from the common enemy, occupied, governed, and defended it for three years, without help from Congress or any other colony. Now, one is glad to read, from a motive of pure patriotism, she gave it all up to the general government. Massachusetts, Connecticut, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia had "sea to sea" charters also, but none of them had ventured anything to secure their titles to unoccupied territory in the West. But now, the seven states which had no such charters, refusing to sign the Articles of Confederation unless such claims should be surrendered to the general government for the payment of the cost of the war, Virginia set the example in patriotism.

Growth of the Northwest After the Revolution. Thus was created a public domain, on the condition that the territory should be cut up and admitted as states as soon as there should be sufficient population. The "County of Virginia" became the Northwest Territory.

In 1787 it was ordered surveyed, marked into townships and opened for settlement and the recording of deeds. The proceeds of the sale of one township, measuring one mile square, out of every thirty-six, in the old Northwest Territory, were to gō toward the creating of a public school fund. For the first time in the history of the world, in all probability, public lands were set aside for public education.



This fact alone would have attracted the emigration of ambitious families from the seaboard colonies. The settlement of the Northwest Territory, however, was subject to the consent of the Indians and, incidentally, of the British garrisons which, in spite of the treaty of peace, still occupied the old French forts and traded for furs in a wide strip of territory south of the Great Lakes. This included all of the state of Michigan and the present sites of Chicago, Milwaukee, and Duluth, upper Ohio and northwestern New York.

To strengthen their position the British garrisons made friends with the Indians and incited them to resist the flood of emigration that began to pour down the Ohio. It became clear that the new government would have to fight the Indians before the Northwest Territory could be settled and its treaty right to the south shore of the St. Lawrence river system secured.

This state of affairs presented extraordinary difficulties which we find it hard to realize today. In 1790 all except perhaps 10,000 of the 3,380,000 people of the United States lived east of the Alleghany mountains and more than half of the 10,000 in the northwest were in the French settlements along the Mississippi, and in Kentucky. Fully half the population of the country was south of Pennsylvania. The six largest seaboard cities had altogether only 131,000 people. Washington had no existence until 1800. Philadelphia was the capital, and from that city diverged great highways to New York, New England, and Virginia. One stage road ran the entire length of Pennsylvania to Pittsburg, and stages made the journey over the mountains to Pittsburg in twelve days.

Here, at the headwaters of the Ohio river had grown up a town of two hundred log cabins. Two thousand people lived there and did a thriving business in the outfitting of emigrants for the West. There were flour and saw mills, blacksmith shops, stores of dry goods and salt meats, and ship-building yards where flatboats, keelboats, and sailing vessels for navigating the Ohio were constructed. A blast furnace for the smelting of iron ore was probably in operation on one of the lofty hill tops, and castings were made for boats, wagons, and the farm implements that would be needed by the emigrants. Since nothing could be obtained in the West, except what nature provided, everything had to be taken there. A family usually required two boats. On the floatboat were loaded horses and cattle, pigs, sheep, chickens, hunting-dogs, household goods, farm implements and tools, the churn, spinning-wheel and loom, barrels of flour and salt pork, and bags of corn meal and potatoes. Seeds of every description were included, even roots of rose bushes and honeysuckles from the old home gardens.

The family, with the guns and stores of ammunition, clothing, and provisions for the voyage, embarked on a keelboat that was fitted up with a cabin on the deck, so low as to pass under the branches of trees along shore so they could lie concealed where anchorage was made for the night. The walls of the cabin were made bullet and arrow proof, for hostile Indians followed boats for days, and watched from the shores to shoot the emigrants. Thus, steered by one huge oar at the stern, these water caravans with their freight of courageous people, floated into the wilderness.

"The Ordinance of '87." Before the war of the Revolution all this western country was thought of by the settlers in the East as rich and desirable, but very dangerous because of the Indians and the wild beasts which prowled about in great numbers. After the war, the people were, of course, unsettled and ready for adventure. Boys who had followed the flag and seen bloodshed were not much frightened by stories of Indians, and as for wild beasts, they were simply game for these hardy young fellows.

The large families had to break up and the more rugged members go out to the frontier, where land was plenty and opportunity great. But until the close of the war, there was no great inducement to young men to go west. But an important act of legislation which came about on the very year of the adoption of the constitution changed all this western country at a stroke of the pen. We can remember this date, 1787, not only by the name of the ordinance, which is always spoken of as if it were the only ordinance of its year, "The Ordinance of Eighty-seven," but also we may remember the date by association with the date of the adoption by the convention of the federal constitution, 1787. Most of us remember readily that Washington began as president under the constitution in 1789, and that the constitution which then went into effect was adopted somewhat before that date.

In 1787 congress agreed by the ordinance of '87 to protect settlers in the new country from the ravages of wild beasts and Indians. The Northwestern territory included what is now the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin, and the two positive advances in government which were made in the erection of this territory made a startling change in the history of civil government. Slavery was forbidden north of the Ohio river in this section. Land was set apart for educational purposes, and a provision was made to help out the younger children of parents who died without will. Instead of giving all the property to the eldest, the ordinance settled matters so that younger sons and daughters of a father who died without making a will had equal shares in the division of the estate. This upset the old English notion and law which had prevailed in the colonies wherever the rule of England was acknowledged, for it had been the custom to give everything to the eldest son regardless of

the rights or worth of the younger members of the family.

Within two years of the passage of this ordinance, twenty thousand settlers made their way down the Ohio. They usually went down with the current on flatboats, and when they reached their destinations, they tore up the boats and used the planks to build their first residences in the new land where there were yet no saw mills.

In the year 1788, 10,000 emigrants passed through Pittsburg. The never-ending stream of settlers began to make an impression on the great West. Trees were felled, cabins rose in the clearings, crops were planted and sometimes harvested, pioneers perished, but, in doing so, they made the way easier for those who came after them. Not without honor did these soldiers die in the front ranks of the battle of civilization. Not in vain were the hardships endured by delicate women and little children. A sterling race sprang up in the old Northwest Territory.

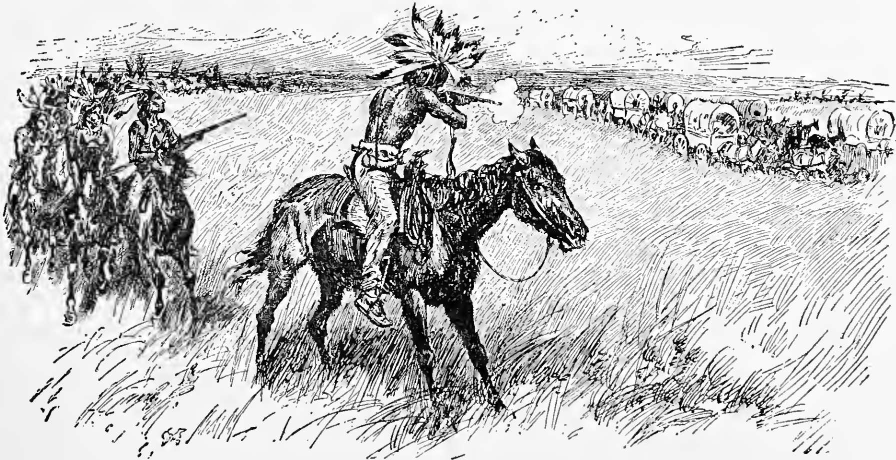
Cincinnati and Marietta, Ohio, were founded in 1778. After that time there is a gap of eight years before Chillicothe, Dayton, and Cleveland were settled. What do you suppose was the reason for this? During the first year or two, until ground could be cleared and crops harvested, pioneers were compelled to depend chiefly upon game to supply their tables. As wild animals became scarce, the Indians, spurred on by British garrisons on the Lakes, who wanted to keep the fur-trade, determined to drive the white settlers out. They succeeded, for five or six years, in checking emigration. Hundreds of cabins were burned. Pioneers were scalped, and women and children were carried into captivity. In Kentucky, 1,500 people perished during these years. In Illinois one horror followed another; men who plowed the fields did so under guard. Forts were built at Cincinnati and Marietta, and General St. Clair, governor of the Northwest Territory, led an unsuccessful expedition against the Miami Indians.

General Wayne's Defeat of the Indians. The task of opening the Northwest to peaceable settlement was at last undertaken by Gen. Anthony Wayne, then commander-in-chief of the American army. He went about his work in so cool and sane a fashion as to belie his nickname of "Mad Anthony." In all our literature there is no more stirring story of Indian fighting than is to be found in the simple narration of General Wayne's campaign of 1793-4.

He marched from Fort Washington at Cincinnati, to where is now Fort Wayne, Indiana, and thence up the Maumee to the rapids in Ohio, where, in the shelter of the British Fort Meigs, the Indians had taken their stand amid a large tract of fallen timber, a place admirably adapted to their mode of warfare. There the Indians of the Northwest were defeated in a great battle on the 20th of August, 1794. A year later a treaty of peace was signed at Fort Greenville, northwest of the new settlement of Dayton. This treaty is very important to us, for in it the name of Chicago occurs for the first time in any official document since 1735, when Pierre d'Artaguette proposed to march from Fort Chartres against the Sacs and Foxes, and open the Chicagou portage.

There was a great gathering of tribes at Fort Greenville—all the old Algonquins who had been soured against the white man by the dispossession of the French. The Miamis were the great tribe in northern Indiana and Ohio. The Ottawas and Ojibwas and Hurons were in Michigan. The Delawares were around Dayton, the Piankeshas and Weas in eastern Illinois along the west side of the Wabash.

The Illinois Indians who had rallied to the banner of LaSalle, had disappeared. By 1800 only thirty warriors of these once numerous



tribes were living in Kaskaskia. About 1780 great numbers had perished on the Rock of St. Louis (Starved Rock). One of their number—a Kaskaskian—had assassinated Chief Pontiac, the Ottawa, in Cahokia, in all probability bribed to the deed by the British at Fort Gage, Kaskaskia. The Pottawatomies, at the time of Wayne's victory, occupied the south end of Lake Michigan. Each tribe was required to cede some choice bit of land to the United States. The Miamis thus lost their ancient capital and portage between the Maumee and the Wabash, now known as Fort Wayne, and the Pottawatomies ceded "one piece of land, six miles square, at the mouth of Chicago river, emptying into Lake Michigan, where a fort formerly stood." This was Tonty's fort, abandoned nearly a hundred years before.

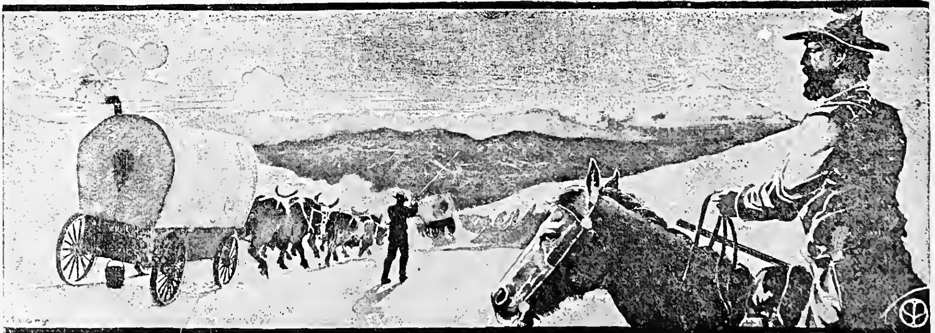
The British, finding their fur trade gone, evacuated the forts on the Great Lakes and retired to Montreal. The Indians of the Northwest were, for the time being, conquered, and gave little more trouble until the war of 1812. Emigration poured into the West. Cleveland was settled and Detroit grew apace. Near the close of the eighteenth century, English names began to appear in the annals of Kaskaskia, names destined to shine in the early history of Illinois. The lead-mining district of Dubuque, Galena, and Prairie du Chien was being worked. Salt making, from salt springs, in Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, and Tennessee was a growing industry. Along the Ohio, the middle Mississippi, the Cumberland, and the Tennessee rivers were numerous water mills for making flour and meal and sawing lumber.

Emigration for years to come was to be along the Ohio and through Cumberland Gap. Kentucky was admitted as a state in 1792, Tennessee in 1796, and Ohio in 1803. Except for the old French and Spanish towns along the Mississippi, there were no settlements of white men west of Vincennes; but Kaskaskia had become the Mecca of the Great West toward which money and enterprise turned. It had its judge, its lawyers, its doctors, its thriving merchants, its university graduates, its soldiers, its legislators, its speculators in mines and lands, its exporters of flour and pork and lead, its Indian agents, and its embroyo statesmen who were to frame the constitution of Illinois in 1818.

St. Louis did not attract pioneers other than French and Spanish until after Louisiana was first ceded to France in 1800 and then sold to the United States in 1803 by Napoleon, for $15,000,000.

There was a thriving town and much land under cultivation at Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, where a trading post was very early fortified by the French, and later developed by the British. At Peoria was a flourishing trading center among the Indians. Except for these two places, there were few white men in the region from which Chicago was to draw its wealth when, in the year of the Louisiana Purchase, orders were given by the department of war at Washington —then only three years old—for the building of a fort at the mouth of the Chicago river.

The Unpainted Warrior. There seems to be no picture of the famous Ottawa Chief, Pontiac, in existence. The historical societies of Chicago, Illinois, Michigan, Detroit, the St. Louis Exposition officials, and the librarian of the House of Commons of Ottawa, Canada, have all been appealed to. In the illustrated edition of Parkman's "Conspiracy of Pontiac," no portrait of the chief appears. Mr. Pierre Chouteau, the living descendant of both of the founders of St. Louis, and an enthusiastic collector of French and Indian relics, wrote the author that he had for years tried in vain to find portraits of Pontiac and of St. Ange de Bellerive, the last French officer over Fort Chartres and first governor of upper Louisiana.



CHAPTER V.

FORT DEARBORN, THE BEGINNING OF MODERN CHICAGO.
(1803-1812.)

General Dearborn Orders a Fort on Chicago River.—With the defeat of the Indians of the Northwest by General Anthony Wayne in 1795 the way was open for a fresh beginning to be made at Chicago. Eight years passed, however, before General Henry Dearborn, Secretary of War under President Jefferson, instructed Captain Whistler, of the post at Detroit, to proceed to the mouth of the Chicago river, with one company of soldiers of the regular army, and there to build a fort.

THE WAUBANSIA STONE.

The fort at Chicago was not considered of special importance, for, until the massacre of 1812, there is little concerning it in the records of the war office at Washington. It seems to have been established chiefly for the protection of an Indian agent, who was to have charge of the government's dealings with the Pottawatomies, Sacs, Foxes and Kickapoos. The agent was expected to control a great deal of the fur trade of the region.

The story of those nine years in Chicago and of the massacre itself has been gathered chiefly from the personal recollections of the heroic band of Americans who lived at this frontier post. They are so few that you can come to know them by name.

The private soldiers and non-commissioned officers, to the number of sixty-eight, marched overland—the first troop of any nation to cross the unbroken forests of lower Michigan—and around the head of the lake to the site of Chicago, which looked exactly as Marquette had found it one hundred and thirty years before, except for four rude, bark-covered cabins, where French voyageurs lived with their Indian wives. Captain Whistler, with his wife and three-year-old son George, who was to become the famous engineer and build railroads for the Czar of Russia; his son, Lieutenant William Whistler with his young bride, and Lieutenant Moses Hooke, embarked in the United States sailing schooner Tracy for the voyage around the lakes.

The two Whistler ladies were not dismayed by the venture, for they were soldiers' wives and used to frontier service. But there was much shopping to be done in the muddy unpaved streets of Detroit for wearing apparel and household necessities which they would need for at least a year. All such goods at that time came from Montreal, for distribution to the scattered trading posts in the Northwest, which were still very largely inhabited by the French. Military stores for the United States army came from the East through Cincinnati and Fort Wayne, or by way of the seven-year-old town of Cleveland over Lake Erie.

It was late in the summer when the Tracy left the docks at Detroit, the little company quite expecting the voyage to the Chicago river to take three months. On Lake Huron they had almost the same experiences as La Salle had in the Griffin a century and a quarter before—calms in the St. Clair flats, violent storms on Thunder Bay, the springing of leaks in the cabin roof, and sea-sickness. In fair weather they sat on the deck and watched the wooded shore glide by. There was no sign of a white settlement until they reached Michilimackinac.

The Trading Post at Michilimackinac.—The sea-girt rocky point had become a great place of transit for the furs of the Northwest. A white-washed fort crowned the beautiful bluff. The Indian agency house had its piazza and garden. Beside the long warehouse of the Mackinac Fur company were piers and wharfs laden with goods for the Indian trade. Numerous log cabins were occupied by French artisans and swarms of Ottowa lodges enlivened the beach. The crystal bay was dotted with hundreds of bark canoes and long Mackinac row-boats with their freight of furs from Lake Superior, Lake Michigan and the Mississippi. These had come hundreds of miles with their loads of beaver, otter, marten, mink, red and silver fox, wolf, bear, wild-cat, and smoked deer skins. Carried around portages, beached in storms, calked with pitch and greased with deer tallow to make them glide swiftly, what wild regions had they not traversed in their long journeys from Duluth, Prairie du Chien, Peoria and St. Joseph.

No one would have believed that this town of Mackinac was then on American territory. Except for the garrison the people were mainly French Canadians and Indians, and very little English was spoken. In September the place was very likely to be crowded with voyaguers making out their forest outfits. There were family reunions and marriages, and baptisms of infants in the Catholic mission, much feasting and dancing and exchange of goods. In another

month or so the place would be almost deserted and locked in the ice of the strait.

The little company set sail again, lay for days among the Manitou Islands, and saw, perhaps, the little river, on whose bank Marquette died, flashing down an open glade that lay below Sleepy Bear Point. For a United States naval vessel this was a voyage of discovery and exploration on the waters of Lake Michigan. Except for clusters of Indian villages around Green Bay and the mouth of the Grand River in Michigan, there was nothing to break the monotony of plain and wood and bluff along the wild shores.

At St. Joseph the officers disembarked while the Tracy proceeded to Chicago. At St. Joseph they were entertained by William Burnett, a trader who had been at that point more than thirty years, and by John Kinzie, a silversmith who had recently come over from Detroit to set up as an independent trader in furs. Mrs. Kinzie, who had been a Mrs. Eleanor McKillup, and the widow of a British officer, no doubt found old friends in the ladies of Fort Dearborn. The Kinzies seem to have decided to go to the new settlement on the Chicago river as soon as the fort should be built.

Late in the summer the officers and ladies crossed the lake in a Mackinac row-boat. This style of boat was a skiff thirty feet long with a sort of a deck, midway, where passengers and goods could be protected from the weather by a tarpaulin roof. For many years to come the freight of Lake Michigan was to be carried chiefly in Mackinac boats.

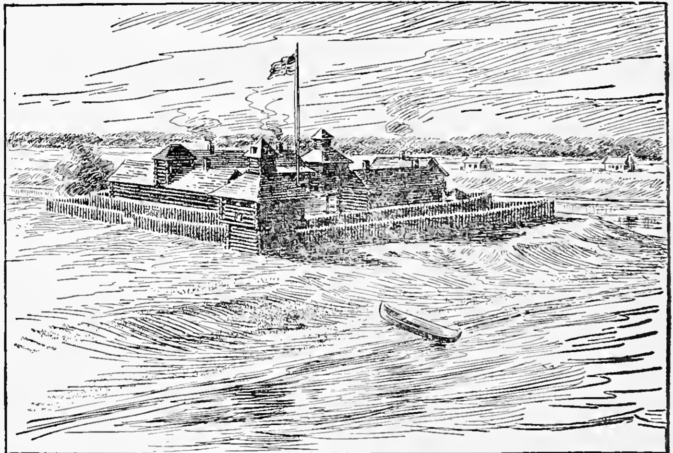
On the Site of Fort Dearborn.—The Tracy was anchored a half-mile from shore, discharging her cargo by row-boats. The soldiers stood guard over the piles of merchandise and military stores on the south bank of the river, on an elevation at the point where the stream turned southward. Here Fort Dearborn was to be built. Two thousand Indians stood on shore and watched the strange, "big canoe with wings," which rocked idly in the harbor of Chicago.

Most numerous were the Pottawatomies—very tall and fierce-looking and haughty. They wore buffalo robes or red and blue blankets. Their faces and arms were delicately painted in lace-like designs of white and vermilion, and colored feathers were in their head-dresses. The Kickapoos were tall, sinewy, and active and their dialect soft and liquid. But the Sacs and Foxes were veritable Ishmaelites of the prairies, their hands against everyone. These latter tribes, however, had their home on Rock River and it was thirty years before they were to menace the peace of Chicago.

It was remarked with misgiving that these Indians were well clothed, and armed with rifles, keen, bright tomahawks, hunting knives, woodmen's axes, and muskrat spears. All the tribes of the Northwest, except the Miamis, were known to be in the pay of the British, and to send their chief men to Fort Malden, Canada, every year, for presents of goods and money. Here, in this remote outpost, was fresh indication that, in the event of another war, England might have her red allies retained to fall upon the American frontier posts and settlements.

Captain Whistler set about erecting a stockade and barracks before winter should set in. The Tracy sailed back to Detroit. While the fort was building, the ladies took refuge in the bark-covered cabins of their French voyageurs, whose names were Ouilmette (Wilmette), Le Mai, and Pettell. The Indians departed to their villages and then went off on the annual hunt.

The Building of Fort Dearborn.—There was not, within hundreds of miles a team of horses or oxen and soldiers had to put on rope harnesses and drag the needed timbers from the oak woods, six or seven miles south, over the west prairie. After the river froze over, the logs were dragged down the ice. The widow of Lieutenant Whistler, who came here a bride, told, more than sixty years later, how the soldiers built Fort Dearborn. In the summer the fort was complete, and a snug little stronghold it was, with its stout stockade, block houses, and comfortable quarters for officers and men.



FORT DEARBORN.

"In the following summer the fort was completed and a snug little stronghold it was, with its stout stockade, blockhouses and comfortable quarters."

John Kinzie, the "Father of Chicago," arrived in the spring of 1804, and the population of the "Settlement of Fort Dearborn," as it was called, was increased by six persons. Beside his wife, he brought his young nephew, Robert Forsythe, his nine-year-old stepdaughter, Margaret McKillup, and the baby, John H. Kinzie, who made his entry into our future city in an Indian birch-bark cradle, swung from the shoulder of a negro slave—Black Jim.

Mr. Kinzie bought La Mai's cabin, which stood on the north side of the river facing the fort, even then an old house with a history, and began to improve it. He promptly took the three French voyageurs into his service and sent them into the woods to collect furs. Within a year he had established trading posts at Milwaukee and on the Illinois, the Rock, and the Kankakee rivers.

How Business Was Carried on at the Trading Posts.—Each trading post had its superintendent, agents, voyageurs, trains of pack-horses,

LIEUT. WILLIAM WHISTLER.

CAPT. WM. WELLS. Hero of the Massacre.

canoes and Mackinac boats. Furs from all the outposts were brought to Chicago, and the packs made ready for the sailing vessel that came down from Michilimackinac in the spring with goods from Montreal.

The fur trade, which was to be the only business conducted in Chicago for years, was carried on under conditions that can not be imagined today. There was practically no money in the country except what was paid out at the fort by the government. A gun, a blanket, a wool shirt, whatever was wanted by the Indians, was paid for in skins. Different kinds of skins had different values and these varied according to their beauty, size and rarity. When the skins were received at Mackinac they were paid for in goods for the Indian trade and in clothing, food stuffs, ammunition, or building material wanted by the traders. The country produced not a single necessity of life except game, fish, and Indian corn. The corn could not be ground, but was hulled with lye and used as hominy. Flour and salt pork formed two of the largest items of import into Chicago—the city which, in time, was to furnish Europe with meat and grain.

The work of collecting the pelts was done by the voyageurs. These were half-breeds or French Canadians who, for an average of $100 a year, an outfit of clothing, and a ration of food, entered into contracts to follow the Indians on their hunts, buy the skins of freshly-killed animals, cure them, and bring them to their employers in the spring. The ration was usually a quart of sagamite (hominy) and salt pork or venison tallow. Often these voyageurs lived on fish and maple sugar an entire winter when other food was not to be obtained. They carried with them needles, thread, beads, ribbon, tobacco, and a supply of goods for trading. Their worth to their employers depended upon the shrewdness with which they bargained. Blankets, cloth, calico, guns, camp kettles, axes, tomahawks, knives, looking glasses, animal traps and spears, fishing tackle, ammunition, liquor, ribbons, paint, beads, tobacco, and silver ornaments were the articles most in demand by the red men and their squaws. John Kinzie's silver bracelets, rings, earrings, and chains, which he fashioned himself, were very popular. The Indians called him Shaw-ne-aw-kee—Silverman.

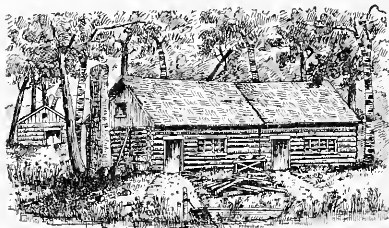
The French voyageurs were sturdy, enduring, resourceful, light-hearted. No difficulties baffled, no hardship discouraged them. They formed dog-like attachments for kind masters, and were adored by the Indians, whose long winters were made less dreary by the music of violins, and the laughter and story-telling of the voyageurs. Most of these adventurers took Indian wives, and delighted to dress them in the short blue skirts and jackets, and neat kerchiefs worn by the French peasant women of Canada.

Jean Baptiste Pointe de Saible, a free negro from the French island of San Domingo,—there seems to have been a number of such in the French settlements on the Mississippi,—built a cabin and began to trade in furs with the Indians of Chicago about 1779. Upon hearing that the United States intended to build a fort here, he sold his cabin to Le Mai and went back to Peoria, where he died several years later.

The story of John Kinzie, the Silverman, is from the sketch of his life by his granddaughter, Mrs. Eleanor Kinzie Gordon, of Savannah, Ga.; and of the Princess Nelly, Mrs. Kinzie, from "Waubun," that classic of the Northwest, written in 1855 by Mrs. John H. Kinzie, who had the story, in greater detail than is given here, from the lips of her mother-in-law. Editions of "Waubun" were issued for the centennial by half a dozen publishers of Chicago and may be had, well illustrated and bound, for 75 cents.

John Kinzie began to live in a style that was considered magnificent. The bark-thatched cabin had been transformed into "the Kinzie Mansion." Much of the material for flooring, doors, windows, and veranda, was brought from Montreal, and doubtless a Mackinac boat-builder did the joinery. It was a long, low house of one story, with piazza extending along its front

range of four or five rooms, and was, altogether sixty feet in length. A broad green space was enclosed between it and the river, and was shaded by a row of Lombardy poplars, grown from saplings that were, in all probability, brought by way of Montreal from France, for the tree is nowhere native in America. Two great cottonwoods stood in the rear of the building, and there was a fine flower and vegetable garden, a dairy, bake-house, stables, and a lodging house for voyageurs and Indians.



CABIN ON LEE'S PLACE.

In 1805 Charles Jouett, Indian agent, arrived and built the Agency House on the Esplanade, west of the fort. This building was called Cobweb Castle, possibly because of its slight construction. It consisted of two big storerooms divided by a hall. Verandas extended along both front and rear. A family named Burns occupied a cabin on the north side of the river west of the Kinzie mansion; and a Mr. Charles Lee built a house for himself south of the fort. He also had a farm at what is now Center avenue and Twenty-second street on the west fork of the south branch. This was called Lee's Place and afterward "Hardscrabble." It was in charge of a man named White. These were all the residents of Fort Dearborn settlement at the time Mr. Jouett brought his bride from Kentucky.

A Rough Wedding Journey.—The Kinzie and Whistler children were never tired of hearing about Mr. Jouett's wedding journey. It was the depth of the winter of 1809, when the bride and groom started on horseback from Lexington, Ky. They crossed the Ohio at Louisville and struck across the wild knobs of southern Indiana to the old French post at Vincennes. After leaving this town, which was over 100 years old and was then the capital of Indian Territory, they did not see a white man in the two-hundred-mile ride to Chicago. Only occasionally did they see a small band of friendly Piankeshas.

With them was a black servant and an Indian guide. The weather was bitter. Snow lay deep on that "prodigious prarie," as a French explorer once called it. It extended, almost unbroken, from Chicago to Cairo on the Ohio. Every night, when this bridal party camped in a strip of timber along some stream, they had to keep huge fires going to frighten away wolves and wildcats. At last they reached Fort Dearborn. At sight of that rude stronghold, the one really good house, and the few cabins huddled before the blast on the slough, amid stunted junipers and dwarf willows, with the stormy lake breaking in wild waves over the drenched and frozen sand-bar, the bride cried for her old home in the blue-grass region of Kentucky.

The First White Child Born in Chicago.—The Kinzie mansion was full of children. Ellen Marion had arrived in December, 1804, the first white child born in Chicago. A year later a son was born to Lieutenant Whistler, and was named Meriwether Lewis, for the leader of the Lewis and Clark expedition. Maria Kinzie, Robert A. Kinzie, and John Harrison Whistler were all born before 1810. There were children in the Lee and Burns homes also, and in the cabins of the French voyageurs, so there were plenty of little feet to go flying over the piazza floor of the Kinzie mansion when Shaw-ne-aw-kee, the Silverman, played his violin.

In 1810 the Whistlers, father and son, were transferred to Fort Wayne, and the command of Fort Dearborn was given to Captain Nathan Heald. There were an Indian interpreter, a surgeon, and four musicians in the fort, and a new Indian agent in "Cobweb Castle," for Mr. Jouett yielded to the tears of his homesick bride and went back to Kentucky.

And there was a young Lieutenant Helm, who promptly fell in love with and married pretty Margaret McKillup, Mrs. Kinzie's sixteen-year-old daughter. These lovers must have had to send, by an Indian or a French voyageur, to Kaskaskia, then the capital of Illinois Territory, for a license, and to wait quite six months for it. About the same time Colonel Pierre Menard, of Kaskaskia, was preparing to marry Angelique Saucier with all the social eclat and church ceremony the wealthy town could muster. How "society" of Kaskaskia would have smiled at the simple wedding in the rude fort at Chicago.

The Boyhood of Johnny Kinzie.—Johnny Kinzie, Jr., found plenty to do and learn in Chicago. Before he was six years old, he knew English, French, and three Indian dialects. He could fish with bone hooks, swim in Mud Lake, and trap otter. In a few years more he could shoot gray wolves and ducks and spear muskrats, and he could play the Indian ball game of Lacrosse. Once he found a spelling book in a chest of tea from Mackinac and it occurred to him to learn to read. His teacher was his cousin, Robert Forsythe. Like Hiawatha he was wiser in field and wood and water craft. His knowledge of the wilderness was to stand him in good stead, for his occupation in early life was to be that of a fur trader at Mackinac, and Indian agent at Winnebago.

For the little girls, there was knitting, patchwork, and playing at housekeeping. Spinning and weaving were not done, for there were no sheep in the country. There were a few milch

cows and Madame Kinzie's dairy was famous; there were cattle and swine on Lee's place, where hay, corn, and wheat were grown.

It was always a great day for the little maids when the voyageurs began to arrive in the spring, with their packs in canoes or on ponies, for their Indian wives always brought quantities of maple sugar, beaded moccasions, belts, and pouches; miniature cradles, tepees, canoes, and snow-shoes, and carved wooden dolls. And, best of all, there were beautiful birch-bark boxes, embroidered with colored porcupine quills and filled with maple sugar. These were the first boxes of candy ever sold in Chicago, and the price of one was the choicest ribbon or string of beads owned by the small purchaser.

The Friendly Indians and Their Stories.—No sick or hungry Indian was ever turned away from the Kinzie mansion. The chiefs of the region—Black Partridge, Winnemeg, Topenebee, and Waubun, made the long piazza their headquarters in the summer. Some gorgeous brave was usually to be seen there, basking in the sun and gazing at the whitewashed fort across the river, where sentinels paced their beats outside the stockade and the military band of four musicians played "Yankee Doodle" in the evening. The "Star Spangled Banner" and "America" had not then been written. While the squaws hoed in the maize fields, and the Indians fished in the rice-choked river, the chiefs sat on the piazza, with Silverman's children playing at their feet. Black Partridge, who wore a peace medal, given by General Wayne, and who boasted of his friendship with the Silverman's family, sometimes condescended to tell the children a story. His favorite one, put into our language, began:

"The first white man who ever lived in Chicago was a negro."

"A white man cannot be a negro!" the children never failed to exclaim.

"Oh, yes, he can. Some Frenchmen are quite black. This one was named Jean Baptiste Pointe de Saible. He was a very fine man, very rich in furs, usually very drunk. But he was not happy."

"Why?"

"He wanted to be a chief over the Pottawatomies and that was even too much for a Frenchman to ask. He built the cabin where this house now stands and lived here many years. When he heard the Long Knives (as the Indians called all American pioneers) were coming here to build a fort, he was very sick and disgusted, for he was altogether French. So he sold the cabin to Le Mai. You could see him if you were to go down to Peoria, a week's journey by canoe on the Illinois."

Black Partridge told the children the story of "Starved Rock." He himself was a boy when, in 1780, the Pottawatomies had exterminated the Illinois Indians for the treachery of one of the tribe in assassinating the great Ottawa chief, Pontiac. And he told them that Pere Marquette, an "angel from heaven," had once spent a winter in a cabin on the South branch. That was a long time ago, but the Pottawatomies still invoked the aid of that gentle spirit in all their enterprises. That was the reason they had prospered.

"But there are no more great chiefs like Pontiac and no more saints with power from heaven like Marquette?"

"Yes, there is a great Shawnee chief, Tecumseh, who lives at Tippecanoe on the Wabash with his brother, The Prophet, whose sayings come true." Black Partridge spoke mysteriously, but he promised that no harm should come to the Silverman's family.

THE OLD KINZIE HOUSE, CHICAGO.

Best of all the children loved to hear a story that Mrs. Kinzie sometimes told on winter evenings. It began like an old fairy story, and it was called "Princess Nelly and the Silverman."

For eight years Princess Nelly and the Silverman "lived happy" with their house full of merry children. Then dark days came. In the year 1810, after the chiefs of the Northwestern tribes had returned from their annual journey for gifts to Fort Malden, Canada, they gathered for council at Tippecanoe on the Wabash. The Miamis alone refused to go to this council.

The Indians knew, before the white men of the country, before even the officials at Washington, that Great Britain intended to provoke the United States to war and they knew what part they were to perform. The search of American vessels at sea, with the impressing of seamen, and the stirring up of the Indians on the frontier, were the irritants the English intended to use. To the white settlers of the Northwest

it was known only that the Indians meant mischief. From the Ohio river, north and westward, blockhouses were hastily built in every settlement. General William Henry Harrison marched 700 troops from Vincennes against Tecumseh. In August, 1811, he defeated the Shawnee chief and burned his village of Tippecanoe, which stood a few miles above the present city of Lafayette, Ind.

Princess Nelly and the Silverman.

This is the story that Mrs. Kinzie used to tell to the children of the Fort Dearborn settlement:

"Once upon a time there was a little boy named Johnny. He was born in Quebec and his father was a Scotch soldier, who had come over with General Montgomery to fight in the French and Indian War. As Canada became British territory when peace was declared, the Scotchman concluded to remain and become a merchant. He died when Johnny was a small boy, and after a few years his mother married another Scotchman named Forsythe. The family then removed to New York, a town that Johnny did not like very well because so many of the people were Dutch.

"Besides, he had to go to school, and this he considered a hardship. Every Monday a black slave took him and his two half-brothers over to Long Island to the school, and came for them every Saturday night. One Saturday night Johnny was missing!

"It was thought the Indians had stolen him or that he had run away to sea, or to be a drummer boy in the army. Three years passed and even his poor mother gave him up for dead. The Revolutionary war was on and business was so unsettled that Mr. Forsythe concluded to move to Detroit and open a tavern, for that remote place had grown to be an important British trading post. He put his family and goods on a boat and sailed up the Hudson to the falls, crossed to Lake George and went up to Quebec, going nearly all the way by water. In Quebec he went into a silversmith's to buy a chain for his wife and there he saw, sitting over a jeweler's melting pot——

" 'Johnny Kinzie!' the children would shout at this thrilling crisis of the story.

"Yes, Johnny Kinzie, grown to be a tall lad of sixteen and a good deal ashamed of his thoughtless behavior. He was quite ready to go to Detroit with the family and to be a loving son to his mother. He had learned the trade of silversmith and he could doubtless turn his art to good account in Detroit, where the Indians were as thick as blackberries in August around the fort. He was soon in the woods trading his silver trinkets for furs. After a good many years he married a widow——

" 'No, he married the Princess Nelly!' corrected the children.

"Well, of course, he married the Princess Nelly, who was then a widow, and this is how it happened:

"About the time that Johnny Kinzie started to Detroit, that was in 1779, I think, a little nine-year-old girl named Eleanor Lytle—her pet name was Nelly—was playing with a seven-year-old brother behind a log cabin in western Pennsylvania. The farm was not far from the fort at Pittsburg, and the Indians were usually afraid to trouble the settlers. The children were playing in a little hollow behind the cabin, among some trees their father had felled. The father was away helping a new settler raise his log house, but the mother could be heard in the house singing to her baby.

"Suddenly big red hands were clapped over the mouths of both of the children from behind, and they were carried into the woods by two big Indians, who were so tall and fierce and splendidly dressed that the little ones knew they were not the Delawares of the neighborhood. Signs were made to them to make no noise, and they were afraid to disobey their savage captors. They were given jerked beef and parched corn to eat, and when the party stopped for the night the leader, who seemed to be a great chief, directed that a couch of long dry grass be prepared for them.

"After that Nelly rode in front of the chief on his big horse. It was several days before they reached Olean Point, on the Allegheny river in southwestern New York. This was the chief village of the Senecas, who were one of the tribes of the warlike Iroquois. Nelly's protector, who was none other than the great Chief Corn-Planter himself, led her to the principal lodge, where his mother, 'the Old Queen,' lived. To her he said:

" 'My mother, I bring you a dear child to take the place of the little brother who died six moons ago. She shall be my sister and dwell in my lodge. Treat the boy kindly also, for many guns and horses will be paid to ransom him. Little Sister they can never have again.'

"After many months Mr. Lytle found his children in the Seneca village. The boy he got back, but the chief would not give up Nelly.

" 'No,' when her father offered to ransom her; 'she is my sister, adopted into the tribe. She is dear to me, and I will not part with her for all the ransom you can bring.' The father was compelled to leave her there, for to have tried to take her away by force would have aroused all the Iroquois to war. So terrible were these tribes in warfare that for a hundred years they had been called the 'Scourge of God.'

"The little captive missed her parents and brothers and sisters at first, but her big brother, the chief, and the old queen loved her so dearly and treated her so kindly that she became happy and almost forgot her old home. The principal

seat in the lodge was hers, the most delicate food, the softest bed, and the finest clothes. So active and bright was she, so full of energy and fun, that the chief called her 'Little Ship Under Full Sail.' The white settlers, who now and then saw her riding a pony beside the chief, and who knew her story, called her Princess Nelly of the Senecas, for this tribe of the Iroquois was called Senecas.

''Four years passed. Princess Nelly was now thirteen. The revolution was over, and the Lytles, in the hope of recovering their darling, went to Niagara. Sir William Johnson, the British Indian agent, went himself to Olean, and told Chief Corn-Planter how the child's mother had sickened for grief. The father had given up his home and come a hundred miles just on the chance of seeing Nelly.

''The chief promised he would bring her to Fort Niagara to the Iroquois grand council. They could see her there, but he exacted a promise that no effort would be made to take her from him. Nelly promised that she would not leave her Indian brother without his permission.

''The father and mother waited anxiously in the fort for the promised interview. At length the Senecas were seen coming in, Chief Corn-Planter and Princess Nelly at the head. The fair-haired English girl sat on a gaily decked pony, with the longest, silkiest mane and tail that had ever been seen in the region. And she was dressed like an Indian princess, in truth! She wore a petticoat of blue broadcloth, bordered by rows of bright ribbon. Her jacket of black silk was covered in front with silver buttons and brooches. Strings of white and purple wampum were around her neck, and the plaits of her yellow hair were hung with beads. Leggins of scarlet cloth and moccasins of deer skin, embroidered with colored porcupine quills, completed her beautiful costume.

''The chief, true to his promise, took his darling sister to a boat and crossed the Niagara river. He held her hand all the way. The boat touched the shore and Nelly sprang up the grassy bank below the fort, and ran straight into her mother's arms.

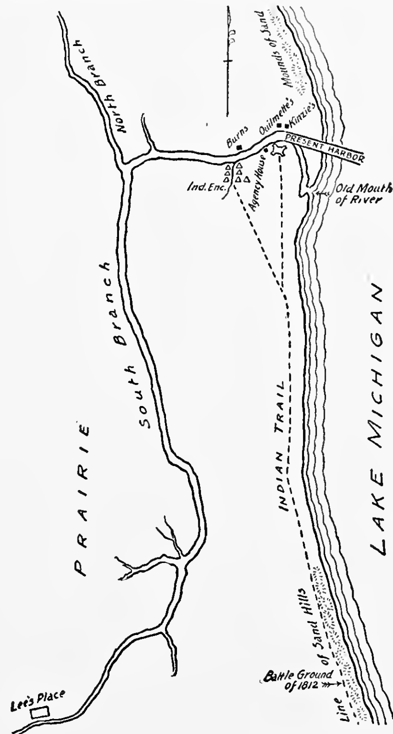
''The ladies were all in tears. Even the uniformed officers brushed the mist from their eyes. The mother gazed across the child's head at the chief in agonized appeal. With an eloquent gesture of sorrow the chief stepped back into the boat and cried, as he pushed away:

'' 'Farewell, Little Ship Under Full Sail! I go back to my lonely lodge!' He had given her up voluntarily.

''Nelly never saw her big Seneca brother again, but she never forgot him. Her father took her to Detroit, and there, when she was only fourteen, she married a brave British officer, Major McKillup. He died in the battle of Fallen Timbers, when fighting against General Anthony Wayne, with the Miami Indians. She was very sad and lonely after that, so she married Johnny Kinzie, the silverman, and came to the settlement of Fort Dearborn and lived happy ever after.''

First Attack by the Indians.—Tecumseh fled into Canada. The tribes scattered, but reappeared at the various posts to utter insolent threats. The Pottawatomies, who had never before given any trouble, now made boasting speeches around Fort Dearborn, but no real alarm was felt at Chicago until April 7, 1812, when a band of eleven Winnebagoes appeared at the farm house on Lee's Place. Mr. White, the manager, and a French voyageur were killed, but a soldier and a young son of Mr. Lee escaped by making the excuse of crossing the river to feed the cattle.

After dark they crept down stream and gave the alarm to the Burns, Ouilmette, and Kinzie families and the Indian agency. A cannon was fired to warn a party of soldiers who had gone out to Mud Lake to fish. They made their way back in safety. That night the entire population of Chicago slept in Fort Dearborn. The next morning the bodies of Mr. White and the Frenchman were found on the farm, and the Indians had disappeared.



CHICAGO IN 1812

The large building to the right of the Agency House is Fort Dearborn.

On the 18th of June the United States declared war on Great Britain, and on the 16th of July Fort Mackinac was captured by the British. Neither of these facts was known in Fort Dearborn, however, until the 7th of August, when Chief Winnemeg, of the Pottawatomies, who was friendly to the Americans and especially devoted to the Kinzie family, arrived with dispatches from General Hull, commander of the army of the Northwest at Detroit. Peremptory orders were sent to Captain Heald to evacuate Fort Dearborn, and to proceed to Detroit to take part in the proposed campaign against Canada.

In Fort Dearborn were Captain Heald, Lieutenant Helm, Ensign Rohan, Doctor Van Voorhis, the surgeon, the sergeants, corporals, and musicians, fifty regulars and twelve militiamen, beside Mr. Kinzie, his nephew, Robert Forsythe, Mr. Charles Lee, and Mr. Burns, ninety men in all. The Indian agent, Mr. Irwin, had left in July, after forwarding $7,000 worth of skins to Detroit. The French voyageurs remained outside, for toward them the Indians displayed no hostility. There were, beside, a dozen women and twenty children.

Chief Winnemeg advised instant departure before the Indians could learn of the intention to abandon the fort. This plan might have succeeded, but Captain Heald refused to believe that the Pottawatomies were unfriendly and waited until 600 warriors had gathered about the fort. He had been instructed to distribute the goods on hand among them, and to ask a friendly escort to Fort Wayne.

To this the Indians agreed with suspicious alacrity. Mr. Kinzie and the younger officers distrusted them, and begged Captain Heald to hold the fort. Chief Black Partridge came into the fort and gave up his peace medal, given him by General Wayne at the treaty of Greenville, declaring sorrowfully that the reckless young braves were determined to destroy the garrison and that he could not hold them in check. There was food and ammunition enough for a six month's siege. Events proved, however, that the fort could not have been relieved within six months, for, on the 16th of August, twenty-four hours after the massacre at Fort Dearborn, the British captured Detroit, and for two years the Northwest was to be at the mercy of the Indians.

On the 13th of August Captain William Wells, Indian agent at Fort Wayne, and an Indian fighter of renown (Wells street is named for this great pioneer), arrived with thirty Miamis as an escort. With John Kinzie, Captain Wells insisted that the whisky and ammunition in the fort should be destroyed. Large quantities of both were thrown into the river. This made the Indians furious and they howled and danced around the fort all that last dreadful night.

The little company of one hundred and twenty people in Fort Dearborn knew they would have to fight their way out and across the Pottawatomie Country to Fort Wayne. There were only forty fighting men altogether, for a number of soldiers had sickened in the heat of August. But Captain Wells thought he could depend upon the bravery of his thirty Miamis.

Departure from Fort Dearborn.—At 9 o'clock on the morning of August 15 the garrison of Fort Dearborn marched out. Mrs. Kinzie and her young children, under the protection of Chief Topenebee, were placed in a Mackinac boat to be taken to Saint Joseph. French voyageurs rowed the boat to the mouth of the river. There they were ordered to stop by the chief, who hoped to save Mr. Kinzie and Mrs. Kinzie's daughter, Mrs. Helm, who had insisted upon remaining with her soldier husband. Mr. Kinzie hoped that his presence with the garrison would serve to restrain the savages, for they all loved the genial Silverman.

In breathless agony, Mrs. Kinzie—poor "Princess Nelly"—sat in the boat at the mouth of the river and watched her husband and eldest daughter ride to what seemed to be certain death. From there she saw the smoke and heard the firing during the massacre.

The fugitives marched bravely down the old Indian trail along the lake shore. Captain Wells led with fifteen Miamis and Captain Heald brought up the rear. The women and children and six soldiers were in the baggage wagons in the middle. Mrs. Helm, Mrs. Heald, and Mrs. Lee rode beside their husbands on horseback, Mrs. Lee soothing a fretful infant in her arms. The band played the Dead March. Five hundred Pottawatomies, who had agreed to go with the fugitives and furnish them safe escort, rode on prancing ponies, while the squaws swarmed into the abandoned fort for plunder.

The Massacre.—When a half mile from the fort gate, the Pottawatomies suddenly struck across a low sand ridge to the west of the trail and disappeared. A mile further down the lake shore, an ambuscade opened fire. On the first alarm the troops were swung into line. In the confusion, the Miamis, on whom Captain Wells had depended, fled across the prairie in a panic of fright. The women, children, and sick soldiers were hastily collected under a cottonwood tree and there, on a spot that has been identified as the foot of Eighteenth street, forty white men faced 600 howling savages. The late George M. Pullman marked the site of this heroic stand with a statuary group in bronze.

Within an hour the dreadful scene was over. Only twenty-five men and eleven women and children were left of all who marched out of Fort Dearborn. Several of these were sick and wounded, and died or were killed by the Indians after being carried back to the fort. Captain Wells perished after having killed eight Indians. Ensign Rohan and Doctor Van Voorhis were dead; Captain and Mrs. Heald and Lieutenant and Mrs. Helm were all dangerously

wounded. Mr. Lee and his young daughter and son had been killed, and Mrs. Lee and her infant were borne off as prisoners by an Indian chief. The Burns family was wiped out. The

THE FORT DEARBORN MASSACRE MONUMENT.
(Black Partridge Rescuing Mrs. Helm.)

survivors surrendered upon condition that, if not ransomed by friends, they should be delivered as prisoners of war at the nearest British post.

John Kinzie was unhurt and every member of his family except Mrs. Helm escaped injury. They all returned to the Kinzie mansion and, for three days, while many Indians of distant tribes came in, were guarded by Chiefs Black Partridge, Winnemeg, and Topenebee. Once a band of Indians from the Wabash went to the house for the purpose of massacreing all of them, but were stopped by a whoop from a big chief of the Forest Pottawatomies, who bounded into the house. It was the famous Billy Caldwell, "The Sauganash," or Englishman, as he called himself. His father had been a British officer at Detroit. For twenty years after "The Sauganash" was to use his eloquence to restrain the savage passions of his red tribesmen.

The Kinzie family got off in safety to St. Joseph. John Kinzie himself remained among the Pottawatomies for weeks, disguised as an Indian, to try to save some of the pelts in his trading house. He, with the two surviving officers of the fort, surrendered himself to the British at Detroit.

The next day after the massacre of the garrison of Fort Dearborn the Indians burned the fort and agency building. The blackened ruins crumpled on a knoll, while a mile and a half below, the bones of heroes were left to bleach on the sand. The Pottawatomies danced a war dance and hurried away to help the British in Canada.

Once more the site of Chicago reverted to the wilderness.

Suggestions to Teacher and Pupils.—Schools of Chicago may make an historical pilgrimage, within the limits of the city, to the scenes described in this chapter. Better than any book or written account of this massacre, is the bronze statuary group erected by the late George M. Pullman at Eighteenth street and Prairie avenue. The group represents the moment when young Mrs. Helm, Mrs. Kinzie's daughter, was attacked by an Indian. She tries to seize his scalping knife. The chief who came o her rescue was Black Partridge. The four bronze panels in low relief, on the granite pedestal, illustrate four scenes—the giving up of his peace medal in the fort by Black Partridge; the march from the fort; the battle, and the death of Captain Wells. The prostrate figure on the plinth is Dr. Van Voorhis, and the child with outstretched arms, typifies the twelve children who were tomahawked in an army wagon. Every figure on this wonderful monument may be identified.

There are several versions of the story of the massacre of Fort Dearborn, the best known ones inspired by various members of the Kinzie family. The monument group is based on Mrs. Helm's account of her experiences in the fight, as related in "Waubun." While it is romantic and heroic, the accuracy of the details has been questioned. Other versions of the tragedy have been given by Chief Alexander Robinson, Chief Simon Pokagon (then a very young boy), by a French voyageur, and by a young son of Captain Heald. Mr. Dilg has collected ninety different reports of the tragedy, matter enough to fill a volume!

The site of Fort Dearborn is at the foot of Michigan avenue. There on the W. M. Hoyt building, on the north wall which faces the Rush street bridge, may be seen a marble tablet filling in a lofty, arched window opening, in commemoration of the location of Fort Dearborn. The site of the old Kinzie house is opposite the fort on the north bank of the river at Kinzie and St. Clair streets, on the spot now occupied by Kirk's soap factory. The cabin on Lee's place was at Center avenue and Twenty-second street on the west fork of the south branch.

CHAPTER VI.

ON THE FRONTIER.

(1816-1834.)

Students of this History should visit the Chicago Historical society building at 142 Dearborn avenue. There are a model of Fort Dearborn, a ground plan, pen and water-color drawings, many Indian relics and portraits of Captain Wells, Lieutenant Whistler, and John H. Kinzie. There are in existence no portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Kinzie, "Princess Nelly and the Silverman."

The "Waubansia Stone," a two-ton granite boulder, with a carved Indian face, which resembles Aztec work in Mexico, and which was found on the site of Fort Dearborn by the officers sent to build it, now serves as the cap stone of a fountain on a private lawn, between Erie and Huron streets, on Lincoln Park boulevard. This pre-historic rock carving is the oldest authentic relic of Chicago, and should be in possession of the Chicago Historical society.

The name Chicago, as applied to a pioneer settlement on the present site of the city, appeared in a school text-book for the first time in Woodbridge's Geography in the year 1821. This book was in use in the schools in New England. In Middletown, Conn., where sixteen-year-old Ellen Marion Kinzie was attending a private school, this official recognition of Chicago must have been a matter of pride. No doubt she pointed it out to her schoolmate, little Juliette Magill, the daughter of a wealthy citizen of the town.

The place was not marked by a dot but by a hollow square, indicating the location of the fort, and around it, on either side of a forked stream which entered the lake, were clusters of triangles which stood for Indian lodges. There was plenty of room for this pictorial representation of the frontier post, for behind it stretched a vast plain on which were scattered the names of Indian tribes.

St. Anthony's Falls was indicated, Prairie du Chien, St. Louis, and Kaskaskia; Fort Jefferson below St. Louis, Fort Armstrong on Rock Island in the Mississippi, and Fort Madison just above the mouth of the Des Moines. West of that point the word "unexplored" sprawled across the map. Ellen Kinzie was to go home whenever her brother John, who was learning the fur trading business in Mr. Astor's trading house at Michilimackinac, could come for her. Together the two girls traced the route of the long journey she would have to make—to Philadelphia by steamboat, thence through Pittsburg to Cleveland by stage, and around the lakes by sailing vessel.

"My, if I had to go to Chicago to live, as you do, Ellen, I'd die of a broken heart," sighed Juliette.

In just nine years Juliette Magill married Ellen's brother John and went with him to a

GEN. JEAN BAPTISTE BEAUBIEN.

BLACK HAWK.

place that was not on the map at all—Fort Winnebago, at the portage between the Fox and Wisconsin rivers, where Portage, Wis., stands today. And far from dying of a broken heart, Mrs. Juliette Kinzie found frontier life so interesting that she wrote a book about it—the now famous "Waubun."

What kind of a home was this first white child born in Chicago returning to, after nine years of exile in Detroit and the East? Fort Dearborn had been rebuilt in 1816. In the same year that the massacre at Fort Dearborn occurred—1812—the first Territorial Legislature of Illinois met at Kaskaskia. The assembly consisted of twelve men, two from each of the six counties that had been organized in Illinois along the Mississippi and Ohio rivers. The chief subject of discussion at that session was how best to defend the settlements of southern Illinois against the northern Indians.

From Shawneetown on the Ohio to Alton on the Mississippi there were, perhaps, 10,000 white settlers in Illinois, of which possibly 5,000 were

in Kaskaskia. Nine-tenths of the Illinois territory was a wilderness held by the Indians. At Galena, below Prairie du Chien, the lead mines were being worked by capitalists of Kaskaskia and St. Louis, supplies going up and the metal coming down by the river. The mines being in the Sac, Fox, and Winnebago country, much anxiety was felt for their safety when the second war with England broke out.

It was decided, therefore, to march a militia force northward. Governor Ninian Edwards of Illinois territory headed a volunteer party of 380 men in a march to Peoria. During the next year a force of 800 marched north, built Fort Clark on the shore of Peoria Lake, and explored the Illinois river. No Indians were encountered on either campaign, for they had all gone into Canada to help the British. Except for the massacre at Fort Dearborn and the border forays of Chief Black Hawk, Illinois was entirely outside the arena of the war of 1812, which was, as you know, mainly a naval war.

But over 1,200 pioneers of southern Illinois had seen and were enchanted by Peoria Lake and the bluffs, woods, meadows, and fertile corn fields of the Illinois river valley, just as the French explorers had been one hundred and forty years before. The best land in the Mississippi bottom, between Kaskaskia and Alton, had been taken up, while the low lands along the Ohio were malarial and liable to floods.

The Peopling of Northern Illinois. Peace was no sooner declared than hundreds sought homes in the region immediately behind Chicago. Jean Baptiste Beaubien, a French trader who had come down from Mackinac in 1813, and who was living in the Lee house south of the burned fort, supplied these new settlers with goods from Mackinac. It was very quickly seen by these newcomers, as it had been seen by the French, that Chicago was the terminus of a natural thoroughfare between the Mississippi and the Great Lakes. Indeed this had been recognized by the very able men in charge of the public affairs of Illinois territory at Kaskaskia. Through their influence at Washington had been secured, in the treaty of peace that was signed with Great Britain and with the Indians of the Northwest, the grant from the Pottawatomies of a right of way along the Illinois river to Chicago, for the construction of a military road or canal, as might seem best.

Petitions began to pour in to President Monroe from the settlements along the Mississippi to improve the port at Chicago and to construct a land or water highway from Lake Michigan to the head of navigation on the Illinois river.

This looks now like a big undertaking, but the whole country had entered upon an optimistic era, due to the feeling that, at last, we were to be let alone. England had definitely retired to molest us no more.

The war was no sooner over than home manufacturing developed and internal improvements of enormous cost were projected. The Erie canal was begun to connect the Hudson with Lake Erie. When that three hundred and fifty miles of artificial waterway should be completed—as it was in 1825—the Great Lakes would rival the Ohio as a route to the west. It is not surprising, therefore, that President Monroe recommended that Fort Dearborn be rebuilt, and a survey made for a canal.

The fort was rebuilt in 1816, on the site of the former one, but of hewn logs, lumber, and brick, and was of much better construction than the first fort.

John Kinzie returned with his family—less prosperous now, for he had lost practically everything by the four years of war and idleness, and he was past the prime of life. For rivals in the fur trade he had Jean Baptiste Beaubien and a Mr. Crafts. The American Fur Company of John Jacob Astor was soon to have a monopoly of the fur trade of the Northwest, and independent traders were to become employees. Dr. Alexander Walcott, the new Indian agent, arrived.

MRS. MARY GALLOWAY CLYBOURNE.

MARK BEAUBIEN.

The Kinzies, the Beaubiens, and Dr. Walcott, with various traders, many of whom were birds of passage, made up the civilian population for Chicago for the next several years. This was the Chicago to which Ellen Marion Kinzie returned, and where she married Dr. Walcott in 1823.

The conditions of trade were somewhat changed. Trade was carried on with Mackinac, but it was also more or less active with St. Louis and Kaskaskia, by the historic route established by the French explorers. Peltries went over the portage and down the river, and flour, salt, salt meat, and lead for bullets came back. The Mississippi between St. Louis and New Orleans swarmed with bull-boats, flat-boats, and keelboats. In 1818 a passenger in a steamboat from New Orleans counted 650 such boats laden with goods, on his voyage up the river. Many of these went on up to Prairie du Chien and Galena.

Chicago was far from this busy highway, and far from the eastern stage roads. For fifteen years our city was to remain a mere frontier

trading post, while the wave of migration, far to the south, was breaking roads to the west.

Chicago must have felt the wave lapping its feet when James Galloway arrived overland from Ohio in 1824. The story of his journey was a nine days' wonder. At Sandusky he had put a gun, tomahawk, steel traps, blankets, bacon, and cornmeal in a wagon. He shot game to eat on the way, and sold the peltries in Fort Wayne. From there he crossed Indiana and Michigan to St. Joseph, and followed the Indian trail around the end of the lake. He toiled through the sand dunes, where Michigan City now stands, and got stuck in the mud of the Calumet marsh. He went on nearly one hundred miles west of Chicago to the grand rapids of the Illinois river, and, on the site of Marseilles, staked out a claim in the military road strip.

The next year he went back to Ohio for his family, bringing them around by the Great Lakes. After incredible hardships, extending over three years, and including shipwreck, an attempt at confiscation of his goods by the American Fur Trading Company, a bitter winter in the dilapidated farmhouse on Lee's place, and an Indian scare, Mr. Galloway saw his family safely installed in a new log cabin on his claim, and was duly thankful that they were all alive.

A Pioneer Romance. In the same year—1824—the Clybourne family arrived from Virginia, and built two cabins on the North Branch, where Elston avenue was afterwards cut through. Archibald Clybourne thought there was a good opening in Chicago for the butcher business. This belief took a good deal more faith than you would think, for there was very little money in the country, and the fort, which had become his chief customer, was garrisoned only a part of the time. Besides, he had to go as far as Decatur or Springfield on the Sangamon river for cattle and hogs. The Galloway house on the Illinois was one of the few stopping places on these journeys, and Mary Galloway one of the few girls he had a chance of meeting. In 1829 he installed her as mistress of one of the cabins on Clybourne place and the Clybournes took rank as a "first family" of Chicago.

Mark Beaubien, a younger brother of Jean Baptiste, who was destined to contribute to the social gaiety of the little settlement for many years to come, arrived from Detroit in 1826, coming over the old Indian trail, through the woods in an ox wagon. He had to hire an Indian to show him the way.

Across the southern part of the state, and extending as far north as the Illinois river, a stream of migration from neighboring states set in after the close of the war of 1812, and continued, almost without interruption, for a third of a century. Instead of coming by way of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, as earlier settlers had come from the seaboard colonies, these newcomers from Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky made the journey in rude covered wagons called "prairie schooners." Very rarely were horses used. Oxen drew their groaning, creaking burdens through the woods, and patiently chewed their cuds while fallen timbers were cleared out of the way, or the clumsy wheels were pried from the mud with rails. Every stream to be crossed was a separate problem to these resourceful pioneers, for there were no bridges and few ferries.

Lincoln Family Typical Emigrants.

It was in this way that the Lincoln family emigrated from Indiana in 1829. Abe Lincoln, a tall, ungainly youth of 20, in buckskin breeches and coonskin cap, urged the slow oxen with a hickory gad, and cracked jokes over the disheartening difficulties that beset the way. The family settled on a wooded bluff, overlooking the Sangamon River, for the pioneer who would prosper always located where there were trees and running water. Abe split rails to inclose a fifteen-acre field, broke the sod of the prairie and planted corn, while "neighbors," from 25 miles away, helped raise the log cabin. Abe, being then 21, cut loose from home and started out to find his niche in the life of this limitless West. The story is typical of the peopling of Illinois.

THE LINCOLN CABIN. (Copyright, S. S. McClure Co.)

Situated near Charleston, Ill. Built in 1831 by Abraham Lincoln's father.

Northern Illinois got the fringe of this migration. Galena became a thriving settlement on account of the mines. Adventurers came up the Mississippi to Galena in steamboats after 1825, just six years after the admission of Illinois as a state. In the same year a Mr. Kellogg broke a trail through the woods from Fort Clark.

on Peoria Lake, to Galena, and others soon followed. This was the country of the Sacs and Foxes, tribes whose very names had blanched the chiefs of the French on the Mississippi a hundred years before, and who had added to their terrible reputation in the war of 1812, when fighting with the British. But now they seemed to have laid all animosity aside. From 1816 to 1832 the Sacs acted as guides to white prospectors, escorted money and valuable goods, and, lashing canoes together, ferried wagons across the Rock river at Dixon.

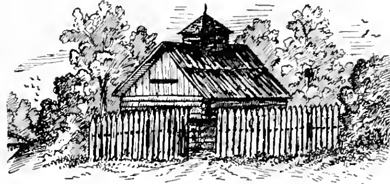
The settlement nearest Chicago, in the late twenties, was Naperville, thirty miles to the west. Seattered farms, many miles apart, lay along the Illinois and its tributaries. Mr. Gurdon S. Hubbard, an agent of the American Fur Company, had opened a trail from Chicago to Shawneetown, on the Ohio, and had a depot for goods for the Indian trade, and fifty pack ponies,

WOLF POINT, 1832.
Where Market and Canal Streets now cross Kinzie.

at what is now Danville, on the Big Vermilion.

But now, as to Chicago itself. Although Illinois had been admitted to the Union in 1818, civil rule was not extended to our city until 1823, when the region was described as "attached to Fulton County," of which Peoria was the county seat. An election was held here in that year in the Indian agency house. The head of nearly every white household held some civil office, but the duties and salaries were both nominal.

When, in 1825, the Illinois and Michigan Canal Company was incorporated for $1,000,000 capital, a few sangine souls began to hope that Chicago was destined to future greatness. No stock of the company was sold. To encourage the project, the government donated large blocks of land in the canal strip along the Illinois to the state. Still there were no buyers of stock, and the state was too poor to contribute any-



FORT PAYNE AT NAPERVILLE, 1832.

thing from its treasury, although the need for a waterway was felt at Kaskaskia as keenly as at Chicago.

It was in 1829 that the state legislature, sitting in the new capital of Illinois, which some practical joker had caused to be named Vandalia, on the ground that a tribe of Indians called Vandals had once lived there, appointed a canal commission to locate a route for a canal to connect Lake Michigan with the Illinois river, to lay out towns, reserve and sell lots, and apply the proceeds to the cost of the canal.

Chicago Platted by Canal Commissioners. — Chicago, in the canal survey of 1830, was described as a settlement of fifteen houses and a fort, not always garrisoned, located on Sec. 9, Tp. 39, Range 14. As the terminus of the proposed canal it was platted, its boundaries being fixed at State street, Madison, Desplaines, and Kinzie, or the north bank of the river. East of State and south to Madison, in the southward bend of the river, lay Fort Dearborn Govern-

CHICAGO IN 1831, SHOWING THE SECOND FORT DEARBORN.

ment Reservation, which could not be included in the town. The whole had an area of three-eighths of a square mile and embraced Wolf Point at the forking of the river. A number of lots were sold at auction by the canal commissioners. The choicest brought $200, while some, "away out on the prairie at Madison and La Salle," sold as low as $1.25.

"Father John Kinzie," as he had come to be called, had died two years before at the age of sixty-five. During the last five years of his life he had served the little settlement as justice of the peace, in the absence of ministers performing marriage services, and settling disputes with the kindness and fairness he had ever displayed in his Indian trading days. The old Indian—no, not fighter—lover was buried from the fort, in the Fort cemetery at the foot of Madison street. No doubt those who loved him thought he could rest in peace near his old home. Three times within the next fifty years his bones were removed—to the site of the waterworks, to the tract now covered by Lincoln park, and then to Graceland, where the metropolis has again overtaken them. When the village of Chicago was platted by the canal commissioners, in 1830, Robert Kinzie, for the Kinzie family, entered a claim for a homestead which had been occupied since 1804. This tract, afterward known as Kinzie's Addition to Chicago, extended from the river to Chicago avenue, and from North State street to the Lake. It contained 102 acres, and as each man who made an entry on government land was entitled to 160 acres, Mrs. Kinzie urged her sons to pre-empt the other fifty-eight acres on Wolf Point. They were much amused by her insistence that Wolf Point, between the forks and looking up the main stream would one day be worth a king's ransom. Before five years had passed the Kinzie boys wished they had taken their mother's advice.

On the map, platted at the time, Chicago looks like a town. The nice straight lines, marking streets, existed only on the map, however. Stakes were driven in at the corners of surveyed blocks to indicate where future streets were to be run, but the highways as yet were mere footpaths and wagon tracks that meandered from house to house. The only roads out of the town, across the sloughs and sand ridges, were the old Indian trails. There was not one well-defined street or bit of paving. Every man had built his cabin wherever he pleased, on the driest spot he could find along the river front.

Beginning further south, the American Fur Company had a warehouse at the mouth of the river, and the agent, whoever he might be, lived in a cabin near by. Jean Baptiste Beaubien had a store at the foot of Randolph street on Fort Dearborn Reservation. West of the fort grounds a slough entered the river at what is now State street. Across this a log foot-bridge had been thrown. At the west end of the bridge, on what would now be Dearborn and South Water streets, was a store owned by Medore Beaubien.

A public square had been staked out by the canal commissioners in the meadow where our court house and city hall now stand. On it, at that time, the horses of transient guests at the taverns were turned out to graze, and later an "estray pen," the first public building in Chicago, was built, to be followed by a log jail.

On the east side of the south branch, corner of Lake and Market streets, Mark Beaubien built a tavern. This was easily the most conspicuous house in the settlement, for it was two stories high, clapboarded over the logs, painted white, and adorned with bright blue shutters. Beaubien called it the Sauganash House, after the half-breed Indian chief, Billy Caldwell.

The Sauganash and Its Landlord.—An English traveler a few years later described Mark Beaubien as a "sporty Frenchman with a squaw and a score of papooses." It is true that he had married an Indian woman and that he was the father of twenty-three children, many of whom went west of the Mississippi with the Pottawatomies; but nearly all Frenchmen in the West married Indian women, and early Chicagoans would have resented such a description of the genial landlord of The Sauganash, who kept tavern, traded with the red man, ran the first ferry across the river, and still had time for his serious occupations of horse racing, fiddling, and general entertaining for the community. The Sauganash House was always open for a dance and "Monsieur Mark," in a swallow-tail blue coat with brass buttons, and tight nankeen trousers, played Money Musk and Fisher's Hornpipe as long as there was a youthful pair of heels to keep time.

THE SAUGANASH HOUSE.

Elijah Wentworth had a public house on Wolf Point, and a man named Miller kept a tavern and Clybourn's butcher shop in the north triangle made by the forking of the river. The stream and its branches were the only highways to both Indian and white man, and any wayfarer needing food and shelter was sure to have to pass the junction of the waterways. In the course of a year there would be a good many guests to patronize the public houses about Wolf Point, which was then, indeed, the nucleus of the future city.

Alexander Robinson, a half breed Indian chief, had a trading house on the site of the present Haymarket, and a half-breed chief named La Framboise, a cabin where the Burlington depot now stands. On the north side of the river were the Kinzie house, the Indian agency, McKee's blacksmith shop and the old Burns cabin, that was seldom occupied. Up near Chicago and Dearborn avenues, on the Kinzie tract, lived the half-breed Pottawatomie chief, Billy Caldwell, "The Sauganash," in a good frame house. The Clybourne cabins and slaughter-house were two and a half miles out on the North Branch.

In 1831 a postoffice was established by a Mr. Bailey in the old Kinzie mansion. Mail was received every two weeks by star route from Fort Wayne, the mail-carrier having to camp out and to sustain himself with his gun on the way. The next year the postoffice was moved to a new cabin on Market and Water Streets, opposite The Sauganash House, where a newcomer, John S. C. Hogan, opened a store.

The mail was laid in a corner of a shelf with the bolts of calico, and customers picked out their own letters. Archibald Clybourne asked Mr. Hogan why he didn't put on some style and get a set of pigeon-holes, such as were used in the East. There was not a cabinet-maker in the country, but the postmaster called for old boot-tops, lashed them together, and nailed them by the straps to the log side of the cabin, lettered them and had a set of pigeon-holes that was the admiration of Chicago.

There was no garrison in the fort in the winter of '31-'32, and this was fortunate, for 400 emigrants, who reached Chicago in the autumn, spent the winter inside the stockade because of the rumor of trouble with the Sacs on the Mississippi. The winter was a busy and prosperous one for the little settlement. The existing stores could not supply all these wayfarers, so Robert Kinzie, then 21, and George W. Dole opened two more. Archibald Clybourne began to grow rich in the butcher business and planned to build a large colonial mansion at New Virginia, as he called Clybourne Place. Cook county was organized and Chicago became the county seat of a territory that embraced the present counties of Cook, Lake, Du Page and Will. A ferry was established at Wolf Point and two country roads were laid out. One of these roads ran out Madison street and Ogden avenue to Barney Lawton's house at Riverside, following the old portage trail, and the other went out over Hubbard's trail, now State street and Archer avenue. Chicago confidently looked for a boom in the spring of 1832. But, instead of a boom, business was paralyzed and emigration brought to a standstill by the Black Hawk war.

In all the histories of Chicago and Illinois, a great deal of space is given to the terrible Black Hawk war, to the sufferings and losses of innocent white settlers and to the friendship and good faith of two Pottawatomie chiefs—"The Sauganash" and Shabona. But for their refusals to join the Sacs, Chicago would have added another terrible massacre to her history. while all these things are true, there seems little doubt that the Black Hawk war could have been avoided.

Causes of the Black Hawk War.—On the outbreak of the War of 1812, Black Hawk, Shabona, and other chiefs of the Northwest, joined Tecumseh and the British. When Tecumseh fell in the battle of the Thames in Canada, in 1813, Black Hawk came home, intending to fight no more, but he found an aged Indian friend seriously injured by white ruffians. He then began his terrible border forays. For three years the people of the middle Mississippi slept on their guns and shuddered at the name of this chief. As Mr. Reuben Gold Thwaites says in his monograph on the Black Hawk war:

He buried the hatchet, but he hated the Americans. He was continuously disturbed and molested by them. In 1823 some white settlers caught him alone and gave him a causeless and cruel beating. This insult he treasured up against the American people. In the same year, squatters began to take up claims in the Sac country, under an old treaty which Black Hawk disclaimed, by which the Sacs had agreed to migrate beyond the Mississippi whenever their land should be needed for settlement.

The main body of the Sacs had, long before, crossed the Mississippi and gone to the Des Moines river under the head chief, Keokuk. Only this one band, numbering 380 warriors, remained in Illinois, in a village at the mouth of the Rock river, which the Sacs had occupied undisturbed for 150 years.

In 1830 it could not be claimed that this Sac village site was "needed for settlement," since the nearest farms were fifty miles away. Yet, in the spring of 1831, Black Hawk, now 67 years of age, returned from the winter hunt to find white men living in his village. A trader from Fort Armstrong, on Rock Island, had entered a claim on it with the government and, with hirelings from the fort and the lead mines, was cultivating the 700 acres of fertile bottom land, made mellow by 150 years of growing Indian crops.

There was a skirmish, and the Sacs recovered a part of their fields and planted their corn. The white claimants did not observe an honorable truce, however, but in the course of a summer spread such alarming reports of an alleged intended rising of the Sacs, that settlers in the Illinois valley appealed for help. They cannot be blamed, for, in his prime, Black Hawk had been a warrior of many bloody deeds, and his name still inspired terror.

Governor Reynolds, not knowing the source

of this alarm, called for 600 volunteers, and General Gaines was ordered from Washington to reënforce the garrison at Fort Armstrong, on Rock Island. There it must surely have been known that the Sacs were the victims of reckless and greedy adventurers. But as no pretext was ever lost by which the Indians might be moved westward, so now the Sacs were ordered to leave their ancient village and cross the Mississippi. Faced by soldiers, they sullenly submitted, and signed a forced treaty to remain on the west bank of the river. From the bluffs of Davenport they could see the green banners of the maize waving and flashing in the fields the squaws had planted, and which their despoilers were to reap in triumph.

That winter they had no corn. They were in debt to traders on Rock Island and had no credit. Always poor, as Indians are in winter, famine, sickness and death were companions of this wretched band of exiles. With bitterness in his heart, Black Hawk recrossed the river and begged the Winnebagoes of Wisconsin and the Pottawatomies of Illinois to help him recover his village. They refused—the Winnebagoes, because they had been defeated in an uprising and severely punished, only five years before, and the Pottawatomies because they had wives and humane chiefs, who knew that for the Indian to go on the warpath simply invited extermination. The chiefs "Sauganash" and "Shabona" were putting off the evil day of exile for the Pottawatomies as long as possible.

In pity, Chief White Cloud of the Winnebagoes, offered the dispossessed tribe of Sacs cornfields along the Wisconsin river. In April, the moon of corn-planting of 1832, Black Hawk broke the treaty so far as to recross the Mississippi. There were 380 braves, and twice as many squaws and children and old men, with the skins and camping outfits. This alone indicated a peaceful expedition, for when on the warpath these Indians never hampered their movements by taking the non-combatants along. As if anxious to avoid trouble, or the appearance of hostility, the band did not stop at their old home. The braves rode on ponies along the bank of Rock river while the squaws and children embarked in canoes and rode to Dixon's Ferry.

The country along the Illinois, clear to Chicago, was in a panic of fright, and Governor Reynolds called out 1,800 militia. Abraham Lincoln, then twenty-three years old, and "out of work," enlisted from Sangamon county, and was elected captain by the Clary's Grove boys, "serving," as he said, "as a high private," for his privates all felt themselves capable of commanding themselves, and did so in this backwoods Indian chase.

The militia reached Dixon's Ferry by May 9, and there it was reported that the Sacs had dispersed among the Winebagoes and did not intend to fight. Major Stillman, however, had come to fight, and he marched thirty-five miles farther east to Sycamore Creek. While in camp there, a party of Indians came under a flag of truce from Black Hawk's camp, where the chief was giving a dog feast to seal his friendship with the Winnebagoes.

Black Hawk Provoked to War.—This flag of truce was violated. Some of the Indians were killed. Those who escaped fled to Black Hawk with the story of the outrage. Only half of Black Hawk's braves were with him, but the war-whoop was sounded and there was a bloody battle at Stillman's Run. That night a council of war was held, and Black Hawk made a speech that was an impassioned example of Indian oratory. He begged the Winnebagoes and Pottawatomies to help him avenge his wrongs. "If we bring all our warriors together they will be in number like the trees of the forest, and will sweep the pale faces into Lake Michigan."

"And the white men can muster troops in number like the leaves on the trees of the forest and they will sweep us all to the western ocean," said Shabona of the Pottawatomies, who rode away to Chicago to organize his tribe for scout and spy service to protect white settlements.

Deserted by their allies, Black Hawk's braves seemed to have determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible and to make the whites pay a high price for their final victory. The Sacs left their women and children among the Winnebagoes and broke up into small parties to massacre, burn and ravage the white settlements.

The settlers west of Chicago made a stampede for Fort Dearborn. Five hundred refugees found shelter within the stockade. The Cook County militia was organized under General J. B. Beaubien. Indian scouts under "The Sauganash" and Shabona brought in scattered settlers and livestock, and made it their business to protect buildings and growing crops. So well did they do this that except at one or two places there was very little loss of life or property after news came in of a horrid massacre of the white settlers on Indian Creek, near the present town of Ottawa. The Chicago militia marched to this point, buried the dead and marched back again, while the state militia took up a running pursuit of the flying Indians. There was not one pitched battle. As Lincoln often said "we rarely caught up with an Indian but we fought mosquitoes through a six weeks' march."

In July General Scott arrived in Fort Dearborn over the lakes with government troops, and with Asiatic cholera aboard. From the cholera the refugees fled with greater terror than from the Indians, who were now, as a matter of fact, retreating westward across Wisconsin. The pest-stricken town of Chicago was abandoned. After burying 100 victims of the cholera, General Scott camped on the banks of

the Desplaines under the rustling maples of Riverside. Thence he marched through Naperville and the sites of Elgin, Belvidere and Beloit. There news came to him that Black Hawk had been routed at the mouth of the Bad Axe river in western Wisconsin.

The Black Hawk War was over; 380 half-starved, homesick Indians had been reduced to a helpless remnant by six or eight times their number of white men. Black Hawk, "the last native defender" of the soil of the old Northwest Territory, had been vanquished. This is a page in our history of which we are not proud, but it is a story that is typical of our treatment of the red man in the first century of national freedom.

General Scott marched along the beautiful valley of the Rock river to Rock Island. Farmers glean wealth there today; prosperous cities have arisen; artists go hundreds of miles to sketch its wooded bluffs, rolling pastures and reaches of bright water. Then it was vacant; the Indian was gone. Deer and gray wolves,

JULIETTE A. KINZIE — JOHN H. KINZIE

song birds and Indian graves tenanted the great watered plateau of northern Illinois. The Rock river valley was opened to settlement.

Beginnings of Chicago's First Boom.—Again soldiers spread tidings of a new, rich country. A furore of immigration set in through Chicago. Many who had intended to go on stopped in the village that now began to give promise of its future importance. Emigrants arrived on foot, on horseback, in caravans, by sailboat. In the summer of 1833, 150 new houses were built along both sides of the river. Rough green lumber from the poor native timber was used and sawed in a water mill six miles out on the north branch. Newberry and Dole built a frame warehouse on Dearborn and South Water streets and shipped 287 barrels of beef, besides tallow and hides, to Detroit; and David Carver brought a schoonerload of pine lumber from St. Joseph, Mich., and opened a lumber yard on the river bank between what is now La Salle street and Fifth avenue. Thus were two of Chicago's greatest industries begun.

The close of the year 1833 found Chicago a legally incorporated town with the required population of 150. An election was held in August, when twenty-eight voters were registered. A transformation was to be wrought within five years, but at that time Chicago was a rather squalid town of rough shanties and cabins, squatting disconsolately and without order, in the mud. Even in the fort there was no building over twenty feet in height. The flagstaff was fifty feet high, and on holidays the weather-beaten emblem of liberty and union did its best to lend a festive air to the untamed landscape.

But there was an unmistakable air of business about the place. There were as many emigrants—birds of passage—as there were inhabitants. A score of families might be seen any day camping about their prairie schooners on the public square and cooking their meals over gipsy campfires. Houses were put up on a week's notice; the taverns about Wolf Point were crowded, and muslin partitions, run on cords, multiplied the bedrooms. And the government engineers, with an encampment of laborers on the Kinzie tract, were working on the harbor improvements.

Congress had appropriated $25,000 for this purpose, more money than all Chicago would have sold for, but no one scoffed, for the very atmosphere of the place was sanguine. Chicago seemed to hold its breath with expectancy while the straight cut was being made across the sand bar, the old outlet of the river closed, and the piers steadily pushed a thousand feet out into the lake. Then the river froze over during a winter of content and hope. In the spring of 1834 the ice in the Desplaines broke up with a boom, such as had forced Father Marquette to take to his canoe 160 years before; the flood rolled over the divide, submerged the Chicago flats, and rushed like a mill race through the new channel to the lake.

It was a gala day to Chicago's 400 people when the first vessel of large tonnage—the Illinois—sailed into the river. The town was made; the boom had come; real estate values soared, although the real estate itself lay under a foot or so of water. There was no talk among business men and the speculators who swarmed into Chicago but of the projected Illinois and Michigan canal, and of the fleets that were to sail from New York, through Chicago to the Mississippi and the gulf.

CHAPTER VII.

THE TOWN OF CHICAGO.
(1833-1837.)

The Passing of the Red Man.—When the first election of a board of five trustees for the town of Chicago was held on the 10th of August, 1833, in the Sauganash House, the allied tribes of Pottawatomies, Ottawas, and Ojibwas still held title to the lands bordering Lake Michigan, with the exception of certain tracts ceded to the government. The old Northwest Territory had been cut up into states; state roads had been laid out and canals built or projected. The country from the Atlantic seaboard to the Mississippi burned with zeal to conquer nature, and the people were nothing daunted by time, distance, expense, or wide solitude. Only the fear of the Indian held ambition in check. Black Hawk had been defeated, and the valley of the Rock river was ready for the plow of the pioneer, but between that fertile land and the East lay a broad region of Indian country which might at any moment become hostile. Chicago was girt on all sides. In western Michigan and northwestern Indiana lay a wilderness almost as unbroken as that of Wisconsin and Iowa. The site of Michigan City had but one house on its desolate sand dunes, and between that and Chicago were but few other habitations of white men.

ALEX BEAUBIEN.
As a boy he saw the last war dance.

The defeated Black Hawk brought about an immediate transformation in Chicago. The Indians as well as white settlers realized that the time had come for the red men to depart from the region and go into exile west of the Mississippi. That they did go without resistance and made such good terms for themselves is due to the wise and temperate counsels of their chiefs, who saw that resistance simply invited extermination. There were a half-dozen of these chiefs with the Indians about Chicago who deserve special mention. Shabona was a full-blooded Ottawa, a grand-nephew of the famous Pontiac, with much of his great ancestor's sagacity. "He was the one Indian I ever knew who was good when he was alive," the late Colonel Hitt, of Ottawa, owner of "Starved Rock," once said to the writer.

But he was not the only good Indian, as many of the early settlers of Chicago were ready to testify. The Sauganash (Billy Caldwell), Alexander Robinson, and La Framboise—half breeds—had all won affection and respect by their virtues. Many pathetic efforts were made by these enlightened chiefs to win their tribes to the ways of white men.

Last Council of the Indians of Chicago.—In September, 1833, the government commissioners arrived and called the Indians to a treaty council. Plank huts were erected along the north bank of the river for their accommodation, for the fort was full of soldiers who might be needed should the red men give trouble. Five thousand Indians of the allied tribes were camped all over the prairie to the north. A council house had been built of poles and bark on the Kinzie tract, where the Kinzie mansion stood abandoned to decay. It was not occupied after 1832, and soon disappeared.

Chicago was a picturesque place in September, 1833. Within the next four years it was to change from month to month by a series of startling transformations. Never again was it to look as it did then. The lake tumbled its waves over the new piers and piled up sand along the north shore, rapidly changing the shore line. The autumn rains had not begun, and golden rod, asters, and Indian lilies bloomed in the rank prairie grass. The river was as limpid as the lake, for not enough slaughtering and tanning had been done as yet to pollute its waters.

There were but one hundred and fifty people resident in the town, but there were four hotels about Wolf Point, all full of transient guests, drawn here by the treaty. Hundreds of emigrants were living in prairie schooners waiting for the conclusion of the treaty before seeking homesteads in the Indian lands. Horse dealers and stealers, peddlers, sharpers, whisky sellers, contractors for feeding the Indians, speculators, and adventurers—enough rogues to keep the new log jail on the public square filled—were in town. Every man had a claim, genuine or spurious, against the Indians, and schemed to

get some of the cash which the government was sure to distribute with a liberal hand.

The village was a chaos of mud, rubbish, and confusion. The Indians kept up the wildest uproar day and night, singing, howling, weeping, yelling. The braves got drunk and stayed drunk, and in that condition, gaudily dressed and painted, rode races, fought mock battles, and went on the chase. Squaws, papooses, dogs, ponies, and medicine men, as well as braves, lived merely on the government. Ignorant, degraded by the white man's fire-water, desolate, helpless, speedily to disappear from the earth, these aboriginals were no match for agents, traders, and creditors. In spite of most liberal grants they were to go out of the country plucked.

Day after day passed in carousal. The signal gun from the fort called the chiefs daily to the council, but it was the 21st before the council fire was lit in the long bark house. In four days the deed was done, and all Indian titles to lands east of the Mississippi were wiped out. Five million acres of land in northern Missouri were granted these tribes, their debts were paid, buildings and tools were to be provided, and an annuity given them for twenty years. The principal chiefs were pensioned.

Last War Dance in Chicago.—It was two years, however, before the Indians departed from Chicago for their new home. In the meantime the town had increased to a population of over 3,000, who, from the fort, the stores, hotels, dwellings, the wharves along South Water street, and the new drawbridge at Dearborn street, witnessed the farewell war dance of the braves. The scene was thus described half a century later by John Dean Caton, a young lawyer who, in 1835, had an office "on the head of a barrel," as he said, at Fifth avenue and Lake street, and wondered how he was going to meet his weekly board bill at the Sauganash House:

"It was in August, 1835, that the Pottawatomies danced their last war dance in Chicago. Certain risks were taken in permitting them to dance, but the officer in command at the fort feared also to refuse them. The garrison was under arms on the parade ground at Michigan avenue and the river, ostensibly to do the braves honor, but in reality to be in readiness for trouble should sorrow, excitement, and bad whisky prove too much for the Indians' self-control.

"The braves assembled at the bark council house after hours in their tepees spent in making their savage toilet. All were naked except for a strip of cloth about the loins, but their bodies were covered with elaborate designs, in brilliant paints, foreheads, cheeks, and noses were lined with curved stripes of vermilion edged with black points, that gave a diabolical expression to their faces. The long, coarse, black hair was gathered into scalp-locks and decorated with colored hawk and eagle feathers extending down the back to the ground. The braves were armed with war clubs and tomahawks and were led by musicians who kept up a hideous, rhythmic din by beating on hollow vessels with sticks.

"They advanced, not by marching, but by a continuous dance. Proceeding westward along the north bank of the river, they crossed the eighty-foot slough at Market street and the north branch on swaying foot bridges, thence along the west bank to Lake street, where a log bridge spanned the south branch. They were now just below the windows of the Sauganash House, which stood on the southeast corner of Lake and Market, where the Republican Wigwam was afterward built and where Lincoln was nominated for the presidency twenty-five years later.

"The dance, which never stopped, consisted

SHABONA.

of jerks, leaps, and unnatural distortions, all performed with lightning-like swiftness and wildcat grace and ferocity. There were eight hundred braves in that raging river of dusky, painted fiends which poured over the bridge and flowed down Lake street to the fort. They were frothing at the mouth; many had been wounded by flying tomahawks and war clubs, and blood mingled with dust, paint, and sweat, but the victims were unconscious of their hurts. Ladies at the windows fainted as the savages closed around the hotel to perform extra exploits. What if this sham rage should turn into a real attack! How easy it would have been

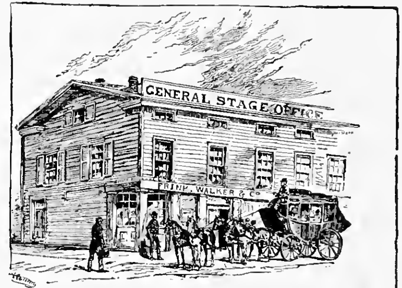
for these Indians to have committed another massacre in a helpless town!

"But the braves worked off their emotions in the dance, and after an exhibition that was a horrid climax, before the garrison on the parade ground, they crossed Dearborn street bridge and, for the last time, lit their council fire in Chicago. The next day, sad and sober, they began their march to Missouri. Many half breeds went with them, including Medore Beaubien, who had been a beau among white belles, a successful business man, and a member of the first board of town trustees. The blood of his Indian mother called him to the wilds, and he departed with the tribe to become an Indian chief."

Suggestions.—The early life of Abraham Lincoln will give the best account obtainable of the peopling of southern Illinois, and of what soldiering meant in the Black Hawk war. Schools in towns along the Illinois and Rock river valleys and northward into Wisconsin will find in their local histories many interesting stories of the famous Sac chief, Black Hawk. Rock Island, Ill., is now on the site of the ancient Sac village. Chief Shabona was well known as far west as La Salle county. The early chapters of Mrs. Kinzie's "Waubun" describe a horseback journey of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Kinzie from Fort Winnebago, Wis. (now Portage City) to Chicago, in 1831, the spring before the Black Hawk war. They went past the Four Lakes (now Madison) into the edge of the mining country, and eastward along the Rock river valley. This was all Indian country, and but few white families were found in a nine days' journey. "Madame John" was the heroine of Chicago for the dangers and fatigues she had gone through. A very full life of Marquis de La Fayette will give an account of his visit to General Jackson at Nashville, St. Louis and Kaskaskia, in 1825, thus contrasting the wealth and social conditions of these old French towns on the Mississippi with the Chicago of that day. In Kaskaskia he was wined and dined and feted in the great tavern, and a splendid ball and reception were given in his honor. This was only two years after Dr. Walcott and Ellen Marion Kinzie had had to send 160 miles to Peoria for a marriage license.

Chicago's First Boom Arrives.—Chicago had not waited for the Indians to leave before it began to grow. In the payment of Indian debts, $175,000 was distributed among creditors in the little town, a half-dozen members of the Kinzie family alone receiving $30,000 as compensation for their father's losses in the massacre of 1812. This average of $1,000 per capita gave capital for the enlargement and establishment of business houses. Orders were sent to Detroit and New York for stocks of goods in anticipation of the influx of settlers in the spring. Wharves were built along the south bank of the river from the fort to the forks. When the Illinois sailed through the new channel in June, 1834, it unloaded directly on the wharves along the river, and goods were carried into the stores and warehouses on the south side of the street that fronted the river, one hundred feet back from the bank.

By the middle of May a cordon of prairie schooners was drawn around the town. A sale of school lands, in the square mile bounded by State and Halsted, Madison and Twelfth streets, had taken place in October of the year before, the tract bringing an average of $6.72 an acre, or a total of over $38,000. Much of it was sold on time and came back to the school commissioners, for which the school board of today is duly thankful. The magnificent Tribune building, on Dearborn and Madison streets is built on school land held under long lease. It was on this school block that land speculation in Chicago began as early as the summer of 1834, for the purchasers of acre tracts subdivided their holdings into lots and put them on the



FRINK & WALKER'S STAGECOACH OFFICE.

market. Speculators came in the van of the emigrants and began to invest, for the glorious future of Chicago had been cried in the streets of New York.

In that year Robert Kinzie sold in New York a fourth of the Kinzie addition and all of the Walcott addition, west of North State street, for $20,000, and was elated over his bargain until, in the spring of 1835, a fraction of this purchase again changed hands for $100,000. On behalf of the latest buyer William B. Ogden came out to Chicago to put this property on the market.

He found the ground low and wet, where it was not in sand ridges along the shore, and covered with scrub oaks and underbrush. West of State street the tract was under a foot of water, and a slough eighty feet wide at Market street, extended to Chicago avenue. Mr. Ogden wrote to the owner that he had been guilty of the grossest folly in paying $100,000 for that swamp. However, since he was here, he subdivided the plot into blocks and lots, opened

streets and avenues and had maps prepared. June suns dried up the swamps, and flowers bloomed on the prairie. Even the slough was attractive by the time emigrants arrived, looked on the busy town, believed, and bought lots.

The government opened a land office on Dearborn street for the sale of homesteads in the ceded Indian lands. Mr. Ogden seized the moment when the excitement was the highest, and the crowd of newcomers was greatest and richest, to put his lots up at auction. Over seventy vessels with 5,000 tonnage discharged their cargoes on the wharves of Chicago in that season. The boom had arrived, and Mr. Ogden sold one-third of the one hundred and eighty-two acres for the purchase price of the whole. He was dazed. "The people who bought those lots were land-crazy," he declared when he returned to New York. "There is no such value in them, and won't be for a generation."

Nevertheless, Chicago drew him, as it drew others, like a magnet. He came back in 1836 to see two hundred and fifty vessels crowd the river with shipping, wharves laden with goods, ten hotels that had sprung up in a night filled with guests who lived but to invest money, and men he had left poor grown rich. Fabulous stories were abroad, that might or might not be true; but here was Chicago, sitting in her pride of place on the obvious interoceanic port to the West, and there was the Illinois and Michigan canal to be dug at last, for the state had made a $500,000 loan to begin the work. He who had witnessed the transformation wrought in New York by the Erie canal, changed his mind, and definitely cast his fortunes in with Chicago.

The craze for land had reached fever heat. Every emigrant bought his homestead, and lots besides, in the towns that were platted in the forests, prairies, and sand dunes of Wisconsin, Illinois, and Michigan. Chicago was the place where new towns were hatched—on paper. In Chicago itself values soared. Everybody was scrambling for school lots, canal lots, water lots with wharfing rights, Kinzie, Wabansia, and Walcott addition lots; even for Fort Dearborn reservation lots. This last needs to be explained.

In 1835 it was rumored that Fort Dearborn was to be abandoned as a military reservation. General Jean Baptiste Beaubien had lived on the reservation twenty-two years, in two houses that he had bought and paid for. Because there was more room than was needed by the soldiers, he was not disturbed. The place was his homestead. Since the fort was to be abandoned, he thought to secure a title to it by filing a claim in the land office. One morning he surprised Chicago by walking out with a title to Fort Dearborn reservation, for which he had paid $1.25 an acre, or a total of $94.61 for the seventy-four and a fraction acres. The popular "general" of the Chicago militia, as he had been since the Black Hawk war, was applauded for his shrewdness. Although there were doubts as to his claims being allowed in Washington, since the fort was not evacuated until December of 1836, and was not technically opened to pre-emption, still there were plenty of people ready to take their chances on making good their titles when General Beaubien platted the reservation and put the lots on the market.

In illustrating the craze for land speculation in Chicago, the Tremont House lot at Dearborn and Lake streets has become historic, for its price rose so phenomenally as to make people wonder if yeast had been stirred in the soil. In 1829 this lot was put in a raffle at the fort at twenty-five cents a chance. In 1830 the owner swapped it for an Indian pony and chuckled over his bargain, for in 1831 its value was rated under that of a cord of wood at $1.25.. In 1832 it got for its owner a pair of boots worth $5, and in 1833 was traded for a barrel of whisky at $25. General Beaubien was the purchaser. In 1834 he tried to get forty cords of wood, worth $50 for it, but failed, but later he parted with it for a yoke of steers and a barrel of flour. In 1835 it was sold for $500 cash, and in 1836 for $5,000. It was then taken out of the market, for Dearborn and Lake had become one of the most important corners in Chicago, the center of the hotel and stagecoach district.

Gurdon S. Hubbard, the old Indian trader, bought two water-front lots between La Salle street and Fifth avenue in 1829 for $66. In 1836 he sold them for $80,000

Let us now see what Chicago looked like in the boom days of 1836. Harriet Martineau was here in the summer of that year and has given a graphic picture:

"I never saw a busier place. It was but a squalid town of insignificant houses that sat jauntily in the muck of the prairie, but the streets were as crowded as those of London. Land sales were held on every block, and everybody hurried from one to another, fearing to miss the bargains. A negro dressed in scarlet, bearing a red flag and riding a white horse with scarlet housings, dashed through the town and announced the times of sale. Crowds flocked around him. The gentlemen of our party were hailed from the shop doors with offers of farms, land lots, water lots, town sites, timber claims. The immediate occasion of excitement was the sale of $2,000,000 worth of lots along the projected canal. Wild land along that undug ditch was selling for more than the finest land in the valley of the Mohawk, where an inestimable amount of traffic was then being carried on. These speculators in Chicago were not sharpers or gamblers, but hard-headed business men. It was remarkable to find such an assemblage of cultivated, refined, and wealthy people living in the rudest houses on the edge of that wild prairie."

Chicago in 1836.—One who arrived in Chicago by way of the lake, at that time, would have seen a huddle of low houses on the prairie, overtopped by the shipping in the river, for none of the six churches had a steeple, and the "sky-scrapers," of which there may have been a half-dozen, were but four stories high. The fort stood on a sort of knoll of sand, ten feet above the level of the lake and, with its white-washed walls and neat garden and esplanade, presented a pleasing appearance. The buildings within the stockade, however, were not more than twenty feet high, with the exception of the forty-foot lighthouse tower, which stood near the end of the Rush street bridge of today. South of the stockade, on what is now the corner of Michigan avenue and South Water street, stood General Beaubien's house and garden. Visitors were sure to be told of the claim the General had filed on the reservation, and a standing joke was to ask him when he intended to call out the Chicago militia to turn the United States troops off his claim.

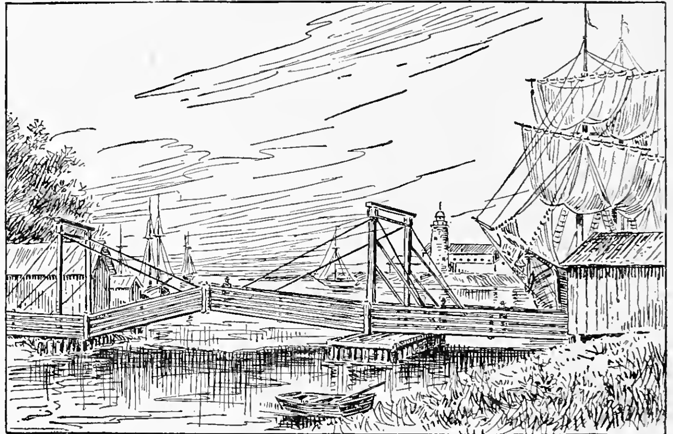
At the west end of the pier, on the north bank, and just east of the site of the old Kinzie house (the shore of the lake was at that time about a block east of St. Clair street), stood Newberry & Dole's forwarding warehouse. Large covered wagons, with two span of big draft horses hitched to each, were sure to be seen in front of this building in the early mornings when the caravan loads were being made up. This was Chicago's fast freight line to Galena, which was the great distributing point for the Northwest.

Where Kinzie, Michigan, and Rush streets almost converge, was the new, four-story, $100,000 brick hotel, called the Lake house, where they had printed bills of fare and a French chef. It was here that society congregated for the weekly dance in the winter. "Society" lived on the North side, in the Kinzie addition. From the river the score or so of big frame houses of the aristocracy could be seen plainly, for many of them occupied a block of ground, and the elms and maples that were to shade them later were then saplings. St. James' Episcopal church, with its Gothic windows and square tower, and William B. Ogden's house, with its classic porticos, were not built until 1837, when Mr. Van Osdel, the architect, had come from New York.

The town of Chicago had had no architect, as was apparent from the many buildings that were out of plumb. The first piece of work done by Mr. Van Osdel when he arrived in 1836, was to raise the fronts of three brick stores on Kinzie street that had careened when the frost went out of the soil. Chicago was taught thereby to drive its foundation piles through the muck, quicksand, blue clay, and gravel pockets to hard-pan.

The highest points in the town were at Michigan avenue and Rush street, with the drainage toward the west, the elevation falling from ten to only two feet above lake level. Water would have stood over the whole surface the year round had it not cut gullies or sloughs to the river. Three of these entered the river at State street, near La Salle and at North Franklin.

South Water Street the Business Center.—The south bank of the river monopolized the business of the town. On this bank, beyond the shipping that crowded the river, could be seen the busy wharves and the straggling row of brick, frame, and log stores which stood a hundred feet back from the stream. The boundaries of the town were at Jackson on the south, Jefferson and Cook on the west, Ohio on the north, the Lake north of the river and State street south, on the east; but the main part of the town was crowded into five blocks east and west, between the Fort and the Forks, and three north and south.



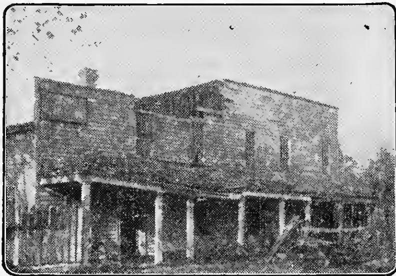
THE DEARBORN STREET DRAWBRIDGE (1835).

Every store on South Water street had its wharf frontage on the river, and the space between was a chaos of boxes, barrels, and bales. The plank sidewalks went up and down by steps, scarcely any two neighboring stores being on a level. No one thought of complaining of that, for any sidewalk at all was a matter for thankfulness. The main streets were graded but not paved. An inclined plank road, forming a gutter for drainage in the middle, had been laid out in Lake street, but the planks soon sank in the mud. After that historic failure at drainage Chicago began to build up her streets instead of digging them out. At that time the cross streets were

drained by sluices running to the river. There was a bottomless mud hole at Clark and Randolph in front of the courthouse, and a bog that bred mosquitoes, bull frogs, and malaria at Clark and Lake, in front of the Saloon building and the First Presbyterian church. The people complained bitterly of the condition of the streets and bridges. They did not realize that the level of the city would have to be raised ten feet before it could get above the mud.

On the southeast corner of Dearborn and South Water streets stood Newberry and Dole's store. It was to remain a landmark for twenty years. Directly in front of it was the Dearborn street drawbridge, a grewsome sight with its gallows-like framework at either end standing stark above the river. The "draw" was usually out of order, and the bridge was pulled down three years later.

Just around the corner on Dearborn street was the land office, always a lively place with its black jockey runners, and the strident voice of the auctioneer calling for bids. On South Water street were many names on the sign boards that became noted in Chicago annals; Kimball, Dole, Carpenter, Peck, Brown, Carver, Kimberly, Wentworth, and others. Among the notable structures of the town was the four-story State bank building at La Salle and South Water; the Temple building at South Water and Franklin, that was sacred to religion, education, and the learned professions. John Dean Caton, who was to be a judge by and by, shared a law office in the Temple with a seedy young physician, Dr. Daniel Brainard, who was to help found a great medical college.



OLD STAGECOACH TAVERN.

On Lake street were half a dozen hotels, among them the first Tremont house, then on the northwest corner of Dearborn; St. Mary's Catholic church at State street, Frink and Walker's stagecoach office and the famous "Saloon building." This was not a "saloon" at all but a "salon" which, you know, is French for "hall," and it is strange that the Beaubiens and other French people in the town should have permitted the name of the hall to become corrupted. It was the finest public hall west of Buffalo.

In Stagecoach Days.—South Water street curved with the river at the west end. Just on the curve west to Franklin street was the postoffice. When the stagecoach came in from the west, over the rattling log bridge, with a crack of the whip and a toot of the horn, the mail was thrown out and the coach dashed up Lake street. The old Sauganash house was passed by, for the genial Mark had leased it, and built the Mansion house at 84 and 86 Lake street. Passengers had their choice of nearly a dozen hostelries. Easterners went to the Lake house, court officials to the City hotel on the Sherman house site, politicians to taverns around the Saloon building, and countrymen with droves of hogs and cattle or wagon loads of wheat put up at the Green Tree tavern on Lake and Canal.

The postoffice and the courthouse were rival places of entertainment. When the Detroit stage arrived some gentleman with good lungs would mount a dry-goods box in Hogan's store and read aloud from the New York papers that were only thirty days old. The courthouse had no standing room when a trial was on. Before the first circus came to town in 1836 and pitched its "monster tent" beside the New York hotel on Lake Street, and the first dramatic company played in the Sauganash house in 1837, the court room was the only theater. The judges and lawyers were the stars, and the prisoner the villain of the piece or the persecuted hero. Had the eloquence or wit of lawyers been restrained the public would have felt defrauded. It was under such conditions as these that Lincoln had already begun to win fame as an orator at Springfield.

Frink and Walker's stage office, on Lake street, rivaled the land office, postoffice, and court room as a place of attraction. Any one who wanted to take a journey made up his mind and secured his seat in the stage a week or a month ahead. A time table that hung on the wall announced that stages left for Detroit every other day, time, three and one-half days; for Peoria, via Ottawa, Tuesdays and Saturdays; for Galena, via Dixon's Ferry, Tuesdays and Saturdays; time five days; for Green Bay, via Milwaukee, Tuesdays, 4 a. m.; for Vincennes, via Danville, Saturdays. The trip to Joliet (it was called "Juliet," then, so had its historic name fallen on evil days; Miss Martineau looked for Romeo, also, on the prairie) could be made in fourteen hours, two and one-half miles per hour.

Across the western prairie the trip was pleasant in summer time, although the road was a mere widening of the old Indian trail that, in spring and fall, became a ditch. The road to Galena was an extension of Ogden avenue. Barney Laughton had a tavern near the present site of the Burlington depot at Riverside that was a favorite resort of Chicagoans of the thirties, but the first relay station for horses was at Brush Hill, now Fullersburg, near Hinsdale, and two miles from any railway. An old stagecoach tavern of seventy years ago is still standing at

Brush Hill. The next station was at Naperville, a thriving settlement, and the third at Aurora on the Fox river, where the first store was built about 1835 or 1836.

The Archer road, which was completed in 1836 to Lockport, ran through Summit and on to Joliet and La Salle, the head of navigation on the Illinois. The Green Bay road was marked by stakes and blazed trees, and the streams were spanned by puncheon bridges. Ouilmette, Kinzie's old French voyageur, lived at Gross Point (now Willmette, and why doesn't the town restore its historic spelling?). Waukegan was not settled, but Kenosha—then called Southport—had been platted. At Racine was simply a log bridge over Root river. Milwaukee had four hundred inhabitants—"three hundred ninety-three men and seven women" as the Sentinel of 1836 dolefully confessed, but it aspired to rival Chicago.

Chicago river had begun to smell bad, for there were soap and candle and oil works, slaughter houses, and a tannery along its banks. And it was noisy with its vessels discharging on the wharves, its brick and lumber yards, its grist and saw mills, its plow works and wagon shop, its smelting furnace and foundry. The place began to take on metropolitan airs, although the mud was deep and pigs and cows ran at large; the bridge gave way to the primitive ferry-boats, and water was peddled from house to house in carts. But people could no longer throw things into the river, push stove pipes through board walls, or carry borrowed fire through the streets in shovels, for now there were ordinances.

Illinois and Michigan Canal Begun.—Such was the Chicago of 1836 when, in December, Fort Dearborn was evacuated for the last time by United States troops. On July 4 of that year Chicago had its last gala day for a whole decade, for hard times trod on the heels of the boom. On that day work was actually begun on the Illinois and Michigan canal. The town was awakened by three cannon shots from the fort. Citizens and invited guests assembled on the public square where there was then a one-story and basement brick courthouse with a Greek portico, a log jail, and an engine house.

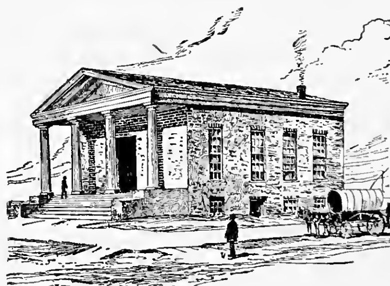
At eleven o'clock the steamer Chicago that had got through the Dearborn street drawbridge, gaily decorated with flags and bunting, was invaded by cheering crowds. A procession of watercraft moved down stream, towed by horses. There were no tugboats in those days. The land procession went out by way of the new Archer road to the new house of the canal commissioners on Canal port. After a lot of speech making, Colonel Archer, of Lockport, turned out the first spadeful of earth and the canal was begun.

But the canal was no sooner begun than the panic broke over the West. In order to understand both the extraordinary speculative fever which swept the country in '35 and '36 and the panic which followed in '37, one must understand the peculiar financial situation.

President Jackson had been reëlected in 1832 under pledge to destroy the United States bank, whose charter was to expire in 1836. Jackson believed that state banks would develop the south and west more rapidly, and it was the policy of the administration to favor the establishment of state banks. In 1833 he instructed the secretary of the treasury to deposit all public moneys in state banks.

Jackson and the Banking System.—State banks immediately multiplied. Illinois rechartered its state bank at Shawneetown and established six branches. One of these was at Chicago, where the need of a bank was becoming urgent. Chicago's first bank was open and ready for business on the corner of La Salle and South Water streets in December, 1835, and began to do an enormous business, one firm alone depositing $700 a day. This was just at the height of the craze for speculation in land.

After having made the system of state banks possible, President Jackson apparently became afraid of the flood of state bank notes which appeared, since few of them were redeemable in gold or silver. He directed the land offices of the government to accept only specie in payment for claims. Gold and silver were, in consequence, withdrawn from the East by emigrants seeking homesteads in the West. The eastern banks became crippled, while the West was



FIRST COOK COUNTY COURTHOUSE.

flooded with good money from the government deposits.

Since banks can make money only by loaning it, this specie was loaned out at low rate. Every business man in Chicago borrowed money to speculate in land, for money was cheap and land values were soaring. For the chance to grow rich in a year, the hardest-headed men risked everything they had. In the town that numbered but 4,000 one firm reported transactions in real estate amounting to $1,800,000 in ten months, and this represented but a fraction of the total dealings in land. The sale of public lands here, and throughout the South

and West, was of such vast proportions that the public debt was wiped out and the government had $50,000,000 surplus.

Whenever the government accumulates a surplus the public always clamors to have something done with it. People abhor idle money as nature abhors a vacuum; they want it back, in one form or another. In this instance it was decided to call in this surplus, which was on deposit in the state banks, and to distribute it pro rata among the state treasuries, to be spent on public improvements. So large a sum as $50,000,000 could not be withdrawn from the banks all at once without creating a scarcity of money. The government refused to accept anything from the banks but the gold and silver it had deposited, thus repudiating the notes of the state banks it had called into existence. Eastern banks went down with a crash, for the gold and silver were in the West; mills and factories closed; mercantile houses failed; laborers were thrown out of employment; there were bread riots in New York city!

The Panic of '37.—It was not believed that the West would suffer from the money crisis in the East, for there was no such intimate connection between the two sections, in business and finance, as there is today. There was plenty of paper money, such as it was, even after the government specie deposite were withdrawn, and the panic might have been delayed had not congress, in July, 1836, passed a law which prohibited "wildcat" banking; that is, the issuing of irredeemable paper money. This law came into force just at the time when the government had its specie safe in Washington, and when prices of land and every necessity of life had been inflated to double the amount of all the gold and silver in circulation. Joseph N. Balestier, a resident of the town at the time, has described the plight of Chicago:

The year 1837 will ever be remembered as the era of protested notes—the year of wrath to mercantile, producing, and laboring interests. Misery and despair were stamped on all countenances. Broken fortunes, blasted hopes, aye, and blighted reputations, were the legitimate offspring of those pestilential times. The land resounded with the groans of ruined men and sobs of defrauded women. It was a scene of woe and desolation. Trusting to the large sums due him, the land speculator involved himself more deeply until his fate was as pitiable as that of his defrauded dupes. Firms and individuals went into bankruptcy, values melted like snow. Real as well as paper fortunes, vanished; nothing remained but debt and disaster.

The last act of this financial tragedy now began. People cried out that there was boundless wealth in the soil of Illinois, that needed only people to dig it out. Under the popular clamor the Illinois legislature, as did the law-making bodies of many states, in the absence of a general banking law, projected its own banking system, based wholly on state credit. The state needed population; to get population quickly it must build roads, railroads, and canals, and improve the navigation of rivers. To do this it must have money. To get money state bonds were issued and offered for sale. In an act of the Illinois legislature passed in February, 1837, an appropriation of over $10,000,000 was made for public improvements.

State bonds to this amount were deposited in the banks. These formed a large part of the capital of the state bank and its branches. It was expected that the improvements would, in tolls and increased taxable value of property, soon bring in money to meet the interest on the bonds and, finally, to pay off the loans as they fell due. In a word, the state had mortgaged its credit. Unfortunately, the bankrupt public had little money to invest in bonds, and the state's ability to meet its obligations was doubted. Population did not come in. Between 1837 and 1840 emigration and land sales fell off to a small fraction, because of the hard times.

The value of the state bonds fell away below par and even then found no investors. The bank notes that had been issued on the bonds soon became "wildcat." No one would take them in exchange for specie, and gold and silver went completely out of circulation.

One Expedient Bred Another.—To this "wildcat" money based on the worthless bonds of Illinois was added "scrip." Now "scrip" is nothing more or less than an unsecured promise to pay. Its value depends wholly on the honesty and ability to pay of the person or corporation which issues it. When money was not forthcoming from the sale of state bonds to pay the contractors who were building the railroads and digging the canal, the state issued certificates of indebtedness called "scrip." The contractors, in turn, having no cash, issued their "scrip" on the state "scrip" to their laborers. That is, the contractor's promise to pay read something like this: "I promise to pay this 'scrip' when the state pays me on its 'scrip.'" The laborers made all their purchases in the towns with this "scrip." It was not long before firm and individuals were issuing "scrip" of their own. The honorable John Wentworth, "Long John," who was editing the Chicago Democrat at the time, has described Chicago's peculiar financial condition in 1837 and 1838:

The town came to be flooded with little tickets which read: "Good for one loaf of bread;" "good for a shave;" "good for a meal." These certificates of indebtedness passed without question, locally, and the people felt no need of real money except when a note fell due at the bank or they wanted postage stamps. It cost twenty-five cents to send a letter to

New York and it was felt to be a hardship when the postoffice put up a sign: "No credit; no scrip." Still there were stout defenders of "wildcat" and the government was roundly denounced. Some wag proposed to use Indian wampum for money until the state had disposed of its bonds for real money. Then merchants began to over-issue scrip as the state had over-issued bonds. The barber had too many shaves out; the baker more loaves, on paper, then he could deliver.

President Jackson was gaining wisdom in finance at the expense of a long-suffering public. In 1839 he gave the death blow to the state banks by refusing to deposit public money in banks whose notes were not redeemable in specie. The state bank notes of Illinois, based as they were on state bonds, were thus officially declared to be unworthy of public credit. The state bank of Illinois collapsed like a house of cards. For two years Chicago and Illinois had tried every desperate expedient to stave off the panic, but now public and private enterprises and credit went down together in overwhelming ruin.

CHAPTER VIII.

Development of Transportation. (1840-1860.)

Results of the Panic.—The year 1840 found Chicago, which had been incorporated as a city in 1837, stagnant as a pond. Emigration had stopped; a network of unfinished and abandoned railroads covered the state of Illinois. Work on the Illinois and Michigan canal was still going on, on a "scrip" basis, but was to cease altogether with the legal death of the state bank in 1843. With the panic speculators had fled from Chicago like rats from a leaky ship. Land sales had all but stopped. The hotels were emptied of guests and the streets deserted. Business had vanished like smoke, leaving 4,000 ambitious, resourceful people stranded amid the wreck of their fortunes and without any outlet for their energies, after four years of feverish activity and intoxicating prosperity.

The people were first dazed, then angry, then desperate, at this turn of fortune's wheel. There were fewer than a million people in the state of Illinois, while the bonded state debt was over $6,000,000. To meet the interest taxes must be kept up to boom-day figures, while the value of property had fallen to a fraction of what it had cost. A man might have paid $100,000 for a block of land, half cash, the balance secured by notes. When the financial panic came this land fell to $5,000 in value, while he still owed $50,000 on it and the land continued to be assessed at its cost price. When the outstanding notes fell due he must go into bankruptcy or complete his ruin by meeting them. The state did pass a special bankrupt law to relieve such cases and to give honest men a chance to begin life over again. Many men kept their homes only because no buyers appeared when the property was advertised for sale for delinquent taxes.

In this desperate state of affairs there arose a cry in the city and all over the state, for repudiation of the public debt to relieve the people of burdensome taxes. A mass-meeting was called in Chicago to urge this measure. Scarcely any one had the courage to resist the popular clamor. All honor then to William B. Ogden, who had been elected Chicago's first mayor in 1837, for a speech which, for its effect on the public, should be ranked among the great orations. This speech unfortunately was not preserved, and only its import can be given:

"No misfortune is so great as personal dishonor; there is no blot on the escutcheon of a state or a city so ineradicable as repudiation of public debt. Do not dishonor yourselves and our city. Remember that many a fortress has

WILLIAM B. OGDEN.
Chicago's First Mayor.

been saved by the courage of the garrison in concealing its weakness. Hard times pass by waiting. Loss of fortune may be repaired by industry and courage, but dishonor is a stumbling-block to self-respect and the confidence of the world. I have suffered loss with you, but I hope I have lost nothing but my money."

Cheers greeted this speech, which strengthened the faint-hearted. They knew Mr. Ogden had courage, honor, resource, confidence in himself and in the future of Chicago.

Mr. Ogden reminded the people that Chicago's prosperity had been, in a measure, fictitious. It had fattened on what had been brought in by speculators and emigrants. It had bought, bought, bought of the East, and had nothing of its own to sell. The farming land behind Chicago could feed the world, but the farmer fifty miles away did not raise grain because he could not get it to the market. In a few years emigration must begin again, and the farmer must have transportation facilities. He declared in effect:

"We must build plank roads. That is the business of the city and of the county.

"We must have the river and harbor improved to accommodate more shipping. That is the business of the government.

"We must finish the canal. The state cannot do it, for so long as it cannot pay the interest on the bonds now outstanding it has no credit. We must build that canal ourselves. It will cost only a million or so."

Here Was the Chicago Spirit.—Up again and doing; no time for repining. The truth is that the young city had a group of wonderful men, of which William B. Ogden stood at the head, the most courageous and resourceful. It had the Hon. John Wentworth in Washington, the first congressman ever sent from territory bordering on Lake Michigan, and a greater curiosity there than a congressman from the Philippines would be today. Like a veteran law-maker he was battering at the gate of the government to get Chicago harbor and the channel of the Chicago and Illinois rivers improved.

And Chicago, to its lasting gratitude, had that shrewd and honest Scotchman, the private banker, George Smith. It was to be 1851 before Illinois was again to establish a new banking system. For ten years business was to be conducted with the currency of other states that had established specie payment, and with private issues of banks not authorized to issue money at all. The entire commercial structure rested for a decade largely on the personal honor of a few private bankers, of whom George Smith was a type.

Mr. Smith represented, in Chicago, the Wisconsin Marine and Fire Insurance company of Milwaukee, which by its charter, was specifially forbidden to engage in banking or to issue bank notes. George Smith did not issue notes, but simply certificates of deposit, which circulated at their face value, because every dollar issued stood for a dollar in gold or silver that had been intrusted to Mr. Smith, and could be exchanged for specie any day. By 1850, he had $1,000,000 in the certificates in circulation. As one chronicler says: "These illegal bills issued honestly, and honestly redeemed, drove out of circulation the legally issued state bank bills, which the state was unable to redeem."

It would be impossible here to give a complete list of the men who pulled Chicago up out of the Slough of Despair and set her feet securely on the road to fortune. Indeed, it was with a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together, that Chicago's citizens set about the work. Everybody went doggedly at the nearest task to make a living, to get through the hard times, and to get ready for the more prosperous future. Many who were completely ruined went away. Professional men removed to farms they had pre-empted. John Dean Caton, to be a judge on the bench in a few years, was one of these. Broken in fortune and in health, he turned, temporarily, to the plow, cultivating a farm at Plainfield for three years, until health was restored and there was money to be made again in the law business.

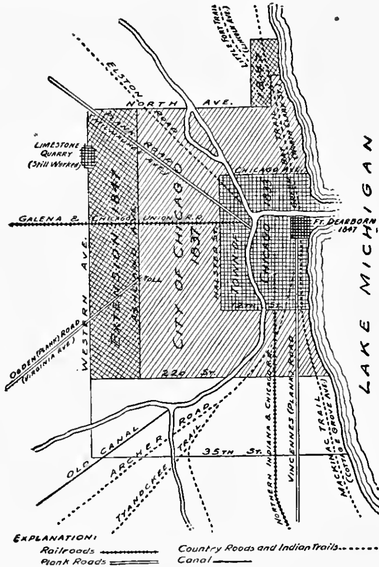
The "Garden City" and How It Grew.—Chicago itself began to draw on that old bank, Mother Earth, that never yet refused to honor the drafts of labor, as Governor Reynolds has so quaintly said of Mississippi Bubble days. Mr. Ogden set the example of spending his time of enforced idleness in improving his depreciated real estate, laying sidewalks, building fences, and setting out shade and orchard trees. It did not cost much to live with flour at three dollars a barrel (in boom days it had been twenty-eight), wood at two dollars a cord and board at hotels two dollars a week. A very little money could be made to go a long way if the garden were cultivated and the men caught fish and shot game, which was still abundant on the prairie. Men no longer boasted of the rising value of their lots, but of the yield of their orchards and potato patches. In a few years Chicago bloomed like the rose and earned its name, "Garden City."

John L. Wentworth (Long John), Chicago's First Congressman.

In 1841 a thin stream of migration began to trickle through Chicago and the city added one thousand to its population. By 1843 there were 7,580 people here. Many men resumed business in smaller stores, with smaller stocks of goods. Caution had been learned, but caution with boldness. Work on the canal had finally ceased, but no sooner were the tools laid down than Mr. Ogden had his plan for resuming work. He proposed that the holders of state bonds, whose money had already been sunk in the canal, should themselves furnish the money to complete the waterway and make it profitable. The repayment of money so advanced was to be secured by the revenues from canal tolls and the

sale of canal lots. The first step to be taken was to get the state legislature to authorize such a plan. This was done in the winter of 1843 by the passage of a carefully drafted bill.

Two years' hard work lay ahead of the Chicago promoters of this scheme. Of the $5,000,000 worth of bonds only $1,000,000 were held in Chicago, the rest being held in New York and London. The Chicago men agreed to furnish their quota, 20 per cent of the sum required for



MAP SHOWING CHICAGO'S TRANSPORTATION LINES IN 1850.

the completion of the work. A committee representing the Chicago, New York, and London interests went over the route of the canal with engineers and expert accountants, examining excavations, levels, locks, dams, and making calculations of the work done, and to be done, before a boat could go through. Estimates were made that it would cost $1,600,000 to complete the canal, build pumping works to maintain the water level over the ridge at Summit, and that three years would be required for the work.

Elaborate reports were drawn up and submitted to the foreign bondholders. After another tedious delay and with many misgivings on the part of the foreign bondholders the required sum was subscribed and work was resumed in 1845. While the work progressed through engineering difficulties, sickness among laborers, and strikes, Mr. Ogden was looking about for more worlds to conquer, in the shape of other means of transportation for Chicago.

Public sympathy had been with the promoters of the canal. Water was still the main dependence for transporting goods and people long distances. Chicago business men were entirely satisfied with the lake route to New York, and indifferent to the railway lines that were being pushed westward. When, in the late '40s, the Michigan Central was completed to New Buffalo, just around the end of Lake Michigan from Chicago, passengers found it convenient in summer to use a combined lake and rail route to New York. The general demand, however, was for the plank road, "the poor man's railroad," free to everybody and running to every farmer's barn door.

Grain Growing Waited for Good Roads. The packing business was in a flourishing condition, but grain came in slowly. Why was this? It was because cattle and hogs could be driven in for a hundred or more miles over any kind of road, or none at all, foraging on the way, and at little expense. But wheat and corn could be brought only in wagons. The roads were bad and the journey slow, tedious, and expensive, for food and shelter had to be provided at night for animals and dry goods. Fifty miles was the limit from which grain could be profitably brought to Chicago and supplies carried back.

The first plank road was laid out on the stage-road route to Brush Hill, a distance of sixteen miles, in 1840. This was the old Indian trail and portage followed by Marquette, to be followed later by canal and railway lines. The Indians in their trails laid out our earliest arteries of trade, and expert engineers of today have, in the main, followed their lead. This Southwestern plank road was afterward extended to Naperville.

The Northwestern plank road followed the North branch out Milwaukee avenue to Dutchman's Point and crossed by the old Indian portage to the Desplaines. The Western plank road ran to Elgin. By 1850 there were nearly ninety miles of plank roads running out of Chicago over which farm wagons could be driven rapidly, at all seasons of the year. In 1848 there were said to have been 70,000 wagon loads of produce brought into Chicago over these roads, an average of two hundred a day for every working day in the year.

A permanent encampment of farmers, with their horses and caravans, was maintained on the Fort Dearborn reservation lots that had not been sold. This was on the lake shore where the Illinois Central suburban station now stands at the foot of Randolph and Lake streets, and westward to the Rush street bridge. Retail business flourished, for the farmers bought here all their supplies, lumber, hardware, farm tools, and machinery, groceries, dry goods, furniture, wagons, seeds, and salt for stock and the curing of meat. The volume of retail business of Chicago in the '40s and early '50s was far in excess of the needs of its own population. Plank roads continued to be built all through the '50s and played an important part in the development of the city.

When, therefore, Mr. Ogden proposed to build a railroad, in 1846, he was greeted with a storm of opposition in Chicago. The newspapers were filled with protests from citizens who declared that railroads would ruin trade, for little towns would spring up along the lines and farmers would no longer come to Chicago. To this argument even the promoters seem to have had no answer ready, for a railroad was an experiment at best, and no one had quite figured out what the consequences of building one were to be.

VESTIGES OF THE CANAL PORT.

In 1836, at the height of the boom, a charter had been granted to the Galena and Chicago Union railway company. In the name of the proposed road, Galena had been given priority over Chicago because it was much older and more important. Work was actually begun in Chicago, piles being driven and stringers laid out West Madison street. Grading a roadbed across the low prairie, that was much of the time under water, was not considered feasible. With the coming of the financial panic of 1837 this road, with a dozen others in the state, was abandoned and all but forgotten.

How Chicago's First Railway Was Promoted. Mr. Ogden proposed to acquire the charter of this road and to connect Lake Michigan and the Mississippi by rail. In the winter of 1846 a railroad convention was held at Rockford, the halfway station on the proposed line, to effect an organization. William B. Ogden, J. Young Scammon, William H. Brown, and Isaac M. Arnold, of Chicago, were there with delegates from Galena, Freeport, Dixon, and Elgin. In the face of bitter opposition from the stage-coach settlements, which feared the ruin of the tavern business and markets for horses, the company was organized and directors elected. The charter was transferred to the new company and the real work began.

Mr. Ogden and Mr. Scammon went over the entire route from Chicago to Galena in carriages, investigating conditions and soliciting subscriptions to stock. Chicago merchants had so little sympathy with the scheme that they contributed only $20,000 to it. In the country, however, the farmers, both on the plank road and beyond it, received the committee with delight. They knew what it was to haul wheat to Chicago, count their small profit and wonder if, under present conditions, all this plowing, sowing, reaping and journeying were worth while.

Mr. Ogden was in his element, having heart-to-heart talks with pioneers in cabins and making speeches in crowded log schoolhouses. Farmers subscribed for stock, often for only one share, and even when compelled to borrow the first installment of $2.50 till after harvest. Farmers' wives contributed their butter and egg money to the enterprise.

Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of stock was sold to the farmers of northern Illinois, to be paid for from month to month on the installment plan. Mr. Ogden himself marveled at the result, for only two and one-half per cent of all the land tributary to the road was under cultivation. Such courage buoyed him up for his gigantic task. Three hundred and sixty-three thousand dollars' worth of stock was sold all together, and a small loan secured in New York, to add to the first two installments that had been paid in as a working fund.

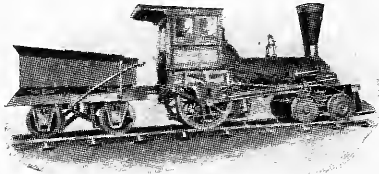
With something over $20,000 in the treasury the first grade peg for the road was set near the corner of Kinzie and Halsted, then the western limits of the city. Although a member of the city council, Mr. Ogden was unable to secure the passage of an ordinance permitting the road to enter the city, such was the opposition to it.

It did not take much money in those days to build a railroad across the prairies of Illinois; but it took more courage and faith and perseverance and financial ability to build the first forty miles out of Chicago than it did a generation later to push a railroad to the Pacific Ocean. The work was done with the utmost economy, the bed simply being graded up from dirt dug from ditches at either side. Such things as sidings, turn-tables, and station-houses were not to be thought of.

Once a loan was sought in the East. "A railroad west of Lake Michigan! Madness!" exclaimed a New York banker. "Twelve per cent in prospect! I can get seven per cent on safe investments in New York."

In one way and another the roadbed was graded out to the Desplaines river ten miles to the west. Now came the question of rails and rolling stock. A quantity of old strap rails, two little second-hand passenger cars, six freight cars and two engines, were offered the company for $150,000 on five years' credit if the directors would give their personal notes as security. Mr. George Smith, the Scotch banker, loaned $20,000 on Mr. Scammon's personal note, so little did he believe in the new road, although himself a director in the company and anxious to have the enterprise succeed. The city council gave grudging permission to lay a temporary track to the North branch so the rolling stock could be conveyed to the road.

The First Train out of Chicago: November 20, 1848, the board of directors, a number of stockholders, and several editors of city papers, boarded the rough cars for a "flying trip" to the Desplaines river behind what is known to fame as the "Pioneer" engine. On the return trip a wagon-load of wheat was brought to Chicago.



"PIONEER" ENGINE, 1848.

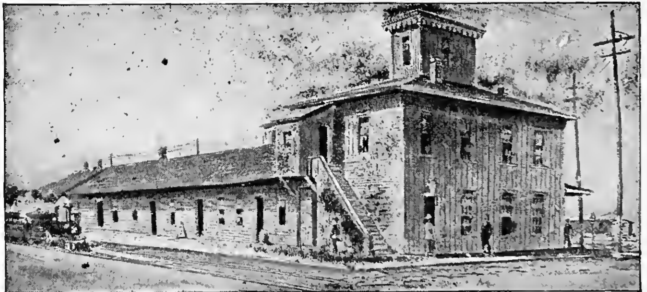
A week later, the business men of Chicago were electrified by the announcement that over thirty loads were at the Desplaines river awaiting shipment, and wheat-buyers were informed that they must secure their wheat at Desplaines river instead of at the Randolph street bridge. In the first year, this road earned $2,000 a month; in the second, $9,000. By January, 1850, the road had been completed to Elgin, forty miles away. It then had sixteen locomotives, forty-one passenger cars, twenty-two baggage cars, 860 freight cars, 122 flat cars, 134 gravel cars, and a pay car. Soon the road was paying 10, 12 and 16 per cent dividends semi-annually. Before it had got half way to Galena its stock had gone up to 140 and there was very little for sale at any price.

For the first year passengers got on and off the cars from the open prairie at Kinzie and Halsted streets, where there was simply a shed to shelter the engines. In 1849 the road was permitted to enter the city, and built the first wooden depot at West Kinzie and Canal. In 1851 it finished its drawbridge across the North branch and built a depot at Kinzie and Wells, where the Northwestern station stands today. The road was pushed steadily westward, reaching Elgin in 1850, Belvidere in 1852, Freeport in 1853, Dixon in 1854 and Galena in 1855. This line became the nucleus of the great Northwestern railway system of today.

To say that Chicago was wild with joy would be putting the fact mildly. This canal, on which Joliet and La Salle had made a report one hundred and seventy-five years before, that had been advocated by territorial, state, and national governments, had required twelve years and $7,000,000 for its actual construction. The first year demonstrated its usefulness, for it collected $87,000 in tolls or twelve and one-half per cent on the capital invested. Laborers along the line became homesteaders. Land rose in value and immigration rapidly filled up the valley of the Illinois. There was immediate talk of widening and deepening the waterway to a ship-canal so that ocean-going vessels could steam from the Mississippi to London through New York and Montreal. Canada had the Welland canal well under way around Niagara falls, and was digging another around the La Chine rapids in the St. Lawrence. The world was engaged in new solutions of the problems of rapid transportation. The first vessel was to clear from Chicago for Europe in 1856.

Lake craft had undergone some striking changes to meet the new demands of traffic. Side-wheel steamers were giving place to propellers. By 1850 there were twenty propellers on Lake Michigan, beside schooners, barks, brigs, and side-wheelers. In 1853, a daily line of boats was running to Milwaukee, and weekly trips were made to the Sault Ste. Marie in the season.

River and harbor improvements, however, were not kept up to the requirements of trade. Small appropriations were doled out by the government, work was planned, begun, and left unfinished. Piers rotted and a dangerous sand-bar formed in the channel. A steam dredge was needed to deepen the river for the boats of heavier draft then used.



OLD GALENA DEPOT. (At Kinzie and Canal Streets.)

Illinois and Michigan Canal Opened: On the 16th of April, 1848, seven months before the first train ran out of Chicago, the Illinois and Michigan canal was formally opened at Lockport. A week later the "General Thornton" came through from New Orleans with a cargo of sugar for Buffalo, where it arrived two weeks sooner than a boat that had made the voyage by way of New York and the Erie canal.

Congressman Wentworth had exhausted both eloquence and patience in four years' untiring work at Washington. Jackson, the friend of internal improvements, was dead, and Polk carried his indifference to the needs of the West so far as to veto appropriations for improvements in Chicago harbor and river. Exasperated by all this Mr. Wentworth organized a monster indignation meeting to be held at Chicago.

River and Harbor Convention: This was held in July, 1847. Delegates from eighteen out of twenty-nine states were present, and Illinois was represented from thirty-five counties. Among the delegates was Congressman Abraham Lincoln from Springfield, but he took no prominent part in the discussions and gave no evidence of his future greatness.

An immense tent had been raised on the public square and 20,000 people listened to the speeches. The convention was a direct and national protest against the attitude of the administration toward the West. Little came of it; it was five years before an appropriation was secured for Chicago harbor and that was inadequate. Chicago herself dredged the river, while the government built a new lighthouse and a marine hospital.

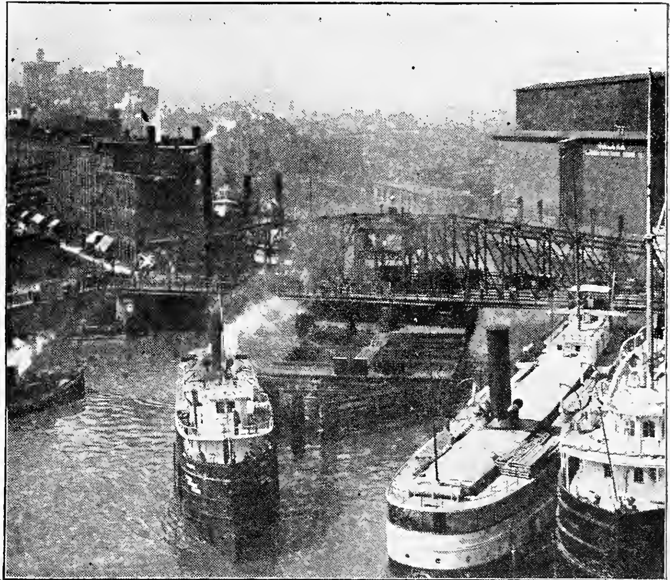
But the convention served to advertise the city widely. From eighteen states leading men had come and spied out the richness of the land. By 1848 Chicago had grown to 20,000 in population, the canal was open, and ten miles of railway were in operation. It no longer seemed like madness to build railroads west of Lake Michigan. The time was ripe for eastern capitalists to take up seriously the idea of constructing the Illinois Central railroad.

For many years Chicago had realized that its trade was purely local. The government not only favored the East, but the state of Illinois favored Kaskaskia and Galena on the Mississippi, and even St. Louis, rather than the city on the lake. This was natural, for from 1785 to 1835 migration was into and through the southern part of the state, as has been explained before. At the time of the admission of Illinois to the Union, 1818, Kaskaskia was the center of population, which was massed along the Mississippi, the Ohio, and the Okaw rivers. It became, therefore, the first capital. Then Vandalia on the Okaw, was chosen for its central position. Finally Springfield on the Sangamon was selected as the seat of state government, although it was thought to be pretty far north. All of these towns, as well as Galena, had direct water communication with St. Louis. For all purposes of trade they were nearer New Orleans than Chicago.

Chicago off Main Artery of Trade. When, therefore, the Illinois state wagon road was laid out, it ran from Vincennes, Ind., to Cahokia, just below St. Louis. The first plank road from Springfield ran to the Mississippi. Even the canal, from the head of navigation on the Illinois river to Lake Michigan, was thought of as an outlet to the East for St. Louis and southern Illinois river towns. Kaskaskia and Galena were thought of, and with good cause, as rivals of St. Louis, rather than Chicago. The trade of all but the northeastern corner of Illinois drifted steadily riverward, only eastward-bound through freight, and some local freight, going via Chicago, after the canal was opened.

Chicago knew this and was doing some hard thinking on the question of how it was to get the trade of central Illinois. Among the men here was Stephen A. Douglas, the "Little Giant," as he was called. He was then representing Illinois in the United States senate, and his associate was Judge Sidney Breese, who has been called the father of the Illinois Central.

As early as 1839 Judge Breese had conceived the idea of a north and south line that should connect Cairo with Galena. Hard times had caused the project to be abandoned. To the original scheme, Senator Douglas now added the idea of running the main line to the Illinois river, straight up from Cairo, and then branching to Galena and Chicago.



RUSH STREET BRIDGE TODAY.
(The X marks former site of Fort Dearborn.)

The road was to be called the Illinois Central, but the public immediately nicknamed it the "St. Louis Cut Off." It was instantly apparent that such a railway system would divert trade from the great river town to Cairo, Chicago, and Galena. Upon none of these had St. Louis ever looked as a possible rival.

Ill Wind to Kaskaskia Blows Good to Chicago: Impetus was probably given to the project by the partial destruction of Kaskaskia. In 1844 this historic town had grown to 10,000 in population, and its people drew wealth from the river trade. The first great flood of the Mississippi swept right across the low-lying town and left it a ruin. Business and wealth fled to St. Louis, and Illinois lost her river metropolis. Flood after flood has rolled over it since, and completed the desolation. There are today a dilapidated village on the site and a few historic houses falling to decay, but in any June freshet the last vestige of Illinois' earliest French settlement may crumble into the flood. St. Louis, Chicago, and Cairo have profited by Kaskaskia's destruction.

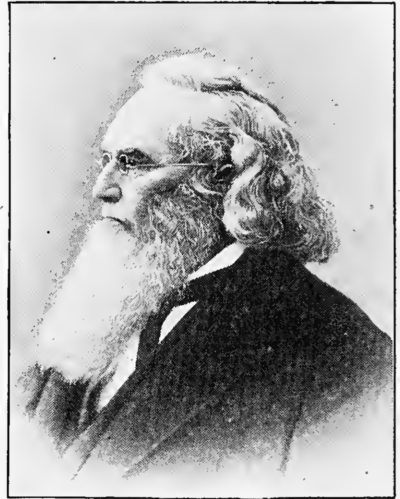
In a kind of resentment at this turn of fortune, southern Illinois turned her eyes and hopes on Cairo. This feeling, in all probability, had something to do with Judge Breese's revival of interest in the Illinois Central road, for Judge Breese was a southern Illinois man, with affection for old Kaskaskia. Douglas and Breese carried the whole matter through the United States senate in short order, securing to the Illinois Central railway company a grant of 2,595,000 acres, besides a right of way 200 feet wide, in a strip through the middle of the state of Illinois. This was the first railroad land grant ever made by the government and established a precedent without which we must have waited a generation or more for our great Pacific railroads.

Illinois Central Railway Begun. The millions needed for this stupendous undertaking of building 700 miles of railway through a sparsely settled territory, were not as difficult to get as the few thousands Mr. Ogden had required for building the first ten miles of the Galena and Chicago Union. The land granted had a remarkable value, and $17,000,000 was borrowed on 2,000,000 acres. Mr. Roswell B. Mason was sent out from Bridgeport, Conn., as chief engineer. Fortunately this gentleman, who remained in Chicago and served a term as mayor, has left full details of the conditions under which the great road was built.

His journey from New York to Chicago, by water and rail, took five days. From Chicago he proceeded to La Salle by packet boat over the canal. Thence he rode in a light wagon, over the route to Cairo, through Bloomington, Clinton, Decatur, Vandalia, Richview, and Jonesboro. The towns were from twenty-five to sixty miles apart. High water and cholera were both in possession of Cairo, and Mr. Mason's stay was brief since, as he says, "there was a very lively prospect of being drowned."

Coming back, he returned to Chicago through Urbana and found that, in 128 miles, there was scarcely a settlement. In just one month he covered 800 miles. Then he was off to Galena. During the summer he mapped the entire road, appointed engineers of construction in the divisions, and gave his mind up to the problem of how to get construction materials, food, clothing, shelter, and medicines, to various points along the line. New York, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Pittsburg, St. Louis, and Chicago were drawn upon. Everything was brought to the nearest river points on flatboats. Often materials had to be carried one hundred miles in wagons when there were no roads, and men and teams had to be imported.

The first part of the Illinois Central to be completed was the section from the Calumet river to Twenty-second street. In 1852 a temporary station was built at Twelfth street. This was for the accommodation of the Michigan Central road, which had extended its line around the end of the lake and used the Illinois Central's right of way into Chicago. The Michigan Central was thus the third railroad to run into Chicago, the Lake Shore road preceding it by two months and the Rock Island following it in the autumn of the same year.



JUDGE SIDNEY BREESE.
"Father of the Illinois Central."

In 1850 the Illinois Central purchased of the government for the sum of $45,000 all that was left of Fort Dearborn reservation, thus securing the site of its present suburban depot at the foot of Randolph and Lake streets. A few lots were presented by the government to General Beaubien, who was still living. The old blockhouse and the marine hospital were all of Chicago's famous fort that was left to the government, and these were soon to be removed.

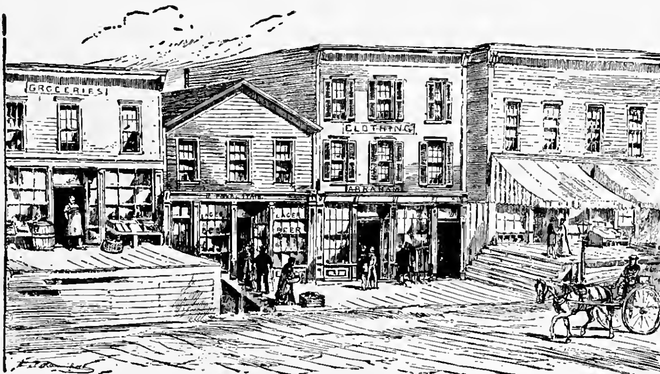
And now the railroad was not only to occupy the reservation, but was to lay tracks along the lake from Twelfth street to the north pier. We often ask ourselves today how Chicago ever

came to give its front yard and shore line to be disfigured by a railway. This is how it happened.

From the time the north pier was built in 1833, the southward current of the lake began to deposit sand on the upper side, thus gradually extending the shore line north of the river. Sweeping around the end of the pier, an eddy was created south of the river mouth which ate away the shore. A plank facing was made to check the erosion, but the water encroached steadily until it washed what is now Michigan avenue.

Something had to be done. It was a question of millions to save the shore line. Neither city nor state could undertake the work and the government would not.

At this crisis, the Illinois Central, needing a right of way to its land on the reservation, offered to build track on piling, inside a stone crib breakwater, across the shallow water. In 1852 it was empowered by the state legislature to lay tracks four hundred feet east of the west line of Michigan avenue. The road spent $2,000,000 on that two-mile stretch of tracks. The shore was saved and with it two miles of frontage on Michigan avenue, now worth millions, and all of the park strip from Randolph to Park row.



SOUTH CLARK STREET IN 1857.

The work was completed in 1857, just as the panic which preceded the Civil war broke over the country. The Illinois Central almost went under, with many other big, new enterprises that were not yet on a secure footing. It was years before it began to reap from the seed sown along our lake front, but from that seed it has now reaped a hundred fold. It has made much land outside its original grant, and this has been the cause of litigation in the courts between the city and the railway.

When the track was run from Twelfth street to Randolph, the rails were laid on piles sunk in the shallow water. A lagoon lay between the right of way and Michigan avenue which was not entirely filled up until after the great Chicago fire of 1871, when it furnished a convenient dumping ground for the debris of the fire.

But now, in 1856, having got its tracks laid in the reservation, the Illinois Central station was built at Randolph street. It was of cut stone, five hundred feet long and one hundred and eighty feet wide, one of the wonders of the West. At its north end along the river bank and pier were the great grain elevators.

By 1856 the Illinois Central reached Cairo and was earning $2,500,000 a year. Emigrants had begun to pour into the railroad lands and the wheat, corn, and live stock of southern Illinois were seeking a market in Chicago. St. Louis had been cut off from the trade of central Illinois, which now sought Chicago and Cairo.

The story of the building of but two roads is told here, because these two were typical of conditions under which railroads were built in the forties and fifties. In the decade between 1848 to 1859, however, the beginnings of ten trunk lines running out of Chicago were made. In 1850 the C., B. & Q. road had ten miles in operation between Aurora and Turner Junction. By 1856 it had reached the Mississippi at Quincy.

In 1852 the first Michigan Southern train ran into its depot near Gurnee's tannery on the South branch. This road and the Rock Island which was ready for business the same year, caused South Clark street to be built up. The Chicago and Alton reached Joliet in 1857, and the Milwaukee and St. Paul connected our city with Milwaukee in 1854. The Pittsburg, Fort Wayne, and Chicago ran into Chicago in 1856.

By 1860 there were eleven trunk lines and twenty branches running into Chicago, aggregating 4,736 miles of tracks, with earnings of $20,000,000 a year. The country has never seen another such decade of railroad building. In 1857 the work of developing transportation facilities was to receive a check; for the Civil war which was to break out in 1860 cast its shadow of hard times before, in the form of a decline in value of the securities of southern states which circulated largely in the northern states.

CHICAGO IN THE MEXICAN WAR. Although party politics had much to do with the Mexican war, the Democrats favoring it and their opponents claiming the war was provoked to help the South extend slavery, when the Democratic president called for 50,000 troops to go to Mexico, Chicago responded promptly with two companies under Captain Lyman Mower and Captain Elisha Wells. In 1847 another company was formed. In these three companies we find the names of some distinguished citizens, Murray F. Tuley and Charles C. P. Holden being notable. Other companies and scattered enlistments made up Chicago's part of the 6,315 men enlisted from Illinois.

CHAPTER IX.

TWENTY YEARS' PROGRESS.
(1840-1860.)

Chicago a Squalid Town. To the young person of today, who is accustomed to see the affairs of even small towns and villages well ordered, it is hard to realize that Chicago's physical condition remained almost as primitive as a disorderly barnyard, long after it had become the metropolis of the Northwest.

A FIRE BUCKET.

This was due, in part, to its location on a marshy plain which defied all ordinary methods of drainage and paving. Health laws and practical engineering were much less understood than they are today. The idea, too, that the good of one, in civic affairs, is the good of all, had scarcely been heard of.

Here in Chicago, where growth of every sort has been so rapid, the people would, undoubtedly, have come around to this view earlier, had it not been for the disastrous financial panic of 1837. To talk of borrowing money in the forties for civic improvements, would have been like waving a red rag at a bull.

There had been so much public and private dishonesty and self-seeking all over the land, in boom days, that every movement forward was eyed suspiciously. The building of the Galena and Chicago Union railroad had been all but made impossible by this feeling. Each division of the city was jealous of the other. The West side naturally wanted to keep the trade of the few farmers on the prairies to the west, and opposed the construction of bridges across the South branch. Farmers from the Wabash river and the south could reach South Water and Lake streets without a bridge. The merchants on the south bank, therefore, viewed with complacency the distress of North side warehouse men after the Dearborn street drawbridge was cut down. North side business men were compelled to raise $3,000 by subscription among themselves to build the first floating swing bridge at Clark street, in 1840.

Governor Bross, in his reminiscences, describes this as a pontoon or raft bridge, resting on the water, and operated by chains wound on a capstan on the float end. As the level of the town was only about two feet above the water, such a bridge was easily reached by a few steps leading down. By 1845 there were similar bridges at Kinzie, Randolph and Wells. They were described as dangerous nuisances. and were execrated alike by townsmen and vessel crews. The banks at either end were mud holes. North side society continued to use the "parlor-car ferry" operated by "Old Bill" at Rush street; for this old salt, from Uncle Sam's navy, had built neat, planked approaches to the river and kept his decks swabbed and ropes coiled.

The earliest settlers of Chicago dug wells; but in boom days there was such a large floating population that water carts, which brought up water from the lake in hogsheads, did a thriving trade. This gave Chicagoans the idea that it was foolish for each householder to dig his own well, when the town had a reservoir four hundred

CHICAGO IN 1853.

miles long at its feet. The Chicago Hydraulic Company, a private corporation, was formed and built two reservoirs, eighty feet above ground, at Michigan avenue and Lake street. A twenty-five horsepower pump was connected with an iron pipe that was run out one hundred and fifty feet into the lake on wooden crib work. The surplus power was used to turn the machinery of a flour mill. The water was distributed to the South and a portion of the West side through bored logs. As there was no provision against the entrance of solid matter into the pipes, sand, weeds, and minnows swam gaily out at the faucets. This primitive system had to content Chicago until 1857, when the first city waterworks was built at Chicago avenue.

One of the strongest inducements for early settlers to come into the Northwest territory was the liberal reservation of public lands for school purposes. More than half a century had gone by since 1787, when this provision for public education was made in the Northwest territory, but public schools were still practically unknown. The school lands had little value until the country was well settled. In the fifties land in the Illinois Central grant brought only five dollars an acre.

Chicago's First Schools. In 1843 the school trustees of Chicago had to report that the $38,000 for which the school block in Chicago had been sold in 1835, had been reduced nearly one-half through injudicious loans made in boom days. Until 1845 Chicago built no structure specifically for school purposes, although it owned the two-story frame cottage known as the Rumsey school on the corner of Dearborn and Madison, where the Tribune building stands today on land leased from the school board.

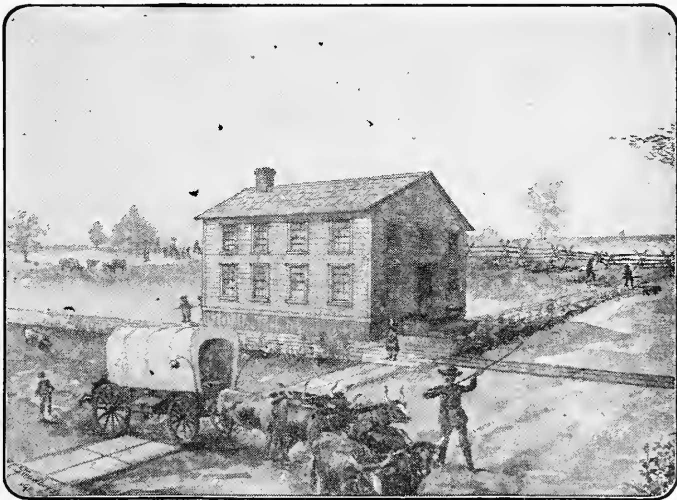
Schools had been held in cabins, storerooms, private houses, the Temple buildings, churches, and in the barracks of the fort after its evacuation. They were in session pretty much all the year with the exception of two weeks' vacation in mid-summer. Wednesday and Saturday afternoons were half-holidays. With a fund of less than $20,000 the income of the trustees was small, and the schools were supported, in the main, by subscription.

In 1845 the funds must have been materially increased for the city built a $7,500 brick schoolhouse on Madison street opposite where McVicker's theater stands today. Within three years 864 pupils were enrolled at this school and the Jones, Scammon, and Haven schools had been built, for Chicago suddenly ran up to 20,000 population. In 1857 there were ten school buildings with 10,636 pupils, beside the high school on Monroe street, and numerous private and church schools.

There were two things the Chicago schoolboys of the forties could not resist, the sight of a prairie schooner from the Wabash, with a load of juicy apples or peaches, and the cry of "fire!" Fruit was scarce, and a fire was a dramatic entertainment in days when a circus was an event of a lifetime.

In the early days of Chicago's municipal history, lack of money in the fire department was made up for in zeal, and glory was the pay of the volunteer fire-fighters. To fight fires was a patriotic duty, and a paid force would have been looked upon as "Hessians" were in the Revolution. There were bucket brigades, and engine and ladder companies with fanciful names and uniforms. Rivalry was keen and often bitter, certain favored companies being cheered when they appeared on the street.

Small Boy Furnished Fire Alarm. You may see today, in the Historical society's building on Dearborn avenue, an old leather fire-bucket with a leather strap buckled on for a handle,



THE RUMSEY SCHOOL, 1844.
(Copyright, F. H. Revell Co.)

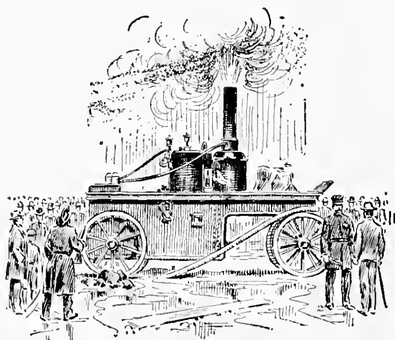
such as the "Neptunes" used so effectively as late as 1845. When a fire started some boy would "raise a yell," as an old settler said to the writer. This animated fire alarm, who seemed all legs and lungs, would rush through the streets shouting "Fire! fire! fire!" All the other boys and the dogs of the town would soon be at his heels. In a moment a veritable pandemonium was created.

Then from every house and store people rushed into the streets. The fire boys dragged

their engines from the sheds and called upon bystanders to help get them to the scene of conflagration. Any man so rash as to refuse to be turned into a fire-engine horse, was knocked down on the spot and fined afterwards. Hose was coupled on and run down to the river or lake; lamps were displayed in windows to light the way if the fire happened to break out at night, and the leather fire buckets which, by city ordinance, hung in every hallway, were thrown from house doors to the boys, who caught them on the run.

In five minutes the engine was on the spot, with the firemen on the brakes or pedals, pumping up water by man-power. The bucket brigades were lined up and passing continuous streams of leather buckets, hand over hand, from the river to the men on the roof. Salvage bands were busy, as the insurance companies complained, "carrying out feather-beds and smashing pianos to save the casters." The fire was put out, in one way or another, but the unfortunate family usually sat amid a sad wreckage of household goods.

Buckets disappeared about 1850 because the town had grown too far back from the water supply to make them longer effective, but the man-power engine did not pass away until 1858. The small boy was superseded if not suppressed as a fire alarm by the bell in the steeple of the Unitarian church and that by the bell in the cupola of the combined courthouse and city hall in 1852. Two disastrous fires in 1857 and 1858 proved the inadequacy of the old system and insurance companies raised the rates on risks in



THE "LONG JOHN" FIRE ENGINE.

Chicago. The "Long John" steam fire-engine was purchased and D. J. Sweenie, our famous fire-fighter Chief Sweenie, was given charge.

Chicago Changes With Changing Times. Many important changes in Chicago date from 1848 and 1849. The conditions of trade were altered by the opening of the canal and the completion of the first ten miles of the Galena road. The gold, or "yellow" fever, as it was facetiously called, swept the country, and "forty-niners" on the way to California, outfitted at Chicago, buying wagons, harness, saddles, blankets, clothing, tools, and such foods as could be preserved during the long march across the "Great American Desert" and the Rocky mountains.

GEO. M. PULLMAN.

EDWIN O. GALE.

Then there was the flood of forty-nine. Situated on a level, with the summit ridge ten miles back and that only fifteen feet above lake level, Chicago did not look for a flood. The winter of forty-nine was remarkable for its heavy snowfalls which lay on the ground until spring. In February all the rivers of the region froze over. In March came a sudden thaw. The snow melted rapidly and, with a report like artillery, the ice broke up in the Desplaines and rushed like an avalanche over the South branch, swept down stream and out to the lake, carrying away canal boats, bridges, wharves, piling, and grain-laden vessels that had been tied up at the docks. A chaos of wreckage filled the main river and the bank along South Water street.

This was a calamity, for spring trade was about to open. In the year before, 70,000 farm wagons had come into Chicago with grain and produce. As it happened, 1848 was the banner year for caravan trade, for the iron horse was now to come easily across prairies where many animals had toiled so long. But Chicago did not realize that this change was to come so soon. Bridges were hastily rebuilt after the flood, but on the improved, center-pier, pivot pattern which is considered such a cumbrous nuisance today. But the bridges then were only two feet above the water. Sand was hauled up from the lake shore to fill in the washed-out streets, and wrecked wharves and buildings along the water front were replaced with better ones.

The new courthouse and city hall set the standard for better buildings. Governor Reynolds described the courthouse as "a splendid structure, standing in great majesty and grandeur." In the next four years, 1853-7, $18,000,000 was spent in building operations. With so much money going into building; with the second boom on; with land values rising over night so that real estate agents blushed for the truth which outstripped their bragging stories, Chicago began to consider what could be done with her impossible streets. They not only impeded business, but they also menaced the public health.

Chicago's Paving Problem. From the beginning, the task of draining, grading, and paving Chicago's thoroughfares had looked well-nigh hopeless. Everything placed upon them sank as in a bottomless morass. Fort Dearborn had stood on a rise, ten or twelve feet above the lake level, and a ridge of simalar elevation ran northward across the Kinzie tract. From Michigan avenue the slope was so abrupt westward that a deep slough occupied the present line of State street as far south as Adams. An uncertain footbridge of logs, laid lengthwise, spanned this slough at Lake street, and Mr. E. O. Gale says in his "Early Chicago Reminiscences" that the frogs of that slough used to say: "Better go round! Knee deep!" when venturesome citizens attempted to cross it.

The busiest part of Chicago lay at the lowest point of the marshy plain, along the river and its branches, but two feet above water level. Those two feet, and, in many places more, were of black muck, or alluvium, deposited by the river, when the lake receded, leaving a bed of sand. In the spring and fall this top dressing of Chicago was wet to the point of saturation. Across the prairie, farm wagons sank to the hubs. In many of Chicago's streets, drays, wagons, and even stage-coaches, might often be seen abandoned in mud holes. An unfailing source of amusement to local wits was the sticking up of facetious signs labeled "Man lost here," and "Shortest route to China; this hole goes right through."

The sand bed and underlying hardpan were below water-level, and served no purpose for drainage. Water was lost only by evaporation from the surface. Everything, except water, was held fast in the reeking soil. Sluicing simply carried waste matter into the river, until that stream, once so blue and limpid and teeming with fish, was an open, stagnant sewer. Into it went the refuse of houses, hotels, river vessels, the markets, slaughter houses, tanneries, and the thousand and one abominations that accumulate daily in populous places.

Temporary expedients had been resorted to to improve the streets and river. As early as 1836 certain thoroughfares were dug down in the middle and planked, forming two inclined planes with a gutter in the center. The planks were soon broken by heavy teams, the boards and water flew up in horses' faces, and pitfalls were formed for pedestrians. Then the streets were graded like country roads, with gutters at either side. Sand from the shore was used as a top dressing. This was as beautiful and as deceptive as newly fallen snow, for the sand was cut up by the heavy traffic and disappeared in the mud.

As a third expedient sewers were constructed of three heavy planks formed into a triangular pipe and laid in the middle of the streets on the surface. After filling in around these the streets were planked. This plan gave the sewers a fall of two feet into the river, and much confidence was felt in it. But that confidence was misplaced for, as the "Gem of the Prairie" says in an issue of 1850: "Water accumulates under this planking and in summer steams up through every crack and seam of the rotting boards and poisons the town." Every summer brought its cholera and every winter its smallpox scare. Cobblestone fared no better—the stones were forced down to hardpan by the traffic and simply swallowed up in the mud.

A Solution Found. Two things now happened which gave people an idea as to a real solution of the problem. The board of Cook county commissioners spent $100,000 in draining swamp lands around the city. This work covered territory extending four miles to the west, five to the north, and ten to the south, beyond the limits of the city. Drainage was carried into the Chicago and Calumet rivers. The benefit to the city was felt immediately—there were a few dry cellars in town.

It began to dawn on Chicago that, to have a dry, clean, and healthy city, the level must be raised to a height that would permit proper drainage. It took a courageous man to be the first to propose such a thing, for the difficulties and expense were appalling. E. S. Cheesebrough, chief engineer of the newly created sewerage commission, was the man. As all other schemes had been tried and found wanting, Chicago had to face the cost and the difficulties of pulling itself up out of the mud.

A fourteen-foot level, or a total of twelve feet to be filled in was ordered. Property owners were aroused. Owners of large brick blocks saw the streets rising around them, and their first floors changed to sub-basements. The courts sustained the order of the city council. The Chicago Tribune of April 9, 1857, said dolefully:

"Every house now standing in Chicago must be raised about the height of the mayor. (Long John Wentworth, measuring 6 feet 7 inches, was mayor at the time.) It is going to be something of a job to raise 1,200 acres to grade, and where are the millions of cubic yards of earth to come from?"

Where do you suppose it came from? For the streets and sloughs from the bed of the river; for private lots from excavations—made for houses, for Chicago's business section was built over pretty solidly as fast as it grew, and there was not, after all, very much of vacant space to be filled in. And where was the power to come from that was to raise the big, four-story brick blocks in the business district? Well, that came from New York state in the shape of a young man of ideas.

The Opportunity and the Man. The Tremont house, a four-story structure of brick and stone, was one of the skyscrapers of Chicago in the

fifties. As Lake and Clark streets began to climb up, as a result of the grading, the proprietors of this hotel simply built steps leading down from the street to the office and dining-room. Visitors from the East got the impression that the Tremont House had sunk of its own weight, and went back home to tell how Chicago was built on a bottomless morass.

But one day there was a guest from New York who asked for the job of raising the building.

"How do we know you can do it?" asked the skeptical proprietors.

"Well, I've raised some buildings along the line of the Erie canal. I can raise anything if I can get enough jackscrews under it. I guess about 5,000 would do this job."

"You'll wreck the building."

"I'll agree to pay for every pane of glass I break."

"It'll ruin the house, anyhow. The guests will be scared to death."

"They won't miss a meal or a wink of sleep."

"All right, go ahead. "What's your name?"

"George M. Pullman."

There, doesn't that thrill you? But the names so famous now didn't thrill any one then. George M. Pullman began, on that job, to make his name.

He first covered the basement floor of the hotel with heavy timbers. On these he set up his 5,000 jackscrews. Then he turned in 1,250 men, one to each set of four screws. At a signal the screws were given a half turn. The building parted from its foundations. Inch by inch it rose in the air, and the foundation was built up as fast as it rose, the business of the hotel going on undisturbed. The story of this unheard-of feat of engineering spread Chicago's fame abroad. Eastern newspapers told how the young giant of the West was "pulling itself up by the boot straps."

Chicago Gets City Conveniences. The waterworks at Chicago avenue were completed in 1857, and water and gas pipes and sewers were laid. Macadam and wooden blocks took the place of planks and cobblestones, and stone sidewalks began to replace board walks. Horse cars were run out on State street to Twenty-second, on Madison, and on North Clark. Suburban trains were run out to the village of Hyde Park, and omnibuses met the trains. The cemetery on Lincoln park site was away out of town. At Oakland, then called Cleaversville, was a factory, a slaughter house, and six dwelling houses, in 1857, on a part of the old Ellis farm.

Six years before, Mr. Charles Cleaver, a soap and candle-maker, drove out to the Ellis place, which lay between Thirty-fifth and Thirty-ninth streets, on the lake shore, and bought a tract of twenty acres, on which to build a factory. After leaving the Illinois Central depot at Michigan avenue and Twelfth street, he passed but two houses until he reached the Cottage in the Grove, a popular resort on Graves' farm at Thirty-first street, from which "Cottage Grove" avenue gets its name. On Lake and Thirty-fifth was the Ellis tavern, the first station out, in stage-coach days, on the road to Detroit.

How Mr. Cleaver got the brick and stone and lumber out to Thirty-ninth street, to build his factory, is an interesting story in itself. The brick kiln was on the West side, about Twentieth street. He ferried the bricks over the South branch on a scow, and then had to build a mile of plank road across the sand ridge, and a 150-foot bridge over the slough that ran past the old Chicago University block. The heavy timbers were loaded on a scow and towed around the lake shore by horses. His workingmen's cottages were mounted, each on two canal boats, lashed together with chains, and towed from above Chicago avenue. Thus was Cleaverville—now Oakland—begun; and under conditions as difficult all the suburban towns about Chicago were started, many of which have been since absorbed into the city.

Chicago's Trade Changes and Expands. It was in the fifties that Chicago came into her heritage of trade. For a year or two after the opening of the canal, and the first section of the Galena road, the merchants of Chicago were in a panic over the falling off of the retail trade of the farmers. Fewer caravans came to town with every mile of railroad that was completed. The streets had a deserted look and the stores fewer customers.

But did Chicago have less trade? Let us see. Along the canal and the Illinois river, and along all the railway lines, country towns sprang up. Each had its dry goods, grocery, and hardware stores, its shoe and blacksmith shops, and perhaps its flour mill. To these points farmers brought their grain to be ground or shipped, bought the supplies they needed, and went back home. With a market only a few miles from his fields, the farmer raised more grain and live stock and began to plant orchards and to keep milch cows and poultry.

Where a hundred farmers used to come to Chicago to buy in a retail way, their purchases limited by the profits of a wagon load of wheat, there now came one or two country merchants to lay in stocks of goods for the country trade. Wheat came to Chicago by the car load instead of the wagon load, and elevators displaced warehouses. No more drovers were seen, but every railroad had its stockyards for the unloading and sale of cattle and hogs. Within five years Chicago was transformed from a retail to a wholesale town—it became the sales center between the factories of the East and the farms of the Northwest.

The trade territory of Chicago constantly expanded. Like giant feelers after trade, the iron tracks were thrown out over the prairies. Each

mile of rails caused the farms to multiply. There were remote settlements on the Great Lakes and the Mississippi, waiting only for the shriek of the locomotive to awaken them to civic life, and to draw them within the circumference of Chicago's trade. Iowa was admitted to the Union in 1846, Wisconsin in 1848, and Minnesota in 1858. All of these paid increasing tribute to Chicago, sending her their grain, cattle, and lumber, buying her manufactures and imports.

St. Louis was the metropolis of the middle Mississippi, with its outlet at New Orleans. The territory of Chicago was clearly the Northwest. The next state to be added to her trade must be Nebraska. But Nebraska was not admitted to the Union until 1867, eighteen years after California.

Progress Stopped by Civil War. Railroad building, commercial expansion, and emigration were brought to a standstill, late in the fifties, by the financial panic which preceded the Civil war.

By 1850 the division between the North and South had become bitter on the slavery question. It seemed as if every event fanned the flame—the discovery of gold in California and the adoption by that state of a free-soil constitution; the appearance of Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" the bloody fight between proslavery and free-soil men in Kansas, and John Brown's raid at Harper's Ferry in 1859.

In 1855 Senator Douglas of Illinois introduced his Kansas-Nebraska bill, by which those two territories, when admitted as states, were to settle for themselves whether they should permit slavery. This bill was opposed by every northern Whig and by many northern Democrats.

Senator Douglas, the "Little Giant," was the most brilliant figure in national political life since Jackson. Winning in personality, fearless, magnetic, a born orator, a shrewd politician, he had easily won every political honor to which he had aspired. His nomination by the Democratic party and his election to the presidency in 1860, were looked upon as certain. His most difficult problem faced him now to satisfy the Democrats of the South who were fighting for the extension of slavery, and the Democrats of the North who defended slavery where it existed, but were opposed to its extension.

Up to this time the newspapers of Chicago can not be said to have figured actively in national issues. But now, not only did the Chicago Tribune, then the most ably edited and successful paper in the West, denounce the Kansas-Nebraska bill, but the Journal and the Staats-Zeitung did so, too; and Mr. Wentworth's Chicago Democrat, a rock-ribbed Jackson organ for twenty years, ranged itself with the free-soil Whigs. Senator Douglas suddenly found himself with only one defender in the press of his home city, and that was the Times.

Abraham Lincoln Becomes National Figure. Douglas soon won a hearing by his persuasive eloquence. But his way was strewn with pitfalls. He no longer voiced the thoughts of the people he represented.

When Douglas went down to Springfield to speak, a long, lean, melancholy looking lawyer, who had been in the State Legislature and in Congress, who was then near 48 and somewhat of a failure in political life, strolled out to the state fair grounds to hear the celebrated orator. As he listened a kind of fire burned in his cavernous eyes as if he would pierce through that glittering flood of words to some homely, fixed truth behind them.

The next day a reply was made to Douglas's speech—a reply that awoke the Republicans of Illinois, not yet crystallized into an organization, to the fact that they had a leader.

The leader was Abraham Lincoln.

The Republican party of Illinois was organized in February of 1856. At the state convention held in May, Lincoln spoke again. Of this speech, Joseph Medill, who was present as a delegate, and also as the representative of his paper, the Chicago Tribune, says:

"I took down a few paragraphs of Lincoln's speech for the first ten minutes, but I became so absorbed in his magnificent oratory that I forgot myself and ceased to take notes, but joined in the clapping and cheering and stamping to the end. I was not scooped, however, for all the newspaper men present had been equally carried away by the excitement and had made no report."

Lincoln's "Lost Speech" made him famous. Illinois in that year elected a Republican governor, and Abraham Lincoln was spoken of as the successor of Douglas when his second term in the senate should expire.

There Was No General National Banking Law. Each state had its own system. In nearly all cases the bank notes issued by the states were redeemable in gold or silver, and they circulated freely throughout the country. Large quantities of the bank notes of the Southern states were in circulation in the North. Should the Southern states secede from the Union these notes would be repudiated. The financial sky was darkened by fear of war, and foreign capitalists, especially, were prone to think that when the storm broke it would disrupt the Union. Until 1857 desperate efforts were made by business men to keep on their feet, but in September the panic came. In the United States and Canada 5,123 firms failed within a short period, with liabilities up to $300,000,000. Every bank in New York suspended payments and only a few in Chicago stood firm.

STATUE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO.

The money in circulation, as in 1837, was discredited; and with bank notes falling gold and silver disappeared. In 1858 there was a partial failure of crops, making times still harder. It was just at this juncture that interest in the slavery question was keenest. Conditions of business had become intolerable and they were not to be improved while disruption of the Union remained an ever present danger.

The Lincoln-Douglas Debates. It was these facts which gave to the Lincoln-Douglas debates their national importance. The country was frantic for some solution of the questions that were to plunge the nation into civil war. Everybody was seeking light. When, therefore, Lincoln challenged Senator Douglas to joint debate on the slavery question he could not well refuse. Between August 15 and October 21, 1858, the two spoke at various points throughout Illinois, and the speeches were widely reported.

To Senator Douglas the debates were made the occasion of a triumphal tour of the state. He had special cars, whole cabins on river steamers, and the best carriages for himself, his wife, and a party of distinguished Democrats who accompanied him. Lincoln rode on accommodation or freight trains, on horseback, in farm wagons, and on flatboats. But he was always on time and he got his share of the "fizzle-wigs," as he called bands and torchlight processions.

Douglas was trapped and cornered at every turn. He employed trickery for which he was condemned by his own friends and party. Illinois woke up to the amazing fact that it had exchanged its "Little Giant" for "Honest Abe," the Giant Killer.

It was in "Long John" Wentworth's Chicago Democrat that Lincoln's name was first suggested in Chicago (1858) for the presidency, although the campaign had been opened in a Rock Island paper by agreement made among editors of the state in the office of the Chicago Tribune. It was not until February, 1860, however, that the Tribune came out for Lincoln, and even then William H. Seward, of New York, was the most prominent candidate for the Republican nomination.

A Chicago man, Mr. Norman B. Judd, happened to be a member of the Republican national committee. He succeeded in having Chicago selected for the national convention. This, together with the fact that Illinois was now a strong Republican state and certain to again elect a Republican governor, gave Lincoln a tremendous advantage. Eastern men began to talk of giving him second place on the ticket with Seward.

But Illinois refused to hear of anything but first place for Lincoln. Lincoln pictures, Lincoln stories were sent all over the country. The famous Lincoln rails appeared in the campaign. Western states, whose rail-splitting days were by no means over, began to fall into line for this pioneer candidate.

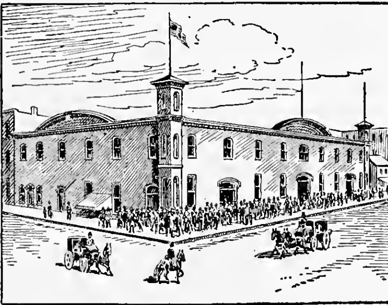
CHAPTER X.

CHICAGO IN WAR DAYS.
(1860-1870.)

The Republican National Convention. In May, 1860, while the Republican national convention was in session, the eyes of the entire country were, for the first time, focused on Chicago.

The Democratic party had split into two bodies. The Southern states rejected Stephen A. Douglas because of certain admissions he had made in the Lincoln-Douglas debates, and nominated Breckinridge, of Kentucky, for the presidency. Northern Democrats bolted the convention at Charleston and nominated Douglas. With two Democratic candidates in the field, the chances for Republican success were enormously increased. As this state of affairs had been brought about by Lincoln's shrewdness and eloquence, Chicago and the West became more than ever determined that Lincoln should have first place on the Republican ticket.

In the demoralized condition in which Chicago was, in 1860, no Eastern city would have



THE WIGWAM WHERE LINCOLN WAS NOMINATED.

invited a convention. With 109,000 population and ten railroads, the raw, young city had only begun to pull itself out of the mud. Half the streets were up to the grade of fourteen feet, the rest were down to nearly lake level. Half the buildings stood about on stilts, looking like cranes in a marsh. Many sidewalks reeled along on rotting piles. But Rome was not built in a day, and Chicago felt no shame to be caught in the act of growing. On Michigan avenue were to be seen the beginnings of a magnificent boulevard. There were no parks as yet, but horsecars, gas, running water, and daily papers with telegraphic dispatches, were things to speak of with pride. Though hard times had become chronic, and bad crops, a coming election, and war clouds darkened the business horizon, everybody was amazingly busy, happy, energetic, and boastful. There was a rousing Chicago welcome for the 40,000 strangers who invaded the city.

The Wigwam was a mere wooden shed, 180 feet by 100 feet, with wooden galleries. But the barn-like interior had been draped with miles of bunting and the platform banked with flowers. A cannon had been mounted on the top to announce the nomination of Lincoln. Chicago had grown up in such gay makeshifts and gave not a thought to the flimsiness of the structure in which such a historic deed was to be done.

On nomination day 20,000 of the common people of the West, who were giving up a week from tottering business to shout themselves hoarse for Lincoln, packed themselves into the Wigwam and occupied every seat not reserved for delegates. The Seward crowd from New York was marching the streets with noisy demonstrations until the last moment.

Lincoln Nominated for the Presidency. On the first ballot Lincoln got only 102 votes out of 465. Seward was in the lead. On the second, Lincoln gained 67 votes and Seward less than a dozen. On the third there was a stampede to the Western candidate, Lincoln polling 231½, with 233 necessary to choice. There was a breathless moment, then Ohio came over from Chase to Lincoln. William M. Evarts of New York moved that the nomination be made unanimous. The teller waved his tally sheet in the air but no one heard the name he announced, for the West let out a shout which recalled the war-whoop of the Pottawatomies.

At the same instant the gunner on top of the Wigwam fired his cannon. The explosion threatened to demolish the building, but its echoes were drowned in the whoops and yells from solid acres of voters in the street. Then one hundred guns were fired from the roof of the Tremont House, Lincoln's headquarters, steamboats, locomotives and factories opened their whistles, and every bell in town joined in the jubilee. The day and night were given up to wild merry-making.

From that time until November, Chicago was in the hottest of the campaign. But men grew sober as the election approached. Lincoln was to be elected, as you know, but in fifteen states he was not to get an electoral vote and, in ten, not a popular vote. In South Carolina the legislature was in special session with the avowed intention of seceding from the Union should Lincoln be elected.

In December South Carolina set up an independent government as a sovereign state. By February 1 the entire line of Gulf states had proclaimed secession, the Confederate States of America had been organized, Jefferson Davis elected president, and customs duties were being collected by the Confederacy in Charleston, Savannah, Mobile, New Orleans, and Galveston.

This was the situation when Lincoln went under guard to Washington and was inaugurated March 4, 1861, president of a disrupted Union, with General Scott in command of an army of troops in Washington to prevent his threatened assassination. On the 13th of April Fort Sumter was bombarded.

Beginning of the Civil War. A pall of grief and dismay hung over Chicago as over the entire country. It was Saturday. Sunday lay between the city and action. And Sunday was one of those beautiful, cloudless spring days, warm as June, with an azure sky reflected in a sapphire lake and just enough breeze to float Old Glory. By one accord every bit of bunting was hung out, a silent pledge of devotion to the Union. Stands of colors were over church doors and altars. Congregations sang "America," and ministers said: "It is time to pray with muskets to preserve the Union."

But Chicago had no definite idea of what part it could take in the war. Even in 1860, with but 109,000 people, Chicago was a cosmopolitan city. Work on the western railroads in the fifties brought thousands of Irish emigrants who had been driven from the Emerald Isle by the great famine of 1847. Germans, Swedes, and Norwegians were pouring into Wisconsin and Minnesota to take up the farming lands. Many of these dropped out of the migrating bands at Milwaukee and Chicago, and there were Poles, Bohemians, Hungarians, and Greeks, many of whom were political exiles. The Irish had already pre-empted "Archey Road," Archer avenue, and the Germans, the North side west of Clark street. The West side had all the tongues of Babel.

In an American crisis it was uncertain how these foreign elements of the population would act. In January the Germans sent a sword to Major Anderson, and the Bohemians and Hungarians voluntarily took the oath of allegiance to the Union at a mass meeting in Metropolitan hall. After the fall of Fort Sumter, all these nationalities joined the Lumbard brothers, famous campaign singers, in singing George F. Root's new song, "The First Gun Is Fired! May God Defend the Right." Later they shouldered their muskets and marched to the front with native-born Americans.

When, however, on Monday, President Lincoln called upon Governor Yates of Illinois for six regiments, not a man in Chicago was equipped to march. Where, now, in this crisis, were the Zouave Cadets and Light Dragoons, the famous militia companies which, in the late fifties, had dashed out of the old armory at Adams and Market, ridden off to tournaments, and come back with prizes! The Chicago Zouaves, which had been drilled by that martinet of twenty-two, Elmer Ellsworth, had been the finest military company in the United States. That company was now disbanded. Its old commander went to Springfield to study law with Lincoln and had formed one of the President's guard to Washington. On the first call to arms he had gone to New York city to take command of a company of firemen. Chicago had lost Elmer Ellsworth, but his Zouave Cadets were the first to be reorganized and to offer their services to the country.

COL. MULLIGAN.

LIEUT. ELMER ELLSWORTH.

GEN. BENJAMIN J. SWEET.

CAPT. DAVID P. BREMNER.

CHICAGO WAR HEROES.

By the 18th Chicago's Quota Was Full. A Swedish company, organized too late to be accepted, joined a regiment in Wisconsin. The Irish brigade, a day too late, fretted and fumed

because they were declined. Colonel Mulligan went in person to Washington. In three days he telegraphed back: "Irish brigade accepted as an independent regiment for service during war. Drill without ceasing. Coming on first train. Whoop'er up, boys!"

That was typical of the war spirit of Chicago. Within three weeks thirty-eight companies, num-

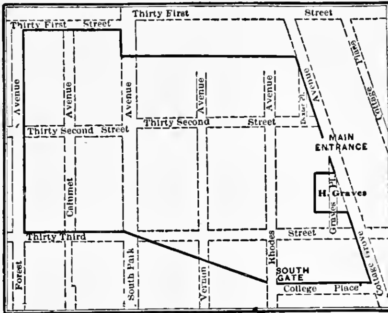


DIAGRAM OF GROUND OCCUPIED BY CAMP DOUGLAS.

bering 3,500 men, were ready for the field, and Chicago banks had offered Governor Yates $500,000 pending the meeting of the legislature. Thirteen companies had gone to Cairo to protect the frontier of Illinois from Kentucky and Missouri.

The Irish brigade was recruiting and drilling in Kent's brewery. Every member of it was an old soldier and bore the scars of battle won in foreign wars. Many incidents of the swearing in of this famous body of troops have become historic. One man who presented himself had lost two fingers and was about to be rejected.

"If I lost me arrums I could pull a trigger wid me toes," he declared.

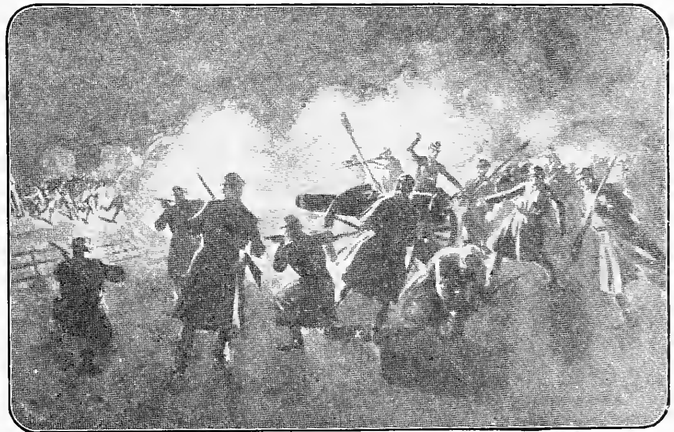
One had a broken collar bone but was accepted as soon as he got out of the hospital. There were men who had fought in Greece, Italy, and India, and against the Indians on the Western plains. Lieutenant Cosgrove wore a medal won in the Crimea. He was saluted by the recruiting officer and passed without a question. The Irish brigade became famous even before it won new distinction in Missouri under Fremont.

Before any fighting at all had been done by Chicago companies, Elmer Ellsworth was brought home to be buried. When the war was only ten weeks old he had been shot while pulling down a confederate flag at Alexandria, Virginia—the first Union officer to fall in that four years' conflict. His was a national funeral for, only three years before, he had drilled his smart Zouaves in every city from Chicago to New York.

By June Chicago's soldier boys were scattered far and wide. They were in camp at Springfield and Cairo, with Fremont in Missouri, and with the Army of the Potomac. At Lexington, Mo., the Irish brigade suffered frightful losses and covered itself with glory. Many a brave boy was brought back dead or wounded. Within twenty-four hours Chicago was on the battlefield with doctors, nurses, hospital supplies, and money. The Sanitary commission was formed as were also relief societies to care for the widows and orphans of soldiers. Women began to sew, knit, tear bandages, and scrape old linen for lint to dress wounds. (Today there is an antiseptic cotton prepared for dressing wounds.) The most prominent men in Chicago served in the Sanitary commission without pay. Before the end of the year aid societies all over the Northwest were pouring contributions into Chicago. Later the ladies of Chicago netted $86,000 from the first great sanitary fair.

Five weary months passed, and then came the battle of Fort Donelson, in February, 1862. And now the war was to be brought to Chicago.

Prisoners at Camp Douglas. In the summer of 1861 Camp Douglas, Chicago, had been opened as a training ground to receive troops from the Northwest. This military camp lay west of Cottage Grove avenue between Thirty-first and Thirty-third streets, running back to Forest avenue. The tract was all prairie. There



ATTEMPT OF PRISONERS TO ESCAPE FROM CAMP DOUGLAS.

were no streets laid out there at that time except Cottage Grove avenue. The street car line stopped at Thirty-first. The only house on the tract was that of Henry Graves on what is now Graves' place. The old Chicago university, then only recently opened, overlooked the camp from the south. In the waste land east, to be known afterward as Douglas square, Stephen A. Doug-

las was soon to lie at rest and his counterpart in bronze was to rise on a lofty marble shaft and look out over the lake.

A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

There were drilling, hurrahing and beating of drums in the summer of 1861 at Camp Douglas, and crowds of brave women and wondering children came to say good-bye to the boys in blue. Sometimes the tents dotted the prairie back to State street and spread to the village of Cleaverville at Thirty-ninth street.

When recruiting came to an end, temporarily, the camp was turned over to the general government. After the battle of Fort Donelson, the officer in command was ordered from Washington to prepare to receive 9,000 prisoners.

It was in the depth of winter and the weather was bitterly cold when they arrived in Chicago. Wind, snow, and ice held high carnival at Camp Douglas. There was no hospital, no drainage, not even enough rough barracks to shelter those suffering strangers from the sunny South. When they marched from the railway station through the frozen streets, with broken shoes and butternut cotton clothing their misery touched all hearts. Imprisonment at Camp Douglas was a sentence of death for many of them. Spared by the bullet, they were to fall victim to pneumonia, rheumatism, typhoid, and camp fever.

There were rough and ready Texans, languid, half-French Louisianians, fiery Kentuckians, proud Virginians among them. The officers were attended by devoted slaves. One master was seen to put his own plaid about the shoulders of a shivering negro. The next morning the Tribune called for relief for these prisoners, saying: "These men will be our countrymen again. The memory of this conflict will be effaced."

Blue and Gray Sleep Together. It is good to be able to record today when the memory of that conflict is effaced, that a wagon-load of blankets, flannels, and medicines, with doctors and nurses, went out to Camp Douglas before noon. Within a week the camp was enlarged.

In the next eight months 30,000 troops were equipped, and 17,000 prisoners and 8,000 paroled Union soldiers were cared for in Camp Douglas. In the summer time a cloud of dust lay over Cottage Grove avenue from the constant passing of military wagons.

The processions did not stop at the camp, but continued southward over the old Vincennes road to the country graveyard—now Oakwoods cemetery—at Sixty-seventh street. Sometimes a blue coat, sometimes a gray, sometimes both, were in the wagon, side by side, all differences forgotten in death. Today you may see at Oakwoods a monument which Chicago raised in 1895 in honor of the 6,000 Confederate soldiers who died at Camp Douglas.

In camp, prison, hospital, in graves, and on the march, Chicago boys were scattered all over the South. They were on the firing line of a dozen great battles. The Nineteenth Illinois infantry, "the glorious old Nineteenth" it is called today, that enrolled 1,500 men and mustered out 500 at the end of the war—was first on Missionary Ridge, on which culminated the famous series of battle around Chattanooga, Tennessee. At the battle of Stone Mills in 1864 Colonel Mulligan fell with these words on his lips: "Lay me down and save the flag, boys." The Irish brigade marched on, under a new leader, and prepared the way for Sheridan in the Shenandoah.

The year 1864 was a dark one for Chicago and the entire country. As the war receded, interest in it lessened in the North. Gold was held at 2.85—that is, a greenback dollar was worth less than forty cents in gold. The South was fighting desperately, and foreign nations were predicting success for the Confederacy and final disruption of the Union.

The Assassination of Lincoln. Lincoln was reëlected. General Lee surrendered at Appomattox. President Lincoln went with four companions and a guard of ten marines into Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy. The war was over, the Union had been preserved. On returning to Washington on the fourth anniversary of the fall of Fort Sumter, President Lincoln was assassinated at Ford's theater.

"Now he belongs to the ages," intoned the solemn voice of Secretary Stanton in the death

LINCOLN HOUSE AT SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

chamber. The country was plunged in grief too deep for anger. The South deplored the tragedy no less than the North, as indeed it might, for

the South had lost a large-hearted and powerful friend.

But to Chicago and the West the grief was not only for the great leader and the embodied conscience and power of the reunited nation. It was also for the man, the friend and neighbor. Ten years ago the writer had an interview with Lincoln's cousin, Dennis Hanks, then ninety years old, and now dead, in his home in Charleston, Ill. He told how the news of Lincoln's tragic death was received in the West.

"I heered it in this way. I was settin' in my shop peggin' away at a shoe, when a man came in, and said: 'Denny, Honest Abe's dead!'

"'Old Abe dead?' I kep' sayin' to myself. I went out to the farm to see Sairy (Lincoln's stepmother), who lived there all alone, and said, 'Grandmother, Abe's dead.' 'Yes, I know,' says she. 'I've been awaitin' fur it. I knowed they'd kill him,' and she never asked how it happened. A body'd a thought the earth stopped whirlin' fur a few days the way everybody went on. Even here in Charleston it was like a black cloud had covered the sun.

"It was different with me who had knowed him as a danglin', lathy, awkward boy, full of fun and stories and kindness, so big and strong and gentle with everything weak and helpless—to think of him lyin' there dead.

"Why, we stopped in the streets, strong men, and cried when he was bein' brought home to Springfield. There wasn't any tradin' done scarcely. I can't believe it yit. There won't be another man like Abe Lincoln this side o' Judgment day. He didn't know how to be mean, to do a mean thing, or think a mean thought. When God made Abe Lincoln He made him good."

Lincoln belongs to the ages, but he belonged peculiarly to the West. Chicago wore public mourning until after he had lain in state here, for thousands who had known him in life to gaze once more on his beloved features, and until he had been laid away at Springfield.

When Johnny Comes Marching Home. Then it welcomed home the boys in blue. Of the 20,000 who had marched from Chicago to remain in the ranks until peace was declared, only half were mustered out.

THE LAKE FRONT BEFORE THE FIRE.

Camp Douglas was abandoned. The high board fence was torn down, the prairie was criss-crossed by streets, and the blocks were cut up into lots. Stephen A. Douglas arose in bronze on Douglas square. A grocery store was built on Cottage Grove avenue, and a hotel and livery stable on the corner of Thirty-first street. The street car line was extended to Hyde Park village, at Thirty-ninth street. Soldiers went back behind desks and counters and into factories.

All the works of peace went on. Water was let into the first tunnel from the crib in 1867. Lincoln park was created out of the old burying ground beyond North avenue, and the north park commission was created. A clearing house for banks was established; the river was tunneled for car lines at Washington and La Salle streets; the south end of Goose Island was dredged out of the river at the forks to make room for shipping; the high grade level was established in all downtown streets; the Union stock yards cleared the railroad yards of cattle.

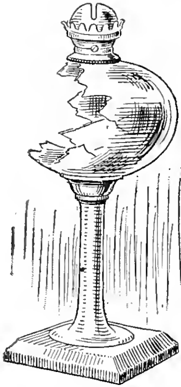
So far as could be foreseen Chicago had entered another decade of growth. By the government census of 1870 it had a population of 298,977. In spite of the war it had trebled in size in ten years. Like a boy too early come into fortune, Chicago was dizzy from its sense of power.

In the business center were solid blocks of brick and stone, but when it was pointed out by newspapers and insurance companies that the hundreds of acres of pine buildings which surrounded these invited the destruction of the city, Chicago laughed and went on its reckless, energetic, wealth-making way, heedless of its ever-present danger.

CHAPTER XI.

CHICAGO BEFORE THE GREAT FIRE.

(1870-1871.)



LAMP FOUND IN O'LEARY'S BARN.

Chicago Continues to Grow. In 1871, six years after the close of the war, Chicago ranked as the fifth city in the United States. In one decade it had trebled in population and its wealth had increased twenty fold. It was now the metropolis of the northwest with 334,000 people. As a city it was marked by amazing energy, incredible achievement and boundless conceit. No disaster or failure had tempered its self satisfaction.

Eastern cities had suffered financially because of the fall in prices at the close of the war, but Chicago scarcely felt the depression at all, for the drop in values was more than made up by the increased volume of trade. The Union Pacific railway had been completed in 1869, thus adding the mining states to Chicago's trade territory.

Emigrants again poured through the gateway, and to an enormously expanded West. Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota sent millions of bushels of wheat and corn through Chicago. Nebraska was added to the ranching country. Northern Wisconsin and Michigan were one vast lumber camp, filled with the sound of the woodman's ax and the buzz of the sawmill. On every stream the floating logs descended to some lake port in the spring. Western Iowa, Nebraska, and Kansas were still ranch country, growing stock on the prairies for Chicago's insatiable packing houses. But miners were pushing into Colorado, and stock-raisers into the Great American Desert, across which railways were weaving their magic shuttles of trade.

Immediately behind Chicago were quarries of building stone; and coal mines in operation for a generation were furnishing fuel for the multiplying railways and factories. Cheap fuel, cheap water, cheap transportation, for the lake traffic kept down railway rates, and its unrivaled situation, where it must receive with one hand and distribute with the other, had caused Chicago to forge to the front with a rapidity which amazed the world.

It now had thirteen trunk lines of railways and 10,000 miles of tracks contributing to its trade. One hundred and twenty passenger and as many freight trains arrived every day, and 13,000 vessels in a season. There were seventeen elevators with a capacity of 12,000,000 bushels of grain whose value circulated on the streets as warehouses' receipts. There were twenty-five banks with $35,000,000 on deposit. The manufactures of Chicago had reached the enormous sum of $76,000,000 annually; 55,000,000 bushels of grain passed through this port and $40,000,000 worth of packing house products were exported. The value of all property was near $600,000,000, on which $6,000,000 was collected in taxes.

These figures were astounding for a city only one generation old. In the East men gasped at Chicago's breathless pace, and in Europe this mushroom metropolis was frankly spoken of as the eighth wonder of the world. A correspondent of the London Daily News in 1870, described Chicago as "like some uproarious Rotterdam, with its ugly, foul, crowded river and rakish, swarming bridges; but with certain streets, avenues, shops, hotels, warehouses, churches, and theaters, that rival those of Old World capitals. Michigan avenue, where her merchant princes live in Eastern splendor, is a sort of Piccadilly with a lake instead of a park under its drawing room windows, while the north shore residence district has all the spaciousness and repose of an old aristocracy."

Let us see, now, what this rich, busy, noisy, boastful, luxurious, reckless city was like, in the summer of 1871, when a hundred new inhabitants were whirled into its maelstrom of money-making every day.

For the fourth time the city limits had been extended. They were then at Fullerton avenue, Crawford avenue, and Thirty-ninth street. Then, as now, for administrative purposes, Chicago was divided into South, West, and North divisions, the boundaries defined by the river and its branches. Its area was approximately thirty-six square miles, but a large percentage of the area was unimproved prairie land, while one-third of the wealth was crowded upon one-tenth of the area in the heart of the city. The business district was concentrated in the South division, between Adams street, State street, and the river.

A great number of people habitually walked to and from their places of business, to church, and

to evening entertainments. The finest residences were only a few blocks from the shops and theaters, and the workingman's cottage and cowshed were next door to the factory which employed him. It was estimated that 200,000 people passed every day over the twenty-seven bridges which spanned the river.

The river and its branches scarcely separated the divisions of the city, for they were crowded with shipping. The vessels were of wood with forests of rigging aloft, cargoes of lumber on deck, and grain or coal in the holds. At intervals of two or three blocks were center pivot bridges, constructed of timbers and iron and swung on wooden piling. Lining both banks of the river and its branches, from North avenue to Twelfth street, were enormous grain elevators, lumber yards, coal yards, factories, railroad yards with rolling stock on the tracks, roundhouses, depots, breweries, tan yards, warehouses, gas works, and livery stables. In among these, on both sides of the river and beyond them in the West division, were acres of little frame cottages, barns, cowsheds, and fences, interspersed with business streets where, if the buildings were of brick, the walls were thin, the partitions of pine, and the roofs of tar and felt.

Chicago Courted Disaster. Inside the fire limits half the buildings were of wood, built before the fire limits were established; but the limits were so constricted as to be a farce. On the South side the line straggled from Twenty-second street and the lake, to Adams and the river. On the North it ran from the river along Illinois to Wells, and thence north to Chicago avenue, while on the West side it embraced only the small territory between the Lake and Madison, and west to Halsted!

EX-FIRE CHIEF DENNIS J. SWEENIE.

FIRE CHIEF WILLIAM MUSHAM.

TWO OF CHICAGO'S FAMOUS FIRE FIGHTERS.

Around the concentrated wealth of the city was thus legally drawn a cordon of kindling-wood, while great wedges of pine buildings were thrust into the very heart of Chicago. Decaying wooden shanties and towering pine tenements flanked marble and iron palaces. Rows of rotten rookeries lurked in the rear of business blocks. The law was constantly violated. Landlords resisted in court the destruction of condemned buildings, and filled their fire-traps with the refuse of the city's population. Ignorance, indifference, and crime were thus made guardians of the safety of the public and its property, and the people seemed to have no appreciation of this ever-present menace.

Below Adams street, near Fifth avenue, within a block of magnificent depots, hotels, and the business palaces of La Salle and Monroe, was a plague spot known as Conley's Patch. It was a region densely covered with old wooden tenements, hovels, and saloons, and occupied by a class of people constantly under the surveillance of the police. Between Conley's Patch and the river were the gas works and a tar and felt-roofing works.

From La Salle and Adams to the lake and the main river were solid blocks of brick, stone, iron, and marble, and many of them supposed to be fire-proof. Here were all the great retail stores, the office buildings, the government building, courthouse, banks, theaters, and hotels. On the North side, the old Kinzie addition, east of State street and north of Illinois to the city limits, kept its character of thirty years before as a fine residence district. The houses were mostly frame, but were large and set in spacious grounds, and were occupied by people of wealth and culture, who had treasures to guard. Often there were no more than four such houses in a block, and each was surrounded by elm trees, stables, and green houses. The water works and a brewery, on Chicago avenue and the lake shore, were the only breaks in this social seclusion.

From Clark street west to the river and beyond it, to the West side prairie, was a sharp contrast. Frail buildings were crowded up to the factories, lumber and coal yards, and the railroad yards that lined the river.

Chicago all "Sham and Shingles." With the few exceptions even the best buildings everywhere were less substantial than they seemed. Buildings were put up without any regard to durability, health, or safety. Sudden and overwhelming prosperity seemed to have killed the ordinary sense of precaution. "Walls were run up," if the Chicago Tribune of the issue of September 10, 1871, is to be believed, "a hundred feet high and but a single brick in thickness." These structures were partitioned, floored, and fitted with pine; a roof of tar and felt was put on, and a heavy wooden or sheet iron cornice was run around the top and painted to simulate stone. "There were miles of such fire traps, pleasing to the eye, looking substantial, but all sham and shingles."

Not only stores and warehouses but factories and hotels where, if a fire broke out at night, the inmates could scarce hope to escape, were built after this fashion, as well as churches and theaters. Such buildings frequently tumbled down; cornices fell of their own weight. A spark on a roof flooded one with flames in an instant; the

fragile framework snapped, the marble veneering peeled away, the cornices became flaming firebrands to carry destruction to neighboring buildings. "Chicago was a city of everlasting pine, shingles, shams, veneers, stucco, and putty," to quote the Tribune again. And the people were content with these gay shells, filled them with luxurious appointments, sheltered their loved ones, and went out of them into the roaring streets to coin money. If one burned the insurance would very nearly build another one as bad.

Chicago Had Need to be Vigilant. And yet Chicago lay in such a position as to awake in her citizens unusual vigilance. On a flat prairie it was open to all the winds of heaven. Wind was always blowing, either from the inland sea at its feet, or across the plains at its back, so that it had already won the nick-name of "The Windy City." The winds from the east were usually wet, and fires originating near the lake rarely spread westward. The prevailing summer winds, coming from the southwest, were dry and hot, and, in the path of the sirocco, was a four-mile line of pine buildings and vast stores of inflammable materials under tar roofs and in open yards. The shipping and bridges gave a clear right of way for fire across the river. For years Chicago had invited destruction. All that was required were a long dry season, a gale of wind from the southwest, and an exhausted fire department.

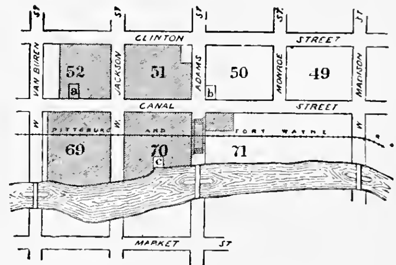
All of these things happened separately many times. On the 8th of October, 1871, they happened all together. Two of the conditions for a great fire in Chicago had been present for three months. The summer of 1871 was unusually dry and hot. In Chicago a drenching rain of 1½ inches fell on the evening of July 3. During the next fourteen weeks, up to the night of October 9, only one inch fell. The average for the season is about ten inches.

The Drought of '71. In this long period of heat and drought, the middle West and Northwest lay sweltering in the sun and gasping in the shade. On the western prairies of Iowa and Nebraska the ranches burned down. Rivers and wells went dry and cattle perished of thirst. The leaves of trees shriveled up and dropped in midsummer. Sunstrokes were reported daily. By September sparks from locomotives kindled fires on the prairies, in corn fields, and in the pine forests to the north. Day after day these fires increased in number and extent. Thousands of acres were burned over, including farmsteads and villages.

More than a hundred villages, 600 farms with stock and machinery, saw-mills, flour mills, and lumber camps went up in flames. The total loss of life in these western fires was 1,400, and of property $11,000,000, aside from the losses from the great Chicago fire. The forest and prairie fires gradually drew nearer Chicago. The flames swept the railway lines, and many a train crew came in blackened and smelling of smoke and with tales of running a gauntlet of fire in some belt of timber or across a blazing cornfield. Almost daily, refugees from burned-out districts arrived.

Then large towns in the lumber districts began to go. On the same night as the fire at Chicago, Peshtigo, Wis., a town of 2,000, that had grown up around the saw mills established by William B. Ogden, of Chicago, and which stood on a stream in the heart of a forest of oaks, pines and tamaracks, was swept by a forest fire. Eight hundred people perished. The loss of $3,000,000 fell on Mr. Ogden, who sustained an equal loss in Chicago.

Of Chicago's 60,000 buildings 40,000 were of wood. Out of these the hot winds had sucked every atom of moisture. Paint blistered, shingles curled up in the sun, and weather boarding started from the nails. By the last week in September small fires were frequent, especially on the West Side. They started in sheds, hay lofts, in defective chimneys and in the piles of inflammable materials which were allowed to accumulate in the alleys. Every factory chimney, kitchen fire, kerosene lamp, locomotive smokestack, tugboat and steamer became a menace. Conditions favored the incendiary who, in order to rob houses or to elude the police, did not hesitate to start a blaze.



THE FIRE OF SATURDAY NIGHT, OCT. 7.
(Shaded portion shows district burned over.)

Thirty Fires in One Week. In a warehouse at State and Sixteenth streets there was a half million dollar fire on September 30 that was believed to have been of incendiary origin. Within the next six days the fire department was called out twenty-nine times. The fires were mostly on the West Side, and as they were always discovered and put out promptly when a fire alarm was rung and the engines clanged through the streets everybody said, "It's only a fire on the West Side."

But the third condition for a great destructive fire in Chicago was rapidly approaching. The fire department was becoming exhausted by its constant fight with flames.

The drought and heat ran on unbroken into October. The scorching wind still blew steadily

out of the southwest, and the sun was like a burning-glass overhead. In the courthouse tower the watchman never relaxed his vigilance. In all the 175 churches of Chicago prayers were offered up for rain; the 55,000 children enrolled in the Sunday schools learned to ask for rain as the greatest boon that could be granted to a parched and smouldering earth.

And then came the fire of Saturday night, October 7. This would have been known in history as the Great Chicago Fire had it not been sunk into insignificance by the overwhelming horror of Sunday night.

The fire of Saturday night struck consternation to the heart of Chicago, for it was exactly placed to be a menace to the city. It started in a planing mill on South Canal street, between Adams and Van Buren, only a block from the river, with its crowded shipping, and between two bridges.

The Fire of Saturday Night. The building was a brick shell with tar roof, filled with shavings and planed lumber. Almost before the first engine reached it it collapsed. A paper box factory stood behind it, a row of frame cottages and another flimsy factory to the north. The rest of the block was covered with frame sheds and lumber piles. A strong wind was blowing from the south. Within twenty minutes after the first alarm was turned in, the four blocks bounded by Van Buren, Adams, Clinton street and the river were ablaze, with their frame tenements, lumber, coal and wood yards, railway sheds and the rolling stock of the Pennsylvania lines.

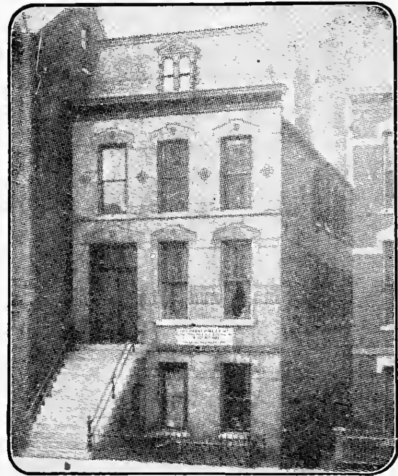
The wooden viaduct leading to the Adams street bridge took fire. The open space below formed such a draft that the flames leaped up with a frightful roar and threatened to cross the river. The bridges were turned and tugboats pulled the shipping out of danger. On three sides firemen bombarded the flames with a dozen lines of hose. Citizens turned in by hundreds and tore down a line of frame shanties to save the Union depot and an enormous grain elevator that stood by the Adams street bridge. On the river front nothing could be done but let the fire burn itself out. The lack of fireboats was felt to be a calamity if not a civic crime.

Glowing cinders drifted on the wind. Blocks away to the north and east people were on their roofs drenching the shingles and stamping out firebrands. All night and until late the next day the fire department used all its resources to extinguish the smouldering piles of lumber and coal long after the fire had ceased to be a pyrotechnic display. No such fire had ever before visited Chicago. In two hours four entire blocks had been burnt over and $750,000 worth of property destroyed.

It was 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon when the fire boys, after eighteen hours of fire fighting, turned into their quarters to rest, some of the engines disabled, some hose burned and many men half-blinded by fire and smoke. The entire department was exhausted but not demoralized. In less than six hours these civic soldiers were to line up again in the front of battle to fight for the life of Chicago.

The wind had died down, with only now and then a fitful gust from the south. Sunday evening was warm. Unusual numbers went to church. The guests at the hotels promenaded on Michigan avenue in holiday attire. Family circles gathered for a quiet Sabbath evening on lawns and porches. The Germans thronged their beer gardens to listen to the music of bands.

To many working people who toil all the week Sunday evening is the occasion for social gatherings in private houses. Thus it happened that at 137 De Koven street a family named McLaughlin was celebrating the arrival of a relative from Ireland. The McLaughlins lived in the front rooms of a double cottage which they rented from Patrick O'Leary, their landlord living in the rear rooms.



HOUSE NOW STANDING AT 137 DE KOVEN STREET.

The Historic Home of the O'Learys. No one in the city, perhaps, felt greater relief when the fire of Saturday night was got under control than did Mr. and Mrs. O'Leary, for their home and all their earthly possessions were contained on this lot at 137 De Koven street, which was only four blocks south of the burned district. On the back end of the lot was a large stable, which sheltered a horse, six cows and a calf. Mrs. O'Leary supplied her neighbors with milk.

The block was a typical one, covered with small frame buildings, the lots separated by board fences, the alleys cluttered with dry refuse and lined with sheds and barns. The fire of Saturday night had made Mrs. O'Leary unusually cautious. By 5 o'clock she had milked

and fed her cows. At 7 she had fed the horse in the alley and put him into the barn. She declared afterward that the work was all finished and the stable locked for the night before dark, and that she had not had a lamp near the barn.

Mr. and Mrs. O'Leary went to bed at 8:30. Two neighbors dropped in during the evening and saw them there. They also heard the sound of a fiddle in the McLaughlin part of the cottage and remarked that the young people seemed to be having a good time. One theory that was held as to the origin of the fire was that this party, wanting milk for a punch or an oyster stew, induced Mrs. O'Leary to go to the barn to milk a cow again. This was vigorously denied by Mrs. O'Leary. Had she done so, and had the cow kicked over the lamp, she would have immediately alarmed the neighborhood in frantic efforts to save her property.

THE PUBLIC SQUARE BEFORE THE FIRE.

The other theory is that the young people at the McLaughlins concluded, just for fun, as many such a prank has been done thoughtlessly, to help themselves from Mrs. O'Leary's cow. The lateness of the hour and the strangeness of the milkmaid may have ruffled the temper of the cow, and she resented the liberty by kicking the lamp over. Every member of the McLaughlin family denied having been in the barn for any purpose. The visitor could just as easily have been any other neighbor, or even a deliberate thief from a distance. That some one entered the barn was proved, for when the fire broke out the door was found unlocked, and in the ruins was found an overturned and broken common glass lamp that had held a pint of kerosene.

The Great Chicago Fire is Kindled. Whoever did the mischief was evidently not anxious to publish the fact. About 9 o'clock James Dalton, who lived in a frame cottage the next door north, heard a woman scream. The sound came from the O'Leary premises. Ten minutes later members of his family saw fire bursting from the O'Leary stable.

Two other neighbors saw it almost at the same moment and hastened to arouse the O'Learys and to try to rescue the animals. In the confusion no alarm was sent in, for in an instant the barn was blazing as well as the board fences and the refuse in the alley. In five minutes the Dalton house was afire and the family was fleeing for life. The O'Learys had rushed from their bed and were half-crazed by their misfortune. The people at the McLaughlin party fled in terror.

Everyone in the neighborhood seemed to think the fire started as early as 9 o'clock. This must have been an error, for it burned with extraordinary rapidity, yet it was not seen from any of the three engine houses nearby. It was 9:28 when it was sighted by the watchman in the courthouse tower. Even then the blaze looked so small that the watchman could not make out its locality. He called down to the fire alarm telegraph operator to call up box 342. This box was at Halsted and Canalport, a mile southwest of the fire. Three engines that were nearer thus did not get the first call.

The "Little Giant" hose truck from No. 6, under Foreman William Musham, was first on the scene. He laid a line of hose across the O'Leary lot and soon had a stream of water on the fire. By that time two other barns, three sheds and the Dalton house were burning. Had three or four effective engines been on the ground at that time the fire might have been controlled, for only a light breeze was blowing out of the south.

But for nearly thirty minutes the Little Giant battled with the flames alone. No. 5, which arrived next, was partly disabled, so that its fire had to be raked out of the box. The foreman of No. 5 had been on continuous duty for seventy-two hours and was nearly blind from smoke. When a general alarm was sent in at 10 o'clock the fire had reached Taylor street, and presented all the difficulties of the fire of the night before.

It was 10 o'clock when the courthouse bell pealed out its solemn note of warning. For four hours it was to boom above all the noises of that awful night. People who heard it toll across the doomed city hear it now in their dreams, although a whole generation has passed away.

CHAPTER XII.

The Great Chicago Fire, October 8 and 9, 1871.

At the boom of the courthouse bell people all over the city sprang from their beds and rushed into the streets, for the bell was used only to sound a general alarm.

From every engine house the machines raced through the streets with clanging gongs and pounding hoofs. The wind from the south suddenly whipped around to the southwest and stiffened to a gale. The western sky was lit up by a glare that illuminated the entire city. The fire was speeding toward the river, as it had done the night before, licking up the little wooden buildings as if they were so many packing cases. The direction of the wind was marked by a drift of glowing cinders over the business district in the South division. Still no alarm was felt that the fire would cross the river. It had been as bad the night before, and the fire department had got it under control.

Suddenly the flames shot up the steeple of a church on Clinton street; then a sulphurous sheet of flame enveloped a match factory; a planing mill became a crimson cube.

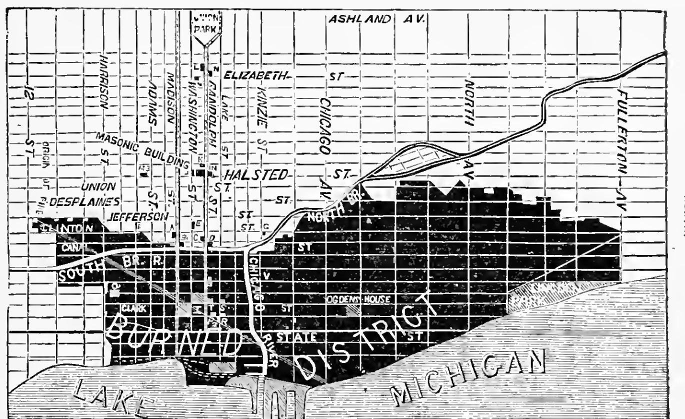
Then the Panic Began. On the West Side people were fleeing across the bridges or to the prairies for safety, carrying everything imaginable, from babies to beds. As far away as Halsted street were frantic mothers, crying children, and raving men. All the tongues of Babel were let loose in maddened cries. Furniture, express wagons and drays blockaded the streets. All the little homes to the west of the fire opened to receive refugees.

The fire kept pace with the rising wind. Taylor, Forquer, Ewing and Polk streets were reached successively and passed. Towering skyward a hundred feet, the army of flames raced to the river. Burning brands were hurled through the air. As early as 10:30 brands kindled blazes on the courthouse cupola at Randolph and Clark, and the watchman put them out with hand grenades.

The fire ran north in two columns, covering two blocks in width, the eastern column in advance. Planing mills, chair factories, lumber yards, railroad shops and rolling stock all fed the flames, innumerable sheds, fences, plank walks and cottages furnishing the kindling wood. So rapidly did the fire leap forward that the fire boys conducted a gallant retreat, running one minute, facing about for another charge the next. No. 14 fire engine was surrounded by flames. The firemen abandoned it with its hose and fled for their lives.

In Van Buren street another engine was abandoned. At the end of the Van Buren street bridge, which had been swung open, stood a grain elevator, sided and roofed with iron. Spectators who crowded the bridges above Adams street did not think the elevator could possibly burn, but, after only a moment's resistance, the flames engulfed it. It became a tower of fire, the thin iron casing running molten from the top.

But now the fire must surely burn itself out, the people thought, for it had reached the four blocks burned over the night before. A blackened chasm nearly a thousand feet square lay along the river front between the fire and further food for the flames. To the horror of all who looked, long banners and pennants of flames streamed out on the gale, spanned the space with one vaulting leap, and fell on the elevator and depot at Adams street.



MAP OF BURNED DISTRICT.
The fire began at extreme southwest corner and swept diagonally across city to water works. Line shows route taken.

Now Came a Race for Life. Across the Madison and Randolph street bridges and through the Washington street tunnel hundreds fled. The west bank of the South branch was walled with fire for a mile, and it was believed that the flames would sweep along the North branch to the city limits, wiping out the entire river front of the West division.

The courthouse bell kept up its solemn tolling. It was heard at intervals above the roar of the gale, the clang of the fire engines, the whistle of tugboats that were darting about on errands of mercy to the big vessels in the South branch, and the confused cries that filled the streets.

Fascinated by the splendor of that awful conflagration, a sea of people watched it from housetops on the North and South Sides. No one thought it could possibly cross the river even yet, although the blazing rigging of vessels could be seen, and silhouetted upon the glare were groups of men on the east bank wetting down roofs and stamping out fire brands which fell thick and fast.

It was 11:30. The fire had been burning somewhat over two hours. The wind veered a little more to the westward, turned raw and chill, and increased its speed. Spectators shivered in their thin summer garments. The wall of fire along the west bank bent eastward on the gale until it almost arched the water. Far ahead of the flames burning brands were hurled through the air.

A huge blazing cornice was hurled across the river and fell on the new $80,000 Parmalee stables at Jackson and Franklin, and the proprietors, who had been on guard for an hour, fled for their lives. In an instant the building was engulfed in flames. A little later a brand shot like an incandescent meteor through a window of the Powell roofing works near the east end of the Adams street bridge. This building was filled with tar and felt and it was flanked by the gas works and Conley's Patch, with its acres of frame tenements.

The engines were all at work on the West Side, but at the call of the courthouse bell and telegraph alarm they coiled up their hose and cleft a way across blazing bridges and through flying people to meet and fight the new peril on the South Side.

Twelve o'clock struck! The mayor, Roswell B. Mason, arrived at the courthouse to direct the work of trying to save the city from destruction. With a shock like an earthquake the huge reservoir at the gas works exploded. As if a dam had broken, floods of flame fell across the doomed city.

The Fire at Midnight. With the explosion of the gas works reservoir the pile of bituminous coal in the yards took fire, and Conley's Patch, that criminal-infested nest of wooden tenements which filled the rest of the block, was blazing. To the crowds of refugees from the West Side was now added the worst and most dangerous element of Chicago's population, let loose to prey on the helpless victims of the great calamity. The drunkard impeded the progress of the flying, the pickpocket plied his trade in the indescribable jam and confusion, the thief broke into houses and stores for loot, the brute trampled his neighbors under foot.

The gas works had been destroyed but no gas was needed. The flames supplied light for frantic work and flight. From the solid mass of fire three long fingers of flame shot out, one stretching eastward along the south side of Monroe street, one northward among the factories and lumber yards along the east bank of the river, and between these was a longer and stronger one which streamed on the gale diagonally across blocks northeastward. To those who watched the fire from a height on the South Side, at 12 o'clock, it looked like the

RUINS OF THE COURTHOUSE.

lurid foot and talons of some enormous bird of prey clutching at the vitals of the city.

In fifteen minutes the claws had widened and lengthened. The spaces between were webbed with connecting fires, and long brands were hurled ahead by the southwest gale. The air was like a furnace, and it was filled with a rain of fire. Glowing cinders and sparks fanned to incandescence by the wind fell in a torrent on roofs of houses and on fleeing people a mile in advance of the flames.

With the speed of an express train the southern line of fire raced down Monroe street to another block of tenements. So quickly was this inflammable quarter engulfed that many, roused from a midnight sleep, must have perished. Scarcely one of the poor foreigners who lived there escaped with more than life. Peo-

ple were seen leaping from roofs and windows. Children were thrown down to firemen, who tried to raise ladders through those billows of flames.

One witness to this awful scene has compared the march of the flames to an army in three divisions. The main column, running diagonally from Adams and Franklin to State and South Water, took the strongholds of the city, one after the other. On either side it was flanked by columns which destroyed the demoralized remnants and devastated outlying districts. "Single Uhlans," or lance-armed cavalry, skirmished here and there, far in front of the solid infantry. Then small detachments cut off weak outlying forces. Hot battles were fought around every big business citadel. When these succumbed the main body of the fire marched up and swept over the field."

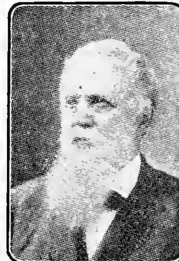
A Maddened Babel of Sound rose from the heart of the city. The streets were filled with suffocating crimson smoke, shot with glittering sparks. Between the streets were solid blocks of rustling flames, in which timbers could be heard to crack, marble veneering to snap, and lofty walls of brick and stone to fall with thunderous reverberations. Now and then stores of oil or chemicals exploded with an awful crash that drowned the shrieks of imprisoned people, the screaming of frightened horses, the howling of dogs, the shouts of firemen and expressmen who raced their teams through the jam of pedestrians, the panting of engines and the mournful boom of the great courthouse bell that tolled the passing moments of Chicago's life.

People were flying eastward to the lake front and northward across the river, over the bridges and through the dark tunnel. The vacant space along the lake front was crowded with refugees and goods of every description. From Dearborn street east and south to Twelfth street the roofs of houses and stores were covered with desperate workers who, with hose attached to hydrants, were drenching carpets and blankets and putting out falling brands. It was very early seen that the business district of the South Side west of Dearborn was doomed. The Field and Leiter building at State and Washington streets and other great retail houses had steam pumps, which kept them drenched. Hour after hour water laved the roofs and sides of these white marble structures. In the glare of the fire they looked like colossal fountains enveloped in glittering spray.

When Mayor Mason reached the courthouse shortly after 12 o'clock to direct the work of fighting the fire the flames were only two blocks to the southwest, and watchmen in the cupola were putting out blazing brands with hand grenades. Isolated buildings on Randolph and Lake, west of Fifth avenue, were burning. The hot blast was tearing off signs and blowing over sheds. Awnings flashed up and vanished. Brands, cinders and squares of blazing felt from roofs sailed through the air to spread destruction.

But Mayor Mason sat in his office and telegraphed for help to other cities; directed that buildings should be blown up along the line of the fire; gave the order to release the prisoners in the jail in the basement of the courthouse and to remove them to the Chicago avenue station; started city teams to the warehouses of the Hazard Powder Company, seven miles out, for explosives. For two hours, until the bell crashed to the basement, and he had to fly for his life, the mayor remained at his post.

Heroes of the Fire. Chicago was full of men who considered duty first and personal safety afterward. When it was seen that the fire must soon reach the splendid line of banking and insurance houses on La Salle street, business men and their employes poured into the threatened area, already like a furnace, from every part of the city. They forced their way across the bridges, through black tunnels, where the only guide was the constant cry, "Keep to the right," and through the indescribable jam of the streets. They entered smouldering bank, office and store, placed valuables in vaults, or, if there was no vault, emptying the contents of



MAYOR ROSWELL B. MASON.

GEN. P. H. SHERIDAN.

safes into trunks and boxes and carrying them to the streets, for glowing iron safes had been seen to fall with crashing walls.

Expressmen demanded $10, $50, then $1,000 a load. This last price was actually paid by a banker who thus saved a trunk containing $600,000 in greenbacks, which he got off safely to Milwaukee.

By the light of the fire clerks sorted the mail in the postoffice, locked it in bags and got it over to Dearborn park, on the lake front. Printers set type and locked up forms, determined to get out one more issue of a paper. Along Wabash and Michigan avenues homes were emptied of elegant furnishings, which were dragged to the lake front.

Every instant the noise, heat, terror, confusion and frightful jam in the streets increased. Twenty thousand people had been made homeless, other thousands ruined. Families had be-

come separated, children lost and the weak trampled under foot. Invalids were dying of exposure to wind, heat and suffocating smoke. Tumult and uproar, ruin and despair, death and disaster filled the hours of sleep.

Swiftly the fire traveled with the wind. A little after 2 o'clock it crossed State street bridge to ravage the North division. The main column made straight for the courthouse. The right column had turned at Dearborn street, baffled by the Government and Tribune buildings, and had run back to Van Buren and the river.

The main and left columns were converging toward Madison and La Salle. Scarcely twenty minutes elapsed from the burning of the Grand Pacific hotel, which then covered an entire block, before every intervening building on La Salle was blazing, and the fire had laid siege to the half-million-dollar marble Chamber of Commerce, occupied by the Board of Trade, at La Salle and Washington.

Fight Fire With Fire. Here at half past 1 o'clock the fire department blew up the building of the Merchants' Insurance Company. On the explosion a broad black chasm opened. The flames swung across it like an athlete and fell on the banking and insurance houses beyond.

The fire was now behind the courthouse and had reached its climax on the South Side. A hundred huge buildings were burning at once. Six-story stone, iron and brick structures were consumed in five minutes by the watch. The marble was burned to lime, the stone fused, the iron sheathing ran molten and iron columns were twisted into fantastic and glowing serpents that writhed in the air.

In nearly every street the flames entered the rear of a row of buildings simultaneously. In five minutes the front windows reddened. An instant later the whole block was engulfed and sheets of flame separated from the mass to roll over the next block.

At 1:30 a great blazing timber from a La Salle street block was hurled on the wooden dome of the stone courthouse. Instantly the flames seemed to leap from every window of the tower. The watchmen were singed as they ran down the stairs. In the midst of the flames, as the walls burned away, the great bell, which weighed half a ton and measured seven feet across, could be seen as it continued to toll, for it was operated by machinery, until its supports were destroyed and it crashed to the basement at 2:05 a. m.

When Mayor Mason reached the exit, five minutes later, La Salle street was one long furnace for a solid mile. Washington and Randolph were blazing from the river to Clark. North on Clark he raced with flame and falling brands to South Water, where he was comparatively safe. He lived at Michigan avenue and Twelfth street. How he was to get home was a serious question. He tried the tunnel at La Salle, but found it filled with struggling humanity in danger of suffocation from the smoke. He finally crossed the bridge at Wells street and walked east on Michigan to recross the river at the Rush street bridge.

North Side residence streets, before the fire, were shaded by great elm trees. Cinders had fallen among the drifted autumn leaves and little fires were skurrying along before the gale, blowing up into alleys and between fence pickets. This looked ominous to the mayor, but he observed that the people everywhere were putting out these incipient blazes and did not seem to be alarmed, and he hurried on. But looking back from Rush street bridge he saw a big livery stable at the north end of the State street bridge burst into flames.

The Fire Had Crossed to the North Division! It was then about 2:30. In the incredibly short space of two hours and a half the fire had cut a swath across the city, from Adams and Franklin, to State and South Water, half a mile wide, and had crossed the river to the North division. Long before the flames had worked eastward of State on the south bank of the river, the flames reached and destroyed the water works at Chicago avenue. Once the water supply was shut off the fire could proceed to complete the destruction of the city.

The character of the buildings along the north bank of the river caused the fire to attain a frightful speed. North of the bridge at State street was a wooden viaduct on trestle work. A long low freight depot and train of oil cars lay to the west. To the east was Wright's livery stable with a flat roof of tar and felt. Rows of cheap frame boarding houses lined the cross streets and wooden sheds the alleys. A line 150 yards long on the north bank of the river was soon ablaze. Within thirty minutes the fire had reached Cass street, half a mile to the northeast.

After crossing Illinois street the flames were in the very heart of the north shore residence district, where they progressed as fast as a man could run. Many business men who had been at their offices on the South Side ran on the first alarm, but reached their homes only to find them ablaze and their families gone into the wild night of terror, where none were to find shelter and few safety.

Here in this district were picket fences, board walks, shrubbery and shade trees, dry and leafless, stables, conservatories and houses with large light verandas, balconies, bays and cupolas. It was touch and go with fire, with such decorative material and spacious ways for the wind to revel in. Those who prepared to fly as soon as the fire crossed the river were able to get out their horses and carriages, bury some silver and precious articles, and escape with the family pictures and a trunk full of clothing to the West Side.

Few did this, however. Far too many were possessed by the fatal delusion that their homes could not burn. Women and children were sent on ahead while the men remained behind to try

THE KERFOOT BLOCK.
First building erected after the fire.

to save the house or furniture. In this way families became separated, for those left behind were compelled to fly to the strip of vacant ground on the lake shore, while the fire drove the ones sent on from their latest refuge.

The Home Guard. A typical instance of the heroic efforts made to save many of the rich and beautiful homes of the North Side is that made by Dr. Isaac N. Arnold. His home occupied the entire block bounded by Erie, Huron, Pine (now Lincoln Park boulevard) and Rush. The grounds were filled with beautiful shrubbery and were shaded by tall elm trees. A dense hedge of lilacs gave seclusion to the place. Wild grapes, Virginia creepers and bittersweet draped the spacious verandas. There were stables and greenhouses, and a fountain capped by the prehistoric Waubansia stone with its carved Indian face.

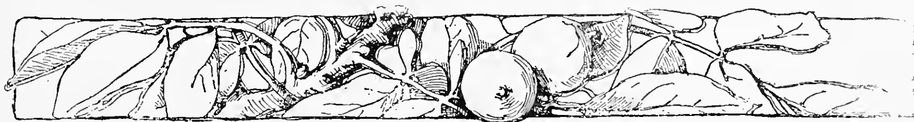
Here this ex-congressman and man of wealth, leisure and culture, the friend and biographer of Lincoln, lived in a home enriched by a well-stocked library, fine pictures and the accumulated souvenirs of travel. He determined to save it if he could. He sent his wife and little girl northward to the home of a married daughter, which was also in the course of a few hours to be overtaken by the flames. With two other daughters and a son—all school children—and the servants he remained to fight the fire.

Carpets, hangings and blankets were spread over roofs and verandas and for two hours that gallant little band put out with water from two hydrants every blaze that started. The contest grew hotter as the flames swept past on their way to the water works. There was a sea of fire to the south and west. Then it appeared on the north. A torrent of cinders, sparks and brands fell over them. Twenty times blazes started on the roof, the verandas, the barn, in the trees, and among the drifted leaves on the lawn.

The burning of the water works shut off the supply of water. Only then, with fire starting

RUINS OF FIELD & LEITER BUILDING.

in a dozen places, did Dr. Arnold gather his little garrison about him and plan how to cut their way out. There was only one avenue of escape open and that was toward the lake.



CHAPTER XIII.

The Ruined City.

(October 9 to 15, 1871.)

The fire, in cutting diagonally across from the State street bridge to Chicago avenue and the lake, forced refugees into a vacant space between Illinois and Superior, east of St. Clair. There were just forty acres in this tract, which was known locally as "The Sands." To the north of it were Lill's enormous brewery and the water works—both to be in flames shortly after 3 o'clock a. m. Westward were blocks of blazing houses. To the south lay acres of planing mills and lumber yards along the north bank of the river.

The Purgatory on "The Sands." "The Sands" were to be surrounded on all sides but one by fire. The whole forty acres very early became an inconceivable jam of human beings, animals, trunks, boxes, household furniture, and the contents of stores. Houses of wealth and of poverty and haunts of ignorance and vice were emptied on "The Sands" to share the horrors of the inferno.

From the first the air was like a blast from a furnace and thick with suffocating smoke. Torrents of sparks and cinders rained down. The throngs, maddened by suffering and despair, took refuge in the water, mothers covering the heads of children with wet handkerchiefs. Fathers buried their wives and children in the wet sand along the shores, leaving openings for breathing and keeping the mounds drenched. They stood themselves up to the neck in the cold lake with wet coats over their heads and their backs to the fire.

Hour after hour thousands stood under that storm of fire. They saw the water works burn and knew the whole north shore was doomed to destruction, as the flames raced up the lake shore to the cemeteries and to Lincoln park, which were also filled with refugees from farther north.

While the heat on "The Sands" was still terrific from the fire to the west and north, the lumber piles, planing mills, and elevators along the river to the south began to burn. Everybody on that gridiron of sand, covered with bonfires of household goods, rushed into the lake. All stood up to the neck in the water and dipped their heads under to cool them. Infants and invalids died of suffocation. From 5 o'clock to 10 in the morning they stood there. Then they staggered up the beach and dragged themselves to the shelter of a stone wall that ran eastward along Superior street to the lake. The heat there was great enough to dry clothing. Some when dry caught fire. Many were nearly blind from the heat and smoke. Scarcely one had not lost some loved one as well as home and property. They were all to live until nightfall, many until another daybreak, before they could seek food or shelter.

Early in the dawn the refugees on "The Sands," in Lincoln park, on the prairies to the west, and the lake front on the South Side, heard explosions from the south. No one knew their meaning, but the whole lake shore district south of the river seemed to be in flames. The fire, spreading from the river bank, down which it had eaten slowly, gained new strength among the elevators and big warehouses around the Illinois Central depot.

Fire Begins Again on South Side. The fire was then to the north and east of Field and Leiter's big retail store on State and Washington. Up to this time Michigan, Wabash and State streets had escaped the flames except along the river bank, and the Tribune block at Dearborn and Madison had successfully stood three assaults and prevented the fire from progressing north or east of that point.

Field and Leiter's was the key to the retail district of State street, and as the elevators and depot of the Illinois Central at Randolph caught fire efforts were redoubled around the white marble dry goods palace. The fire engines could do nothing, for there was now no water in the mains, but the steam pumps of the building brought up water directly from the lake and kept the block drenched. Just at dawn a blazing section of a roof was dropped on the pumping works, disabling them.

Destruction of Business Center Completed. Despair seized the hearts of the refugees on the lake front as the noble edifice was wrapped in flames. Wild with terror, they abandoned treasures they had guarded all that terrible night and fled southward before the flames should overtake them. As if it could not come on fast enough, it was reinforced by a new fire in Dearborn street.

At Dearborn and Jackson the flames had burned down to embers. The engines, standing about in the streets, could have put these out had there been any water in the mains. At 7 o'clock in the morning a sudden gust of wind

fanned these embers to white heat and then hurled them upon housetops along Dearborn and Monroe. The seven-story Palmer house was soon in flames. The fire ran rapidly northward to McVicker's theater, on Madison. The iron shutters of the Tribune building, already sprung by the heat, gave way. When the flames gained entrance the superheated air seemed to explode.

Having wiped everything out on Dearborn street, this fire joined forces with the other on State street. In a kind of despair, stores and residences were emptied of their contents into Dearborn park and upon the lake front. Owners stood by in dull apathy and saw their domestic and business homes vanish in flames. The fire was working southward against the wind, and progressing slowly, but below Harrison street were acres of pine cottages and tenements. With a 400-mile-long reservoir of water at her feet Chicago was helpless! Fatigue, terror, despair, ruin, and the reign of lawlessness, a crimson ball through the pall of smoke which hung over the lake. As the wind freshened the tumult increased on the shore. Islands of fire still rose out of that sea of ruins to north and west. By noon the fire on the South Side had burned itself out, but there was no escape to the west across those smouldering blocks except by making a long detour to the Twelfth street bridge.

On the North Side, after following along the shore to Lincoln park and the cemeteries, where thousands had found refuge, the fire had seemingly burned itself out. It was 10 o'clock Monday morning when a fresh fire broke out at Dearborn and Ontario from scattered embers of buildings that had been destroyed six hours before.

Burning of the North Division. Running straight up Dearborn this fire quickly swept away what remained of the fine residence district, sent refugees flying from Washington

(Copyright, Geo. J. Klein.)

HEART OF CHICAGO AFTER THE FIRE.
Looking North Up Dearborn and Clark Streets from Harrison.

which ran on unchecked, aroused in the homeless people a kind of madness. The throngs swarming in Michigan avenue, south of the fire, struggled for air, space, safety. But so closely were fugitives massed together that to progress one block required half an hour.

Sheridan to the Rescue. It was then that General Sheridan, having got a supply of powder, began to blow up buildings in Harrison and Congress streets. The gorge of humanity in Michigan avenue stopped in horror when the first detonation came up from the south, until policemen checked the panic by shouting the good news that powder was being used to stop the flames.

When the morning sun came up it looked like square, the churches and spacious homes, and started bonfires in the piles of household goods in the cemeteries and Lincoln park. Then it burned up Clark and La Salle and was soon in the thickly tenanted district which bordered the lumber yards and factories along the North branch.

The harrowing scenes of the night before were repeated and multiplied, for practically the entire North division was to burn out by nightfall. Flight was eastward, as well as west and north, for the lake shore district had been destroyed and fire could no longer pursue there. But the greatest number tried to reach the West Side over Chicago avenue. In thirty minutes that wide thoroughfare was gorged with

human beings, vehicles and loads of goods. But the flames approached and Chicago avenue was emptied. The refugees now fled to Division street, where there was soon a frightful jam.

Division street, too, became impassable and the scene was repeated in North avenue. On the West Side many refugees found shelter in the cars of the Northwestern Railway company that had been rolled to the outlying switches for safety. Many camped on the prairie and sat there, shelterless, hungry, and thirsty, gazing across the river at the acres of flames that were sweeping to the city limits. Other thousands were in the woods of Lake View, far beyond the last straggling house of the city.

Perilous Journey Up the River. About 4 o'clock Monday afternoon, Dr. Isaac N. Arnold, who, with his children and servants, had defended his beautiful home so valiantly, went on a tugboat up the river through the burned district. He had escaped with his children from that purgatory on ''The Sands'' in a rowboat, which he found tied to Mr. Ogden's private pier, to the lighthouse at the end of the government pier. In the midst of the water, far out in the harbor, the little company in the lighthouse had fought fire on the pier when the elevators and Illinois Central depot burned.

At 4 o'clock Monday afternoon, Dr. Arnold chartered a tugboat to go up through the burned district, so he could search for his wife and little girl. All the bridges had been burned to the forks, and their twisted wrecks had fallen in the river. Warehouses, stores, docks, elevators and lumber yards were still burning along both banks of the main stream. With the women and children shut up in the little deck house, the men lying on their faces, and with hose drenching her deck and sides, the tug steamed up to the forks of the river. It picked its way through the debris of bridges and shot past hot and crumbling walls, from which loosened bricks fell hissing into the water. After a perilous half hour the passengers were landed on the west side.

This family had been fifteen hours without shelter and twenty-six without food. Another twenty-four hours was to pass before Mrs. Arnold and the little girl were to be found safe in a West side suburb. It was but a typical experience of a family in the Great Chicago Fire. Happy was the family that could gather all its loved ones about a new hearth in the humblest home.

The civilized world stood aghast, appalled by the figures presented by this most destructive fire of modern times. A total of 2,124 acres, or three and one-half square miles, had been burned over, 18,000 buildings destroyed, 100,000 people made homeless and nearly $200,000,000 in property wiped out. The total loss of life was estimated at 250, but numbers in poor foreign and in the criminal quarters must also have perished.

The gale had acted like a blow pipe in a furnace, creating inflammable gases that filled buildings and caused them literally to explode and melt as soon as the flames touched them. The fire had thus extended at the rate of sixty-five acres an hour, and at its height, when in the heart of the city, destroyed property at the rate of $100,000 a minute. The fires of London and Moscow were eclipsed. The burning of Rome in Nero's time was the only historic fire comparable to it.

The area burned over had been equalled in other fires, but never till then had the very heart of a city been stopped in its beating. On the West side were still homes for two-thirds of the people, and there were railroads, factories, retail stores, churches, schools, elevators, and a few lumber and coal yards. But there were no banks, hotels, depots, newspaper offices, insurance company offices, or public buildings. Even the evidence of ownership of real estate had been destroyed in the courthouse records, and money on deposit in the banks, it was thought, must all have been destroyed. The capital of insurance companies had in many instances vanished in the flames. Chicago seemed paralyzed by a blow on her heart.

Fire Makes Clean Sweep.—In the entire burned district only four buildings remained standing. The Lind block at Lake and Market on the river bank escaped because it was comparatively isolated. The Hixon block at La Salle and Monroe was an unfinished structure of stone and brick, and had not roof or wood work in it to ignite, or closed spaces in which gas could accumulate. In the North division a small cottage on Lincoln place was saved by its owner, and the house of Mahon D. Ogden, which stood on the site of the Newberry library of today, facing Washington square, was preserved by its park frontage, and by just such heroic measures as had failed to save the Arnold house.

Except for some poor shanties near the bridges, the cottage, the Ogden house, and a conservatory on the McGagg grounds, not a building was left in the North division in a space three miles long. A few scattered ruins of churches and ranks of leafless trees stood stark above the general level, but the entire division had the appearance of the original prairie after a fire has burned off the grass. Sidewalks, fences, and shrubbery had disappeared. The streets looked like embankments across the flats. Thirty-six hours before, 75,000 people had lived on this desolate waste. Chimneys and brick work had tumbled into basement excavations, filling them up to the level of the prairie.

Spectators View the Ruins.—On the 14th of October, a week after the fire, a heavy rain storm set in. Some of the more picturesque and dangerous ruins in the heart of the city were blown down. Sunday was bright and cool. A week had passed; the homeless had been sheltered and fed, families united, order restored, money

had been found safe in bank vaults, a good half of the insurance would be paid. Already Chicago had taken heart of grace. Its people could come and look upon the devastation wrought by the fire. Until long after nightfall the crowds filed through nameless streets that were lit up only by the light of the moon. The ruins, blackened by smoke and washed by rain, had a look as of hoary age.

"A Heart for Any Fate."—But the word finis had not been written to the history of Chicago. Instead a new chapter was begun, with such faith, courage, and energy as to amaze the world, which not only looked on and applauded but lent a helping hand. The fire was a shock that seemed to galvanize Chicago's citizens into action rather than to stun them.

How bereft and ruined men could think and plan and work systematically and effectively, during the first chaotic days following the great calamity, was a marvel such as the world has never witnessed since. But having witnessed it, it knows what civilization stands for. Centuries of mental and moral training had fitted the people of Chicago to meet the emergency. All through the horrors of Sunday night there were cool heads, courageous hearts, devotion to duty, and self-sacrifice standing out clearly and to some degree controlling that brief carnival of suffering, madness, and wild disorder.

On Monday, while the fire was still burning, these same men turned, with more than their old-time vigor, to the pressing work at hand. They fed, sheltered, and protected Chicago's 100,000 homeless people, and they resumed business, thus giving work and renewed hope to the destitute.

Mayor Mason's home at Michigan avenue and Twelfth street was not to be destroyed, but he did not know that. When the fire broke out afresh at Dearborn and State streets at seven o'clock Monday morning, he sent his family to a southern suburb and organized a police force to keep the jam of people in Michigan avenue moving southward without haste or panic. He, himself, worked with General Sheridan in directing the blowing up of buildings in Harrison and Congress streets.

It was here, with the fire checked on the South side, that he was found by a messenger at noon. He had been on duty since midnight, but he went at once to preside over a meeting of the city council to be held in the Congregational church at Washington and Ann streets on the West side.

Relief for Refugees.—As early as eight o'clock in the morning two members of the council had secured an open buggy and made a tour along the edge of the burned district. From the lake shore at Twelfth street, they drove west to Halsted and then north. The entire southern and western line of the fire and far out on the prairie was covered with an indescribable mass of people, camping beside what goods they had saved. Children had already begun to cry from hunger and thirst, and their parents were dazed and distracted by the calamity. There were thousands of invalids, injured and temporarily insane people, and lost children who must be cared for immediately.

But it was along the North branch, west of the acres of flames that were sweeping to the city limits, and northward in the woods of Lake View that the numbers of people and their sufferings were most appalling. Seventy-five thousand had lived in the North division, which was utterly destroyed by nightfall.

All day long refugees swarmed across the remaining bridges and swelled the numbers on the prairie. The fate of other thousands on "The Sands," in Lincoln Park and the lake shore cemeteries could not be learned until the fire died out at Fullerton avenue. But it was known that many who could be reached must perish within twenty-four hours if relief were not brought.

The mere enumeration of things done officially that Monday afternoon, while the fire was still raging, to relieve suffering, restore order, and insure the safety of property, takes the breath.

Chicago Knows What to Do and Does It.—The Congregational church became the mayor's office, the council chamber, and the headquarters for police and relief work. Until pumps could get water into the mains again, the lighting of fires and lamps was forbidden. A volunteer guard was organized to patrol the streets to enforce this order and to see that saloons were not opened. Then 5,000 special policemen were sworn in to work among the refugees and to distribute relief. One proud boy, who had a printing press in a barn near the church, ran off the police badges on strips of muslin. Society belles fed the press and inked the rollers.

Green Street church was turned into a huge kitchen for the boiling of coffee. The bakeries were ordered to deliver all the bread in stock to the city relief authorities. Every wagon and driver that could be captured was impressed into the service of the city. Some were sent out to bring in the injured and lost children, while others distributed bread, coffee, and water. Private houses were thrown wide open to shelter the homeless; churches, schoolhouses, and the boat houses in the West side parks were turned into hospitals.

By two o'clock news of the relief plans had spread everywhere and helpers came in—preachers without churches, merchants without business houses, ladies without homes, teachers without schools, doctors without offices. The railroad companies offered free transportation to those with friends in other places who could care for them. Most of the depots had been burned, and men, women, and children in scanty garb, and covered with ashes and soot, con-

gregated at improvised prairie stations, where bread and coffee booths had been set up. Refreshed and cheered, they boarded the trains. Fifteen thousand people thus left Chicago Monday night, while the sky above the North division was still red with the reflection of blazing lumber yards and coal piles.

By four o'clock telegrams offering supplies began to come in. At six, the first relief trains arrived. Every village and city within a radius of seventy-five miles sent help that first night.

Fire Kindled World-Wide Sympathy.—All over the world people had picked up their newspapers at the breakfast table to read: "Chicago is burning up." Within ten hours carloads of cooked food were in Chicago, and whole trainloads of food, clothing, medicine, money, shelter tents, troops, and fire engines were to arrive before dawn Tuesday morning. Every hour the circle of sympathy widened until it reached the shores of foreign lands. Individuals, societies, churches, cities, governments poured in contributions. The outpouring of supplies and money was unparalleled in the history of the world. In all, there were $5,000,000 in money and goods sent to Chicago within a few weeks. It seemed as if every spark of that terrible storm of fire had kindled sympathy and generosity in some human breast.

All night long, and for another forty-eight hours, relief was kept up from the churches. A lost-and-found committee with 2,000 private vehicles rapidly united the scattered members of families. Army tents were put up. Railroad locomotives were furnishing power to factory pumps, and water was got into the mains. Small frame cottages were being erected out of the relief funds to shelter the poor for the winter. Wages were being paid to working men. By the end of the first week the emergency was over, and the relief work was put into the hands of the Relief and Aid Society. Chicago could then consider how she was to begin over again to restore the lost labor of thirty years.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Phoenix City.
(1871 to 1893.)

As a matter of fact the rebuilding of Chicago had begun again before it was known whether any insurance would be paid, or any money in banks and vaults had escaped destruction, or title to real estate could be re-established. All the records covering every inch of real estate in Chicago and Cook county had been burned up with the tax lists, in the courthouse and city hall, thus destroying evidence of ownership and the public revenues at one blow, for, until titles to property could again be made a matter of record, tax levies could not be collected. This double blow, it would seem, was enough to paralyze business.

Victory Out of Defeat.—Do you remember that earlier in this history LaSalle, the "undespairing Norman," was spoken of as the prototype of Chicago spirit? When utter disaster threatened his work of years and his future plans, he did not admit himself defeated. Necessity bred in him new energy. He dared any combination of mischance and malice to work his ruin.

Chicago was undaunted by its unparalleled disaster. At noon, Monday, a man was seen to pick up and drop bricks from a heap of smouldering debris in Dearborn street. When asked by a policeman what he was doing in that dangerous neighborhood, he replied that he was testing the bricks to see how soon they would be cool enough to begin rebuilding.

Such stories as this were telegraphed all over the country. Many visitors rushed to Chicago, under the impression that, if they delayed a week, they would not see the ruins. As a matter of fact, within less than three years every trace of the great calamity had vanished, and there had risen a greater city on the ruins. To appreciate what this means, it may be recalled that London required thirty years for its rebuilding after the great fire of 1666.

The newspapers of Chicago did not waste an hour in resuming business. When McVicker's theater took fire the staff and the printers of The Tribune company fled. Before noon, Mr. Medill had bought a small job office at 15 Canal street. Printers were soon at the cases and reporters were out getting up an account of the fire that had still many hours to burn. The business manager borrowed money of friends to buy four heating stoves. The night before the Tribune's check would have been good for $100,000. On Monday, credit was refused for $64. Business was thus suddenly brought down to the most primitive cash basis.

Between three and four in the afternoon people began to drop in with advertisements for lost friends, and a little money was taken in over a dry-goods box counter. On Wednesday morning the Tribune was out with a five-column account of the fire, and a ringing editorial on "Chicago must and shall be rebuilt."

How Business Sprang From the Ashes.—The very first place of business erected amid the ruins was put up by Mr. William D. Kerfoot, the well-known real estate man. He lost every dollar by the fire, yet on Tuesday he put up a

12x16 shanty of rough lumber, in front of his old block on Washington, between Dearborn and Clark streets. A signboard across the top was labelled, "Kerfoot Block."

The building stood on the sidewalk for ten days, when, the ruins having cooled, the proprietor was required to move it back to the building line. Mr. Kerfoot's enterprise and pluck revived courage in more fearful souls. His office became a sort of bureau of general information.

There was no lack of business even before the fire had stopped burning. Cars laden with coal, grain, lumber, and live stock and vessels with iron ore and merchandise arrived in their usual numbers on Monday, although all of them could not discharge their cargoes. Only five of the seventeen elevators had been burned; the West side had lost only a few yards, factories, and mills, while the stock yards were far outside the burned district. The lake was here and the railroads. Traffic could not well be diverted to other points for lack of facilities. And there were 300,000 people here, trained in all the complicated business of the place. The forests, farms, and mines were to continue to send their contributions to trade, and the country, east and west, was waiting for orders to be filled. Business fairly trod on men's heels. Nothing was lacking but the machinery to handle it. It was amazing what makeshifts were used to serve the purpose temporarily.

Legislation to the Rescue.—The state legislature met and passed the Burned-Record law, which permitted the recording of private deeds and abstracts of title. Nearly $3,000,000 were donated the city from the state treasury to save Chicago from civic bankruptcy. The fire and police forces were maintained, the interest on bonds paid, and the work of repairing waterworks and rebuilding bridges and a city hall was begun. The bank vaults were opened and money and securities found intact, so that within ten days the banks resumed payment. Only fifty-seven out of 341 insurance companies failed because of the fire, and $46,000,000 out of the total $88,000,000 insurance carried was paid. With this as a nucleus, rebuilding was begun.

But best of all was the good will of the East and the loyalty of the West. Within ten days telegrams began to arrive from New York importers and wholesalers, saying: "I suppose you are burned out. Order what you need and pay when you can. We want your trade." Notes were renewed and credit extended. Chicago's business men were thus saved from bankruptcy and enabled to make a fresh start. Their reputation for honest dealing proved to be capital—a thing for future business men to remember.

Pluck and energy formed the rest of their capital. Many country merchants in the West who had always sent East for their stocks of goods came to Chicago to see the ruins, and concluded to give their orders to the unconquered city by the lake. Thus, from the ashes, arose a commerce far surpassing in volume, and in territorial extent, the business of the lost city.

Within twenty days after the fire a long row of wholesale houses reared their pine fronts along the park strip on Michigan avenue, from Randolph to Twelfth, on land leased by the city for a year. Thousands of teams were at work removing the debris of the fire and dumping it in the lagoon between the Illinois Central tracks and the breakwater. Within six weeks 212 permanent stone, brick, and iron structures, with a frontage of three and one-half miles, were in course of erection. By October, 1872, $45,000,000 had gone into building operations in the burned district.

Fire Taught Its Lesson. Visitors came from every quarter of the globe to see 10,000 structures going up at once, with 100,000 workmen plying their tools, and thousands of teams hauling away debris and unloading construction materials. As the city grew by day and night it was seen that the calamity had taught its lesson. Joseph Medill had been elected mayor on a "fire-proof" reform ticket, and the fire department had been reorganized, the fire limits had been extended. Every building that went up was larger, stronger, and better constructed than the one it replaced. The depots were larger and more centrally located, the theaters, hotels, and business houses were built after the best knowledge of fire-proof construction of that day. Wooden mansard and tar-felt roofs were not permitted. Iron fronts were abandoned and iron columns and beams were enclosed in brick work and cement.

The business district itself was expanded eastward to Michigan avenue and southward to Jackson. Different lines of business sought common centers for the convenience of customers and proprietors.

In the West division factories and business houses, built under strict laws, replaced the cottages and lumber yards that had been destroyed. In the fine residence district of the North side, land had become so valuable that the lawns were built over. A dozen or more tall, narrow houses occupied the place of one spacious mansion.

In the building of these dwelling houses the boulevard system of Paris was adopted—that is, blocks of residences were of one general style of construction and interior arrangements. Even yet you may see, along the older avenues, rows of these English basement houses, of two and three stories and the high stoop, each occupying twenty-five feet of frontage.

In down-town streets, business blocks of the seventies may be recognized by their round-arched windows and heavy cornices. None are over eight stories in height, and most of them five or six. Highly ornate these buildings were, with thick walls, as is attested by the heavy window moldings—enough masonry in them to build a sky-scraper of today.

The Panic of 1873. Before the work of rebuilding Chicago was fairly completed a financial panic swept the country—for the third time in Chicago's civic history of forty years. The hard times of 1837 were due to a vacillating public policy on the banking system; in 1857 they were due to the fall of the securities of Southern states in circulation in the North, because of the coming war. In 1873 the financial panic was precipitated by the retirement of "greenbacks."

During the war the government issued legal tender notes to the extent of $450,000,000. These, being printed in a bright green ink, were known popularly as greenbacks. The issue of so much paper money, with nothing but the credit of the government behind it, caused it to fall in value, especially in the dark days of 1864, when foreign nations believed and hoped that the

JOSEPH MEDILL,
Editor The Tribune
and "Fire Proof"
Mayor.

W. L. B. JENNY.
Inventor of Sky-
scraper.

Union was to be disrupted. The greenback dollar fell to thirty-eight cents in gold. At the end of the war the credit of the nation was so far improved that the paper dollar rose to sixty cents in value. By 1870 it had risen to ninety cents. There it remained for five years, after which time it rose slowly until, in 1878, it was on a par with gold. This was because the government was paying off its war debt and meeting the interest on bonds promptly. Public credit was completely restored.

In the meantime three things had happened to disturb the money system of the country and to bring on hard times. Congress had passed a law making interest on bonds payable in coin in order to improve the credit of the country. It had also stopped the coinage of the silver dollar, which was, at that time, worth more as bullion than a gold dollar. The silver party which sprang up a few years later called this the crime of '73. Third, the Republicans proposed to retire the "greenbacks" altogether and restore specie payments. All these disturbances of the money system unsettled business for five years, or until things were again on a permanent basis.

From 1873 to 1879 was a time of panic, bitter political fights, and business depression. Hard times seemed to settle like a pall that was never to be lifted. It was 1878 before the silver dollar was restored to circulation, and in January, 1879, specie payments were resumed under the Sherman act of 1875. In October, 1874, Chicago had another fire that destroyed eight hundred buildings, valued at $3,000,000. Fire, hard times, mobs of the unemployed, constant agitation of the money question, and then fire again, dampened even the spirit of Chicago.

On the morning of January 2, 1879, salutes were fired and the stars and stripes run up on postoffices, custom houses, and banks to announce that all government notes were redeemable in gold. "For the first time in seventeen years," says one authority, "customers, on entering banks, saw stacks and rolls of gold which could be had in exchange for greenbacks." This immediately restored confidence, for every dollar in circulation went to par with gold. The country entered upon fourteen years of good times.

Chicago Began to Build Again. In 1880, in spite of nine years of most discouraging drawbacks, it had grown to a half million in population and was the fourth city in the United States. The burned districts of seventy-one and seventy-four had been entirely rebuilt, and better than before. The municipal debt had been reduced. Miles of streets had been paved, the sewerage system extended, a new lake tunnel supplied the city with deep water, the telephone was applied to police administration, the telegraph wires were put underground, electric lighting was adopted for the streets, and thirty-two swing bridges spanned the river.

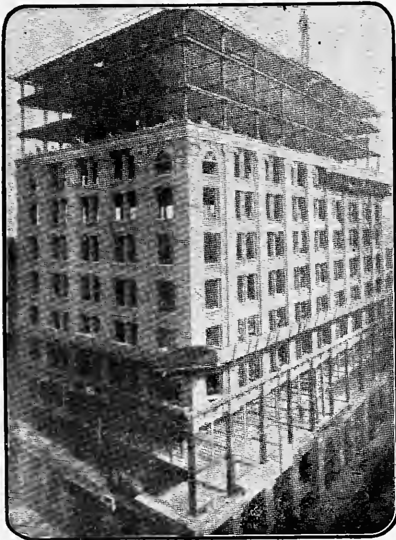
The new era of good times and phenomenal growth was heralded by the building of a $4,000,000 city hall. For twelve years Chicago conducted its civic business in the "Old Rookery" at La Salle and Adams. From 1880 to 1890 Chicago's industries, number of laborers employed, wages paid, and value of products increased threefold. Its territory expanded also. By the vote of the people the villages of Hyde Park and the Town of Lake (Englewood) below 39th street, Lake View above Fullerton avenue on the north, and Cicero on the west, with a number of smaller suburbs, became a part of Chicago. These "villages" had long become, in all but a legal sense, a part of Chicago. They now added over 200,000 to the population of the city.

When building began again early in the eighties it took on a new character. The business district had become uncomfortably crowded, but it refused to expand. General lines of busi-

ness could not go north or west of the river without losing trade. The business center had expanded eastward to Michigan avenue. Southward it refused to go below Adams until 1885.

In that year the Board of Trade put up a magnificent new building on Jackson street, facing La Salle. Office buildings for bankers, brokers, and insurance companies sprang up in its neighborhood. South Clark street to Van Buren became a center for railway general offices, and Dearborn street filled up with publishing and printing houses. On State, Wabash, and Michigan retail dealers refused to go south of Adams. Even today, when the city has grown to 2,000,000 in population, the retail shopping district extends only to Congress.

But room had to be made for Chicago's growing business. Rents of office and store rooms went up to impossible figures, and property own-



NEW YORK LIFE BUILDING IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.

ers knew that buildings of twice the prevailing heights of six and eight stories could be filled to the roofs. But such buildings were thought to be impossible. Before 1885, no business building had been erected anywhere in the world over eight stories in height. There were lofty castles and cathedrals, but these were built where foundations could be spread underground to carry the enormous weight of the superstructure. A city building must stand on its own frontage and depth.

It had been determined by civil engineers long before that Chicago's hardpan, which is not rock but a thick bed of soft compressible clay, will support only 3,000 pounds to the square foot. Masonry is extremely heavy, and eight stories was the limit in height to which brick and stone buildings could be raised. When, in 1885, the Home Insurance company proposed to put up a new building in the office district of La Salle street, it was aware that three or four times as many small, well-lighted offices as had ever been built on a space similar to the site it owned could be rented. The directors of the company called in an architect of wide reputation, Mr. W. L. B. Jenney, and presented the problem to him.

The First "Sky-Scraper" Was Asked For! When an occasion offered, Chicago never yet failed to produce the man. To fulfill the requirements, every method of construction in use would have to be abandoned. Iron had, by this time, come to be used very largely in bridge and trestle building, replacing masonry and timber work, at a saving of weight and increase of strength. It occurred to Mr. Jenney that a tall building might be erected on a skeleton frame of structural iron.

It took faith, both on the part of the architect who faced possible failure and ridicule, and on the part of capitalists who were venturing a big sum of money in an experiment. A continuous bed of concrete was laid on the hardpan, and in this was set a grillage of railroad iron, to form the foundation. Cast-iron columns were embedded in this and connected at the top with beams and girders of iron. A few steel beams were used, the first structural steel ever cast in America. Bolted to the columns were iron brackets on which rested the lintels of windows and doors. Slowly the iron skeleton rose, each part riveted and bolted in place like bridgework.

To see such a building going up today is a common enough sight, for every city in the land has its sky-scrapers. But in 1885 capitalists, architects, owners of iron and steel works, and trades unions watched the construction of the Home Insurance company's building in Chicago, with hope, incredulity, and, finally, delight, for it was to revolutionize municipal architecture, enormously increase the value of land in the heart of cities, bring vast orders to steel mills, and offer another probable field for skilled workmanship.

When the masonry work was begun it was seen that brick, iron, stone, and fireclay were to be used as mere curtains, let down around the framework, fireproofing it, and encasing it in every part like flesh on the bones of the human body. The strength lay in the iron. The weight of the masonry used in each story was carried on its own columns and girders. At last it was done—the tallest, lightest, strongest, most commodious building ever erected on a similar space in the world. Chicago had begun to expand upward and the world was the richer by a new method of building to be known as the "Chicago Construction."

CHAPTER XV.

The World's Fair.

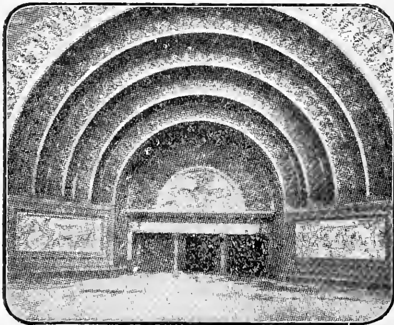
Had the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America fallen in 1882 instead of 1892, Chicago would not have had the World's Fair, and the world would have been much the poorer.

The seventies, you will remember, were marked by hard times. Chicago managed to get its burned district rebuilt when the panic of seventy-three swept the country. It was seventy-nine before the money questions which grew out of the Civil war were settled, and the eighties had opened before active building was resumed.

In 1885 began an era of soaring ambition for Chicago. Business in every line expanded to undreamed-of proportions; the city itself began to expand upward in the first of the sky-scrapers. In this era of good times it occurred to many, in all sections of the country, that the momentous voyage of Columbus should be commemorated in some fitting manner. It was the general sentiment that the old world, whence the explorer came, should be invited to make another voyage to the western hemisphere to discover what marvelous things had been accomplished in a continent that lay undreamed of at a time when Europe had grown old and weary.

There was no pattern upon which to model such a celebration. National fairs for barter and sale had been held for centuries, but so jealously were secrets of manufacture guarded, up to very recent times, that many were still unconvinced that even selfish interests are best served by a free interchange of knowledge.

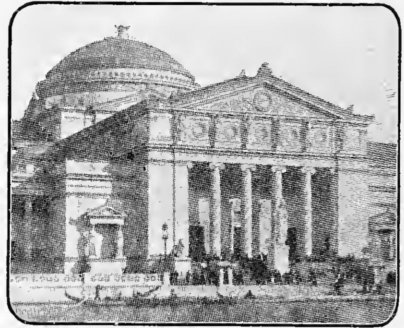
Paris Exposition Furnished Model. — France broke down the barriers and inaugurated the



THE "GOLDEN DOOR" TO THE TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.

international exhibition of art, industry, trade, and science on the Champs de Mars, Paris, in 1889. The merchant mind of the world comprehended the opportunity. Those of the United States were eager applicants for space. Electricity was used for lighting and power. Skeleton steel construction, first put to the test in Chicago in 1885, was exemplified in the Eiffel tower.

Chicago, heady with success, drawn only recently into international prominence, had her



MAIN PORTICO OF FINE ARTS BUILDING.

imagination fired. All at once the country was aware that Chicago was proposing to hold a World's Columbian Exposition and to eclipse Paris. What was $8,000,000, anyway? A mere bagatelle! No doubt Chicago could eclipse Paris in mere size, was said in derision by the Eastern press. But Chicago had grown up and waxed fat and acquired a thick skin under the gibes of the "effete East," and it cared nothing for them. In 1890 this inland metropolis was to have 1,000,000 people. Chicago in its own opinion was the most stupendous development on Columbus' continent. The world should be asked to come to see it, and Chicago promised to give the world its money's worth.

The old task of booming the city was done with the ease of long familiarity. The country had been flooded with letters, circulars, newspaper articles, and public speeches. New York, St. Louis, and the city of Washington appeared as rivals for the honor, but they were foredoomed to failure, for Chicago went to Congress with a $5,000,000 pledge from the people, attesting its ability to finance the World's Fair. It was April, 1890, before Congress passed the act of authority, and late in December before the President announced the World's Columbian Exposition to the world and invited the participation of foreign nations.

Details of construction were improved upon in each successive building of the sky-scraper type. The continuous foundation gave place to piers of concrete and grillage of steel rails. Steel took the place of iron in the superstructure, and red-hot rivets were found superior to bolts in joining the parts. Greater rigidity was secured to the framework, a matter of immense importance

SECOND TRIBUNE BUILDING.
Type of architecture of '70s.

when you consider the constant jar of the city streets and the enormous wind pressure to which tall buildings are subjected in Chicago. With the sky-scraper, too, was developed a simpler style. Heavy window moldings and cornices disappeared. Interior courts gave air and light; greater cleanliness was secured by the use of marble, tile, mosaic, hardwood, and ornamental iron and bronze work in interior finish. Elevators were improved to meet the new demands, and also heating and lighting plants. Business was conducted under vastly better conditions.

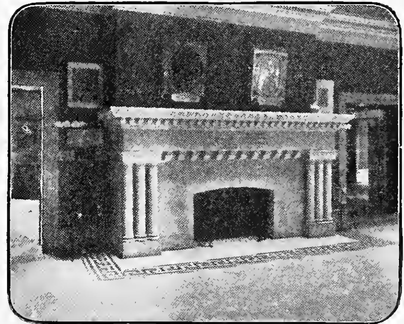
A notable sky-scraper is the Masonic Temple at State and Randolph. To the apex of the roof it stands 302 feet above ground and is twenty stories high. Chicago now has many of these huge buildings in the business center. Michigan avenue above Congress presents a frontage of a solid quarter of a mile of them. One can stand back on Grant park and get a proper perspective to this cliff-like line of towering granite which does not then seem out of proportion to its surroundings.

But we can seldom get the proper perspective to a sky-scraper. Seen from the pavement immediately below or from across an ordinary street, proportion and detail are alike lost in the immense height. From time immemorial men have dreamed of a city beautiful, in which grace and art should not be sacrificed utterly to utility. Artists lifted their hands in despair at sight of the sky-scraper. It was condemned as hopelessly ugly in itself, and disfiguring to a city. Chicago had given precious little thought to beauty in architecture, although it prided itself on its parks and boulevards and the splendor of its private residences and public buildings. But the time was coming when the city by the lake should redeem its reputation for pure commercialism.

The Sky-Scraper Beautiful! When the Woman's Christian Temperance Union concluded to erect the Temple building, something was wanted that should express the beauty and grace of woman and of the work of the W. C. T. U., as well as to return large interest on the investment. The commission was given to an artist builder, John W. Root. He had a spacious corner site on which to build, where round towers could break the lines of wall, a great recessed door could be wreathed about with carving, windows could be clustered, and moldings break up the great height so the eye could climb, by easy steps, to a roof of gables, dormers, cones, and finials that should "soar, singing to the sky." Seen from across the street, or from the pavement immediately below, this is so beautiful a building as to have silenced all criticism on the impossibility of the sky-scraper as a work of art.

Chicago had to wait long for the development of its artistic side. Of the sixty years of its incorporated life, twenty were spent down in the mud, in dirt, disorder, and disease. Twenty more had gone by in something more of comfort, in much splendor of marble, veneering, paint, stucco, and gliding; but "sham and shingles" carried their reproach of commercialism and essential vulgarity. The fire had taught Chicago's people to turn to the solid and enduring, in buildings as in life, for there was a spiritual as well as a civic lesson in the Great Fire.

But the immediate material consequences of the calamity had to be repaired and practically forgotten in a greater prosperity before Chicago could learn that a good and useful thing is the more good and useful by being made beautiful.



ENTRANCE HALL, CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY BUILDING.
The mantel is built of marble from Nixon building and ruined Illinois Central Depot.

Chicago's artistic sense seemed to blossom all at once. The city by the lake had amazed the world by its achievements in numerical and civic growth, commerce, and the industrial arts. Now, in 1893, it was to amaze the world by building the World's Columbian Exposition, which, for all time, is to rise in men's memories as "The Dream City."

Chicago and the Northwest were jubilant.

The choice and treatment of a site were left to a landscape gardener—Frederick Law Olmstead. The bluffy, wooded region along the north shore would have suited the purpose of the artist better, but the question of transportation compelled him to select a tract on the lake shore below Fifty-seventh street. Twenty years before he had been called upon by the city to decide how this 666 acres of sand ridges and marsh, with a frontage of two miles along the lake, could best be converted into a park. The entire tract was formed of three sandbars which lay parellel to each other and to the shore. The outer sandbar was still submerged, with a shallow lagoon behind it. The two inner bars had been long above water, and the separating lagoon had been filled in to form a marsh. On the ridges were growths of low oaks, scantily nourished and distorted by gales. The tract was almost exactly in the condition in which Father Marquette had found the entire Chicago plain over two hundred years before. It looked hopeless.

His plan involved a reversal of nature's process—the restoration of the lagoons by digging out the marsh and the use of the excavated material to build up and enrich the sandbars. So Venice had been built on sandbars and hummocks, and given her water streets.

Through a broad canal cut across the outer sandbar the water of Lake Michigan was let into the lagoons, and the canal itself formed a water court or vestibule to the Exposition. The outer bar was built up to form a beach and esplanade, the second turned into a wooded island, and the third filled out to the bordering street, Stony Island avenue.

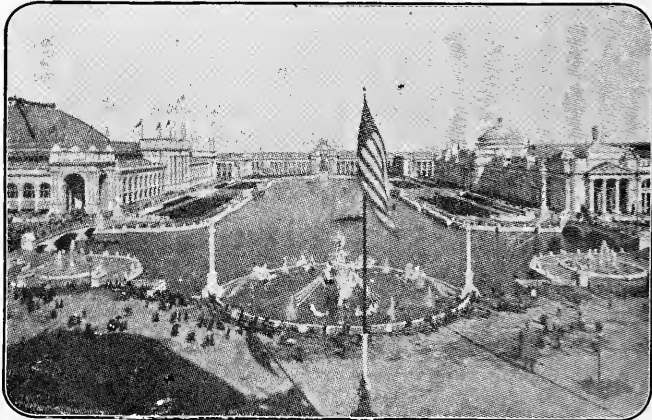
Presently there was an army of workmen on the fair grounds, excavating, walling, laying pipes, and burying wires. The island rose out of the trenches, prairies were robbed of soil to cover the sterile sand; distant swamps, of water plants; forests, of trees. The outer bar was built up and paved, the long driveway graded and macadamized, the building sites terraced. The enormous work of simply turning that dreary waste of sand and marsh into a beautiful site to be built upon, all in two short years, can never be estimated.

The White City Was Growing on Paper.—Ten of the most capable architects of the country had been called together, and were told, as one writer says: "Bring all your dreams of a city beautiful. Remember the best work of races which have built before; all of religious, royal, and national life. From them devise a symbol of the power and aspirations of today. The fair at Paris expressed all that the world had done, up to date. Show us that, and also give us a vision of what the world would do if all its dreams could come true."

In the end these men, who knew the achievements of the past and the ideals above all sordid gain of the present, declared that the Greeks had thought best of all nations in architecture and plastic arts. The World's Fair was to be classic—ivory-white, like weathered marble, such as Greece might have built on the low Ægean coast. The word went abroad that the World's Fair was to be a beautiful creation. The plan was published far and wide.

West Is Loyal to Chicago.—Western states, knowing of old that Chicago always performed more than it promised, made appropriations and applied for building space. Eastern states followed, and the nations of the Old World. Each was ashamed to be niggardly in the face of this opulent city that had sprung up a thousand miles from the sea, and that now cried its wares in every port and capital of the world. In all, $13,000,000 were appropriated for over eighty state and governmental buildings and exhibits. Chicago alone was to spend $20,000,000.

Then concessions were asked for, the side-show adjuncts which no exposition could hope or find it advisable to escape. The mile-long park strip to the west of the fair grounds was converted into the Midway Plaisance, with its unforgetable medley of the bizarre, the amusing, the instructive, and the frankly mercenary.



THE COURT OF HONOR.

The proposal to hold a world's congress auxiliary was the last astonishing development of an enterprise that had already expanded beyond the limits of all human achievements. Chicago proposed to show not only the material but the intellectual and moral progress of the world. The dedication ceremonies were held on the 21st of October, 1892. Its grand procession and ceremonial program were conducted with dignity. Mrs. Potter Palmer made the first speech ever delivered by a woman on such an occasion, with

the ease and grace of a princess, accustomed to laying corner-stones and dedicating hospitals. A Chicago poetess, Miss Harriet Monroe, read an ode of flawless form, dignity of theme, and beauty of expression.

The Manufactures building, in which the ceremony of dedication took place, was big—the biggest building ever erected. Visitors were awed by the 1,100 acres of forest that had been cut down to build it, the weight of a single truss, the forty carloads of glass in the roof, the cathedrals that could be set down in it, the armies that could be mobilized on its floor, the millions of dollars' worth of exhibits that were to find room on its floor and gallery. The Eiffel tower was forgotten in the tremendous engineering feats displayed by that monstrous building that stretched like the wall of an ancient city between the esplanade and the lagoon.

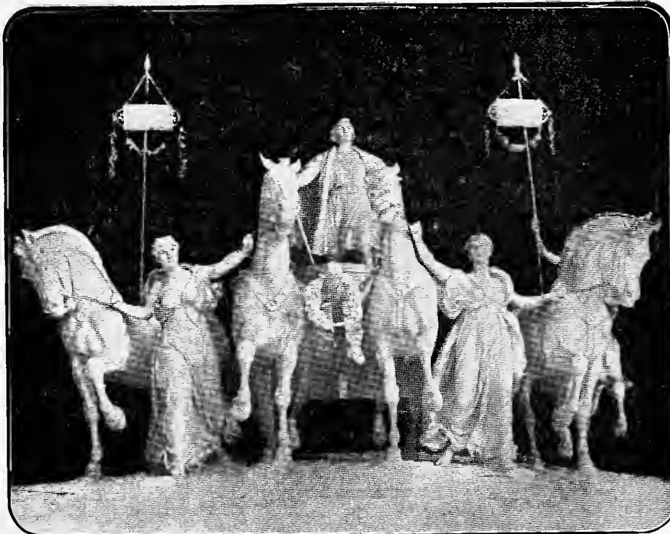
The Fair in Embryo. The aspect of the Fair, as a whole, was forbidding. Enormous buildings enclosed in scaffolding sprawled over vast areas of muddy ridges separated by muddier ponds. A waste of gray water combed along an unkempt beach; winter was closing in on chaos. Outside the grounds miles of railroad tracks were being elevated, and street crossings lowered. Ten miles of electric elevated road were being built from the heart of the city to the fair grounds, and surface lines were being extended by the trolley. Miles upon miles of streets were being laid out across wild prairies, piped, sewered, wired, graded, paved, and lined with hotels, stores, dwelling houses, and booths. A hundred thousand workmen were busy making a mushroom metropolis out of a residence suburb, and building, inside of six miles of high board fence, a city that was to exist for six months and then vanish from the face of the earth.

In May, 1893, Chicago was ready for the quarter of a million guests who witnessed the opening of the Fair when President Cleveland touched the electric button which started the great Allis engine. The flags of the United States and Spain were run up, a salute of artillery was fired, whistles blew, and a quarter of a million people cheered.

The World's Fair was a university, if by that is meant the presentation of all the arts and sciences. The nations of the world were brought together in their historical, social, and industrial aspects. Other civilizations, achievements, aspirations, ideals, were contrasted with our own. Inside the buildings were 65,000 separate exhibits, valued at $15,000,000, and representing every field of art and industry.

Thousands, millions, in the Great West had never seen a beautiful building, a marble statue, a painting on canvas, a bit of porcelain, a yard of fabric that delighted the touch, or heard a strain of classic music or had a vision of beautiful pleasure grounds. And then to experience these things all at once as they did at the World's Fair! The delight of the people was written on happy countenances. One of the most marked characteristics of the crowds was the quiet pleasure of the people.

Financially the World's Fair was a failure. The expenditures exceeded the receipts. Every stockholder lost money on the venture, but none has ever been heard to regret the investment. The memory of it is a possession that was cheap at any cost. For the first time in Chicago's history the balance was written on the wrong side of the ledger, but she has made the world her debtor, and challenged it to give all the people a more perfect vision of delight than the World's Columbian Exposition.



THE QUADRIGA ON THE PERISTYLE.
Columbus' Triumphal Entry Into the New World.

CHAPTER XVI.

Labor and Right.

The man who is employed by the day and must stay where his work is, is handicapped when he comes into competition with the one whose time is his own and who has the means and power to gather information where it will be to his advantage. If the capitalist is a fair man and not controlled in his actions by other capitalists who are not fair, he will do justice in his employment of labor. If he is a grasping man, one of the sort to grind the face of the poor, his workmen are at a disadvantage in dealing with him. It is a comparatively easy thing to turn off men, to import new ones, or to close the works for a time to compel labor to accept unfair terms.

The tendency among employers and capitalists to plan together and take advantage where possible, has made it necessary and expedient for labor to unite and make demands for what is right and fair. In Chicago, as a commercial and industrial center, combinations of capital and combinations of labor have found wide fields for operation. To say that the work on either side has been entirely fair and honorable in all details is to ignore the truth. While human beings subject to pride, passion, prejudice and thirst for power are the agencies which combine, we cannot expect the golden rule to be the sole guide.

Where a story can be told, whether true or false, regarding the dealings of the other side, the telling of it is sure to arouse such hatred and desire to get even that unfair means will be employed unless there is great virtue in the acting side.

Then, too, in all deliberative bodies the pushing, strenuous man who acts quickly and sometimes with violence, often forges to the front and becomes the agent or mouthpiece of the organization, and it is made to do what he chooses rather than what the whole body of men would choose, if acting as a pure democracy.

It is no more than might be expected if we find that men identified with labor have been more zealous to carry their point than to maintain the laws of the land. It is not surprising to find that capitalists who have felt their superiority of position, education and opportunity in life should so combine against labor as to cause unnecessary hardships and wrongs at times when they have felt able to do so and escape the just punishment which should follow such conduct.

It is easy for the man of position, accustomed to giving orders and having his will carried out, to feel bitter resentment when a laborer makes a demand of him and accompanies it with a threat. Without stopping to consider deeply, he says, I feed these men; I give them their work; they would starve but for me; I will take no orders from them; they may accept what I offer or starve. He does not like a demand or threat from the man in rough clothing.

It is easy for the man who toils to form a prejudice against the rich in general. He sees his wages cut at times when it seems to him entirely unnecessary. At times he discovers the facts and they show that the cut has been prompted solely by greed on the part of the rich man. While taking the wages his employer doles out to him, the man may readily acquire the habit of hating employers generally on account of what he has seen and on account of other things which he has reason to suspect, but cannot prove.

When two classes of people, both large and important to a community, come into conflict, and bitterness is provoked by injustice, deceit, lying, trickery and suspicion, the bitterness is liable to break out in such a conflict as will bring suffering upon the entire community, and those who are on neither side will suffer with those who contend.

This has always been the case in human affairs and it will continue until we all respect our laws and elect officials who have such integrity as to win entire confidence. We shall need to be a very superior people in order to do justice by each other at all times. We shall need to have a thoroughly honest government in order to get justice at all times for ourselves or give it to our neighbors.

But respect for law and right is growing in our midst, and one of the great deeds of the nineteenth century was the working out of certain ideas which make for peace and right; and that working out was largely done in the heart of the country during the years following the World's Fair. It will be profitable to us to look carefully into the history of labor and capital in those years and see where we stand now as a people in comparison with where we stood before that time. Much has been cleared up in the last quarter of a century of organized effort.

More than ever the people of the United States believe today in right. They desire justice. It is characteristic of every man to desire fair dealing. But where his pocketbook seems

to be hurt by justice he is liable to wish an exception to be made. Every employer wants all workmen well paid, but if he cannot make the per cent he sets his mind on by paying fair wages he is inclined to wish in this case that the wage question may stand aside.

If we were all entirely honest labor might come to capital and say, We will work for you and take whatever you think is right after you figure out the profits. But we have not yet found out how to secure that honesty in all mankind. As we get nearer to it, strife will pass away from our midst. But as things are we must have organization of capital and organization of labor, and each must make the best bargain it can, each must strive for favoring laws, and each must learn to operate within the law. The nearer we can come to the golden rule the better for all concerned, but there will be loss for the side that depends too much upon it. Suspicion and guilt will arouse strife for some years yet, but whatever can be done to strengthen regard for law and order and to keep the statutes just will make life more secure and living wages more certain.

The Pullman Strike. The Pullman Car Company, now the Pullman Company, operates a plant near Chicago. The town is called Pullman and is one of the sights of industrial Chicago. This company has contracts with the railroads to draw its cars. The railroads charge fares for riding and the Pullman Company charges other fares for space in its cars. The use of these cars saves the railroads great expense for cars, as many passengers prefer to pay the extra cost and ride in them.

Slack business in 1894 cut off the need of new cars, and the Pullman Company considered shutting down the plant and building nothing that year. As the town was established on account of the car shops, it was thought unwise to shut down entirely and let the population become scattered, for that would make it more difficult in the future to induce men to locate there, and the demand for skilled help the next year might be met with great difficulty.

It was to the interest of the company to run at least on part time. It was to the interest of those owning their homes to do whatever might be for the good of the town and the company. So the company and the men considered the question of running the works with cut wages for the men and no profit for the company. It was agreed upon and work continued.

But by May it was evident that the workmen were severely pinched, for some of them had their wages cut almost fifty per cent. Dissatisfaction arose and the company was requested to restore the old wages. Declaring that it was impossible to do this, the company refused to give any increase. The statement was given out that the company was running at an actual loss in order to accommodate the men, and if they would not continue under that arrangement until times should be better the works would be shut down.

Right here was the place where integrity and confidence might have prevented great loss and hardship. If the integrity of Abraham Lincoln had been possessed by the company's officials and had been recognized by the workmen, so that they could believe the statement that the company was losing money, the men would have continued. But they doubted the company's word. They believed the statement was put out merely to grind labor to the earth. They felt that the time had come for united labor to show its power.

The strike was declared on May 11, 1894. More than half the workmen quit; 3,000 men were at once absent from their shops and the company closed its doors.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Government Supreme.

Eugene V. Debs was president of the newly formed American Railway union, a body of workmen intended to embrace all railway employees acting together. This great body at once took charge of matters and declared a boycott of all Pullman cars. This order forbade engineers, brakemen and switchmen from handling Pullman cars on any road anywhere. At the same time the union demanded that the Pullman company submit the dispute to arbitration. The company replied that there was nothing to arbitrate, as the question was merely one of whether the company should operate its own works or not. So the boycott was declared on all Pullman cars, June 26, to begin on the Illinois Central and to extend over the whole country. All companies persisting in handling the cars were notified that their employees would strike and an intimation was given that all the trades in the country would be called out if necessary to bring the Pullman company to the terms proposed by the union.

Now the railway companies were under contract to draw the cars and heavy penalties were to be paid in case of failure. They had nothing to do with the building of cars, and they reasoned that they could not pay fines on their contracts at the demand of unions in a matter in which they were not directly active. On June 29, President Debs declared a boycott on the twenty-two roads centering in Chicago, and ordered the calling out of all the men working on them as rapidly as possible through action in the local unions. This blocked all transportation. No freight, no passengers and no mail could be moved.

Although some of these roads did not use Pullman cars, their officers had joined the Chicago General Managers' Association, and so were hostile to the American Railway union. The strike extended rapidly. The men were urged not to interfere with property rights, but sympathizers thought violence was allowable.

Rioting began. Trains were blocked, upset and deprived of their crews by those who boldly boarded them and beat the non-union men who were hindering labor in its fight for life. In Chicago famine was at hand, for many kinds of supplies could not be had. There was plenty in the country, but no means of getting it to town.

The destruction of railway property became so alarming that the companies asked the city and county authorities to protect them. It is the business of the government to protect property. If a mob destroys property the government must make it good. But the strikers thought nothing of that; they merely did their utmost to cripple the railway service, regardless of law or the rights of persons or property. Governor Altgeld sent troops to Chicago after the local authorities were unable to meet the situation with any effective control. But the militia in many instances were more in sympathy with the mobs than with the authorities. They were looked upon by the strikers as their neighbors, who would not hurt them under any circumstances, and so the rapine went on in the face of the militia. All attempts to conciliate or overawe the rioters failed.

It is the duty of the government to carry the mails. Whatever interferes with the running of the most obscure mail cart, mail boat, or mail car comes directly into contact with the United States government. In a sense the man who stops a mail cart is a rebel and a traitor and must answer for his crime. This was known to the leaders of the labor forces, but it was thought that, as the unions were not warring against the government and the stopping of the mails was but an indirect incident of the conflict, the government might not draw the line according to the strict letter of the law.

The general government is also bound to protect the great lines of interstate commerce. Tieing up trains loaded for distant states became a matter for the general government to attend to. The attorney-general acted. A federal writ was issued forbidding all persons in northern Illinois from interfering with the mail conveyance or with interstate railroad commerce. Leaders were therefore arrested and the grand jury was summoned to find indictments against President Debs and others who were acting with him.

President Cleveland was appealed to when the militia of Illinois could not protect life and property in Chicago. He sent a large force of cavalry, artillery and infantry to the scene at once. Governor Altgeld remonstrated by telegram, but instead of recalling the military forces President Cleveland sent more to Chicago. The troops came into contact with a mob of 20,000, largely foreigners whose wrongs in the old country put them naturally against the government and in sympathy with any movement which favored the laboring man.

Trains were ditched, cars standing idle were

overturned for pure mischief, everything pertaining to railway operation was subject to such destruction as could be contrived against it by those who looked at it as an enemy to the cause of labor. President Cleveland ordered more troops to the vicinity and declared that, as the Constitution made it clearly his duty to put down disturbances and arrest lawbreakers, he would put the entire United States army into action if necessary. The law must be obeyed. He saw no other alternative. Those who broke the laws were to him criminals. He would put down violence and crime.

This was a surprise to many, who had hoped the federal government would do as the state troops had done, and make a show of defense without really stopping lawlessness. When it was seen that the soldiers carried cartridges loaded to kill and that there was no question that when ordered to fire they would shoot to kill, it became evident that rioting could not win rights.

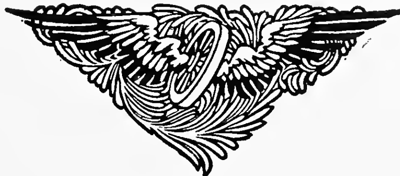
The sympathy which the strike had at first from those who wished labor better things was diminished when stories of riotous conduct went over the wires. The safety of our country lies in the law-abiding character of its citizens. Unless our laws are obeyed we can have no country. Nothing opens the way for anarchy or despotism so surely as a loose idea regarding the majesty of the law. The people of Chicago who were compelled to remain in their homes for some days because it was dangerous to go upon the streets in the ordinary course of business, soon felt the pressure of lawlessness and demanded a restoration of law and order first and the consideration of the rights of individuals afterwards.

President Debs was sentenced to six months' imprisonment and others for half as long a term. Forty-three officials of the unions were thus made to feel the immediate necessity of obeying the laws of the United States. Many thought this was too severe. Especially was this belief strong among those who saw that the convictions were had without jury trial. This act of the court was regarded by many as a menace to the liberty of the people quite as distinct as was the breaking of the laws by those condemned.

The strike failed. And yet it was not a complete failure. It made clear that labor can organize and that it has rights and that employers ought to consider the condition of their employees as carefully as they do the profit and loss account in their ledgers. It set people thinking along new lines. It exhibited the value of honesty and truth between man and man by showing the disaster which may follow wrong and the suspicion of wrong.

President Debs declared that he had learned that strikes are repugnant to the feelings of society at large. He said that as long as he should live he would never again participate as an official in any strike, for that is not the proper method of righting wrongs. The appeal should be made to the people at the polls and not by striking at commerce or industry.

And so we must look to the ballot for relief. We also begin to feel that looking to the ballot does not mean simply carrying an election by any means, fair or foul, but by securing just legislation and an honest execution of the laws. Out of all the suffering and loss of the great strike we have come with both sides guilty. Wrong has been done mutually. But we have learned that the American people will support what they believe to be right. When all our boys and girls grow up to be fair men and women, speaking the truth and acting out the right, we shall be out of the reach of all industrial despotism and all danger of violation of the law.



CHAPTER XVIII.

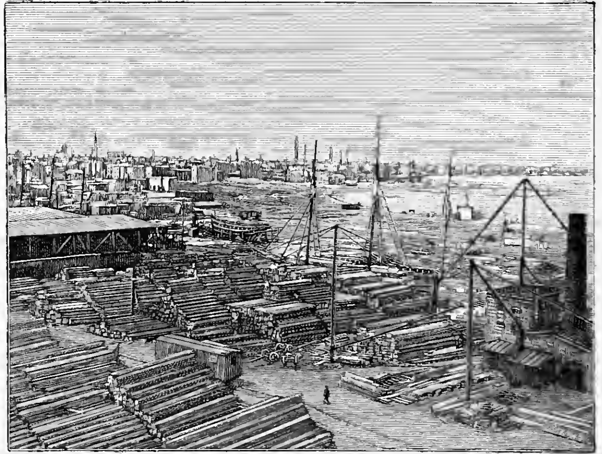
Looking It Over.

One of the best ways of getting a good idea of a city is to take a look at it. If your means permit you to use an automobile for the purpose, you need no advice from the writer as to how to see the finer parts of Chicago. But when you have seen the finer parts you have not seen Chicago, and so it will be best to devote a little time, in imagination, at least, to a few trips through other parts of the city where the automobile is not likely to run and where the people who make up a large part of this teeming hive of industry and exploit live or do their work.

A Trolley Ride. Take a Clark street car at the corner of Randolph and go north along Clark street to Lincoln park. You will skirt this magnificent breathing place for some distance and gain a fine view of one of our greatest municipal benefactions. Transfer to Belmont avenue and go directly west to Milwaukee avenue, a distance of eight miles, all for 5 cents, and occupying about an hour's time, and you pass Riverview park, which is a fine example of what a Chicago amusement park is like, with its many ingenious attractions, at a place where the scene is naturally as beautiful as one could well desire.

Paying another nickel on the Milwaukee avenue line, your expenses for this three-hour trip are met, and you pass Logan square and take a transfer to Western avenue to go to Twenty-sixth street. You get a view of a large stone quarry, a soap factory and several churches, pass under four elevated railways, and see a large number of factories of all sorts and sizes. If you do not yield to the temptation to get off at Madison street to enter Garfield park, you will soon notice the big roundhouse of the Burlington road with its great network of tracks, and when near Twenty-sixth street you will see the bridge over the Drainage canal, a short distance to the south, and right before you will loom up the buildings of the International Harvester Company, one of the greatest farm implement factories in the world.

The McCormick Evening Technical school for workmen who wish to rise is a notable object, which is worthy of mention when considering Chicago. A men's club is maintained here for the benefit of employees socially and educationally. A little to the west is the John Worthy school for boys, the place where young criminals are cared for, partly by the board of education and partly by the city. Adjoining it is the Bridewell, which reminds us that where over two millions of people live near each other they are always in danger of depredations from evil disposed ones in their midst. Chicago puts some of its criminals here for terms of specified days in the hope that they may see the error of their ways and avoid the road leading to the penitentiary. Transferring to the Blue Island avenue car, you return to the heart of the city, passing by the lumber district and through several foreign cities with unspeakable names over the places of business, all of which are part and parcel of the city we are studying in detail.



LUMBER DISTRICT.
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A Pickle Farm. If you prefer to see how Chicago raises things from the soil, take a Lincoln avenue car at Monroe and Dearborn streets and go to Rosehill, seven miles away, but within the city limits. While the round trip will cost but ten cents and require but two hours'

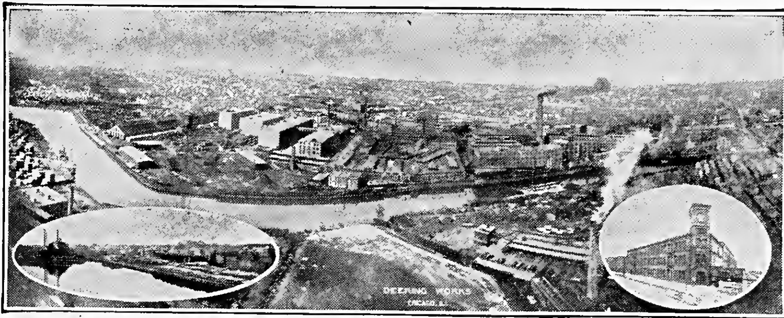
time, it will be time and money well spent. When the things of the city seem to have disappeared on the way look for the Budlong pickle farm. It was established in 1859 and formerly put to soak 100,000 bushels of cucumbers each year. But when the crops became too good a thing Dame Nature stepped in and put a stop to pickle raising there. She gave the pickles a disease which made it necessary to cultivate them elsewhere, and now pickles are raised in detached patches in the country a hundred miles or so away from the seat of the blight.

But the farm is occupied profitably with raising every kind of garden truck which can be persuaded to grow, most of it going to city tables, but some shipped to distant points in the United States and Canada. This farm gives employment to about 2,000 hands in the busy season and affords healthful and remunerative employment to those who toil in the city during the winter and can get out to the pickle farm for air and ready money when work is slack in town and the city is stifling with dust and heat in its crowded quarters.

devoted to the finest garden work you can find in America, and it is a mercy that so many of the inmates may find in it the joy of an occupation which has the strongest power to correct their infirmities.

The fountain at the entrance and the stately trees which invite the traveler make one feel that the county has done a noble thing in its endeavors to make the lives of these unfortunates as cheerful as possible. Many of the patients are out on the grass after performing their several duties about the place, and those who cannot be trusted with freedom are permitted to range about porches so inclosed and protected as to provide perfect safety. There are in this great family some 4,000 persons, ten per cent of whom are attendants, office employees, etc. On Tuesdays visitors are supplied with attendants, who go through the buildings with all who wish to see everything, and the details are explained in a gratifying way.

One of the most attractive places for visitors is the kitchen, for the utensils and furniture are built on so large a scale as to arouse great



DEERING HARVESTER WORKS.

curiosity. The thousands of loaves of bread, baked under the most skilful and scientific processes, sometimes awaken in the visitor a strange longing to become a part of the great household. Friends of inmates are not restricted to Tuesdays for visiting, but the public is not given attendants on other days, although all are welcome to the grounds daily.

One of the oldest burial places in the city is Rosehill cemetery, founded in 1859. Many old soldiers lie here. Near the cemetery is what is known as the big greenhouse, probably the largest in the world. You will be welcome to see the acres of carnations, roses and lilies which thrive under the 2,000,000 feet of glass. It is one of the very many greenhouses which are to be found to the northwest of Chicago, the city requiring an endless supply of their products the year round.

Dunning. While we are in the northwestern section of Chicago there is a delightful summer trip by trolley to be made by visiting the Cook county infirmary and hospital for the insane. Take the Milwaukee avenue car and transfer to Irving Park boulevard car to the end of the line. This gives you thirteen miles of ride for five cents and brings you to Dunning, where over a quarter of a section of land is allotted to this humane work. More than 100 acres are

A trip to the country on the city traction cars may be made so cheaply that one can hardly afford to miss it, if for no other consideration than its low price. Take an Ogden avenue car at State and Randolph and go to the end of the line, transferring thence to the Lyons car. You will not only get a ride of considerably over an hour for your nickel, but will travel thirteen miles from the heart of the city out to where nature is as beautiful as she well can be in this climate. It is there that the Desplaines river becomes large enough and disports itself in windings multiple enough to charm

any lover of nature.

You pass the famous place of the Haymarket riot, and find the statue which formerly obstructed Haymarket square has been removed to a new site in Union park. At Twelfth street Ogden avenue becomes a boulevard and cuts through Douglas park. This gem of greenery reached so soon after leaving the roar of down town is grateful to the senses, and we look with pleasure upon the lawns and shrubbery, the children's playgrounds, the Jewish old people's home, and the equipages of the park. At Fortieth avenue we change to the Lyons car and soon leave the wealth of the park and its surroundings for the forest of smokestacks of the Western Electric company's plant, which takes up all the landscape for a time. You are now at Hawthorne, not a part of Chicago at this writing, but liable to fall into the city by popular vote at any election.

Now we are in the country, with great haystacks and fields for hay and other farm products of the ordinary sort grown on flat prairie land. The township high school looms up big on the horizon, and when one thinks of it as a school the wonder arises as to the whereabouts of the patrons. But it is a township institution and a good one, and is properly placed in the meadows to accommodate people in the Cicero villages in various directions. LaVergne, Berwyn and Riverside are the towns we enter, and as the tangled beauties of winding streets and luxuriant foliage invite us, we step from the car and wander amid its delightful scenes, not forgetting to visit the historic spring and the power dam which gives electric current to so many enterprises and homes.

A trolley ride to Maywood is recommended to all who wish to see how the city runs off into the country, how the homes change as you pass from the residences of the toilers to those of the people who have means provided for the needs of this life and who are moved by such great questions as the betterment of mankind generally or the moral progress of the world. Take a Madison street car at State and Madison to the end of the line and then transfer without extra fare to the Chicago Consolidated Traction company's line for Maywood. In seventy-five minutes you will pass through Austin, Oak Park, Forest Park, Altenheim and Maywood. Altenheim is a beautiful estate where a number of aged Germans live as a single family. The last part of the trip is through the tangled and vine woven forests of the Desplaines, where picnic parties make merry on every summer's day.

A ride to North Evanston by trolley is one not to be neglected. You may start at any down town corner of Clark street where a Clark and Evanston avenue car passes and know that ten cents and ninety minutes of riding will carry you fifteen miles to the northward along that part of the city which is so close to the shore of Lake Michigan as to be free from oppressive heat on any summer's day. Look out upon Washington square soon after crossing the river, for there you will see the Newberry library building. In Lincoln park you will see the building of the Academy of Sciences. Passing homes of great wealth you flit through beautiful Beuena Park, Sheridan Park, Edgewater, Rogers Park, past Calvary cemetery, and into Evanston, the seat of Northwestern University and Garrett Biblical Institute.

This is a classic suburb of Chicago, its beautiful elms and maples, its inviting lawns, its elegant homes and its cultured and benevolent people all conspiring to make your visit one long to be remembered. The Greek letters on the fraternity houses give one a pleasant thrill of things once so formidable, but no longer to be dreaded, and the great semicircular roof of the greatest gymnasium in the world reminds us that the mind of man is not the only object of cultivation in a modern university course, while the splendid football grounds, spick and span, with the double grand stands facing each other on opposite sides of the gridiron, tell us that the pig skin course precedes the sheepskin with many undergraduates. The great steel and glass gymnasium, a gift of one citizen, Mr. James A. Patton, permits the university to lead the world in athletic equipment.

A ten-mile ride over the greatest viaduct in the city invites you. Take a Twelfth street car at Adams and Dearborn streets and transfer at Fortieth avenue to car going west, and it will bring you into Forest park in a little over one hour, after giving you a view of the ends or sides of more freight houses than you are likely to find elsewhere in one ride. The viaduct carries one over many railway trunk lines, over the South Branch of the Chicago river, and lets one down to terra firma in the midst of the Ghetto. You may step off the car and miss your fare to take a stroll down Jefferson street and about the old Maxwell street district.

If you are taking an evening ride in the warm weather you will be surprised to find so much of the street used as a bedroom. Children lie about the sidewalks in promiscuous luxury, and their elders do not scorn to spend the night with them, sometimes in such numbers that one has to be cautious in walking for fear of trespassing upon the bed or person of some slumbering individual. You will see such evidences of the need of Americanizing the foreigner in our midst that you will desire at once to become a home missionary and do your part to prepare these people for citizenship. But when once you enter upon the task you find the inhabitant of the Ghetto is quite able to care for himself and does not really desire anything you may hastily resolve to do for him. He is suspicious of you and your good intentions. He is slow to adopt

new things. But he is becoming Americanized and already loves this free country.

Resuming your ride in another car going west you pass the Holy Family church, the largest in the city, and St. Ignatius college, and you wonder how a Christian institution can flourish where the population seems to be solid Israelite. But the answer is that the church and college were there before the Jew. This shows how Chicago changes. At Turner avenue you have spread out before you several city blocks covered by the buildings of one Chicago mail order house. It surpasses your dreams of what business can possibly be, and you are none the less surprised after you have walked a mile or so about its floors. How such a business could be brought to one general office by the genius of one man is beyond comprehension. After the change at Fortieth avenue the city is forgotten and the country is yours. At the end of the line are the gates of Forest park, and the Desplaines river is but a little to the west of them.

Goose Island is historic. Take an Elston avenue car at Randolph and State streets and go west past the river and the $20,000,000 new station of the Northwestern line, and you come shortly to Halsted street at a point known as "Little Sicily." It is one of the busiest corners in the world. North of that you come to an island a mile long occupied by tanneries, factories, coal and lumber yards, all quite different from what occupied Goose island in the old days when foreigners of the poorer and more ignorant type made it howl nightly with revelries in which the physical prowess of men, dogs, birds and anything else that would fight provoked popular commendation.

The stories of old Goose island are history now, for the island has lost its people with the coming in of industries requiring room along the water. The North Branch of Chicago river here bends to the west and returns, and the Ogden canal forms a string to the bow which makes the island an actual one. At its lower end are several dry docks which will pay one well to inspect. A port like Chicago gives business for these structures and work is going on there most of the time during the season of navigation.

Michigan Avenue. Chicago has a wonderful street for riches. It begins near the mouth of the river and runs due south, lined on one side by the most expensive, stately and beautiful buildings possible for a business street. On the east it skirts Grant park for a mile or so with its Art Institute and the coming public buildings to beautify it amazingly. Beyond the park rise the masts of our yacht fleet, the buildings of our transportation system connecting part of the lake commerce with the land carrying trade, and, beyond all, the gleaming billows of Lake Michigan dancing in the sunlight and speaking of the blessings to the city conferred by an abundance of the purest water the world can boast, and the clear sky, which comes into contact with the heart of the down town district by reason of its being practically on the lake shore.

Beyond the line of business buildings, in which "Automobile Row" is now a conspicuous part, consisting of a line of splendid buildings of the most airy and inviting sort, Michigan boulevard plunges southward for miles, lined with the most costly and beautiful structures which wealth and taste can provide for urban residence. Visitors to Chicago are compelled to view Michigan boulevard, and those who approach the city from the lake, either by day, when the sunshine plays upon this splendid thoroughfare, or by night, when the myriads of electric lights add their glory to the scene, must ever remember as one of the visions of a lifetime the scene which this street presents.

But the finest street in Chicago is after all but a part of Chicago. We have other avenues and boulevards which vie with it in splendor, and we have many streets which boast much greater length and diversity. It is popularly supposed by many who live in Chicago, but who are too busy to consult a map, that Halsted street comes down from the vicinity of the north pole and makes an ambitious lunge out upon the prairies looking for the equator, and is therefore our longest street. This is an error, for the shore of Lake Michigan cuts somewhat to the west of north and so one by one prevents many of our streets from running too far towards the Arctic regions. Halsted street plunges into the lake before getting out of the city limits. Its parallel street, Western avenue, has the advantage of being a mile further west and consequently striking the lake shore much farther to the north, and it runs to the south far beyond the city limits, cutting the city of Blue Island in two and disappearing upon the prairie in the same manner that Halsted street gets away from the southern limits of Chicago.

Halsted street yields the palm for length to Western avenue, but still it retains a number of characteristics which warrant us in giving it some special notice. Let us begin at the north, where it is such an aristocratic thoroughfare that the residents would not consent to having it called Halsted street, that name being considered too plebeian. It is Clarendon avenue, if you please, at its northern extremity, and the palatial residences and splendid grounds which front upon Clarendon avenue are such that a royal palace might be placed among them without attracting any particular attention after the newness of the ground breaking wore off.

Running to the south from Clarendon avenue Halsted street quickly acknowledges its name and sees no reason why Halsted is not as euphonious as Clarendon and as desirable. Substantial people live along North Halsted street. Then less substantial people, speaking financially, and not considering their physical proportions, dwell there. These are succeeded by multitudes to whom a bath tub is not a necessity, people from across the sea, in districts where water is not regarded highly, either for interior or exterior application. Then the Ogden ditch is crossed and Halsted street rests awhile on the southern end of Goose island, from which it springs up into the air and goes high over the heads of those who navigate the North Branch of the Chicago river, those who work in railway and coal yards, and those who are obliged to get carried up by mistake to a point where the city lies before them, a mass of moving smoke, roar, smells, lumber, shipping, ruins, concrete, steel and brick.

Going under some railways and over others, it pursues the even tenor of its way, passing a great valley where once was level ground, but now so much rock has been taken out to burn into lime that barbed wire fences are required, as well as signs and police, to keep curious people from getting in and falling down some precipice. Then it passes one of the splendid little parks of the city, where everything that can delight and animate the human animal in the way of exercise, indoor or out, is to be had free, with public library, club facilities and pure, cheap refreshments added for those who have time to enjoy them.

ARMOUR PACKING PLANT, FROM BALLOON.
Copyright, George A. Lawrence.

travel on less exalted highways and keep nearer the surface of the ground than the traveler on Halsted street.

Languages enough to have put the tower of Babel to shame are strung along this highway, one public school whose territory touches it claiming thirty distinct tongues in its patronage. On it goes to the southward past the Ghetto and other languages of various importation, past haunts of crime and poverty, past factories of stupendous architectural features, to the South Branch of the Chicago river, where it is picked up bodily by a lift bridge which spans the stream and carries, by elevator mechanism, the entire roadway and sidewalks high over the tops of the vessels which pass, affording a fine view to lucky boys who evade the officers and

At Thirty-ninth street it runs between packing houses and the Union stock yards, rising slightly to get over Bubbly creek, a stream which formerly forgot to run, but stood stationary with such a scum of stock yards refuse upon its surface that men have lost their lives in it by attempting to cross on what seemed to be dry land. The new intercepting sewer, which carries much pure lake water towards the Drainage canal, has corrected that now. But the scent of the roses is said to hover round the vase which has held them, and so the fragrance for which this section of the city has become famous is freely proffered the visitor who is traveling south on Halsted street.

The great Union stock yards are to the west of you. For a mile this property abuts on South

Halsted street. The lowing of the cattle strikes the ear, and the enormous smokestacks which, with a mile of solid masonry several stories high, cut off the entire western horizon, remind us that man eats meat and cattle are born to supply it. In those yards transactions go on daily in which there is not a scratch of pen or any insurance of payment of money or delivery of goods given except that which goes with the word of an honest man dealing with another honest man. For such is the ethics of the stock yards that a man who is not honest cannot do business there unless he acts strictly like an honest man and remembers accurately what he said the price should be when it had been haggled over perhaps for hours and finally agreed upon at a small fraction of a cent. The buyer remembers what he said he would give, how many cattle were bought, what condition they were in and how the different cattle in the lot looked. He knows they will be weighed to him honestly without his going to the scales, they will be billed to him according to agreement without his being on hand to inform the bill clerk, no odd cattle of an inferior sort will be put into his purchase or choice ones taken out on the way to the scales, and if there are any diseased cattle among them, a thing no man can find out surely except by chemical and microscopic inspection after death, he will lose nothing by reason of this defect. Knowing this we honor the smell of the locality and wonder if there is any other place on the face of the earth where so much money changes hands daily with anything like the display of manly integrity which has grown up in this section of Chicago.

So rapidly do the electric cars run on this splendid roadway that we are at the end of the line at Seventy-ninth street before we recover from our thoughts of the stock yards, with their integrity and odor. But we are by no means at the end of South Halsted street. We have traveled southward on that great thoroughfare fourteen miles, and here is another trolley line awaiting us to take us miles farther to the south, and we are assured that when we reach the end of that line Halsted street will still go on over the prairie, forgetting the more than twenty miles which it has run in the city limits and going on towards a milder climate with great pertinacity.

Halsted street speaks over fifty languages, bears every condition of human life, is proud of the residences of thousands of the best citizens of the United States which line its right of way, and does a business which would readily wipe out our national debt if called upon to do it for patriotic purposes, for patriotism and philanthropy meet together in Halsted street daily while purity and probity are by no means rare amid its constant din.

A sheltered harbor thirty-two miles long, accommodating the largest boats on the lakes, reaches through the second largest city in the country and taps the great industrial district that has grown up along the river. It is proposed to make this great harbor pay good returns to the people of the sanitary district on their $50,000,000 which built the sanitary and ship canal.

A committee presented the advantages of this harbor to the Corn Products Refining Company and a great plant is going up at Summit, on the canal. The company will lay out $5,000,000 there. This is the largest private enterprise drawn to the vicinity of Chicago in twenty years except the new steel plant at Gary, Ind. That company looked over every site from Vermont to the Missouri river to find the best location. The shipping facilities and nearness to the corn belt caused Summit to win.

Summit is only eight miles down the channel where the Belt Line railway meets the canal. It gives the town easy transfer of freight by rail or water to every line reaching out from Chicago. The stone for the buildings is being taken from the piles of limestone lying along the canal. Concrete and steel are being used according to the best methods of modern science.

Money will flow to the district when its 5,500 acres of high and dry land along the canal has been occupied by renters. The trustees will build docks and rent the water frontage. Only $25,000 a year is now coming in, but so much will be collected in years to come that the people who have been taxed for twenty years to build the canal will find themselves enriched by it.

Summit is now a little town where trains refuse to stop, but in a few years it must become a thriving city.

Stone from the channel was refuse till the Chicago market called for it. Twenty million cubic yards, worth more than $36,000,000 when crushed and delivered in Chicago, will help pay for the work. The district has gone into the stone business, with Mr. John M. Ewen in charge of it. There is enough stone on hand to make concrete docks from the mouth of the Chicago river to St. Louis, or it could be used to build a solid line of factory building from Robey street, Chicago, to Joliet, forty miles inland.

Water power from the canal will bring in great sums to make taxes lighter in the district. A power plant at Lockport has been built at a cost of $4,000,000. The engineers figure on getting 40,000 marketable horsepower. Let us think what that means. With current brought by cables to Chicago and every street in the city lighted by it we will use but one-fourth of the power developed at Lockport.

With the other three-fourths we may run all the street cars in Chicago and light all Joliet. Or we may operate a line of factories built solidly from Robey street to Summit.

CHAPTER XIX.

Education, Philanthrophy, Religion.

Philanthropic Associations. Chicago believes in helping those who need it. It has sixteen institutions to provide people with work, forty-eight to give food, fuel, clothing and general relief, thirty-eight day nurseries and kindergartens, thirteen fresh-air charities, four institutions giving legal advice about wages, nine to relieve foreigners, five for soldiers, sailors and their widows and orphans, six for relief to classes and professions, thirteen caring for the sick at home, thirty-seven asylums, homes and cheap lodgings for children, eight homes for sick or crippled children, six probation courts and means of reforming children, twenty-one city, state and national homes for destitute adults, twenty-two institutions providing work, cheap meals and lodgings, thirty-eight general hospitals where charitable work is done, twelve convalescent and special hospitals, sanitariums and special dispensaries, thirty-seven free dispensaries, a home for incurables, nine women's and children's hospitals and dispensaries, twenty-one training schools and homes for nurses, seven societies for diet, visitation and aid for the sick in institutions, three asylums for the blind, one for the deaf, and thirteen public schools with instruction for the blind and deaf, five schools for crippled children, eleven for the insane, feeble-minded or epileptic, six for reforming men, ten for women, three for improvement of industrial conditions, a tuberculosis institute with many branches, and twenty-three social settlements.

Social settlements are neighborhood centers where persons of culture and means live or work for the improvement of the people living near. They try to help them in manner of living, in morals, in social conditions and in other ways. They seek out wrongs and right them by calling official attention to them, and they try to improve industrial conditions. There are twenty-three such institutions in Chicago. Hull House and Gads Hill Center are the oldest and Chicago Commons one of the most noted.

They "seek to provide a center for higher civic and social life, to maintain religious, educational and philanthropic enterprises and improve the conditions in industrial centers." Gymnasiums, clubs, classes, coffee houses, working-men's clubs, theaters, industrial museums, shops for handwork of many kinds, women's clubs, musical societies, cooking, sewing and household arts, penny savings and other forms of working together for the good of all are carried on.

Hull House is at 355 Halsted street. The first building was the old residence of Charles J. Hull, and is over half a century old. Miss Jane Addams founded the settlement and has devoted her life to the work of uplifting the masses who have thronged that portion of the city, making it more European than American.

To give the Jews of the Ghetto culture along American lines it was found necessary to carry America to them, for they huddled together so closely that their life was merely a copy of what they experienced in the old country. So Americans were induced to live in their midst, making a settlement in the heart of the foreign district.

With about fifty resident and one hundred non-resident members, all on the lookout to help

JANE ADDAMS.

others in their own peculiar difficulties, the life of these self-sacrificing Americans is revealing to the neighborhood many of the excellent features of the land of the free.

Visitors are welcome at reasonable hours. The evening activities of the place are striking. Many people in the neighborhood who are employed by day throng the classes, the theater, the shops and club rooms in the hours of their freedom from toil and eagerly seize the opportunity to perfect their knowledge of our language or

of art, literature, science, or some branch of industry.

The restaurant is the best in that part of the city and its prices are low. A branch of the Chicago public library is maintained here and a residential club for boys and one for girls. Plays are given in the theater, sometimes by local talent so capable as to attract public attention. Greek, Italian, Yiddish and other plays have been given in the original languages by those who are natives of lands where those languages are spoken.

A playground is provided for children and a day nursery, a kindergarten, a gymnasium, an art studio, a book bindery, looms, and shops attract hundreds of people who are greatly helped by them.

Chicago Commons is at Grand avenue and Morgan street, where the thronging people from many foreign countries have crowded together in the neighborhood of the river. Prof. Graham Taylor opened a settlement there in one of the fine old residences of the former days of the district before the foreign element crowded out the people of wealth. Since the opening in May, 1894, the settlement has been a source of inspiration and instruction to the neighbors. About twenty-five residents take part in the work and the institution maintains many clubs and classes.

This settlement aims to promote "co-operation and reciprocity within the neighborhood and among others who meet on common ground for fellowship; adjustment of differences and betterment of relations between employers and employees; to bring students into first-hand contact with life; co-operative relations with universities and professional schools; political education and action through non-partisan organization."

Educational Institutions. Chicago is a great center of learning, some of its educators and schools being famous throughout the world.

The Public Schools form the greatest part of the educational work in the city, employing over 6,000 teachers and instructing about 300,000 pupils. All this is free, and books are furnished those who are unable to buy. Kindergartens are kept in such districts as seem most to need them. Crippled children's schools have omnibuses calling for the children and taking them home. Subnormal rooms are open to pupils of low mentality, and the blind and deaf are taught skilfully in rooms set apart for their benefit. Children who do not attend school regularly and conduct themselves properly may be sent from the Juvenile court to the Parental school, where they remain until their conduct improves enough to warrant their return. Boys who are too bad to be permitted to attend at the Parental school are supplied with teaching at the John Worthy school, in connection with the city prison, or at the farm and industrial schools at Glenwood and St. Charles.

Continuation schools are maintained for those who are obliged to work but wish to continue their studies. Evening schools are conducted during the winter months for those who are employed in the day, many adults and foreigners taking advantage of their work.

The Chicago Normal school and the Normal practice schools give free training in the art of teaching.

The Board of Education has charge of all these schools. Its offices are at Dearborn and Madison streets, where the superintendent with a large corps of assistants and district superintendents co-operates with the president of the board in managing this great branch of the government.

A compulsory attendance law makes it the duty of all children under fourteen years of age to attend school the year round. Those over fourteen and not sixteen are obliged to work regularly or attend school unless excused for good reasons by proper authority.

Free vacation schools are maintained six weeks each summer, and a beginning has been made in the care of children who are inclined to illness through tubercular troubles, an outdoor school having been maintained during the vacation of 1909 in conjunction with the Chicago Tuberculosis Institute, where children were fed, attended by nurses and teachers, and restored to strength and health sufficiently to enable them to attend the regular schools in September. At least one open-air school is now provided for to run the year round for the benefit of children predisposed to tuberculosis.

The whole cost of the public schools each year is about $8,000,000.

Parochial and Private Schools take care of a large number of children, affording in many instances superior instruction and accommodations, and giving training and teaching in religious or other subjects which cannot be afforded by schools maintained by public money.

Colleges, Universities and Seminaries. There are so many schools of higher learning that we cannot give notice to all. The Chicago Directory contains many names which are not here listed. Armour Institute of Technology, Association Institute, Y. M. C. A., Baptist Union Theological Seminary, Brooks Classical School for Girls, Chicago Hebrew Institute, Chicago Institute of Social Science, Chicago Lutheran Theological Seminary, Chicago Theological Seminary, De La Salle Institute, Garrett Biblical Institute, Hebrew Literary Institute, Holy Family Academy, Jewish Training School of Chicago, Lewis Institute, McCormick Theological Seminary, Moody Bible Institute, Northwestern University, St. Ignatius College, St. Viateur's Normal Institute, Theological Seminary of the Evangelical Lutheran Church, University of Chicago, and Western Theological Seminary are some of the leading ones.

The medical schools and others of like nature

are numerous and known throughout the world for effectual work.

Art and music schools of many kinds and great diversity of courses make Chicago a center for artistic training in many lines.

The University of Chicago is eight miles from the business center of the city and faces the Midway Plaisance. Its campus covers ninety-five acres and cost $4,217,553. Its thirty-one buildings cost about $5,000,000. Over $30,000,000 have been given to this great seat of learning, largely by Mr. J. D. Rockefeller.

The old University of Chicago, which was founded by Stephen A. Douglas, passed out of existence in 1886. The new one, under a slight change of name, has been a real university from the start. Its charter makes it non-sectarian and provides that no religious test shall ever be applied to faculty or students.

WILLIAM RAINEY HARPER.

Among those who have given largely to the university besides Mr. Rockefeller may be mentioned William B. Ogden, first mayor of Chicago; Charles T. Yerkes, Mrs. Emmons Blaine and Miss Helen Culver. The two last named are the largest givers after Mr. Rockefeller, giving over $1,000,000 each.

The name of William Rainey Harper rises first in the minds of the scholars when the university is mentioned, for it was by his influence and labor that the gifts were secured to make it great. He guided the great institution up to the time of his death in 1906, and the wisdom of his plans is becoming more and more apparent as they are worked out.

The school is open the year round, and the class system which prevails in other universities and colleges, where four years are taken for a course, and the entire class is expected to enter and take degrees on given days, is largely ignored. Students enter at any quarter, select their courses, and work upon them as their own convenience and ability direct, and degrees are given whenever students have finished the courses leading to them.

The summer quarter begins June 15 and offers the same advantages as the winter one. This brings to the university hundreds of teachers from all parts of the world, especially those engaged during the school year.

The buildings are of blue Bedford limestone and their style is English Gothic. The Oxford plan of grouping has been followed. Mr. Henry Ives Cobb, the first architect of the university, made the first water color sketch of how he thought the buildings should look when placed about the quadrangle, and his ideas have been closely followed.

Variations of the style adopted make the buildings very interesting. The Law building is closely like the King's college at Cambridge, England. Bartlett gymnasium, Haskell museum, Ryerson physical laboratory, Hutchinson hall, the Reynolds club, Mandel hall, and Mitchell tower, all named for donors, give great diversity of architecture. Hutchinson hall is like Christ Church hall at Oxford. Mitchell tower is almost a copy of the famous tower of Magdalen college at Oxford, and is visible from all parts of the campus. It has a chime of bells considered the finest in America. Mandel hall is a complete theater and has a fine pipe organ.

Marshall field is the outdoor athletic field of the university, named for the donor, and is the scene of many football and baseball contests. At the opposite end of the campus are the School of Education and the University high school. In these, pupils are taken in at kindergarten age and given complete preparation for the university.

The library contains 461,000 volumes and 170,000 pamphlets. Yerkes observatory is located near Lake Geneva, in Wisconsin, where a clearer atmosphere and less vibration of the earth are found than in the vicinity of the university. Its famous refracting telescope of 40-inch aperture is one of the university's best possessions.

A memorial window in Bartlett gymnasium is one of the finest examples of stained glass art

in America. It represents the crowning of the wounded Ivanhoe after the tournament at Ashby. It cost $40,000.

Northwestern University is located in Evanston, Chicago's greatest suburb on the north. But the law, medical, dental and pharmacy schools are in Chicago. This university is considered one of the greatest in the country and it occupies a site along the lake, which will be improved so as to be one of the most beautiful educational properties in the world. The new engineering courses are attracting wide attention and the new building for this department is suited to the most exacting requirements. A new $100,000 gymnasium, the largest in the country, the gift of Mr. James A. Patten, is intended to make Evanston a center for great athletic events and afford room for great musical events of the most ambitious kind.

St. Ignatius College and Church of the Holy Family is a splendid group of educational and religious buildings which are considered old for Chicago, the parish dating from 1857 and the college building from 1869. There is a library here of 35,000 volumes, with some rare old books, and the mineralogical and natural history museums are valuable. The parish once had 24,000 Catholic residents, but these have nearly all removed away from the center of population and Jewish people have replaced them. The church has a splendid interior with beautiful altars and stations of the cross, rivaling some of the finest churches in Europe.

Great Libraries abound in Chicago, books enough being at one's service to pursue almost every line of research or information.

The Public Library occupies a splendid building at Michigan avenue and Washington street. It has one branch library at Forty-ninth street and Lake avenue, seventy-five delivery stations, and fifteen branch reading rooms in parts of the city where most needed. Over 350,000 volumes are in its stacks and about two and one-quarter millions of drawings of books make up a year's work.

It is free to all residents of the city. Books may be borrowed at the main building or at any delivery station by anyone furnishing a guarantee slip signed by a property owner securing the return of the book.

The building is stately and dignified. It is Roman classic in architecture, built of blue Bedford limestone, and dates from 1897. It has 110,000 square feet of floor space. The guide book of the Chicago Association of Commerce says of it, "Entering from Washington street the visitor passes under the massive elliptical marble arch of the main staircase, at the foot of which is seen in the floor a bronze replica of the corporate seal of Chicago. The elaborate decorations and designs in green and gold are of Tiffany glass mosaic. At the head of the stairs is the delivery room, 134 by 48 feet, finished in Italian statuary marble from the famous mines of Carrara, inlaid with glass mosaic, mother-of-pearl, and semi-precious stones, in which are worked devices of the early printers and other appropriate emblems. Specially to be noted are the stained glass dome and serpentine marble panels containing inscriptions in ten different languages, the characters inlaid in white. (Book, price 5 cents, at desk, gives translations.)

"On the top floor is the art room with a superb collection of works on art and art criticism, many rare and costly. On the floor below is the young people's reading room and at the end of the corridor is the reference room, where any book in the library may be had for reference but not to be taken away. Ranged around the walls are encyclopedias, atlases, directories, and dictionaries in all the principal languages. On the same floor is another reading room supplied with newspapers from every important city in the United States as well as hundreds of magazines and other publications, both American and foreign. The Grand Army rooms and Memorial hall, with museum of war relics, battle flags and portraits of prominent military men, including a life-size oil portrait of Abraham Lincoln, is on the second floor of the building. The main floor is conspicuous for the spacious hallway fronting the Randolph street entrance, with the public document room on the right, and reading room for the blind on the left. The large collection of books in this room printed with raised letters is unusual and worthy of special notice."

The Public library has a fine collection of art books, books in foreign languages, history, biography, travel, science, and the fine and liberal arts. Patent records of the United States since 1790 may be consulted here as well as patent records of other countries.

The John Crerar Library has 230,000 books and 70,000 pamphlets, nearly all on science. Books may not be borrowed here but may be used freely by anyone who enters. It has special places for those who wish to read on certain sciences, its medical room being a very attractive one for physicians and students. It receives over 100,000 visits of readers every year. This library is the gift of one of Chicago's merchant princes and it co-operates with the Public and Newberry libraries so that duplicates of rare works are not purchased. The three libraries may be looked upon as three departments of one great institution and readers interested in different subjects visit different libraries to do their work among the books.

The Newberry Library has a noble building on Washington square, a beautiful small park. Connecticut granite is used in the structure, which is of the Spanish Romanesque style. Two hundred and fifty thousand books, pamphlets and maps are cared for here and skilled attendants wait upon the visitor with valuable information as to where to look for what is desired.

History, biography and genealogy are the

main subjects covered. The guide book of the Association of Commerce says, "Entering, the visitor passes through a vestibule of colored marble into a spacious hall in which are portraits of noted persons. Noteworthy are the relief panels depicting La Salle's march through Illinois, 1680; Benedictine monks at work on manuscripts, 1456, and the Fort Dearborn massacre, 1812. Opening from this hall is the check room, where hats, wraps, etc., are checked free of charge, and (Room 12) the museum containing copies of very ancient manuscripts in Arabic, Turkish, Chinese, Dutch, English, French, German, Italian, Hebrew, Spanish, and many in Latin from the twelfth century down. Also Pali, written on palm leaves, Sanskrit, and Persian. There is also a collection of fine bindings and very rare books, including illuminated manuscripts and other rarities of great interest to the book lover. Opening off this room is the private collection of Edward E. Ayer, containing one of the most complete libraries on the American Indian extant. In the history room (third floor) is a very complete collection of books bearing on historical matters; also a complete genealogical index by means of which any American family may trace the written history of its various branches, if such there are. The collection of foreign and American magazines in another room is very extensive and will also be of interest to many. The whole library is full of interesting things and much time may be spent here profitably."

The Chicago Historical Society library occupies its own elegant building at Dearborn avenue and Ontario street. On week days from 9 till 5 visitors may freely enter its library, museum and portrait gallery. It contains a great collection of matter and objects pertaining to the history of Chicago and the Northwest. There are 40,000 volumes, 75,000 pamphlets, and many maps, views, etc.

The Ryerson library in the Art Institute has 5,100 volumes on art and 16,000 Braun artotypes. The Academy of Sciences library has 28,000 volumes and pamphlets. The Field Museum library is a scientific one for reference only—45,000 vol. All the educational institutions have their own special collections of books, and Evanston, Pullman and other suburbs have choice public libraries.

Hospitals are found in all parts of the city and there is room for every one needing special treatment, whether the patient has unlimited means and demands the most elaborate care or is unable to pay at all.

The Cook County hospital and morgue occupy a whole city block. The only requirement for admission is that the patient be unable to pay for treatment. Everything is free and small pox cases are the only ones refused. Seventy physicians and surgeons attend these patients and forty-eight house physicians, internes, assist. Two hundred nurses are required and two hundred and forty other employees to care for the 1,100 patients who fill the wards as a daily average. About one dollar a day is the expense of treatment, board, etc., of a patient here, and this is all provided for by taxation, so that no money is accepted from the patients.

Contagious diseases are cared for separately by the city health department. Diphtheria and measles are treated at the contagious hospital at 34th street and Lawndale avenue. Smallpox cases are taken at the Isolation hospital one block south of the Contagious hospital.

The Home for Incurables takes all kinds of hopeless cases and charges in accordance with the means of the patients. It has about 275 patients usually. It is located at 5535 Ellis avenue, and is a place where the cheery visitor may be of great benefit at any time.

The County Detention Hospital, Wood and Polk streets, is an asylum for the insane, the feeble-minded, and the epileptic. It is supported by taxation. Patients found suitable for admission to the Dunning asylum are sent there after a short residence at this hospital.

The Home for Destitute and Crippled Children, 46 Park avenue, is supported by gifts from the public. Boys between the ages of three and twelve years and girls between three and fifteen are given a home and education here and the gifts received from charitable people are the only means of maintaining the work. The Outing and Luncheon Association gives crippled children hot dinners during the school year, clothing, and other necessities to getting an industrial education, and sends them to the country for a portion of the summer. It is maintained solely by gifts from those who have sympathy for the sufferers, whose lives are made less tedious by their kindness.

There are many institutions in the city which give relief to the unfortunate and depend on gifts for their support. Sometimes givers refuse to give their names because so many other good causes are ready to ask for help, but such generosity and kindness are found among the citizens of Chicago that all are provided for and others are organized as need arises. Most of those who give are not rich and their charity is the more real because it calls for self-denial.

Churches. Of the 1,077 churches in Chicago it is possible to speak only in a general way. By consulting the city directory (see index for "Churches") one may locate those of any desired denomination.

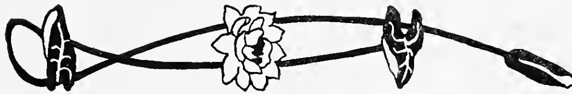
The Sunday Evening Club meets in Orchestra Hall every Sunday evening from October to July. It provides a religious service with elaborate music without any denominational or sectarian features. As the loop district is largely taken up with business buildings, churches have generally removed to the neighborhoods of homes, and this club is specially planned for persons stopping at the hotels near. Business

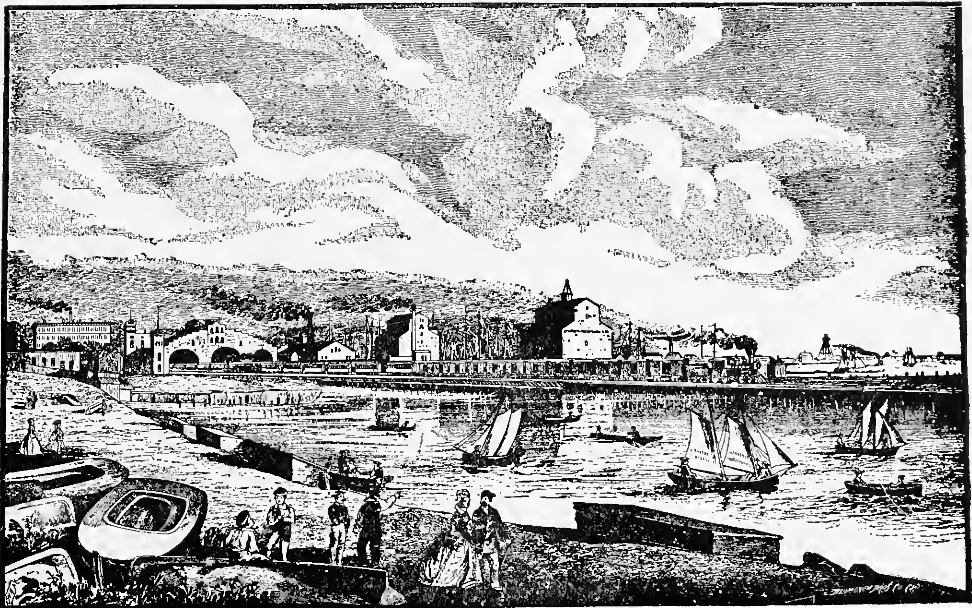
men support the club and speakers of national reputation are frequently secured. A large chorus is skilfully drilled and is a leading feature of the work. The average attendance exceeds 2,000.

Notre Dame de Chicago, Oregon avenue and Sibley street, the beautiful French Catholic church, is open daily. It has a circular auditorium with altars of Carrara marble. The main altar has a baldachin in copper and gilt supported by two large marble pillars. The altar rail and the four side altars are of marble. The organ is large and fine. Beautiful stained glass windows with life-size figures impress the worshiper. The Sunday service at 11 o'clock is in French, but other services are mixed.

Central Church is a church without a building. It is a great body of Chicago's citizens who worship in a theater in the heart of the city. At 11 o'clock every Sunday morning, except in the summer, Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus preaches from the stage of the Auditorium to great audiences, largely men. A large chorus with noted soloists and the great organ add to the attractiveness of the service. The doors are open at 10:30 and the organist renders several selections while the people are quietly entering, though most of the congregation get in before he begins his program.

Some of the leading churches of the different denominations are named in the following list: Baptist, Immanuel, Michigan avenue and Twenty-third street; Christian, Jackson Boulevard church, 1010 West Jackson boulevard; Congregational, First, Washington boulevard and Ann street; Independent, Moody's, Chicago and La Salle avenues; Lutheran, Holy Trinity, La Salle avenue and Elm street; Jewish, Sinai, Indiana avenue and Twenty-first street; Christian Scientist, First, 4017 Drexel boulevard; Methodist Episcopal, St. James, Ellis avenue and Forty-sixth street; Presbyterian, Fourth, Rush and Superior streets; Protestant Episcopal, Grace, 1439 Wabash avenue; St. James, Cass and Huron streets; Reformed Episcopal, Christ, Michigan avenue and Twenty-fourth street; St. Paul's, Winchester avenue and Adams street; Roman Catholic, Cathedral of the Holy Name, Superior and North State streets; St. Mary's, Wabash avenue and Eldredge court; Unitarian, Third, Monroe street near Kedzie avenue; Universalist, Church of the Redeemer, Warren avenue and Robey street.





From an old wood cut.

NORTHERN PART OF THE SITE OF GRANT PARK IN 1868.

CHAPTER XX.

Grant Park.

In its early days the Illinois Central railroad did not wish to disturb the people of Chicago in any way; so it crept into the city on piles driven into the sands of Lake Michigan. This was a very modest way for a railroad to enter a city, for it crossed no streets and tore down no buildings to prepare the right of way. As time went on the railroad put on fast trains and express service so that people living near the lake shore anywhere south of the main part of Chicago could get into town in a few minutes. As there were no street crossings to speak of the trains were run at a great speed, and people said that Chicago had the best way of getting its people down town of all the cities of the world.

But when the railroad began to fill up part of the lake with dirt, sand and rubbish, and in this way get hold of land which they did not pay for, there was trouble, for the great lake opposite the city does not belong to any company; the whole United States has something to say about the filling in of any water which is deep enough for boats. When our city became large enough to take pride in elegant buildings and pleasant driveways we were ashamed of the looks of our lake front. We thought we had given the railroad too much when we let it cut off all streets leading down to the lake so we could not get to it without crossing dangerous tracks. And when the railroad put up signs to keep people away and forbade the public to cross the tracks many persons felt that it did not pay a city to have such an elegant means of getting some of its people to town when it kept so many of them out of their natural rights to pass down to the water front.

The picture taken in 1868 from Michigan avenue looking to the northeast was good enough for those who thought of business only, but to people who had some thoughts of the rights of poor people and of the value of beauty in a city it was a dismal-looking scene. It is true, you could in those days get down to the water, for the railroad was far out in the lake, but your view was cut off and if you took a sail you had to use a boat with short masts in order to get under the railroad.

Correction of Chapter XX.

The Supreme court of Illinois sustained the objection to placing buildings on Grant park, as they would interfere with the riparian rights of property owners. The South Park commissioners then gave the trustees of the Field museum a site in Jackson park near the old museum.

In Lake Michigan the shallow water makes it easy to build a long island in front of the city so as to connect Jackson and Grant parks with a wide strip of island park with a beautiful waterway between it and the main land. City Engineer Erickson reported that the city produces annually 4,660,000 cubic yards of waste, of which probably 3,000,000 cubic yards are dumped into the lake, most of it being taken eight miles out into the deep water. This is enough to raise an island of 100 acres five feet high above fifteen feet of water.

Mr. Charles H. Wacker, president of the Chicago plan commission, says: "Forty million people, half the population of the United States, can reach Chicago by a night's ride. We must make the city attractive. It is not a question of beauty, but of business. If we make Chicago attractive merchants who now go to New York will come here. In the past, until recently, we have offered them no opera, no boulevards, no beauty, no amusements. But the work we have already done is bringing results. Western merchants who used to regard Chicago as a way station on their route east now find us worth while and stop here to make their orders.

"In filling in along the lake front for parks we are not trying an experiment. New York city for some years past has been carrying the ashes and rubbish collected by the street cleaning department to Ricker's island in the East river. The city has already, in water deeper than we have to consider, made sixty acres of ground worth millions."

But now all this has been changed. A large park has been made by filling part of the lake with earth and all sorts of refuse not dangerous to public health, and on top of it, after grading and smoothing it in the most agreeable manner, soil has been put so that trees and grass will grow. Much planting has been done to make the park beautiful. It has been named after General Grant. It extends from Randolph street on the north to near Twelfth street, a mile away to the south, and it reaches out far beyond the tracks of the railroad, so that it is about a third of a mile wide.

Grant Park has about 205 acres of land within its boundaries, and it has taken so much earth to fill in the lake and build up the solid ground that it is hard to think out the meaning of the figures. Here are the amounts of earth that were dumped there during the year 1907:

From the contractors, at 10 cents per cubic yard................313,016 cu. yd.
From the Illinois Tunnel Company, at no cost.....................188,852 cu. yd.
From wagon delivery by various parties, at no cost............208,317 cu. yd.

Total during the year........710,185 cu. yd.

The entire cost of this filling was $40,572.21. It averages 5.71 cents per cubic yard. It was necessary to lay railroads around through the park and run special dirt trains all over the park to carry the filling and top dressing. When the ground was filled to the right height it was finished off by grading and a dressing of black earth was put upon it to the depth of eighteen inches, so grass and shrubs might grow where required. In 1907 27.7 acres were dressed in this manner, and it took 51,238 cubic yards of black earth.

Tree Planting. As soon as the ground was ready for planting 334 fine elm trees were bought and planted there. The trees were from seven to eight inches in diameter, pretty large trees to plant in this way. The park commissioners bought these large trees because they wanted to have the park look good without waiting a long time for the trees to grow. It is expected that the trees will grow slowly in the smoky air of Chicago, but the railroad is to have electric engines before long, and that will take away the worst of the smoke which now hurts these beautiful trees, and we hope the whole city will find ways of getting heat, light and power without making as much smoke as is now made, and that will not only make Grant Park more beautiful, but will make the whole city better for human and plant life.

The trees are of course planted mainly along the walks and driveways. They have been set with an eye to showing off their beauty. By looking at the plans pictured here you will see that they look very much better than if they had been put into rows all over the park. The beauty of trees often lies largely in the way they show themselves to you from near and distant views, and a square setting of them has been found not pleasing. Men who study this art are called landscape gadeners.

MODEL OF GRANT PARK USED AS A BASIS OF STUDY.

To give our trees a better chance to live than they might have if planted in only eighteen inches of soil, each tree has had dug for it a pit or a trench ten feet by twenty feet in size and four feet deep. This gives the elm more rich earth to live upon than is found in the forests where elms grow naturally, and we hope, in spite of the smoke and bad air of the city, our elms will grow finely and make us glad with their pleasing view and the shade they will give in the summer time. The pits in which our trees are set are provided with water and drainage so there may at all times be just as much water as they need for healthy growth without any danger of their getting drowned out by too much water standing about the roots.

The elm is often spoken of as the "artist's tree" because it has such graceful, feathery lines. As you look at an elm standing alone in a field you see its trunk rise from a rather wide stump to a graceful stem which runs well up towards the sky before any limb or branch appears upon it. Then instead of sending its branches out at right angles from the trunk it parts into two or more large limbs. These divide into several branches smaller than themselves, reaching out to where the twigs are thickest and turning towards the earth so the leaves may hang down towards the ground and swing in such charming style that it is no won-

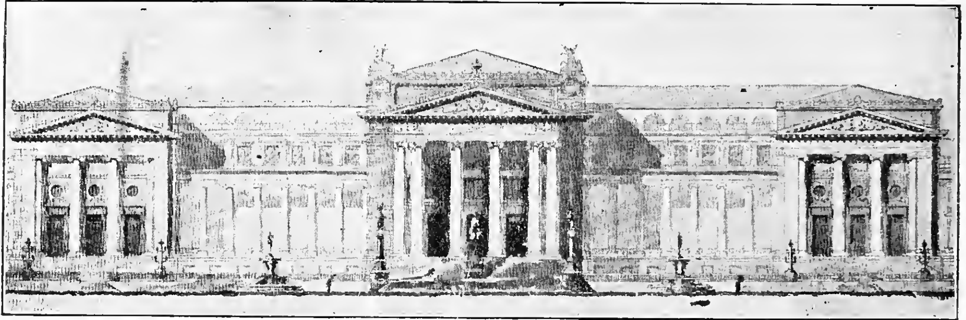
der that artists delight in drawing the forms of elms and in painting the beautiful shades of green, gray and brown found in the leaves and the trunks and branches. Even the shadow of the tree as it falls upon the grass or against a nearby building is full of graceful lines. And so, as we enjoy these elms, we may be thankful that the art of landscape gardening has been studied so much that our new trees in Grant Park will delight all who look at them.

Model of Grant Park. The model of the park was made to help the architects, the landscape gardeners and the commissioners in their study of the ground and the buildings. No one can tell from a flat drawing how a park is going to look, especially when it must have buildings and places for students and people looking for recreation and pleasure. This model is on view at the Art Institute and has been of much use in making the plans. You will see that the railroad is covered over in the model. This is to show what may be done when the railroad does not have to burn coal or coke to get up steam. With electric engines it can run under cover and not trouble its passengers with smoke or steam.

The Art Institute is now the principal building upon the park; but two other noble buildings have been provided for and will be placed south of the Institute at proper distances to make the view agreeable and imposing. The Field Museum of Natural History is to be built at the most central place in Grant Park, and when it is ready for use the World's Fair fine arts building will be vacated. The money left by Marshall Field for the museum amounts to about four million dollars.

The John Crerar Library. One million dollars will be expended in erecting a building for the John Crerar Library, which was first opened to the public in the Field building, at the corner of Washington street and Wabash avenue, in 1897. It now occupies two entire floors of that building, and the funds left to enlarge and maintain it have grown to about three and one-half million dollars besides the million for the building to hold the library.

This library is not intended for those who read for amusement, or for those who study ancient languages; but it gives everything anyone can wish in science and the practical subjects of society, nature and the works of man. The records of the library show that most of the books and papers used there by the people who are enjoying its privileges are in the department of applied science, such as electrical, mechanical and civil engineering, drawing and designing, trade and transportation, manufacture, architecture, and such subjects. The attendance is largest in the evenings and on holidays, showing that those who use the library most are workmen, mechanics, teachers, architects, engineers, electricians, and those who are busy during the day but desire to make themselves more successful in their own work.



FRONT ELEVATION OF THE PROPOSED JOHN CRERAR LIBRARY BUILDING.

The trustees have a building fund of $1,000,000.

The trustees are making the library the meeting place for all the scientific societies in the West. The new buildings are to have a number of rooms and lecture halls which will be given to such societies without charge, provided that the results of those meetings, when printed, shall be placed in the library for the use of others.

Mr. Crerar wished this building to be placed in Chicago, and he preferred that it should be on the South Side because the Newberry Library is on the North Side. So this splendid building with its impressive classical architecture is to be placed at Congress street, where its books may be near at hand for people of the South Side. It will be large enough to hold 1,000,000 books, and when it is filled there will be a space left on the grounds for making the building larger without spoiling its looks. The additions are to be made in the shape of wings.

Athletics. East of the tracks, beside the

large meadows which can be used for games, there will be indoor and outdoor gymnasiums, a quarter-mile track, and a swimming basin so that those who now use the small space north of the Art Institute will have plenty of room for exercise at such times in the day as they can get away from their work in the heart of the city.

On the south line of the park, near the railroad, will be the stables, offices, sheds and other buildings for park work.

Along the water front is a great avenue or mall, for driving and walking, shaded by six rows of trees and overlooking the quay, or strand, which forms the margin of Lake Michigan. Rising towards each end, the mall ends at the north and south edges of the park in great squares where shelters and places of refreshment will be built. These will be cool and beautiful and many people who have no front verandahs at their homes will be glad to spend much of their spare time in the summer out of doors where health and pleasure may be had. Boats will be kept there for the public, and yacht and boat clubs will have places for their own enjoyment.

Grant Park will be the central beauty spot of the inner park system. It will be connected with Lincoln Park by a boulevard, and a fine driveway will be built, at least a thousand feet out in the lake, running from the southern corner of Grant Park around through the water to Jackson Park.

Monuments are to be erected in Chicago to adorn the boulevards and parks. The trustees of the Art Institute hold in trust the Benjamin F. Ferguson bequest of $1,000,000 for this purpose. The Municipal Art League has done much to educate the public to an appreciation of the work to be done. The lives of worthy men and women are to be commemorated and important events in American history. The first use of the fund is to purchase and erect a beautiful group of statuary by the famous Chicago sculptor, Lorado Taft, called "The Great Lakes." It is to be a fountain with a separate symbolic figure representing each lake.

Lincoln Park has the most conspicuous example of American sculpture. It is at the south entrance. It is Augustus St. Gaudens' heroic figure of Abraham Lincoln. It is mounted on pink granite in a semicircle of the same stone. This has received the highest praise of both American and European critics. Hans Christian Andersen, Benjamin Franklin, Ulysses S. Grant, Beethoven, Garibaldi, Goethe, La Salle, Linné, Schiller, and Shakespere are represented, and the symbolic pieces, "The Signal of Peace" and "The Alarm," are excellent.

FIELD MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

This structure is to be erected in Jackson Park at a cost of $4,000,000, provided in the will of Marshall Field. The main elevation, here reproduced, is from the design submitted by the trustees and accepted and approved by the South Park Commissioners.

Humboldt Park has monuments to Humboldt, Leif Ericson, Reuter, and Kosciusko. Union park has a statue of Carter H. Harrison and the monument to the hero policemen who suffered in the Haymarket riot. This piece was first set up on the scene of the riot, but obstructed traffic so that it was removed to Union Park. In Garfield Park are monuments to Queen Victoria and Robert Burns.

General John A. Logan is remembered in a fine equestrian statue in Grant Park. McKinley Park honors its martyred namesake. Stephen A. Douglas stands on a tall marble column at the foot of Thirty-fifth street.

Cahokia Court House is one of the sights of the Wooded island in Jackson Park. It is the oldest public building in the Mississippi valley and was built in 1716 at Cahokia, St. Clair county, Illinois. It was a public building under three flags, the French, the British, and the American. At the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in St. Louis this was made an exhibit. Then Miss Valentine Smith, city archivist in Chicago, brought it to its present site. It is made of squared walnut logs set on end in the style of the early French stockade, the logs held together with wooden pins.

Because it marked the beginning of civil government in this region the newly created Municipal Court of Chicago held its first session

there December 6, 1906. The twenty-eight judges at that session received their commissions from the state and the first order of the new court was entered in the old building.

The flags of three nations float over it every day and many students, historians and school children view it with pride. Its collection of photographs of original documents pertaining to its history makes the place still more interesting.

The Convent of La Rabida, reproduced like the Spanish shelter of Columbus, stands at the south end of Jackson Park. It is an outing place for sick babies in summer. Replicas of the ships Nina, Pinta, and Santa Maria lie at anchor in the lagoon near. Columbus is further remembered by a great business building which was erected on State street in 1892. A bronze statue by Ezekiel is over the entrance and the mosaic floor and panels tell his story.

The Marquette-Joliet Memorial Cross is solid mahogany, fourteen feet high, where the Chicago river flows into the Drainage canal at Robey street. It commensurates the visit of Father Marquette and Louis Joliet to the site of Chicago in 1673, and is erected on the spot where Father Marquette spent the winter of 1674-5.

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