

THE MAKING OF WISCONSIN



SMITH



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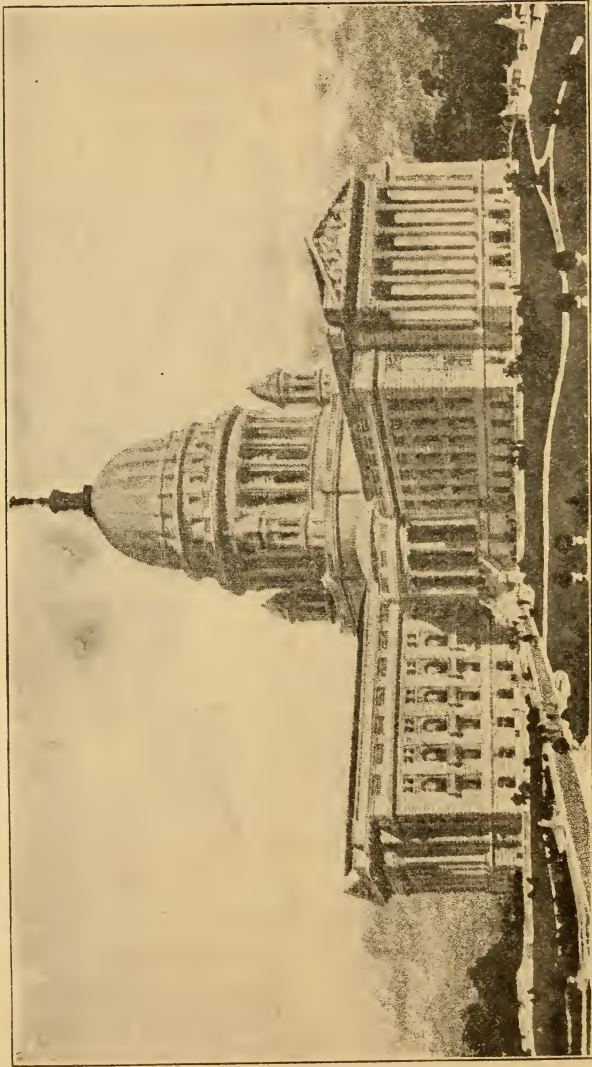
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THE STATE CAPITOL, MADISON, WISCONSIN
As It Will Look When Completed

THE MAKING
OF
WISCONSIN

BY
CARRIE J. SMITH
FORMERLY TEACHER OF HISTORY
RIVER FALLS STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

ILLUSTRATED

A. FLANAGAN COMPANY
CHICAGO

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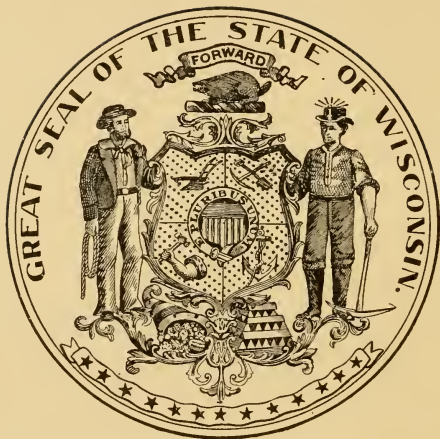
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INTRODUCTION

THIS little volume appeals to me in a variety of ways. Not only is it a clear, comprehensive review of the main forces that have builded this commonwealth; not only is it history—but in a sense it is prophecy, for it is written for the young, and in them lie the disposition of coming events. I am glad of its advent. We need more state pride in the hearts of our people. A study of the history of the United States leaves the student with the impression that the destiny of our country has been contributed to mainly by two states, Massachusetts and Virginia. Nobly have they done their share, but here in the Mississippi valley lies the great heart of the Nation, and Wisconsin lies very close to that heart. An honest pride in one's state, vocation and home is one of the most powerful incentives to meritorious action, a builder of desirable character and citizenship.

We are a wonderfully composite people. Wisconsin has felt the influence of two great waves of immigration that have wrought its transformation out of a wilderness of exquisite beauty. It received in pioneer days the choicest blood of New England and

the Middle States. These people gave us our matchless state constitution and laid the foundation of our system of laws and state institutions. Most impressively did they stamp the love they bore for education upon the unfolding thought of the state. But the spirit of conquest was in them, and they moved on, in a large measure, to build the states to the west. Following came the sturdy farmers and artisans of northern and middle Europe—the German, the Scandinavian, the Bohemian—with their intense love of the soil, industry and thrift. Born conservators of fertility, they have brought Wisconsin to the forefront in the prosperity of her agriculture and the advancement of agricultural education. It is a pleasant picture to contemplate.

In the great field of industrial conquest of mind over matter, the building up of a noble civilization, the firm establishment of law, order and liberty, no state in the Union has made a prouder record. It is one that should fill the hearts of our youth with hope, ambition and honest purpose.

W. D. HOARD.

Fort Atkinson, Wis.

THE MAKING OF WISCONSIN

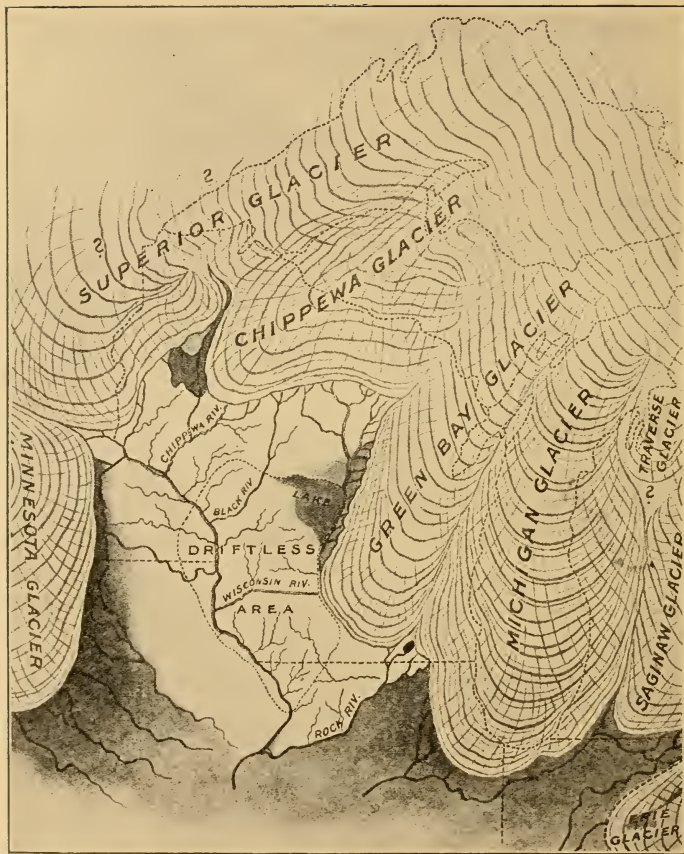
CHAPTER I

WISCONSIN AND THE RED MAN

IF WE may believe the story of the rocks, Wisconsin is old, much older than most of America and Europe, for the northern part of its surface was almost the first land of the continent to be lifted above the "waters that covered the earth."

How many hundreds—nay, thousands—of years elapsed before this region was ready to be the dwelling-place of even the rudest savage, we cannot tell. We know that the land rose, sank beneath the waters, rose again and was covered, all but the southwestern portion, with vast masses of ice which plowed their way over its surface, scooping out hollows and valleys which later were filled with water from the melting ice. Thus was the land of the Badger State not only bounded on two sides by great fresh-water seas, but beautified, enriched and drained by more than two thousand lakes and many streams.

The heat that melted the ice also made vegetation grow, thus in time covering the naked earth with forests and grass, and it was ready for man.



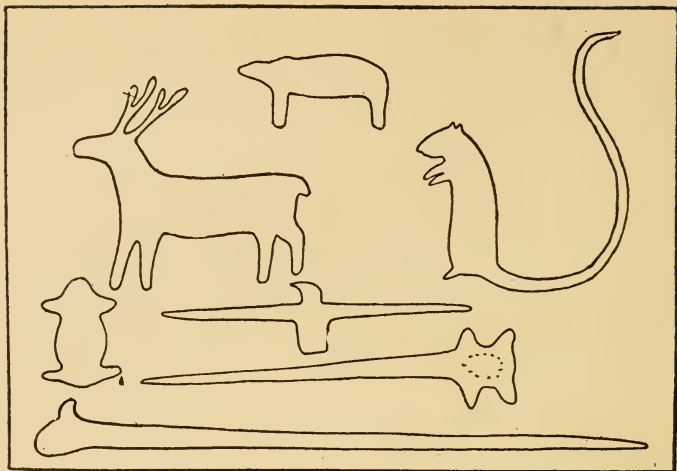
REGIONS OF ICE MASSES

Who the first dwellers within the borders of Wisconsin were, and whence they came, history does not tell. They left no records on parchment, paper or stone of their origin or race. We can only guess about them, fancy, imagine and end by saying, "We do not know."

But we do know that when the first white man, on his way to find the Great Sea (the Pacific), set foot upon Wisconsin's soil, its fertile valleys were already fruitful with maize grown by the Red Man, its streams and forests teeming with fish and game which he skillfully made the victim of his bow, spear and net, its natural lines of travel marked by populous Indian villages.

Many have believed and many would still like to believe that these Red Men were not the first comers, that a people of different race, manners and customs preceded them and were driven out by them; but this belief seems not to be founded on facts. Its proof has rested upon the various mounds of earth scattered over this and neighboring states, said to have been built by a peculiar people, who have been called, for lack of a better name, Mound Builders.

That these mounds exist is true. Built upon the banks of streams and lakes or on neighboring highlands are thousands of them—some mere piles of earth overgrown with grass, others rude outlines of bird, turtle, lizard, snake, squirrel, deer or buffalo, man and weapons (the club and spear), and still



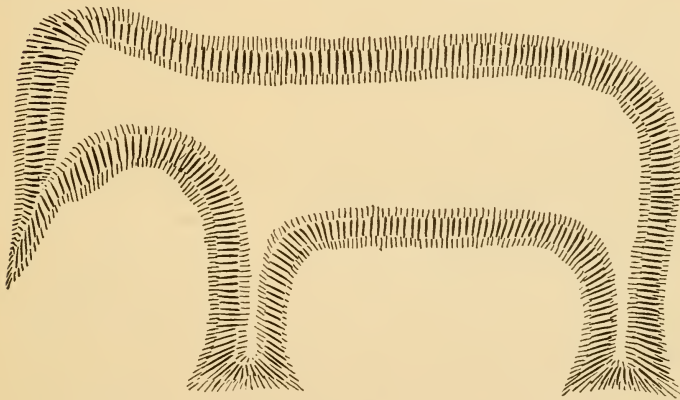
SOME MOUND FORMS

others in parallel lines having circles and corners, with high earthworks enclosed.

Of the last-named forms the most famous, and the only one of its kind in Wisconsin, is that at Aztalan, Jefferson County, discovered about seventy years ago. It was long believed to have been a citadel for defense, its position on Rock River seeming to give color to this belief, but excavations made in recent years have shown that it may have been a burial or worship mound, or possibly both. Two bodies in a sitting posture have been found in it, and various fragments of earthenware—broken vessels varying in width from a few inches to three feet. The wall

making the enclosure is nearly three thousand feet long and the ridge, when first examined, was twenty-two feet wide. At regular intervals on the outside were mounds about eighty feet apart and forty feet in diameter.

Of the man-shaped mounds, the most nearly perfect one is that near Baraboo, Sauk County. This



ELEPHANT MOUND

represents a giant striding toward the setting sun, with a body one hundred eighty-four feet and a head thirty feet long.

Who were the builders of these strange tumuli? For what purpose were they built—for worship, burial, defense, as dwelling-sites or as clan totems?

Men have earnestly searched and studied in their

desire to answer these questions. They have dug into the depths of hundreds of the mounds, and are now practically agreed that they are the work not of a peculiar race preceding the Indians, but of the Indians themselves; not, indeed, those whom the French explorers found dwelling here, for the mounds were even then old and the Indians denied all knowledge of them—their purpose or how they came to be—but of the forefathers of these and kindred tribes.¹

Wisconsin probably was occupied by two or three different mound-building tribes, the common mound forms, found also extensively in other states, being burial sites, while the figures, peculiar to Wisconsin, may have been worship huts, dwelling sites, council houses or defensive earthworks. No positive statement concerning them can yet be made.²

The fact that the Indians found here by the Euro-



MAN-SHAPED MOUND

¹“That the mound-builders were Indians pertaining to or ancestors of the tribes inhabiting this country when discovered by Europeans is now too well established to admit of a reasonable doubt.”—Cyrus Thomas, of the Bureau of Ethnology.

²“It is a curious fact that the most flourishing cities of the southern half of the state, Milwaukee, Madison, Beloit, Waukesha, Fort Atkinson,

peans disclaimed all knowledge of these mounds and that they no longer built them is of no especial importance in determining their builders. Many modern peoples have dropped customs of their ancestors, and, had no records been kept, would probably show total ignorance of them.

Accepting, then, the results of study and research and discarding mere conjecture, we should drop from our history the term Mound Builder as meaning a distinct, singular race of people. If we use it at all, we should do so meaning simply mound-building Indians.

So far as we know, then, the Red Man was the original owner of the soil of Wisconsin, if priority of discovery followed by settlement constitutes a basis of ownership for any but the white man. The Red Man it was who roamed at will over valley and forest, prairie and stream, raising his crops of maize, beans, squashes and tobacco in summer and hunting the buffalo, elk, moose, bear, deer and beaver in winter. He it was whom the white man slew, despoiled of his lands, drove beyond the confines of the state, or penned up within a few undesirable acres called reservations.¹ By might, not right, did

Pewaukee, Sheboygan, Racine, Manitowoc, Prairie du Chien, are located where the presence of numerous mounds show that prehistoric villages once existed. for these mounds have been located usually on the natural lines of travel, and the places where groups of them have been found, show evidences of earlier occupation by considerable numbers of people."
—Henry E. Legler.

¹There are in Wisconsin at the present time six reservations, comprising a total of 337,624 acres. Where the Indian once owned all, he now owns a meager fraction, about 1-100.

the white man enter and possess the land, for he looked upon it and saw that it was good.

That it was not the English but the French who began this work of dispossession and spoliation is accidental, a mere matter of geography and not of superior morality. The French began, the English

completed, and we, their descendants, enjoy the spoils.

The belief that there is no good Indian but a dead one is responsible for many of the wrongs done the Red Man, greed may account for the remainder. That the Indian was and is a savage—cruel, crafty, oftentimes treacherous and faithless—is doubt-



WISCONSIN INDIAN RESERVATIONS

less true, but the white man has not always been kind, open, trustworthy and without guile even in his relations with his brother white man.

The simple truth is, our ancestors wanted the valleys of the Rock, the Wisconsin, the Fox, the Chip-pewa, the Mississippi, for their own use. To obtain these they must dispossess the original owners. This

they did, for the most part by fire and sword, by superior numbers and skill, not by honorable purchase and treaty.

From the few representatives left within our borders to-day (less than ten thousand, and that number yearly decreasing) we can learn little of our first inhabitants, for the Indians are a people of legend and tradition handed down from generation to generation, and not of recorded history. If we would know of them—their life, manners, customs, beliefs—we must go to the records of the French explorers and missionaries who first visited them, traded with them and lived among them.

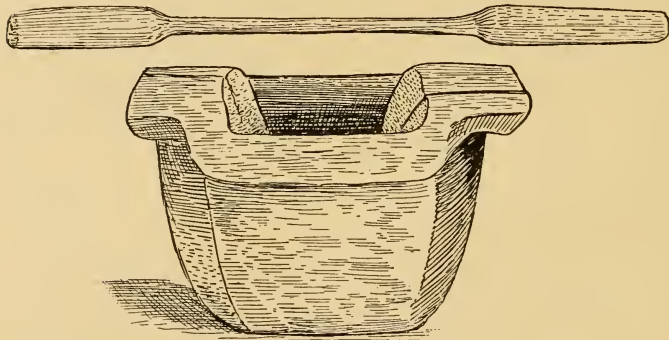
From scattered letters and journals of these men, we learn that Wisconsin was once the home of different nations of three of the greatest Indian stocks—the Iroquois, the Sioux, and the Algonquins.

The Hurons, kindred of the Iroquois, yet harried and pursued with fury by these fierce savages, took refuge in the forests of northern Wisconsin, where they disputed the ground with the Chippewas, an Algonquin nation.

The Algonquins were the most numerous of the Wisconsin Indians and also the most intelligent. To prove this latter assertion, we have only to cite the fact that Powhatan, King Philip, Tecumseh, Pontiac and Black Hawk were all of this stock.

Of the many Algonquin tribes which made their home within our borders, the Menominees are the

only ones still living here. They are fine looking and of light complexion, the latter mark of distinction said by the French to be due to their eating so freely of the wild rice abundant in their lakes and streams. They used to believe that they had once been animals or birds and that they had been changed into human beings at the mouth of the Menominee River where



MENOMINEE WOODEN MORTAR AND PESTLE

Marinette now stands. At the death of any one of them a picture of the animal from which he was descended was painted on a board and placed at the head of his grave.

The Pottawattomies, on the islands of Green Bay, were the most restless of the Algonquin tribes. Later we find them at Sault Ste. Marie, driven there by the Sioux. These are the Indians whose traditions gave to Longfellow much of the material for "Hiawatha."

The Sacs (Sauks) and Foxes (Outagamies), once friends of the French, became their bitter enemies. Against them and them only of the Algonquins the French for many years waged one of the most barbarous of wars. They at first lived in the Fox River valley, but later the valleys of the Rock and Wisconsin were covered by their trails and dotted with their villages.

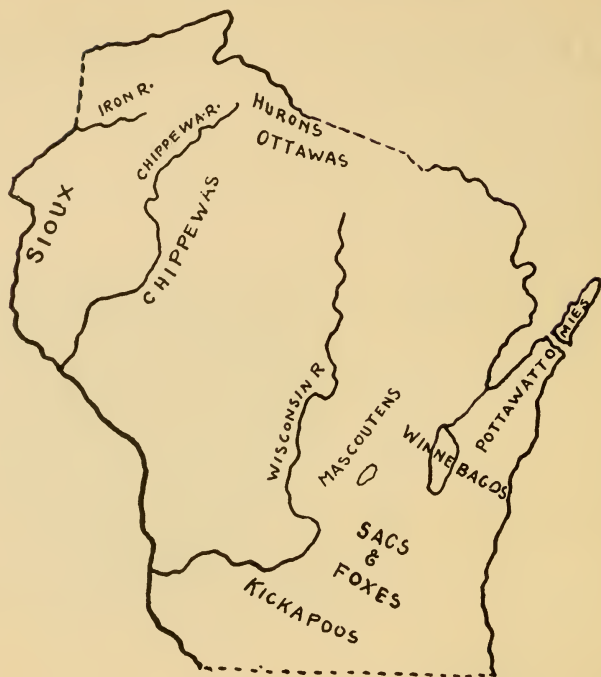
The Mascoutens, the "Fire Nation," were an Algonquin tribe dwelling in the Green Lake region. They have disappeared from the face of the earth, no trace of them having been discovered since the time of the Revolutionary War.

The Kickapoos once lived on the Wisconsin River, but long ago they journeyed south and became absorbed in the Creek nation.

Mightiest of Wisconsin hunters were the supple Chippewas, or Ojibwas, as they called themselves. They crowded out the Sioux from the Lake Superior region and forced them to remain near the Mississippi, St. Croix and St. Louis Rivers, but it took them



INDIAN CLAY VESSEL



LOCATION OF WISCONSIN INDIANS

nearly a century of bitter warfare to do it. The Chippewas had but one word for "Sioux" and "enemy."

The Winnebagoes, of Sioux stock, occupied the region of Lake Winnebago. At present they are said to be the "poorest, meanest and most ill-visaged of Wisconsin Indians," but originally they were warlike, of fine physique and great strength.

These, in brief, were the Indians of Wisconsin when the country was first visited by the French. We have only to glance at a county map of the state at the present time to get a fair idea of their location.

That the Indians were not much more numerous than they were in those days before the white man had reduced their number, is due to famine and pestilence and their many wars. We know that tribe warred upon tribe, nation upon nation, kinsman against kinsman, as their white brethren have done through all time. But, cruel and savage as was their warfare, this did not reduce their numbers as did famine and pestilence. Disease naturally follows war, and in a settlement of savage people who know nothing of sanitation, fatal epidemics are unavoidable. Winter was always a time of famine, for although the Indian raised crops of maize, squash and beans, his methods of farming were so crude that his harvests were not abundant.

One of the earliest French explorers of Wisconsin spent a winter in a famine-stricken village and has left a description of it. When the winter hunt failed, scores of men, women and children slowly starved to death. Letting to-morrow take care of itself, the Indian starved in what might easily have been a land of plenty. The story of Minnehaha, Laughing Water, of whose sad death from famine Longfellow sings so sweetly, finds hundreds of parallels in the history of the long, cold winters of Wisconsin before



A SIOUX CHIEF

the white man possessed the land. Often these people escaped starvation only by eating acorns, bark, fur robes and ground bones.

Contrary to general belief, the Indians were not a wandering race. They were, as a rule, devotedly attached to their native soil, and their villages were as

numerous in proportion to their numbers as are the cities of the white man. The Foxes and the Winnebagoes lived in the same localities for many generations, and when the former were driven out by the French, they tried again and again to return. It is true that they moved about some, but this was to find game and fish, and was within what were to them well-defined limits.

The Indians were divided into clans, and each clan had its sign—bird, beast or reptile—this sign being called *totem* by the Algonquins. There were different tribes in the same clan, and they often spoke different languages, but the members of a clan were always closely bound together. In the wigwam of a clansman, far from his own home, an Indian was as welcome as in his own village.

The Indians had no settled form of government. True, they had tribal heads, called chiefs, but these chiefs could only advise, not command. Even the war chiefs had no more power, their real influence coming from their personal force or past achievements, not from delegated authority. They could say to their tribes only, "It would be better to do so and so."

Should a war chief desire to undertake an expedition against some neighboring or faraway tribe, he would fast for several days, then invite the young braves to a feast of dog-flesh at night, he himself, however, still fasting. After eating, the guests would form in a circle, whereupon he would suddenly leap

in among them and recite to them in loud, monotonous tones the wonderful deeds he and his ancestors had done, accompanying this recital with gestures expressive of shooting, tomahawking and scalping, usually slashing at a post that represented the enemy, but occasionally making a feint of attacking some one in the circle.

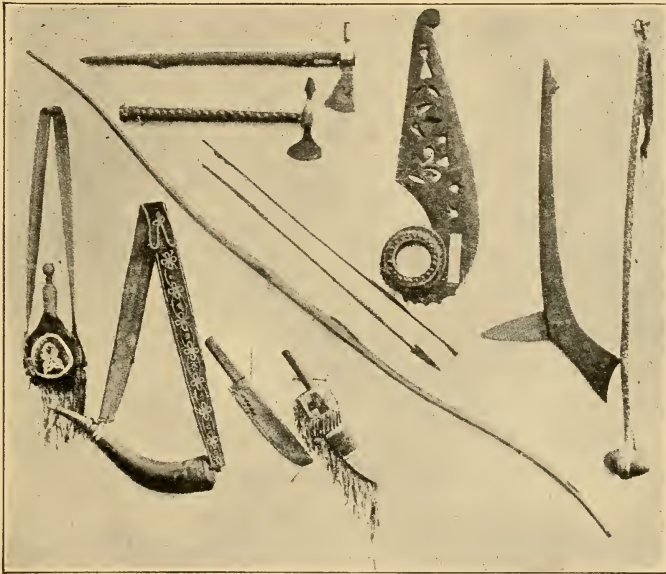
Thus worked up to an excitement that bordered on madness, the warriors would follow his example, giving their terrible war whoop with all the power of their savage lungs. This, the oft-referred-to war dance, was their enlistment for war. The next morning, covered with war paint and adorned with feathers, they left the village, the war whoop still resounding, until, at a short distance out, they relieved themselves of their finery and stole through the forest in single file, stealthy, silent, swift.

The weapons used by the Indian in warfare were the tomahawk, the war club and the bow and arrow. The first-named had a stone blade shaped like a hatchet and fastened to a wooden handle by means of thongs. War clubs were made in a similar manner, these being used to brain the foe in battle.

The bow and arrow were the implements of the chase as well as weapons in war. Buffaloes were very numerous along the Wisconsin and Mississippi rivers and on southern Wisconsin prairies. Elk, moose, deer and even caribou were found in the forests of the central and northern parts. Deer were hunted

all through the year, but the bear and the beaver were the principal objects of the winter hunt.

To hunt the larger animals big parties often were formed, but small game was plentiful near



INDIAN WEAPONS

home. When wild ducks came to eat the wild rice in the Fox River, they were snared with nets. Pigeons by the hundreds, swan, geese and even wild turkeys, were caught in nets spread in open places in the woods.

The Indian used nets in fishing, also, but spearing was practised when conditions were favorable. Whitefish, trout and sturgeon were abundant.

Feasts and ceremonials of various kinds were common among the Indians. In these the calumet, or peace-pipe, played an important part. Its name signifies its use, it being always the token of friendship and peace.

In "Hiawatha" Longfellow tells us that the adoption of the peace-pipe occurred somewhere in the vicinity of Lake Superior—that here the Great Spirit, Gitche Manito the Mighty, called the nations together in council. They came with painted faces and hearts burning with hereditary hatred. The Great Spirit was moved with pity.

From the red stone of the quarry
With his hand he broke a fragment,
Moulded it into a pipe-head,
Shaped and fashioned it with figures;
From the margin of the river
Took a long reed for a pipe-stem,
With its dark green leaves upon it;
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,
With the bark of the red willow;
Breathed upon the neighboring forest,
Made its great boughs chafe together,
Till in flame they burst and kindled.

He then told the warriors to bathe in the stream and wash the war paint from their faces and the blood from their hands; to bury their war clubs and to make for themselves the pipe of peace. This they did,

And departed each one homeward.

The Indians not only made tents, or tepees, of pelts, but they also built roomy cabins and forts of bark. For their cabins the Hurons drove into the ground long poles as thick as a man's leg, joined them by bending, and fastened them with strips of basswood bark. Cross-pieces a little less in diameter were interwoven between these poles, and the whole was then covered with fir or cedar bark. A door at each end gave entrance. The cabins were often large enough for several families.

The forts were made of stakes planted in three rows. The outside row were as thick as a man's thigh and thirty feet high, the stakes in this and the second row being about seven inches apart. The second row, a foot inside the first, supported the first by leaning over at the top. The third row, four feet from the first, was made of the trunks of trees fifteen or sixteen feet high, placed very close together. Loopholes were cut in the timbers, the whole making a structure of strong defense.

The Sioux made their cabins of buffalo skins, which they laced and sewed together. The Pottawatomies built theirs of mats made of reeds.

The Indians of the Great Lakes were fortunate in having at hand and in great abundance the birch to furnish bark for their canoes. In "Hiawatha" Longfellow describes how these canoes were made,—

"GIVE me of your bark, O Birch-Tree!
Of your yellow bark, O Birch-Tree!

I a light canoe will build me,
 * * *
 That shall float upon the river,
 Like a yellow leaf in autumn!"

With his knife the tree he girdled;
 Just beneath its lowest branches,
 Just above the roots he cut it,
 Till the sap came oozing outward;
 Down the trunk, from top to bottom,
 Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,
 With a wooden wedge he raised it,
 Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.

"Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!
 Of your strong and pliant branches,
 My canoe to make more steady,
 Make more strong and firm beneath me!"

 * * *
 Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,
 Shaped them straightway to a framework,
 Like two bows he formed and shaped them,
 Like two bended bows together.

"Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!
 * * *
 My canoe to bind together,
 So to bind the ends together
 That the water may not enter,
 That the river may not wet me!"

 * * *
 From the earth he tore the fibres,
 Tore the tough roots of the Larch-Tree,
 Closely sewed the bark together,
 Bound it closely to the framework.

"Give me of your balm, O Fir-Tree!
 Of your balsam and your resin,
 So to close the seams together
 That the water may not enter,
 That the river may not wet me!"

 * * *
 And he took the tears of balsam,
 Took the resin of the Fir-Tree,
 Smear'd therewith each seam and fissure,
 Made each crevice safe from water.
 * * *

Thus the Birch Canoe was builded
In the valley, by the river,
In the bosom of the forest.

In the southern part of the state, where there is no birch, the Indians made "dugouts," canoes formed of the hollowed-out trunks of butternut trees. They used the butternut in preference to lighter woods because they believed it stood long contact with water better, and was less likely to be injured by the boulders and gravel they were often obliged to run over.

Life among the Indians was not all made up of hunting, fishing and fighting. They had their games of chance and skill. In summer they played a kind of ball game called *la crosse*, from the *crosse* (racquet) used by each player to receive and return the ball. This game was not unlike a combination of modern tennis and football.

The Red Man was a born gambler, and in all his games of chance was inclined to play for heavy stakes. The Indians often made large bets on *la crosse*, but the dish game and "straws" were their favorite gambling games.

Wisconsin Indians, in common with others of their race, had a religion, and, such as it was, followed it faithfully. They believed in good and evil spirits, and in almost every step they took prayed for the aid of the good spirit or sought to appease the evil one. They offered sacrifices with ceremonies, re-

minding us of the ancient peoples of Europe and Asia. During storms they would often throw a dog into the lake, saying to the manito, or spirit, "That is to appease thee."

In Emerson's "Indian Myths" is given the Winnebago tradition corresponding to the Bible story of the creation of man and woman:

"Having created the earth and the grass and the trees, the Great Spirit took a piece out of his heart, near which had been taken the earth, and formed the fragment into a man. The woman was then made, but a bit of flesh sufficed for her; therefore it is that man became great in wisdom, but the woman very much wanting in sense. To the man was given the tobacco seed, that, thrown upon the fire, it might propitiate the messenger—manitos to convey prayers or supplications; to the woman a seed of every kind of grain was given, and to her were indicated the roots and herbs for medicine. Now the Great Spirit commanded the two to look down; and they looked down, when lo! there stood a child between them. Enjoining the pair to take care of all the children they might obtain in the future, he created the male and female the first parents of all tribes upon the earth. He then informed them, in the Winnebago language, that they should live in the center of the earth. The Spirit then created the beasts and birds for the use of all mankind; but the tobacco and fire were given to the Winnebagoes."

CHAPTER II

WISCONSIN'S PIONEER—1634-1635

IN JULY, 1634—twenty-seven years after the settlement of Jamestown, fourteen years after the Mayflower anchored in Plymouth Bay, and two years before Roger Williams fled from Boston into the wilderness—a canoe, with its prow turned up stream, was launched in the Ottawa River at Montreal. With steady, swift, sure strokes of the paddles were the waters of the rushing current parted, and steadily, swiftly, surely did the canoe press forward, bearing to Wisconsin her first white visitor, Jean Nicolet.

Who was he, and what sought he in this vast wilderness inhabited only by savage beast and still more savage man? What purpose was strong enough to give him courage to venture into this wild unknown, by a long and tedious waterway full of peril and hardship?

Jean Nicolet was a French youth of Normandy, son of a mail carrier. He came to New France in 1618, when the Quebec settlement was only ten years old and Montreal seven. He himself was very young, young enough to be filled with that spirit of adventure and daring which leads men through all dangers

and privations if only they may find the new, the untrodden, the unexplored the same spirit that has animated Arctic explorers for nearly two centuries.

Champlain was then Governor of New France—a brave, daring, adventurous spirit, tempered with wisdom and judgment. A keen student of his fellow men, Champlain soon recognized in this stripling qualities which would make him an able lieutenant in furthering the governor's own ambitious plans, and he speedily found employment for young Nicolet. He sent him to spread French influence among the Indians, an honorable and dangerous mission.

Strange as it may seem, the finest young men of France, coming to the New World, were sent to live among the Indians, to learn their language, to become their friends, not that they might advance their own interests, but that they might thus add to the glory and riches of the loved mother country by helping to extend her empire and her fur-trade.

Nicolet was first sent to the Algonquins along the Ottawa River about three hundred miles from Quebec. Here, with no faces but the copper-colored ones of Indians about him, hearing not one word of his native tongue, he spent two years—years of hardship and peril, for as usual the Red Men were wasteful and heedless of the future, the natural result being the winter's famine. Starvation is not a pleasant companion, but Nicolet did not lose courage, even though once for a period of seven weeks he had no

food but the bark of trees, and at another time he had not a morsel to eat for an entire week.

Afterward Nicolet was stationed among the Nipisings, near the lake of that name. He lived with them many years, probably ten or twelve. During that time he became one with the Indians, learning their language and entering into their life, thereby gaining much influence over them. There must have been much in his nature akin to theirs, or else not even the love of France would have been a sufficiently powerful motive to induce him to remain away from the comforts of friends and home for over ten years.

But in the course of time even his zeal and devotion began to flag, and he asked to be permitted to return to civilized life. His request was granted, and about 1632 he returned to Quebec, where he remained as clerk and interpreter for two years.

Champlain was dreaming the same dream that Columbus had dreamed a century and a half before. That will-o'-the-wisp, a short route to the Indies and fabulous wealth, had lured Columbus to the discovery of a new continent, and the same delusion—a short highway to China (Cathay) and Japan (Cipango)—caused Champlain to have visions of fame, honor, and wealth for his country and himself. Through him it led the brave and devoted Nicolet into the very heart of Wisconsin, for Champlain, in common with others, believed that only a narrow strip of land separated the Great Lakes from China.

At this time the Indians were the source of all geographical knowledge of the New World west of the narrow Atlantic strip. Guided by their reports, Champlain drew a map, absurd and inaccurate of course, and this he gave to Nicolet in July, 1634, with instructions to proceed westward, making peace between the different tribes as he went, for it was to the interest of the French fur-trade that the Indians along the water route to the West should not be at war.

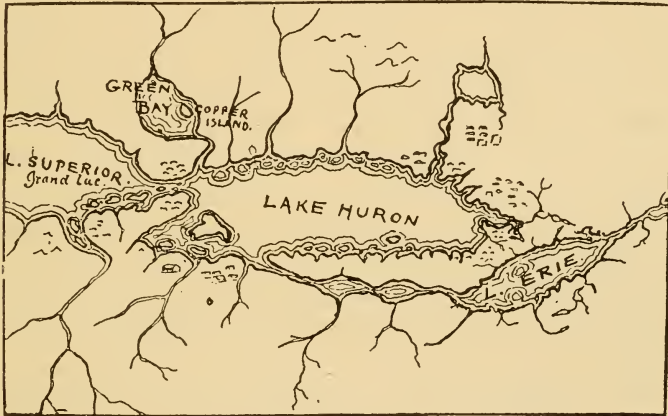
We see from this map that something was known of Lake Superior and Green Bay,¹ although some writers hold that Lake Michigan was meant by the latter. Lake Winnebago and the Fox River had been heard of, but the knowledge of the general contour and relative location of these different bodies of water was, as may be seen, very inaccurate.

The Mascoutens of the Fox River region and also another nation living near Green Bay were not unknown by report; the latter were said to be a strange people of different language and customs from the Indians—"Men of the Sea," as they were called. Nicolet was given a special message to these people, for Champlain believed them to be the rich Orientals of his dreams.

Nicolet was, indeed, well fitted for this perilous undertaking. His years of life among the Indians

* This body of water was called Bay des Puants (Bay of the Bad Smell) by the French who first came here.

had given him physical strength and endurance, a knowledge of their language and their habits, and influence over them, all indispensable to the task before him. The lack of any one of these qualities



CHAMPLAIN'S MAP—1632

would have added many fold to the dangers of the enterprise and the possibility of its failure.

His route was up the Ottawa, past his old station among the Algonquins, then up a branch of the Ottawa and by easy portage to Lake Nipissing, across this lake, and, for the time being his westward course abandoned, down the French River to Georgian Bay.

Being familiar with the language of the Hurons, with whom he now tarried a short time, he told them of the desire of their White Father to make peace be-

tween them and the Winnebagoes, the "Men of the Sea."

Starting out again, this time with seven Indians, probably Hurons, he went back to the French River, and there began his passage westward into the unknown. Slowly but surely, ever toward the setting sun, the gleaming paddles carried them, until they reached the Sault Ste. Marie, a river which connects Lakes Superior and Huron. Here at the rapids they rested. It is possible that Nicolet made short excursions from this point, and, so doing, saw Lake Superior, but that he explored it to any extent is not probable. Had he done so, some record of this great discovery would have been made, especially as his travels are very fully recorded in the annals of his time.

On re-embarking, he turned to the south and reached the isle of Mackinac, from which he could see the vast expanse of Lake Michigonong—the first white man to gaze upon its waters. This lake has since been called by many different names—Mitchiganon, Lake St. Joseph, Lake Dauphin, Algonquin Lake, and Lake of the Illinois—but finally Michigan, a corruption of the Indian Michigonong, prevailed.

From Mackinac, Nicolet skirted the northern shore of Lake Michigan until he reached the mouth of the Menominee River, where Marinette now stands, and at last set foot upon Wisconsin's soil. Here he met

the Menominee Indians, a numerous Algonquin tribe whose descendants to-day occupy a reservation in Shawano and Oconto counties. These Indians, as has been said, were of light complexion, due, as the French thought, to their eating the wild rice of their rivers.

Learning from them that he was not far from the country of the mysterious 'Men of the Sea' whom he had come to seek, he was anxious to go on. He sent one of his Hurons in advance to tell them of his coming. In anticipation of meeting richly arrayed Orientals, Nicolet had brought with him a gorgeously embroidered damask robe, reminding one of Joseph's coat of many colors. In this he dressed himself, his heart beating high with anticipation and hope of at last realizing the dreams of his master and friend, the Father of New France. He thought he had reached China.

Imagine, then, his feelings, when he stepped ashore at the head of Green Bay, repeatedly firing a pistol in the air to give dramatic effect to his landing, to see drawn up in motley array to greet him a crowd of squalid savages clad in moccasins and skins as were all the other Indians whom he knew so well!

He was wise enough, however, to conceal his disappointment and make the best of what was before him. His brilliantly flowered gown and mysterious fire and smoke greatly impressed the simple Winnebagoes and they gave him friendly greeting. Their language



NICOLET'S LANDING AT GREEN BAY

(which it is said no white man has ever learned) was of course unknown to him, but through his Huron guides he made them understand the friendly feelings of their "White Father" toward them, and urged them to bring their furs to Montreal to exchange for articles of value to them, and also to make peace with the Hurons.

His overtures were received in the most friendly manner. The Indians of the surrounding region were summoned, and they made a great feast, as was their custom on such occasions. Some writers say that there were five thousand savages there to greet him, but this estimate is probably too large. But that the number was considerable or their appetites keen we may believe, for they consumed one hundred beavers, besides many deer and much other forest game.

But Nicolet was not yet ready to return to Champlain with the report of his success and failure. He was at the head of Green Bay where the Fox River enters. He had heard much of this rich valley and had been told that the rivers abounded with fish and the land teemed with a large population, even as it does to-day. He determined to learn more of this valley and its people before turning homeward.

He ascended the Fox River to Lake Winnebago, crossed the lake, re-entered the river and ascended it until he reached an Indian village. Thus did he make the acquaintance of another Wisconsin tribe,

the Mascoutens, their name signifying "land bare of trees." This village was probably near where Berlin, Green County, now stands, in a region of slightly wooded prairie.

While among these Indians, Nicolet learned of the Mississippi River, but either he did not understand them or the author of the *Jesuit Relation* of 1643 did not understand him, for in that we read that "had he sailed three days more" he would have reached the "Great Sea."

The Indians may have told him that if he traveled up the river three days more he would reach a branch (Wisconsin) of the "great water" that flowed to the sea. This seems probable, for we know that had he paddled up the Fox for three days he would have reached the place where the Fox and Wisconsin rivers are separated by only a mile of easy portage, the location of the present city of Portage.

It seems strange that Nicolet should have turned his face eastward after hearing this remarkable news, but we must remember that, after all, his chief mission was not to explore but to make peace between the Indians so that the French might without molestation extend their fur-trade. This he had accomplished. But we cannot but regret that, being so near the mighty Father of Waters, he did not go forward and thus make the great discovery which would have amply rewarded him for the long and perilous journey of eleven hundred miles that he had made.

But this was left for others of his race to do, and he, as some authorities tell us, turned southward and visited the Illinois, returning after a short time to the Fox River and Green Bay, there visiting the Potawatatomies, and thence home by the same route he had traveled a year before. He reached Montreal in July, 1635.

The following Christmas, New France lost one of her greatest governors and Nicolet his best friend, for Champlain died. With him seemed to die the spirit of exploration among the French, for during the next twenty years no one appeared to follow up and reap the fruits of Nicolet's achievement. The fact that the Iroquois were active in hostilities during this time may explain this in part.

In 1637, Nicolet married a goddaughter of Champlain, and prepared after a score of years of savage life to enjoy the comforts of family and home at Three Rivers. In 1642, he was called to Quebec to act as commissary. Here, beloved by Frenchman and Indian alike, he spent his time performing the duties of his office and in ministering to the sick and afflicted, for he was a gentle, pious man, who delighted in serving humanity.

On the evening of October 27, 1642, word was brought to him that some Algonquin Indians at Three Rivers were torturing an Indian prisoner. He hastily secured a launch and with four companions hurried up the St. Lawrence to the relief of the vic-

tim. The sudden uprising of a tempest November 1 filled the boat with water and Nicolet, being unable to swim, could not save himself. Dying bravely, as he had lived, he called to a companion, who was saved, "I am going to God. I commend to you my wife and daughter."

Thus passed away, while on an errand of mercy, Wisconsin's pioneer—a man brave, simple, sincere, full of piety and devotion to duty. To our shame be it said, his name is not blazoned on the map of our state. No lake, no stream, no village, no city, no county perpetuates the memory of him who blazed the path to the great West.

There is some disagreement among historians as to the exact date when Nicolet visited Wisconsin, some arguing for 1638-9, others for that given in this chapter, 1634-5. Belief in the accuracy of the latter date is gradually gaining ground as the old records are more thoroughly searched. The parish register of Three Rivers shows that Nicolet was present in that parish both in 1638 and in 1639. Besides, as Sutte, author of "Life of Nicolet," says:

"I cannot see any reason why Nicolet would have visited Wisconsin after the death of Champlain; after he had abandoned the life of the woods; after he had got married; after he had become an employe of the principal commercial company of Canada; * * * at a time when his presence at Three Rivers was so important both in winter and in summer."

CHAPTER III

TWO VOYAGEURS—1654-1656

THE coming of Nicolet to Wisconsin was followed by greater events, but not immediately. As has been previously said, Nicolet's discoveries were deemed of so little importance that for twenty years no attempt was made to retrace the path he had made through the wilderness. The French were not colonizers, but fur-traders and missionaries. Had the French government encouraged its colonists to adopt the agricultural life instead of urging them to roam the wilderness in search of furs or to convert the Indians to the Roman Catholic faith, the history of Wisconsin might have been very different. As it was, those in authority counted the beaver skins and the number of baptisms and were content.

Champlain the far-sighted was dead and a lesser man ruled in his stead as Governor of New France. The Iroquois, ever bitter foes of the French and their Indian allies, were on the warpath. They destroyed every one of the missions established among the Hurons with so much zeal, self-sacrifice and devotion. They menaced every mile of the trail from Quebec to the Sault Ste. Marie. Not until the worst of the



THE WISCONSIN RIVER

Courtesy of Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry.

bitter struggle with the savages was over did Frenchmen again turn their faces westward.

The Jesuit *Relation*¹ tells of two nameless voyageurs who returned to Quebec in August, 1656, after a two years' sojourn in the Green Bay country. Who these men were we have no means of knowing except through a manuscript picked up in a London shop a century later. This manuscript, written by one Pierre Radisson, is a remarkable specimen of poor English and poorer spelling, our grammar and orthography, especially the latter, presenting insurmountable difficulties to the Frenchman.

In this journal, Radisson states that he and his brother-in-law, Menard Grosseilliers, visited the Green Bay region in 1654-6; hence they may be the two unnamed voyageurs of the Jesuit *Relation*. He tells in a very interesting manner how they visited the Ottawas, "ye nation of ye stairing haire," and tarried with the famous Fire Nation (Mascoutens) on the Fox River, who received them as hospitably as they had received Nicolet a score of years before. These Indians Radisson describes as "a faire, proper nation; they are tall and big and very strong." The two men also visited the Pottawattomies, spending a winter with them.

They claimed to have made, while with the Mas-

¹ During the reign of Louis XIV there were printed in France annually from 1632 to 1672, little pamphlets which told of the journeys and sufferings of Jesuit priests in the New World. These constitute our main authority for the pioneer history of the St. Lawrence, Mississippi and Great Lakes regions.

coutens, a canoe voyage to "ye greate river" (the Mississippi).¹

If we may credit this account, these two voyageurs were the real discoverers of the upper Mississippi. But there are many weak points in the narrative. It is known that Radisson was in Three Rivers about a year before the time at which he says he and Grosseilliers returned from the West, and it is impossible that they could have descended the Mississippi, as he asserts they did, for they were not gone long enough. It is therefore extremely doubtful whether these two explorers, in their first voyage, really went much farther than did their predecessor, Jean Nicolet.

Their conspicuous place in Wisconsin history rests not on their first voyage but on their second. In the spring of 1659, Radisson and Grosseilliers made a compact to "travel and see countreys." Radisson, though the younger, seems to have been the bolder spirit and to have assumed the leadership. They started out in the darkness of midnight, for the governor, for some unknown reason, was opposed to their enterprise.

¹"We are 4 moneths on our voyage, without doeing anything but goe from river to river," Radisson writes. "We met several sorts of people. By the persuasion of some of them, we went into ye greate river that divides itself in 2, where the hurrons with some Ottanaks [Hurons and Ottawas] and the wild men that had warrs with them had retired [an island in the Mississippi above Lake Pepin]. This nation [Mascoutens] have warrs against those of the forked river. It is so called because it has 2 branches, the one towards the West [the Missouri], the other towards the South [the Mississippi], which we believe runs towards Mexico by the tokens which they gave us."

Their course as far as Sault Ste. Marie was identical with that of Nicolet, but from this point, instead of turning southward, as did Nicolet, they went directly west to Chequamegon Bay, and are thus justly entitled to the credit of having discovered Lake Superior. Their Huron companions, who had accompanied them all the way from the lower St. Lawrence, now left them in order to visit their kinsmen in northwestern Wisconsin, some miles inland.

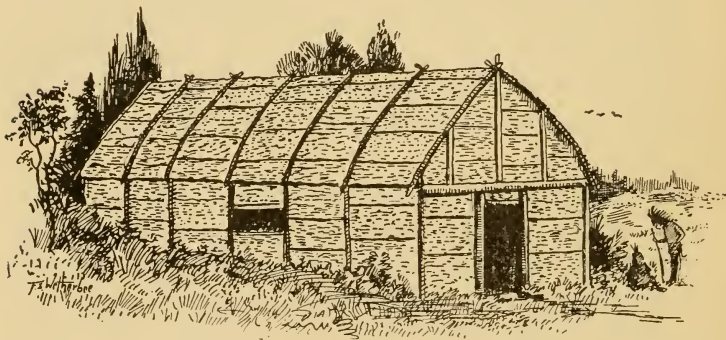
The Frenchmen set about making themselves comfortable and safe. To this end they began building a small fort, the first structure erected by white men on the shores of Lake Superior. In Radisson's journal we read:

“We went about to make a fort of stakes, which was in this manner. Suppose that the watter side had ben in one end; att the same end there should be murtherers, and att need we made a bastion in a triangle to defend us from an assault. The doore was neare the watter side, our fire was in the midle, and our bed on the right hand covered. There were boughs of trees all about our fort layed acrossse, one uppon an other. Besides these boughs, we had a long cord tyed with some bells, wch weare senteryes. Finally, we made an end of that fort in 2 days' time.”

The “wild men,” as he called the Indians, came, but they proved to be friendly Hurons, who took the two adventurers with them to their village, “five

greate dayes journeys” distant. The white men joined the winter’s hunt, which Radisson describes somewhat minutely :

“We beated downe the woods dayly for to discover novelties. We killed severall other beasts, as Oriniacks [moose], staggs, wild cows, Cariboucks, fallow does and bucks, Catts, mountains, child of the Devill; in a word, we lead a good life. The snow



HURON BIRCH-BARK HOUSE

increases daily. There we make racketts, not to play ball, but to exercise ourselves in a game harder and more necessary. They are broad, made like racketts, that they may goe in the snow and not sinke when they runne after the eland, or other beast.”

The snow increased indeed in great quantities and was so light that it would not bear the weight of the snowshoes. Their store of meat, in spite of the hunt.

was soon exhausted, and the usual winter famine resulted. Radisson writes of this time of suffering with much feeling:

“The first 2 weeks we did eate our doggs. As we went back upon our stepps for to gett anything to fill our bellyes, we were glad to gett the boans and carcasses of the beasts that we killed. And happy was he that could get what the other did throw away after it had been boiled 3 or foure times to get the substance out of it. * * * Finally we became the very Image of Death. Here are above 500 dead. It’s time to come out of such miseryes.”

When hope seemed at an end, for they had nothing but bark of trees and ground bones to keep body and soul together, the snow hardened, and they were able to secure a few animals, thus saving themselves from complete starvation.

Later, the Frenchmen wandered into the Sioux country between the St. Croix and the Mississippi rivers. They returned to Chequamegon Bay some time in the early spring of 1660, whence Radisson states that they went to the Bay of the North (Hudson Bay). But again he seems to have drawn on his imagination, probably relating as facts found out by himself the reports of the Indians. It would have been impossible for them to take this long journey overland and arrive as they did in Montreal in August, 1660.

They were laden with above three hundred robes of

castor (beaver) which they had obtained from the Indians in exchange for kettles, hatchets, knives, garters, awls, needles, tin looking-glasses, little bells, combs, vermilion, necklaces and bracelets.

It will be remembered that their voyage was not favored by the governor of New France. He therefore resorted to the punishment popular with those in authority at that time, and quietly confiscated the larger portion of their furs, thus robbing them of the well-earned reward of splendid toil and incurring the anger of the voyageurs.

This seemingly trivial circumstance had far-reaching results, for it cost the French the Hudson Bay country and its rich fur-trade. Grosseilliers went to Paris that fall to obtain justice. Disappointed in this hope, he returned to the New World, but not to continue in the service of France. He and Radisson now entered into an agreement with some Boston merchants to undertake a voyage to Hudson Bay in quest of the furs of that region, but the merchants failed to furnish the promised ships.

Later, in 1664, we find the two hardy adventurers on their way to England to interest the king of that country in the Hudson Bay project. This brings us to the time of the writing of Radisson's journal, from which we obtain our information of their connection with Wisconsin history. Though unreliable in parts, on the whole it is authoritative, besides being very interesting.

Their subsequent experiences, now in the interest of England, again in that of France, their allegiance readily bestowed on the highest bidder, does not concern Wisconsin history, but it is interesting to note that the great Hudson Bay Company, which for two centuries controlled half the continent by its monopoly of the fur-trade, was the direct outcome of Radisson's efforts with Charles II, the company being granted a monopoly by a charter given by that king in 1670.

Grosseilliers died in New France in 1698, showing that he must have been forgiven and have returned to the service of his mother country. But Radisson, the more daring and enterprising of the two, had done much more harm to France. He died in England in 1710, still regarded as the foe of his native land.

CHAPTER IV

WISCONSIN'S FIRST SOLDIER OF THE CROSS—1660-1661

PICTURE an old man, silvered, aged and bent by hardships and privations, not by years (for barely fifty-five winters had passed over his head), tottering under the weight of heavy packs through swamps and forests. This is René Ménard, Jesuit priest and missionary, Wisconsin's pioneer Soldier of the Cross.

A Parisian by birth, when barely nineteen years of age he began his novitiate for the priesthood in the Society of Jesus, better known as the Jesuits. As student and teacher he spent the next sixteen years, having distinguished himself in philosophy, theology and literature.

As soon as he became a full priest, he was ordered to America (1640) to do missionary work among the Indians. To this end he immediately set about learning the Algonquin language. The next year, being ready for service, he was sent among the Hurons, where he continued active missionary work for about nine years, or until the Iroquois, their bitter foes, entered upon their terrible warfare against these Indians which resulted in the total destruction of the missions and the flight of the Hurons westward.

Ménard then returned to Three Rivers, where he remained until 1656. Then, with others, he was sent to the Onondagas of New York, an Iroquois nation, and later to the Cayugas. These Indians were never friendly to the French; hence the post was one of great danger. But the greater the danger and suffering, the greater the glory of winning souls, and Ménard went joyfully to his new field. His life in daily—nay, hourly—peril, the burning and drowning of captives before his eyes a common occurrence, the zeal of the devoted priest was in nowise abated. He saw, but shrank not, still working for the salvation of souls through baptism, rejoicing in every sprinkling of the holy water that another soul was saved and God and the Church thereby glorified. In a joyful letter to his superior, he asserted that he alone had baptized four hundred Indians. But the discovery of a plot to kill all the missionaries led to their leaving in the darkness of night and returning to Three Rivers.

Ménard's missionary zeal had not yet abated, but now it was to be put to the severest test of all. He was told that he was to go to the Indians of Lake Superior, friendly Hurons who had fled for safety from the cruel Iroquois to the forests of northern Wisconsin. We read of this in a letter written from Quebec to the pope in the fall of 1660:

“This summer a priest of the Society of Jesus left for a mission more than five hundred leagues from

Quebec. Seven Frenchmen joined this apostle: they to buy castors, he to conquer souls. He will surely have to suffer a great deal, and has everything to fear from cold, hunger, disease and the savages. But the love of Jesus Christ and the zeal for souls conquer all."

That he himself realized the danger of his undertaking and its probably fatal outcome we know, for he wrote to a friend just before he left Three Rivers:

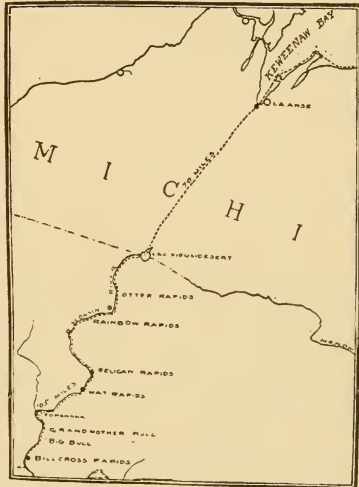
"I write to you probably the last word, and I desire it to be the seal of our friendship until eternity. In three or four months you may put me in the memento of the dead, considering the manner of living of these people and my age and weak constitution. * * * We were taken a little by surprise, so that we were unable to provide ourselves with clothing and other necessary things. But he who feeds the little birds and clothes the lilies of the valley will take care of his servants. Should we happen to die of misery that would be for us a great happiness."

When Ménard speaks of their being taken by surprise, he refers to the fact that a large number of Ottawas who were at the French settlements were anxious to return to the upper country. Their haste gave Ménard little time to prepare for the long journey if he would go in their company.

He did well to anticipate hardships—cold, hunger, peril—but these were not the worst that befell him.

He could not have anticipated that the Indians would treat him as cruelly as they did. Old and infirm as he was, they made him carry heavy packs and would not allow him to cease paddling, even though his feeble strokes could do little service in speeding them on their way.

Their route was by the Sault Ste. Marie to the Lake Superior region. Just after reaching the lake, Ménard and three Indians were abandoned by the company, and then they did indeed suffer. They had nothing to eat except what they scraped up around an abandoned lodge and some ground bones. Some passing Indians threw



MENARD'S ROUTE

(See page 61)

them a few slices of meat, and these they ravenously devoured. Finally some Indians, kinder than the others, took pity on them and guided them to Keweenaw Point, a gathering-place of the Ottawas.

They reached here October 15, 1660. Ménard spent the winter among these Ottawas, of whom Ra-

disson speaks as "the coursedest, unablest, the most unfamous and cowardliest people that I have seene amongst fower score nations that I have frequented."

They treated him cruelly, mocked at his teachings, and at last drove him out into the winter's cold. He made for himself a wretched shelter of pine boughs. Yet seated therein, this wonderful old man could write:

"I can truly say that I have more contentment here in one day than I have enjoyed in all my life in whatsoever part of the world I have been."

We may believe that his contentment came from within, in the feeling that he was giving his life for his God and his Church, for he could make but few converts among such a people. He did manage to baptize stealthily many infants, and converted about fifty adults, the first mission work done in Wisconsin.

This meager result of the winter's work made him resolve to go to a village of the Hurons about two hundred fifty miles inland, for many of these Hurons had been baptized in the Christian faith before they fled from the pursuing Iroquois. It was to seek these lost sheep that he had come to Wisconsin's wilds.

Undeterred by the terrible reports of hardships and dangers brought him by the three young Frenchmen whom he had sent ahead to reconnoiter, Father Ménard set out for the head waters of the Black River, the site of the village.

“This is the most beautiful occasion,” writes he, “to show to angels and men that I love my Creator more than the life which I have from him, and would you wish me to let it escape?”

As near as can be determined, Ménard's route was southwest by trail from Keweenaw Point to Lac Vieux Desert on the boundary line between Michigan and Wisconsin, thence down the Wisconsin for many miles, then westward by trail to the head waters of the Black. He was accompanied by a French companion and a party of Indians.

The *Jesuit Relation* in describing the journey says that the Indians abandoned the priest and his companion near a lake (probably Lac Vieux Desert), promising, however, to send them help. The two waited fifteen days, then abandoning hope of rescue and having found a canoe, started to paddle down the Wisconsin.

Either in crossing the portage from the Wisconsin to the Black River or making their way around some rapids in the Wisconsin, Ménard became separated from his companion and was lost. The writer of the *Jesuit Relation* thinks he was murdered by skulking savages, and yet pictures in moving words his death from exposure and starvation:

“Behold the priest left, abandoned; but in the hands of Divine Providence. God, no doubt, gave him the courage to suffer with constancy, in that extremity, the deprivation of all human succor when

tormented by the stings of mosquitoes, which are exceedingly numerous in these parts, and so intolerable that the three Frenchmen who had made the voyage declare that there was no other way of protecting themselves from their bites than to run incessantly, that it was even necessary that two of them should chase away those little beasts whilst the third was taking a drink. Thus, the poor Father stretched out on the ground or on some rock, remained exposed to their stings and endured their cruel torment as long as life held out. Hunger and other miseries completed his sufferings and caused this happy soul to leave its body, in order to go and enjoy the fruit of so many hardships endured for the conversion of savages.”

The supposition that the priest was murdered, and thus died the more merciful because quicker death, is supported by some circumstantial evidence, for his cassock and kettle were later found in the lodge of a Sioux.

The good father had his wish—“should we happen to die of misery, that would be for us a great happiness”—for he gave his life for his faith. Lying unburied in the wilderness, his body perished, but his spirit animated other devoted souls to follow in his footsteps, and in the years that followed we see these wandering black gowns in the forest, on the streams, everywhere that the Red Man wandered, oblivious of physical discomfort and danger, willing to endure

all, even death, in order to win souls to their faith. Bancroft says, "Not a cape was turned, not a river entered in the new world, but a Jesuit led the way." This may seem to ignore the great pioneer work done by the voyageurs and coureurs de bois, their contemporary wanderers, but it hardly overestimates the importance of these zealous men in Wisconsin's history.

As Parkman says: "These men aimed at the conversion of a continent. They were strong in a discipline that controlled not alone the body and the will, but the intellect, the heart, the soul, and the inmost consciousness. The lives of these early Canadian Jesuits attest the earnestness of their faith and the intensity of their zeal; but it was a zeal bridled, curbed and ruled by a guiding hand. Their marvelous training in equal measure kindled enthusiasm and controlled it, roused into action a mighty power, and made it as subservient as those great material forces which modern science has learned to govern. . . One great aim engrossed their lives. "For the greater glory of God," they would act or wait, dare, suffer or die, yet all in unquestioning subjection to the authority of the Superiors, in whom they recognized the agents of Divine authority itself."

CHAPTER V

CLAUDE ALLOUEZ, FATHER OF WISCONSIN MISSIONS—
1665-1676

A SUCCESSOR to René Ménard was not long wanting. Such was the zeal of the Jesuits and their devotion to Mother Church that no sooner did one fall by the wayside than another took up the burden and pressed bravely on.

Three years before Ménard died a martyr to his faith—that is, in 1658—there had come to Quebec a Jesuit priest, Claude Allouez by name, of whom his superior in France had written: “He is possessed of a vigorous constitution, of a fine mind and disposition, of good judgment and great prudence. He is firm in purpose, proficient in literature and theology, and eminently fitted for missionary work.”

That he would need a vigorous constitution, fine mind and disposition, good judgment, great prudence, and firmness in purpose should he undertake the work begun by the holy Ménard, there is no question, although the value of proficiency in literature and theology may be doubted.

As soon as he landed in Quebec he began the study of the Huron and Algonquin tongues, as Nicolet had done before him. It was not until 1665 that he re-



PICTURESQUE ROCKS OF WISCONSIN

Courtesy of Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry.

ceived marching orders. Word then came to him to take up the mission work begun by Ménard among the Ottawas of Lake Superior. Accompanied by four hundred Indians who had come from that region

to trade their furs, he and three other Frenchmen left Three Rivers on August 8, 1665. Like the other Jesuits of his time, he kept a careful account of his journeyings and his work, and it is from this we learn the particulars of his voyage. His presence was unwelcome to the Indians, so much so that he writes:

“The devil formed all opposition imaginable to our voyage. One of their leading men declared to me his will and that of his people, in arrogant terms and with threats of abandoning me on some desolate island if I dared follow them any further.”

What Ménard suffered, Allouez suffered, being compelled to carry heavy packs and to paddle all day long, and being given improper food or no food at all. Truly, his vigorous constitution and firmness in purpose were needed to prevent his sinking under the strain. The savages resorted to many devices to make him turn back, even going so far as to steal his clothes. As he says: “I had great trouble to keep my hat, the rim of which appeared to them very good to protect themselves from the excessive heat of the sun. At night my pilot took a blanket that I had and used it for a pillow.”

We can imagine that he was glad indeed when they reached Chequamegon Bay, at the head of which was a large Indian village of seven different nations. Here, on the mainland, probably between the present sites of Ashland and Washburn, was built a rude

chapel of bark, the first house of Christian worship in Wisconsin. It was not far from the site of the fort built by Radisson a few years before.

From the long, narrow, sandy point of land which here extends into Lake Superior some four miles, Allouez named his mission La Pointe du Saint Esprit (Point of the Holy Spirit).

Burning with zeal, the good father set to work to convert the Indians to the Roman Catholic faith. At first, pleased with the novelty, the Indians seemed responsive to his teachings. There flocked to his bark chapel his immediate neighbors, the Ottawas and Chippewas, and from afar the Pottawattomies of Green Bay, the Kickapoos of western Wisconsin, the Sacs and Foxes of the Fox River country, the Illinois from still farther south, and even the savage Sioux of the western plains. But soon the novelty wore off, and then Allouez's lot was indeed a hard one. His experiences were but a repetition of Ménard's.

The medicine men, upon whose field he was encroaching, especially disliked him, and he returned the feeling with interest. He writes of their idol-worship with the horror of a true son of the Church. As to their followers, he says:

“For the rest, as these people are dull, they do not acknowledge any deity purely spiritual. They believe that the sun is a man and the moon is his wife; that snow and ice are also human beings, who go away in spring and come back in winter; that

the devil dwells in snakes, dragons and other monsters; that crows, hawks and some other birds are manitos (spirits) and talk as well as we do, pretending there are some Indians who understand their language just as some of them understand a little French.”

On the whole, his mission among these savages was not a success. He withstood four years of discouragement and ill-treatment, during which time he baptized some five hundred souls, mostly children. During these four years, he journeyed to the head of the lake, probably to where Duluth now stands, and also to the northern shores of Lake Superior, the latter voyage being made in a birch-bark canoe with two Indians as guides. He also made a return journey to Quebec in 1667, to ask for help in his mission. He remained but two days, taking with him on his return two more Jesuits as assistants.

But still the mission did not prosper. His troubles with the medicine men reached a climax. He threatened them with the fires of hell, and one of them retaliated with weird incantations which were intended to bring about the death of the priest. Three hours of the ceremonies tired out the medicine man, but the Black Gown was still in good health. His enemies then attacked the chapel, tearing away the walls and stealing his personal property.

Allouez probably was not greatly grieved to receive orders from his superior to pass on to an-

other field. James Marquette, of whom we shall learn more later, was appointed to succeed him.

The Pottawattomies, of Green Bay, attracted both by the mission and the trading-post (for La Pointe was both), had been among the visitors received by Allouez. They begged the priest to return with them and deal with some young Frenchmen who were molesting them. Yielding to their entreaties, he left La Pointe with them in November, 1669.

The time of year was unfavorable for this journey. Floating ice, severe storms, danger of shipwreck, and hunger were the portion of the travelers, but, despite all hardships, they reached Green Bay, December 2, the eve of the feast of St. Francis Xavier. Allouez, therefore, named the mission he established St. Francis Xavier.¹

Allouez reached the Green Bay region in a time of famine. This want of food was due, as he expressly states, to the shiftlessness of the Indians, and not to the barrenness of the land. There was abundance of game and fish, had they but had the industry to secure and preserve it, and the soil was so fertile that even their poor farming could not prevent the land from yielding good harvests. But

¹Two years later this was removed to the east side of the Fox River, at the first rapids, where the present city of Deperre stands. In 1673 a fine church was built here. At the beginning of the last century, some workmen accidentally unearthed a silver soliel which Nicholas Perrot had presented to this church. It was buried in 1687 when the mission was burned, there to remain until chance brought it to light in 1802. It is now in the possession of the State Historical Society at Madison.

the Indian made no provision for the future. Allouez writes of them:

“These savages are without industry. They know not how to make even a bark dish, but use shells instead; they are uncommonly barbarous, and, having only what they absolutely need, they show great avarice in disposing of their little wares.”



SOLEIL PRESENTED TO THE
ST. FRANCIS XAVIER
MISSION BY PERROT

The St. Francis Xavier Mission was the center of spiritual work among the neighboring tribes — the Pottawatomies, Winnebagoes, Sacs, Foxes and Menominees. In 1670, Father Allouez founded a mission among the Foxes on the Wolf River, a branch of the

Fox. This mission he named St. Mark.

He then retraced his steps and again entered the Fox River. This he ascended until he reached a trail leading across a prairie to a village of the Mascoutens, the Fire Nation, probably near the present

site of Berlin. He received a friendly welcome from these Indians, who prayed to him as a manito. He preached to them, telling them of the one and only true God. Here he established the mission of St. James. The Mascoutens seemed to be very familiar with a river which they said flowed south to the great sea, and which doubtless was the Mississippi. They talked much to Allouez about it, but he went no farther westward. He was a saver of souls, and not an explorer.

His next journey was to the Menominees at the mouth of the river now known by their name. The mission of St. Michael was the fruit of his labor here. This was late in May, 1670. Instead of returning to the Green Bay mission, he went to Sault Ste. Marie, where he remained until September of the following year.

Father Dablon, who had been laboring in the Lake Superior country, accompanied him to Green Bay. During this time, he, with other priests, had made surveys for a map of the Superior region. While doing so, he reported that they found copper in great abundance on Isle Minong (Isle Royale), but he complained that the Indians were so reluctant to give information about the copper that he had not yet found the source of the metal. He said the Indians told him the copper had first been found by four hunters on a certain island near the north shore of the lake. Wishing to boil their food, the

hunters picked up a few stones on the shore, heated them red hot and threw them into a bark vessel which they had filled with water, but to their surprise they found the "stones" to be pure copper.

Their meal over, they hurried away because of the lynxes and the hares, which were as large as dogs on this island, and which they feared might eat their provisions.

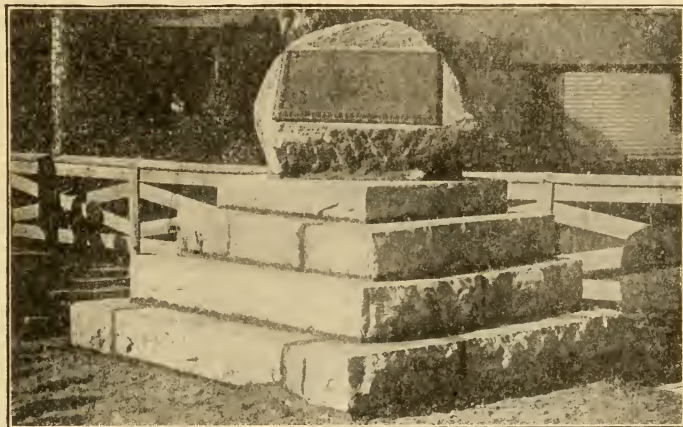
They took away with them some of these "stones." Scarcely had they pulled away from the shore, when they heard a deep voice, like thunder, crying, "Who are these thieves who steal the toys of my children?" It was the God of the Waters, or some other mighty spirit. The four hunters rowed away in great terror; three of them soon died, but the fourth reached home and told the story. It was said that the island had no foundation, but floated with the wind, and no Indian dared land on its shores.

Together Father Allouez and Father Dablon visited the St. James mission among the Mascoutens. The Indians told the priests still more of the great river, which "flows toward the south until it discharges itself into the sea, some of them even asserting that they themselves had followed the river to the sea, and there had seen white men like the French who hewed trees with large knives and had houses on the water."

This information appears not to have impressed the good fathers sufficiently to induce them to set

out to see for themselves, for they turned back to Green Bay.

Father Dablon did not long remain with the Green Bay mission, his place being filled by Father André.



THE DEPERE MONUMENT TO ALLOUEZ
Near the Site of St. Francis Xavier Mission

This priest and Father Allouez built the substantial church spoken of on page 69.

In 1676, Father Allouez, obeying an order from his superior in Quebec, set out to work among the Illinois, and Wisconsin knew him no more. He died among the Illinois in August, 1689, having devoted his life for nearly a quarter of a century to unselfish labors among savage peoples.

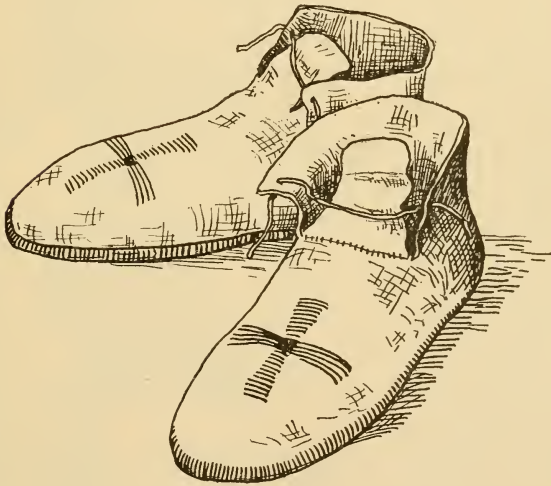
The Depere mission became the center of the trading and spiritual life of Wisconsin. It was surrounded by palisades within which were cabins, workshops and storehouses.

Father André, who was left in charge when Allouez left, had won his way to the hearts of the savage children by his flute-playing. He thus taught them the canticles of the Church, and then marched them through the villages, preaching through song to their parents.

Because these songs pleased the savages, the good father had an inspiration, "to combat their superstition and idolatry by these innocent souls." The *Relation* of 1671-2 says:

“* * * He composed canticles against the superstitions of which we have spoken, and against the voices most opposed to Christianity, and, having taught them to the children by the sound of a soft flute, he went everywhere with his little savage musicians, declaring war against the jugglers [medicine men], the dreamers, and those who had many wives; and because the savages passionately loved their children, and suffered everything from them, they allowed the reproaches, although biting, which were made to them by these songs, inasmuch as they proceeded from the mouths of their children. It happened sometimes that as the father was obliged in the heat of dispute to refute the errors of these superstitious people, and to convince the old men

of the falsity and silliness of their idolatry, it happened, I say, that this troop of children tired of hearing such disputes, threw themselves among them and, sounding their canticles, obliged their parents to be silent. This gave the father much joy, who saw that God made use of these innocent mouths to confound the impiety of their own parents.”



CHAPTER VI

PERROT, PRINCE OF FOREST RANGERS—1665-1699

HERETOFORE in our narrative we have given prominence to the Black Gowns, as the Indians called the Jesuit priests, and justly have we done so, for their efforts are indeed worthy of note. But our picture of early days in Wisconsin would be untrue to life did it not show the famous *coureurs de bois* (rangers of the wood) well in the foreground, sometimes preceding, sometimes accompanying these priests through the pathless forest.

As to which class, layman or churchman, belongs the greater credit for pioneer work, we cannot determine. One historian seems to give the palm to the latter; others claim that the priest simply followed the path blazed by the forest ranger. It is not necessary for us to take part in the dispute; rather let us yield due honor to both, for they were practically contemporaries.

When Radisson and Grosseilliers, forerunners of the *coureurs de bois*, returned to Montreal in 1660, three hundred Indians accompanied them in canoes laden with furs. The sight of such riches to be had for a mere song roused the young Frenchmen there to the highest pitch of excitement. For the most



A COUREUR DE BOIS

part unfettered by ties of home and family, guided by naught but love of adventure, desire for wealth, or a wild fancy for the untried and unusual, these youths — one by one or in companies, sometimes with a Jesuit father and Indian guides, sometimes without — turned their canoes westward.

What wonder that they rarely returned to civilization except for brief periods! The forest life was free from restraint, the trade in skins

profitable, and the Indians as a rule friendly, for the Frenchman, unlike the Englishman, readily adopted the manners, dress and customs of his red-skinned companions.

“Painted and tattooed, with feathered hat and beaded garments, he daily danced with the braves or gravely smoked the calumet at the council of the tribe.”

The young Frenchman often allied himself still more closely with savage life by taking to himself for a wife a copper-colored maiden, sometimes one in each village he visited. No sense of morality restrained him, for, considering himself outside the pale of civilization, he was bound only by the law of selfish desire.

His brief returns to the settlements were marked by great joviality and gayety. Surrounded by companions, rangers like himself, he drank and gambled and danced and sang the hours away as long as his money lasted, when he sought absolution for his sins from the village priest and at once resumed his life among the children of the forest, until his purse was again filled.

Picturesque, daring, adventurous, hardy and shrewd, he was often of the greatest service to New France in dealing with the Indians, keeping them at peace with one another, so that the fur-trade might not be molested, and friendly to the French, so that the encroachments of the English on that trade,

already felt in the Hudson Bay country, might be more successfully resisted in the lake region.

In spite of their service to the government, the king and the governors were rarely friendly to these adventurers, for the life of the woods attracted to it the finest young men in the colony, thus retarding its growth. But they did not dare to be too severe in imposing restraints, lest the ranger, who was a law unto himself, be drawn over to the service of the English, as were Radisson and Grosseilliers.

The prince of these forest rangers was Nicholas Perrot. The year that Father Allouez began his great mission work in Wisconsin, 1665, finds this youth—for he was barely twenty-one years of age—taking service as a sort of volunteer helper to the missionaries, one of his duties being to provide necessities. In that year we find him among the Pottawattomies of Green Bay, who received him gladly. It was of some of the young Frenchmen with him that these Indians complained to Allouez.

Perrot tarried here for a time, then went on an errand of peace to the Menominees, who were threatening war against the Pottawattomies. On his return after pacifying the Menominees, the Pottawattomies tried to persuade him to remain among them, but he refused, knowing that they were actuated simply by the desire to keep control of the fur-trade with the French.

Before long he left them in order to visit the Foxes

on the Wolf River, but, disliking their attitude toward him, he soon pushed on to the Mascoutens. These the Pottawattomies had attempted to influence against him. Perrot happened to overhear their agents telling lies about him and the French, and he managed to outwit them and conclude the treaty.

For four years more Perrot remained among the Indians of eastern Wisconsin, and then returned to Montreal, in 1670. In the fall of that same year he was selected by the governor for the difficult task of bringing representatives of all the western tribes together at Sault Ste. Marie for the ceremony of announcing French sovereignty over their domains.

He succeeded in inducing fourteen tribes from Wisconsin and the Hudson Bay region to send delegates for this purpose. The Foxes went as far as Green Bay, then turned back. The Mascoutens and Kickapoos declined to respond to his persuasions.

De Lussou had been named as commander of the new country. The ceremony of taking possession was one well calculated to impress the simple savages. In a hole dug in the ground was placed the base of a large wooden cross. Surrounding it were the magnificently dressed commander, his soldiers (among whom was Louis Jolliet) and the black-gowned priests headed by Father Allouez of Depere. With heads bared, the Frenchmen chanted a hymn. At its close, while a tablet of lead engraved with the royal arms of France was nailed to a cedar post near

the cross, de Lusson lifted a sod, bared his sword, and proclaimed Louis XIV the Magnificent ruler over the country of the Great Lakes.

When the shouting that followed this was over, Father Allouez addressed the Indians in the Algonquin tongue as follows:

“It is a good work, my brothers, an important work, a great work, that brings us together in council to-day. Look up at the cross which rises so high above your heads. It was there that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, after making himself a man for the love of men, was nailed and died, to satisfy his Eternal Father for our sins. He is the master of our lives; the ruler of Heaven, Earth, and Hell. It is he of whom I am continually speaking to you, and whose name and word I have borne through all your country.

“But look at this post to which are fixed the arms of the great chief of France, whom we call King. He lives across the sea. He is the chief of the greatest chiefs, and has no equal on earth. All the chiefs whom you have ever seen are but children beside him. He is like a great tree, and they are but the little herbs that one walks over and tramples under foot.

“You know Onontio,¹ that famous chief at Quebec; you know and you have seen that he is the terror of the Iroquois, and that his very name makes them

¹ Indian name for the Governor of Canada.

tremble, since he has laid their country waste and burned their towns with fire. Across the sea there are ten thousand Onontios like him, who are but the warriors of our great King, of whom I have told you.

“When our King attacks his enemies, he is more terrible than the thunder; the earth trembles; the air and the sea are all on fire with the blaze of his cannon; he is seen in the midst of his warriors, covered over with the blood of his enemies, whom he kills in such numbers that he does not reckon them by the scalps, but by the streams of blood which he causes to flow. He takes so many prisoners that he holds them in no account, but lets them go where they will, to show that he is not afraid of them.

* * *

“But what shall I say of his riches? You think yourselves rich when you have ten or twelve sacks of corn, a few hatchets, beads, kettles, and other things of that sort. He has cities of his own, more than there are of men in all this country for five hundred leagues around. In each city there are storehouses where there are hatchets enough to cut down all your forests; kettles enough to cook all your moose, and beads enough to fill all your lodges.

“His house is longer than from here to the top of the Sault—that is to say, more than half a league—and higher than your tallest trees; and it holds more families than the largest of your towns.”

This was not the end of the good father’s lengthy

harangue, but we have given enough to show that the glory, power and magnificence of Louis XIV received able treatment at his hands.

The ceremony concluded, the French left. The Indians celebrated their departure by stealing the royal arms.

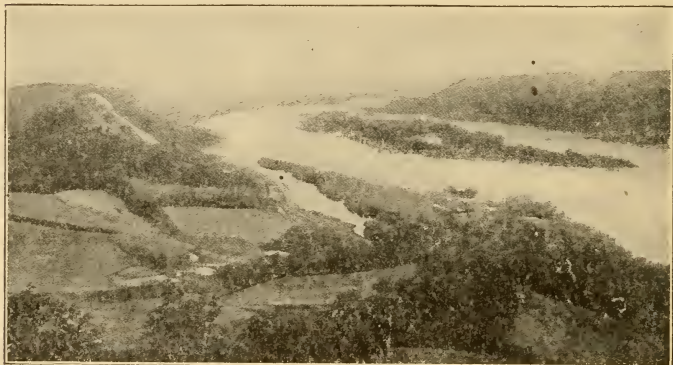
Perrot now returned to the St. Lawrence and married, but, even so, he did not long remain in the settlements. He obtained from Frontenac, who in lieu of Perrot's recent services did not dare to refuse, a license to trade with the Indians of the Great Lakes. But this was not free from restrictions. Perrot was permitted to take but one canoe of goods and to bring back all he could, by shrewdness or otherwise, persuade the savages to give in return. The ranger probably made several such trading-trips to the West during the next few years.

In 1683, we learn from his *Memoire*, he was ordered to proceed to the West and secure the Indians as allies of the French in a war they were planning against the Iroquois. Others had been sent on the same mission, but had failed. Perrot was so successful that he induced five hundred of the Red Men to go with him to Niagara, only to learn, much to their disgust and his, that de la Barre, now governor of New France, had made a treaty of peace with the Iroquois. There was nothing for them to do but to return with their war lust ungratified.

In 1685, Perrot seems to have met with some

return for the services he had rendered the government, for he was made commander of Green Bay and its dependencies, which now also included the upper Mississippi country.¹

He at once went to Green Bay, then to the Mississippi, pitching his camp near the present village of



SUPPOSED SITE OF PERROT'S WINTER QUARTERS, 1685-6

Trempealeau. Here he built a few rude cabins and passed the winter of 1685-6. There were discovered here, in 1888, a large hearth and fireplace made of flagstones cemented with a clay mortar which undoubtedly were used by Perrot.

In the spring, the ranger ascended the river to

¹The Mississippi had been discovered and partially explored in 1673 by Jolliet and Marquette. See next chapter.

Lake Pepin and built a barricaded post on the Wisconsin bank, which he named Fort St. Antoine. About the same period, or perhaps a little earlier, he built a similar post just a little north of the junction of the Wisconsin and Mississippi rivers, near the present city of Prairie du Chien. This he called Fort St. Francis, not forgetting the saints of his Church, layman though he was.

Orders now came to Perrot again to rally the Indians for an expedition against the Iroquois, not an easy task, considering what had happened before, but he succeeded in mustering a fairly large company of savages, who accompanied him to Mackinac and thence to Niagara. They then proceeded against the Senecas, an Iroquois tribe.

While the ranger was thus engaged, a number of Foxes, Mascoutens and Kickapoos, who, it will be remembered, had not joined in the ceremonies at Sault Ste. Marie, attacked the French at Green Bay, burning the mission house and the warehouses where Perrot had stored furs to await the cessation of the Iroquois troubles. As Perrot was not a rich man, the loss was a great blow to him.

It was at this time that the priests buried the silver soleil, his gift, spoken of previously.

In 1689, we find the bold ranger again at Fort St. Antoine on the Mississippi, engaged in a repetition of the ceremony which had taken place at Sault Ste. Marie in 1671. With as much pomp as he could

display, he took possession of all the surrounding country in the name of the King of France.

The next year he was given a piece of lead ore by the Miamis, an Illinois tribe, which gift resulted in his discovery of the lead mines of southwestern Wisconsin and northern Illinois, since the source of so much wealth. Near these lead deposits he built another barricaded post.

In 1692, the scene of Perrot's activities was changed to Michigan, for again was his influence over the Red Men needed, this time to counteract the efforts of the English, who were arousing the Indians to hostilities. This work of pacifying hostile Indians occupied him most of the time during the next seven years, at the end of which time, in 1699, the King of France ordered all western posts abandoned. Thus ended Nicholas Perrot's career in Wisconsin.

His remaining years were spent on the banks of the St. Lawrence, in poverty and bitterness of heart, for the government never allowed his claim for services rendered. He died in 1717, at the age of seventy-five, broken in spirit by the ingratitude of his king and his country.

CHAPTER VII

THE MYSTERIOUS RIVER FLOWING SOUTHWARD—1673

IN ROUNDING out the story of Perrot's life, it was necessary to carry our narrative past a very important event in Wisconsin's history. We now turn back to record a discovery upon the brink of which priest and forest ranger alike stood for forty years, partially knowing what lay just before them, but yet not making that knowledge certain.

In 1634-5, Jean Nicolet heard from the Mascoutens of the great river that flowed into the sea, but the hearing did not move him to seek and find. Twenty years later they told the same story to Radisson and Grosseilliers, who claimed to have profited by the information and to have visited the river, but whose claim is probably false. Again, fifteen years later, these savages repeated the tale oft told, this time to a Black Gown, Father Allouez, and once again to him and a brother priest, Father Dablon, a year later; but, although the latter wrote of the river with an accuracy of detail that is wonderful, considering that he never saw it, the two priests were busy establishing the spiritual empire of the Roman Catholic Church, with no thought of extending the earthly empire of the king, and they also turned



LOUIS JOLLIET

their backs upon the great discovery. It is not at all unlikely that these Indians told the same tale to the bold coureur de bois, Nicholas Perrot, for they seemed never to tire of its repetition; but if they did tell it, it was not effective in leading him farther westward, for he personally knew nothing of the Mississippi until in 1685, twelve years after its discovery, he went to the banks of the stream

as commander of the country along its border.

It was reserved for two others, one an explorer, Louis Jolliet by name, the other a priest, James Marquette, accompanied by five other Frenchmen, to make the great discovery. To the first-named belongs the real credit of the discovery, for he was

the leader of the expedition, so commissioned by the governor of New France. Had his canoe not been overturned and his papers lost just above Montreal on his return, to him and to him alone would have been given the praise which was his due. As it happened, Marquette's account of the voyage was saved and published, and thus to him has come all the glory of the enterprise.

Jolliet was a real son of New France, for he spent but a short year of his life in the mother country. For a time he tried to be a Jesuit, but the life of a priest was not to his liking. He soon abandoned it and decided to become an explorer. To that end he began to study woodcraft and Indian dialects, both of which he quickly mastered.

In 1669, he led a party of Frenchmen in a search for the copper mines of Lake Superior and a shorter route from Montreal to the lake region. He seems not to have been



FATHER MARQUETTE

successful in his effort to find the mines, but he took a new route back, going past Detroit to Lake Erie, then to Lake Ontario and home.

Near the head of Lake Ontario, he met La Salle, who was already searching for the "great river flowing southward." Jolliet advised him to go by way of Lakes Huron and Michigan and the Fox River, but he would not. He obstinately turned south, thus missing the river he sought, although finding one of its great tributaries, the Ohio.

During the next three years, Jolliet made many journeys to the region of the upper lakes, one of them in company with de Lusson when the latter took possession of the country for the king.

In the early winter of 1672, Count Frontenac, Governor of New France, in response to the expressed desire of his king, devised a plan for the discovery of the river so often spoken of by priest, forest ranger and Indian, and also of the South Sea into which it was thought the river might empty. To head this enterprise he chose Louis Jolliet, a man well fitted for the task by natural qualifications and training.

In December, Jolliet started out, carrying with him instructions from Father Dablon, superior of the Great Lakes missions, to James Marquette, priest at the St. Ignace Mission at Mackinac, to join the expedition.

We have heard of this priest before. He was the

one who took charge of La Pointe Mission at Chequamegon Bay when Allouez left for Green Bay, 1669. Marquette labored here not much more successfully than had his predecessors, Ménard and Allouez, so far as saving souls was concerned, but he added much to his linguistic knowledge, learning to speak six dialects within a few years.

His work was brought to a sudden close by the onslaught of the savage Sioux, "the Iroquois of the West," as he called them. Before these dreaded savages the Hurons and Ottawas fled like startled deer at the hunter's approach, the latter to their old home on Manitoulin Island in Lake Huron, the former to Mackinac. This flight marked the end of the Mission of the Holy Spirit, for never again was there a mission established there by the Jesuits.

Marquette accompanied the Hurons to Mackinac, and was doing his gentle, pious work among them when he received his orders through Jolliet to join the party to explore the Mississippi and find the South Sea. He was greatly pleased by these orders, for he had long desired to go farther west.

He had already heard much of this river from some Illinois Indians visiting Chequamegon Bay. He says:

"When the Illinois come to La Pointe, they pass a great river about a league in width. It runs from north to south and so far that the Illinois, who know

not what a canoe is,¹ have not heard of its mouth. It is hardly credible that this large river empties [into the sea] at Virginia; and we rather believe that it has its mouth in California. If the Indians who have promised to make me a canoe do not fail in their word, we shall travel on this river as far as possible.”

This exploration, he also says, he intends to make “in order to open the passage to such of our fathers as have been awaiting this good fortune for so long a time.”

The time was now at hand when his dream of exploration could be realized, and the priest's joy was intense.

The long winter evenings were spent by Marquette and Jolliet before the hearth of blazing logs in the mission house, planning the voyage. They found out all that could be learned from the Indians, made a map of their intended route, and prepared supplies. The latter seem very meager—two birch-bark canoes, smoked meat and Indian corn—but the two doubtless relied much on the game and fish to be obtained along the way.

On May 17, 1673, they began the journey. Their course through the Straits of Michilimackinac (Mackinac), along the shores of Lake Michigan and the Menominee River, was by this time well known. The Menominee Indians, upon learning the destina-

¹ He probably means a *large* canoe.

tion of the travelers, tried by the recital of all sorts of horrible tales to dissuade them from going.

“They told me,” writes Marquette, “that the Great River was exceedingly dangerous and full of frightful monsters who devoured men and canoes together; and that the heat was so great that it would surely cause our death; that there is even a demon there, who can be heard from afar, who stops the passage and engulfs all who dare approach.”

But the Frenchmen were not to be easily frightened. Marquette taught the Indians a prayer, and the party passed on down the familiar route to Green Bay, up the Fox River, carrying their canoes past its raging rapids, across Lake Winnebago and again into the Fox, the beauties of whose banks Father Dablon had so glowingly described.

On June 7 they reached the village of the Mascoutens. The Miamis, an Illinois tribe who had fled before the Iroquois, dwelt here in friendly relations with the Mascoutens, as did also the Kickapoos.

We can imagine the delight of Marquette to see here the cross set up by Allouez three years before, and his greater delight to find it decorated with bows and arrows, deerskins and red belts—offerings which the Indians had made to the Great Manito of the French in gratitude for having, as they believed, averted a threatened famine.

Jolliet called together a council of the Indians, told them of his plans, and asked for guides, which

were now necessary, for the explorers had reached the westernmost point thus far visited by the French. His request was readily granted, and they set out on June 10, accompanied by two Miamis whose style of hair-dressing—allowing a long lock to dangle over each ear—was much admired by Marquette.

They followed the tortuous Fox in its winding course through the lakes and marshes until they came at last to the place where a bend of the Fox is separated from a curve in the Wisconsin by only a little over a mile of marsh, the narrow divide between the two great water systems of the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi. Legler well says of this:

“A raindrop falling here may be carried down the latter stream [the Wisconsin] into the Mississippi River, and thence into the Gulf of Mexico; or, perchance, it may flow with the rapid flood of the Fox into the volume of the Great Lakes, over the ledge of Niagara, down the St. Lawrence, into the ocean of the North.”

They had reached the portal to the Mississippi upon whose threshold Frenchmen had stood for two score years.

The portage across this marsh was familiar to the Indians, so that the seven Frenchmen and their canoes were soon safely embarked upon the waters of the Meskousing, as Marquette calls it, whose current was to bear them—whither? Perhaps to the

Gulf of California, perhaps to the South Sea, perhaps to the Gulf of Mexico. Time would tell. Parkman thus describes their four days' journey down this beautiful river:

“They glided calmly down the tranquil stream, by islands choked with trees and matted with entangling grape-vines; by forests, groves, and prairies, the parks and pleasure-grounds of a prodigal nature; by thickets and marshes and broad, bare sandbars; under the shadowing trees, between whose tops looked down from afar the bold brow of some woody bluff. At night, the bivouac,—the canoes inverted on the bank, the flickering fire, the meal of bison-flesh or venison, the evening pipes, and slumber beneath the stars; and when in the morning they embarked again, the mist hung on the river like a bridal veil; then melted before the sun, till the glassy water and the languid woods basked breathless in the sultry glare.”

On June 17, 1673, their gleaming paddles shot the two canoes into the broad current of the Mississippi. Their joy was inexpressible.

But their journey was not yet ended; worse was yet to come, if they were to believe the tales told them by the Menominees. They may have been startled into a partial belief by “a monstrous fish,¹ which,” says Marquette, “struck so violently against our canoe that I took it for a large tree about to

¹ Probably a cat-fish.

knock us to pieces," and again when they saw what appeared to be "a monster with the head of a tiger, a pointed snout like a wild-cat's, a beard and ears erect, a grayish head and neck all black."²

The sight of large herds of buffaloes, seen for the first time on the Wisconsin, became quite common.

In spite of all the strange animals encountered, the travelers pushed on, paddling steadily but cautiously by day and landing at night, after careful reconnoitering, to cook their evening meal, then anchoring in mid-stream till morning. For nearly two weeks they had seen no trace of human beings, when one day they saw footprints in the western bank and a well-beaten path. Jolliet and Marquette resolved to follow it.

After walking about six miles, they came upon an Indian village. Attracted by their shouts, four old men, holding up peace-pipes, came to meet them. These Indians proved to be Illinois. Their reception of the strangers was kindly and a feast was prepared for the white men. The four courses served were Indian meal porridge, fish, roast dog, and buffalo meat, all of which but the third proving acceptable to the visitors, although fed to them bit by bit, as though they were birds or babies. After the feast the chief assured them that their presence added flavor to his tobacco, made the river more calm, the sky more serene, and the earth more beautiful.

² Probably a tiger-cat.



MARQUETTE'S MANUSCRIPT MAP, ACCOMPANYING HIS JOURNAL, 1673

These new friends also tried to dissuade the Frenchmen from journeying farther southward, but without result. The voyagers embarked once more, Marquette carrying a peace-pipe given him by the chief, who told him that it would insure them kindly treatment from all Illinois kinsmen to the south.

Again they were on the mysterious river flowing southward, passing now the mouth of the Illinois, where they saw the terrible monsters of which the Menominees had told, but the monsters were only painted ones.¹ On a flat high rock were painted two of them, in red, black and green, each "as large as a calf, with horns like a deer, red eyes, a beard like a tiger, and a frightful expression of countenance. The face is something like that of a man, the body covered with scales, and the tail so long that it passes entirely round the body, over the head and between the legs, ending like that of a fish."

These were sufficiently terrible to frighten the superstitious savages, and even to interest the Frenchmen to the extent of making them the subject of conversation until the attention of the explorers was attracted by a torrent of yellow water from the west pouring into the blue Mississippi. "I have never seen anything more terrible," writes Marquette, but still they did not turn back, although their canoes were whirled about like straws, and were in danger of being overturned by the great

¹ Probably idols.

trees that the rushing current brought down. This river we now know as the Missouri.

They soon passed the mouth of another stream, this one entering from the east—the Ohio, or Beautiful River, as the Iroquois called it.

As they glided ever southward, they found that the pests which made Ménard's last hours so full of suffering had a broader field of activity than Wisconsin's forests, for they were attacked by myriads of mosquitoes.

Suddenly, one day, they saw some Indians on the east bank. There was mutual surprise. The display of the peace-pipe by Marquette met with kind response, and the party landed. It was evident that these Indians were in touch with Europeans somewhere, for they had guns, knives, hatchets, and gun-powder in glass bottles. The Indians assured the explorers that they would reach the mouth of the river in ten days, which, as they were over one thousand miles up stream, indicates on the part of the Red Men either utter ignorance or a wish to deceive.

Day after day the explorers paddled on, until they had traversed some three hundred miles more through the solitude of river, marsh and forest, when they reached the mouth of the Arkansas, where they saw a cluster of wigwams. Their reception was warm but not friendly. In spite of the peace-pipe held up by Marquette, the young men of the tribe

set out in canoes and even waded out to attack them, a war club thrown by one narrowly missing the good priest's head, when the older men of the tribe, seeing the calumet, interfered.

The Frenchmen spent the night here, in some fear, it is true, but morning found them safe. They went but a few miles farther down the stream.

Their reasons for turning northward at this point were sound. They had gone far enough to prove that the Mississippi empties into the Gulf of Mexico, and they feared if they went farther they might be killed by the cannibal Indians to the southward or by the Spaniards, the story of their discovery remaining an untold tale.

The return journey was begun on July 17. To paddle against the current in the burning heat of the July and August days was indeed a hard task, and it is no wonder that Marquette's health failed. The voyagers did not return by the Wisconsin-Fox way, but up the Illinois, a shorter route to Lake Michigan. They probably reached this lake by way of the Des Plaines and Chicago rivers. Following the west shore of the lake, they reached Sturgeon Bay, made a portage across, and reached the mission at De Pere the last of September, after an absence of four months and a journey of two thousand five hundred miles.

During the following winter each wrote a narrative of their experiences and discoveries, and each

made a map of the country visited. As has been stated, Jolliet was so unfortunate as to lose his records in the rapids above Montreal. He writes to Frontenac thus:

“I had escaped every peril from the Indians; I had passed forty-two rapids, and was on the point of disembarking, full of joy at the success of so long and difficult an enterprise, when my canoe capsized after all the danger seemed over. I lost two men and my box of papers within sight of the first French settlements, which I had left almost two years before. Nothing remains to me but my life and the ardent desire to employ it on any service which you may please to direct.”

And thus, through accident and not because it is his due, has come to Marquette the fame of the discovery. His statue it is which adorns Statuary Hall in the Capitol at Washington as Wisconsin's noted citizen. His name it is which is perpetuated in a county within our borders, while Jolliet, the daring leader and real discoverer, has no memorial in marble or in name. Illinois has in a way preserved his memory by naming a city for him, although doing him no especial honor in locating in that city her state prison.

The story of the after lives of these two explorers is soon told. Marquette had promised some Illinois in his journey through their country that he would return to them. This his health would not permit

until October of the following year. Accompanied by two Frenchmen, he started to return along the western shore of Lake Michigan. Exposures to cold and storm brought on his old ailments, and he was obliged to spend the winter in a rude cabin not far from the present site of Chicago. In the spring he was so much better that he succeeded in reaching the great Illinois village on the Illinois River. He began his missionary work among the tribe, a work he had longed to do ever since he first became acquainted with a few of them at Chequamegon Bay, but it was not to be continued. He became much worse, and, realizing that he could not long survive, he started back to Mackinac, along the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, two servants with him.

Most of the time he lay in the bottom of the canoe. He grew rapidly worse. That he fully realized his condition is evidenced by the old narrative:

“The eve of his death, which was Friday, he told them, all radiant with joy, that it would take place on the morrow. During the whole day he conversed with them about the manner of his burial, the way in which he should be laid out, the place to be selected for his interment; he told them how to arrange his hands, feet and face, and directed them to raise a cross over his grave. He even went so far as to enjoin them, only three hours before he expired, to take his chapel-bell, as soon as he was dead, and ring it while they carried him to the grave. Of all

this he spoke so calmly and collectedly that you would have thought that he spoke of the death and burial of another, and not his own.”

His servants took him ashore at the mouth of the St. Joseph River, May 18, 1675, and there he died. He was buried at this place according to his directions, and a cross was erected to mark the spot.

About a year thereafter, some Ottawa Indians, converts of the good priest, found the grave, opened it, cleaned and dried the bones after a custom of theirs, wrapped them in birch bark, and, in a procession of thirty canoes, carried them to the mission of St. Ignace at Mackinac, where, with fitting ceremonies, they were buried in a vault in the church.

This church was destroyed by fire in 1705. In 1877 a half-breed Indian, in clearing land at St. Ignace, came upon the ruins of a burned building. The village priest, familiar with the story of Marquette's life and death, surmised that these ruins might contain his remains. After diligent search, he found some human bones with fragments of birch bark. Some of these were re-buried and a fitting monument erected over them, some were given to various well-known admirers of the Jesuit priest, but the larger portion were put in a casket and sent to Marquette College, Milwaukee.

The story of Jolliet's last years is even briefer, for but comparatively little is known of him. Upon

his return to Quebec, he was met by Father Dablon, Marquette's superior, who questioned him closely upon his journey, gathering material for a report which the priest sent to France. This report was published six years before Marquette's journal appeared in print.

Jolliet's report had shown the French that the Mississippi empties into the Gulf of Mexico, thus proving false the theory held so tenaciously by them that this river would give them a clear route to the Pacific. Though disappointed in this hope, they substituted another for it, the discovery of the Missouri opening up new possibilities of a way to the longed-for riches of the East.

But, in spite of this acknowledged service to New France and the mother country, Jolliet met the same fate that befell others who had served France well—neglect and poverty. It is true that he was meagerly rewarded with the gift of the Island of Anticosti in the St. Lawrence. Here he built a fort and a home for his family, but two years later the island was taken by the English, and he with his wife and mother-in-law, while attempting to reach Quebec, were made prisoners by Phipps, the English commander. The Frenchman recovered his liberty, but not his property. Of his subsequent life almost nothing is known, even the date of his death being uncertain.

CHAPTER VIII

“THE HOUSE THAT WALKED UPON THE WATER”—1679

AT THE mouth of Cayuga Creek, not far from the present site of Buffalo and almost within sound of Niagara's plunging flood of waters, there was being built in the winter of 1678-9, a sailing-vessel, the Griffon, which was to be the first ship to part the waters of the Great Lakes in the carrying trade between the East and the West. On her prow was the carved image which gave her her name—a fabulous monster, half lion, half eagle, part of the Frontenac coat-of-arms.



THE GRIFFON

On her deck stood a man, cold and stern, shy, self-restrained and solitary, ambitious, arousing strong love and equally strong hatred, a foe to the Jesuits, who likewise hated him, yet an ardent son of the faith; a man exalted by some historians, belittled and maligned by others—Robert Cavelier, Sieur de La Salle.

By his side were two men, one an Italian, tall,



ROBERT DE LA SALLE

dark-skinned as an Indian, with curly black hair and fearless, kindly eyes; a man whom men, savage and civilized, loved at sight. He was the friend and devoted follower of La Salle through good and evil report—Henri de Tonti. He it was under whose direction the Griffon was being built.

The other man wore a gray capote of coarse texture whose peaked hood hanging behind his shoulders left his shaven crown to

glisten in the sunlight; around his waist the cord of the Franciscan Order, and by his side the crucifix. We recognize a priest, Hennepin by name, whose broad nose, flat lips, many-folded chin and twinkling, good-humored eyes make a picture that it seems difficult to reconcile with the journey of hardship, toil

and privation about to be undertaken. But the friar had always been fond of strange lands and strange peoples, if we may believe his own words about himself.

“Often,” he says, “I hid myself behind tavern doors while the sailors were telling of their voyages. The tobacco smoke made me very sick at the stomach; but, notwithstanding, I listened attentively to all they said about their adventures at sea and their travels in distant countries. I could have passed whole days and nights in this way without eating.”

The Griffon was not a large ship, probably of about forty-five tons’ burden. Five cannon peered from her port-holes. The crew numbered thirty-one.

On August 7, 1679, with white sails spread she started westward. In three days she reached Detroit. Seventeen days more, during which she weathered a terrific gale on Lake Huron, sufficed to anchor her at Mackinac, where La Salle, clad in a scarlet cloak with gold lace trimmings, led the party ashore to return thanks for their safe deliverance from the fury of the elements.

They then turned the vessel’s prow westward through the straits and across Lake Michigan to Green Bay. Great was the amazement and curiosity of the Pottawattomies over the “house that walked upon the water”—the first sailing-vessel ever seen on Wisconsin waters.

The Griffon remained moored at Washington

Island, at the mouth of Green Bay, long enough to be freighted with the heavy load of furs which La Salle's agents, sent west while she was building, had collected for him. The expedition, however, was not merely a commercial one; that it was so at all resulted from the fact that La Salle, who had obtained permission from the king and Frontenac to explore the Mississippi, must pay for the enterprise out of the profits of the fur-trade. To build the ship and equip it he had incurred many debts, and it was to cancel these that he now sent the Griffon, under the pilot's charge, back to Niagara with instructions to unload there, purchase more supplies and return with the vessel as soon as possible to the head of Lake Michigan.

On September 18, favored by a light wind, she set sail and was soon lost to sight on the far horizon, never to be heard of more. Whether she met the fate shared by hundreds of vessels which have since tried to weather the gales of the Great Lakes, or whether her crew proved false to their trust, sunk her, and, laden with the plunder, were captured by the Indians, we cannot tell. "She was gone, it mattered little how," says Parkman. Naturally it was not till several months afterward that La Salle knew that anything had befallen his vessel.

He and fourteen of his men started out in canoes from Green Bay down the west shore of Lake Michigan, the next step in their journey to the unex-

plored West. They themselves encountered fearful storms, born out of a clear sky, and were forced again and again to land.

Early in October, compelled by need of corn and a violent storm, they put in at what is assumed to have been our Milwaukee Bay. Here was a village of the Pottawattomies. The Indians were gathered upon the shore, but La Salle, fearing that some of his men would steal his goods and desert to the natives, went farther down the shore despite the danger. Some of the party then cautiously made their way to the village, only to find it abandoned, the savages having been frightened away by the strange conduct of the Frenchmen in not landing. The voyagers helped themselves to corn, but left suitable compensation for it.

The next day the journey was resumed, and they soon rounded the southern part of Lake Michigan, reaching the mouth of the St. Joseph, where Marquette had died.

Here Tonti, who with twenty men had come down the eastern shore of the lake, was to meet them, but it was twenty days before the young Italian appeared, his men decreased in number to ten, the remainder, because of scarcity of food, having been left behind. La Salle sent him back for the others. He set out with two men, but a violent storm overturned his boat, and guns, provisions and baggage were all lost. The three returned, having only acorns



HENRI DE TONTI

for food while so doing. Happily, in a few days the rest of the party arrived.

Leaving a few men in charge of the rude stockade built here, with instructions to forward the supplies of the Griffon as soon as she appeared, La Salle, Tonti and Hennepin pushed on.

On the shore of Lake Peoria, among the Illinois,

La Salle built a fort which he named Fort Crèvecœur (Heartbreak), but the heart of the builder was not yet broken, in spite of misfortunes and enemies—for he had enemies in the Jesuits because he had interfered with their fur-trade.

A Wisconsin Indian in the darkness of night had slipped into the Illinois village, told the people that La Salle was a spy of the Iroquois and would betray them, and in the darkness of night slipped away again.

Beset thus by treachery, by rebellion (for his men were becoming disloyal), by anxiety for the Griffon's fate, La Salle grew impatient. He resolved to leave Tonti in command and to go on foot twelve hundred miles to Montreal to find out what had become of his vessel. He sent Hennepin down the Illinois River with instructions to explore the Upper Mississippi.

The story of La Salle from this time on—a tale of daring, danger, hardship, suffering, privations and death—belongs to other states than Wisconsin.

Tonti has little more connection with our history. Most of his companions deserted him after La Salle's departure, and in the fall the terrible Iroquois fell upon his friends the Illinois. Tonti nearly lost his life in trying to protect them, but they were not grateful. It seemed unsafe longer to remain among them; accordingly he and the five companions yet with him secretly left in a leaky canoe, their faces



A SIOUX WARRIOR

turned toward Green Bay, the nearest point of safety.

This journey adds one more to the tales of suffering from hunger, cold, sickness and death by the way, but the brave men finally reached the Pottawattomies, all except Father Gabriel, who was treacherously murdered by a strolling band of Kickapoos while he was praying in a secluded place.

The Pottawattomies, friendly as ever, gave the little band shelter for the winter. In the spring, recruited in health and energy, Tonti crossed to Mackinac, where, to his great joy, he met his loved leader, La Salle, twelve months after their parting at Fort Crèvecœur. La Salle had his story of ill-fortune, plottings of enemies, hindrances and treachery to tell, but he retained his wonderful courage, and still held unfalteringly to his determination to explore the Great River. But, as said before, the relation of his subsequent explorations belongs not with Wisconsin's tales.

We must follow Friar Hennepin a little longer, although his story belongs more to Minnesota than to Wisconsin.¹ His instructions were to explore the

¹As to the actual explorations made by this priest, there has been much discussion, owing to the conflicting statements made by himself in two books, one of which was published before La Salle's death, the other afterward. In the first, he relates entertainingly the incidents of his journey in the upper Mississippi country, probably very largely true to facts; in the second, he makes the astounding declaration that he and his men explored the whole of the Mississippi from the Illinois to its mouth, and that to him, and not to La Salle, belongs all the glory of that exploration. It is unfortunate for the friar's reputation for truth that in the second he contradicts what he had explicitly stated in the first, besides hopelessly confusing and changing dates.

upper Mississippi, it being La Salle's plan—one which he afterward carried out—to explore the lower himself.

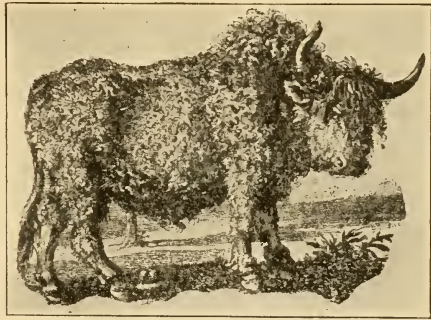
The three companions set out, floating down the Illinois, the friar still wearing the gray capote and hood and the cord of the Franciscan order. They fared sumptuously, for game was abundant, although Hennepin, never indifferent to the delights of eating, did complain of having neither seasoning nor wine to make his meals more palatable.

When they had advanced some distance up the Mississippi, they stopped one day in April to mend a canoe. Suddenly a war party of naked savages came upon them. These proved to be Sioux setting out to attack the Miamis in revenge for the murder of the son of one of their chiefs. Hennepin was not slow in producing the peace-pipe, but they seemed to have little respect for this emblem of peace. Tobacco met with a little more favor, but did not prevent their making the three Frenchmen prisoners.

Hennepin and his companions were forced to paddle across the river, upon the bank of which the Sioux camped for the night, the attack on the Miamis abandoned for the time being. The fate of the Frenchmen for a while hung in the balance, for the Indians were divided in opinion, some being for immediate torture and death, others deeming this course unwise, arguing that it would prevent the French from trading with them and their thus

becoming possessed of the hatchets and guns of which they had heard. The latter argument finally prevailed, but the Indians forced the prisoners to go home with them. This was pleasing to Hennepin, for it will be remembered that he dearly loved to see strange countries, even if he must do so in questionable company.

They passed Lake Pepin, which Hennepin called the Lake of Tears because here the old chief who had lost his son wept and



BUFFALO DRAWN BY HENNEPIN

howled over the priest, blaming him for their abandonment of the attack upon the Miamis. They reached the chief village of the Sioux in the Mille Lacs region, Minnesota, after hardships of which Hennepin complains, but which do not appear to have been any greater than the Indians themselves endured.

Hennepin was adopted by one of the chiefs as his son, but he was held almost as a slave. It was not at any time certain that the faction favoring death for the Frenchmen would not prevail, and therefore it

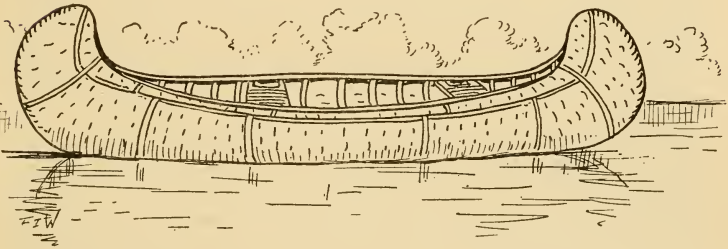
was thought best to escape if possible. One of the Frenchmen, having taken a dislike to the friar, refused to be a party to their plans. The other two stole away one night, but they were soon recaptured.

Afterward, while on a buffalo hunt on the Wisconsin shore of the Mississippi, the Sioux were surprised by the appearance among them of Du Lhut, a fur-trader, and four companions. Du Lhut had heard of this hunting party which had with it three white men, and he had come to their rescue. He seemed to have great influence over these dreaded savages, and when he soundly berated them for holding Frenchmen captive and ordered their release, he was at once obeyed.

Abandoning his cherished plan of exploring to the west to find the sea of salt of which the Indians had told him, he conducted Hennepin and his companions over the Wisconsin-Fox route to Green Bay. This journey was accomplished in safety, but it does not appear that Hennepin had a very grateful heart, for in one of his books he traduces Du Lhut, his rescuer, and actually claims that the bold trader was under his own protection while with the Sioux.

The friar spent the winter at Green Bay, but the most important thing he records of the time is his renewal of his boyhood sport of skating. He returned to France in 1682, where he spent much time writing accounts of his travels, mostly fictitious,

maligning the names of La Salle and Du Lhut, both of whom had befriended him. He seems to have fallen into disgrace and to have been dismissed from his order, after which we hear of him in England and then in Rome, at which place he sinks out of sight.



CHAPTER IX

THE THORN IN THE FLESH—1712-1743

AT THE dawn of the eighteenth century, the lilies of France, planted by wood ranger, priest and explorer, floated over the entire region of New France and Louisiana, from Quebec to the mouth of the Mississippi, and from the Alleghanies nearly to the Rockies. Even the haughty Iroquois, after almost a century of fiercest hatred of the French, were at peace, and, if not allies, were at least neutral.

But there had already been sown the seeds of discontent, which later bore fruit in one of the wickedest, bloodiest wars of history, and finally in the trailing in the dust of the proud lilies and the loss by France of every foot of soil in the New World.

This discontent had its rise in the system by which New France carried on her fur-trade. Monopoly was its curse. Because the trade was in the hands of a few who, at a large price, purchased from the government the right of trading, restrictions were placed upon it and prices of goods given in exchange for furs were ruinously high.

This latter fact might not have been discovered by the Indians had it not been that the English pursued an entirely different policy. With them the trade

was open to all; hence it was that competition made them offer better bargains to the Indians. In 1689, a French writer says, a beaver skin would buy eight pounds of gunpowder at Albany, at Montreal only two; it would bring forty pounds of lead at Albany, while Montreal buyers would give but thirteen; and at Albany six gallons of fire-water would be generously dealt out for the skin which at Montreal must be sold for one.

The Indian was not long in finding this out, and he naturally wanted to sell in the highest market. Perrot, who thoroughly understood the Indians and the condition of affairs in the West, warned the government that the savages were beginning to murmur, but because of the belief that the link of friendship that bound the Indians to the French was so strong that it could not be broken, no change of policy was inaugurated.

And this belief seems to have been well founded, if we except one tribe, the Foxes of Wisconsin, the thorn in the flesh of New France. These Indians were never friendly to the French. From the first, they had met every advance with haughty disdain. Allouez had not been kindly received by them. He had formed no very favorable opinion of their morals, being shocked at the number of wives each Fox had. The Foxes, in turn, had had "but a very poor opinion of the French ever since two traders in beaver skins had been among them." On his second

visit, he learned that some of their number had visited Montreal the year before and had been shamefully treated by the soldiers. He says: "Now they were determined to avenge themselves for the bad treatment they had received in the French settlements."



A FOX CHIEF

had once saved the life of the child of a Fox chief.

Their feeling against the French probably had its roots in their passionate love for independence. They were wise enough to see what French mastery would mean in the end.

As early as 1694, Count Frontenac heard that the Foxes were secretly hostile. He then wrote to the

king that these Indians were planning to seek a new home on the banks of the Wabash or the Ohio. He says:

“The Foxes are a fierce and discontented people, in secret alliance with the English. If they remove to the Wabash with their affiliated tribes, the Kickapoos and Mascoutens, they will form there a nation of fifteen hundred warriors. Far away from their enemies, the Sioux, and in close contact with their Iroquois and English allies, they will prosper as never before. Other Indian malcontents will gather around them. They will become a great people, holding the key to the valley of the Mississippi. The fur-trade will pass into the hands of the English, and French supremacy in the West will be at an end.”

Frontenac's prediction would doubtless have come true had the Foxes done as he thought they were intending to do, but for some reason they did not move to the Wabash, although later they did change their home.

The French, to prevent the English from intruding on the fur-trade of the Upper Lakes, and to keep their countrymen and their allies from trading with the English, had built a fort at Detroit and persuaded some of their closest allies—the Pottawattomies, the Hurons and part of the Ottawas—to settle around it.

In 1712, the Foxes, Mascoutens, Kickapoos and

part of the Sauks, though uninvited and unwelcome. came also. That is, the French later claimed that they were uninvited, but a manuscript of the times, recently published, seems to bear out the statement of the Indians that they came as invited guests, for it says, "The commandant, wishing to draw the commerce of all the nations to his post, had sent belts to the Mascoutens and Kickapoos to invite them to settle there, and they, having accepted the offer, came and built a fort at the place which had been assigned them."

But the commandant, wishing to make it seem that his subsequent procedure was justified on the plea of self-defense, claimed that these Indians came for the express purpose of attacking Detroit. If this be true, it seems very strange that they should have brought along their women and children, and that they should have remained quiet from their arrival in early spring until May 11, during which time the garrison numbered but twenty men. By the latter date, the allies, who had been gathered into Detroit by messengers, even from as far west as the Missouri, had all come; whereupon the French began to fire upon the startled Foxes.

The surprised Indians protested: "What does this mean, my father? You invited us a little while ago to come and settle around you, and now you declare war against us. What have we done? But we are ready. Know ye that the Fox is immortal."

Their protest not being heeded, they retired behind their palisades and made ready for defense; the French should not find them an easy foe. Such was their reputation for valor that the Indian allies did not dare attack them, but tried rather to conquer them through hunger and thirst. The French built two scaffolds twenty-five feet high, and from these vantage points poured down such a fire upon them that the Foxes could not steal out for water. Thus beset, they became furious and made two or three desperate sorties, at one time firing hundreds of blazing arrows into the fort, thus setting fire to the thatched roofs and starting a blaze which the French subdued by putting wet skins upon the roofs.

The allies became disheartened, saying that the Foxes could never be conquered—that they were braver than any other people. The commandant made a last desperate appeal to them, loading them with presents. This produced no effect, but when some of the Sauks now deserted to the French and related in what a condition the Foxes really were—“worn out with sickness, famine and constant fighting”—the courage of the allies rose again.

The Foxes were indeed in a pitiable condition. They had now no resource but to raise the white flag of surrender and sue for peace, but not for themselves. “It is the life of our women and our children that I ask of you,” said their envoy.

But they sued in vain. The French were deter-

mined to destroy them root and branch, for only thus could they hope to keep the fur-trade of the great West unmolested. They would probably have succeeded in the extermination of the whole camp and the war for the destruction of a people been of short duration, had not a heavy storm come up one night, nineteen days after the attack on the Foxes had begun. Under cover of the darkness the Foxes took their flight, but not all escaped. Twelve miles from Detroit a part of them were overtaken. It took five days more to conquer even these, with such desperate valor did they defend themselves. But the fight could have but one outcome, for the Indians were far outnumbered. Over one thousand were slain, those not killed outright being given over to the allies for torture and death, not even the women and children being spared. Truly it is not surprising that the commandant should not want to bear the responsibility for such an outrage, but we should hardly expect him to place it on the God of the Christian; yet he says, "It is God who has suffered these two audacious nations to perish."

Thus ended the first chapter of a struggle for independence on the one side and for extermination on the other.

But it was only the first chapter, for there were yet Foxes, and while there were Foxes there would be undying hatred for France and undying desire for revenge. But the Red Men had learned wisdom.

They must have help if they hoped to cope with the powers arrayed against them.

In 1714 we find the Foxes in alliance with the Sioux, their hereditary enemies, against the Illinois, humble vassals of the French. So persistent were their attacks that in a few years the Illinois were driven from their home on the Illinois River.

The French became alarmed, as well they might. It was bad enough to have a bitter enemy in control of the chief waterway between the East and the West, the Fox-Wisconsin. By driving the Illinois away the enemy was now getting control of the other great channel. What was to be done?

It was wisely suggested that the restrictions on the fur-trade be removed and it be made open to all, but wisdom did not prevail at the court of France. Instead, the brutal and foolish policy of wiping the Foxes out of existence was determined upon, in spite of the protests of Perrot, now an old man of seventy, and of other men experienced in the affairs of the West.

In accord with this determination, an expedition was fitted out in 1716, numbering eight hundred men, French and Indians. This was the first hostile army landed on Wisconsin soil.

The Foxes were intrenched upon a small hill, Little Butte des Morts, near the present site of Neenah. "Everybody believed," says Charlevoix, a writer of that time, "that the Fox nation was about to be de-

stroyed; and so they themselves judged when they saw the storm gathering against them; they therefore prepared to sell their lives as dearly as possible.

“One can but dimly imagine the scene: thousands of men, women and children tranquilly awaiting their doom; the busy preparations for war, the few guns made ready, spears sharpened, the stone arrow-heads securely fastened to their shafts; the council fires around which the warriors crouched, row upon row, in solemn conclave; the long fastings, for the Foxes were very devout after their own fashion, and would often fast ten days at a time on the eve of battle; their incessant war dances, now slow and measured, now growing fast and furious until the forests rang with their wild songs and cries of defiance.”

The French besieged the fort and dug mines underneath. Hunger and thirst finally drove the Foxes to make an offer of surrender, but this was refused. A second time they asked for peace, and this time the commandant granted it on condition that they release all prisoners, replace by a slave every Frenchman killed by them, and pay all expenses of the war in furs. He declared that the allies agreed to this, but his statement seems to be contradicted by the fact that when, five years later, an attempt was made to unite them against the Foxes, they refused, saying, “It is difficult to place confidence in the French, who once before united the nations to assist in extermi-

nating the Foxes and then granted peace without even consulting the allies.”

But the Foxes did not keep the peace as faithfully as they might. Three of their hostages held in Quebec died the next winter, and the only remaining one lost an eye. When he came back the next spring with the commandant to reprove the Foxes for not having kept faith with the French, the Indians pretended to be very submissive. But, matching craft with craft, they were in reality preparing for war. They had begun the formation of the greatest league of Indian tribes ever known upon this continent. In 1721 Charlevoix says:

“The nation which for twenty years past has been the most talked of in these western parts is the Outagamies or Renards [Foxes]. The natural fierceness of their savagery, soured by the ill-treatment they have received, sometimes without cause, and their alliance with the Iroquois, have rendered them formidable. They have since made a strict alliance with the Sioux, a numerous nation inured to war; and this union has rendered all the navigation of the upper part of the Mississippi almost impracticable to us. It is not quite safe to navigate the river of the Illinois unless we are in a condition to prevent surprise, which is a great injury to the trade between the two colonies [New France and Louisiana].”

This was not all that the Foxes did. They managed, in one way and another, to attach to their cause



THE DELLS OF WISCONSIN

Courtesy of Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry.

all the Indians of Wisconsin except the Chippewas. The Sauks, who had been divided, a part for the

Foxes, a part against, all joined the great league. The Winnebagoes soon followed, and even the peace-loving Menominees fell into line. Truly, the Foxes must have had infinite wisdom and patience to accomplish all this! The Sioux, as has been stated above, were fast allies, notwithstanding the efforts of the French to break the alliance, and the Foxes even appear to have won the friendly feeling of the Iowa Indians and the Chickasaws of the lower Mississippi.

The *coureurs de bois*, since they were not permitted to trade legally, did so illegally, and did not scruple to furnish the Sioux and the Foxes with fire-arms, lead and powder. In 1720, the governor thus complains to the king: "This contributes more than all else to foster the haughtiness of the Sioux and the Foxes. The latter are especially intractable and have a very bad influence upon the former. They have so prejudiced them against us with stories of our treacherous designs that the Sioux turn a deaf ear to all the persuasions of our officers."

In order to understand how important to the French and how formidable this league was, we must remember that by this time there were many colonists in the Mississippi valley, that the French had a line of forts from Quebec to the lower Mississippi, and that they must keep this line unbroken if they wished to keep the two colonies united, for the English were already threatening along the Ohio, ready to take advantage of any break.

In the meantime the Foxes had kept up their constant warfare against the Illinois, in spite of the condition of their treaty by which they bound themselves not to war upon the allies of France. They paused not until they had driven the very last tribe from the Illinois country.

In 1726, however, a sort of peace was patched up in a meeting at Green Bay with delegates from the Sauks, Foxes and Winnebagoes. Soon afterward, in 1727, a French expedition was suffered to pass unmolested over the Fox-Wisconsin route, closed to them for some time, on their way to Lake Pepin to establish a trading-post among the Sioux. This was not a wise policy for the Foxes, as we shall see, for this post was later the means of their undoing.

In 1728, charging that the Foxes had again broken faith by attacking the Illinois, the governor, without consulting the king, made a plan to destroy them. His company consisted of four hundred Frenchmen and nine hundred savages. Reinforcements were expected from the Illinois country and from the Upper Lakes region.

“The army toiled painfully over the usual route by way of the Ottawa River. In struggling through the wilderness, by narrow trails and difficult portages, the force was necessarily split into detachments; but by July 26 all had reached the rendezvous on the shore of Lake Huron. Here mass was celebrated before the reunited army. The place of wor-

ship was a green prairie, smooth as a temple floor, walled in upon the one side by the dim arches of the forest, on the other by the glistening waters of the inland sea. In the center stood three priests clad in the stately vestments of their office; before them an altar transported with infinite pains through the wilderness. Roundabout was a motley host. Soldiers in uniform and Canadian hunters in their many-colored garb stood beneath the banners of France; scantily costumed savages crouched or lay flat on the ground, with eyes and ears intent upon the 'great war medicine' of the French. After these pious exercises the multitude set out with new ardor to exterminate the Foxes, feeling that they had the blessing of God upon their efforts."

The French, leaving Mackinac, soon arrived at the mouth of the Menominee River, where they landed, as they stated, to provoke an attack from the Menominees. They were successful in bringing on the attack and in putting the Indians to total rout, then re-embarked for Green Bay.

They halted within a few miles of a Sauk village, then approached under cover of darkness. But alas for the glory they had expected to win by wholesale slaughter! Only four victims were found, the rest, warned of their approach, having fled. The four, too sick or too old to take flight, were ruthlessly tortured and burned.

The Winnebago village next reached also was de-

serted, except for a few women and one old man. The French burned the cabins and the corn, and their allies took the women as slaves and put the old man to death by torture. Truly, this was a righteous war!

No better success awaited the invaders at the Fox village; only two women and a girl remained upon whom to wreak their vengeance. However, they passed over the country like a plague, laying it waste in order that, as the governor wrote, "one-half these nations shall die of hunger and that the rest will sue for mercy."

But what of the fleeing savages? In the glowing days of September four thousand of them might have been seen hurrying down the Wisconsin, the women and children in canoes, the warriors on foot, making their way through the thickets and swamps of its shores. They turned north at its mouth, expecting the Sioux to aid them against the invaders, but they were disappointed. The selfish Sioux had been won over to the French by the establishment of the trading-post on Lake Pepin, and they turned a deaf ear to the fugitives.

The Mascoutens and Kickapoos also deserted them. The Winnebagoes were finally received by the Sioux, who, it will be remembered, were kin to them. The Sauks went back to Green Bay, ready to be forgiven, but sore was the distress of the Foxes. They found a refuge for a time with the Iowa Indians, but love of their old home irresistibly drew

them back to Wisconsin, and they, too, came, begging peace. The reply was a fierce attack upon their camp by French Indians.

Later, another expedition was undertaken against them, at which time about eighty warriors and three hundred women and children were killed or captured, the prisoners all being put to death by torture.

The French used to make excuses for their burning of human beings on the plea that they had learned it of the savages. "Among the wolves we have learned to howl," they said; but this would seem slight justification for burning innocent women and children.

When we next see the remaining Foxes, they have retreated to the Illinois River, and there they take stand again. It was thought by the French that they were trying to join the Iroquois, not at all an unlikely supposition. Of course, another expedition was fitted out against them. There began a battle on August 29, 1730, which lasted twenty-two days. Outnumbered more than four to one, the Foxes fought bravely, desperately, but it was the story of Detroit over again. Weakened by hunger and thirst, they again took advantage of a heavy storm to steal away. Morning found the pursuers close upon their heels. The result is sickening to relate—two hundred braves and six hundred women and children left dead upon the prairie. About sixty warriors were all that escaped.

It would seem that the Foxes were at last subdued, for the dead cannot rebel. But so long as a single Fox remained alive, so long was the murderous lust of France not satisfied.

For two years we hear nothing of the scattered remnants of this brave people; then we learn that the few survivors, still clinging to old Wisconsin, are dwelling upon the Wisconsin River. It is not long before another expedition is sent against them (1731-2), this time made up of Christian Iroquois and Hurons. Unprepared for battle, the Foxes can make little resistance, and three hundred more men, women and children are added to the long list of victims.

There now remained only about fifty or sixty warriors to keep alive the memory of their wrongs. Of this number, some twenty, with thirty or forty women, went in despair to Green Bay and threw themselves on the mercy of the commandant. Kiala, their chief, was sent to Quebec and from there as a slave to Martinique, where his faithful wife followed him. The others were allowed to remain that winter, and were placed with some Sauks across the river from the fort. The next spring the governor ordered them all brought to Montreal or destroyed.

In attempting to carry out this order the commandant attacked the Sauks, who would not give up their guests. In the attack he lost his life, being shot

by a twelve-year-old boy, Blackbird. Three days later the Sauks and Foxes again took to flight.

The exiles wandered far, gathering up the few remaining Foxes as they went. They again sought refuge with the Sioux, but were refused, then among the Iowans, but in vain. Finally they settled upon the Wapsipinacon River in Iowa.

It was not to be expected that they would be allowed to dwell here in peace. In 1734 another expedition was started out from Montreal to attack them, but it proved a failure and a temporary peace agreement followed.

During the next few years treaties were made and remade, only to be broken. In 1741 the Foxes again made an alliance with the Sioux, showing that wisdom and statecraft were not yet dead in them any more than were courage and desire for vengeance.

In 1742 they are reported as submitting, but the French could not really claim a victory, for the Foxes, in spite of the great efforts put forth for over a quarter of a century to destroy them, numbered still, even in 1736, one hundred warriors and seven hundred women and children, undaunted and defiant as before.

It was not long before all that remained, except a few around the sites of Chicago and Milwaukee, moved to Green Bay, but later they returned to the Wisconsin, and then settled along the eastern bank of the Mississippi, from the Wisconsin River south.

From this time on they do not seem to have gone on the warpath again, but they are evidently much feared, for the governors were constantly propitiating them with presents.

Thus this war of over half a century came to an end. Its bloody trail could be traced over four states—Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, and Iowa. France had resorted to savage and cruel warfare and had put forth every effort to crush this enemy under her foot, but could never claim complete victory.

In its purpose and conduct, the folly and the inherent weakness of the policy of France in the New World had been strikingly shown. The Foxes, even at the lowest ebb of their fortunes, had had sympathizers among the other Indians, for these tribes could not but fear that should the French succeed in destroying the Foxes, their own destruction might come next. Add to this fear the discontent caused by the condition of the fur-trade, and the insecure foundation of French empire in the West will be seen. This was indirectly contributed much to its final downfall.

CHAPTER X

WISCONSIN BECOMES ENGLISH DOMAIN—1756-1763

THE struggle between France and England was of long duration. In the Old World it had stretched through centuries, but it was not extended to the New until the natural expansion of the English fur-trade and settlement to the West and the occupation of the Mississippi valley by the French made the conflict of interests and claims only a question of time.

The racial enmity existing between the two peoples made the colonists ready to espouse any quarrel of the mother countries, even had there been no local cause for irritation. But the fur-trade furnished abundant local irritation. Hence we need not be surprised that as early as 1690, when William, Prince of Orange, brought to the throne of England his great hatred for Louis XIV of France, the outbreak of hostilities between the two countries which followed his accession was duplicated across the Atlantic in what was known as King William's War (1690-1697). Again, in Queen Anne's War (1702-1713), did the colonists fight valiantly in the quarrel of the mother countries, and yet again in King George's War (1744-1748).



LINE OF FRENCH FORTS

Embittered by these many wars and by the conflicts growing out of the fur-trade and westward expansion, the colonists were getting ready for the final struggle. The result of this struggle was so

plainly to be foreseen that he who ran might read. The colonial policy of the two countries made for strength in the one case and for weakness in the other. France established a line of garrisoned posts from mouth to mouth of her two great rivers, the main object of which was commercial. Little organized attempt was made to settle. On the other hand, the English were settlers, clearing the land, tilling the soil and building permanent homes. They came to stay, and stay they did.

This difference in policy, with its logical outcome, was far-reaching in its effects, for it determined that Wisconsin should be Anglo-Saxon instead of French in language, government, institutions, education and religion.

The danger to France in the encroachment of the English along the Ohio was apparent to one, at least, of the governors of New France, Galissoniere, for we learn that in 1750, after his return to France, he warned the government that communication between New France and Louisiana was endangered.

“The farming and home life of the British, he pointed out, prompted a growth that threatened to overcome all opposition and to gain for them the valley of the Ohio. Once the enemy had free access to the Mississippi, he stated, they would alienate the Indians who remained friendly to the French and would find their way to Louisiana, and, in the end, to Mexico. He proposed to settle ten thousand peas-

ants in the Ohio valley to resist these encroachments.”

But the king and his advisers paid little attention to him. They were no wiser than were those Perrot warned of the danger of their policy against the Foxes. Their folly cost them a kingdom, but so little was the worth of that kingdom realized, even after a century and a half of possession, that Voltaire, on its downfall, is said to have congratulated the king on having got rid of fifteen hundred leagues of snow!

No battles of this memorable struggle for the prize of half a continent took place on Wisconsin soil, but one of her citizens played an important part in it. Charles Langlade, the founder of the first permanent settlement within the borders of the state, may properly be called our first citizen, and he it was who took part in more than one of the battles of this war.

Charles Langlade, born in 1729, was the son of a Canadian gentleman, Augustin Langlade, and an Ottawa squaw, sister of the head chief. The family lived in Mackinac, where Charles was educated, very imperfectly, by the Jesuit priest of the mission, for the boy felt within him the call of the wild more strongly than the love for learning.

His uncle, the Ottawa chief, took Charles with him on the warpath when the boy was but eleven, and thus early he learned his first lesson in savage warfare. Because the Ottawas, defeated in two previous

expeditions, were successful in this one, they attributed their success to the presence of young Charles. He thus gained great influence over them, an influence that increased with his years.

It is known that the Langlades, father and son, visited Green Bay often in the interests of their business, fur-trading, from 1745 on for a number of years, and that they claimed a tract of land on the Fox River. It was Charles Langlade who led the attack against the Sauks to revenge the killing of the French commandant by Blackbird.

In 1752 Langlade was chosen to command an expedition against the Miami Indians on the Miami River. These Indians had been harboring English traders in their village, and the French determined to destroy it. Langlade with two hundred fifty Ottawas left Mackinac and reached the Miami region by the Lake Huron, Detroit and Lake Erie route. The attack was fierce and short. The village was destroyed and the chief slain, whereupon Langlade's cannibal followers cooked him in a kettle and ate him.

Thus Langlade, as Bancroft says, "began the contest which was to scatter death broadcast throughout the world."

During the next three years Langlade spent most of his time at Green Bay engaged in his regular business. In 1754 he married a young French girl who is described as "remarkably beautiful, having a

slender figure, regular features and very dark eyes. These physical gifts were allied to rare moral qualities, which secured her a general respect at Michilimackinac and afterwards at Green Bay." Her life was not so happy as it might have been had she lived elsewhere, for her dread of the Indians was so great that the mere sight of them always gave her a severe nervous shock. From their own cabin door the Langlades could see a long distance down the river. The sight of an Indian canoe approaching threw the young wife into spasms of terror. "They are coming! They are coming!" she would cry. "We shall all be massacred!" It was often very difficult even for her husband to allay her terror.

Shortly after his marriage—that is, in 1755—Langlade was called upon to lead his savage army against the English at Fort Duquesne. It was here, as we know, that General Braddock, disregarding the words of young Washington, persisted in fighting according to established forms of warfare, and it was here that his obstinacy caused his terrible defeat and the death of half a thousand men.

Langlade was in the thick of the fight and is credited with having originated the plan by which Braddock was surprised and defeated. General Burgoyne, under whom he afterward served in the Revolutionary War, wrote of him as "the very man who projected and executed Braddock's defeat."

After this battle, Langlade returned to Green Bay

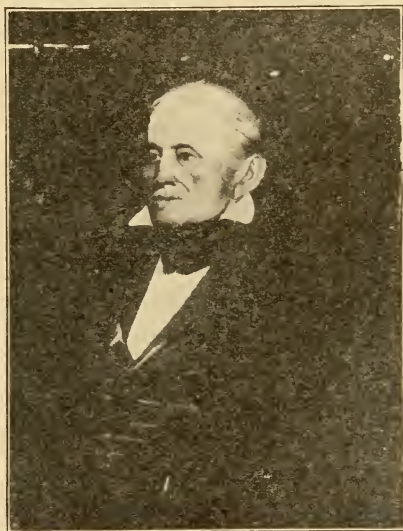
and was given the superintendency of Indian affairs in the district of Michigan. Later, in 1757, he was made second in command at Mackinac.

But the war was not over, and he was again needed at the front, this time to assist in the attack upon Fort William Henry, on Lake George.

His braves gleefully joined in the massacre which took place after the fort was captured.

In 1759 we find him on the plains of Abraham with two hundred Indians from Wisconsin — Ottawas, Chippewas, Sauks, Foxes and Menominees. It is reported that Langlade actually saw the British troops under Wolfe landing

below the cataract preparatory to climbing the heights, and that he hastened to the French commander and told him that if he would attack the English immediately he could completely destroy the de-



AUGUSTIN GRIGNON
Grandson and Biographer of
Charles Langlade

tachment, but the officer delayed and thus lost a chance of saving the day.

On the day of the famous battle on the plains of Abraham, when Wolfe and Montcalm both lost their lives, the one in victory, the other in defeat, Langlade is said to have fought furiously. It is said of him that "he seemed to delight to be in the midst of the din of arms and the yells of the combatants. A succession of rapid discharges having heated his gun to such a degree that he could not use it again for a few minutes, he drew his pipe from his pocket, filled it with tobacco, struck fire with the aid of his tinder box, then lighted it, appearing as calm amidst the cannonade and the whistling of bullets as if he had been tranquilly seated by the fire in bivouac."

Quebec fell, and with it all hope of saving French dominion in America. The dragon of St. George replaced the proud lilies of France in the valley of the St. Lawrence and of the Mississippi to the east.

Even before the treaty of peace was signed in 1763 the British flag floated over Green Bay, the fort being occupied in 1761 by a detachment of English soldiers, and the name changed to Fort Edward Augustus. The commander, Captain Balfour, found the fort in a dismal, delapidated state.

Langlade returned to Mackinac after the fall of Quebec, and he and his father took the oath of allegiance to England's king. Charles was to continue as superintendent of Indian affairs at Green Bay,

and the farm on the Fox River became the permanent home of the family in 1763 or 1764. Here Langlade lived out the remainder of his days. He seems to have won the confidence of the British commander at Mackinac, and the English evidently were wise enough to try to win his good-will and keep it. A letter from this commander, dated April 18, 1777, says:

“I send you eighty pounds of tobacco, a sack of corn—ground, in order that the gentlemen may not compel their wives to grind it—two barrels of whisky that they may not drive you wild. Besides, I send my best respects to Madame Langlade, and beg her to accept two kegs of brandy, one barrel of salt, a small barrel of rice, and twenty pounds of tobacco, if necessary. I also send for Madame a sack of one hundred twenty-three pounds of flour as a present. These, Monsieur, are all the gifts I am able to send you at present.”

During the American Revolution, Langlade and his braves performed the same service for the English that they had for their French masters. For these services he received an annuity of eight hundred dollars, and a grant of three thousand acres of land in Canada, and was confirmed in his title to his Green Bay farm.

He spent his old age here, busy, contented, happy. His grandchildren gathered about him, and he took great delight in telling them of the many battles—

ninety-nine, he asserted—in which he had taken part.¹ On each succeeding birthday, the people of Green Bay raised a flagpole in his honor and greeted their first settler with rousing cheers and a salute of musketry. He died in 1800, still retaining the love of his savage followers, who called him, A-ke-wau-ge-ke-tan-so—“He who is fierce for land”—that is, a military conqueror.

¹One grandson, Augustin Grignon, dictated an interesting narrative of his grandfather's life to the late Lyman C. Draper, and it was published in Volume III of the Wisconsin Historical Collections.

CHAPTER XI

WISCONSIN'S FIRST ENGLISH TRAVELER—1766-1768

THE tale of the conception, execution and failure of Pontiac's great conspiracy has been oft told, but it has little direct connection with Wisconsin history. Wisconsin's Indians, with the exception of the Chippewas, a part of the Ottawas and the Milwaukee band, which was made up of the offscourings of several different tribes, had remained loyal to the British, and thus were the means of bringing to naught the great scheme of the great chief. Had they not "overawed the Ottawas and curbed the Chippewas, the latter would have gone to the help of their brethren at Detroit and the success of Pontiac been assured."

Thus the Indians of Wisconsin were the humble means of securing firm and peaceable possession of the Northwest to the British. Heberd even goes so far as to assert that they thus helped to bring about the independence of the colonies, for had the Indians on the borders been unsubdued, he thinks the colonies would never have dared to separate from the mother country.

However this may be, the conspiracy failed; the Indians, as a rule, gave their new masters a hearty

welcome, and the fur-trade, the only enterprise which the white man so far had carried on in Wisconsin, flourished. The French fur-trader had now to meet the competition of his English rival right on the ground, for the latter was no longer excluded and the former still roamed the forests at will.

Settlement had not yet been attempted, but on the contrary was discouraged for the time being, it being deemed best, for many reasons, to "let the savages enjoy their deserts in quiet."

But this great Northwest was far from being a desert, as the English government and people learned a few years later. A book published in 1778 gave an account of the travels in this region of Captain Jonathan Carver, of Connecticut, in 1766-8.¹ It was much read, for men were anxious to know of this far-off land.

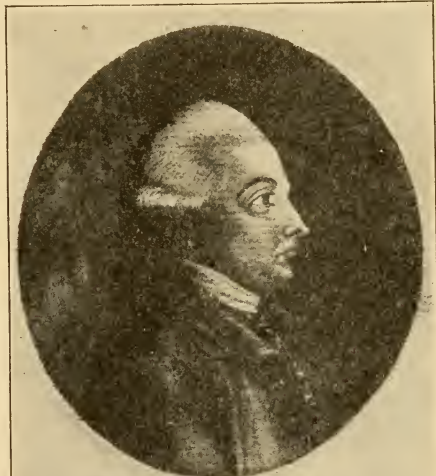
Captain Carver was impelled to make the long and dangerous journey therein described by the desire to correct what he believed to be inaccurate maps and false accounts published by the French. It was his intention to travel from the Atlantic to the Pacific. That he did not reach his goal is true, but, if

¹The full title of this book was: *Three Years' Travels Through the Interior Parts of North America, for More than Five Thousand Miles; Containing an Account of the Great Lakes and All the Lakes, Islands and Rivers, Cataracts, Mountains, Minerals, Soil and Vegetable Productions of the Northwest Regions of That Vast Continent: With a Description of the Birds, Beasts, Reptiles, Insects and Fishes Peculiar to the Country. Together with a Concise History of the Genius, Manners and Customs of the Indians Inhabiting the Lands That Lie Adjacent to the Heads and to the Westward of the Great River Mississippi; and an Appendix Describing the Uncultivated Parts of America That Are Most Proper for Forming Settlements.* By Captain Jonathan Carver of the Provincial Troops in America.

his account is to be credited, he did travel as far west as the Carver River, a branch of the Minnesota, about two hundred miles from the mouth of the latter.

Lack of space forbids a detailed account of this traveler's journey, interesting as it is. We must be content to note only in a general way the points of interest to readers of Wisconsin's history.

Thinking it safer to travel as a trader, Carver fitted himself out with articles of barter. Thus equipped, he reached Fort Edward Augustus (Green Bay) in September, 1766. He found little to interest him here. A few French families, Langlade's among the number, were the only white inhabitants, the English having abandoned the fort soon after taking possession.



Capt. JONATHAN CARVER.

from the Original Picture in the possession of H. B. Bloom M.D.

Published at the Art Gallery, Baltimore, N. B. - near the Female Seminary, Dec. 1846.

His next rest was at the great Winnebago town at the entrance of Lake Winnebago. He found the village ruled by a queen whom the Indians called "Glory of the Morning." The name, so suggestive of charm and beauty, evidently was a misnomer, judged by the white man's standards, for Captain Carver's description of her suggests little of attractiveness:

"She was a very ancient woman, small in stature and not much distinguished by her dress from several young women that attended her. Her attendants seemed greatly pleased whenever I showed any token of respect for their queen, particularly when I saluted her, which I frequently did to acquire her favor. On these occasions the good lady endeavored to assume a juvenile gayety, and by her smiles showed she was equally pleased with the attention I paid her."

Whatever she might lack in personal charm, her hospitality was unquestioned. Carver says, "She received me with great civility and entertained me in a very distinguished manner during the four days I continued with her."

Resuming his journey, after bestowing many presents on the queen and receiving her blessing in return, he passed over the now familiar Fox-Wisconsin trail to Prairie du Chien. He stopped on the way to visit the great town of the Sauks near where Prairie du Sac now is, then a village of the Foxes

near the present site of Muscoda, and finally reached the mouth of the Wisconsin on October 15.

He thus describes the Indian village which he found here:

“It is a large town and contains about three hundred families. The houses are well built after the Indian manner and pleasantly situated on a very rich soil, from which they raised every necessary of life in great abundance. I saw many horses here of a good size and shape. This town is the great mart where all the adjacent tribes, and even those who inhabit the most remote branches of the Mississippi, annually assemble about the latter end of May, bringing with them the furs to dispose of them to the traders. But it is not always that they conclude their sale here; this is determined by a general council of the chiefs, who consult whether it would be more conducive to their interest to sell their goods at this place or carry them on to Louisiana or Michilimackinac.”

The horses here spoken of, the first brought to Wisconsin, came from the Indians of the lower Mississippi, who had obtained the animals in trade or otherwise from the Spaniards. The French, having to travel so much by water, never took horses with them.

Carver was accompanied on this exploring expedition by traders. They chose to spend the winter at Prairie du Chien, but he, in company with a French

voyageur and a Mohawk Indian, went up the Mississippi as far as Lake Pepin. He noted the mounds of this region and thus writes of them:

“One day, having landed on the shore of the Mississippi, some miles below Lake Pepin, while my attendants were preparing their dinner, I walked out to take a view of the adjacent country. I had not proceeded far before I came to a fine, level, open plain, on which I perceived at a little distance a partial elevation that had the appearance of an entrenchment. On a nearer inspection, I had a greater reason to suppose that it had really been intended for this many centuries ago. Notwithstanding that it was now covered with grass, I could plainly discern that it had once been a breastwork of about four feet in height, extending the best part of a mile, and sufficiently capacious to cover five thousand men. Its form was somewhat circular and its flank reached to the river. Though much defaced by time, every angle was distinguishable, and appeared as regular, and fashioned with as much military skill as if planned by Vauban¹ himself. The ditch was not visible, but I thought, on examining more curiously, that I could perceive there certainly had been one. From its situation also I am convinced that it must have been designed for this purpose. It fronted the country, and the rear was covered by the river; nor was there any rising ground for a considerable way

¹ Vauban : a French military engineer.

that commanded it. A few straggling oaks were alone to be seen near it. In many places small tracks were worn across it by the feet of elks and deer, and from the depth of the bed of earth by which it was covered I was able to draw certain conclusions of its great antiquity."

Spending the winter among the Sioux of this region, he explored much of Minnesota. From these Indians he learned of the "shining mountains" to the West full of gold and silver, and also of the Oregon (Columbia) River emptying into the Pacific, but he traversed but a fraction of the distance toward them.

He left the Sioux in April, 1767, and with three hundred of them as companions visited their great cave at St. Paul, a cave where the bones of their ancestors lay and where they held their annual spring council. Here he delivered an address to them, and here, he asserted, he was given a grant to a vast tract of land, fourteen thousand square miles in extent, east and west of the Mississippi River.

In later years Carver's heirs made three attempts to have Congress ratify this grant, but each attempt failed after long investigation by the Congressional committee. As a matter of fact, the grant seems very questionable, but the term "Carver's Tract" appeared upon maps of the United States for many years. There are now in certain western counties of the state deeds on file by which, under this grant,



CARVER'S WISCONSIN CLAIM

titles to tracts of land were conveyed, but these titles were, of course, worthless.

To return to the explorer himself, he made his way back to Mackinac by way of the Chippewa and Lake Superior, after having explored the Minnesota River for two hundred miles. He was prevented

from going farther west by his failure to get trading supplies. To go without these was to invite disaster. He reached Boston in October, 1768; thence he went to London. He had made a journey of over a thousand miles in a little birch bark canoe. Filled with enthusiasm by what he had seen, he projected vast colonization schemes as soon as he landed in England. But ill luck seemed to have marked him for a victim. Misfortunes overtook the great traveler and he died of starvation in 1780.

Though we may question the value of his book beyond its breezy, entertaining style, one sentence in it deserves attention in the light of after events of which it seems the prophecy:

“As the seat of empire from time immemorial has been gradually progressing toward the West, there is no doubt but at some future period mighty kingdoms will emerge from these wildernesses, and stately palaces and solemn temples with gilded spires reaching to the skies supplant the Indian huts whose only decorations are the barbarous trophies of their vanquished enemies.”

CHAPTER XII

REVOLUTIONARY DAYS—1775-1783

OBSTINATE tyranny on the part of England's king and unwise colonial legislation on the part of England's Parliament brought about the successful revolt of the American colonies and the birth of a new nation dedicated to the principle that "all men are created equal and are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights."

Wisconsin, with the rest of the territory bounded by the Mississippi, the Ohio and the Great Lakes, became a part of the new nation, but as conquered territory, not as an independent, self-governing state.

As said before, Wisconsin had but a minor part in the Revolutionary War, and that on the side of the British. Her handful of white citizens and her copper-colored savages fought with the Redcoats, not because they thought England's treatment of her colonies just, but because they knew nothing of the question at issue, and when they learned of the war two years after it began the line of least resistance naturally led them to England's ranks. Besides, England offered them an incentive that could not fail to appeal to the savage hearts of the Red Men:

the British commandant at Detroit, General Hamilton, sent emissaries among them, offering a bounty on every American scalp taken. This was something they could understand, while "taxation without representation" would sound on deaf ears.

Then, too, the British general chose his agents wisely. He sent among them Charles Langlade and his step-nephew, Charles Gautier, both of whom had great influence with the Indians. The latter, like his uncle, was a son of the wild and spoke all the dialects of the northwestern tribes. No better man could have been chosen to carry the war belt from village to village.

At one of his councils with the Indians he made the following speech, so reported by him in a letter to a British official:

"My brothers, I announce to you on the part of your father that if you do not hasten to see him this year you will make him think that you are not his children and he will be angry.

"He has a long arm and very large hands.

"He is good; he has a good heart when his children heed him.

"He is bad, he is terrible, he sits in judgment on all the Indians and French."

Judging from the above, Gautier was not very ready of tongue, but he did not have a critical audience, except when he addressed the renegade Milwacky (Milwaukee) Indians. These proved obdurate

and unmoved, so that he was forced to ask his uncle to come in person to appeal to them.

Langlade's method of dealing with them is thus described:

“He erected a lodge in the midst of the Indian village, with a door at each end; he then had several dogs killed preparatory to the dog feast, and placed the heart of one of these animals on a stick at each opening. This done, he invited the savages to the dog feast, of which they are very fond.

“Afterward he chanted a war song, and, passing around the lodge from one door to the other, tasted at each a piece of the dog's heart. This signified that if brave hearts beat in the bosoms of the Indians they would . . . accompany him to war.

“It was an ancient custom, and they recognized the force of Langlade's appeal; so one after another they chanted the old war song and directed their steps in large numbers to L'Arbre Croche.¹”

As a result of the combined efforts of the two men a considerable number of Indians gathered at Mackinac ready for the hunt for the scalps of the Long Knives, as the Virginians under George Rogers Clark was called. The outcome of this expedition we shall see later.

To George Rogers Clark is due the credit of winning the Northwest for the American colonies. He was the originator and the executor of the policy

¹L'Arbre Croche: A village near Mackinac

of expansion which has since extended the domain of the Stars and Stripes not only from ocean to ocean but even to the islands of the sea.

At the outbreak of the Revolution the western posts were all garrisoned by British soldiers. The young Virginian persuaded Patrick Henry, then Governor of Virginia, to allow him to raise a company of men to surprise and capture the posts north of the Ohio—Cahokia, Kaskaskia, Vincennes, Detroit and Mackinac. He was made a colonel, and succeeded in raising nearly two hundred men for the defense of Kentucky, then organized as a county of Virginia.

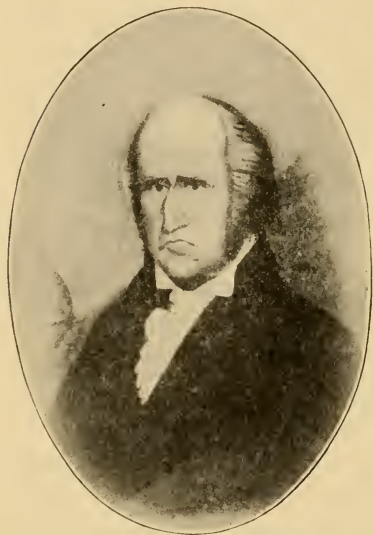
The expedition set out in the early summer of 1778. Kaskaskia was the first point of attack. With not even a horse to carry supplies, they marched across stream and prairie, and, as planned, surprised the post, which surrendered July 4.

Cahokia and Vincennes were gained by moral suasion through the efforts of a priest, Father Gibault, whom Clark had won over to the American cause. Thus in less than a month was the whole Illinois country secured for the struggling United States of America.

Clark could ill spare men to guard the posts taken, so he left but two at Vincennes, a captain and a private.

About six months later General Hamilton marched from Detroit with eight hundred British soldiers to

recapture the fort. On the approach of the enemy the two sturdy defenders placed a loaded cannon at the gate, and the captain, lighted match in hand, called "Halt!" The British forces halted, and Gen-



GEORGE ROGERS CLARK

eral Hamilton demanded a surrender. The captain refused unless the garrison was accorded all the honors of war. After some parley this was granted. The surprise of the British may be imagined when out marched, with colors flying, two men—one officer and one private! It is to be hoped that General Hamilton saw the point of this American joke.

But the story of Vincennes is not yet finished. George Rogers Clark has yet a word to say. About a month after its recapture, learning that Hamilton had retained less than one hundred men to garrison the post, and also that with these and five hundred Indians he intended to attack Clark at Kaskaskia in the spring, the latter

decided that he would rather be the attacking than the attacked party. Not waiting for spring, with less than two hundred men, he set out February 4, 1779, on a march which has few parallels in history, a march of two hundred miles across flooded rivers just escaping winter's icy grasp, and over prairies and swamps covered with ice, water and mud. Such a march might well daunt any but the stoutest hearts.

When he reached the Little Wabash, Clark found that the floods had increased its width to a league. It took two days to get the men and ammunition across. One of the incidents of this crossing is traditional in the Clark family:

“The men had halted, cold, hungry and tired, on land that was somewhat dry. They were reluctant to plunge into the icy flood. Clark, perceiving their reluctance, realized that they must somehow be filled with enthusiasm. He quickly thought out a plan. There was in his company a sergeant of great stature, six feet two inches, and a drummer boy who was very small. Clark mounted the little drummer on the shoulders of the stalwart sergeant and gave orders to him to advance into the half frozen water. He did so, the little drummer beating the charge from his lofty perch, while Clark, with sword in hand, followed them, giving the command, ‘Forward, march!’ as he threw aside the floating ice. Elated and amused with the scene, the men promptly obeyed, holding their rifles above their heads, and, in spite of all



THE DRUMMER BOY AND THE SERGEANT

obstacles, reached the high land beyond them safely.”

The next obstacle was the Embarrass River. All day they waded about on the bank of the stream, seeking in vain for a place where they could cross. Weak from hunger, cold and fatigue, they waded through the mud until night found them on a small hillock only partially under water. The fort was only nine miles away, so near that the morning guns

wakened them from their uneasy slumbers. The distance was not great, to be sure, but there was the flooded river across their path. They finally abandoned hopes of fording it, and followed its course to where it empties into the Wabash.

Here they built a few pirogues for the weak, the stronger wading through icy water breast high. But when they had crossed the main channel of the stream, they were not yet on dry land, for around them stretched a flood a league in extent. The men were starving, the weather so cold that their wet clothes became a frozen coat of mail, and it is no wonder that many of them threatened desertion. But they had to deal with one who knew no such word as fail and who feared no man. He ordered any man who refused to march to be shot. This touched the right chord, and the men, with an enthusiastic shout, pushed on. A few hours more and Vincennes was in full view—the garrison wholly ignorant of their proximity, as Clark learned from a captured hunter.

Retreat was impossible, delay dangerous, the men but poorly equipped to attack a well-guarded post. Clark realized that strategy must supply what he lacked in men and equipment.

Just before set of sun, in and out among the hills bordering the fort, he marched and countermarched his few men, so that the force seemed to be immense, especially as Clark's officers, on horses taken from the enemy, dashed back and forth, sending out ring-

ing commands as though directing a host. The colors on a tall pole appeared again and again at long intervals. It was like the march of supernumeraries on the stage of a theater, who appear, disappear and reappear as though countless numbers were in the march.

The stratagem was a complete success. A sudden approach from an unexpected quarter brought them to a point where they could dig rifle pits within thirty yards of the walls, so near that the cannon could not be turned on them. In the morning the firing began.

It was not long before Clark sent Hamilton—the “hair-buying general,” as the Americans called him because of the bounty offered on scalps—an order to surrender. The order said that he would receive the “treatment due to a murderer” if they stormed the fort.

Hamilton haughtily refused to surrender, and fighting was resumed. The Americans, then as now the best marksmen in the world, actually shot out the eyes of the British soldiers who peeped through the loop-holes.

Add to the impression made by such sharpshooting the alarm caused by the news that the Americans had intercepted and tomahawked a party of Indians sent out from the fort on a scalp-hunting foray, and it is not surprising that Hamilton concluded to surrender. The prisoners were accorded the honors of war. Hamilton was held a prisoner for some months,

but was finally released by Washington. History does not record whether or not he appreciated this second American joke played on him.

It was soon after this surrender that the Indians enlisted for service by Langdale and Gautier marched from Mackinac to St. Joseph, ready to capture the scalps of Clark and his Long Knives. Much to their surprise and disgust they here learned that Hamilton had surrendered Vincennes and himself. There was nothing for them to do but to march back home minus their trophies of war.

In 1780, the Wisconsin Indians—Fox, Sauk, Winnebago and Menominee—joined the Sioux to aid some forty British traders in an attack upon the Spanish post at St. Louis.¹ But the expedition failed, partly because of the promptness of the Spanish governor at New Orleans in making counter attacks on the English posts in the South, and partly, it is said, because of the counsels of Clark, who was at Cahokia when the expedition arrived. Colonel Vigo, of the St. Louis post, was a friend of Clark's, even furnishing him a large loan to aid the American cause. The Indians went back home, a second time disappointed in their desire to decorate their belts with white men's scalps.

Clark naturally wished to finish the work thus far so successful by marching to Detroit, the last strong-

¹ France had secretly ceded the territory west of the Mississippi to Spain in 1762. In 1779, Spain as well as France had declared war against England.

hold of the British in the Northwest, but a sufficient number of men could not be induced to undertake the expedition.

Bitterly disappointed, he yet continued to serve his country. But good fortune seemed to desert him. He failed in a number of undertakings, the state of Virginia was ungrateful to him, old age and sickness came upon him, drink became his master, and he went to his grave "unwept, unhonored and unsung." He had almost doubled the domain of the Stars and Stripes, he had won a territory of unsurpassed richness of soil, minerals and forest, and he reaped the reward that so many unselfish heroes before and since have reaped—ingratitude and neglect.

When the treaty of peace was made in 1783, the English envoys, contending that the territory of the Northwest was a part of Canada,¹ did not want to yield to the demands of the Americans that it should be given to their country as conquered territory. But the diplomacy of Franklin, Jay and Adams secured what Clark had won, and the Northwest Territory became an integral part of the United States of America, her first acquired possession.

¹ It had been made so for purposes of government by the Quebec Act of 1774.

CHAPTER XIII

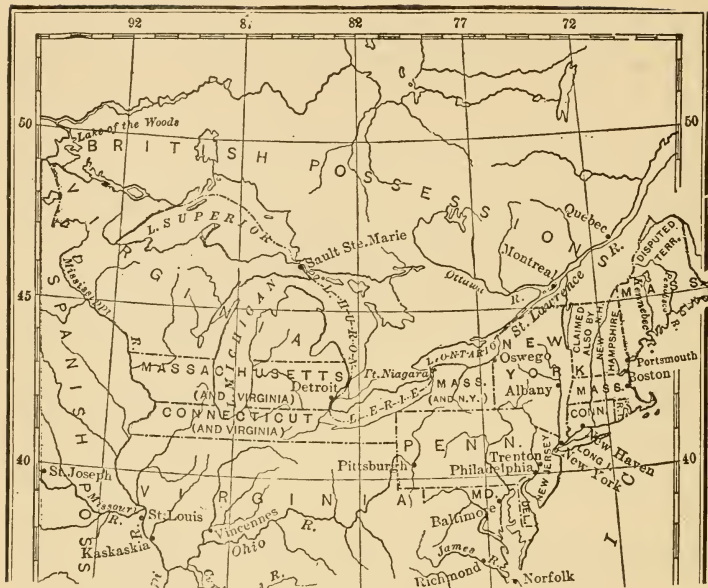
THE NORTHWEST—1780-1787

WHEN the treaty of peace was signed with Great Britain in 1783, the United States succeeding in maintaining her right to the land known as the Northwest Territory, there had already been many disputes in the new nation regarding the ownership of the territory.

These disputes grew out of the lack of knowledge of the geography of the new continent at the time of settlement and the consequent carelessness and looseness in the charter grants made to the different companies promoting settlement. Because of the belief that the continent was but a comparatively narrow strip of land¹ bounded east and west by the two oceans, the king's grant in 1609 to the London Company, which settled Virginia, concluded with the words, "and all that Space and Circuit of Land Lying from the Sea-coast of the Precinct aforesaid up into the land throughout, from Sea to Sea, West and Northwest."

The grant to the Plymouth Company in 1620, after specifying the parallels of latitude which should

¹ This belief seemed to prevail even later, in spite of the fact that the Plymouth Company informed the home government in 1635 that the continent was three thousand miles wide.



CONFLICT OF CLAIMS TO THE NORTHWEST

bound it on the north and south, concluded, "and within all the Breadth aforesaid, throughout all the Maine (main) Lands from Sea to Sea."

When the Plymouth Council in 1629 made a grant to the Massachusetts Bay Colony, the land granted was to extend west in a direct line as far as the Pacific Ocean, and a similar concession was made to the Connecticut Company in 1662 by Charles II.

New York had no charter rights which entitled

her to claim land to the westward, but nevertheless she had her claim. She asserted her right to the Ohio valley on the basis that she had acquired the Iroquois rights to the valley when she assumed a protectorate over that nation.

Virginia supported her charter claim with Colonel Clark's achievements, asserting her right to the whole domain north of the Ohio, and Kentucky also, through military conquest.

A glance at the map will show how Virginia, New York, Massachusetts and Connecticut were claiming the whole or parts of the same territory, and that trouble was certain to come if a compromise was not effected.

When the Articles of Confederation were under consideration, this conflict of claims was one of the obstacles to their adoption. Maryland, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Rhode Island and New Jersey, realizing that they were shut out from westward expansion, were jealous of the other more fortunate states. Maryland was especially obstinate, contending with justice that none of the states had any valid title to the land, and urging that it be made part of the national domain. In fact, she utterly refused to join the Confederation until New York had ceded her claims to the national government and the other states had expressed a willingness so to do.

New York set the example of unselfishness in 1780, and after Congress had made an appeal to the other

states to follow her example, Virginia yielded all but Kentucky in 1784; Massachusetts gave up her territory in 1785-6, and Connecticut hers in 1786, all except a portion one hundred twenty miles long south of Lake Erie, since known as the Western Reserve.



JEFFERSON'S DIVISION OF THE
NORTHWEST TERRITORY

Thus did the territory bounded by the Ohio, the Mississippi and the Great Lakes become national domain, and one obstacle to a more perfect union of the states was removed.

The territory thus acquired must now be organized and provisions made for its govern-

ment. From 1784 to 1787 many plans were proposed, among them one by Thomas Jefferson which provided that the territory should be divided into ten new states. The names of these states were suggested in the plan—some from the Latin, some from the Greek, and some Latinized forms of the Indian names for the rivers.

Slavery was to be prohibited after 1800. This provision was stricken out of the plan, as were the high-sounding names. With these omissions, it was adopted by the Continental Congress.

This plan remained in force until 1787, when a new one, the Ordinance of 1787, was drawn up by Nathan Dale of Massachusetts, assisted by Dr. Manasseh Cutler, pastor for fifty-two years of the Congregational Church in Ipswich Hamlet, later Hamilton, Massachusetts.

The latter was the agent of the Ohio Company, the object of which was to found a settlement in the West. Dr. Cutler went to New York, where Congress was sitting, to buy land for the company.

Congress was anxious to sell the land in order to lessen the enormous debt under which the new nation was struggling. The new colony would serve as a defense against the Indians and the Spanish on the west. There was abundant reason, therefore, why the suggestions of Dr. Cutler, who came to buy a possible million and a half acres of land, should receive attention. He would make no purchase until the ordinance suited him. The clauses forbidding slavery and encouraging education were directly due to his influence. Indeed, it is quite probable that to this noble man is due the credit of these words in the ordinance:

“Religion, morality and knowledge being necessary to the good government and the happiness of

mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged.”

The Ordinance of 1787, as finally adopted by Congress and immediately put into effect, is classed among the great documents of our history, taking rank with the Declaration of Independence and the Emancipation Proclamation. Some one has well called it the Magna Charta of the Northwest. Daniel Webster says, “I doubt whether one single law of any lawgiver, ancient or modern, has produced effects of more distinct, marked and lasting character than the Ordinance of 1787.”

It furnished the basis for all subsequent organization of territories.

Its clause forbidding slavery is substantially the thirteenth amendment of the national Constitution.

Religious freedom was guaranteed.

The number of states to be made out of this territory was fixed as no more than five and no less than three.

When the number of inhabitants of any of the five possible sections should reach sixty thousand, the state might be organized and representatives sent to Congress.

This ordinance was one of the last acts of the Continental Congress. The trials and failure of this body had been many, but this one act saved it from oblivion.

CHAPTER XIV

THE TAKING OF PRAIRIE DU CHIEN—1814

THE year 1811 was marked by another uprising among the Indians of the Northwest, this time led by Tecumseh, a Shawnee chief, and his brother, called the Prophet. Actuated by the fear that the white men were destined to secure all the hunting-grounds of the Indians—a fear based on the many treaties that the Americans were negotiating, one by one, with different chiefs—Tecumseh, that wise and crafty statesman, formed a confederacy to resist such encroachment and spoliation by making it necessary for a nation to gain the consent of all the other nations before it could dispose of any land.

The confederacy formed was a formidable one, but it came to naught through the Prophet's disobedience of orders. Tecumseh was in the South among the Cherokees, and he had ordered the Prophet not to open hostilities while he was away. But, unheeding, the Prophet attacked the Americans under General Harrison at Tippecanoe. The Indians were completely routed. Among these Indians were scattered bands from Wisconsin—Chippewas, Pottawatomes, Sacs, Foxes and Winnebagoes.

This defeat weakened the confederacy so that it

was no longer feared. When war was declared against England in 1812, Tecumseh and the Prophet joined the enemy, seeking thus a chance to wreak their vengeance on the hated Americans.

As yet, Wisconsin was more English than American. Her savages and citizens alike fought in the ranks of the English, and nearly every Wisconsin fur-trader held a commission in the British army.

But Wisconsin was far removed from the seat of war; hence her part in the actual conflict was small. One engagement alone took place on her soil, and this was not until the last year of the war.

In 1813, Governor Clark¹ of Missouri Territory, commandant of the upper Mississippi country, becoming impressed with the importance of controlling the Fox-Wisconsin waterway if he would protect the Mississippi settlements, sent Lieut. Joseph Perkins with one hundred fifty soldiers and volunteers on a gunboat to garrison Prairie du Chien.

This place was a favorite resort of traders, a few of whom welcomed the Americans. But most of them were British in their sympathies. One of these, Robert Dickson, a red-haired Scot, fled as the Americans approached, carrying to Mackinac the news of their coming.

The little "Dog Town," as the British called it, was soon fortified, and the Stars and Stripes for the first time floated on the Wisconsin breeze. The fort

¹ Governor Clark was a brother of George Rogers Clark of Virginia.

was named Fort Shelby. Perkins divided his forces, sending one half to man the gunboat anchored in midstream and keeping the other half to defend the fort.

During the ensuing winter, the British officers at Mackinac and Green Bay were drilling recruits, and the red-haired trader, a man of unbounded influence among the Indians, was enlisting the savages to drive out the hated Long Knives, as the Americans were still called. Two companies were formed, the Michigan Fencibles and the Mississippi Volunteers.

These, with five or six hundred savage allies gathered from the Mackinac, Green Bay and Portage regions, set out gaily for the attack, in June, 1814. They made a striking picture.

“With the smart caps and sashes and fringed coats of the woodsmen, the crude blue and yellow and red of the Mackinaw-suited habitans, the red and blue and shining brass of the Fencibles, and the many-hued blankets of the befeathered and ochre-daubed aborigines, this human mosaic slowly proceeded through the glistening flood, hoping to capture and hold Wisconsin for His Britannic Majesty.”¹

On Sunday morning, July 17, 1814, this motley company was drawn up in front of Fort Shelby, much to the astonishment of the garrison. Within half an hour a messenger from Lieutenant Colonel McKay, head of the attacking forces, advanced in

¹ Reuben Gold Thwaites.

front of the lines, bearing a flag of truce. He handed the following letter to Captain Perkins :

OLD FORT, PRAIRIE DU CHIEN, July 17, 1814.

SIR—An hour after the receipt of this, surrender to His Majesty's forces under my command, unconditionally, or otherwise I order you to defend yourself to the last man. The humanity of a British officer obliges me (in case you should be obstinate) to request you will send out of the way your women and children. I am, sir,

Your very humble servant,

W. MCKAY,

Lt. Col. Commanding the Expedition.

The answer was not difficult to understand :

FORT SHELBY, July 17, 1814.

SIR—I received your polite note and prefer the latter, and am determined to defend to the last man. Yours, &c.,

JOS. PERKINS,

Capt. Commanding United States Troops.

In his account of the attack sent to his superior at Mackinac, Lieutenant Colonel McKay says: "My intention was not to have made an attack till next morning at daylight, but it being impossible to control the Indians, I ordered our gun to play upon the gunboat, which she did with a surprising good effect, for in the course of three hours, the time the action lasted, she fired eighty-six rounds, two-thirds of which went into the Governor Clark.¹ They kept up a constant fire on us, both from the boat and the fort; we were about an hour between two fires, having run our gun up within musket shot of the fort, from whence we beat the boat out of her station. She cut her cable and ran down the current and sheltered under an island."

¹The Governor Clark: the American gunboat

The attack on the fort was more successful, but need not so have been had the Americans known that the English were reduced to the last round of ammunition. Just as Colonel McKay was about to order the last six rounds for the cannon heated red hot and shot into the fort in the hope of setting fire to it, the white flag of surrender was put out.

Captain Perkins's note of surrender demanded that they be given the honors of war, and that they be protected from the savagery of the Indians. Colonel McKay promised both, and these promises he kept, though with great difficulty, for the Indians were very loath to forego the pleasures of scalping and torturing.

McKay's lot in pacifying the irritated savages was by no means a pleasant one, as he himself relates:

“I am sorry to be under the necessity of reproaching some of the Indians, but Puants¹ particularly, for shameful depredations committed during the action of the 17th and since. Many of them [the Puants], in place of meeting the enemy immediately on their arrival ran off to the farms, killed the inhabitants' cattle and pillaged their houses even to the covering off their beds, and leaving many without a second shirt to put on their backs. Even in the village they did the same outrages, breaking to pieces what they could not carry away.

¹ Puants: Winnebagoes.

“The Sioux, Soteux,¹ Court Oreilles¹ and part of the Follavoines,¹ though perfectly useless, obeyed my orders pretty well, but the Puants behaved in a most villainous manner, and were I permitted to decide their fate should never receive a shilling’s worth of presents from Government, on the contrary I would cut them off to a man. They despise the idea of receiving orders from an officer that does not hold a blanket in one hand and a piece of pork in the other to pay them to listen to what he may have to say, audaciously saying they are under no obligations to us, but they have themselves preserved the country. The moment they had finished pillaging and got their share of the prize they marched off, except about ten men, who are this instant in the act of cutting up the green wheat, which if they do not desist I shall be obliged to confine them in the fort, not only for the good of the citizens but for our own safety, as provisions will be very scarce till after harvest.”

The Americans were said to have had five men killed and thirteen wounded. The garrison were given back their arms and sent down the Mississippi to St. Louis.

Thus after but a few months the American flag was lowered, and again the British ensign waved over the fort, its name now changed to Fort McKay.

¹ Soteux: Chippewas. Court Oreilles (Short Ears): Ottawas.
Follavoines: Menominees.

The colonel returned to Mackinac, leaving the fort in charge of a trader, Anderson by name, but he was soon superseded by Captain Bulger, a regular officer.

Peace was declared between Great Britain and the United States December 24, 1814. As the news did not reach Washington until two months later, it is not surprising that the little frontier post did not hear of it until near the last of May of the next year.

Upon receipt of the news, Captain Bulger immediately wrote to Governor Clark that he proposed to evacuate the post the next day, not even waiting for the Americans to come to take possession. His avowed reason for such unseemly haste was that he feared the presence of both British and American troops in the fort would bring on a fresh rupture with the Indians.

The British flag was lowered, never again to be raised over Wisconsin. For uncounted years the Red Man had been the master of the soil. For a century and quarter the *fleur de lis* of France had waved undisturbed over forest and stream. For half a century more the royal standard of England had floated on the breeze, a large portion of that time in defiance of treaties and promises. Now, at last, the red, white and blue proclaims that our soil is American and free.

CHAPTER XV

THE STORY OF RED BIRD—1827

AFTER the second war with Great Britain had left the United States in full possession of the Northwest Territory, the Americans began to crowd into the lead regions of northwestern Illinois and southeastern Wisconsin. Previous to this, none but Frenchmen, and few of these, had the Indians permitted to enter.

But the Americans, with the push and energy that has always characterized them, were not to be kept out longer. In 1822 a great impetus was given toward the lead country by the glowing accounts that appeared in the St. Louis papers. The newcomers were mainly from Kentucky, Tennessee and Missouri.¹

The Indians were sullen but powerless. The Indian agent at Prairie du Chien, Joseph Street, wrote to Governor Edwards of Illinois:

“The Indians (Winnebagoes) complained of the

¹ On the approach of winter many of the miners, especially those from Illinois, went to their homes, to return the following spring. They thus came to be called “Suckers” from the habits of the fish of that name, which go south when cold weather comes. The miners from the East, on the other hand, were forced to remain in the neighborhood of the mines during the winter months. They housed themselves as best they could, often in rude dug-outs, and because of this they were called after the badger, which burrows in the ground. Thus Wisconsin came to be known as the Badger State and Illinois as the Sucker State.

trespass of the miners. No notice was taken of it, and the diggings progressed. The Indians attempted force, which was repelled, and very angry feelings produced.”

In October, 1826, the garrison of Fort Crawford (Prairie du Chien) was ordered to go to Fort Snelling, near Minneapolis. They took with them two Winnebago prisoners who were held for theft. The next spring a rumor came that these two prisoners had been handed over to their enemies, the Chippewas, and forced by the latter to run the gauntlet, which had resulted in their death. The story was not true, but the Winnebagoes believed it.

Near the present village of Trempealeau was the town of a Winnebago chief, Red Bird by name. The report of the killing of the prisoners at Fort Snelling was brought to him one night. Certain Indians came with it to him, saying:

“You have become a by-word of reproach among us; you have just given the Chippewas reason to laugh at you,¹ and the Big Knives also laugh at you. Lo! while they were among you, they dared not offend you, but now they have caused Wa-man-goos-ga-ra-ha and his companion to be put to death, and they have cut their bodies into pieces not bigger than the spots in a bead garter.”

From this time on, though previously friendly to

¹ Red Bird had just returned from an unsuccessful expedition against the Chippewas, and he was sullen and discontented.

the Americans, Red Bird was their deadly enemy. The simple creed of the Indian was not a life for a life, but two lives for one. Red Bird at once set out with two companions, We-kau (the Sun) and Chick-hon-sic (the Buffalo Calf) to exact of the whites the penalty for their supposed crime.

The three Indians paddled to Prairie du Chien, where they waited upon the Indian agent in the most friendly manner, and Red Bird begged to be regarded as one of the staunchest friends of the Americans. The agent admitted his claim, but absolutely refused to give him any whisky. Then Red Bird went to a trader in the town, who, relying upon the general good character of the chief, furnished him with eight gallons of spirits to be paid for the next autumn.

Red Bird and his two companions then went to the house of a farmer named Gagnier, ostensibly as friends. Gagnier invited his savage visitors to enter, hung the kettle over the fire, gave them to eat, and smoked the pipe of peace with them. He considered Red Bird the last man on earth to be feared, for he and the Winnebago chief were well acquainted and had interchanged friendly services. The Indians remained several hours under Gagnier's roof. Then suddenly Red Bird leveled his gun and shot the unsuspecting farmer dead on his own hearthstone. At the same instant the hired man, an old soldier, was shot by We-kau. Mrs. Gagnier was too quick for the murderers. She seized a gun, leveled it at We-

kau, and thus held him at bay while she made her escape. As she was about to leap through the window, her eight-months-old baby girl, whom she held in her arms, was torn from her by We-kau, stabbed, scalped, and thrown violently on the floor, apparently dead.¹ Her ten-year-old son escaped.

The excitement caused in the village by Mrs. Gagner's terrible story was increased the next day by the news that two keel boats returning from Fort Snelling had been attacked by Red Bird's warriors at the mouth of the Bad Axe River, and three men killed and four wounded.

The villagers hastened to the old fort and frantically began to repair it. Women as well as men piled up the earth around the logs of the fort, and the women were drilled with the men in the use of the musket.

Lewis Cass, Governor of Michigan Territory, of which Wisconsin was then a part, had already heard rumors of the hostility of the Indians toward the whites. He says:

"I went to Green Bay, where I took a canoe with twelve voyagers and went up the Fox River and passed over the Portage into the Wisconsin. We went down the Wisconsin until we met an ascending boat in the charge of Ramsay Crooks, who was long a resident of the Northwest. Here we ascertained that the Winnebagoes had assumed a hostile attitude

¹The child did not die. Some of her descendants are yet living in Prairie du Chien.

and that the settlers of Prairie du Chien were apprehensive of being suddenly attacked and massacred.”

Messengers were sent to Galena, Illinois, and to Fort Snelling to ask for aid. In a few days a hundred volunteers from the former place and portions of four companies from the latter quieted the alarm of the settlers. The commanding officer, Colonel Snelling, ordered an attack on Red Bird's village, but as the volunteers refused to obey and made up their minds to return home, he was obliged to withdraw his order.

The people in the lead mines region were in a terrible panic. Fully half of them fled the country. It was seen to be necessary to overawe and punish the Indians to prevent them from committing other depredations. As a result of the efforts of Governor Cass, General Atkinson was ordered north from Jefferson Barracks, near St. Louis, to co-operate with Major Whistler, who was to take a force from Fort Howard, on Green Bay, the object of the expedition being to capture those who had committed the murders at Prairie du Chien and prevent any further acts of the same nature.

The Winnebagoes had been informed, through a messenger sent out by Colonel Snelling, that unless they surrendered the murderers within ten days, five Indians of their tribe then held there as prisoners would be shot.

On the last day General Atkinson arrived with his troops. The murderers had not yet been brought in, but he countermanded the order for the death of the Indians, and permitted them to repair to their homes.

General Atkinson then set out up the Wisconsin, meeting Major Whistler at the Fox-Wisconsin portage in early September, 1827.

Shortly after their arrival at the portage, one of the officers, Colonel McKenney, was seated at the door of his tent. He thus narrates what took place:

“I was sitting at the door of my tent, when an Indian of common appearance, with nothing over him but a blanket, came up to the bluff, and, walking to the tent, seated himself upon his haunches beside it. This was almost the middle of the day. I inquired, through an interpreter, what was the object of his visit.

“After musing a while, he said, ‘Do not strike; when the sun is there to-morrow’—looking up and pointing to about three o’clock in the afternoon—‘they will come in.’

“‘Who will come in?’ I asked.

“‘Red Bird and We-kau,’ he answered.

“The moment he gave the answer he rose, wrapped his blanket about him, and with hurried step returned by the way he had come.

“At about three o’clock of the same day, another

Indian came and took his position in nearly the same place, and in the same way, and, to like questions, he gave like answers.

“At sundown, a third came, confirming what the other two had said, with the addition that he had, to secure that object, given to the families of the murderers nearly all his property.

“At about noon of the day following, there were seen descending a mound on the portage a body of Indians—some mounted, some on foot. By the aid of a glass, we could see that they were coming toward us and that they had three flags—two, one in front and one in the rear, were American, and one in the center was white. They bore no arms.

“In the course of half an hour, they had approached near enough so that we heard a singing. Those who were familiar with the air said, ‘It is a death song.’

“When still nearer, some present, who knew him, said, ‘It is Red Bird singing his death song.’

“The advance of the Indians had reached half up the ascent of the bluff on which was our encampment. In the lead was Kar-a-mau-nee, Walking Turtle, a distinguished chief. Reaching the level, and order being called, Kar-a-mau-nee spoke, saying: ‘They are here—like braves they have come in—treat them as braves—do not put them in arms.’

“All eyes were fixed upon Red Bird; and well they might be, for of all the Indians I ever saw, he is,

without exception, the most perfect in form, in face and gesture.

“In height he is about six feet, straight but without restraint. His proportions are of the most exact symmetry. His very fingers are models of beauty. I never beheld a face that was so full of all the ennobling and at the same time the most winning expression. During my attempted analysis of his face, I could not but ask myself, ‘Can this man be a murderer? Is he the same who shot, scalped and cut the throat of Gagnier?’

“His face was painted, one side red, and the other intermixed with green and white. Around his neck he wore a collar of blue wampum, beautifully mixed with white, while the claws of the panther, or wild-cat, distant from each other about one-quarter inch, with their points inward, formed the rim of the collar. Around his neck were hanging strands of wampum of different lengths, the circles enlarging as they descended.

“He was clothed in a new and beautiful deer-skin, almost pure white. It consists of a jacket, the sleeve being cut to fit his finely-formed arm, and so as to leave outside of the seam that ran from the shoulder, back of the arm, and along the elbow, about six inches of the material, one-half of which was cut into fringe, the same kind of fringe ornamenting the collar of the jacket, its sides, bosom, and termination, which was not circular, but cut in points, and

which also ran down the seams of the leggins, these being made of the same material. Blue beads were employed to vary and enrich the fringe on the leggins. On his feet he wore moccasins.

“A piece of scarlet cloth about one-quarter yard deep and double that width, a slit being cut in its middle so as to admit of the passing through of his head, rested, one-half on his breast and the other on his back.

“On one shoulder and near his breast was a beautifully ornamented feather, nearly white, and about opposite, on the other shoulder, was another feather, nearly black. On the tip of one shoulder was a tuft of horsehair dyed red and a little curled, mixed up with ornaments.

“Across his breast, diagonally, was his war-pipe. In one of his hands he held the white flag, and in the other the calumet, or pipe of peace.

“There he stood. Not a muscle moved, nor was the expression of his face changed a particle. According to Indian law, he had done no wrong. His law demanded ‘An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.’ As to death, he had been taught to despise it.

“He and We-kau were told to sit down. Everything was still. It was, indeed, a moment of intense interest to all. Our officer spoke to them, telling them, among other things, that they had done well thus to come in.

“Red Bird then stood up, the commanding officer, Major Whistler, a few paces in front of the center of the line, facing him. After a moment’s pause and a quick survey of the troops and a composed observation of his people, he spoke, looking at Major Whistler, saying, ‘*I am ready!*’

“Then, advancing a step or two, he paused, saying, ‘I do not wish to be put in irons. Let me be free. I have given away my life—it is gone’ (stooping and taking some dust between his finger and thumb, and blowing it away) ‘like that’ (eying the dust as it fell and vanished from his sight), then adding, ‘I would not take it back. *It is gone.*’

“Having thus spoken, he threw his hands behind him and marched briskly up to Major Whistler, breast to breast. The Major stepped aside, and Red Bird and We-kau marched through the line of soldiers drawn up, to a tent provided for them in the rear; and a guard was set over them. Their comrades then left by the way they had come.

“We-kau, the miserable-looking being, the accomplice of Red Bird, was in all things the opposite of that unfortunate brave. The one seemed a prince, born to command and worthy to be obeyed; the other, as if born to be hanged. Meager, cold, dirty in his person and dress, crooked in form, like the starved wolf, gaunt, hungry and bloodthirsty, — his entire appearance indicated the presence of a spirit wary, cruel and treacherous. This is the man who could

scalp a child not eleven months old, and, in taking off its fine locks as a trophy and to exhibit as a scalp, cut the back of its neck to the bone and leave it to languish and die on the floor near its murdered father. But his hands and crooked and miserable-looking fingers had been accustomed to such bloody work.

“Red Bird did not appear to be thirty years old, and yet he is said to be past forty. We-kau looks to be forty-five, and is no doubt as old as that.”¹

The prisoners were sent to Prairie du Chien for trial. They were tried and convicted, although during the trial Red Bird repeatedly protested against the whole proceedings as, in his estimation, cowardly and unworthy a great nation. The Indian never could understand the tardy justice of the white man. The slow process of a trial was to him a mystery and a cause of contempt. Scarcely in any instance would an Indian deny an act which he had committed, and he did not understand why punishment should not be immediately inflicted. The imprisonment of the body was to him an insufferable grievance, and he looked upon the act as cowardice on the part of the whites, presuming that they dare not inflict such punishment as the crime demanded.

The trial reached its close and the prisoners were condemned by Judge Doty to be hanged December 26, 1828.

¹ Wisconsin Historical Collections, Volume V.

Red Bird, unused to captivity, sickened and died in prison. The other two murderers¹ were pardoned by President John Quincy Adams in November, 1828. One of the implied conditions of the pardon was that the Indians should cede to the government the lands the miners had already appropriated to their own use. At the treaty that was made in Prairie du Chien in 1829, Mrs. Gagnier was given two sections of land and the government agreed to pay her fifty dollars per annum for fifteen years, this sum to be deducted from the annual sum paid to the Winnebagoes for their land.

Thus ended the uprising of Red Bird and his Winnebagoes.

¹In the accounts of Red Bird's uprising, Chick-hon-sic is mentioned but twice—first, as having gone to Gagnier's house with the other two, and secondly, as having been tried for murder, convicted, and pardoned, at the same time as We-kau.

CHAPTER XVI

EARLY SETTLEMENTS

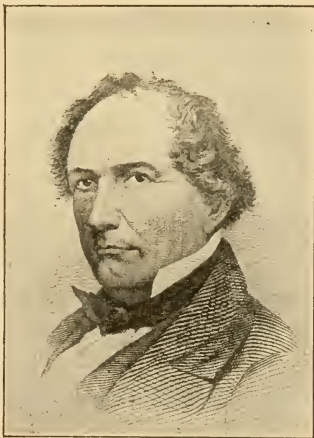
ALTHOUGH emigration westward was now encouraged, for the reasons already named, movement into the Northwest was not so rapid as it would have been had not England continued in actual possession of the territory in defiance of the treaty of 1783. Even after Jay's treaty, 1794, had secured the promise that the country would be evacuated, the posts still held there showed that execution followed slow upon promise. In fact, it was not until the close of the War of 1812 that the Redcoat disappeared from active participation in the affairs of this territory. From this time on, the country was rapidly settled.

Owing to its geographical position, Wisconsin was naturally the last of the five states carved out of the Northwest Territory to reap the benefit of this westward movement. Its population was still largely Canadian French and half-breeds, intermarriage with Indian women being very common among the fur-traders.

We have already spoken of the beginnings of Green Bay, when the Langlades first made it their home, 1763-4. Twenty years afterward, that is, in 1785, there were yet only seven families residing

there. These were French, and numbered thirty-five souls, including domestics and four Pawnee slaves. That its subsequent growth was slow, we may gather from the fact that in 1831 there were but a hundred houses scattered over it, nearly an equal number on each side of the Fox River.

Prairie du Chien, the second oldest town in the state, had all the geographical advantages of position. Located at the mouth of the great Wisconsin, it was the natural gathering-place of Red Men and traders; and yet no permanent homes were established here until 1781, when three Frenchmen elected it as their abiding-place.¹



SOLOMON JUNEAU

In 1805-6, the town proper consisted of "eighteen dwelling-houses in two streets; sixteen in Front Street and two in First Street. These, with other houses in the rear of the pond and scattered round the country, at the distance of one, two, three and five miles, together with three houses on the west

¹There are earlier dates claimed for the settlement, but they are questioned.

side of the Mississippi, made, in the village and vicinity, thirty-seven houses, which it will not be too much to calculate at ten persons each, the population being about three hundred seventy souls.”¹

In 1811, an Indian agent stationed at this settlement writes thus to the Secretary of War:

“The village contains between thirty and forty houses, and on the tract just mentioned about thirty-two families, so that the whole settlement contains about one hundred families. The men are generally French Canadians, who have mostly married Indian wives; perhaps not more than twelve white females are to be found in the settlement.

“These people attend to the cultivation of their lands, which are extremely fertile. They raise considerable quantities of surplus produce, particularly wheat and corn. They annually dispose of about eighty thousandweight of flour to the traders and Indians, besides great quantities of meal, and the quantity of surplus produce would be greatly increased if a suitable demand existed for it. All kinds of vegetables flourish in great perfection, and such is the beauty of the climate that the country begins to attract the attention of settlers. Different fruit trees have lately been planted and promise to grow well.

“Prairie des Chiens is surrounded by numerous Indian tribes, who wholly depend on it for their

¹ Pike's Expedition, 1805-6.

supplies. It is annually visited by at least six thousand Indians, and hitherto they have resorted to the Canadian traders for goods, because our own apprehended much danger in attempting to carry on a trade with them, particularly as the Canadians generally prevail on the Indians either to plunder them or to drive them away. Only one trader of our town returned into that quarter last year.

“Great danger, both to individuals and to the Government, is to be apprehended from the Canadian traders; they endeavor to incite the Indians against us; partly to monopolize their trade and partly to secure friendship in case a war should break out between us and England. They are constantly making large presents to the Indians, which the latter consider as a sign of approaching war, and under this impression frequently apply to me for advice on the subject. Hitherto I have been able to keep them friendly.”¹¹

The following extract from a letter of Joseph Street, Winnebago agent at Prairie du Chien, to Governor Edwards of Illinois, gives an idea of conditions general in Wisconsin at this time:

PRAIRIE DU CHIEN, Dec. 28, 1827.

DEAR SIR—The closing of the river appears absolutely to cut me off from any intercourse with the civilized world. I arrived here the first of Nov., since when we have had *one mail* from below. I have not heard from my family since I left Saline. And have not rec'd *one letter* from below this place since we parted. *From this*, you will readily conclude I am quite uneasy. If it is not im-

posing too much on your goodness I should like, at a leisure moment, to get a few lines from you. I feel some anxiety to hear also from Washington City, whether my appointment has been confirmed. I have no newspaper from Washington, and until I can get a paper sent on, I would acknowledge it as a great favor, if you would send me on one of your W. papers after reading it. Or the Richmond Enquirer, after you have retained it one week to read it, will be *very new here then.*

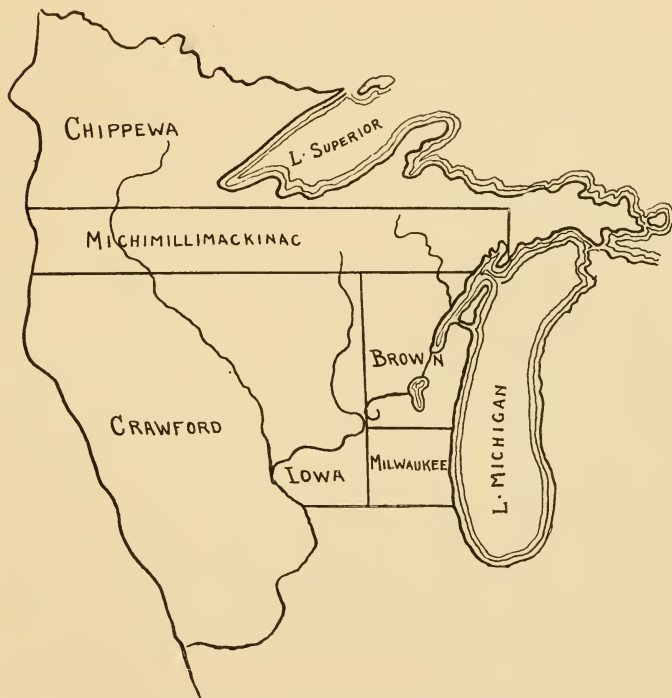
Jacques Vieau, an agent for the Northwest Fur Company, is credited with being the first white settler in Milwaukee. In 1795, he established several posts on the shore of Lake Michigan, and made his headquarters at Milwaukee. He continued to reside here during the winter for many years, then moved to Green Bay. Solomon Juneau, whom Milwaukee honors as her first citizen, was his clerk and son-in-law. He did not come to Milwaukee until 1818, and did not settle there until 1834, at which time four other settlers were also there.

A son of Jacques Vieau thus describes his bridal trip from Green Bay to Milwaukee in 1837:

“Our bridal trip was made across country to Milwaukee on what was called a ‘French train.’ The sleigh was a deep box, six feet long by thirty-five inches broad, which slipped easily on the surface of the snow, when drawn by two horses tandem. There were, of course, no wagon roads in those days, but there were two regularly traveled trails to Milwaukee.

“The one we took led first on a short cut southeast from Green Bay to Manitowoc. At Manitowoc

Rapids, two and a half miles from the lake shore, the path turned almost due south, striking the mouth of Sheboygan River. Thence we would proceed



COUNTIES OF WISCONSIN IN 1836

up the lake, sometimes on the beach and again on the high land, for fifteen or sixteen miles; thence, west southwest to Saukville, a small Chippewa

village, whose chief was at that time Wahmetee-goosh (Little Frenchman); thence directly southeast to Milwaukee, striking the Kilbourn—now the Waukesha—road.

“This path between Green Bay and Milwaukee was originally an Indian trail, and very crooked; but the whites would straighten it by cutting across lots each winter with their jumpers, wearing bare streaks through the thin covering, to be followed in summer by foot and horseback travel along the shortened path.

“The other trail was by way of Fond du Lac, taking advantage of the military road along the east shore of Lake Winnebago; thence southwest to Watertown; thence east to Waukesha, and coming into Milwaukee on the Kilbourn road. The time occupied in traveling from Green Bay to Milwaukee was four days, either by foot or by French train,—the distance being estimated at 125 miles.”

When the territorial census was taken in 1836, only four counties in the state were enumerated—Brown, Iowa, Crawford and Milwaukee. The boundaries of these counties are shown on page 197.

This enumeration showed a population of nearly twelve thousand, Iowa having over five thousand, Brown and Milwaukee each nearly three thousand, and Crawford less than one thousand.

CHAPTER XVII

BLACK HAWK WAR—1832

THE four years following the conclusion of the Winnebago outbreak were years of growth and prosperity in southern Wisconsin. Relieved from anxiety as to Indian attacks, the miners returned to the lead regions, and with them came many immigrants.

But the interval of peace was short, and the war that followed was the bloodiest in the history of the state. This time it was not the Winnebagoes who led the uprising, but the Sauks, who from the close of the French war against them and the Foxes had occupied the east bank of the Mississippi from the Wisconsin to the Missouri, while the Foxes dwelt on the west bank.

In 1804, the United States Government had concluded a treaty with these two tribes, according to which, for one thousand dollars paid annually, they ceded to the government about fifty million acres of land, comprising parts of Missouri, Illinois and Wisconsin.

By the terms of this treaty, the Indians need not vacate the territory at once, but "as long as the lands which are now ceded to the United States remain their territory [that is. until the government should



CESSION OF 1804

sell the lands to settlers], the Indians belonging to said tribes shall enjoy the privilege of living or hunting upon them.”

This unwise provision was the principal cause of the war which broke out in 1832.

Three miles from the mouth of the Rock River and three miles south of the present city of Rock Island was one of the largest Indian towns on the continent, the chief village of the Sauk nation. The soil of that region was rich and the Indians raised abundant crops, cultivating a tract of about three thousand acres running parallel with the Mississippi. The village contained the principal cemetery of the Sauk nation.

In 1767, there was born in this village one Ma-kai-me-she-kia-kiak by name, or Black Sparrow Hawk, commonly called Black Hawk. He was not a chief either by birth or by election, but he early became the leader of the village, not because he possessed great physical or intellectual advantages, for he had neither.

He was the opposite of Red Bird in appearance, being short and spare. His features were pinched, his cheek-bones high even for an Indian, his forehead full; he had no eyebrows and little hair, it having been plucked out, all but the scalp-lock, which he ornamented with eagle feathers on occasions of ceremony; his head was well poised and his bearing dignified.

He was restless and ambitious, a demagogue who secured followers by appealing to their passions. He was probably honest and sincere, but he was much influenced by the British agents at Malden, Canada, to whom he went every year for presents

of arms, ammunition, provisions and trinkets. With him on these trips went his British Band, so called, who served with him under Tecumseh on the side of the British in the War of 1812. Black Hawk was near that warrior when he fell in the Battle of the Thames, October, 1813.

In the story of his life dictated by himself,¹ Black Hawk says that he would have taken no further part in the war after Tecumseh's death had it not been for injuries inflicted upon an aged friend by the whites in the village on the Rock. Furious at this outrage, he continued his forays even after peace had been declared. It was not until May, 1816, that he signed a treaty of peace with the United States. He never ceased, however, to hate the Americans most cordially, and subsequent events proved that he had some right so to do.

This treaty of 1816 ratified and confirmed the treaty of 1804. Black Hawk had not signed the first, but he did sign the second.¹ Later, he pretended not to know what he had done, and denied the legality of all the treaties.

In 1823, before the land about the Sauk village had been surveyed or much of it even explored, and while there was yet a belt of land fifty miles to the

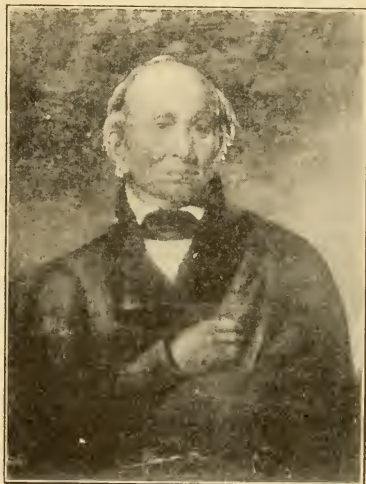
¹ Life of Ma-ka-tai-me-she-kia-kiak, or Black Hawk, dictated by himself (to Antoine le Claire, half-breed, United States interpreter, and edited by J. B. Patterson). It is dedicated to General Atkinson.

² "Black Hawk signed in all three treaties—St. Louis, May, 1816; St. Louis, September, 1822, and Prairie du Chien, August, 1825, each of which reaffirmed the treaty of 1804."—Wisconsin Historical Collections, Volume XII.

east, unsettled, squatters began taking possession. "Indian cornfields were fenced in, squaws and children were whipped for venturing beyond the bounds thus set, and lodges were burned over the heads of their occupants."

Black Hawk often remonstrated with the white authorities, but the outrages continued and grew worse. He now began to advance the claim that the site of the village had not been included in the cession of 1804. He was encouraged in this claim by the chief White Cloud, called the Prophet, half Winnebago and half Sauk, whose village was thirty-five miles up the Rock; also by the British agent at Malden, and others, to all of whom Black Hawk told his story. He thus justifies himself:

"I heard there was a great chief on the Wabash, and sent a party to get his advice. They informed him that we had not sold our village. He assured



BLACK HAWK

them, then, that if we had not sold the land on which our village stood, our Great Father [the President of the United States] would not take it from us.

“I started early to see the chief [British agent] of my British Father [King of England], and told him my story. He gave the same reply that the chief on the Wabash had given. . . . I next called on the great chief at Detroit and made the same statement to him that I had made to the chief of our British Father. He gave me the same advice. . . . This assured me that I was right, and determined me to hold out as I had promised our people.”

After an unsuccessful hunt in the spring of 1830, Black Hawk and his band returned to their village to find it almost destroyed, many of the graves desecrated by the plowshare, and the whites defiant of the Indians and their claims. There is no doubt that the whites, who had pre-empted these lands and acquired legal title by settlement, were violating the spirit of the treaty of 1804, which contemplated the *gradual* settlement of the land westwardly. As before stated, there was yet fifty miles of unoccupied territory between the Mississippi and the settlements. In the ordinary progress of settlement, this would have allowed the Sauks to remain many years longer on the land.

Black Hawk, angry at the injustice done them, hurried to Malden to tell his tale to sympathetic ears. He was here assured of the justice of his

claim, as he was, also, when he stopped at the Prophet's town on his way home.

On his return to the village in the spring of 1831, being warned away by the whites, he in turn gave warning that if they did not leave he would use force. He says:

“I now determined to put a stop to it by clearing our country of the intruders. I went to the principal men and told them that they must and should leave our country, and gave them until the middle of the next day to remove in. The most left within the time appointed,—but the one who remained represented that his family (which was large) would be in a starving condition if he went away and left his crop, and promised to behave well if I would consent to let him remain until fall in order to secure his crop. He spoke reasonably, and I consented.”

Black Hawk claimed that he did not mean to shed blood in order to carry out his order of eviction, but the settlers so interpreted him. They deluged Governor Reynolds of Illinois with petitions for help. As a result, a force of sixteen hundred volunteers and ten companies of regulars appeared before Black Hawk's village, June 25, 1831. During the following night, the Indians quietly withdrew to the west bank of the Mississippi. On June 30, they signed a treaty of peace, agreeing never to return to the east bank of the river.

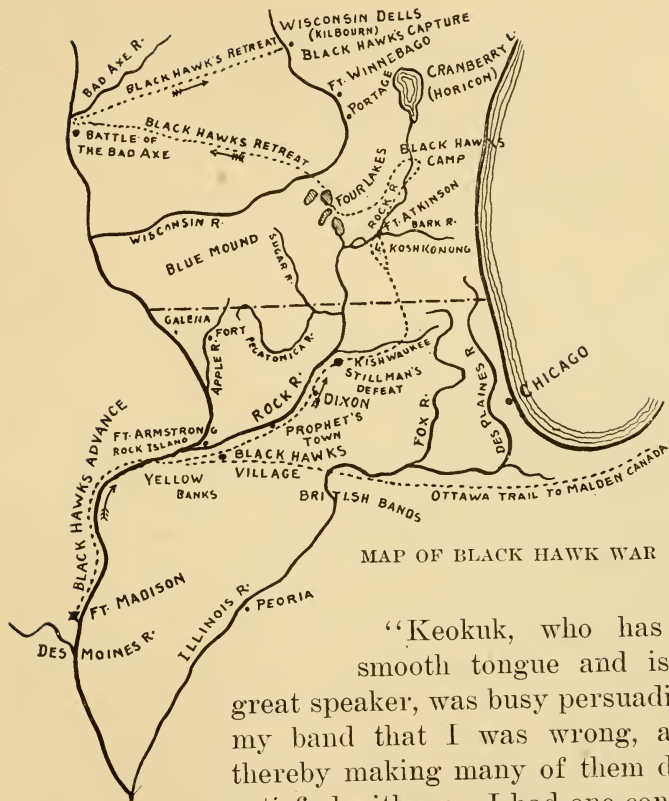
All might now have been well had not Black Hawk

and a large war party ascended the Mississippi on a mission of vengeance. They massacred and scalped all but one of the party of twenty-eight Menominees on an island nearly opposite Prairie du Chien. This was done to avenge a similar act committed by the Menominees and Sioux on the British Band the year before. Indian vengeance may be slow, but it is tolerably certain.

General Joseph Street, the Indian agent at Prairie du Chien, of whom we have already spoken, demanded that the Sauk murderers be delivered to him for trial. Black Hawk refused on the plea that none of the Menominee murderers the year before had been delivered up to trial. His act, according to the rules of savage warfare, was justified, but his refusal to obey the Indian agent constituted rebellion against the United States.

Encouraged to rebel by the reports which he received from agents sent to Malden and to the Prophet's town, which reports led him to believe that he would receive British aid and that the Ottawas, Chippewas, Pottawattomies and Winnebagoes of Wisconsin would become his allies, Black Hawk now repaired to the site of old Fort Madison, near the mouth of the Des Moines River, and began recruiting his band.

Keokuk, chief of the Sauk and Fox confederacy, tried to dissuade him, but to no avail. Black Hawk says:



MAP OF BLACK HAWK WAR

“Keokuk, who has a smooth tongue and is a great speaker, was busy persuading my band that I was wrong, and thereby making many of them dissatisfied with me. I had one consolation, for all the women were on my side, on account of their cornfields.”

On April 6, 1832, Black Hawk and about five hundred braves, with their wives and children, crossed the Mississippi River, at the Yellow Banks, thus

invading the state of Illinois. The Prophet met him here. Black Hawk says of this meeting:

“The Prophet then addressed my braves and warriors. He told them to follow us, and act like braves, and we had nothing to fear, but much to gain. That the American war chief might come, but would not, dare not, interfere with us so long as we acted peaceably. That we were not yet ready to act otherwise. We must wait until we ascend Rock River and receive reinforcements, and we will then be able to withstand any army.”

Their intention was to stop above the Prophet's town on Rock River, raise a crop during that summer, and prepare for the warpath in the fall.

The Pottawattomies, to whom Black Hawk had sent messengers asking for help, were divided in opinion—a majority under the influence of the chief Shaubena remaining neutral, while the hot-heads under Big Foot were fiercely desirous to go on the warpath. Shaubena himself set out to make a rapid tour of the settlements in the valleys of the Rock and the Illinois, warning them of approaching war.

General Atkinson, with a company of regulars, had come north to enforce the demand of General Street for the Sauk murderers. He was at Fort Armstrong (Rock Island) when he learned of the invasion, seven days after it occurred. He at once notified Governor Reynolds that his force was too small for effective work, and that volunteers must

be called out. Some sixteen hundred responded to Governor Reynolds's call.¹

General Atkinson sent two sets of messengers to Black Hawk ordering him to withdraw at once to the west bank of the Mississippi River on peril of being driven there by force of arms. Black Hawk's reply to the war chief was, "If you wish to fight us, you may come on!"

On May 9 the army started to follow Black Hawk's trail up the Rock, the land force under General Whiteside, while Atkinson, with cannon, provisions, baggage, and three hundred men, followed in boats. Whiteside outdistanced Atkinson. When he reached the Prophet's town, he found it deserted, but the trail up the river fresh, so he pushed on to Dixon's. Here he found two independent battalions under Majors Stillman and Bailey. These men objected to joining the regulars, being full of enthusiasm and impatient of the slow advance of the army. They asked permission of Whiteside to go forward as scouts, receiving which, they set out under Stillman, May 13.

Black Hawk, with about forty of his braves, was holding council with the chiefs of Big Foot's faction of the Pottawattomies up the Rock River, some three

¹ Abraham Lincoln was a captain in one of the regiments. Jefferson Davis, lieutenant of Company B, First United States Infantry, was stationed at Prairie du Chien, but was absent from his company on furlough during this summer. Zachary Taylor was colonel of four hundred regular infantry gathered from Forts Crawford (Prairie du Chien) and Leavenworth.

miles north of where Stillman's men encamped on the afternoon of May 14.

Finding that he could induce only about one hundred Pottawattomies to join him, Black Hawk was discouraged, and he says that at this time he had made up his mind to return west of the Mississippi when next summoned by General Atkinson (White Beaver) to do so. Whether or not this be true, we cannot say, but events that now transpired caused him to act otherwise, whatever he may have intended.

Hearing that there was a force of whites encamped three miles below, and thinking it was Atkinson's, he sent three of his young men with a white flag, asking the White Beaver to meet him in council. Some of Stillman's men, seeing them approaching nearly a mile away, rushed out upon them, helter-skelter, and ran them into camp. Black Hawk had sent five other braves to watch what happened. They, too, were sighted, pursued, and two of them killed. The fact that Stillman's men were probably intoxicated scarcely excuses such a violation of the rules of warfare.

The other three Indians returned to tell Black Hawk of the disaster which had befallen them. He was hot with anger, and justly so. With his few warriors, less than forty (for the Pottawattomie chiefs hastily returned to their homes), Black Hawk went forth to avenge his wrongs.

The whites were three hundred strong, the Indians

only about one tenth that number, but at the first volley of Black Hawk and his braves the whites fled as though the furies had been let loose upon them, fled until nightfall put an end to the chase but not the flight. These volunteers, panicstricken, ran madly on until they reached Dixon's, twenty-five miles away; and some of them did not stop even then, but flew on the wings of fear to their own firesides, spreading the direful tale that Black Hawk and two thousand bloodthirsty warriors were on the warpath, sweeping all before them!

It is not to be wondered at that Black Hawk conceived a very poor opinion of the bravery of the Americans, and that he should consider that war had been forced upon him; that the whites, not he, were responsible for the bloodshed which followed. He says:

“I had resolved upon giving up the war, and sent a flag of peace to the American war chief, expecting, as a matter of right, reason and justice, that our flag would be respected (I have always seen it so in war among the whites), and a council convened that we might explain our grievances, having been driven from our village the year before, without permission to gather corn and provisions which our women had labored hard to cultivate, and ask permission to return,—thereby giving up all idea of going to war against the whites. Yet, instead of this honorable course which I have always seen practised in war, I

was forced into war, with about five hundred warriors to contend against three or four thousand."

But for this dishonorable treatment of a flag of truce, the Black Hawk War might never have been.

Black Hawk, guided by friendly Winnebagoes, now hurriedly removed his women and children to the swamps of Lake Koshkonong in southern Wisconsin. Joined by parties of Winnebagoes and Pottawattomies, he then returned into northern Illinois, ready for active forays.

Great was the consternation in northern Illinois and southern Wisconsin over the reports spread broadcast by Stillman's men. Settlers hurried into the forts like chickens to cover. A remarkable incident of the panic is told:

"In the hurried rout that took place at this time, there was a family that lived near the river [the Iroquois, in northeastern Illinois]. They had no horses, but a large family of small children; the father and mother each took a child, the rest were directed to follow on foot as soon as possible. The eldest daughter also carried one of the children that was not able to keep up. They fled to the river, which they had to cross. The father had to carry over all the children at different times, as the stream was high, and so rapid the mother and daughter could not stem the current with such a burden. When they all, as they thought, had got over, they started, when the cry of poor little Susan was heard on the

opposite bank, asking if they were not going to take her with them. The frightened father again began to prepare to plunge into the strong current for his child, when the mother, seeing it, cried out, 'Never mind Susan; we have succeeded in getting ten over, which is more than we expected at first—and we can better spare Susan than you, my dear.'

"So poor Susan, who was only about four years old, was left to the mercy of the frightful savages. But poor little Susan came off unhurt; one of the neighbors, who was out hunting, came along and took charge of little Susan, the eleventh, who had been so miserably treated by her mother."

Stillman's men showed still further cowardice. Atkinson left them to guard the wounded and the supplies at Dixon's, while he went on up the Rock. He was no sooner gone than they started for their homes, a second time deserting. Atkinson thereupon returned to Dixon's, ordering Whiteside to follow Black Hawk up the Kishwaukee River.

But Whiteside's men refused to follow the trail beyond the state line, saying that they had enlisted for service in Illinois, not in Michigan Territory. So they abandoned the pursuit and returned to Ottawa, where they were mustered out of the service. Thus ingloriously ended the first campaign of the war.

More volunteers were now called for by Governor Reynolds, and the government ordered General Winfield Scott to proceed from the seaboard to the

seat of war with one thousand regulars.¹ General Atkinson persuaded two hundred mounted volunteers to remain in service. General Whiteside enlisted as a private soldier in this battalion. Within three weeks after Stillman's defeat, there were in the field about four thousand effective men.

Black Hawk had divided his forces into war parties, he himself leading the largest, which consisted of about two hundred warriors. The engagements which followed were thus necessarily irregular and scattering, consisting of forays and chance encounters.

On June 14, a party of eleven Sauks killed five white men on the Pecatonica River in what is now La Fayette County. Colonel Dodge, with twenty-nine men, overtook the savages the next day, and a battle ensued in which the Indians had eleven killed and the whites three. Dodge's force was made up of a free and easy set, animated by a love of adventure and hatred of the Indian.

On June 24, Black Hawk's party attacked the fort on Apple River, but was repulsed. The woman and girls aided the little garrison by molding bullets and loading guns.

Atkinson, who was still at Dixon's, learned that Black Hawk's main camp was still near Lake Koshkonong, so he started up the Rock, June 27. They

¹ Owing to sickness which attacked the army on the march, they did not arrive until after the war was over.

found the Sauk trail still fresh, for Black Hawk, after the repulse at Apple River, had fled east to the Rock and was now three or four days in advance of Atkinson. On July 2 the army arrived at Lake Koshkonong, only to find hastily deserted camps.

Atkinson went into camp here, expecting a general engagement soon. He therefore sent out orders to all detachments to join them. Treacherous Winnebagoes informed him that Black Hawk was encamped on an island in Whitewater River a few miles east of his camp. From July 7 to July 9 he was sending scouts on wild-goose chases through the swamps of this region, but Black Hawk was already well on his way north.

Discouraged by the adverse conditions prevailing, provisions being scarce and the troops worn out, many prominent Illinoisans now returned home. Atkinson despatched part of his army under Colonels Henry and Dodge to Fort Winnebago (Portage) for supplies, part to the mining regions to act as guard, while he himself went into camp and erected a stockade where the Bark empties into the Rock, the site of the present city of Fort Atkinson.

While Henry and Dodge were at Fort Winnebago, they learned the true location of Black Hawk's camp, southeast of them on the Rock. They resolved to return that way, and, if possible, bring on an engagement. When they arrived, the enemy had again fled, and they found only a deserted camp. The Winne-

bagoes with them insisted that Black Hawk was at Cranberry (Horicon) Lake, and the commanders resolved to set out for that lake the next day.

That afternoon a friendly Winnebago chief, Little Thunder, convinced them that they must go south and west if they would strike the trail of the tireless Sauk. They struck the trail about half way between the present cities of Watertown and Jefferson. It led west on almost exactly the line of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway from Jefferson Junction to Madison.

The trail was a difficult one to follow, the men often having to dismount and wade in the water and mud to their armpits. By sunset of the second day, July 20, they reached the northeast extremity of Third Lake, where they camped. Black Hawk was only seven or eight miles beyond.

The next day they were hot on his trail, and in the afternoon overtook his rear guard on the banks of the Wisconsin. After half an hour of hot firing, the whites charged the enemy. The Indians finally retreated, joining the main body which was crossing the stream.

After dusk, Black Hawk placed on a large raft and in canoes obtained from the Winnebagoes a number of old men, women and children, and sent them down the river, hoping that the garrison at Fort Crawford (Prairie du Chien) would consider them as noncombatants and allow them to pass un-

harméd. But the Americans were not so generous. General Street sent out a force to attack them, and most of the number were either killed or captured. Of the few who escaped to the woods, nearly all were massacred by a company of Menominee allies.

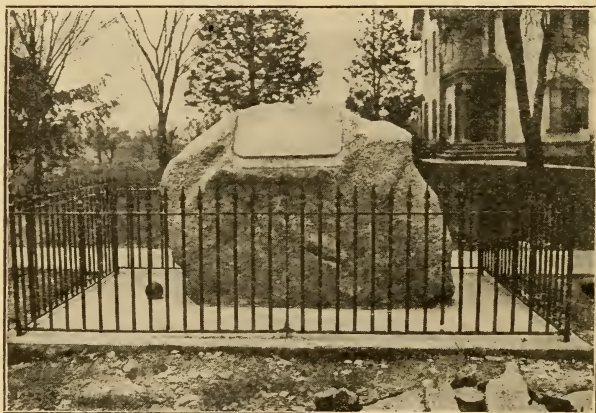
Being unfamiliar with the country north of the Wisconsin, and insufficiently provisioned for a long march, Colonel Henry abandoned the pursuit for the time being and marched his force to Blue Mounds for supplies. Here he was joined, July 23, by Atkinson with his command.

On July 27 and 28 the combined forces crossed the Wisconsin on rafts made from the logs of the cabins of Helena. They struck the trail about five miles northeast of the crossing. They found it led to the northwest, toward the Mississippi. They were now in an unknown country, but the trail was not difficult to follow, being marked by the bodies of dead Sauks who had died on the way, either from wounds or of starvation. There were abundant evidences that the fleeing savages were in the last extreme of hunger, for they were eating the bark of trees and the scant flesh of their exhausted ponies.

Black Hawk and his few almost starved braves reached the Mississippi about two miles south of where the Bad Axe empties into it. He tried to get across, but as he had only two or three canoes, the passage was necessarily slow. One large raft, filled with women and children, was sent down the east

side of the river, but it capsized, and nearly all aboard were drowned.

In the afternoon, a supply steamer from Prairie du Chien appeared on the scene. Black Hawk waved a white flag as the steamer neared the shore. He called out in the Winnebago tongue that they wished



BLACK HAWK WAR MEMORIAL, FORT ATKINSON.¹

to give themselves up, but, although a Winnebago on board correctly interpreted his request, the captain affected to believe that it was a trick to entice

¹This is a large boulder of native granite placed on the corner of the ground included within General Atkinson's stockade, and bearing this inscription on a marble tablet:

"Near this spot General Atkinson built a stockade in the Black Hawk War, 1832. To mark this historic ground the Fort Atkinson Daughters of the American Revolution place this memorial. 1906."

The cannon ball at the left was unearthed in the excavation of a cellar near this spot.

them into ambush, so ordered his men to fire. As a result, twenty-three more Sauks laid down their lives for a lost cause, and Black Hawk received one more lesson in the way Americans carried on war.

Black Hawk, seeing that his cause was lost, gathered a party of ten braves, among whom was the Prophet, and recrossed the river as soon as the steamer, which was short of fuel, was out of sight on its return to Prairie du Chien. He then started east, intending to hide in the dells of the Wisconsin. The next day, feeling conscience-stricken at having deserted his friends, he returned, and from a cliff near by witnessed the close of the battle of the Bad Axe, the death blow of the British Band. He turned into the forest and fled.

The battle took place August 2, when Atkinson's forces came up with the Sauks on the banks of the Mississippi. The Indians fought with desperation, even though weakened by hunger and long marches, but there could be but one outcome. A few escaped by swimming to the west bank of the Mississippi, but many who, in despair, plunged in were drowned or picked off by the sharpshooters. The whites respected neither age nor sex, killing women and children with the same indifference with which they slew the braves.

The carnage lasted three hours, the Indians losing one hundred fifty killed outright, probably as many more by drowning, while about fifty women and chil-

dren were taken prisoners. Seventeen whites were killed and twelve wounded.

Of those who crossed the river, fully one half were massacred by a party of Sioux sent out by Atkinson to intercept them. Out of the thousand who had crossed the Yellow Banks in the spring, possibly a meager hundred fifty lived to tell the sorrowful tale of a misguided people.

But what of the fleeing Black Hawk? His story is soon finished. He with the Prophet was delivered over by two Winnebagoes, ever treacherous as a nation and as individuals, to General Street at Prairie du Chien. They had tracked the fugitives to the dells of the Wisconsin.

On September 21, 1832, a treaty of peace was signed at Fort Armstrong (Rock Island). Black Hawk and the Prophet, with other Indians, were to be held as hostages, pledges for the good behavior of the remnant of the British Band and their Winnebago allies.

Lieutenant Jefferson Davis was detailed to act as their guard when they were transferred from Fort Armstrong to Jefferson Barracks (St. Louis). An account of Davis's life says:

“He entirely won the heart of the savage chief-tain, and before they reached Jefferson Barracks there had sprung up between the stern red warrior and the young paleface a warm friendship which only terminated with the life of Black Hawk.”

The hostages remained at the Barracks through the winter, but in April, 1833, they were taken to Washington, where they had an interview with President Jackson. He most emphatically told them that the Government would compel the Red Men to be at peace.

They were then sent to Fortress Monroe, Virginia, for confinement, the same place that afterward held Jefferson Davis, the Confederate president, as prisoner.

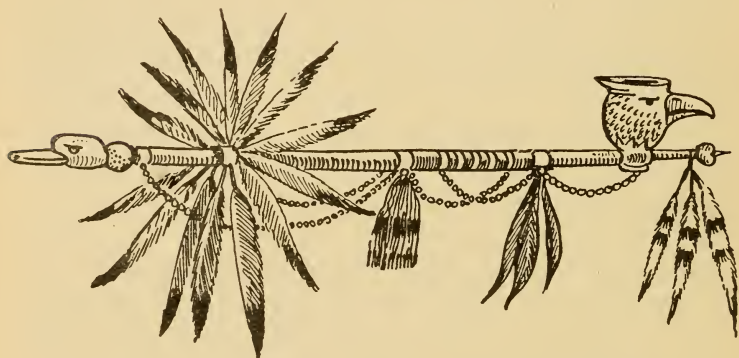
On June 4, 1833, Black Hawk and his fellow prisoners were set free by order of President Jackson. They were then taken through the principal cities of the country on their way home, in order that they might be properly impressed with the importance and power of the whites, and thus see the hopelessness of any future attack.

For several years Black Hawk lived quietly on a small reservation set apart for him and his followers near the head of the Des Moines Rapids, Iowa, and here he died, October 3, 1838, at the age of seventy-one.¹

Thus ended in peace and quietness the life of one who had brought about one of the bloodiest of Indian

¹ In July, 1839, an Illinois physician stole Black Hawk's body from its grave. The warrior's family complained, and Governor Lucas of Iowa, in 1840, caused the skeleton to be delivered to him at Burlington, then the capital of Iowa Territory. Later in that year the seat of government was moved to Iowa City, and the box containing the remains was deposited in a law office in that town. It remained here until the night of January 16, 1853, when the building and its contents were destroyed by fire. It had been intended to place the skeleton in the museum of the Iowa Historical and Geographical Institute, but the fire occurred before the removal could take place.

war in the history of our state, and yet he cannot be blamed, for had he been treated with ordinary fairness and justice, the war need not have been. His own words are his best defense: "Rock River was a beautiful country. I liked my town, my corn-fields, and the home of my people. I fought for them."



CHAPTER XVIII

OUR NAME AND OUR BOUNDARIES

SCARCELY had Black Hawk put his goose-quill to the treaty and peace become an assured fact, when settlers began again to pour into our borders. From Ohio, from New York, even from faraway Maine, they came, for the Erie Canal, completed in 1825, had made it easy for emigrants to push westward into the woods of Michigan, of which the Badger State was yet a part.

Our territory had been successively a part of the Northwest Territory, from 1787 to 1800; of Indiana Territory, from 1800 to 1809 (Map A); of Illinois Territory, from 1809 to 1818 (Map B); and of Michigan Territory, from 1818 to 1836 (Map C).

As Legler well says, "Wisconsin was an orphan in the neglectful charge, first of the Northwest Territory, then of Indiana, Illinois and Michigan Territories."

But the people west of Lake Michigan, some twenty-two thousand in number, had long since tired of this government, which was almost no government at all, and had begun to agitate the matter of controlling their own affairs.

They argued, in favor of this, that Detroit, the



MAP A (1800-1809)

seat of government, was over five hundred miles away, with no communication except by trails and waterways, difficult at any time and impassable half the time; that their votes could not reach Detroit before the question upon which they had voted was al-

ready past history, and that therefore they had practically no voice in the government. They also claimed that they needed a government of their own in order to insure prompt and effective protection against the Indians within and around their borders.

In 1824, Judge Doty¹ drew up a bill for the organization of the new territory under the name of Chipewau. This he sent with a petition signed by a large number of residents to United States Senator Benton, of Missouri, requesting him to get the matter before Congress. The boundaries of the new terri-

¹The same before whom Red Bird and his accomplices were tried.

tory, as defined by Doty, are shown in the map on page 227.

In spite of Judge Doty's persistent efforts in writing letters to prominent Congressmen, the matter was not deemed important enough to be given consideration.

In 1827, Judge Doty, in deference to the wishes of some, expressed a willingness to call the new territory Wiskonsan, a corruption of the Indian name of the principal river. But still Congress did not appreciate the necessity for action.

The next year, 1828, the people of Detroit, awakened to the fact that Michigan, which was already looking toward statehood, was being narrowed in her possible boundaries, sent a protest to Congress, objecting most strongly to giving up the territory lying east of Mackinac; about that lying west they cared nothing, in their ignorance re-



MAP B (1809-1818)

garding it as valueless. To this the people west of Lake Michigan were welcome.

In order properly to understand Michigan's position, we must go back to the Ordinance of 1787. That Ordinance, we must remember, provided for five

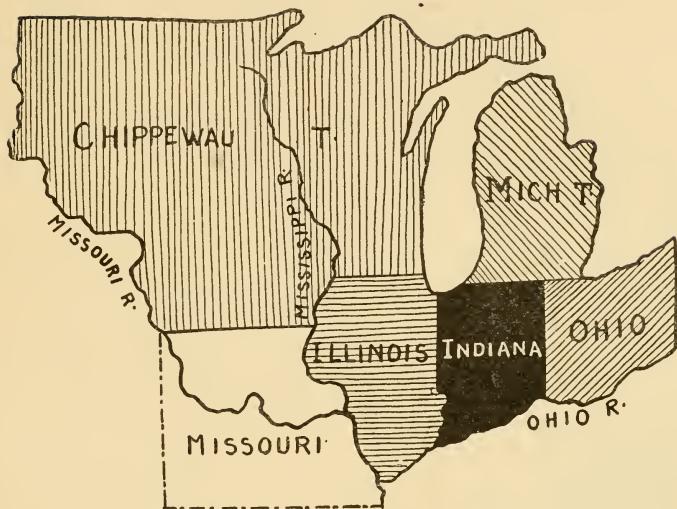


MAP C (1818-1836)

possible states to be formed out of the Northwest Territory, and even specified the boundaries of the same.

That Ordinance made a due east and west line from the most southern point of Lake Michigan the northern boundary of the three lower

states. But this most southern point was in territory as yet unsurveyed, hence unknown. Therefore when Ohio became a state in 1802 she was given a boundary "running from the southern extremity of Lake Michigan to the most northerly cape of Miami Bay on Lake Erie," a line extending, as may be seen, northeast and southwest.



THE TERRITORY OF CHIPPEWAW

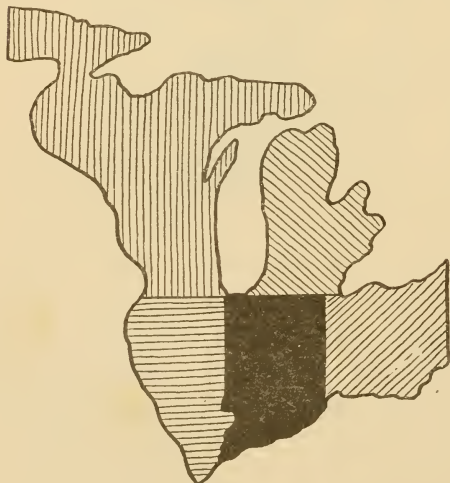
When, in 1805, Michigan Territory was organized, it was given for a southern boundary the line described in the Ordinance, and in the upper peninsula all the land east of a north and south line through Mackinac. A glance at the map will show that the boundaries of Michigan and Ohio overlapped.

The wedge-shaped strip in dispute averaged six miles in width and contained about four hundred fifty square miles, including the present site of Toledo.

Congress ordered the boundary between the two surveyed in 1812, but the survey was not completed

until 1835, the whole question hanging, of course, upon the most southerly point of Lake Michigan. Congress finally solved the question by forcing a compromise upon the two. Ohio was to have the wedge in question, and Michigan, as compensation, was offered the whole of the upper peninsula, a region geographically and legally (if the ordinance of 1787 was binding) belonging to Wisconsin. This was robbing Peter to pay Paul with a vengeance.

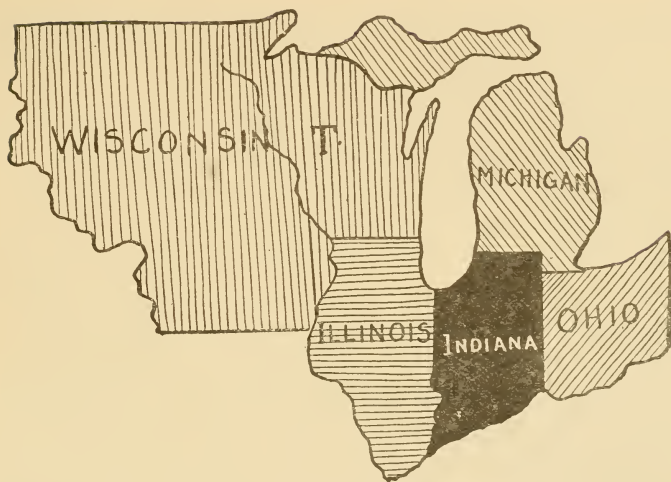
Michigan did not want the northern peninsula, protesting that it was barren waste, that it naturally and rightfully belonged to the fifth state, that she



DIVISION OF
NORTHWEST TERRITORY ACCORDING
TO ORDINANCE OF 1787

had no common interest with the people of that region, it being separated from the southern part by insurmountable natural barriers half of the year.

But Michigan wanted statehood, and Congress alone could give her what she wanted; hence she was



WISCONSIN TERRITORY, 1836

forced to yield, which she did, though very unwillingly, in December, 1836.

Thus was Judge Doty's territory of "Chippewau," or "Wiskonsan," or "Huron," as he called it in 1830, or Wisconsin, as it was named in 1834, shaved of a goodly portion on the northeast.

As to how Indiana came to have a northern boundary even farther north than Ohio is equally interesting, but does not belong to the history of our state; hence we shall not give it space.

But how comes the northern boundary of Illinois to be much farther north than either of the others? We shall have to go to a meeting of Congress in 1818

to answer that. Illinois is asking to be admitted as a state. The bill, introduced by her territorial delegate, Nathaniel Pope, gives her boundary as prescribed by the Ordinance of 1787, a line due west from the southern point of Lake Michigan to the Mississippi. Suddenly Mr. Pope bethinks himself that Illinois ought to have more lake front, and he accordingly proposes an amendment to his bill, making $42^{\circ} 30'$ her northern boundary, thus coolly appropriating a strip over sixty-one miles wide, a fertile district containing the sites of Chicago, Galena, Freeport, Rockford and many other prosperous towns. His argument for this bold move is that if Illinois were to have no lake outlet, her interests would lie to the south and west, and in the event of the Union's being disrupted, his state would naturally join a southern or western confederacy in preference to a northern or eastern one. His argument prevails, strange as it may seem, for the as yet unformed territory in the north has neither voice nor friend in Congress.

When Wisconsin was finally organized as a territory, in 1836, she tacitly accepted $42^{\circ} 30'$ as her southern boundary and her present northeastern boundary, although this latter had to be determined by later surveys. Almost immediately, however, she began to take steps for the recovery of her stolen territory on the south. Of this we shall speak later.

The question of her spoliation on the northwest

also belongs to the period when the territory was asking for statehood, and will be taken up later.

On July 4, 1836, the new territory was organized at Mineral Point. President Jackson had appointed Henry Dodge of Dodgeville, of whom we heard in the Black Hawk War, as governor, for the term of three years, but he might be removed by the President at any time. His salary was fixed at \$2,500 a year.

At the election the following October there were chosen thirteen members of the council (senate) for four years, and twice that number of representatives (assemblymen) for two years. Their salary was three dollars a day and the same sum for every twenty miles traveled each way from the seat of government. The seat of government was fixed at Belmont, Iowa County, by proclamation of the governor.

A chief justice and two associates were appointed by the President. District, probate courts, and justices of the peace were provided for.

The first legislature met in a story-and-a-half frame house surrounded by stumps, lead-miners' shafts, prospectors' holes and shanties. It is interesting to note that Governor Dodge's first message to this legislature, which met October 25, 1836, urged a memorial to Congress asking for an appropriation of two hundred fifty thousand dollars to improve the navigation of the upper Mississippi. He advocated the improvement of the Rock River, and connecting



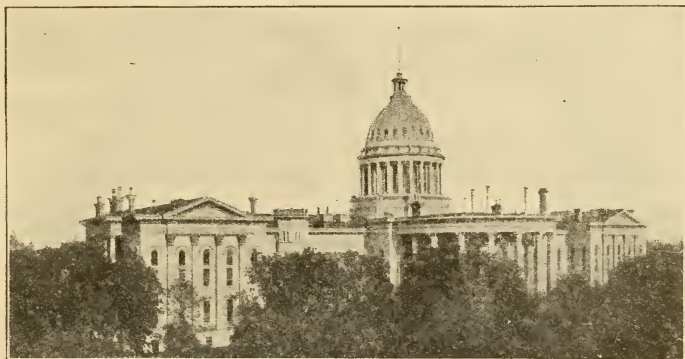
THE CAPITOL IN 1869

it with the Wisconsin by way of the Four Lakes at Madison. He recommended a grant of land by Congress to aid in building a railroad between Lake Michigan and the Mississippi, and also a grant by Congress of one township, the proceeds to be used in establishing an “academy for the education of youth.”

The most important work of the session was the location of the capital. Some twenty towns, real and imaginary, immediately became candidates for the honor—Milwaukee, Racine, Platteville, Portage, Mineral Point, Green Bay, Fond du Lac, Belmont, Madison and Koshkonong among the number—and each had its advocates. The members of the legislature were besieged in season and out of season by

men who hoped to reap advantage, financial or otherwise, from the location of the seat of government.

Of the imaginary towns, which existed only on paper, Madison was one. Judge Doty, the one to whom Wisconsin owed her territorial organization, not only did not receive a place in the distribution of



THE CAPITOL IN 1904

the new territorial offices, but he even lost the judgeship which he had hitherto held. He knew the state well, especially the southern and eastern portions, for he had traveled over nearly every mile of its extent. He was a sincere admirer of the beautiful Four Lakes region, and in his mind's eye had often seen a prosperous city on the narrow isthmus between Third and Fourth lakes. He had such faith in his vision that he persuaded Governor Mason

of Michigan to join him in the purchase of twelve hundred acres of land around the present Capitol Park as a center. With a surveyor's help he platted a city there, which he named Madison, for Ex-President Madison.

With this plat in his pocket and determination in his heart, he started for Belmont as soon as the legislature convened. He was full of enthusiasm and arguments for his paper city, not the least powerful among the latter being the present of town lots to the legislators. It would seem that men even in those good old times had their price. At any rate, on every vote the imaginary Madison held its own against the real Milwaukee, Green Bay, Racine and Platteville, and on the final vote secured the coveted prize.

There were many reasons why the legislators should vote for Madison, aside from the great natural beauty of the site and Judge Doty's town lot gifts. There were three centers of settlement—Green Bay, Milwaukee, and the lead region. None of these sections would yield its claims to the others; hence some compromise was necessary. Madison, midway between the lake and the Mississippi River, was the most natural one. It might form the connecting link among the other sections and help to develop the interior of the state.

The land in Capitol Park was decided to Wiscon-

sin Territory January 16, 1839, by its owners, Governor Mason and Judge Doty.

Work upon the capitol was begun in June, and the cornerstone was laid July 4. The building when completed cost sixty thousand dollars. In 1857 it was decided to enlarge the building. The improvements were completed in 1869.

But ten years had scarcely passed before the capitol was found inadequate, and in 1882 the legislature appropriated two hundred thousand dollars to build two wings. While in course of construction the south wing collapsed, killing eight men. Up to 1904 nine hundred thousand dollars had been expended for additions and improvements.

On February 27, 1904, a fire destroyed a large part of the interior of the capitol. Plans were already in progress for enlarging the building, and the fire simply hastened matters. The plans adopted involve many changes in the design. It is expected that the new building will be more modern, commodious and beautiful than the old.

CHAPTER XIX

TERRITORIAL EVENTS

THE second territorial legislature met in Burlington, Iowa, in 1837. Two of its acts are worthy of mention, one establishing the University of Wisconsin, the other incorporating the Milwaukee and Rock River Canal Company. A memorial addressed to Congress asked that body to give twenty thousand dollars and two townships (nearly fifty thousand acres of land) to aid the university. Only the latter request was granted. The proceeds of this grant were the first endowment of our university.

Land was also granted in aid of the Milwaukee-Rock River waterway, 1838, but owing to mismanagement, political quarrels and personal strife the canal was never finished. Its affairs dragged along until 1875.

The third legislature met in the new capital in 1838. A few rude frame and log houses constituted the real city, Judge Doty's magnificent structures being as yet unrealized except on paper. The erection of the capitol had been started, but it had not progressed beyond the basement. The legislators were reduced to all sorts of shifts for bed and board, and the outsiders who came fared even worse.

“Lucky was the guest whose good fortune it was to rest his weary limbs on a straw or hay mattress.”

But in spite of conditions adverse to physical comfort, there was no lack of enjoyment in the new capital, dancing and merrymaking whiling away the evening hours.

Railroads were as yet unknown, all travel being by boat, horseback, or, in winter, by “French train.”

The year 1839 is memorable as marking the incorporation of the Wisconsin Marine

and Fire Insurance Company. This company was chartered to do a general insuring and loaning business. The name “bank,” rendered unpopular by the wildcat banking that led up to the panic of 1837, was not used, but this company was a bank in everything but name.

The institution opened its doors in Milwaukee with a young Scot, Alexander Mitchell, as secretary. He soon became the center, the whole life of the concern, and the firm built up a large business. They issued



ALEXANDER MITCHELL.

certificates of deposit which passed as currency, although the sole guarantee of their worth was Alexander Mitchell's signature. This signature came to be considered as good as gold simply because he paid every check promptly upon presentation.

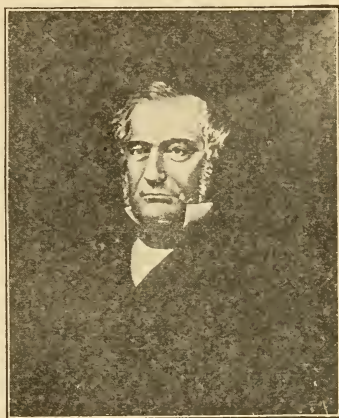
In a short time Mitchell became the proprietor as well as manager. To be sure, he was doing an illegal business, for he had no charter to do banking, but he prospered because he did an honest business. In those days of fraudulent banking he was conspicuous. When, in 1845, the legislature revoked his franchise, and he could no longer do business in this state, he paid his certificates in Chicago, St. Louis and other cities. "Mitchell's Bank" was always open. After a time even the territorial government itself had to borrow from him.

In 1852, after the territory had become a state, a new banking law was passed, and Mitchell, paying his deposit certificates in full in gold, took out a regular bank charter and added "bank" to the name of his institution. His was the first real bank in Milwaukee.

In 1841 Governor Dodge, Jackson's appointee, was removed by President Tyler, and Judge Doty was appointed in his place. Doty was an able man, but passionate and impulsive. He often aroused antagonism by his manner, which was aggressive in the extreme. During the three years of his governorship there were stormy times in the territory, al-

though not all the disturbances can be laid to him. One of these incidents was the darkest in the legislative history of the state.

Governor Doty caused bitter feelings by his first message to the legislature. Later he sent in the name of Enos S. Baker for sheriff of Grant County to the council for confirmation. One of the members moved to lay the nomination on the table, a motion made simply to retaliate upon the governor. An excited debate followed. Two members, James



GOV. JAMES D. DOTY

Vineyard, of Grant County, and Charles Arndt, of Brown County, although the warmest personal friends, got into a quarrel. In a sarcastic manner Arndt made a statement concerning Vineyard, and Vineyard retorted that the statement was false. This caused excitement and confusion. Some one hastily made a motion to adjourn, but the noise of the quarrel drowned the voice of the speaker. Order was finally restored and the council adjourned.

Arndt then advanced to Vineyard, demanding

whether or not the latter had said his remarks were falsehoods.

“They were false,” asserted Vineyard.

Arndt then struck Vineyard in the face; Vineyard drew a pistol and shot his friend. In five minutes Arndt was dead. Only that morning the two men had been seen with their arms about each other’s shoulders.

Vineyard surrendered himself to the sheriff, and sent in his resignation to the council. This body refused to accept it, expelling him instead. He was admitted to bail in the sum of ten thousand dollars. At his trial, which took place in Green County, Vineyard was tried for manslaughter, pleaded self-defense, and was acquitted by the jury.

Charles Dickens was then making his first visit to the United States. He read of the shooting in the newspapers, and thus refers to the account there given:

“Public indignation runs high in the territory of Wisconsin, in relation to the murder of C. C. P. Arndt, in the legislative hall of the territory. Meetings have been held in different counties of Wisconsin, denouncing *the practice of secretly bearing arms in the legislative chambers of the country*. We have seen the account of the expulsion of James R. Vineyard, the perpetrator of the bloody deed, and are amazed to hear that, after this expulsion by those who saw Vineyard kill Mr. Arndt in the presence of

his aged father, who was on a visit to see his son, little dreaming that he was to witness his murder, *Judge Dunn has discharged Vineyard on bail.* The *Miners' Free Press* speaks in terms of merited rebuke at the outrage upon the feelings of the people of Wisconsin.¹

In his comments on this and sundry other clippings Dickens seems to regard as characteristic of our pioneer days what was but a solitary instance. One might think from his account that shootings in legislative bodies were a common occurrence in the West, whereas this case is conspicuous because of its rarity.

One of the most interesting events of territorial days was an experiment in communism, made by an association known as The Wisconsin Phalanx, near the present city of Ripon.

In old Southport (now Kenosha) was a debating society made up of pioneers from New England and New York. The doctrines of Fourier, a Frenchman, were then attracting much attention, and through the columns of Horace Greeley's paper, the *New York Tribune*, had reached even the western wilds of Wisconsin.

Fourierism, in brief, was a system of living together in groups of four hundred families, or eighteen hundred persons. According to this plan

¹ Charles Dickens's "American Notes," page 443. The italics are Mr. Dickens's own.

there should be one immense building in the center of the community, around it being the individual homes and a large region cultivated in common. The central building was to be the social and culture center of the group. All trades, occupations and



THE WISCONSIN PHALANX LONG HOUSE NEAR RIPON

professions were to be represented in the community, so that its diversified needs might be supplied. A noticeable detail was the common dining-hall in which all should gather for the daily meals.

The debating society in Southport discussed the plan, became interested in it, and finally determined to make the experiment. A few leading men drew up the plan, called the association The Wisconsin Phalanx, and sold shares in it at twenty-five dollars each. They purchased a tract of land near Ripon.

Twenty persons from Southport constituted the advance guard of the community, entering the valley on Sunday, May 27, 1844. They started in to build homes and plant crops. By July about twenty families had come. They ate at the common table in the Phalanx Long House, a building four hundred feet in length. Board was furnished at the extremely low price of sixty-three cents a week.

They secured a charter from the legislature, and, thanks to the enthusiasm and industry of the members, the colony prospered. The second season saw thirty families enrolled in the Phalanx.

But, notwithstanding the fact that the colony prospered, the experiment proved a failure. Board at the common table never rose higher than seventy-five cents a week, and no complaint was made of the quality of the meals served; yet many families preferred to eat at their own homes. Other causes came in to bring about dissatisfaction, the chief being, perhaps, the old argument against communism—that there is no reward for individual excellence. The indolent and the unworthy share in the rewards with the industrious and the worthy. Seven years saw the end. The farm, which had increased greatly in value, was sold, and the proceeds divided among the members.

Wisconsin has claimed many notable men as her citizens, but only one among them has been prophet, seer, lawgiver and king in one. Such was James

Jesse Strang, known in his later years as King Strang.

His beginnings in New York state were humble. Country schoolmaster, journalist, self-educated lawyer, editor, postmaster—a sort of Jack at all trades and master of none—he wandered about from place to place, began to lecture on temperance, and finally, in 1843, drifted with his wife to Burlington, Racine County, where he again hung out his shingle as a lawyer.

The following January his roving fancy was caught by the words of some Mormon elders who were seeking converts in Wisconsin, and he became an enthusiastic Latter-day Saint. The next month he went to the Mormon settlement at Nauvoo, Illinois, for baptism. So rapidly did he grow in the new faith that in less than seven days he was made an elder and given authority to plant a stake of Zion in Wisconsin.

He selected a place near the White River in the eastern part of Walworth County, and named it Voree, "Garden of Peace." Here he gathered many followers. In June he heard that Joseph Smith, founder and prophet of Mormonism, had been killed by a mob at Carthage, Missouri.

Strang saw no reason why the prophet's mantle should not fall on his shoulders, but, realizing that the only way to bring that to pass was to place it there himself, he hastened to the sorrowing Mor-

mons at Nauvoo, bearing a letter purporting to be written by Joseph Smith the day before his death. This letter contained not only the prophecy of his own death, but also these words:

And now behold my servant, James J. Strang, hath come to thee from afar. . . . To him shall the gathering be, for he shall plant a stake of Zion in Wisconsin. . . . There shall my people have peace and rest and wax fat and pleasant in the presence of their enemies.

But Strang was not alone in the desire for the prophet's mantle. Brigham Young made so vigorous a fight against him that Strang was rejected and banished. However, his eloquence—for he had a ready tongue—secured him a few hundred followers, and accompanied by these he returned to Voree.

Here he began an energetic régime. He established a printing-press, which he kept ever busy printing pamphlets to be sown broadcast; he planned to build a magnificent temple, and he organized the church on the plan prescribed by Smith in the Book of Mormons, he himself being the head.

But he was not content to be a mere administrator. He began to have visions, and in one of these, September 13, 1845, there was revealed to him the secret burial-place of a series of copper plates inscribed with strange characters, written, as he claimed, long before the captivity of the Children of Israel in Babylon. These being found and dug up according to his direction, he went into a trance and translated them. He called them "Plates of Laban."

and determined to lead his people away before they were driven away.

Beaver Island, in the waters between Lakes Huron and Michigan, was selected, and in 1847 the exodus from Voree began. Only fishermen inhabited the island, and these the Mormons drove away, though not without some bloodshed.

They now set about building houses, roads, a mill, and a tabernacle. The soil of the island was exceedingly fertile and agriculture flourished. New converts came from the East, where elders had been sent to preach the doctrine, and the new stake of Zion flourished.

The time now seemed ripe for Strang to realize his wildest dreams. One chapter in the "Book of the Law" prophesied that a man whose name was James should become their king. He proceeded to make this prophecy true by causing himself to be crowned as King Strang, July 8, 1850.

Only four days previous to the coronation, July 4, the Mormons had foiled a plot of the Gentile fishermen to destroy them. When the fishermen came to attack them they found themselves greeted with cannonballs, and wisely abandoned the attempt.

King Strang ruled as a despot. His "Book of the Law," now printed in full, was their bible. He demanded and secured tithes, the firstborn of each flock and the first-fruits of the ground. Details of daily life were rigorously controlled. The women were

compelled to wear bloomers. Liquor, tea, coffee and tobacco were forbidden. For the first time plural wives were allowed, King James having five.

But the king found himself no exception to the rule that

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

His enemies were plotting against him, and they enlisted the United States Government in their behalf. He was suddenly arrested, charged with treason, counterfeiting, and interfering with the government mails. When taken to Detroit for trial he conducted his own case. He is described as "intellectual, fluent in speech, and of suave manners." Such was the effect of his oratory upon the jury that they acquitted him, and he returned to his kingdom in triumph.

Six years of kingship did Strang enjoy, then the bullets of two assassins laid him low. There were enemies in his own stronghold, for he was a harsh and autocratic ruler. One day in July, 1856, just as he was about to go aboard the U. S. Steamship Michigan, anchored in his harbor, to pay the officers a visit, two men stepped from behind a woodpile and fired at him.¹ They beat him with their guns as he fell, then ran on board the vessel to surrender themselves to justice. They were held prisoners for a

¹One of these men had been publicly whipped because he stood by his wife in her refusal to wear bloomers.

short time in Mackinac, but were then released without trial.

Both shots took effect, but he did not die at once. He gave careful directions about the succession to and the government of his kingdom, then asked to be taken to Voree to die. Reaching here by a slow, tedious journey, he lingered but a few hours, nursed by his true wife, who had refused to follow him after he began to practise polygamy. He died July 9, 1856.

He was buried at Voree (now Spring Prairie), but his grave is unmarked. To-day naught shows the resting-place of royalty but a grass-grown, uncared-for, sunken mound.

When his life went out, the life of the kingdom went out. The Gentiles, fearful no longer, came with ax and torch, and the royal city was razed to the ground. The dwellers in the kingdom fled, some to Utah, some to northern Wisconsin, some we know not where, and the Gentile fishermen again entered into their own.

CHAPTER XX

STATEHOOD AND THE BOUNDARIES

IN A preceding chapter has been told how Wisconsin lost the northern peninsula of Michigan, legally and geographically hers, because Michigan must be compensated for her loss to Ohio of a strip along her southern border. But Wisconsin did not yield the territory without a struggle.

In 1842, and again in 1843, Governor Doty sent a message to the territorial legislature, demanding that the "birthright of the state" be at once restored to her by Congress. The message was referred to a committee, which committee in its report modestly suggested that Congress recompense Wisconsin for the loss of the upper peninsula by building a railroad from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi River, by improving the Fox-Wisconsin waterway, by connecting the Fox and Rock rivers, and by constructing harbors on the western shore of Lake Michigan at Racine, Southport (Kenosha), Milwaukee, Sauk Harbor, Sheboygan and Manitowoc.

The report goes on to say what would happen should these reasonable demands be refused: "We could then safely entrench ourselves behind the Ordinance of 1787 . . . and take for ourselves and



our state the boundaries fixed by that ordinance, form our state constitution, which should be republican, apply for admission into the Union with those boundaries, and if refused, so that we could not be a state in the Union, we would be a *state out of the Union*, and possess, exercise and enjoy all the rights,

privileges and powers of the *sovereign, independent* state of Wisconsin, and, if difficulties must ensue, we could appeal with confidence to the great Umpire of nations to adjust them.”

Later on in the report so warlike a tone is assumed as to make it seem that the document must have been penned in South Carolina instead of in a state that twenty years afterward furnished its full quota of men to fight valiantly against the logical outcome of that very principle of state's rights now so belligerently proclaimed. Witness the closing sentence: Congress is called upon “to do justice, while yet it is not too late, to a people who have hitherto been weak and unprotected, but who are rapidly rising to giant greatness, and who, at no distant day, will show to the world that they lack neither the disposition nor the ability to protect themselves.”

In the debate on this report the member from Milwaukee suggested that the document be called “A declaration of war against Great Britain, Illinois, Michigan, and the United States.”

As may be supposed, Congress paid no attention whatever to the report, and Wisconsin obtained neither the territory nor the internal improvements demanded; nor did she set up a state out of the Union, as she had so boldly threatened to do.

In the convention held in Madison in 1846 to frame a constitution, the northeast boundary clause was adopted as it read in the enabling act of Congress.

This constitution was rejected by the people, but not because of the boundaries.

In 1847-8, another convention for the same purpose was held, and when the constitution was finally submitted to the people and adopted, the northeast boundary was identical with that named in the preceding one—that is, the present boundary. Thus did this dispute close with the state on the losing side.

No question about the northwestern boundary arose until 1846. The citizens of the territory had always understood that the Mississippi River to its source, and thence a line due north to the British possessions, formed the western limit of their domain. Had they had any idea that they were to be shorn of territory on that side also, it is probable that they would have sent powder and shot with the report of their committee to Congress.

In 1846, Wisconsin's territorial delegate in Congress introduced a bill asking for an act to enable the people of the territory to form a constitution and a state government. This bill marked the Mississippi River to its source, and thence due north to the British possessions, as the western boundary.

Stephen A. Douglas, chairman of the committee on territories, offered an amendment cutting the state down to its present boundaries on the northwest, on the ground that the territory was too large for one state. After a rather stormy debate, the bill passed as amended.

In the constitutional convention of 1846, there was heated debate on the boundary line, but as the constitution was finally adopted, the line ran somewhat east of the present line. This constitution, as said before, was rejected by the people.

In the convention of 1847-8, the northwestern boundary, as adopted and submitted to Congress in the constitution, was west of the present line. It followed the St. Louis River to the first rapids, as does the present boundary, then ran southwesterly to the mouth of the Rum River (which empties into the Mississippi about twenty-five miles north of St. Paul), then followed the Mississippi down to $42^{\circ}30'$. Had this boundary been accepted by Congress, St. Paul and Stillwater would have been in Wisconsin, as would all of Ramsay and Washington counties, and parts of five others.

Congress rejected this, however, and reaffirmed the line of the enabling act—the line as it now stands. Thus was Wisconsin again on the losing side.

As previously stated, Wisconsin tacitly accepted, for the time being, the southern boundary she received in 1836, but some of her citizens had no intention of being defrauded, without a protest and a struggle, of a strip of country sixty-one miles wide. Governor Dodge was one of these.

In 1838, he addressed a memorial to Congress, reminding that body that the plain language of the Ordinance of 1787 gave the southern end of

Lake Michigan as the southern limit of the northern tier of states.

Congress paid no attention.

In 1839, a committee of the council reported resolutions declaring that Congress had violated the Ordinance. The resolutions, therefore, requested that the people of the section in question be asked to express their opinion on the subject of the boundary line.

Strange as it may seem, the people of these fourteen northern counties were enthusiastically in favor of joining their fortunes with the Badgers, while the people of Wisconsin were either lukewarm or opposed to the annexation. Before 1841, Mr. Doty, as territorial delegate from Wisconsin, tried to get a bill before Congress changing the southern boundary, but the Illinois politicians were too sharp for him. They defeated every attempt to get the measure before that body.

After he became governor in 1841, he grew more enthusiastic than ever in advocating the pushing of the boundary line southward.

In 1842, the people in the disputed tract, being again invited to vote as to their preference, cast five hundred seventy votes for and only one against joining Wisconsin!

In that same year, Governor Doty officially notified the governor of Illinois that the fourteen northern counties were within the jurisdiction of Wisconsin,

and that the jurisdiction of Illinois over the same was only "accidental and temporary."

In spite of Governor Doty's spirited efforts to secure the disputed strip, the mass of the people of Wisconsin remained indifferent, and when the subject of the southern boundary was brought up in the conventions of 1846 and 1847-8, that of $42^{\circ}30'$ was accepted.

Had Wisconsin secured her ancient boundaries, she would have ranked second to none but the Empire State in wealth and population. While the sense of injustice rankled in the breasts of some of her citizens for a few years, it was soon replaced by a loyal interest in the preservation of the Union. The war cloud threatened, and all questions but that of the Union were forgotten. No state was more loyal in its support than Wisconsin, who gave freely of men and arms when the struggle came.

CHAPTER XXI

THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD

IN 1850, Congress passed a stringent Fugitive Slave act for the arrest and return of slaves escaping into northern states. Wisconsin was not on the direct road to Canada; hence, though many of her citizens were intense abolitionists, little opportunity was given them to express their opinions in deeds. Racine was a station on the Underground Railroad, but the passengers were few in number.

In 1854, however, an event occurred which raised the people of eastern and southern Wisconsin to a high pitch of excitement, and attracted considerable attention even in the eastern states.

Joshua Glover was a runaway slave who was employed in a mill a few miles north of Racine, on the Milwaukee road. One night in early March, Glover was playing cards with three other negroes in a cabin near the mill. Soon after dark there suddenly appeared at the cabin five white men—one of them, named Garland, from Missouri, and claiming to be Glover's owner and master, the others United States deputy marshals and assistants.

The men attempted to take Glover, and he resisted.

In the struggle he was badly cut and bruised, and in the end was overpowered, put in irons and thrown into an open wagon. It was intended at first to take him to Racine, but, fearing the action of the many abolitionists there, Garland and the officers decided to take him to Milwaukee. The night was very cold, and the sufferings of the wounded negro were thus rendered more intense, while the kicks of his former master did not tend to lessen his discomfort.

In the early dawn the party reached Milwaukee and Glover was roughly cast into the county jail. No attempt was made to allay his pain for several hours, but finally a physician did volunteer to dress his wounds.

Sherman M. Booth was the editor of a small newspaper in the city. A strong abolitionist, when he heard of Glover's arrest, which he did early in the morning, his indignation was great. All the morning he went about the city urging all freemen who were opposed to being made slaves or slave-catchers to attend a meeting in the courthouse square at two o'clock, and distributing handbills printed in his office.

Many stirring speeches were made at this meeting, and resolutions were adopted affirming Glover's right, in common with all dwellers in the state, to the writ of habeas corpus and a trial by jury.

Such a writ was issued by a local judge, but

neither the Federal court nor the Milwaukee sheriff would recognize it.

In the meantime, word of the arrest had been carried to Racine by one of the negroes present at the time of the seizure of Glover. Great excitement followed the recital of the news, and when it was learned that he was in Milwaukee, the sheriff of Racine with about one hundred excited citizens chartered a steamer and set out for Milwaukee, reaching that city at about five o'clock in the afternoon.

The Milwaukee crowd had just received word that the writ was not recognized as valid. This infuriated them. They marched to the jail, the courthouse bell adding to the excitement by its clamorous clang, and there demanded of the United States deputy marshal in charge that he release Glover.

The marshal refused, and the crowd proceeded to help themselves. With ax and crowbar, they battered in the door of the weak structure, took Glover in charge just at sunset, and sent him, strongly guarded, to Waukesha. Here his wounds were dressed, and he was soon able to be sent to Racine, whence he made his escape in a short time to Canada.

Booth did not get off so easily. He was arrested for aiding a runaway slave to escape, and then released on a writ of habeas corpus issued by the State Supreme Court. In a speech before the court commissioner, he said:

“I sympathize with the rescuers of Glover and rejoice at his escape. I rejoice that, in the first attempt of the slave-hunters to convert our jail into a slave-pen and our citizens into slave-catchers, they have signally failed, and that it has been decided by the spontaneous uprising and sovereign voice of the people, that no human being can be dragged into bondage from Milwaukee. And I am bold to say that, rather than have the writ of habeas corpus and the right of trial by jury stricken down by this fugitive law, I would prefer to see every federal officer in Wisconsin hanged on a gallows fifty cubits higher than Haman’s.”

It now became a struggle between the state and the United States courts, the first holding that the law (the Fugitive Slave Act) was unconstitutional. The affair dragged along until 1860, when Booth was again arrested, but was soon pardoned by the President.

As a result of the Glover affair, the state legislature passed a law in 1857 making it the duty of district attorneys to “use all lawful means to protect and defend every person arrested or claimed as a fugitive slave.”

CHAPTER XXII

THE LOST DAUPHIN

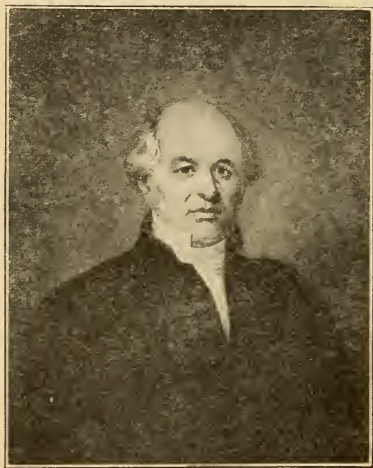
IT IS a far cry from the throne of France to the wilds of Wisconsin; yet in 1853 there dwelt in Green Bay one who claimed to be the heir to the throne of the Bourbons.

After the downfall of the French monarchy, Louis XVI and his queen, Marie Antoinette, were held as prisoners of the French Republic in the Temple prison. With them were two children, one a girl, the other a boy of eight years. When the king and queen were taken to the guillotine for execution, the children were left without a protector. The subsequent history of the daughter is known, but that of the son, the heir to the throne, has always been shrouded in mystery. It was supposed by many that he died in prison in 1795, but yet at the time many rumors of his escape were current.

There lived among the St. Regis Indians of New York a young man, a quarter-breed. His great-grandmother had been a white woman, one of the survivors of the Deerfield (Mass.) massacre, who was carried into captivity, and finally, as she grew to womanhood among her captors, married to a chieftain. This young man, Eleazar Williams by name,

was restless and ambitious. He had been successively a Roman Catholic, a Congregationalist, and finally an Episcopalian missionary, but he was not satisfied with so limited a sphere of action.

He conceived a scheme of removing the New York



ELEAZER WILLIAMS

Indians to Wisconsin, and there, with the Wisconsin Indians, forming a great Indian empire. He succeeded in interesting John C. Calhoun in his scheme, who favored it because he thought that such an empire might prevent the forming of any more free states out of the Northwest Territory.

The lower Fox was decided upon as the most desirable place of meeting, and a great council of the Winnebago and Menominee Indians was called in 1821, and, this being unsatisfactory, another in 1822. The Winnebagoes withdrew from the second council, but the Menominees at last granted to the New York Indians joint ownership of all their lands. They had no sooner made this

most extraordinary concession than they repented. Ten years of discussion and difficulties followed, but in 1832 Williams brought some Stockbridge and Brothertown Indians to the country east of Lake Winnebago, and formed a settlement of some Oneidas and Munsees near the mouth of the lower Fox.

Williams had made Green Bay his home, and here in 1823 he had married a young French girl fourteen years of age.

He labored quietly enough among the Indians for some years. It is supposed that a chance remark about his resemblance to the royal Bourbons of France awakened his dormant ambition, but it was not for many years, not until 1853, in fact, that Williams began to pose as the long-lost dauphin, Louis XVII of France. Curiously enough, Williams was able to show on his person, even to the minutest detail, the various scars and marks which the lost prince would have borne if alive.

In 1853, Williams wrote an account of himself, and there maintained that, twelve years before, the Prince de Joinville, the third son of King Louis Philippe, had visited him at Green Bay and had then acknowledged the royal birth of the writer and his claim to the throne of France. He relates with careful attention to detail how de Joinville, in the course of his visit, produced a document written in French and English, and asked him to sign it.

Williams says: "This was a solemn abdication

of the crown of France in favor of Louis Philippe." In return for this great sacrifice, Williams states, he was to receive a princely mansion either in France or in this country, and a restoration of all the private property of the royal family. Williams declares that he refused to sign away his royal rights.

Williams's strange silence for twelve years rather invalidates his claim, but his account when published attracted great attention both in this country and in France. Much was said and much was written on the subject, but there seems little evidence, except of a circumstantial nature, that the story was other than the product of the man's own imagination.¹ The Prince de Joinville, when shown the account, emphatically denied having said or done what Williams reported him as saying and doing, and there the story rests.

The royal claimant enjoyed a brief season of notoriety, moved into a cottage built for him by admiring friends, was a nine days' wonder, then ceased to interest any one. He died in 1858, friendless and alone, in poverty and neglect.

¹"The Lost Prince," by Hanson, is a story of Eleazar Williams, and "Lazarre," a novel by Mary Hartwell Catherwood, has the same hero.

CHAPTER XXIII

CIVIL WAR INCIDENTS

IT IS not within the scope of this little volume to give in detail Wisconsin's part in the Civil War. Sufficient to say that the governor's call for a regiment brought immediate response from thirty-six companies. Before the struggle ended, over ninety thousand men had been to the front, or one for every nine men in the state. As to their conduct in battle, General William T. Sherman's comment in his Memoirs may serve as testimony. He says:

“We estimated a Wisconsin regiment equal to an ordinary brigade.”

The Iron Brigade was composed of five regiments, three of them being from Wisconsin. It received its name in this wise:

In the battle of South Mountain, in 1862, General McClellan was looking from his headquarters along the road toward the mountain. General Hooker came dashing up. General McClellan asked:

“What troops are those advancing on each side of the road, near the gorge, under that murderous fire?”

“That,” was the answer, “is Gibbon's brigade of men from Wisconsin and Indiana.”

“They must be made of iron,” said McClellan.

“By the eternal!” replied Hooker, “they are iron, and if you had seen them at second Bull Run, as I did, you would know them to be of iron.”

From that time on the brigade bore the name of the Iron Brigade.¹ It earned its title. No other Wisconsin regiment suffered such terrible losses in killed and wounded.

General E. S. Bragg says of them:

“Antietam closed a period of forty-five days during which we had fought or been under fire eleven days and had been engaged in four pitched battles. At Antietam the brigade was almost obliterated, but it was built up again, and kept up its reputation in succeeding campaigns.”

A conspicuous character in Wisconsin's war history was Old Abe, the pet eagle of the Eighth Wisconsin Regiment. He was captured when young by an Indian on the Flambeau River. The story of his life is told by H. W. Rood in the Wisconsin Memorial Day pamphlet of 1904, from which the extracts following are made.

“The wife of the man into whose possession the young eagle first came thus relates the incident:

“‘Yes,’ said she, ‘I guess it was along in April when Chief Sky and a few other Indians came to our house up at Jim Falls and wanted to sell us a young bird they called an eagle. He wasn't old

¹ Henry E. Legler.





OLD ABE

enough then to fly. I told them I thought it was a crow, but they declared it was an eagle. I told them I had no use for him, anyhow, but they were still anxious to make a trade. Then I said I'd give them the bag of corn there—oh, I guess there was about a bushel of it,—and so they took the corn and left the bird. As he couldn't fly, it was not much trouble to keep him. But it was not long before he could use his wings a little, and then he'd bother us about getting away. Sometimes he'd get clear down below the falls, as much as half a mile away, and the children would have to keep running after him to prevent him from getting away from us for good. He got to be ugly, too, and we had to tie him up.

“ ‘After a while he came to be so much of a plague that we made up our minds to get rid of him in some way. My husband took him down to Chippewa Falls and tried to sell him to some soldiers that were going to the war; but they didn't want him. After that he went down to Eau Claire and sold him to the soldiers there. I never saw him again. I've heard that folks have made a great deal of fuss over him since then.’

“The bird was sold to the soldiers for two dollars and a half, and the company's name was changed to the Eau Claire Eagles. On the way to Madison to join the other companies the captain of the Eagles was offered two hundred dollars for the bird, but the would-be purchaser was told that the eagle was

not for sale. Later in the eagle's life, the same reply was made to an offer of ten thousand dollars, and again to one of twenty thousand dollars.

“A perch was made for Old Abe to stand on. It was in the form of a shield fastened like a slanting platform on the top of a five-foot staff. Six inches above the shield there was a crosspiece for a perch. The stars and stripes were painted on this shield, also the letters, ‘8th Reg. W. V.’ A man was detailed to take care of Old Abe and carry him on the march. He wore a belt with a socket attached. Into this socket he set the bottom of the staff and held it erect with his right hand. In this way Old Abe was lifted up into plain sight above the heads of the men. His place in the line of march was in the center of the regiment by the side of the flag. He and his perch made quite a heavy load for the man who carried him.

“When the Eighth got to St. Louis, some of the southern folks there tried to make fun of Old Abe by calling him ‘crow,’ ‘goose’ and ‘turkey buzzard.’ He seemed not to like either the names or the crowd. He stooped, spread his wings, made a spring and broke the cord that held him, flew over the heads of his tormentors, flapped off several caps with his wings, and then, flying to the top of the chimney of an aristocratic mansion, looked down with a seeming contempt upon the people below him. He seemed to say, ‘You see I am neither crow, goose nor buz-

zard, but the American liberty bird!' This sudden dash for freedom created no small stir among the soldiers, especially those of Company C. They were afraid he was too much of a liberty bird to stay with them. But after an hour of sightseeing from his high perch he flew down to the ground and was easily caught by one of the men.

"Old Abe's daily degree of freedom in camp was as much as he could get out of thirty feet of stout cord. One end of this cord was tied to a leather ring around his leg, the other fastened to his perch. While on the march or in battle he was allowed only about three feet of this cord. He sometimes longed for more freedom, and, having a spite against the cord that held him, would keep biting it with his strong hooked beak till it was nearly cut in two. Then, with a sudden spring, he would break loose.

"Once he broke away just as the regiment was starting on a march. He flew away up into the air, around and around. Everybody was excited. Many men left the ranks, running here and there where they thought he would alight, so as to catch him. Some of them went into the woods a mile or two away, thinking he might come down among the trees. Ed Homaston, his keeper, persuaded the rest of the men to keep cool and let him manage the capture. He had the regimental colors put in a place where Old Abe could see them, and then got down beside them with his perch. Having enjoyed an hour

of good exercise, the runaway—or flyaway, perhaps I should say,—quietly settled to the ground beside the flag. After a bit of gentle coaxing he hopped up to his perch and was ready for the march to Memphis.”

He accompanied the regiment in all its marches and personally supervised thirty-six battles and skirmishes. He seemed to bear a charmed life, and Lowell’s words concerning Washington,—

Whose red surge sought but could not overwhelm,—
might well apply to him, for though many enemies aimed their muskets at him as he soared high over the field of battle, he was never seriously harmed. His wild screams sounded above the din of battle and spurred the Wisconsin soldiers to fiercer conflict.

Harper’s Weekly has this to say of the now famous eagle:

“When the battle raged most fiercely and the enthusiasm of the soldiers was at its highest, then it was that Old Abe seemed to be in his element. He flapped his wings in the midst of the furious storm, and with head erect faced the flying bullets and the crashing shells with no sign of fear. Old Abe triumphs with the triumph of the flag, and seems in some measure conscious of his relationship with the emblem of a victorious republic.”

Mr. Rood tells how Old Abe was taken care of after the war:

“In three years the term of service of the most of the men of the Eighth came to a close, and it was thought best to send Old Abe home with them. Then the question arose, What shall be Old Abe’s home after this? Some of the men were in favor of giving him to Eau Claire County; others suggested that he be sent to be cared for by the general government at Washington; and still others wished to present him to the state of Wisconsin. A vote was taken and it was unanimously decided that Old Abe should be given into the care of the state. And so at three o’clock on the 26th day of September, 1864, Captain Victor Wolf, of Company C of the Eighth, formally presented to the state of Wisconsin the famous war eagle Old Abe. Captain Wolf said he had been a good soldier, and had never flinched from duty either in the camp or the battle; that Company C had always taken good care of him, and that he hoped the state would do as well by him. Governor Lewis, in behalf of the state, received Old Abe and assured Captain Wolf that the state would ever be proud of its soldier bird and give him the best of care.

“A large room in the basement of the Capitol was fitted for Old Abe’s use and a man was appointed to take care of him. Everything was done for his comfort. A pole was fastened to two posts in the park, and on pleasant days he was kept there in the open air. There he was visited by thousands of people from all parts of the country.”

Old Abe was exhibited at many state fairs, also at the Centennial Exposition in 1876, and at the Old South Church Fair, in Boston, 1878-9. He lived until March, 1881. After his death his body was stuffed and placed in the rooms of the State Historical Society in the Capitol at Madison, and later in the G. A. R. Memorial Hall in the same building. Unfortunately he was not saved when that building partially burned in 1904.

One of the many interesting incidents of Old Abe's life after the war is thus told by Mr. Rood:

“One day about five years after the war I was standing on the street corner over there when I heard a man say to three or four companions he had with him, ‘Say, boys, let’s go over to the Capitol and see Old Abe. I was in the army with him, and I haven’t seen him since the war. Come on, boys!’

“Now, I just thought I would like to see this man meet his old friend the eagle, and so I walked quickly around another way to where he sat on his perch near the building. As the men came along they got sight of him before he saw them. The old soldier gave a peculiar whistle. Quick as a flash Old Abe straightened himself up and listened intently. He had evidently heard a familiar sound. The man gave the whistle again. Old Abe became excited. He looked all about to see whence that well-known whistle came. His eye was bright, his head erect, and he seemed all expectation. Just then the men

walked up before him. He recognized at once the man who had been in the war with him, and showed his delight in many ways. The old soldier was delighted, too, to find that his feathered comrade had not forgotten him. When he went up close Old Abe put his head in a loving way beside his face and seemed as pleased as a young kitten to be fondled and petted. This token of affection touched the old soldier's heart. He put his arms around Old Abe and the tears ran down his cheeks. 'Boys,' said he, 'I would not have missed this for a hundred dollars!' "

Company F of the Seventh Wisconsin Regiment had an interesting experience at the battle of Gettysburg, which Bret Harte has narrated in his poem "John Burns of Gettysburg."

On that July day in 1863, when the fight was raging most fiercely, there came up to the men of Company F a quaint-looking old man who

* * * wore an ancient long buff vest,
Yellow as saffron—but his best;
And, buttoned over his manly breast
Was a bright blue coat, with a rolling collar,
And large gilt buttons—size of a dollar—
With tails that the country folk called "swaller."
He wore a broad-brimmed, bell-crowned hat,
White as the locks on which it sat.

He looked like a soldier of the Revolution come back to fight his country's battles. He asked one of the men to lend him a gun, but was only laughed at.

Finally one of the officers handed him a gun and ammunition. The poet thus describes what followed:

Close at his elbows all that day
 Veterans of the Peninsula,
 Sunburnt and bearded, charged away,
 And striplings, downy of lip and chin,—
 Clerks that the Home Guard mustered in,—
 Glanced, as they passed, at the hat he wore,
 Then at the rifle his right hand bore,
 And hailed him, from out their youthful lore,
 "How are you, White Hat?" "Put her through!"
 "Your head's level!" and "Bully for you!"
 Called him "Daddy,"—and begged he'd disclose
 The name of the tailor who made his clothes,
 And what was the value he set on those;
 While Burns, unmindful of jeer and scoff,
 Stood there picking the rebels off,—
 With his long brown rifle and bell-crowned hat,
 And the swallow-tails they were laughing at.

'Twas but a moment, for that respect
 Which clothes all courage their voices checked;
 And something the wildest could understand
 Spoke in the old man's strong right hand,
 And his corded throat, and the lurking frown
 Of his eyebrows under his old bell-crown,
 Until, as they gazed, there crept an awe
 Through the ranks in whispers, and some men saw
 In the antique vestments and long white hair,
 The Past of the Nation in battle there.

Near the close of the war the First Wisconsin Cavalry, under Lieutenant-Colonel Harnden, reaped some renown through being selected to aid in the capture of the fleeing president of the Confederacy, Jefferson Davis. Realizing that his cause was lost, Davis was seeking escape either by the Atlantic or the Gulf.

Unionists were closely watching all roads and fer-

ries in Georgia, and Colonel Harnden's detachment was sent to Dublin, on the Oconee River, with orders to march with the greatest possible speed, scouring the country as he proceeded.

At Dublin the over-cordiality of the white people awakened the colonel's suspicions. About midnight a negro crept into his tent and told how a mysterious party of men, women and children had that day been ferried across the river. Becoming convinced that the negro's surmises as to the identity of the persons in the party were correct, the colonel with seventy cavalymen started along the river road in pursuit, while he sent sixty men toward the seacoast.

The colonel and his men did not have an easy ride. The road was one in name only, in places leading through creeks and swamps. A heavy rain the next morning added to the difficulty they had in following it. They rested a few hours that night, but three o'clock found them again in saddle, and, as they learned when they reached the Ocmulgee River, but three hours behind the fugitives.

A leaky ferry delayed their crossing two hours. A little below the ferry, while they were feeding their horses, the advance guard of the Fourth Michigan Cavalry under Colonel Pritchard, bound on the same errand, came up. Colonel Harnden, by virtue of his two days upon the trail, claimed the right of way. Colonel Pritchard granted the justice of his claim, and the Wisconsin men pushed forward.

Colonel Pritchard led his detachment by another route, but both squads came up to the Davis camp at the same time. Each supposing the other to be Davis's armed escort, commenced firing. Two of the Michigan men were killed and three of the Wisconsin men severely wounded before the mistake was discovered.

The Michigan men were the first to surround the Davis camp. A woman came to the door of one of the tents and asked if her servant might go for some water.

"Consent was given, whereupon out came a tall person, with a lady's waterproof overdress on and a small brown shawl on the head, a tin pail on the right arm and a colored woman leaning on the left arm.

"This tall person was stooping over as if to appear shorter; I at once concluded it must be Davis in disguise. They started off east toward the creek, where the brush was very thick. As they were going they had to pass several soldiers who were straggling round the camp.

"I sat still on my horse, expecting that some of the soldiers would halt them as they passed by; but such was not the case, for they passed all of the soldiers without being noticed.

"Then I galloped my horse around the north side of the tent and, passing to their left, halted them. Just at this time there came riding up to us two of

our soldiers. They made a few remarks to the tall person. He turned his face a little toward me, and I saw his gray mustache. We told him his disguise would not succeed. Then Davis and the colored woman started back toward the tents. As Davis got about half way back to the tent, we were met by some of our men, who had just discovered that Jefferson Davis had tried to escape in disguise."¹

A word as to the loyalty and patriotism of our foreign-born citizens during this time of stress and strain may well be said. Germans, Scandinavians, Irishmen, Frenchmen and even Indians marched under the Stars and Stripes, adding the glory of their brave sacrifice to the fame of the Badger State. Incidents of individual bravery are numerous, but all fought nobly for the honor of their adopted fatherland.

¹ From account by William P. Stedman, Fourth Michigan Cavalry.

CHAPTER XXIV

OUR INDUSTRIES

THE history of Wisconsin since the war has been, on the whole, an uneventful one, unless growth and almost uninterrupted prosperity may be reckoned as events. During the last half century, the state has developed her abundant resources, trebled her population, improved her educational facilities, and multiplied many fold her material wealth.

In the first two centuries of her history, Wisconsin's industrial life was summed up in two words—fur trade. Following this primitive industry, lead mining attracted thousands to the southwestern portion of the state, with visions of unbounded wealth, and the spade and pick displaced the trap, bow and gun. A quarter of a century of wasteful mining, however, seemingly exhausted the supply, and the industry was abandoned.¹

But pioneers were already clearing the land along navigable streams and around the numerous lakes, and planting thereon crops of wheat, barley, rye, corn, and oats, thus laying the foundation of agri-

¹ These mines have been reopened in the last ten years, and lead and zinc mining resumed on a large scale. Improved methods of mining and modern machinery are rapidly placing Wisconsin in an important position among the lead and zinc producing states.

cultural life and permanent settlement, for only when they began to till the soil did the pioneers bring their families and begin to build homes. Before this, Wisconsin was only a hunting-ground, a fur marketplace, a mining-camp.

At the present day, while other industrial products



A FARM IN NORTHERN WISCONSIN

outrank in value those of agriculture, Wisconsin has no mean rank as an agricultural state. A glance at the following table will show that her average yield per acre in staple products is fully equal to, and in many instances above, that of her sister states in the upper Mississippi valley. Her average is much greater than that of the United States as a whole.

State	Potatoes	Corn	Wheat	Oats	Barley	Rye	Buckwheat	**Flax	Hay, tons	\$Tobacco, lbs.
Michigan	82.1	35.5	13.8	32.7	24.5	15.5	14.6	1.33	709
Ohio	74.6	34.7	13.8	34.8	26.7	16.1	16.9	1.36	806
Indiana	72.7	33.9	12.3	31	24.6	13.9	16.7	1.38	615
Illinois	80.1	34.5	12.3	32.5	26.9	16.6	14.7	1.36	635
Missouri	75	27.5	12.7	22.5	19.8	13.9	15	7.3	1.33	670
Iowa	80.8	32.4	14.2	31	25.6	17.6	15.3	11.4	1.58
Kansas	73.7	22	13.7	23.9	19.6	13.4	*12.7	8	1.45
Nebraska	83.1	28	15.4	27.9	24.1	16.6	15.4	10.2	1.61
South Dakota.....	81.3	25.8	11.1	30.4	25	15.9	11.2	1.34
North Dakota.....	94.3	22.6	12.1	26.1	33.5	14.9	†11.1	11.6	1.48
Minnesota	86.6	29.1	13.3	33.3	26.4	18.7	14.7	11.3	1.67
Wisconsin	92.3	33.2	15.7	34.9	28.9	16.1	15.3	13	1.63	1,349
Average for U. S.....	75.4	25.2	13.5	29.6	25.1	15.4	18.1	11.2	1.47	797

*Average for years 1901-1905 inclusive.

†Average for the years 1901-1904 inclusive.

§Average for the years 1900-1904 inclusive.

**For the year 1905 only. No figures for other years obtainable.

That good prices for these products have been realized is proved by the subjoined table, which shows the average earnings per acre for the years 1896 to 1905 inclusive:

State	Potatoes	Corn	Wheat	Oats	Barley	Rye	Buckwheat	Flax	Hay	Tobacco
Michigan	\$31.08	\$12.91	\$10.56	\$9.70	\$11.80	\$7.30	\$7.17	\$11.64	\$52.98
Ohio	36.92	12.61	10.70	9.93	12.25	8.79	9.75	11.61	64.27
Indiana	34.15	10.92	7.31	8.00	11.00	7.01	9.81	10.81	50.09
Illinois	39.26	10.99	9.44	8.36	11.54	8.46	9.41	10.78	40.28
Missouri	34.96	9.01	8.54	6.03	9.15	7.50	10.09	\$6.79	8.96	69.78
Iowa	30.52	9.26	8.97	7.11	8.47	7.46	9.27	9.80	8.47
Kansas	37.72	6.80	8.60	6.44	5.72	6.24	9.61	6.64	6.19
Nebraska	31.90	7.50	8.98	6.41	7.21	6.41	9.55	8.98	6.42
South Dakota	30.10	7.75	6.70	7.43	7.57	6.45	9.30	5.04
North Dakota	33.77	8.44	7.51	7.69	7.46	6.32	7.12	9.74	5.68
Minnesota	30.56	8.93	8.80	8.03	8.65	8.29	7.87	9.71	8.56
Wisconsin	39.09	12.03	11.10	9.15	11.91	9.23	11.77	11.83	11.55	104.82
Average for U. S.....	43.31	9.15	9.35	8.34	10.35	8.10	8.58	9.45	11.54

The presence of vast areas of pine forests with their promise of untold riches for those who would

fell the timber and make it into lumber, has determined the industrial character of the northern and western portions of the state, and is still doing so. The last half of the nineteenth century has seen Wisconsin leading the United States in the lumber industry. For the past two decades she has outdone all the other states in the Union in the manufacture of lumber and timber products, but she cannot long hold the foremost place, for wasteful cutting and failure to replant denuded areas are fast laying bare her lands, drying up her streams, changing her climate and destroying much of her scenic beauty. Fortunately, both the state and the nation have realized the danger, though tardily, and are striving to counteract the effects of selfish greed and wasteful methods by reforestation and stringent protective forest laws.

The department of state forestry was created in 1903, and some forty thousand acres of land in four northern counties were reserved from sale and held as a forest reserve. In 1905, by a new act, a State Board of Forestry was created, and one hundred ninety-four thousand seventy-two acres more were reserved in seventeen different counties. In 1906, Congress passed a bill granting to the state for forestry purposes twenty thousand acres of vacant government land, thus increasing the total reserve to two hundred fifty-four thousand seventy-two acres.

The two most important aims of forestry are "to

conserve the forests by wise use and to protect the water supply." To secure these two ends, the state must acquire large forest areas at the headwaters of rivers, and restock all denuded areas as soon as the slash is destroyed.

One of the important principles of forestry is that



WINTER SCENE IN A LOGGING CAMP

Courtesy of Edward Hines Lumber Company

no land which is suitable for agriculture shall be permanently held under forests, so that it can be readily seen that the work of the Forestry Board in reserving forest lands, using as it does land fit for nothing else, is wholly beneficent. The timber will be judiciously cut from these lands from time to time, thus giving the younger trees room for growth,



LOADING IN THE WOODS

Courtesy of Edward Hines Lumber Company

and at the same time affording employment to nearby settlers.

The Forestry Board is co-operating with the national government to secure careful cutting of the timber on the Indian reservations also, and thus in all ways is endeavoring to build prosperity for the future, instead of greedily seeking only present gain.

Pine, once so plentiful all over the northern and central sections of the state, is fast becoming scarce. A corresponding increase in the price has made the value of the diminished product as great as formerly.

An instance of this increase of value is related in connection with some Wisconsin Central lands. The pine was cut from this property at a good profit. A few years later, on this same land, another company operated, cutting the timber rejected by the



HAULING LOGS

Courtesy of Edward Hines Lumber Company

first company, and made a good profit. A little later, the same process was repeated by a third company, and still a good profit was made. In fact, the third company is said to have cleared as much money as the first, of course because of the increase in the value of pine.

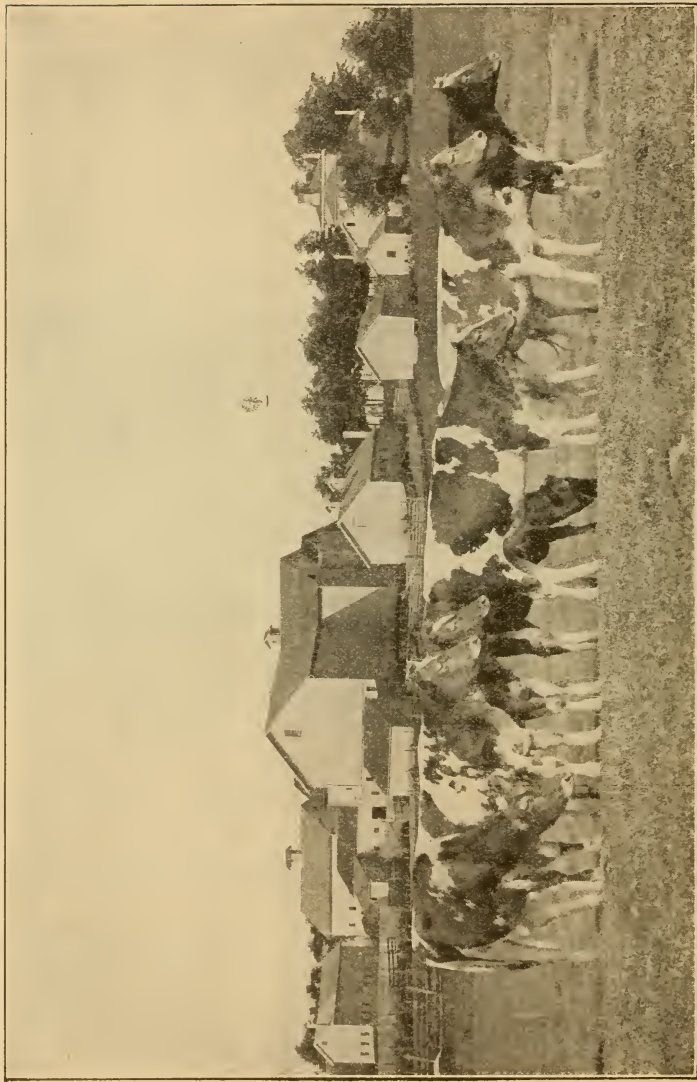


A LOG POND AND SAWMILL

Courtesy of Edward Hines Lumber Company

It has been asserted that Wisconsin's forest industries have "built every foot of railroad and wagon road, every town, school and church, and cleared half of the improved land in north Wisconsin." This statement is, in all probability, largely if not wholly true.

The Forestry Board has one other enemy to fight besides the "lumber kings," and this is fire. Forest fires have aided in the destruction of large wooded tracts. In 1871 occurred one of the most disastrous



PROSPECT FARM AND GUERNSEY CALVES
Property of W. D. Hoard, Fort Atkinson

in the history of the world. Not a drop of rain had fallen in northern Wisconsin from July 8 to October 9 of that year. Wells dried up, rivers became mere rills or only dry beds. Everything was like tinder and needed only a spark to start a sheet of flame. The people of Brown, Door, Oconto, Shawano, Manitowoc and Kewaunee counties fought fires until their energies were exhausted. Many dug holes in the ground and crawled in for refuge from the flames, while others protected themselves in dried-up wells.

On October 8, a hot southerly wind carried the flames for miles, and thousands of acres were on fire at once. Over a thousand people lost their lives, and nearly as many were crippled. The property loss cannot be estimated. The town of Peshtigo was wiped out of existence, only one unfinished house being left standing. Other forest fires have occurred since, but none so destructive as this of 1871, and none such are likely to occur again, for the forestry law makes the state forester also the state fire warden, with power to appoint deputies where they shall be needed. Over three hundred fire wardens have thus far been appointed, and they have done excellent work in posting notices, fighting forest fires, and warning the settlers against carelessness in burning brush.

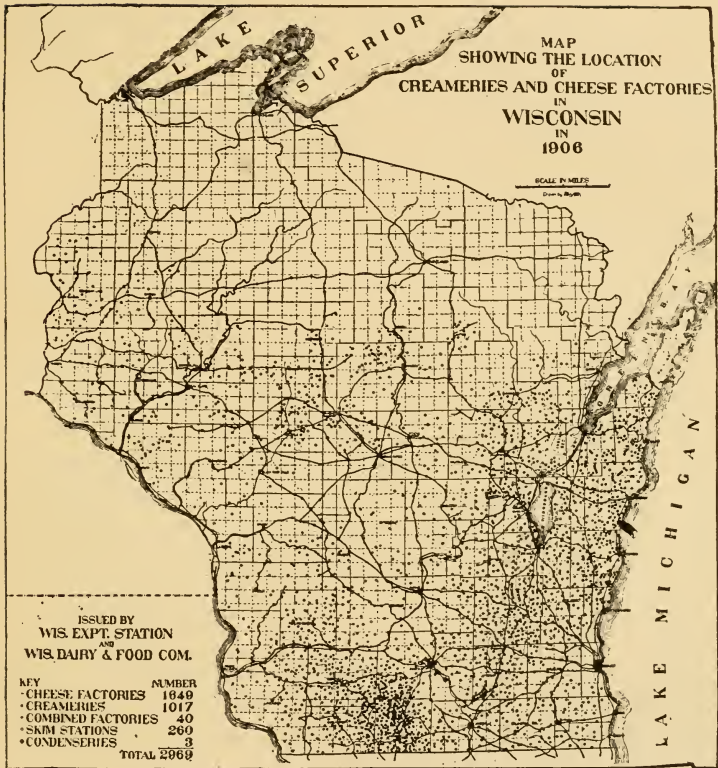
An industry which has shown marvelous growth during the last twenty years is dairying. The pioneers in this work were Hiram Smith, of Sheboygan

County, a practical farmer, and W. D. Hoard, of Jefferson County, editor of a paper devoted to dairy interests, and later governor of the state. These men, with a very few others, began to agitate the dairy question in 1870, and from then on, in season and out of season, urged the farmers of eastern and southern Wisconsin to substitute dairying for grain raising, on the plea that the conditions of soil and climate were better adapted to the former industry.

One by one, the farmers began to adopt the ideas of these men. They improved their stock, built co-operative cheese factories, and before long the wisdom of their procedure was proved by substantial cash returns. Later, co-operative creameries for the manufacture of butter were advocated, and the farmers, made wiser by experience, more readily adopted this suggestion.

The State Dairymen's Association was organized in 1872 with a membership of six. This association has steadily increased in numbers and influence, its labors being rewarded by seeing Wisconsin second in the Union in the value of her dairy products, being surpassed only by New York. A creamery or cheese factory at every cross-roads is now a prominent feature of the landscape in the eastern, southern and western sections of the state. Wisconsin is easily first in the United States in this respect.

To the State Dairymen's Association is due the



credit of recommending and securing the inauguration of the Dairy School in connection with the School of Agriculture at the State University, Madison, and to-day Wisconsin points with pride to the fact that not only was she the pioneer in this movement, but she has the best dairy school in the world.

This association also recommended and secured an annual appropriation by the state legislature for a series of farmers' institutes, skilled instruction and inspiration to better methods being brought through this agency to each farmer's door. From November 1 to April 30, these gatherings are held in different parts of the state. Improved methods of farming, as the direct effect of these institutes, show that expenditure of money for their support has justified itself.

This association has secured the establishment of a Dairy and Food Commission, which commission not only has achieved much in strengthening state laws concerning the sale of fraudulent imitations of dairy products and prohibiting the sale of adulterated foods and drugs, but, through its system of inspection of creameries and cheese factories, has done a great deal to secure and maintain a high grade of butter and cheese.

To this association is due the credit of securing the passage of the state law making the elements of agriculture a branch to be taught in every common school in Wisconsin.

Lack of space makes detailed accounts of each industry in the state impossible. Brief mention can be made of only some of the most important.

The value of flouring and grist mill products is second only to that of lumber and timber products, these mills representing an investment of ten million

dollars. Wisconsin must yield to Minnesota the credit of having the largest milling center in the United States—Minneapolis—but she can claim the second and third—Superior and Milwaukee. Wisconsin flour not only has a market at home and in every state in the Union, but is sold in almost every village in the British Isles and northern Europe.

Another important industry, paper and wood pulp making, claims an investment of twenty million dollars. Wisconsin ranks fifth among the thirty-four states which manufacture these two products. The chief seat of this industry is the Fox valley, the mills of which use one hundred thousands cords of logs annually; but the output of the mills on the Wisconsin and Marinette rivers also is large. At first, poplar wood was used for the making of pulp, but it has been displaced by spruce. Wisconsin mills can turn out two and a half million pounds of paper and pulp daily.

The tanning of leather is another of the state's leading industries, Milwaukee claiming the largest tanneries in the world. About sixty per cent of the output of tanned hides goes to Boston, the center of the boot and shoe industry. The history of the tanning industry during the last fifty years is thus summed up by one of the largest firms engaged in the business:

“Fifty years ago, this country was so rough and new that bark necessary for tanning could be fairly

carried by the workmen from the forest to the mill, but now to feed our immense system of tanneries it requires over thirty thousand cords of bark an-



GOVERNOR DAVIDSON'S TOBACCO FIELD

nually, carried hundreds of miles by a small fleet of vessels kept busy nearly all the months of navigation.

“It takes annually over forty thousand cattle hides, four hundred fifty thousand skins, and sixty thousand horsehides to keep our five big tanneries

running, and more than thirteen hundred men are kept busy handling this vast amount of material.

“From a modest beginning, fifty years ago, our company has grown so rapidly that instead of using two cords of bark per week, it uses now one hundred cords per day. Instead of working in fifty hides every six days, the great vats must now be ready for three thousand hides and fifteen hundred skins every twenty-four hours.”

Some idea of how this industry helps others may be gained from the fact that the Milwaukee tanneries alone use one hundred thousand cords of hemlock bark a year. This means the felling of at least five hundred thousand trees annually, thus employing choppers, peelers, laborers and teams, besides vessel crews.

An immense capital is invested in the manufacture of iron and steel products. Engines, agricultural implements, stoves and furnaces, hardware, pumps, nails, wire, brewing, malting and milling machinery, wagons, carriages and sleighs are only a few of the state's manufactured products into which iron and steel enter.

The Lake Superior ore is the richest known, and its mining is an important industry. The period of wild speculation in the Gogebic mines in 1886-7 has been succeeded by a steady profit-making era, and the supply of ore bids fair to last for many years.

The manufacture of malt liquors has been so per-

sistently advertised as the state's leading industry, and especially as that of Milwaukee, that it may surprise some to learn that malt liquors are only sixth in value of output among Wisconsin's manufactured products, being outranked by lumber and timber products, flouring and grist mill products, foundry and machine shop products, dairy products, and leather products, in the order named.

Geographically, Wisconsin is advantageously placed with respect to markets. Her railroads are accessible from all sections of the state. On the western border is the Mississippi River, a waterway that exercises a restraining influence on freight rates, even though its carrying trade is not great. From her ports on Lakes Superior and Michigan, the products of the farms, factories, mines, mills and quarries of the state are shipped by water to the East.

CHAPTER XXV

OUR GOVERNMENT, OUR PEOPLE, AND OUR SCHOOLS

THE constitution of Wisconsin was adopted March 13, 1848.

The State Legislature consists of two houses, the Senate and Assembly. The Senate consists of thirty-three members elected for four years, and the Assembly of one hundred members elected for two years.

The legislative sessions are biennial, beginning on the first Monday in January of the odd-numbered years.

Each member receives for his services during a regular session five hundred dollars and ten cents for every mile traveled along the most usual route in going to and returning from the session. No stationery, postage or other perquisite is allowed.

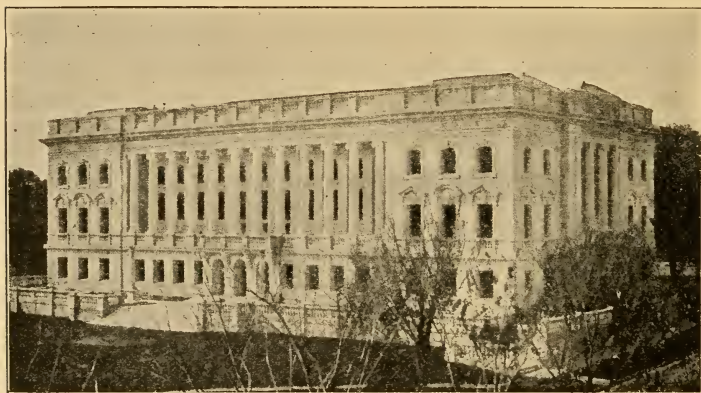
The executive power is vested in a Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, who are elected for two years.

The administrative power is vested in a Secretary of State, Treasurer, Attorney General, State Superintendent, and Insurance Commissioner, elected by the people.

Among other administrative officers, but appointed by the governor, are the Commissioner of Labor,

Census and Industrial Statistics, the Adjutant General, the Quartermaster General, the Supervisor of Inspectors of Illuminating Oils, the Dairy and Food Commissioner, the Commissioner of Banking, the Superintendent of Public Property, and the Commissioner of Immigration.

Among the administrative boards, appointed by



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the governor, are the Fisheries Commission (seven members for six years); the State Board of Health (seven members for seven years); the Board of University Regents (one from each Congressional district and two at large for three years); the Board of Regents of Normal Schools (nine members for three years); the State Board of Control (six members for



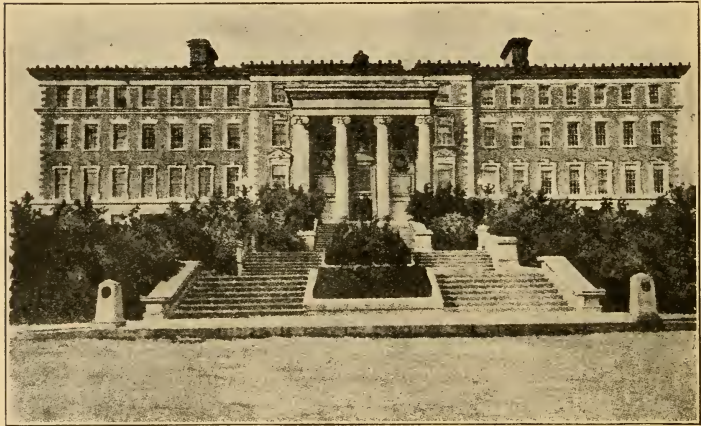
MAIN BUILDING, UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

five years), which has charge of the Hospitals for the Insane at Oshkosh and Mendota, the State Prison at Waupun, the State School for Dependent Children at Sparta, the State School for the Feeble-minded at Chippewa Falls, the Industrial School for Boys at Waukesha, the School for the Deaf at Delavan, the State School for the Blind at Janesville, the Wisconsin State Reformatory at Green Bay, and the Wisconsin State Tuberculosis Sanatorium at Wales; the State Railroad Commission; the State Board of Agriculture; the State Board of Forestry; the State Mining School Board; the State Civil Service Commission, and the State Tax Commission.

The judicial department consists of a Supreme

Court; superior courts; circuit courts; courts of probate (county courts); justices' courts; municipal courts, and police courts.

The Supreme Court is composed of a chief justice



COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE, UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

and four associate justices chosen at the spring election for a term of ten years.

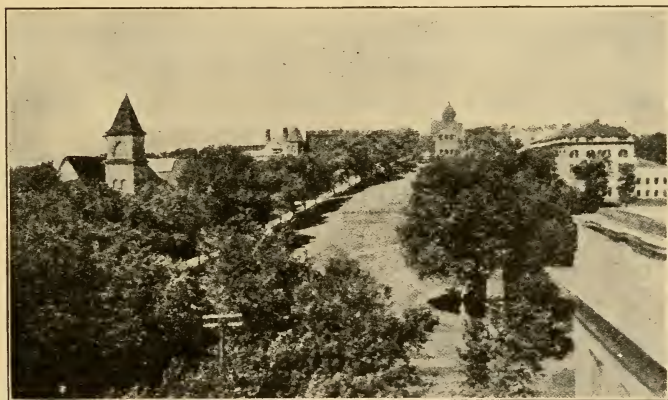
The superior court is presided over by a judge elected for a term of four years.

The circuit courts, eighteen in number, are presided over by circuit judges chosen at the spring election for six years. The circuit court sits at least twice annually in each county.

The court of probate is presided over by a judge

who also is chosen at the spring election for four years.

Every male citizen of the United States above twenty-one years of age who has resided in the state one year and in the election district where he offers to vote at least ten days immediately preceding the election may vote at that state election.



UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN CAMPUS

Women may vote, under the same conditions as to age, residence and citizenship, on all school questions and at the election of school officers.

All voting is by ballot on the Australian system.

When Wisconsin became a state, the number of inhabitants was only two hundred fifty thousand, about one-tenth of the present number. When we



STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, WHITEWATER

know that this is less than the population of Milwaukee alone to-day, and that it represents an average of only five persons to the square mile, as compared with forty-one to-day, we can appreciate how widely scattered the people were.

As we know, the earliest influence in the state was French, but soon the influx of other nationalities made it assume a different character. When the constitution was adopted, settlers from New York were the ones who were the most influential in framing that document, although the influence of men from New England, and those from Virginia, Kentucky

and Tennessee in the lead-mining section, also was felt.

The state early encouraged immigration, and has continued to favor it, for Wisconsin has natural resources and raw materials sufficient to support a population much larger than that which she has at present. Especially is this true of the northern and central portions.

A writer in the *Wisconsin Farmer* in the early days of statehood asserted that northern and central Wisconsin were an "alternation of arid sand ridges and impassable marshes." For general agricultural purposes this land, even yet, is the poorest in the state; but three facts rob this statement of much of its force. First, the large cranberry swamps of the state are in this belt. The value of these swamps per acre is much higher than that of the best agricultural land. Secondly, this belt is the natural home of the white pine, which tree has made vast fortunes for many individuals and companies. Thirdly, this soil with proper culture produces large crops of potatoes of superior quality. The region is sometimes called the "potato belt."

Add to these facts that leading authorities on dairying are urging that northern Wisconsin may be made as rich a dairy section as any other portion of the state, and we may see the probability that this region will soon support a population as large as the others.

Since 1850, the commissioners of immigration have distributed pamphlets to immigrants landing in New York and to those embarking in foreign ports, and have advertised the advantages of the state in foreign newspapers. In these and various other ways, a very desirable class of immigrants has been attracted to our borders, and has had a marked influence upon our industrial life, our social customs, and our political thought. When we know that the number of foreign-born citizens is one third that of the native-born, and that many of the native-born are but one generation removed from the foreign-born, we can appreciate how large this determining influence on our institutions must of necessity be.

Such being the case, Wisconsin is fortunate in having induced so many Germans and Scandinavians to make this their home, the Germans numbering nearly forty-five per cent of all the foreign-born, and the Scandinavian about eighteen per cent. Many other nationalities have contributed to our population—Swiss, Dutch, French, Polish, Belgians, Bohemians, Cornishmen, and even Icelanders. In many cases these people have settled in groups, notably the Swiss in New Glarus on the Little Sugar River, the Cornishmen in the lead region, and the Icelanders on Washington Island in Green Bay.

When they have not made communities by themselves, these foreigners have readily assimilated with the native-born population, thus rapidly becoming

Americans. If the first generation have not learned the English language, their children have, for the state has placed the opportunity to secure an education in easy reach of all children within its boundaries, and a compulsory attendance law compels the parent or guardian to see that every child improves this opportunity. In justice to our foreign-born citizens, it must be said that there is little occasion to enforce this law, for in the main they are glad to have their children learn the language and attend a school, either parochial or public.

The school system of Wisconsin did not spring full-grown from any one man's mind, but is the outgrowth of years of thought and experience. The pioneers from New England and New York brought with them, along with their love for human liberty, freedom of speech and of conscience, their belief in free education for their children. It is mainly to their intelligence and forethought that Wisconsin owes her present high rank among her sister states, and her unsurpassed system of instruction for her people.

Even before the territory became a state, many private schools, made up of the children of neighboring families, were established. These were the beginning of the public school system.

Denominational schools—academies, colleges and seminaries—were inaugurated, but the population being scattered, and religious beliefs widely varying,

adequate financial support was lacking. The state, ever beneficent toward education, later helped some of these institutions liberally.

In 1836, the first territorial legislature passed no law regarding common schools, not because of lack of interest in the matter, but because the Michigan system prevailed, as it had while Wisconsin was a part of that territory, and there seemed no need for immediate change.

At the second session of the territorial legislature a law was passed establishing the University of Wisconsin at Madison. This was the first step toward higher education, although the university had no existence except on paper until twelve years later. It now instructs a student body of nearly three thousand, and is recognized as a leading university in central United States.

In 1839, for the first time, a law was passed instituting a system of supervision of the common schools, but it was not until 1845 that a free public school was established. This was at Kenosha (then Southport), a village whose population was made up of people from New England and the Middle States.

The great extent of Wisconsin and the rapidity with which immigrants poured in, overflowing its prairies, river valleys and forests, delayed for several years any well organized school system, but when the state constitution was adopted, provision

was made for free district schools and for adequate support and supervision of the same. Liberal grants of land were made, not only for the maintenance of these schools, but also for normal schools for the training of teachers.

For the first few years, the income from the school fund was large enough only for the common schools; hence no normal schools were established, there being an attempt in the meantime to give normal training in the university and in a few high schools and academies. This was so unsatisfactory that in 1865 the passage of a bill was secured making liberal allowance for distinctively normal schools. The first one was opened at Platteville in 1866, and the second at Whitewater in 1868. There are now seven of these schools, the others being located at Oshkosh (1871), River Falls (1875), Milwaukee (1885), Stevens Point (1894), Superior (1896). An eighth is to be opened at La Crosse in 1909. These schools have on an average over twenty-five thousand students enrolled annually.

The system of free high schools, as it prevails at present, was established in 1875. Previous to this there were twenty-five independent high schools in cities, and nearly four hundred graded schools outside of cities. Most of these schools reorganized as free high schools under the law, accepting state aid in their support. There are now in the state about two hundred of these schools having a four-

years' course, and forty having a three-years' course. The state also maintains a school for the feeble-minded at Chippewa Falls, a school for dependent



NORMAL SCHOOL AT STEVENS POINT

children at Sparta, one for the blind at Janesville, one for deaf-mutes at Delavan, and an industrial school for boys at Waukesha.

A system of teachers' institutes supported by the state has contributed largely to the progress and efficiency of the work of the common schools. This

system has been a matter of growth and adaptation, beginning in 1853 with what were known as "temporary normal schools" held in various localities by the state superintendent. At the present time, an able corps of instructors gives instruction to untrained rural and grade teachers in every county in the state for two or three weeks every summer.

These institutions have been beneficial not only in improving the scholarship in the common school branches and in promoting knowledge of better methods of instruction, but also in creating a spirit of professional pride and emulation.

Realizing the necessity for raising her common schools to the highest possible degree of efficiency, the state has organized and now maintains twenty county training schools for teachers. The legislature has, at various times, appropriated money sufficient to pay two thirds of the running expenses of these schools. Their location has been determined by the counties themselves, any county securing one by voting the other one third of the expenses. The full number—twenty—has now been established. In these schools, teachers for the rural schools are being better fitted for their work.

In connection with these, county agricultural schools have been established in several counties, the state here also aiding in paying the running expenses. Here the young men and women of the county may at slight expense receive training in the

science and art of agriculture, manual training and domestic science.

The state also has appropriated money to give aid to smaller communities maintaining graded schools of two or three departments. The law requires a higher standard of scholarship for teachers in these schools than in the common schools. In time, as the community increases in population, these schools grow into three- and four-year high schools.

In conclusion, it may be said of our state: If fruitful soils are wanted, they are here; if clear, invigorating climate is desired, here it is found; if pure water is deemed a necessity, that necessity is found here in all its fullness; if ample rainfall is demanded, there is no lack; if water-power is needed, many streams furnish it in abundance; if sport with rod and gun is desired, here may be found the paradise of hunters and fishermen; if scenic beauty is asked for, Wisconsin's wooded lakes and streams delight the eye; if good schools are necessary, here they are found, open and free to rich and poor alike. In short, Wisconsin's natural resources and beauties, her industrial facilities and educational advantages are unsurpassed by any state in the Union.

The motto of the state is the watchword of her citizens—FORWARD!

GOVERNORS OF WISCONSIN

NELSON DEWEY, Lancaster.....	1848--1852
LEONARD J. FARWELL, Madison.....	1852--1854
WILLIAM A. BARSTOW, Waukesha.....	1854--1856
ARTHUR McARTHUR, Milwaukee....	Mar. 21--25, 1856
COLES BASHFORD, Oshkosh.....	1856--1858
ALEX. W. RANDALL, Waukesha.....	1858--1862
LOUIS P. HARVEY, Shopiere.....	Jan. 6--Apr. 19, 1862
EDWARD SALOMON, Milwaukee.....	1862--1864
JAMES T. LEWIS, Columbus.....	1864--1866
LUCIUS FAIRCHILD, Madison.....	1866--1872
C. C. WASHBURN, La Crosse.....	1872--1874
WILLIAM R. TAYLOR, Cottage Grove.....	1874--1876
HARRISON LUDINGTON, Milwaukee.....	1876--1878
WILLIAM E. SMITH, Milwaukee.....	1878--1882
JEREMIAH M. RUSK, Viroqua.....	1882--1889
WILLIAM D. HOARD, Fort Atkinson.....	1889--1891
GEORGE W. PECK, Milwaukee.....	1891--1895
WILLIAM H. UPHAM, Marshfield.....	1895--1897
EDWARD SCOFIELD, Oconto.....	1897--1901
ROBERT M. LAFOLLETTE, Madison.....	1901--1906
JAMES O. DAVIDSON, Soldiers' Grove.....	1906--

BADGER SONG.

Words by EBEN E. REXFORD.

Music by J. M. STILLMAN, Mus. Doc.,

Principal of the School of Music of Milton College, Milton, Wis.

May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.

March time. M. M. ♩ = 104.

PIANO or REED ORGAN.

The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It begins with a piano (*m*) dynamic and features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment of chords and single notes.

m Soprano. *Cres.*

Contralto.

The vocal staves for Soprano and Contralto are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The Soprano part starts with a piano (*m*) dynamic and includes a crescendo (*Cres.*) marking. The Contralto part begins with a forte (>) dynamic.

1. Oh, moth - er Wis - con - sin, we bring thee A trib - ute of hom - age and
2. Wis - con - sin, thou true - heart - ed moth - er Of sons that went forth to the

Contralto.

The Contralto vocal staff continues with a forte (>) dynamic and includes a crescendo (*Cres.*) marking.

m Tenor. *Cres.*

The Tenor vocal staff starts with a piano (*m*) dynamic and includes a crescendo (*Cres.*) marking.

3. Oh, moth - er Wis - con - sin, thy hon - or Is dear to our young hearts to -
4. Oh, Thou who art God of the na - tions, In Thee and Thy strength do we

Bass.

The Bass vocal staff begins with a forte (>) dynamic and includes a crescendo (*Cres.*) marking.

Cres.

The piano accompaniment for the vocal staves consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment of chords and single notes. A crescendo (*Cres.*) marking is present.

BADGER SONG—Continued.

m
 pride; Of love for our home-land we sing thee; What
 fray, And laid down their lives for thy hon - or, What

m
 day; Thy dead sons were stead-fast and loy - al, Shall
 trust; We know that Thine arm is al-might - y, Our

m *Cres.*
 gift has thy boun - ty de - nied? To - day from the Fa - ther of
 pride thrills thy bos - om to - day! Thy he - roes are nev - er for-

m *Cres.*
 we be less loy - al than they? Trust thou to our keep - ing thy
 strength is the strength of the just. May we by Thy wis - dom, O

m *Cres.*

BADGER SONG—Continued.

m

Wa - ters To the lake that is fair as a sea, From thy
got - ten; Tho' dead, they shall live in thy love, And their

m

hon - or, We love thee as loved they who died; And like
Fa - ther, Be led in the path - ways of peace; And for

m

Cres.

pin - es to thy prai - ries thy chil - dren Come sing - ing thy prais - es to thee.
val - or be told while the ban - ner They died for is float - ing a - bove.

Cres.

them will we give all, if need be, To guard the dear home of our pride.
thee, our most beau - ti - ful moth - er, May the love of thy chil - dren in - crease.

BADGER SONG—Concluded.

f CHORUS.

All hail to our mother Wis-con - sin! Oh, join ev-'ry voice in the strain!

All hail to our mother Wis-con - sin! Oh, join ev-'ry voice in the strain!

Cres. Wis - con - sin, Wis-con-sin, for-ev - er! *ff* Oh, sing it a-gain and a - gain!

Cres. Wis - con - sin, Wis-con-sin, for-ev - er! *ff* Oh, sing it a-gain and a - gain!

Cres.

ff

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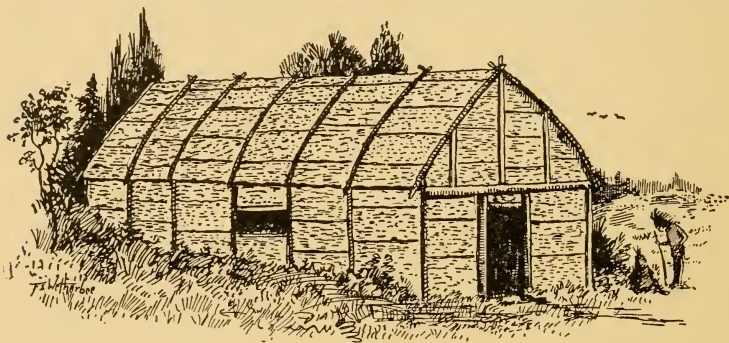
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By DR. H. C. PETERSON

Of the Crane High School - Chicago, Illinois

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Contents

A view of the contents may be had from the following list of chapters:

- I. The Visualization.
- II. Moving Pictures.
- III. Realistic Details.
- IV. and V. Environment Sketches.
- VI. Dialogue Sketches.
- VII. Inferences—Character Sketches.
- VIII. Paragraphs and Briefs.
- IX. Topic Sentences and Connecting Links.
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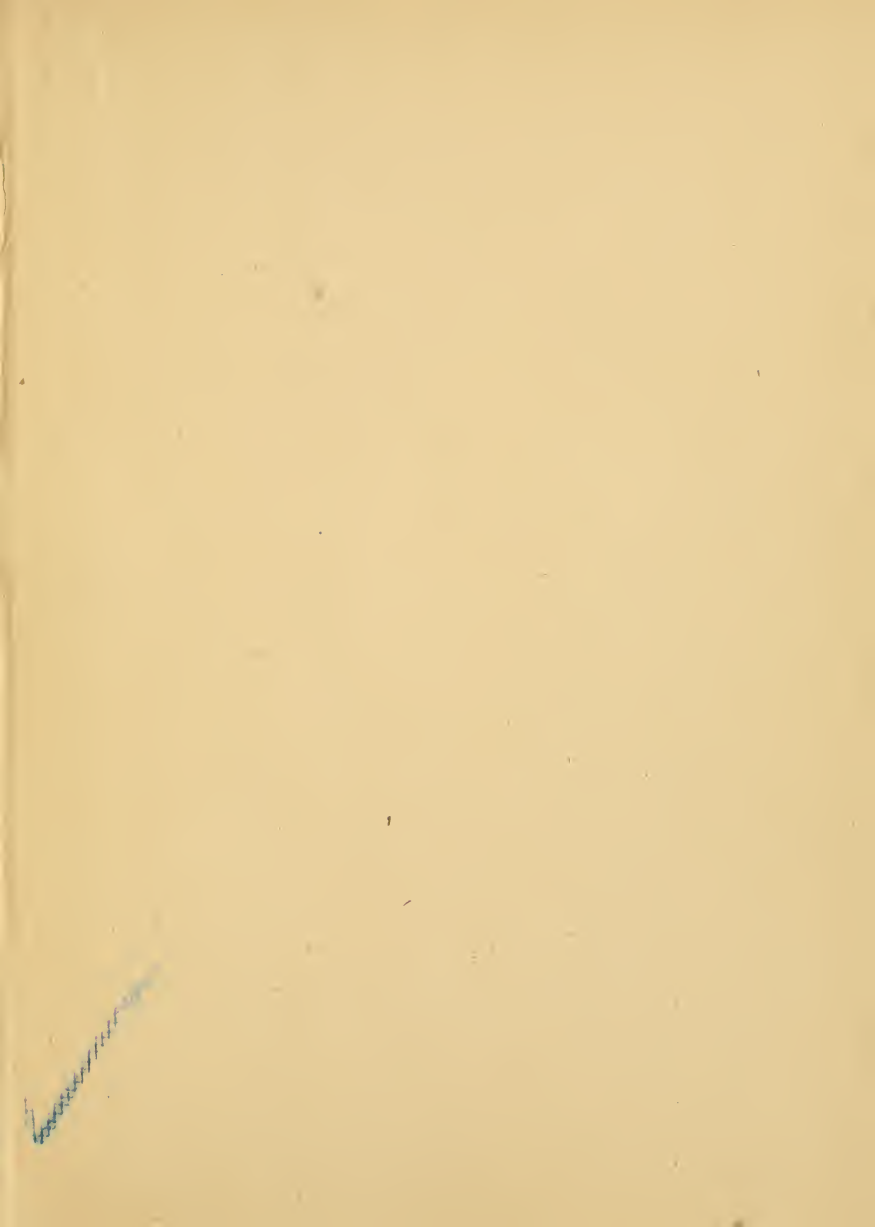
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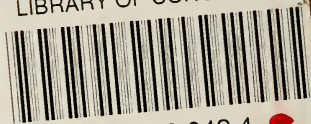


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