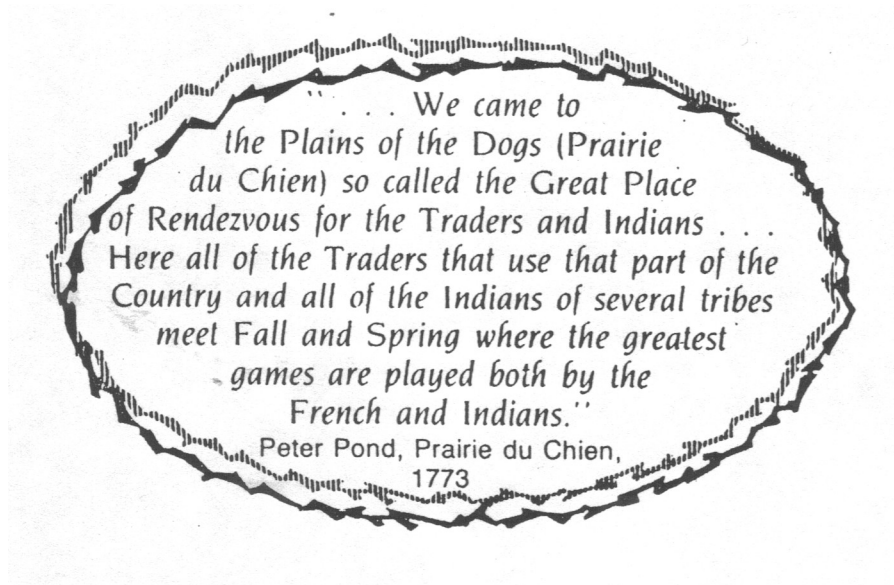


HISTORY TALKS

FROM PRAIRIE DU CHIEN



Compiled 1985
by James and Valerie Dyrud
revised 2011 by James Dyrud

Library of Congress Catalog Number # 88-072169
OCLC Number 19323735



Martinus Dyrud

THE STATE HISTORICAL
SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN

816 STATE STREET / MADISON, WISCONSIN 53706 / JAMES MORTON SMITH, DIRECTOR

Historic Sites and Markers Division

June 5, 1975

Mr. M. J. Dyrud
Prairie du Chien
Wisconsin 53821

Dear Marty:

Perhaps the salutation for this letter could very appropriately read "Dear Mr. History" as surely you must be one of our most knowledgeable historians in the field of Wisconsin history.

It was in October 1947 when I was first brought to Prairie du Chien by Clifford Lord, then Director of the State Historical Society, to discuss with you the possibility of the Villa Louis being transferred to state ownership and operation. A Prairie du Chien committee had been studying this possibility for several years and if the transfer had occurred, Director Lord was considering me as a prospective curator.

It was on that night that I first met you and during the quarter-century that followed, I was to learn about your many talents as a researcher, scholar, writer and historian. Your knowledge of history was not limited to the academic, to the written history, but also included great skill and judgment in the collection of maps and artifacts, and in the interpretation of the unwritten history of Indian mounds and other prehistory.

During more than twenty-five years, you were a pioneer in the field of historical preservation and the leader in persuading the State Historical Society to assume operation of the Villa Louis, which this month will welcome its one millionth visitor under state operation.

As a member of the Board of Curators of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, you were the acknowledged and respected leader of its historic sites and markers committees. Those programs helped to preserve and record history out where history actually happened and converted the State Historical Society into an organization that literally became statewide in its interests and in its service, rather than serving basically the University campus in Madison.

Beginning with the Villa Louis as the foundation, the Society now has a family of six sites, extending to Stonefield at Cassville, Pendarvis at Mineral Point, Wade House at Greenbush, and Madeline Island Museum at La Pointe, as well as the Circus World Museum in your old home-town of Baraboo.

Your contributions have been numerous, varied and distinguished, and this recognition during the Villa Louis Tea of 1975 is but a small reflection of the profound gratitude we feel for your truly significant contributions.

When I met you in October 1947, the negotiations for the Villa Louis were to require nearly five more years before it was transferred to the state. In the meantime, Director Lord, unable to defeat my persistent requests to work for the Historical Society, finally said that he had sufficient funds to employ me for a three-month period beginning April 1, 1948, to help with the State Centennial program that year. I think I was something of an April Fool joke. That three-month job has lasted more than twenty-seven years and I'm still around.

Sincerely,

Ray

Raymond S. Sivesind
Director
Historic Sites and Markers Division

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Father Marquette and Joliet entering the Mississippi River



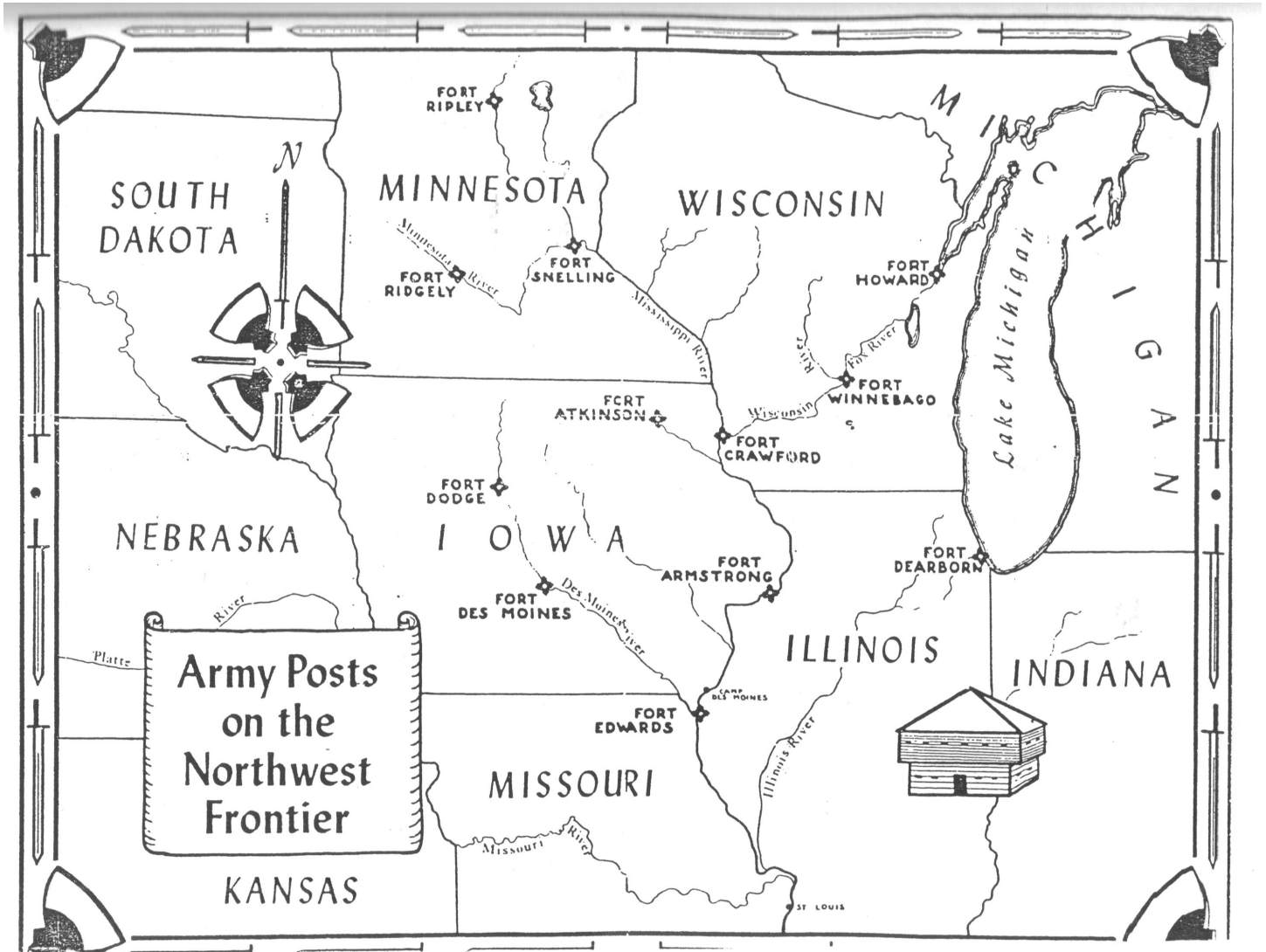
Marquette and Joliet on the Mississippi



“Marquette on the Mississippi” is based upon an 1867 painting by William Lamprecht entitled *Father Marquette and the Indians*



Plate 31. THE MOUTH OF THE WISCONSIN RIVER
Henry Lewis



ORIGIN OF COUNTY NAMES

by Marty Dyrud

The dates when new counties were carved out of Old Crawford County and the origin of their names will interest Sesquicentennial visitors. Here is a little additional information on two county names.

PRICE COUNTY was named for William Thompson Price (1824-1886) Judge of Jackson County 1854-1859; Crawford County Treasurer 1856-57; Wisconsin Senate 1857, 1870 and 1878-81; collector of internal revenue 1863-65; deputy sheriff Crawford County 1849; Wisconsin legislature 1851 and 1882; Congressional representative from Wisconsin 1883-86.

GRANT COUNTY. An amusing story is told about Grant, the man after whom the river and Grant County are named. He hunted this region in the early 1800's. Dressed in buckskin, Grant wore a wolf-skin cap and carried a gun over his shoulder. A large leather belt circled his middle, from which dangled knives, powder horn, shot bag and traps. On his back he toted a blanket roll with spare clothing and dried food folded inside. Grant was an unusual and distinctive person, for he carried a special brass kettle to cook his food. Fortunately, this kettle just fit over his head, and that is where he wore it, covered by his wolf-skin cap. Traveling then wasn't too safe. Lead prospectors so disturbed and enraged the Indians that they forbid whites from their lands. But, this warning did not stop the intrepid Grant. One day, lurking Winnebago Indians spied Grant moving on their trail. Rushing him from the rear, they struck Grant on the head with savage blows of their tomahawks. Grant, protected by the kettle, calmly turned around and stared. The astonished Indians, sure such hard blows would kill him, were amazed to see Grant still standing. Then, the awed Indians raised their arms toward heaven, and bowing low, exclaimed Manitou...Manitou.

Derivation of County Names within Old Crawford County

<u>County</u>		<u>Established</u>	<u>Origin of County Names</u>
Jackson	Feb.	1853	Andrew Jackson
Juneau	Oct.	1856	Solomon Juneau (1793-185,) Fur trader, 1st mayor Milwaukee
La Crosse	Mar.	1851	Marquis de Lafayette
Lafayette	Jam.	1846	Marquis de Lafayette
Lincoln	Mar.	1874	Abraham Lincoln
Marathon	Feb.	1850	Marathon Greece
Monroe	Mar.	1854	James Monroe
Oneida	Apr.	1885	Oneida Indians
Pepin	Feb.	1858	Pepin le Bref
Pierce	Mar.	1853	Franklin Pierce
Polk	Mar.	1853	James Knox Polk
Portage	Dec.	1836	Fox-Wisconsin portage
Price	Feb.	1879	William Thompson Price (1824-1886) Judge, Jackson County
Richland	Feb.	1842	descriptive
Rusk	May.	1901	Gov. Jeremiah McLain Rusk (1820-1893) Formerly Gates County
St. Croix	Jan.	1840	Named for St. Croix, who was drowned at river mouth.
Sauk	Jan.	1840	Sauk Indians
Taylor	Mar.	1875	Governor William Robert Taylor
Trempealeau	Jan.	1854	French translation 'la montagne qui trempe a l'eau' " meaning the mountain

			that is steeped in water."
Vernon	Mar.	1851	Mount Vernon, home of George Washington
Wood	Mar.	1856	Judge Joseph Woods
Marty Dyrud/source			

MINNESOTA (now within that state), of Wisconsin

Benton	Oct.	1849	U.S. Senator, Thomas Hart Benton
Mille Lac	May	1857	French name for a thousand lakes
Chisago	Mar.	1851	Name, Indian word "kichi" for large and "saga" for fair. The first syllable was dropped.
Isanti	Feb.	1857	Iztays Indians, now Santees
Serburne	Feb.	1556	Moses Sherburne(1848-1868) Associate Justice Supreme Court of Minnesota Territory 1856-57
Anoka	May	1857	Dakota or Sioux Indian word for "on both sides of river"
Washington	Oct.	1849	George Washington
Ramsey	Oct.	1849	Alexander Ramsey (1815-1903), first territorial Governor of Minnesota 1849-1853. Second Governor Minnesota

WISCONSIN

Adams	Mar.	1848	John Adams
Barron	Mar.	1859	Henry D. Barron, judge of circuit court.(Formerly Dallas county, name Changed to Barron County Mar.4, 1869)
Buffalo	July	1853	descriptive
Chippewa	Feb.	1845	Chippewa Indians
Clark	July	1853	explorer, George Rogers Clark
Columbia	Feb.	1846	Christopher Columbus
Crawford	Oct.	1818	William Harris Crawford, U.S.Senator, Secretary of War & Treasury.
Dane	Dec.	1836	Nathan Dane (1752-1835) Mass. judge
Dunn	Feb.	1854	Charles Dunn, first Chief Justice, Wisconsin Territory
Eau Claire	Oct.	1856	French name for clear water
Grant	Dec.	1836	early fur trapper named Grant
Green	Dec.	1836	Nathan Greene or the color
Iowa	Oct.	1829	Iowa Indians



Hunting The Buffalo
 Rindisbacher, 1837

EXPLORING PRAIRIE DU CHIEN

by Marty Dyrud

Join me in reviewing the many names denoting the Prairie du Chien area. Chippewa and Algonquin Indians called this location KIPISAGEE, the place of the jet or outflow of the Ouiskonsin River.

White man's discovery of the Mississippi River on June 17, 1673 is generally credited to Louis Jolliet and Fr. Jacque Marquette. They reported no signs of any Indian village near the confluence of the two rivers. Nor, were their canoes upset by river demons Indians had warned them they might encounter. Actually these river monsters were huge catfish, which frightened Indians and some early travelers.

Writer Louise P. Kellogg says, "The beginnings of Prairie du Chien are difficult to trace, although a French Fort, no doubt existed there in the seventeenth century." Between 1680-1685 FORT ST. NICHOLAS was constructed. Local people generally refer to the "OLD FRENCH FORT" in Lower town erected by the French military commander Nicholas Perrot.

Prairie du Chien historiographer, Dr. Peter Scanlan mentions an Indian village at this location in 1732. Henry Lewis, the frontier artist, records a LA SALLE'S POST here in 1734. American State Paper refers to a French Fort at this location in 1755.

Johnathon Carver, who negotiated a huge land claim on the upper Mississippi from Indians in 1766 said, "The Ottigammes (Indians) built the town of La Prairies Les Chiens (Dog; Plain) on the east bank of the Mississippi, near the Ouiskonsin River in the Indian manner."

Trader Peter Pond came to this site in 1773, calling it "PLANES OF THE DOGS" His interesting commentary and unique spelling may be seen on the wayside marker between Prairie du Chien and Bridgeport.

In 1780, John Long denominated this location LA PRAIRIE DES CHIENS or Dogs' Field. Henry Lewis, early painter, used the same French name but translated it "Meadow of the Dogs."

In 1781, a letter from R. Matthews of Quebec to Lieutenant Governor Patrick Sinclair refers to La Prairie Du Chien. In this same year, this British Governor at Mackinac, presided over a treaty, whereby local residents Pierre Antaya, Augustine Ange and Bazil Giard purchased nine square miles of prairie land from the Fox Indians. This land was located just north and east of the junction of the Ouiskonsin and Mississippi Rivers. Payment was made in trade goods.

The Fox Indian village here was ruled by a chief named ALIM (Dog). French residents referred to this location as the prairie of the DOG (Alim). Thus PRAIRIE DU CHIEN. Many strangers incorrectly interpret the name to signify the presence of prairie dogs, but this animal is not a native of the area.

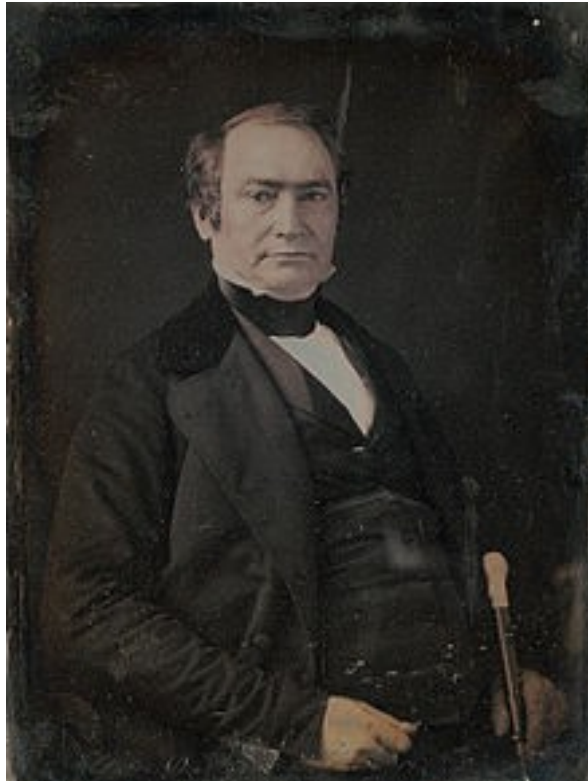
PRAIRIE DES CHIENS (Prairie of the Dogs) was used in 1811 by our French-Canadian, Indian Agent, Nicholas Boilvin because some Fox Indian warriors used the Dog as their symbol or totem, their group was called "Dog soldiers."

When the War of 1812 broke out, the Americans wanted to strengthen this outpost and began construction of FORT SHELBY. The British reacted with a superior force, captured the post, and renamed it FORT Mc KAY. The treaty of Ghent returned this area to the Americans. In disgust, the British burned the fort as they withdrew their forces. Then, the returning Americans built FORT CRAWFORD. Later in 1830, to get away from flooding,

a new FORT CRAWFORD was built upon higher ground on the mainland. FORT CRAWFORD was deactivated in 1870.

PRAIRIE DU CHIEN was formally used in an 1816 petition by local residents, sent to the United States, Government, asking that their land claims be confirmed.

Judge James D. Doty in a 1827 report to Congress on northwest settlements mentions "PRAIRIE DU CHIEN or MINDOTY."



James Duane Doty

The Borough of PRAIRIE DES CHIENS was established in 1821 and continued until 1828, when the name was changed to TOWN OF ST. ANTHONY. In 1849, the latter became to the TOWN OF PRAIRIE DU CHIEN.

Explorer-author Schoolcraft, writing about his canoe trip of 1825 refers to "TIPSAGE", translated "PRAIRIE."

In 1828, POPPLE, was used as a name of an early settlement in the Town of Prairie du Chien, located about two miles north of Blackhawk Avenue and Main Street. In 1850, Popple was changed to FRENCHTOWN.

ST. FRIOLE, upper FRIOLE and lower FRIOLE all refer to early sections of what is now called PRAIRIE DU CHIEN, which borders on the MARAIS de ST. FRIOLE, a slough separating the island (or 4th ward) from the mainland.

PETITE Gris, French for small mountains, was reserved for the elevated land, bordering the prairie, southeast of Prairie du Chien.

July 6-1977 Marty Dyrud



Nicholas Boilvin

Appointed Sub Indian Agent 1806, Indian agent 1811 for the Fox and Sacs along the Mississippi River
Resided in Prairie du Chien from November 19, 1808 to May 1812
Died on a keel boat reroute to St. Louis about the summer 1824

THE MYSTERY OF LOST CAVE

Q...Once again the time has arrived for another interesting History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin Historical Society and avid local historian. Nice to see you Marty, and welcome to WPRE.

A.. Thank you, it is always good to be here.

Q...I know that our past history is pretty well documented.... but, are there any mysteries or unsolved aspects?

A...Oh yes. One is the location of Lost Cave on the Wisconsin River, east of here on Highway 60.

Q...You mean that a cave which pioneers discovered, cannot be relocated?

A...That is right. Gordon Peckham aroused my interest and gave me the information, which he had concerning it.

Q.. I am anxious to here about it.

A... Let me read portions of an article, which appeared years ago in an Austrian newspaper, written by an Austrian nobleman, and I think you too will become intrigued.

This is quoted from an article which appeared in the Vienna Courier headed the "Rose Colored Spear: and translated as follows:

"Here, I sit in my studio in Linz Austria having returned last week from a trip to Wisconsin, U.S.A. of America. Before me, on my desk lays a spear of Wisconsin quartzite of ancient American workmanship. It is a splendid specimen, 13 inches long and 3 1/2 inches wide in the middle. On that specimen hangs a tale; I will try to give the reader.

Before I commence my story, I will try to give you some idea of myself and the principal actors in this tale. I am the son of an Austrian nobleman. I was sent to the University of Leipzig, Saxony Germany, to study philosophy, following the custom of all young men of my station.

I arrived in the spring of 1865, and on arrival met on the campus two brothers, sons of an Austrian aristocrat. These two men were Joseph and Paul Seifert. We went into War in 1866. A great battle took place. On the evening of the next day, I was carried wounded from the battlefield.

Joseph Seifert fell wounded under the terrific charge of the Prussian Fort at Stralsund, as I was informed later. Now, I commence my tale of the rose colored spear.

In the spring of the year 1887... one morning, I received my mail from the post office...quite as usual. But, among the letters was one postmarked Richland City U.S.A. You may judge my surprise, for I could have known no one in that far off country.

I opened the letter. It was from Paul Seifert. He wrote that he had escaped from Stralsund, went on board an American ship, landed in New York, drifted to northern Wisconsin, came down the Wisconsin River on a raft and became acquainted with a German Patriot living in Richland City, (is no more, vanished on Wisconsin river

near Gotham). He married this man's daughter, a beautiful girl of 17, was living happily, had four daughters and still had his old disease hanging over, consumption of the pocketbook.

Q...That's a quaint expression for being broke, consumption of the pocketbook.

A...I enjoy that phrasing, it is very novel.

The writer went on to say. ...we renewed our friendship by letter. My being an archeologist, and my hobby is collecting relics from different countries, I asked Paul, in one of my letters, whether he could send me some relics of American aborigines. In a short time, I received a letter through a New York Transfer House.

It contained the most magnificent relics of the American prehistoric times, great ancient copper spears, arrows and spears of different colored quartzite, great flint spears and arrows of different and rare forms, two spears of obsidian, butterfly ceremonial, bird stone, belt of flint, breast-plate of ancient copper, battle lace, etc. And so he sent me package after package at different times, until I have a collection of ancient American relics, which the Imperial Museum of Vienna could not duplicate.

In 1880, I received a letter from Paul Seifert's wife. She wrote " If you ever want to see Paul once more, come soon. He cannot live half a year longer".

I packed my suitcase and started for Gotham. Something in Paul's letter kept running through my mind. "These relics cost me nothing more than a little work and a few chills across my back. If you ever make me a visit I will show you the place where I find them."

On arrival I found Paul, better than I had expected. We had many happy days together, hunting, fishing, visiting ancient village cities around Richland City, living in memories of the past.

Q. ..Was there actually a man by the name of Paul Seifert?

A.. Yes, I have checked and verified this---descendents still live on farms south of Gotham, and he would never tell the location of his Indian treasures, but he showed them to the Austrian nobleman. Here is his account:

Finally the last day of my visit came. It was a beautiful moonlight night. I spoke to Paul about his promise to show me the place where he had found the relics. He said, "Will you promise me, to follow where I lead? My reply was "I shall be your shadow."

His wife looked concerned and said, "Don't endanger your friend and yourself." Paul replied: "We shall be back for breakfast, little wife, and don't worry."

His boat, he kept in the shadow of a magnificent large maple below the house. He put some rope, a bull's eye lantern horn and some torches in the boat. One of the ropes had a large iron hook on the end

I stepped into the boat and took the oars. We floated down the beautiful river until we reached the foot of old historic Bogus Bluff. Here he locked his boat to the roots of an old cottonwood tree.

Then we climbed to the summit of old Bogus Bluff. What a beautiful sight met our eyes. Across the gleaming shallows of the southern bluffs, little Avoca sleeps securely. Far down stream, among the green of the forest, flashlights of Muscoda, and miles in the other direction, on the north bank Lone Rock show dimly. From the gloom of the river, bursts, the hard call of the great horned owl, shadow and voice of the forest.

"Let us go", Paul said, "Time flies". We passed from ridge to ridge sometimes through large timber, sometimes through underbrush, until we had gone, as nearly as I could tell, about two miles.

Q...The nobleman gives a detailed description that appears easy to follow.

A...Yes, it is a detailed account. He said, At last we stopped on a ridge here and there covered with large fragments of rock, in front of a large ledge. Here, Paul unloosed the rope with the iron hook. He threw the hook over the root of a cedar about ten feet above us. He climbed up and told me to follow. We landed on a very narrow ledge, before us a very narrow crevice, hardly wide enough to let us in.

Inside the crevice, a dark hole, lay before us. Paul lit his lantern horn and commenced to go down the black passageway, and told me to follow.

We went down and down, into the mountain, how far I could not tell; sometimes we slid, until at last we reached the sand bottom of a great cave. Fragments of rock were everywhere; amongst those were great bones of prehistoric animals. Here and there were also fragments of antlers of deer and elk.

We left that cave, Paul leading along passageways, looking like dried beds of underground rivers. At last we stood at an abyss, black and dangerous looking. I followed. We went down 35 to 40 feet and landed in just about the same type of place we had been above. We continued until we reached another large cave. Here Paul lit one of the large torches.

What a beautiful sight, the light reflected from the pendant stalactites, with which the ceiling was covered, forming a miniature imitation of a starlit heaven.

Paul would not let me stop here long. We went through large passageways winding through the mountain, until these got so small that we had sometimes to creep on hands and knees. At last we reached another cave.

Darkness and damp air surrounded us. Paul lit another torch. FRIENDS, I cannot describe the horror I felt. The bottom of the cave was covered with skeletons of a vanished race. Skulls were everywhere. Here perished a tribe:...very near I could say a nation. Their belongings were scattered among the bones.

Battle axes of stone, ancient pottery, whole and in fragments, flint arrows and spears, whole and broken, everywhere. "Here" said Paul "is the mine of relics I sent you."

Now.. I understand his remark "Work, and chills run down my back." How true. And in this horrible place he had gone many times to please me.

Here on a shelf of stone, I found that beautiful quartzite spear, I described in the opening chapter of the tale.

So, we went along the cave until we entered another passageway; beginning to hear a curious noise. He said it was falling water and the rushing wind through the crevices above.

All at once I saw a blue light flickering here and there. It came nearer. I could stand no more. Weird sounds rang in my ears, shadows flittered here and there, bats brushed my head, bones rattled, and we were in the cave of dead. "Oh how terrible: Oh Paul let us get out of here."

So we retraced our steps through the cave of the dead. We stopped before the skeleton of a woman; around her neck she had a necklace of matchless beauty, composed of quartzite discs of different colors, held together by bands of ancient copper.

I wanted to take it. But, Paul said, "It was put there by the hand of love. Her spirit will mourn, if we took it. We retraced our steps to the long rope, climbed up, passed through cave and passage, until we stood on the ledge, ready to descend to the ground and make our way home.

Day was breaking as we landed at Paul's home. His wife welcomed us. Breakfast was ready. After that Paul escorted me to Gotham and the train started... Goodbye Paul, and my love until we meet across the great divide." I reached home after an eventless voyage and never will I forget, as long as I live, the terrible journey to the cave of the dead, under the bluffs of the old Wisconsin.

Signed S von W.

Q.. Truly one of the weirdest tales I have ever heard. Someday an adventurer may find this Lost Cave and another tale can be added to those you have already.

Our time is gone, so we must thank you for sharing on of the mysteries of history with us today. For more Local history, tune in next week, same time, same station.

JOHN MUIR, A STRANGE INVENTION AND PRAIRIE DU CHIEN

Q.. Once again the time has arrived for another interesting local History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and president of the Crawford County Historical Society. Hello, Marty and welcome back to WPRE.

A...Thank you, it is always nice to be here and talk history with you.

Q...Congratulations on your recent election as the new president of the Crawford County Historical Society.

A... It presents an interesting challenge. We have a fine group of history lovers and we hope to grow in numbers and in the scope of our activities.

Q.. Say Marty, just how do you dig out so many facts about early days?

A...Just curious, I guess.

Q.. Would you explain one of your curiosities and how you approach the matter?

A...Tuesday, I was asked by the State Medical Society to guide one of their associates on a tour of historic sites in Prairie du Chien. This proved rewarding for me too, for Mr. Mulder is now planning the development and promotion of the Medical History Museum here.

Q.. Oh, the Beaumont Medical Shrine.

A.. Yes, Dr. Beaumont's historic experiments in physiology, here at Prairie du Chien covers one of the brightest pages in our local history.

A.. Sometime you will have to tell us the Beaumont story, but I don't want you to lure me away from my question. What excited your interest this time and prompted your further study of Prairie du Chien history?

A.. Well, no tour of Prairie du Chien would be complete without a tour of the Villa Louis and Museum. Mr. Mulder marveled at this fine historic home and the rich history so skillfully portrayed in the museum.

For me, this probably is the thirtieth time I have taken the tour. Still, each time I find some new facet of history, which intrigues me. This, day was no exception.

0.. And, what was it this time?

A.. ..A photo of the Lady Franklin.

9...Are you falling for the women?

A.. Yes, this lady intrigued me, very much.

0.. Well, I suppose you will lead me on and on, and finally I will learn that your lady friend is a boat.

A.. No, but you are very close. Lady Franklin was a very strange creature, a passenger coach designed to travel over the river ice during the winter, when steamboats were beached for the cold season.

This novel coach had a boat bottom, and was fitted with two sled runners on each side, which could be lowered to support the vehicle. A steam boiler back of the passengers supplied the power, and cordwood supplied the heat. I had difficulty ascertaining from the picture just how the coach was propelled, but I would guess that there was a traveling belt, which when lowered, had cleats, which would dig into the ice and move it forward.

Q...Sort of a steam operated sled with an enclosed cab for the passengers.

A...Yes, it was apparently designed to operate both on the ice and in water. My best guess is that the coach could carry 35 passengers.

Q...Sounds like a weird contraption. What need was there for the unit?

A.. One of the greatest handicaps of the steamboats on the upper Mississippi was their failure to function during the winter, when ice clogged the river. There were many businessmen and settlers, who wished to travel in the winter if they could find a convenient and comfortable means of doing so.

Q...I can appreciate that. Did they have a proposed route in mind?

A...The name, which appeared along the top of the coach was the Prairie du Chien & St. Paul Minn. & Mississippi R.R. Line, so I judge it was intended to operate between Prairie du Chien and St. Paul in the winter.

Q...Who invented this Ice-Chariot...and when?

A.. A New York man, named Norman Wiard, who started building it in about 1856. He spent four years developing this Queen of the water and ice travel. On January 8th in 1860 Wiard made his trial run of the Lady Franklin, here in Prairie du Chien, making the crossing of the river between Prairie du Chien and McGregor Iowa in three minutes.

A cord of wood was required for every 10 hours of operation; railroad officials present recommended certain other changes in the design and construction. But, the improvements were not made; the unit was parked on the waterfront and eventually fell apart.

In the fall of 1860, the Lady Franklin was transported to Madison, where it was displayed at the State Fair. There a young farm boy inventor inspected the strange vehicle and talked with Mr. Wiard the inventor. Wiard induced this farm boy, John Muir to come with him to Prairie du Chien to assist him in the further development.

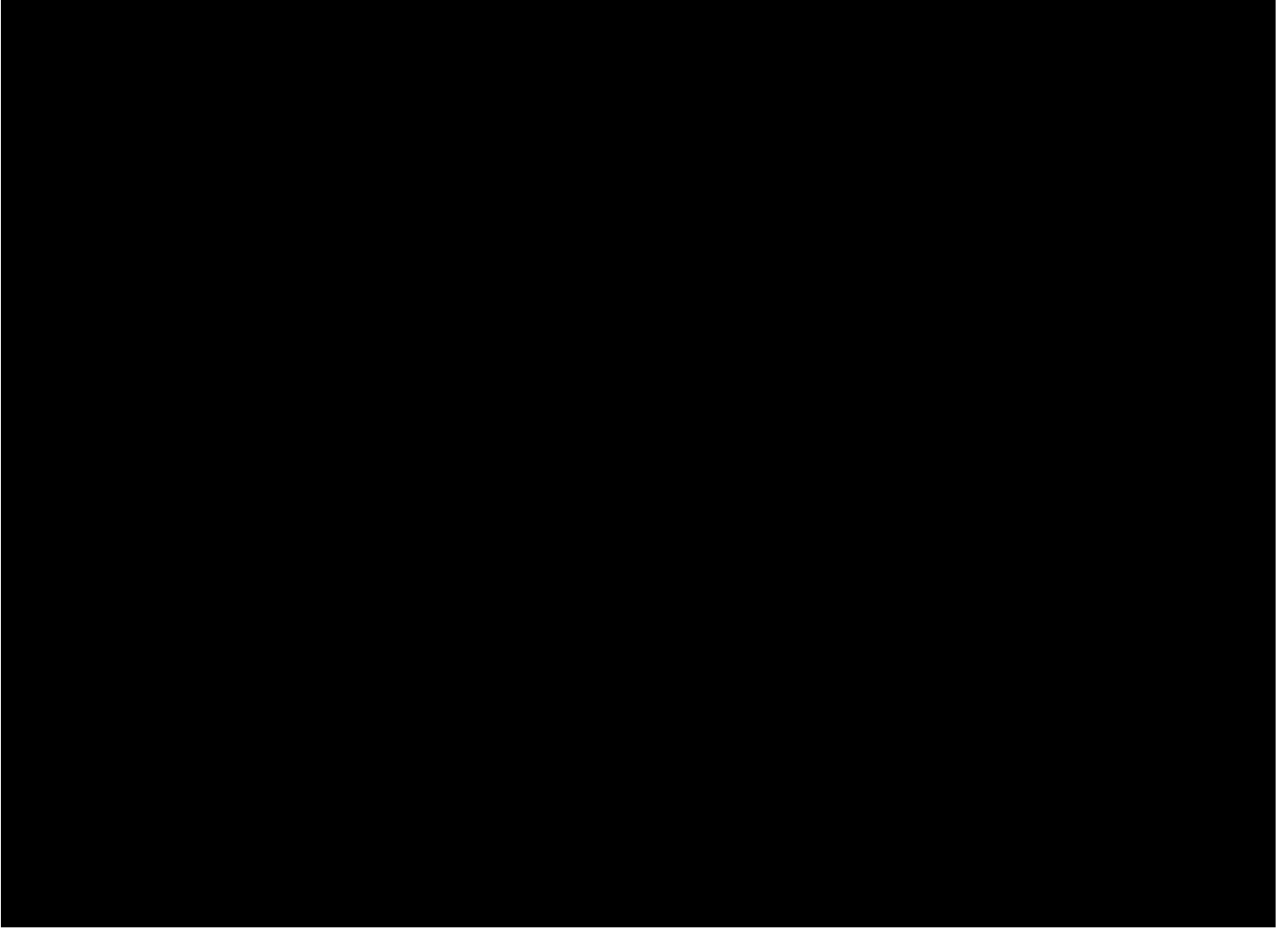
Q...Who is the John Muir? I think I have heard his name before.

A.. Yes, John Muir was one of America's earliest and greatest naturalists, and now considered by many to have been the father of our National Park System.

Q...And how did you happen to link these two people?

A.. While no mention was made of Muir in connection with the picture of Wiard's invention at the Villa, I remembered that Muir had once worked for an inventor in Prairie du Chien. This association sent me scurrying home to dig into Muir's life and see if I could find any connection. Sure enough I found Muir's account of the association.

Q...Tell us about it.



A...John Muir was born in Scotland, and when very young, had accompanied his family to America, and to a farm north-east of Portage Wisconsin. As a Boy he whittled out strange wooden inventions by hand. At 22, he left home lugging his wooden contraptions on his shoulder to Madison. This was the fall of 1860, when a State Fair was being held there, and Muir thought he might display his works.

Muir tells us in his own words, his thoughts:

I was looking around in the meantime to find out where I should go to seek my fortune. An inventor at the Fair, by the name of Wiard, was exhibiting an ice-boat he had invented to run on the upper Mississippi from Prairie du Chien to St. Paul during the winter months, explaining how useful it would be, thus to make a highway of the river, while it was closed to ordinary navigation by the ice.

"After he saw my inventions, he offered me a place in his foundry and machine shop in Prairie du Chien, and promised to assist me all he could. So, I made up my mind to accept his offer and rode with him to Prairie du Chien in his iceboat, which was mounted on a flat car.

I soon found, however, that he was seldom home and that I was not likely to learn much at his small shop. I found a place where I could work for my board and devoted my spare hours to mechanical drawing, geometry and physics. .making, but little headway, however, although the Pelton family, for whom I worked, were very kind. I made up my mind after a few months stay in Prairie du Chien to return to Madison, hoping that in some way I might be able to gain an education...I was desperately hungry and thirsty for knowledge and willing to endure anything to get it."

Q...What unusual circumstances. Marty, who were the Pelton's, here in Prairie du Chien?

1...Edward Pelton was an early Prairie du Chien merchant, who came here in 1837 from Massachusetts. That year there was a large influx of people from the east into Prairie du Chien.

Pelton's first wife was a daughter of Rev. Alfred Brunson, a prominent citizen and first Methodist Bishop In Wisconsin. In 1859, Pelton sold his store and took charge of the Mondell House. Then in 1866, he and Julius Famechon opened the Pelton Steam Flouring Mill in Prairie du Chien.

Q.. We are certainly learning much about some of our early settlers, but getting back to John Muir, tell us what inventions did he make?

A...A strange assortment. .Suppose we let Muir tell us in his own words- "So (at the Fair) I went up to the Fine Arts Hall and looked in, wondering if they would allow wooden things in so fine a place.

I was met at the door by a dignified gentleman, who greeted me kindly and said "Young man, what have we got here? "Two clocks and a thermometer", I replied. "Did you make these? They look wonderfully beautiful and novel and must, I think, prove the most interesting feature of the fair."

"Where shall I place them? I inquired.

"Just look around, young man, and choose the place you like best, whether it is occupied or not. You can have your pick of all the building, and a carpenter to make the necessary shelving and assist you every way possible!

So, I quickly had a shelf made large enough for all of them went out on the hill and picked up some glacial boulders of the right size for weights, and in fifteen or twenty minutes the clocks were running.

They seemed to attract more attention than anything else in the hall. I got lots of praise from the crowd and the newspaper-reporters. The local press reports were copied into the eastern papers.

It was considered wonderful that a boy on a farm had been able to invent and make such things, and almost every spectator foretold good fortune. But, I had been lectured by my father above all things to avoid praise that I was afraid to read those kind newspaper notices, and never clipped out or preserved any of them, just glanced at them and turned away my eyes from beholding vanity. They gave me a prize of ten or fifteen dollars and a diploma for wonderful things not down in the list of exhibits.

Q.,. How nice. .you felt his modesty and understand the thoughts of a young man from the farm in a city, facing the future. Tell us more about this great man.

A...Muir says- while at the University, "I still indulged my love for mechanical inventions. I invented a desk in which the books I had to study were arranged in order at the beginning of each term. I also made a bed which set me on my feet every morning at the hour determined on, and in dark winter mornings, just as the bed set me on the floor it lighted a lamp.

Then after the minutes allowed for dressing had elapsed, a click was heard and the first book to be studied was pushed up from a rack below the top of the desk, thrown open and allowed to remain there the number of minutes required.

Then the machinery closed the book and allowed it to drop back into its stall, then moved the rack forward and threw up the next in order, and so on, all the day being divided according to the times of recitation, and the time required and allotted to each study.

Besides this I thought it would be a fine thing in the summer time when the sun rose early, to dispense with the clock controlled bed machinery, and make use of sunbeams instead. This I did simply by taking a lens out of my spyglass, fixing it on a frame on the sill of my bedroom window, and pointing it to the sunrise. The sunbeams focused on a thread burned through it, allowing the bed machinery to put me on my feet. When I wished to arise at any given time after sunrise, I had only to turn the pivoted frame that held the lens the requisite number of degrees or minutes. Thus I took Emerson's advice and hitched my dumping wagon bed to a star.

Although I was four years at the University, I did not take the regular courses of studies but instead picked out what I thought would be most useful to me, particularly chemistry which opened a new world and mathematics and physics, a little Greek and Latin, botany and geology.

I was far from satisfied with what I had learned, and should have stayed longer. Anyhow I wandered away on a glorious botanical and geological excursion, which has lasted nearly fifty years and is not yet completed, always happy and free, poor and rich, without thought of a diploma or of making a name, urged on and on through endless, inspiring, Godful beauty. I leave one university for another, The Wisconsin University for the University of the Wilderness."

Q...An unusual person.

A...Yes, of those who wrote of nature, Muir was the wildest. He was the most active; the most at home in the wilderness, the most daring, the most capable, the most self-reliant. John Muir covered most of the American wilderness alone on foot, without a gun, without a sleeping bag, with only a sackful of stale bread and tea.

In 1867, when he determined to devote his life "to the inventions of God" Muir walked a now famous 1,000 mile jaunt from Indiana to California, exploring the Yosemite Valley, tracking rivers to the glaciers that had formed it. He would later take Theodore Roosevelt with him to convince him and others of the importance of national conservation program.

Q...Marty, I am fascinated with this man Muir and would like to hear more of him, but our time is up for today. Thanks for showing us how you get your ideas and track down these enchanting glimpses of our history heritage in Prairie du Chien.

For another History Chat with Marty Dyrud, tune in next week same time, same station.

The Passing of the Diamond Jo Steamboat Warehouse

Q...Once again the time has arrived for another informative HISTORY CHAT with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and researcher in our local history. Hello Marty, and welcome to WPRE.

A...Thank you I am glad to be here.

D...Marty, so many questions are being asked about the old warehouse building on the river front which is being torn down, that I wish we might find out more about its history.

A...I'll be glad to answer any questions about it. The old Diamond Jo Steamboat Warehouse on the Mississippi river here in Prairie du Chien won't be with us much longer.

During the past year the stone foundation has been crumbling away making the building unsafe. Two weeks ago, a large cave-in of the river wall dropped the floor 3 feet in one place and raked the vertical timbers, so it was feared the entire structure would collapse.

Q.. .It's too bad it could not be saved.

A.. .Yes, I hate to see this historic building junked for it is nearly 100 years old and is our only remaining link with the old and colorful steamboat-packet days on the Mississippi. But, it would cost about \$20,000 to just repair the foundation and main timber supports and there is little prospect of securing this money for temporary preservation.

Q...How big a building would you say it is?

A... It measures 60 feet by 444 feet. The stone foundation rises up about fifteen feet above the water forming a basement and on top of this is a white brick main section about 15 feet high capped with a V shaped roof.

Q...Tell us what the building has been used for?

A...Originally, it was built as a warehouse building for the Diamond Jo Steamboat Line to facilitate transfer of shipments from the steamboats to the railroad.

When the railroads had pushed the steamboat packets into oblivion the Milwaukee railroad used the building as a "Lock-up" where damaged freight was collected, classified and sold.

Still later the Prairie du Chien Woolen Mill stored wool stock in the building and recently the National Decorated Metal Co. bought the building and used it for storage of some of their raw materials.

Q...I noticed a couple of old buggies and a sleigh. Where did they come from?

A...During the early Villa Louis Opening Days, George McClure, Robert Paris and Joe Dunne collected old carriages, a sleigh and a horse drawn hearse for parade use, and stored them in this building between seasons.

Q:...Marty, have you any idea when this building was built?

A...Yes, during 1863 and 1864, during the Civil War. Six years earlier in 1857 the Milwaukee and Mississippi Railroad had reached Prairie du Chien.

In 1863 the McGregor Western Railroad just across the river began its runs 25 miles inland. In those days, freight and passengers had to be transported across the Mississippi by steamboat. Prairie du Chien was then a busy port and rail center.

Q...I thought that the railroad terminated in Lowertown?

A.. When the Milwaukee & Mississippi Railroad first reached Prairie du Chien on April 14, 1857, 100 years ago, the first station and yards were in Lowertown. Shipments were transferred to steamboats at "Pig's Eye" slough, where the Fertilizer Plant now stands. Low water in 1863 caused so much difficulty at this location, that the railroad decided to relocate its yards in the country at that time, but also built a huge hotel called the Railroad House. Later it was called the Dousman Hotel. Then too the railroad also built a \$75,000 grain elevator, which had a capacity of 20,000 bushels of grain.

It was at this same time that Diamond Jo built the large steamboat warehouse which is being torn down. The elevator has already been dismantled and you can now see the foundation stone just south of the bridge.

Q...Just how did they make the transfer of freight shipments from the railroad cars over to the steamboats?

A...A spur track then ran into the basement of the Diamond Jo warehouse on the north side. A switch engine pushed railroad cars into the basement and there was only a very short distance to truck goods between the cars and the steamboat, tied up along side of the building.

Q...I can certainly see that this simple and well thoughtout transfer method would work well. Someone told me that Lawler had his pontoon bridge operating across the Mississippi.

A.. That was ten years later, in 1874.

Q.. Were these facilities widely used?

A...Oh, Yes. The first railroads ran east and west. The north-south lines were to come later. So the steamboat packets were very busy. For a short time Prairie du Chien had the distinction of being the only railroad terminus on the Upper Mississippi. Then, Minnesota, and all the country north of here to St. Paul including northern Wisconsin, were importers of the necessities of life.

Few people would now think that Wisconsin was once the greatest wheat producing state in the union. For instance in 1859, Minnesota and Iowa grain came in huge quantities through Prairie du Chien for rail shipment to Milwaukee. At this time Milwaukee was considered the wheat center of the United States.

Q...That is something I never realized. I am rather intrigued by this man Diamond Jo; tell us did he wear a big diamond?

A.. No, but he was a picturesque figure. His name was Jo Reynolds. In the late 50's, he operated a tannery in Chicago. It seemed that there were two Jo Reynolds one in Chicago and one in Prairie du Chien and their mail was constantly mixed up.

So the Jo Reynolds we are speaking of adopted a trademark of a diamond outline with Jo in the center. From then on he was called Diamond Jo and there was no more mix-up in mail deliveries.

Q__By the way, how did Diamond Jo come to be located in this area?

A...In 1860, when Diamond Jo was buying furs in McGregor Iowa, just across the river, he visualized a great future in the grain business. So, he sold his tannery in Chicago, moved to McGregor and started in the grain business.

Q...How then, did he get into the steamboat business?

A...He found it difficult to ship grain regularly out of McGregor so Diamond Jo built his first steamboat, the Lansing. This boat proved so successful that he decided to build others.

Q...How long did Diamond Jo have the LANSING?

A...He sold it in 1867, to the Rambo family to transport passengers across the Mississippi down at Davenport. Shortly thereafter tragedy struck the boat at Hampton Illinois, just above Moline.

On May 13, 1867, her two boilers exploded and several people were killed. Van Dyke, the clerk on the boat was blown across the Mississippi river and his body later found in Iowa. The pilot, Bob Smith was blown into the air and across the town of Hampton and his body found by a farmer in his field.

Q...Marty, that is fantastic, do you mean to tell me that these two men were thrown in opposite directions by the force of the explosion so that their bodies were found four to five miles apart?

A...That is the history record that still stands. Strange, but true.

Q...I can hardly believe it. Did Diamond Jo have other boats?

A..Yes, for several months I have been digging out his boats, data on them and now I believe I have pictures of all of them, including his old boat yard at Eagle Point, just north of Dubuque.

Q...Fine, tell us more about his boats.

A..His next boat was named DIAMOND JO. It was a stern-wheeler, 165.5 feet long with a 32 foot beam and a 4 foot. hold.

Q ...Where was this boat built?

A...Interestingly enough on the Wisconsin River. Captain William Fleming superintended the construction and was master with Charles W. Cox as clerk. When the hull was completed it was towed to Prairie du Chien, where the upper structure was installed and the boat fitted with equipment.

Q...Right here in Prairie du Chien.... and in what year?

A...In 1863, the same year that Diamond Jo was building his warehouse. This boat saw 20 years of service; the first six in the Fulton Burlington trade, and the last 14 years in the St. Louis to ST. Paul trade. In 1883, this boat was dismantled at Dubuque.

Q...What boat came next?

A...The ARKANSAS, which was 184 feet long, with a 36 foot beam and a 6 foot hold. He bought this boat in 1872, used it six years and sold it in 1878, to Captain Davidson in La Crosse.

Also in 1872, he purchased another boat, the stern-wheeler, TIDAL WAVE, which he also sold in 1877 to Davidson.

Q...Sounds like a trader.

A...Yes, I guess he was. Then in 1873, he built the JOSIE, named for his wife, which he later sold to the Eagle Packet Co.

Following came the JOSEPHINE, which he built in 1878 at Dubuque, which gave Diamond Jo 21 years of service.

Then came the SAINT PAUL, a side-wheeler, one of his largest boats, 300 feet long, nearly a city block long. It may have proved too long, for in 1892 Diamond Jo shortened it by 23 ½ feet. In 1911 it was sold to the Streckfus Lines in St. Louis and rebuilt into an excursion boat. Later, this boat was again rebuilt and renamed to SENATOR.

After this came the PITTSBURGH in 1883. The 1896 cyclone in St. Louis demolished this boat. The hull was saved, a new upper works built on, and it was renamed the DUBUQUE.

Q...Diamond Jo must have been quite a successful steamboat operator.

A...Yes, 1850-1870 were the hey-days for the steamboats. From 1870 to 1900 was a period of cutthroat competition. But Diamond Jo survived and in 1900, he was the largest steamboat line operator on the upper Mississippi.

Q.. When did he sell out?

A... In 1911, all his remaining boats were sold to Streckfus in St. Louis. His two largest boats were converted into excursion boats. The QUINCY became the J.S. a deluxe excursion craft until it was dismantled in 1938.

The big side-wheeler DUBUQUE became the CAPITOL and many local people remember having fun on these boats. The CAPITOL was scrapped in 1945, so we will never see them again.

People in McGregor have a constant reminder of the colorful Diamond Jo for the redbrick post office there was his office and apartment home. Diamond Jo died in 1891 leaving an estate of seven million dollars.

His heirs carried on until 1911, when all of the boats were sold. With the demise of the Diamond Jo Warehouse in Prairie du Chien we are losing our last link with this colorful era of the puffing steamboat packets.

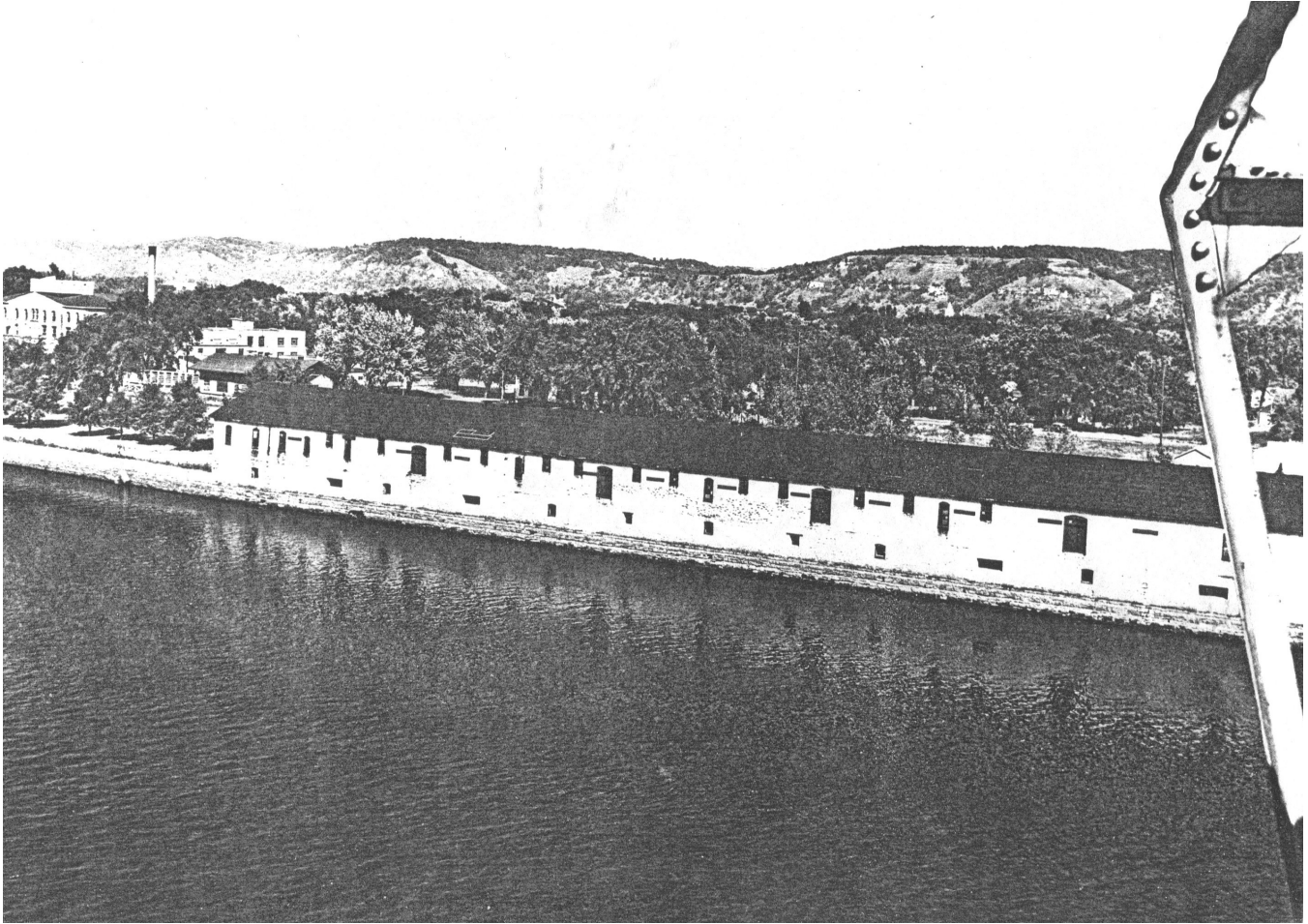
Q.. You have certainly painted an excellent word picture of the buried history associated with an old building. I wish we might hear more, but our time has run out and we must await another day. Thanks so much Marty. For more history heritage of the Prairie du Chien, McGregor, and Marquette area, tune in next week, same time, same station.



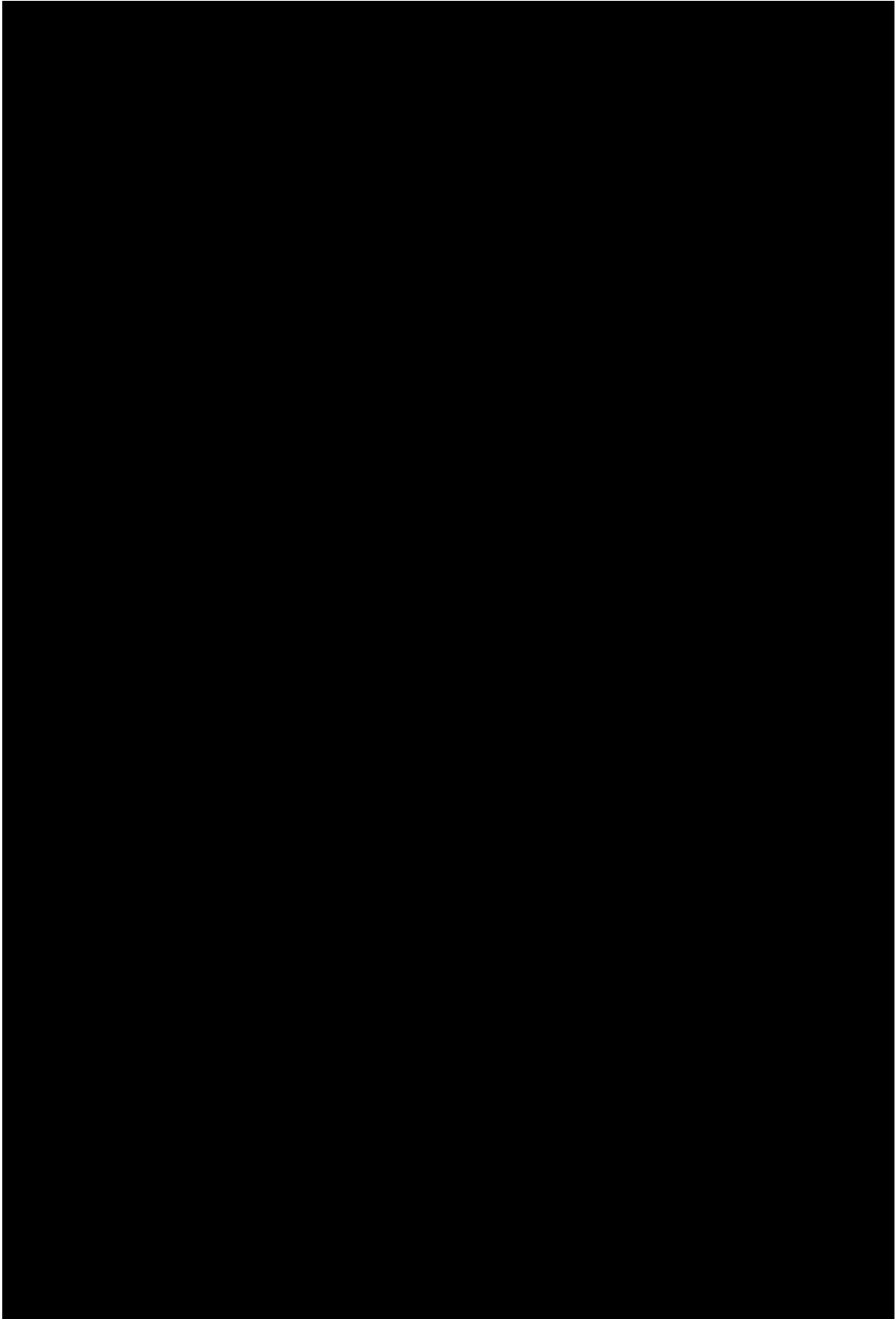
Diamond Jo Reynolds



1. Stone Astor Fur Co. building built in 1808. 2. Voth Cottage, built in 1930. 3. Brisbois mansion, built 1808, by Michael Brisbois. 4. Site of Hudson Bay Fur Co. log warehouse, c. 1890. 5. Site of Northwest Fur Co. building, built in 1808 and torn down in 1912. 6. Tremont Hotel, built in 1826-7 by H.L. Dousman, made into a hotel in the 1860's. Part of the building was the Joseph Rolette home. 7. Railroad house (Dousman House), built in 1861-2. 8. Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul railroad station. 9. Diamond Jo Reynold's steamboat warehouse, built in 1861-3. 10. Sherman house, built in 1875 on the site of the Basil Giard home.



Diamond Jo Warehouse



Diamond Joe Steamboat Warehouse and Grain Elevators at Prairie du Chien
Circa 1870

ADVENTURE ON THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI

This lecture was given to the State Historical Society of Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, June 20, 1961

We are honored to welcome such a distinguished group.

Speaking of Adventure on the Upper Mississippi, I will touch but a few, of the many facets of our rich heritage. Time is short, and you will want to hear the many fine programs this afternoon.

Prairie du Chien is the second oldest city in Wisconsin. Still, some of our proud residents insist it came first in INTELLECT. This claim, they trace to an ancient sign at Green Bay, labeled Prairie du Chien, pointing in this direction. Voyageurs at Green Bay, who could read paddled on to the Prairie of the Fox Indian chief called THE DOG, while the less literate stopped at La Baye. This friendly rivalry is now a part of Wisconsin folklore.

If we can believe Radisson & Groseilier, who with questionable modesty claimed to be "Ceasars" of the Wilderness, then they were the first white men to view the upper reaches of the Great River, "which divides itself in two." But, many reputable historians discount the records left by these rascals.

Bold adventure and vision of a fortune in furs prompted these French soldiers to desert their posts in Canada, and knife their way into the western wilderness. Then, European fashions dictated beaver hats for men. Great was the demand for beaver skins.

Trading with Indians, near the northern Great Lakes, these French traders exchanged rum and merchandise for fur pelts. Returning to Canada in 1660, Radisson & Groseilier transported \$300,000 in furs. Only \$20,000 remained after paying their fines, dealing with an inefficient French trade system, and satisfying corrupt officials.

Stung by the injustice they later carried their gripes to France. Failing to obtain satisfaction from the French King, they traveled on to London. There they met with success, selling the English on chartering in 1670 "The Company of Adventurers of England Trading into the Hudson's Bay."

Now, 291 years later, we marvel, how this company adapted itself to the many changes, wrought by time. I doubt, if any more daring pair of fur traders and international promoters, can be found in the history of commerce, than Radisson & Groseilier.

1673, brought Joliet and Father Marquette down the Wisconsin into the mighty Mississippi. Cal Peters painted this historic scene, which hangs in the Villa Louis Museum. The broad talents of this gifted artist are generously revealed in his portrayal of Prairie du Chien heritage on canvas, and in diorama.

Father Marquette left this obscure birch bark sketch of their party shooting a rapid.

Bingham's painting, Fur Trader on the Missouri, might well typify Fr. Hennepin, the first white man to leave a record of stopping in what is now Prairie du Chien. The date 1680, to dry meat. Below here, Fr. Hennepin was captured, and taken north as a prisoner by the Indians. Sieur Du'Luth affected his release.

Records indicate, La Salle and his traders were active here, building fur warehouses like the one pictured here.

Later, Nicholas Perrot, in 1685, erected the French Fort St. Nicholas a short distance above the junction of the Wisconsin and Mississippi rivers. French, then British traders stored furs in this defensive outpost.

Spanish troops came north periodically, to capture and confiscate furs originating west of the river. Before one of these raids, the British traders loaded all the good fur pelts into canoes, sending them to Mackinac, then burning the remaining damaged furs and log fort.

1754, saw the first permanent settlers landing at Prairie du Chien; Jean Marie Cardinal his wife, and Mandan Indian slave, Cola. Cardinal was a hunter, trapper, and fur trader. Buffalo, fording the river, delayed their canoe landing.

Seldom do we think of the Revolutionary War evidencing itself in this area. Yet, Cardinal was killed in 1780 defending St. Louis, as a British expeditionary force from Prairie du Chien attacked. Cardinal fountain and Cardinal Avenue in St. Louis are reminders of this gentleman.

Mrs. Cardinal established an unique niche for herself on the frontier. She was a vital woman who at the tender age of 120 years married a third husband. When I read of the Weaker Sex, I stop and wonder.

The Wisconsin Historical Collection is not all dry reading for Brisbois' Recollections tell of the laughs in Prairie du Chien around 1820, when the 120 year old bride kicked her husband out of bed and home three days after their blissful union.

And who was her third husband? None other than Joseph Crelie. Joseph must have been impressed with his wife's mastery of age for we later find Crelie lionized during the Civil War period for reaching the venerable age of 140. Some contemporary newspapers refer to him as "the oldest in the world."

In 1766, Johnathon Carver came to this settlement via the Fur Trade Route. We can thank Carver for, officially christening us Prairie du Chien. Cartographers soon added our name to their maps. Moreover, Carver's redundant spelling of Mississippi also proved the accepted form.

In the Register of Deeds Office of the Crawford County courthouse is recorded one of the most famous land claims in America. Two Nadowessi Indian chiefs attested to the grant with their pictographic signatures, the SNAKE, and the TURTLE. They conveyed 12,000 square miles of land in northwestern Wisconsin to Carver.

1781, saw Michael Brisbois at Mackinac witnessing a Treaty whereby Prairie du Chien residents purchased nine square miles of this Prairie du Chien, where he and his family would grow to prominence. I believe we have Michael to thank for the accepted meaning of the Mississippi River. He translated the Indian-name, MISI, to mean Great and, SISI, into River.

Wisconsin is another Indian name, with a host of interpretations, but here, too Michael Brisbois' translation "Gathering of the Water" had proved the accepted translation.

Since 1837, Michael has slept in a subterranean, vaulted crypt of stone with marble topped tomb exposed high atop Mt. Pleasant overlooking the city of Prairie du Chien. Legends tell that he chose this location so that he might look down on his trade rivals, Rolette and Dousman.

Often, historians raise a lot of dust which takes time to settle. I can think of the Crawford-Richland County historian Butterfield who in about 1886, dropped a verbal bombshell here. Butterfield, claimed that the locations which local residents considered earthworks of Fort St. Nicholas were actually Indian mounds. My, My, did he raise a stink!

Judge Lockwood, Judge Brunson, Horace Beach, and a host others were joined by Lyman Draper to pile up an almost incontestable array of data. Mr. Draper became so irate that he forbid Butterfield and his family from ever setting foot inside his samstum, the Society's headquarters. To assure performance, Draper prepared a written edict for staff guidance. The dust finally settled when Dr. Lord allowed a descendent to enter the Grand Old Lady of State Street just a few years ago. Transition of our French/Canadian population from British to American rule was trying and often exasperating. Strong pressures from both sides were exerted.

Young Joseph Rolette is a representative of the early fur trade aristocracy. Born in Prairie du Chien, Joe is now idolized by Minnesota residents for saving their capital in St. Paul, by absconding with the bill passed by the

Hardly was Fort Shelby completed than a British force with Indian allies, appeared and captured the weakly defended post. The fort was renamed Fort McKay in honor of the British commander. This honor irked Captain Anderson, who directed the attack with Anderson insisting Colonel McKay was drunk at the time.

With the Treaty of Ghent ending the war, this area reverted to the Americans. The British evacuated. Either they burned the stockade on leaving or a phenomenal meteorological storm fired the fort.

Which explanation is correct, may never be known.

This appears to have been the only battle of the War of 1812, fought on Wisconsin soil. Next year marks the 150th Anniversary this futile war.

The Americans constructed a new fortification at the same location calling it Fort Crawford in honor of Secretary of War.

Foundation outlines of this fort showing fireplace locations, as well as the dungeon, can still be seen.

Illuminating our past is the Great Treaty of Prairie du Chien in 1825, when approximately 6,000 Indians gathered here. Although, several other Indian treaty meetings were held here this conclave appears to have been the largest Indian treaty meeting ever held in America.

J.O. Lewis, a government artist was present to paint the scene and the colorful Indian chiefs attending. The glum looks on the Indians that Lewis painted is explained by the fact that Governor Cass aided by Temperance Society members, bashed in the heads of the liquor casks before the eyes of the awed and bewildered Indians. Seeing the precious elixir wasted and soaking into the ground erased any Indian smiles which may have existed.

This tactic is not recommended in Dale Carnegie's book "How to Make Friends and Influence People."

Dr. William Beaumont arrived in 1829, at Fort Crawford. Soon fur traders located and returned with Alexis St. Martin so the doctor could pursue his experiments. Voyageur St. Martin was truly embarrassed for he didn't like being laughed at as a "Queer", with a plastic rubber tube and medical paraphernalia hanging out from the opening in his side.

Please let me be like other normal people, mirrored his thoughts.

I wish I had the time to tell you about the river packets, lumbering, lead mining, agriculture, or even pearling and the button days.

Then there are the frontier artists, like Peter Rindisbacher, J.O. Lewis, Henry Lewis, Seth Eastman, George Catlin, as well as panorama painters of the Mississippi, which deserve more time attention, than can be allotted today.

Colorful figures strode our town. To mention a few; such as Zachary Taylor and the German recruit, who felled the commandant with his fists on the parade ground for "wooling" his ears when he failed to obey a command. When "Old Rough & Ready" learned the recruit didn't understand English, Colonel Taylor apologized and commended the soldier's spirit.

Lieutenant Anderson modestly served here, in those days. Later his good judgment and stubborn defense at Fort Sumter gained him acclaim as the Civil War opened.

The Red Bird Incident or Gagnier Massacre on this prairie which sparked the Winnebago War, is a story by itself. The eleven month old baby shown under the bed, was scalped, and had a silver dollar pounded out into a skull plate, lived, raising a large family. A large group of her descendants live in this community.

Better known is the colorful Chief Blackhawk and the War he precipitated, trying to preserve for his people, their homes and sacred graves.

Neither Blackhawk's fighting resistance or Keokuk's cooperation with the Americans, would save their lands.

Miserable in defeat, Blackhawk reflected..."There are more whites, than the leaves on the trees. They had to Win."

Or, perhaps, you would enjoy learning more of the thrilling romance of Jefferson Davis and Knoxie Taylor, which enlivened frontier life. Here was true love and irresistible force meeting parental interference and an immovable object.

Jeff Davis was intent on challenging Zachary Taylor, his commandant to a duel. Fortunately, more sober minded officers talked the impetuous Davis out of his rash threat.

I have long sought a youthful picture of Jeff Davis. Only recently I had the good fortune to receive this excellent portrait from Jeff Davis' great, great grandson, a friend of mine in Colorado Springs. The painting hangs in their home.

Not well known is a claim that Jeff Davis swore Abraham Lincoln into the army at Dixon's Ferry, during the Blackhawk War. Neither realized that they would later face each other as heads of rival government during the Civil War.

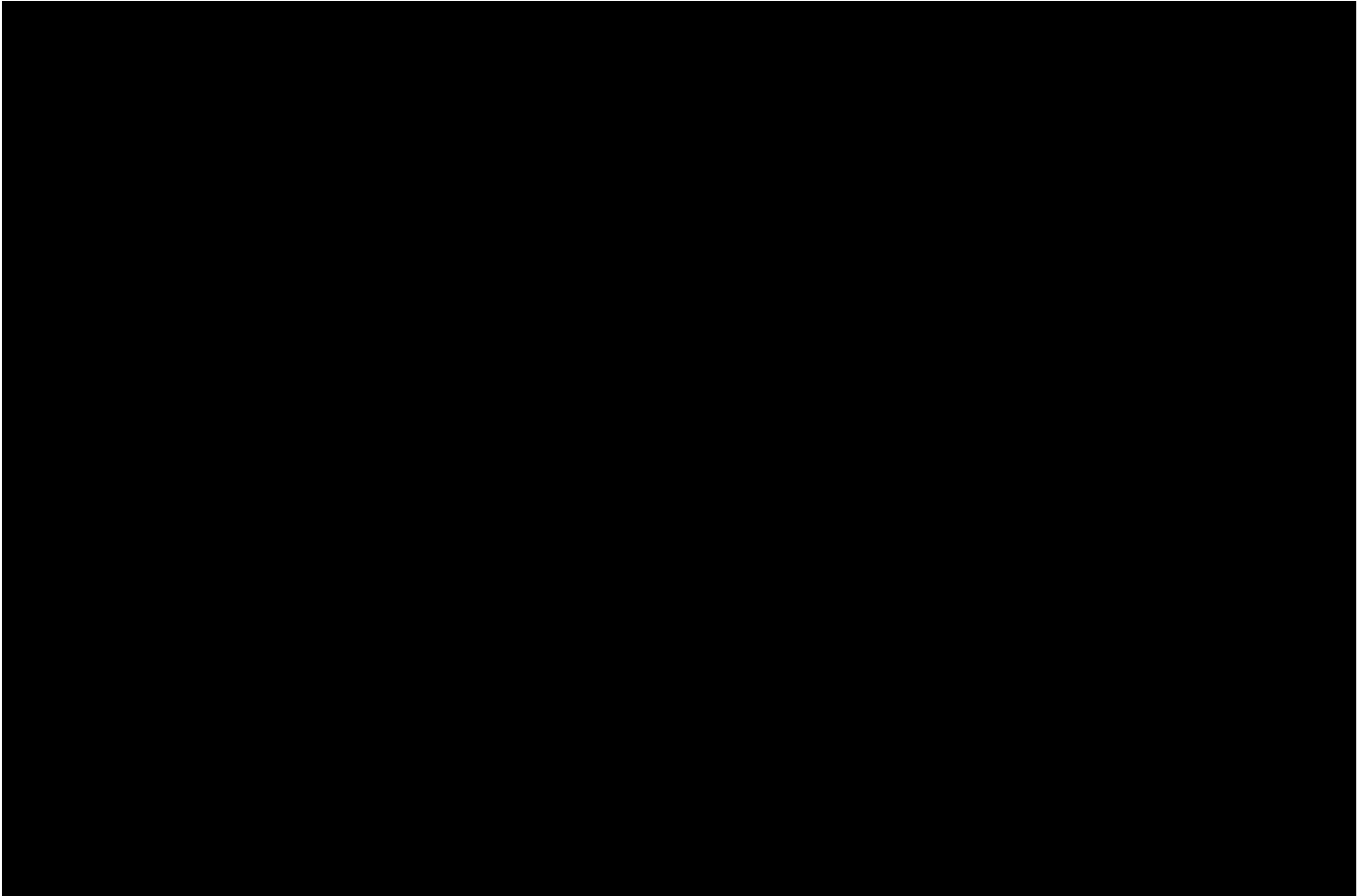
Indian legends abound, near here. A short drive north, along the river and you are at Winnishiek's Bluff at De Soto, said to be the resting place of Hiawatha immortalized by Longfellow in his poem.

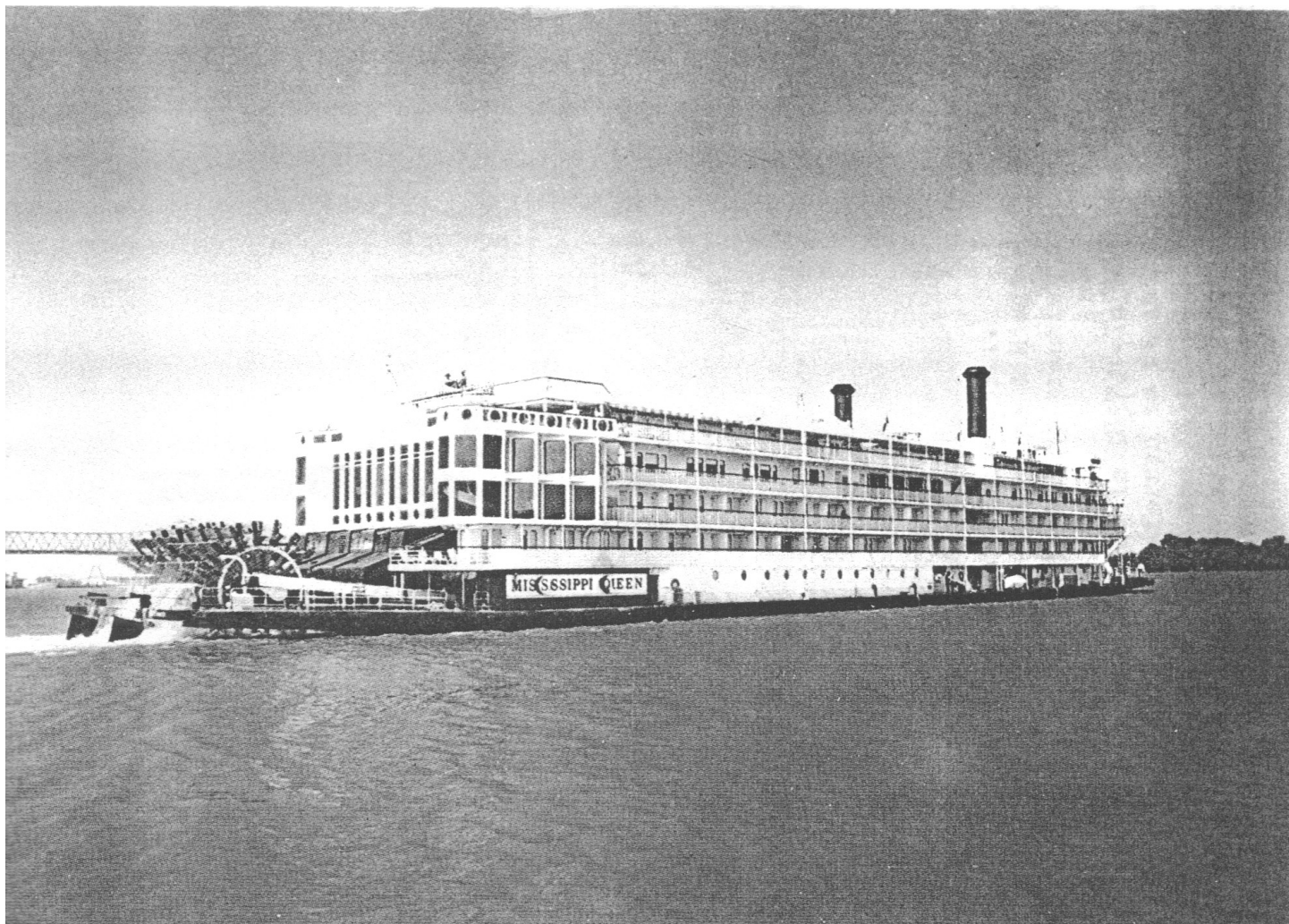
Here you can study people who fashioned Wisconsin. To and from here the Great River carried people who guided our nation to its destiny. Here also may be found the lighter hearted who laughed and feasted on the fruits of nature.

If we will but learn to know these fashioning artists better they can enrich our lives.

Thank you.

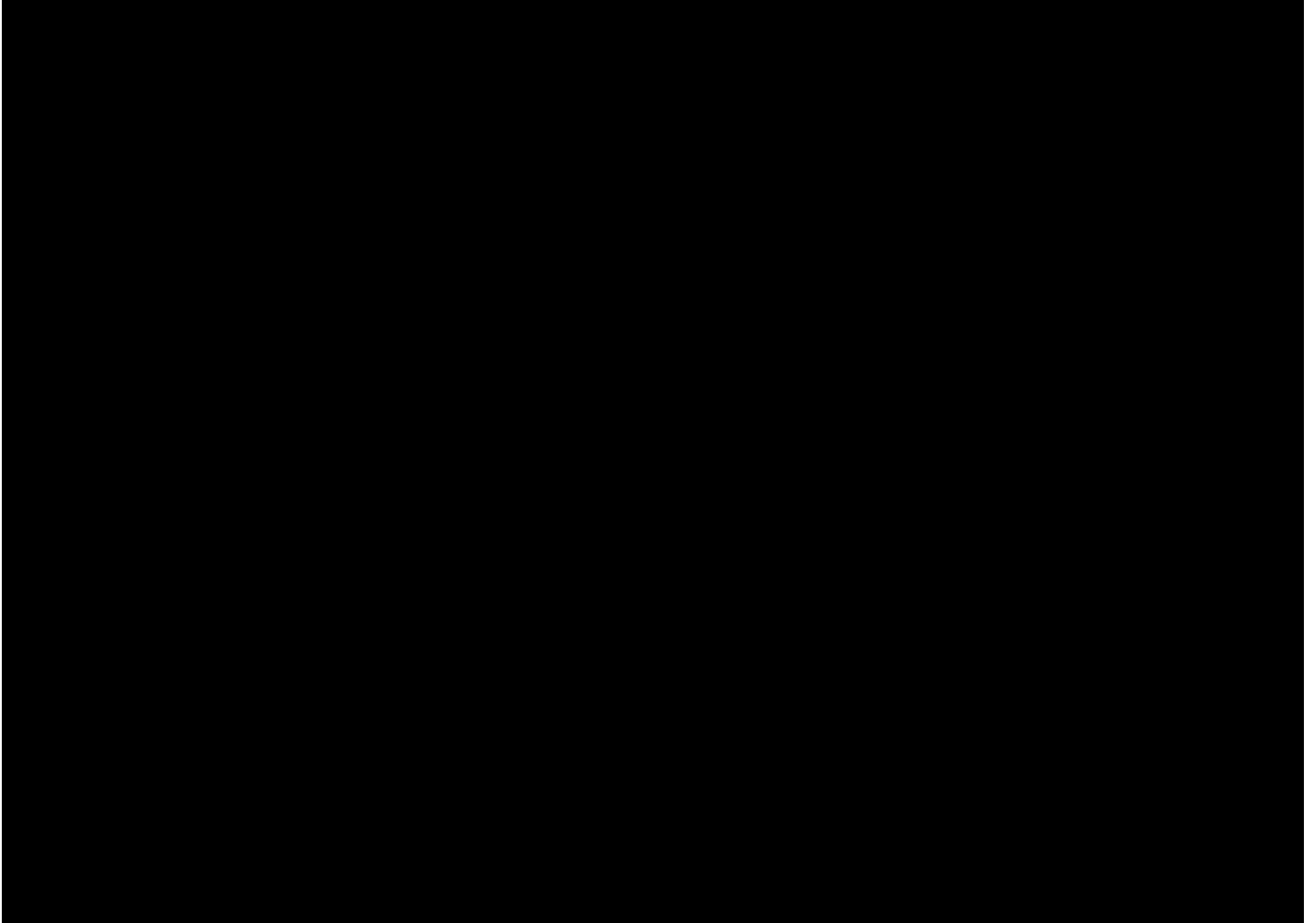
MJDyrud/me June 20-1961





THE MISSISSIPPI QUEEN

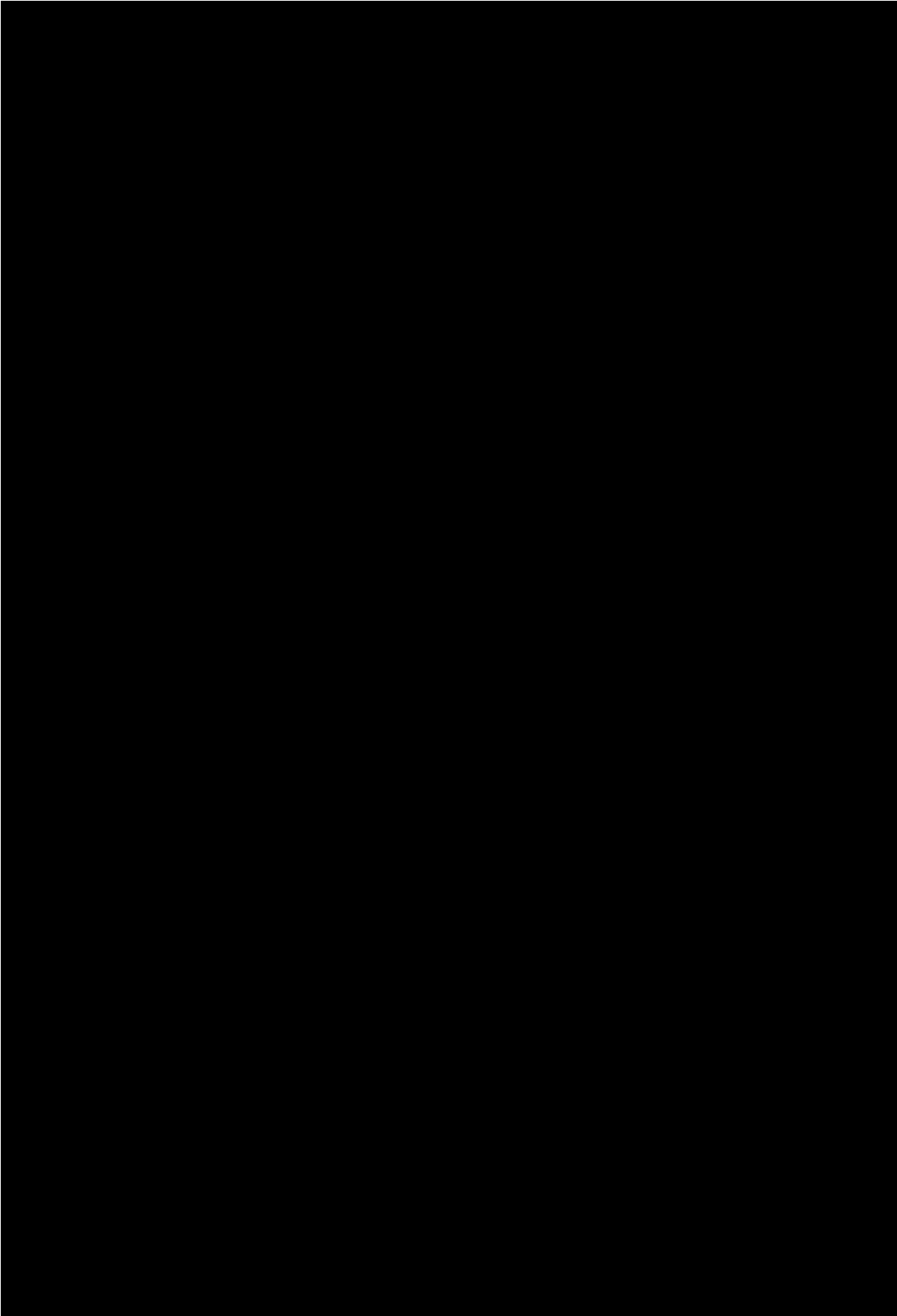
This new steel hulled steamboat is a veritable floating palace. It is a sister of the Delta Queen, and like her is a sternwheeler in the tradition of the old riverboats

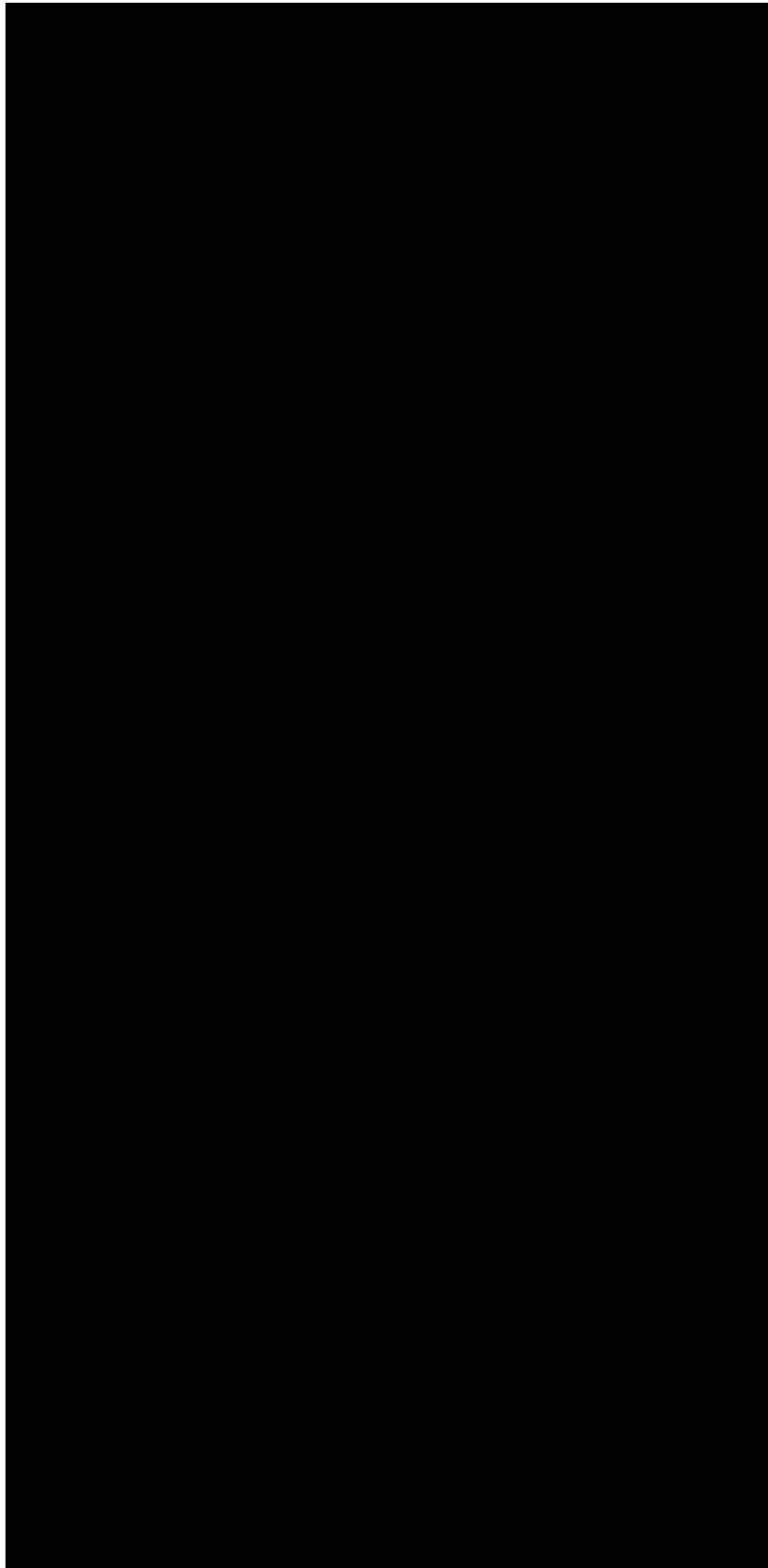


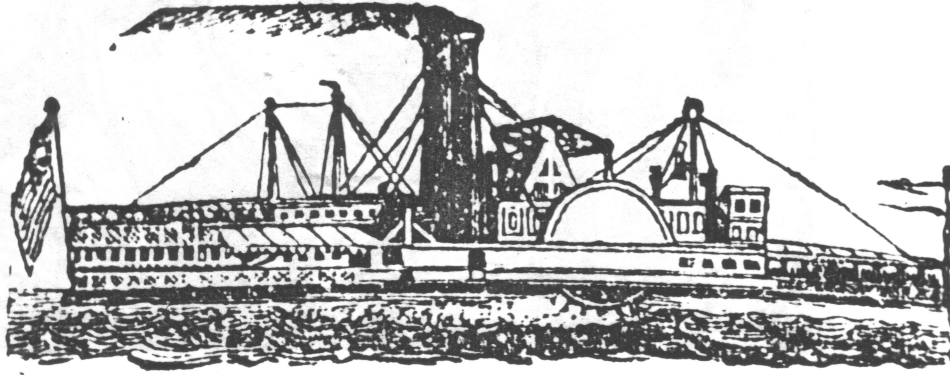
PACKET ALAMAKEE 1899

Built by Col. Hercules L. Dousman for the Milwaukee & Mississippi RR Co., and launched in 1859, the steamer Alamahee was a magnificent ferryboat used to transfer passengers and freight across the river from Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin to McGregor, Iowa.

The Milwaukee & Mississippi RR Co., reached Prairie du Chien in 1857. In 1863 the McGregor and Western began its 25 mile run inland. At first freight was transferred to steamers for trans-Mississippi shipment. Then came Lawler "Transfer Barges", constructed and fitted with railway tracks. Cars were run onto the barges, then taken in tow by the Alamahee. Two barges were hauled at one time; one on either side of the steamer. This system was used for rail transportation across the river until 1873, when Lawler & Spetel devised the pontoon bridge.







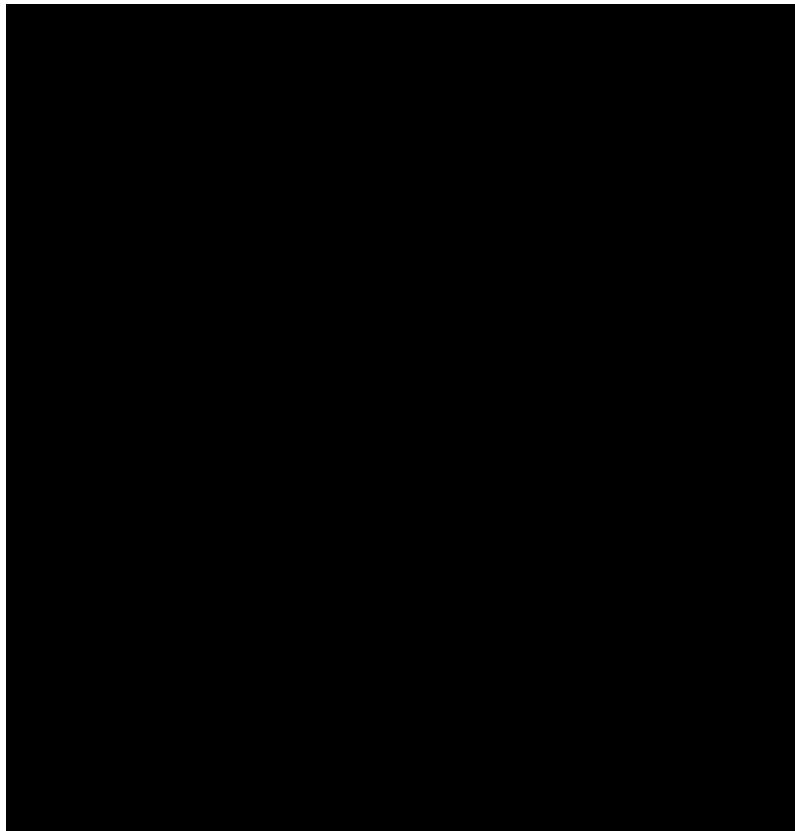
THE VIRGINIA IN 1821.

This is the first steamboat to come as far up the river as Prairie du Chien

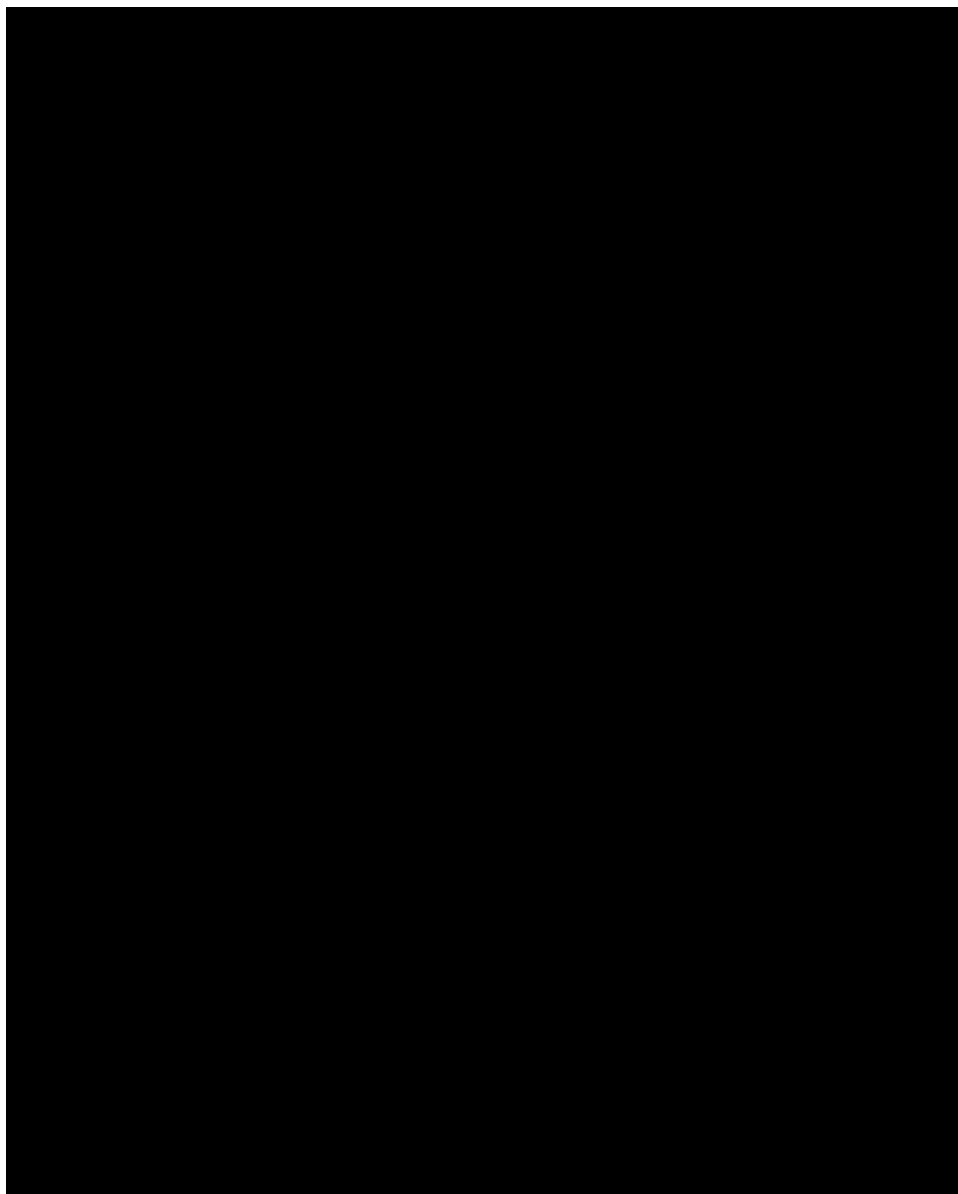
Description of the "Virginia" taken from the Niles' Register, Vol.XXV, pp.94,95; Measurements from the Permanent Enrolment No.92,December 21,1822,Collector of Customs Office at New Orleans.

Built at Wheeling, Virginia, in 1819,the "Virginia" was a small sternwheeler of 109.32 tons, owned by Redick McKee, James Pemberton, and seven others.

She was 118 feet long, 18 feet 10 inches beam, and her depth was 5 feet 2 inches. She had a small cabin on deck but no pilothouse, being guided by a tiller at the stern. James Pemberton acted as master occasionally, and John Crawford, it seems, held the official position of captain



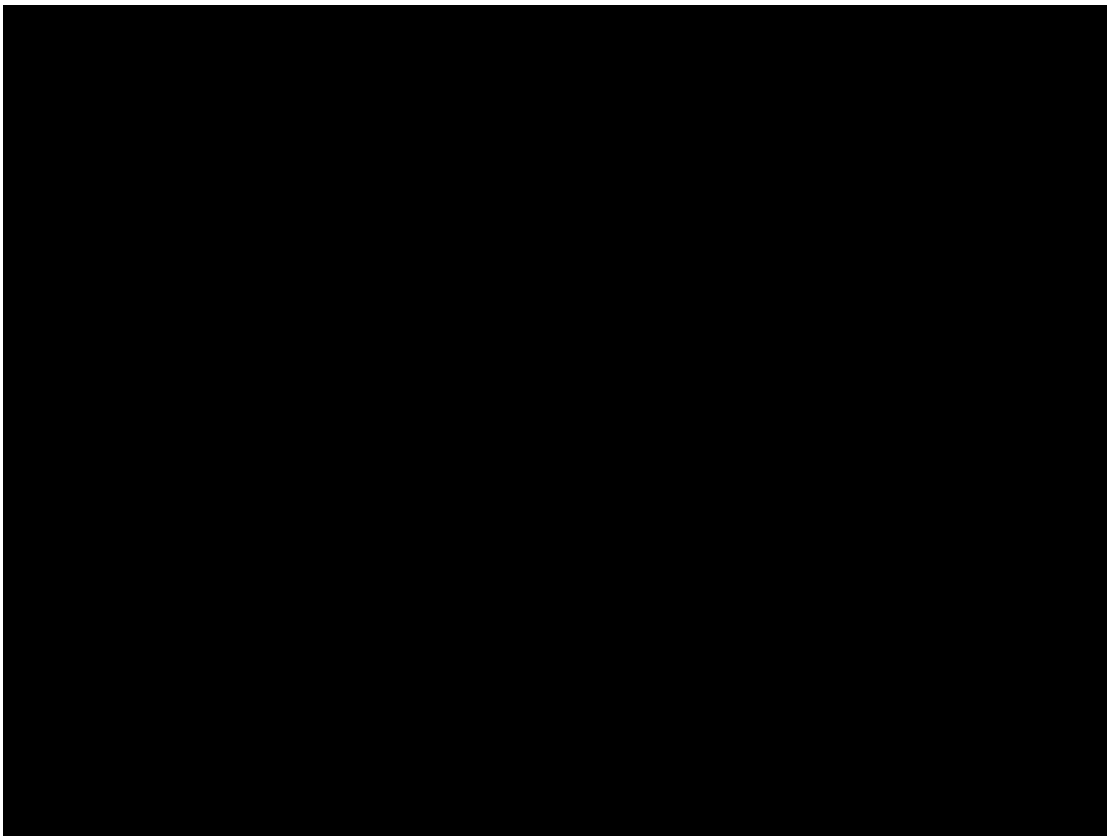
*Travelers portaging
(Painting by T. Lindberg)*



Believe image is that of **Michael (Michel) Brisbois** 1759-1837
Fur trader, merchant, helped found permanent settlement in Prairie du Chien in 1781

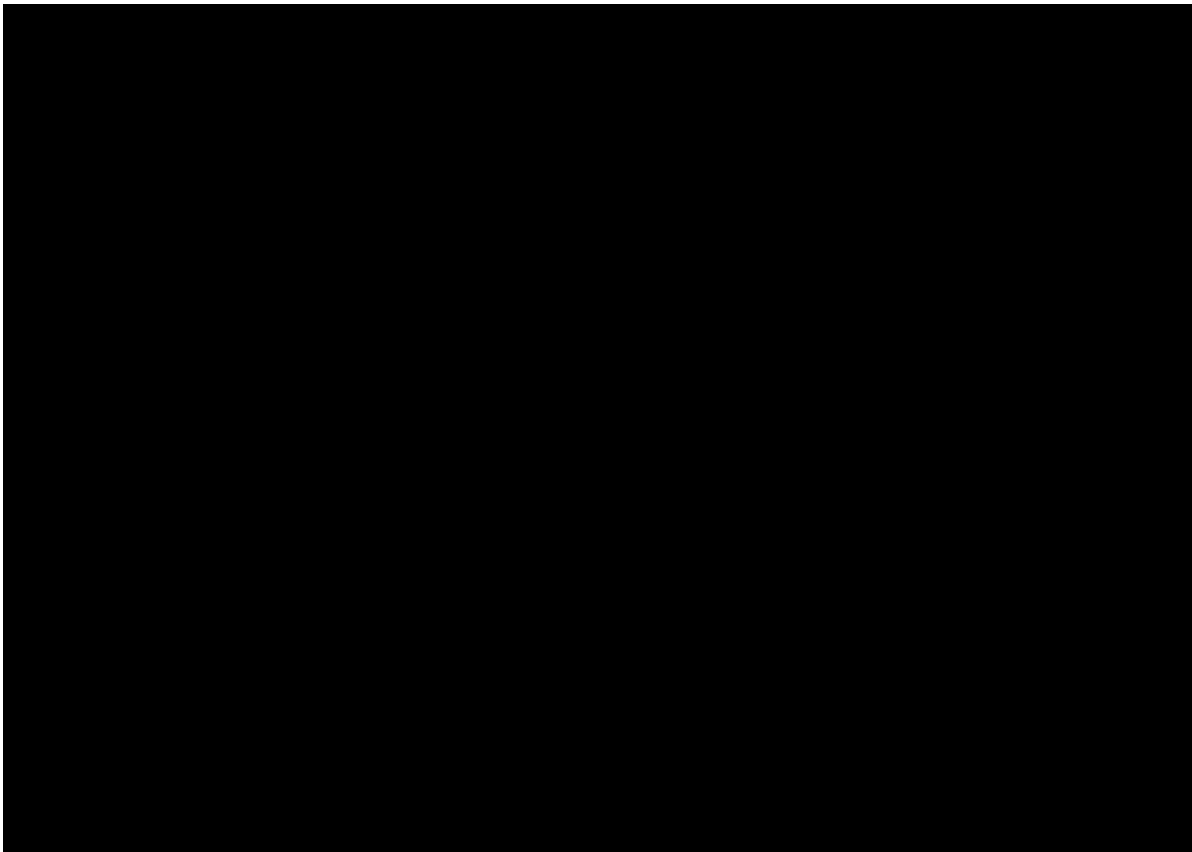


Brisbois house built in 1815



Brisbois Graves

On Mount Pleasant overlooking the Mississippi River, Prairie du Chien
Said: "Glad to look down on rivals Rolette and Dousman

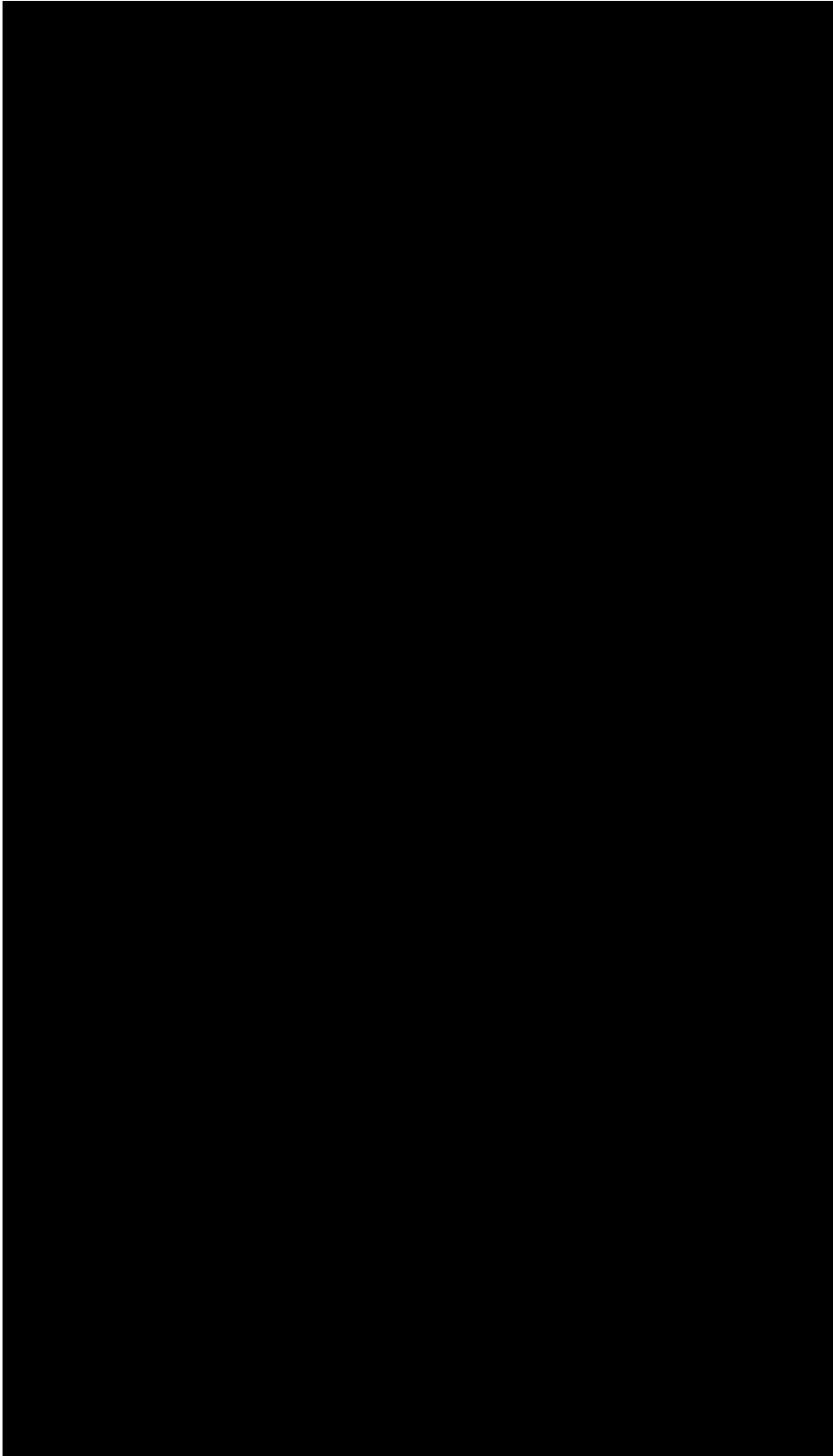




Brisbois graves circa 1920



Joseph Rolette



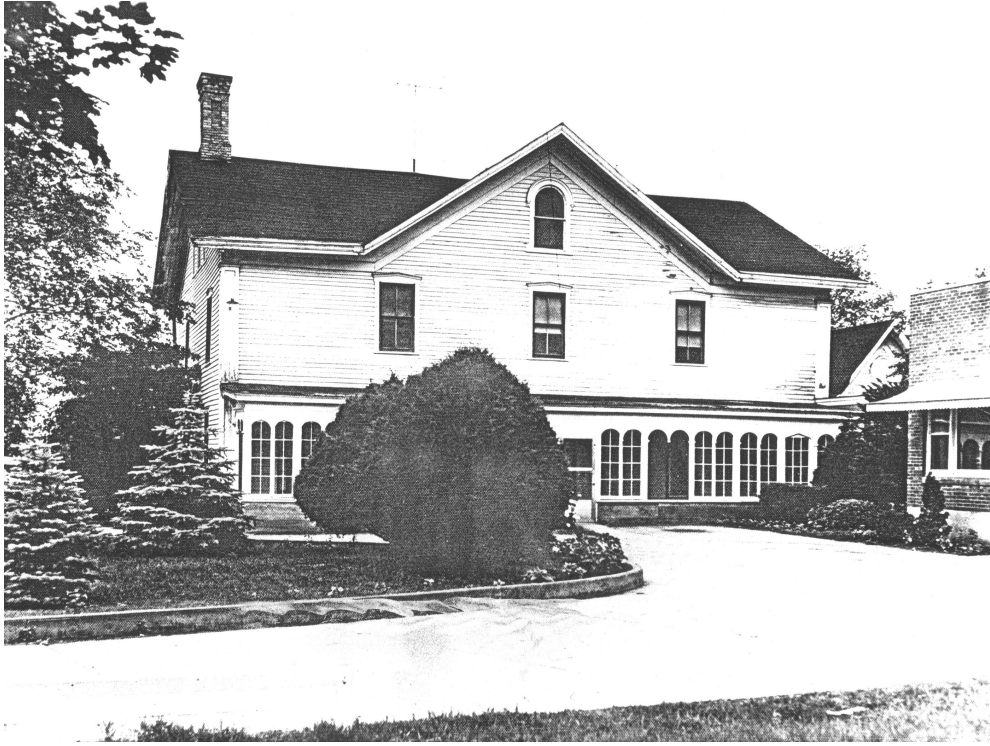
THE ROMANCE OF JEFF DAVIS AND KNOXIE TAYLOR

While a century of time has obliterated many pioneer events, there still lingers a haunting and refreshing memory. The Romance of Jefferson Davis and Sarah Knox Taylor. This immortal love story, embroidered with a wealth of legends, had its setting on the upper Mississippi. It is timely and appropriate for us to recall this affair as honoring the Centennial of the Civil War.

Reminders of this romance come to me as I open my front door in Prairie du Chien and gaze at the picturesque site of the Taylor home which once stood across the street. At dusk, I sometimes think I see the aristocratic Jefferson Davis walking down the wide, bricked, carriage lane to call on Sarah Knox Taylor.



Zachary Taylor's House
circa 1940

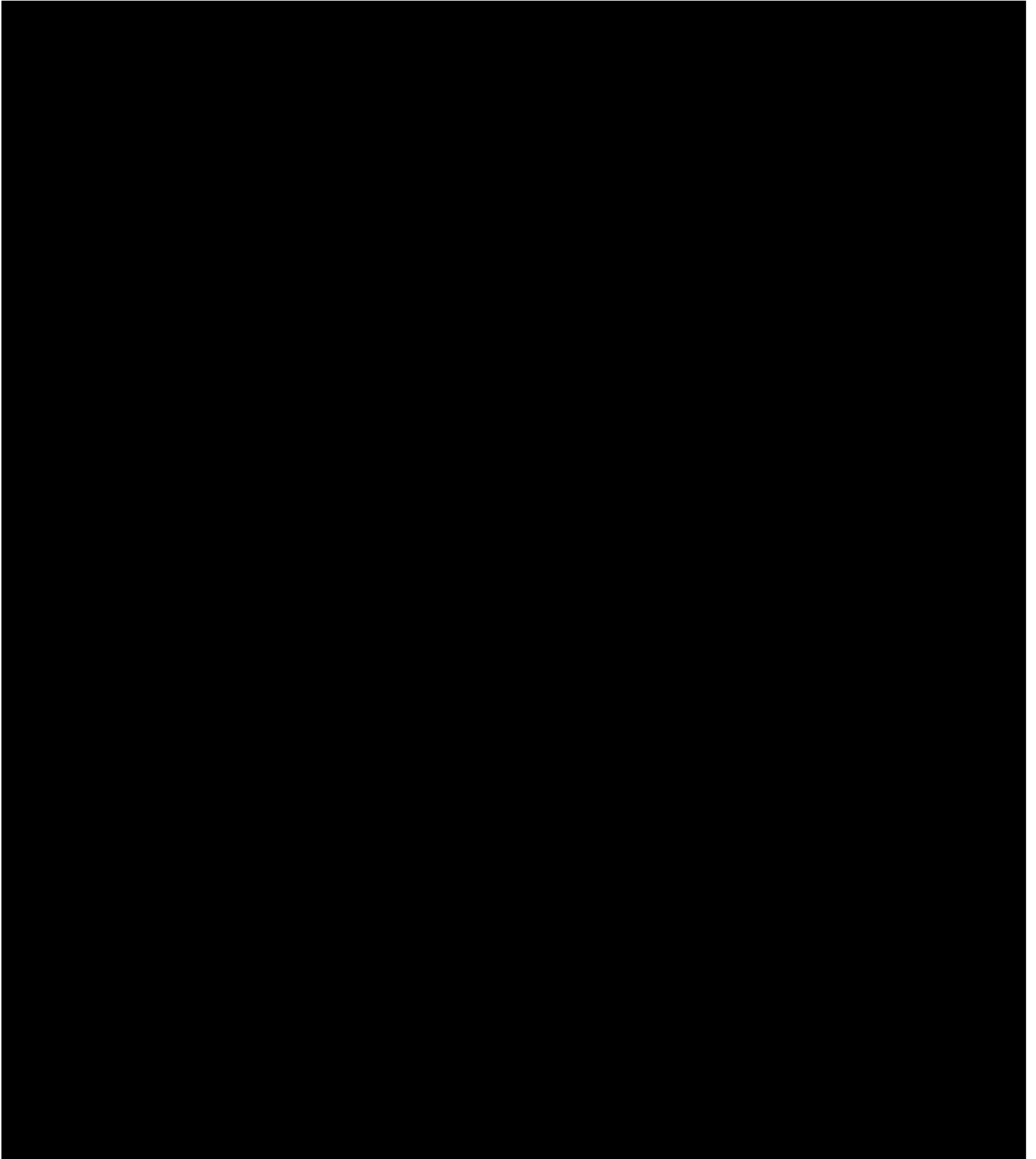


Zachary Taylor's home in Prairie du Chien, 500 Block of Beaumont Road

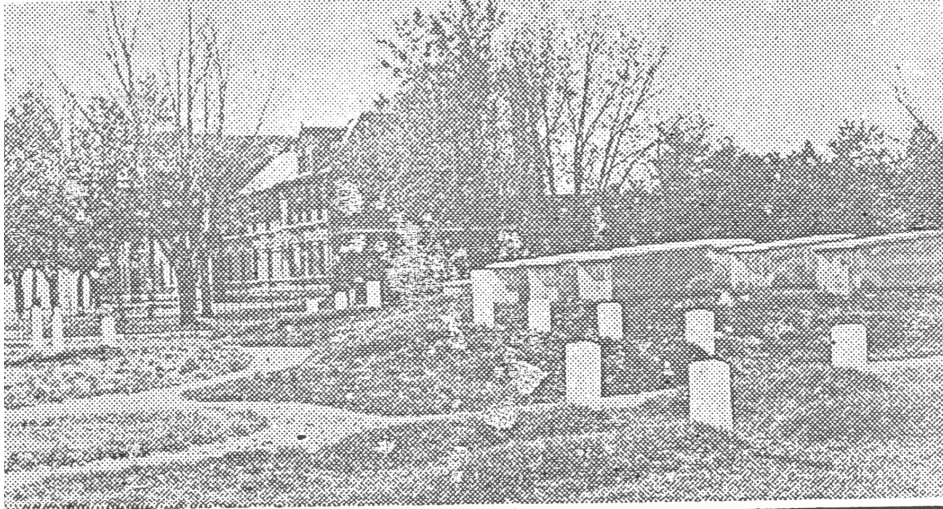
Building has been torn down since this 1960 photo in order to build a parking lot adjacent to the community facility

Looking to my left I still see the Hospital Section of the 2nd Fort Crawford where Jeff Davis consulted his doctor the famous army surgeon Dr. William Beaumont. This building now houses the Museum of Medical Progress.





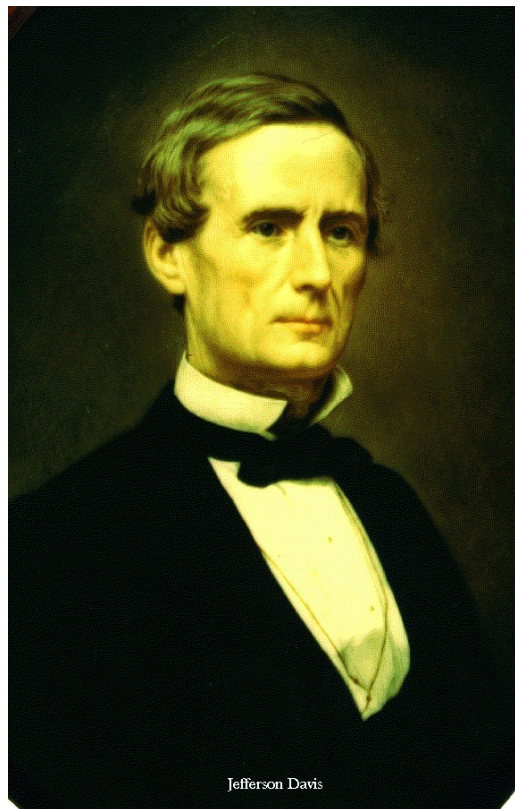
A half block to the right is the U. S. Military Cemetery with a bronze plaque memorializing Lieutenant Jefferson Davis in front of the gate.



Fort Crawford Military Cemetery

Prairie du Chien has had eight cemeteries, but only three are in use at the present time. Three of the ancient burial places never had any permanent markers and are the last resting places of pioneers who came before tombstones were in vogue in these parts and city buildings cover the spots. This one is the government burial ground where officers of Fort Crawford and members of their families were buried from 1832 to 1849, on an Indian mound in the block on South Church Street.

I recall the United Daughters of the Confederacy, who journeyed north to place this marker honoring their native son. Then, it was my privilege to give the dedicatory address and my pleasure to visit with Jefferson Davis' great great grandson and his fine family. For years I have sought a picture of Jeff Davis as a young man. All I could find were older pictures. Then, to my delight, this Davis' heir sent me a copy of a portrait painting which hangs in their home in Colorado Springs.



Jefferson Davis

First, let us recall the early life of Jeff Davis, and a little later we will meet Knox Taylor.

On the third day of a Kentucky June 1808, the wife of Samuel Emory Davis presented her husband with a fifth son and tenth child. Their home was a log cabin on a farm in Todd County. Samuel called his last boy Jefferson for the contemporary President of the United States whom he strongly admired.

Since the eldest son Joseph was twenty-three, it seemed unlikely that Jane Davis would ever bear another child. Perhaps, for this reason the mother suggested the baby Jefferson be given FINIS for a middle name.

When Jeff was two the family moved to Mississippi, but he was to return at an early age for grade school and then attend Transylvania University at Lexington. Father Samuel successfully arranged a West Point appointment although Jeff had planned a law career.

A companion at West Point was Robert E. Lee, who would later cast glory on Davis' administration and prove a friend, ever loyal cooperative consoling and admiring. His friends included J.E. and Albert Sidney Johnston, Polk, Henry Clay Jr., and Robert Anderson whose unhappy destiny it would be to command Fort Sumter.

Graduating at barely twenty years of age he was 23rd in a class of thirty-three. Jeff's high spirits, fun loving nature and independent temperament did not make for a perfect record like the exemplary Robert E. Lee, who got only one black mark in four years.

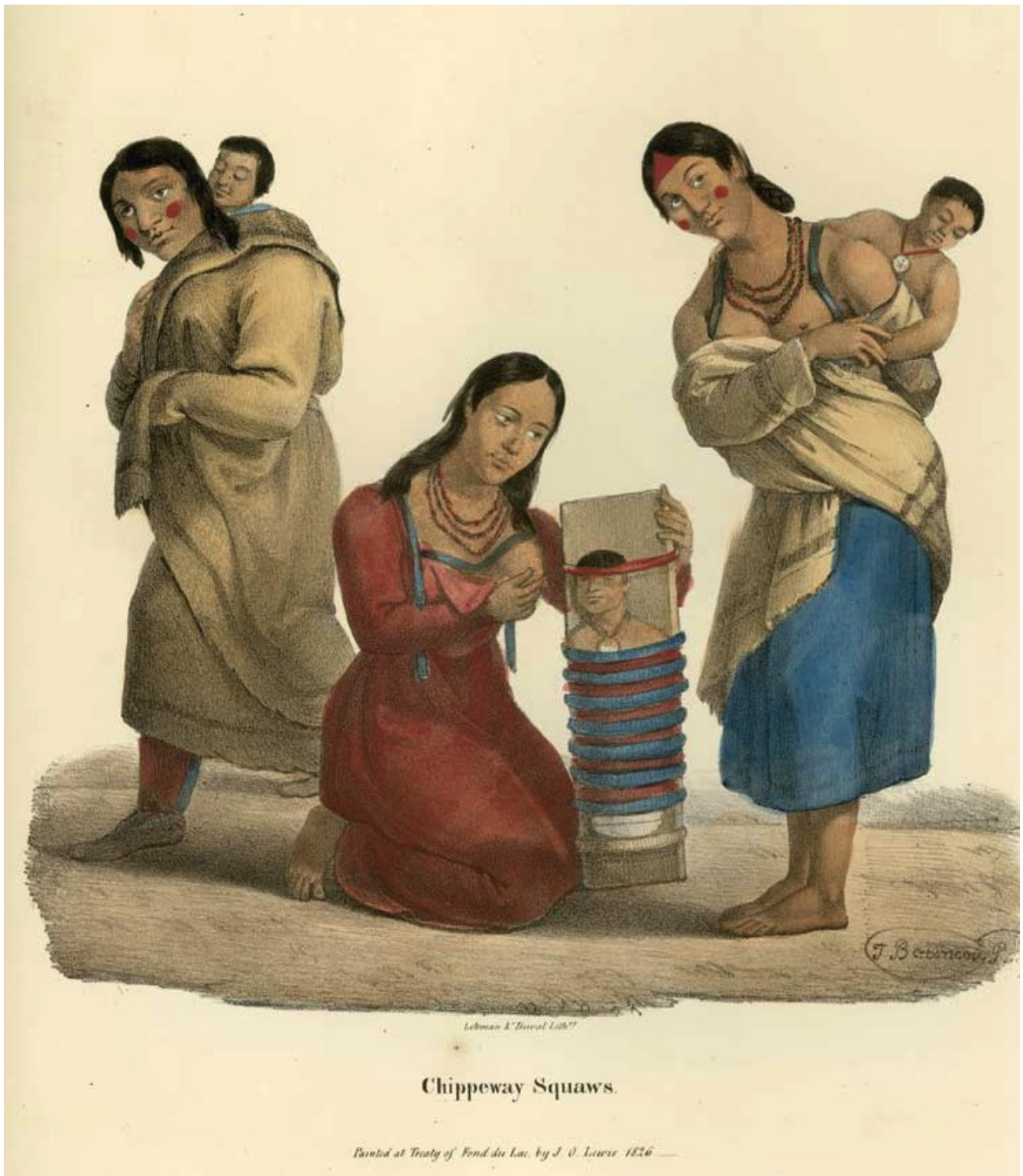
At the time of graduation there was little in his Academy record to foretell that Jefferson Davis was destined to play an extraordinary role in American history. But, in personality he was outstanding. Discipline instilled at the Academy helped give him a sovereign self-control useful in later years when he was all but overwhelmed by uttermost tragedy.

Reporting for duty at Fort Crawford in Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, his first task was lumbering for an expansion to the fort. Later in the fall he headed a scouting assignment to Sinsinawa Mound where he surprisingly met his Transylvania schoolmate George Wallace Jones, afterwards a loyal friend general and U.S. Senator from Iowa. I have wondered if this could be relative of our genial Colonel Supt.?

During a tour of duty near the portage at Fort Winnebago, he grew fond of an orphan Indian boy "The Otter" because of his skill in diving after fish. From the prow of his canoe he would hurl his spear at a fish and dive into the water and seize the injured prey with his hands. The lieutenant admired the boy's pluck and independence. Jeff enjoyed buying him raisins and other treats.

At this time Davis had a horse "Red Bird" named after the noted warrior shown here, whose surrender in 1827 ended the Winnebago War, giving settlers enough security to move in and about the lead mines of Galena, Illinois.

In 1831, Lieutenant Davis was recalled to Fort Crawford and ordered to construct a sawmill on the Yellow River in Iowa. Making friends with the neighboring Indians they affectionately called him "Little Chief" because of his youth. The frontier artist J. O. Lewis painted this squaw and her papoose about that time.



Pushing for early completion of his project in the bitter cold and fall rains, Davis contracted a virulent case of pneumonia. Only by the constant attention of his body servant, James Pemberton did Davis survive. After his near-fatal illness, Jeff Davis had repeated seizures of facial neuralgia, which would render him literally blind with pain. This affliction would devil him later at critical times demanding momentous decisions.

His next major assignment was an aggravating squatter situation at the Dubuque lead mines. This Henry Lewis painting, not many years later, shows the fast growth immediately following the end of the Blackhawk War.

Lieutenant Davis proved himself an able diplomat handling a tense mob which had baffled previous officers. Not a drop of blood was shed, not a blow struck. Even the squatters were satisfied, for Davis' promises came true, as they repossessed their houses and claims, at the conclusion of a treaty. Many people associate Davis with the military road between Fort Crawford and Fort Winnebago.

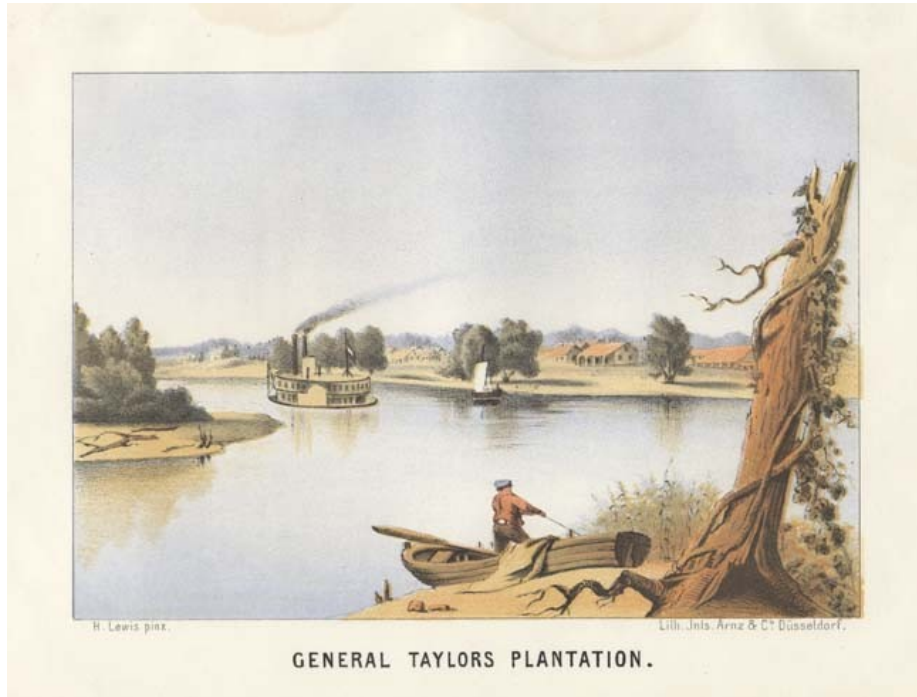


Dubuque, Iowa

A long time site of lead mining, in the 1840s Dubuque was a commercial center along the upper Mississippi River. Artist Henry Lewis sketched and painted scenes along the upper Mississippi River between 1846 and 1848.

In 1832, Colonel Zachary Taylor commandant at Fort Crawford made Lieutenant Davis his aide. They had much in common, both being farmer-soldiers, and got on splendidly for some time. As an aide, Lieutenant Davis was punctual and efficient. During off time, Davis was voracious reader. Still he found time to be an attractive asset in post society.

When Jeff Davis left Fort Crawford on March 26, 1832, to visit his family in Mississippi, he little realized that a cunning Indian would cut short his stay.



Eleven days later, Blackhawk made his forbidden crossing of the Mississippi River into Illinois. Davis was ordered back. A legend tells of Lieutenant Davis reporting at Dixon's Ferry swearing in Captain Abraham Lincoln of the Illinois militia who many called "The Rail Splitter" had called him into service. Facts are not available to confirm this legend.



Abe Lincoln

Records do show Lieutenant Davis present at Fort Crawford, when Chief Blackhawk surrendered. Davis was chosen to conduct Blackhawk to Jefferson Barracks located nine miles south of St. Louis. From here, the prisoner would be taken east, for imprisonment at Fortress Monroe. Not even Davis' wildest dreams warned of the avalanche of future events which would carry him to a similar fate. For, some years later, he too, would be a prisoner, manacled in Fortress Monroe.

Blackhawk left an interesting appraisal of Lieutenant Davis "The young war chief treated us with much kindness he is a good, brave, young chief with whose conduct I am well pleased.

When the twenty-four year old Lieutenant Jefferson Davis returned to Fort Crawford his fascination for the bright eyes of Colonel Taylor's 2nd daughter blossomed into a romance. This picture suggests the young lady, Sarah Knox Taylor eighteen had recently returned from Pickett's School in Cincinnati. She was gay and charming. Her figure was slim, her hands and feet petite. Crowning her head was a mass of brown, wavy hair, which she parted in the center, and divided into four graceful curls, which hung to her bosom. "She had her father's splendid hazel eyes and strong teeth and her mother's domestic traits and amiability. Sarah Knox was an accomplished dancer and said to be the best in Kentucky, charming and witty in conversation. Composed, self-reliant, and with a flair of independence she would later choose a life different from that planned by her parents.

What splendid match, Knox sparkling, lovely, and lovable, beamed by her tall, slender and distinguished lieutenant, who stood straight as an arrow. Background, education and similar likes rushed their companionship into a deep love and early engagement.

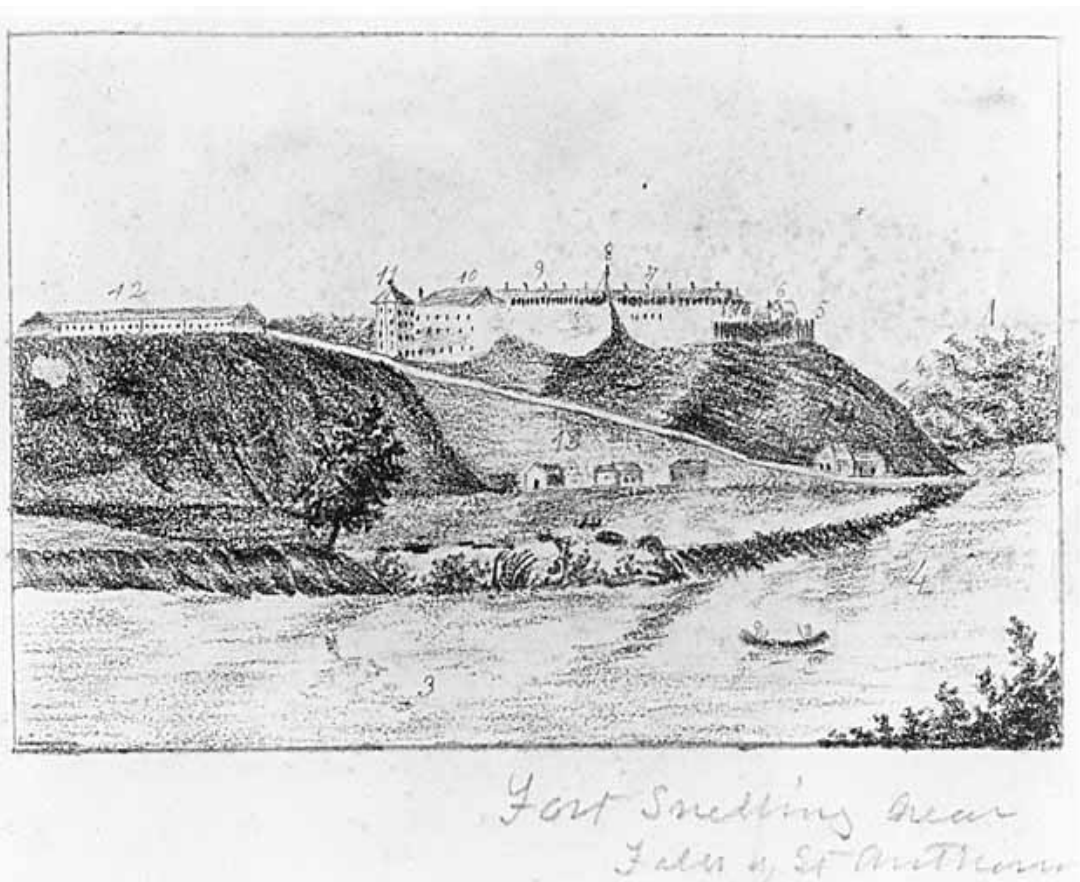
This is a soldier's sketch of "Old Rough and Ready" Zach Taylor during the Mexican war.



When Jeff spoke to his chief of the hope of marrying his daughter some day, he found that Colonel Taylor frowned on the union. To close friends, he spouted, "I will be damned if another daughter of mine shall marry into the army." Roaring, he continued, "I know enough of the family life of officers. I scarcely know my own children, or they me. I have no personal objection to Lieutenant Davis."



His eldest daughter, Ann, had married Dr. Robert Wood, and army surgeon, and had recently borne a baby in most primitive surroundings at remote Fort Snelling in Minnesota, pictured here. He was too painfully aware of the wretched life, his own wife had led, moving from frontier post to frontier post, with few amenities, and suffering tortures of anxiety when he was absent fighting.

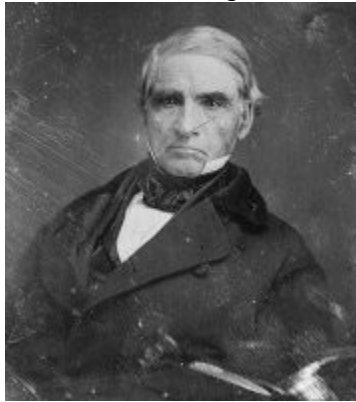


Fort Snelling

Jefferson realized there was considerable truth in the Colonel's contention about the trials of army wives. Besides, since he had no private means, a 2nd Lieutenant's pay was barely enough to keep a single man and his body servant. But he had not the slightest intention of giving up Sarah Knox. Biding his time, he continued to court her. Parental objection to the match only made the attachment stronger.

Jeff and Knox's meetings brought an ultimatum, barring Davis from the commandant's home. But, the romance thrived in spite of the handicaps. Sub-rosa meetings were held. The situation was tense, Davis considered challenging his commandant to a duel but gave up the idea.

No doubt, the couple considered eloping, as legendary stories go. The thrilling, romantic elopement of Sarah Knox Taylor, climbing through her bedroom window into the waiting arms of Jeff Davis has been told many times. How they took a steamboat down river and were married. The best authenticated information shows however, that they would be married later in Kentucky, at the home of her aunt. On March 4, 1833, Davis was promoted to a First Lieutenancy in the 1st Regiment of Dragoon under General Henry Dodge, and left for Arkansas. Dodgeville, Wisconsin takes its name from this pioneer lead miner and soldier shown here.



Henry Dodge

In that exciting year of 1832, in which he met his first love, Jefferson faced another decision; whether he should obey a Federal command, or be true to what he regarded as the sacred constitutional principle of liberty and States Rights.

South Carolina was seriously threatening to "nullify" a tariff, protecting New England industries. John C. Calhoun's famous "Exposition" argued that (1) The tariff was ruinous to the South, (2) "Protection" for privately owned industry was unconstitutional, and (3) Any State had a constitutional right peaceably to nullify the law within her borders until Congress should be sustained by three-fourths of the states.

On November 24, 1832 by a majority of 126 to 26, South Carolina declared the tariff laws void in the state and promised, armed resistance. President Jackson warned the South Carolinians that the laws would be enforced. by bayonets if necessary. But at the same time, he urged Congress to make a further revision of the tariff.

Jefferson Davis later wrote, in the troubled sunset of his career..."The compromise of 1833, prevented the threatened calamity and the sorrowful issue State Sovereignty or Federal supremacy of independence or submission."

"By education, by association and by preference I was a soldier, then regarding that profession as my vocation for life. Yet, looking at the issue squarely in the face, I chose the alternative of abandoning my profession, rather than be employed in the subjugation or coercion of a State of the Union."

Her then thirty years before the Civil War, was the ominous storm warning. "The Ides of March" were casting their shadows of coming events.

During Jeff's absence, Sarah Knox divided her time between Prairie du Chien and Kentucky relatives. One of Knox's letters prompted Jeff to seek out a lonely and quiet spot, like this one where he could better think through his problems and share his thoughts with his love. In Jeff's letter of December 16, 1834, we see his thinking, as he wrote: "I have read your letter kind dear letter. I have kissed it often and it has driven away mad notions from my brain. Sarah, whatever I may be hereafter, neglect by you would be worse than nothing. And, if the few good qualities I possess shall under your smiles, yield fruit, it, shall be yours, as the grain is the submersions."

It has been a source of regret with me, that our union must separate you from your earliest and best friends. I am prepared to accept all that intellect and dignified pride brings."

"The questions as it occurred to you, is truly startling. Your answer is the most gratifying to me; (it) is that which I should have expected from you. For, you are the first with whom I ever sought to cast my fortune, so you are the last from whom I would expect desertion."

"I approve entirely of a meeting elsewhere than in Prairie du Chien, and your desire to avoid embarrassment, which might widen the breach made already (which) cannot be greater than my own."

Shall we not meet soon, Sarah, to part no more? Oh, I long to lay my head upon that breast, which beats in unison with my own. Write to me immediately my dear Sarah, my betrothed no formality between us. Adieu, ma chere.

"Jeff"

Perplexed, Jeff requested a furlough to talk everything over with his brother Joseph. At Joseph's plantation "Hurricane" Jeff bared his heart to his brother, confessing he could not see much future for an army officer. Joseph told him if he wished to become a planter, he would give him some 1,800 acres of cleared land, from his 6,900 acre holding, and lend him the money to buy the needed slaves. Though Jeff had never farmed, he felt he could learn with Joseph as a mentor, for he had been eminently successful.

Above all else, Jeff desired Sarah Knox. So, to provide a respectable living for her, he determined to resign from the army and become a planter. With his plans formulated he left to join Sarah Knox at her aunt's home, near Louisville and arrange the marriage.

On the morning of her wedding day, Sarah Knox penned this loving letter to her mother, who remained with the Colonel at Fort Crawford.

Louisville, June 17, 1835

You will be surprised, no doubt, my dear mother, to hear of my being married so soon. When I wrote you last, I had no idea of leaving here before fall, but hearing the part of the country to which I am going is quite healthy, I have concluded to go down this summer.

You will be surprised, no doubt, my dear mother, to hear of my being married so soon. When I wrote you last, I had no idea of leaving here before fall, but hearing the part of the country to which I am going is quite healthy, I have concluded to go down this summer. I will leave here this afternoon at 4 o'clock. Will be married as you

advised in my bonnet and traveling dress. I am very grateful that sister Ann is here. At this time, having one member of the family present, I shall not feel entirely destitute of friends."

"But you, my dearest mother, I know still retain some feelings of affection for a child, who has been so unfortunate, as to form a connection, without the sanction of her parents, but who will always feel the deepest affection for them, whatever their feeling toward her."

"Say to my dear father, I have received his kind, affectionate letter, and thank him for the liberal supply of money sent me. Sister will tell you all that you wish to know about me. I will write as soon as I get down, and as often as my mother may wish to hear from me. And do, my kind ma, write. I send a bonnet by sister, the best I can get. Farewell, my dear mother, give my best love to pa and Dick. Believe me always your affectionate daughter."

As Jeff arrived for the wedding, he took Mrs. Gibson Taylor and Hancock Taylor aside and told them of an unexpected, last minute snag. On Jefferson Street in Louisville, as he was driving out to his wedding, he had been hailed by Pendleton Pope, the county clerk, who had issued the license. Pope asked to see the paper again, and Jeff, sitting in the buggy handed it down. To his consternation, the man declared it invalid. "I am informed", Pope stated coolly without reading it, "that the young lady is not of age and her father is intensely antagonistic to the marriage. Then, he tore the license to bits, dropping the pieces in the street and walked away. Dreading a public scandal the indignant young bridegroom restrained his fury and drove as fast as he could to consult with Knox's family.

While the wondering guests and the shaken bride waited Hancock Taylor drove into Louisville with Jeff to force the issue of the license. When Pope was located and he finally agreed to issue a new license if Hancock Taylor would swear under oath that his niece was of age. This he did and they left, a new license in hand.

Knox's sister Ann and Taylor relatives were relieved when they returned and the Episcopal service began. The bride wore the traveling suit and a small matching hat. The bridegroom wore "long-tail cutaway coat, brocaded waistcoat, breeches tight-fitting and held under the instep with a strap..."

Leaving by river packet, they leisurely made their way to Palmyra Island in the Mississippi to Brierfield, Davis' plantation home. To Knox, who had spent so many of her years in frontier army posts, "Hurricane" had aspects of an Eden. She seemed delighted with the daily routine and had no yearning for town life. Jefferson mistrusted the fog from the ferns, thought then to carry the contagion of malaria, and urged his bride to remain indoors until the sun had dissolved the mist. Here on August 11th, Knox wrote her last known letter to:

"My Dearest Mother:

I have just received your affectionate letter forwarded to me from Louisville. You may readily imagine, the pleasure it afforded me, to hear from you. I can imagine, I see you moving about, attending to your domestic concerns, down in the cellar skimming milk or going out to feed the chickens.

Tell Dick I have a beautiful colt. Mr. Davis sends his best respects to you. Did you receive the letter he wrote from St. Louis? My love to Pa and Dick. Remember me most affectionately to sister and Doc. Kiss the children. Do not make yourself uneasy about me, the country is quite healthy.

Knox"

But, the country was NOT healthy as she thought, for already the Taylor's had lost two children at their Louisiana plantation, nearby. Along with Jeff, at his sister's home in Louisiana, they contracted malaria. Too

sick, to be told of his wife's dangerous condition, Jeff Davis heard her singing "Fairy Bells" a song linked with the days, he had wooed and won her.

Crawling from his bed he stumbled into her room reaching her side to see her die unconscious in his embrace. This was 15th day of September, less than three months after their wedding.

Broken hearted, the young husband was led back to his own bed. To his critical condition, was added, the complication of a searing grief and a troubled conscience. If he had not persisted in marrying her, against her father's objections; if, he had not brought her to the Delta, Knox would now be alive. The physician and the family feared Jeff would die too. Weak as he was, however, he insisted that the funeral service be held in his sickroom, Knox was buried in the family cemetery.

For a day or two Jeff's life hung in the balance then a turn for the better. His recovery was slow. Shocked by the loss of his Sarah, he shut himself into his library and read with rapid desperation to ward off despair. For eight long years he remained a recluse.

When he finally emerged from his white tower, we find a reborn Davis. Gone was the gay, lighthearted, witty, debonair adventurer. Now revealed was a cooler, more stoical gentleman. Ten years of plantation life had proved him a successful planter. At Bierfield, he developed a system that was almost a model in relations of master and slaves. He gave the servant community a large measure of self-government, and left in its hands an interesting jury system, the trial of all petty offenders.

Intellectually stimulated by years of hard reading, toughened adversity there arose a wise and dynamic leader. Now Dame Fortune would smile for a while on Jefferson Davis. His feats in the Mexican War would gain him a hero's acclaim. His statesmanship as a U.S. Senator would merit admiration. As Secretary of War he was a progressive. It was natural then that the South would later choose this resourceful champion of States Rights to become the President of their Confederacy.

Even today, more than 100 years later, we still face the serious problem of states rights. We can learn much from Davis as we seek to find that balance between States Rights and Federal Control.

We, on the upper Mississippi are proud of the days Jefferson Davis spent with us, and the romantic nostalgia he and Sarah Knox Taylor added to our American heritage. Thank you.

MJDyrud/me
Aug.2, 1961

RINGLING BROS. and the CIRCUS WORLD MUSEUM

Since Roman Days, the circus has brought entertainment to many people. Permanently etched in circus history are lasting contributions spawned in the reaches of the Upper Mississippi.

Future historians may overlook Wisconsin as the "Mother of 76 Circuses" during the past 150 years. The oldest Mabie's, a pioneer circus of 1847 origination at Delavan, Wisconsin, may warrant mention. But NO circus history will ever be complete without recording the story of Ringling Bros. Circus, "The Greatest Show on Earth". That it was in 1928, the Zenith of the Big Top. I doubt if any future circus will ever equal the opulent splendor of Ringling Bros. Barnum Bailey Combined Shows.

Too often in the past, we have failed to recognize the valued contributions of close friends to our national heritage. Thank goodness, this will not be true of the Tent Circus we loved so much for the Circus World Museum at Baraboo, Wisconsin, is a treasure chest filled with tantalizing reminders from this nostalgic era. Preserved is the fantastic world of sawdust and sequins which delighted the children of all ages. This glittering, laughing, exciting spectacle of exhilarating sensations, with lingering recollections.

While we all recognize the name Ringling Bros. Circus, few people are familiar with the exciting story of how the five Ringling brothers with their glossy-black walrus mustaches, rose to fame, fortune and leadership in the circus world. In their experiences we can all find ways of making our lives more meaningful and productive.

I will trace the story of the Ringling Brothers for you. I feel qualified for it was my good fortune to have been born in Baraboo. As I grew up, I came to know most of the Ringling brothers and went to high school and college with John Ringling North, now president of the circus. Now, each month I meet with the directors of the Circus World Museum to review progress and establish policies.

Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota and Illinois have all contributed this success, in one way or another.

Let us go back one hundred years and look in on the Ringling family, housed in a cottage type home at McGregor, Iowa. Here, four of the brothers were born. With their oldest brother Albert, called Al, we have the "Famous Five". The mother Marie Salome, must have had her hands full managing these miniature dynamos.

The father, August Ringling, of Alsatian extraction, was a harness maker and carriage trimmer attracted to this busy river port by the long lines of horse-drawn wagons arriving each day laden with wheat for river packers to carry down river. At this time, railroads were just beginning to stab their way into the heartland of the world's most fertile plain, Iowa.

Scant was the entertainment for the industrious pioneer. They worked from dawn to dusk. Welcomed were the visiting river packets disgorging mail passengers and freight along the riverbanks.

Excitement was rampant in mid 1870, anticipating arrival of Dan Rice's Show Boat Circus. At the riverbank in the low hanging early morning fog were the Ringling boys. Al, the oldest had promised his mother to watch over the younger brothers. At last, the deep-throated, throbbing steamboat whistle signaled a landing. Flaming, pine torches lined the bow of the steamer, lighting a path towards shore.

Then the life lingering thrill of watching the gaily-painted wagons, sleek horses, jungles animals and performers moving to shore across the wide gangplank. Beautiful percheron horses strained to move the heavily laden wagons in the damp sand, as the show gear was hauled to the Lot in preparation for the afternoon show. Instinctively, the roustabouts brought order out of chaos.

At noon the children ran for home, gobbled lunch and raced back. Clutched tightly in their fists was their spending money. My what a thrill for the wide eyed Ringling boys. That performance of Dan Rice's one ring circus must have been spectacular, for it motivated Al Ringling to run away from home with his friend Adler and join the show boat circus, soon after.

History sometimes repeats itself. Twenty years later, Adler's son Felix also ran away from home to join Ringling Bros Circus at Clinton. He made a name for himself, for many people still refer to Felix Adler as one of the great clowns of all times.

In 1874, the Ringling family resided at Prairie du Chien, where a sister Ida was born. She is important, as mother of John Ringling North, who now owns control and heads the circus. At Prairie du Chien in those early days, Al Ringling trimmed carriages, and in his spare time perfected juggling, rope walking, acrobatics and horse training. During summers he joined traveling shows. Later he managed and even produced shows in partnership with others.

The year 1882, looms large in Ringling history, as Al visited his family, then living in Baraboo, convincing his brothers to join him in producing Ringling Bros. Classic & Comic Concert Co. This "Hall Show" made its first stop at Mazonmanie, showing in the Town Hall. Receipts \$13.00, expenses \$25.00. They moved on to Spring Green, Prairie du Chien, and McGregor Iowa. After two months tour in Iowa and Minnesota, they returned to Wisconsin, ending the season at Viroqua on February 27, 1883. The brothers were no richer, but much wiser.

In 1883, Al Ringling changed from a "Hall Show" to a "Mud-Show" traveling in nine wagons. Moreover, he convinced Yankee Robinson, the veteran circus manager to join them. They had only one caged animal, a sad, moth-eaten hyena, hardly living up to its billing as a "Ferocious, Man-Eating Jungle Beast". Twenty-one people rounded out the caravan. With youthful vigor they braved prolonged spells of rainy weather and mud roads, until sunshine made going easier and profits returned, proving Yankee Robinson's prediction that the Ringling Bros. were on their way to success.

Al Ringling, the oldest brother was gifted with a pleasant, cheerful personality. Patiently, he steered each brother toward his responsibility, fashioning an efficient organization with selfless devotion to the future success of Ringling Bros. Circus.

Circus performers admired "Uncle Al" who set the pace, never asking others to do more than he was willing to do himself.

Al married Louise Morris during the "Mud Show days". She confirmed the saying "Behind every Great Man, stands a Great Woman. Mrs. Al would sacrifice anything for her husband and his circus. She made costumes, cooked for all hands, acted as adviser and house-mother to the female performers. She became the first equestrienne. (Female performer on horseback.) During a shortage of wagon drivers she once drove a four-horse hitch for four days. When necessity arose, she even did some snake charming.

In 1890, the brothers changed their circus once more this time to an eighteen-car railroad circus. This improvement was feasible following the adoption of standard gauge tracks, allowing cars to transfer from one railroad line to another.

A spirited rivalry developed with the Great Wallace Shows, John Robinson's Ten Big Shows, Buffalo Bill's Wild West, and the Four Sells Brothers. Competitors scornfully called Ringling's the Sunday School Circus, when they drove pickpockets and gamblers away. In time, the Ringling's were admired for cleaning up their circus.

When Ringling Bros. decided in 1895 to show in the east, P.T. Barnum bought into Buffalo Bill's Wild West, routing this show into the same area hoping to zap their profits. Surmounting normal hazards and overcoming stiff competition, the Ringlings continued to expand and perfect operating technique.

With the death of P.T. Barnum in 1907, the Ringlings capitalized on the opportunity, purchasing Barnum & Bailey's Show for \$410,000. Running this circus separately from their own, they paid for it out of profits the first year. Now, the Ringling Bros. owned America's two largest circuses.

My circus interest stems from childhood associations in Baraboo. We lived across the street from Al Ringling. Certain of their horse acts were trained in our buggy sheds. Mr. Al was thoughtful and gave me Canadian money for my coin collection. Mrs. Al was an attractive lady, a good friend of my mother's. I still remember Mrs. Al's parrot, Polly, who would pick up Mrs. Al's chant, when she called her husband for lunch.

When I was young we didn't play cowboys and Indians in grade school as so many youngsters do today. We had Circus Fever. It was only natural, for we lived and breathed circus life.

Hearing that the Ringling Bros. had once put on a Penny Circus next to the jail, we decided to repeat part of their success story. Our gang decided that our circus would show the following Saturday. We would have our own parade and make a lot of money. It seems strange now, but I still can remember the thought of the pennies rolling in so fast we could easily buy all the cookies and ice cream in Baraboo.

We would set up on the vacant lot next to Grotesqueries. First we must collect empty wooden boxes and orange crates to use as animal cages. Wooden cleats nailed over the open ends would serve as bars. Rugs draped over the tops would give the color and decoration we needed. There were plenty of pets, dogs, cats, rabbits, guinea pigs, and birds for display. If, we all brought our coaster wagons, we could put on a big parade. Harlan would have his Mom make pink lemonade. This we would sell for 3 cents a glass and we should make a \$ here. Henry's pony would lead the parade and perform. Curt's dog was clever and he could do a lot of tricks. We would borrow chairs from the neighbors not their dining room chairs. The kitchen chairs would be OK. Bill had some black paint and Jerry had a sheet he could get. So, the Saturday Circus seemed almost complete. Of course we would wear crazy clothes to assure success.

Almost too quickly the Saturday afternoon arrived, following a feverish half-week of brain storming, gathering equipment, building cages, improvising tents and running home for supplies. The parade was late and I regret to say disappointing. Sure people looked quizzically, but they did not follow us back to the circus lot. Only a few stragglers appeared. A quick meeting of the circus chiefs pointed up the difficulty. We needed Wild animals not the peaceful sleeping ones in our cages. High-powered executives make quick decisions, and we wasted no time. The Von Wald boys (sorta hangers-on) were elected to get into the large cages and act as wild lions and jungle tigers. They half agreed and before they could change their minds they were wild animals nailed into their cages. At first, I didn't think they were too good. Their high-pitched voices didn't match the deep-throated roar of the lion or snarl of the tiger. Later, we even considered releasing them for they hardly howled or growled. As a matter of fact, we were disgusted. Then one of the Von Wald boys caught the inspiration of the circus and clawed the bars and gave wild sounds. Here were the actions we wanted. Now we had wild lions and jungle tigers. The longer they were caged the fiercer they acted. Now that they had risen to the occasion, we would have a good show. We proudly delegated an animal trainer to watch their cages with a hammer, pounding their bars as they tried to force their way out. Now the show was a success.

But, fortune is so, so fickle. Who should arrive but Papa and Mama Von Wald to see our spectacular? With innocence and pride we escorted them to the stellar attraction: the roaring lion from untamed Africa and the terrible Bengal tiger from Ceylon. THAT was our undoing.

We had always thought Old Man Von Wald a good guy. But, for some reason he got sore at us. He threatened to call the Chief of Police and tell our parents we were mistreating his kids, and mind you, said he would even tear down our whole circus. Papa Von Wald in his rage was very nasty and wouldn't listen to our Circus chiefs explain. When Mama Von Wald cried, we decided to let their two boys go.

This disaster snuffed out the Saturday Circus, considered by a select group of Baraboo boys to be the Greatest Show of All Times. For years we couldn't understand why Old Man and Mama Von Wald never liked us. Shakespeare says, "There is a time and tide in the affairs of man, which if taken at the flood tide, leads on to fame and fortune." I regret to report the time and tide were not on our side. That ended the Saturday Circus. perhaps one of the most unusual shows on earth.

Still circus activities enchanted me. Each day, I would cut through the alley to Gollmar's blacksmith shop and watch them tire wagons or shoe horses. It was thrilling to watch the smithy heating the steel rims of a wheel in his forge, place the glowing metal over the wood rim and spokes. The wood would smolder and often catch fire before the wheel could be doused in water to shrink the metal rim tightly on the wood.

Next, I would cross the street into Moeller's Wagon Works. They built the huge, gaudy circus wagons. Made mostly of oak, they looked almost indestructible. When the rococo trim was applied and the gilt and bright paint added, these wagons seemed come alive stirring emotions of adventure within me.

When friends and relatives came for weekend visits, I was thrilled for then father usually obtained passes to the winter quarters down by the river. Off we went to a row of low brick buildings housing the animals. Opening one of the wide doors, we saw snow-white polar bears leisurely pacing their dens. They seemed out of place with the stilt legged giraffes austere turning their heads high atop two-story necks at the other end of this building. No wonder giraffes eat leaves from trees, for eating off the ground required spreading their front feet in an awkward splayed stance. This building also included rearing pens for the playful baby lions and tigers, fed by the veterinarian.

After this came the Cat House where the lions, leopards and panthers glided in noiseless grace. Most were serene, stretched out resting on their shelves. What a sight at feeding time, as the caretakers forked big slabs of horse meat through slots below the bars. Snarling, howling and with vicious looks, food had reactivated their jungle instincts. It was well to stay well clear of these gates. A building extension housed the mammoth hippopotamus and the fierce rhinoceros, armed by nature with a ram head tusk below the eyes. As we walked the narrow isle separating these powerful creatures I feared they might easily crush the sides of the runway if disturbed.

Then to the Elephant Barn, a huge building with thick walls to view the ponderous pachyderms, tethered by leg chains around the walls, a huge pile of hay in the center. Their bodies swayed in slow jungle rhythm, their long trunks were ever active reaching for hay or siphoning water. At times, they would suck in water and with a swing of their huge trunk give themselves a shower bath. How weird the sound of these trumpeting beasts. How peculiar the pungent musty smell which permeated our clothes for several hours.

One summer the traveling circus returned with a wild bull elephant, which was staked out in the open at the rear of this barn. As I watched an adventurous plumber offer food a keeper rushed up warning us back, telling that

this elephant was wild and dangerous during the mating season so, stay away, for he was unpredictable and might easily kill, even a friendly person.

Many other sights filled our tour, the camel barns, the wardrobe department, the hotel, the car barns, and paint shops.

In 1919, Ringling Bros. Barnum Bailey show was combined into the Greatest Show on Earth. Street parades were discontinued, a necessary time-conservation measure for such a large show, still regrettable omission for circus fans.

1928 is considered the apogee, the peak, or greatest height reached by the Big Top Circus. So, let us examine this monstrous complex at closer range. The crew 1,000 or more employees ranging from the "razor-backs" unloading railroad cars to talented aerialists like Lillian Leitzel performing high overhead with faultless grace. Here was curious mixture of jungle natives, wild animals, rough roustabouts and talented performers. It was as explosive a mixture as anything Nobel ever cooked up in his dynamite days. Rigorous discipline was essential to this delicately timed operation. In spite of the unexpected... **The Show Must Go On.**

The logistics of the circus, by that I mean the science of having men and materials at the right place at the right time, had reached a perfection attracting foreign army observers in rotating groups, to learn and copy the technique.

One hundred and eighty special-built railroad cars moved the show in four sections.

THE FIRST SECTION: pulled out of town at 3 AM and set up first on the Lot, at the next city. Included was the Layout Dept., Side Shows, the Cook House and the Cook Tent. In the cook tent were seats for 1,500 people and 5,000 meals could be served daily.

THE SECOND SECTIONS: came next with the Big Top, Canvas Dept., the personnel, Rigging, Trunks and Baggage. Fifty tents were erected besides the Big Top. Most spectacular of course was the Big Top, 30 tons of canvas forming a sprawling tent 510 ft. long and 210 ft. wide, accommodating 16,000 patrons. Long center poles, tall as the mast on a clipper ship supported the sky canvas.

Next train arriving was the **THIRD SECTION:** carrying the Grand Stand (called Bibles) for they folded like the Big Book. Here were seats for 12,000. Lights, wardrobe and attendant personnel, completed the load.

Last to reach town was the **FOURTH SECTION:** consisting of Rings, Stock, Elephants, 1,000 wild animals, together with the performers and staff. Coupled to this train was usually a private car for the Ringling brothers manager. On a nearby flatcar was his Rolls Royce automobile.

All this equipment would be transferred to the LOT, as the show area is called. Parking space for 3,000 cars, plus 15 acres of land was necessary.

Intriguing to me has always been the Back Yard, the rear of the circus Lot. Actually it was a small, semi-mobile, self-contained town complete with bank, store, dining rooms, barbershop, lawyer, doctor, detective, and even a blacksmith.

Out front by the Side Show Bannerline, pitchmen lured all ages to the notable collection of Freaks, the Tall Man, The Skeleton, Bearded Ladies, Sword Swallowers, Snake Charmers, and a host of other captivating

attractions. Peanuts, popcorn, chewing gum, pop and cotton candy were there too, to fill the bottomless pits of youngsters and ease the hunger of the older set who may have eaten a light lunch.

Moving toward the Main Entrance, a stop at the Ticket Wagon, then past the Ducat Grabbers as the ticket-sellers and door tenders are called. Then on to the menagerie with strange animals from remote corners of the globe.

Roaring lions, barking seals, and trumpeting elephants provided a weird musical accompaniment while watching the antics of the monkeys or viewing the terrifying gorilla Gargantua.

On we walked through the connection to the Big Top. Reserved seats occupied all the good viewing section, so it seemed best to buy a reserved seat. The band directed by Merle Evans, gave a spirited recital. Soon, the announcer called out in his rich, sonorous voice: "Ladies and Gentlemen, The Greatest Show on Earth welcomes you, and is proud to present..." The show started. A flare of trumpets and a glittering pageant of oriental splendor began its procession around the arena. Circus people call it the Spec Entry. This time it was a regal reception for the Maharajah of India with a visiting troupe of colorful Bengal Lancers, recapturing that brilliant image which once thrilled Kipling.

A whistle signal and band cue brought equestriennes to the three rings with caprisoned horse trained to perfection. Beautiful ladies with a few running steps mounted moving horses with ease. Dancing atop a prancing steed or a somersault from one horse to another was but a sample of their extensive repertoire.

Clowns added laughs to this world of wonders. Ten or more of these baggy trousered characters with huge feet would emerge from a single midget car which looked like it might crowd one person. How so many people could come out of this miniature auto was a mystery.

Just then, a lady was wrestling a lion in a far off ring. I almost didn't see her place her head inside the beast's mouth. There were so many things going on at the same time and I wanted to see Emmet Kelly, the clown.

A whistle, a band flare, a roll of drums, terminating in a mighty explosion and Zachini, the human cannon-ball was shot out of a huge cannon into a far off net. Butchers hawked refreshments, almost diverting my attention from the bicycle riders high in tent heaven, performing phenomenal feats of balancing. And mind you, not with nets. What a tragedy if someone clipped and fell. They would certainly be killed. The two-hour and a half hour show seemed only minutes long. Still my eyes were tired, trying to watch too many things at the same time, for I didn't want to miss a thing.

Then preparing to leave, in raced Indians and cowboys, shooting and shouting World Famous Wild West Show to follow...something no red-blooded American could afford to miss. Even though it took my last cent, I must stay and see my favorite western movie hero...Tom Mix or others in action.

Leaving, I was sure this was really "The Greatest Show On Earth". How could they pack so much entertainment, so many star-studded acts into a couple of hours? It seemed impossible but Ringling Bros. Barnum Bailey Combined Shows did it.

This was the tent circus at its glorious peak in 1928. Words fail to adequately describe the glorious spectacle... the laughs, the fears, the exhilaration, the splendor of this massive spectacle.

This brief sketch can but prompt recollections of the thrill of the tent circus in all of its colorful details.

From their humble beginning with lonely moth-eaten hyenas, the Ringling Bros. had spent a life time expanding their circus until it became a mighty giant, perfected to move with the precision timing of a jeweled watch. The delicate balance was so easy to disturb. Like the mastodons of prehistoric times, tremendous size brought susceptibility to malfunction and extinction.

Germes festering future troubles were inhaled in the optimistic days of 1929, when John Ringling, last of the brothers purchased the American Circus Co. for \$2 million dollars so he could obtain a Madison Square Garden opening in New York City. The depression of the 30's taxed the strength of the circus. Revenues fell. John Ringling, sick, old, and lacking youthful vigor, defaulted on a payment for the new circus, losing control of the Greatest Show on Earth.

He died in 1936, with only \$311 in the bank, although his estate was appraised at \$23,500,000. Seven years before it had, been valued at \$120,000,000 million dollars. His fortune was willed to the State of Florida, including the priceless art collection of the Ringling Museum at Sarasota Florida.

John Ringling's death opened an avenue for his nephew John Ringling North to finagle control of the circus and later majority ownership. As a schoolmate I followed his activities with considerable interest.

The greatest tragedy in circus history and in the long career of Ringling Bros. Barnum & Bailey Shows came in July 14, 1944. I speak of the disastrous fire at Hartford Conn. As the first flames licked at the canvas, Merle Evans swung his band into the "Stars and Stripes Forever" a disaster signal to circus performers. Eight thousand patrons panicked, rushing to escape from under the burning Big Top. In the end, 168 were killed, 4 injured. The half million dollars insurance proved only a token payment on the five million-damage claim.

Rather than declare bankruptcy the Ringling family steadfastly resolved to carry on and gradually pay off the monumental claims. Within ten years they succeeded.

A few years profit and baffling new problems arose, rising costs and inflation. Already railroad transportation cost had quadrupled. Equipment prices skyrocketed. Living costs moved constantly. Truckers compounded new and unbelievably large union wage demands.

The Greatest Show on Earth could no longer "Crack the Nut" the circus expression for paying all show expenses. In 1955, operations had already shown operating costs of six million dollars, with only five million dollars revenue, leaving an aggravating one million dollar loss.

At Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, the end came on July 16, 1956. The circus packed and headed for winter quarters at mid-season with the terse announcement..."This is the End of the Big Top Circus"

In desperation, a plan was later devised by Arthur Concell to streamline the circus with showings only in 150 large cities which had large open air arenas, auditoriums, or amphitheater. The plan was radical but necessary to salvage part at least of what had been the Greatest Show on Earth.

Eliminated was the picturesque Big Top. Eliminated were the circus trains. Eliminated were free lodging and meals for employees. In the future, expense accounts would cover traveling costs. Eliminated were 900 men... 100 remained. Hundreds of items studied were either eliminated or simplified. Overhead was sliced from \$25,000 a day to \$10,000 a day. NOW, would this tally-simplified circus survive? A test was necessary. A season of operation using the new streamlined plan proved profitable. The famed Mother Circus had died from the extensive surgery which brought to life a new streamlined circus. Yet it doubtful if it will ever recapture the

glory of by gone days. Lost in the shakeup was the impressive Big Top of the circus much of the nostalgia, cherished by fans who knew the tent us in its brilliant days.

With the passing of the Big Top circus enthusiasts clamored preservation of circus artifacts. This need stimulated the **Circus World Museum** at Baraboo, Wisconsin, where the wonders of tent show era found a welcomed home. Sponsorship by the State Historical Society of Wisconsin assured continuity and permanence.

How fortunate, how appropriate, that the winter quarters of Ringling Bros. Circus could house this fast growing museum. Precious reminders of the Golden Age of the Circus and the captivating life under the Big Top are displayed in each building. Operating is an aggressive program of collecting circus facts from performers, managers and fans.

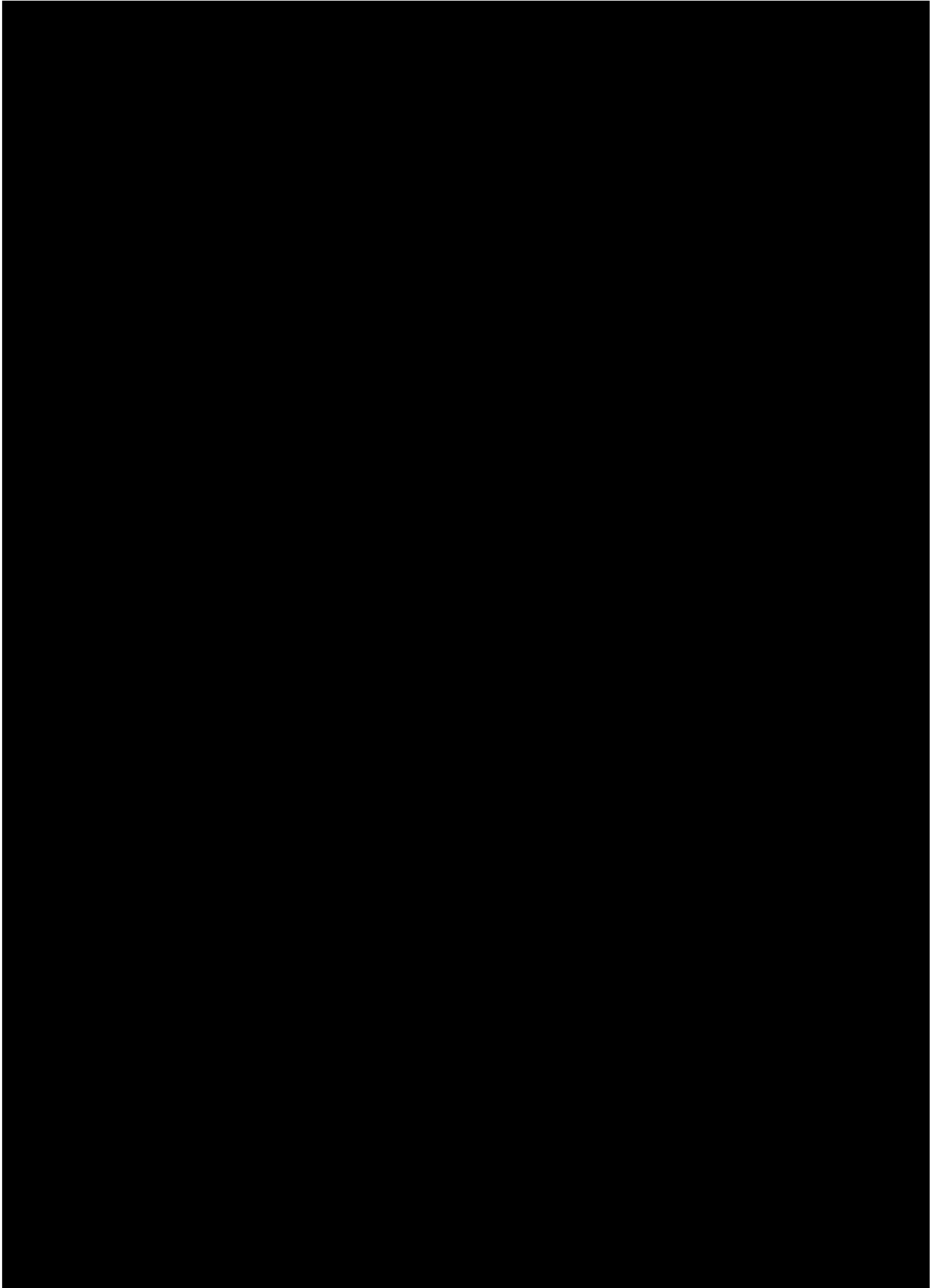
Striking originality is displayed by a dedicated circus fan Wilbur Deppe of Baraboo, who is doing something much more valuable and interesting than erecting a tomb stone to honor circus life. He has formed and financed Deppe's Classic Country Circus performing each day with exciting elephant, horse and clown acts in classical tradition.

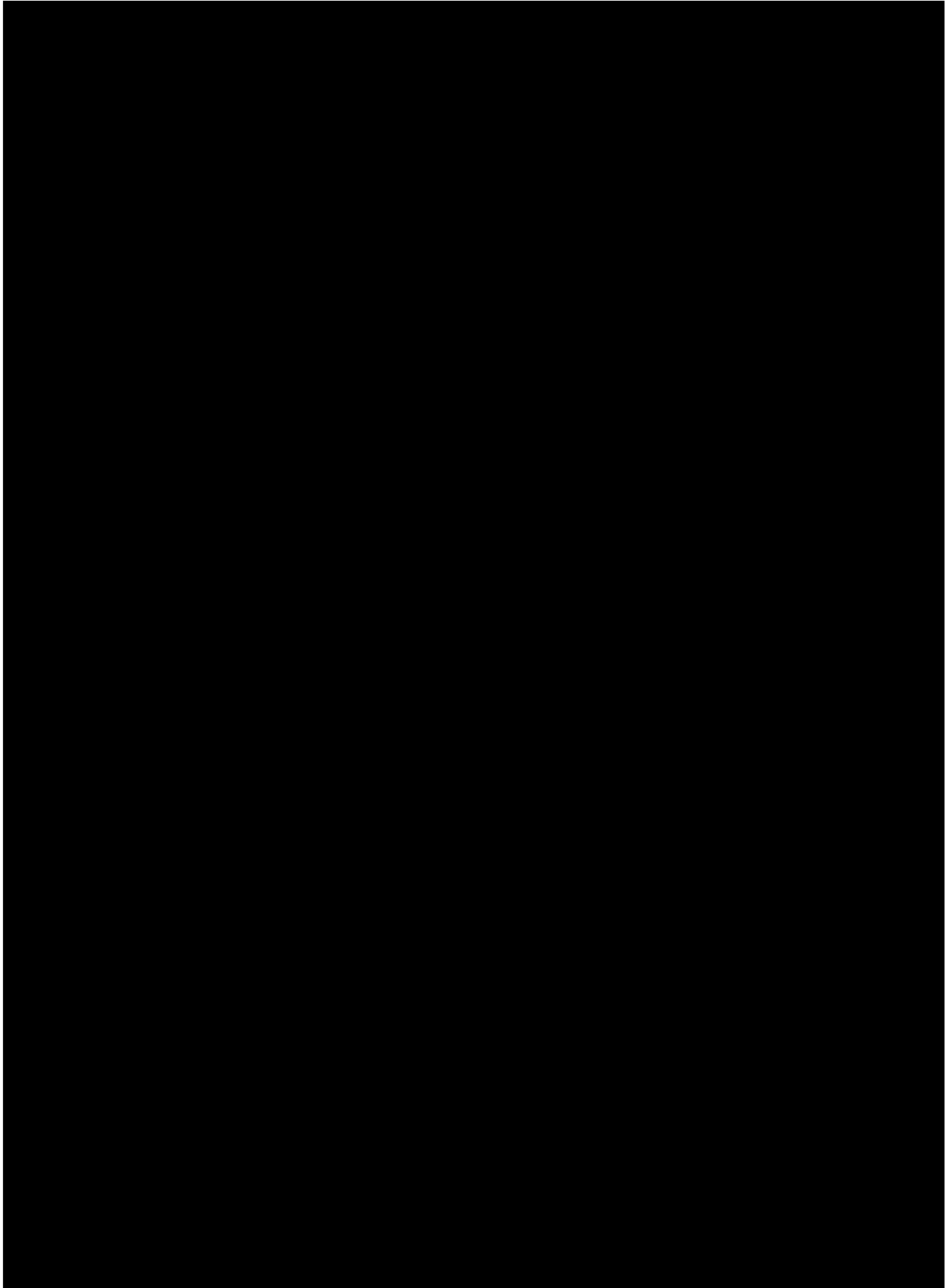
We who live within the reaches of the Upper Mississippi can be proud of our regional contributions to circus heritage.

Creation of the Circus World Museum, with its novel concepts, is a singular institution collecting and preserving valuable material for enjoyment by the public and study by students...another outward symbol of our inner awareness to and appreciation for our valued heritage.

MJDyrd/me

Jan. 24, 1962



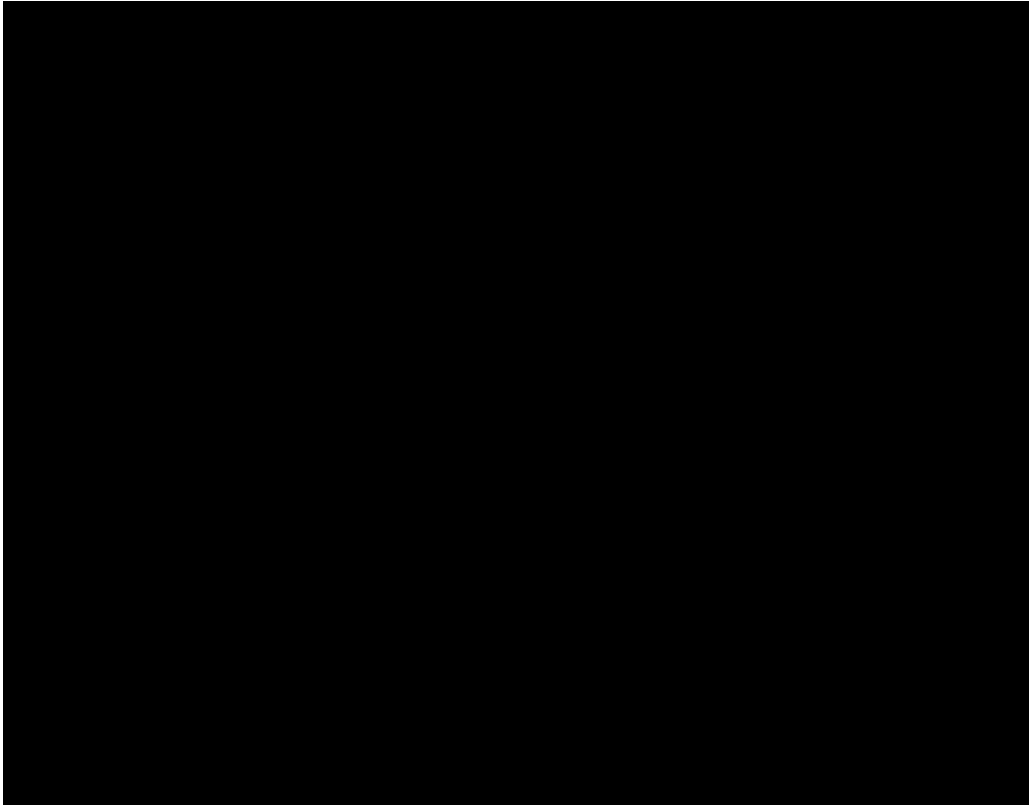




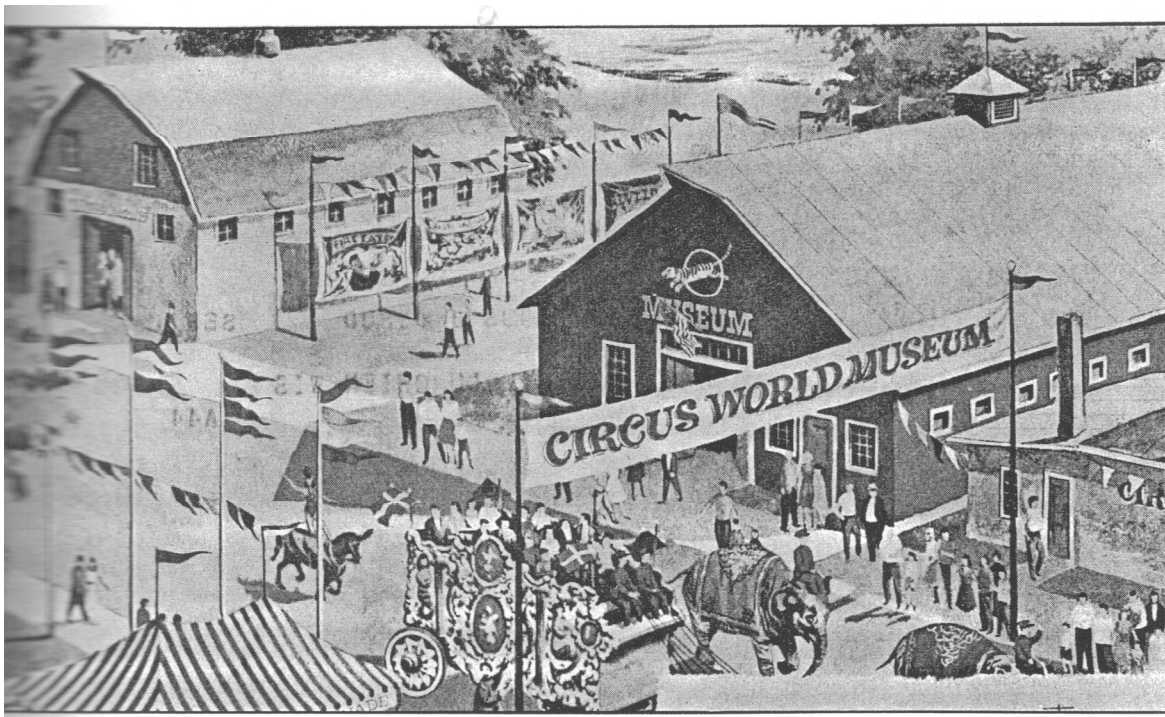
GENERAL TOM THUMB.

BORN IN 1832 IS 28 INCHES HIGH, AND
WEIGHS ONLY 15 POUNDS.

From a Daguerreotype by Plumbe



MR. AND MRS. CHARLES S. STRATTON (GENERAL TOM THUMB AND WIFE).



Artist's Drawing of the Circus World Museum, Ringling Winter Quarters
"A gorgeous harbinger of inimitable sights" along Water Street

CIRCUS WORLD

Al, Alf T., Charles, John and Otto

To the circus fan (and their number is increasing every year) the names appearing at the top of this column could belong only to one family, perhaps the greatest circus family out in history: Ringling.

These five brothers (later joined by brother Henry) performed their first show in the performed their first show in the backyard of the Baraboo, Wis., May 19, 1884. Many years and many successes later that first straggling show had become "The Greatest Show on Earth" and required a 10-acre lot to accommodate its three-ring glitter and glamour.

Baraboo and Wisconsin are justly proud of their association with the Ringling circus family. Dozens of other Wisconsin towns also take maternal pride in the more than 70 other circuses which sprouted and grew on their soil. Wisconsin has earned with just cause the title, "Mother of Circuses."

To recall and preserve the sights and sounds of Wisconsin and American circuses is the purpose of the new Circus World Museum, slated to open early in July at Baraboo. It will be operated by the State Historical Society.

History on Water Street. The Museum will be located on Water Street, the site of the old Ringling winter quarters. The quarters cover nearly three blocks, but the Museum will open in two of the original buildings, the horse and camel barns. It is hoped that eventually the Museum project will encompass the entire street.

The two exhibit buildings will be richly colorful worlds of circus lore, displaying unique and unusual items gathered from all over the world. The great steam calliope "America" will boom out circus music and flamboyant circus posters will advertise strange and wonderful attractions.

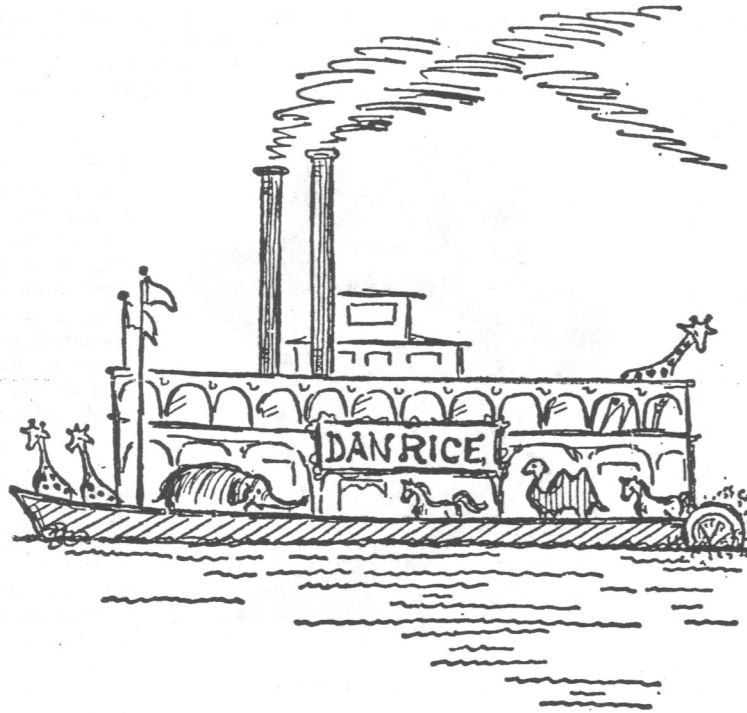
Those unique examples of the circus wagon makers' art, the Columbia and Mirror band wagons, and the fanciful fairy tale floats (Mother Goose and The Old Woman in the Shoe) will gleam with brilliant color and glimmering gold. There will be rare photographs of daring aerial artists and wild animal acts. There will be gorgeous circus costumes of yesterday's famed ringmasters, clowns and equestriennes.

Or, in the words of a circus poster of another era, "An overwhelming feast of extraordinary features." And pink lemonade.

Years of collecting and historical research have been poured into this newest of the Society's historic site projects. Circus history is so rich in anecdote and incident that it would indeed take the whole of Water Street to unfold the story of this American spectacle.

Simply listing the numerous circuses which came out of Wisconsin, would take quite a bit of space for in addition to the Ringlings there were the Mabie Brothers (first in Wisconsin, transplanted from New York in 1847)

14 other circuses which originated in Delavan; the Gollmar Brothers Circus (Baraboo), the United Circus of George W. De Haven (Beaver Dam, 1865), the Dode Fiske Circus (Wonewoc), the Seils-Sterling Circus (Sheboygan), the Hiram Orton Circus (Portage), the Burr Robins Circus (Janesville) and dozens of others which grew and prospered for a time.



The First Parade

The circus as we know it has always been a family business. I do not speak of its fearful ancestor, the blood baths in the Roman Coliseum, but of the glittering, laughing, exciting spectacle for children-who-never-grow-up which had its beginnings in the small European road shows of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries

PERSONALITY

JOHN RINGLING NORTH, at 48 the guiding spirit of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Circus, is a burly, heavy man with an air of natural vigor about him. His thick eyebrows are black, the color of his face is high, and the flesh around his nose and jaw inclines to coarseness. He moves fast, with a short, brisk stride, and makes rapid gesticulations with his short-fingered, square-palmed hands when he talks. (He is often silent.) There is nothing light or graceful about him when he stands chunkily on his own two feet, but on a horse he is as well as any man could wish.

People who see little of him think of him as a garrulous, facetious and laughing nightbird whose one aim in life is to figure in the list of spurious personalities who make up café society. Those who have seen him from inside the circus know him as a stubborn man of uncommon determination, whose whole life is devoted to proving himself as big a man and a better showman than his uncle, John Ringling.

THE LEGEND surrounding old John Ringling is a hard one to live up to. His ambition and drive helped build the Ringling show up from a family affair with four performers and one horse to "the greatest show on earth," with 1,000 horses, 2,000 employees, a 100-car circus train. Ringling's favorite saying was "I've got no use for money." He liked big, eye-catching things. He bought thousands of acres of land in Minnesota, Wisconsin and Florida. He built a bank, a hotel and a huge, Italianate palace in & around Sarasota, speculated in stocks and oil, was the first extensive collector of baroque paintings in America (because they were bigger than the paintings in any other style). He lived high, wide & handsome, dressed like a raffish fashion plate, ate grossly, drank fine wines, the magnum and jeroboam, kept pretty women about him, and most of the day, and worked and played all through the night.

John Ringling North lives as much like his uncle as he can. He sleeps till noon or later, and is torpid and drowsy till midnight. By midnight he is fully awake, and his best hours run from then till 5 or 6. Around the circus he wears riding clothes, but towards evening he assumes a somber elegance. In New York he goes on the town dressed like a career diplomat, with a cane or tightly rolled umbrella, black hat in the Edwardian style, gloves carried but not worn and suits in the English fashion.

HOSPITALITY is lavish and memorable when he entertains in his uncle's old private railroad car, the *Jomar*, which is permanently in a barn at the circus winter quarters in Sarasota. The guests are warmed up in the car's pale green parlor with North's own brand of Old-Fashioneds, then they move to the dining room, which is dominated by a portrait of Lady Godiva setting out on her ride. A French chef produces a four- or five-course meal (with three vintage wines), and the meal is rounded out with liqueurs. Towards the end of the party moves off to the hotel North owns in Sarasota to take in the cabaret, which is entirely composed of acts prepared for the circus.

At 1 in the morning, North moves from the ballroom to the bar, where he sits radiating good will and telling stories of the past, present and future of the circus. The barmen

The circus is usually in training at the Sarasota winter quarters for about 100 days before the spring opening at Madison Square Garden at the beginning of April. North spends the last couple of months in this period in the *Jomar*, living inseparably from his henchman and chief of staff, Arthur Concello, who was one of the best trapeze men in circus history, assembling and tuning up the new show. He lives with the circus through the New York season, and travels with it for the first half of its 200-day season on the road. He then hands it over to Concello, and spends the rest of the year in Europe, scouting new acts. He takes a month or six weeks off in Spain to watch bullfights—the only thing he considers to be in a class with the circus as a spectacle. (He would incorporate a bullfight

in his circus if he could figure out some way around the humane prejudices of U.S. audiences.) But in Spain, as everywhere else, his mind is on the job and he often picks up acts there, traveling thousands of miles in pursuit of new material.



JOHN RINGLING NORTH

NORTH is always ready to add extra mileage to his itinerary if he hears of a good restaurant. He makes a point of getting to such gastronomic meccas as the Pyramide at Vienne, or the Mère Fillioux at Lyon, but he also follows up tips from food-loving friends, and constantly tries out new places. When he returns to America in the autumn or late winter, he generally has to diet hard to get himself down from the 200 lbs. he has ballooned up to, and back to the 160s that his doctors recommend, as reasonable.

North's gifts as a showman are not to be denied. Circus purists say that he has defiled a form of folk art and turned it into an unholy middlebrow hybrid, part

circus, part girl-show, part musical comedy. He has engaged such men as Norman Bel Geddes to modernize the circus style, and now employs Miles White, one of the best Broadway designers, to plan his spectacles and costumes. Stravinsky has composed music for his oompah circus band, and George Balanchine devised an elephant ballet for him. All this profoundly shocked those who loved the garish color, the curlicued baroque style and the blare of the old circus. But, as North points out, the oldtime circus was limping along when he started to modernize it, and since he has put girls, tunes and fresh color into it the great show has been making more money than ever.

THE CIRCUS' survival is due partly to North's showmanship, partly to his efficient organization. The circus gives a bigger show than it ever did in Ringling's day, but it travels on a train with 30 fewer cars. North cut out the army of horses which fans used to say was one of the chief draws of the circus, and replaced it with a fleet of high-powered tractors. He has trimmed the number of hands from a thousand to just over 600.

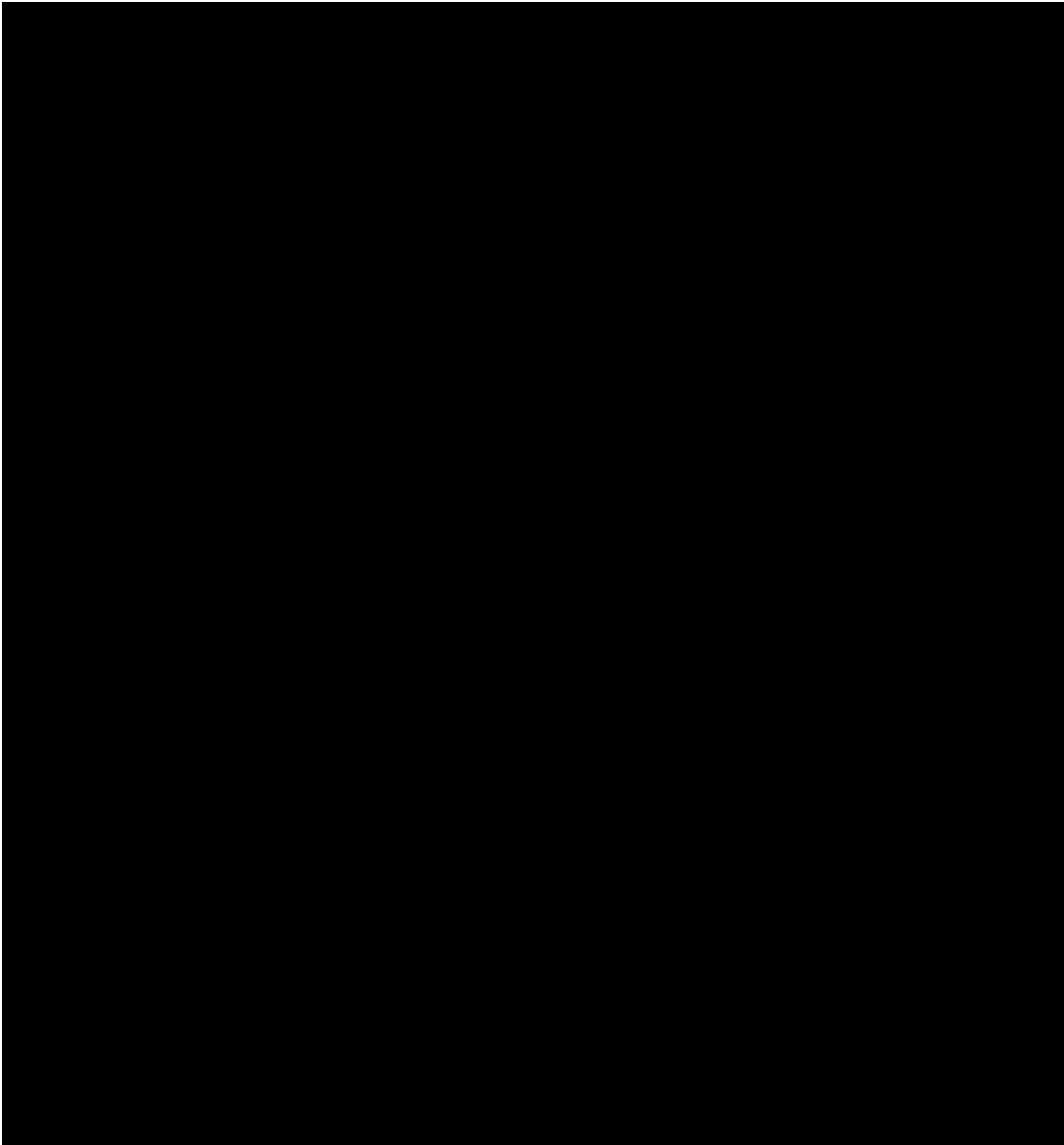
North has had his share of luck, too. His uncle, suspicious of everybody, and bitter, in his last years disinherited him and left his \$23½ million fortune to the state of Florida. A syndicate, headed by North, bought back part of the estate—including John Ringling's 30% of the circus stock—for \$1,250,000 in 1947. A section of what was supposed to be worked-out oil land in Oklahoma was included in the deal. Soon after North had closed with the state, three deep wells came in on the property. The Rockland Oil Co. has given North back his \$1¼ million a couple of times already, and there are several more millions in it for him yet. But that was only a byproduct. North wanted a majority interest in the circus, and by 1948 he had accumulated enough stock to give him what he wanted. He beams radiantly when he speaks of it. "Fifty-one percent is enough," he says. "If you have 51% of a thing nobody can tell you what to do." He



In Uncle Al's "château" in Baraboo, where we Norths grew up.

BELOW: At three Brother John was an angel; RIGHT: At three I was a wild Indian. (*Lawrence Studio*)

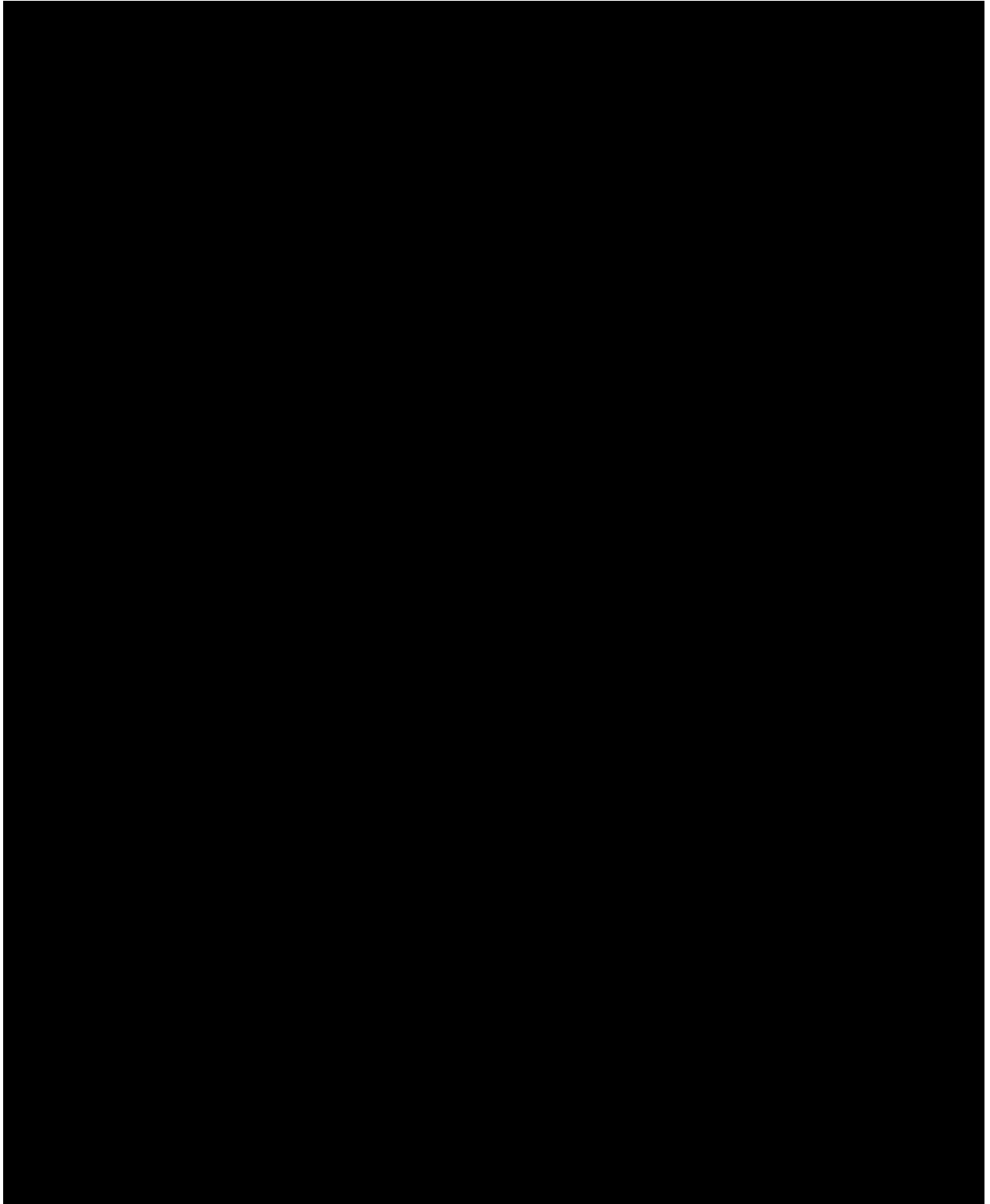


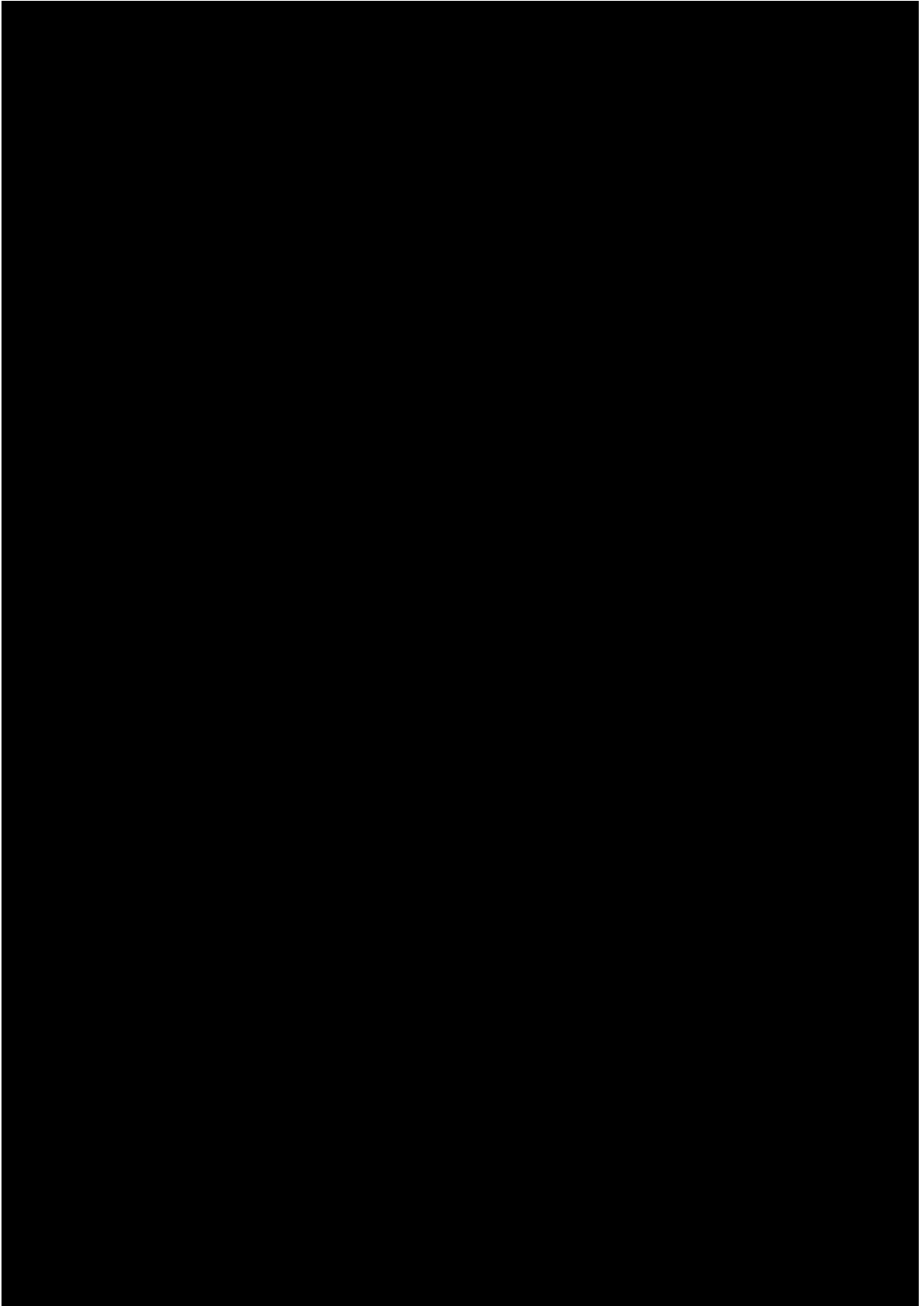


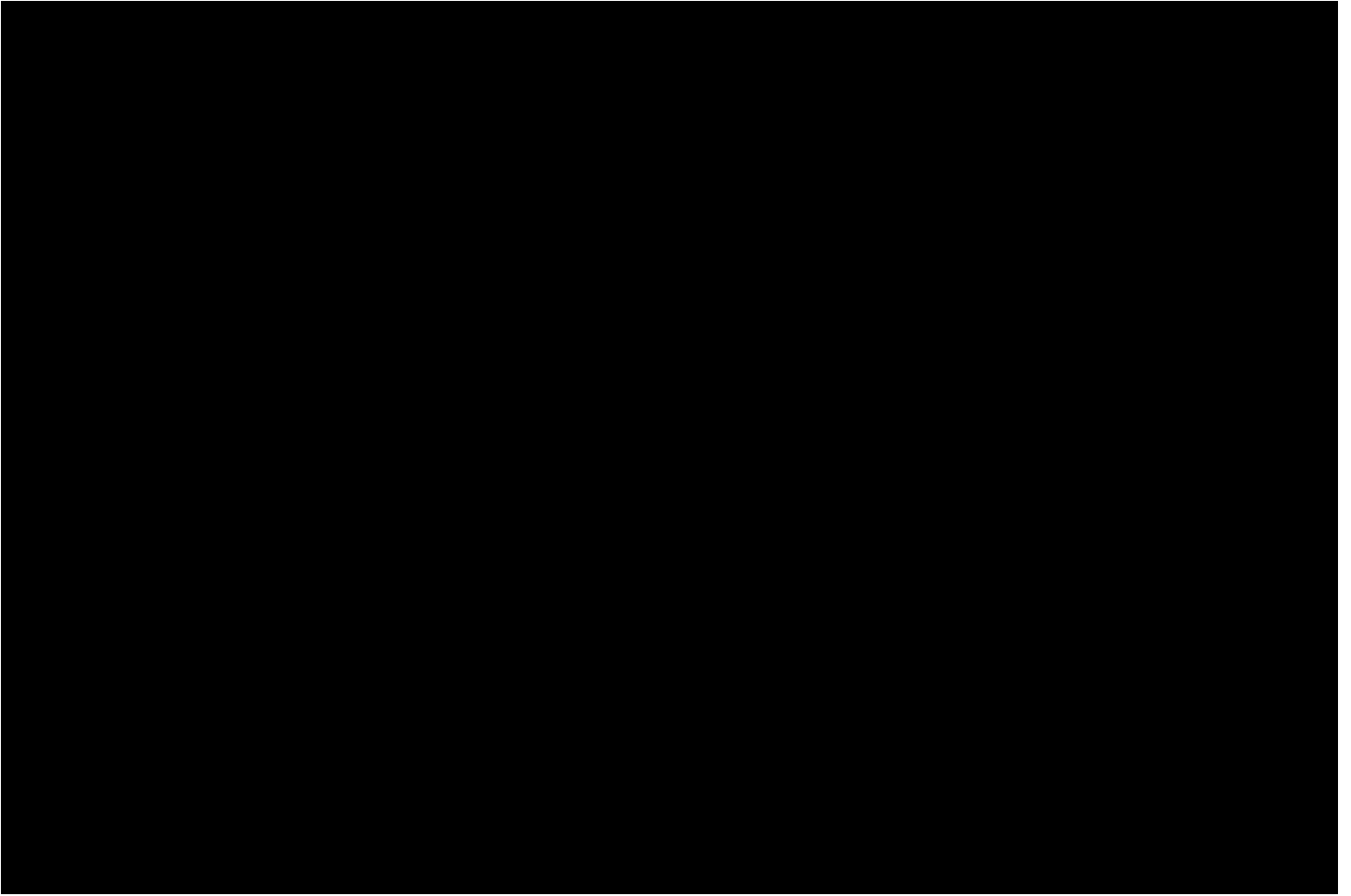
Ida Ringling North with her two sons



John Ringling
From rags to riches









Buffalo Bill Cody



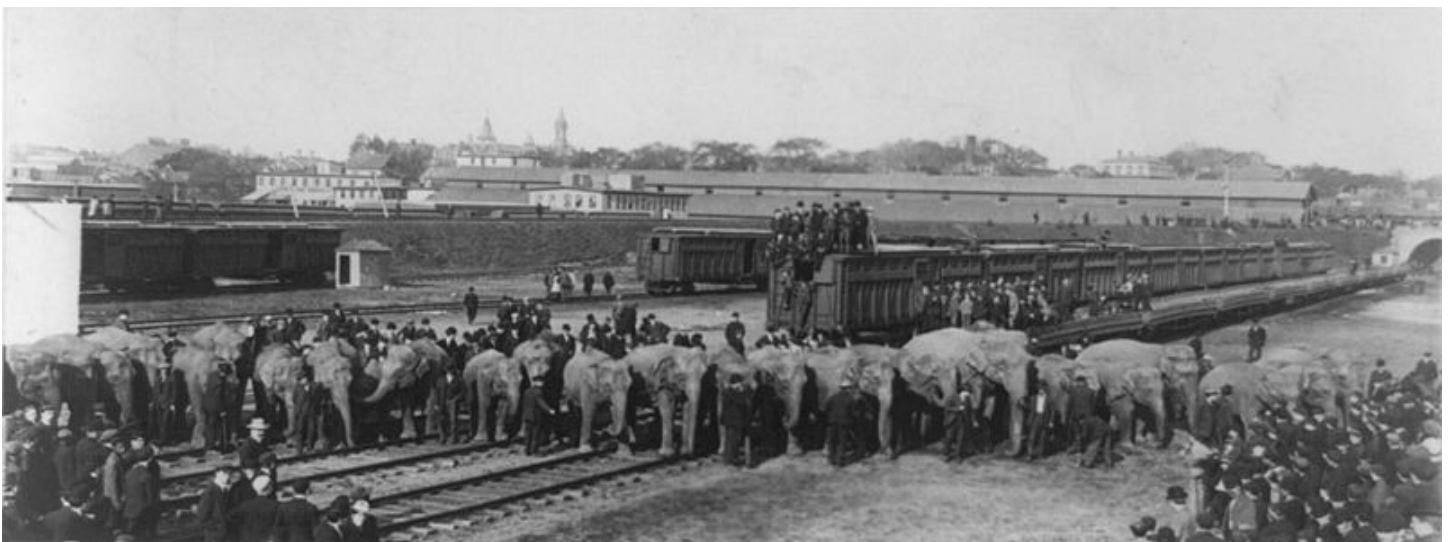
Buffalo Bill 1903



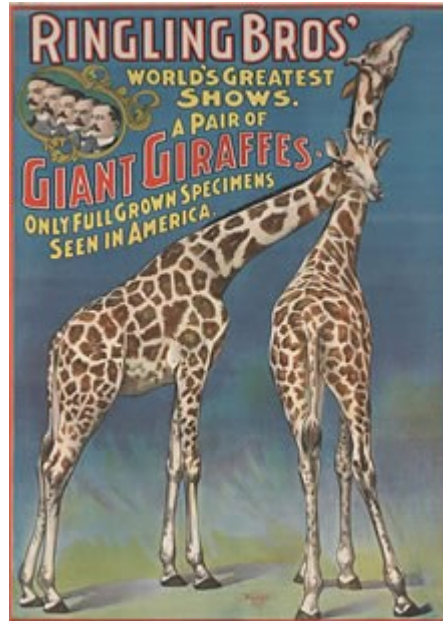
**Sitting Bull and Buffalo Bill
1895**



1911

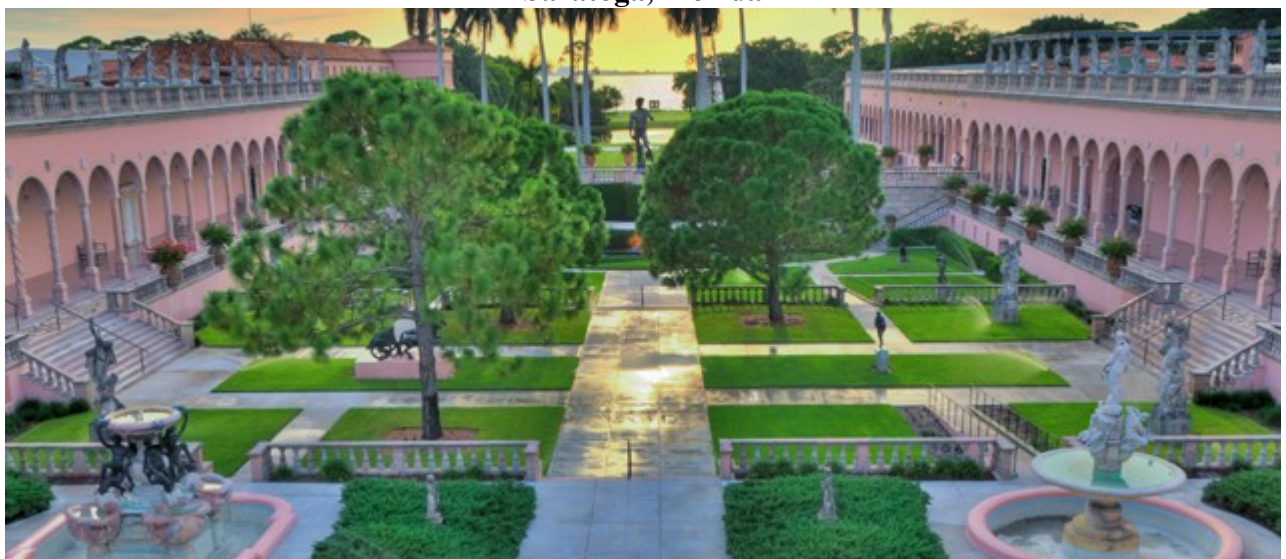


Ringling Brothers Elephants and Trains





Saratoga, Florida

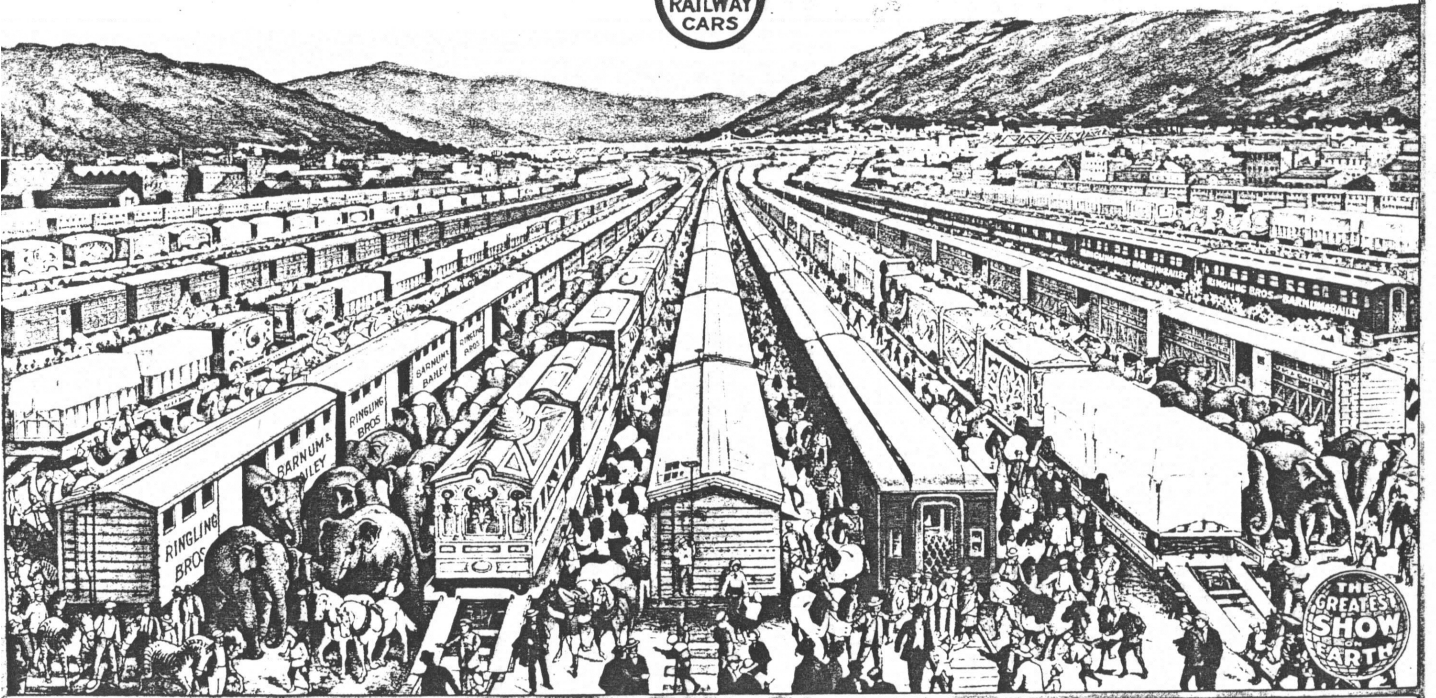


Ca'd'Zan, Saratoga Florida



RINGLING BROS. AND BARNUM & BAILEY

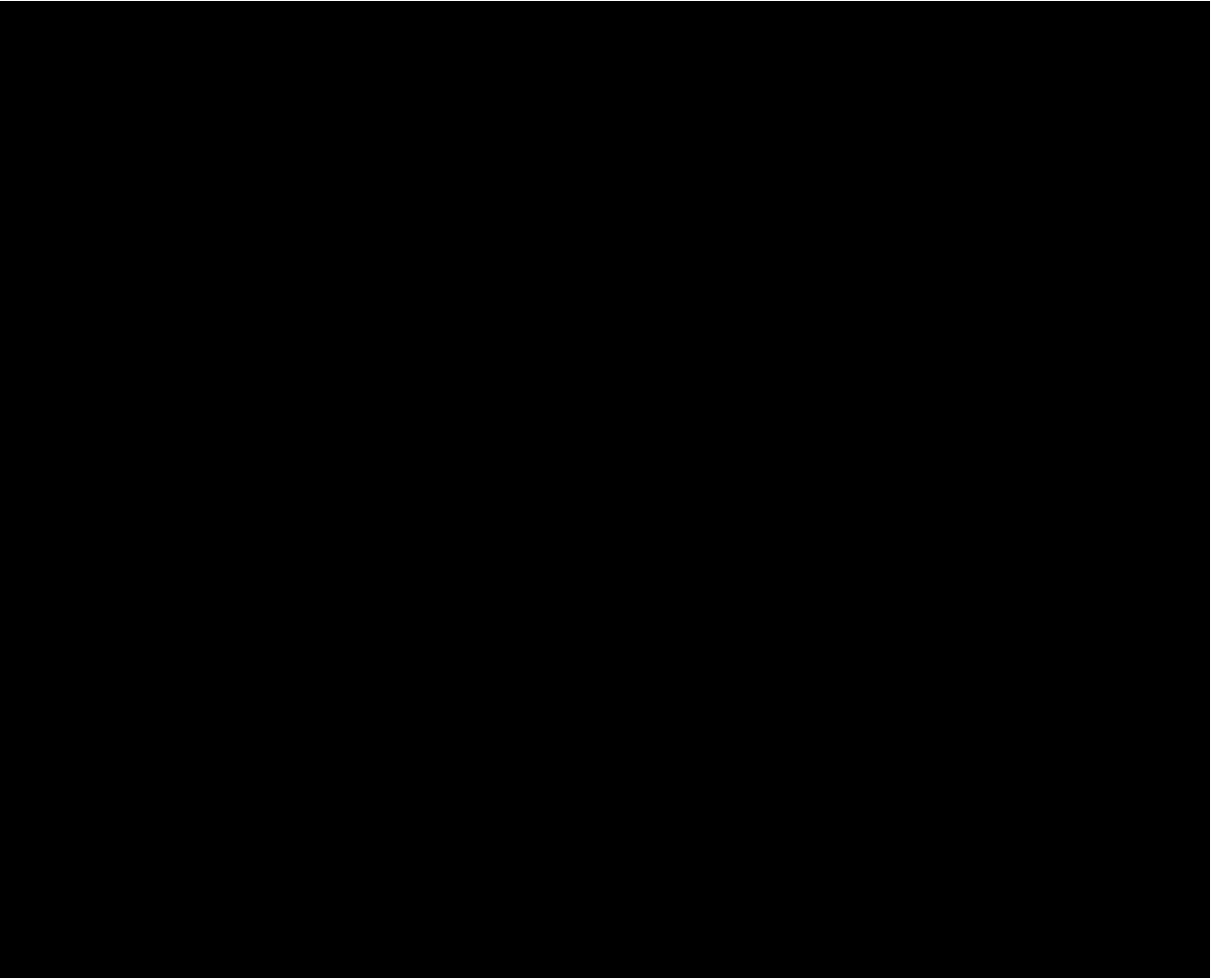
COMBINED 100 RAILWAY CARS SHOWS



THESE TRAINS MORE THAN ONE AND ONE THIRD MILES LONG
LOADED WITH TEN THOUSAND WONDERS FROM EVERY LAND



Henry Ringling North



John Ringling North

ROMANCE ON THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI

Mr. Chairman, honored guests, ladies and gentlemen; I am privileged to participate in your activities.

Speaking of Romance on the Upper Mississippi, I will touch but a few of the many facts of our rich heritage. Time is of essence, so I will be brief and not intrude on the distinguished speakers to follow.

We might properly call this a family reunion, for Ouisconsin Territory in 1836 included Minnesota and Iowa. Though now separated, we have a common heritage and mutual interests. Working together, we can multiply our accomplishments.

Nature has richly endowed us with a treasure of world fame; the beautiful, the majestic, the romantic Upper Mississippi. Here is our legacy of rare and wondrous value calling for ingenuity, to exploit it's many attributes.

George Catlin, the renowned Indian artist, conducted his "Grand Tour" on the Upper Mississippi, about 125 years ago, bringing to this mecca world travelers. The colorful packets of frontier days have faded from view. Yet today, we have a new unity, for certainly the Great River Road can energize this huge magnet, drawing myriads of tourists to this paradise. Barely scratched is the huge dollar potential which awaits transformation of your vision into reality.

The economics of tourism have been extolled and simplified by Mississippi planter, who drawled..."A visiting Yankee is worth 5 bales of cotton.. .and half as easy to pick."

Traveling to the Great River Road, along the Upper Mississippi, can be delightful adventure. Romance is lurking everywhere, and known. Here is our proud heritage, our challenging future.

Many are curious about the origin of this regal waterway which embraces within it's broad spreading arms nearly 40 % of continental United States and revered as a celebrated river of the world. Geologists tell us that eons of time ago in the dim and distant past, waters from melting glaciers ran high between the bluffs, carving a broad channel searching for the sea.

Obscure is the fact that Vikings made exploratory trips into Minnesota in 1362...130 years before Columbus, according to one account, Sir Paul Knutson directed this expedition by way of Hudson's Bay. Here is a replica of the Kensington Runestone at Alexandria Minnesota. Dr. Stirling of the Smithsonian Institute describes this find as "Probably the most important archeological object yet found in North America."



Kensington Runestone at Alexandria Minnesota



Capt. JONATHAN CARVER.
From the Original Picture in the possession of J. A. Wilson M.D.
Published as the Act directs by Roberts, No. 25, near St. James's Hall, Nov. 18, 1780.

1766 saw Johnathon Carver arriving in this area, via the fur trade route. We can thank Carver for officially naming Prairie du Chien. Moreover Carver's redundant spelling of Mississippi proved the accepted form used by cartographers.



Pictured is the Brisbois House on the banks of the Mississippi River in Prairie du Chien. In 1781, saw Michael Brisbois at Michilimackinac witnessing a treaty, whereby Prairie du Chien residents purchased nine square miles of prairie from the Fox Indians.

Brisbois continued onto Prairie du Chien where he and his family would grow to prominence.

Basil Giard, a Prairie du Chien resident held a Spanish claim on the west side of the river. This gentleman is sometimes called "the First Dirt Farmer in Iowa."

Following the Louisiana Purchase Lieutenant Z. Pike headed a government expedition to the Upper Mississippi. He visited Dubuque and tried to gather data on Julian Dubuque's lead mine. Pike's party camped at Prairie du Chien and raised the American flag at an early date on Wisconsin soil. The year was 1805.



Zebulon Pike

Looking for a good fort site Pike selected a premonitory on Iowa side of the river, overlooking the mouth of the Wisconsin River, which became known as Pike's Hill. Inevitably it became Pike's Peak, now an attractive park. Further up the Mississippi Pike selected another defensible bluff which later became known as Fort Snelling.

The War of 1812 left a deep impression on the Prairie du Chien community, for both the British and Americans realized the strategic value of the fur trade center. The Americans constructed Fort Shelby near the river on the present site of the Villa Louis. Pike's proposed site was side tracked. Captain Bulger's painting may well be the earliest painting on the Upper Mississippi.

Hardly was Fort Shelby completed when a British force with Indian allies appeared and captured the weakly defended post. The fort was renamed Fort McKay.



XXV. Captain W. Andrew Bulger saying farewell to the chiefs and principal Indian warriors at Fort MacKay, Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, on 22 May 1815 [Untitled].
Pen and watercolor, 14¼ x 23¾ inches, ca. 1823.
Collection of Amon Carter Museum, Fort Worth.

This deference irked Captain Anderson who directed the attack with Anderson's insisting Colonel McKay was drunk at the time.

With the Treaty of Ghent ending the war, this area reverted to the Americans. The British evacuated. Either they burned the stockade on leaving or a phenomenal meteorological shower fired the fort. Which explanation is correct may never be known. This appears to have been the only battle of the War of 1812 fought in area. The year 1962, marks the sesquicentennial of this futile war.

The Americans built new fortification at the same location calling it Fort Crawford in honor of the Secretary of War. Iowa's talented Bill Peterson has written a delightful and scholarly book on "Fort Crawford and the Frontier", now out of print. He recently condensed this account to about 1/50th the original scope. I trust that this action will not set a precedent and prompt a further telescoping, for with one more scalping the fort will be reduced to oblivion.

Army surgeon, Dr. William Beaumont, arrived at Fort Crawford 1829. Soon fur traders located and returned with Alexis St. Martin, the injured voyageur with the hole in his side so the doctor would pursue experiments on the digestive process. The French Canadian St. Martin was truly embarrassed by his benefactor for Alexis

didn't like being laughed at as a "queer" with rubber tube and medical paraphernalia hanging out from the opening in his side. Please let me be like other normal people... mirrored his thoughts.

Dr. Beaumont's monumental work laid cornerstones on which the science of physiology has been built. In the Hospital Section of the second Fort Crawford, the State Medical Society of Wisconsin has opened their Museum of Medical Progress, memorializing Dr. Beaumont and other notable state doctors who advanced medicine from the crude practice of frontier days to the present state of perfection.

Picturesque figures forged this area. To mention few: Zachary Taylor and the German recruit who felled the commandant with his fists on the parade grounds for "wooling his ears" when he failed to obey a command. When "Old Rough and Ready" learned the recruit didn't understand English, Colonel Taylor apologized and commended the soldier's spirit. The War with Mexico brought Taylor's heroic accomplishments into the public spotlight and popularity elevated him to the presidency.

Here also, Lieutenant Anderson served modestly. Later, his good judgment and stubborn defense of Fort Sumter gained him acclaim as the Civil War opened.

Deep and subtle were the consequences which Dred Scott, a slave of an army surgeon at Fort Snelling would later trigger. Because of his residence in the non-Slave Territory of Wisconsin he claimed freedom. Scott's case was carried progressively up to the United States Supreme Court. Chief Justice Taney should have been satisfied in disclaiming jurisdiction which he in fact did claim. Instead, he strayed afield in a tirade, upsetting Federal Laws limiting slavery and was a major cause of the Civil War.

Or perhaps, you would enjoy learning more of the thrilling romance of Jefferson Davis and Knoxie Taylor, which enlivened frontier life. Here was true love and an irresistible force, meeting parental interference and an immovable object.

This picturesque and sagacious chief proved that "Slick deals foisted upon drunken Indians can return to haunt the maker." An early injustice, festering in Blackhawk's mind, brought on a costly war for their vast domain...their homes....and their sacred graves.

Blackhawk's resistance would not have saved their lands. Miserable in defeat, Blackhawk reflected, "there are more whites than the leaves on the trees. They had to win."

Those were the "Good Old Days" when women didn't have to worry about certain tranquilizing pills, producing deformities in their children.

Indian legends abound in this region. Winnishiek's Bluff at De Soto is said to be the resting place of Hiawatha immortalized in Longfellow's poem.

Maiden Rock and Lake Pepin tells a moving story of devotion and sacrifice by the beautiful Winona for her lover.

On the Chippewa River we face fact not legend in "Old Abe" called the most famous bird in the world. This bald eagle a pet of young McCann, a cripple went to war in his place and became a regimental mascot, gaining immortality.



Old Abe

Hercules Dousman was called by an early Washington official "The most valuable man on the Upper Mississippi", Astor agent and fur trader who built "The House on the Mound", the present popular Villa Louis. It was he who suggested the name Minnesota when that territory was delineated. I doubt if many people would know the meaning of this Indian name were it not for the catchy beer chant..."The Land of Sky Blue Water."

Young Joe Rolette, is a representative of the early fur trade aristocracy. Born in Prairie du Chien, and like his famous father a fur trader, young Joe moved north into Minnesota. There he is known for his pranks and idolized for saving the capital of St. Paul, by absconding with the bill passed by the Minnesota Territorial Legislature which would have moved the seat of government to St. Peter.

Historic highway markers give people a sampling of our fascinating heritage. These have been fine and they have accomplished their purpose but they will soon lag in effectiveness.

Now, we need to employ the latest techniques to strengthen the dynamic sales motivation of modern display...light...action...color...and eye appeal...in three dimensions

Development and visualization of the idea, has already been has already been worked out in our Historic Sites and Markers Committee of the Wisconsin State Historical Society, incidentally, at no cost to the state. Submitted to the State Markers Commission it was approved. But, now, it languishes in the highway commission. Our progressive Governor Nelson, could greatly aid at this juncture by checking and giving this revenue builder a Good Strong...Heave Ho, so we can get a trail marker at Baldwin.

Tourist appeal can be magnified and measured. Why keep a revenue producer in cold storage it needs activation.

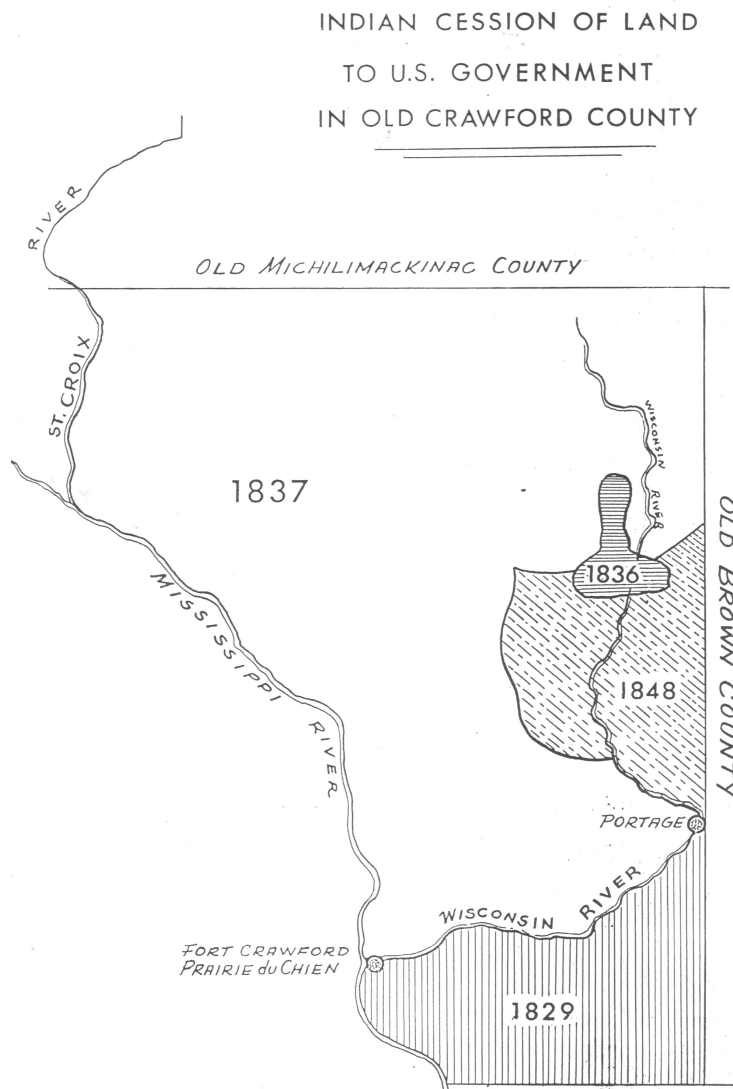
I wish I had the time to tell you about the river packets, lumbering lead mining, agriculture or even the pearling and button days. Then, there are the frontier artists like Peter Rindisbacher, J. O. & Henry Lewis, Seth Eastman, George Catlin, as well as the panorama painters of the Mississippi, (some with canvasses a mile long,) which deserve more attention than can be allotted today.

The March of Time has etched countless reminders on our gorgeous landscape, of romantic people and stirring events for all to enjoy.

The Great River Road is the magic key that when properly fashioned will unlock this Treasure Chest so others may feast upon the wonders which enrich our lives.

Thank you.

MJDyrud/me
August 7-1962

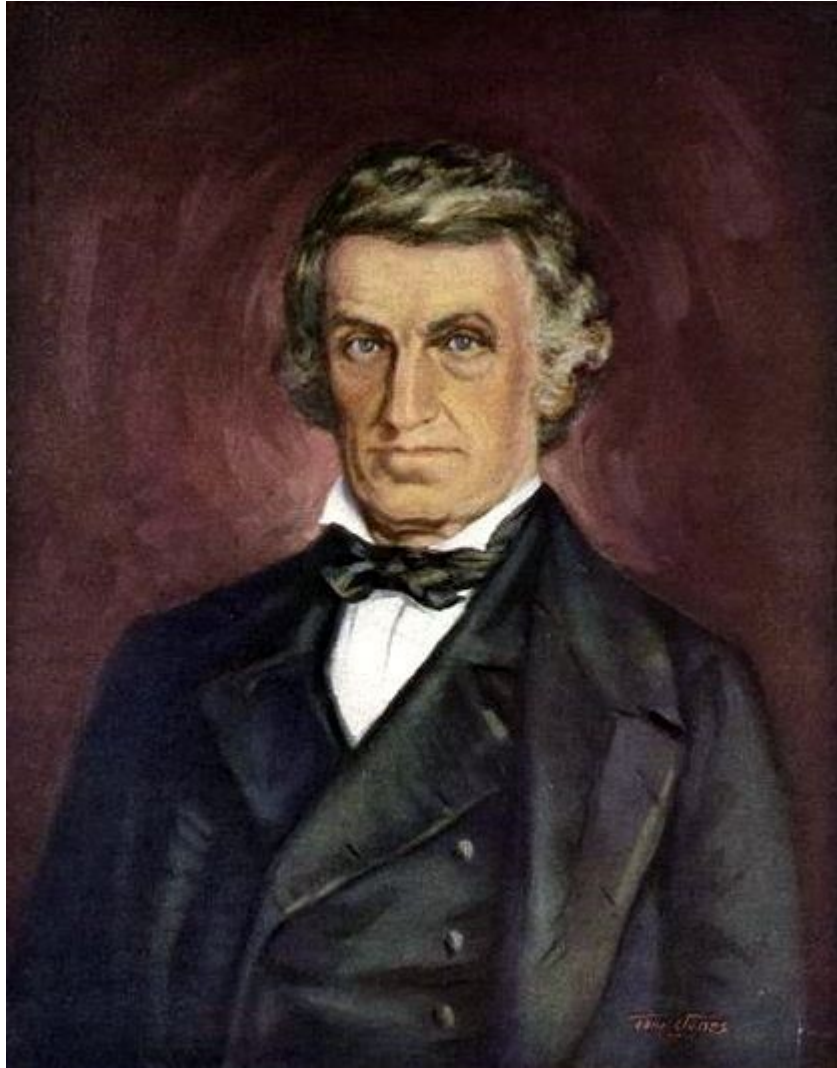




Fur Trading at Prairie du Chien
Painting by Cal Peters



Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin 1864-1865
U.S. Hospital
Formally it was the Brisbois Hotel



Dr. William Beaumont



Blackhawk





Blackhawk

INDIAN NAMES & REMINDERS

Junior Program...30 Minutes

I would like to talk to you about Indian Names and Reminders. This is part of our heritage, our history and our legacy handed down to us from the past.

What is Heritage? When grandmother or grandfather gives us a ring, a silver spoon, or an old gun, or arrowheads, because they love us, this remembrance later becomes part of our heritage, our personal heritage. Many old names, many former customs, many pioneer stories, and countless lingering legends have also become part of our common heritage.

Each day we see, we speak, we hear, we touch some of these names, these reminders. They recall the past and are intimately woven into the fabric of our lives. If we learn to recognize and know some of these better, they can illuminate the past in our mind's eye and enrich our lives.

Long before 1634, when Jean Nicolet was sent to this area by Champlain to bring peace to western tribes and perhaps discover Northwest Passage the Menominee Indians lived on wild rice, and were known by other Indians as "The People of the Wild Rice", harvesting the crop was the tribes main industry. Hunting and fishing gave them meat for stew and hides for clothing. Bones, stone and shells provided them with utensils.

Recently at a meeting of the Board of Curators of the Wisconsin State Historical Society, I joked with Mr. Frederick Sammond of Milwaukee, saying " Fred, I am privileged to know you, for you may be the only man living, who created a county." This man a lawyer, piloted the Menominee Indian Reservation into Wisconsin's newest county, Menominee County. It is located a little northwest of Green Bay.

At midnight, April 30, 1961 the Menominees gained their independence after 107 years of federal control, becoming the first Indians to be freed from government guardianship as a single unit. The 234,000 acres in the new county is all that remains of the 9 ½ million they once occupied.

I told Mr.Sammond, "I wish you would make a tape recording of some of your experiences for posterity." Here was a man making history, important history. In the years to come, people will be asking why was this done? Why was something else not done? Today Mr. Sammond can tell us. When he is gone, the correct answers may not be so clear.

Here was a man hewing a new projection at one end of a long trail extending way back into the dim and distant past of Indian life. Many thoughts came to mind, including a remark a businessman in Baraboo had made to me years ago when we were starting the Circus World Museum. Mr. Marty he said, "I am not interested in the past, I am only interested in the future for that is where I will be living." He is not the only person who has made this remark. So, let us examine this idea a little closer.

We can all learn, from observing how intelligent successful people handle matters. Let us take Mr. Sammond, an intelligent successful and gifted lawyer who created Menominee County and see actions his actions as Indians retained him to protect their interests. Should Mr. Sammond forget the past and only look to the future? Mr. Sammond first studied the past history of these Indians in detail so he might profit from past actions, before he would try to chart their future course. It was a big job. It took a long time, but Mr. Sammond wanted the full picture not just part of it.

In July 1951, the Menominees won a \$7,650,000 award from the government for inefficiency and mismanagement on the part of the United States prior to 1910. If Mr. Sammond had pushed aside the past he would have lost nearly \$8,000,000 for his clients the Menominee Indians. Here was a man practicing the wisdom of Confucius who said, "If you project the future, study the past."

As we move forward we must learn and understand the past. We must avoid repeating the mistakes already made by others. Just as in traveling we must know where we have been where we are if we are to correctly reach our future destination. The road signs of history are valuable guides pointing toward the future.

I think it would be well if we became a little more familiar with the Indian before we get closer to our specifics.

The American Indian is actually not correctly named for when Columbus sailed west in 1492, he planned to arrive in the East Indies, the spice rich islands of the near-east. So, when he accidentally landed on this continent he incorrectly thought natives to be East Indians and called them Indians. The name stuck and has gained such long usage that I doubt if it will ever be changed.

Nor, are these natives "red skins". Fondness for painting themselves with red ochre or vegetable paints led the America aborigines to be called red skins by early explorers, fur traders, and colonists. Thus arose the erroneous idea that the Indian's skin is naturally red or copper colored. Actually, they are brown sometimes shading almost to white.

What was the origin of these people? Anthropologists, those scientists who study the history of man tell us that possibly 25,000 years ago, people from Asia crossed over a land and ice bridge along what we call the Aleutian Island chain into present Alaska and came down into North and South America.

So completely, did these Asiatics establish themselves that when Europeans arrived the two continents and practically all-adjacent islands were occupied from the Arctic on the north to the southern tip of South America.

When the first white men came to America, it is estimated that there were 846,000 Indians in the United States. This is a rather small number as we think of populations today, for Wisconsin now supports about five times that many people.

Even today, few people recognize that the Indians had a worthy culture. Picture, for a second in your mind's eye, the Spanish Don following Cortez to Mexican shores in 1519, expecting to find native savages living in a primitive state. Imagine his surprise, to discover flourishing people whose civilization out glittered their own. Palaces filled with gold, silver and jade art made their head swim.

Canals they came upon eclipsed those in Venice. A huge stonework laid with such precision, that matched stones met so closely a sheet of paper could not be wedged between. No mortar was used. The great pyramid of Cho-Lu-La was larger than those along the Nile.

Even 20th Century man smug with the awareness of his own technical accomplishments marvel at the imperial highway of the Incas, knifing 3,000 miles down the ice-clad Andes, tunneling through living rock, spanning dizzy chasms. Irrigation stems soaring into the clouds.

You will probably be astonished to know that the Indians of the Andes successfully performed delicate brain operations that amaze present day surgeons.

The wonders of the Incas and Aztecs are startling even more commonplace today. Half the world feeds on the potato. Millions owe their subsistence to corn and beans all foods first cultivated by American Indians. The traditional Thanksgiving dinner is all Indian.

Drink hot chocolate, munch peanuts or chew gum at a ball game or light a cigarette and you are indebted to the Indian. Don't let the principal or your parents catch you with a cigarette however, or you may have to pay a penalty for this heritage.

Speed along the highway and you are riding on rubber from the Indian. Indians taught us the pain relieving effect of cocaine the advantages of quinine in the tropics.

Our forefathers capitalized on many of these Indian assets and gained for America an important trading position in the world.

Few people realize our Wisconsin Indians introduced one of most startling cultural advances in the world. I speak of the Metal Age.

It has been a long held universal concept, that the Egyptians introduced Metal Culture. Recently archeologists, using the newly developed method of carbon dating, discovered that Wisconsin Indians revealed this new art 1,000 years before the Egyptians. Our Indians pounded out float copper into tools and ornaments.

Wisconsin is an Indian name. It was first used to identify river, which cuts through the state. There are perhaps fifty different meanings, depending on which Indian tribe was asked to interpret the common translation "Muskrat Hole."

Michel Brisbois of Prairie du Chien appears to have given the interpretation which is most generally accepted, "gathering of waters".

Indian history you must remember was handed down from one generation to another by storytellers. They had no written language. That is why you may see Indian names with various spellings. White men tried to phonetically transfer Indian sounds into English words.

The Winnebago Indians have a picturesque legend, explaining the formation of the Wisconsin River, which goes like this..."The Bed of the Wisconsin River was formed by an immense serpent. He was a Manitou (God, spirit) and had his home in the great forests near the Big Lake (Referring to Lake Michigan), his powers were very great and all the other animals were afraid of him."

"Once, this great serpent started to travel from his home in the northern woods towards the sea. In crawling over the land his great body wore a deep groove or channel through the forests and prairies. Into this bed the water flowed."

"When he moved his tail, great masses of water splashed from the channel through the forests to form lakes. Many lakes and ponds were made in this way. All animal life fled before him as he traveled. Other less powerful serpents made haste to get out of his course and they fled in all directions before him. Thus came the beds of the smaller streams, which pour their waters into the Wisconsin."

"In places where the water pours over falls, there were rocks in the path of the great serpent so he crawled down over them. The water below is deep. It now rushes over the rocks, making the same loud noise which he made."

Near the Wisconsin Dells, he encountered a great body of rock. Finding a crack in this, he thrust his claw into it and rent the stonewall by the contortions of his powerful body. The queer shapes of these rocks are due to his struggle to get through them. Where the banks of the river are wide, he rested. Below the Dells, he changed his course of travel to the west finally reaching the Mississippi River."

You might well ask, how did the State of Wisconsin get its name? About 1833, Judge James Duane Doty of Prairie du Chien started a drive to create a new territory west of Lake Michigan to be split from the Michigan Territory, of which we were once part. This prompted introduction of a bill in Congress to create the **Territory of Huron**. Huron was not considered appropriate. Then the names Chippewau, Mackinac and Sault were substituted considered and rejected.



Judge Doty

Then in 1830, Doty vigorously agitated for action using the name Wiskonsin. This appears to be the first use of the name for this state. Doty's suggestion of Wiskonsin was accepted but later his political rivals in the state passed a law changing the spelling slightly, substituting k for c to embarrass Doty.

Indiana is named directly for the Indian. Wisconsin is not the only state with an Indian river name.

Hercules Dousman of Villa Louis fame, suggested the name Minnesota when that territory was formed. The meaning would be generally known, were it not for the catchy beer chant." The Land of Sky Blue Waters".

Then there is Missouri, "The Big Muddy River." Ohio, "The Beautiful River". Connecticut "Long River". Kansas, "Smoky Water" and Michigan, named for the Lake, which means "Great Water."

It seems rather strange that neither of the names suggested by Joliet and Fr. Marquette were used for the Father of Water, which they discovered. Instead, the Indian name Mississippi was chosen. Here again, the French fur trader Michel Brisbois of Prairie du Chien gave the accepted translation. Brisbois explained MISI was Great and SIPI as River, Great River.

Johnathon Carver the intrepid explorer, before the Revolutionary War receives the dubious credit for the peculiar spelling. His book of travels was once a best seller in England and mapmakers copied his spelling of the Indian name for the Great River.

The state of Mississippi honored the river by choosing it for their state name. Iowa takes its name from the Iowa tribe of Indians. This use is also typical of the state names of Illinois, Alabama, Tennessee, Texas, Utah and the Dakotas.

The meaning of a few may be of interest. Dakota signifies "allies" in the Sioux language. Illinois is believed to be part Indian and French, indicating a "tribe of men."

Michigan seems to have two meanings. It is the Indian word fish trap. Lake Michigan is generally translated into "Great Water." Iowa signifies "Beautiful Land." The nickname "Hawkeye State" is a reference to the Indian chief Blackhawk.



Harvesting Wild Rice

WISCONSIN COUNTIES WITH INDIAN NAMES:

Eleven counties in Wisconsin bear Indian Names, eight of which are for Indian tribes, namely:

Chippewa, Iowa, Outagamie (Fox), Ozaukee, Oneida, Menominee, Sauk, Waukesha, Winnebago

The other two Indian county names are Marinette, memorializing an Indian woman and Milwaukee, which is interpreted "gathering place by the river."

STORIES &, LEGENDS:

The stories and legends which Indians handed down through succeeding generations are rich in poetry, tradition and imagery.

Longfellow drew on these fascinating accounts gathered by the explorer Schoolcraft for his immortal poem Hiawatha. No one is sure, just where Hiawatha is buried. But, there is one legend that she rests atop Winneshiek Bluff at De Soto, overlooking the Great River. Some students theorize that Hiawatha may have been a Manitou, an Indian legendary spirit, and was not actually a person, although several Indians were so called.

Henry Lewis an early artist reporter, found a strange rock along the Mississippi River near Alton, Illinois, on which the Indians had chiseled and painted a weird bird.

The Pisau Bird is chiseled in rock at great height. Pisau is an Indian name meaning "The Bird Who Swallows People." There is a strange legend among the Indians, 1,000 months before the pale faces came and when mastodons roamed here, there existed a giant bird, which carried away Indians and ate them. Whole villages were depopulated.





Henry Lewis (1819-1904)

Piasa Rock, 1847, color lithograph

Plate 58 in *Das illustrierte Mississippithal (The Valley of the Mississippi Illustrated)* published in 1850

One night, after a month's fasting, the Great Spirit came to Chief OWATAGA and said, take 20 warriors, with bows and sharpened arrows, go near the home of the bird, and offer a warrior as sacrifice. Then all the warriors should shoot at once, and the bird will be killed.

OWATAGA offered himself as bait, and stationed his twenty warriors strategically around himself.

When the Pisau bird appeared, OWATAGA began his death song with lightning swiftness. The Pisau swooped on OWATAGA. The same instant the twenty warriors loosed their arrows. The Pisau was wounded and cried, and shrieked and died.

Miraculously, OWATAGA was not hit by a single arrow nor he receive a claw mark. A GOD being who had visited him had protected him through the ordeal.

In remembrance of this event, the Indians carved an image of the bird upon the rocks. Since then Indians passing in their canoes always shoot at the bird

Henry Lewis, the artist, who visited the place about 130 years ago wrote that large nearby caves are filled with bones several feet deep victims of the Pisau's meals.

Isn't it strange, that the Indians tradition should accurately portray the Mastodons and huge flying birds now confirmed in prehistoric days?

We have all played Indian at some time or other in our life. It's fun living in the great outdoors and learning more about nature's wonderland. The Indian is at home in the wilds. He hunts, he fishes, he picks berries and nuts for food. He travels light and lives off nature with little equipment. He doesn't have to have a pickup truck or station wagon to carry his gear

At times we all yearn to get away and explore nature, track animals, fish, shoot game, or just lazy along paddling a canoe

When we think of Indians, we are reminded of war-hoops, of tepees, war bonnets with trailing feathers. Sitting Bull, ponies and buffaloes. In other words, we have come to think of only one kind of Indian, the Plains Indian as the genuine Indian, the ideal Indian, the very quintessence of Indian-ness. In many ways however, the Plains Indian, usually pictured in the movies or TV was a highly distinctive type and lived in a rather specialized way; or at least in a manner quite different from other kinds of Indians.

In general, this area had two distinct types of Indians, the Woodland Indians living East of the Mississippi and the Plains Indians living West of the Great River. Their characteristics were different, for they adapted themselves to the different land upon which they lived.

The woodland Indians lived in bark wigwams, while the Plains Indians had Buffalo skin covered tepees. Here in the forests deer abounded and small game hunting was easy, for the woodland tribes. The Plains Indians, farther west on the open prairies had to depend on the buffalo for meat. This necessitated horses, which they stole from the Spanish and raised. The long feather trails and elaborate headdresses are typical of the plains Indians and not characteristic of the woodland tribes



Medicine Dance of the Winnebagoes

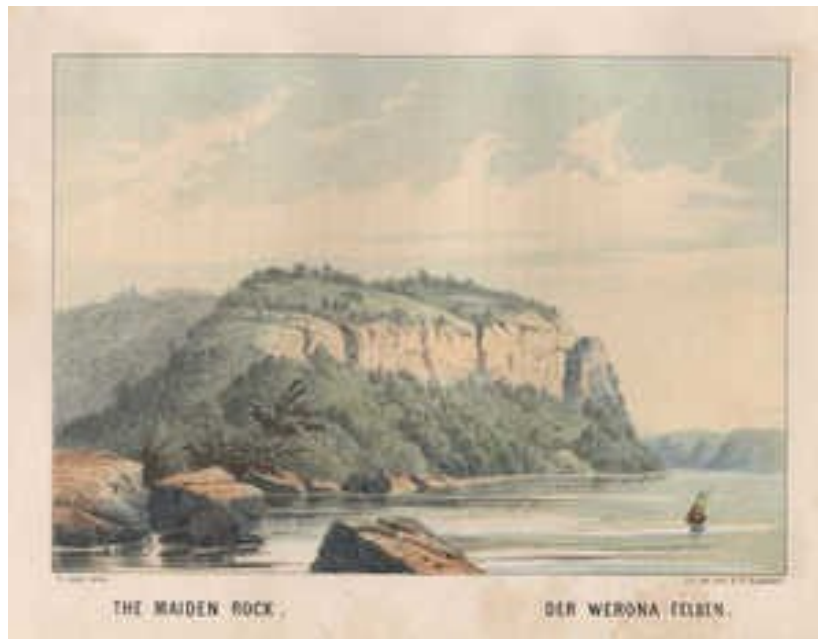


Dakota Encampment



Within each of these two broad groups were many bands, each with variations of speech, appearance and habits. The more you study and learn about Indians, the better you will be able to understand these differences, and not be misled by the liberty taken by certain movie and TV producers.

The Upper Mississippi is one of the most beautiful waterways in the world. Maiden Rock on Lake Pepin has an unusual story linked to the bluff.



The Maiden Rock

Indian legend tells us that Winona, beautiful daughter of the Dakota Chief Red Wing, leaped from the 700 ft. cliff to her death. She unfortunately fell in love with a handsome Chippewa Chief White Eagle. Her father would not listen to her pleading to wed an enemy of their tribe. Instead, Winona's father had selected Chief Kewaunee, an old man for her husband.

The lovers met, discussed their difficulties and laid plans to run away and settle in the west. But, on the night they fled towards a hidden canoe, they were met by the jealous Kewaunee and his friends, who killed White Eagle, with a volley of arrows. Yet they could not capture Winona.

Lifting her lover's body in her arms, she ran toward the top of the cliff and over the edge dashing herself and the lifeless body on the rocks below.

Indians say the Spirit of the Lake raised a great wave, which swept the lovers from the rocky ledge to a quiet grave in Lake Pepin.

Red Wing loved his daughter Winona, and was so grief stricken; he continued his mourning until death. In remembrance of Winona's devotion, this bluff is called Maiden Rock and a town nearby is similarly named.

Winona, which signifies eldest daughter, is used for the name of the Minnesota city of like name. Red Wing farther up the Mississippi reminds us of her father.

I wish we had the time to examine Indian life more fully to meet the gallant Sir Walter Raleigh and let him tell us how he introduced Indian tobacco to Europe....

To make a trip to the famous Catlinite quarries near Pipestone Minnesota, where Indian Peace-Pipes were fashioned...

To become a Detective and investigate closer, some of the Indian mounds, for which this area is renowned.

Or attend a Party for an Indian Tribe, which Jane Fisher Dousman held at Prairie du Chien, to calm an ugly gathering, bent on revenge.

These and many other fascinations may be found in our Treasure Chest of Indian Heritage all inviting examination.

Still, we have explored a fair sampling of Indian Names and Reminders, including states, counties, lakes, rivers, and cities.

We gratefully acknowledge our debt to the Indians for adding foods like the potato, corn and beans to improve our meals. The rubber which makes our cars travel quieter and also cocaine and quinine, which may sometime save our lives.

Then we have learned from an intelligent man, that the Indian past extends it's long arm up into the present, that a knowledge of the past can prepare us for the future, and prove rewarding in both accomplishments and dollar values.

Just as satisfying can be the added pleasure, which stimulates us, when we learn to know our country better. Ask questions dig a little deeper, and you will uncover new and intriguing facts.

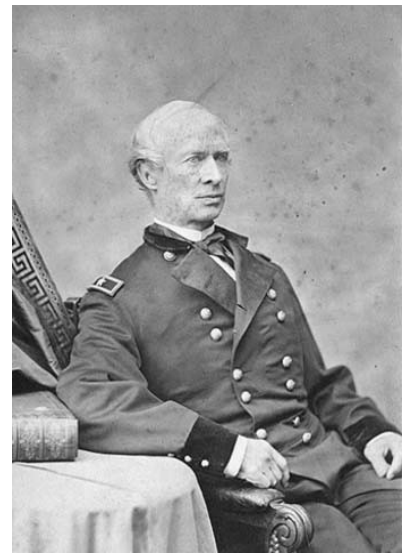
When we partake of our next Thanksgiving dinner, which is all Indian, I think it would be appropriate and thoughtful, to add a prayer of thanks to the Indians, for sharing their many blessings of nature with us.



Henry Rowe Schoolcraft
1865 photo



Henry Rowe Schoolcraft
Woodcut



Seth Eastman

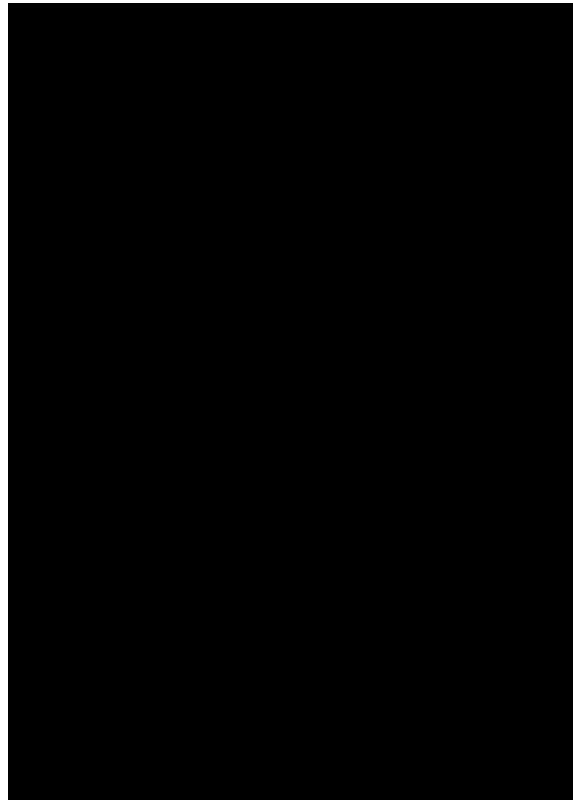
Our Heritage on the Upper Mississippi
Junior Program 35 min.

Blackhawk, a strong minded chief proved the futility of fighting whites. An early injustice festered in Blackhawk's mind and brought on a costly war as he tried to preserve for his people a small remnant of their once vast domain, their homes and sacred graves.

Miserable in defeat, Blackhawk reflected, "There are more whites, than the leaves on the trees. They had to win."

The Chippewa River was once the home of "Old Abe" called the most famous bird in the world. Hungry Indians traded this bald eagle to a young man named McCann for a bushel of corn. McCann, a cripple was sad when he could not enlist with his friends during the Civil War, so he gave his prize possession to his soldier friends as a mascot. "Old Abe" flew above his regiment as they met the Confederates in battle. The more intense the fighting, the louder would "Old Abe" screech, as he flew overhead and would dive at the enemy. This fighting spirit gained him immortality.

Seldom do we recognize or honor pioneer women. Still their quiet and valuable contributions deserve attention. One of these assistant architects of mid-America was the lovely, charming Jane Fisher Rolette Dousman.



Jane (Genenive) Fisher Rolette Dousman
 1804-1882

She first married a prominent fur trader called King Rolette. After his death, she married Hercules Dousman, also a fur trader who built the famous Villa Louis for her.

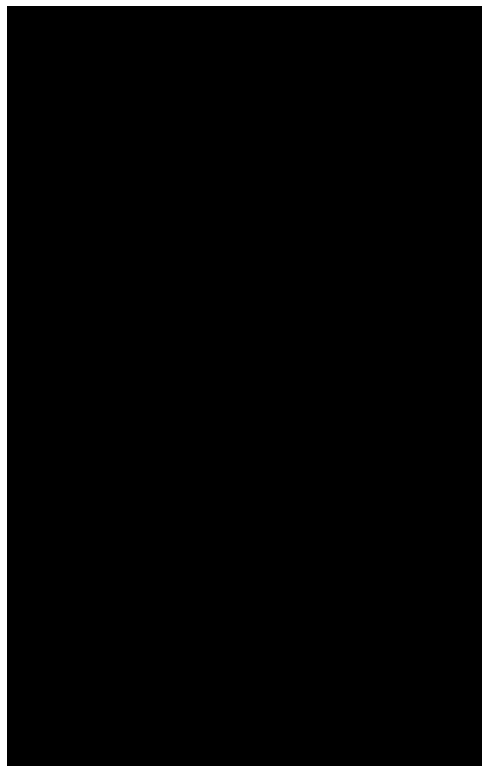
She was resourceful. Once, when her husband was away, word came to her that a band of Indians in an angry mood were coming make trouble thinking that her husband Mr. Dousman had cheated them.

Now just what would you do if you were placed in that situation? Would you get a gun? Would you leave and hide? Would you call in a group of men and arm them to resist the mob?

Jane Fisher Dousman was the master of most situations. She sent a servant, inviting the Indians to a feast on her lawn adjoining her home. There she received them, greeted them as guests, offered them food, refreshments, and organized games as entertainment .

The Indians ate, they drank and had such a good time that they forgot their gripes. On leaving, the Indians showed admiration for their capable and gracious hostess. With bowing thankful gestures and smiling faces they departed friends.

There is much that we can learn from this charming Ambassador which we can well practice in our lives. Young Rolette, Jolly Joe was a son of Mrs. Dousman by her first husband. Young Joe Rolette is a representative of the early trade aristocracy.



Joe Rolette, Jr.

Born in Prairie du Chien, and like his father, a fur trader, Jolly Joe moved north into Minnesota as fur trade declined around here. In Minnesota he was known for his pranks, for he was practical joker, and idolized for saving the capital for St. Paul. As a member of the territorial legislature, he took a bill didn't like, which passed the territorial legislature, moving the seat of government to St. Peter and he was missing for ten days. The missing bill would not be effective unless it could be signed during the session, so he is given credit for saving the capital for St. Paul.

The March of Time had etched countless reminders on our gorgeous landscape of romantic people and stirring events for all to enjoy,

The Great River is sprinkled with our heritage. You can easily unlock this Treasure Chest of Lore and feast upon it's many wonders. I am sure it will enrich your life as it has mine. Thank you.

MJ Dyrud/me

Oct. 24, 1962

AESCALAPIUS AND CLIO

Clifford Lord at Medical Museum

This is an occasion worthy of remark. Here we are with 208 made satellites orbiting overhead; with the corpus of human knowledge doubling every eighty years; with the population of the world quite literally exploding; with new nations appearing almost monthly (with all the complications of their urgent aspirations and virulent nationalism entail); with a compelling drive for equality of opportunity regardless of race consuming energy and passion and wisdom both in these United States, the cradle of the concept and abroad; with the clearly emerging position of the white race as a minority group lending new urgency to the search for world brotherhood; and with all of us painfully aware that man has it in his power to wipe himself from face of the earth in the next half hour. Here we are on the banks of the Father of Waters opening another unit of a significant historical museum. This, I submit is remarkable, something to be remarked upon.

It is remarkable, too, that in this day and age this rite of dedicating a museum or a historic site or restoration is occurring in these United States an average of once a week. I wonder about this sometimes, I wonder about the rapid proliferation of historical societies. I wonder about all the time and energy and money we are putting into the preservation of past both here and abroad. Does it represent as some have suggested, a frantic search for roots, a desperate clutching at straws in the stormy troubled seas on which we are adrift? Is it escapism, a way to get our minds off the world's troubles?

I think not. Everyone has some sense of history, as a minimum knows that there is a past, a peopled past. He knows that the United States of America did not come into being with JFK or DDE or HTS, or even FDR. He knows that the West has a background. He may even know that Russia existed before 1917. Not so many know the VALUE of history, the rewards its techniques and discipline bring: the story of how we got where we are; knowledge of the background of present problems; the perspective which comes from realizing how far we have come as homo sapiens, or as Westerners as Americans in how short a time, and which makes for a rational if impatient conservatism; the wisdom which comes from watching generations of people, individuals, groups, societies, working together or against each other, watching the wheels go round; and above all, perhaps, the emphasis on the importance of the individual which supports a tenet basic to the concepts of the West and the Judeo-Christian heritage. These are the products that give the study of history importance.

And so the present enormous activity in history, historical societies, historical sites, historical museums is not escapism by involvement. It is a deliberate, organized, conscious attempt to bring to more people the values the leaders of these projects have found for themselves. It is both an effort to conserve the physical elements of heritage and to disseminate the interesting and significant things about that heritage and its values to the public as a whole. This is encouraging. It is laudable. It good.

But today, we focus on one part of this huge movement: the historical museum, an institution with a long and honorable history of its own. Collectors of strange or exotic treasures can trace their lineage at least to Alexander the Great, who sent to his former teacher Aristotle interesting plunder taken in conquest. But the museum of classical antiquity was literally the home of the muses (one of the Clio), an institution for the pursuit of the higher branches on learning. Such was the Museum established at Alexandria by Ptolemy Soter, more of a very great library than a museum in the modern sense.

Later, there were collected trophies of Roman conquest, collections of religious relics. But the impetus for the modern museum stemmed largely from the rediscovery of Greece and Rome during the Renaissance and from the discovery of America. Both deeply stirred man's curiosity. Excavators and explorers alike brought back specimens, trophies as it were, for their patron and rulers. Such collections formed the bases of the first great museums of western Europe: the Uffigi Gallery (Florence), the Museum Civico (Bologna), the Dresden

Museum, the Louvre. These were in no sense public museums, they were the private preserve of the ruler, the de Medicis, the electors of Saxony, the kings of France. Their curiosities and treasures were available only the nobility, the guest and the occasionally invited scholar. The British Museum created in 1743, when Parliament accepted the notable collections of Sir Hans Sloane, marked the first attempt at a national museum to open on more generous terms to a broader but by no means all-inclusive public. Spain followed with the Museo Nacional in 1771; the Louvre became La Museum de la Republique with the French Revolution. The American counterpart was on the one hand the Smithsonian and on the other the large private museums made possible late in the 19th century by the amassing of large private fortunes.

The more typical American museum stems from the random collection of objects of interest in a cabinet in the public house in the States (or earlier in England and on the continent) the predecessor of the parlor whatnot of the Victorian years. Many of our 19th century museums were quite properly and logically denominated "cabinets of curiosities", a mixture of everything under the sun, each object in itself a curiosity, to be seen for itself and not in connection with or in relation to any other object. This type of display, educational, curiosity-stirring in its day, quickly degenerated into what came to be known as "visible storage".

From the Smithsonian by the end of the last century, G. Bron Goode was calling for the reform of the museum, its modernization, specialization, its reorganization along lines pioneered by the British Museum: story-telling exhibits for the general public separate from research and study collections for the scholar, the use of light and color, and even specific devices and techniques to attract the casual passerby for his own education and improvement.

Here in Wisconsin our own Reuben Gold Thwaites, father of the western-type progressive historical society and crusader for the free public library, was equally devoted to the free public museum. Operating in the heady atmosphere of the Progressive Era, as the still young country rapidly matured from an economy and society conferring conspicuous rewards primarily on the few to one visibly benefiting the many, Thwaites felt that the showcase exhibit, though less profound than the book, was more attractive and stimulating to the "masses" (if I may borrow from his fin de siècle vocabulary). Education was the key to salvation, and faith in the perfectibility of mankind was universal. The museum was now to become what the Crystal Palace Exposition of 1851 had so clearly indicated it could be: an important vehicle of general, public education.

Indeed in this country the educational role of the museum has developed phenomenally. For adults, the structured exhibit with a purpose and a story to tell from typical rather than precious objects caught on more widely and more quickly than abroad. And for children, the open encouragement of school visitations, the later the circulation of museum materials to the schools, radio and TV museum programs designed for them, the appearance of education officers on museum staffs, even special children's museums, were all developed in the United States. Yet research and study collections for the scholar have also been given their full due.

Parallel to the development of greater accessibility to the public and the acceptance of the museum as an educational institution has come a third major trend: specialization and the development of classes and subclasses of museums. There are remarkable few general museums today. Instead we have art museums, science museums, sports museums, historical shrines, industrial museums there's even a whiskey museum in Kentucky now. And we have increasingly specialized divisions with each class modern art, primitive art, European Art, African art, etc., etc. Science museums first appeared in mid-century in Europe, developed hereafter on 1869. Latest derivative of the science museum is the medical museum, the very latest development in which we meet to celebrate today.

Today there are over 8,000 museums in the world; some 1,500 of them in the United States. Their present number, their rapid proliferation is a sign of the times: a sign of accumulated wealth (museums do not grow on

the frontier); of maturity to enjoy and cultivate culture. A century ago there was in Wisconsin only a single natural history collection on Capital Square in Madison; a medical museum Would' have been laughed out of court. The doctors were much too busy scratching out a living to contribute to such a scheme. The profession was absorbed in practice in "today" lacked time and inclination for reflection on the the larger story, background or public attitudes. The same production and accumulation of capital that makes possible skyscrapers and interstate highways, jet aircraft and huge mechanized and fertilized farms, foreign aid and domestic comfort, pipelines and space rockets, makes possible the fabulous growth of our educational and cultural resources school, college and university; historical society, library, theater, symphony and museum. It marks the difference between the frontier and the affluent society.

So much for the Bride, the museum, abode of the muses and its evolution from treasure house of the conqueror or ruler, or the local cabinet of curiosities, into an affective instrument of general democratic education. We have noted something of the democratization of the museum in the 20th century; its rapidly accelerating interest in educating the public, young and old; rapid growth in the flowering of the United States in the 20th century. Now a brief note on the groom who customarily gets shorter shrift.

In medicine, too, we have the scholar the research scientist or team, classifying, experimenting, putting this bit of knowledge together with that and with a dose of shrewd intuition to advance the horizons of knowledge. I spoke earlier of the estimated doubling of the corpus of human knowledge every eight years. Nowhere more than in medicine with the possible exception of space - is the :public more aware of the rapidity and radicalness of change. May I remind you that the antiseptic treatment of wounds is less than a hundred years old? That Kock discovered the germ of tuberculosis just 80 years ago? That Schaudinn was isolating the germ of syphilis five years after the twentieth century began? That only with the building of the Panama Canal did the effective attack on yellow fever begin? That it was 1906 when Hopkins formulated the doctrine of vitamins in foods? Those discoveries are so old-hat that today they seem antediluvian. But the last three bring us to the birthdate of perhaps half of us in this audience! And what we have seen discovery of of the viruses, the antibiotics, new and more effective anesthetics, radical and daring and effective surgery of the heart, of severed limbs, of the nervous system, and early perambulation!

But the perfection of the new discovery or the new technique is not enough. An informed public is also essential in a democracy, essential in this instance to its own better health and essential to the ultimate well-being of the medical and associated professions. And how do you communicate highly technical intelligence to the public? Especially a public on the one hand pre-conditioned to medical progress, enjoying a euphoristic sense that things medical are progressing with amazing speed, ready to accept the latest claims for a new drug, a new procedure, a new cure: a public on the other hand skeptical of the costs of drugs, of hospitalization, of medical service: perplexed by problems of birth control, abortion, euthanasia, medicare, socialized medicine? How to communicate with such a public? Headlines, feature articles in newspapers and magazines, lectures, radio and television of course: better in books: best of all perhaps in elucidated exhibits.

There are a few other major medical museums in this country.

Some are frankly presentist, almost propagandistic in approach: telling you what YOU should be doing or government is doing to promote public health. At least one other, is a genuine chamber of horrors-acres of slices of enlarged hearts, cross-sections of innumerable carcinoma, pickled legs, etc.; an old-style cabinet of curiosities on a large scale. Modernization has hit this museum only in a few scattered exhibits, and it is interesting largely as a survival of museum techniques common a century ago.

The Museum of Medical Progress on the other hand is something new and different. It is not just a medical museum, but a museum of medical history. And history is introduced not just in terms Dr. William Beaumont

and military medicine of the 1830's; it is used as history must be used, to place one development next to another; to show interrelationships; to place events in time and perspective; to give background to present developments and the current situation; to make us realize our debt to those on whose shoulders we stand and to those who have left our better health, our longer lives, our better nutrition as their monuments. It is a mark of the maturity of history that it reaches out to embrace within its discipline the field of medicine. It is a mark of the maturity of American medicine that it thus turns from pure practice to the enhancement of culture, understanding and citizenship. Both are recent developments, both are present here at Prairie du Chien.

Here indeed is the wedding of Clio a muse of history, and Aesculapius, god of medicine. Here are combined the commemoration of the historic experiments here performed by Dr. Beaumont in the physiology of Alexis St. Martin's stomach, with the historical story of medical and public health development of historic shrines in Prairie du Chien and in the preservation of the Second Fort Crawford has been great indeed; the dedicated enthusiasm of a Don McNeil, who, as a young graduate student seeking medical records, first projected the historical collaboration between the State Medical and Historical Societies from which evolved the Historical Section of the former and the Museum of Medical Progress; the stubborn statesmanship of a Charley Crownhart who made all of us then at the State Historical Society feel good when it became clear that this museum had become his project; the deep historical interest and knowledge of distinguished medical practitioners of the calibre of R. G. Aveson and H. Kent Tenney; and the remarkable talent of the gentleman from Mississippi who never quite lost the last trace of his Southern accent, who certainly never lost an iota of his Southern charm and grace, and who became very much one of us Wisconsinites and has made a great contribution both to his profession and his adopted state.

This is a natural union, for medicine is of great importance in our history. It is a natural union because the historical approach and perspective is important to public appreciation of medical progress and to medicine's knowledge of itself. And it is timely for, in addition to attesting the economic and cultural climate of the times, surely Clio and Aesculapius are now old enough to know what they are in for. So, I look for a long, happy and productive union here at the junction of the Wisconsin and the Mississippi Rivers.

I have suggested that this is a remarkable occasion; that this is a remarkable museum, breaking new ground in public education in history and in medicine. And we all know that we are honoring ourselves today in letting a remarkable man know what we think of him. Dr. Stovall, you have heard again today something about yourself as doctor, historian and teacher. To what has been said, I would add only that it may be one of the most lasting marks of your "teachmanship" that you have loosed upon Wisconsin and the entire American medical profession, a whole generation of Wisconsin physicians exposed to an interest in and appreciation of medical history, knowledgeable in the role of the museum as an educational device; philosophers as well as practitioners concerned with the past and the future as well as the present of their profession, and with its place in the public appreciation and understanding. My prophecy is that they like you, like the Stovall Hall of Health will have a growing impact on the profession for years to come.

So, I greet you neither as a doctor nor historian you are, nor even as the chief collector of funds and artifacts for this museum, but as the "learned gentleman", I used the phrase advisedly, who made firm the published bans between the State Medical Society and the State Historical Society, the godlike Aesculapius and the gentle Clio, in this pioneer venture, this teaching museum of medical history, whose full impact can scarcely be foreseen today. And we all rejoice that the central teaching section of this burgeoning museum is to bear your name. It will mean the more to all of us that this is so.



Représentation imaginaire de Julien Dubuque et de sa femme
supposée

JULIEN DUBUQUE & THE MINES OF SPAIN

Julien Dubuque & The Mines of Spain is an typical study of regional transition on the upper Mississippi. Bringing action and drama to the scene, were painted Indians, Spanish conquistadors, French legionnaires, British red-coats and American troops. In this colorful setting, Julien Dubuque a fur trader and lead miner created a frontier dynasty reflecting medieval France. What he left was a prelude to modern America.

In the fading days of French rule in Canada January 10th, 1762 be exact, Julien Dubuque was born of French-Canadian parents near Three Rivers Canada on the St. Lawrence river. Being the thirteenth child, he did not lack for a supply of baby sitters, with six brothers and six sisters.

Julien Dubuque grew to manhood, he became enchanted with the adventurous life and glowing fortune awaiting the fur trader. At twenty-one he left home, lured toward the fur trade route to Western wilds. Ascending the Ottawa river, he portaged to Lake Nippising and came down the French river into Lake Huron. A pause at Michilimackinac, then on to Green Bay, up the Fox River, a portage to the Ouisconsin, then down to Prairie du Chien. This was the famous fur trade center of the Northwest.

Young Dubuque's arrival in 1783, coincided with the treaty granting independence to America's thirteen colonies with General Washington the popular hero. Thirteen proved a lucky number for the colonies, perhaps also it would bring wealth to this thirteenth child.

Theoretically, land east of the Mississippi was now American, but unsettled questions remained about portions of present Wisconsin. Well, in isolation the French-Canadian community of Prairie du Chien was little affected. It would take years to consolidate the eastern seaboard area. Changes would probably be deferred for some years along the wild interior fringe of a young America. To the West of the Mississippi River lay Spanish territory with authority centered in Louisiana.

Ever since explorer Louis Joliet and missionary Father Marquette discovered the Father of Waters. on June 17, 1673... the junction of the Ouisconsin and Mississippi Rivers had become a favorite rendezvous for Indians and fur traders. Rivers and lakes were nature's paths of travel by both the Indians and explorers. The far reaching arms of the Mississippi offered ready access to nearly two-thirds of America. Just when this town, at the confluences of the Ouisconsin and the Mississippi, was first called Prairie du Chien is cloaked in a haze of mystery. The name Prairie du Chien refers to the prairie of an Indian chief named The Dog, who had his village at this location.

In a 1682 letter, Sieur La Salle commenced an establishment here. La Salle was a French fur trader, but is best known for his explorations on the lower Mississippi. Nicholas Perrot followed erecting Fort St. Nicholas on the north bank of the Wisconsin adjacent to the Mississippi. His fort was evidently named in honor of his patron saint.

A permanent settlement at Prairie du Chien appears about 1775, when Jean Marie Cardinal, his wife Marie and Indian slave Cola established their home on Mill Coulee Creek. Cardinal was a hunter and trapper.

The young and handsome Dubuque, arriving at Prairie du Chien was eager and anxious to learn more about the Indian customs and operations of the fur trade. This proved easy for the French Canadian voyageurs, courier du Bois, and traders were flattered to be asked about their experiences. A bottle of wine proved a stimulating aid as he tried to pry loose confidential information. Mention was made of Jean Marie Cardinal, his fur trading activity and his having worked lead deposits about sixty miles down river in earlier days 1673 to 1680. Julien found he could not talk with Cardinal for he had been killed in 1780 helping defend St. Louis as the British attacked during the Revolutionary War.

But, he found he could talk with Cardinal's wife, a vital Pawnee Indian, who still lived here with her family. Marie Cardinal, was intimately familiar with her husband's activities and did not hesitate to tell him that her husband had made friends with the Reynards and they allowed Cardinal to mine on the Indian land west of the river. By Reynards, she referred to the Fox Indians. This lead was brought by canoe to Prairie du Chien and forwarded east. Lead was important for casting bullet and shot, a trade commodity in great demand. Here was a promising opportunity to slip into the vacant slot left by the death of Cardinal, he must first build good will among the Fox Indians and gain their confidence, their loyalty. So he decided to become a roving ambassador, making friends of the Fox Indians. In pursuing his fur trading rounds, he made sure his dealings were eminently fair. With thoughtful presents given to influential chiefs of the Fox, he gained admiration in their several villages. From the first Julien Dubuque displayed that genius for gaining the respect, the admiration of the Indians and for winning their firm friendship. That was more often found among the early French pioneers than among other groups. The quick and volatile nature of the French traders and explorers found a certain kinship among the savages.

It was now five years since his arrival at Prairie du Chien. He was twenty six and ready for the most crucial portion of his grand plan. Confident as he would ever be following years of hard work, he invited twenty-six important Fox chiefs from five villages to join him in Council at Prairie du Chien.

Late in the Indian month of the Corn Moon, when the river bluffs were wrapped in kaleidoscopic fall colors, canoes bearing the Fox Indians made their way to Prairie du Chien landing on the main village island. Julien Dubuque was on hand to greet his friends, conducting them to the council grounds where he offered rum to quench their thirst followed by delectable roast deer and delicate sturgeon to satisfy their hunger. Afterwards they settled back to smoke the calumet and watch Indian games. Then the Council convened. The crux of their deliberations can be best understood by examining the contract which Dubuque drew up, and after a friendly discussion, was agreed upon by the Fox delegation.

The original contract in French has been translated into English for the records of the U. S. Court.

Copy of the Council held by the Foxes, that is to say, of the branch of five villages, with the approval of the rest of their people, explained by Maurice Blondeau, selected by them in their presence and in the presence of us. The undersigned, that is to say the Foxes permit Julien Dubuque, called by them the Little Cloud to work at the mine as long as he shall please, and to withdraw from it without specifying any term to him.

Moreover, that they sell and abandon to him, all the coast and the contents of the mine discovered by the wife of Peosta, so that no white man or Indian shall make any pretension to it without the consent of Sieur Julien Dubuque; and in case he shall find nothing within, he shall be free to search wherever he may think proper to do so, and to work peaceably without anyone hurting him or doing any prejudice in his labors.

Thus we chiefs and braves, by the voice of all our villages agreed with Julien Dubuque, selling and delivering to him this day, as above mentioned, in presence of the Frenchmen who attended us, who are witnesses to this writing.

At the Prairie du Chien, in full council, 22nd of September, 1788

Signed
Blondeau (A fur trader)
Ala Austin
Antaya

Basil Giard, his seal)
Blondeau, sealed by his ring mark)
Joseph Fontigny)

When the writing was executed, September. 22, 1788, Julien Dubuque paid the Indians for the grant in goods.

The chiefs of the Fox Indians a few days afterwards agreed erection of monuments, or markers, and these were installed at the mouth of the river Little Maquoketa to the north of the mines: and to the Tetes des Morts (Heads of the Dead) to the south as evidences of the upper and lower bounds of the tract

Just how much land was staked out? In the French land measurement it was 72,324 arpents. The claim ran twenty-one miles along the west bank of the Mississippi and extended back to a depth of nine miles. In other words it consisted of 189 square miles or 120,960 acres, a large domain.

Dubuque settled his ten employees which he had hired at Prairie du Chien, on the Catfish Creek, just south of the present city where the Kettle Chief had his Indian village. Thus began the town of Dubuque.

During his long residence on the Iowa shore he exercised great influence over the Indians on both sides of the Mississippi River, The Winnebagoes on the east of it and the Foxes on the west of it were in the habit of consulting him on all their important problems.

Legend pictures Dubuque marrying the Indian princess Potosa, Yet, no authoritative facts have been found to prove he was even married or had children. His success was so spectacular that many credit him with overawing the red-men with a repertoire of tricks.

The most popular tradition handed down recounts an occasion when the Foxes refused to agree to some demand. He threatened set Catfish Creek on fire and leave their village high and dry. The Indians still refused him so at night his associates emptied a barrel of turpentine on the water above the bend and when it had floated down to the village, Dubuque set fire to it. In a few moments the entire creek was apparently ablaze.

The terrified Indians hastened to concede all that Dubuque had asked and supposedly by exercise of his will, the fire was extinguished.

True, Dubuque did use magic at times to dramatize his power but I think his influence was founded on much more basic capabilities. Julien deserves credit for magnetic leadership, foresight, ingenuity and hard work. These attributes through the years proved much more effectual in maintaining the loyalty and devotion of his Indian friends and white associates.

Dubuque made many improvements on his lands: he cleared an extensive farm, and constructed upon it houses and a horse mill. He cultivated the farm and dug lead ore which he smelted in a furnace constructed for the purpose.

Moreover, he was successful in his Indian trade, skillfully utilizing his Indian influence to expand volume. He vigorously guarded his fur territory and mining rights. He enforced No Trespassing. By that I don't mean he posted any signs which read... BEWARE... No Trespassing... My Indians Will Scalp You...Stay Away. Still, at that time it was common knowledge among the frontiersmen.. don't encroach on Dubuque's territory, his Fox Indians my take a shot at you.

Like a feudal baron, he built a stockade fort in his village and mounted a cannon for defense.

The wily Frenchman did not confine his mining operations exclusively to the west of the river. His Indians and white employees prospected east of the river also. The Winnebago Indians were friendly. He appears to have opened lead mines on the Apple river, near the present Elizabeth Illinois; and as early as 1805 operated the Old Buck and Hog lead diggings on the Fevre river.

Dubuque appears to have largely employed his Indian friends in prospecting for lead mines. When their discoveries were reported to him he would send Canadians and half-breeds to prove the claims and sometimes work them; although in many cases he was content with proving the claim and allowing the Indians to work it themselves; the product being brought to his large trading house on the west side of the river. In this manner the entire region of the lead mines in Iowa, Wisconsin and Illinois became more or less occupied by Dubuque's men before any permanent American settlement.

Indian lead mining was crude. The hoes, shovels and crow bars which Dubuque made available to the Indians at his trading house were a big improvement over the stone axes and wooden implements previously used. The Indians loaded their ore at the bottom of shaft into tough deer skins, the bundles being hoisted to the surface or dragged up inclined planes by long thongs of hide. Indian mining was wholly conducted by the old men and squaws and the bucks doing the smelting.

No reference is made about the Indian maidens. So in my researches I tried to dig out what the pretty Indian girls were doing while all the others were so busy. I didn't find the answer. Perhaps they were powdering flour on their noses and massaging bear grease in their hair, getting ready for an evening date.

Getting back to lead mining, I feel sure that Dubuque's main mining operations were characterized by better methods and much more equipment than was used by isolated Indian diggers.

As time passed, his wealth and holdings increased. In 1796, Dubuque applied to Baron De Carondelet, the Spanish Governor of Louisiana at New Orleans for confirmation of his claim in an extremely polite request.. Cleverly, Dubuque's petition referred to his operations as "The Mines of Spain". After some delay, his request was granted. Dubuque was now fortified in his claim, and a princely claim it was.

Seldom did this miner get embroiled in the strife between the British and Spanish, who carried their Old World conflicts to this continent. However, in 1797, English traders at Prairie du Chien were pillaged by the Sac and

Fox Indians, headed by some traders from St. Louis. A contemporary Prairie du Chien trader, Brisbois once commented: Occasionally the Spaniards at St. Louis would send up a gunboat to seize fur and peltries as confiscated property, having been gathered by British traders on Spanish territory and without license. Dubuque and his friends may have participated for he was extremely jealous of his monopoly within his territory.

Lead and furs made Julien Dubuque an astonishing wealthy man at least on the upper Mississippi. His name became famous up and down the valley. Wealth gave him prestige and affluence. His establishment on the Catfish, with his home, his stables, his warehouses, his cabins for his French-Canadian and half-breed foremen, and and workers must have been an impressive one...a small kingdom. An early traveler referred to it as a fortified settlement on the banks of the river.

Twice a year he went to St. Louis with his boats filled with valuable ores and furs..."the richest argosies on the upper Mississippi during those years." He brought back to his settlement in the wilderness a wealth of wares, merchandise and trinkets for the Indian trade.

His smelting furnaces for lead ore were the largest in the west. He controlled the boats which carried the product down the river to market. In gaining absolute supremacy over the lead industry he displayed a remarkable talent. For whatever lead ores he purchased, he established the rate. In the market he fixed the price of the refined product. By a hundred and twenty five years, he anticipated the policies of later mining magnates.

In middle life, Dubuque was described as well below the usual stature of black hair and eyes, wiry and well built, capable of great endurance, and remarkably courteous and polite, with all the suavity and grace of the typical Frenchman. To the ladies, was always the essence of politeness.

A new Era was ushered in when America made the famed Louisiana Purchase in 1803 from Napoleon of France. The purchase of Louisiana for \$15,000,000 doubled the area of the United States by acquisition of land lying between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains. The treaty did not define exact boundaries. While the Gulf of Mexico was fixed as the line to the south and the Mississippi as that to the east, there was no clear understanding as to whether the cession included West Florida and Texas.

Our government's first step was to explore, to map, to evaluate and to defend this newly acquired territory. Lieutenant Zebulon Pike was chosen to head an expedition up the Mississippi in 1805. On September first Pike grounded his keelboat in front of Dubuque's establishment, landing his twenty soldiers. This was the first appearance of the flag with the stars and stripes at Dubuque.



Zebulon Pike

Pike reported: "We were saluted with a field piece and received every mark of attention by Monsieur Dubuque, the proprietor. There were no horses at the house and it was six miles to where the mines were worked. I

therefore proposed ten queries.” On the answers my report was founded. Dubuque's answers were guarded, giving a minimum of information without offending his guest.

In about 1804, Fickle fortune began to frown on Julien Dubuque, at least in matters financial. Whether his program of commercial conquest was too ambitious, or his speculations too daring, he somehow became heavily indebted to the fur prince of St. Louis, Augustine Choteau. Unable to meet his payments on October 4, 1804 Dubuque conveyed to Choteau seven undivided sixteenth of all the land included in his claim. The debt amounted to about \$10,848.

Dubuque was to enjoy possession of his land during his lifetime. In 1806, Dubuque and Choteau obtained confirmation of their Spanish title from William Henry Harrison and the Board of U. S. Commissioners at St. Louis. The report of the findings was forwarded to Washington where Albert Gallatin, Secretary of of the U. S. Treasury took issue with the findings, but his interpretation were not forthcoming until 1810. Julien Dubuque died on March 24, 1810 of pneumonia. Legend depicts the sorrowful Indian procession winding its way to the top of the noble bluff overlooking his home and the village of the Foxes with mournful chants and the eloquent splendor and solemnity they could bring to bear. Sometime later a cedar cross was placed over the tomb by his faithful French-Canadian followers.

OUR HERITAGE ON THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI

Junior Program 35 min.

I feel privileged and honored to meet with you.

Speaking of Our Heritage, I will be brief recalling but a few highlights in the March of Time on the Upper Mississippi. Heritage is a gift to us from the past.

The regional history of this area has received little attention, yet this is our home and we should know more about the colorful procession of people and events, which fashioned this section and our lives.

I have found research in this field fascinating, luring me on into a twenty year study which has enriched my life and I sure I can enrich yours also.

Ouisconsin Territory was created in 1826, and included Minnesota, Iowa and parts of the Dakotas. Though later divided into separate states we a common heritage and mutual interests.

Nature has richly endowed us with a treasure of world fame, the majestic, the romantic Mississippi River. Here is a legacy of rare and wondrous value calling for ingenuity to exploit it's many attributes. The Mississippi River system may be likened to a huge artery energizing the central United States. The economic potential is scarcely scratched.

Traveling the Great River Road, which hugs the banks of the Father of Waters, can be a delightful adventure. Romance is lurking everywhere and little known. Here rests much of our proud challenging future.

Obscure is the fact that Vikings made exploratory trips into Minnesota in 1362, 130 years before Columbus, according to Runestone accounts. Sir Paul Knutson directed this expedition into Hudson's Bay, then moving south by rivers and lakes into Minnesota.

This revelation began unfolding in 1898, when Olaf Ohman, a farmer cut down an aspen tree. Imbedded in the roots was a large stone with strange hieroglyphics carved in the face, which he could not translate. Years later Hjalmar Holand found this stone being used as a step into a barn and deciphered the message which explorers had left.

Here is a replica of the Kensington Runestone at Alexandria, Minnesota.



Runestone



Mr. Ohman and the Runestone

The first permanent settlers landing at Prairie du Chien were Jean Marie Cardinal his wife and Indian slave Bola. Bola may have been the drinking member of the party for later his children called him Pop. Cardinal was a hunter, trapper, and a fur trader. Buffalo fording the river delayed their canoe landing.

Seldom do we think of the Revolutionary War evidencing itself in this area, still Cardinal was killed defending St. Louis as British Expeditionary force from Prairie du Chien attacked. Cardinal Fountain and Cardinal Avenue in St. Louis are reminders of this man.

When Fort Shelby was captured by the British and renamed Fort McKay, there was some dissatisfaction among the British officers. This honor irked Captain Anderson, who directed the attack with Anderson insisting the Colonel McKay was drunk at time.



With the Treaty of Ghent ending the war, this region was returned to the Americans. The British left. Either they burned the fort, or a phenomenal meteorological shower fired the stockade. Which explanation is correct may never be known. It appears to have been the only battle of the War of 1812 fought this area.

The Americans built a new fortification at the same location calling it Fort Crawford in honor of the Secretary of War. Foundations of this fort, including fireplaces, barracks, and dungeon can still be seen.



William H. Crawford

A bright star in our past is the Great Treaty of Prairie du Chien in 1825, when approximately 6,000 Indians gathered. Although several other treaties were held at this location this conclave appears to have been the largest Indian treaty meeting that was ever held in North America.



Dr. Beaumont's monumental work laid the cornerstones on which the science of physiology was built. In the Hospital Section of the 2nd Fort Crawford, the State Medical Society of Wisconsin opened their Museum of Medical Progress, memorializing Dr. Beaumont, and other notable state doctors, who have advanced medical practice from the crude beginnings to the present state of perfection.

Just dedicated, is the Dr. Stovall Hall of Health in this complex. Carefully prepared displays explain the many new techniques, safeguarding our health. Here the public, the teacher and student can keep abreast of this fast moving science. When we realize our store of knowledge doubles every eight years it seems important that we utilize this newest of teaching method.



Représentation imaginaire de Julien Dubuque et de sa femme
supposée

JULIEN DUBUQUE

*Miner of the Mines of Spain
Died this 24th Day of March, 1610
Age 45 years and Six Months*

His exact age was forty eight years, two and half months.

His burial spot attracted many travelers. Trader Shaw's recollections of a visit in 1816 are:

"Dubuque's tomb, Julien Dubuque was buried on a very high promontory on the western shore of the Mississippi at some period prior to 1815, about a mile below the present city of Dubuque. A tomb was erected over the grave, covered with tin and on a bright day when the sun's rays would reflect from it, could be seen from a distance of a dozen miles below."

So great was the veneration of the Indians for Dubuque's memory that they constantly kept vigil for years over his tomb till the whites became quite thickly settled in the country. The tomb has since gone to decay.

Beltrami a titled Italian visitor in 1823, reported: Dubuque reposes with regal state in a leaden casket in a mausoleum of wood, which Indians erected upon the summit of a hill that overlooks their camps and commands the river.

A respected gentleman, a friend of Dubuque's attempted to persuade me that this juggler was in the habit of taking rattlesnakes in his hands and speaking to them in a language they understood, could tame them and render them gentle as doves.

Now there was quite a feat, if a person could be clever enough to speak to rattlesnakes in a language which they understood. That is one experiment I am not going to make. Anyone who could master that trick should get a professorship in "snakeology".

George Catlin the renowned Indian painter visited the spot in 1835 and painted a memorable picture of the great Miner's Grave a bluff. I understand that the grave of the Indian chief who asked to be buried next to Dubuque is not marked. In 1897, an imposing tower was erected as a monument over his tomb.



Place of Dubuque's Grave



Dubuque Tower

You may ask, what became of the Dubuque-Choteau land claim after Dubuque's death? Well, Secretary of Treasury Gallatin report of 1810, prompted the Board of Land Commissioners at St. Louis to reverse their favorable decision of 1806. Gallatin's legal logic is rather involved, but it might be simplified as follows: Dubuque in good faith, but mistakenly thought he owned and the land.

All he had was a temporary concession to mine and use the lands. After his death, they reverted to the Foxes.

Consequently it was maintained later on that in the Blackhawk Treaty these lands were secured by the United States unencumbered by any claims of Dubuque or Choteau. Therefore, they could be sold by the United States directly to the new settlers.

Chateau and other claimants fought for years to retain possession of this tract but finally in 1854, the U. S. Supreme Court upheld the government contention and rejected Chateau's plea. This was a late date to settle this controversy for the gates to Dubuque had long ago been opened to settlers on June 1, 1833, twenty-one years before. By 1854, it was a sizable city.

Julien Dubuque, founder of Dubuque, the first white settler in the state, was in many ways one of the most remarkable men of his times in the west. Certainly the most picturesque white man early Iowa. A dominant figure in fur trading and lead mining.

INDIAN PRINTS

Prairie du Chien Indians nomadic.....Red Bird

This gun prompted my early interest in Indians. It was the trusty companion of Blanche's great grandfather, an early settler. The octagonal barrel with no rifling is typical of these early hand made guns. It is nice looking, but Indians didn't like this heavy a gun. It weighed too much to carry all day.



The old gentleman who owned this gun farmed a few miles here. One November afternoon his cattle strayed along the bluffs, the old pioneer grabbed his gun and started out after his herd. A severe blizzard came up unexpectedly. The family were worried but did not know where he had gone.

Later, a rap on the window revealed Indian Joe's scary face. On opening the door in came Indian Joe carrying the dead man and his gun. Indian Joe had found him frozen sitting against a tree with the gun across his lap. Frontier life was rugged...and Indians not always bad.

When I learned that Prairie du Chien was named by the French for an Indian chief called The Dog, my interest in Indians was increased.

Then, when I read that the largest Indian treaty meeting ever held in the U. S. took place here in 1825, I tried to visualize just what this group looked like. Did they have features like the on the penny and nickel? Were they the same as the red-skins in the movies? Would they look like Cochise and Tonto? Many surprises were in store for me, for the Indians who gathered at Prairie du Chien looked very different. They were individualistic. They were not cast from a single mold as in most and TV programs.

Going back to the treaty of 1825, I copied names of the Indians signing. The Indians had no written language, so on the treaties they had signed with X's and the interpreters wrote in their names judging the spelling by the sound and meaning.

Would pictures be available? Photography did not come west until about 1850. And, it was well after the Civil War until we find many photographs. This forced me back to the early painters.

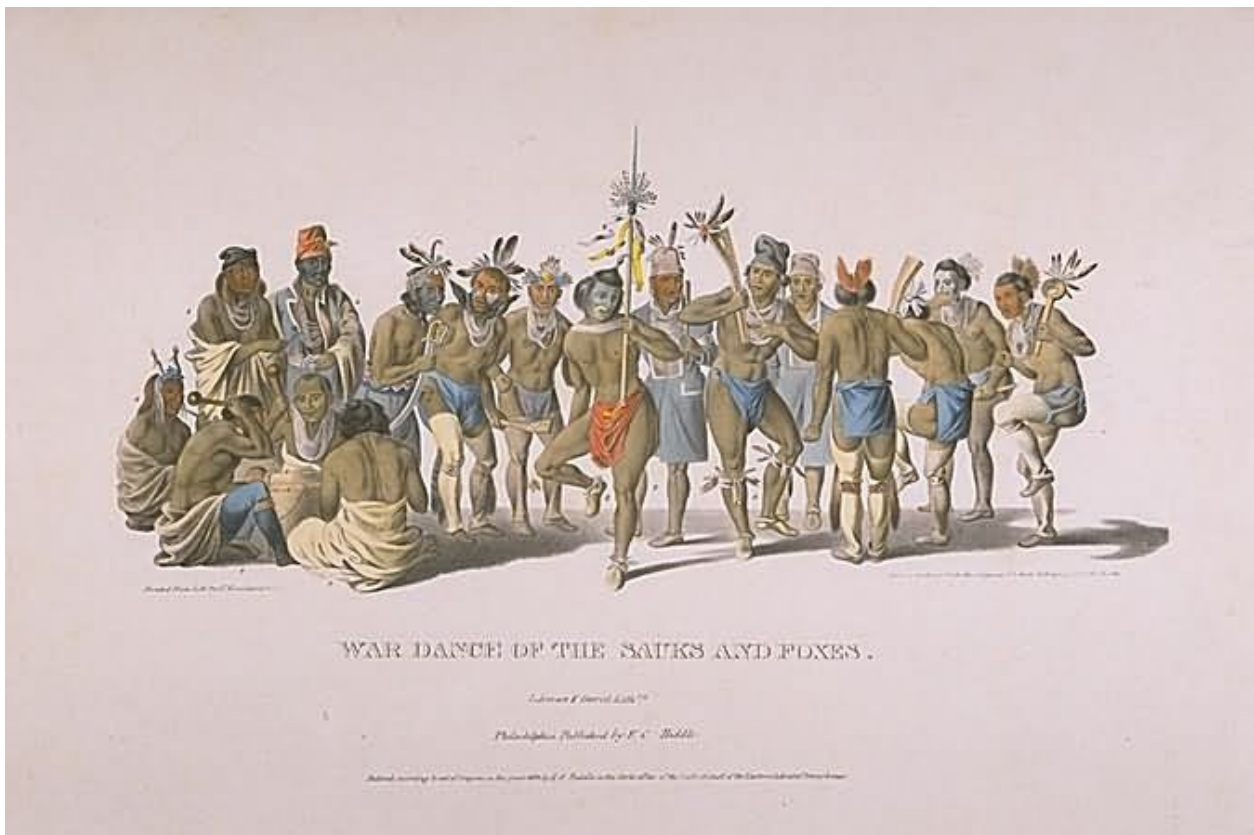
To my surprise, I found an interesting group of frontier artists, some artist reporters lured west, to capture and preserve on canvas the fast disappearing native Indian for the rolling western frontier was fast engulfing the natives.

I found many, now famous artists had visited Prairie du Chien. Some were the panorama painters capturing the beauty of our regal waterway the Mississippi. Others specialized largely on Indians. Wimar & Bierstadt went farther west. Rindisbacher was perhaps the best early resident artist in Wisconsin.



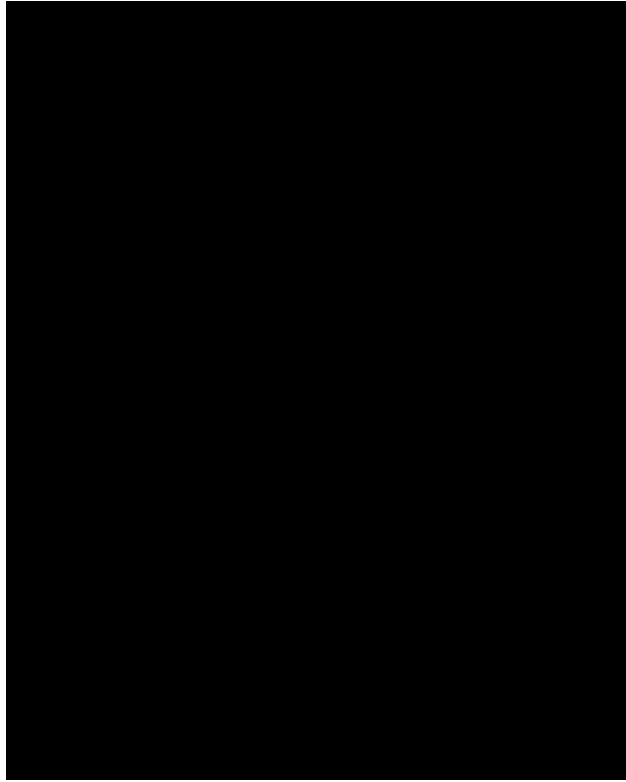
XXV. Captain W. Andrew Bulger saying farewell to the chiefs and principal Indian warriors at Fort MacKay, Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, on 22 May 1815 [Untitled].
 Pen and watercolor, 14¼ x 23¾ inches, ca. 1823.
 Collection of Amon Carter Museum, Fort Worth.

Rindisbacher



War Dance of The Sauks and Foxes

Rindisbacher



Isaac Winneshiek, Winnebago Chief in La Crosse, Wisconsin
Peter Rindisbacher 1829

Rindisbacher immigrated with his parents to Lord Selkirk's Colony in 1821 (a colony near the present Winnipeg, Canada.)

I found that J. O. Lewis, Henry Lewis and Captain Seth Eastman had made some paintings here. Basically they were primitive artists, in keeping with the time. This was the period from 1825 to 1850.

The originals of these paintings are difficult to trace. Some are in the Smithsonian Institute and other museums, some in private hands, some have been burned, and some lost. To make a collection of oils would require a fortune.

Most of these artists distributed Aboriginal Portfolios, The complete folios are still too expensive for most collectors, but broken folios or separate prints can be purchased and assembled. In many ways, this is a better procedure for the amateur. In this way he can select prints directly related to his interest or study.

I found in Scotland, prints of 22 Indians who signed treaties here in Prairie du Chien. Character studies from these prints give many interesting reactions. How good are you at reading the character of person from his picture? Perhaps a few words about the Indians in general is in order.

There are three primary racial groups:

Caucasoid	{white)	
Mongoloid	(yellow)	Indians
Negroid	(black)	

Migrated from Asia across the Aleutian chain into America
 Clean faced, few whiskers, no beard

Name... Indian... Columbus called them Indians.

Red-skin: no red, actually brownish skin

Fondness for painting their skins, prompted the name red-skin, protection from sun and wind.

Decoration with insects, societies, deeds, occasions.

Appearance Movie & TV...none look like Hollywood characters

Plains Indian... become stereotyped. Feather War Bonnet and tails

Two main divisions of the Indians...Woodland...Plains

Mississippi roughly the dividing line

Both visited Prairie du Chien

Individualistic dress each unique, self expression

Carver...Indians...about 1780.

Deerskin loin aprons, leggings, moccasins, buffalo robe, wood war club, bow and arrows, porcupine quill work, shell, pearls.

Trader Influence: Iron points, war clubs and spears, arrow tips, blankets-woven woolens, medals, necklaces, arm bands, bracelets, jewelry, looking glass, bells, beaded designs, store bought coats, gifts, woolen and cotton printed cloth.

The hat designs of the Indians were unique.

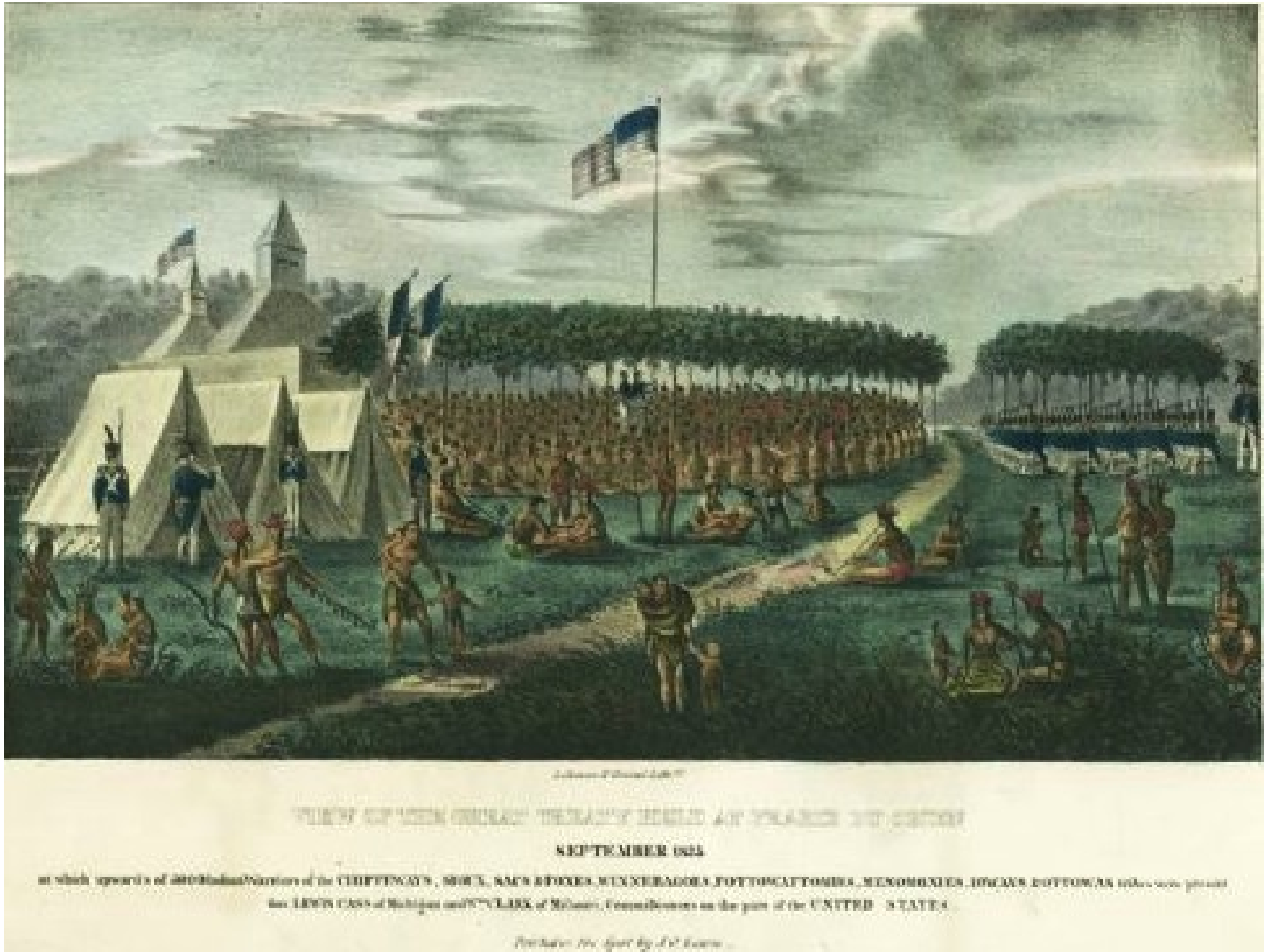
Let me point to a few interesting Indians in this group. Prints from McKenney & Hall Indian Tribes of North America. A book that was published in 1835. C. B. King painted many.

J.O. Lewis prints from his Aboriginal Portfolio.

1. Treaty Meeting 5000 Indians, sour faces as there was no liquor.
2. Eagle Bed... Fox.... War Club, very typical of this time.
3. Mauck-Coo-Maun...Ioway...The Indians names were usually rhythmic, fluid, metal crown with feather decorations.
4. Berry Picker, a Chippewa... Apron, leggings & moccasins, masculine type.
5. Blackhawk...Sauk...Detroit 1835, Clothes given on leaving prison... Character study. Many people thought Blackhawk should have cooperated. Keokuk cooperated, but neither Keokuk's cooperation with the Americans nor Blackhawk's resistance would save their lands.
6. Pe-A-Jick...Chippewa...Three feathers, necklace.
7. Weesh-Cub..The Sweet. .Felt Feather Hat, nose ring, painted face-blue army coat.
8. Snagle'd Tooth... Chippewa...Huge Nose
9. Pe-Schick-Ee...Shirt...Presidential Medal...(show)
10. Wa Ba Shaw...Sioux...Main village where Winona now stands. Eye put out by a willow, parted hair down over, or patch. Kept peace in Prairie du Chien. Sister married to Brisbois.
11. Red Bird & Wekaw...Winnebago...Murder on Prairie brought on the Winnebago War, Goaded into the crime by his tribe.
12. Wadt-He-Doo-Kaana...Winn....black hand
13. Little Elk.. .Winnebago.. fine masculine features, handsome.
14. Wesh-Cubb...Chippewa...Hereditary chief...father disappointed as he looked and acted like a woman.
15. Wa Kaun, the Snake.. .Winnebago, Believe born and died in Prairie du Chien, Yellow River Indian school.

16. Waa-Na-Taa...Foremost in Battle...Sioux.-A stern figure dyed horse hair headdress, elaborate deer-skin costume beautifully ornamented bead and quill work.

Talk-council of Local History
Prairie du Chien April 6, 1963



View of The Great Treaty Held At Prairie Du Chien

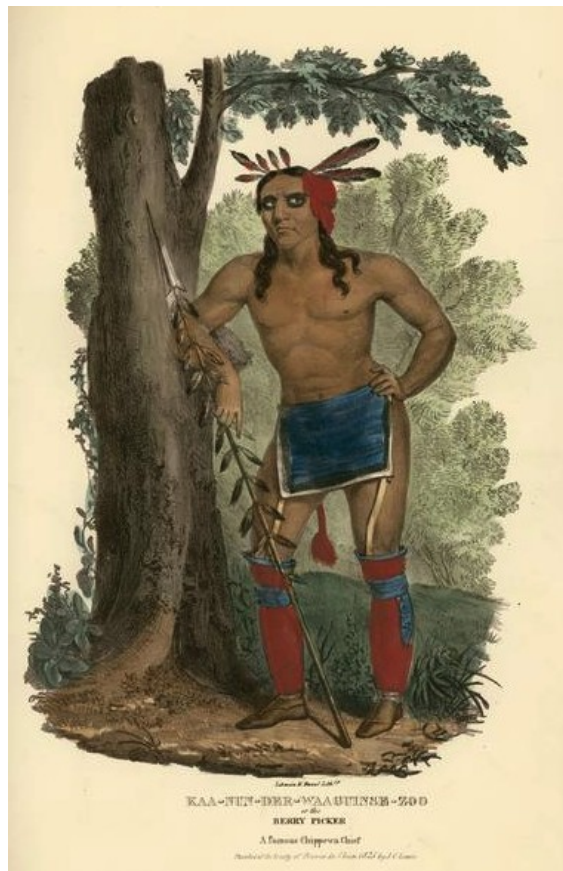
J.O. Lewis



WAA-TOP-E-NOT



MAUCK-COD-MAUN
A Celebrated Ioway Chief



KAA-NUN-DER-WAAGUINSE-ZOO
Berry Picker



MAC-CUT-I-MISH-E-CA-CU-CAC
Blackhawk, a Celebrated Sac Chief



PE-A-JICK
A Chippewa Chief



WEESH-CUB
Sweet, A Noted Chippewa Chief



CAW-TAA-WAA-BE-TA
Snagle'd Tooth, A Chippewa Chief



PE-SCHICK-EE
A Celebrated Chippewa Chief



WA-BA-SHAW
A Celebrated Sioux Chieftains



RED BIRD AND WE-KAU



WADT-HE-DOO-KAANA
Chief of the Winnebagoes



O-WAN-ICH-KOH
Little Elk



WEESH-CUB
Sweet



WAA-KAUN-SEE-KAA
Rattle Snake



WAA-NA-TAA
Foremost in Battle

HISTORIC CAYA LOG HOUSE SELECTED FOR PRESERVATION

One of the oldest log cabins in Crawford County is being dismantled near Lynxville for reassembly and preservation in Prairie du Chien.

This pioneer dwelling built by Michael Caya, Lynxville's first permanent settler in 1846, is a fine example of hand hewn oak log construction of territorial days. Four generations of Cayas proudly called this home. The last occupant was Mrs. Frank (Francis Traub) Caya who died in 1962. Her son Michael Joseph (called Mitchell) a friendly gentleman, built his new home overlooking the family cabin shrine.

Gazing down on the site in his golden years brings nostalgic recollections. Seeing the old home moved to Prairie du Chien does not make him sad, not at all. Prairie du Chien was where his grandfather was soldier in Captain Wyrarn Knowlton's Company during the Mexican War. Moreover Fort Crawford protected her grandmother Caya when she fled there for safety during an Indian scare and within the fort walls, Charles was born January 1, 1846.

True of many early residents Michael Caya was born in Quebec Canada of French parents in the year 1822. When he was eighteen the wilderness lured this young adventurer to the upper Mississippi where he joined his brother who had come two years before. Here, besides adventure he also found romance. After marrying Rose Leya of Prairie du Chien, he decided to build a home and settled down. In 1846 he chose a picturesque location north of Prairie du Chien on the east bank of the Mississippi, near an old Indian trail that ran along the bank. Later he would find himself on the edge of a small settlement known as Viola, now a ghost town. Lynxville was to be founded later in 1857, would be three miles above cabin. Both Lynxville and the Town of Seneca claim Michael Caya as their first permanent settler.

Here Michael and Rose Caya's eleven children, eight boys and three girls would find happiness. True the Winnebago Indians had a favorite camp on the nearby bluff, but they were friendly. From old documents it appears that Michael Caya was joined in partnership with Louis La Force as merchants and fur traders, at this location. They obtained 42 acres that year and in 1848 entered a claim for 80 acres more. Eventually the Caya land holdings expanded to 500 acres. After nine years of close association with Caya, Louis La Force married Harriet St. Germain and moved up-river.

To see the Caya home before dismantling, it would be hard to believe that the clapboard house was actually of log construction. Over the 119 years many additions had been made, a basement (dirt floor) a metal roof to quench any of the sparks from passing CB&Q locomotives, and clapboard siding.

The log a structure is a story and half in height, 24' 5" long and 21' 5 " wide, built of island-swamp oak with half bark attached. The front door revealed a charming view of the broad Mississippi with a bluff etched backdrop. Surprisingly, after more than a century the logs are generally in very good condition except for some rotting of the sill members and the heavy wear at door openings.

Spaces between the logs are filled with wood chinks plastered with river mud. The interior walls were originally whitewashed though later lathed and plastered. There is no evidence of fireplaces. Stoves were used for heating and cooking vented by brick chimneys to the exterior. Wooden pegs of hardwood tied the door and window frames to the logs. Wood shakes first covered roof.

When Michael had finished building his wilderness abode he was curious to learn whether he had any white neighbors. Accompanied by a brother, he walked three miles north to the present site of Lynxville, then turned east up the coulee. After 15 a mile walk they heard someone chopping wood. The two men stopped, listened

and thought. Was this an Indian or white man chopping wood as they could not see him? They finally decided that it must be a white man for it didn't sound the way an Indian cuts wood. Walking toward the sound they came upon a man from the rear working with his gun at arms length, leaning against a tree. The woodsman, hearing the rustle of the intruders, seeing they were white, he lowered his rifle saying "I thought you were Indians." So Michael and his brother met a neighbor Mr. Fisher an early settler in the Eastman area.

During the winter when ice had frozen over the river, they received a visit from a second neighbor. He was a man named Gavin who had settled across the river on a broad crowned bluff in what is now the present state of Iowa. Mr. Gavin said he had seen a light every night for almost a year from the spot where the Caya cabin stood. At first he thought it an Indian campfire but he finally decided against this as it did not move from place to place. So, he decided to investigate. Thus, the Cayas met a nearer neighbor, probably only seven or eight miles away.

Much has happened since March 1965, when Mr. M. J. Dyrud, president of the Crawford County Historical Society and curator of the State Historical Society first discussed with Mr. Michael Caya and his family the possibility of acquiring and removing their historic log cabin to Prairie du Chien and restoring it as a voyageurs cabin in the fur trade complex near the Rolette House. By far the most exasperating was the worst recorded flood on the upper Mississippi which prevented the move and snarled the careful placement and marking of logs.

The Caya cabin had its own record of floods, metal tags on the cellar door frame marking record stages of several previous floods. At no time had the water come above the floor of the cabin. The 1952 flood did get close enough so that if a person jumped on the floor the water in the basement would splash. This time it took 119 years to break the record at this site. This time the water rose 4.7 feet above the previous high water mark of 1952. Michael Caya remembers his father wondering how high the Mississippi could rise. The question is still open for discussion. The Caya's latest water mark record is a heavy nail driven into a stately elm on their lawn showing the 1965 high.

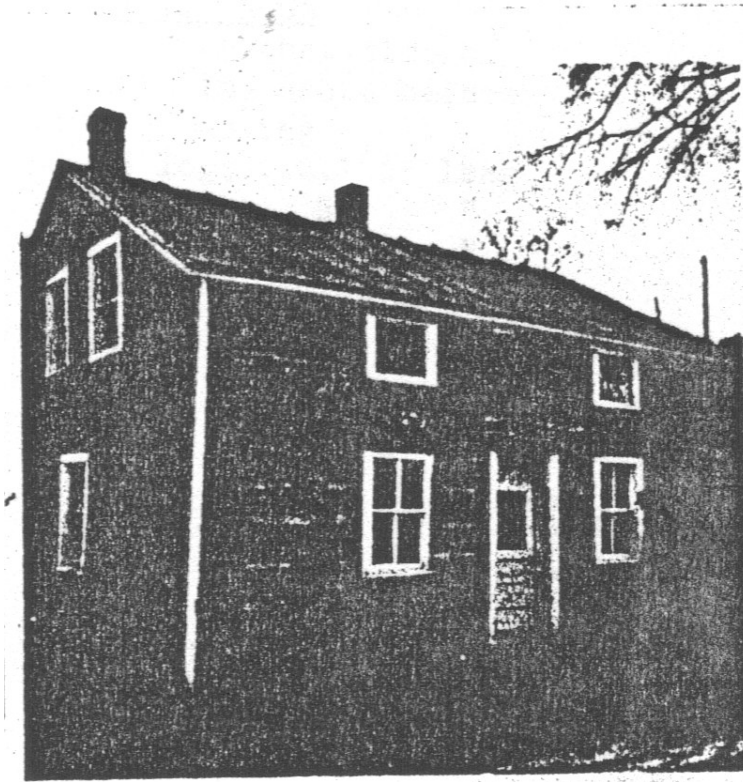
To isolate and protect the valuable logs, they were boomed in an adjoining ravine safe from any water stage known before. Even is precaution did not work too well. Rising flood waters only made the ravine an integral part of the larger flood plain. With shifting winds the logs scattered in all directions. Fortunately the CB&Q embankment and tracks kept them from floating into the main river channel. As the water subsided, began the arduous task of collecting the runaways.

Fred Reed of Lynxville, a river guide and individualist helped with his outboard equipped boat. Like a hard driving cowboy riding a wild stallion he charged the willow thickets in his boat from all angles and directions to reach the logs which too often were lodged behind uprooted trees and mountains debris. Marty Dyrud who accompanied Reed and his son on this log safari insists, "It topped any boat ride I've ever had for excitement, pilot skill and motor stamina. " But, with patience and industry, the logs were finally corralled and transported to Prairie du Chien."

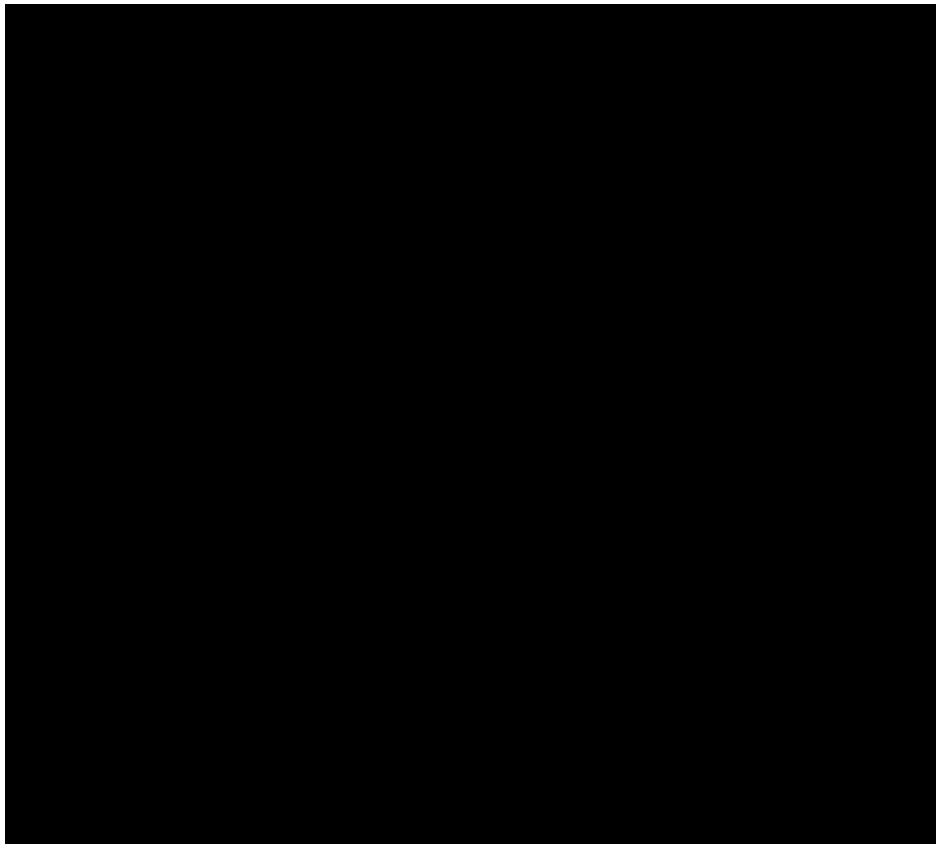
Caya log cabin, Lynxville, Wisconsin, Built in 1846, dismantled 1965



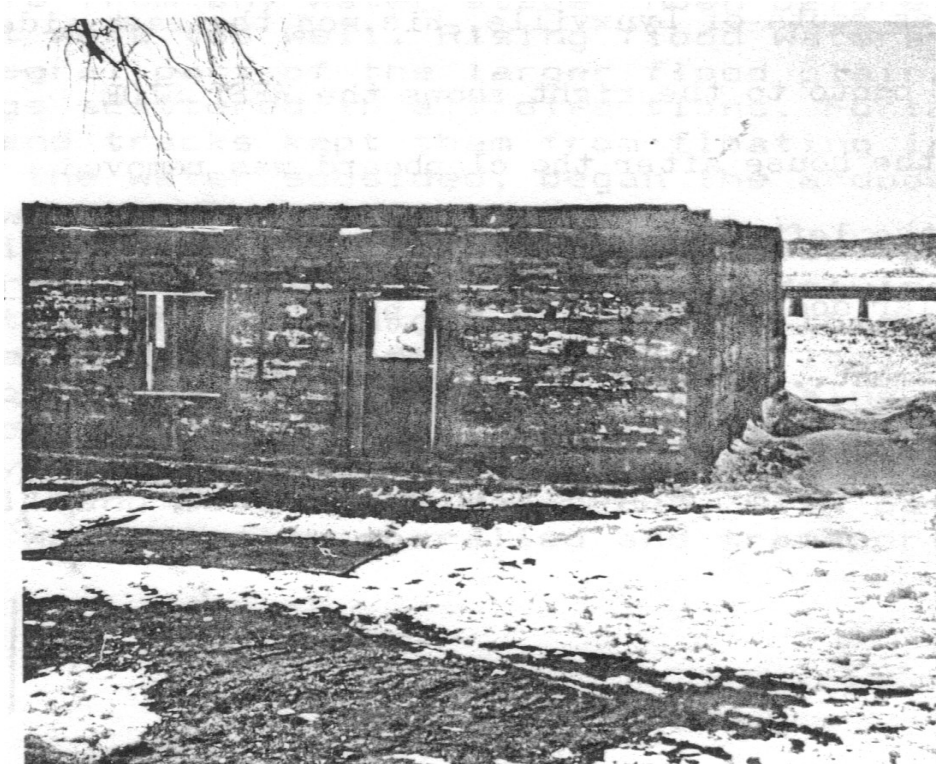
*Caya Log Cabin
West Elevation
Front of house facing the Mississippi
3 miles south of Lynxville
Michael Joseph Caya, Donor*



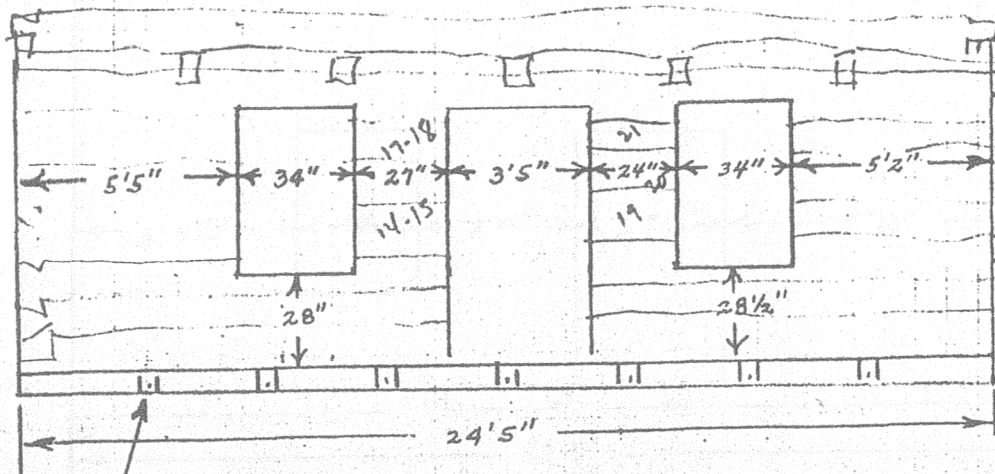
West side of house after clapboard was removed



East side of house after lean-to kitchen and clapboard was removed



East Elevation

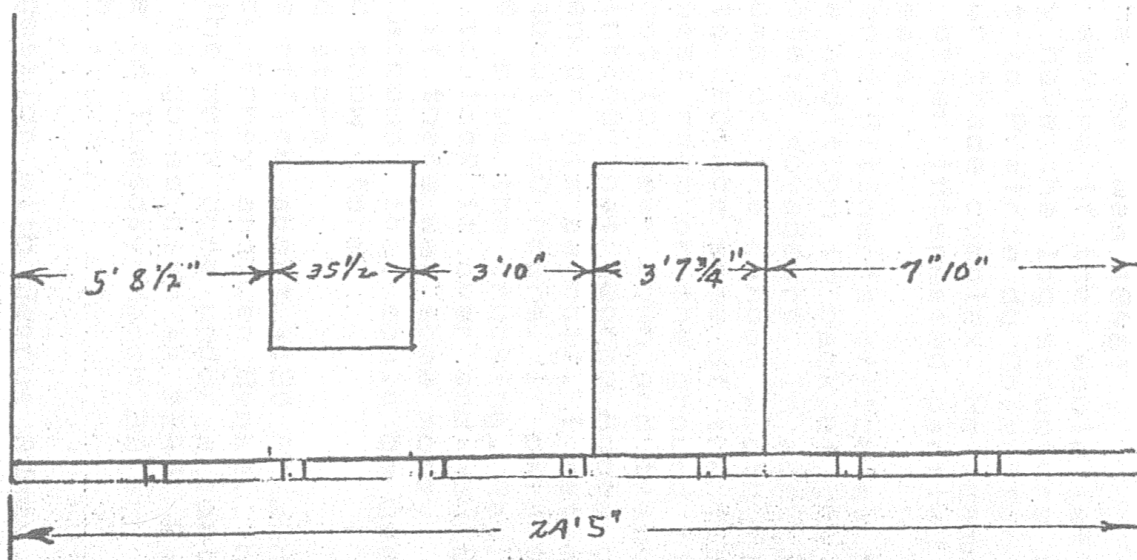


Basement
beam logs

Scale — 4 feet = 1 inch

Mar. 22 - 1965
M. J. Durand

Caya Log Cabin, West Elevation



East Elevation

EAST LOGS

6 logs 24' 5" long
 1 log 18' long
 2 logs 12' long
 1 log 9' long
 5 logs 6' 6" long
 1 log 5' long
 2 logs 4' long
 5 logs 3' long

WEST LOGS

4 logs 24' 5" long
 1 log 16' long
 2 logs 10" long
 3 logs 9' 6" long
 1 log 7' long
 6 logs 5' long
 5 logs 3' long

NORTH LOGS

6 logs 21' 5" long
 6 logs 9' long
 1 log 3' long

SOUTH LOGS

6 logs 21' 5" long
 6 logs 9' long
 2 logs 8' long
 4 logs 2' long
 2 logs 2' long

CAYA LOG CABIN

From an interview with Michael Joseph Caya and wife Rose, March 22, 1965 by M.J. Dyrud of Prairie du Chien.

MICHAEL CAYA: (b.1833, d.1893)

Born: Quebec Canada in 1822, of French parents. Died in 1893 in Seattle, Washington of heart attack & buried in a Catholic cemetery.

A veteran of the Mexican War: (Captain Wyrarn Knowlton's Co. at Fort Crawford.)

Married... Rose Layes of Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin.

Rose Layes: b. August 15, 1824...d. June 15, 1883

Children: eleven in all... 8 boys and three girls

Margaret: oldest child married Akin Verro, buried in Catholic Cemetery at Seneca.

Julia married Frank Bull

Charles Caya: (b. Jan. 1, 1846 d.1933) Born Jan. 1, 1846, at Fort Crawford during Indian scare. Died 1933, Duluth, Minnesota, aged 87.

children: 3 sons, 3 daughters

Louis... Sparta, Wisconsin

Lulus... Duluth, Minnesota

Mrs. Trimble

Mrs. A. Eddin, Florence, Kentucky

Mrs. John Young, Duluth, Minnesota

Father a veteran of the Civil War

Louis Caya (b. Prairie du Chien, March 8, 1846, d. July 24, 1923...aged 82...Crawford Press)

Morris Caya:

Frank Caya: (b. Nov. 8, 1856, d. July 24, 1938) Buried Dickson Cemetery, Eastman, lived at Lynxville, 81 years old.

Married: Frances Traub, May 14, 1894

Children: two sons

Michael Joseph

Frank... died in infancy

Leland Caya: (b. 1857 d)

Wife of Alice Kansas

Virginia: (b. June 6, 1861, d. June 24, 1881) thought to be called Aunt Jeanette by Michael Joseph Caya

Albert: (b. Feb. 16, 1863, d. April 18, 1884):

MICHAEL JOSEPH CAYA (called Mitchell) (b. April 10, 1897, d....living 1965)

Married ... Rose L. Michel (b..... d.....)

Children: eight

Michael, oldest, born 1930 -

Grace

Rose Mary

Agnes

Charles

George

Margaret

Tom

Michael Joseph Caya says all the Caya Children were baptized at St. Gabriel's church in Prairie du Chien.

MJDyrud/me
June 22, 1965

MICHAEL CAYA

The roof rafters are small diameter logs, in good condition. The roof was originally covered by shakes. After the Chicago Burlington & Northern Railroad was constructed on the east bank of the of the river (believe middle 1880's) sparks from the engine once set the roof of this home on fire. The Caya's consulted Ball & Huard the lumber dealers in Lynxville. They suggested a metal roof which was then new. They obtained standing seam metal roofing but were at a loss to install it. After some delay they consulted dealers at Prairie du Chien and obtained the use of a crimping iron so they could properly install the metal. The floor they say, lasts very well and was frequently painted.

When the Chicago Burlington & Northern first built their tracts along the east side of the Mississippi River they cut across the slough very near and directly in front of the Caya house. Later, about 1930 the CB&Q straightened out some of the curves along their line. In front of the Caya Cabin they laid out a new roadway closer to the river when the railroad double tracked in 1930 and the old roadbed now serves as a part of state trunk highway N. 35.

In earlier days when fixed stops for trains were not so rigidly maintained many passengers asked to be let off at the Red House (Caya Cabin). The train slowed so passengers could step off at this place.

In March 1965, Mr. M. J. Dyrud, President of the Crawford Historical Society and curator of the State Historical Society discussed with Mr. Michael Joseph Caya and his family the possibility of removing his historic log cabin to Prairie du Chien where it could be restored near the Rosette House and made a part of the Fur Trade complex which is being developed at that spot.

The Caya's, a fine old family were very cooperative in this preservation of regional history and are to be congratulated .

The bluff near the Caya home was once a favorite Indian camping ground. In early days Indians frequented the place and were always friendly to the Cayas who seemed to have no trouble with them. There are several mounds at this location. Some have been opened and the ground replaced.

June 23, 1965, notes by M.J. Dyrud received added information from Mr. Caya. The flooring and lumber used inside of the house was obtained from Stilwater. Square nails or cut nails were found in the dismantling. The first floor is wood grooved, of random width, white pine flooring, later overlaid with plain pine boards. Linoleum covered attic in cold weather.

Gold hidden in cabin: According to Michael Caya the depression of 1908, left many of the people of this area doubtful about the safety of banks. Michael's father was Frank Caya, after selling considerable property to the Burlington (probably in 1913) Caya was paid off in a gold coins. This he did not deposit in a bank but buried it under the cellar steps to the cabin. Here it remained for some years until Roosevelt's call in of all circulating gold. It was only after considerable persuasion that Frank Caya finally cashed in his gold hoard. If I recall correctly, the gold buried here was \$3,000.00.

According to Charley Valley of Prairie du Chien, Tom Caya is buried in the north-east corner of the Old Frenchtown Cemetery

Fr. Demand's burial records at St. Gabriels show many early burials in the Old Frenchtown Cemetery. In 1819 he recorded burial of Taya or Caya. He gave no date for the burial but is placed between other burial dates of June 20, 1819 and December 7, 1819. No age if given. Comment...no priest present at burial. No doubt this was Caya.

Our youngest son Eric, was active in dismounting the log cabin and reusing the logs, in an historic manner.

CAYA CABIN at Lynxville, Wis.

M.J.Dyrud, notes:

Tuesday, March 16, 1965:

Driving back from La Crosse, when just south of Lynxville and just before coming to the Lynxville dam, I saw some people dismantling an old log house. I stopped to examine it. This log cabin was said to have been built in 1845. (The History Crawford County, p. 718 says the year was 1846)

I talked to young George Caya asking if they would let the Crawford County Historical Society have the log structure if we agreed to tear it down and move it to Prairie du Chien for reconstruction as a part of our fur trade complex. He seemed agreeable. I said I would consult other interested parties and him know our decision in two days.

I called Ray Sivesind from Florence Bittner's office at the Villa Louis saying it would make a fine addition in back of the Rolette house as a cabin for Rolettes voyageurs. In addition it appeared that we could also use some of the random width flooring from the attic of this log house to replace some of the flooring that had rotted away in the northwest room on the ground floor.

Ray asked how much it would cost to tear down and transport the house to Prairie du Chien. Thinking that George Adney could supervise the work and hire two men on his payroll, I estimated it would take two men two weeks, about 160 hours. If paid \$1.25 hour this would be roughly \$200 plus the trucking. Ray said he would be out the following day to look it over and would check that afternoon with Fishel to see if there was some money available in the Personal Service account that could be used.

Wednesday... March 17, 1965...bad snow storm

Thursday.....March 18, 1965.. .bad storm

Ray called me at the office about 4:30 PM and said he had consulted Dick Erney and Len Benke. They would like to have the work done under a contract and it was possible to go as high as \$245. Ray said he would be out here on Tuesday, March 23 or Wednesday, March 24th

Friday, March 19, 1965 (3 hrs)

Discussed Ray's suggestion with George Adney. George is paying his helpers \$1.50 an hour. This would mean \$240 in direct labor payments plus trucking, etc. Told him a contract would be hard to get, for a contractor would want higher wages, need supervision, needed profit and project difficult to estimate.

I have also checked with Florence Bittner, Gordon Peckham, Buster Kieser and others of the Crawford Historical Society. They are very thrilled with the idea of preserving a historic log cabin of this area and believed that we should give all the assistance and financial help we could to effect completion of the project.

I went out to tell the Cayas that we would take the house. I was well received by the elder Mr. & Mrs. M. J. Caya. Their son Tom listened to the conversation. After several hours of conversation the following was revealed:

The original Caya...Michael Caya, came to this area in 1840. He appears to have come with a friend, Louis La Force. Later Caya & La Force purchased 42 acres from the Government at the Mineral Point Land office. In 1843, he built this log cabin of island swamp oak and the house has been lived in continually until 1963, 120 years. Michael Caya was a member of Captain Wyram Knowlton's Company stationed at Fort Crawford during

the Mexican War. They showed me his Pension certificate from the Government for this service. For a while his wife lived at Ft. Crawford where some of his children were born when there was Indian scare.

They showed me a picture of the house, which they say was taken in 1893 showing clapboard siding on the house and two chimneys. It was painted red with white trim. It was 1½ stories, with a lean-to kitchen on the east, rear side. The latter has been removed and destroyed.

The Caya family is now living in a new house to the east and rear of the log house. They wish to get this old house removed as quickly as possible. I told them I would have it out in five weeks and would stave off the State Highway Department if they complained. I think we can do it much sooner but did not wish to give them a date I would have to violate. Caya hoped that we could have this work done before April 1, 1965.

Tom Caya is buried in the north-east corner of the Old French town cemetery according one of his uncles, Charley Valley of Prairie du Chien .

They have removed the roof of the log cabin and have taken the rafter poles to the dump. Their son Charles tells me that these poles are in good condition and we can have them if wanted. The window have been saved and we can have these also.

The logs are generally in good condition. They broke one of the top logs getting it down. The sill logs are rotted, but this is to be expected.

NEIGHBOR story: After Michael Caya had completed his house and had some free time, he wondered if he had any neighbors. So, one day he and his brother (or cousin, they are not sure) set out for an exploratory walk. They went up to the present site of Lynxville, three miles away and then started up the coulee to the east. After a considerable walk, they heard somebody cutting wood at a distance. They stopped and discussed whether this might be an Indian. But, they decided it sounded like a white man, so they followed in the direction of the sound. Before long they saw a man cutting a tree, with his gun resting against a nearby tree. As they approached him from the rear, and coming close the man dropped his axe startled by the sound of their approach, picked up his rifle and leveled it at them. Seeing that they were white men, he lowered the gun and said "I was surprised and thought you were Indians." The man proved to be a Mr. Fisher, an early settler of Eastman. It is not clear how far apart the two lived, but it must have been 10 miles to their closest neighbor.

Later during the winter months, when the ice was on the river, they received a visit from another neighbor. He was a man named Gavin, who lived on top of a bluff peak on the Iowa side of the Mississippi. He told them for about a year, he had seen each evening a light coming from the spot where the Caya's lived and decided that it could not be an Indian' fire. Thus, the Cayas found a closer neighbor, only eight miles away, across the river.

March 22, 1965

Took Eric Dyrud out at 8 A.M.' to remove lath and plaster from the ground floor room in the Caya cabin. I took dimensions of the structure, window openings, door openings, etc. for preparing sketches.

Mr. Caya asked me in for a visit. He showed me a very fine arrowhead he found on his property, which matched a stone found near his home. The artifact was made of sedimentary rock, something I have seldom seen. Also he showed me a nice, small axehead of black rock found in one of the graves on the bluff adjoining the house. Likewise he had found in a draw nearby, a small hammer with a cast copper wedge-shaped head attached to an iron handle. This is a curious piece, which looks as though it might be a gunsmith's hammer.

Mr. Caya said an old doctor in Prairie du Chien once took the piece to the Field Museum in Chicago and reported it to have a petrified ebony handle of Aztec origin, perhaps carried by the Spanish upriver. The Field Museum was much interested in the piece and wanted to keep it, for this was the farthest north that such a specimen had been found. They were usually found in a belt from Tennessee southwest to Panama.

The American Eagle

Q...Once again the time has arrived for another interesting History chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and local historian. Hello Marty, and welcome to WPRE.

A...Thank you, I am glad to be here.

Q...Your series of History chats on pearls uncovered a lot of unusual information.

A...Yes, we were very fortunate to have the benefit of a lifetime of experience from Mr. John Peacock who I think was the dean of pearl buyers in Prairie du Chien. His reminiscences are a part of a fast passing local era. I hope some of this information can be preserved.

Q...What has captured your imagination to-day?

A...I was very much intrigued when Mr. Burgess, our Federal Conservation Warden recently reported a sizable group of eagles migrating north thru Prairie.

Q...Well, that is a interesting subject, but I know very little about it. Do the eagles migrate like ducks?

A...Yes, the eagles migrate south in the fall, and north in the spring. We have some eagles who stay here during the winter, but they have actually migrated here from farther north in the fall.

Q...That is strange?

A...Years ago, no eagles wintered here but since the installation of the high dams, we have some eagles wintering here now.

Q...Why is that?

A...At the dams there is some open water all through the winter. This allows the eagles to feed during the winter season.

Q...What do the eagles feed on?

A...The Bald Eagles feed almost exclusively on fish, both dead and live.

Q...You mention the Bald Eagle. Are there other types?

A...In all there are about 300 varieties of eagles and hawks throughout the world. Here in North America we find mostly Golden Eagles and Bald Eagles. The Golden Eagles stay mostly along the Rocky Mountains. The Golden Eagle is also found in Europe and Asia.

However the Bald Eagle is a native of North America and make up almost 100% of the eagles we see near here. Once in a while a Golden Eagle may stray in here, but that is seldom.

Q...Some people say that eagles carry away small children to their nests?

A...Glad you brought that up. I know you do not believe that. It is just another old wives tale that has come down through the years. There is absolutely no truth in these fairy tales.

Q...Well, all eagles don't live on fish?

A...No, the Golden Eagle is a predatory bird and will kill animals such as mice, rabbits, grouse, and even sheep. However, the Bald Eagle lives almost always on fish. Only when their regular food supply is cut off, do they hunt animals.

Q...Eagles have been famous for centuries.

A...Yes, the eagle is one of our largest birds. They are generally considered birds of prey that forage for their food during the day. This may not seem important, but there are other birds like the owls that seek their food at night, so there is an important distinction.

Eagles are characterized by feathered heads, a strong hooked beak and great talons. Eagles have a remarkably keen vision.

Eagles as a broad race of birds, range throughout the world and are famous for their powerful wings and stately-soaring flights.

Q...Do eagles nest here on our bluffs?

A...Some people think so but no nests have been found. It is known that they build their nests and raise young farther north in Wisconsin. There may be a few birds that build nests and raise their young here but such incidents are not typical.

Q...Where would they normally nest?

A...Farther north along the Mississippi River bluffs, North East in the Flambeau flow age is a favorite retreat and nesting area. There civilization does not bother them much.

Q...I don't think I have ever seen a wild eagle.

A...They generally nest in pairs and require perhaps a minimum of 10 square miles of ranging area. If other eagles try to encroach, they are driven off. An eagle will protect its feeding area from invasion by other eagles.

Q...How many eggs does an eagle lay?

A...Once a year they lay from one to four eggs, most often 2 or 3 eggs. These are large white eggs mottled with brown. It takes 35 days to hatch an eagle's egg. Both parents share in sitting on the eggs during incubation.

Q...How about the young birds?

A...Here again both parents care for the young by bringing food keeping them warm and by guarding the nest.

The young are covered with down and have a smoky grey color. This grey down is replaced by dark brown plumage in about 8 weeks.

Q...Tell me Marty is a Bald Eagle really bald?

A...No, the Bald Eagle does not have a bald head. The head as well as the tail of a bald eagle is covered with white feathers. Because the white feathers of the head from a distance gives this bird the appearance of a bald head. Guess that is why it has been so referred to as a Bald Eagle.

Q...How long before the eaglets fly?

A...Bald eagles must be 10 to 13 weeks old before they are ready to fly. It is not until they are four years old, before they have the famous white head and tail feathers.

Q...How big a wing spread does the eagle have?

A...About seven to seven and a half foot wing spread.

Q...Why are you so interested in the eagle?

A...I think it is the most famous bird we now have in America. The American Eagle is the national emblem of our United States.

Q...How many. people have seen this famous bird?

A...Here in Prairie du Chien and vicinity we have the privilege of seeing the Bald Eagle, the symbol of our country, if we will but play naturalist. Our Bald Eagle might now be extinct except for conservation measures.

Q...Have you. seen a bald eagle here?

A...No, I am sorry to say I have not, but I consider it a must and it is a pleasure I am going to realize some day soon I hope.

Q...Certainly the eagle has a rich history.

A...Yes, the Romans used a golden figure of an eagle to stand for strength, skill and bravery.

In the middle ages, the two favorite emblems placed on the shields of the colorful knights were first the Lion and second the Eagle.

It was 1787 when the United States took as its emblem a Bald Eagle with outspread wings and a shield on its breast, and olive branch in one foot, and a sheaf of arrows in the other.

Q...Does Wisconsin have an eagle emblem?

A...Not in our state emblem but probably there was no more celebrated bird in all history than "Old Able" the illustrious bald eagle from Wisconsin.

Q...Seems to me I. remember something, but it is not very clear to me now.

A...Old Abe was Wisconsin's famous Civil War eagle, which was originally captured by an Indian on the upper Flambeau.

This bird's feats of heroism makes colorful bedtime stories for children that they enjoy and ask to have repeated.

After capture this eagle was sold at Jim Falls to an Eau Claire soldier, who was then helping organize the 5th Wisconsin Infantry, later known as the Eagle regiment.

"Old Abe" was carried by our Wisconsin soldiers through 17 southern battles. Screaming, he would fly over the Confederate lines giving heart and courage to our tired troops. After the Civil War, "Old Abe" was exhibited at all reunions.

The sale of pictures of Old Abe brought in \$16,000. P.T. Barnum offered \$25,000 for the regimental mascot to be exhibited with Jumbo.

In later years "Old Abe" lived at the state capitol building and was a colorful attraction to all visitors. It was there he died in 1881.

"Old Abe's" name made a lasting imprint on history not only of Wisconsin but also on World History, becoming the world's most famous bird.

Q...Even the Indians before us had a love for the eagle didn't they?

A...You are right. The Indians revered the eagle and its feathers were highly prized. There was a certain Indian heraldry designated by feathers. Some Indians even worshiped the eagle.

Q... How did the Indians get their eagle feathers?

A... When a young brave had earned the right to be recognized for his honors particularly in battle, and was eligible to wear eagle feathers, he would set out to collect his eagle feathers.

Leaving the camp the young brave would set out and go to the bluffs where eagles might be found. Here, he would make camp and conduct ceremonies to appease the spirits of the birds he was about to kill.

On top of a hill he would then dig a pit deep enough to stand up in. In doing this, he was careful to carry away and scatter the earth as it was removed. The pit was then carefully covered over with sticks, brush, earth and grass so that when it was finished no trace of the excavation could be seen from above.

After sitting up all night and singing eagle songs and purifying himself in the smoke of the sweet grass, the brave would leave his lodge early in the morning and go to the pit on the hill.

Before leaving, he would warn his wife not to use a sewing awl or any other pointed object while he was gone. He believed that if she did he would be scratched by the birds he captured.

Sometimes he would take a human skull with him because he believed it would make him as invisible to the eagles as was the spirit of the skull's owner.

On top of the pit he would place a piece of buffalo meat or liver. Near the bait he would set up a stuffed skin of a coyote so it would appear to be eating.

Then, he would climb into the pit carefully covering the entrance. Small openings were left in the pit cover so he could see the sky above. Waiting, he watched for the eagles to come. If other birds or coyotes came near he would drive them away by poking a stick through the cover.

When at last the eagle darted down it would alight at one side of the trap and then walk over to the bait. Quickly, the brave would push his hands through the branches and seize the bird first by one leg and then by other.

Pulling the bird down in the hole the brave would break birds back with his foot. By killing the bird in this way the wings would fall to either side and the feathers were uninjured.

When the bird was dead the brave would place a bit pemmican in its mouth. Pemmican was powdered buffalo meat that had been dried. This action he thought would so please the spirit of the dead bird that it would hasten to tell other eagles how well it had been treated and so induce them to come and be caught.

Eagle hunting could be dangerous in more than one way. When grizzly bears were about eagle hunting was extremely dangerous. Once an Indian was in his eagle trap and when a big grizzly started to drag the bait away the brave had a thong attached to the meat and withdrew it into the pit. The bear would turn back to investigate. With a sweep of his heavy paw the bear would tear off the brush covering and upon finding the Indian would drag him out and kill him.

Q...I can see that eagle hunting was quite a feat.

A...The eagle is a wily bird and very hard to capture or kill.

Q...I can understand that.

A...When the brave had his feathers there was a feast at village and work began on his headdress. The feathers and how they were worn, all had a particular significance especially to the Dakota tribe of the Sioux Indians.

Those who knew the significance could tell what the wearer was honored for. The Indians's wearing of eagle feathers can be compared to campaign ribbons medals awarded to our modern soldiers.

Because, the Golden Eagle and the Bald Eagle are facing extinction the Audubon Society, with the help of naturalists encouraged Congress to enact laws protecting these birds. It is now against the law to trap or shoot eagles or to have in one's possession or unprocessed eagle feathers.

Q...Marty, I never realized there were so many interesting phases of history associated with the eagle. Thank you sharing your knowledge with us.



Bald Eagle



Golden Eagle

Frontier Prairie du Chien as Pictured by Early Artists

Q...Once again WPRE is Pleased to welcome back Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society for another of his interesting chats on local history.

Marty, you have certainly given us a fine picture of the parts the Beaumonts and Ringlings played in early Prairie du Chien. Just what do you have for us today?

A...Glad to be back Walt. I enjoy doing these programs but I find that it takes considerable time to dig out enough good material to make a program.

While I could tell you much more about the Ringling family after they left Prairie du Chien, I have decided it would be better to develop another phase of local story.

I have often wondered just what Prairie du Chien looked like in the frontier days. What did our forts look like? Did the Indians look like the ones we see today? This longing for a picture of Frontier Prairie du Chien has led me on a quest of pictures of early Prairie du Chien.

Q...Are photographs available of the early days in Prairie du Chien?

A...Photographs became popular during the Civil War. Even so, there are few photographs from that time and therefore it is hard to piece together a comprehensive picture.

Before this time no pictures are available.

Q...Well then, how do you get back to the frontier days?

A...Early artists made sketches and paintings which reveal considerable history. The old Chinese saying "A picture is worth a thousand words" seems to be very true as we study early history.

I suppose my search could be called "Frontier Prairie du Chien as Pictured by Early Artists."

Q...Were there artists here in those early days?

A...There were no professional artists living in Prairie du Chien that I know of. However, some of the early American artists visited the American frontier and Prairie du Chien, wishing to paint the frontier scenes and preserve the fast vanishing frontier.

Q...What is the earliest picture you have found of Prairie Chien?

The earliest drawing, I have been able to find is a sketch of Fort McKay made by Captain Bulger in Prairie Chien in 1814. This sketch is with his papers in public archives in Ottawa Canada, I have a photo print of this early sketch which I value.



Fort McKay circa 1814

Captain Bulger was not a skilled artist but he made a crude sketch and it is still very picturesque and revealing. We can get an excellent picture of the British fort in those early days. Bulgers' view of the fort is from the river showing the crude fort in the bank with an Indian and canoe at the rivers edge.

The sketch accompanying the picture reads as follows: In the War of 1812, Captain Andrew Bulger, of the Royal Newfoundland Fensibles, British Officer in Command on the Upper Mississippi was stationed at Fort McKay. "The principal trading post on the Mississippi: The principle trading depot of the fur traders: the ancient meeting place of the Indian tribes." It was captured by the Americans in 1814." On finding the old trading post to be in almost ruined condition, the Americans on taking possession of Prairie du Chien, erected a new fort on a mound in the rear of the village, which they called Ft. Shelby after the celebrated American General of that day. Shelby, besides being a general was a well known as the first Governor of Kentucky in the early days.



Isaac Shelby

Dec. 11, 1750 – July 18, 1826

The Prairie du Chien area prior to the establishment of a fort here was claimed by the British. Zachary Taylor sent a party of American soldiers up the Mississippi to occupy the old trading post here and secure their position. Finding the old fur trading post on the mound where the Villa Louis now stands, to be in poor condition the American soldiers tore it down and erected a wooden fort. Log palisades served as sides and block houses were at two of the corners. The fort was named Ft. Shelby. Not long after it was built, the British and Indians under the command of Colonel McKay attacked the fort. This siege forced surrender of the Americans to the British. We can thank the British for holding back the Indians who wished to take the scalps of the American soldiers that were captured.

Cal Peters has a remarkable diorama in the Villa Louis museum depicting the surrender. In front of the battered fort you see Colonel McKay accepting the tendered sword, signifying the surrender of the Americans. The miniature figures are in authentic military dress with the Indians being held back. You can see their menacing look.

If you have not seen this diorama, please do so by all means. Cal Peters who most of us remember, is respected as the finest diorama maker in America. Think of this, right here in Prairie du Chien, we have a group of dioramas which are world renown and considered the finest in America.

After the surrender of Ft. Shelby, it was renamed Fort McKay. It was soon after that Captain Bulger made his historic sketch. The War of 1812 was brought to a close with the treaty of Ghent. The Americans were ceded Prairie du Chien. The British burned Ft. McKay and returned to Canada.



XXV. Captain W. Andrew Bulger saying farewell to the chiefs and principal Indian warriors at Fort MacKay, Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, on 22 May 1815 [Untitled].
Pen and watercolor, 14¼ x 23¾ inches, ca. 1823.
Collection of Amon Carter Museum, Fort Worth.

Q...Have you been able to locate any paintings of the French period in Prairie du Chien?

A...No I haven't. The Jesuit missionaries left a most complete and convenes written record but as far as I know no paintings.

The French fur traders were too busy and probably not skilled at painting so we have no portrait record from them.

Q...So Fort McKay appears to be the earliest.

A... Yes, as far as I can find.

Q...What do you find following the Fort McKay drawing?

A...I have located "a few paintings by Seymour. It seems that in 1823, Major S. M. Long was commissioned by the American Republic to make a reconnaissance of the head waters of the Mississippi and Minnesota rivers.

Our government sent artist Seymour with Major Long. As a result we have some early landscapes of this area.

This expedition set out from Chicago and traveled overland on foot to Prairie du Chien they then embarked in canoes and traveled north on the Mississippi.

Seymour made several paintings of the river and bluffs between here and La Crosse.

Porter Butts, an authority on Early Art in Wisconsin claims " Seymour was the first painter at least the first, whose name and work we know to make a record of the natives and places in Wisconsin. Seymour's original

paintings do not exist, but lithograph copies published as plates in Keating's Narratives at Philadelphia in 1824 tell a measure of his story."

I don't find too much of interest in Seymour's paintings.

There is little that he adds as a frontier reporter in oils to our knowledge of history. Apparently Porter Butts did not know of Bulger's sketch of Fort McKay.

Q...Well, do you have some artist who has really added a lot to our early history?

A...You bet, the painter whose work fascinates me most is J. O. Lewis, who comes on the scene next. When the government was planning for their treaty with the Indians here in 1825, they arranged for J. O. Lewis a capable artist to accompany our representatives and make paintings.

He painted 20 portraits and one general view of the fort, Indian tribes, and soldiers, prominently labeled "Painted on the Spot by J. O. Lewis."

Colored lithographs of these paintings are all that survive today and I am proud to have collected most of these.

Q...You mean you have this collection?

A...Yes, I have most of the paintings or rather the lithographs of Lewis's paintings he made in Prairie du Chien. I have been collecting them for years. They are colored and most picturesque. The original paintings were lost in a fire at the Smithsonian Institute.

Q...What was the purpose of this treaty in Prairie du Chien?

A...In 1825, the government held a treaty with nine tribes of Indians in Prairie du Chien at Fort Crawford. Governor Lewis Cass of Michigan territory and William Clark of Missouri were the government commissioners at this treaty which opened Wisconsin for safe settlement of the whites.

J.O. Lewis' painting of the Treaty of Prairie du Chien most interesting. The treaty was held adjacent to the fort. As there were no trees on the prairie, small trees were dug up and transplanted giving shade for the treaty. A platform was erected for the speakers. The soldiers were drawn up at attention facing one side of the stand. The Indian chiefs sat around the platform. Indian squaws and children hung around the edge of the parley.

Q...Tell me more about Lewis.

A...James Otto Lewis was of German extraction, born in Philadelphia in 1799. As a young man he became acquainted with General Lewis Cass and followed him to Detroit where he was employed both as a copper plate engraver and as a draftsman and portrait painter. He made several trips into Indian' country with Cass and Cass probably recommended Lewis to the Indian Department. From 1823 to 1834, Lewis made Indian portraits following a general plan of Barbour then Secretary of War.

Lewis cannot be regarded as a great artist, taking full value of the artistic composition, full benefit of lights and shadows, of skilled expressions on the faces of his figures or of the many factors we are now trained to judge present day painters by.

Lewis did however record in oil pictures as he saw them and in detail. He was a typical Frontier Reporter artist. Here we have a priceless record picturing that day the events and those Priceless Indian chiefs, which would soon be lost with the advance of the settlers.

His paintings are a valuable history record, so valuable now and their value will grow as the years progress.

You will find that there is a sameness in the frontal portrait poses. This may be explained partly by practical considerations. When the Indian sitter of the portrait observed he was being drawn in profile, he drew his knife, shouting "You have left out half of my face. Put it in or I'll scalp you on the spot." Guess we had art critics in those days too.

Similarly an excuse is offered for the uniform mournful upraising of the eyes and dour mouth. A dozen kegs of whiskey were spilled on the ground among the Indians at the Prairie du Chien Treaty as an object lesson in temperance and the expressions on the Indian faces as they witnessed this waste, seems to have been caught by Lewis.

Painting in the wilderness was certainly a trial for the artist. The treaty time was limited for the artist to catch the principals involved and record them on canvas.

Q...I can see that Lewis had no easy Job.

A...Yes, but he had a strong urge to preserve the Indians as he saw them for generation to come, so they later generations could visualize the scene.

Blanche's favorite is a Lewis painting in Prairie du Chien of the Pipe Dance and the Tomahawk Dance.

You see the Indians in their loin cloths with feather headdresses and strings of feathers on their legs, dancing with spears, guns and tomahawk. Spread on the ground is a bear skin with tail and claws attached on which the drummer pounds out his mournful Indian rhythmic beats. All in all it is fascinating and rather eerie.

Lewis's painting of the Indian chiefs attending the meeting are most interesting. You see them in color, with painted faces. Each chief seems to have an individual dress. Their faces reveal many of their characteristics. Some look cruel, some kind, some athletic some small. You see few are fat as we see Indians today except perhaps the squaws.

Q...Pictures certainly tell an interesting story.

A...Yes, I wish I had the time to build a picture history of Prairie du Chien that could fully tell our story. There is much more to tell of the picture history of Prairie du Chien, but this will have to wait for another occasion.

7/30/54 MJDyrud



TREATY OF PEACE BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND THE INDIAN TRIBES

SEPTEMBER 1815

at which upwards of 2000 Indian Warriors of the CHIPPEWY, SIOUX, SACS & FOXES, WINNEBAGOES, POTTOWATTOMIES, MENOMONIES, IOWAS & OTTOWAS tribes were present. — Gen: LEWIS CLARK of Michigan and W^m CLARK of Missouri Commissioners on the part of the UNITED STATES.

Painted on the Spot by J. O. Leary

2ND FRONTIER PRAIRIE DU CHIEN AS PICTURES BY EARLY ARTISTS

Q...Another week has come and gone, since our last chat on local history, glad to be with you once again. Well Marty, what history do you have on tap for us today.?

A...Last week I opened a discussion of "Frontier Prairie du Chien as revealed by early artists." I should continue this interesting story.

Q...Perhaps, first, you had better give us a "thumb nail" sketch of your talk last week and then we can carry forward.

A...I'll be glad to. A great deal has been written about frontier days but we have only a meagre authentic picture history of this period. During this era there were no photographs so we have to fall back on sketches and paintings for our early views of Prairie du Chien.

Fortunately, Prairie du Chien is the locale for a good share of the early art in Wisconsin. Many early artists visited Prairie du Chien, the Gateway to the Early Northwest.

The earliest sketch I have been able to find is Captain Bulger's drawing of the British Fort McKay. This sketch was drawn in 1814 of the fort which stood on the present site of the Villa Louis.

The next paintings were made by Seymour in 1823. His panorama paintings of the Mississippi capture the beauty of the river and bluffs but add little to our picture of the town and its inhabitants.

The earliest artist, who gave us any wealth of paintings in Prairie du Chien is J. O. Lewis, who painted 20 portraits of the Indians and one general view of the Treaty meeting.

While Lewis' paintings were lost in the Smithsonian institute fire of 1865, colored lithographs preserve our only remaining record. I have collected these scarce lithographs for years, and now have nearly a complete set of his paintings in the Prairie du Chien locale.

No one interested in the early history of Prairie du Chien, can get an accurate feeling of the Indians without absorbing the color of the quaint dress and customs we find in these paintings.

Q...You are right Marty. Your pictures give a fascinating and beautiful image of Prairie du Chien in Indian days. Last week you showed us the colorful picture of the Treaty meeting of 1825 by Lewis and also his characterization of the Pipe and Tomahawk dances. Do you have any more?

A...Yes, here is a group of 18 chiefs, who were in Prairie 1825. Lewis painted them here at that time on the spot.

Here is an Ioway Chief called **Mauch-Coo -Maun**. It is a bust sized portrait of the copper skinned chief, bare to the waist. He has a good physique, high cheek bones, a very prominent nose and inquisitive eyes.

A silver crown with three protruding prongs, surrounds his head. His hair is covered with a pink feather cap. A bead necklace is worn close around the neck and hanging from a cloth band he wears a Presidential medal. Wide silver bracelets are shown high on his arms.

This is a picture of **EAGLE'S BED** a Fox Chief. You will remember that the Indians who lived on the prairie

here were of the Fox tribe.

This chief is a heavy built man, wearing a wrap around blanket. A quaint wood and metal tomahawk rests in his hand. His face is intelligent. Red paint cover his forehead, nose and one side of his face. His hair is cold black and cut close to the head, long feathers and ornaments adorn his hair.

PLAYING FOX, Prince of the Fox Tribes

Q...So these were Indian chiefs who lived in this area?

A...Yes. the chances are right in the Indian villages, here in Prairie du Chien. While the Fox Indians lived here in the early 1800, the land was originally Sioux territory.

Q... Who is this?

A...This is a famous Chippewa Chief, **THE BERRY PICKER**. In this full length portrait you see a wonderfully developed physical specimen as he wears few clothes, you can admire his fine proportions. Around his waist is tied a small apron. How strange his legs are covered with cloth leggings. On his feet are moccasins. His hair hangs in long braids down onto his shoulders. Multi colored feathers decorate his hair. In his hand is a long spear also decorated with feathers. Here is a broad head, high forehead, a large nose, alert eyes. All in all you see an intelligent individual, kindly in appearance, an Indian you would judge that you could like.

Here are 5 other Chippewa chiefs:

BIG BUCK, (KITCH-EA-I-AA-BA) a small, but very handsome chief dressed in buckskin wearing a black snug cap with his face painted half red.

PE-A-JICK, a large Chippewa chief.

Here is **SWEET** a noted Chippewa chief with a silver ring in his nose. Certainly very strange character.

And here is old **SNAGL'D TOOTH**, a Chippewa Chief. His flat berry cap and huge nose make him a weird but a most picturesque figure.

This Indian wearing a Presidential medal over his shirt is a celebrated Chippewa chief, **PE-SCHICK-EE**. He looks like a smart person.

Q...What about these presidential medals, Marty?

A...As the government commissioners would meet with the Indians they would make gift to the chiefs. One of their favorite gifts to the chiefs would be large coin sized medals from the Great White Father in Washington. Embossed in the medal would be the head of the President. I believe the British used this gift approach of medals prior to the Americans.

Q...That's a strange chief.

A...Yes, he is **SPECKL'D LOON** a Miami chief dressed in a fancy buckskin coat. Notice the large silver ornaments on his dress but most strange is the coin ring in his nose. The feather headdress he is wearing is most elaborate.

Q...Were there Miami Indians around here?

A...Not that I know of. To the best of my knowledge the Miami Indians came from around Indiana. It may be that they visited Wisconsin frequently, coming by Lake Michigan to hunt and fish in this area. I don't think they lived here permanently however.

Then I have 4 Winnebago chiefs who were here at the Treaty that Lewis painted.

WADT-HE-DO-KANNA apparently there was no translation for his Indian name. Maybe it is Pig Latin, I still can't figure it out.

Here is **LITTLE ELK**

WA KAUN, THE SNAKE, this Winnebago chief looks like a woman from his picture don't you think?

Q...Sure does.

Here is my favorite Chief, **Blackhawk** a Distinguished Sac Chief.

First, I should tell you that this picture was not painted in Prairie du Chien. It was painted by J. O. Lewis in Detroit in 1833, after Blackhawk was captured. Because Prairie du Chien is so closely linked with Blackhawk, I have included it with this group. I prize this picture highly.

Oh, isn't that excellent.

A...Yes, it is very fine and certainly most colorful.

Blackhawk was a smart Indian. He was acknowledged to be the finest Indian military strategist in this country. His high forehead reveals a high intelligence. His eyes are keen, analytical and absorbing. We can catch a measure of his magnetic personality. He has a magnificent bearing, composed, confident, still not braggartly but rather a wise look.

Here is a beauty of a Sioux Chief **WAA NA TAA**, Foremost in Battle. This full length portrait shows a fancy dressed Indian chief leaning on his flint lock gun with an Indian village in the background bordering on a lake. The chief is wearing a most elaborate elk skin robe decorated with hair and fur. This is the most unusual Indian dress I have ever seen. Around his neck is a large bear claw necklace. A red hair shawl draped over his head and is capped with a sunburst of feathers. On his shirt he has a bull's eye design over his heart. His face is stern, his features chiseled a strong character certainly.

Here is a **A Sioux** chief in shirt, apron and leggings. It looks like he forgot to pull on his pants.

Q...Lewis has certainly given us a fine record of the famous Indian chiefs in Prairie du Chien. I wish all of the people listening could see these colorful portraits. Were there other artists that contributed to the picture history of Prairie du Chien?

A...Yes, Eastman and Catlin both added extraordinary pictures of the Prairie du Chien scene but I think we will have to wait until another day for these for the time is too short today.

Q...Marty, will you come back and tell us more next week?

A...I will be glad to.

Aug. 1954 MJDyrud-



Fort McKay circa 1814



MAUCK-COO-MAUN



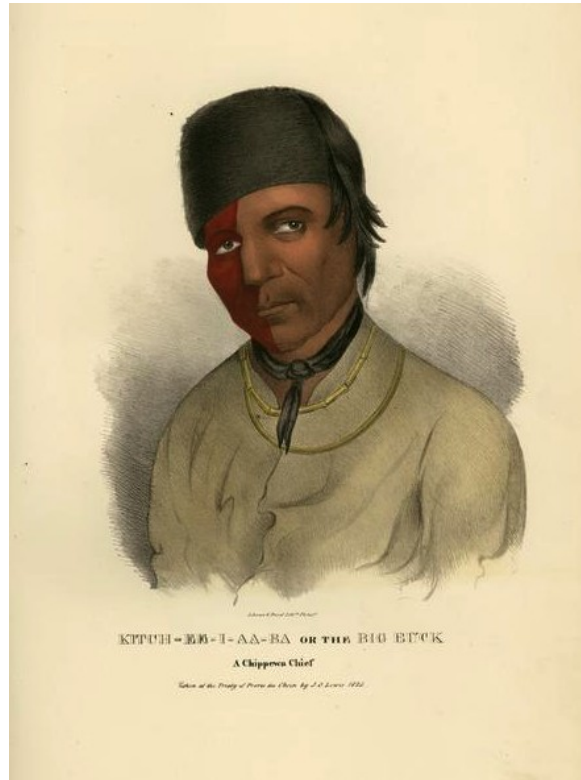
WAA-TOP-E-NOT
Eagle's Bed



WAA-PA-LAA
Playing Fox



KAA-NUN-DER-WAAGUINSE-ZOO
Berry Picker



KITCH-EA-I-AA-BA
Big Buck



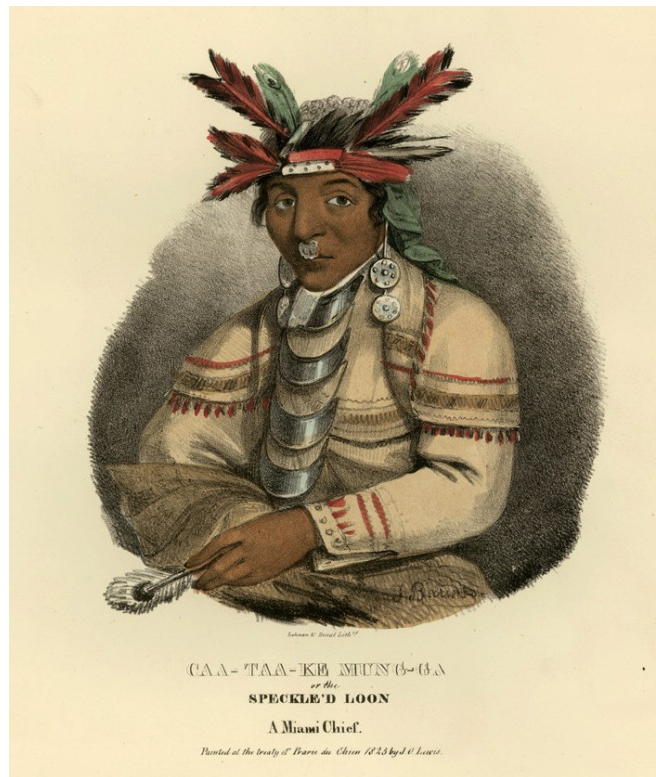
PE-A-JICK



WEESH-CUB
Sweet



CAW-TAA-WAA-BE-TA
Snagle'd Tooth



CAA-TAA-KE MUN-GA
Speckle'd Loon



WADT-HE-DOO-KAANA



O-WAN-ICH-KOH
Little Elk



WA-KAWN
The Snake



MAC-CUT-I-MISH-E-CA-CU-CAC
Blackhawk



WAA-NA-TAA
Foremost in Battle



A Sioux Chief

Artist Reporters and the Charles Russell Story

About one hundred and thirty-five years ago, talented artist-reporters came from the east to this area to record and preserve the colorful and fast fading Indian scene. Indian life was fast disappearing by the western movement of our frontier before 1850, this was in the days before photography. These artists wanted to paint the Indians in their wild and native surroundings. This subject was popularly desired by Easterners and Europeans.

Artists like J.Q. Lewis, Banvard, Catlin, and Eastman and many others made many paintings. I have been attracted to collect many of them.

Charles Russell Story: Charles Russell lived later but as a great friend of the Indians while he was ranching. He was a great artist and story teller. He told one story illustrating how strange some of the white man's customs appear to the Indians.

“An Indian Chief needed money. Friends told him to see banker. The banker was rather cool at first, for the Indian had no collateral that is security, so if the loan wasn't repaid the bank would not lose money. After some talk, the banker asked how many ponies the chief had. He relayed fifty. This satisfied the executive who told the chief he could have the money.

Only a week or two passed before the Indian chief returned with a bulging fist full of bills, paid off the loan and had a lot of money left. The bank now saw an opportunity to increase his deposits so he advised the Indian to deposit he surplus money in the bank. When the Indian wanted to know why, the banker told him it would be safer and there would be no chance of the chief losing his money or having it stolen. This prompted the perplexed an chief to ask the banker and how many ponied do have?" It seemed only fair if the banker required ponies of the chief he too should know how many ponies the banker had.

3RD FRONTIER PRAIRIE DU CHIEN AS PICTURED BY EARLY ARTISTS

Q...The time has arrived for another of our interesting chats on local history. And, we welcome back Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society. Now from radio station WPRE located on the ground where the famous Indian treaty of 1825 was held, we bring you Marty Dyrud.

A...A great deal has been written about the frontier days but we have very little picture history of this period. What we have been able to find is most interesting.

During this period there were no photographs so we have to fall back on drawings and paintings for early views of Prairie du Chien and the people here.

Fortunately Prairie du Chien is the locale for a good share of the early art in Wisconsin. There are more early paintings of early Prairie du Chien than of any other town in the state. Here we have another first that few people recognize.

The earliest sketch I have been able to find, is one made by Captain Bulger of the British Fort McKay in 1814. This British fort stood on the spot where the Villa Louis is now located.

Next, we find Seymour in 1823 making sketches of the river and bluffs at this spot or near here.

The earliest artist who really gave us any great wealth of paintings in Prairie du Chien, was J. O. Lewis a government artist with the Indian department. Lewis attended the Treaty of 1825 in Prairie du Chien and painted 20 portraits of the Indian chiefs as well as a general view of the meeting.

While Lewis' paintings were burned in the Smithsonian Institute fire of 1865, fortunately we have a few colored lithographs of these paintings.

No one interested in early Prairie du Chien. can obtain an accurate image of this locale unless they absorb the color and quaint appearance of this area and the Indians here as viewed in these early paintings.

Last week we described the 20 Indian chiefs painted here at the Treaty of 1825. They were of the Fox, Chippewa, Miami, Winnebago, Sauk, Iowa, and Sioux tribes. Lewis painted them very realistically.

The land in Prairie du Chien was once Sioux territory but they yielded to the Fox Indians, as the whites pushed the aborigines westward.

Q....Marty, I can vividly see even now the beautiful headdresses of the Indian chiefs you showed us last week their painted faces and fascinating hair do's.

And, Lewis' painting of Chief Blackhawk is so life like that it almost seems he could step out of the picture and walk away.

A...Yes, I think Lewis' painting of Blackhawk is his finest work.

Here are two fascinating sketches of the First Fort Crawford made by Seth Eastman in 1829, 125 years ago. They are photographs of sketches in the Peabody Museum of Harvard University.

The first is a rough sketch by Seth Eastman, it is his working sketch. Then here is the finished sketch made of Fort Crawford, isn't it a gorgeous drawing?

They are labeled by the Artist:

Mississippi River, Fort Crawford, Prairie du Chien, 537 miles above St. Louis, October 1829.

Eastman's view of Fort Crawford is made from the river looking east. You see the wooden Fort set well back from the bank of the river. Block houses are set at diagonal corners of the fort. On the north the barracks form one side of the fort. Palisades of logs close in the fort between the block houses and the barracks.

Eight quaint houses of wood or stone are shown along the bank of the river south of the fort. Notice the Brisbois home standing out from the others and. Nearest the river bank.

North of the fort are several Sioux tepees on Eastman's rough sketch.

In the background on the mainland where our business district now stands, we see about 12 houses and one large fenced pasture. I would guess that this was a horse corral.

Notice the large sally port in the middle of the fort on the side facing the river, from this a well beaten path is leading to the river bank and pier. Next to the pier are tied several large bateaus. It was in these large boats that the traders carried furs and the army transported supplies.

In the immediate foreground on the river is a canoe with four Indians paddling down stream.

Note that there are no trees anywhere on the prairie or on the east bluffs. The Indians would burn off the prairie each year. It certainly looks much different than we see it today with the many large shade trees that now line our streets.

O.. How did Eastman happen to make this sketch of Fort Crawford?

A...Eastman was a young 2nd Lieutenant at Fort Crawford. He came here in 1829, after having graduated from West Point. Eastman had a natural talent for drawing and painting. Apparently this sketch was not ordered by the army but Eastman did it for his own pleasure.

Two years later the army recognized his talent for drawing and made him an instructor of drawing at West Point. It is interesting to know that the famous artist's Whistler's grandfather was then also instructor of drawing at West Point.

Eastman made sketches of the fort, a river scene 17 miles north of Prairie du Chien, that you see here.

Q...It doesn't look much like La Crosse as we see it today.

A...No it doesn't. Prairie du Chien was the big town of this area in those days.

This is a most novel painting by Eastman made in Prairie du Chien. It is called **Squaws Playing Ball** on the Prairie. Eastman made this painting in 1830 of the Menominee women. The people of the east were so fascinated with this portrayal of an Indian game and the fine way that Eastman had executed it, that it quickly brought him fame as an artist of the frontier.

Later most of the frontier artists also made painting of the same scene.

It is a most interesting picture of two groups of squaws with sticks in their hands running to keep mastery of the ball.

Spread in a circle around the playing field are colorful Indians, the men enjoying the game.

Today we know this game as La Crosse. I believe that Prairie du Chien was first place where the whites found the Indians playing La Crosse.

Q...Is this game played much today?

A...No, not much but it is played some. I have seen games played at Yale University. The game is very rough.

Here I have another famous painting of the game by artist Catlin, it too was made in Prairie du Chien in 1848 portraying the Dakota Indians.

It is labeled Ball Play of the Women in Prairie du Chien, this painting now hangs in the Smithsonian Institute in Washington.

At one end of the field you see two poles with leather thong lines across. On the line are calicoes and other presents, placed there by the Indian men. The squaws chose sides and played for the presents to the great amusement of the men.

Q...How picturesque.

A...Here is another sketch of Eastman of the Sioux Indians playing ball. Notice this is of the men. Each man carries a racket, which is a stick with a small basket net into which the ball is scooped up and carried

MJDyrd/Aug 1954



Fort Crawford circa 1830
Seth Eastman artist



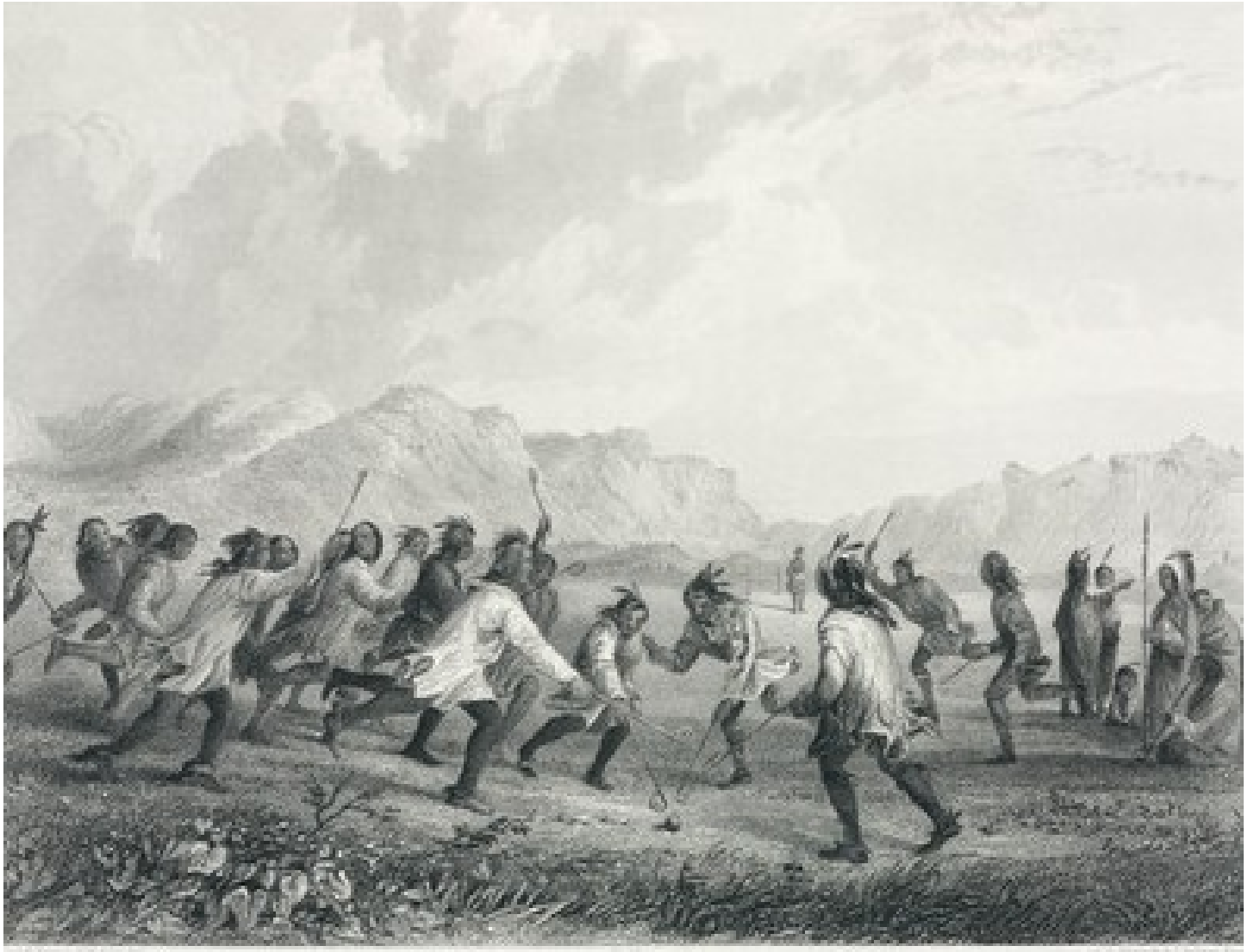
BALL PLAY OF THE WOMEN IN PRAIRIE DU CHIEN
by George Catlin 1848



BALL PLAYING AMONG THE SIOUX INDIANS

SETH EASTMAN, 1851

Corcoran Gallery



BALL PLAY ON THE PRAIRIE.

Ball Play on the Prairie
Seth Eastman

La Crosse

A...The time has arrived for another of our history chats with Marty Dyrud, Curator of The Wisconsin State Historical Society. So now as a public service program of WPRE we are happy to present Marty Dyrud.

A...Thank You Walt, radio communication is certainly a big improvement over the Indian smoke signals that Indians used to communicate news across the country.

Q...I wonder what the Indians would have called our radio tower in the frontier days had one existed?

A... Well, probably The Sky Tree of the Great Spirit. They revered the Great Spirit and radio would have been one of those mysteries, beyond their comprehension.

Q...Say Marty, I was fascinated with your pictures of La Crosse being played here on the prairies here in Prairie du Chien.

A...I have gotten a kick out of collecting them, I find that few residents of Prairie du Chien, realize that there are such fine paintings of Indians playing ball here.

Q...I believe you told us last week that the Indian ball play called La Crosse did not derive its name from the city north of us.

A...No, I don't think the game was named after the city north of us, but rather the name was derived from the cross of the stick used in playing the game. I notice that the early painters refer to the game as Ball Playing and not La Crosse. The name La Crosse was no doubt a later identity which became popular. It would differentiate La Crosse from base ball, foot ball, rugby and other types of ball games.

Q...Were the Indian tribes here the only ones who played La Crosse?

A...No, the game La Crosse, seems to have been played by all the Indian tribes we know of in the U. S. and Canada. This is rather strange for the various tribes seemed to have different languages but La Crosse playing was a common sport.

Q...I noticed a tail on one of the players of La Crosse.

A...The tail was a part of the costume of the Chotaw Indians of Arkansas. These Indians had a costume with a mane around the neck and a tail of horse hair protruding from the back of the player. This tail was a part of the loin cloth they wore. This costume seems to imitate a horse. In the Southwest the Indians were great horsemen, more so than in the north.

This tail affair was not used by the Indians here playing La Crosse.

I do find some later accounts of the Indians here playing La Crosse here on ponies.

Q...Was the game of La Crosse the only Indian entertainment?

A...No, the Indians had varied sports for entertainment, sometimes horse racing then there was dancing in a varied pantomime for many occasions. Also, wrestling and foot racing but La Crosse was the most picturesque and beautiful mass sport of the Indian world.

Q...How many Indians would play La Crosse?

A.... Sometimes as many as six to eight thousand. There might even be 5 to 6 times this many spectators, men, women, and children, surrounding the ground and looking on.

Q...You mean that 6 to 8,000 players would join in a game of La Crosse?

A.. Yes, at the large gatherings of the Indians.

Q...How many players are there in a modern day game of La Crosse?

A...Perhaps 14 to 20 at the game I saw. I am not sure of exact number.

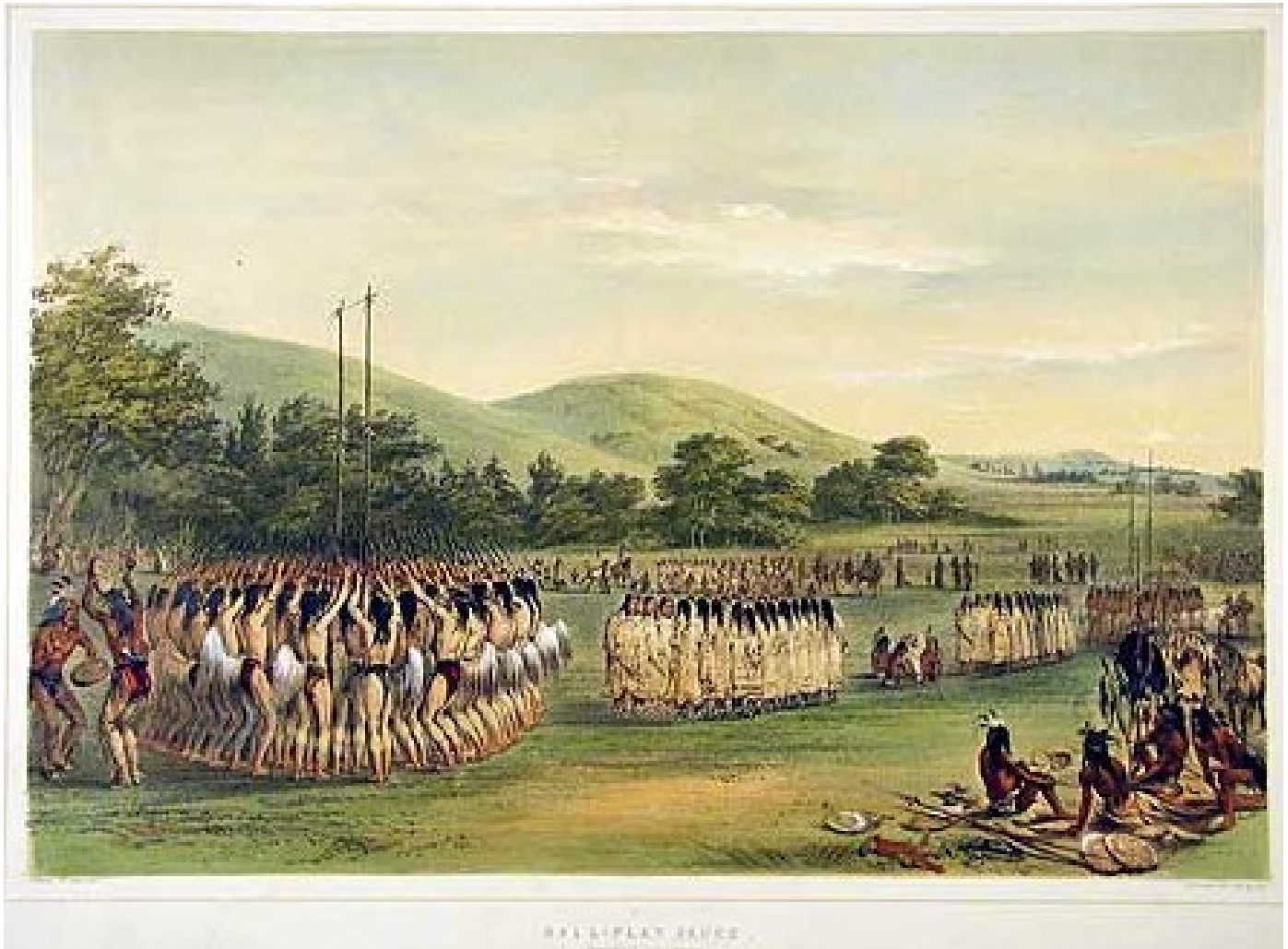
Q... An Indian game of La Crosse must be a very colorful affair.

A...It certainly must be, just picture hundreds of Nature's beautiful models, nearly nude, painted in various colors, running and leaping in the air. Think of a sea of human forms in a desperate struggle for control of the ball.

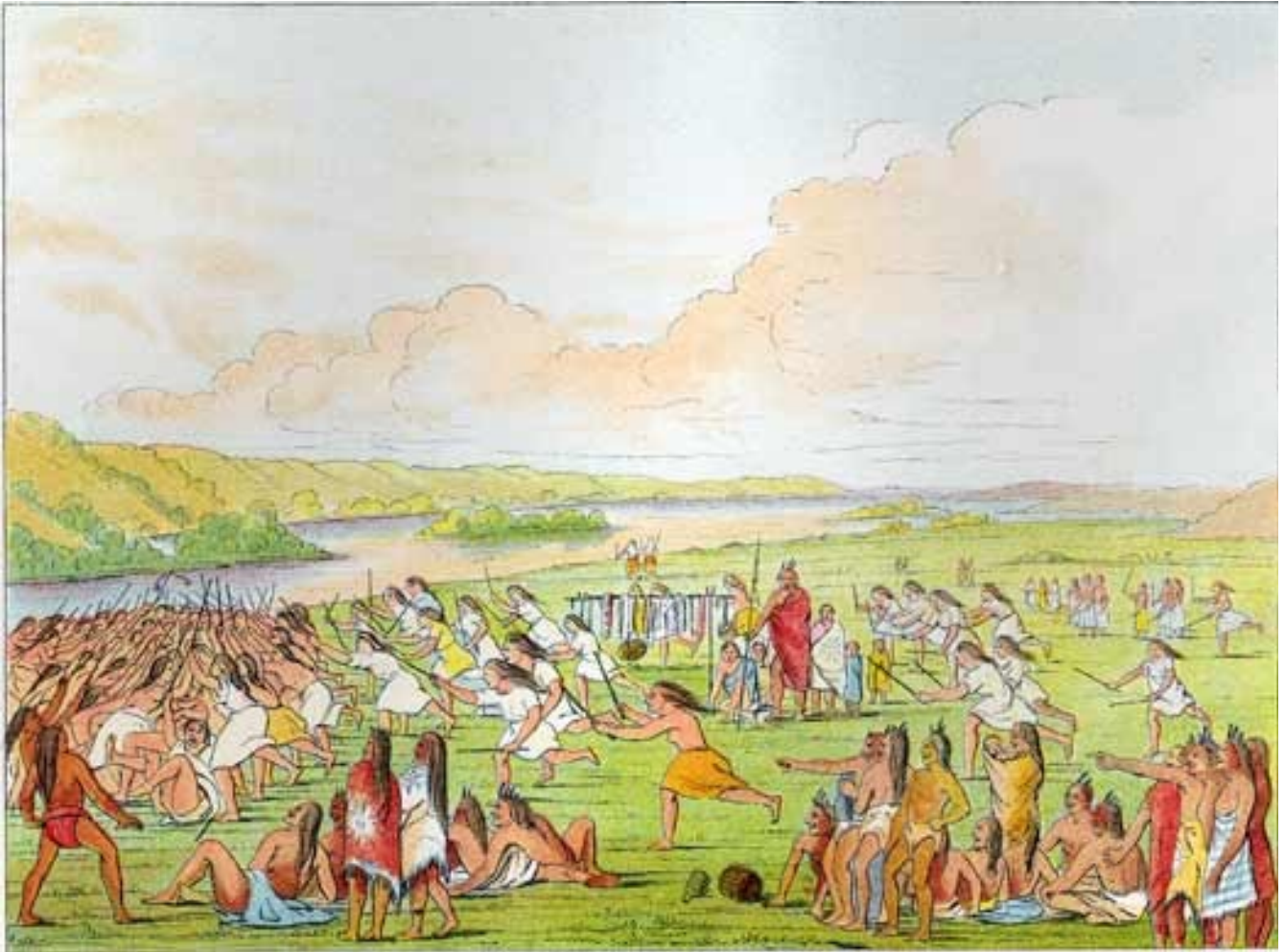
Q...The early artists must have been amazed at these games. No wonder the game was painted by so many artists.

A...Yes, Catlin tells us in his 1841 account:

"I have made it a uniform rule whilst in the Indian country, to attend every ball-play I could hear of, if I could do it by riding twenty or thirty miles: and my usual custom has been on such occasions, to straddle the back of my horse, and look on to the best advantage. In this way I have sat, and often times reclined, and almost dropped from my horse's back with irresistible laughter at the succession of droll tricks and kicks and scuffles which ensued in the almost superhuman struggle for the ball. The plays generally commence at nine o'clock, or near it, in the morning; and I have more than once balanced myself on my pony from that time till near sundown, without more than one minute intermission time, before the game have been decided."



Ball Play Dance



Ball Play of the Women
George Catlin



Ball Play
George Catlin



2nd La Crosse

La Crosse, is the name given by the French settlers of Canada to Indian game of "Baggataway" because the implement used, the curved netted stick, resembled a bishop's crozier. La Crosse is the oldest organized sport in America. It was played by the Six Nations tribes of the Iriquois, throughout the territory now known as New York State and lower Ontario, before Columbus landed on San Salvador in 1492.

The Iriquois Confederation adopted the sport as training measure for war, the extremely brutal pastime underwent some changes as the game was taken up by the French in 1740 and the English in 1847. La Crosse is the national summer sport of Canada and played by many schools and clubs.

There are twelve men on each side in the. present game, making 24 in all. The Indians played the game with hundreds and even thousands of players when they had large gatherings..

Early explorers have reported 6-8,000 braves playing the game ay one time, and as many as 40,000 Indian spectators.

Q...Thats fine Marty. I am anxious to hear more of the game description on you started last week..

A...Fortunately, we have an excellent description of the game by the artist Catlin recorded in his notebook in 1841. His description is so colorful, I will give most of his words:

“The two competing Indian tribes would arrive at the scene of the game and make camp on opposite sides of the field. Each side erected their own goal with upright sticks, about 25 feet high and 6 feet apart. These posts were set firmly into the ground, and a pole across at the top. These goals were about 40-60 rods apart.”

Gambling was an active part of the game. The squaws could gather and bet all their possessions on the game knives, dresses, blankets, pots-and kettles, dogs and horses and guns. Bets were given to stake holders, who would guard the holdings until the game was finished. The game was played barefooted by the braves.

The Passenger Pigeon

Q...Marty, I am quite anxious to know what you have for us today.

A...Well, Walt the other day I was reflecting on a comment that an ornithologist made to me several years ago when he said that the Prairie du Chien area has a greater variety of bird life than any other spot in America, perhaps in the world.

Q... Is that right?

A...That is what I was told, but I have no way of telling how correct the statement is. Nevertheless, it was such a striking statement from a man who should know that I was intrigued. Soon the duck season will open and our hunters will be nestled away in their blinds waiting for the sun to creep over the horizon.

Q...Now you are talking about my favorite sport. I imagine we have the same variety of bird life now, that the early settlers had, except for fewer birds.

A...Yes, there are fewer birds and I think the variety is the same with one notable exception.

Q...What exception do you have in mind?

A...I am thinking about the Passenger Pigeon.

Q...Were Passenger Pigeons native to this area in the early days?

A...Yes, Passenger Pigeons were once a very common bird here, and found in large flocks. There is a monument to the Passenger Pigeon in Wyalusing State Park in memory of this most interesting bird.

Q...I guess that is right. By the way Marty, can you tell me how the bird got its name, Passenger Pigeon?

A...The American wild pigeon, which was sometimes referred to as a Wood Pigeon, attracted the early attention of explorers for its conspicuous habit of flying from one part of the country to another in immense flocks. The flight of these birds was remarkably swift, for they had powerful wings. Because of these characteristics they were called Passenger Pigeons.

Q...When you say these birds fly swift, what do you mean? For instance, how many miles per hour would you say they fly.

A...The passenger pigeon could fly 60 miles per hour. On long flights of 200 to 300 miles they are known to have averaged 40 miles per hour or better.

Q...That sounds remarkable. Well, did these birds migrate far?

A...The movements of the passenger pigeons were not migratory in the strict sense of the term, except when they ranged into Canada. Their flights were made "en masse" in huge flocks in search of food.

Q...How far north would they go?

A...Usually southern Canada. Here in the central states, the passenger pigeons would stay all year. When heavy snow would cover the ground and cut off their feed, they would move a little south until they could find feed. These birds were not often found much west of the Mississippi, but ranged east to the Atlantic.

Q...When you say they would travel in flocks, do you mean in groups like blackbirds in the fall?

A...Early travelers and explorers in this area astonish us with their accounts of the immense flock of passenger pigeons flying at one time.

For instance, Audubon the famous bird painter reported in 1813 seeing a flock of passenger pigeons that seemed to fill the air. Viewing this flight about noon, Audubon reported that the number of birds was so great that they shut out the light of the sun, as in an eclipse. Just imagine so many birds that it became dark on the ground. Audubon estimated in this one flock alone there were one billion, one hundred million birds. He said they flew in a continuous stream. He calculated these birds would consume 8,500,000 bushels of grain a day. -

Q...I can't believe it? Was Audubon given to exaggeration?

A...No, I am sure Audubon's account is correct. The birds flew in such large numbers that the sound of their flight was like rolling thunder. The sound could be heard three miles away..

About five year before Audubon, a famous ornithologist named Wilson, reported a flock he saw, which he estimated to number 2 billion, 230 million passenger pigeons. This flock was 240 miles long. Just think of a flock of birds extending from Waukon to Chicago, filling the sky and obliterating the sun.

Q...Its fantastic... Just what did these birds live on?

A...Their food consisted mainly of small acorns and thin shelled nuts, especially beech nuts and a variety of seed and small fruit.

Where they found food plentiful, the passenger pigeons would gather in vast numbers. They like wooded areas. They would frequently settle so thickly on trees that they would break the branches

It is reliably reported that these birds would sometimes cover the ground so thickly, turning over leaves in search something to eat, that the moment one bird rose upon the wing, another was ready to take its place.

These pigeons would remain at such "Roosts" as long as the food supply held out. In early May and June, they would make their nests in such large company, sometimes loading the tree so that it would break down. The nest were rude platforms of twigs, holding usually two eggs. Sometimes as many as 100 nests would be found in one tree. That would mean that 200 birds made their home there.

It is said that the male and female passenger Pigeon mated for life.

Q...How interesting, such large flocks must have caused considerable damage?

A...Yes, the flocks did damage areas. Strangely, the birds did not bother growing crops, but the birds did wreck some forested areas.

One flock is reported to have covered 150,000 acres of woodland. It is said they gathered all the living berries and nuts in this area.

The worst damage, which was great, came from bird excretion, the droppings, which covered the ground two inches thick and destroyed all living vegetation and most of the trees.

Q...I thought the hunters killed many of the wild pigeons.

A...Yes, hunters from 1800 to 1860 hunted these birds so strenuously that they finally destroyed the species.

The passenger pigeon was a very tempting meat, a delicacy. At first the killing was done, only for home needs. Each family perhaps salting down a few barrels of bodies. However, later, when transportation facilities improved, large numbers of birds were taken and packed for sale elsewhere.

When a large flock would make a roosting, the white men were little better than the wild animals, for both would gather for the feast.

Many hunters made a business of commercially hunting passenger pigeons. They would travel wherever the pigeons were plentiful, They would kill immense numbers with guns, poles and clubs. Sometimes they used sulfur pots. Many were caught alive and fattened in pens, other sold live to gun clubs.

Audubon records that in 1805 he saw schooners at the wharves in New York City loaded in bulk with wild pigeons, caught up the Hudson River, and sold for one cent each.

Q...Didn't the early sportsmen protect these birds?

A...No, it was too early to think seriously of conservation. The conservation movement was to come later and the passenger pigeon was to be a tragic example of annihilation.

The so called sportsmen of that day, created a large demand for live pigeons to be shot at, when released from spring traps, merely as amusement and for tests of marksmanship. As many as 20,000 wild pigeons were used on a single occasion in some tournaments.

This incessant slaughter and persecution, together with the clearing away of large tracts of forest, rapidly destroyed the wild pigeons. Their disappearance was greatly hastened by a series of very cold winters between 1860 and 1870.

Q...Does anyone know just when the last passenger pigeon died?

A... Yes, there is a good record. The only known bird of this species in captivity died in the Cincinnati Zoological Garden on August 24, 1914 at the age of 29 years. The opinion prevails among competent ornithologists is the time the passenger pigeon became extinct was the death of this bird.

Q...What a tragic ending to such a fascinating story.

A...Yes, it is. I wish we could find a stuffed passenger pigeon that we could have in our museum here, as a reminder of this picturesque bird with its colorful place in our pioneer history.

A...Seems to me I remember when some of the older people made collection of stuffed animals and birds.

A...I am sure there must be some people in our audience here who could aid us in getting a stuffed passenger pigeon.

Q...I bet there are too, if they would be good enough to let us know.

A...Help us if you can. Just write a letter or card to this station or me, Marty Dyrud, Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin.

O...Just what did a passenger pigeon look like? I guess I forgot to ask you that?

A...The passenger pigeon is about the size of a turtle dove. The male was about 17 inches long. About half of this length was the tail. The passenger pigeon had a narrow, graceful and pointed tail. The middle feather in the tail was brown, the others pale blue.

The female was smaller than the male and less colorful. The upper feathers of the bird were purplish or brownish red, fading into a violet pink.

Q... Thanks a lot Marty for your fascinating story and, I hope that somebody will aid you in getting a stuffed passenger pigeon for historical display.

A...I sure wish so too.

Q...Will we see you next week?

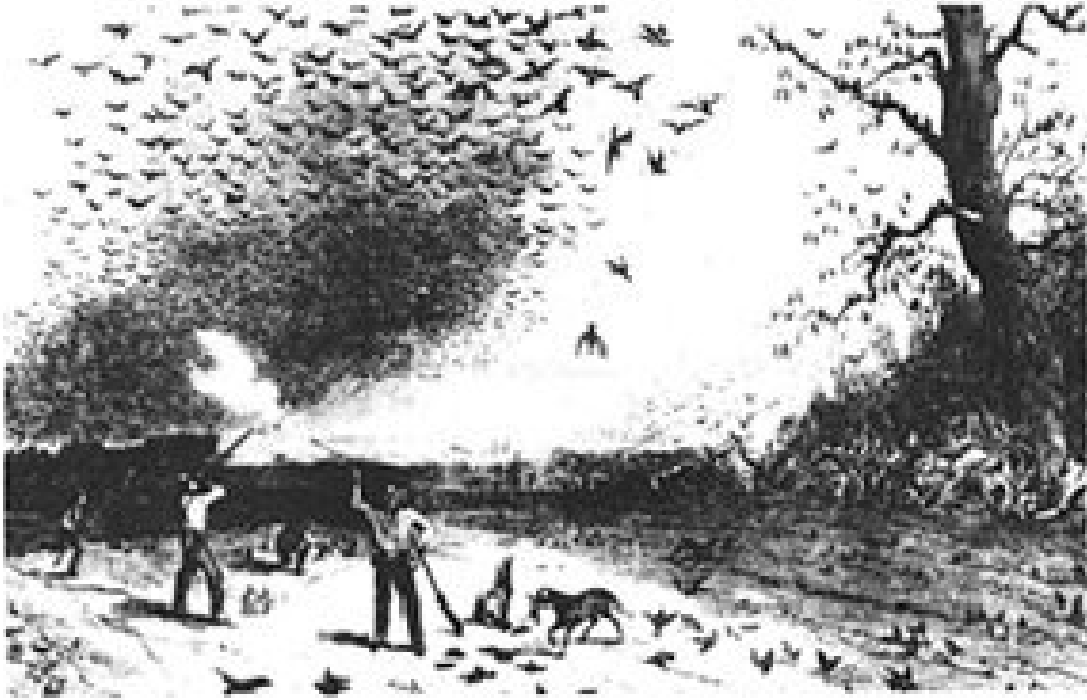
A... I'll sure try to be here.

Broadcast 9/26/54



Passenger Pigeon

After John James Audubon. Plate 62 Passenger Pigeon from *The Birds of America*. Hand-colored etching with engraving and aquatint by Robert Havell. First state.



In the autumn of 1813, I left my house at Henderson, on the banks of the Ohio, on my way to Louisville. In passing over the Barrens a few miles beyond Hardensburgh, I observed the pigeons flying from north-east to south-west, in greater numbers than I thought I had ever seen them before. The air was literally filled with Pigeons; the light of noon-day was obscured as by an eclipse. Before sunset I reached Louisville, distant from Hardensburgh fifty-five miles. The Pigeons were still passing in undiminished numbers and continued to do so for three days in succession. The killing of these birds reached legendary proportions. The last specimen died at the Cincinnati Zoo, September 1, 1914.



Indian Canoes

Q/..The time has arrived, once again, for another of our interesting chats on History. We are pleased to welcome back Marty Dyrud, curator of The Wisconsin State Historical Society to the WPRE microphone.

A...Thank you Walt. This area has a rich heritage of history and I enjoy digging out the interesting phases of our frontier days.

Q...I had almost forgotten the Passenger Pigeon, until you opened up last week and told us about the tremendous number of these birds in this area in the early days. I believe you mentioned flocks of as many as 2 billion birds. It almost seems beyond comprehension.

A...Yes, it does seem fantastic. If the white men in those days had practiced some restraint and conservation, we might still have these wonderful birds with us today. Unfortunately, the ruthless killing of the passenger pigeon was big factor in the annihilation of the species. The last bird in the Cincinnati Zoological Garden died in 1914.

Q...By the way Marty, did you get any leads on a stuffed passenger pigeon for the museum here.

A...No...no yet.

Q...Well, you may find some help, one of these days in locating a stuffed bird. Personally, just now I would rather be out hunting some ducks.

A...I suppose with the opening of the duck season, you would like to pick up pointers from a good Indian hunter.

Q...I wouldn't mind learning more.

A...Well, Walt, the Indians hunted all their life for food. A good portion of their diet was meat. As a result they roamed over large tracts of land hunting animals, game birds, fishing and gathering grains and berries.

Unfortunately, the Indians did not store food in times of plenty, for times of want, so they frequently were hungry.

On the contrary, the white man stored food when he found plenty, which carried him over the periods of scarcity. He therefore could exist on a much smaller land area.

Q...I guess that's right.

A...This time of the year the Indians would hunt ducks and gather Wild Rice in their canoes.

Q...Are the duck boats a modified canoe?

A...In many ways they are similar, but generally they are very different in that the duck boats have a covered top deck, with, only a hole for the paddler. To me, they resemble the Eskimo "kayak" more closely.

Q...Are the canoes today like those the Indians used?

A...The finest Indian canoes in all North America were developed a little north of us. The Chippewa Indians designed a birch-bark canoe, which was, and still may be the lightest and most graceful craft on the water.

Our canoes of today stem from these famous Chippewa birch-bark canoes.

Q...Tell me more about the birch-bark canoes.

A...Well, the birch-bark canoes of the Chippewa Indians, are perhaps the most beautiful and the lightest model of all water crafts, that was ever invented.

They are generally are made completely from the rind of one birch tree. Ingeniously, they are shaped and sewed together with the roots of the tamarack (Which the Indians called "wat -tap". The finished canoe is waterproof. These canoes ride high on the water and are light as a cork.

The Indians developed a great skill in handling their canoes. They would gracefully lean and dodge about in the water. Even the ugliest squaw could handle a canoe with consummate skill.

It looked so easy to the white man, that he thought could duplicate their skill. However the white man found was certainly not easy, but with patience and practice the early traders became expert in the canoe.

Q...Did all the Indians use birch-bark canoes?

A...No. Most Indians and primitive tribes, on or near water developed some means of water transportation.

First the primitives used rafts, but these were awkward. Next came the Dug-Out. These were made from logs, hollowed out by fire and shaped with crude tools into boats. The dug-outs were faster than rafts. The Indians through America used dug-outs for water travel.

Canoes were a higher development of the early boat builders. Primitive canoes were usually light frameworks of wood over which were stretched skins like the Eskimo "Kayak".

When Columbus visited the West Indies he found a word "Cana'oa" in use. It generally refers to a small boat with both ends sharp, open from end to end and propelled by a paddle. Usually the paddles were single bladed. I think the double bladed paddle is rather peculiar and characteristic of the Eskimo and his "kayak".

Our Chippewa Indians distinguished themselves by making a fine canoe that was light, graceful, beautiful and very serviceable, using a birch-bark covering. The Chippewa Indians used birch-bark, sewen together as a covering for their huts, which they carried along with them. It was light and served better than skins.

Q...That's interesting.

A...The Mandan Indians of the Upper Missouri River, that would be in the Dakotas, had a form of boat which was sometimes incorrectly referred to as canoes, which were made round like a tub. Buffalo skins were stretched over a willow framework in these boats.

The Mandan Indians paddled these by standing in the bow by reaching out and pulling the paddle towards the boat.

Q...Present day canoes are then a descendent of the Chippewa canoe, made of birch-bark?

A...Yes, that's right.

Q...The white men must have recognized the advantages of the Chippewa birch-bark canoe and copied it for that reason?

A...Yes, the early traders and explorers found the Chippewa canoe light and best in the water. It did require considerable skill to handle it.

Most people picture explorers and Indians in canoes. That glamour is with us today and I think will remain. Of course you have to be a good swimmer to operate a canoe but today most people swim, so there is not much danger if you turn over and get a dunking.

Q...How long are canoes?

A...In the early days when portages were common, the canoes were smaller than today. The early explorers and traders used canoes from 10 to 16 feet long, that is when they traveled alone. When they traveled together their canoes would range from 16 to 20 feet.

The Indians had war canoes up to 30 feet long that would carry 9 men easily. The early traders used this type of canoe for freight carriers.

The voyageurs, mainly French Canadians, became very skilled with canoes. Very strangely they would measure distances in "pipes". After paddling so long they would stop for a pipe smoke, which came to be used as a measure of distance in the early days on the waterways. The voyageurs had many songs that have come down through the years.

Getting back to canoes, now with few portages, our sportsmen like the 17 foot canoe, which has a 34 inch width. The usual depth is 12 to 14 inches. The bow and stern are about 4 to 6 inches higher. One man can handle this sized canoe.

Q...Do the Canadians use the same kind on the Lake of the Woods?

A...No, their canoe is smaller, about 1 foot shorter and only 30 inches wide. In Canada, portaging is frequent so the smaller size is better. All wood canoes are the favorite in Canada, while the canvas canoe is the favorite in the United States

The wood canoe is faster. The canvas canoe is the more buoyant. The birch-bark canoe, the original, while almost impossible to obtain now, is slower than the other two, but the birch-bark canoe will keep going under stress of wind and water, that would drown any other type.

Q...Sails?

A... Yes, not rigged, but propelled by blankets. They served the birch-bark canoe.

Q...Did the Indians ornament their canoes?

A...Yes, the Indians would paint designs on their canoes, which made them all the more attractive. Frequently there would be a star or a flower emblem on the curved prow or stern of the canoe. Some running design or a series of colored bands would go along the side.

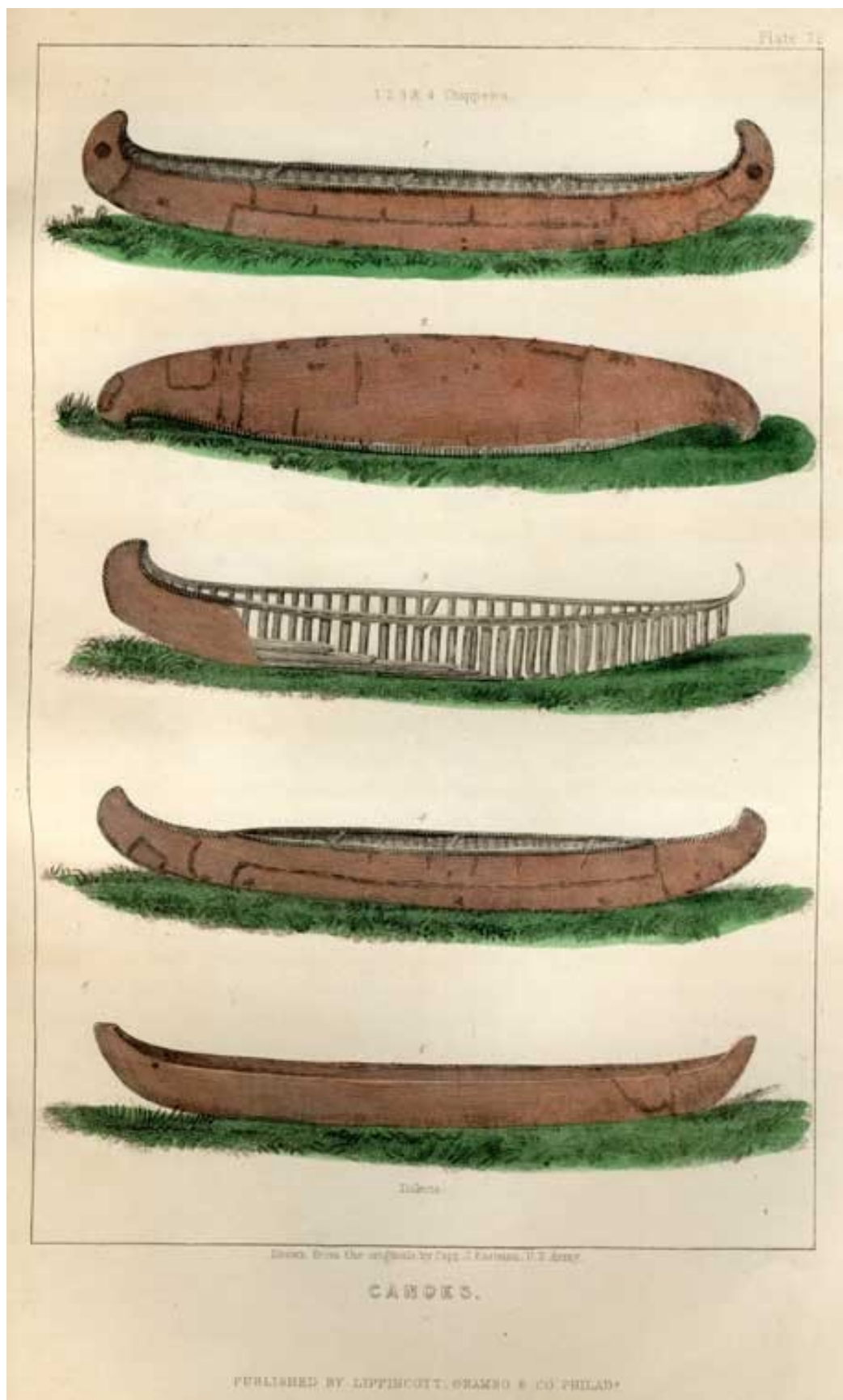
Q....The boats came later?

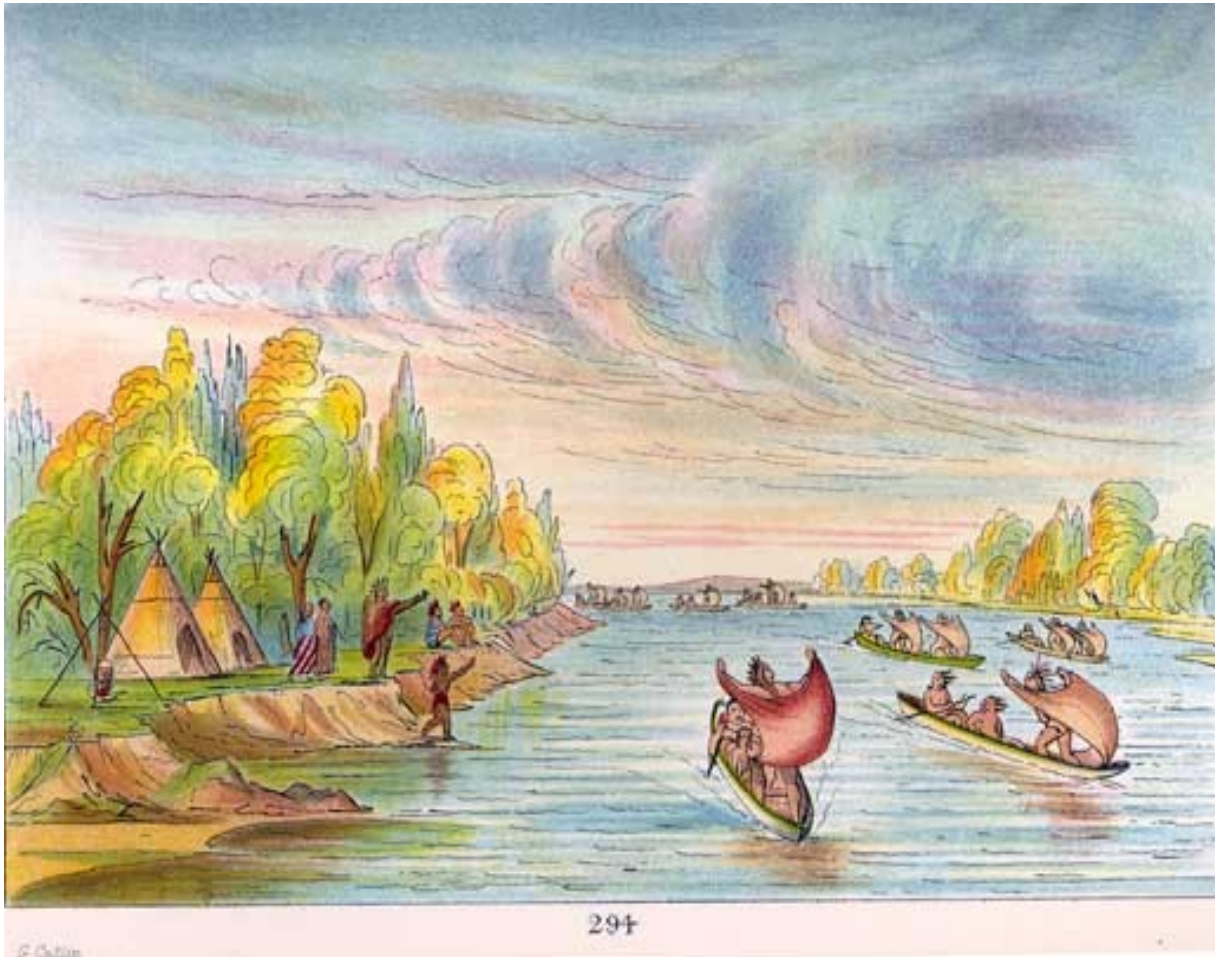
A...Yes, later the traders used bateaus, large boats to transport furs. These boats had oars and fixed positions for them. They were of course much heavier and more stable and they would stand more abuse.

Q...Then I suppose large steam boats.

A...Yes, the steam boats came as the territory opened. The famous stern wheelers and side wheelers for the shallow water.

MJDyrud Aug 1954





Canoes of the Sacs and Foxes
George Catlin



Two of the Companies Officers Traveling in a Canoe Made of Birchbark Manned by Canadians, c. 1823
Rindisbacher

The Indian Peace Pipe

Q...Once again, the time has arrived for another of our History chats on Pioneer Prairie du Chien.

A...Thank you Walt. I am glad to join you once again. I am so glad you are giving attention to our history.

Q...I didn't realize that the Chippewa Indians were so famous for their birch-bark canoes, until you gave us the story last week.

A...Yes, the Chippewa birch-bark canoe set a standard as the finest canoe in the world. Even now, more than 100 years later, our canoe designs are based on this vary famous craft.

Q...Those early days must have been very picturesque when you could see so many Indian chiefs draw their canoes up on shore near this station and visit Fort Crawford for their treaty meetings.

A...Yes, they were. It must have been a very colorful spectacle, the Indians in their colorful dress, the fancy feathered head-dresses. The treaty meetings were interesting too, for there were many orators among the Indian chiefs. Chief Blackhawk was an orator and highly respected. After discussions, and when agreements were reached, the Indians with great ceremony would smoke their "Pipe of Peace" with their great white brothers.

Q...Marty, just what is or was a "Peace Pipe"?

A,,,Well, that's quite a long, but interesting story.

Q...Would you be good enough to tell us about it today?

A...Sure, The Indian "Peace Pipe" was a highly respected Indian symbol of friendship. When the Indians smoked the "Peace Pipe" with the white men, it symbolized their agreement,with a blessing from the Great Spirit.

Q...Much like we shake hands, when we make a binding promise today.

A...Yes, that's right. I would think the "Peace Pipe" was more solemn and binding for they invoked the Great Spirit as a witness of the agreement.

You see, the Indians when they held their councils, talked and agreed verbally. They didn't sign written contracts as we know them today. When the Indian chiefs agreed, they smoked the "Peace Pipe". With considerable ceremony, the "Peace Pipe" was passed to each member of the council and party to the agreement. Each Indian took a few whiffs and passed the pipe along.

Q...What made the "Peace Pipe" such an important symbol?

A...The very earliest Indians were intrigued with the mystery of smoke. They saw the smoke rise and later believed it carried messages to The Great Spirit, their God, creator of the world, who dwelt in the heavens.Smoking the "peace pipe" had a religious significance, as the Great Spirit joined in witnessing the agreement.

Q...Did the Indians smoke for pleasure?

A...Yes, they did. The pipe they used for pleasure was however a different pipe. By the way, did you know that tobacco is a native plant of North America? The U. S. is the place where tobacco first came from. Tobacco smoking is an Indian custom.

Q...Wasn't there smoking in other countries at that time, when Columbus and other explorers visited America?

A...In Africa and Europe, the primitives smoked hemp. Maybe that's where we got the expression of a bad smoke as "Smoking rope." In China in those days the people smoked opium.

However, tobacco chewing, pipe smoking of tobacco and the use of snuff were Indian customs that the white men discovered and later adopted.

Q...How interesting. Was tobacco then introduced into Europe?

A...Yes, Sir Walter Raleigh had more to do with the popularity of smoking in Europe than any other person. Before Sir Walter Raleigh was led to the scaffold, he had a pipe smoke of tobacco from Virginia with an Indian pipe.

Q...That's probably why we find Sir Walter Raleigh's name on tobacco products today.

A...Yes, they tell an interesting legend that Sir Walter Raleigh's servant threw a bucket of water upon him when he first saw his master smoking a pipe. His servant thought it was on fire.

Q...Ha, Ha, Sir Walter really got the shock treatment that time.

A...Yes, he sure did. The pipe, as we know it today, with the pipe bowl and stem is of Indian derivation.

The early explorers, who came to Prairie du Chien were inquisitive to know the source of the famous Indian pipestone as most of the Indian tribes of North America used this red stone in their ceremonial pipes.

All Indian tribes made expeditions to a small area northwest of Prairie du Chien for their stock of the pipe stone.

Catlin, the early artist explorer, was so fascinated that he organized an expedition to locate and visit this sacred quarry of the Great Spirit.

Q...Would the Indians let him visit their sacred area?

A...The Indians tried to discourage Catlin, but finally, after several harrowing experiences he reached the spot. This is now referred to as Pipe Stone National Monument, near Pipestone in South West Minnesota.

Catlin judged from the great excavations and from the graves and ancient fortifications, that the place must have been frequented by many different tribes of Indians for many centuries.

The legends regarding this spot that the Indians tell are most fascinating.

Q...Tell me more about the Peace Pipes.

The hallowed pipe stone was used by the Indians to make their pipes. Some pipes they smoked for pleasure. The Peace Pipe, which the French called the CALUMET was a very special ceremonial pipe. Offering a Peace pipe to God the most sacred pipe performance.

The man selected to do this, held the pipe toward the North, the South, the East, and the West and finally to the sky above. Offering a few tobacco leaves or a filled pipe to a guest was a mark of respect and friendship.

Q...How did the Indians make their pipes?

A...The Indians carved out the bowl piece from the sacred stone. Usually the bowl was plain, sometimes decorated by bands and ornaments of lead which appear to have been run into depressions made to receive the metal and then smoothed down. The stems are long and curiously carved sticks of hardwood sometimes flat, frequently ornamented with gaily colored feathers of birds and horse hair dyed a scarlet hue.

Q...Today tobacco smoking is almost a universal custom, throughout the world.

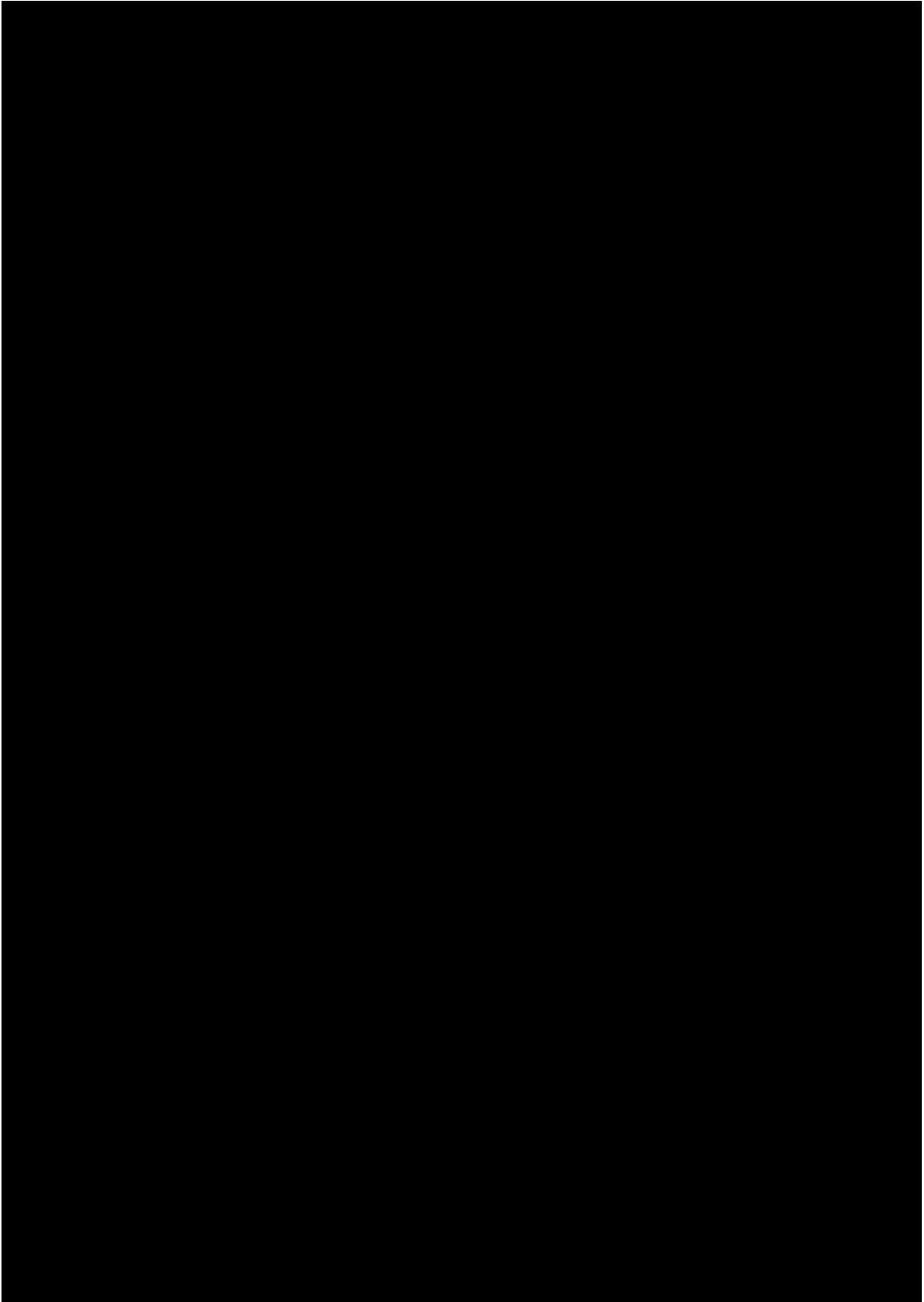
A...Our soldier boys found cigarettes sought by people all over the world.

Now that women are popularizing pipe smoking. It may not be long before ladies will smoke the picturesque Indian pipes with their unusual ornaments. For if they add as much fashion to pipe styles as they do to their hats, we will have something interesting to see in the days to come.

MJDyrud Oct. 9 1954.

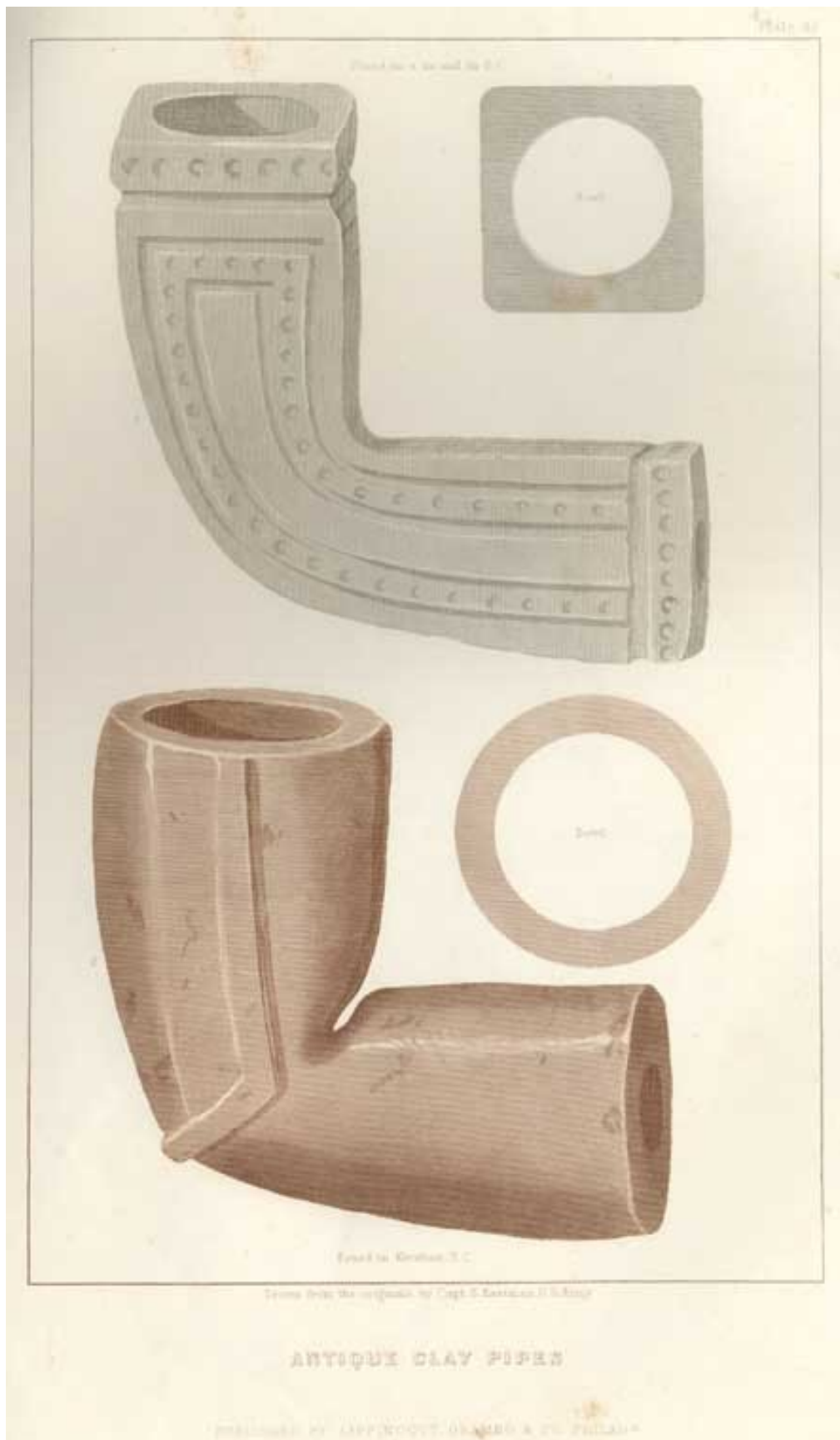


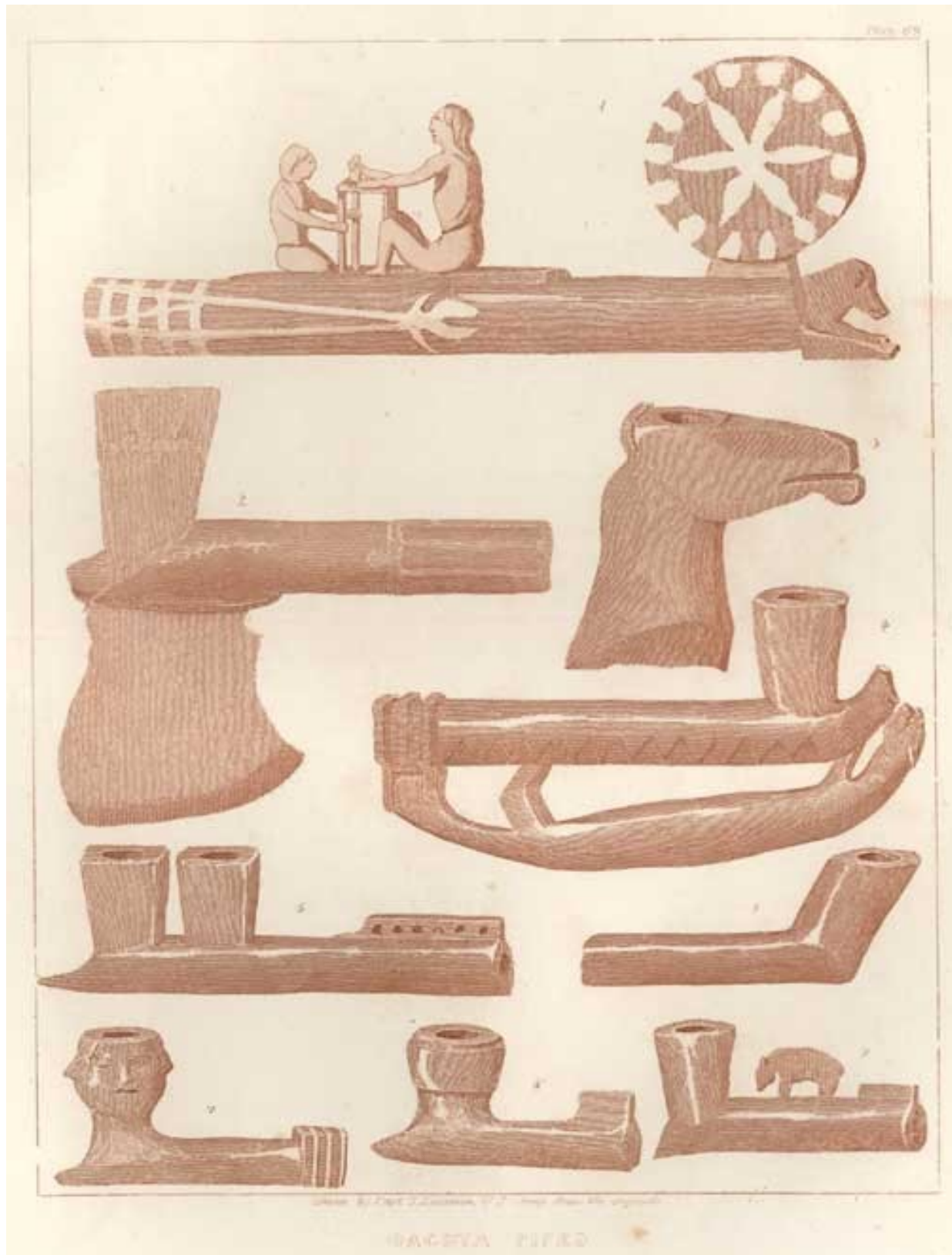
Pipestone Quarry on the Coteau des Prairies, 1836-1837



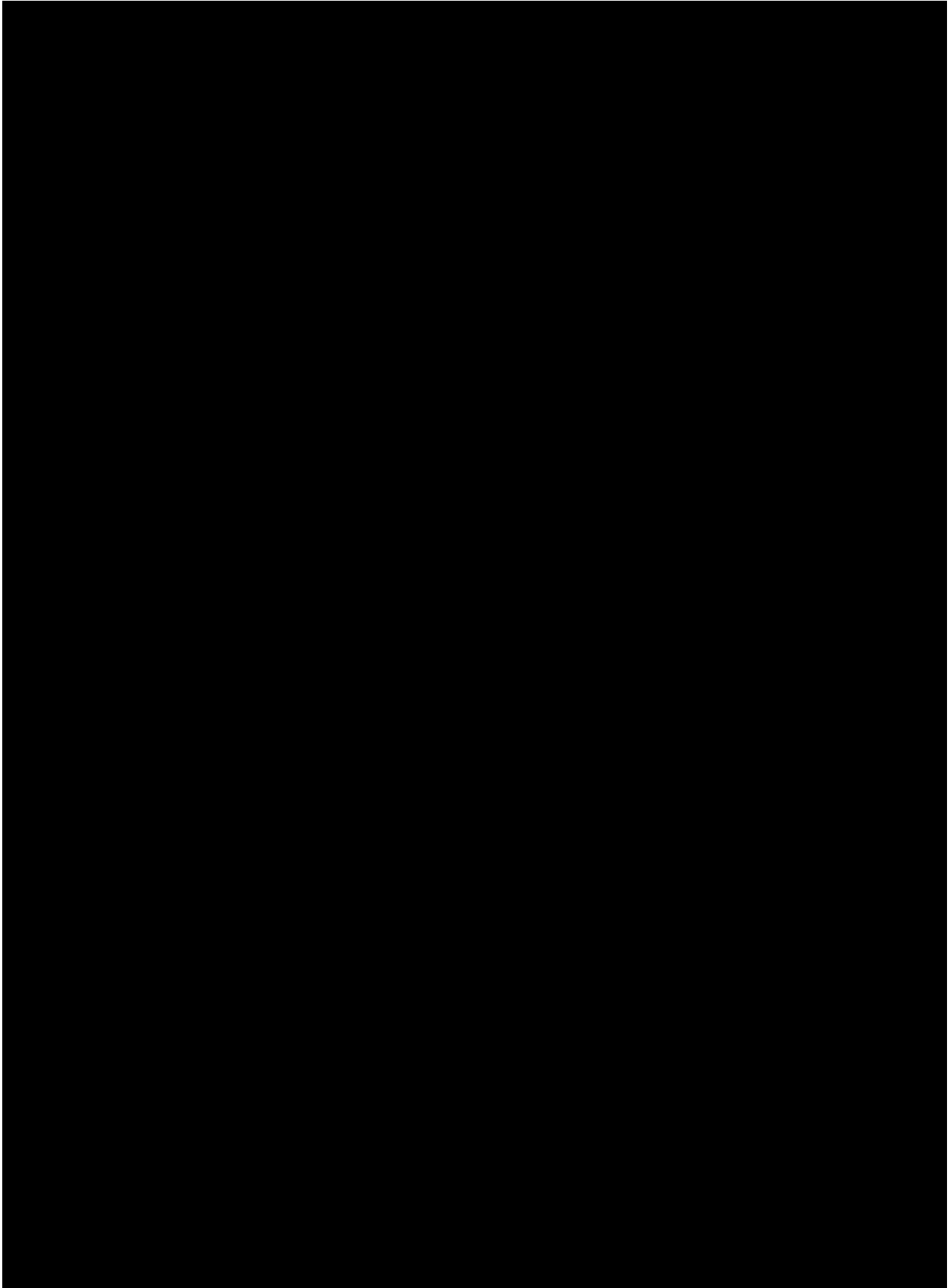


WA-EM-BOESH-KAA





DAKOTA PIPES



Q...That's certainly a fascinating Indian legend.

A...There is another legend about this area.

Near the pipe stone rocks is a high mound called the "Thunder Nest". Here, according to Indian legend is where very small bird sits upon her eggs during fair weather. At the hatching of her brood, the skies are rent with bolts of thunder as the storm approaches.

She has often been seen by the medicine men, and is about as large as the end of my little finger. Her mate is a serpent whose fiery tongue destroys the young ones as they are hatched and fiery noises dart through the skies.

Q...What a strange tale, it sounds like a medicine man's dream,

A...That kind of a dream would be a nightmare. Some of the Indian tales are rather awesome and frightening, but there are others of mysteries, some of love, others of hunting and then some about war. There are even some Indian legends about Prairie du Chien.

Q...I hope that the Prairie du Chien legends aren't too long, for I am most anxious to hear about them.

A...There is a very interesting one that came to light when Johnathon Carver, the famous English explorer descended the Wisconsin river in 1766 and visited Prairie du Chien.

From his journals, we have this interesting account. He says; "I observed the ruins of a large Indian town, about five miles above the junction of the Wisconsin and Mississippi rivers."

That would apparently be a little north of Prairie du Chien.

Continuing, Carver recounts; "On inquiry of the neighboring Indians, why it was deserted, I was informed that about thirty years ago, the Great Spirit appeared on the top of a pyramid of rocks which lay a little distance to the west, and warned them to quit their habitation; the land on which they were built belonged to him, and he had an occasion for it. As proof that he who gave them their orders, was really the Great Spirit, he told them that the grass should immediately spring up on those very rocks from whence he addressed them, which they knew to be bare and barren. The Indians obeyed, and soon after-discovered that this miraculous alteration had taken place."

"They showed me the spot, but the growth of grass appeared in no way supernatural."

Q...How interesting, I have never heard this legend before.

A...Carver went on to say; "I apprehend, this to have been a stratagem of the French or Spaniards to answer a selfish view.."

Q...What would be the motive?

A...Carver inquired further and learned that "soon after their removal they built a town on the bank of the Mississippi near the mouth of the Wisconsin, at a place called by the French, La Prairies les Chiens", which signifies the Dog's Plains.

Q...Then the Indians moved from north of our present town site to a place near what we now call Lower-town.

A...Yes, that's right.

Q...Do you know just where the sight of the Indian town was north of Prairie du Chien?

A...No, not exactly, but with a little scouting and study we should be able to find it.

If we measure up 5 miles from the junction of the Wisconsin, we come to a spot near the opening of the west channel, which would be a little north of this station.

The rocks they refer to are not familiar to me but it may be that they can be located, for the description should still apply.

Cal Peters, believed that Gremore Lake area was an Indian village site. So, I would be inclined to think that the area would be somewhere between the Villa Louis and the Ambro.

Q...By the way, did Carver give any description of Prairie du Chien in those days?

A...Yes, he refers to it as "A large town (now remember. he is reporting in 1766) ten years before our declaration of Independence containing 300 families (that was 1500 souls). The houses are well built after the Indian manner and pleasantly situated on a very rich soil, from which they raise every necessity of life in great abundance. This town is a great spot where all the adjacent tribes and even those who inhabit the remote branches of the Mississippi, annually assemble about the latter end of May, bringing with them their furs to dispose to the traders."

Q...Do you think the traders tricked the Indians into moving?

A...We will probably never know, it is one of those question marks in history.

Q...Why would the traders want them to move.

A...One speculation is that the traders wanted the Indians to move farther south where the traders thought a town site was better and that it would develop into a better trading community.

Q...Who was this explorer Carver anyway?

A...Johnathon Carver was a fabulous person, an early English explorer. He wrote books on his travels which captured the English public and became best sellers in England in those days.

Perhaps Carver is best known, and will be long remembered for a deed of land which he obtained from Indians, that is recorded here in our Crawford County courthouse. It is one of the most fabulous grants of land and a deed that has stirred up more controversy in England and America, than I think any one other grant.

Q...You have my curiosity aroused.

A...I doubt if we will have time today to cover this fascinating story.

Q...Perhaps you will tell us about it next week

A...Yes, I will be happy to.

Q...We will be looking forward to your Carver story next week but just now I would like to thank you for being here and sharing your History thoughts with us.

A...Thank you Walt, Goodbye.

Oct. 14-1954 MJDyrud

Jonathon Carver

Q...Each week, we try to bring you some noteworthy phase of our rich local history.

A...History is valuable to everyone. The lessons of the past are the sign posts that should direct our steps today, more accurately and quickly toward our goals. We can profit from the mistakes of the past. We can draw inspiration from the accomplishments of our forefathers. -

Q...I have been waiting to hear about Carver, who you mentioned last week. As I recall you didn't feel we had sufficient time to talk about this man. Marty, just who was Carver?

A...Johnathon Carver was a Yankee from Connecticut who traveled in this area in 1766 and 1767 and has become a prominent figure in early Wisconsin history.

Q...Just how did Carver gain his fame?

A...Carver died a pauper in London England but if his plans had clicked, he could have been one of the richest men of his day.

Q...I don't quite understand?

A...Let me read you a deed, which is registered here in the Crawford County court house.

Q...You mean you have the answer in a deed on file here in the Register of Deeds office?

A...Listen to this and I will let you decide whether Carver and his heirs are rich or poor. Here is a deed from two famous Sioux Indian chiefs, signed on May 1, 1767 granting Johnathon Carver 10,000 square miles of Wisconsin territory with a little in Minnesota. The part in Minnesota happens to be the city of St. Paul.

Q...Just a minute Marty, did you say ten thousand square miles?

A...Yes, 10,000 square miles.

Q...What would that amount to in acres?

A...Well there are 640 acres in a square mile, so that would be 6,400,000 acres.

Q...Whistle, my oh my, that would be a tremendous fortune at only a dollar an acre.

A...That's right.

Q...it seems almost unbelievable. How would a person describe the land?

A...Would you want me to read the deed?

Q...Sure.

A...Here it is:

To Johnathon Carver, a chief under the most mighty and potent George the Third. King of the English, and other nations, the fame of whose courageous warriors have reached our ears, and have been more fully told to us by our good brother Jonathon, aforesaid, whom we rejoice to see come among us, and bring us good news from his country.

We, chiefs of the Naw-dow-issies, who have set our seals do by these Presents, for ourselves and Heirs forever, in return for the many Presents and other good Services done by said Johnathon, and his heirs and assign to ourselves and allies, give, grant and covey to him the said Johnathon, and his heirs and assign forever, the whole of a certain tract or territory of Land Bounded as follows:

Vizs, From the Fall of St. Anthony, running on the east bank of the Mississippi, nearly Southeast as far as the south end of Lake Pepin, where the Chippewa River joins the Mississippi; and from thence eastward five days travel, accounting for twenty English miles per day, and from thence North Six days travel at twenty miles per day, and thence again to the Fall of St. Anthony, on a direct line.

We do ourselves, Heirs and assigns forever, give unto the said Johnathon, his heirs and assigns all the said lands with all the Trees, Rocks, and Rivers therein; reserving for ourselves and heirs the Sole Liberty of hunting and fishing on the land not patented and improved by said Johnathon, his heirs and assigns- To Which we have fixed our respective seals; at the Great Cave, May first, 1767

signed the Turtle and the Snake

Both of the Indian chief's names are so long I couldn't pronounce them.

Q...I have never heard anything like that in my whole life.

A...They say that truth is stranger than fiction. Here is a grant of land compassed by a rectangle on which you have travel 120 miles on one side and 100 miles on the other,

Q...Amazing is all that I can say.

A...Carver went to England to establish English citizenship so he could have his land grant approved by the King.

Q...Do you think the grant was freely given?

A...In 1821, four Indian chiefs of the Sioux attested to the correctness of the deed from the standpoint of the Indian tribe.

Q...I want to hear more. You said he went to England to establish citizenship and have his grant confirmed.

A...Following the deed is a deposition by the Rev. Samuel Peters a respected man of character, and Episcopal minister that best tells of the events following;

I read from this document in our court house-.

The deponent Samuel Peters, clerk in Holy Orders, under solemn oath testifies and says he was in London AD 1774 and saw Captain Carver, a native of Canterbury in the colony of Connecticut in New England, and knew he had laid a petition before his Majesty George III, praying his majesty to approve of and ratify a certain deed

of a tract of land to himself, heirs and assigns forever, given by two Indian chiefs of the Naw-dow-issies tribes dated the Great Cave on May 1, 1767, lying on the east side of the Mississippi river near the Fall of the St. Anthony and Lake Pepin, which could not be approved of or satisfied by, any governor in any of his Majesty's colonies in North America, because the land laid not within any British Colony; and all Governors were forbidden by proclamation of King Charles 11 dated October 7, 1663.

The deponent saith further, that the King and Lords of his council, held a Court in the month of February AD 1775 on petition of said Carver, and ordered said Carver, Mr. Iron (Carver's counsellor learned in law) and this deponent to attend and they obeyed:

The court said Carver, Is this; your petition? Carver answered YES. The court asked Carver, Is this deed from the two Sachems to you genuine and bona fide, upon your honor? Carver answered, Yes, Genuine and bona fide, upon my honor. After many other questions to Carver, the Court asked Mr. Iron, as you have drawn Carver's petition and seen all his papers, have you discovered any reason why this prayer of Carver's petition ought not be granted? Mr. Iron answered, I have not.

The court then asked this deponent (Peters); How long have you known the petitioner and his character. The deponent answered from AD 1754, he was born in Canterbury, the colony of Connecticut, near where I was born; he is a great grandson of John Carver, the first English governor that settled Plymouth, in New England AD 1520.

He served as Captain under General Lyman, in the Connecticut troops against Canada, in the Year 1755 and supported a brave character, during that war, and ever after a moral character. He served also under General Wolfe in taking Quebec, and under General Amherst in taking Montreal and all Canada. He also served at Fort William Henry. After peace was made in 1763, he traveled in the northwest part of North America with two servants, one Frenchman, the other a Mohawk to visit the distant Indians and discovered a country where no white man had ever been seen before.

Questioned by the court; Do you believe the Indians would give so much land to Carver, for his services and presents? The deponent answered, Yes, for the Indians are generous and grateful to their friends and benefactors, and Captain Carver made peace between them and other powerful tribes, which was worth to them more than the Territory given in their deed, and besides the Indians had lands and wilderness enough and they love Carver and wanted him to settle and abide with them as a Sachem and protector, which he promised to do.

Questioned by the court; of what religion is Captain Carver? The deponent answered he is by profession an Anabaptist, and deemed to be a good and honest man and worthy of full credit in his native country.

Then was read Lord Amherst's certificate. Viz " I knew Captain Johnathon Carver in America of the troops from Connecticut, under my command, to be a brave and faithful officer and soldier."

Then Carver, Iron and his deponent, were ordered to retire into another room; after some time, were again called before the court and the minister said to Captain Carver:

His Majesty has graciously granted your petition, and has ordered a gratuity of £ 1373, 8s, 8d to be paid to you and that you prepare to sail for New Orleans next June, and take possession of you territory with 150 men of whom will be the commander; and his Majesty will provide ships men and necessities, to convey you there.

Captain Carver received the money, and all things were making ready, when news arrived of the Battle of Bunker Hill, which put a stop to Carvers return. After leaving court Mr. Iron said to Captain Carver.... "I give you joy; this is satisfaction, sufficient of your deed from the two Indian Chiefs.

Q...That's really the most amazing tale I have ever heard.

A...Yes, but true.

Carvers land grant ended in disappointment for him. I suppose he had to return the money the King had given him. If the Americans won their battle for Independence he have to start all over again.

Q...What happened then?

A...Carver published his travels, which became a best selling book in England. That was in 1778. In 1780 he died and was buried in the paupers field in London.

Q...What a sad ending?

A...While it was the end for Carver, when the third edition his book was published in 1781, the author of the foreward gave a sketch of Carvers life and printed the deed, the original of which was is his possession. This man Dr. Lettsom, stated a few years later that the deed had disappeared.

The heirs, Edward and Ruth Houghton in Vermont sold their interest for \$5.00 to the Mississippi Land Company.

They and others tried unsuccessfully for many years to have this grant acknowledged by the U.S. Government.

Q...I see that we have run over our time and Marty please back and tell us some more about this incident or others of your intriguing tales.

A...I sure will. Until then thanks and good-bye.

Oct. 22,1954

M.J Dyrud/me



Capt. JONATHAN CARVER.

From the Original Picture in the possession of J. C. Collson M.D., -

Published as the Act directs, by Rastervant, N.º 287, near St. Dunstons Holborn, Nov. 10. 1780.

Heavenly inspiration
St. Anthony, 17th Sept 1732
 To Jonathan Carver

To Jon. Carver a chief under the most mighty and potent
 Father to George the Third, King of the English, and
 his other Nations, the fame of whose Courageous
 Warriors have reached our ears, & has been

more fully told to us by our good Brother

Received Jonathan aforesaid, whom we rejoice to

see come among us, and bring us good

news from his Country: We, chiefs of

the Nawdowessies, who have hereto

Set our Seals, do, by these Presents, for

ourselves and Heirs forever, in return

for the many Presents and other good

Services done by the said Jonathan, to

ourselves and allies, give, grant, and

Convey to him the said Jonathan, and

to his Heirs and assigns forever, The

whole of a certain tract or Territory

of Land, Bounded as follows: viz

From the Fall of St Anthony, running on

the east Bank of the Mississippi, nearly

South-east as far as the South end of

Lake Pepin, where the Chippeway River

joins the Mississippi; and from thence

Eastward, Five days travel, accounting twen-

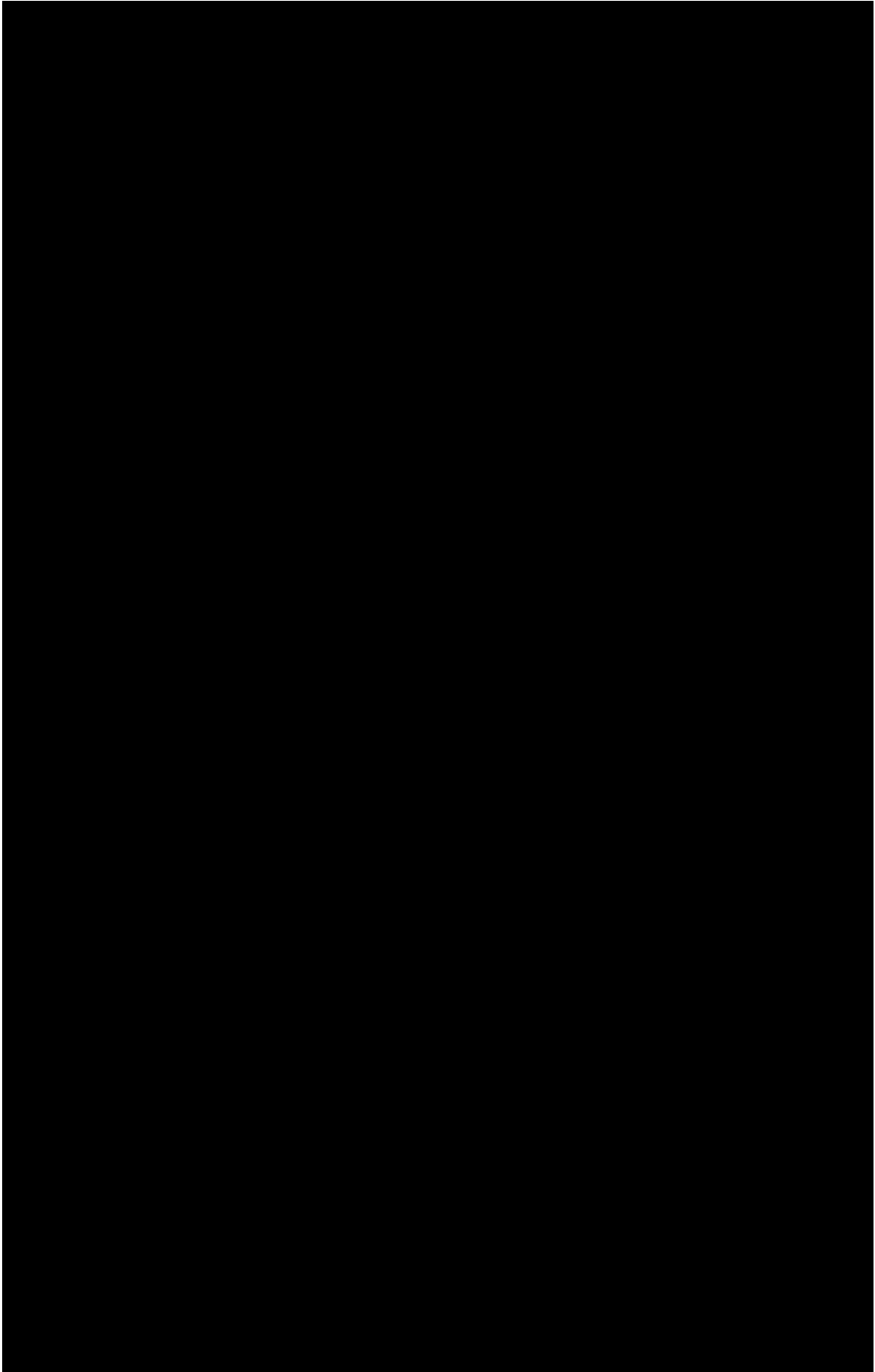
ty English miles per day, and from thence

North, six days travel at twenty Eng-

lish miles per day, and from thence

again to the Fall of St Anthony, on a

direct straight line. — — — We do hereby



The Summer Maker

An Indian Legend,
An Odjibwa Tale (Chippewa)

Q...Once again the time has arrived for another interesting History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and local historian. Hi, Marty and welcome to WPRE.

A...Thank you, I am glad to be here.

Q...Thanks for telling us last week about our Indian heritage.

A... There is one phase of Indian life that most of us know very little about, but I find extremely fascinating.

Q.. And, what is that?

A...I refer to the legends of the Indians, the stories they told. Longfellow took one of the Indian legends and made into the great poem Hiawatha. I think there are few people that know that our Wisconsin Indians are represented in the poem.

Q...No, that is news to me. But, now that you have my curiosity aroused I would like to hear an Indian legend.

A... This tale or legend in Chippewa is called O-Heeg-An-hung, meaning a group of stars in the northern hemisphere, sometimes called the Fisher Stars and believed identical with group of the Plough.

This legend might be called The Summer-Maker, and here is the Indian tale.

Many, many, years ago there lived a celebrated Indian Hunter on the southern shores of Lake Superior, who was considered a Manito by some, for there was nothing he could not accomplish.

He lived off the path, in a wild, lonesome place, with a wife whom he loved and they were blessed with a son, who had attained his thirteenth year. The hunter's name was O-Jeec or the Fisher, which is the name of an expert, spirited little animal, common to this region. He was so successful in the chase, that he seldom returned without bringing his wife and son a plentiful supply of venison, or other dainties of the woods.

As hunting was his constant occupation, his son began early to emulate his father in the same employment and would take his bow and arrows and exert his skill in trying to kill birds and squirrels.

The greatest impediment he met with, was the coldness and severity of the climate. He often returned home, his little fingers benumbed with cold, and crying with vexation at his disappointment. Days and months, and years passed away, but still the same perpetual depth of snow was seen covering all the country, as with a white cloak.

One day, after a fruitless trial of his forest skill, the little boy was returning homeward with a heavy heart, when he saw a small red squirrel gnawing the top of a pine bur. He had approached within a proper distance to shoot, when the squirrel sat up on its hind legs and said to him; "My grandchild, put up your arrows and listen to what have to tell you.

The boy complied rather reluctantly when the squirrel continued; "My son, I see you pass frequently, with your fingers benumbed with cold and crying with vexation for having killed any birds. Now, if you will follow my advice we will see if you can accomplish your wishes. If you will strictly follow my advise, we will have a

perpetual summer, and you will then have the pleasure of killing as many birds as you please and I will also have something to eat, as I am now myself on the point of starvation.

"Listen to me. As soon as you get home, you must commence crying. You must throw away your bow and arrows in discontent. If your mother asks what is the matter, you must not answer her, but continue crying and sobbing. If she offers you anything to eat, you must push it away with apparent discontent, and continue crying. In the evening, when your father returns from hunting, he will inquire of your mother what is the matter with you. She will answer that you came home crying and would not so much as mention the cause to her. You must not leave off sobbing.

At last your father will say, "My son, why this unnecessary grief?, tell me the cause. You know I am a spirit, and that nothing is impossible for me to perform." You must then answer him and say that your sorry to see the snow continually on the ground and ask him if he could make it melt, so that we might have perpetual summer. Say it in a supplicating way, and tell him this is the cause of your grief. Your father will reply, "It is very hard to accomplish your request, but for your sake and for my love for you, I will use my utmost endeavors." He will tell you to be still and cease crying. He will try to bring summer with all its loveliness. You must then be quiet, and eat that which is set before you."

The squirrel ceased talking. The boy promised obedience to his advise and departed. When he reached home, he did as he had been instructed and all was exactly fulfilled, as had been predicted by the squirrel.

O-Jeeg told him that it was a great undertaking. He must first make a feast and invite some of his friends to accompany him on the journey. Next day he had a bear roasted whole. All who had been invited to the feast came punctually at the appointed time. There was the Otter, Beaver, Lynx, Badger and Wolverine. After the feast they arranged it among themselves to set out on the contemplated journey within three days.

When the time arrived, the Fisher took leave of his wife and son, and he foresaw that it was for the last time. He and his companions traveled in company, day after day, meeting with nothing but the ordinary incidents. On the twentieth day they arrived at the foot of a high mountain, where they saw tracks of some person who had recently killed an animal, which they knew by the blood, that marked the way.

The Fisher told his friends that they ought to follow the track, and see if they could procure something to eat. They followed it for some time, at last they arrived at a lodge, which had been hidden from their view by a hollow in the mountain.

O-Jeeg told his friends to be very sedate and not to laugh on any account. The first object they saw was a man standing at the door of a lodge, but of so a deformed shape that they could not make out who or what sort of a man it could be. His head was enormously large; he had such a queer set of teeth, and no arms. They wondered how he could kill animals. But, the secret was soon revealed. He was a great Manito. He invited them to pass the night, to which they consented.

He boiled his meat in a hollow vessel made of wood and took it out of this singular kettle in some way unknown to his guests. He carefully gave each his portion to eat, but made so many odd movements that the Otter could not refrain from laughing for he is the only one who is spoken of as a jester. The Manito looked at him with a terrible look and then made a spring at him and got on him to smother him, for that was his mode of killing animals. But the Otter, when he felt him on his neck, slipped his head back and made for the door which he passed in safety but curse of the Manito followed him.

The others passed the night, and they talked on many subjects.

The Manito told the Fisher that he would accomplish his objective, but that it would probably cost him his life. He gave them his advice, directed them how to act, and described a certain road which they must follow and they would thereby be led to the place of action.

They set off in the morning, and met their friend, the Otter, shivering with cold; but O-Jeeg had taken care to bring along some of the meat that had been given him, which he presented to his friend. They pursued their way, and traveled twenty days more before they got to the place which the Manito had told them of. It was a most lofty mountain.

They rested on its highest peak to fill their pipes and refresh themselves. Before smoking, they made the customary ceremony, pointing to the heavens, the four winds, the earth, and the zenith; in the meantime, speaking in a loud voice, addressed the Great Spirit, hoping that their objective would be accomplished. Then they commenced smoking.

They gazed on the sky in silent admiration and astonishment, for they were on so elevated a point, that it appeared to be only a short distance above their heads. After they had finished smoking, they prepared themselves. O-Jeeg told the Otter to make the first attempt to try and make a hole in the sky. He consented with a grin. He made a leap, but fell down the hill stunned by the force of his fall; and the snow being moist, and falling on his back, he slid rapidly down the side of the mountain. When he found himself at the bottom, he thought to himself, it is the last time I make such a jump, so I will make the best of my way home. Then it was the turn of the Beaver, who made the attempt, but fell down senseless; then of the Lynx and Badger, who had not better success.

Now, said the Fisher to the Wolverine, try your skill; your ancestors were celebrated for their activity, hardihood, and perseverance, and I depend on you for success. Now make the attempt. He did so, but also without success. He leaped the second time, but now they could see that the sky was giving way to their repeated attempts. Mustering strength, he made the third leap, and went in. The Fisher nimbly followed him.

They found themselves in a beautiful plain, extending as far as the eye could reach, covered with flowers of a thousand different hues and fragrance. Here and there were clusters of tall, shady trees, separated by innumerable streams of the purest water, which wound around their courses under the cooling shades, and filled the plain with countless beautiful lakes, whose banks and bosom were covered with waterfowl, basking and sporting in the sun.

The Fisher and his friend beheld very long lodges, and the celestial inhabitants amusing themselves at a distance. Words cannot express the beauty and charm of the place. The lodges were empty of inhabitants, but they saw them lined with cages of different sizes, filled with birds and fowls of different plumage.

O-Jeeg thought of his son, and immediately commenced cutting open the cages and letting out the birds, who descended in whole flocks through the opening which they had made in the sky. Warm air of those regions, also rushed through the opening, and spread its comforting influence the north.

When the celestial inhabitants saw the birds let loose and the warm gales descending, they raised a shout like the thunder, and ran for their lodges. But it was too late.

Spring, summer and autumn had gone; even perpetual summer had almost all gone; but they separated it with a blow, and only a part descended; but the ends were so mangled, that wherever it prevails among the lower inhabitants, it is always sickly.

When the Wolverine heard the noise, he made for the opening and safely descended. Not so the Fisher. Anxious fulfill his son's wishes, he continued to break open the cages. He was at last, obliged to run also, but the opening was now closed by the inhabitants. He ran with all his might over the plains of heaven, and it would appear, took a northerly direction.

He saw his pursuers so close that he had to climb the first large tree he came to. They commenced shooting at him with their arrows, but without effect, for all his body was safe except the space of about an inch near the tip of his tail. At last one of the arrows hit the spot, for he had in this chase assumed the shape of the Fisher, after whom he was named.

He looked down from the tree, and saw some of his assailants bearing the totems, the family arms of his ancestors. He claimed relationship, and told them to desist, which they only did at the approach of night. He then came down to try and find an opening in the celestial plain, by which he might descent to the earth, but, he could find none.

At last, becoming faint from the loss of blood from the wound on his tail, he laid himself down towards the north of the point, and stretching out his limbs, said, "I have fulfilled my promise to my son, though it has cost me my life; but I die satisfied in the idea that I have done so much good, not only for him but for my fellow beings.

Hereafter I will be a sign to the inhabitants on the earth below for ages to come, who will venerate my name for having succeeded in procuring the varying seasons. They will now have from eight to ten moons without snow." The Fisher was found the next morning, but they left him as they found him, with the arrow sticking in his tail as it can be plainly seen, at this time in the heavens above.

Q...What charming Indian folk-lore. I can see why you are attracted to these tales, for they are intriguing stories. As the seasons come and go, also when I look at the northern heavens at night, I will look for the Fisher and remember your delightful Indian story.

Thanks Marty for sharing your research with us, and we shall look forward to hearing more History of the Prairie du Chien area next week.

Join us then, same time, same station.

The Carver Claim and Doty

Q...Each week WPRE tries to bring its listeners some interesting history of this area. So far, we have been very fortunate in having Marty Dyrud with us. Once again we welcome back Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society, for another of his interesting History Chats.

A...Thank you Walt, it is always fun to join you and talk about history.

A...Well Marty, the tale you were telling me sounds fantastic

A...You mean the Carver story?

Q...It is hard to imagine how any man, who could acquire 6,400,000 acres of land from the Indians could die a pauper.

A....Yes, that's right. They say that truth is stranger than fiction.

Q...In this case it sure is. Where did you find this. information?

A...Right here in the Register of Deeds Office of the Crawford County Court House in Prairie du Chien.

Q...Marty, would you go over the high spots again of the Carver deed. I would like to keep this story in mind.

A...I sure will. The deed is dated May 1, 1767 and signed at the Great Cave to Johnathon Carver conveying irrevocably land starting at the Fall of St. Anthony in Minneapolis and running along the east bank of the Mississippi river to the south end of Lake Pepin to the mouth of the Chippewa River, thence eastward five days travel at 20 English miles per day, and thence north six days travel at 20 miles per day and thence back to the Fall of St. Anthony.

Signed by two Sioux Chiefs
The Turtle
The Snake

Q...Then this piece of land was about 120 miles long by 100 miles wide.

A...Yes that is right. It covered better than 10,000 square miles.

Q...That was during the time that the British occupied this area?

A...Yes, and it is the reason why Carver, a Yankee from New England went to England to establish citizenship and have the King confirm his grant.

Q...Marty, without going into too much detail, would you summarize the events that followed?

A...Carver appeared with his lawyer and a witness before King George III and the Lords of his Council in February AD 1775. Carver was thoroughly questioned about the grant of land, and after some deliberation, the King's Minister said:

"His majesty had graciously granted Your petition, and has ordered a gratuity of £1373, 8s, 8d to be paid to you and that you prepare to sail to New Orleans next June, and take possession of you territory with 150 men of whom now will be the commander, and his Majesty will provide ships men, and necessities, to convey you there."

Captain Carver received the money and all things were making ready, when news arrived of the Battle of Bunker's Hill, which put a stop to Carver's return.

Q...Then, instead of being the owner and ruler of 10,000 square miles of Wisconsin territory, Carver's fortune disappeared with the announcement of the start of our Battle for Independence?

A...Yes, one minute a multi-millionaire, the next a pauper. Five years later he died in London and was buried in the pauper's field.

Q...Was that the end of Carver's claim?

A...No, in 1822, Edward and Ruth Houghton, heirs of Carver, living in Guilford Vermont, sold their rights to this vast claim to: James Bell of New York, Charles Graham of New York and George Blake of Boston for \$5.

These gentlemen formed the Mississippi Land Company and tried for many years to have the U.S. Government confirm their claim.

A...Well isn't the land you refer to north of Prairie du Chien a considerable distance and out of Crawford County?

A...Yes, the land is north of here. While it is not now in Crawford County, it was once.

Q...You mean that Crawford County at one time was larger than is now?

A...You bet it was. When Wisconsin was part of the Michigan territory they divided the state into three counties. The very northern strip across the top of Wisconsin was known Michilimackinac County.

Below this, all land west of the Wisconsin river was Crawford County. All land east of the Wisconsin River was Brown County.

Crawford Count was later split up several time and new counties created. From a very large county, Crawford was finally whittled down to its present size.

Q...I never knew that before.

A...It is Just one of the interesting facets of our history an that of Wisconsin's also.

Q...I guess I got you off the track, as we were talking about Carver.

A...About the time that Carver got his grant of land from the Indians, he visited Prairie du Chien and gave this city one of the earliest accounts in history. I believe that I am correct, when I say that Carver was the first explorer who recorded the name of Prairie du Chien in history records.

Q...Then Carver is sort of a God Father to the name Prairie du Chien?

A...Yes, we can honor him for that.

Q...Did the Carver heirs visit Prairie du Chien?

A...No, but the two parties, that had acquired rights to Carver's claim visited here to get information to bolster their claims.

In 1817 a Rev. Samuel Peters, an Episcopal clergyman who had purchased some rights from Carver heirs, came to Prairie du Chien to have the Indians verify the deed which had been given Carver.

Incidentally, Rev. Peters married King Rollette, the fur trader, and the beautiful Jane Fisher, while he stayed here. You will better remember Jane Fisher as Mrs. Hercules Dousman, for after the death of Rolette, she married Hercules Dousman.

Rev. Peters was frustrated in getting the information he wished, for the commandant of the fort, said he lacked authority to allow Peters to travel into the Indian country.

Peters spent the winter here at the fort. Threats of Indian uprisings foiled his plans for interviews with the Sioux Indians again in the spring of 1818 and he returned to New York, thinking that he could better approach this matter from another direction.

Q...Was Rev. Peters alone on his trip here?

A...No, there were five men in his party. However, when Peters returned to New York, two young members of his party stayed in Prairie du Chien. One of these men was Willard Keyes, who started an English school here in Prairie du Chien in 1818.

The other of these young men was Constant Andrews. He apparently was a skilled wood worker, for he built a water powered mill for grinding wheat in the Mill Coulee. He also built several saw mills near here.

Q...Then these two men, who stayed contributed a good deal towards the development of early Prairie du Chien?

A...Yes they did. There is another man associated with the establishment of the Carver claim, who is an honored figure in Wisconsin history today.

Q...Who was that?

A...I am referring to James Duane Doty.

Q...Seems that that name is familiar to me, but I can't just place it?

A...James Duane Doty was the first Federal Judge to sit in Prairie du Chien. As a matter of fact his first session of court was held in Prairie du Chien that was the first Federal court session to be held in the State of Wisconsin.

James Duane Doty was also the first postmaster of Prairie du Chien. Then too, James Duane Doty donated land to Crawford County for a Court House in Prairie du Chien.

Q...He was a leader at that time in early Wisconsin?

A...Definitely. Judge Doty was very much interested in the Carver Land claim. He investigated the claim himself and talked with a great many of the traders and Indians about it. As judge he could not enter into the affair.

But as soon as he was replaced as Federal Judge, he lost no time in making a deal with the owners of the Carver claim and tried his best to have them legalized. If he had been successful, here was a chance to gain his fortune in one broad stroke. Doty persevered for many years, but was never successful in having the government confirm this claim.

Don't feel sorry for Doty, for he was one of the biggest land speculators in Wisconsin. Not only did he acquire huge chunks of land for himself but he bought land for the American Fur Company, John Jacob Astor, and many other wealthy Easterners.

Q. So Doty saw the possibilities of making money on land in Wisconsin.

A...He did, and was very shrewd also. He acquired large block of land in Green Bay, Fond du Lac, Milwaukee, Janesville, Madison and Prairie du Chien. As a matter of fact he owned the land on which the Capital in Madison is built. I believe that he donated the land on which our state capitol now stands. There was intense rivalry for the Capitol, but Doty was a trained politician and he saw that most of the territorial legislators received lots near the Capitol, so they would vote for the location at Madison.

Q...My oh my, what a wealth of information you can dig out of of court house records?

A...There are several other unusual events recorded in the Register of Deed's office.

Q...And what are they?

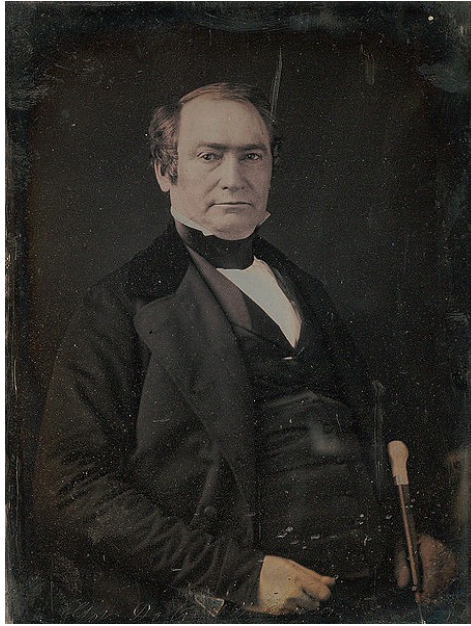
A...There is a record of a negro slave, who bought his freedom from an Army officer for \$1,200.

Q...How unusual?

A...Yes, and there is a strange deed here also of an Indian girl to a white man. The Indian girl was to do housework for her white master, and he in turn agreed to see that she would get an education.

Q., Strange isn't it. But, I find it isn't strange to run out time, when I hear such interesting tales.

MJDyrd/me
October 28-1954

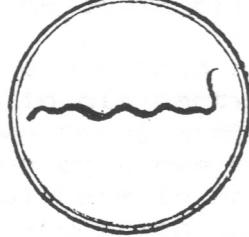


Judge Duane Doty

Hawnopawjatin



his mark

Otohtongoom-
lisheaw

his mark

Soon after the above period, our author concluded to return to Boston, where he arrived in 1768, having been absent two years and five months, during which time he had travelled about seven thousand miles. After digesting his journal and charts, he sailed for England, and arrived there in the year 1769. The reasons which induced him to undertake this voyage, are amply related by himself in his travels (page 177.) to which I refer.

Few objects have excited a more general enquiry than the discovery of a north-west

Judge Doty, Wisconsin Promoter

Q...Once again we come to that interesting time, when we open our doors to a discussion of local history and we are pleased to welcome back Marty Dyrud curator of The Wisconsin State Historical Society.

A...Glad to Join you, Walt.

Q...Last week, you rather amazed me, when you said that Crawford County once covered all of the state west of the Wisconsin river, including southwest Wisconsin.

A...That's very true. The once huge Crawford County was gradually split into a large number of separate counties. In a way we could call all these counties children of Crawford County.

Q...Was Wisconsin always the same size as we now know it?

A...No, Wisconsin was first laid out to be a very much larger state. It included what we now call The Upper peninsula of Michigan and also Chicago and a broad strip across northern Illinois.

Q...You mean that Chicago was once included in Wisconsin territory?

A...Yes, Wisconsin was early laid out with a southern boundary which extended from the bottom of Lake Michigan westward to the Mississippi river.

Q...That would include the highly industrial section of northern Illinois

A...It sure would, including the cities of Chicago and suburbs, Elgin, Rockford, Dixon and many others, as well rich farm areas.

Q...Well just what happened?

A...The clamor for adjustments in boundaries began when a bitter dispute developed between Ohio and Michigan on the latter's southern boundary. Ohio wanted the Toledo area included in their state. Ohio finally won out and took a slice off the southern part of Michigan's territory.

Q...Why should that affect us?

A...Well, this concession, altering the basic plan, set a precedent. Illinois was quick to capitalize on this situation and successfully pushed her upper border northward

Q...What about Michigan?

A...When Michigan had to give up territory to Ohio, a strip across northern Wisconsin was added to Michigan as compensation for her loss to Ohio.

Q...Then Wisconsin was caught in a series of squeeze plays.

A...That's right. Even the St. Paul area, which lies east of the Mississippi was originally in Wisconsin. The people of area petitioned to be a part of Minnesota as their interests and trading was with Fort Snelling in Minneapolis, Minnesota so we lost that area also.

Q...Well, wasn't somebody looking out for Wisconsin's interests?

A...Yes, our staunchest defender was Judge Doty. But political rivalries of those days, shackled many of his constructive activities. Enemies often put Doty on the defensive. Doty claimed that; "The boundaries of Wisconsin should embrace 117,000 square miles, which would make her the "Empire State of the Northwest."

Q...You mentioned Judge Doty in your talk last week, didn't you?

A...Yes, Doty was a familiar figure in early Prairie du Chien, a most amazing man, lawyer, circuit riding judge, member of Congress, governor of two territories, land speculator, railroad promoter, founder of cities and all-around booster and optimist.

Q...Did you tell me he was the first Federal Judge in Wisconsin?

A...That's right, Doty held his first court session right here Prairie du Chien, the first in Wisconsin. You will remember Doty also as our first postmaster. Doty also owned the land on which the 2nd Fort Crawford was built.

Q...When you say that Doty was frequently on the defensive, just what do you mean?

A...In early Wisconsin, there developed a very strong rivalry between Judge Doty and General Dodge. They were both strong men and aggressive leaders. They were Political opponents. There was a constant fight to see who would be "top dog."

You will remember General Dodge as our first territorial governor. Doty's political maneuvers made him the next governor. Then Dodge gained the inside track and replaced Doty.

When Doty was territorial member of Congress, it was a good bet that Dodge or one of his clan would follow up Doty at the next election.

Q...How did Dodge gain his leadership?

A...General Dodge gained fame as resourceful Indian fighter in the Blackhawk War. His home was in Iowa county and Dodgeville is named in his honor. His home was close to Mineral Point and the lead mining area. This strong and rich group of lead miners supported Dodge for many years. General Dodge was a born leader and played a strong hand.

Q...Were politics rough in those days?

A...Were they ever! Dodge and his close friend, Moses Strong from Mineral Point at one time almost snowed Doty under in bankruptcy. They really had Doty on the ropes fighting for his very existence.

Q...You have whetted my curiosity, just how did Dodge do that?

A...Well, Doty donated some of his land in Madison, for the State Capitol. General Dodge, who was then governor, stayed aloof of the battle for a Capitol site. However Dodge really wanted Mineral Point, Cassville or Dubuque.

Doty won out and the legislature made him one of the three commissioners with modest funds to build the capitol building. Doty made a fatal error in not asking for bids, by starting work immediately, for time was important.

This area was then a wilderness and Doty who owned the area, promoted the development, naming the community Madison, after the death of James Madison in honor of this famous American of revolutionary fame.

Doty reasoned that the members of the legislature needed some place to stay, so work was started on the capitol building, a hotel, and other service buildings. The legislators, were well pleased that Doty and the other commissioners had made accommodations for them available, for they knew the area was wilderness.

Doty had overstepped his legal authority in using the money for anything except the capitol building and General Dodge and Moses Strong waited for a propitious time to embarrass Doty.

When Dodge came into power, the legislature was prevailed on to investigate the use of state funds.

General Dodge and Strong maneuvered to open questions on the title of all the land Doty owned in Madison. It seems that Doty had given a power of attorney to a friend, who as partner was to develop the Madison land area. This partner deeded Doty's interest to another, a Mineral Point man.

Strong stuck his fingers in the pie and advertised Doty's title and all titles of Madison land from Doty as defective.

Just when they had Doty squirming, a depression came along, and now Doty had "a fight of his life on his hands." Litigation on the land title of the capital and residential property lasted for ten years. It was a running fight all the way. When Wisconsin was admitted to the union as a state, Doty's adversaries dropped their attack and the matters were amicably settled.

However, these deviling tactics prevented Doty from pushing the land claims for Wisconsin as they should have been promoted.

Finally, the committee on boundaries were so anxious for early statehood that they waived their claims for territory other than we now have in Wisconsin. In gaining early ratification, we passed up many of our inherent rights to land.

Q...What did the people think about this?

A...Doty had his following and so did General Dodge. Each group thought the other "stinkers", the size of each group was rather evenly divided in the state.

Q...Well, what did Doty do with all the land he owned?

A...Doty was worth about \$300,000 before the grudge fight started. He narrowly missed complete bankruptcy. Doty sought money from his friend John Jacob Astor. After considerable pressure, Doty got some money from Astor, but only after Doty had sold many of his choice land holdings to Astor at bargain prices. Astor was Doty's friend, but the dollar came first.

Q...Then, Astor drove a hard bargain?

A...Definitely, Astor was a shrewd man. That's why he made millions and founded one of the largest fortunes in North America.

Q...Where did Astor stand in Doty's fight.

A...All the fur traders were behind Doty. While General Dodge had the lead miners strongly behind him.

Q...Did Doty ever recoup his wealth?

A...Yes, Doty became well to do later on.

Q...Where did Doty live?

A...At various time he lived in Green Bay, Prairie du Chien, Madison, and Washington; but his real Wisconsin home was on an island in Menasha, he named "The Loggery". Now it is a historic showplace.

Q...Oh, Menasha is the Paper Capital of Wisconsin and maybe of the nation.

A...Yes, Doty owned large land areas there and aggressively developed that vicinity. He had an eye on the waterpower and rich agricultural land in this now famous Fox River Valley.

Q...We in Wisconsin have much to thank Doty for, in our early development?

A...Yes, we have. Very interestingly, Doty wanted the state name to be spelled more closely to the way the Indians pronounced it. He advocated WisKonsin and used this spelling as governor and for many years in his correspondence. This irked his enemies. Finally they had a joint resolution passed by both houses of the legislature making the official spelling as we now have,

Q...How interesting. Say, Marty does the name Wisconsin have any meaning?

A...Wisconsin is a modification of a Winnebago Indian word which means The River of the Flowery Banks."

Q...Was Doty the man who first gave the name to the territory?

A...Not that I know of. Actually, Wisconsin was the Indian name for the river. Traders and explorers found it convenient to name this territory by the same name as the large river that drained most of the area.

Stephen Long, an early American explorer seems to have been the first to publicize the name Wiskonsin. This spelling included the K that Doty used.

Q...Where did the Badger State reference come from?

A...The miners of South West Wisconsin digging for lead burrowed holes in the ground. These people and our state were frequently referred to as Badgers. From this developed the term Badger State nicknaming.

Q...Did you know last week that Doty had donated land for the Crawford County courthouse?

A...Yes, Doty bought several farm lots for \$130. These were located where ST. Mary's and the General Hospital now stand and extended to the bluffs.

A choice spot in this area, where St. Mary's now stands, contained three Indian mounds. Doty donated the mounds for county buildings, and in Detroit the following summer, secured the passage of a territorial law requiring the county courthouse to be on that spot. The expected effect of this move was, of course to enhance the value of Doty's own holdings, which surrounded the proposed county square.

But here again, Doty's well laid plans went awry, for the county did not erect a courthouse for several years and as long as Doty held court at Prairie du Chien, the session met in buildings "Provided by the sheriff." The center was town was then on the island and county buildings so far removed was not popular then.

Q...Where were these court sessions then held?

A...As I understand, in buildings located on what we know as the parking lots.

Q...The land on which the courthouse now stands was acquired from what people?

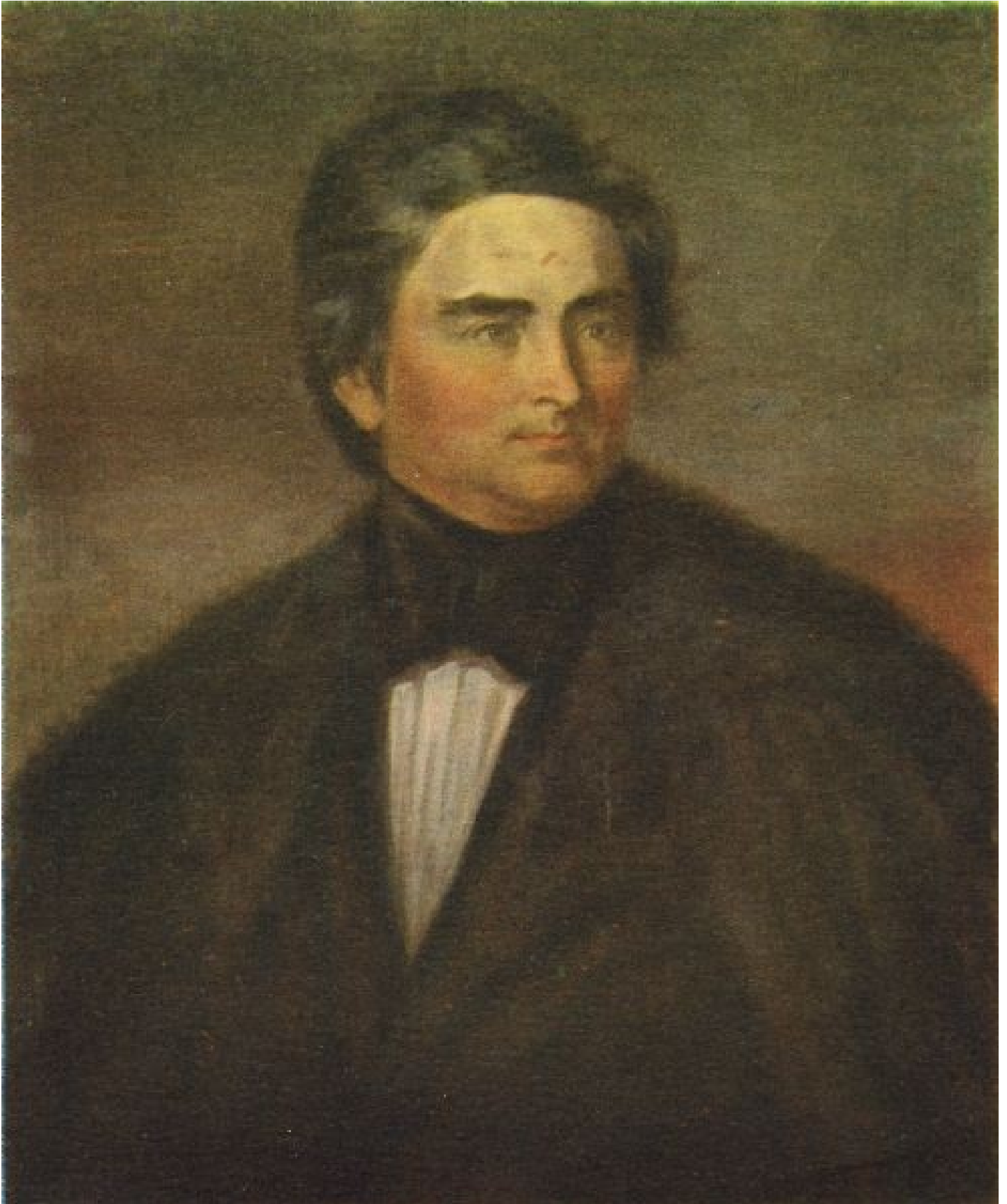
A...From Brisbois, Dousman, Rice and Gentil.

Q..That is very interesting, but we have run over our time, so we must say Good-bye.

Nov. 7 1954 MJDyrud



Cassville



Henry Dodge

Josiah Wedgwood

Q...Once again, we meet for another fascinating Chat on History, and we are happy to welcome back, our teller of amazing tales, Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin Historical Society.

A...Thank you Walt. it is always nice to be here talking about history.

Q...Your talk last week opened up a wealth of new information on Wisconsin. James Doty must have been a most colorful figure.

A...Yes, Judge Doty was one of the most picturesque characters the frontier history of Wisconsin. He added to the color of Prairie du Chien in those early days and contributed to our early development.

The early trail he traveled was not an easy path. His political rivals, particularly General Dodge, put many obstacles in Doty's path, so his life was running fight. At one time General Dodge and his cohorts almost succeeded in bankrupting Doty. But he fought on valiantly, even when the going was tough and finally gained financial success and historic fame.

Q...Judge Doty was a great promoter. of Wisconsin wasn't he?

A...Yes, Judge Doty was famous in many ways. Prominent as a land speculator, we can also look at him as a founder of cities. He owned and founded what he called Madison City, our present capital, and named it in honor of the fourth president of the United States, who had recently died.

Green Bay, Menasha, Neenah, Fond du Lac, and Milwaukee, to point out the most prominent, can give Doty much credit for their early growth.

Q...I suppose, you would say that Doty had a VISION, a mental picture of the future, to guide his activities?

A...Yes, Doty had a vision of things to come but, more than that, Judge Doty used his boundless energies in a constructive way.

Q...Marty, just WHAT makes one man a SUCCESS and another a FAILURE?

A...Well, that is really a \$64 question, but I think I can answer it. I truly believe, that each one of us has within ourselves a tremendous potential. Now, if we can harness a direct this energy properly, we too, can make a success.

You know there are too many people, who are satisfied with things as they are. If they should be dissatisfied enough with their present state they should adopt a goal and work for its realization.

There is a MAGIC in a GOAL, whether it is to own you own home, send your children through college, be a successful business man, or what ever objective you bring into focus.

Q...But, it seems so discouraging, when the road ahead seems to be blocked.

A...Sometimes we invent some of our own obstacles. I once heard a story that I have always remembered. It seems that a Bishop stopped to visit a church in the process of construction. His approach was a simple and easy one, but it very revealing to him.

Instead of visiting his clergy first and having them show him through the partially built structure, he went alone to view the rising edifice.

The bishop stopped to talk with the first workman and said "What are you doing?" The workman looked at him with some amazement and disgust and said; "Why, I am pounding stone."

The bishop moved along to another workman and asked the same question "What are you doing?" to which the worker replied, "Why cutting stone, of course." The bishop smiled and continued his tour. Coming to another workman he again asked, "What are you doing?" The workman's face lighted up and he said "Sir, I am building a Cathedral"

Q...I see What you mean, the point of view is very important. The workman building a cathedral loved his work, he had a goal, he was putting something more than stone into the building.

A...Too many people are pounding stone. They are putting in the hours, but they lack purpose. We need more people with a love for their work. We need more people with a goal in life. Success of people is a measure of their vision and resourcefulness in their labors.

Q...Marty, you have expressed a very noble thought that young people can live by. Do you have some historic figure in mind that lived and practiced this philosophy?

A...Yes, the other day I ran across some Wedgwood dishes, they were fine pieces of old china, which will live forever and their value to collectors will increase. This fine, old china brought to my mind the amazing story of an ugly boy.

Q...I have heard that Wedgwood china is perhaps the world's finest china, but what does the ugly boy have to do with it?

A...Draw up your chair and I will tell you a true story about the Richest Man of His time.

Q...You have my curiosity aroused Marty, I would like to hear the story.

A...Everyone in little Bursiem, England seemed to be working for a wage rather than a goal. It was a pittance of a wage, too, for Bursiem was one of the most disreputable places in the world. It offended the eye and smelled like a zoo.

It was a pottery town. Every backyard had its own small pottery beside the outhouse, when there was an outhouse.

Waking hours were devoted to making cheap stoneware, drinking, and fighting. On Sundays a few folks attended church, mostly for the fun of interrupting the traveling preachers.

Thomas Wedgwood had a little pottery in his backyard and thirteen children. But, even with the labor of all thirteen children, he could not pay off his mortgage.

When Thomas died, his eldest son inherited the place, including the durable mortgage. The other children worked for their brother, except those who had attained the age of independence.

The youngest, Josiah was nine when his brother took over the backyard establishment. For ten years Josiah worked for his brother in the mud of the pottery.

Josiah had a painful limp; his right knee had been crippled by smallpox. Later he was to have the leg amputated, but that is getting ahead of the story.

Squire Wedgwood, a dignified cousin of the Burslem family, drove over from Cheshire one day with his motherless daughter Sarah, to inspect the poor relations. The squire owned three times as many horses as the entire town of Burslem.

Sarah was a traveled young lady, but she felt sorry for the nineteen-year-old cousin, who sat with his lame leg in front of him, his face yellow from years of child labor in the pottery shed..

She gave him a book she had been reading.

Josiah could read, though most of his brothers and sisters could not.

He memorized the book before returning it to Sarah, with grateful letter. She sent him another book. He could not send her books, but he made a porcelain box in a beautiful new shade of green which he had developed.

The ugly, pock-marked potter and the tall slender girl who played the harpsichord were in love; and Wedgwood now had a goal for which to work.

The goal seemed impossible. A rich attorney had already spoken to Sarah's father about marriage. The squire.. harrumphed to his lame cousin; no Burslem potter could marry his daughter. She would have a dowry of several thousand pounds, and the man who married her would have to match it, shilling for shilling.

They must not see each other for a year, the squire commanded.

"I'm sorry the dowry is so much.." Sarah told Josiah as he left, but you can match it, I know you can.."

The timid lad went to Sheffield, where he made pottery ornaments of knife handles. He was no longer an ordinary potter. His ornaments were beautiful and were found to be harder and more durable than others. He worked toward his goal for five years and laid away a thousand pounds. Then back to dirty Burslem he went to start his own business.

He wrote Sarah, "Burslem shall yet be a symbol of all that is beautiful, honest and true; and I'll be the best potter England has ever seen."

More goals for him. He was out not only to marry Sarah but also to remove the odium from the expression "a common Burslem potter."

He started a flower garden, something new in dirty Burslem. He bought a horse so he could ride the forty miles to visit Sarah. The squire grumpily chaperoned every single minute they were together.

Burslem potters had been working four days out of the week, drinking two, and hectoring the preacher on the seventh. They had been satisfied with their low condition and miserable living. That is the pathetic aspect of poverty; people get used to low conditions and are satisfied.

The young man with the limp and a goal gradually changed that. His flower garden was the start. He interested some of the villagers in new kinds of pottery, though many remained more interested in the two days drunk. He hired a young artist to teach them color harmony and design.

He changed Burslem. Instead of the old, coarse pickle jars, the potters now made vases and dinner sets of exquisite lightness and glaze, which the nobility bought for fancy prices.

At thirty Josiah invited the squire to Burslem, to take another look at the potters' town which his lame cousin had improved. The squire harrumphed and wiped his brow. He inventoried Josiah's property and regretted that it did not quite equal his daughter's dowry; the squire's investments had increased the dowry.

So Josiah worked toward his goal for four years more, when the inventory more than matched the dowry. He and Sarah were married. One goal had been reached. But Josiah had other goals now. He was determined to remove the village and the potters' trade from the disrespect that had always been their lot.

Sarah and Josiah labored together toward these goals. Burslem became the art center and was recognized the world over as the home of Queensware; for Wedgwood had been appointed Potter to the Queen.

He extended, his goals as he continued to do more things; he became the richest man of his time.

He gave goals to others, too. He awoke the decrepit, satisfied town by making the people dissatisfied, and then showing them how to, improve their products and themselves. Burslem became a show place.

That is the story of the ugly boy who became the Richest Man of His Time.

Q...That is one of the most extraordinary stories I have heard all my life. Marty, all young people should hear this story, it would give them inspiration. But, tell me, just how do you get people to take that first big step and set a goal for themselves?

A...Well satisfied people do NOT get things done. The satisfied person has reached his goal, if any, and works only for the necessary wages to keep him from starving and freezing.

First we have make people dissatisfied with their present state. The dissatisfied person has the urge to get things done. Then they can set a goal and work for it.

Q...I don't think that I or the average person has the natural gifts that Wedgwood had to accomplish as much as he did.

A...That may be true, many of us wonder just where we can use our ability to the greatest advantage. Remember however, many apparently ordinary people do extraordinary things. Most of us are too modest in rating our capabilities we use only a fraction of the ability and energy we are capable of. Too many of our efforts are wasted in various ways; we do not make our shots all count in advancing toward our goal in life.

Q...What a marvelous door you have opened for our listeners to travel. Do you have any further comments, Marty?

A...Yes, first, money is not everything. Many people will have goals that are not rated with the dollar sign. Their happiness will come as they accomplish their goals.

To the women who are listening, you will have to cooperate with your husband if he is to be successful. If you and your husband share the same ideals and goals in life and strive for them, your lives will be happy and rewarding

Q...History today has opened a very sound philosophy for all of us. I would like to talk longer, but our time is running out.

Nov. 14, 1954

MJDyrud

The Indian Horses

Q...And now the time has arrived for another of our interesting History Chats with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society. Hello Marty, and welcome back to WPRE.

A...Thank you Walt, I am glad to be here.

Q...Your story, last week, on Wedgwood was an inspiring tale.

A...Yes, Josiah Wedgwood gained undying fame with his famous china. With physical handicaps and burdened with an odious background, Wedgwood pulled himself up out of the mire of his surroundings, and created a beautiful community, a fame for fine china, and with it he became the Richest Man of His Time.

Wedgwood was a man of imagination, for he forecast the development of photography. Some years later his prediction came to life, when De Guerre, the Frenchman actually made the basic invention.

Q...Well, Marty, what do you have on tap for us today?

A...As I have read the reports of early explorers, I find no reference to the early Indians having ponies or horses. Later on however, there are frequent references to the horses of the Indians. This difference puzzled me, so I decided to find the answer.

Q...I suppose that started you off on another history search?

A... Yes, that's right, and it proved most interesting and I want to share my findings with you and our radio audience.

Q...Well, the horse is a native animal of the Americas, isn't it?

A...No....The early native Indians had no horses, and there were none in America at the time of Columbus. The Spaniards brought the first horses to America which the Indians had ever seen.

Q...So we have the Spanish explorers to thank for our horses in North America?

A...Yes, strangely, the most complete fossil remains of horses are found in North America. The accepted theory is that our horses all died out toward the end of the Mammal Age in America. There were no horses in America for a considerable time, until the Spanish occupation when they were brought again into the country.

Q...Do you think the earliest horses were native to North America. In other words do you think the horse originated here?

A...I am afraid you are getting me into rather deep water. The anthropologists have a hot dispute between themselves as to where the first horse originated. Most authorities think the birthplace of the horse was in Asia.

Then how did the horse get over to America in the very earliest times?

A...There are strong evidences that the horse as well as other animals and maybe people crossed over from Asia to America by land-bridges, which existed ages ago.

Q...Just where were these land bridges?

A...I think I am right when I say that there appear strong possibilities that the land bridges, referred to connected Alaska with Siberia or Japan.'

Q...Another question Marty. Why should the horses which once inhabited America have all died out?

A...Well, that too, has been a puzzle to the scientists. From the fossil remains, they think the horse died out near the end of the Tertiary Period. By Tertiary Period is meant the Mammal Age, when mastodons and other large mammals had their day. You know of course that the mastodon and those other freaks, big as elephants, died out too.

As to the cause of the extinction of the horse at that time in America, we can only guess at the cause. Food and climatic conditions did not change sufficiently in a detrimental way for other animals, like the bison or buffalo to die. The buffalo survived, so it would appear that the horse should too.

Perhaps the most likely explanation is that some insect-borne disease, like the tsetse fly disease of North Africa, broke out and spread before the horse race had time to acquire immunity.

Q...How strange. Well Marty, are there truly Wild Horses now in existence?

A...In the west there are roving bands of untamed mustangs. The anthropologists say the only true Wild Horses in existence today are those found in western Mongolia. These were discovered by a Russian explorer in the 1890's. They are more primitive than our wild horses, from an evolution standpoint. These horses are small, about 4 feet high, with large heads small eyes, and generally characterized by a wicked expression. The few that have been captured are bought by zoos and shown as displays of this singular animal.

Q...When you refer to evolution, do you mean that there has been some changes in the basic characteristics, of the horse?

A...Yes, the ancestor of the horse once had four toes on the front feet and three toes on the hind feet. Gradually, in evolution, the toes were lost and we have the type of hoof we know that horses now have. '?

The present day horses are all larger, and a much gentler and more intelligent animal than the early wild horses. This is a result of selective breeding. To-day, I think you could say that the horse is the most intelligent animal that we know.

Q...Marty, this may sound like a peculiar question, but just what brought the horse to the fore with the advance of civilization?

A...I am inclined to think that warfare was the greatest reason. A nomad who fought on horseback was a swifter and more successful warrior than the fighter on Foot.

While I have not checked this, I believe Genghis Kahn, the greatest conqueror in all history could be given credit for the success of his horse mounted soldiers. Now we call them cavalry. They used horses skillfully, fought bravely and set a new pattern for warfare at that time.

Q...Weren't horses used for work in the early times?

A...No, the use of the horse as a beast of burden came very late in history. Oxen were for centuries the favorite beast of burden, for farm work. Even in this country there are many people who can remember the ox team. In southern Europe, northern Africa and the middle east, the camel and donkey were and are still familiar sights, as beasts of burden.

Q...When did the Spaniards bring horses into North America?

A...The Spanish explorers de Navarez and De Soto brought horses into North America around 1540. It was close unto two hundred years later, under the Spanish occupation that the Indians appear to have first had horses.

We assume that the Southern Indians, impressed into Spanish service, learned to ride and tend horses. No doubt some Indians stole or captured horses and brought them into their villages.

Q...When did the explorers first find the Indians using horse in this area?

A...In 1766, reports show the Dakota Indians of this area and Minnesota had no horses. However 6 years later, the Indians did have horses. That would be just before the start of Revolutionary War. By 1796, horses were replacing the canoe for Indian travel.

Q...What did the Indians use as a beast of burden before they had horses?

A...Well, the squaws did most of the work. Strangely enough the Indians used the dog as a beast of burden. Perhaps that is the reason there were so many dogs around an Indian camp.

Q...But, a dog couldn't carry very much?

A...Most Indians were roving hunters. When they moved camp, they fitted a pack saddle on top of the dog's back and on 35 to 50 pounds of gear. Sometimes the Indians strapped their tent poles also to the dog, who dragged them along on the ground.

Q... Were the Indians good horsemen?

A...The Indians in this area were not famous as horsemen, but in the southwest the Indians were skilled horsemen. They, no doubt showed our early cowboys the tricks of riding. I think you will find the finest early cowboy riders coming from area too.

Even in the Indian days they lassoed horses, using strings of rawhide, instead of the ropes the cowboys use today.

Some Indians could lasso a wild horse, and within an hour have under riding control, to the amazement of the early explorers.

From Catlin's notebook around 1840 we have an interesting account of the Indian horsemen. Catlin says, "The Comanohee Indians, like the Northern tribes, have many games, and in pleasant weather, seem to be continuously practicing more or less of them on the prairies.

In their ball-plays, and some other games, they are far behind the Sioux, but in racing horses and riding they are not equalled by any other Indians on the Continent. Racing horses is their principal and constant gambling sport; and a more finished set of Jockeys cannot be found, for they have practiced since childhood.

Amongst their feats of riding, there is one that has astonished me more than anything of its kind I have ever seen or expect to see in my life. It is a stratagem of war. The rider drops his body upon the side of the horse at the instant he is passing, effectually screening himself from his enemies weapons.

He lays in a horizontal position, behind the body of his horse, with his heel hanging over the horses back. The rider has the power of throwing himself up again and changing to the other side of the horse if necessary. He will hang while his horse is at fullest speed, carrying with him, his bow and shield and also his 14 foot lance. Moreover, he can also use the weapons. On rising, he can shoot arrows over the horse's back, or with equal ease and success under the horse's neck. This astonishing feat, completely puzzled all of us and it appeared to be MAGIC rather than an acquired skill.

Incidentally, Catlin was a fine horseman, and could sit in a saddle all day without tiring.

Continuing, Catlin says: "I found the answer, but it is still a remarkable feat. The riders have a short hair halter passed under the neck of the horse, with both ends tightly braided into the mane, on the withers, leaving a loop to hang under the neck and against the breast. Catching this loop in the hand, makes a sling into which the elbow falls, taking the weight of the body on the middle of the upper arm.

Into this loop the rider drops suddenly and fearlessly, leaving his heel to hang over the back of the horse, to steady him, and also to restore him when he wishes to regain his upright position on the horse's back.

With this and other feats of horsemanship, I am ready, without hesitation to pronounce the Comanches the most extraordinary horsemen that I have seen in my travels, and I doubt if any other people in the world can surpass them.

Q...Were the Comanches tall people, like the cowboys?

A...No. Catlin tells us that the Comanches are low in stature and approaching fatness. In their movements they are heavy and ungraceful; and on their feet, one of the most unattractive and slovenly looking races of Indians.

But, the moment they mount their horses, they seem at once to be metamorphosed, with the ease and elegance of their movements. A Comanche on his feet, is out of his element, really awkward, but the moment he 'lays his hand on his horse, his face even becomes handsome, and he gracefully flies away like a different being.

Q...Isn't that fascinating. Rodeos and riding horses are about all we have left today in the horse world.

A...Yes, I guess that is right. As I reflect on the interplay of the Indian and white man, it is interesting to note that the Spaniards gave the Indians horses, and the Indians in return gave us the pipe and tobacco.

Q...Marty, you are making history live and be of value to us in your many fine chats, which we all, enjoy. Now it seems the clock is trying toYour time,is up.

Nov. 20, 1954.

MJDyrud

Local History Letters & Comments

Q...Once again, the time has arrived for another of our interesting History Chats with Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society. Hello Marty and welcome to WPRE.

A...Thank you Walt. I am glad to be here. I see you are busy adding an addition to your studio.

Q...Yes, we are in the throws of adding an addition so we can better serve the community. Well, Marty we look forward to your visits each week. Incidentally, do you have any public comments to these history chats?

A...Yesa good many people have stopped me from time to time to comment on the programs. I think most people liked Ringling Story the best, although I can't be sure,

The other day I was picking up some cement blocks at Prairie Concrete Products, when Charley Kahler said I like your history talks on Indians over the radio. He went on tell me, that when he was a boy they occupied what is now Jackson place on the south end of town. This near the railroad tower, not far from the Junction of the Wisconsin and Mississippi Rivers.

It seems when he was a youngster, which would be a good many years ago, a group of Indians lived near his house. In those days, Sundays were times to hitch up the horse to the buggy and go for a ride. A good many people from town would drive out to their place, particularly on Sunday.

A favorite pastime of these buggy riders at that time was to test the marksmanship of the Indian lads as they used their bows and arrows. This was done in a very novel way. The city visitors would stick a short branch into the ground and spit the top end. Into this slit at the top of the stick, they would place coins for the young Indian boys to try and shoot and knock out of the sticks. If the Indian boy would knock a coin out of the stick, the coin was his.

Q...Could the young Indians do it?

A...Yes, they were very good shots with the bow and arrow.

Q...My what marksmanship. Well, Marty, how far away would they stand while shooting at the coins?

A...Charley Kohler tells me that they would be 25 to 30 feet away from the coin.

Q...Well, isn't that interesting. A dollar on a stick 30 feet away would require good marksmanship as this is not a large target?

A...Walt, I think these Indian lads were better shots than you think. I doubt if they shot at dollar coins in those days. That was a lot of money. At that time laborers were very lucky to have a job that would bring them a dollar for a full days labor, and that amounted to about 11 hours.

Q...Yes, I guess times have changed.

A...Yes, I imagine that these Indian lads shot at a lot of pennies and were happy when they had a nickel for their target. Possibly some generous soul would sometimes put up a quarter, and that was a big event. I didn't think to ask Charley about what coins were put up, I will have to ask him sometime.

Q...Are there any Indians living near here now?

A...Yes, near De Soto there are several families of Indians. You may have seen during the summer a very interesting elderly squaw in McGregor, she is Mama Big Bear. She is a picturesque and fine old Indian lady that does some nice Indian embroidery and basket work.

You young people should get to see and talk to Mama Big Bear, for she is a fine example of an older Indian type that is fast fading from our scene. Talk to her sometime now while she is living and when you grow old, you will remember her and be delighted to tell about her to your grandchildren.

Q...What tribe or tribes do these Indians belong to?

A...I don't know what tribe Mama Big Bear belongs to, but the Indians we have in Crawford County, I learned are all Winnebago Indians.

Q...I thought you r referred to this area as being inhabited by Fox Indians.?

A...Yes the city got its name from a Fox Indian. Before this time and very early in our community history, before there were records, the Sioux occupied this area. Indians from the east were pushed westward, so the Fox pushed the Sioux west. No doubt these Winnebago Indians are later occupants, for their natural home is around Lake Winnebago in the Oshkosh-Appleton area.

Q...I bet the grandparents of many Prairie du Chien residents could tell some most interesting Indians tales.

A...Yes, there must be many that should be brought to light. My wife Blanche Paris had great grandparents who came here in the early 1800's. She tells about her great grandfather, who lived on a farm near Bridgeport, going out on the bluffs in the middle of the winter "to fetch the cattle." He became lost in a blizzard on the bluffs and froze to death. "Indian Joe" later came to their home carrying the frozen man he had found. The family had been kind to "Indian Joe" and when he' came upon the old gentleman sitting on the ground frozen with his gun leaning against the tree, the Indian recognized him and carried the body back to their farm home.

Q...Frontier days must have been rugged.

A...Yes, you bet they were, some times tragic. It was not many years ago that Mrs. Cherrier. I believe was 103 years old. Walt, this lady was scalped by the Indians when she was a baby and lived to a ripe old age. Her father was killed in his cabin and she as a baby, was scalped in what was called the Gagnier massacre. This is the Red Bird Incident. If you want to get a picture of this moving scene, you will find an excellent painting of the incident by Cal Peters in our museum.

Q...So you can be scalped and still live?

A...Yes, it is possible, there were quite a few people in the early days who had a bald head from scalping.

Q...Your story last week telling of the feats of Indian horsemanship intrigued me.

MJDyrud/me
Dec. 4, 1954



Mama Big Bear



Marie Gagnier Cherrier



Red Bird and Wekau

Indian Peace Medals

Q... It is our pleasure, to bring you another History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society. Hello Marty, and welcome back to WPRE.

A...Good afternoon Walt. I am glad to join you once again.

Q...We are glad to see you. Last week you said that you might talk this week on either the Mississippi River or Peace Medals. Personally I was more interested in Peace Medals.

A...I Judged that, so Peace Medals it will be.

Q...I am happy. Ever since I saw the picturesque medals which the Indians wore in some of your early prints, these medals have intrigued me.

A...The Indians prized the Peace Medals highly and wore them proudly.

Q....What were the earliest medals given the Indian chiefs?

A...The earliest were Spanish medals given by our first explorers to the Indians in the southern part of the United States. You will remember that Iowa was once claimed by the Spanish while Wisconsin was claimed by the French. The Spaniards had little contact with Iowa, so I doubt if any Spanish medals were given to the Iowa Indians.

Q... Were French medals given to Wisconsin Indians?

A...Yes, I believe that medals bearing the likeness of a King were given to early Wisconsin Indians.

Q...When did the British take over from the French?

A...After the fall of Quebec, the French withdrew from Wisconsin and in about 1761 British occupation began.

Q...Do you have any British Peace medals?

A...Yes, Here is a replica of the George II Peace Medal date 1757. This medal and others like it were given to Indian chiefs and other Indian dignitaries.

Q...Why do you call it a Peace Medal?-

A...If you will look on the back of this medal you will find the inscription "Let us look to the Most High, who blessed our fathers with Peace." On the back is also is an embossed scene of an Englishman and an Indian sitting near a camp fire smoking the pipe of peace.

Q...This is a beautiful medal, about the size of a dollar, with the sculptured face of King George II. That date of 1757 was a long time ago. Where did you get this medal?

A...I obtained it from the U.S. Mint.

Q...Why would our government reproduce a British Peace Medal?

A...I don't know. I was so happy to get it I didn't ask the question. When I find out the reason, I will probably have another interesting story.

Q...Well, Marty what did the British do when they found Indians wearing the French medals? Would they also give these chiefs the British medal?

A...No, the British told the chiefs that their King would be vexed to see them wearing the French medals, and it would please the King very much if they would exchange their medal for one of the British. In this way they got the French medals out of circulation and the British medals used.

Q...Marty, do you have any American Peace Medals?

A...Fortunately yes. Here are 10 Presidential Medals nine of which are Indian Peace Medals.

Q...My, my, what beauties these are. They look like gold.

A...They are cast in bronze.

Q...These medals are much larger than the British medals.

A...Yes these medals are about 2 1/2" in diameter. I suppose the Americans thought they would have to have a more attractive medal than the British to attract the Indians chiefs.

Q...What magnificent sculpturing.

A...Each medal is a work of art.

Q...I hardly know where to start in examining these fine pieces. Marty, perhaps you could start off by telling us which is oldest?

A...The Washington Peace Medal given by our first president, which is dated 1789. On the front is a sculptured likeness of George Washington. Around the edge are the words "George Washington President of the United States" together with the date 1789.

On the back are the word "Peace and Friendship". There are two illustrations. The top one shows a tomahawk and peace pipe. The lower figures shows a hand shake between the Indian and the American soldier.

Q...I can see now why they are called Peace Medals.

A...All the peace medals have the same illustration on the back. I am proud to have this fine piece of our founding father.

Q...Then this is the first American Peace Medal?

A...This is the first official Peace Medal given to the Indians. There were a few medals given prior to this time informally by eastern groups in an unofficial way. These early medals were hand engraved, generally oval, in silver, and rather crude.

After gaining independence, our government found it advantageous to follow the British custom and give medals to the Indian chiefs when they cooperated in a friendly way.

The first official die cast medals were prepared in England. They are like this one. It took so long to get dies and have the medals cast that none were distributed during Washington's presidency. John Adams was president before the Washington Peace medals were distributed.

Q...Was there a John Adams Peace Medal?

A...Yes, here is a John Adams medal. It is dated 1797, eight years after the Washington medal.

Q...Which comes next?

A...Thomas Jefferson. The Jefferson Medal bears the date 1801. Lewis and Clark took a goodly supply of these medals on their expedition to the Pacific Coast.

Q...Were there any Jefferson medals distributed in this area?

A...No doubt, Lieutenant Zelulon Pike distributed the Jefferson Peace Medals to Indians here in Prairie du Chien in 1805 and 1806, when Pike held councils with the Indian chiefs here at that time.

Pike's peak on the Iowa shore was named in honor of this famous American military man.

Q...What reason do you have for thinking that Pike distributed Jefferson medals?

A...Pike in his diary refers to Prairie du Chien, and says "a council was held with the Sioux and Winnebagos, the latter of whom delivered up their British medals and flags."

It was customary to retrieve the British medals and give American peace medals in return.

Q...Did the Madison medal come next?

A...Yes, the James Madison Peace Medal comes next. Our Wisconsin capital city is named in honor of President Madison. Judge Doty, who founded Madison wished to honor President Madison who had died shortly before.

Q...What comes next?

A...The James Monroe medal. Here it is dated 1817.

Q...I see it has the familiar back of "Peace and Friendship".

A...Walt, I would like to point out one interesting illustration on the back of this and the other peace medals. Notice the Tomahawk, it is a combination tomahawk and peace pipe all in one. The handle serves as the stem of the pipe. On the end of the handle pipe stem is the tomahawk blade facing down. Above the blade and above the stem is a pipe bowl.

This particular tomahawk design is unique for it's combination peace pipe. This unit gave rise to the expression "bury the hatchet". After a war or strife, the Indians chief would sink the tomahawk blade into the ground and all that remained to be seen was the peace pipe, which was smoked in friendship after the hatchet was buried.

Q...How interesting.

A...Then comes the John Quincy Adams' medal dated 1824.

Q...Isn't that the date of the famous treaty in Prairie du Chien?

A...Yes, that is the correct date. I doubt if the John Quincy Adams' Peace Medal was given chiefs at that time for it usually took several years to prepare a new medal. The Monroe medals were probably the only ones available.

Q...Which medal came next?

A...The Andrew Jackson medal in 1829. He was nicknamed "Old Ironsides" our famous general president. His medals were probably given at the 1829 treaty meetings at Prairie du Chien.

Q...Did each president have an Indian Peace Medal?

A...Yes, while we were making treaties in the early days with Indians. These are also referred to at times as Presidential medals, especially after there was no further need for Peace Medals.

Q...I see that here are the Tyler and Van Buren Medals.

A...And here is one of the Zachary Taylor Peace Medal.

Q...Didn't Taylor command a fort here in Prairie du Chien?

A...Yes, Taylor commanded Fort Crawford. He later gained tremendous fame in the Mexican War and became President the United States.

Q...How long did the Indian Treaty meetings continue in Prairie du Chien?

A,... Roughly from 1805 to 1839, only minor meetings were held in Prairie du Chien, by then most land in Wisconsin was am ceded to the white men.

Q...Where did you get this handsome collection?

A.. From the U.S. Mint.

Q...But Marty, as I recall from your pictures the Indians had these medals hung around their necks by ribbons, and I see no provision for that?

A...Sometimes a watch stem was attached to the top of the medal.
In other cases a hole was drilled through the top edge of the medal to take a ribbon threaded through the opening.

Q...Oh, I see. Then too, Marty, I have noticed some prints showing Indians wearing smaller medals.

A...These are the large Indian Peace Medals given to the Chiefs. Two smaller sizes were also made from time to time. These smaller medals were given to less important Indians. The chiefs and more influential Indians received the largest medals, while the lesser dignitaries received the smaller sizes.

Q...For how long were Peace Medals given by our government?

A... For 100 years, between 1789 and 1889.

Q...Who gave these medals?

A...The President of the United States, or other authorized officials, including the War Dept. Schoolcraft an early American explorer and Indian as tells of a medal he inquired about on an Indian at Rice Lake. He found this medal was inherited. It had original been given to Chief Day at Prairie du Chien by Colonel Nicolas Boilvin.

Q...I imagine the Indians prized these medals very highly?

A...Yes, frequently the chiefs specified that when they died, their medal should be part of his ornamentation as he was buried.

So attractive were these medals to the Indians that Ramsy Crooks got the War Dept. to approve his having a madal made. The Astor medals were also given to a great many Indian chiefs.

Q...Were medals the one and only valued gift given to the chief.

A.. The gifts varied. The medal was the most important. In addition, I find that our government officials gave:

- Silver arm bands
- Silver hat bands
- Jewelry for nose and ear decoration
- Flags of the United States
- and military uniform, among other smaller gifts.

Q...Well, this is all so interesting, but I see our clock tells us that our time has run out and we must wait another day for more Indian lore.

December 9,1954
 MJDyrud /me











Indian Peace Medals

Q... Your talk last week contained so many interesting facts, Marty, that I wish you would take a few minutes now to summarize it for us.

A...Sure, Walt. The Americans dealing with the Indians, followed the custom of the Spanish, French, and British in giving Peace Medals to the Indian chiefs, who were friendly and would cooperate. The Indians valued these medals highly, and would wear them with evident pride. While Spanish Peace Medals were not given in Wisconsin, the Indian chiefs here did receive the French, British and American Peace Medals. The British during their occupation tried, and very successfully, to replace the French medals by exchanging them for British medals. Then the Americans tried the same switch and replaced the British medals.

Last week I showed you and described the British Peace Medals, particularly the George II medal.

I have with me again today nine of the American Peace Medals. These cover all of the Peace Medals given the Indians here in Prairie du Chien at Treaty and council meetings.

Beginning with George Washington, Peace Medals were struck by our government for each President over the period of a hundred years. Typical of the Peace Medal is the president's sculptured head on the front and on the back the inscription "Peace and Friendship". There are also two illustrations on the back. One shows a crossed tomahawk and peace pipe. Lower down is a hand shake between the Indian and the American soldier.

Q...Well Marty, I was so thrilled last week with your story as to the origin of the expression "Bury the Hatchet" that I think you should repeat the story for us.

A...Oh yes, I will be glad to. I mentioned that one of the illustrations on the back of the peace medal was a crossed tomahawk and peace pipe. This tomahawk has a very novel design, for it is a combination tomahawk and peace pipe in a single unit. The handle of the tomahawk also serves as the stem of the pipe. At the end of the handle-pipe stem is tomahawk blade facing down and above is the pipe bowl.

With the end of a war of hostilities, the Indian chief would sink this tomahawk into the ground and the only portion that showed was the peace pipe portion of the unit. This particular tomahawk design and the ceremony gave rise to the expression "bury the hatchet"; after which the Indian and white man sat down and smoked the pipe of peace; or French called it, the Calumet.

Q...Thank you Marty, I always wondered where the expression came from. Now I know the interesting story. Is there any link between the custom and Prairie du Chien?

A...Yes, the custom was practiced here, but I think the expression is not linked specifically with any definite place.

Q...Let's see, we saw last week your George II British Peace medal and then the American Peace Medals of George Washington, Adams, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, James Monroe and Quincy Adams.

A...Yes, that's right. Next came the Andrew Jackson Peace Medal in 1829. Remember him, "Old Hickory" our famous general president? There was a good sized treaty meeting in Prairie du Chien in 1829, but I doubt if the Jackson medal was ready. The Indians were probably given the John Quincy Adams Peace Medals.

Q...These Tyler and Van Buren Medals, are such fine sculpturing, they really are beauties.

A.. President Tyler had 14 children. President Van Buren was the first President who was not born a British Subject.

Next came a medal that will interest you... The Zachary Taylor Peace Medal.

Q...Didn't Zachary Taylor command a fort here in Prairie du Chien?

A...He sure did. He commanded Fort Crawford for a good many years. It was during his stay here that his daughter Nancy fell in love with Jeff Davis, much to the disgust of the commandant Taylor. As a matter of fact Jeff Davis almost lost his self control and challenged Taylor to a duel, because Taylor forbade his daughter ever to see Lieutenant Jeff Davis again.

Q...That must be an interesting story.

Recollection on the Buffalo Bill Incident

Q...Once again the time has arrived for another of our interesting History Chats with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and avid local historian, Well, Marty, your Buffalo Bill tale certainly ran the bell for excitement.

A...There are many people who remember the incident so well that each one tells me some interesting phase.

Q...Yes, I'll bet it recalls many fond memories.

A...For instance the other day, Leo Chabala stopped me on the street and said Marty, Your story on Buffalo Bill was sure swell, I really liked that. B He went on to say that his father had a shoe store at that time, where Ridge Motors now stands and when the excitement became too tense, they locked the store door to keep out the roving circus men.

Q...Marty, it looks to me that we are going to have another interesting session on Buffalo Bill, so I would suggest that you give us first a summary of this colorful affair and then, we can go on from there.

A...Sure, will Walt.

Throughout the past 60 years, I believe that the Buffalo Bill incident stands out stronger in peoples memories, than any other local happening. Perhaps that is because the incident was packed with lots of Wild West action and spiced with some humor. It is the story of Buffalo Bill and his Wild West circus showing in Prairie du Chien.

Our city in those days was smaller; a rough river town, with plenty of excitement in the 20 saloons that lined Bluff Street, now Blackhawk Ave. Prairie du Chien residents were anticipating with aroused curiosity the coming of Buffalo Bills Wild West and congress of Rough Riders.

Colonel William F. Cody, the famous Buffalo Bill himself, was in command of a brilliant assemblage of the mounted soldiers of the world, and Rough Riders of the east and west. The whole constituting a genuine and glittering spectacle of the world's warriors from the primitive savage to the finest mounted soldiers of that day, displaying their remarkable feats of horsemanship.

Tents were set up behind, what is now the Badger Wholesale Grocery, east of the Burlington tracks, for an afternoon and evening performance.

That Monday morning of August 20-1900, a colorful Parade, headed 'by Buffalo Bill marched through the city streets. You could see the famous Deadwood Stage of frontier fame, the 125 Indian riders, replete with lances and feathered costumes. Following were Irish Fusiliers, German Cavalrymen, Russian Cossacks, Arab warriors from the desert, Mexican Ruraliers, So. American Gauchos, all parading in colorful array before the dazzled spectators.

The renowned Johnnie Baker and the immortal Annie Oakley were there. At the show, they would perform their magical feats of marksmanship in a western setting of cowboys and Indians.

Thrilling to the young and old alike, were the Rough Riders, back from their memorable charge on San Juan Hill. There under the command of Teddy Roosevelt, they had gained undying fame.

All in all, it was to be a thrilling show that everyone wanted to see.

Q...Even today the show sounds thrilling, the famous riders the colorful Indians and the trick shooting of Annie Oakley and Johnnie Baker.

A. ..That's right, maybe it is one reason why the show will live in the pages of history.

Well, about 5 PM following the afternoon performance, several canvas-men crossed over to Stabin's Saloon. It stood where Dagnon's Garage is now located across from Ed. Benish's store.

An argument developed, over paying for some drinks. One story I heard says, that Stabin went into the back room behind his bar, and came out flashing a Smith & Wesson pistol. The showmen wrestled the gun away from Stabin and roughed him up. Stabin's Yelling attracted the attention of a Special Policeman Vavra, who was passing by.

Cigar maker Vavra, deputized for the day, came to Stabin's rescue, So violent was Vavra in ejecting the trouble making showmen, that they had it in for Vavra.

A canvas-man was badly hurt in the scuffle. He went back to the show, gathered some of his gang and returned to renew the fight.

The showmen spied Vavra and chased him down Bluff Street, now Blackhawk Ave. Some of the showmen caught up with Vavra, before he had run a block west. In defense, Vavra shot one of the-showmen in the ankle, and continued his flight up town.

The crowd of showmen caught up with Vavra again, near the entrance of Artesian Alley, between what is now Prohaska's Hardware and the Telephone Company. They rained a shower of stones at Vavra. L ;:

Policeman Vavra, again turned and shot another showman in the hip. This slowed the charging showmen, but it fanned the flames of their hatred to an even higher pitch. Vavra wasted no time, he ducked into Vadiska & Quilligan's Saloon, escaped out the back door, near where the post office is now located.

Trouble filled the air. City Marshal Lidner ordered all saloons closed. Marshal Lidner and his aid tried to quiet the enraged showmen, but all efforts failed. Negro soldiers, cowboys and cossacks from the show joined the tense mob. Feelings ran high and might burst into violence any minute.

The mob was led by a Hurculean negro in U.S. Soldier's pants, along with a big German artillery man.

Q...I suppose they were after Vavra, who had shot two of their buddies?

A...That's right. The Wild West mob were after Vavra and they were uncontrollable. They thought Vavra had taken refuge in Mrs. O'Dey's saloon, then located where Geisler's Tavern now stands. Forcing an entrance, they wrecked the interior, but failed to find Vavra, who had not been there.

In desperation, the gang hunted down the Marshal and Officer Lindner. The mob turned on Lidner, stoning Lidner, his aid and also bystanders. The mob threatened to wipe out the town__

This so aroused the citizens that they sought hastily to secure arms and prepared to defend their lives and property against the wild, rampaging showmen.

Sheriff Hunter came to the aid of Marshal Lidner and Officer Merrell, but they were no match for this large Crown of mad showmen seeking revenge.

Marshal Lidner was shot in the hand, the gang fractured his arm, broke his leg and by way of good measure they gave him a terrific beating. Marshal Lidner was hauled home in a wagon by friends. Fred Schrader tells me he visited Lidner six weeks after this affair and Marshal Lidner was still in bed.

Q...With such mob hysteria what could be done?

A... District Attorney O. B. Thomas, wired Governor Scofield in Madison, that mob violence prevailed in Prairie du Chien, that the County and city authorities were unable to cope with the situation and requested troops to restore order.

Fred Schrader tells me that the governor's telegram came . at 6:20 PM. and he carried the message over the footbridge on W. Washington Street to Colonel Cody's tent, which was located near what is now the Burlington train depot.

An orderly was guarding Cody's tent, sitting under a big umbrella, for it was a beastly hot day. The orderly said Schrader would have to wait for an hour until the Colonel awakened, for he wee taking a customary two hour nap, after the performance and was not to be disturbed.

After considerable persuasion, the orderly awakened Colonel Cody. Soon Buffalo Bill appeared in high BVDs and fringed buckskin trousers. He was a handsome Man with a Van Dyke mustache and long white hair, flowing down over his shoulders.

He opened the telegram, read the message, called the orderly, and directed him to bring his horse at once.

The governor's message commanded Colonel Cody to withdraw his men from the streets of Prairie du Chien, or state troops would be dispatched immediately to the scene. Buffalo Bill, mounted his horse, spurred the animal to a gallop and that was Schrader' s fading view of the famous frontier scout Buffalo Bill.

We know that he rode down Bluff Street, (Blackhawk Avenue), as far as Main street, blowing his whistle. His. men immediately gathered behind him and marched back to the show.

Q... And what happened to Vavra?

A...Well, Vevra eluded the mob by hiding, where the bravest man would hesitate to go. The mob never did find him because he crawled through one of the holes in the outhouse, behind Mrs. O'Day's Saloon and stayed under the seat, scared for his life, until the whole town had quieted down again.

Vavra left town immediately and never returned.

I have been very curious as to why Vavra made the showmen so mad, in Stabin's Saloon, for this really started the whole affair.

Q...Did you find out?

A...Yes; Leo Chabela gave me the answer, or what I think may be part of the answer. It seems that when Vavra was deputized as a special Policeman, there was no extra billy-club for him. So, Vavra got an axe-handle and

used it as a billy club. He thought this was even better than a billy club, for he could swing an axe handle with both hands. Now I can see why he badly hurt one of the showmen while ejecting them from Stabin's saloon.

Q...My, my that would be a wicked billy club.

A...Leo says he paraded at first along the railroad tracks, near Dagnon's garage carrying the axe handle so the show people probably all saw Vavra with it.

Another interesting angle Leo Chabela and Fred Otto mentioned was that the Indians joined in the mob too. They say the Indians wore wrap-around blankets. The Metro theater was being built at that time, or remodeled. Next to the Metro was a large pile of bricks. The Indians would come along and pick up these bricks, which they would tuck under their blankets. Now I know where the flying bricks came from.

Leo tells me also that there was a bath house where the San Hotel now stands. He wondered if someone had a picture of it. Today that would be very interesting to see this early spa.

Q...Yes, wouldn't it.

A...Mrs. Fred Otto found this tale of Buffalo Bill interesting. She tells me she lived over Kozelka's store at that time. I believe at that time the Poehler's had a grocery store, where Kozelka's store is now. She watched from a balcony porch and saw the running fight between Vavra and the showmen.

Q...I wonder what stores are in business now, that were also open then.

A...I was thinking about that also. Two is about all that I can think of. Wachuta's Store was being run then by their father, I believe. Then there would be Cornelius' Jewelry. That is all that I can think of.

Q...Well, 55 years is a long time and there have been many changes.

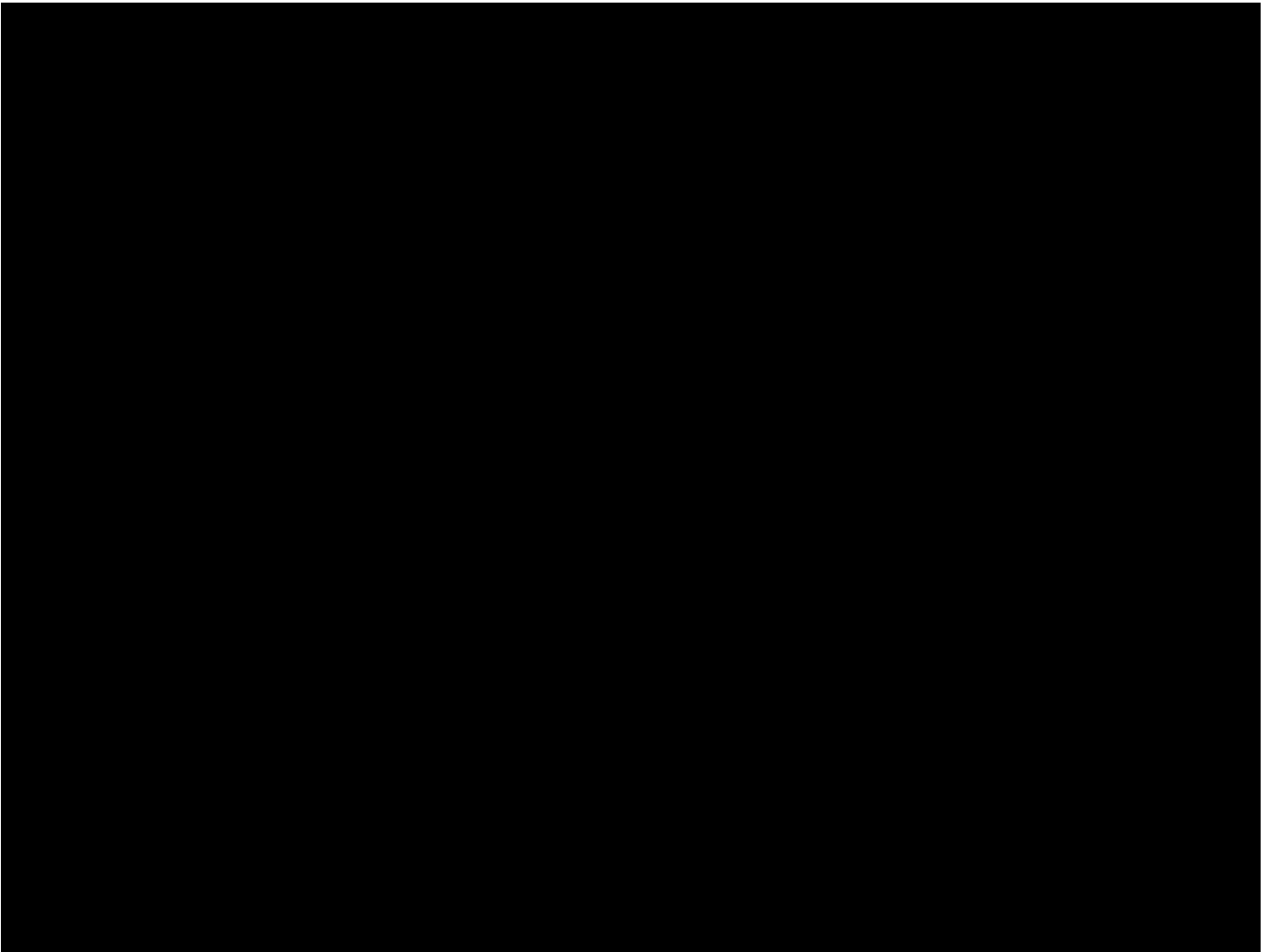
A...One more interesting comment I ran across. Fred Schrader said that when he visited Marshal Lidner in bed, six weeks after the affair, Lidner said if he saw the two negroes again he would shoot first, and let the law, take its course afterwards.

Interestingly enough, at that time, Bluff Street was not paved, just a dirt street with wood sidewalks on either side.

There were two artesian fountains, one by what is now Kazelka's Shoe Store, the other by Wachuta's Store. If I remember right, you could water the horses at both places. The water flowed down the gutters toward the river.

Note: Dell Richman's Saloon was on artesian Alley where the Telephone Co is now.

January 15, 1955



Tales of Hidden Gold

Q...Once again the time has arrived for another of our interesting History Chats with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society. Marty, I am glad to see that you got back from Madison in time to make your weekly broadcast

A...Well, I was not sure, when I left Friday that I could make it. This weekend they had the Founder's Day meeting of the State Historical Society in Madison.

Q...Just what went on in Madison that is of interest to us?

A...For those of us in Prairie du Chien, you will be interested in learning that the Ville Louis is the leading Historic Site operated by the Society. The attendance here outstripped Wade House and Stonefield. 1954 was a good year and 1955 has very promising outlook.

Q...Your legends on Bogus Bluff and the Lost Cave had a definite lure and parts of your story gave me an eerie feeling.

A...My son James and his friend Bud Palmer are all excited and want to hunt for the treasure on Bogus Bluff. They have already propositioned me to go with them next spring and hunt for the treasure.

Q...Is that right? Hearing your legend, certainly gives a person the fever to start out on a search. Say, Marty are there other legends about Buried Treasures in this area?

A...Yes, there is an interesting legend about a buried treasure of gold over in Iowa, not far from McGregor,

Q...Is that right? Just where?

A...Have you ever noticed as you go west of McGregor a sign that reads "Gold Mine Farm"?

Q...Is that the farm on highway 18?

A...Yes, that's the one.

Q...Is there a story connected with the name?

A...Yes, the name aroused my curiosity and I have dug out some information on it.

Q...Well, just what did You find?

A...There is a legend of \$60,000 in gold coin buried on this farm. The farm is owned by a family named Meyers.

Q...What do they think about the treasure?

A...Mr. Meyers doubts if there is a hidden treasure on his farm, but that does not stop the fortune hunters from their searches.

Q...So there have actually been searches made for the gold?

A...Yes, the two sons, Stanley and Morris Meyers have searches several times during the past few years for the treasure without results. Others, also have made searches without success.

Q...Well Marty, tell us why they think that there might be a buried treasure on this farm?

A...Way back in the 1843, a government agent accompanied by soldier guards made a trip from Fort Crawford in Prairie du Chien to Fort Atkinson in Iowa carrying a payroll of \$60,000 in gold. As evening approached they made camp on what is now the Meyer's farm. That was 112 years ago.

As the guards were setting up their tents and the campfire was lighted the government agent pondered, how best to guard the large payroll. About the time the party was ready to roll into bed for the night, the agent decided that would be best to hide the gold, rather than to have it in camp.

The government agent left the camp and hid the treasure, just where, no one knows. Some believe he placed the gold in a cave about 500 yards from the camp. On returning to camp, the government agent suffered a heart attack and died. His death was so swift, that he was unable to tell anyone where he had hidden the gold. The guards who accompanied him made an extensive search in the morning, but were unable locate the payroll in gold.

Dejected, they continued their trip to, Port Atkinson and reported the loss. After elaborate questioning and further searches by parties sent out by the commandant, the incident became wrapped in mystery. The \$60,000 in gold was lost and could not be found.

The tale of the lost gold was soon widespread and quest for the treasure started, almost at once. These searches have lasted ever since, now for more than a century.

Q...Is-this tale correct?

A... Mr. Meyer says his father, the late William A. Meyer, out of curiosity, checked the story, after he had acquired the farm in 1887. He learned that the loss of the payroll had been reported by the government.

Mr. Meyer believed, that if the gold was placed in cave, some fortune hunter must have found it years ago

Q...What about this cave?

A...Where the cave used to be, there is now a deep sink hole and a small creek winds its way to the spot and vanishes. Searchers forty years ago explored the sink hole and found that at a depth of about 60 feet, it ran on a level for 100 feet or more.

This sink hole has been the objective of most of most the recent treasure hunters. A bottomless bucket, once was unearthed.

Q...So Mr. Meyers has let people make their searches?

A...Yes, Mr. Meyer tells with great amusement, about a spiritualist, who came every six months, for ten years, he didn't find the treasure, but the spiritualist never lost faith in his seances.

Q...Do you think that the bottomless pail might have held the money?

A...I don't know, I would be inclined to think that the gold would ordinarily have been transported in a small locked chest. Within the chest would usually be the gold coins in bags.

Q...Could one person carry such a chest, filled with money?

A...Yes, I think it is possible for one person to carry a small chest filled with \$60,000 in gold.

Q...Now a days there are instruments for detecting metals, could these be used.

A...There may be instruments for detecting gold, but if there are I don't know about them. I do know, that there are magnetic needle instruments for detecting magnetic metals like iron and steel, but this instrument doesn't work with gold.

Q...Someone should invent such an instrument.

A...There would certainly be a good market for it, yes. I think you could make your fortune with such an invention.

Q...What do they use to detect uranium?

A...A Geiger Counter is generally used. This instrument measures the radiation of the electrons escaping from the uranium. Uranium has a tendency to degenerate by giving off particles of energy. Gradually it is changed into another substance. This usually takes millions of years.

I understand that a person with a Geiger counter has to be very close to an ore body of uranium to detect its presence. For instance, you cannot ordinarily walk along the ground and accurately check for an ore body of uranium that is located deers underground.

Q...I hear that people in the southwest are going wild on uranium speculations now.

A...Yes, the gold fever has changed into uranium fever.

Q...Are there any of these mineral deposits around here?

A...Not that I know of, not at least in sufficient concentrations to be economic. Your know that we once had a gold mine near Prairie du Chien.

Q...No that's new to me. You mean a Gold Mine? Where was that?

A...Yes, there was once a gold mine operating in the Mill Coulee, just a few miles north of Prairie du Chien.

Q...Who owned that?

A...Mrs. Louis Dousman of Villa Louis fame, was the owner and director of the mine. During the summer she would drive up and watch the mining.

Q...Marty, are you kidding me?

A...No that is correct. Mrs. Dousman actually had a Gold Mine in the Mille Coulee. They tell me that there is still a shaft opening into the bluff there.

Q....How did she ever get into gold mining here?

A...One story I heard was that there was a Geologist staying here at the Commercial Hotel in Prairie du Chien. They tell me that the Commercial Hotel has since been renamed the Fort Crawford.

Each day, people down town could see this prospector in his broad brimmed hat, jacket coat, riding trousers and high boots, walk up the street with his stone hammer, headed for the bluffs where he was exploring for minerals.

Apparently he discovered some gold in the Mill Coulee bluff and thought it was a valuable discovery and would yield a handsome profit, if mined. It may be, that as long Mrs. Dousman had lots of money, he sought her out to finance the mining operation..

During the summer weather Mrs. Dousman would have the servants fix a nice picnic lunch and often drive up to Mill Coulee to talk with the mine foremen and watch the mining and enjoy her picnic lunch.

Apparently the mining operation proved to be a fizzle. One story I heard is that the geologist planted some fine nuggets and ore, so when these were assayed the report was very favorable, while there was actually no gold in the bluff.

Q...That would be a swindle?

A...Yes, it would, but it has been pulled many times. People who had money were often played for suckers by unscrupulous promoters. In this case the geologist could get considerable money for his discovery and services before the hoax was discovered.

Q...So this was a swindle?

A...I don't know, that is one story I heard. Another story is that several gold nuggets were discovered and on this basis the mining operation was started. As they continued to mine there proved to be no large vein of gold and the ore they found was unprofitable to process.

Often gold does not appear in large quantities, but in small amounts, so it costs more to mine and process the than it is worth.

There have been large gold finds. I think it was in 1880 that Mackey an Irish immigrant, discovered a fabulous gold mine which he called the Bonanza Mine. In one year he took out \$100,000,000 of gold.

Frank Svacina tells me that Sutter the famous discoverer of gold deposits that started the California gold rush came to Prairie du Chien and bought and fitted a boat for explorations on the Mississippi out of here. The boat ran aground and sank and Sutter lost all of his money in the venture. This is the first time I have ever heard this story.

There are a large number of people around Prairie Chien that can however tell you about the Dousman gold mine.

Q...That certainly is very interesting Marty. Was there ever any successful mining in this area?

A...I find in the government census figures from 1820 to 1840 that there was lead mining and smelting in Crawford County. It apparently didn't last very long. Farther south in Grant and Dodge counties lead mining was once the largest in the nation. Those days are gone however.

1955

Indians spearing Muskrats in Winter

Q...Once again the time has arrived for another of our interesting History Chats with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and avid local historian. Welcome to WPRE, Marty.

A...Thank you Walt, it is always a pleasure to join you in these history talks.

Q...Marty, just what do you have for us today?

A...Well, with fishery in full swing, it seemed like a good time to talk about the Indians hunting and fishing.

Q...You are right down my alley, for I love hunting and fishing, particularly hunting.

A...The Indians were excellent hunters, for they needed meat or fish each day to eat. By tradition, the Indian brave was the hunter and supplied the meat, while his wife raised the vegetables and kept house. Not much different than today, the man is still the bread winner.

A...Yes, I guess you are right, but we see many women today, who are very capable providers. With women's suffrage we are seeing a gradual change.

Q...Was hunting and fishing much different in the Pioneer days?

A...Yes, before guns were introduced, the Indians hunted and fished in a very primitive manner. The spear, the bow and arrow were their chief weapons.

Q...I had never given much thought to the hunting and fishing when there were no guns or fishing tackle. What about the spears of the Indians, how could they make them with no metal.

A...The Indians just sharpened a long stick when they wanted to spear fish or game. Of course, later the metal spear heads produced a much more efficient weapon.

Q...What would the Indians spear this time of the year?

A...Fish, where the water was open. Most important, this time of year, was spearing muskrat.

Q...I thought the Indians trapped muskrat?

A...That is right, after the Indians had metal traps. These traps were used most often in the spring. This time of year their favorite sport and food was the muskrat which they speared.

Q...Marty, tell us about this kind of hunting, which we don't see today.

A...I have a very interesting account, written by Mrs. Mary Eastman, the wife of an army officer stationed here at Fort Crawford. Her husband, Seth Eastman was a frontier artist, a very capable painter whose pictures are valuable to-day.

Seth Eastman painted Indian scenes and his wife filled in with a word picture of the background and event.

Q...How nice to have such an authentic account from a pioneer women.

A...Here is Mrs. Eastman's account written in the early 1800's from her Aboriginal Portfolio:

"It is a grand amusement, demolishing the houses of the muskrats in winter. The Indians, in their warm winter clothes, are keen for the spot, and destroy a settlement these industrious little animals for the enjoyment of bracing exercise, as well as for the money they hope to receive as their reward. The lake is dotted with the houses along its grassy sides, where the evergreen-covered with snow-bends toward it.

In the distance, the hunter holds up-to the sight of comrade, the rat he has just speared; while the successful one in the foreground can hardly take time to look, so busy is he in filling his sack, which lying on the ice, is almost half filled with game. When the day is gone and gloomy shadows begin to fall over the lake, they will have much to carry home to their wigwam.

In the lakes and streams that flow into the Upper Mississippi, the musk-rat abounds. The skins are used for making hats; numbers of them are sent to Europe, and many of them are used in the United States. The demand for them has greatly decreased since other materials have been found for hats and such purposes. The Indian hunter now gets a small price for a dozen skins, when some years ago, the same number would have paid quite a bill at the hunter's store where he dealt, or have obtained, in exchange, blankets, powder, clothing, or whatever he might most need at the time.

The musk-rat is a playful, sagacious animal, and constructs his house differently in different situations and according to the season of the year. It is worth while visiting one of their settlements on a moonlight night. Like our fashionables, they live only at night; that is it is only then that their brilliant qualities are to be displayed.

They are seen indistinctly in the day, and appear to pass the time heavily, but at night all their faculties are wide awake.

The pond or stream, the scene of these revels, is sort of ballroom, more splendidly illuminated by the moon beams than ever a gas chandelier lit up our rooms. On the little tufts of grass on the edges of the lake, some of the more sedate and thoughtful of the fraternity stand and look on with a patronizing air, while the others frolic in the gay moonlight.

They cross and re-cross, they plunge in and out, they swim, they dive and, when fatigued, extend their little dark bodies over the water to rest. They represent a pleasant social picture of society. Observe them closer. There is one at a little distance swimming calmly along; he dives suddenly out of sight, and the bubbling water closes over him, and becomes tranquil. There he is again, quite close to us, joining his companions in their wild freaks, slapping water with his tail, in a state of exultation."

Q...She certainly writes with an easy style and in a most interesting manner.

A...Yes, I enjoy her accounts. She continues: "This muskrat is quite a contrast contrast those sober, industrious ones on the bank, who are dragging about the roots of small plants growing near, to repair their houses, or it may be, to build new ones. From under the old tree stumps near which they are working, are starting out a couple more merry fellows, who have been engaged in some speculation, and have just found time to come to the gay party. They are already splashing and dashing in the middle of the pond, enjoying the opportunity of throwing off the cares of business or of state.

But, though we cannot guarantee the business or the cares, we can the gayities of these happy little animals; for look you, sir, if ever you saw fairies themselves enjoy their revels more under the silvery moonbeams, than do these humble, but wonderful little creatures!

If, however, you have come not to observe but to kill, be wary! One flash of your gun will scatter the party, and in the depths of the little lake, on whose surface they are disporting, will they crouch and lie, until you are tired of waiting for them."

Q...That sounds like a word picture of those fascinating Walt Disney "Nature Pictures" where, unnoticed we watch the animals work and play.

A...Yes doesn't it. Mrs. Eastman goes on;

"If found near the banks of rivers, the houses of the musk-rats are built where the current is not very strong. They always take care, too, in selecting their homes to be out of the way of the freshlets.

We know not if they have prophets or spiritual rappers in their society, but many things look strange in their political and domestic economy. In the seasons that the freshlets are most powerful, the musk-rat has to know all about it before-hand, and has built his home upon such a foundation, that when the rain descends, and the floods come, and the winds blow upon it, it will not fall. May we not learn from him?

Yet are there imperfections in their state of of society as in ours. They sometimes fall out with each other, though this is when hunger has closed the door of benevolence in their hearts, and in seasons of famine they go so far as to eat each other. At other times they get along very well--they build houses, take care of their young, and enjoy the passing hour.

The musk-rat builds his house of two stories. He lives generally in the-upper one, but when disturbed or alarmed quickly takes refuge in the lower. He makes comfortable beds of grass in his house, on which to repose when he has worked or played too hard. My reader knows that from this animal musk is obtained, but no doubt, there are many things about this and all of God's work that would make us wiser and better did we know them all.

One of the floors of the musk-rat's house is under, and the other above water. The Indian knowing his habits seeks thus to take him. He has a long iron spear, and going softly up to the south side of the house, and judging from the shape and size of it, the position of the upper chamber, thrusts his spear in.

They are a clannish, gossiping set, these muskrats, and the hunter is sure to find enough there to render it easy for him to kill one or two of them.

The rest escape to the water, and the Indian Pulls away the roots of which the house is built, and takes off the dead rats. He then fills up the hole, and goes to the next house attacking it after the same fashion, and so on until he has one or more victims in every house in the lake.

By this time, those that he first attacked have recovered from their panic, and returned. They are probably discussing the disappearance of their friend, and the damage done their domicile. Again the spear is thrust in, and again the party is routed, and thus in the next house. In this manner great numbers are killed, especially in the winter.

In summer, the Indians use a trap, setting it can the borders of the lake; when the musk-rats-come to feed, they step on the springs, and are taken. A good hunter will, in this way, catch a hundred rats a day.

When the Indian takes them home, his wife skins them prepares the skins for drying. She cooks the musk--rat for her husband's supper. He considers them very palatable when he has no other food.

Yet the spearing musk-rats in winter gives far more satisfaction to the Indian hunter, than the supper he afterwards makes. He greatly prefers mallard duck, the wild turkey, or the dainty venison."

Q...Isn't that interesting. By knowing the animal's habits, they are able to make a big haul of muskrats

A...That recalls a story that I have heard many times in Prairie du Chien. It seems that someone asked an old river hunter and trapper whether muskrat was good eating. The old Frenchman said, well first you skin him, then you remove the stink gland from him, then you eat him. Taste good? Geeps, cripe, I just soon have duck?

Q...Did the Indians spear fish also?

A...Oh sure, in the winter spearing and shooting fish was another way of providing food. When there was a good snow fall as have now, the Indians would much have preferred deer. With a snowfall, tracking was good and the Indians would be on their trail.

Q...I would prefer venison.

A...Me too. For the Indians a deer provided leather as well meat, so they preferred a deer for the family food. The heart and tongue were generally taken out first and carried home. Sometimes the brave would mark the spot and send the women back to lug the deer home.

Q...It sounds as if they put their squaws to work.

A... Yes, the brave was the hunter, and the menial jobs went to the women.

February 5, 1955

MJD



Spearing Muskrats in Winter
Seth Eastman



Indians Spearing Beaver
Rindisbacher



Shooting Fish
Seth Eastman



Spearing Fish from a Canoe
Seth Eastman

Historic Markers, Treasures, Etc.

Q...Once again, the time has arrived for another of our interesting History Chats with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society prominent local historian. Welcome back to WPRE Marty.

A...Hello Walt, thanks for the generous introduction, and glad to be here.

Q...How about it, did you spear some muskrats since you last told us the interesting story of the Indians spearing muskrats, this time of the year, in early days?

A...No it has been much too cold and I would rather leave that to the Indians anyway. As the trapper said "Geeps Cripe, just as soon have duck."

Q...Well, I don't imagine that you had time to hunt for buried treasures either?

A...No, but I had a most interesting talk with Charley Fuka about the Gold cache.

Q...You mean the \$60,000 in gold that was hidden over in Iowa?

A...Yes, Charley Fuka has some information on this affair.

Q...Guess I don't know this gentleman.

A...Well, Charley Fuka is a County Supervisor of long standing from the 1st Ward and he lives near Campion. Charley is a delightful older man with a ready smile and very active. Charley is famous for raising fine vegetables and delicious berries. Every year we look forward to the summertime and the fine berries he raises. It was several days ago, when Charley Fuka stopped me in front of the post office. He said, Marty I like your history programs on the radio, but I would like to correct you on one part of your story.

Charley Fuka told me that the government agent carrying gold coin from Fort Crawford to Fort Atkinson in Iowa, did stop with his guards not far out of McGregor as I said.

But, says Charley, my father told me that the Indians stole the gold from the government agent during the night. It seems that the guards went to sleep at their post, the Indians crept in and stole the payroll of \$60,000 in gold and escaped.

Q...Did the Indians take the government agent prisoner too?

A...No they were only interested in the gold.

Q...Well what did the Indians do with their loot?

A...Charley says his father told him, that the Indians carried the gold back across the Mississippi, then crossed over the Wisconsin river near where the Burlington bridge now is and hid the gold near the top of a bluff on the other side of the Wisconsin river in Grant County.

Q...Does he have any idea, just where?

A...Charley Fuka's father believed that the Indians hid the gold near the top of the bluff near Walnut Eddy, which is about 1 ½ miles up the Wisconsin river from the Burlington bridge.

Q...That should make the spot easy to locate.

A...Charley Fuka tells me he went over there with this father one afternoon, years ago and hunted for the treasure but could find no cave.

Q...Was the money supposed to have been buried in a cave?

A...Apparently. I know of a cave in Wyalusing Park, but I don't know much about Walnut Eddy, or any caves there.

Q...That would make a nice week end search some time next spring.

A...Yes, it would then, you could enjoy a nice picnic in the park also.

Q...Marty, this account differs from the other story you told us several weeks ago. Which is correct?

A... Search me Walt, I don't know. Remember I don't guarantee accuracy of these stories. They are legends, and we have a great many handed down through the years. No doubt, there is much in these stories which is correct, and in repeating the stories there probably is some fiction added.

Even though I cannot say that they are correct, these legends always interest me for they are an account of some incident, which has taken on some embellishment in passing from mouth to mouth through the years.

Q...Sure Marty, you are right, we all like to hear legends even fairy tales.

A...These are legends that have come to light, but I would not call them fairy tales.

A very interesting legend, that I have often heard through the years, concerns the Blackhawk Tree in Prairie du Chien.

Q...What is that legend?

A...First of all there is a marker showing where the tree once stood. On Blackhawk Avenue, between the new Piggly Wiggly Store and the Pumping Station, you will find red brick sunk in the concrete pavement which reads The Blackhawk Tree.

About 1900 there still stood a large tree, I believe a cottonwood, right in the center of the road on what is now Blackhawk Avenue, then called Bluff street. Buggies would have to pass on either side of this tree as they went to and from town. On the exact spot where this tree once stood is the marker we can see today.

This tree was revered for many years because of the interesting legend connected with it.

In the Blackhawk Wars of 1832, our Fort Crawford was a bustling place for the Blackhawk War was in progress. The decisive battle of this was was fought north of Prairie du Chien at the mouth of the Bad Axe River. In our museum Cal Peters has painted a very moving picture of this battle, the Indians and American soldiers righting, hand to hand, to the death, the Indian women caught in the melee.

While Blackhawk's forces were routed and almost annihilated, he and some of his braves escaped to the island. Some fled into Iowa.

Legend has it, that Blackhawk in his escape, came back to near Prairie du Chien, hid in this tree which once stood on Blackhawk Avenue, while the soldiers were scouring this area for him. Since then the tree has been revered and was named the Blackhawk Tree.

Q...How interesting? Why was the tree cut down.?

A...It was thought that it interfered with the highway. Then too, the tree was old and would not last much longer. As the concrete highway was put in leading to the Mondel Coulee, the tree was cut down and the red brick marker placed in the middle of the road,

Q...I have driven over this street many times a day in the last couple of years but, I have never seen the marker.

A...Well Walt, next time drive real slow and look closely at the middle of the concrete between the new Piggly Wiggly Store and the Pumping Station and you will see the marker.

Q...Well, I will sure look for it.

A...Every day we in Prairie du Chien, pass many interesting places packed with a romance of history, but they are not marked.

I think we should have some permanent markers placed at the spot of greatest historical significance in the city.

Q...Just how does one go about such things?

A...I happen to be a member of a committee on the Wisconsin State Historical Society charged with approving historic markers for the state.

I think that our Crawford County Historical Society should recommend deserving sites here in the city to the State Historical Society.

Then, when approved, the markers are either put up by the State Conservation Commission or by local groups.

Q...What kind of markers are these?

A...There is a state marker in front of the Villa Louis. It is a handsome bronze plaque, mounted at the top of a substantial metal pipe. The tablet with the historic message is cast and should last a life time. These markers bear the state seal and are very attractive.

Q...Could we get the Conservation Commission to put up the Blackhawk Tree marker?

A...No, the State Conservation Commission only puts up the markers along the highway, but not inside of the towns or cities. Markers inside cities have to be paid for by the city or some local group.

Q....How much does the state marker cost?

A...As I remember about \$125.00.

Q...That would be a good project for the Lions Club, the Kiwanis Club, the Crawford County Historical Society or some other group.

A...It sure would, particularly during the tourists season, there would be many of our visitors who would enjoy seeing it.

Q...Well our time is running out and we must wait for another Sunday to learn more local history

February 12, 1955

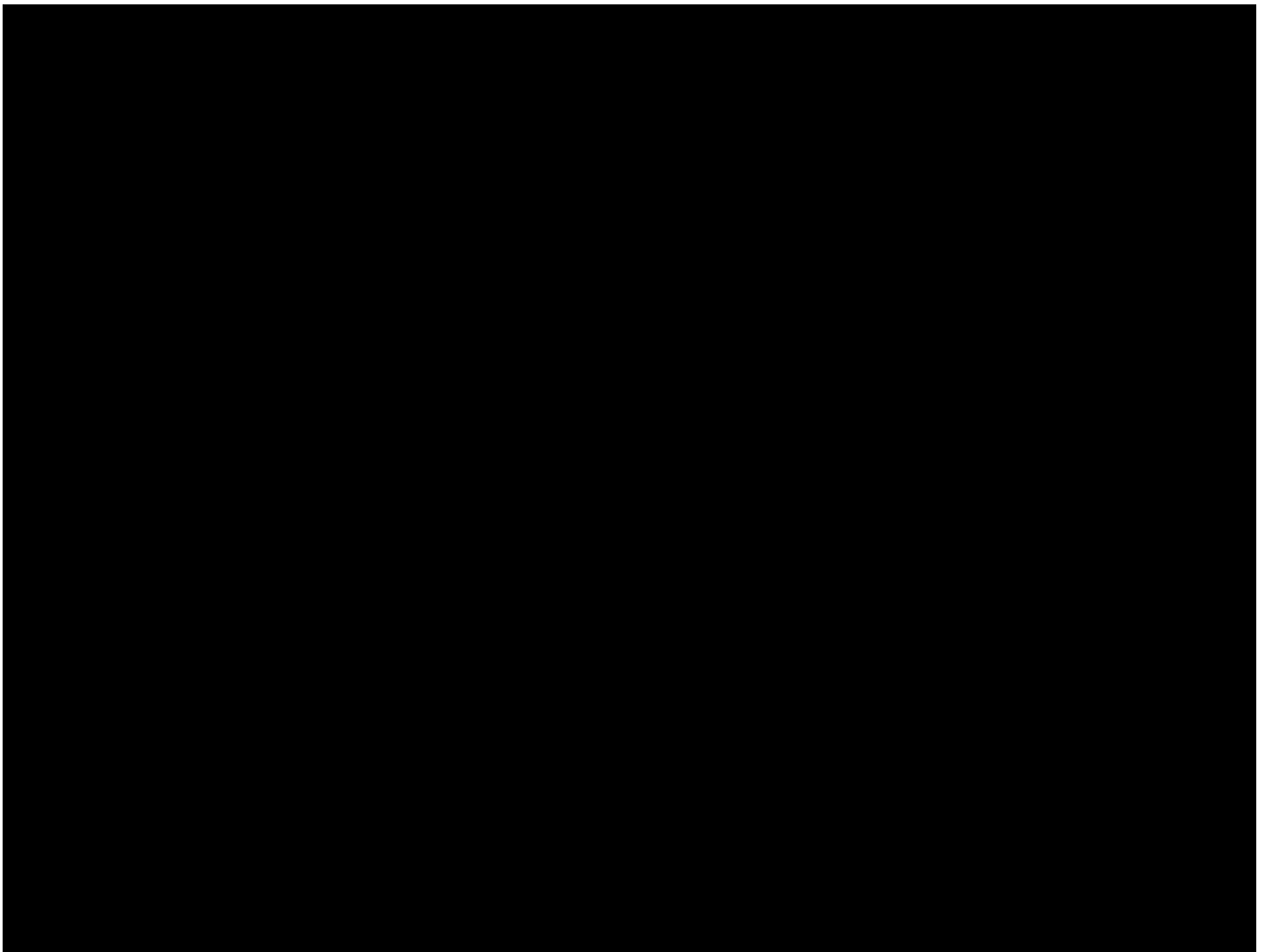
MJDyrud



Blackhawk Tree
circa 1915

Villa Louis

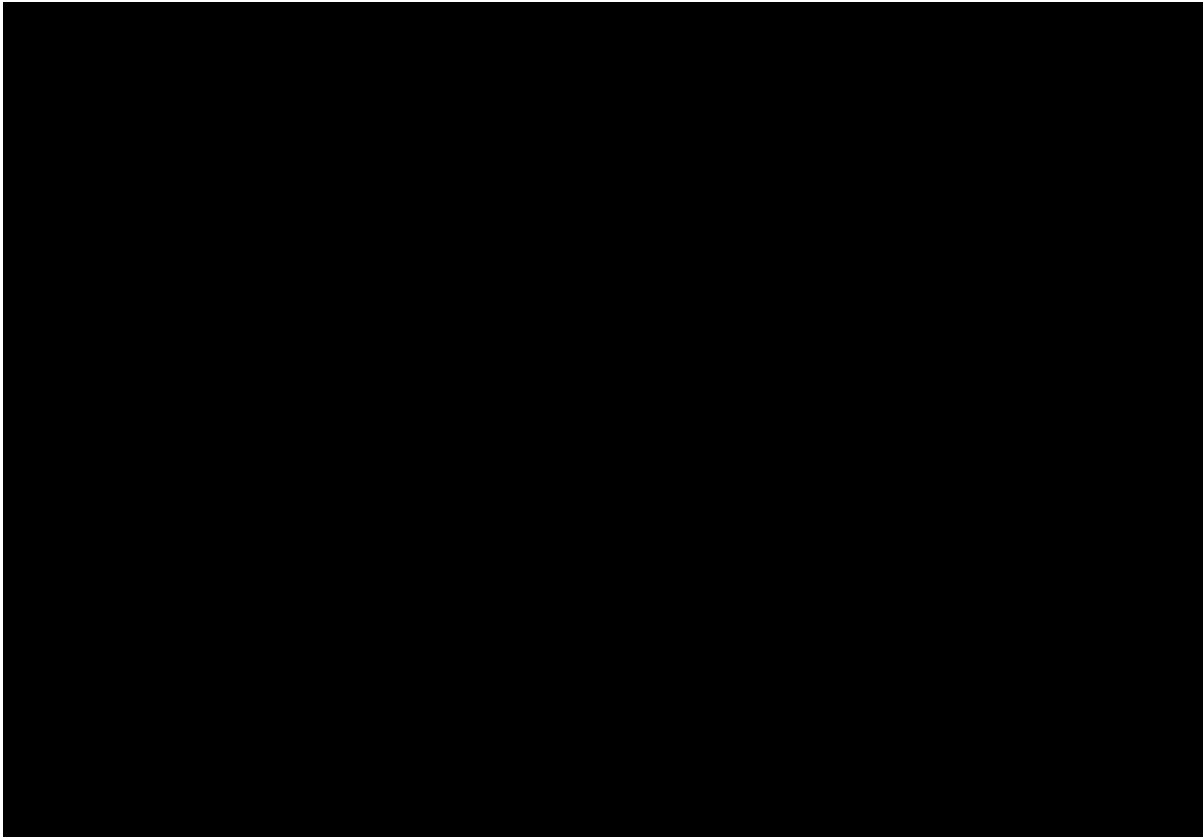
The Villa Louis, also known as Dousman Mansion, is a National Historic Landmark located on St. Feriolen island in Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin. Today the site is restored to its appearance during the late 19th Century, when it was the estate of the prominent H. Louis Dousman family. At the center of the estate is the elegant Villa Louis mansion, designed by E. Townsend Mix and built in 1871. Earlier the estate had been home to Louis's father Hercules L. Dousman, and before that the land was occupied by Fort Crawford. Prior to this, in 1814, the Battle of Prairie du Chien was fought at the site by American and British troops hoping to control Fort Shelby during the War of 1812. Still farther back, the site was of importance to American Indian tribes, especially the Mound Builders, as is evidenced by the large mound upon which Fort Shelby, Fort Crawford, and the homes of Hercules and Louis Dousman have all stood. Currently the site is a historical museum operated by the Wisconsin Historical Society.

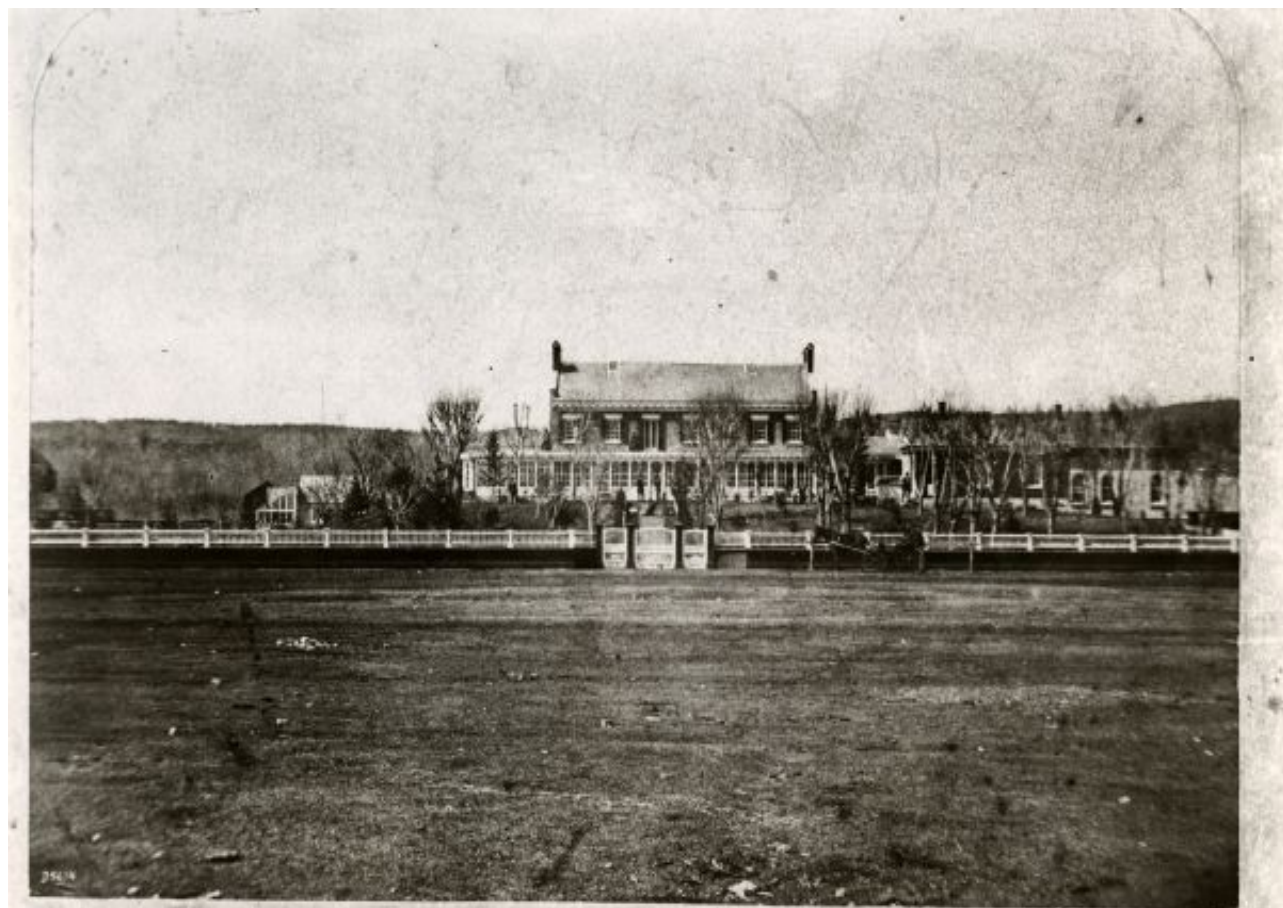


The Villa Louis in Prairie du Chien is a distinguished and charming house overlooking the Mississippi River. Built in fur trade days on the very site of Fort Crawford I, by Wisconsin's first millionaire, Hercules L. Dousman. It was first called "House on the Mound."

In early 1800, many merchants were fur traders, exchanging clothing, guns, traps, powder and metal goods for furs. They traded with the Indians and early settlers. Both Rolette and Dousman were shrewd and successful. Joe Rolette came in 1808, Dousman in 1827. Both worked for the American Fur Co. Headed by John Jacob Astor.

In 1844, Hercules Dousman married Jane Fisher Rolette, widow of his former partner. They were blessed with a son Louis in 1848. To honor him the home was referred to as Villa Louis. Son Louis' death came in 1886. The father Hercules Dousman accumulated a fortune. He is well known for having suggested the name **Minnesota for the state to the north of us.**





Ken in 1854
75
in 1860

Residence of Col H. L. Doumen
Prairie du Chien
Col. H. L. Doumen
Prairie du Chien



1953



Dousman Stables











Office





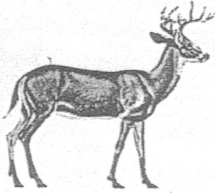
Game Room



Dousman Stables

Red Bird Massacre - Winnebago War

It happened in WISCONSIN



By HOWARD KANETZKE

As we page through histories we read of men who have started wars. Seldom have these people given their lives to *stop* a war they started. But this is what Red Bird, a Wisconsin Winnebago chieftain, did!

Though Red Bird was over forty years old when he surrendered, he looked to be under thirty. Six feet tall, he was dignified and graceful. It is said that he was so physically perfect that even his fingers were models of beauty.

In 1827 *Wanick Choute*—The Red Bird—and his people lived near the banks of the lower Wisconsin River. For many years the white men had been slowly moving into Winnebago land, searching for lead and furs. The Winnebago, upset and angry, found themselves crowded off their land. For centuries the Indians had lived by their own tribal laws. Now suddenly they were expected to obey the laws of the white man. As Red Bird soon found out, these laws often did not agree.

In 1827 rumors sped through the Indian villages that Winnebago prisoners at Fort Snelling, Minnesota, had been murdered and their bodies torn apart. There was no truth to the story, but the Indians believed what they heard. According to their beliefs, an Indian needed his whole body to get into the "Great Beyond." So the braves at Fort Snelling could never enter the happy hunting ground!

RED BIRD - A NOBLE CHIEFTAIN

To the Winnebago, revenge was a sacred duty. A council of chiefs was held. At the meeting they decided that Winnebago law must be upheld. It stated that when an Indian was killed, two enemy scalps must be taken. The chiefs decided that Red Bird should avenge the deaths of the murdered braves.

Red Bird had always been friendly towards the "men with hats", as the Indians called the whites. He was a welcome guest at the tables of the settlers. Traders knew him as a man of great honesty.

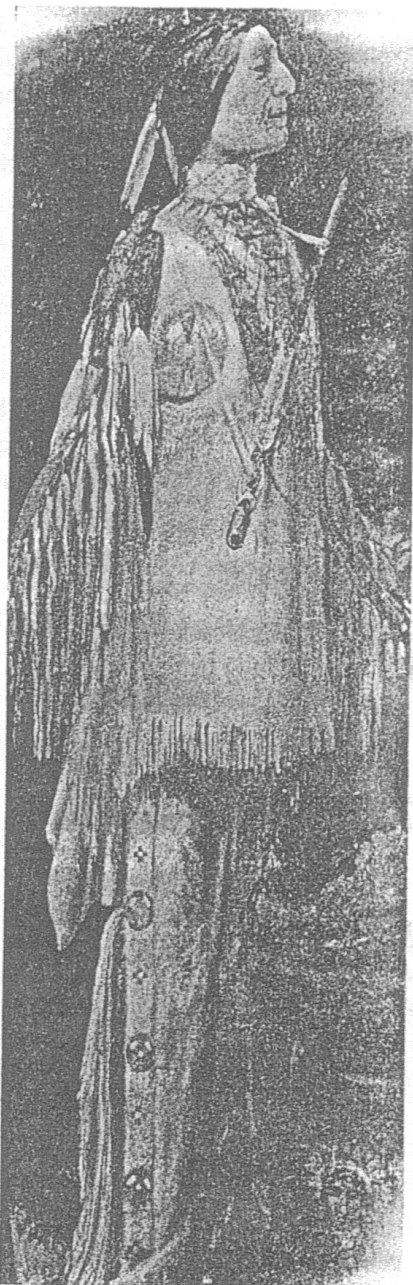
Not wishing to harm his friends, Red Bird made a trip through white territory and returned to his people, saying he found no one. This plan failed. When he came back without scalps he was jeered and called a coward. So Red Bird again set out. He traveled to Prairie du Chien with his son and two braves, *Waniga* (the Sun) and *Chickhongsic* (Little Buffalo).

Arriving in the village a little after sunrise, they went to the store of

James Lockwood. Mr. Lockwood had just left on a trip to the East to buy supplies for the next season. Mrs. Lockwood, her younger brother and a servant girl were tending the store. Entering the cellar kitchen, the Indians loaded their guns in front of the terrified servant girl. Then, slipping through a hallway, they entered the room where Mrs. Lockwood was resting. Certain that they meant to kill her, she rushed down the hall to the store. There she found her brother and Duncan Graham, a veteran trader. Running up to Graham, she begged him to protect her. Because he was an Englishman, and thus a friend, Graham was able to persuade Red Bird and his braves to leave.

The Indians wandered from the town. That noon they came in sight of two cabins on a ridge at the entrance to McNair Coulee. They went to the house where Registre Gagnier lived with his wife, two children and a hired man. As Red Bird was well known to the family, he was invited to eat with them. Hardly had the Indians come into the house and been seated before they sprang up, shot, and killed Gagnier.

At High Cliff State Park, the statue of Red Bird looks toward the glowing heavens over Lake Winnebago. The chieftain seems to be repeating his words of long ago, "I have given my life—it is gone."



The surrender of Red Bird, 1827. His jacket was pure white elk skin, his appearance dazzling.

Solomon Lipcap, the hired man, ran into the fields. He was chased and scalped. Mrs. Gagnier grabbed a rifle from one of the Indians. Then, with her son, she escaped to the village. William Ellery Leonard, a Wisconsin author, wrote the following in his play *Red Bird*:

Red Bird: Two for one! Blue Heron (*one of the Indians supposedly killed by the whites at Ft. Snelling*) had done the white men no wrong. The white men killed Blue Heron. Two for one! These dead have done the Winnebago no wrong. But their faces are white. If your skin had only been red—red like the turning leaves. You should have been the brother of Red Bird. Why did the Great Spirit dip your face in the white, white snow?

*Two for one
To ease the pain at the Hill
of the Dead
To keep the law of the
Winnebago.*

News of the tragedy traveled quickly. Soon crowds of frightened settlers were fleeing to Prairie du Chien. At the village some of the men barricaded Burnet's Inn. Others repaired broken muskets left in the abandoned Fort Crawford. Mr. Lockwood heard what had happened and returned home right away. He provided shot and powder from his store for the muskets.

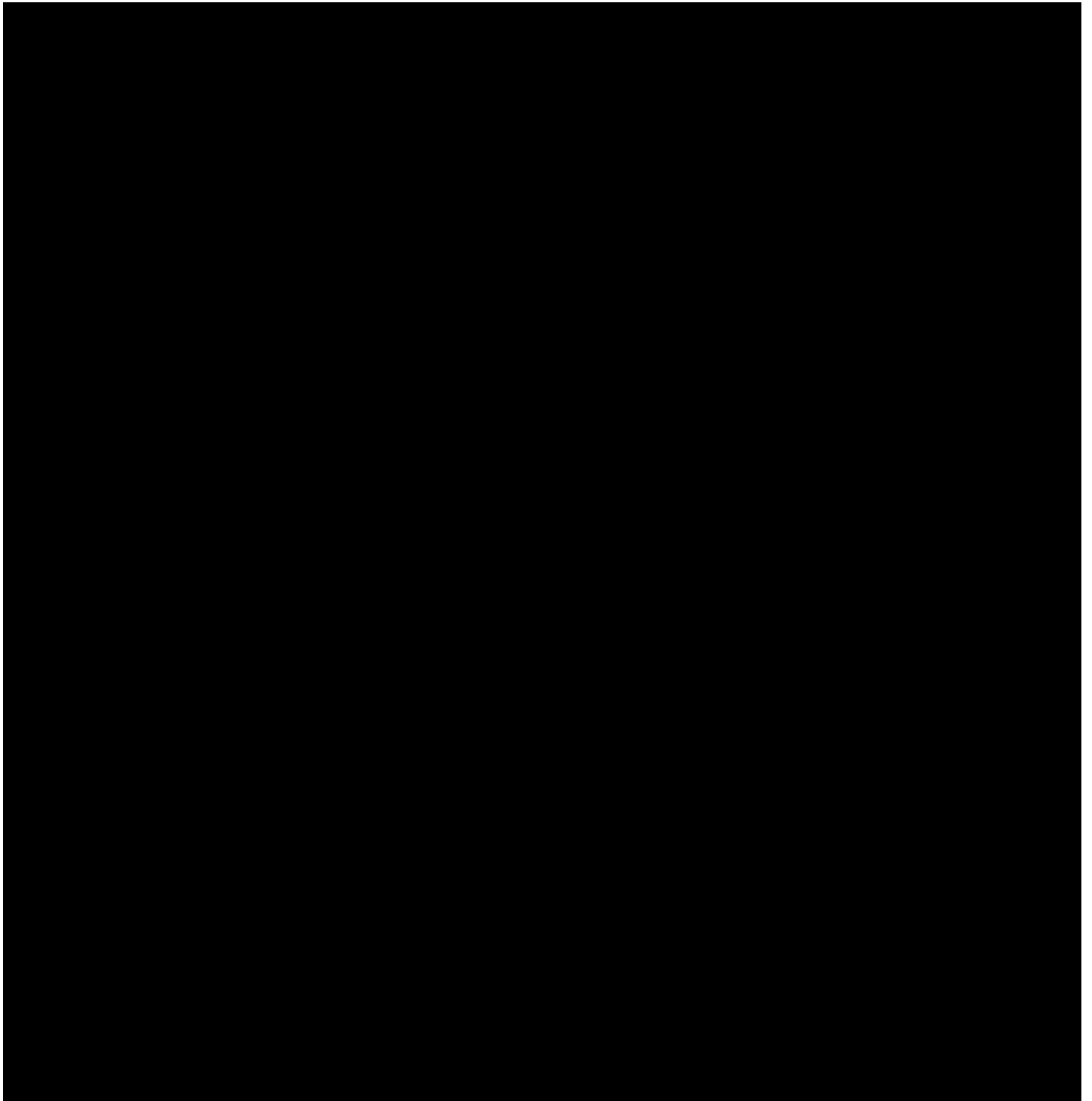
Meanwhile Governor Lewis Cass quickly ordered troops from St.

Louis, Galena, Fort Snelling and Fort Howard to meet at the portage of the Fox and Wisconsin rivers. Colonel William Whistler's men from Fort Howard arrived at the meeting place first.

On September 1, 1827, three messengers from the Indian camp came to Colonel Whistler, one at noon, a second at three o'clock, and the last at sunset. Each promised that Red Bird would surrender the next day. They asked the soldiers not to attack the Indians. The following day an unarmed group of Indians, some mounted and some on foot, were seen approaching the camp. They carried three flags. Those in the front and rear were American. The one in the center was white. Having followed the Indian law of revenge, Red Bird was now about to give himself up. This he hoped would prevent "a road from being cut through Indian country with guns."

As the Indians drew near, the voice of Red Bird could be heard singing his death song. The Indians formed a semi-circle. Red Bird and his companions stood in the center. They faced a long line of soldiers as the band played Pleyel's Hymn.

Red Bird's appearance was dazzling. His jacket of pure white elk skin had long fringes. A collar of blue and white wampum was decorated with panther claws. A broad scarlet cloth, slit in the middle for his head, hung over his back and chest. On one shoulder was a white





Marie Regis Gagnier Cherrier

Scalped as a baby by Red Bird but lived and raised a large family.



Surrender of Red Bird



Death Whoop
Seth Eastman



Red Bird and Wekau

Cemeteries in Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin

Military Cemeteries:

Fort Crawford Iapproximately 1817-1830 located north of fort.

Fort Crawford II.....approximately 1830-1870

an enlisted men's cemetery was discontinued and burial transferred to this officer's cemetery.

Civilian Cemeteries:

Island Cemetery.....approximately 1790-1817

"General Smith came to Prairie du Chien in 1816 to erect Fort Crawford. The ground selected encroached upon the ancient burying ground of the Prairie, so the inhabitants were obliged to remove their dead to another place."

Old French Cemetery ..approximately 1817-1862

Here on ground, long used by the Indians, the French began their cemetery. Recorded burials date from 1817.

Brisbois Cemeteryapproximately 1837-1903

B. W. Brisbois gave 18 acres in 1866 for public use. Oldest graves: 1837 Michel Brisbois, 1849 Theresa Brisbois, 1879 J. Tilmont, 1903...Henry Brisbois

Calvary Cemeteryapproximately 1850

Land a gift from H. Dousman

Oldest graves: 1851 Daniel Felton, 1874 Emilie Barrette, 1874 Julian Marsden, 1881 Coryer, 1882 Pion, 1886 Louis Stram

Evergreen Cemetery.....approximately 1850.

Lockwood gave land in 1842. Oldest graves: 1858 Fredrick. Believe Mrs. Lockwood's remains transferred here.

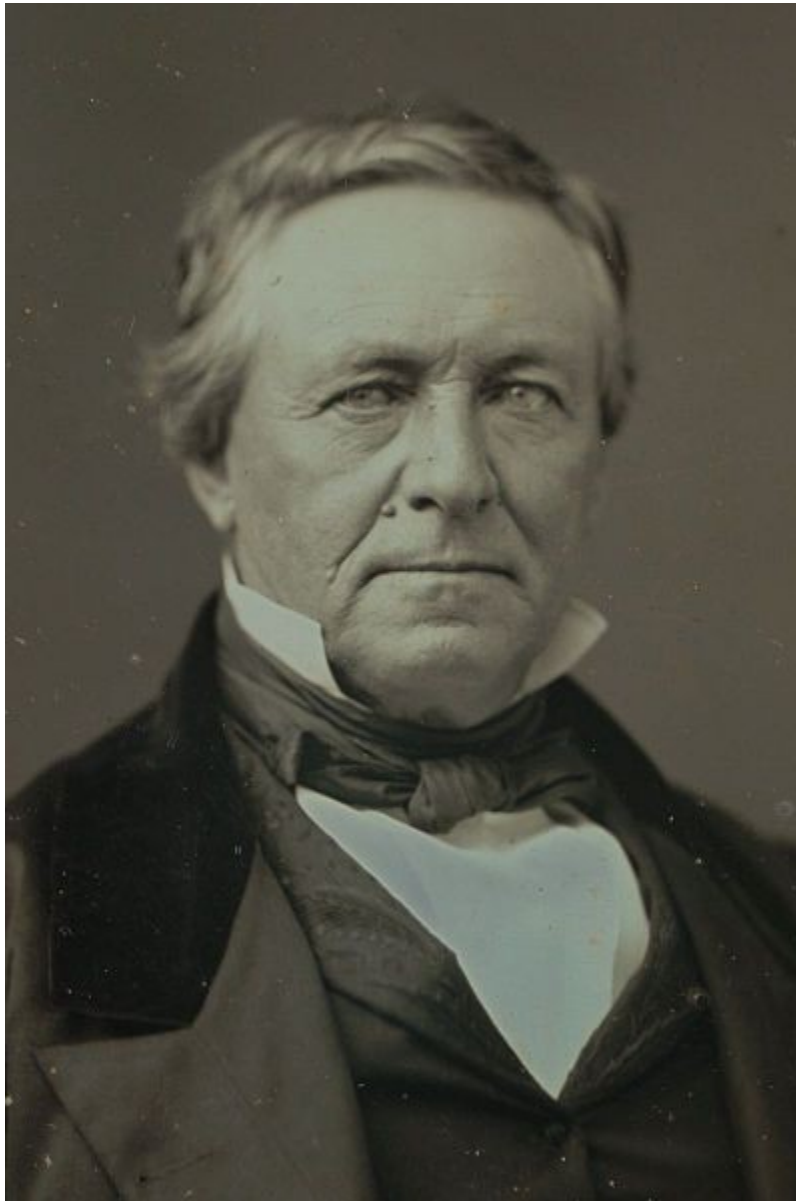
St. Gabriel's Cemetery.....approximately 1860

Strange (Poze) Powers gave land in 1836 for church.

Oldest graves, 1847 Lt. Charles. Brisbois marker, no burial, 1869 W. Lawler, 1870 Rafferty



John Marsh



John Marsh

Pioneer, while US Indian Agent at Prairie du Chien in 1828, he gave confidential information to his Sioux Indian wife, which upset US Government plans. He quickly left for Illinois, then turned West to California.

John Marsh, The tightwad who battled for statehood

"The MEANEST man in California."

That was how John Bidwell described John Marsh in letters to friends after telling them he'd arrived in California on November 4, 1841.

Marsh nonetheless played a big role in California becoming part of the U.S.

Bidwell was at the head of a pioneering band of 32 emigrants who had abandoned their wagons and had struggled over the Sierra well before the Gold Rush of '49 was to lure tens of thousands in their footsteps. At Marsh's crude adobe house near the foot of Mt. Diablo, 40 miles east of what was later to become San Francisco, Marsh welcomed them effusively. After all, it was his letters that had inspired their grueling six-month trip. He'd confidently described the overland trail that ended near his ranch, though his account was based on hearsay about the travels of mountain men like Jedediah Smith. Marsh himself had come West on the Santa Fe trail. That was after the authorities, following up on an old arrest warrant for selling guns to Indians, got too close.

Marsh wanted people to head his way. In a barrage of letters to Missouri, where he had been a merchant until the big depression of '35, he extolled an "Eden the West." With hundreds of new settlers on California soil, he reasoned, it would take only a few years for the U.S. to claim or buy California from Mexico, which was finding the province a costly drain of resources. Bidwell's group was the first of what would soon become a wave of American settlers.

Marsh rode to Mission San Jose for the group's passports, but because he was upset with Bidwell, bring one for him, Fuming, Bidwell coaxed his tired horse up to the mission to get his own, then almost exploded. The Mexican officials, he found, gave passports out for free but Marsh had already collected belongings of IOU's from the destitute travelers to cover his \$5 charge for each passport he delivered.

Miserly acts like this were a trademark of the man who used his Harvard bachelor of arts degree (written Latin) to obtain a license to practice medicine in Los Angeles soon after he'd arrived there in 1836 at age of 38. He thus became the first American doctor in California. Fortunately, he had learned a bit about medicine at Harvard and while teaching in Minnesota, then as an Indian agent in Wisconsin.

Within a year he cashed in his fees of cowhides and tallow for \$500 and headed north where San Francisco storekeeper Jacob Leese played host to the freeloading doctor. Marsh once spent 50 cents on fresh fish Mrs. Leese to cook. After he ended his 11-month visit, he billed her for the half-dollar.

In 1837 he gave Jose Noriega \$500 as full payment for the 50,000-acre *Rancho Los Meganos*, which included what is now Brentwood, Antioch and Pittsburg.

As the region's only doctor, Marsh found a way to add cattle to his vast ranch. His fees for house calls ran as high as 300 head. A rancher who owned 150 head was aghast when Marsh wanted 50 of them for curing his child's headaches.

"Go ahead and pay it, " said the rancher's wife, a plucky spirit who then billed Marsh for 25 head of cattle for washing two of his shirts!

In 1845, Marsh, along with other naturalized foreigners, was drafted to serve in the army of General Manuel Micheltorena, whose assignment was to expel all U.S. citizens from the province of California. This pitted conscripted Americans on the Mexican government's side against other Americans supporting the native *Californios*, who actually had Marsh's sympathy.

"You don't want Americans fighting each other, do you?" he kept asking the Americans serving with him.

Marsh arranged a meeting of Americans from both sides. They decided to sit out the big battle. This led to Micheltorena's defeat and hastened the day when California would become a state.

In the primitive solitude he craved, Marsh lived alone in an old adobe cabin. He stocked his ranch with 6,000 cattle and horses, extended his holdings, fought Indians and cattle rustlers and battled squatters who invaded his ranch. By night he read classics. .

Yet for, all his solitude, he became a wealthy and an influential figure. He married and built for his wife a big stone house--which still stands today on Marsh Creek Road in eastern Contra Costa Cpunty—but she died before they could move in.

Marsh had a son, Charles, by a French-Sioux Indian woman. He had left the boy behind in Illinois when he moved so hastily to California. Charles headed West in search of gold, traced his father and by a strange twist of fate, fell exhausted through Marsh's cabin door one stormy night. Neither the son nor the father knew who the other was until Marsh's idle questions brought about the discovery.

At 57, Marsh was slain by three disgruntled men who felt he'd cheated them. The rancho was divided among the heirs and other claimants and Dr. John Marsh became to most people an enigmatic and shadowy figure of history.

Blackhawk War

Background

An 1804 treaty between the governor of Indiana Territory and a council of leaders from the Sauk and Fox Native American tribes ceded 50 million acres (200,000 km²) of their land to the United States for \$2,234.50 and an annual annuity of \$1,000.- The treaty also allowed the Sauk and Fox to remain on their land until it was sold.-The treaty was controversial; Sauk Chief Black Hawk, and others disputed its validity because they said that the full tribal councils were not consulted and the council that negotiated the treaty did not have the authority to cede land.- After the discovery of lead in and around Galena, Illinois during the 1820s, miners began moving into the area ceded in the 1804 treaty. When the Sauk and Fox returned from the winter hunt in 1829, they found their land occupied by white settlers and were forced to return west of the Mississippi River.- Angered by the loss of his birthplace, Black Hawk led a number of incursions across the Mississippi River into Illinois between 1830 and 1831, but each time was persuaded to return west without bloodshed. In April 1832, encouraged by promises of alliance with other tribes and the British, he again moved his so-called "British Band" of around 1,000 warriors and non-combatants into Illinois.- Finding no allies, he attempted to return across the Mississippi to present-day Iowa, but the undisciplined Illinois Militia's actions led to Black Hawk's surprising victory at the Battle of Stillman's Run.-A number of other engagements followed, and the militia of Michigan Territory and the state of Illinois were mobilized to hunt down Black Hawk's band. The conflict became known as the Black Hawk War.

The period between the Battle of Stillman's Run in May and the raid at Sinsinawa Mound in late June was filled with war-related activity. A series of attacks at Buffalo Grove, the Plum River settlement, Fort Blue Mounds, and the war's most famous incident, the Indian Creek massacre, all took place between mid-May and late June 1832.-Two key battles, one at Horseshoe Bend on 16 June and the other at Waddams Grove on 18 June, played a role in changing public perception about the militia after its defeat at Stillman's Run.-The Battle of Apple River Fort on 24 June marked the end of a week that was an important turning point for the settlers. The fight was a 45-minute gun battle between defenders garrisoned inside Apple River Fort and Sauk and Fox warriors led by Chief Black Hawk.

The next day, after an inconclusive skirmish at Kellogg's Grove, Black Hawk and his band fled the approaching militia through modern-day Wisconsin. The Sinsinawa Mound raid occurred on 29 June, five days after the Battle of Apple River Fort. As the band fled the pursuing militia, they passed through what are now Beloit and Janesville, then followed the Rock River toward Horicon Marsh, where they headed west toward the Four Lakes region, near modern-day Madison.-On 21 July 1832, the militia caught up with Black Hawk's band as they attempted to cross the Wisconsin River, near the present-day Town of Roxbury, in Dane County, Wisconsin, resulting in the Battle of Wisconsin Heights.

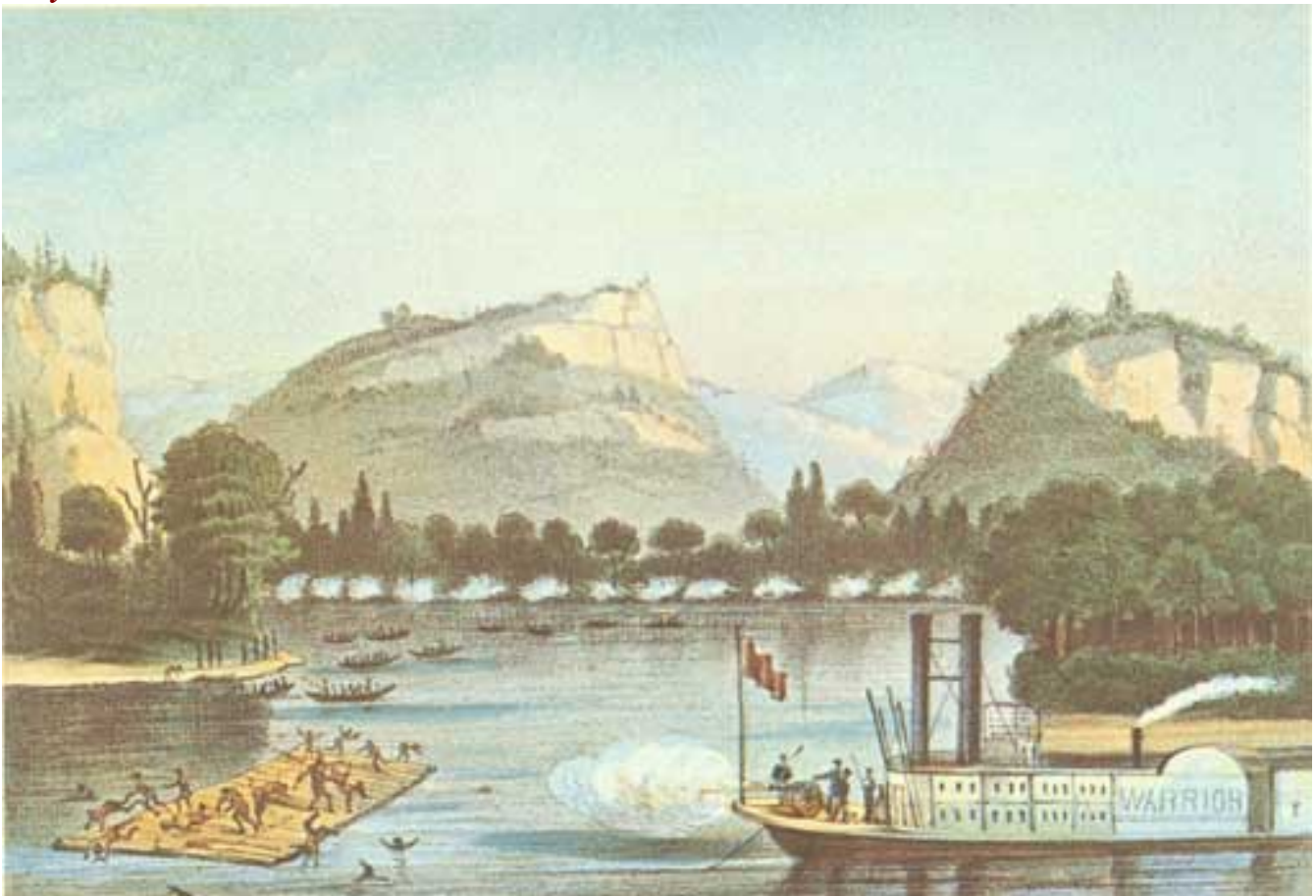
A few hours after midnight on 22 July, with Black Hawk's band resting on a knoll on the Wisconsin Heights Battlefield, Neapope, one of the key leaders accompanying Black Hawk, attempted to explain to the nearby militia officers that his group wanted only to end the fighting and go back across the Mississippi River.-In a "loud shrill voice" he delivered a conciliatory speech in his native Ho-Chunk language, assuming Pauquette and his band of Ho-Chunk guides were still with the militia at Wisconsin Heights.-However, the U.S. troops did not understand him, because their Ho-Chunk allies had already departed the battlefield. Following this failed attempt at peace, Neapope abandoned the cause and returned to a nearby Ho-Chunk village. The British Band had slowly disintegrated over the months of conflict; most of the Ho-Chunk and Potawatomi that had joined were gone by the Battle of Bad Axe. Others, especially children and the elderly, had died of starvation while the band fled the pursuing militia through the swamps around Lake Koshkonong.

Following the engagement at Wisconsin Heights, the militia decided to wait until the following day to pursue Black Hawk. They heard, but did not understand, Neapope's speech during the night, and to their surprise, when morning arrived their enemy had disappeared. The battle, though militarily devastating for the British Band, had allowed much of the group to escape to temporary safety across the Wisconsin River. The reprieve was short-lived for many – a group of Fox women and children who attempted to escape down the Wisconsin following the battle were captured by U.S.-allied tribes or shot by soldiers further downstream. During the night, while the non-combatants escaped in canoes, Black Hawk and the remaining warriors crossed the river near present-day Prairie du Sac, Wisconsin. The band fled west over rugged terrain toward the banks of the Mississippi River, with a week's head start on the militia.

While the band fled west, Commanding General Henry Atkinson trimmed his force to a few hundred men and set out to join militia commanders Henry Dodge and James D. Henry to regroup and resupply at Fort Blue Mounds. Under the command of Atkinson, around 1,300 men from the commands of Henry, Dodge, Alexander Posey and Milton Alexander crossed the Wisconsin River between 27 July and 28 July near present day. The well-fed and rested militia force picked up Black Hawk's trail again on 28 July near present-day Spring Green, Wisconsin and relatively quickly closed the gap on the famished and battle-weary band of Native Americans. On, August, Black Hawk and about 500 men, women, and children arrived at the eastern bank of the Mississippi, a few miles downstream from the mouth of the Bad Axe River. On arrival, the leaders of the band, including Black Hawk, called a council meeting to discuss their next move.

Battle

First day



The Steamboat Warrior at the Battle of Bad Axe.

Near the mouth of the Bad Axe River, on 1 August 1832, Black Hawk and Winnebago prophet and fellow British Band leader White Cloud advised the band against wasting time building rafts to cross the Mississippi River, because the U.S. forces were closing in, urging them instead to flee northward and seek refuge among the Ho-Chunk. However, most of the band chose to try to cross the river.

While some of the band managed to escape across the Mississippi River that afternoon, the steamboat *Warrior*, commanded by Captain Joseph Throckmorton, appeared on the scene and halted the band's attempt to cross to safety. -Waving a white flag, Black Hawk tried to surrender, but as had happened in the past the soldiers failed to understand and the scene deteriorated into battle.^[1] The warriors who survived the initial volley found cover and returned fire and a two-hour firefight ensued. The *Warrior* eventually withdrew from battle because of lack of fuel, and returned to Fort Crawford at Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin.

At the time, newspaper reports stated that 23 Native Americans were killed, including one woman estimated to be 19 years old; she was shot through her child's upper arm as she stood holding the child watching the battle. Her child was retrieved by Lieutenant Anderson after the battle, and taken to the surgical tent, where the baby's arm was amputated. The child was then taken to Prairie du Chien, where he is believed to have recovered. - The fight convinced Black Hawk that refuge lay to the north, not west across the Mississippi. In one of his last actions as commander of the British Band, Black Hawk implored his followers to flee with him, to the north. Many did not listen, and late on 1 August, Black Hawk, White Cloud and about three dozen other followers left the British Band and fled northward. Most of the remaining warriors and non-combatants remained on the eastern bank of the Mississippi. - Forces on the *Warrior* suffered only one casualty – a retired soldier from Fort Snelling was wounded in the knee during the fight.

Second day

At 2 a.m. on 2 August, Atkinson's forces awoke and began to break camp, setting out before sunrise. They had moved only a few miles when they ran into the rear scout element of the remaining Sauk and Fox forces. The Sauk scouts attempted to lead the enemy away from the main camp and were initially successful.^[1] The combined U.S. forces fell into formation for battle: Generals Alexander and Posey formed the right wing, Henry the left wing, and Dodge and the regulars the center element. As the Native Americans retreated toward the river, the militia's left wing were left in the rear without orders. -When a regiment stumbled across the main trail to the camp, the scouts could only fight in retreat and hope that they had given their comrades a chance to escape the militia, while the Sauk and Fox kept retreating to the river. -However, *Warrior* returned after obtaining more wood in Prairie du Chien, leaving the refueling point about midnight and arriving at Bad Axe about 10 a.m. -The slaughter that followed continued for the next eight hours.

Henry's men, the entire left wing, descended a bluff into the midst of several hundred Sauk and Fox warriors, and a desperate bayonet and musket battle followed. Women and children fled the fight into the river, where many drowned immediately. The battle continued for 30 minutes before Atkinson came up with Dodge's center element, cutting off escape for many of the remaining Native warriors. Some warriors managed to escape the fight to a willow island, which was being peppered with canister shot and gunfire by *Warrior*.

The soldiers killed everyone who tried to run for cover or cross the river; men, women and children alike were shot dead. More than 150 people were killed outright at the scene of the battle, which many combatants later termed a massacre. The soldiers then scalped most of the dead, and cut long strips of flesh from others for use as razor strops. U.S. forces captured an additional 75 Native Americans. Of the total 400–500 Sauk and Fox at Bad Axe on 2 August, most were killed at the scene, others escaped across the river. Those who escaped across the river found only temporary reprieve as many were captured and killed by Sioux warriors acting in support of the U.S. Army. Sioux brought 68 scalps and 22 prisoners to the U.S. Indian agent Joseph M. Street in the weeks following the battle. The United States suffered five killed in action and 19 wounded.



The dead Indian mother and her child.



1847 illustration of a dead Sauk and her surviving child being discovered by a U.S. officer at Bad Axe. The Battle of Bad Axe was a mostly one-sided affair that has been called a massacre by both modern and historical accounts of the engagement, as well as by those who participated. On 3 August 1832, the day after the battle, Indian Agent Street wrote to William Clark describing the scene at Bad Axe and the events that occurred there. He stated that most of the Sauk and Fox were shot in the water or drowned trying to cross the Mississippi to safety. Major John Allen Wakefield published an account of the war in 1834, which included a description of the battle. His description characterized the killing of women and children as a mistake:

"During the engagement we killed some of the squaws through mistake. It was a great misfortune to those miserable squaws and children, that they did not carry into execution [the plan] they had formed on the morning of the battle -- that was, to come and meet us, and surrender themselves prisoners of war. It was a horrid sight to witness little children, wounded and suffering the most excruciating pain, although they were of the savage enemy, and the common enemy of the country."

Black Hawk's own account, though he was not present at the battle's second day, termed the incident a massacre. Later histories continued to assail the actions of the whites at Bad Axe. The 1887 Perry A. Armstrong book, *The Sauks and the Black Hawk War*, called Throckmorton's actions "inhuman and dastardly" and went on to call him a "second Nero or Calligula [*sic*]". In 1898, during events honoring the 66th anniversary of the battle, Reuben Gold Thwaites termed the fight a "massacre" during a speech at the battle site. He emphasized this theme again in a 1903 collection of essays.

Modern-day historians have continued to characterize the battle as a wholesale massacre. Mark Grimsley, a history professor at Ohio State University, concluded in 2005, based on other modern accounts, that the Battle of Bad Axe would be better termed a massacre. Kerry A. Trask's 2007 work, *Black Hawk: The Battle for the Heart of America*, points to the writings of Wakefield as evidence that delusional beliefs about doing brave deeds and magnifying manliness spurred the U.S. forces to revel in and pursue massacring and exterminating the Sauk and Fox. Trask concluded that Wakefield's statement "I must confess, that it filled my heart with gratitude and joy, to think that I had been instrumental, with many others, in delivering my country of those

merciless savages, and restoring those people again to their peaceful homes and firesides," was a viewpoint held by nearly all militia members.

Aftermath

The Black Hawk War of 1832 resulted in the deaths of at least 70 settlers and soldiers, and hundreds of Black Hawk's band. As well as the combat casualties of the war, a relief force under General Winfield Scott suffered hundreds deserted and dead, many from cholera. The end of the war at Bad Axe ended the large-scale threat of Native American attacks in northwest Illinois, and allowed further settlement of Illinois and what became Iowa and Wisconsin.

The members of the British Band, and the Fox, Kickapoo, Sauk, Ho-Chunk and Potawatomi that later joined them, suffered unknown numbers of dead during the war.^[22] While some died fighting, others were tracked down and killed by Sioux, Menominee, Ho-Chunk, and other native tribes. Still others died of starvation or drowned during the Band's long trek up the Rock River toward the mouth of the Bad Axe. The entire British Band was not wiped out at Bad Axe; some survivors drifted back home to their villages. This was relatively simple for the Potawatomi and Ho-Chunk of the band. Many Sauk and Fox found return to their homes more difficult, and while some returned safely, others were held in custody by the army. Prisoners, some taken at the Battle of Bad Axe, and others taken by U.S.-aligned Native American tribes in the following weeks, were taken to Fort Armstrong at modern Rock Island, Illinois. About 120 prisoners – men, women, and children – waited until the end of August to be released by General Winfield Scott.

Black Hawk and most of the leaders of the British Band were not immediately captured following the conclusion of hostilities. On 20 August, Sauk and Fox under Keokuk turned over Neapope and several other British Band chiefs to Winfield Scott at Fort Armstrong. Black Hawk, however, remained elusive. After fleeing the battle scene with White Cloud and a small group of warriors, Black Hawk had moved northeast toward the headwaters of the La Crosse River. The group camped for a few days and was eventually counseled by a group of Ho-Chunk, which included White Cloud's brother, to surrender. Though they initially resisted the pleas for surrender, the group eventually traveled to the Ho-Chunk village at La Crosse and prepared to surrender. On 27 August 1832, Black Hawk, White Cloud and the remnants of the British Band surrendered to Joseph M. Street at Prairie du Chien.



Map of Black Hawk War sites

✕ Battle (with name) ● Fort / settlement ● Native village

← HEAD OF BATTLE ISLE.

ON THE EVE OF AUG. 1, 1832.
BLACKHAWK AND HIS MEN
WITH A FLAG OF TRUCE, WENT TO
THE HEAD OF THIS ISLAND TO SUR-
RENDER TO THE CAPTAIN OF STEAMER
"WARRIOR." WHITES ON BOAT ASKED
"ARE YOU WINNEBAGOES OR SACS?"
SACS REPLIED BLACKHAWK. A
LOAD OF CANNISTER WAS AT ONCE
FIRED, KILLING 28 INDIANS
SUING FOR REAGE.

MAJOR ZEBULON M. PIKE EN-
CAMPED ON THIS ISLAND ON SEPT.
8TH 1805.

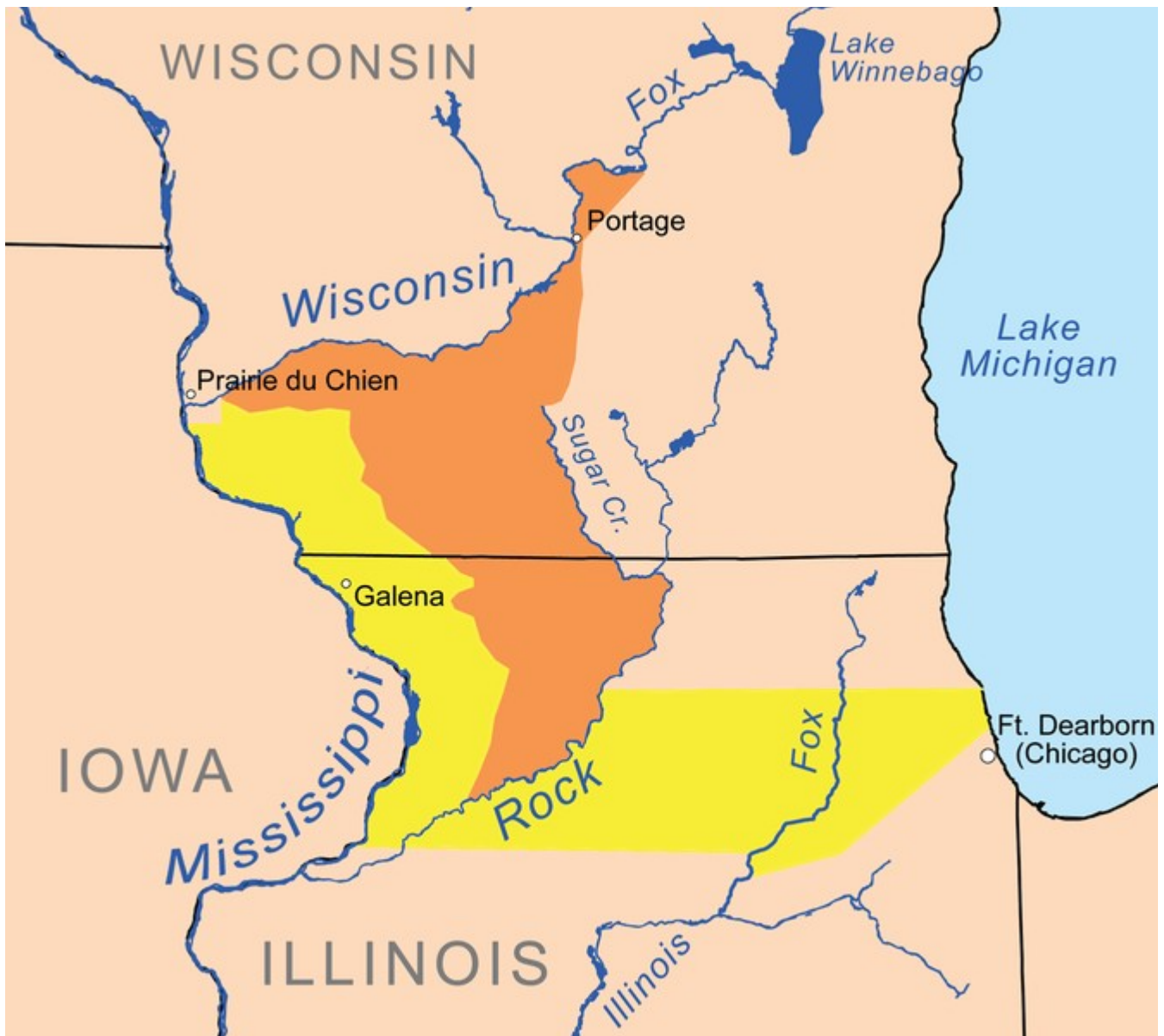
HERE LIVED MOSES TRAILBLING
WHO IN OCT. 1804, RODE AN UNBROKEN
COLT TO VICTORY AT 2 A.M. AND
SAVED A LAMATED TRAIN FROM GOING
THRU A BURNED CULVERT.



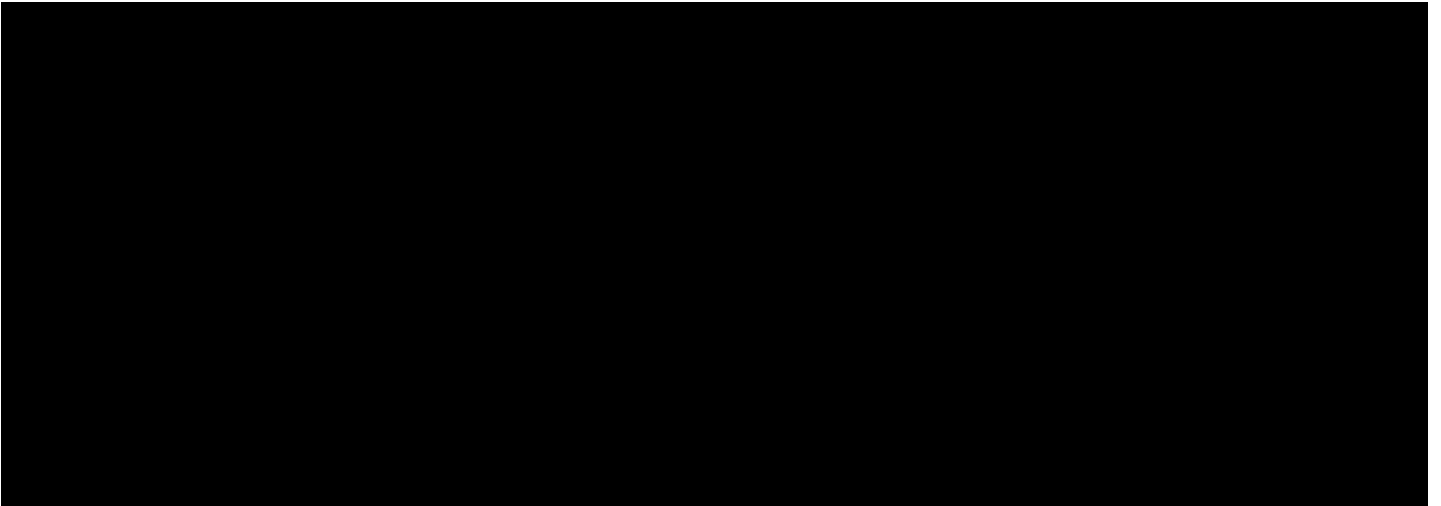
BATTLE OF BAD AXE

After holding off his pursuers at the Battle of Wisconsin Heights (about 1½ miles south of present Sauk City) Black Hawk led his people over unfamiliar country toward the Mississippi. In the meantime, the Army alerted Fort Crawford at Prairie du Chien. When the Indians reached the Mississippi, they found an armed steamboat blocking escape. The Battle of Bad Axe fought near here August 1-2, 1832 ended the Black Hawk War. Driven into the water by their pursuers, the Indians — warriors, old people, women and children — were shot down or drowned as they tried to escape. Black Hawk succeeded in getting away but was soon taken prisoner. Later, when asked about his ill-fated venture, he said simply: "Rock River was a beautiful country; I loved my towns, my cornfields, and the home of my people. I fought for it."

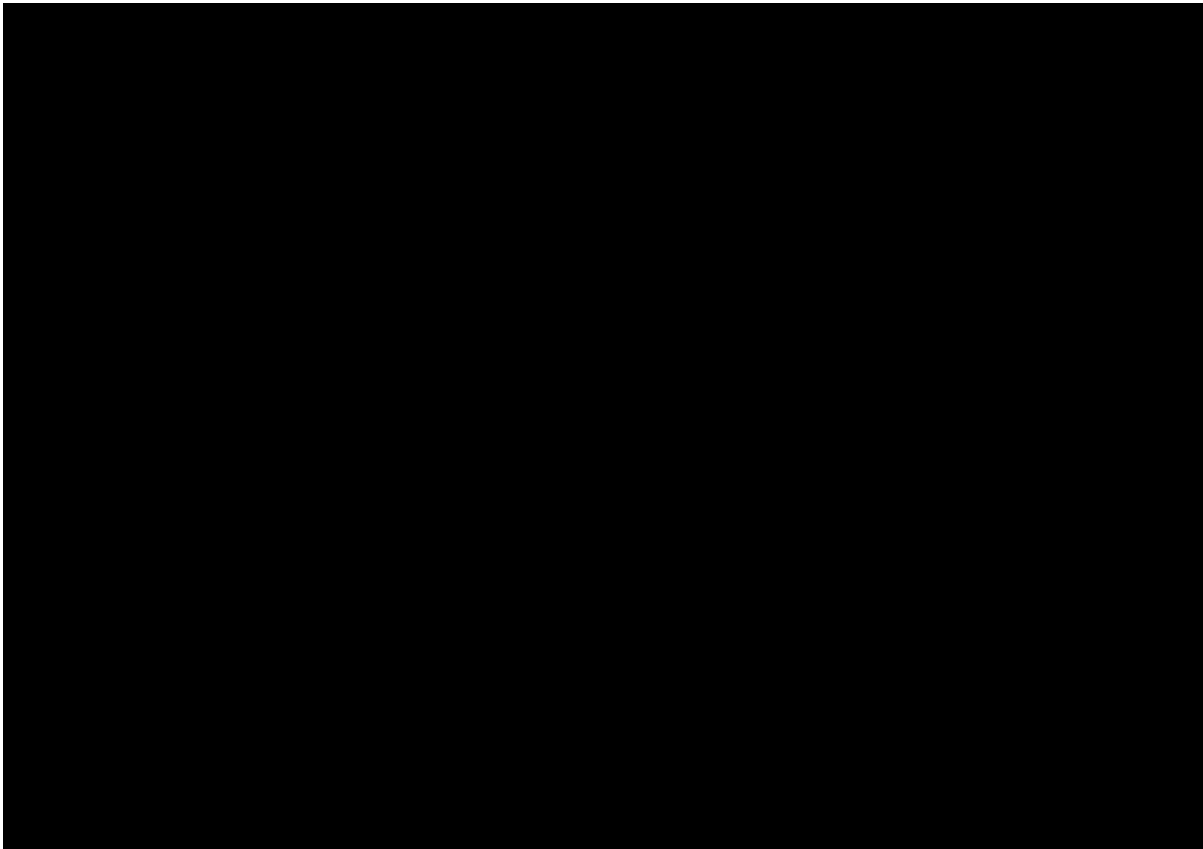
Erected 1955



Land ceded to the U.S. at Prairie du Chien in 1829 by the [Three Fires Confederacy](#) (in yellow) and the Ho-Chunk tribe (in orange). Land Surrendered

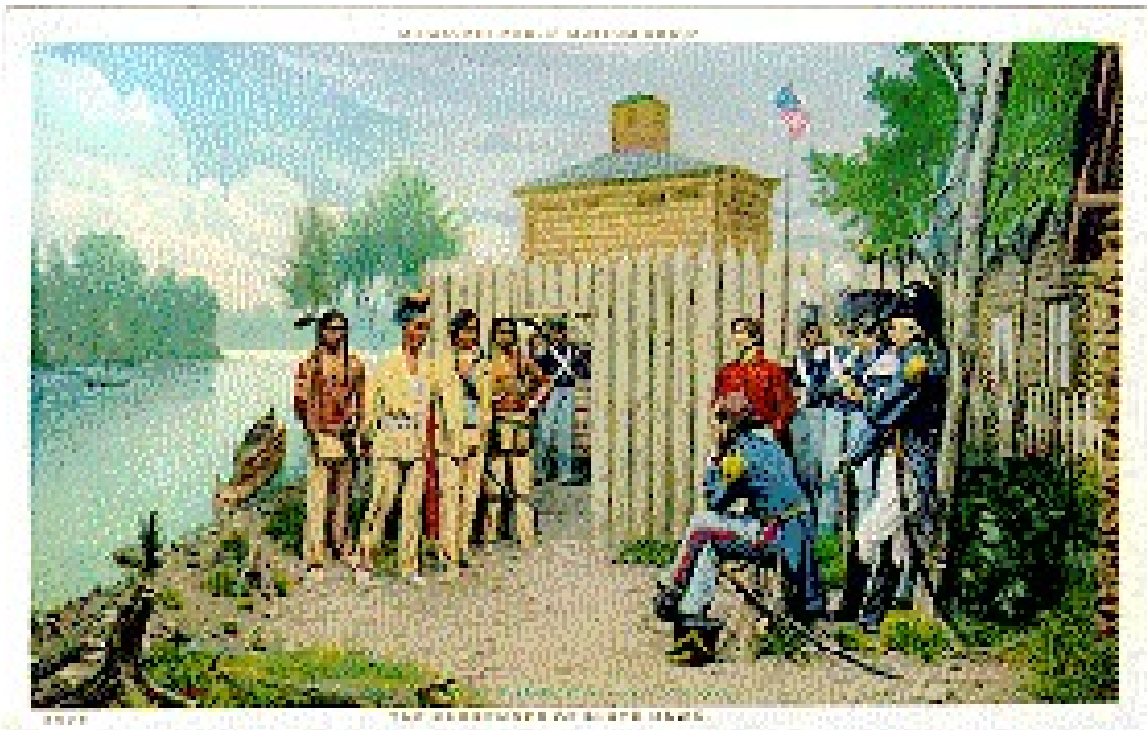


Bad Axe Battle
Cal Peters





Blackhawk Surrender
Cal Peters



Blackhawk Surrender

Black Hawk's Surrender Speech, 1832

You have taken me prisoner with all my warriors. I am much grieved, for I expected, if I did not defeat you, to hold out much longer, and give you more trouble before I surrendered. I tried hard to bring you into ambush, but your last general understands Indian fighting. The first one was not so wise. When I saw that I could not beat you by Indian fighting, I determined to rush on you, and fight you face to face. I fought hard. But your guns were well aimed. The bullets flew like birds in the air, and whizzed by our ears like the wind through the trees in the winter. My warriors fell around me; it began to look dismal. I saw my evil day at hand. The sun rose dim on us in the morning, and at night it sunk in a dark cloud, and looked like a ball of fire. That was the last sun that shone on Black Hawk. His heart is dead, and no longer beats quick in his bosom. He is now a prisoner to the white men; they will do with him as they wish. But he can stand torture, and is not afraid of death. He is no coward. Black Hawk is an Indian.

He has done nothing for which an Indian ought to be ashamed. He has fought for his countrymen, the squaws and papooses, against white men, who came, year after year, to cheat them and take away their lands. You know the cause of our making war. It is known to all white men. They ought to be ashamed of it. The white men despise the Indians, and drive them from their homes. But the Indians are not deceitful. The white men speak bad of the Indian, and took at him spitefully. But the Indian does not tell lies; Indians do not steal.

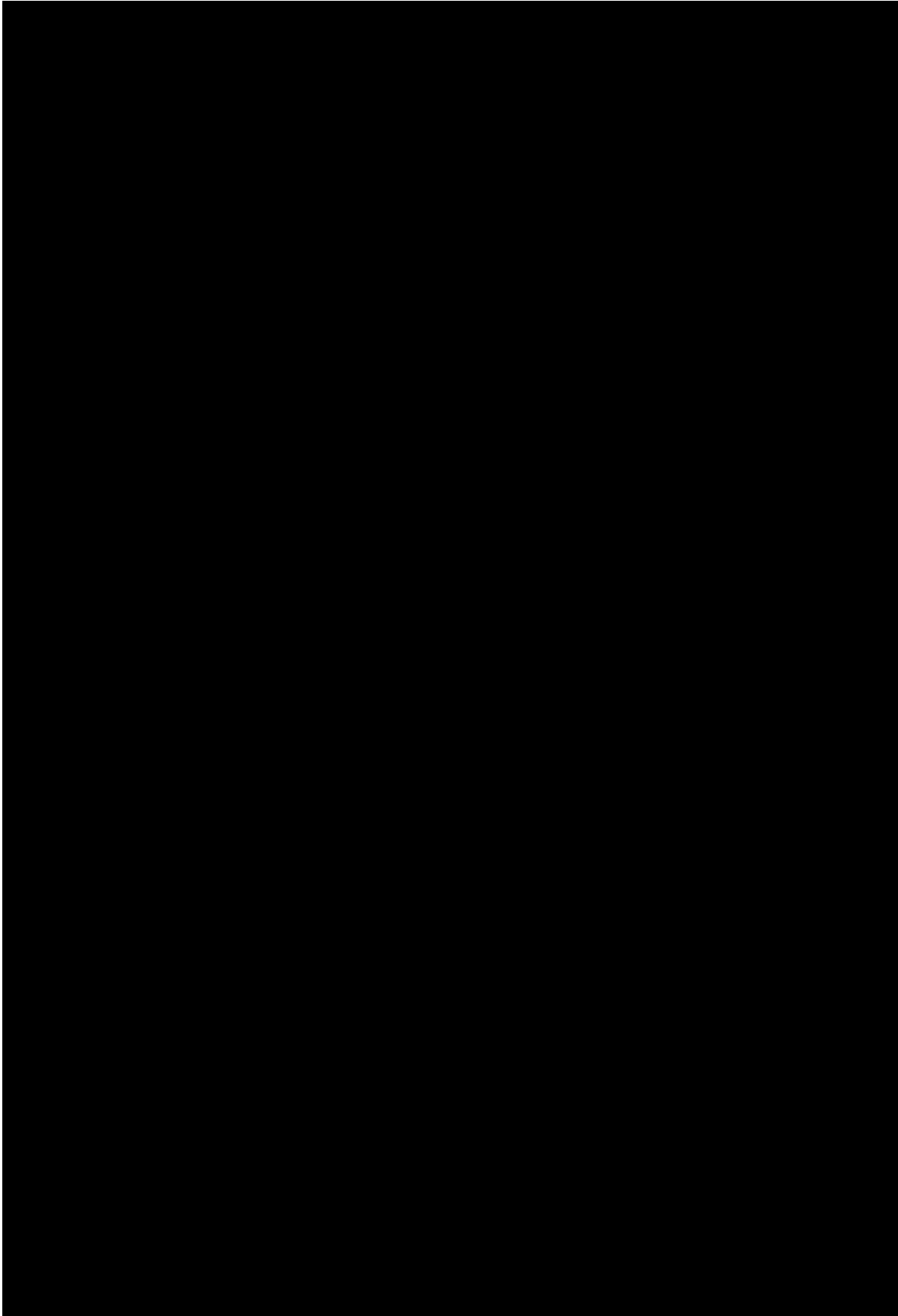
An Indian who is as bad as the white men, could not live in our nation; he would be put to death, and eat [sic] up by the wolves. The white men are bad school-masters; they carry false looks, and deal in false actions; they smile in the face of the poor Indian to cheat him; they shake them by the hand to gain their confidence, to make them drunk, to deceive them, and ruin our wives. We told them to let us alone; but they followed on and beset our paths, and they coiled themselves among us like the snake. They poisoned us by their touch. We were not safe. We lived in danger. We were becoming like them, hypocrites and liars, adulterers, lazy drones, all talkers, and no workers.

We looked up to the Great Spirit. We went to our great father. We were encouraged. His great council gave us fair words and big promises, but we got no satisfaction. Things were growing worse. There were no deer in the forest. The opossum and beaver were fled; the springs were drying up, and our squaws and papooses without victuals to keep them from starving; we called a great council and built a large fire. The spirit of our fathers arose and spoke to us to avenge our wrongs or die.... We set up the war-whoop, and dug up the tomahawk; our knives were ready, and the heart of Black Hawk swelled high in his bosom when he led his warriors to battle. He is satisfied. He will go to the world of spirits contented. He has done his duty. His father will meet him there, and commend him.

Black Hawk is a true Indian, and disdains to cry like a woman. He feels for his wife, his children and friends. But he does not care for himself. He cares for his nation and the Indians. They will suffer. He laments their fate. The white men do not scalp the head; but they do worse-they poison the heart, it is not pure with them. His countrymen will not be scalped, but they will, in a few years, become like the white men, so that you can't trust them, and there must be, as in the white settlements, nearly as many officers as men, to take care of them and keep them in order.

Farewell, my nation. Black Hawk tried to save you, and avenge your wrongs. He drank the blood of some of the whites. He has been taken prisoner, and his plans are stopped. He can do no more. He is near his end. His sun is setting, and he will rise no more. Farewell to Black Hawk.





MUSEUM OF MEDICAL PROGRESS

Aug. 18, 1974--Plaque Dedication

It is fitting that we pause from time to time and reflect on the march of time. We stand on hallowed ground, first sighted by Fr. Marquette and Jolliet on a June day 501 years ago. Here, in the years from 1829 to 1832, the U.S. Army built Fort Crawford II with military hospital attached.

Attracted to this frontier post were many young men, who would later gain fame.

One of these young men was US army surgeon Dr. William Beaumont. He was once called to treat a voyageur at Mackinac, who received a shot in the stomach and was believed near death. Under the skillful treatment of Dr. Beaumont, the patient Alexis St. Martin, recovered. The hole in the stomach of St. Martin never completely closed. This stomach entry afforded Dr. Beaumont an opportunity for experiments, and from these studies Dr. Beaumont established the basis for the science of physiology.

In 1833, Dr. Beaumont began writing his famous book called, **"EXPERIMENTS and Observations on the Gastric JUICE and the PHYSIOLOGY of DIGESTION."** It proved a remarkable contribution to medicine. Few of Beaumont's findings have been overturned, most are still applicable today.

Forty-eight years later, the year 1871, Prairie du Chien became the birthplace of Walter B. Cannon, who was to become Beaumont's successor the second greatest physiologist in America.

Ever vigilant in the preservation of our rich history heritage, the fort Crawford Chapter of the Daughter of the American Revolution purchased the ruins of Fort Crawford II Hospital in 1921 from Will Graves at a modest cost.

In 1934, during the depths of the depression, the D.A.R. deeded the property to the City of Prairie du Chien, so restoration work could be started under WPA grant. After substantial progress, the project was terminated by legal obstruction. In 1943, a group of local citizens formed the Dr. Beaumont Memorial Inc. and the D.A.R. deeded the fort property to the State Medical Society of Wisconsin. They completed the hospital building, installed displays and in 1960, opened the MUSEUM OF MEDICAL PROGRESS to the public. Two years later the STOVALL HALL OF HEALTH was added.

Many people, women as well as men, have freely given of their time and resources to create this LIVING MEMORIAL. The D.A.R. merits our gratitude for preserving this historic site. And, we will remember the members of the Beaumont Memorial fort for their reconstruction efforts, and their wisdom in memorializing Beaumont's contribution to world medicine.

We must be ever mindful that the past is the prologue to the future

MJ Dyrud/me
August 18, 1974

STATE MEDICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN

*created by an Act
of the Territorial Legislature
of 1831*

Madison, Wisconsin, U.S.A.

Whereas, When it became apparent in mid-1943 that the continued restoration of the Second Fort Crawford Hospital was in jeopardy, Martinus J. Dyrud and a group of Prairie du Chien civic leaders, physicians, and others established a nonprofit organization known as the Dr. William Beaumont Memorial Foundation to raise funds and develop exhibits in a restored hospital museum to commemorate the unique contribution of this great American physiologist; now, therefore, be it

RESOLVED, That the Board of the State Medical Society and the Board of its Charitable, Educational and Scientific Foundation jointly express to Martinus J. Dyrud their great appreciation for his inspiring and dedicated efforts to complete the restoration of this National Historic Landmark as a fitting American medical shrine.

Thank you, Mr. Dyrud, for bringing this proud recognition of medicine's heritage to the attention of the profession and the public.

Adopted by these Boards, July 17, 1982.

Attest:

Earl D. Thayer
Secretary

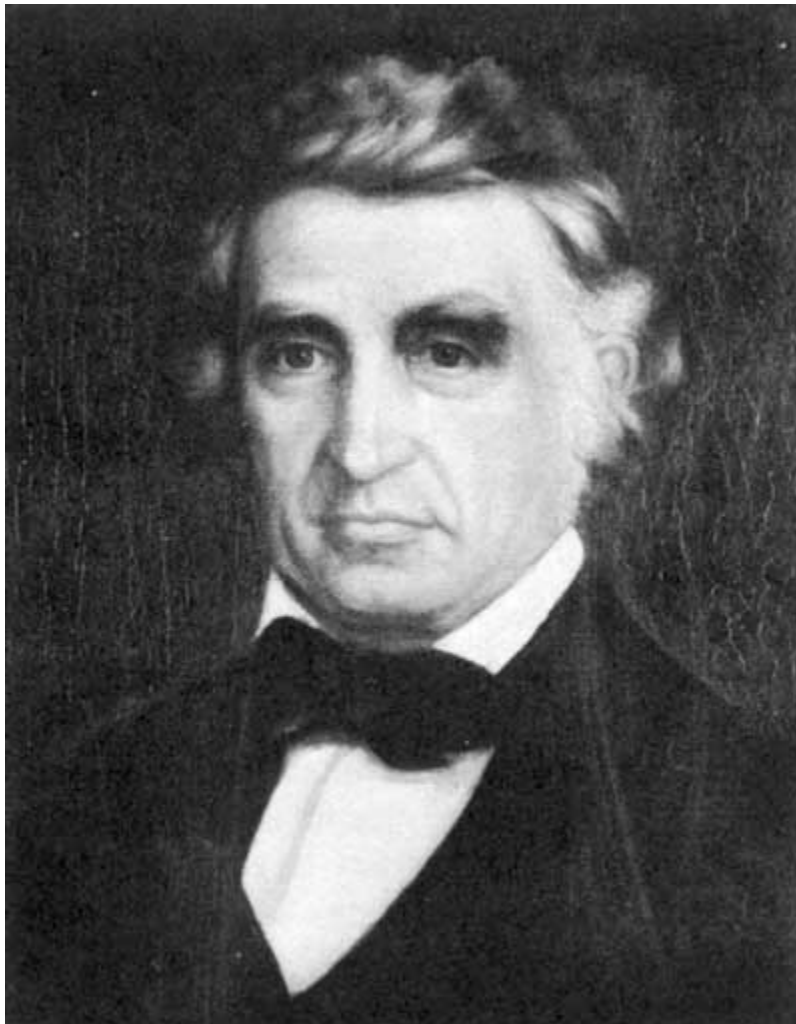
A. A. Truffert M.D.
Chairman of the Board
State Medical Society of Wisconsin

Robert J. Conney M.D.
President, Charitable, Educational
and Scientific Foundation, Inc.





Dr. William Beaumont
circa 1821



Dr. William Beaumont



Alexis St. Martin
81 years of age

"Pearling" new to you? Help yourself to this colorful bit of history out of Wisconsin, centered on the "Pearl Capital" of the State. You'll like it!



Family Busily Opening Clams in "Lowertown," Prairie du Chien. Note Boil-Out Tank and Cover in Foreground.

Pearling in Wisconsin

by M. J. Dyrud

It is thrilling to find a pearl in a clam shell. I had that exhilarating experience as a little boy, when I discovered a small, blue pearl with iridescent coloring on the Little Sugar River in southern Wisconsin, near Albany. With a shout, I announced my good fortune. Shortly afterwards, Ed Kittelson, a pearl buyer, told me interesting tales of a trader's luck and profit.

Forty years later in Prairie du Chien, I learned that my experience touched the fading edge of a colorful era in Wisconsin history. This city, at the junction of the Wisconsin and Mississippi rivers, once was considered the "Pearl Capital" of Wisconsin. Each summer thousands of prospectors gathered in this area to dig clams in the upper reaches of the "Father of Waters." Each sought to wrest from nature a hidden treasure in pearls.

Dame Fashion ushered in this exciting period during the last decade of the nineteenth century when women sought pearls with the same avid desire that later motivated their longings for mink coats.

The humble start appears to have occurred on the Sugar River, when Bunde and Upmeyer Company in Milwaukee offered fishermen attractive prices for pearls found in clam bait. Visions of fortunes quickly blossomed in many minds. Tales of easy money prompted explora-

tion of the clam beds of the Pecatonica and Rock rivers, and then extended into the mighty Mississippi. The seemingly inexhaustible clam beds of the Upper Mississippi brought an influx of fortune hunters.

In the summer clammers' tents lined the Mississippi River shore. An enterprising Prairie du Chien grocer operated a store launch, delivering food and supplies to river customers. This service was welcomed by the rivermen, who were up at dawn and worked until dusk, raking clams into their boats after each floating pass across the submerged clam beds.

Mississippi River procedure was cleverly conceived and productive. Each operator used a clam boat, flat bottomed, with sloping prow and stern. From the sides of the boat, the clammer threw out his "crowbars." These were small rods fitted with short lines to which were attached many small grappling hooks. As the hooks dragged the mud bottom of the clam beds, they caught in the open shells of the feeding clams or mussels. The clams reacted by closing their shells, actually hooking onto the clammer's lines. These crowbars then were laid straddle a rack in the boat and the clams removed. Again a floating pass was made over the clam beds.

How different from my boyhood experience with my uncles along the Little Sugar river

on grandfather's farm! Then, we would roll up our pants legs and feel for the clams with our feet. We would reach down, pick up the shell, and toss it over on the bank. Later we would cut the shells open with a knife. This was hard work and often exasperating, for the muscle hinge of the clam is very strong and the shells difficult to pry open.

The Mississippi River clammers had an easier way. They called it the "Boil Out." Water was heated in a large cauldron, the clams tossed in and steamed. This opened the shell wide so that the meat could be shaken out and inspected for pearls.

Thanks to the vision of J. F. Boepple of Muscatine, Iowa, the pearl button industry soon thrived. Small cylinders were first cut out of the shells with tubular saws. These were then split into discs, which were shaped by a steel tool, drilled with holes, and finally polished with rottenstone and soft soap.

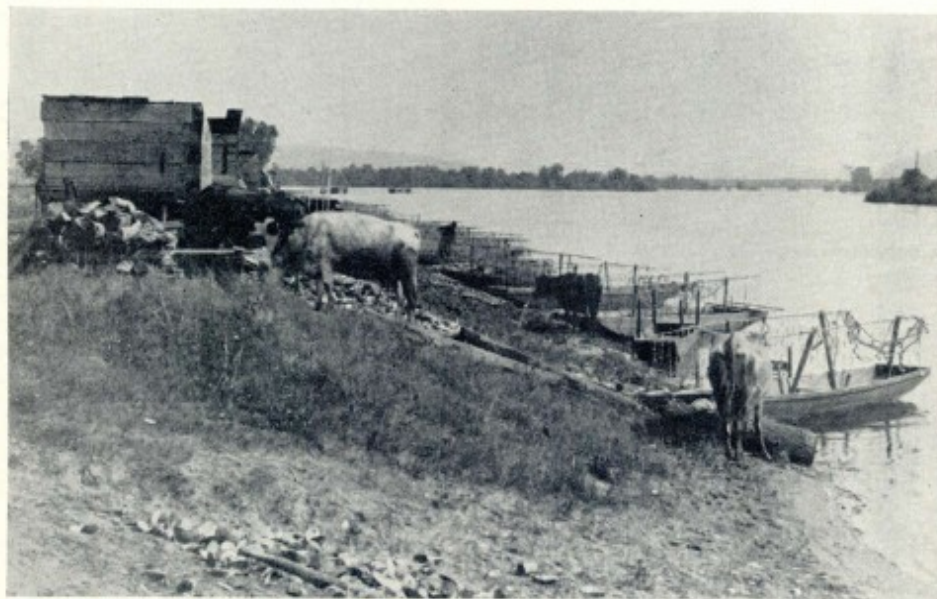
Clam shells, sold to button factories, afforded bread and butter income for the clammers. During good years about 55,000 tons of shells, niggerheads and others, largely obtained from the Mississippi between Quincy, Illinois, and La Crosse, Wisconsin, were sold annually.

However, it was the pearls that provided the dominant lure, the speculative urge.

For people with inquisitive minds, nature stores her hidden treasures in a very logical manner. Still, the pearl-hiding pattern is elaborate and intriguingly difficult to reconstruct. The mussels or clams vary in size, in shape, and in color. Certain shell types yield the more valuable pearls. The color of fresh-water pearl matches the interior color of the mother-of-pearl shell. Nature is a skillful decorator.

"Washboard" clams generally have pink tinted pearls, as do the "wavy-back" clams. "Three ridged" clams usually yield colored pearls in shades of blue, green, and lavender. The shells we called "niggerheads" have iridescent pearls, which are white gems with shifting tones of pink and blue. From the "muckets" come fine pink pearls, from "sand-shells" often salmon colored or salmon pink pearls. Some days near sundown, you will see these intriguing color tones in the sky, or in the clouds, as the setting sun flings its last shafts of light across the horizon. From the "lady-finger" clams, whose mother-of-pearl is often slate colored, perhaps bluish-black, come the prized black pearls. These black pearls

Clam Boats an' Cows Having a Leisurely Time of It. Here the Placid Meandering Mississippi Is Viewed at "Lowertown," Looking South.



DYRUD : PEARLING IN WISCONSIN

have flames dancing iridescently, sometimes blue, frequently violet, but always a delight to the eye.

Pearls are a malformation within the clam, originating when a foreign substance enters the pearl-bearing film or mantle covering the inner shell. The clam tries to isolate the intruder by making a pearl nacre deposit around it, at the same time a new pearl layer is placed on the shell. Pearl hunters look for damaged or deformed shells, for these are most likely to yield pearls.

John Peacock, now president of the Prairie City Bank in Prairie du Chien, has been a pearl buyer for fifty-four years. He lived and loved this colorful period. Even today he may reach into his inner coat pocket and withdraw a tissue paper fold, so typical of a pearl buyer, and show you interesting pearls with their delicate opalescent colors.

I was fascinated to learn about the biggest fresh-water pearl Mr. Peacock ever handled. It was the "Genoa Pearl," from the famous bed at Genoa, Wisconsin, and was found by Willis Hastings. It was nut-sized, found in 1903 and weighed 210 grains.* Measuring

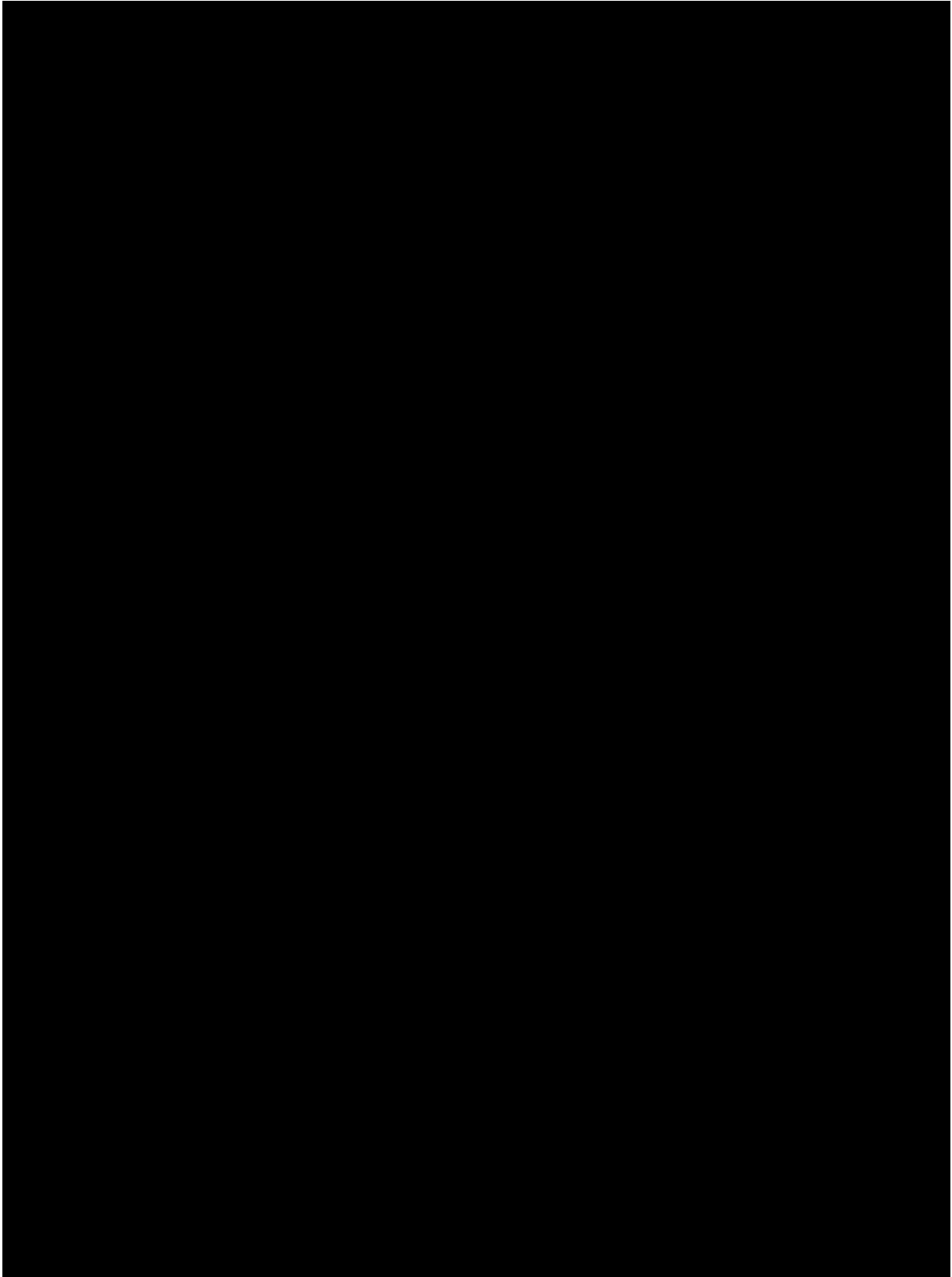
$1\frac{5}{16}$ " in diameter, this pearl was too big for any gem use. Mr. Peacock pointed out that this huge pearl was only good as a collector's specimen. As a matter of fact, it now graces an English pearl collection. Mr. Peacock sold this pearl for \$1,500, less than he received for many smaller pearls, but it still looms large in his keen memory as the largest fresh-water, quality pearl he ever came across.

Another story from our dean of pearl buyers deserves repetition. One evening a spotter friend called Mr. Peacock from Harpers Ferry, Iowa, reporting a fine pearl found by a commercial fisherman and urging Peacock to come at once. Mr. Peacock arrived late in the night and made his appraisal by lantern light. Here was a $42\frac{1}{2}$ grain iridescent beauty. It seemed that all of the colors in the rainbow danced seductively in this gem. "Never before or since have I seen a finer coloring," recalls Mr. Peacock. "I knew it was a fine pearl, but I was not sure how much I should give this man. I paid him \$1,500, the largest amount I had

*Pearls are sold by a special unit of weight called the pearl grain. Four pearl grains equal one carat.

A Mississippi Clammer in His Boat with Clamming Equipment, Two Miles South of Prairie du Chien. McGregor, Iowa, Seen in Background.





Pontoon Bridges

A...One of the very interesting sights in Prairie du Chien, are the two pontoon bridges of Milwaukee Railroad across the Mississippi. These are the oldest pontoon bridges in America. This type of bridge was invented here in Prairie du Chien, by Lawler and his engineer Spetel. They are famous but we could show them off very well and I don't think it would be necessary to raise any money locally.

- (1) Get a request for the marker started into the Historical Society so the Conservation Commission can be authorized to erect these markers. Just now they are looking for real historic markers to install.
- (2) Get the State Highway Commission to fill in places on the island between the two Mississippi river bridges, so there would be a drive out, next to and south of the present road. Then at either end of the island have these markers. Then tourists could pull out, read the history of the pontoon bridge spans, enjoy a few minutes of contemplation beside the mighty Mississippi, the father of waters, before they continue their journey.

Q...How would we get the drive out?

A...We would have to get the city and county working on the state highway commission to make this fill and arrange the drive out. Gee, that sounds like an excellent project.

Q...It sure is, at this spot the State Conservation Commission would stand the cost of the markers and I feel sure our committee would approve these markers.

Q...You mean, if we organize the campaign locally, no one in Prairie du Chien will have to raise any money?

A...That is right, with an organization and pressure, we could get the State Highway Commission to make the fill at either end of the island on the south side and then the Conservation Commission would put out the historic markers for the Pontoon Bridge.

Q...Now there you have a really sweet deal. Why hasn't someone done that already?

A...I guess, no one has thought of it before. Then too, it was just last fall that the State took over the Bridge and made it free.

Q...Why doesn't some group get going on this?

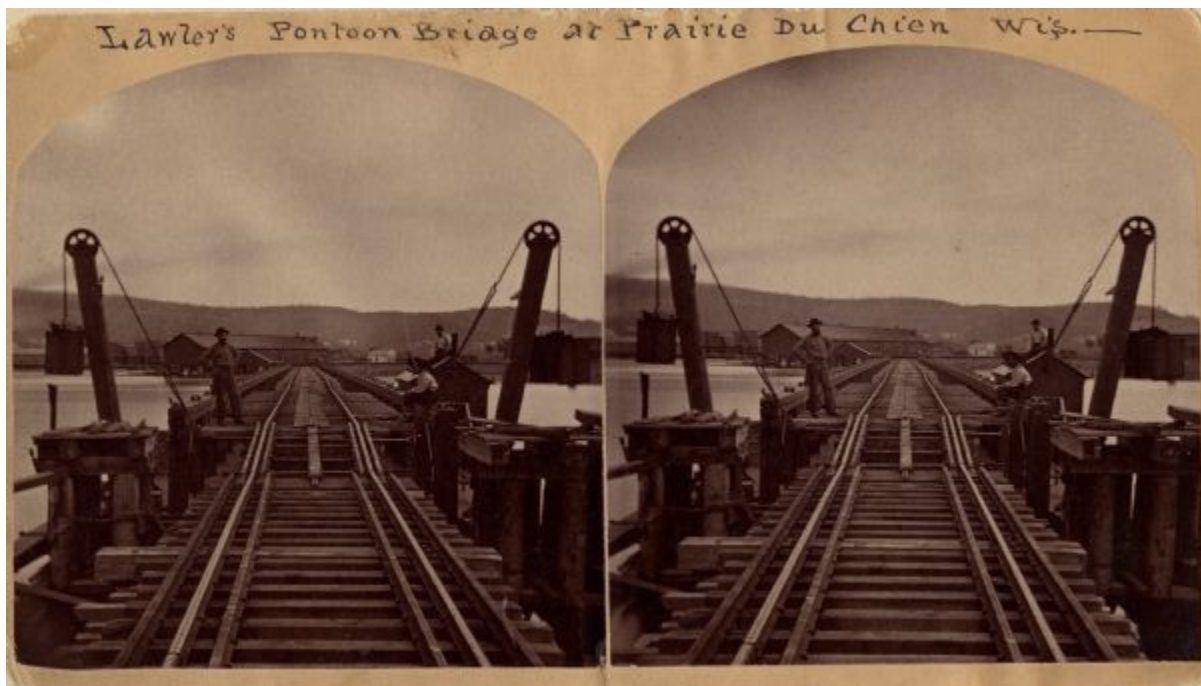
A...I have suggested it to Kiwanis.

Q...Fine, they or some other group will probably be working on it soon. I hope so.

Q...What else do you have for us today?

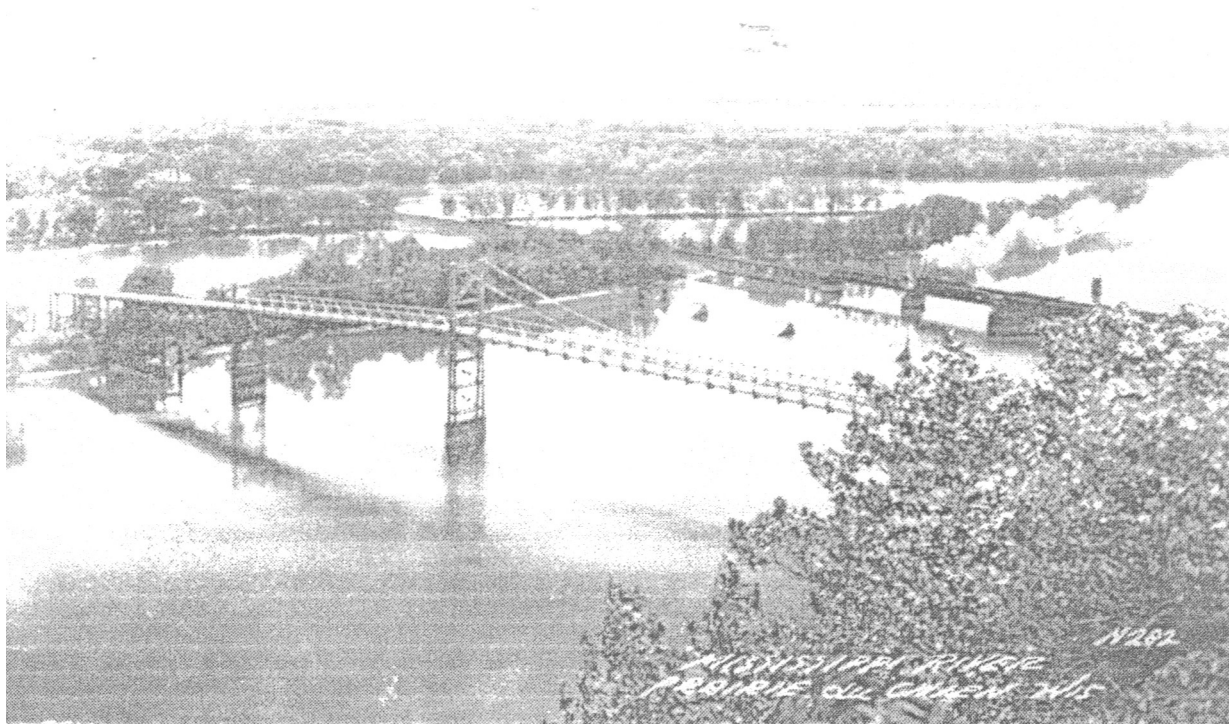
A...Walt, did you read the story in the Courier about Raymond Larviere, man 51 years old, living in Minneapolis, but born in Prairie du Chien who had been married 55 times and now wants to settle down and be married once more for good?

Q.....Yes, I could hardly believe the story.

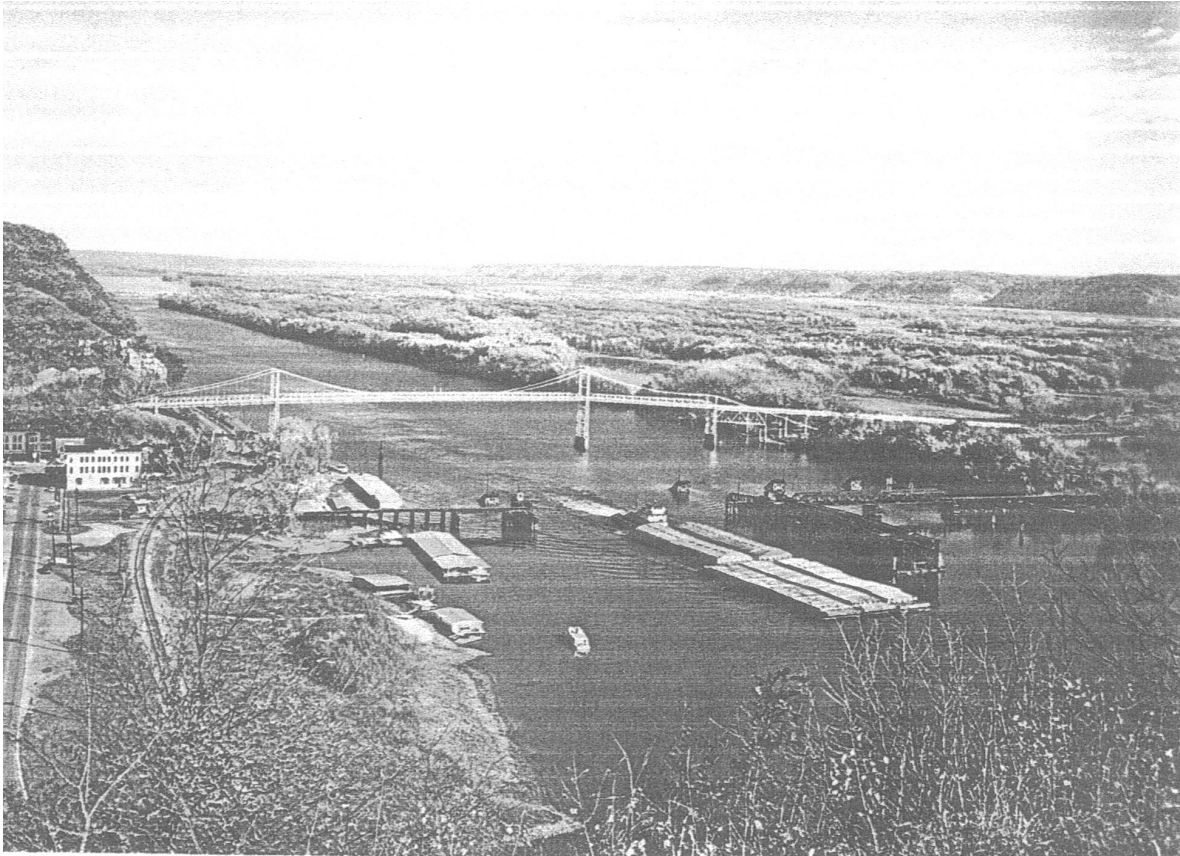


Pontoon Bridge
circa 1874

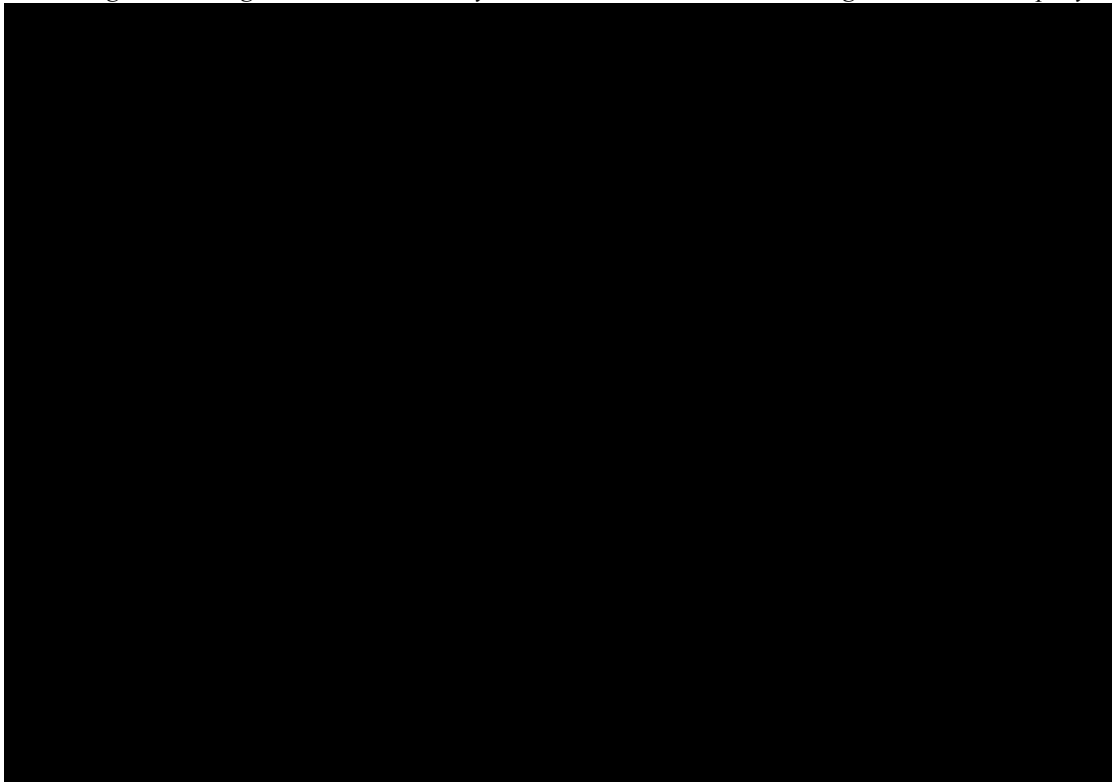




Pontoon Railroad Bridge, between Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin and Marquette, Iowa



*Suspension and Railroad Pontoon bridges between Marquette, Iowa and Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin
Floating Draw-bridge was built in 1874 by the Prairie du Chien and McGregor Railroad Company*



The **WISCONSIN RIVER** empties into the **MISSISSIPPI RIVER** alongside Wyalusing Park,
Wisconsin and across from Pike's Peak State Park, McGregor, Iowa



Meeting of Wisconsin and Mississippi Rivers
Franz Holzhuber



Mouth of the Mississippi River
Henry Lewis



Prairie du Chien's Oldest Log House

Location August 1986: NW corner of South Beaumont Road and Wisconsin Streets.

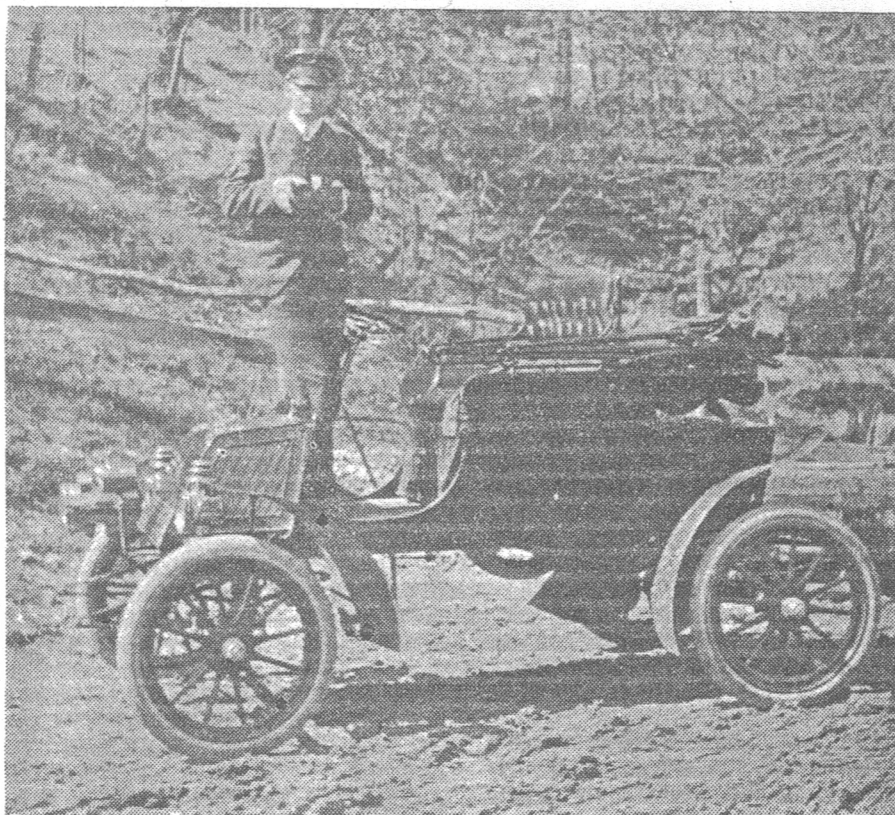
This old building was a familiar sight on South Church Street, less than a block from Bluff Street, until three years ago.

It was built in 1817 and was used until the early 60's as a "factory" which was the government's early designation for what we know as a store.

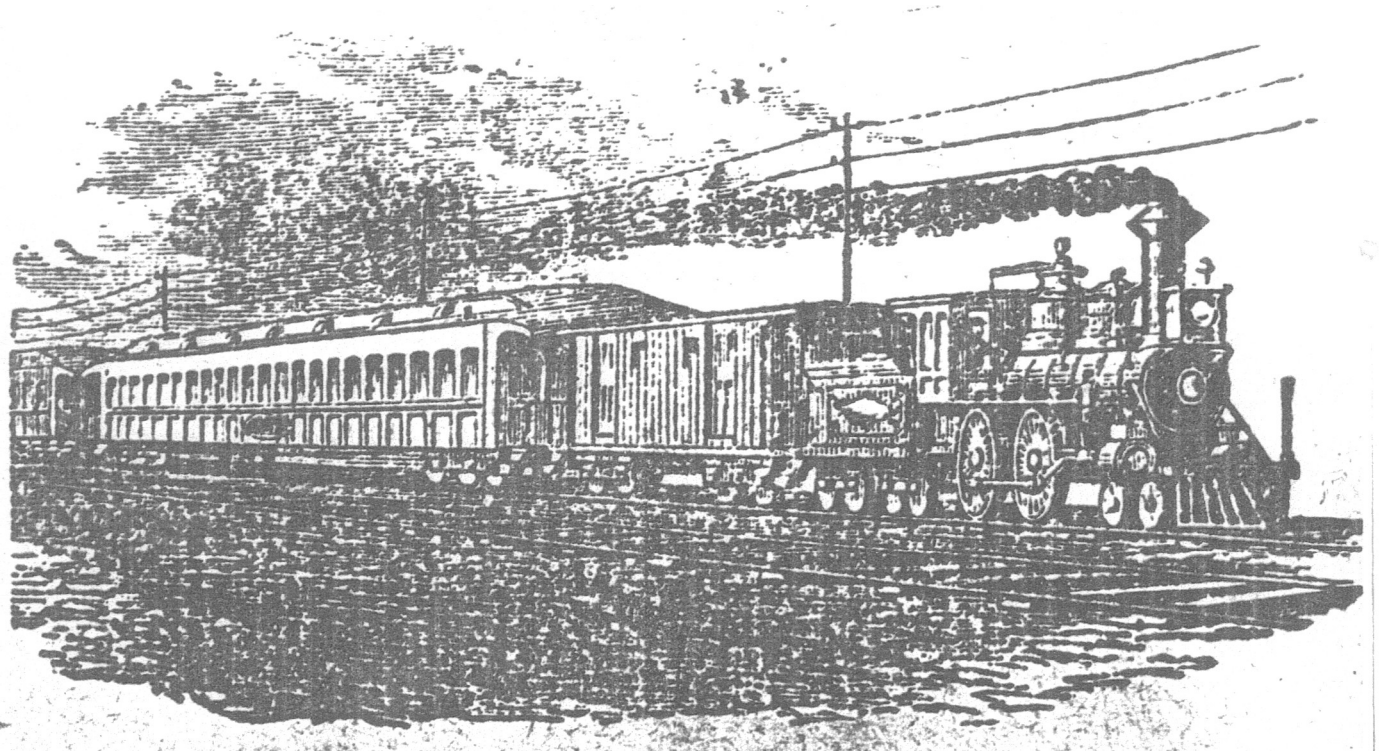
Here Indians bartered furs for ammunition, beads and whiskey. It was the home of many families in the 102 years, which it stood. It was plastered on the inside onto the logs. The lime for the plaster was burned from clam shells.

In the late 1980's Paul Schmidt owned this location as a part of his Ford Agency.

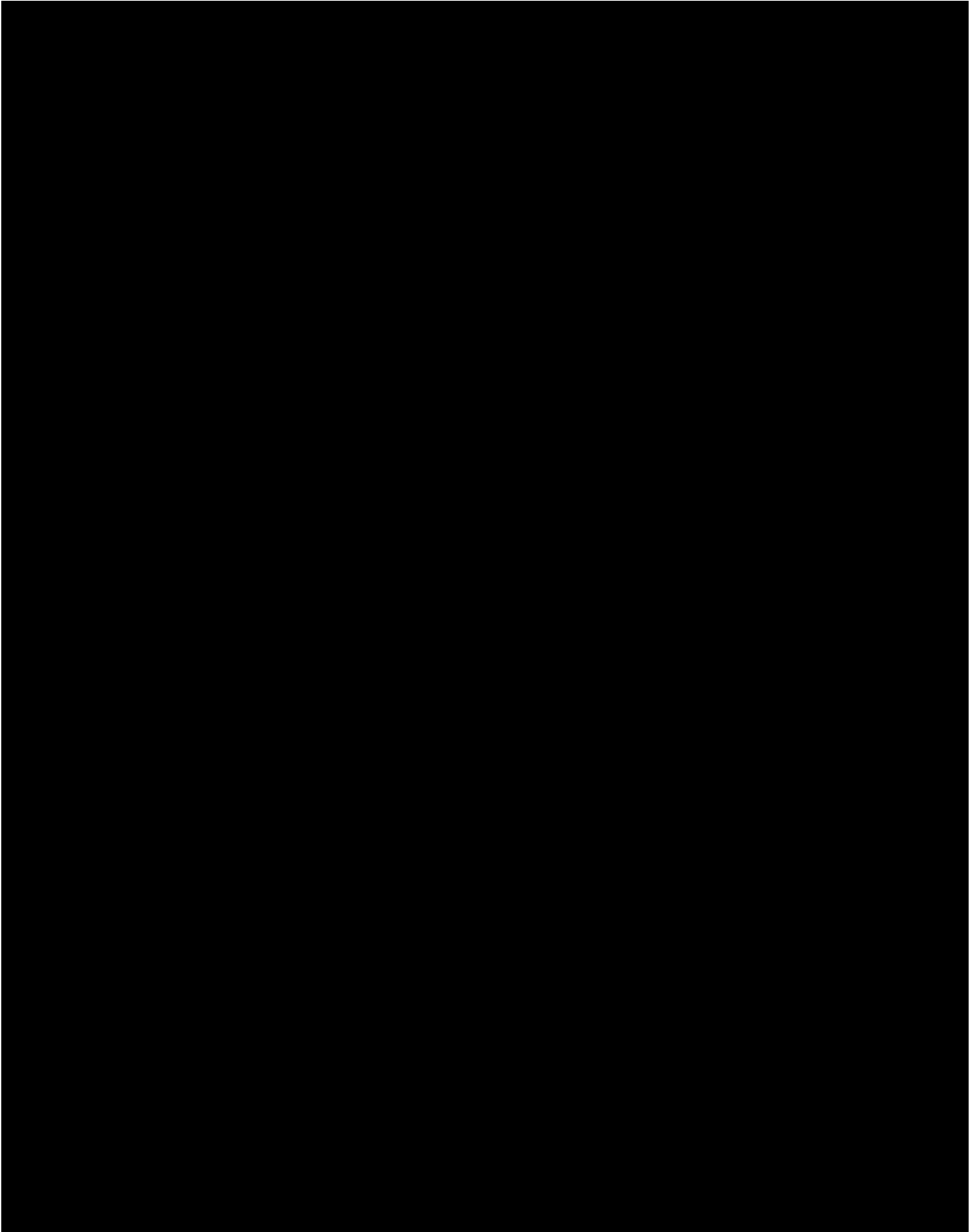
CRAWFORD COUNTY, WISCONSIN *COURIER PRESS*
JULY 11, 1962



This is an old Rambler and believed to have belonged to Dr. Steiger



The First Passenger train arrived in Prairie du Chien in April 1857



Winston Churchill

Q...Once again, the time has arrived for another of our interesting History Chats with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and local historian. Good afternoon Marty, and welcome back to WPRE.

A...Thank you Walt, I enjoy these get togethers, for there are so many interesting parts of history to talk about. Once again I would like to compliment you for setting aside each week some time for History.

Q...We enjoy sharing your many colorful incidents in history with our listeners. Then too, there are a large number of people who look forward to your History Chats.

A...History is such a broad field, that we can always find something interesting.

Q...That is right, and I have been looking forward especially to this program, for you promised to share some unpublished facts with us concerning Churchill, King Edward VIII and Wally.

A...Yes, when Churchill recently retired as Prime Minister of the British Commonwealth, it brought to my mind some unusual facts that took me years to find.

Q...It appears that this program is going to be very different from your previous ones, as far as subject matter is concerned.

A...Yes, that is correct. However it is still history, an important part of our lives and I believe it is a contribution in the March of Time.

Q...You say you were searching for some facts. How was that? I was under the impression that the newspapers and magazines had drained these figures dry of facts, during these many years.

A...There are always some intimate phases, that are not published, for one reason or another.

Q...And tell me Marty, just what were you looking for?

A...Well Walt, when King Edward VIII gave up his throne for Wally, it appeared that Stanley Baldwin and the Archbishop of Canterbury forced him to choose between the throne and Wally.

Q...Isn't that right?

A...Those are only the stories which were published, but I didn't feel that the full story was then told.

Q...Why was that?

A.. First of all Stanley Baldwin, the Prime Minister was not a strong premiere. He was not particularly popular.

Q. ...No, I guess Baldwin didn't enjoy great public popularity, when you compare him with King Edward.

A...That is right. King Edward, even as a boy, while Prince of Wales before he ascended the throne, was the most popular figure in World History. People throughout the British Empire loved him as a child. As he grew to manhood, he became the greatest salesman of Great Britain and their most admired ambassador of Good Will.

As King, Edward VIII was revered and loved by his subjects, even here in America, we sensed this deep devotion. So, how could a cold and unpopular Baldwin as Prime Minister force Edward to choose between the throne and Wally.

Q...Perhaps the dominions of the British Empire entered into the picture.

A...No, they were bystanders in this affair, to the best of my knowledge.

Q...Well, the Archbishop of Canterbury took an active part in the conflict too.

A...Yes, the Archbishop enjoys a revered religious station, as head of the Church of England, but he assumed an unnatural role and a highly unpopular role at that time. His religious stand was thought by many to be typically mid-Victorian.

Q...Perhaps the combination gave the weight that was required?

A...The combination didn't look strong enough to me, to unseat the extremely popular King Edward VIII.

Q...Well then, tell me how you dug out the facts behind this affair?

A...By talking to various people, the pieces of the puzzle finally fell into place. My first lead came from Bishop Ivans of Milwaukee, who had dinner with us one evening here in Prairie du Chien, that was in the early forties.

Conversation at dinner ranged over many subjects and finally the Duke of Windsor was mentioned.

The Bishop had recently attended a dinner at Government House in Nassau, where he was the guest of the Duke and Wally. The dinner was in honor of the newly elevated bishop of the Bahamas. At this time, following his abdication, the Duke was Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Bahamas.

It seems that Bishop Ivans was one of the dignitaries participating in the elevation of the new Anglican bishop for the islands. Following the religious ceremonies, held in the Cathedral on the hill, the distinguished party journeyed to Government House, for a state dinner presided over by his Royal Highness the Duke of Windsor. As Bishop Ivans walked through the patio and into the house, the Chief Justice directed his attention to a picture on the side table. Bishop Ivans looked and remarked that it was the Queen Mother's picture and asked what was unusual about that. Whereupon the Chief Justice said it was the first time the picture had been displayed by the Duke at Government House.

This remark was important, but its meaning was not clear to me for some time. Later it was to become significant.

During our dinner here, my wife Blanche Dyrud, as most women would, asked the bishop whether Wally was an extremely pretty woman. Then too, just what did Wally have that proved such a strong attraction?

The bishop said that Wally, he would not judge her to be strikingly beautiful. She did, however, have a magnetic personality and proved to be a charming conversationalist.

It seems the bishop had asked her the name of a particular flower included in a bouquet, Wally said, you would ask me that. It is the only artificial flower in the house.

As our discussion progressed, it appeared that Wally shared with Peggy Hopkins Joyce, the much publicized adventuress of that day, a certain intriguing characteristic of concentrating attention upon the person, she was with. To have a magnetic person, focus their attention on you with undivided interest and pleasure is a flattering gesture. Girls, here is something to remember, if you would like to stand out for your charm.

Q...I have often wondered what Wally had, now I can understand, this very important part of her peculiar charm.

A...It was later, before I found the real answer to the question that was haunting me.

Q...And how did that come about?

A...Well it came in a rather strange way. It was at a Villa Louis Cocktail party in Jim Paris' yard.

Q...Was that here in Prairie du Chien?

A...Yes.

Q...Guess I don't know Jim Paris.

A...No, you wouldn't for he died several years ago of bulbar polio.

Q...I am sorry to hear that. It is too bad they didn't have the new polio serum then.

A...Jim, was a fine person. Now it appears that we are close to a sure prevention of polio.

Q...Did Jim Paris, have the answer?

A...No, but one of his guests at this Ernschaw Party did give me the answer. I met a nice gentleman named Hill, who was a writer for the Chicago Tribune.

Talking with him, and knowing his interest in literature, I expressed my enchantment with Churchill's writings and speeches. For Churchill has a skill and mastery of the English language that reveals a charm and even a thrill to me.

Hill joined in my admiration and told me that he had been sent to attend the London Conference. Churchill invited the press reporters, about 20 in number, to his home one evening. He likes reporters, for he was once a reporter himself.

A butler received Hill at the door and ushered him into the drawing room where Churchill received his guests, standing straight and impeccably dressed. It was not long before Churchill turned, counted his guests and said, I see you are all here. We will be informal, make yourself at home. James start the drinks.

Churchill pushed his two fore fingers under his collar band and with a spirited yanked his shirt open at the neck. Then kicking off his shoes he set the informal tone.

Our conversation is not for publication, he said. I will be glad to answer any of your questions, but no quotes please. I believe that I can help give you much helpful background information.

Q...Hill certainly had a rare privilege to interview such a famous personage informally?

A...He sure did. He enjoyed the opportunity I know from his enthusiastic comments. Hill's many tales were most revealing.

Q...Tell us about them.

A...I led off with the question, is Churchill a heavy drinker?

I believe he said Churchill was a bourbon drinker. As the evening began, the drinks were normal sized highballs. As the evening progressed, the concentration increased, so that towards the end of the evening, Hill said the drinks were straight whiskey.

Once during the evening, Churchill received a drink he disliked. Churchill's mouth opened and he spewed his drink out upon a beautiful oriental rug upon which he was standing. Sternly he ordered the butler to prepare him a correct drink.

Q...Churchill is a very picturesque character.

A...Most definitely. My charming and talkative companion, by this time was well warmed up, so I started asking Hill questions about King Edwards dethronement.

Hill said they had discussed this matter with Churchill, a loyal friend of King Edward VIII. Churchill said the Queen Mother Mary had been concerned for some time about the love life of her son Edward.

The Queen Mother was a strong willed lady, and a stern disciplinarian. She did not approve of Wally and was disappointed that Edward did not conduct his personal life on the high standard she thought would typify her family for it might bring dishonor also on the British Empire.

The Queen Mother was not long in making her decision, she did not approve of Wally, a divorcee. It was the Queen Mother who set the stage and dethroned her son, in favor of his brother George. Baldwin and the Archbishop of Canterbury were mere pawns in the change the Queen Mother engineered and accomplished. Now I had my answer. The Queen Mother was the strong personage. She was the power, she had the prestige. She could do what political figures could not, unseat her son. None dared to challenge the regal, Queen Mother. Here were facts we did not see in the press, newspapers or magazines. Tome, it is a most important historical fact, that we should know.

Q...Marty, that is a revelation.

A...I don't think that the Queen Mother ever forgave her son for marrying Wally, even though he gave up the throne. Fifteen years were to pass before the Duke of Windsor would return officially to his native land to attend the funeral of his brother King George VI. I think this is one of the two times he saw his mother in the seventeen years that divided the time between his abdication and his mothers' death in 1953. Duke Edward returned for his mother's funeral, but Wally never returned to England.

We must admire the King for taking his mother's punishment without a public sign of reproach.

Q...How strange. You are taking us behind the scenes for a look into the private life of the Royal Family.

A...I proposed another question to Hill, which brought a most interesting answer along with some unusual comments.

Q...Let's have it.

A...I told Hill, that I have always had the highest respect and admiration for Winston Churchill, but I could never understand why he could have helped make some of the terrible decisions the Big Three made, such as the one at Yalta.

Hill said they also asked Churchill this question. Churchill said that certain of these controversial questions would come up at their meetings. When they did he (Churchill) would argue until he was mad and he would walk out. When Roosevelt and Stalin had agreed, Churchill said he would go along. Churchill said, Great Britain is the tail on the kite, I am forced to go along. He realized that the United States and Russia had the whip in their hands.

Q...This information gives a person a rather different view of these matters. I think that Churchill's Blood, Toil, Tears and Sweat speech will live forever in the pages of history.

A...Here is something interesting, that I have never seen in print. The reporters at this meeting with Churchill complemented him on the immortal speech he made that memorable day in Commons when he took over the reins of government.

Churchill in a reminiscent mood, recalled an evening at Chartwell, his country home, while walking down the hall of his home he met their maid. Stopping he inquired, and Bridget, how are things progressing for you? Churchill recalled her dejected look, for he said it was typical of Bridget, when the moon was high for her to be out-of-sorts for a few days, and this was one of those days.

Bridget answered, "Me Lord, tis nothing, but Blood and Toil, tis nothing but Tears and Sweat." Later when Churchill faced the House of Commons, with the grim task of informing the British people of their precarious existence and the trials ahead, Bridget's words came floating back to him.

Bridget's remarks Churchill refrained into immortal words when he admonished his people; "I have nothing to offer but Blood, Toil, Tears and Sweat."

Q...You have gained a wealth of information. How delightful to have these intimate tidbits. And, they are so timely with Churchill's retirement, the Yalta papers coming to light, and seeing pictures of the Duke and Wally from time to time. Were there other interesting comments?

A...Yes, there was one thought that intrigued me. Churchill in his effervescent mood that evening, expressed the wish that damn fortune might have placed him in Roosevelt's shoes during this crisis of history. Churchill felt that if he had had this opportunity he could have accomplished so much more for the good of mankind.

Q...How unusual for Churchill to cast himself in Roosevelt's role and dream of the probable result.

A...Churchill is a most unusual person[he never lacked confidence in his ability. History will long remember this fearless champion who marched so sure footedly in the face of adversity.

Q...Marty, this has been a delightful privilege to learn these historic facts. I almost feel as though I had been present at this meeting. This is a History Chat, I shall long remember.

Notes:

Mrs. Wallis Warfield Simpson Edward VIII, ascended the throne Jan. 20, 1936 Abdication of throne Dec. 11, 1936

Brother, Duke of York, Brother George VI, "Woman I Love" married Wally Simpson June 3, 1937, Governor and Commander in Chief of the Bahamas, July 9, 1940 to Mar. 15, 1945.

Returned to England 1952, funeral of brother King George VI, 1st British ceremony taken part in in more than 15 years. Returned again 1953 attended funeral of mother Queen Mary.

Born 1874 mother Jennie Jerome of N.Y., British declared war Sept. 3, 1939.

May 13, 1940 Churchill said "I have nothing to offer but blood, toil, tears, and sweat." in the House of Commons.

Hitler marched thru the low countries . Chamberlain gave up to Churchill.

April 16, 1955 MJDyrud/me



King Edward VIII



Duke and Duchess of Windsor meet Adolf Hitler



Duke and Duchess of Windsor with President Nixon 1970



Winston Churchill, Prime Minister of the United Kingdom

Fort Crawford Military Cemetery

Q...Once again, the time has arrived for another of our interesting chats on Historic Prairie du Chien; and with us, is our narrator Mr. Marty Dyrud, to paint for us a word picture of those colorful frontier days.

A...Thank you Walt, it is a pleasure to join you once again.

Q...Before the opportunity passes, I would like to compliment you, not only for myself but also for many of our listeners, for they were thrilled with your program last Sunday. In taking us behind the curtain of the Royal family in England, you have given us many facts about the Duke of Windsor and Wally that have not been published.

A...Churchill, King Edward and Wally are colorful figures that will leave lasting impressions on the pages of history, and I am glad to share several intimate and important phases of their life, which are not now in print.

Q...Now that spring has given life to our beautiful setting, what parts of history does it bring to your mind?

A...One Sunday recently, when the sun was shining bright and the air was crisp, I decided to take a walk. Crossing over South Beaumont Road from my home I strolled into the Old Fort Crawford Military Cemetery. This is said to be the smallest Government Military Cemetery in the U.S.. Pausing, I stopped to read the inscription on a tomb. It read:

Sacred to the memory
WILLOUGHBY MORGAN, Col.
1st Inf. U. S. Army
who died at Ft. Crawford
April 4, 1832

My thoughts leaped back that long span of 132 years, to a thrilling period in American history. For, it was 1832 when Blackhawk boldly challenged the western migration of the white settlers. That was a year of action. It was a time of decision.

Q...Was Fort Crawford important in those day?

A...Yes, Prairie du, Chien, and particularly Fort Crawford was a strategic Frontier outpost. Here were gathered a small group of Americans, who would shape our future destiny. Never before, have such a small group of obscure citizens later catapulted into fame.

Q...Who do you have in mind?

A...Here was Zachary Taylor, a colonel, who would soon become the hero of the Mexican War and later president of the United States.

Dr. Wm. Beaumont, who would soon publish his famous experiments on Alexis St. Martin, these would lay the foundation stones upon which would be built the science of physiology.

Here came General Winfield Scott, famous soldier and later to seek the presidency.

Abraham Lincoln, was among the Illinois volunteers, trailing Blackhawk. In many ways Abraham Lincoln is our greatest American. When it seemed that our nation might fall apart, it was Lincoln who lead us through the valley of the shadow of death with ideals and molded liberty and equality into our government precepts.

Jefferson Davis, a young army officer was here too. He was destined to have a memorable romance in Prairie du Chien, that will forever be remembered. Davis was to go on and distinguish himself as a skillful soldier in the Mexican War. It was Davis who would be chosen to assume the presidency of the Confederacy and challenge Lincoln and the northern states in the Civil War.

Here also, were gathered, a long list of men such a General Dodge and others who would leave their imprint on or history as famous Senators, Governors and Generals.

Q...That certainly is an illustrious group of Americans. Just what do you think Lieutenant Davis might have said if we were standing with him at that time?

A...Jefferson Davis would probably have stood here at Morgan's tomb and pointed out to us his quarters to the south. Beyond the home of Commandant Zachary Taylor, and in the background was the freshly built Fort Crawford, on the grounds now occupied by St. Mary's Academy. Toward the bluffs to the east, stretched the service buildings and the parade grounds, for the property extended from the river to the bluffs.

On the south of the Fort was Lowertown. On the north of the Fort was Middletown, where our business district now stands. Both Lowertown and Middletown are now integral parts of Prairie du Chien.

Over on the island, on what we now know as the Fourth Ward, was the Old Fort Crawford, which had been recently abandoned due to the frequent floods.

Q...Was Davis an attractive man?

A...Decidedly. 2nd Lieutenant Jefferson Davis was a slim, dark haired, intelligent young officer of fine background who was serving at this cross roads of the Northwest. This suave young West Pointer might have mentioned his serious illness from pneumonia the year before in 1831. Since then you might noticed the after effects, a facial neuralgia, which would trouble him off and on the rest of his life.

Lieutenant Davis was now busy lumbering for the fort. He frequently was sent into the field to prevent bloodshed between the Indians and the incoming lead miners. Down towards Mineral Point and Galena, the white settlers were greedy for lead ore and were pushing the Indians away from the rich lead deposit and the Indians resented intrusion upon their lands.

Davis' activities, his duties, left little time for his law studies, which he scheduled for his spare time.

The military road was then being used between Fort Crawford here in Prairie du Chien and Fort Winnebago at Portage. This road constructed by the military was a project Davis had played a leading role in building. It also extended from Portage to Green Bay where Fort Howard was another link in the young American defense system.

Q...Someone told me Davis was away when the Blackhawk War started.

A...Yes, Jeff Davis left Fort Crawford on March 26, 1832, to visit his family in Mississippi, where they had large plantation holdings. Little did Davis realize as he left, that a cunning Indian would cut short his stay.

For eleven days after Davis left, Blackhawk made his forbidden crossing of the Mississippi, within sight of Fort Armstrong into Illinois.

Q...What do you mean by forbidden crossing?

A...At treaties previously made, our government had acquired the Indians land on the east of the Mississippi and the Sauk Indians had been removed into Iowa. Blackhawk, chief of the Sac Indians had not liked this transfer. Therefore he had been forbidden to come back to the east side of the Mississippi.

Q...Well what did the soldiers do when Blackhawk returned?

A...Unfortunately nothing at the time. General Atkinson, their commandant of Fort Armstrong at Davenport Iowa, made a grave error by not "nipping this intrusion in the bud", for it would soon tax the frontier strength of a young America.

Q...What happened?

A...To protect the settlers and stop the ravages of Blackhawk, the government troops and volunteers were called out and assembled in northern Illinois.

Q...Was Jeff Davis called back?

A...Yes, Lieutenant Davis' furlough was cut short and he reported to Colonel Taylor at Dixon's Ferry in northern Illinois. With the Illinois volunteers nearby was Abraham Lincoln, a private, not a captain, as I have been led to believe for so long. While Lincoln did hold a captain's rating in a certain company in Springfield, on this occasion he volunteered with another group and did not have the benefit of his captaincy rating.

At this time a very unusual incident happened, which would be illuminated later. Jeff Davis gave Abraham Lincoln the oath and was sworn into the army.

Q...Did these volunteers play an important part in the Blackhawk War?

A...No, the Illinois volunteers proved of little help, for they lacked discipline and training. They had trouble coordinating their efforts with the regular Army troops. This impaired their effectiveness. When the chase of Blackhawk and his band led into Wisconsin, the Illinois volunteers felt their duty over and they were released. They would fight in Illinois, but not in Wisconsin. In Wisconsin the Wisconsin volunteers would have to take over.

Q...Blackhawk led the soldiers a merry chase, didn't he?

A...Yes, he sure did. The elusive Blackhawk, so difficult to follow, was now 64 years old; thin emaciated, but never the less a courageous leader. He was a striking figure 6 feet tall. Prevented, by lowly birth from being a chief, Blackhawk had amassed honors and a tribal following by sheer ability. Moreover he capitalized on the general hatred which the Indians bore for the white men, generally. Whites had taken their land for slight compensation, and the Indian families were being pushed farther and farther west.

You may be interested in knowing that Blackhawk had originally resided in and around Quebec. The inflow of with settlers had resulted in his tribe being pushed into Wisconsin and northern Illinois. Now the whites again were pushing his tribe into Iowa.

Blackhawk was sympathetic to the British, but did not like the Americans.

Q...Tell us something about Blackhawk, what kind of a man was he?

A...Blackhawk had a strong chin, an inquisitively long Roman nose. His piercing eyes made this Indian leader stand out.

Picturesquely, Blackhawk's hair had been plucked from eyes to scalplock, emphasizing the contour of his skull. This was a delight to the phrenologists of that day. Skull formation was thought at that time to be an index of intelligence and was thought to reveal characteristics. Blackhawk with his fine skull formation was much discussed.

Blackhawk was one of the most gifted Indian geniuses to stalk the pages of American history.

Q...Why do you call him a genius?

A...When Blackhawk was moving toward the Wisconsin River, with the army trying to bring him to battle, Jeff Davis paints a colorful word picture for us. Davis said: "We were one day, pursuing the Indians, when we came close to the Wisconsin River. Reaching the river bank, the Indians made so determined a stand, and fought with such desperation, that they held us in check."

The squaws tore bark from the trees, with which they made little scallops, in which they floated their papooses and other pediments across to an island, also swimming over their ponies.

Q...Marty, where did this occur?

A...This action was at Wisconsin Heights, a little below Sauk City on the Wisconsin River, east of here.

Q...That must have been a very moving scene to see Indian women floating their babies on tree bark boats over the river. I don't quite understand, why were the Indian women with Blackhawk's war party?

A...Quite often the Indian women went along with their braves. The Indians were a nomadic people who traveled from one hunting or fishing ground to another. Women went along. When in battle this made a very difficult transportation problem, for the women and their gear made traveling slow. That was the case on this occasion.

Q...Go ahead, I don't wish to interfere with the story, but I did want to ask these questions.

A...Davis went on; "As soon as this was accomplished (the floating of papooses, impedimenta and swimming the ponies over to the island), half of the warriors plunged in and swam across, each holding his gun in one hand over his head, and swimming with the other. ..(On reaching) the opposite bank, they opened fire upon us, under cover, of which, the other half slipped down the bank and swam over in like manner."

Davis says, " This was the most brilliant exhibition of military tactics that I have ever witnessed, a feat of most consummate management and bravery, in the face of greatly superior numbers. Had it been performed by white men, it would have been immortalized as one of the most splendid achievements in military history."

Q...That commendation from an eminent military figure like Davis indicates that Blackhawk was a skillful military strategist.

A...Yes it does. Blackhawk's strategy called next for a crossing of the Mississippi. The army general suspected this strategy and pursuing troops located them at the mouth of the Bad Axe River, north of Prairie du Chien, near De Soto.

Lieutenant Davis did not participate in this battle of August 1 & 2. This battle, about 30 miles north of Prairie du Chien, was a vicious massacre, and most of Blackhawk's band was destroyed. Chief Blackhawk and some of men escaped over the river and were lost in the wilds.

Q...What happened then?

A...The fur traders in Prairie du Chien had a subtle plan, which paid off. The fur traders enlisted the services of the Winnebago and Sioux Indians. They were natural enemies of the Sacs and Blackhawk. The Sioux and the Winnebagos were to find and bring Blackhawk in.

It worked. On August 27th, the Winnebago prophet, The One Eye Decorah and Chetar delivered Blackhawk at Fort Crawford.

Cal Peters has an excellent painting of this scene at Fort Crawford in the Villa Louis Museum. By all means see it.

Q...Was General Winfield Scott here?

A...General Scott had arrived at Prairie du Chien, at Fort Crawford about the time the battle was in progress. With the successful result, he quickly left Fort Crawford for a treaty meeting down the river, so was not here at the Blackhawk surrender. Colonel Zachary Taylor received Blackhawk's surrender.

Q...When was Blackhawk supposed to have hid in the tree, in Prairie du Chien?

A...As I understand it, legend has it that after Blackhawk escaped over into Iowa after the battle of the Bad Axe, Blackhawk recrossed to the Wisconsin side of the river. At this time he is supposed to have sought shelter in the hollow Blackhawk tree, which once stood near our pumping station here in Prairie du Chien.

This tree once stood in the middle of Blackhawk Avenue, but was later cut down when the street was paved. To mark the spot, a red brick identity was place in the concrete pavement. This can still be seen in the road near the Piggly Wiggly store.

Q...What became of Blackhawk?

A...Lieutenant Jeff Davis was chosen to conduct Blackhawk to Jefferson Barracks. From here, Blackhawk would be taken east to see the great power of the white man, and imprisoned in Fortress Monroe. Little did Davis realize what a strange and similar fate was in store for him also. For, some years later, Davis too would be a prisoner manacled in Fortress Monroe. This followed the fall of the Confederacy.

Q...I wonder what Blackhawk thought of Davis as he took him away from here?

A...Blackhawk left an interesting appraisal of Lieutenant Davis. he said "The young was chief, treated us with much kindness, he is a good and brave young chief, with whose conduct I am well pleased."

Q...How interesting. It must have been hard for Blackhawk to be a white man's prisoner.

A...Very interestingly, Blackhawk's son voluntarily accompanied his father to prison and his tour of the east. Young Blackhawk was said to be the most handsome Indian seen by frontier men at that time. We must admire a son, so devoted to his father that he would wish to share the misery in store for his father.

Q...What finally came of Blackhawk?

A...Blackhawk was later returned to an Iowa reservation and there died. Chief Keokuk a rival of Blackhawk's became the new chief, and slyly courted the American's favor.

Q...Well Blackhawk will live forever in American history.

A...Yes, we in Prairie du Chien are privileged to have this great figure as a part of history heritage.

Q...And, Marty what do you have in store for us next week?

A...Perhaps you would like to hear the famous romance of Jeff Davis and Noxie Taylor. I think it is one of the great love stories in all American history.

April 30, 1955 MJDyrud





Fort Crawford Military Cemetery 1895

Zachary Taylor

Q...And once again the time has arrived for another of our interesting History Chats with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and local historian. Hello Marty, and glad we could get together.

A...Thanks Walt, I enjoy these meetings.

Q...We were all most interested last week, in your talk on the famous romance of Knoxie Taylor and Jeff Davis. I don't think I ever realized how sad and tragic was their romance.

A...Yes, it proved heart breaking for everyone, for Knoxie and Jeff were only married 3 months, when she died of malaria.

Q...What was life like for the Taylor's when they were here?

A...When Knoxie and Jeff were in love, it was a busy time for Taylor. The 2nd Fort Crawford was under construction on what is now St. Mary's Academy grounds. Stone was being quarried from the bluffs to the east. A logging crew was busy cutting logs on the Chippewa River to the north of us. These logs would be floated down the river in rafts to a saw mill, that the military forces had across the river near the mouth of the Yellow River. This site is near the present Effigy Mounds National Monument in Iowa.

On the Yellow River saw mill stand, lumber was being cut, shakes (shingles) were being made and picket posts were also being formed. This was all work for the fort here.

A lime kiln was being burned in the coulee across the river from here. For, they needed to make cement for laying the stone, and also for plastering.

Here at the fort, workmen, that is soldiers were busy with construction. Many were cutting the fresh limestone, being quarried at the bluff, for it must be cut while fresh. If they waited until it had dried, the stone shatters and much is wasted.

Many of the soldiers acted as carpenters installing the wood portions of the buildings. In the fort were walnut sills at each window opening. Today walnut is too rare to use for this purpose, and much too costly.

Q...When was the new fort occupied?

A...In the latter part of 1832, certain portions were occupied and in 1833, all activity at the old site was discontinued.

Q...What duties did Taylor have to perform?

A...Well, first of all I have recounted the building activities he directed. In addition, there were garden plots to be cared for during the spring and summer. Haying must be done to supply feed for the horses and cattle. And then there was wood to cut, so they might feed the fireplaces during the long cold winters. All heating was then done by fireplaces. While Ben Franklin had invented his stove by then, they were mostly in the eastern cities.

By correspondence, Taylor would direct cotton planting at his Louisiana plantation. Taylor was basically a farmer.

Q...What sort of routine did they have at a frontier post like this one at Fort Crawford?

A...At dawn, the trumpeters took their stations, and blew the ringing tones of reveille. This awoke the sleeping garrison, who were supposed to jump to their feet and get going.

The companies of soldiers formed in front of their quarters for roll call. Next, the quarters were put in order; the ground in front was swept; and the horses fed and watered.

After sick call had been sounded, those who were ill in the barracks were taken to the hospital. Following a second roll call, breakfast was served at nine o'clock.

Then came the various duties and tasks of the day, under the supervision of a member of the garrison, designated as "officer of the day".

A detail known as "general Fatigue" swept the parade grounds; or if the guard house held enough prisoners, they fell heir to this disagreeable task.

Sentinels were posted, and details formed to do the work for the day. At 3 P.M. a third roll call was followed by dinner. Half an hour before sunset, the trumpeters called the garrison for dress parade. Drills and maneuvers were practiced, and orders were read.

Following dress parade, companies were dismissed, arms were placed in the arm-racks, and the horses were bedded for the night. Another roll call was followed by tattoo, candles were extinguished and the troops settled down in their quarters for the night.

Q...How long did Taylor serve at Fort Crawford? A...From 1829 to 1836.... seven years.

Q...Where did he go from here?

A...Taylor left in 1836 to assume command of Jefferson Barracks in Missouri, where he was responsible for the right wing of the Western Department.

Q...When did he next see active duty?

A...In 1837, Colonel Taylor was ordered to Tampa Bay in Florida Territory, to participate in the troublesome 2nd Seminole War.

The Indians were being squeezed out of their lands and were being forced to move. This they did not like and resisted. Led by Osceola, a fiery young warrior, they could not be brought to battle and persisted in raiding and murdering soldiers and civilians.

For two years the top commanders in the American Army had tried to conquer these Indians, but our soldiers were bested, sometimes murdering whole companies of soldiers.

Generals Clinch, Scott, Gaines and Jesup had all tried, but failed. Now it was Taylor's turn to fight these elusive foes in the swamps and jungles of southern Florida. Taylor was impressed by the gravity of the assignment, for he first made out his last will and testament.

Then he set out for the snake ridden jungles and alligator infested swamps to quell the Seminoles. He located camouflaged positions and an attack would have to be made over the swamp.

While the situation was bad, Taylor would not wait for more favorable conditions; he attacked under heavy difficulties and fought hard. His losses were heavy, but he routed the Indians. Taylor reported "The action was a severe one".

This took the pucker out of the Indians, for now they knew that Taylor was not afraid to fight, and fight he would skillfully under bad conditions.

In gratefulness the government promoted Taylor to the rank of brevet brigadier General for routing the Seminole and Mikasuki Indians.

Q...How did Taylor operate his plantations, being away and fighting?

A...He apparently had over seer operators. In 1841 Taylor sold his Louisiana plantations and paid \$95,000 for Cypress Grove Plantation in Jefferson County Mississippi, and its 81 slaves.

Q.. Did Taylor ever meet Jeff Davis in the south in his travels?

A...Yes, once on a Mississippi river steamer, Taylor met Davis, who was now in his middle thirties. Now Jeff Davis was a member of Congress and no longer a recluse. Jeff Davis was bound for Natchez, where he was to marry Miss Varnia Howell.

No trace of animosity marred the manner of either gentleman, as the father-in law met the son-in-law who had been a fellow sufferer in the greatest tragedy of both their lives.

Grasping Davis' hand, Taylor greeted him warmly and in the friendliest spirit wished him all possible happiness in the new martial venture.

Jeff Davis never forgot Zachary Taylor's change of heart. From the chance meeting on the river packet, there sprang a mutual admiration which neither political differences nor ancient grudge could ever erase.

Q...Where did Taylor's career take him?

A...From Florida he was transferred west to Fort Smith, Arkansas and then was sent to Fort Jesup, Louisiana. At this time Texas considered themselves an independent state from Mexico with a disputed southern boundary. But Mexico didn't wish to recognize the independence of their subjects and was ready to fight to hold them, and the territory.

Matters really come to a head, when Texas applied for admission to the United States. Mexico was mad. The U.S. to protect the interests of their newly acquired territory, ordered General Taylor to Corpus Christi to form and Army of Occupation in 1845.

Here Taylor met three of his young second lieutenants, whose names would shine later-

They were:

Lieutenant Don Carlos Buell, Lieutenant James Longstreet, Lieutenant Ulysses Simpson Grant

Q...Did Taylor move south from Corpus Christi?

A...Yes, on Jan. 13, 1846 Secretary of War Marcy sent to General Taylor the most dramatic order of the veteran's long career.

"Advance and occupy with, under your command, positions on or near the east bank of the Rio Grande, as soon as it can conveniently be done with references to the season and the routes, by which movements must be made."

On arrival, Taylor found the Mexicans across the river and menacing. They tried to bluff him, but that didn't work. Soon raiding parties of Mexicans crossed the river and that brought on an undeclared war.

Then Mexican forces crossed over and blocked Taylor's supply road. Promptly, Taylor advanced and faced at Palo Alto a Mexican army twice the size of his own.

Smartly Taylor halted his forces just short of the range for the Mexican artillery, but he was able to rake the Mexican lines. The Mexican forces reacted with charges of lancers and later hand to hand fighting. After a four hour battle Taylor had made slight advances as evening drew on.

Next morning, Taylor pushed the retreating Mexicans, who found a strategic defense position, and they stopped to give battle. Mexican guns commanded the spot. Taylor assigned strong assault forces to capture these positions. Finally this was accomplished and further hand to hand fighting ensued.

Q...Was General Taylor courageous?

A...Definitely. During this battle, one of his colonels suggested to Taylor that he should retire back from the firing line.

Taylor was astride his horse Old Whitey in the thickest of the fight, with his sword drawn, while the cannon balls were rattling around him.

Taylor replied--"Let us ride a little nearer, the balls will fall behind us."

Taylor won the battle and routed the Mexican forces, by following in close pursuit, until they had crossed the Rio Grande.

This was a sweeping victory for General Taylor. He defeated General Arista's superior forces in the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma.

In recognition, General Taylor was promoted to Major General, and his name was mentioned for the first time as a potential candidate for president.

Q...Did this end the Mexican War?

A...No...General Taylor went on to defeat the Mexican forces of General Pedro de Ampudia in the battle of Monterey Mexico.

Later he turned back the legions of General Santa Anna in the battle of Buena Vista.

While other generals suffered defeats in Mexican battles, Taylor was always successful and won the Mexican War for the United States.

Q...That made Taylor a hero then.

A...Yes, General Taylor was given a hero's welcome when he landed at New Orleans on his return. Public acclaim carried him on to the presidency of the United States.

Q...Isn't that interesting?

A...I have here several medals which our gracious Congress had the U.S. Mint strike in the honor of his several Mexican victories.

May 13, 1955 MJDyrud/me



No. 421. For Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma.

OBV. MAJOR GENERAL ZACHARY TAYLOR. Bust of General Taylor, in uniform, facing the right.

Portrait by William Garl Brown, model by John T. Battin, dies by Franklin Peale.

REV. Within a wreath of laurel and palm inclosing a serpent biting its tail—emblem of immortality through glory and victory: RESOLUTION OF CONGRESS JULY 16th 1846. PALO ALTO MAY 8th 1846 RESACA DE LA PALMA MAY 9th 1846.



No. 422. For Monterey.

OBV. MAJOR GENERAL ZACHARY TAYLOR. Bust of General Taylor, in uniform, facing the right.

REV. Within a wreath of oak: RESOLUTION OF CONGRESS MARCH 2nd 1847 MONTEREY SEPTEMBER 1846.

By J. B. Longacre.



No. 423. For Buena Vista.

OBV. MAJOR GENERAL ZACHARY TAYLOR. RESOLUTION OF CONGRESS: MAY 9, 1848. Undraped bust of General Taylor, facing the right; underneath, branches of oak and laurel.

By S. Ellis and C. C. Wright.

REV. BUENA VISTA FEB. 22. & 23. 1847. Within a circle formed by two serpents, one of which is a rattlesnake, the American Army, commanded by General Taylor, is repulsing the attack of the Mexicans.

Beneath are branches of cactus and oak.

By F. A. Smith and C. C. Wright.

ZACHARY TAYLOR ("Old Rough and Ready")

1784—Born in Orange County, Va.

Moved to a plantation near Louisville, Ky.

1808—Entered the Army as first lieutenant, 7th Infantry.

1810—Captain, assigned to duty at Fort Knox, Ky.

1812—Distinguished himself on September 5 by his defense of Fort Harrison in Indiana against the Indians, led by Tecumseh. Was breveted major.

1814—Full major; was given command of Fort Knox.

1819—Lieutenant colonel, 4th Infantry, New Orleans.

1822—Built Fort Jesup on the Louisiana frontier.

1829-32—Indian superintendent at Fort Snelling, Minn. 1832—Colonel in charge of 1st Infantry Regiment, Fort Crawford.

Served as a regimental commander under Gen. Henry Atkinson during the Black Hawk War. This campaign was waged mainly in Illinois and Wisconsin with a faction of Sac and Fox Indians led by Chief Black Hawk.

1837—Won the Battle of Lake Okeechobee against the Seminoles, December 25, for which he won promotion to brigadier general and was made commander in chief in Florida, 1838. It was because of this campaign he was given the nickname "Old Rough and Ready."

1840—Commander of the first division in the Southwest; moved from Kentucky to Louisiana, where he bought a plantation near Baton Rouge.

1845—Appointed commander of the Army of Occupation in Texas.

1846—In January 1846, following a break in diplomatic relations with Mexico, President Polk ordered General Taylor to positions on or near the Rio Grande. Taylor promptly established a supply depot at Point Isabel (Fort Polk) and erected fortifications at a point opposite the river from Matamoros (Mexico), which he later called Fort Brown (Brownsville).

Mexican forces crossed the Rio Grande in April; they ambushed 63 Americans, killing 11 of them and capturing or wounding the others. Following this, President Polk sent a message to the Congress, telling them that American blood had been shed on American soil. The Congress authorized a declaration of war, and on May 13 the war bill was signed into law.

Even before a formal declaration, Taylor had already made the war with Mexico a fact. On May 8 he met a force of 6,000 Mexican troops at Palo Alto, a few miles north of the present town of Brownsville. With American forces a third the size of the Mexican unit, Taylor and his troops engaged in combat which started in mid afternoon and continued for 5 hours. The superior artillery equipment, its skillful use and precise deployment by American troops inflicted heavy casualties on the Mexicans, causing them to withdraw the following morning.

Taylor threw advance parties forward to cover the Mexican retreat, and on the afternoon of May 9 he marched the main body of his troops in pursuit. Writing from his camp at Resaca de la Palma, 3 miles from Matamoros, Taylor gave the following account of the battle:

"When near the spot where I am now encamped, my advance discovered that a ravine crossing the road had been occupied by the enemy with artillery. I immediately ordered a battery of field artillery to sweep the position, flanking and sustaining it by the 3d, 4th, and 5th Regiments, deployed as skirmishers to the right and left. A heavy fire of artillery and of musketry was kept up for some time, until finally the enemy's batteries were carried in succession by a squadron of dragoons and the regiments of infantry that were on the ground. He was soon driven from his position, and pursued by a squadron of dragoons, battalion of artillery, 3d Infantry, and a light battery, to the river. Our victory has been complete. Eight pieces of artillery, with a great quantity of ammunition, three standards, and some one hundred prisoners have been taken; among the latter, General La Vega and several other officers. One general is understood to have been killed. The enemy has recrossed the river (Rio Grande) , and I am sure will not again molest us on this bank."

On July 16, 1846, the Congress awarded a gold medal to General Taylor and resolved that: "the thanks of Congress are due, and are hereby tendered to Major General Zachary Taylor, commanding the army of occupation, his officers and men, for the fortitude, skill, enterprise, and courage which have distinguished the recent brilliant operations on the Rio Grande."

Taylor's next major campaign was directed to Monterey, a heavily fortified city in northeastern Mexico. The Mexican commander, Gen. Pedro de Ampudia, had occupied the town with his forces, constructed defenses commanding the northern approaches, and installed artillery and troops in the heights commanding the city. Taylor hurled divisions at the fortress from all directions, with particular emphasis on the fortified hills. On September 23, after house-to-house fighting, the Americans completed their conquest, securing an armistice from Ampudia.

In his report on the victory, General Taylor stated:

"Upon occupying the city, it was discovered to be of great strength in itself, and to have its approaches carefully and strongly fortified. The town and works were armed with forty-two pieces of cannon, well supplied with ammunition, and manned with a force of at least 7,000 troops of the line, and from 2,000 to 3,000 irregulars. The force under my orders before Monterey, was 425 officers and 6,220 men. Our artillery consisted of one ten-inch mortar, two twenty-four-pounder howitzers, and four light field batteries of four guns each; the mortar being the only piece suitable to the operations of a siege.

By resolution of March 2, 1847, the Congress awarded a second gold medal and its thanks to General Taylor "for the fortitude, skill, enterprise, and courage which distinguished the late brilliant military operations at Monterey."

A third gold medal was presented to General Taylor by resolution of the Congress on May 9, 1848. The resolution commended him for "valor, skill, and good conduct, conspicuously displayed, on the twenty-second and twenty-third days of February last (1847), in the battle of Buena Vista, in defeating a Mexican army of more than four times their number, consisting of chosen troops, under their favorite commander, General Santa Anna."

After Buena Vista, the Mexican War shifted to Vera Cruz, where Gen. Winfield Scott won a splendid victory, on March 29, 1847.

1849—Became President of the United States.

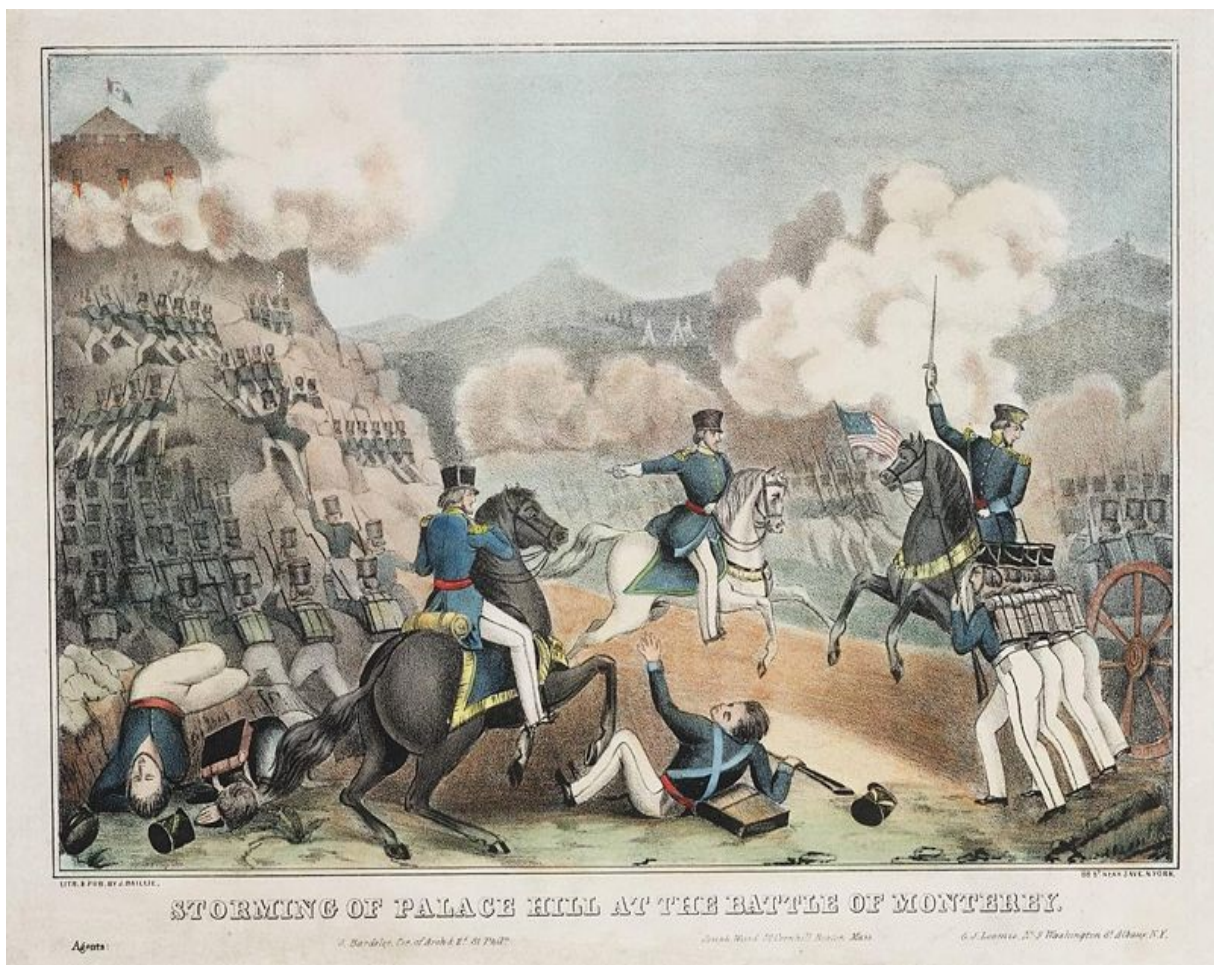
1850—Died in the White House, July 9.



US Troops Marching on Monterey during the Mexican-American War



Fighting in Monterey



Passenger Pigeon

Q...And once again the time has arrived for another of our interesting History Chats with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and local historian. Well Marty, I am glad to see you here.

A...Thank you Walt, I always enjoy our get togethers.

Q...I was most interested in you talk last week on Zachary Taylor. Before this I don't think I have ever quite realized the great military contributions which Zachary made to our United States.

A...It is interesting to see some figures in history who are winners and others losers. Zachary Taylor was a winner. Only once in his long military career did Taylor ever fail to win a battle. That loss or really a withdrawal was below here on the Mississippi, early in his career. It was a small and insignificant encounter that is buried in history and is unimportant. From that point on, Taylor never lost a battle.

Q... That's very unusual.

A...Strange also is the fact that General Taylor like General Grant were not considered top military figures, until they started their winning streaks.

In both cases, their superior military leaders were found wanting and relieved of duty. In both cases they had to scrape the bottom of the barrel when they put Taylor and Grant in command.

Both these men had military capabilities, which were not apparent on surface, but which showed up in their campaigns.

Q...Marty, I am fascinated with the many intriguing facts of history you point out. Just what do you have on your mind for today?

A...Well Walt, I thought I would like to talk some more about the Passenger Pigeon.

Q...You mean those great flocks of birds that once frequented this area, and are now extinct?

A...That's right.

Q...Let's see, you talked about the Passenger Pigeons once last year?

A...Yes, that is right. Since then I have uncovered several interesting phases that I thought we would find interesting.

Q...What are they?

A...Would you recognize a Passenger Pigeon, if you saw one?

Q...Marty, I am sure I wouldn't. I doubt if I have ever seen a picture of this bird.

A...That is what so many people have told me. To answer this need, I have loaned a very fine colored etching of a Passenger Pigeon to the Peoples State Bank and they will have it on display there, for all to see.

Q...That's fine. I am sure all of our audience would like to see just what this famous bird, that is now extinct, looked like.

A...For several years I have been trying to locate a nice illustration of the Passenger Pigeon. I found that bird books don't show this illustration, because the bird is extinct. There are a few photographs available, but these do not show the coloring, and I wanted to see the coloring, for it was a very pretty bird.

Like so many things, if you dig long enough, and deep enough, it can be found. And, finally, I located a fine Audubon print, fully colored which is about the most artistic and accurate reproduction to be found.

I was rather surprised that I had to pay as much as I did for it, but it is a beauty, and originally painted by the greatest bird painter in America, the famous John J. Audubon. It is from his famous elephantine folio. By the way Audubons works are now priceless and now are only prized museum pieces.

Q...I am sure all of us will want to see your fine colored engraving of the Passenger Pigeon. I suppose it will be displayed in the window of the Peoples State Bank, which we all admire so much these days as we walk down Blackhawk Avenue?

A...Yes, that is right. One hundred years ago, these birds could be found here in Prairie du Chien area in large numbers, at this season of the year.

Q...Do the older people remember these birds?

A...I rather doubt it, for they have been extinct for many years and even the 1890's there were very few birds in this country. A good many older people recall the many stories their parents told about the phenomenal birds.

Q...Have you heard some of these stories?

A...Alber De Koyer who works at Campion tells some fascinating tales. De Koyer's family carries back to fur trading days in Prairie du Chien when a large portion of our population was of French Canadian origin.

De Koyer's mother in the spring would take a stand on the bluffs, when the passenger pigeons were moving she would knock them down with a wooden pole as they flew over the edge of the bluff.

Q...How could she do that?

A...There were so many birds, and they flew in dense clouds. Clubbing was a familiar method of killing the birds.

Q...Were passenger pigeons good eating?

A...Passenger pigeons were a delicacy and very highly prized as food. Large quantities were barreled and sold in the city markets.

Q...You mentioned the large numbers of these birds. Can you give us some explanation of the number.

A...Yes, history gives us a number of authentic accounts.

Audubon in 1813 reported a flock, which he said "filled the air". Viewing the flight about noon, Audubon reported that the number of birds was so great, that they shut out the light of the sun, as in an eclipse. Just imagine, so many birds, that it became dark on the ground.

Audubon estimated, in this one flock alone, that there were 1 billion, 100 million birds. He said they flew in a continuous stream.

Q...That is so many, I cannot visualize the size. Was Audubon given to exaggeration?

A...No....I am sure Audubon's account is correct. The birds flew in such large numbers, that the sound of their flight was like rolling thunder. The sound could be heard 3 miles away.

About five years before Audubon's account, another famous ornithologist, named Wilson, reported a flock, he saw, which he estimated to number 2 billion, 230 million birds. This flock was 240 miles long. Just imagine a flock of birds several miles wide, extending from Waukon, Iowa to Chicago, Illinois, all in the air at the same time filling the sky and obliterating the sun.

The numbers of birds were awesome.

Q...Actually fantastic.

A...Yes, even the quantities of ammunition used by the early settlers was enormous. Just take one example. In 1882 when the passenger pigeons were nesting near Sparta, J.H. Baldwin sold 3 tons of powder, and 16 tons of shot.

Q...Marty, where do you get all of this information?

A...From many sources. Perhaps the most valuable book is one recently published called, "The Passenger Pigeon, its Natural History and Extinction" written by A. W. Schorger.

Q...Who is Schorger?

A...Dr. A. W. Schorger is a friend of mine and a most fabulous gentleman. I first met Dr. Schorger on my first job after leaving college. At that time I went to work for the Burgess Laboratories in Madison, Wisconsin.

Here, I met Dr. Schorger, a renowned paper chemist, who was busy researching and developing printers mats. They are the paper molds for casting lead printing type used by newspapers. With the printers mats newspapers could cast type plates in circular form, so needed for the high speed rotary printing presses on newspapers.

His development became the backbone of the Burgess Cellulose Company and since then they have become a leader in their field. Today they sell more printers mats to newspapers than any other manufacturer. Our Burgess Cellulose plant in Prairie du Chien, is an offspring of this same company, although here in Prairie du Chien, this plant only makes cellulose sponges.

For many years Dr. Schorger was president of this company. On retirement from business, Dr. Schorger was followed by Victor Fishburn, the current president of the Burgess Cellulose Co., and frequent visitor in Prairie du Chien.

Q...How did Dr. Schorger come to write about birds?

A...Birds are a hobby of Dr. Schorger. He has studied them ever since he was a child and is an authority on wild life. As a matter of fact Dr. Schorger is considered the World's greatest authority on the Passenger Pigeon. His book is easy reading. I am amazed at the quantity of research which he did, for his references cover 103 pages of closely typed references.

When Dr. Schorger retired from business, he went back to his hobby of wild life and is now a professor of Wild Life and Conservation at the University of Wisconsin.

Q...You rather amaze me the way you tie in history, local industry and people into a living romance.

A...History is a living thing with the old and the new interlaced with picturesque figures, that I find enchanting. Several years ago Dr. Schorger was one the officials, who dedicated the Passenger Pigeon marker in Wyalusing Park. This bronze plaque reads:

Dedicated to the Last Wisconsin Passenger Pigeon Shot at Babcock September 1899
This species became extinct through the avarice and thoughtlessness of man.

Q...Where is Babcock?

A...Babcock is north of here, close to Camp Douglas Wisconsin.

Q...Let's see 1899, that would 56 years ago that the last passenger pigeon in the state of Wisconsin was shot.

A...Yes, that is right. The last known bird died in the Cincinnati Zoological Gardens in 1914.

Q...What fact in Dr. Schorger's book intrigued you the most?

A...Pigeon milk.

Q...Are you kidding?

A...No. Cotton Mather the famous New England pioneer way back in 1684, first made the statement that the young pigeon was fed milk by the parent.

I am still amazed at the fact that both the male and female produced milk which they fed to their young. The milk was generated in the crop of the birds, and by regurgitating they would raise it into their mouths and feed their young. The milk was in a congealed form like a soft curd cheesy milk.

But, I am still perplexed by the fact that the male bird would produce milk at the time the young were hatched. By a series of experiments it was proved that the birds could not themselves control the production of this milk.

However, the milk was ready for the young at the time of hatching. It is thought that the milk formation was due to the sight of the brooding female by the male bird. This still puzzles me.

I am not much of a naturalist, but I don't know of any male bird that self generates food for their young. Certainly the mother of almost all species has a definite feeding system by nature, but the male is generally a conveyor of food deemed for the young.

Q...Marty, you dig up the strangest facts. This is certainly the queerest one that I have ever heard of.

A...There are many marvelous facets in nature, but this is the strangest one that I have encountered for a long time.

MJDyrud/me May 28,1955

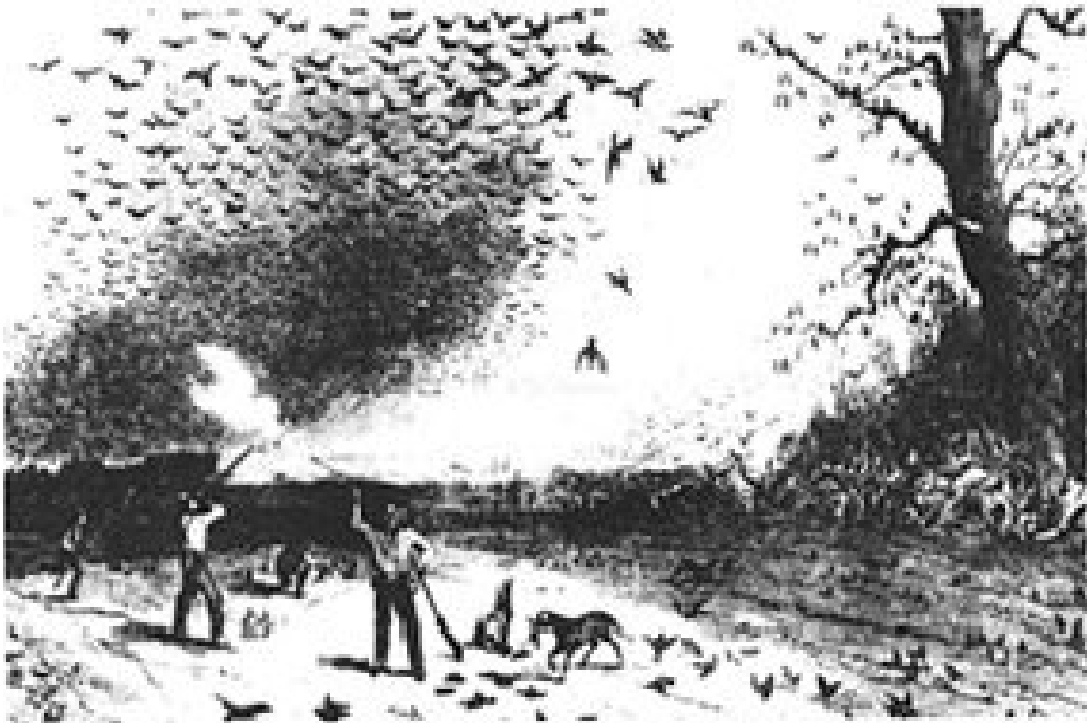


After John James Audubon. Plate 62 Passenger Pigeon from *The Birds of America*. Hand-colored etching with engraving and aquatint by Robert Havell. On paper watermarked J WHATMAN/TURKEY MILL/1828 and measuring 39-1/4 inches by 25-3/4 inches. First state with outstanding original color. An extraordinary composition of a bird with an extraordinary history.





1896 photo



Amusing Incidents in Local History

Q...And once again the time has arrived for another interesting Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and local historian. Hello Marty, and welcome to WPRE.

A...Thank you Walt, it always seems nice to join you.

Q...Your talk, last week about the fabulous passenger pigeons of early days was most interesting. Did anyone offer an answer as to how the male passenger pigeon could produce milk for the young pigeons at the correct time?

A...No, that fact still puzzles me. These birds are now extinct and the answer may be lost forever. Pete Gokey tells me that his father would send him out as a boy with sticks to scare away the passenger pigeons from their corn fields.

Q...Pete Gokey actually remembers this?

A...Yes, he was a small boy, but the memory still lingers in his mind.

Q...That's interesting. Just what do you have for us today?

A...Well Walt from time to time, I think about the many interesting people I have heard about or known in Prairie du Chien, and some of the humorous incidents connected with them.

Q...It is rather unfortunate that the funny happenings are not generally recorded in history.

A..Yes, that is right and I think that we lose some of the color when these funny happenings are omitted.

Q...Yes, you are right, it would make history much more interesting. Just what came to your mind?

A...One incident stands out in my mind as very funny. It was a couple of years ago when the Counsellors of the State Medical Society were meeting here. As you know, we have been working for years to interest the State Medical Society in taking over the Beaumont Foundation.

Q... Why do you want to give up the Beaumont Foundation?

A...It is very hard for the people locally to do justice to Dr. Beaumont. We felt however if the State Medical Society would take it over, we could draw support from all the people of Wisconsin.

I think there is no more famous figure in State Medical history than Dr. Beaumont, for it was here in Prairie du Chien, that he made many of those now famous experiments on Alexis St. Martin that laid the founding principles for the science of physiology.

To direct attention to what we had and the opportunities for development of state medical history the Counsellors met here. They first went to the Villa Louis where Florence Bittner started them on a tour, first showing them Hercules Dousman's office.

Dr. Desslock interrupted her talk to introduce Florence to Dr. Cary, the president of the State Medical Society and pointed out that Cary was from Green Bay, a rival town in early Wisconsin history.

Florence Bittner remembered Charley Minnie's story about Green Bay, and elaborated on the close relationship between Prairie du Chien, and Green Bay, during those early days and pointed out instances of their rivalries.

Florence then went on to say that during those frontier days, a fur trader once erected a sign in Green Bay, showing the name Prairie du Chien, with an x...an arrow below pointing towards Prairie du Chien. It is said that all of the early settlers in Green Bay, who could read followed the sign to Prairie du Chien, leaving only those who could not read in Green Bay. That set the group into howling laughter. They all looked at Dr. Cary from Green Bay, who was flabbergasted, pink faced, embarrassed, but still his good natured friendly self.

Q...I can see, what a hole they placed Dr. Cary in.

A...There is a sequel to that story, for several months later, Dr. Dessloch and Dr. Cary were attending a medical meeting in Chicago.

By chance both doctors met in an elevator as they were going to their meeting. After a friendly greeting, Dr. Cary inquired of Dr. Dessloch, whether Dessloch had received the clipping in the mail that he had sent. They referred to the tearing down of the old Beaumont house in Green Bay and had pictures of the sad demolition. Dr. Dessloch said yes, he had received the clipping and felt sorry about the loss of the historic buildings. He said we don't tear them down.

Q...That really put Dr. Cary behind the 8 ball.

A...Even Dr. Cary recalls the story with considerable nostalgia and admiration for Dr. Dessloch, who bested him devastatingly in the history encounters.

Q...Dr. Beaumont and Hercules Dousman must have both been picturesque figures in those early days, for they both accomplished so much?

A...That is right, but don't forget their wives. I think if you find a successful man you will also find a strong woman behind him. Success is generally a result of a fine working partnership between the man and woman.

Q...Yes, I guess that is true.

A...One incident, seldom told, concerns the time a band of Indians were angered because they believed Dousman had traded them out of their Government money. It was a good sized group that started their march to Prairie du Chien, to even the score with Dousman, At this time Hercules Dousman was away and only Mrs. Dousman and her servants were at the Villa Louis.

Rumbling reached Mrs. Dousman that trouble would soon appear, for the Indians were in an angry mood. Jane Fisher Rolette Dousman was a small, beautiful woman with intelligence. Even though she was small, she had daring and courage. She set about making plans for her unwelcome guests and trouble seemed inevitable.

When the mad band of Indians appeared, Mrs. Dousman received them as friends, and invited them to join her in a feast which she prepared on the land joining the Villa. It was a scrumptious feast, plenty of food and drink for everyone. So gracious was Mrs. Dousman, that the mad Indians forgot their gripes and departed thinking her a fine woman.

She typifies many of the wives of famous frontier men, resourceful and able to cope with adversity. She took a bad situation and converted it into a favorable situation, erasing the bad feelings.

I am certain that Jane Fisher Rolette Dousman justly deserves some of the fame and glory which many heap at the feet of Hercules.

Q...Mrs. Dousman's actions would take a lot of courage, for Indians were not an easy lot to deal with.

A...You bet it would.

Q...If I remember you correctly, it was the Indians that caused considerable trouble during the Buffalo Bill affair here in Prairie du Chien?

A...Yes, there was a group of Indians with Buffalo Bill's show. As they rushed down Blackhawk Avenue to help defend their buddies in trouble, they stopped down by a brick pile which was near what is now the Metro Theatre. They hid these bricks under their blankets. When the fight really got going the Indians reached under their blankets, withdrew their bricks and rained a barrage of bricks on the police and town's people. A good many locals were injured in this fracas.

Q...That was the time they wrecked the Bar where Geisler's Tavern in now?

A...Yes, in Buffalo Bill days, Geisler's Tavern was then a saloon owned by a Mrs. O'Day. That brings to my mind another famous incident that happened not too many years ago in Foley's Tavern on this same spot. Bill Foley who sold out to Geisler was interesting character, an easy going, likable person, who loved to pull practical jokes on his friends.

Bill Foley created his own entertainment and many dropped in to see what was going on. Sometimes however, Bill Foley was on the receiving end of a practical joke, for there were many people who wanted to return the favor. Such was the case with Bob Pintz, a popular chief of police, who everyone loved, and a very fond friend of Bill Foley's.

One day, Bob Pintz saw Rattlesnake Ferris come into town. He was a picturesque character, who always had some rattlesnakes in his car. Sometimes they would be in a suit case, other times he would take them out of a gunny sack in the back seat.

Bobby Pintz thought here is my chance to get even with Foley. So, he borrowed a big rattlesnake from Ferris and made his way carrying the bag to Foley's Tavern. Coming in the side door he laid the sack on the end of the bar and left the open end facing down the bar top.

Bill Foley was tending bar. At this particular time he was busy at the other end of the bar waiting on a customer and not paying attention to what was happening at the other end.

Bob Pintz stood back in the shadows of the room and awaited the show. Soon Mr. Rattlesnake came slithering out the end of the gunny sack and started wiggling down the top of the bar.

Bill Foley, back of the bar happened to glance up, and see this large hideous rattlesnake moving toward him along the bar top. Bill Foley grabbed for a gun he had on the back bar and let fly with a series of shot at the advancing rattler. Finally, he succeeded in killing the snake.

As he stood in his stunned amazement, a large crowd gathered and Pintz laughingly told of his trick on Bill Foley and the antics that Foley went through in trying to kill the snake.

Q...That kind of a practical joke gives me the shivers.

A...Me too, I don't like snakes, even grass snakes.

By the way, one of the funniest Irish stories I ever heard is connected with Foley's Tavern.

Q...Lets hear it.

A...It seems that Dan Flarety and Mike O'Neal were addicted to the bottle. Their wives were so concerned, that they asked the priest at St. Gabriel's for help. After some discussion, he suggested that the two women should convince their husbands to come up to St. Gabriel's and take the pledge of abstinence.

The women finally arranged after arguments and some threats that the men would go to church on Friday night and take the pledge.

As Mike and Dan walked down South Beaumont towards town, on their way to St. Gabriel's Mike spied Foley's Tavern and said to Dan, "Don't you think we had better stop in on Bill Foley and have one last drink before we see the Father and take the pledge".

Dan thought a minute and said, "Mike I think it would be better if we wait until we are on our way back, then we can stop at Foley's."

Q...I like that Irish story. The Irish always seem to have a comeback.

A...Two years ago a funny incident happened to Bob Chew at the Woodward Store that I got quite a kick out of.

Q...What was that?

A...You know Murphy who picks up garbage and boxes to haul over to the dump and burn?

Q...Sure he is a daily sight.

A...Well it seems that Bob Chew at the Woodward store hired Murphy to regularly pickup his empty boxes and haul them over to the dump and burn them.

The time was just before Easter, two years ago. Murphy came into the Woodward store and Bob Chew told Murphy to be sure and pick up the empty boxes next to the back door as he went out.

Apparently Murphy did pick up the boxes, but he apparently didn't look to see if they were all empty.

Later Bob Chew found a whole shipment of Easter Hats were missing. At first he thought that Murphy couldn't have taken the full boxes, but when he couldn't find the hats he thought he had better check.

Bob Chew quickly got into his car and started to search for Murphy. Finally over at the dump he found Murphy, who had thrown the boxes into the fire. Now Bob Chew could only look at the whole shipment of burning hats. His Easter Hat sales were gone, for it was now too late to get another shipment here.

Q...That was sure a though break, but if anyone could take it Bob Chew would probably be one of the few who could.

A...Yes, Bob took the loss gracefully and smiled when it was mentioned. For several months, we would kid him, by asking why he was still holding his Easter Hats?

Q...Well, Marty, I have enjoyed this lighter side of history and I am sure our listeners have also enjoyed your tales.

MJDyrud/me June 4, 1955

Indian Life

Q...Once again, the time has arrived for another interesting History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin Historical Society, and local historian. Well, Marty, I am glad to see you here, so lets get down to your subject for today. Just what do you have?

A...Indian Life before the coming of the white man as we might expect to see here at the junction of the Wisconsin and Mississippi rivers.

Q...That sounds interesting. Now Wisconsin is a famed dairy state. It is far different from those days, when Wisconsin was a wilderness.

A...That is right, when the Indians were pushed west, there followed a vast amount of lumbering in Wisconsin. Before the farmers could plow and cultivate our rich soil, there were many years, when the ring of the Lumberman's axe rang through the forests, signaling the white man's changes.

Q...While a wilderness, there must have been a great variety of wild life:

A...Definitely. I believe that we here, had a greater variety of wild life, than any other section of our vast country. Today many of the birds and animals of that time are no longer here.

Q...What, for instance?

A...Woodland caribou, moose, elk and buffalo. More familiar were the deer, bear and many other smaller types of game. In bird life then could be seen wild turkeys, turkey buzzards, white pelicans, plover, passenger pigeons. and many others..

Q...That sounds quite different from our list of birds and animals today.

A...The advance of civilization has pressed many types out of this area, and a good many are now extinct.

Q...What Indians did we have here?

A...Woodland Indians occupied this area. Here were one of the tribes of the great Sioux nation. Indians here, were woodland Indians and bordered on the many tribes of plains Indians to the west. There is much difference in the life and activities of these two groupings of Indians.

Q...How would the Indians here support life?

A...They depended, almost entirely on hunting, fishing, and gathering natural products; for their food clothing, shelter, tools, and weapons--although most of them raised some garden crops, such as corn, squash and beans....and possibly tobacco.

Q...It is hard to see how they could be self sufficient.

A...Let's pretend, that we can travel backwards about 350 years and visit a typical Indian family, of that period.

Q...That sounds very interesting.

A...As we arrive on the scene, the tribe is preparing to set up a new camp. The women are busy unpacking their household gear, including reed mats, used to cover the outer sides of the wigwam. This was not done because of any laziness on the part of the men. A common error of the white observers, but simply because the men needed their hands free to ward off a sudden enemy attack, or to kill any game, they might chance upon during the journey.

While the women unpacked, the men would enter the woods, to cut poles for the framework of the wigwams, and collect birch bark for the roofs. After the poles are set into the ground to make an oval enclosure, they are bent and tied together at the top to form a round roof.

The women, then would tie on the reed mats, and roof the hut with the rolls of bark. This is the typical Indian winter lodge. In summer, they constructed a different type of shelter, a summer lodge.

Q...Marty, if we looked inside of one of these wigwams, just would we see?

A...If we lift the bear skin, covering the entrance, and step into the lodge, we may see the simple furnishings and personal possessions of the family, we are visiting. A hole in the middle of the roof serves to carry off the smoke, from the fire burning in the center of the floor. This fire serves the double purpose, of heating the lodge and cooking the family meals. We find the hut, almost too smoky to endure, accustomed as we are to our modern homes, but our Indian friends seem quite comfortable.

Since our Indian family is fairly large, including the father's parents, as well as the mother, father, two boys, and two girls, the wigwam is proportionately large in order to accommodate all of them.

We look about the inside of the lodge and see the sleeping mats and furs. The family's spare clothing, breechcloths, shirts, leggings, and moccasins for the women are in one corner. The garments are beautifully decorated with designs grandma embroidered on them with dyed porcupine quills.

The work is quite fine and it takes many hours to do a small portion of the embroidery. Father is especially fond of his headdress, a roach...made of deer and porcupine hair, and an eagle feather, which indicates that he has killed an enemy in battle.

Q...That is fascinating. Now will the Winnebago Indians, over on Indian Isle build their lodges like the ones you have just described?

A...I don't know, but when they put them up it will be easy to see whether they build the winter or summer lodges. The winter lodges or wigwams are round, dome shaped affairs; while, the summer lodges are oblong shaped...made of poles, with inverted V shaped roofs, much to our own houses, except they are covered with strips of bark of elm and other bark.

Q...That is strange, for I had always pictured tall, cone shaped tepees covered with skins or canvas.

A...The tepee is not characteristic of the Indians of this area. Tepees are the typical homes of the plains Indians, who live farther west. Woodland Indians, that we had here built wigwams or bark houses.

Q...I am glad to know the difference.

A...As we step out side the wigwam, and look about, we can see why this particular spot has been chosen, as a campsite. There is good access to the water, for we are on a river bank. Only a short distance away are several

springs. But, most important, now in the spring of the year, is a large grove of sugar maple trees, to one side of our camp.

Now we refer to this area as a spot on the Yellow River, on the Iowa side spring camping spot, when the maple sap is running.

The next two or three weeks are spent tapping the trees, and boiling down the sap, until maple syrup is obtained. Further boiling will give maple sugar. This sugar keeps indefinitely and provides a very nourishing, as well, as a delicious source of food for the entire family. The children are especially fond of it.

Q...Was it all work, or was there some play or games?

A...It is not a case of all work and no play, during this period, for the children Morning Star, White Fawn, Blackbird and Little Otter, play games when their tasks are finished, and gambling games are popular with the men and women.

Here, we see mother and some neighbor women playing cup and pin games. Each player, in turn, tosses into the air, small, cone-shaped cups made of antler tips or bear-toe bones, and tries to catch one or more on a bone pin. The men are enthusiastic gamblers, too, using marked sticks, which are thrown and scored somewhat like our own familiar dice games.

Q...How long will the Indians stay here on Yellow River?

A...When the sugar making is finished, the tribe breaks camp and travels by birch bark canoe to a new location.

Q...Where will the Indians set up their new camp?

A...Their new camp site will be on high ground near the junction of the Wisconsin and Mississippi rivers. We are told that another tribe is setting up camp near the Ambrose.

We watch the Indians build their summer lodges. These are different from their winter home. The summer lodge is rectangular shaped with a V roof and covered with elm bark.

Fishing is easy for we are near the river. Nearby springs, at the base of the bluffs supply cold pure water. There are also open clearings nearby, which will be used as gardens.

The next few weeks, however, will be used for making necessary utensils and equipment, needed by the tribe.

Q...What, for instance would they make?

A...Pottery. Grandma would seek out a clay bank, near the river and select suitable materials, including some coarse sand for tempering the pottery paste, which is made of both clay and sand.

The paste is worked into long cylinders, which are finally coiled about into the desired shape. After the vessel has assumed final form, it is paddled with a cord wrapped tool and allowed to air-dry for several days, and finally baked in a large outdoor fire. The finished pot can be used to boil water or cook food, and has the advantage of being easily replaced, in case of breakage.

Q...What activity comes next?

A...May soon arrives, and this is the time to plant corn, and our Indian friends select a suitable clearing for their garden. The men burn out the underbrush and the women and girls prepare for the planting.

Grandma, informs us that it is always best to soak the grains in water, several days before seeding. After the seed have been properly softened, the women and girls dig holes in the ground, place six or seven grains of corn in each hole, and then heap up the dirt over the seeds in a little hillock. Squash and beans are planted in the clearing too.

Q...Did the Indians hunt during this time?

A...Yes, one day, we are told that the tribe is going to have a game drive, since considerable meat is needed by the village. We go along, into the forest, and watch the Indian men chop down trees with their stone axes. The trees are felled almost along a straight line and all fall in the same direction. There are two rows of these felled trees, more than a mile long. The cut of the tree is incomplete, so that the tree is still attached to the stump, as it falls. In this manner a long corridor is formed, which narrows at one end.

The deer are then driven towards the corridor, where Indian men, stationed with bows and arrows are able to shoot them easily, as they approach the narrow opening, between the barriers.

A number of the animals are killed in this way, and taken back to the village, where their flesh can be preserved by being cut into strips and smoke dried. We are all too hungry, however, to wait until we can return to the village before eating. The chief says, we can have some boiled venison stew. We are puzzled at his offer, for no utensils have been brought along, but we soon learn how resourceful, our Indian friends are.

Q...What would they do?

A...One of the men, obtains some edible roots, another cuts the stomachs from several deer. Each one of the stomachs is cleaned and tied to form a pouch. The venison, roots, and some wild rice, which some of the men brought along are placed in the prepared deer stomach, water added, and the ingenious "Kettles" suspended over a slow fire. In a relatively short time, a delicious stew is set before each of us, served in birch-bark dishes prepared in a few minutes by another of the hunters.

Q...Sounds like good organization. They must have had good leadership.

A...Yes, while we are eating, we asked the father of the Indian family, we are visiting, how the chief of his tribe obtained his position. We are told that his ability as a warrior and leader had led to his being chosen as chief, and his ability as an orator and his power to make people like him, has kept him in authority.

He says that in a nearby village, the chief is also a great war leader, but he is not well liked otherwise. For that reason, he sometimes finds it difficult to make his warriors obey him and he is therefore, not nearly as powerful as our leader.

We soon realize that the Indian Chiefs depend primarily upon personal prestige and influence to keep them in power. We are informed, however, that in some other tribes, the chief is always selected from a certain clan.

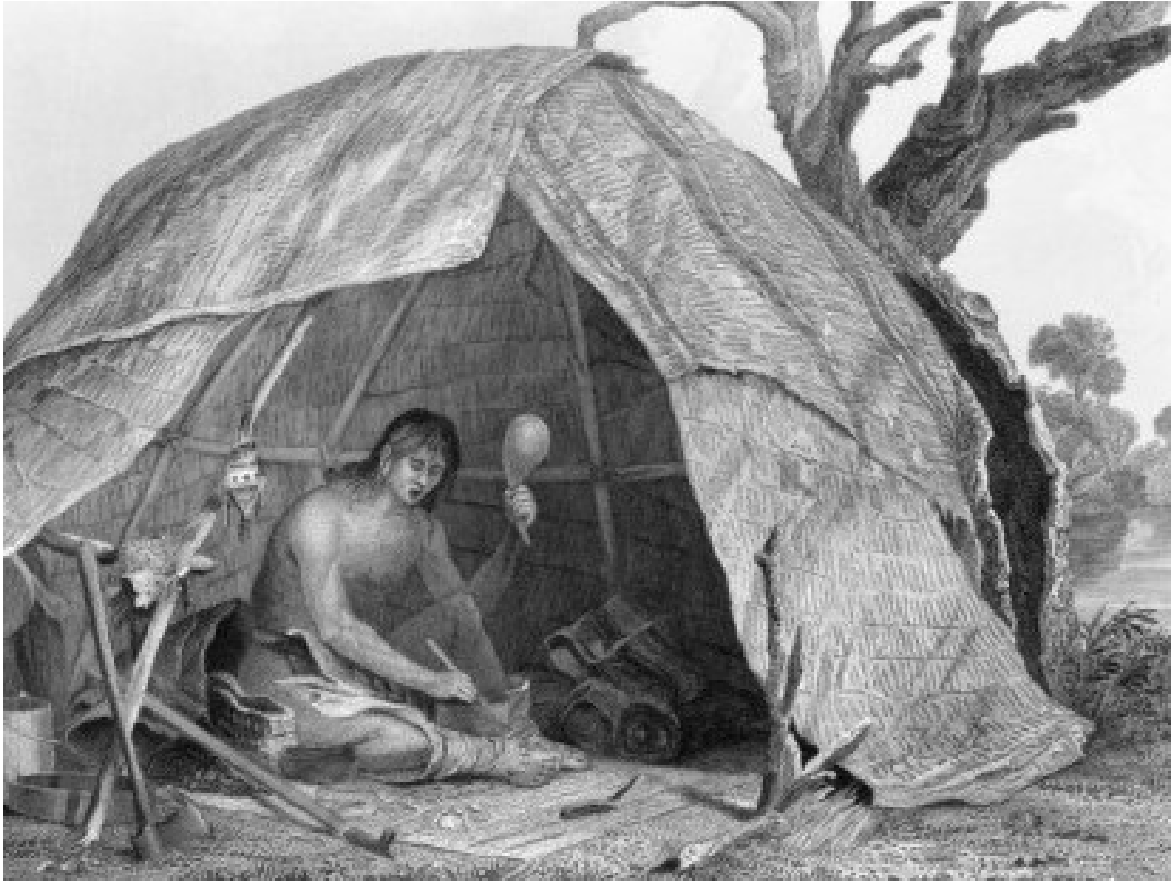
Q...Marty, I certainly like your intimate and picturesque description of Indian life before the coming of the white man, into our area. But, I see our time is up for today, so would you please come back next week and finish this interesting word picture?

A...I will be glad to Walt.

MJDyrud/me June 17-1955



Dakota Encampment



Sac and Fox Bark House



Medicine Dance of the Winnebagoes



Medicine Dance
Seth Eastman



Winnebago Wigwam



Indian Sugar Camp
Seth Eastman

Indian Life....II

Q...Once again, the time has arrived for another interesting History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and local historian. Hello, Marty, and welcome back to WPRE.

A...Thank you Walt, I am glad to be here.

Q...Sorry that I was out of town last week and could not participate then, but I understand that Eldon helped you explore Indian life before the coming of the white man.

A...Yes, many people wonder just what sort of a life the Indians lived before the coming of the white man, so we have taken them on an imaginary visit as guests of an Indian family.

Q...Perhaps you could take a minute or two to summarize last week's talk.

A...Sure will. Before the coming of the white man, this area was a wilderness paradise, inhabited by the Indians. Then you could see goodly numbers of woodland caribou, moose, elk, and large herds of buffalo, animals no longer in this area. At that time also there were big flocks of wild turkeys and passenger pigeons, both very tempting to eat. The passenger pigeons are now extinct.

Woodland Indians roamed this area hunting and fishing. During the spring they tapped the maple trees and made syrup and maple sugar. In the summer, they moved to another location and raised corn, squash, beans and some tobacco.

Before the coming of the white man, tribes of the great Sioux Nation were natives of this area. Later the Sioux were pushed west and Sac and Fox made their homes here. Finally the Winnebago Indians came, and our few remaining Indian families are now all Winnebagos.

The homes the Indians made for themselves were not cone shaped tepees, as many people think. Generally our Indians had two types of dwellings of lodges. The winter lodge was an oval, dome shaped affair covered with birch bark roof. The summer lodge was a rectangular dwelling with an inverted V shaped roof similar in shape to our houses. However the Indians covered theirs with elm and other barks.

To better understand life, we made an imaginary visit to an Indian tribe as the guests of an Indian family.

Q...Thanks Marty, that sounds interesting, so why don't you continue your account of what you saw during this visit with an Indian family.

A...After the picturesque group hunt for deer, our Indian family returned to their summer lodge.

Next morning, we witnessed a curious ceremony. Grandfather offers Blackbird, the older boy, some charcoal as well as his food. The father seems very proud when his son rejects the food, applies the charcoal to his face, and leaves the village to enter the forest alone,

Grandfather explains that Blackbird, by accepting the charcoal, automatically agreed to fast alone in the forest for one day. This one-day fast will be good training for the day when he will feel ready to go on the long fast of four or five days. Every man has taken this long fast in the hope of seeing a vision of a guardian spirit, who would then be his lifetime protector.

Q...Is the fasting only for the men?

A...The girls too, must fast, but in a somewhat different fashion. Soon Morning Star, the older girl, in our friend's family, will reach womanhood and be segregated for a number of days in a secluded lodge, and during this period, no men may approach her.

Q...The Indians looked to the spirit world for much direction?

A...Yes that is right. As the summer season rapidly nears an end, we have enjoyed ourselves, watching the activities of our friends at work, and at play. We have learned too, some of the beliefs of our friends. Grandfather has told us stories about the great white bear with the copper tail, who dwells underground and is the greatest power for evil.

He has told the children how the "Indian Sandman" a good natured elf, would put people to sleep at night, by hitting them on the head with a soft war club.

We have learned too, of the many spirits for good and evil, who control the sun, moon, stars, winds, rain, thunder and all the other phenomena of nature.

One evening, he pointed out the Milky Way and told us that this was the road over which the dead travelled to the land of the spirits. He also warned us about entering the wood alone at night because of the evil, living skeleton which haunts the forest paths, seeking unwary men.

Q...You mentioned they raised some vegetables during the summer.

A...Yes, autumn was a season of hard work for all, for it was time to harvest the garden crops, as well as the various wild vegetable foods.

Corn is the most important garden crop, and from time to time, we have sampled the ripe grain. The women have served us some roasted on the cob, or the fresh kernels ground with a wooden mortar, and pestle and served as a sort of porridge. The ripe corn is now gathered and the ears will be allowed to dry. The dried kernels can then be ground into a meal, as needed, since dry corn will remain edible for a long time.

Q..What wild vegetables did the Indians gather?

A...Wild rice is the most important vegetable food provided for the Indians by nature. One day, in the middle of September, we all go up the river in our canoes and enter a small lake. Here the wild grain grows in great quantities.

The men selected by the chief to determine when the rice is ready to be gathered have already given us the signal that the grain is ripe. We learn however, that one more function is required before we can proceed with the harvesting of the rice.

Q...And what is that?

A...The chief medicine man of our village approaches the edge of the water and blows tobacco smoke toward the heavens as an offering to his "Grandfather" the "Master of the Rice". He then buries a small portion of tobacco in the ground and we are ready to proceed.

Q...Just how did they gather wild rice?

A...In each canoe, as the man poles the boat slowly through the rice, the woman sits facing the man, pulls the stalks over the canoe with one cedar stick, while with another stick, she beats the ripened grain into the boat. When the canoes are full, we head for camp, where the rice is spread out to dry.

Q...How do they remove the hulls?

A...The women grate the unhusked kernels in a pot over a slow fire, until all have partially popped open. Next a small pit is dug and a stake set into the ground beside it. The depression is lined with buckskin and filled with the parched grain. The father then takes hold of the stake, steps into the grain filled pit, and begins treading the grain with his feet, to loosen the husks from the kernels.

The women take the grain from the pit and toss it up and down in bark winnowing trays. The wind blows away the light chaff, as the grain is tossed into the air, and allows only the kernels to fall back into the tray.

Q...That is a very simple fanning mill.

A...Elemental Dr. Watson.....But an awful lot of work, for any large quantity of grain.

Q...What happens next on your schedule of nature living?

A...The time soon arrives for our friends to break camp and seek a winter campsite, where the hunting is known to be good. Hunting and fishing will be the main sources of food during the winter season. In this area, at the junction of the Wisconsin and Mississippi rivers, both could be found, so this area was a popular spot with the Indians.

The new camp is near the Ambrose. There is sheltered access to the river. Here hunting and fishing is very good. The Indians dig storage pits in the ground, which they line with birchbark. Here are stored nuts, dried berries, dried corn, and rice, that have been gathered and prepared during the autumn. If hunting is poor, or if a severe winter threatens famine for the village, this stored food may be the sole means of preventing starvation.

Q...Your imaginary visit with the Indians certainly reveals many unusual sights and gives me a picture I have never had before of their life and habits.

A...Glad you like it...But, it is now time for us to leave our Indian friends. However before we go we learn that the winter season will be spent not only in the pursuits of fishing through the ice and hunting, but also, in telling stories, singing, and playing many different games.

When the snows are deep, the tribe will don snowshoes for their hunting trips. We will miss seeing them play snow snake. In the game, the Indians compete with each other, to see who can hurl the wood "Snake" the greatest distance across the snow or ice. We are sorry to miss all of these things, but the time has come for us to end our visit.

As we say farewell our Indian friends from the distant past, we reflect regretfully, that the coming of the white man will change the old ways of life for these people of the forest, and soon their independence and freedom will vanish forever. The Indians seem destined to become largely dependent upon the whites for their livelihood, and even for the few remnants of land to be left them for their homes.

Q...Marty, you have given us a very picturesque trip into the past with the early Indians. And, I can see how the white man disrupted their life. By nature they needed large hunting and fishing areas, as well as some fertile ground for their gardens. The white settlers took over much of the best hunting and fishing areas for other uses, like lumbering etc., and the Indians who were left were stranded, unable to live normal lives, which they had previously enjoyed.

A...That is right. I don't think we ever basically, were able to change their fundamental plan of living to correspond with ours. It was tragic that they could not resist the new diseases the white men brought, so their losses were heavy. And they never felt at home in our world.

MJDyrd/me June 22,1955



CHASING BIRDS AWAY FROM CORN CROPS

Seth Eastman



Harvesting Wild Rice
Seth Eastman

Historical Society Convention

Q...Once again, the time has arrived for another interesting History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and local historian. Hello, Marty, and welcome back from your trip to northern Wisconsin.

A...Thank you Walt. It is nice to get away, but it is always nice to get back to Prairie du Chien, and particularly for another History Chat with you.

Q...I wish one of us could have gone along with you to the Annual Convention of the Wisconsin State Historical Society, last week end, but Cable, Wisconsin, is so far away.

A...I was sorry that you could not be with me, for WPRE was given an Award for these History Chats.

Q...We at WPRE are naturally thrilled to learn that we received this distinguished Award. Thank you very much for accepting it for us. As a matter of fact, I am happy that you could accept this award for we have you to thank for preparing these interesting programs.

A...I must say that my knees shook some when I accepted it for you, for I too was happy and thrilled, I think you justly deserve the credit given. Do you realize that WPRE was the only radio station in the state to be so honored? Guess that puts you in a very special class.

Q...Marty, just why do you think they singled us out of the many stations in the state?

A...Nearly all of the radio stations in the state have run historic features from time to time. But, I think that you have distinguished yourself by producing a regular program every week for better than a year.

Q...Our sincere thanks to you Marty, as well as the State Historical Society for your thoughtfulness and generosity. We are deeply grateful and accept the honor with a sense of humility.

A...The Prairie du Chien, area has a wealth of history, and everyone is pleased that you recognize this fact and are doing something about it. Programs such as this one are contributing to a broader understanding and a deeper appreciation of our rich heritage of history.

Q...Actually the expansion of our community is dependent on a broader understanding of our pioneer history, if we are to show our many visitors the many points of interest we have here.

A...You are very right. This area is fast becoming a Recreation and Tourist Center. If we can better present our early history to our guests, we can attract an ever growing tourist business.

Q...The Villa Louis seems to have sparked a new era in the life of our community. For, each year, we have seen larger and larger crowds visit this historic mansion.

A...That is right. The Villa Louis has become the top show place in Wisconsin. Florence Bittner and her splendid group of guides, show a spirit, which seems to make history live.

Visitors are thrilled with what they have heard and seen. As a result, these people bring their friends back.

Q...Each year there seems to be more interesting places to see now with Indian Isle open, we have a new attraction.

A...Yes, I think basically, the Villa Louis, Wyalusing State Park and Effigy Mound National Monument are the three keys of interest in this area, each helps the other and all help Indian Isle and the many other points of interest

Q...Now that the bridge is free, our traffic into the city is constantly increasing.

A...There is no doubt that the elimination of tolls has removed one big barrier. It is stimulating tourist and shopping business all over this area.

Q...Marty, would you say that you are optimistic about the future growth of the Prairie du Chien area?

A...I am definitely optimistic about the future growth of this area. Our tourist business is the fastest growing segment of our local economy. If we help it in a normal manner we can look forward to marked advances each year.

Q...I think you should tell our listeners about your efforts to obtain another Historic Marker for this area.

A...I judge you have in mind the marker of the Pontoon Bridge?

Well, it so happens that I am a member of the Historic Marker Committee of The Wisconsin State Historical Society. Preceding our annual meeting, our Markers Committee met and considered several sites. Several were approved.

Incidentally Walt, Ray Sivesend of the Society works closely with a member of the State Highway Commission in preparing, locating and marking worthy sites. On arrival I greeted members of our committee. I came face to face with the State Highway man handling markers, for the first time.

He surprised me by asking if I knew him. I looked at him quizzically, and said that I did not recognize him. Then, he told me that he was Russell Williams. Then I recalled knowing him as a boy in Baraboo. Williams, said you have changed too, and I don't blame you for not recognizing me, for it has been forty years since I last saw you.

Walt, and you know, that makes me feel that I am getting old. I last saw Russell Williams as he left to fight in World War I. His slimness was now gone, now he is a bald heavy set man.

Q...Isn't that interesting and a nice surprise?

A...Towards the end of the meeting, I proposed that a Historic Marker be placed within view of the Pontoon Bridge. I apologized for not having first obtained sponsorship of some local group, such as the Crawford County Historical Society.

I explained that the Pontoon Bridge in Prairie du Chien, is singular, for it was here that it was first designed by Spettle and patented by John Lawler. There are very few bridges of this type remaining in the United States, and people should understand its novel construction and operation.

I suggested that a drive out be placed on the island drive between the two bridge spans. It will take a lot of arranging, for this is government land in the Federal Wild Life Preserve. Williams did not seem to be worried and is hopeful that he can piece this project together.

Q...Marty, that is fine. You are to be congratulated for working so loyally and effectively for the advancement of our city.

A...I am happy to do it. If every person would give a push and boost Prairie du Chien, every chance they had, it would not long before we would be the History Mecca of Wisconsin.

Q...I had never thought of it in just that way, but your suggestion sound so simple and logical. We certainly should all heed your suggestion.

A...Near here in July, will be a dedication of an Historic Marker in the Coe Valley to commemorate the First Soil Conservation Project in the United States. The U.S. Dept. of Agriculture is keenly interested in this dedication and I believe they will give wide publicity of this event.

Q...Do you have any other information of Historic Markers in this area, which will be of interest to us?

A...Yes, the State Highway Commission is not satisfied with the Blackhawk Marker on the Bad Axe River north of us. Now the narrow approaches and bridges make it difficult for tourists to stop and read the marker commemorating the defeat of Blackhawk. To obtain better highway safety and afford tourists more convenience and enjoyment, a new and improved location is being studied.

Q...Marty, did you see anything at you convention that stood out from a history standpoint?

A...Yes, I certainly did. There is a young man in Hayward Wisconsin, named Tony Wise, who has done a terrific job in presenting history that caught my eye.

About a half mile out of Hayward, Tony Wise has established, what he calls Historyland. Here he has set up a logging camp to show the operations and life of the lumber camp, for Hayward was once the center of the pine logging in that area.

One section of the logging camp has the bunks for the loggers, together with their many novel tools, also pictures of this famous era. The other end has the cook house and the camp cook serves marvelous meals. Here I saw the biggest dugout I have ever seen. It was not an Indian dugout, but a 50 foot dugout made by the loggers for following their logs down stream.

The unusual part of Historyland was what I would call history an action. The back of the building was a full scale logging operation with real loggers demonstrating the several operations. You see how the trees are cut and felled and how the logs are swamped. Here loggers load the logs on sleds and transport them down to the water.

There at the dock on the Namekogan River was a Wamigan, the floating cook house of the lumber Company.

Two young log rollers would come out and match their skills at log rolling. Of course we all stuck around until one of the young men got dumped into the water.

Q...That certainly sounds very educational

A...It was. As we walked along the return path to camp, we passed a Chippewa Indian village. Here was a small tribe of Chippewa Indians living in their wigwams, those picturesque bark covered oval houses, I described two weeks ago.

Our logging guide stopped at a point where an Indian was making a birch-bark canoe. Here I saw and learned the woodcraft of the Indian canoe builders.

Q...Marty, in a very simple way could you tell us how they do it?

A...I'll try. First the Indian goes out in the woods and collects his materials in sufficient quantities to fill his requirements. Essentially, he must have:

- 1...The birchbark for the covering.
- 2...Cedar lumber for the ribs, flooring and end pieces.
- 3...Jack pine roots, which he skins for the lacing.
- 4...White pine pitch for sealing the cracks.

The Indians tell me that June, is the best month for peeling the birch bark. The bark is carefully selected so it is clear and about 1/4 " thick.

The Indian first makes a rough wooden form which outlines the shape of the canoe he will build. This form is wide at the center and narrow at the ends. On a level piece of ground, this form is laid down and stakes are driven at about 10 inch intervals into the ground along the outer edge of the form. These stakes are about three feet high.

The birch bark is laid inside these stakes and the form placed on top. Then the Indian cuts the ribs to the right length and by pouring hot water over them, bends them into the correct shape. The curved prow and stern, are made by slitting one end of a cedar board into ribbons about 1/4" thick.

After soaking these ribbon ends of the cedar board, the Indian can form the curve needed for the prow and stern. A main board is next formed and this laced to the curved stern and prow form. Here then are the two ends, curved and reinforced for the canoe.

I was impressed to see that the Indians have a cedar flooring in their canoes which separates the ribs from the birch bark covering. It is surprising how the Indians can split their boards of cedar to the right thickness, without any sawing.

The birch bark is pulled tight over the ribs and sewed to the gunwales with the stripped root lacing. Where the bark must be cut to take up slack, the seams are sewed together and made watertight with the white pine pitch.

Q...Just how much did this canoe weigh?

A...About 40 pounds. It could be easily carried on portages.

Q...What sort of measuring instruments did the Indians have?

A...The Indians had a round stick about 18 inches long with a series of notches which he used for measuring. He told me that it was the distance from the thumb nail to the first joint. This was his standard and he could always make a new ruler when he wanted to.

Q...How curious?

A...It worked very well for him, and seemed quite logical to me.

Q...What other Indian operations did you see?

A...Next we stopped where an Indian was roasting wild rice in a kettle over a fire. After roasting, the wild rice was placed into a stomping pit lined with leather and having broad sides. The Indian would step into the pit and stomp his feet, turning his moccasins on the rice to loosen the husks. Then the rice was placed in a birch bark winnowing tray and aired.

Farther along another Indian was tanning hides of calf and deer. The calf skin was to be used for a new drum head. The deer skin would be used to make clothing.

Returning to camp we took seats and watched a series of Indian dances and songs.

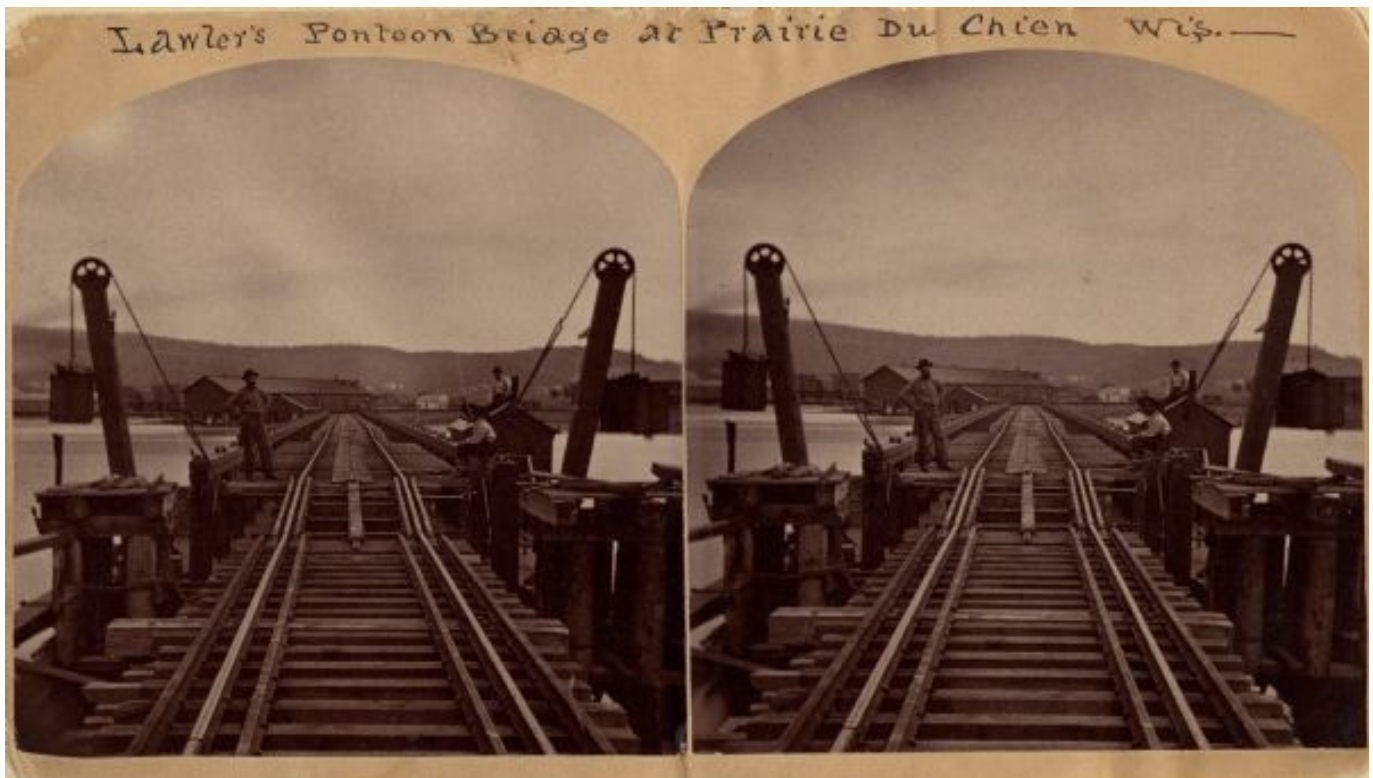
All in all I think it was the most instructive historical exhibit that I have been privileged to see.

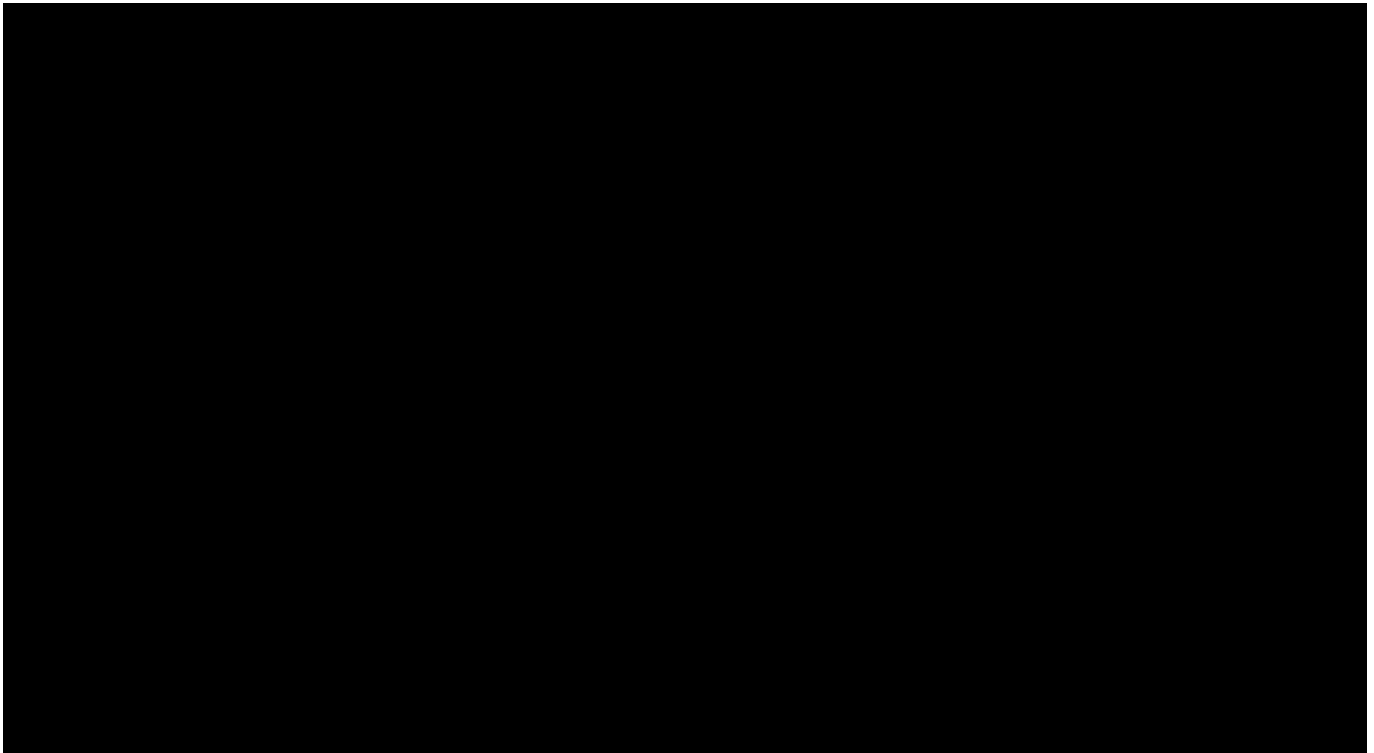
Q...Thanks very much Marty for your illuminating report on the convention and historic finds in northern Wisconsin.

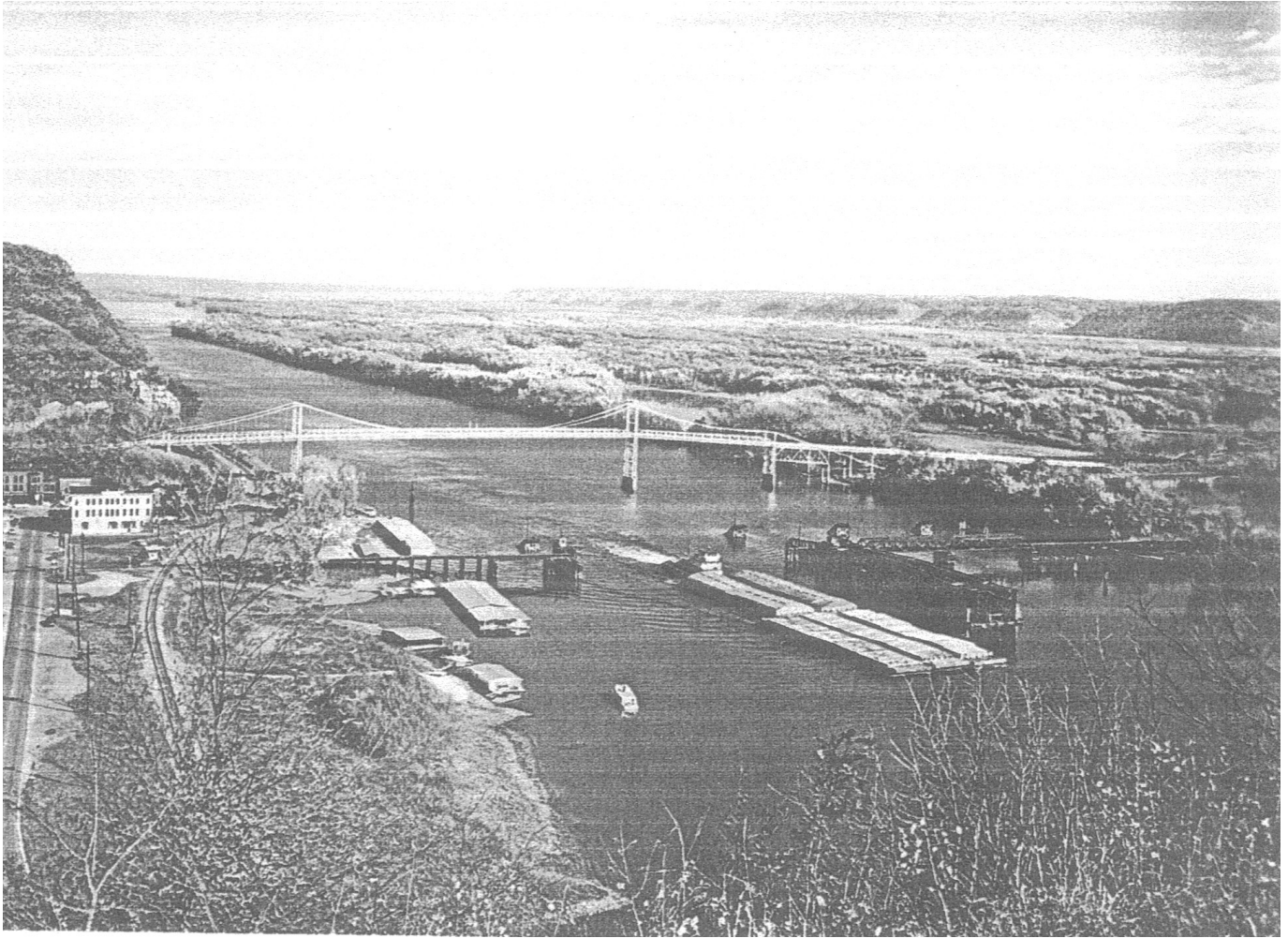
I see our time is running out so we will bring this program to a close.

You have been listening to award winning History Chats with Mr. Marty Dyrud. Listen next week at 5 PM for another History Chats.

MJDyrud/me July 2, 1955







Suspension and Railroad Pontoon bridges between Marquette, Iowa and Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin
Floating Draw-bridge was built in 1874 by the Prairie du Chien and McGregor Railroad Company

Paul Bunyan

Q...Once again, the time has arrived for another prize winning History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and local historian. Hello, Marty and welcome to WPRE.

A...Thank you Walt, I am glad to join you.

Q...Marty, I have heard many references to Paul Bunyan, that I wish you would tell us something about this historic figure.

A...Paul Bunyan was the logger's hero. If you were to sit around the fireplaces in Prairie du Chien, anytime between 1850 and 1890, you would be apt to hear some lumberjack tell about the famous Paul Bunyan.

Q...Was Prairie du Chien a logging center?

A...In the early days, there was logging and lumbering in the Prairie du Chien area. Gradually the lumbering operations moved up the rivers farther north in Wisconsin. During this later period, log rafts were a familiar sight on the Mississippi river.

As Wisconsin gained statehood in 1848, there sprung into prominence a growing lumbering industry in Wisconsin. The white pine forests supplied a large volume of fine, easily workable lumber, sought by the larger towns down the river, as the midwest was rapidly growing.

Lumber was cut during the winter and the logs were sledded out upon the ice of the river, where they were stacked in large piles. When the spring thaws came, the water carried the logs down stream to huge collecting pens. Here, the logs were classified by the marks of the owners and rafted into huge log barges, chained together and floated down the river. At first, rowers and long stern paddles guided these rafts along the waterways. Later steamboats towed the log rafts to market.

Q...Well, log rafts are something that we don't see today on the river.

A...Yes, that picturesque sight has passed, but the tales of Wisconsin's greatest logger still remain.

Q...I judge you mean Paul Bunyan.

A...Yes, the feats of Paul Bunyan have become legendary.

Q...Was Paul Bunyan a native Wisconsin logger?

A...Several states claim Paul Bunyan. Apparently, Paul traveled from one logging camp to another from Maine to Washington. From every logging camp he visited, some story still remains and is recounted today.

Ex lumber jacks Joe Crosshaul and the late Gene Shepard of Rhinelander, are sure Paul Bunyan's origin and rise to fame came in Wisconsin, in the great white pine regions near Rhinelander. Shepard has located the camp site 45 miles west of Rhinelander by means of the "perfumed moss" which grew abundantly on the side of the old camp buildings.

Q...Was Paul Bunyan a real or fictitious person?

A...All lumberjacks believe and many have given sworn statements that Paul Bunyan really lived and was a pioneer axe man in the lumber country.

Some of the older "river-pigs" even claim to have worked for him, or have known him or members of his famous logging crew. When these loggers returned to their homes in the spring, they took with them, the tales of Paul Bunyan's exploits in Wisconsin.

In more recent years, other lumberjacks from Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan took these tales with them, to the yellow pine forests of the south, and also westward to the timberlands of Washington, Oregon and California.

Where lumberjacks labor, Paul Bunyan's tall tales are told.

Q...How did these tales originate?

A...Paul Bunyan sprang to life, full Grown, from the minds of lumbering jacks sitting around the fire and spinning yarns in their camps.

The stories of Paul, grew and he became a legendary figure. He was not just a lumberjack, he was a boss, had his own camp, peopled with men, only slightly less wonderful than he was.

Paul Bunyan was a French-Canadian. From 1850 to 1890 his deeds grew and were widely told. When Paul, later traveled west, and reached the Onion Pine country, he pulled up samples of the giant trees with a twist of his wrist, smelled them and when the tears flooded forth in torrents down through his beard, they washed out a pair of young bears, that hibernated there; undiscovered by Paul during the long winter..

When lumbering moved out to the Columbia River and Puget Sound, the country seemed to stand on end. The Douglas fir trees grew up to three hundred feet tall (as high as our bluffs) in the dense, dark stands, along the waterways. A man could lose himself in the virgin forest, 40 rods back from the shoreline.

Returning loggers said that it rained so much, that natives had web feet.

It was told, that one settler took up a claim, which had so much wind fallen timber on the ground, that he chopped for two years without getting down to the soil.

A newcomer watched the piles of salmon in a run up the Columbia, then went to his looking glass, stared reprovingly in his own eyes and snapped "You lie".

Q...Was Paul Bunyan ever here in the Prairie du Chien area?

A...Whether Paul was actually here in Prairie du Chien, is not clear, but we have much evidence that he had close connections in this area.

In my digging for authentic facts on Paul Bunyan, I surprisingly discovered that the famous logger was the great-great uncle of Pete Gokey on his mother's side. Pete Gokey is very modest about his famous connection and relationship to this pioneer American.

However you will be interested in knowing that Pete Gokey's famous oil-cooked hamburgers is a recipe which was passed down from Paul Bunyan through several generations to our own Pete Gokey. The secret is hidden in the mysterious content hamburger oil he uses.

Q...I never realized that Pete Gokey's famous hamburgers trace their fame back to Paul Bunyan's famous hamburger oil?

A...That is right and if you don't believe me just ask Johnny Dunn. He will vouch for it. It is part of our history which has been hidden for years. Some people think that Pete Gokey doesn't want to say much about his secret for fear some will breakdown the formula.

Q...I learn something every day. Tell me more about Paul Bunyan.

A...Paul Bunyan was a powerful man, with a jovial French countenance, with twinkling eyes and bristly mustache. He was nine feet tall and had a stride of 27 feet. He wore a woolen cap, hickory shirt, mackinaw jacket and woolen trousers tucked in boots with big cleats.

It is said that Peter Paris, founder of the Prairie du Chien Woolen Mills made two cuts of 32 oz. heavily felted woolens for Paul Bunyan's trousers.

Paul was famous through out the big woods for his great physical strength. No living man could swing an axe as he could. With a stout rope attached to the handle, he would whirl it about his head and cut down forty acres of big pine at every stroke.

So great was his lung capacity, that he called his men by blowing through the trunk of a hollow tree. When he roared out an order, limbs fell from surrounding trees.

Q...Guess that is what you would call a man's man?

A...Definitely. To keep Paul's pipe going required the entire time of a swamper with a scoop shovel. He had had very little education and could write only his name. Whenever, he did this, he wore out a lead pencil with every letter.

When Paul ordered supplies for his camp, he did so by drawing a picture of what he wanted. Once he ordered grindstones from Henry Beach in Prairie du Chien, and got huge-round cheeses instead. Paul forgot to draw in the holes.

Q...Is that right?

A...Well you can ask Judge Leo Shabela, for yourself.

Q...Go on Marty.

A...According to his biographers, Paul grew so very fast that, although the women at the Prairie du Chien Woolen Mill kept their looms working day and night, they could not weave cloth fast enough to keep the child supplied clothes and blankets.

McAliear tells that some of the looms got red hot. It was a problem to get buttons large enough from, the shells, here in the river for the button factory. Failing to get buttons large enough to fasten his garments, the local Ladies Aid Society prevailed upon the men to contribute the wheels off from their wheelbarrows.

Q...I am glad the Prairie du Chien people in those early days took such good care of Paul Bunyan's clothing.

A...Yes, they did a fine piece of work and showed ingenuity. An old lumber wagon was used as Paul's baby carriage. Because the early roads were so narrow, his nurses had to tie his arms down, to keep them from knocking down the rail fences and other structures along the highway.

His large feet would get over the end of the wagon and tear up the road surface. This was not the child's fault, because his feet were so far from his head, that he but seldom, or never, saw them..

One day a fly settled on his nose. To get rid of it, he blew so hard, that he completely wrecked several clouds, that were floating above.

Q...Some baby?

A...A most unusual child. Paul was taken east for his christening. It was a big event. Friends gathered from many miles around. Malpeause Bay was the only place along the east coast, that was big enough for the baptismal ceremony.

He was lowered into the water with a steam crane, but one of the chains broke and the child hit the water with such a great splash, that he started a tidal wave on the Bay of Fundy, which has not yet entirely subsided.

Q...It must have been a problem feeding such a youngster?

A...Yes, even as a child, Paul Bunyan was a very heavy feeder. The nurse was given orders to keep count of the amount of food he ate, in order to safeguard his health. This girl was poorly educated and could only count up to thirty-two.

After that number, she lost count. The girl was discharged and Paul's worried mother then invented the card index system....now in such general use.

Q...Our present adding machines would have come in handy for these large calculations.

A...Yes they would. Paul started school in the eighth grade. He carried a tin bucket, which his indulgent mother filled with bread, meat, and other food. One day Paul sat down on the tin, and authorities say, this is the the way the hamburger sandwich was invented.

He became very musical; so his father bought all of the instruments of a German band that went broke. He had the village blacksmith, hammer them all together into a single instrument. While he was doing this, a bumble bee and a screech owl flew into one of the big horns, and he welded them into the mass. That is how the Saxophone came into existence.

Q...Did Paul have to work as a boy?

A...Like other boys on the frontier he had to help on his father's farm. Paul was so strong that, with his copper-toed boots, he could kick out potatoes so fast that his father was able to grow three or more crops a year.

Sometimes a tuber flew a long distance. One hit the dome of the Capitol at Washington D.C. and nearly caused a severing of diplomatic relations between two governments.

Q...That must have been the forerunner of the atom bomb scare.

A...Paul would often visit relations on the islands off our east coast. There Paul liked to go down to the beach to play on his saxophone. By doing this, he completely ruined the commerce of the island. The ship's captains heard his playing and thought it was a foghorn and sailed up the St. Lawrence, or went to Halifax, instead of landing there.

Q...When I asked you about Paul Bunyan, I never quite realized that he was such a colorful person. Marty, I shall never forget Paul Bunyan. Wish I could remember his many accomplishments, I see our time is up so we will have to wait for another week for a continuation of Paul's deeds or some other history chat.

July 9, 1955 MJDyrud/me

Canadian Trip and Indian Names

Q...Once again the time has arrived for another interesting History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and Local historian.

A...Thank you Walt, I am always glad to be here.

Q...Your tall tales of Paul Bunyan were fascinating on last week's program.

A...Thank you Walt, I was glad to talk about this legendary figure of the Wisconsin logging camps, for we here in Prairie du Chien are not very familiar with this frontier figure. I guess the many thrilling events in our frontier history have pushed Paul Bunyan to one side.

Q...Marty, tell me, how was your Canadian trip?

A...Very, very interesting.

Q...Did you find any history there?

A...Yes, I did.

Q...Tell us something about the place and what caught your eye.

A...Our Canadian trip was delightful and rewarding. Our trip up and back on the train was enjoyable, for we met many nice people and the time slipped by rapidly. At Banff and Lake Louise, we saw two Canadian gems for beautiful scenery, that stand out in all of North America.

Banff is a very small town of 600 population, in the Canadian Rockies where the Canadian Pacific railroad has built a tremendous hotel of nearly 700 rooms for summer guests. This stone structure may be likened to a castle, set on a high bench of ground, at the base of a mountain, overlooking the rushing waters of the Bow River. Mountains flank both sides of the river and from the hotel you obtain a majestic view down the long corridor of the river valley. Tall pines line the shoreline and creep up the mountains about 2/3rds of their height. The upper third is bare and the peaks are snow covered.

Lake Louise is 25 miles away, near the Continental divide. Here the Canadian Pacific has another resort hotel, looking out upon a glacier fed lake. High mountains line the two sides and end of the picture. The blue lake appears gem-like, flanked by black mountains and a glacier with its white mantle visible clearly in the distance. It is a captivating picture, with a peace and quiet that enchants all you see this wonder of nature.

The Bow River flowing through Banff derives its name from the fact that the Indians cut the willow on the bank to make their bows. Even now a large reservation of Stony Indians are nearby. These Indians are so called because they heated water by dropping stones into their bags.

While others were shopping or riding the rails, I wanted to explore a trading post. Here furs were bought and sold. Trappers could trade their skins for supplies and leather clothing.

In this trader's post, I saw a group of Indian fleshing knives that looked interesting.

Q...And what is a fleshing knife?

A...The Indians use a fleshing knife to scrape the flesh off from their animal skins before they are tanned. Here is the one I bought. I like the design the best, of all that I saw. It was made by the Indians, with an elk's horn for a handle. The horn has been cleverly notched at one end to receive the scraper blade. Note that this blade is a hard tough piece of cartilage, which is bound tightly to the horn with raw hid lacing,

The raw hide is put on wet and when it dries it shrinks and holds tightly.

Q...That is certainly a beauty, so simple, so well thought out and attractive in appearance.

A...Yes, I was happy to find and buy it. I inquired whether they had any bear or eagle claws, but they said they had none for sale.

Later, I was talking to the old man who owned the place. He was chipper, about 75, wearing a hearing aid. His bright eyes told me he lived and loved his work. Again, I asked for bear and eagle claws. No, they didn't have any. Then cupping his head in his hands for a few seconds thought, he said just a minute and let me look over here....I may have some Indian necklaces and there may be something.

Sure enough, he brought out a handful of Indian necklaces, of fanciful and bizarre designs. Here he said is a watch fob with two elk teeth. Then he told me that these were the two eye teeth of the elk and because it was now unlawful to shoot elk for their teeth, I bought the elk tooth fob. Not long ago the demand for elk teeth for members of the Elk's Lodge was so great that the elk population was nearly exterminated. Now laws prevent their killing, for teeth,.

Then he showed me several Indian necklaces. Here was a leather necklace with bead work and fringed with eagle claws. I told him I wanted the claws, not particularly the band and beads. Then he removed the eagle claw necklace and told me about the others. I bought the eagle claw necklace, but wanted to be sure they were eagle claws. He felt sure, but took me on a tour comparing the claws with large stuffed hawks he had.

On leaving I worried as to whether he had told me the truth, so I went to the museum at the Royal Canadian Mounted Police station. There they had stuffed eagles, complete with claws and I verified that the trader knew what he was talking about.

Q...Gee, and eagle claw necklace should be valuable.

A...I think so, for it is now illegal to shoot an eagle in the U.S. The fine is \$500. As a matter of fact, it is illegal to even have unprocessed eagle feather in your possession.

Q...Well then you certainly made a find.

A...I am thrilled, for the eagle feathers and claws could only be worn by the Indians after they had killed an enemy or performed a gallant deed. Here is the necklace I obtained. The Eagle, the King of Birds was revered by the Indians and they wore his feathers and claws hoping that the courage and strength would in turn be imparted to them. It was a heraldry that is interesting.

Q...How fortunate you were. What other observations did you make?

A...Leaving Lake Louise and traveling down the Frazier River into Vancouver was thrilling. I saw the large log rafts of timber, like the ones which once floated down the Mississippi river in the early days. Frazier river country is lumbering country area and typical of activity during early days in Wisconsin.

On Victoria Island I saw the famous Totem Poles of the native Indians. Some Indian chiefs were even buried in hollow cavities hollowed out of the upper portion of their totems. This was a new and interesting fact to me.

Now, we here in this section of Wisconsin, only have Indian names to remind us of the old Indian days.

A...Yes, Wisconsin is probably as rich in Indian place-names as any other state. The Indians of Wisconsin had names for the physiographical features of their native regions...the sharking lakes and solitary islands, the undulating hills and low slung valleys, the swift flowing rivers with their spring sources, tributary creeks, rapids, falls and portages...all things to which they were tied by natural bonds.

Q...Did the Indians have a written language?

A...No, the Indian language had no alphabet. The Indian language was spoken and not written. There were some picture characters written, but they were the most simple and elemental illustrations.

That is why Indian names come to us in varied forms, so the white man had to represent these phonetically as best he could; hence the divergence in their spelling. But even in their changed forms, they are always flowing melodious in sound, as Seneca, Wyalusing and Winnishiek.

Q...Isn't Mississippi an Indian name?

A...Yes, Mississippi is an Indian name. In its most simple translation it means Great or Big River. Brisbois in 1882 explained the Kickapoo derivation as Me-cha meaning large and Sepe, meaning river.

In the various Indian languages and dialects it has the varying meaning of great water gathering in of all the waters, great long river and, Father of Waters

Q...What about the word Wisconsin?

A...The name Wisconsin is an Indian name. It is however spelled quite differently from the original Indian name.

As to its meaning, students find a broad group of meanings. Some claim it means

- red cliffs
- muskrat house
- wild rushing channel
- small lodge of beaver or muskrat
- holes in the bank of a stream in which birds nest
- river of a thousand islands (Carver)

Marquette and Doty interpreted the word to mean the river of flowery banks.

Our own Brisbois has given the meaning which is most generally accepted. That is: gathering of the waters.

Q...I have wondered what the meaning is for Wyalusing?

A...To the Indians, Wyalusing was "at the swelling place of the hoary veteran", so called from an ancient warrior who lived near.

Q...Tell me some others.

A...Winona, according to Lockwood of Prairie du Chien, means "eldest daughter". The Indian legends there are colorful and tragic about this Indian Maiden. Wauzeka was the Indian word for Pine or White Pine.

Seneca...is a place of stone, name of a prominent tribe of Iriquois Indians Onalaska... meant bright water

Muscoda...in Potawatomi means prairie

Objowe...buffalo

Minnesota... The land of sky-tinted waters

Milwaukee...Grignon of Prairie du Chien gives the meaning as good-earth or good-land one interpretation was "firewater" perhaps that is intended to bolster up their Beer business.

Michigan... Great inland lake or, place for catching fish.

Kickpoo...is named for the Kickpoo Indian tribe formerly living in Wisconsin it means "he stands out (now here, now there).

Iowa...Named for the Iowa Indian tribe meaning "sleepy or drowsy ones".

MJDyrud/me Aug.6,1955



Indian Woman Dressing a Buffalo Skin

Prairie du Chien 1898.....57 Years ago.

Q...Once again, the time has arrived for another interesting History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and local historian. So, hello Marty and welcome to WPRE.

A...Thank you Walt, it is always nice to join you for these weekly programs.

Q...First off, let me thank you for your fine program last week. I have always wondered what the Indian names around this area meant, and I certainly want to thank you for doing the research and sharing the interesting meanings and derivations with us.

A...Yes, the Indian names are very melodious and their meaning, most interesting.

Q...Marty, I have often wondered just what our city of Prairie du Chien looked like and what impression we would have of it, supposing we could go back to the turn of the century.

A...Well, Walt, I have made a study of Prairie du Chien as it was in 1898 and I think I may be able to give you part of the picture at that time.

Q...Fine...lets see, if we consider that a person has a good memory from the age of 10 years old, that would mean that you would be giving us a picture of the early impressions that a person 67 years old would first have of Prairie du Chien.

A...Yes, that is right, it would be the boyhood views of our oldest, native residents. At that time Prairie du Chien was a city of 3,500 population, about half our present size.

Q...For a period of 57 years, that is certainly not a rapid growth.

A...For a a great many years Prairie du Chien stood still. I think that our greatest growth has come in the last ten years.

Q...Marty, what would you say was singular about Prairie du Chien 57 years ago?

A...I think the sight that would capture most people's eye would be the Artesian well in Prairie du Chien. Don't be confused by the shall trickle that comes from the Artesian well in the park today. Back in 1898 it was a much larger stream of water.

The Artesian Well in the City Park at that time furnished the city with water for domestic use and for all fire protection. It was piped over to Bluff Street, now Blackhawk Avenue, and fed two larger horse watering troughs. One was then in front of what is now Wachuta's Store. The other across the street in front of what is now Kozelka's Shoe Store.

The excess water flowed down Bluff Street, over the stone gutters which were kept clean and white, by the never failing stream..that supplied cool water for both men and beast.

Q...Artesian Wells are not too common, so Marty tell us more about them.

A...In 1876, Judge Ira Brunson headed the Prairie du Chien Artesian Well Company. They sunk a six inch tube and at 960 feet struck a powerful stream of mineral water. It flowed 20 barrels per minute, and with sufficient force to rise seventy feet into the air.

Analysis of the water showed it very close to that of Baden Baden Germany, a world famous spa then and now. From a medical standpoint, the water was then considered a powerful remedial agent for rheumatism, kidney and numerous other diseases. Then people came with their families for a vacation and health trip, believing the water would improve their health and lengthen their lives.

The original well cost \$4,200, which was the amount of the stock issued by the Brunson group. The additional improvements, including mains and hydrants, extending down Bluff Street to the foot of Main Street cost \$2,500. At frequent intervals, open hydrants poured out a never ceasing stream of water. On either side of Bluff Street brooklets raced towards the slough.

Others took advantage of the natural phenomena. Wieniger drilled two wells on Main street, near the slough, and operated a flour mill for about twenty years.

T . Brower, the druggists had a similar well in his yard in the 1st Ward near Campion. Another well was drilled at the Dousman Villa. This is partly choked today, but is still running.

At that date, an artesian well was flowing on the grounds of the present County Court House. There is now a concrete cap over this well. In those days, another well was flowing at Campion School.

Q...That is most interesting. Marty would you be willing to set the stage for this period a little more complete and tell us what was happening outside of Prairie du Chien at that time.

A...Sure will. People in Muscatine were just getting started with their clamming drive, and organizing the pearl button development.

In Madison Wisconsin, Ole Evinrude was sweating on Sundays as he rowed across the lake to see his best girl. He, then was dreaming of a light engine that he could attach to his boat, and not ruin his good shirt and perspire in his new suit. Thanks to Ole Evinrude, our outboard motors today are almost a must for every fisherman.

In Washington, President McKinley headed our nation. In late spring the Spanish American War broke out. Teddy Roosevelt organized his Rough Riders and fought their way to fame. Our fleet under Admiral Dewey was busy. From this conflict came independence for Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines were rested from Spain.

It was 1898, that the first battleship Wisconsin was finished. In Europe, the great war lord, Prince Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor had just died.

1898, was the year of the Klondike Gold Rush.

Q...That is fine. Now lets get back to Prairie du Chien. Did the Gold Rush affect Prairie du Chien?

A...Here is an item from the newspaper Prairie du Chien Union of January 28,1898. "A large party of Klondikers passed through Prairie du Chien on the Burlington last Sunday from Michigan, and more are to follow this week. They were prepared for the occasion with electric light and power pumps with which to pump gold from the bottom of the lakes. A car nearly full of fine dogs and twenty-five three mile guns, using

cartridges three inches long with steel balls. They have big canteens strung over their shoulders and which would hold over one gallon each."

Q...Lets see, both the Milwaukee and Burlington railroads were here then?

A...Yes, but there were no streamliners then. Over at Wauzeka was a railroad started by Prairie du Chien capital. It was called the Kickapoo Valley Northern. It ran up the Kickapoo valley and served a good many towns in Crawford County. This line has since been discontinued, and is now history.

Meeting the Milwaukee road in Bridgeport was a horse drawn stage, known as the "Bridgeport-Bloomington Passenger Line. It carried passengers to Bloomington, time 2 hours and 15 minutes.

Q...What about hotels?

A...Here in Prairie du Chien we had large hotels. They had their horse drawn Station Wagons meet the trains. The drivers would stand next to their vehicles and call out their hotels in booming voices and even at times solicit patrons.

By far the most colorful hotel of those days was the Dousman House. We generally refer to this building now as the packing plant, although the fertilizer plant now owns it. It was then owned by the Milwaukee railroad and capably run by Charley Huffschtmidt. He was a character, known and loved by everyone who knew him.

Charley was a great card player. Once a boy came running in and said the stable was on fire. Charley asked if the horses had been taken out? The boy said Yes. Charley sat back quietly in his chair and said "I bid three hearts."

Q...There were a good many hotels, I learned. Until you mentioned it, I had almost forgotten about the horse drawn carriages.

A...At that time there were no automobiles here. Then, there was no busier place in town than Nugent Bros. Livery Stable. It was housed in the building now occupied by the Gamble Store. Here horse drawn buggies, surreys and carriages could be rented for the trip or day. Each morning a schedule was followed so the needs of their customers would be promptly filled.

Then young men longed to have a pair of fine driving horses; sleek, energy packed animals that strutted their stuff. A fine harness and shiny buggy added to the charm for their young ladies.

In Prairie du Chien, John Fox drove and operated the City Dray. Typically H. C. Poehler & Son sold and delivered by wagon their Groceries, Provisions, Flour & Feed, Lime, Cement, Brick and Plastering Hair.

Q...Who ran retail stores then?

A...Only two names that we would recognize today. Charles Grelle Jr. ran a department store and L. Cornelius ran a jewelry store.

Levi Bros. ran a large Men's wear store. In 1898 they advertized men's shirts for 75 cents and summer suits for only \$2.50.

I believe that largest General Store was run by L. Case & Co. They occupied the building now where the Prairie Dairy now is.

Horace Beach ran the Hardware Store and did a big business in Rambler Bicycles. E. M. Wright and Browere ran the two drug stores in Prairie du Chien.

Q...What other things would strike us as different from today?

A...Probably the brewery operated by Groenert & Bittner. Their buildings were then located where the City Parking Lot now is.

Just starting was the local Prairie City Electric Co. It didn't do much business, but the future looked big. In those days oil lamps were used in all homes and businesses, but a few lights were creeping into the store fixtures.

Q...I bet you run across many interesting items in your diggings?

A...Yes here is one: "George Montgomery, John Peacock and Charley Hazelwood came down from Wauzeka, Wednesday evening to see the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight at the Opera House. They returned on the midnight train.

Q...You mean the most famous fighter of all time, Jim Corbett; and the the great Fitzsimmons? And John Peacock actually witnessed the fight?

A...Yes, I guess John Peacock has always been a sports fan. Even today he follows sports with an avid interest.

Q...I know that. Marty, how about a social item of interest?

A...I have one: " Will Daubenberger and party, came over from McGregor to attend the dance given by the Inter-State Cycling Club."

Q...My, my Bicycle Clubs...That is gone now. Daubenberger, he was the lumber man?

A...Yes, and for about 25 years he lived in Prairie du Chien and had a large saw mill. At one time he employed 135 men and cut 1,000,000 feet of lumber a day.

Q...What other industries were there in town?

A...The big employer then was the Prairie du Chien Woolen Mills. Horsfall and Patzlaff ran a small plant making hardwood boxes and barrels. Strangely enough there was a guitar Factory here then.

Q...Tell me about the city schools in those days?

A...It seems almost unbelievable, by school superintendent Morrison reported that for the full calendar year of 1897, the cost of our public schools was only \$7,218.10. Expenditures per capita of students per year was:

1st Ward.....	\$ 8.35	2nd Ward.....	\$14.00
3rd Ward.....	\$6.80	4th Ward.....	\$10.50

Today with only double to the population, we spend more than ten times as much. The '98 graduating class included Minnie Griesbach who gave an oration on "self-reliance", and she practiced it in her life. Other graduates that year included Minie Case, Gertrude Marvin, Nettie Otto and Nellie Stacklund.

Q...And who was the Mayor?

A...Jim Garvey had just taken over from Charles Grelle. Will Graves was running for clerk of Circuit Court.

Q...Any more news items?

A...Henry Howe, editor of the Highland Weekly Press, was a welcome caller among friends in the city Sunday.

And this one tickles me- Attorney J.P Evans purchased a Remington typewriter. Tragedy stalked the news too- The Diamond Jo line packet steamer Dubuque sank to the bottom of the Mississippi in 5 feet of water.

Q...That sounds like you are pulling out the old one.

A...Another that I got a kick out of: Du Charme Brother...Tonsorial Artists Sebastian & Nelson"

Q...Marty, you are making history live for us. I am so happy with these chats for I learn so much. I know that it requires a tremendous amount of research, by for myself and your many listeners, I want to thank you and express our appreciation for you labors.

August 20, 1955 MJDyrud/me



Artesian Fountain

1880



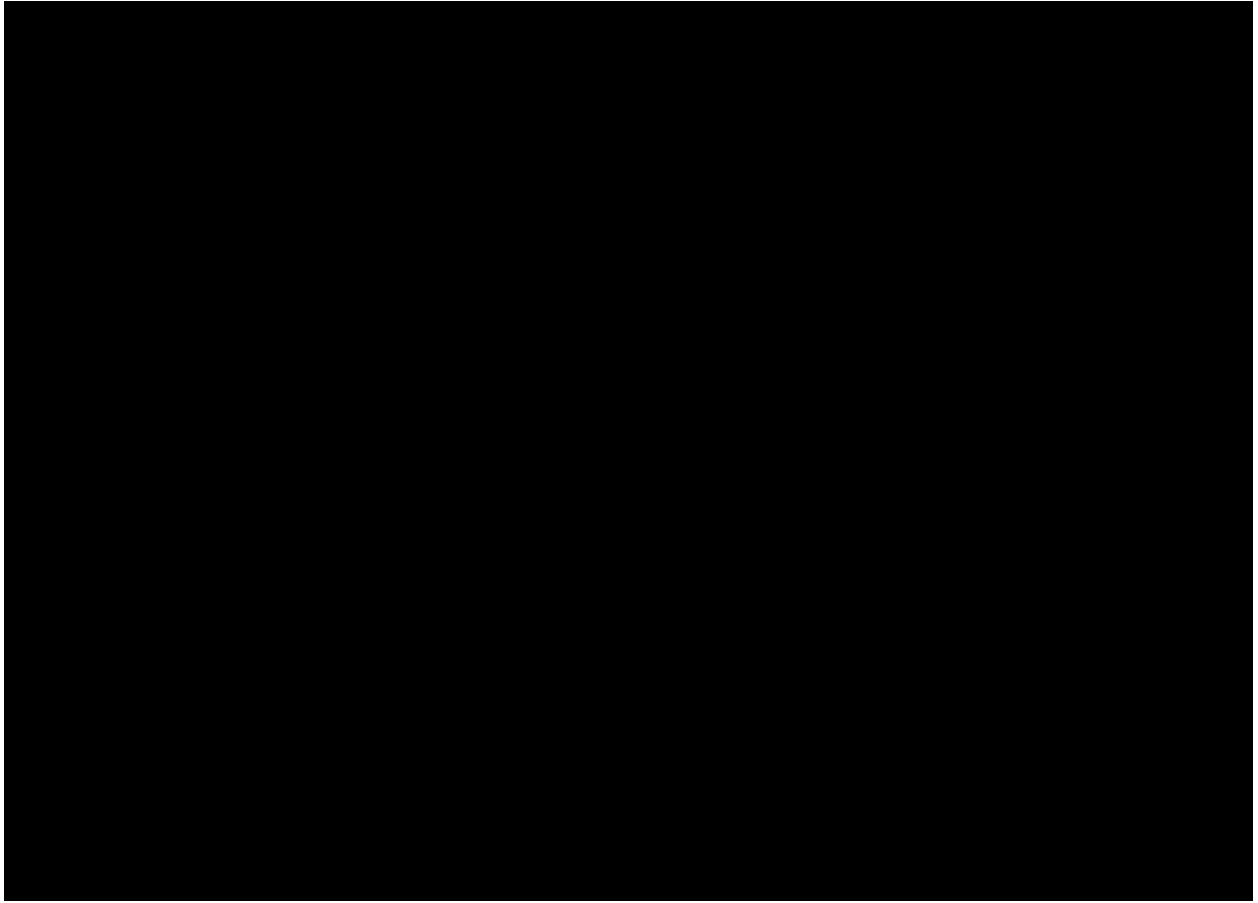
Artesian Fountain Prairie du Chien



circa 1906



Sincerely yours
J. B. Kiefochmidt



PRAIRIE DU CHIEN TAXIS AT RAILROAD STATION

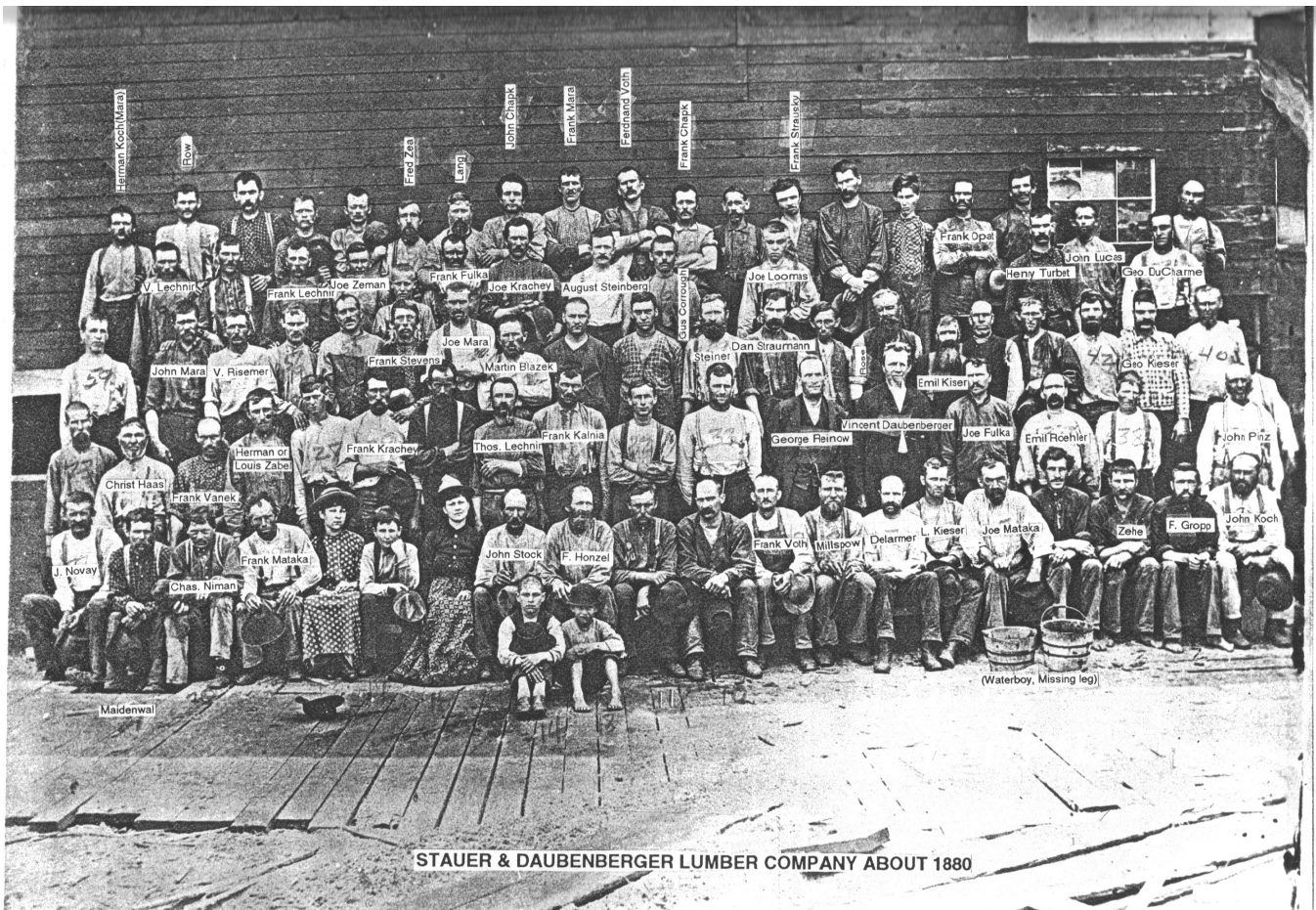
“Skeeter” Ray, taxi driver at right

photo circa 1920 by Albert Mecham, Highwood, Illinois

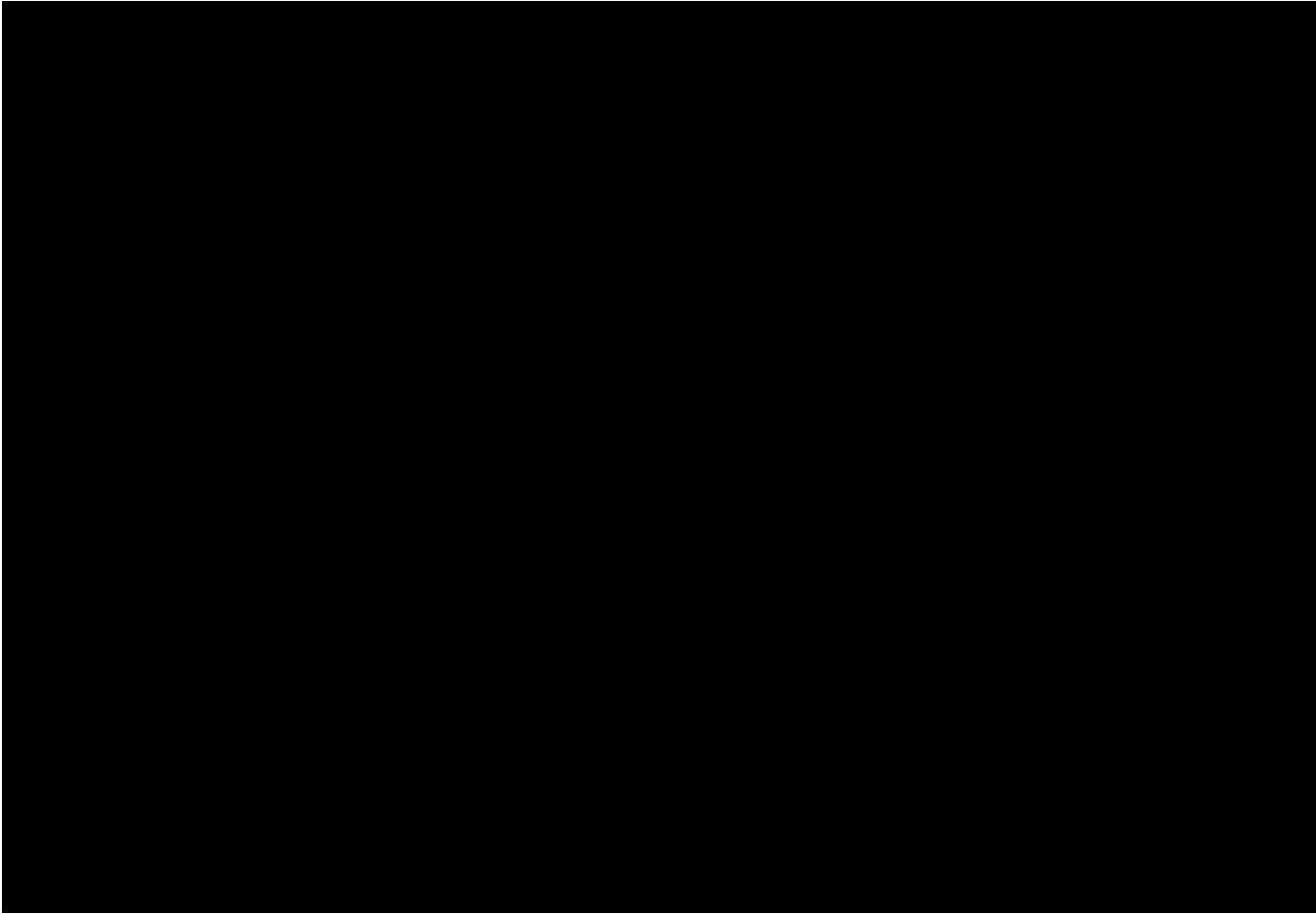


WETZEL'S DAIRY WAGON MAKES IT'S ROUNDS ON A WINTER DAY IN PRAIRIE DU CHIEN





STAUER & DAUBENBERGER LUMBER COMPANY



STAUER & DAUBENBERGER LUMBER COMPANY

Indian Customs

Q...And once again the time has arrived for another interesting History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and local historian. Hello Marty, and welcome to WPRE.

A...Thank you Walt, I am glad to be here.

Q...First off, I want to thank you for your splendid program last week. As you took us back to 1898 in Prairie du Chien, you gave us a very excellent word picture of our city then. There are certainly many changes in those 57 years.

A...Yes, there are many changes and we have passed through several periods which have altered our town and its characteristics.

Q...Marty, supposing instead going back 57 years, we went back 150 years, what would impress us?

A. Let's see, 1805, that would throw us back in the real Indian period. While the white men had visited this area, they were merely, infrequent visitors. Only a few trappers were in this area.

Q...The early white men had a fear of the Indians?

A...Yes, the early traders were just learning the ways of the red man.

Q...What sights would impress us, if we could be there?

A...We would see our Bluffs foliage burnt off. Down our main street would be an Indian Trail, we would also see Indian Mounds, St. Mary's, Courthouse and of course our now famous Villa Louis.

A scene called "Striking the Post" as drawn by Captain Eastman a frontier artist, and described by his wife, intrigues me, for it is a ceremony seldom mentioned, but it was actually an Indian method of recruiting men for War.

Q...I am all ears, Marty, so carry on. .

A...In those days, when an Indian brave considered his tribe had been wronged and they were suffering humiliation, this brave campaigned for revenge in a unique and very colorful manner.

The passion for revenge, which this Indian bore inwardly must be communicated to others. A post was set into the ground near camp, and stood about eight feet high. To this post would go the angry brave. With his war club he would beat on the post and shout a war-song.

The noise attracted other Indians and soon some would start playing their haunting music and beating drums. Soon the music would stop and the warrior would strike the post again. Now he is about to address the group. And, if he was an orator, an excited crowd would soon gather.

The warrior knows how to raise a cry for revenge. With shouting appeals, he would kindle the underlying hatred for his foes, and build passions within his listeners.

He appealed to the pride of his people. He declares their enemies are laying in wait to crush them, under their feet.

He extolled the fair country they live in, the grandeur of the majestic bluffs, the ever-growing forest, the abundance of game and fish.

He called upon them to remember the valor of their ancestors. He called upon them to value their homes and heritage. Were they now willing to lose all this?

Shall these dogs, their enemies, chase them from their homes and slaughter their people, their loved ones, before their eyes?

He waited for a moment, looking out upon the throng of the other Indians gathered at the Striking Post. Then he cried Ha! Ha! as a warrior with uplifted tomahawk stepped to the post and struck it, signifying his participation and the justice of his tribe's claim upon him.

In striking the post, he pledged to go on the war party and continue to fight until it returns. It would be vain to signify this intention by words; for the Indian drums were now heard, and the medicine man were sounding their instruments.

Again the music ceased for the orator must possess his success; One will not do, to face a host of enemies; and he asks them "Is there but one among the Dakotas who hates his enemy?", "Warriors, is there one among us who fears his enemy?" A brave with glaring eyes, strides towards the post, and shouting, strikes the post with his tomahawk.

The orator goes on. "Are my people sleeping, that their foes can come in and take their scalps bearing them home for their wives and daughters to dance around?" Am I not a prophet? Do I not see the battle-field where we go to take vengeance on these dogs, our enemies?

Ha! I hear the death-whoop, and I see the red blood flowing from their hearts. Strike them with tomahawk, as they fly before us.

The orator laughs and shouts again, for many are now striking the post. The number of recruits is swelling. Again he boasts, and talks of murder and of blood, rousing his hearers, until they are like demons. Now they are even glaring at each other, and yelling and shouting, as they strike the post. Thus are the braves enlisted for their dangerous mission.

The braves begin to dance and sing. They make hideous faces and weird gestures. The medicine men add their deep voices to the noisy music. The women, by the wigwams, stand gazing on, and shrinking from the fate, which they fear, for those who are dear to them.

If a large number of recruits are needed, the brave may repeat his efforts day after day.

Q...I can see that it is a good thing today that we have laws for those who do wrong. Because if we each sought revenge for some wrong another person did to us we would be acting just like the Indians did.

A...Yes the Indians demanded a life for a life. The savages Rule of Conduct.

Q...How did the Indians fight then?

A...In 1805 there were very few guns among the Indians. Their fighting weapons were the bow and arrow, the tomahawk, the knife and the war club.

Q...Do you want to tell us some more about this blood business?

A...One of the frightful Indian sounds that stood out in the minds of the early traders as the "death whoop". The Indian made the "Death Whoop" when he killed an enemy.

Scalping was an Indian custom practiced by their warriors. With a knife, the Indians would cut a scalplock from his victims head. At the same time he would screech his "Death Whoop".

In the early days there were a good many traders and explorers, who survived scalping and carried large scars on their heads. Over at the Museum at the Villa, Cal Peters has painted a moving picture of the Gangier Massacre which happened to her in Prairie du Chien and the father was killed. The baby, which was scalped, is shown under the bed. She lived to be a very old lady about 100 years old and I believe she lived until about ten years ago.

As the braves returned to their camp, the women and children would rush out to meet their returning heroes. Held high for all to see were the scalp-locks which the braves carried. To the mother and daughter and wife of the warrior, the value of a scalp exceeded any jewel or rubies.

Then the warriors would think WA-KEN-DE-DAN, the old woman, the goddess of war, who gave them victory.

In due time, the scalps were carefully prepared and ornamented. Then they were stretched upon hoops and painted and decked with feathers. The elated warriors cut off their hair, painted their faces black, and went into mourning for the enemies they had killed.

Then the women would assemble in their gayest apparel, and dance around the scalps, singing in loud voices to the music of the medicine men,. They would hold the poles bearing the scalps upon their shoulders crying "Whose scalp have I here?" This was also a time for the squaws to tell of all whom they had loved and lost. A mother would mourn a son, a wife her husband, and maiden her lover, those who had died upon the battlefield. The women would tell how bravely these men died, and how now they were avenged.

Q...How long would the dance continue?

A...The dance would continue day night, until they were all wearied out. Then the scalps were taken down, and buried with the family of the brave who took them.

Q...What a strange and weird affair?

A...They are the gruesome sights our early traders encountered as they met and tried to understand the ways of the American Indians in the Prairie du Chien area.

Q...Prairie du Chien was considered a Peaceful Meeting ground for the Indians wasn't it?

A...During the fur traders time this was a peaceful meeting ground. The Indians wanted to bring their furs to trade for food and supplies. This location was strategic being at the junction of the Wisconsin and Mississippi river and the Indian Chiefs agreed to keep this peace free of conflict.

Q...Our Indian history is so old we are too apt to pass it by. And while your tales are rather gruesome, I am glad that you have told about certain customs of our native Indians, that once occupied this area.

August 27,1955 MJDyrud/me



Striking the Post



DEATH WHOOP
Seth Eastman

Indian History in Wisconsin

Q...Once again the time has arrived for another interesting History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and local historian. So, hello Marty, and welcome back to WPRE.

A...Thank you Walt, glad to be here.'

Q...Well, what history do you have on tap for us today?

A...Talking as we have been the past two weeks about the older days in Prairie du Chien, I thought it would be interesting to bring you some historical thoughts by Reverend Alfred Brunson, and early resident of our town.

Q...That name seems to ring a familiar bell.

A...Yes, reverend Alfred Brunson came to Prairie du Chien on horseback from Pennsylvania in 1835 as superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal Mission of the Upper Mississippi & Lake Superior territory. Brunson decided to locate here, so he went back to Pennsylvania, for his family. They came down the Ohio and the Mississippi rivers to Prairie du Chien. With them they brought their household goods and mind you a ready-cut house which they later assembled and stood for some eighty years.

Reverend Brunson left an indelible imprint on this community. He was a well liked person with a dynamic personality. He was active in public affairs, helped start our educational system, and particularly labored to advance the affairs of the Methodist church.

His leadership carried him to the position of bishop. At the same time he showed a keen interest in history and we have him to thank for a two volume set of his life and numerous articles on the history of this area and of Wisconsin, in general.

Q...Isn't there a plaque erected to this man in front of the Methodist Church?

A...Yes, it was dedicated only a few years ago. I am so glad to see this marker for it reminds us of a great man who gave much to our community.

Several years ago, I was thrilled to find a pamphlet by Brunson as I was browsing through an old book store in Chicago. In it he, as spokesman for the city was lauding our town and its many advantages.

Apparently, our rivals La Crosse and Dubuque had spread many bad claims about the unhealthy climate and surroundings in Prairie du Chien. In Brunson's pamphlet, you could feel the righteous indignation of a man defending his home town and trying to give the proper perspective.

Q...I am anxious to hear what Brunson had to say at that time, about 100 years ago.

A...Brunson leads off with a little philosophy saying that there are many things of interest on the face of the earth, about which we know very little, because we have no available facts or written record.

As an example, he refers to the many mounds and earthworks in our area. Their forms, and the materials of which they are made, clearly indicate the work of human hands, and intelligence and design on the part of the builders. The Forts and fortifications indicate the existence of wars among them, and that the combatants had more or less knowledge of military science. In some of them the existence of something like brick or pottery,

indicates some advances in the arts of civilization. But, Brunson tells us that the present race of Indians have no traditions of the people who made these mounds, nor of the design for which they are built.

Then he asks the question, who were the builders? Where did they come from? Where did they go? Or, what becomes of them? Did they become extinct?

This puzzling question, he finds an exciting challenge. Here lies the impenetrable darkness of the past. Seeing these ancient earthworks he admonishes us to record the present and what we know of the past, so we do not repeat the error of leaving voids for future generations.

Q...Then Brunson is making a strong plea for recording our history?

A...Very definitely. It is good though if we are to profit from the past. With a written language it is easy for us to do this. The Indians did not have a written language so we have to dig deep today in our archaeology to piece their manners and customs together.

Brunson was quite sure that these mounds are not and were not burial mounds. While the Indians of his time buried their dead in these mounds, Brunson believed that they were mounds of Indians built long...long before and for other purposes.

Q...That is rather strange, for I think people today accept the fact that the mounds were originally burial mounds.

A...You must remember the 100 years ago the history of the Indian civilization was not assembled and they did not have the benefit of many new scientific approaches we know today.

For instance in the Southwest, they have been able to date certain times to the rings on petrified trees. They can actually trace back dates by these rings.

Another is a research tool of our present day atom age, A scientist has found that they can't tell the age of charcoal from its radiations. There are apparently several forms of carbon. With age there is a degeneration from one form of carbon to another. By this method they can read time back hundreds and even thousands of years.

Q...Well that is something I never knew.

A...It is interesting to follow Brunson in his inquiry. He goes onto say: That while Ohio has the most prominent of these mound forts or fortifications, in Wisconsin but few of that description are found. He says he can call to mind but one such, that at Aztalan, and in traveling extensively in the state for 22 years, he noticed by few of these mounds south of a line drawn, east from the mouth of the Wisconsin river to the lake. Between the Wisconsin and Mississippi rivers there are probably a thousand of them. In Crawford County alone there at least 500 and 100 will be found in the towns of Prairie du Chien and Wauzeka.

Q...Apparently we are in the heart of the richest area for Indian earthworks.

A...That is probably one reason why the National Park service has established and are preserving the Effigy Mound National Monument.

Aztalan that Brunson refers to is between Madison and Milwaukee. It is a fortification of very early Indian days and not particularly typical of the mounds found here. On the bluffs of the Wisconsin near here are strangely

built arrangements, different from mounds and not like fortifications. These intrigued Brunson and I have not had time to find out what our present day archeologists think about them.

Q...Is it possible to trace back the Indian tribes to those who first occupied this area?

A...It was hard for Brunson or others at that time to probe back very far into Indian history. Brunson says that the earliest inhabitants of our area, of whom we have any positive knowledge, from early history or Indian tradition were the Dakota and Sioux Indians. In general we now consider the Dakotas as being one branch of the great Sioux Indian nation. Brunson says this occupancy can be traced back 250 years, but the mound builders appear to be at least 400 years old or older. It is very strange that the Sioux Indians have no traditions of them. This suggests to Brunson that the mounds are older than we think and older than the Sioux period.

Of the origin of the Sioux, or how long they inhabited and hunted over this country before the whites came to it, we have no means of determining. The Sioux and the Chippewa appear to be our earliest Wisconsin residents.

Now it is generally considered that the Chippewa Indians are an off shoot of the Bodies.

Brunson goes on to say that in 1681 Hennepin was taken prisoner by the Sioux on the Mississippi, below the mouth of the Wisconsin river and was considered an intruder by the Sioux upon their country.

Q...Minnesota has honored Hennepin, lets see, that would be during the French period.

A...Yes, and Carver, in his travels through this country then points out the clever idea of nicknames given to different tribes, bands, villages and persons by the French traders. Green Bay or Bay of Puants, is one of those places to which the French gave nicknames. It is termed by the inhabitants of the coast, Menomonee Bay; but by the French it is called Puants, or Stinking Bay.

Q...The Green Bay people wouldn't consider that a compliment today. Was there some reason for the French giving these nicknames?

A...Oh yes. The reason the French gave was to keep certain information secret from the Indians. For the early traders found that the Indians grew suspicious when proper names were used. The Indians feared their visitors were speaking ill of them, and were plotting their destruction. To avoid this, they gave some other name.

The bad consequences of this practice, was that the English and French geographers and travelers, in their plans for the interior of America gave different names to the same place and places, and thereby perplexed those who had occasion to refer to them.

Q...I see there is a good reason why things happen, if we only know the reason. Well, I guess, that adds much of the color to history.

A...Judge Lockwood, a revered pioneer in Prairie du Chien gives the same reason for the name Lake Courtoirill. This lake is in norther Wisconsin, near the headwaters of the Chippewa River.

The proper name of the Lake was Ottawa, named for a band of Ottawa Indians found there by the first traders, who visited that region. These Ottawas had cut the rims of their ears in such a way as to make them appear short; and the traders to avoid the suspicions of the Indians, when talking together about them in their own language, called them and the Lake Courtoirille or Short Ears.

Q...The traders were smart to overcome the Indians objection in this way?

A...Yes, the traders were clever and sharp. Brunson says that in 1843, Lyman Warren, who had been 25 years in the Fur Trade, informed him, that from the traditions of the traders, he learned that the first adventurers in the trade purposely made false maps and gave false names to tribes, bands and places purposely to mislead, bewilder and discourage those who might attempt to follow and prove rivals.

As the fur traders desired a monopoly on a profitable trade, they had no hesitancy in misleading others. The Old Northwest Fur Co., and the Hudson's Bay Company, had correct maps of the country as could be made, without actual minute surveys, for their own use, but would not let strangers see them, fearing the information would injure their trade. To these maps were attached the true names, the nicknames, and attached to the false maps. Even the French missionaries did not always publish correct names for fear it would aid their rival, the British in a political or economic war.

Q...That would be a bit confusing in early history.

A...The main habitants of the Sioux seem to have been on the Mississippi river. In early times they did not extend their hunting and dwelling very far west of the river.

However when the Chippewa or Ojibewa Indians pushed in from Canada and the east, the Sioux were forced back across the Mississippi and they then lived on the western plain.

The time of this movement is not clear, but it appears to have been about 1600.

Q...When did the Winnebagoes come?

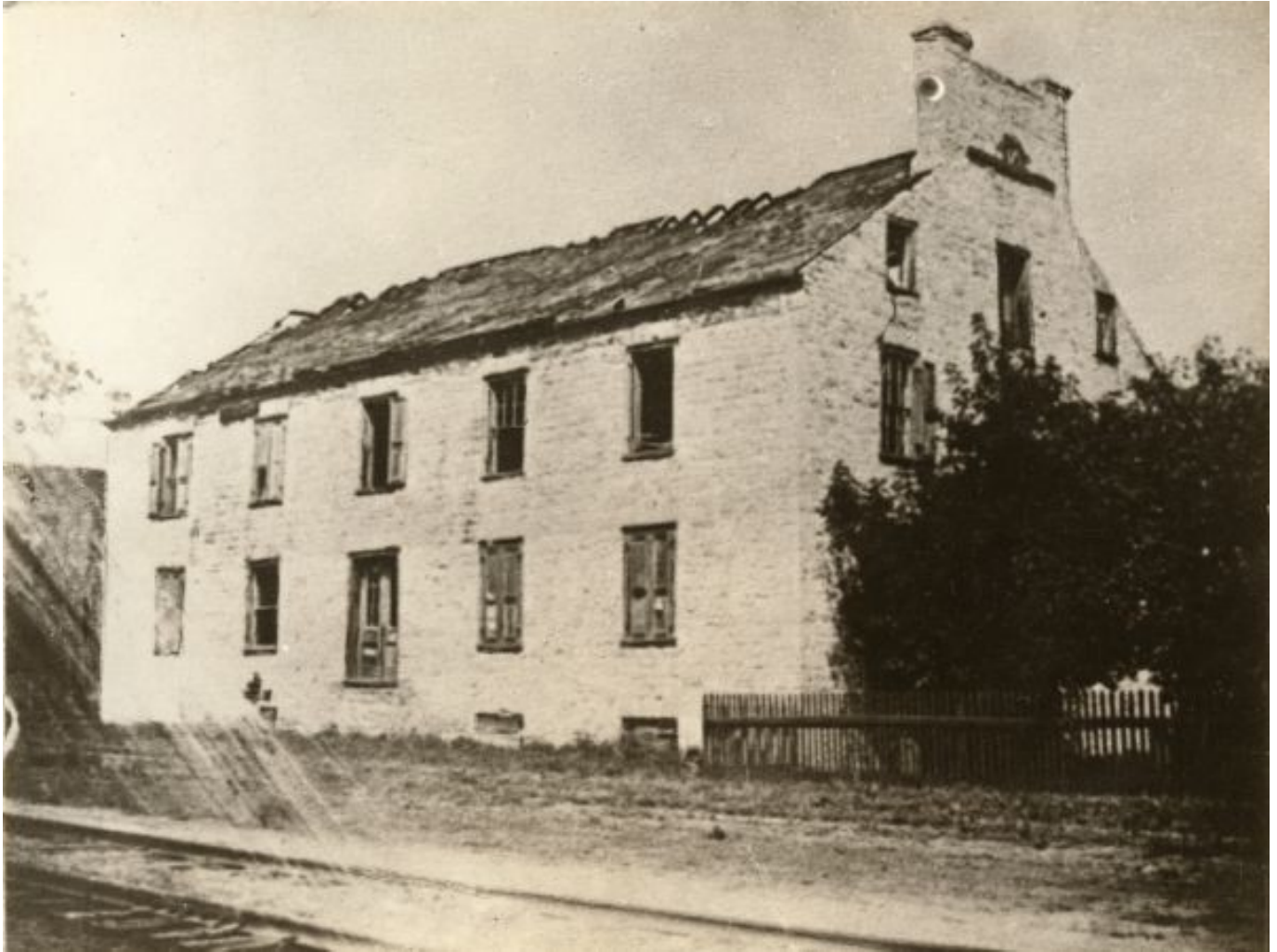
A...How and when they came is cloudy, but it is thought to be about 1630-1660. Carver believed the Winnebagos came from Mexico, as the Spanish approached. The Winnebagos had an unalienable attachment for the Sioux who may have given them early assistance during their emigration.

Q...That is strange to come from the south.

A...That was the 100 years ago. I would like to check with what we know today. There are however interesting Winnebago tales relating to their encounters with the Spanish.

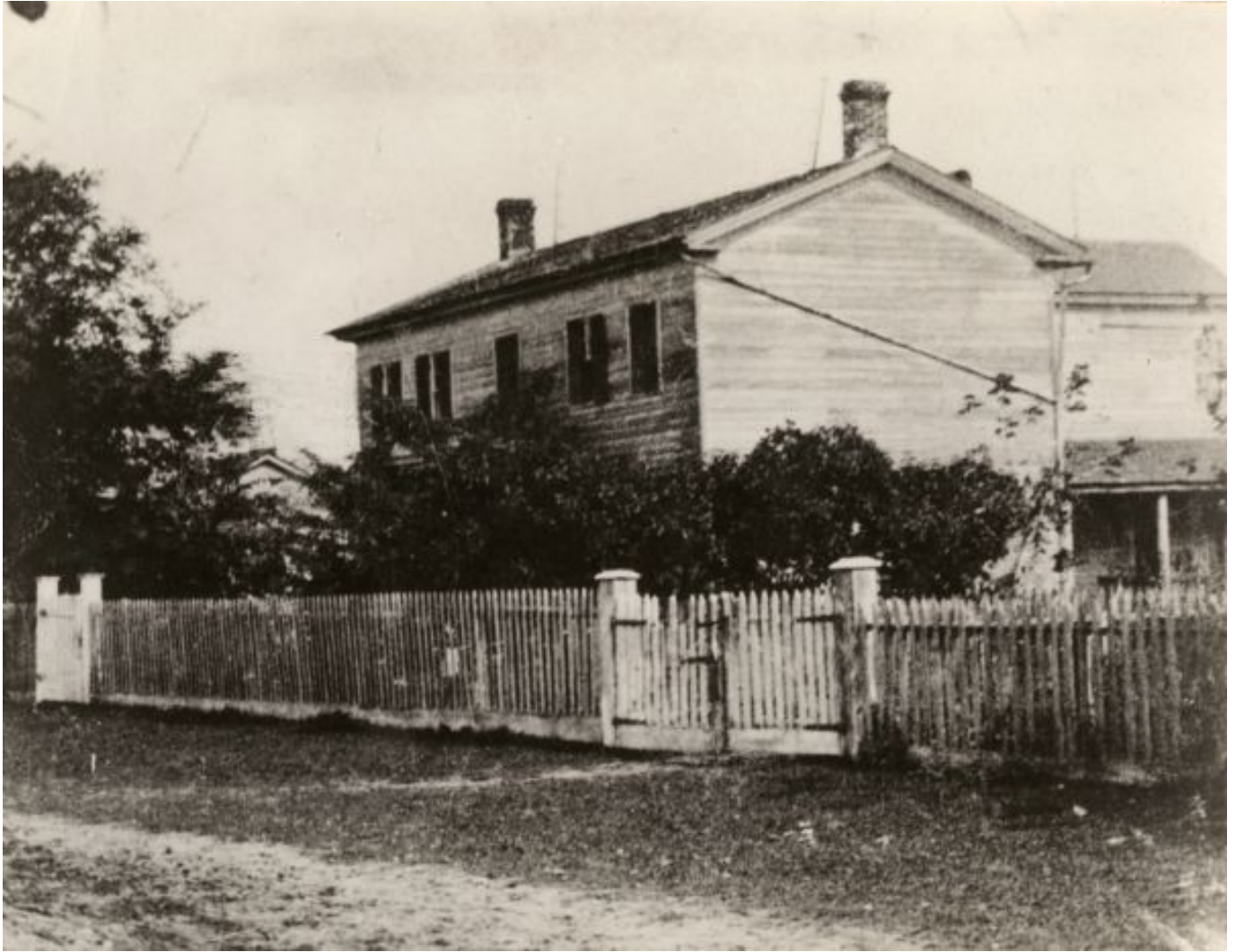
Q...Well I see our time has run out, so we must put off this discussion for another day. Thank you Marty and come back.

MJDyrud/me September 3, 1955

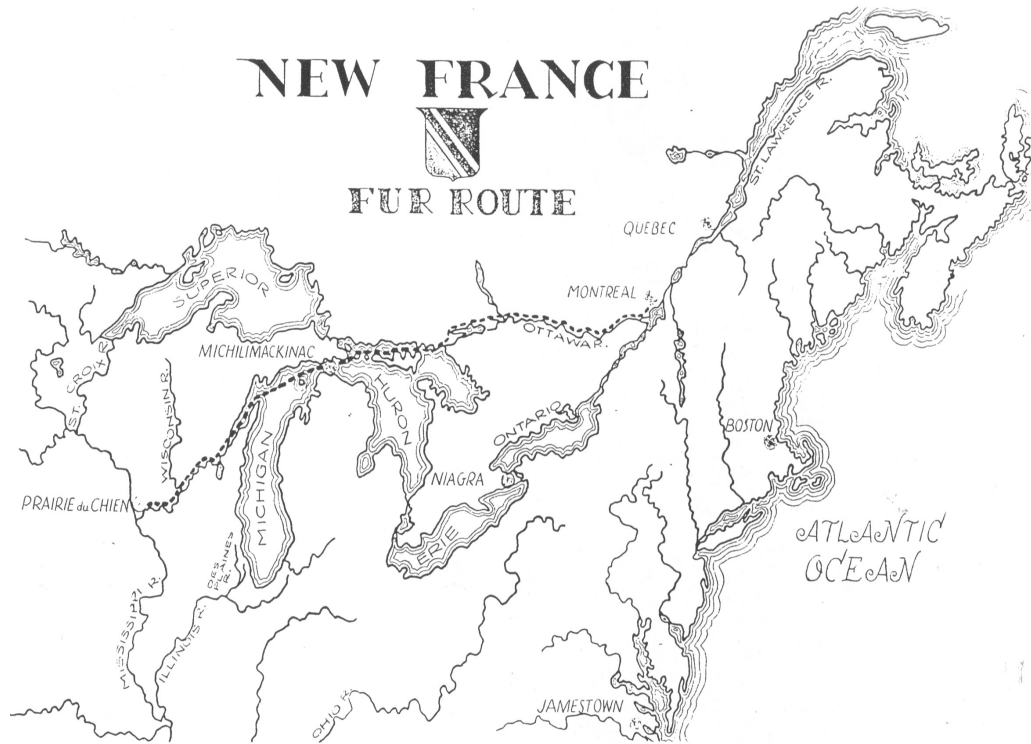


American Fur Co. Warehouse Built in 1808
circa 1901

The fur business brought the early explorers, trappers and traders to this section 140 years ago, and by 1808 it had reached large proportions. This warehouse and another near the corner of Church and Bluffs streets were built by the American Fur Co. in 1808. John Jacob Astor later became interested in this building and it was here that the beginning of great wealth for several families had its birth. The building was built of stone and the mortar, containing clam shell lime, was nearly as hard as adamant after five score years of service.



Alfred Brunson House



Indian History of Wisconsin--Brunson II

Q...Once again the time has arrived for another interesting History Chat with M. Marty Dyrud, curator of The Wisconsin State Historical Society and local historian. I see you are here Marty, so welcome to WPRE.

A...Thank you Walt, I enjoy these get to togethers on history.

Q...Glad that you do, for you bring to life much of our rich history heritage here in Prairie du Chien. I was especially intrigued with your last account of Reverend Brunson and his views of our history 100 years ago.

A...Brunson was a great man, loyal Prairie du Chien citizen, and has accounts of what he knew of our history 100 years ago reveal many interesting things. Brunson had a love for history and definitely he left good records of his findings and this thoughts.

Q...I was so surprised to learn that Brunson believed that the Winnebago Indians probably came from Central America. I wonder what reasons Brunson may have had for believing this?

A...Brunson offered several reasons, including difference in language, but he recounts on picturesque tale which came down through the Winnebago tribes that is most revealing.

He said the Winnebago Indians had an inveterate hatred for the Spanish. Brunson quotes Carver, an early explorer, who said, "Some of them informed me that they made excursions to the southwest, which took them several moons. An elderly chief, more particularly acquainted me that about 46 winters ago, he marched at the head of fifty warriors towards the southwest for three moons.

That, during this expedition, whilst they were crossing a plain, they discovered a body of men on horse back, who belonged to the black people, so they called them Spaniards. These Winnebagos attacked and killed most of the Spaniards. The Indians took from them eighty horses loaded with silver. This was supposed to have been a caravan conveying silver from the Colorado to Mexico.

The silver, they threw away, calling it white stones, and rode the horses home. This tradition, says Brunson corresponds quite well with the Algonquin version that these Winnebagos came from salt water.

Q...That is most interesting. Strange that they should call the Spaniards black people?

A...The Spaniards were strangers, with a darker coloring, so they were referred to as "black people".

Q...That explains a reference that would be very confusing today

A...And today it seems strange that they threw away the silver. Now we think it very valuable, but then the Indians were much more interested in food and transportation. They could not live on silver.

Q...Did the Winnebagos live in different places in Wisconsin?

A...Yes, they first resided near Green Bay. Carver on his visit in 1766 found them further south on the Fox River, and on the Lake which now bears their name, Lake Winnebago. Later when the Sauks and Foxes had left the Wisconsin River, the Winnebagos occupied this region. It is along the Wisconsin river that the early white settlers found the Winnebago Indians. Later the Government removed the Winnebago tribes from Wisconsin to reservations in Iowa.

Q...Brunson then thinks that the Winnebago tribe was one of the oldest in the state.

A...The Sioux probably are the oldest, but the close relationship between the Winnebago and Sioux, give some indication that they might be considered a branch of the Sioux.

Q...What Indians came next?

A...The Sacs or Sauks.

Q...Where did they come from?

A...Chief Blackhawk said that his people originally came from near Quebec. They were a restless nation and apparently had difficulty living peacefully with their neighboring tribes. Their difficulties with their bordering Indian tribes, brought conflicts that reduced them to a mere handful.

They first fell back to Montreal, and then the Mackinaw. They were pursued by their enemies and retreated from place to place, until they settled on the Sac River near Green Bay.

The Foxes were also reduced by warfare and similar causes to a smaller number. As they were pushed west, they joined the Sauks for mutual security and protection.

This union strengthened their hand. Their numbers increased and they became more formidable foes. The restless Fox and Sauks tribes continued their aggravations of neighboring tribes in the Green Bay area. As a result their injured neighbors joined forces and pushed the Sauks and Foxes to the Wisconsin River area. Here they met and were up against the strong Sioux nation warriors.

Q...Then the Sauks and Foxes were an unwanted, meddlesome group, that had difficulty in finding a peaceful home?

A...Yes, as they ran into trouble they began exploring the country south as far as the Rock River and island. Finding this to be a beautiful country and still continuing their marauding habits, the Sauk and Fox drove the KAS-KAS-KAS from their homes in that area, and took possession..

Q...Isn't it strange that Blackhawk and his band would later face the same problem of being pushed out of what they considered their homeland.

A...That is right.

Q...What about the dates of this series of migrations?

A...The dates are confusing and difficult to reconcile. The time of the Sauk emigration, from the vicinity of Quebec, according to Blackhawk, was soon after that city fell into the hands of the British, which was in 1759.

The Jesuit relations place the Sauk Indians between Lake Huron and Lake Erie from 1676-1679 about eighty years before.

Grignon places the Sauk with the Foxes on the Fox River in 1746. Carver found them along the Wisconsin river in 1766.

Were it not that Blackhawk fixes the time of their migration to the capture of that city, we could more easily imagine that he was mistaken. But, that was so prominent an event, and so deeply interwoven with the history of the Indians in Canada, that it greatly outweighs the casual references to earlier dates for Brunson in his deduction.

Blackhawk was so minute as to mention that the first of his people saw of a British father (meaning agent or officer) was at Mackinaw, soon after the fall of Quebec. If this is true, the Sauks had seven years from the fall of Quebec to the time Carver found them on the Wisconsin River at Sauk Prairie.

Q...Where is Sauk Prairie?

A...That refers to Sauk City and The Prairie du Sac area.

Q...Seems to me I have heard many references to the Fox Indians living here?

A...Yes, Brunson says "Of the building of the Fox village at Prairie du Chien, which was probably the first Indian or any other village built upon this lovely plain there is written history from early explorers."

Carver says, in descending the Wisconsin river about five miles from the junction of the Wisconsin and Mississippi river (which must have been where Major Wright now lives, known on the railroad as Wright's Ferry) I observed the ruins of a large town in a very pleasing situation.

Brunson recalls that about 1835 the tradition of such a town on that site was very strong in Prairie du Chien.

Q...Now where would that be?

A...Brunson's location I would judge to be between the National Dec and Ben Schaub's. From other references and Cal Peters viewpoint I would judge the spot to be a little further north near the Ambrose.

Q...You say the Town was abandoned?

A...Yes, Carver's account is most interesting. He said "On inquiring of the neighboring Indians, why it was deserted, I was informed that about thirty years ago, which would place the date at about 1736, the Great Spirit appeared on the top of a pyramid of rocks, which lay a little distance to the west." Brunson believes this must have been the rocky point where the widow Bowen lived 100 years ago. I have not had a chance to locate this point but I will try and do so.

The Great Spirit warned them to quit their habitation; for the land on which they were built belonged to him and he had occasion for it.

As proof that he who gave them their orders was really the Great Spirit, he told them that the grass should immediately spring up on those very rocks, from which they knew to be bare and barren.

The Indians obeyed, and soon after discovered that this miraculous alteration had taken place.

Q...So the Great Spirit had a hand in locating Prairie du Chien?

A...Yes, Carver said they showed me the spot but the growth of grass appeared not to be supernatural. I apprehended, he continued, this to be a stratagem of the French or Spaniards, to answer their selfish view.

Q...So, the traders may have had a little dirty work a foot?

A...Could be. Carver further says that as a result of his inquiries, "Soon after the Indians removal, they built a town on the bank of the Mississippi river near the mouth of the Wisconsin." Brunson locates this place near the railroad station, the standing. This location is near the Packing Plant, so the Older Indian village would have to be farther north.

Q...What more does Carver have to say.

A...Carver refers to the new Indian location, as a place called by the French Le Prairies les Chiens, which signifies Dog's Plains". Brunson tells us the Fox Chief at this time was called the Dog, from whom the plain took its name.

Q...Is that the first time there is a reference to the name of our town?

A...Yes, we have Johnathon Carver the explorer to thank for the name of our city. From then on it has carried the same name down through history.

Q...That's interesting. What did Carver have to say then about Prairie du Chien?

A...Carver said it was a large town, which in that year 1766 contained about 300 families (1500 souls).

Q...What about Marquette and Joliet?

A...While they were at the mouth of the Wisconsin, there is no written record from them that the town existed here. Historians generally feel that the city of Prairie du Chien came into existence after Marquette and Joliet's visit.

Q...Sorry to interrupt by our valuable comments on what Carver found.

A...That is all right. Carver said the houses here very well built, after the Indian manner, and pleasantly situated on a very rich soil, from which they raised every necessity of life, in great abundance.

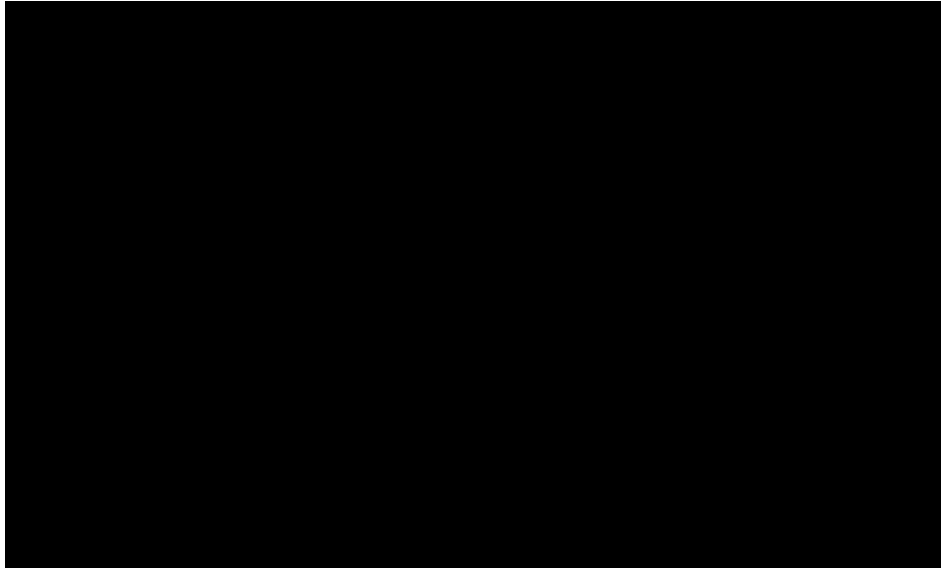
Carver called Prairie du Chien, the Great Mart, where all the adjacent tribes and even those who inhabit the most remote branches of the Mississippi assemble, about the latter end of May, bringing with them furs to dispose to the traders.

Q...That is certainly fascinating, to look back and get a picture of Prairie du Chien nearly 200 years ago.

A...Yes, the word picture is simple, clear, with a good impression of the Indian residents who preceded us in occupying this area.

Q...Well, Marty I hate to cut off this fine chat, but I see that our time is running out so we must wait for another day to learn more about Prairie du Chien and its frontier history. Thank you for sharing your knowledge with us, and we shall look forward to another visit with you next week.

MJDyrud/me Sept 17,1955



Prairie du Chien's Oldest Frame Building is Still in Use

The old Alfred Brunson home in the lower end of the city is the oldest frame building in the northwest and it is still in excellent state of preservation and now occupied by the Dan Straumann family. Brunson was an early protestant missionary, who in 1815 was licensed to preach, and in 1835, on the 25th of October, he came to this vicinity, after learning the sad plight of the Indians. He was then a presiding elder and had for his district all the territory between Rock Island and the headwaters of the Mississippi. Prairie du Chien was the outpost of civilization, so he had this home built at Meadville, Pa., the boards numbered and packed in a barge. Nails were little used then, so the corners were dovetailed and wooden pegs driven in augur holes for fastening. The barge was floated down a creek to the Alleghany in the first freshet, the next spring, thence down to the Ohio, and towed up the Mississippi from St. Louis. It was put together according to the numbered pieces, after 1,950 miles of travel.

Fonda's Recollection of Early Wisconsin

Q...Once again the time has arrived for another History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society, and local historian. Hello Marty, we are glad to have you here at WPRE.

A...Thank you Walt, it is nice to join you.

Q...Marty, I bet that some of the old residents in Prairie du Chien could tell some stirring tales of our early history.

A...They sure can. I wish that we could record their reminiscences, for it will not be long, before their stories will be lost. Then, we will be losing some of our rich and picturesque history.

Q...For the past several weeks, you have been telling us these tales by early pioneers of our history. Do you have others, besides Brunson who have left their thoughts on history?

A...Yes, one of the most interesting to me, are the reflections in his old age, of an early Prairie du Chien citizen, named John H. Fonda.

Q...And, just who was Fonda

A...John Fonda was an early editor of the Prairie du Chien Courier, and a colorful figure in our community. Close to 100 years ago, back in 1858 and 1859, Fonda recorded the highlights of his life in the Wisconsin territory.

It is Lyman Draper we have to thank, for the foresight in requesting frontier figures to recount in their own words, the early scene and their experiences. Lyman Draper was the first director of the Wisconsin State Historical Society. Now, these letters and accounts, are highly prized by historians.

Among these letters are found recollections by Prairie du Chien citizens, including Brunson and John Fonda.

Q...Please carry on, for I am most anxious to learn about John Fonda and what his experiences were.

A...It was in 1858, that Fonda gave his interviews. He had then been a citizen of Prairie du Chien for thirty years, and previously had traveled the expanding American frontier for ten more years.

Figuring back, that would bring Fonda into Prairie du Chien in the 1828.

Q...Then he was here in the famous Indian days, when we first began to feel the American influence in this area. If it will not throw you off, I would be interested in knowing, where Fonda came from and why he happened to come particularly to Prairie du Chien?

A...I think the real reason was wander-lust. Fonda was born in Watervliet, Albany County New York. There he received a fair education by the standards of that day. Then he studied for 2 years in a lawyers office. Being restless, he caught the traveling fever and set out for the western wilderness.

Fonda journeyed west on Lake Erie, cut south through Ohio, and rafted down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers to Natchez. By covered wagon he drove west into Mexican territory, which we now know as Texas.

For a couple of years, Fonda was a fur trader. He visited Santa Fe and spent some time in Taos. Fonda became disgusted with the Spanish, Mexican and Indians in Taos, whom he found lazy, dirty, and an ignorant set.

Fonda informed the Spaniards at Taos that he was leaving and set out on horseback. Q...What was traveling like in those days?

A...That was 1824, when Fonda again journeyed to Santa Fe. There Fonda was engaged by a St. Louis merchant, to oversee the loading and unloading of his three wagons.

The whole caravan of wagons, cattle, oxen, horses and mules left Santa Fe in good condition; but, the number that reached the Missouri River, was not large. The oxen and cattle died from thirst. The horses and mules became exhausted and were left behind. And, diseases did the business for the men in some cases. Fonda said that it was a hard journey, and one he never cared to repeat.

Fonda was a large man, with a fine physique, and with great strength. He was young and toughened to life in the wilderness.

It took Fonda and his party from May until October, to get from Santa Fe to St. Louis. There Fonda was paid off in Mexican dollars, his duties completed.

Q...I can see that there would be many hardships; dysentery from bad water, no refrigeration for meat, so it would become easily tainted; also fevers to plague these pioneers.

A...There was no doctor to call, just had to sweat it out, by yourself.

Q...Did Fonda then go to Prairie du Chien?

A...Prairie du Chien was where he intended to go, but events prevented a direct trip there. Fonda said that it was in St. Louis that he first heard of Prairie du Chien, in the year 1825.

Then, tales were told of the great fortunes being made around Prairie du Chien and particularly in the "Lead Diggins" nearby. These tales of fortune lured Fonda. He set out on a steamboat carrying Army stores for the upper Mississippi. Fonda tells us that this was the first year that steamboats started running up the Mississippi from St. Louis.

When the steamboat reached the mouth of the Illinois river, they met a keel boat coming down river. It carried dispatches for Jefferson Barracks. The news was bad, for they brought reports of Indian murders in the north. Even their boat had been attacked and the ball marks were still evident on the sides of the boat. Aboard was a wounded man.

This changed plans for the boat returned to St. Louis. Here Fonda joined a party of Frenchmen bound for Green Bay. They went up the Illinois River and crossed over to Fort Dearborn.

Q...Marty, tell me, just what did Chicago look like then?

A...In 1825, when Fonda paddled his dugout along the Chicago river, there was only a small Indian Agency at Fort Dearborn; it contained fourteen houses, and the population did not exceed 75 to 100 people, at the most. An agent of the American Fur Co., named Gurdon Hubbard then occupied the Fort. What little business, as there

was, was carried on by the Indians and run-away soldiers, who spent most of their time hunting ducks and muskrats in the marshes.

Q...Then Prairie du Chien was a city of several thousand population and Chicago had only 75 to 100 people?

A...Yes, that is right. Fonda says that there was a great deal of low land and little timber in Chicago. The principal inhabitants were the agent, Mr. Hubbard, a Frenchman by the name of Wilimette and John B. Beaubien. Antoine Uillimette, whose wife was a Pottawatomie woman, is mentioned in the Treaty of Prairie du Chien concluded in 1839.

Q...Did Fonda see great things to come for Chicago?

A...Quite the contrary. Fonda says it never occurred to him then, that a large city would be built up there.

Q...Were there then, divisions for our midwestern states?

A...Then it was all part of the northwest territory. The state divisions would come later. At one time, Wisconsin included Chicago. The southern boundary of Wisconsin was to extend west from the base of Lake Michigan to the Mississippi River.

Q... There are a lot of strange things in history. How come they took this away from Wisconsin?

A...The state of Illinois was taken into the union before Wisconsin and in the politics of defining state boundaries, Illinois grabbed part of the proposed Wisconsin territory, before they would agree to entry.

Q...It must have been interesting for Fonda to look back at the changes that took place in his day?

A...Yes, Fonda says, I read that the old Fort Dearborn, surrounded with its palisades was torn down two years ago and that now Chicago is now one of the largest cities in the west. Philosophically, Fonda continues.... Great changes, have I seen in my life. The growth of Chicago is one of those changes.

When I was there in 1825, it could only boast of an old log Fort, and a few cabins. Now, 30 years later, its inhabitants number 100,000. And, where I once paddled in a dugout, are now erected large blocks of buildings.

Fonda says he was also a mail and dispatch carrier in the Northwest, before there was a white settlement between Prairie du Chien and Fort Snelling.

Q...That would have been the time to acquire land in Chicago.

A...It sure would. I recall an interesting tale in the book Waubun. It is a very readable tale of the life of a frontier woman. She was the wife of the Indian Agent at Fort Winnebago at Portage. She was the daughter of the Indian agent in Chicago, and would visit her parents from time to time at Fort Dearborn in Chicago.

Once while there, her father had just returned from a trip to Springfield, where he had taken his homestead rights to 120 acres of land adjacent to Fort Dearborn. As we do so often, he sat down and re-read the claim and found that he had only received 110 acres instead of 120 acres to which he was entitled. The error in drawing the claim would have to be promptly rectified or he would lose the extra 10 acres. But, there was a long trip to be made to accomplish this, all the way from Chicago to Springfield and return.

But Mr. Kedzie finally decided that 110 acres was sufficient land for them to graze their cows and grow vegetables, so why bother about correcting the error.

Within his lifetime, he saw the ten acres, he could have claimed free, become very valuable property in the heart of Chicago, and worth a fortune.

Q...Just where would that be in Chicago?

A...The site of Fort Dearborn was on the present site of the Wrigley Building. The Kedzie family had their farm next to this area.

Q...My, My, think of what that land is worth now?

A...That's right a small fortune.

Q...Did Fonda continue on from Chicago to Green Bay?

A...Yes, Fonda boarded a fishing boat to proceed north up to Lake Michigan. He stopped at Milwaukee Bay..

Q...I would be most interested in knowing what Fonda had to say about that area.

A...Arriving off Milwaukee Bay, Fonda and his party went up the Milwaukee river about half a mile above the mouth of the Menomonee and landed on the east side of the Milwaukee River, just below Solomon Juneau's trading house.

Fonda tells us that he was not then acquainted with Mr. Juneau, although Fonda later became related to Juneau through marriage. It was only then that Fonda learned much of the history about Solomon Juneau.

Seven years before, Juneau had been in the employ of the Hudson Bay Fur Co., in the capacity of a voyageur. Visiting Prairie du Chien, Juneau found his uncle, who insisted on his leaving the company. This was difficult, for Juneau owed the Hudson Bay Fur Co. \$300.

The uncle paid the debt, furnished him with an outfit, and it was then he began trading with the Menomonee Indians in the vicinity of Milwaukee.

Q...Well, well, then it was a Prairie du Chien man, who financed Solomon Juneau the founder of Milwaukee.

A...Strange, yet true. I understand this benefactor was Hercules Dousman, but I want to check it.

Q...I certainly want to hear more about Fonda's visit to Milwaukee and what he found, but that must wait until next week, for our time has run out.

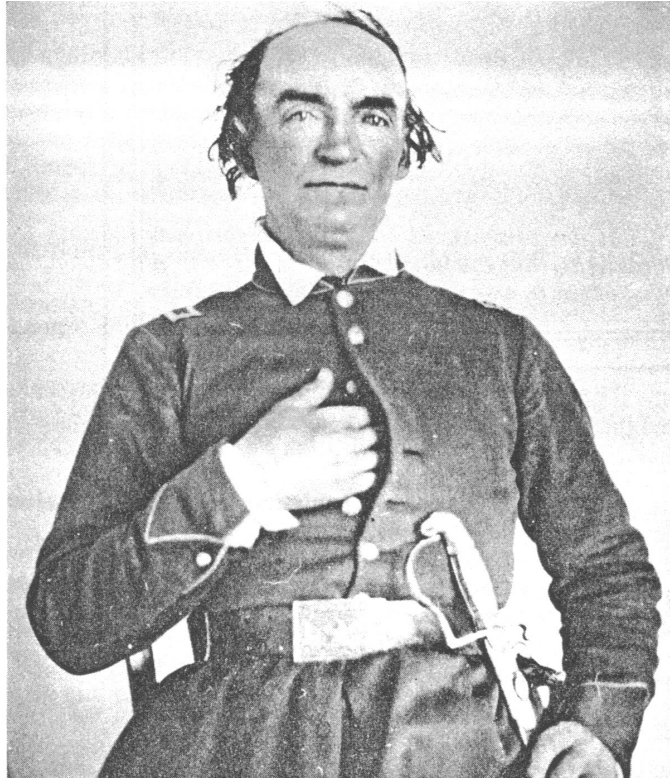
Thanks Marty for these valuable accounts of the early days and I find that they give me a wealth of new knowledge. We will be looking forward to your History Chat next wee, so join us again at that time.

You have been listening to another History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society. Tune in next Sunday and hear more about Fonda and account of Milwaukee in those days.

MJDyrud /me Sept 23,1955



Solomon Juneau
circa 1856



John H. Fonda
Photo as Private in Civil War

Fonda's Recollections of Early Wisconsin II

Q...Once again the time has arrived for another interesting History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and local historian. Hello, Marty, and welcome to WPRE.

A...Thank you Walt. I am glad to be here and happy that you are setting some time aside each week for local history.

Q...Your talk last week was most interesting, for I got a birds-eye view of this early period in Wisconsin. I never realized that Chicago was once included in Wisconsin. I was even more surprised to know that Prairie du Chien 125 years ago was a great big city compared to little Chicago. Also, I was sorry that you could not have continued with your description of what John Fonda found in Milwaukee, but perhaps you can tell us now.

A...I certainly will and I get a kick out of it. Fonda, when he was in St. Louis tried to reach Prairie du Chien, by going up the Mississippi. The Indians were then on a rampage, so the captain turned back and Fonda made his way up through Fort Dearborn at Chicago and then on the way Milwaukee Bay. His destination was Green Bay, but in those early days, the trip was made in stages.

Q...Tell me again about Solomon Juneau, being financed by a Prairie du Chien man.

A...Fonda an early resident of Prairie du Chien, says he was not acquainted with Mr. Juneau, at the time he landed in Milwaukee, although afterwards Fonda became related to Juneau, through marriage. It was then, that Fonda learned the interesting history of this man.

It seems that Solomon Juneau, seven years before, had been employed by the Hudson Bay Fur. Co., in the capacity of a voyageur. On visiting Prairie du Chien, he ran into his uncle, who insisted that he leave the company. This was difficult for Juneau owed the company \$300.

Juneau's uncle paid the debt, furnished him with an outfit and it was then that he began trading with the Menomonee Indians in the vicinity of Milwaukee. I understand that it was Hercules Dousman, who financed Juneau, the founder of Milwaukee

Q...What description does Fonda give of Milwaukee?

A...Fonda recalled the spot in these words, "I have told you how we arrived at Mr. Juneau's trading house, where the city of Milwaukee is built, but I did not describe the city, for it was not in existence then; not even thought of. The log house of Solomon Juneau stood on a slight elevation back from the river, and a few neighboring cabins, belonging to halfbreed and frenchmen, who had followed his example by marrying Indian women and settling down, then formed the only indication of the present city of Milwaukee.

Mr. Juneau was the only merchant Milwaukee could boast of, and were I so disposed, I could give a correct inventory of his entire stock, contained in the old log house near the river. The house was not large, and had been brought down from Green Bay in one Mackinaw boat.

He had settled there first, surrounded by Indians, with whom he traded. But soon, emigration turned in his direction, and he afterwards found other neighbors, who brought with them the spirit of enterprise and advancement.

The few hardy settlers, who first erected their cabins near his, found him again a wilderness, the primitive state of which, had never yet been disturbed, by the white person.

South and southwest of Mr. Juneau's house could be seen large marshes covered with tall swamp grass, rushes and water. The lake was about 2 miles distant, over the hill to the eastward; and on the west ran the river.

Beyond the river was a wooded ridge that followed the river a distance of 3 miles up to the rapids, that being as far as I explored the stream." That would be near Capital Dr. Bridge.

Q...This intrigues me, for Milwaukee was my home, and this is the first I have known how it looked, when Solomon Juneau had his trading house there. Now what became of Fonda?

A...Fonda left Juneau's settlement, (the beginning of Milwaukee) in the summer of 1827 for Green Bay in one of Juneau's Mackinaw boats. It was rigged with a leg-o-mutton sail. The 2 boats were loaded with furs, blankets, kettles, and provisions. The mackinaw boat appealed to Fonda, as he watched them carry heavy burdens, with a high degree of buoyancy, that well suited the traders. Both the bow and stern of the mackinaw boats are pointed, which makes them easier to manage in strong currents and rough water.

Q...Marty did these men have any fun?

A...Yes, they loved the out of doors. The evening and the campfire was the time for relaxation. Fonda gives us a picture that reveals this phase. He says, "We would land on the beach at night, and from our encampment on the white sand, gathering ourselves around the camp fire, we told our tales of love, hunting, and adventure. We sung songs, satisfied our appetites, and smoked, or prepared food for the next day. This camping on shore was a pleasant past time.

With no tent, save the star spangled canopy of heaven, we would wrap ourselves in our blankets on a moon light evening, and lie down amid the baggage or on the clean sand. Then we would gaze out upon the lake, where the white caps sparkled in the moon beams. Or perhaps, we would look at the wood clad bluffs, whose outlines stood in bold relief against the sky. Here we would feast on the romantic scenery. Even the most practical among us, were inspired by the mysterious beauty, which seemed to give us a poetic feeling. If I ever felt poetic, it must have been during one of these night bivouacs, as I listened to the beating of the waves on the beach, mingled with the melancholy notes of some night bird."

Q...I can see that Fonda was a lover of nature, for he expresses a feeling that I have had at times in nature's wonderland.

A...All was not as calm, as this scene: on Fonda's trip up Lake Michigan to Green Bay, there was excitement too. Fonda says, it was early one morning shortly after we had left our previous night's camping place, and about a half mile from land, that we observed a number of wolves on a point. Other wolves were swimming in the lake. Their howling had attracted our attention. And, we wondered what possessed them. Then, one of the men remarked "perhaps they are after deer". But where were they?

This was soon found out. Some distance ahead of us, on the right hand side we discovered a large doe. The brightness of the morning sun had hidden her from previous view. She was swimming swiftly out to sea, and evidently had seen us, for she was straining every nerve, to increase the distance between herself and our boat. Now, I have often heard of deer in water, chased by hounds but never before had I hunted with wolves.

The wolves had this deer at bay and she was trying to get away. Entering into the spirit of the situation, I examined the priming of my rifle, and took a station in the bow of the boat, as the men began to pull for the poor animal. The billows were running high, but the boat rode well on the waves, without shipping a spoon full of water.

A Frenchman named Joe King was in the other boat, urging the men to exert themselves to the utmost, so he might obtain the first shot. The two boats were about forty fathoms apart, and the distance between them and the doe, at the start was equal.

As the excitement of the race increased, the howling of the disappointed wolves was lost in loud shouts from the men, who propelled the rival boats through the waves; gaining at every pull, on the struggling animal, we soon came within easy shooting distance.

King now got ready to shoot, but I knew the unsteadiness of the boat, together with the excitement, would cause him to miss. Confident of the result, I was perfectly willing, he should have the first shot. So, just as both deer and boat rose on the crests of the waves, he brought up his gun and fired. Bang! went the gun, and whiz went the ball, ricochetting over the water. A clean miss, by thunder!

Now for my turn; and as the boat glided up to the panting animal, I sent a ball through its brain, to the envy of my rival, the Frenchman King. We drew the carcass into the boat, and as the wind had increased to a gale, we concluded to run the boats on shore and wait until the wind lulled. We felt curious to see the country, so we explored back from shore in the heavy timber. We returned at sunset, to join our comrades in a feast of roast venison. This made a pleasant change, after living on dried meat and parched Indian corn."

Q...Marty, that made me wish I had been there. Hunting can be such a thrill and an incident like that will live for a lifetime in a man's mind.

A...They had fishing too. Fonda says that they followed the coast, as the water was rough, and enter a pleasant bay, which had broad sand bars. Here, our men caught several trout and white fish. I had never seen these species of the funny trout before. The pleasure of devouring the delicious, salmon like flesh, is needless to describe. Everybody esteems them a delicacy.

Fonda had a geological interest too, but we will not go into his findings. Indications of the advanced season were becoming perceptible. Frost was on the ground each morning. The lake winds were sharper. Wild geese, brant and ducks were winging their way towards the south. These unmistakable signs were not to be disregarded, so they made fewer stops, and urged their boats for Green Bay.

Q...They made it all right?

A...By sailing and rowing, they entered the Fox River at night and arrived at Green Bay. Fonda says, that as they came into the village, the inhabitants crowded around, with evident curiosity. They were a mixed crowd, there were Indians, and half breeds, voyageurs, Canadians, French, and to Fonda's inexpressible delight, there were also Americans, Yankees, among them. On Fonda's inquiry, and American soldier told him that the U.S. Fort there was garrisoned with many Yankees.

The commanding officer, General Cass, gave Fonda's party a cordial welcome. He accepted Cass's invitation to supply quarters for them. Fonda says he had a night of rest, enjoyment, and refreshing sleep, that only a person, who had camped out, knows how to appreciate.

Q...I am interested also in knowing what Green Bay was like in those days?

A...Fonda tells us...."I had a view of the Fort Howard, and Green Bay Settlement next morning, by daylight. The Fort contained a large garrison of soldiers, mostly rifle companies, who had just arrived with General Cass and Colonel McKenny".

Fonda made an error in referring to General Cass as the commandant. General Cass was with Colonel McKenny, on a commission to hold a treaty with the Chippewa, Menomonee and Winnebago Indians. This treaty was held in the fall of 1827 at the great Butte des Morts.

Fonda's description continues..."Besides the garrison, Green Bay had a population of between seven and eight hundred people, consisting of every nation, from native Indian to the sable son of Africa. It was an amalgamation not uncommon either, for all were connected by regular gradation of shades and color. You might suppose an inhabitant's nationality to a fraction, as a half breed, a two thirds Fox, etc.

Thus you will perceive that the society was a little mixed. This frequent intermarriage, had the bad effect of making them indolent, for they evinced neither enterprise nor intelligence.

They gained a livelihood like the Indians, by hunting and fishing, or were in the employ of a fur company, that monopolized their time, and prevented them from engaging in agricultural pursuits. And, had they time and knowledge, their disposition would lead them to prefer a pipe and idleness. So it is to the sturdy enterprise of the white settler alone, that I can attribute the growth and improvement, in Wisconsin since 1827. For, that was the time emigration began to pour into the territory.

Q...I can see why it is valuable to write history. This picture is so clear. At that time it was take for granted, but now it tells us much.

A...You are so right.

Q...Marty, I hate to cut this History Chat short, but our time is almost gone, so we must wait until next week for a continuation of your colorful accounts of early Wisconsin.

MJDyrud/me Sept 25,1955



FIRST FRAME HOUSE IN MILWAUKEE

Franz Holzhuber

Fonda On Early Wisconsin III

Q...Once again the time has arrived for another interesting History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and local historian. Hello M arty, and glad to see you here.

A...Thank you Walt, it is my pleasure too.

Q...Your programs the past several weeks have captured a fine impression of Wisconsin 125 years ago. These interest me, for I think I can see what our first white settlers found. Strange too, then Chicago and Milwaukee were mere trading stations, with only a handful of settlers.

A...Yes, Chicago and Milwaukee have grown rapidly since then.

Q...I am most anxious to hear more about Mr. Fonda's recollections.

A...Fonda had originally started out from his home in New York, traveling west to the edge of the American frontier. There he journeyed from the south to north from one outpost to another.

At St. Louis he decided to go to Prairie du Chien. Indian trouble prevented a direct journey up the Mississippi river, so Fonda went long way round, thru Fort Dearborn at Chicago, up to Solomon Juneau's Trading House at Milwaukee, then on up the lake to Green Bay.

It was here that we pick up Fonda, who had hired out to carry mail and military dispatches from Green Bay to Chicago, on foot, in the fall of 1827 and winter of 1828. This was no easy job, for he must traverse Indian country and the red skins were in an ugly mood. They were angered by the encroachments of the white men upon their hand.

Remember, then the only white settlements in the North West were those at Prairie du Chien, Green Bay Juneau's Trading House in Milwaukee, Chicago and Galena. At this time, all of these posts were more or less threatened by the Indians.

Blackhawk was then busy, stirring up his Indian cohorts to resist the incoming white men. He was not too successful in his effort, this time, but later, his threat would test the white men's strength.

Q...Marty, you said that Fonda hired out to carry dispatches on foot? Just what protection did Fonda have from the Indians?

A...A rifle was his protector. At that time, whether a man was an emigrant, a settler, a trapper, or a hunter, the rifle was law. A good weapon was just as important as clothing. Day and night, the rifle was a man's constant companion. The rifle supplied food. Then, the rifle was the arbitrary law of the land. Self defense, and its decrees were final.

Q...have often wondered what a man like Fonda would wear in those days?

A...Fonda wore a smoked tanned buck-skin shirt. Flannel leggings with deer skin trimmings took the place of our trousers today. Covering his head was a wolf skin cap with tail attached.

Q...Davy Crockett style?

A...That's right. Now we are just resurrecting a pioneer fashion. On his feet, Fonda wore elk skin moccasins.

Q...What did his gear consist of?

A...Fonda carried a mackinaw blanket. That was his bed. For food, he relied on his rifle and a pouch containing parched Indian corn and jerked venison.

Fonda's rifle was a heavy mountaineer gun with long barrel. Fonda cut off part of the long barrel and attached a leather sling. Also, on his shoulders, he carried a large horn containing 2 pounds of powder.

Outside his clothing Fonda buckled on a belt, around his waist. It contained a sheath knife and two pistols. A short handled hatchet was on the belt. Attached to the belt was a mink skin pouch, where he carried rifle bullets. This was the gear, typical of those early adventurers.

Q...They really boiled it down to the essentials?

A...Right you are.

Q...When did Fonda leave for Prairie du Chien?

A...It was in the summer of 1828, that Fonda and a little Frenchman named King, set out by canoe from Green Bay for Prairie du Chien. They paddled up the Fox river and portaged the short distance at the city of Portage over to the Wisconsin. Then the swift current of the Wisconsin carried them down to the Mississippi.

Q...Were there white settlers along the Wisconsin River then?

A...No, all he saw was scattered wigwams of Winnebago Indians. The white people stayed close to the forts for protection

Fonda says, "The whole splendid country about Madison, then contained only one white man. That was Ebenezer Brigham, who had settled at Blue Mounds, the year before I came to Prairie du Chien. That would be 1827."

Q...I am interested in knowing what Fonda found in Prairie du Chien?

A...I will give you Fonda's description. He says, "On my arrival at Prairie du Chien, in June 1828, this was no insignificant point in the North West. The establishment of a military post here by the French, in an earlier day, caused a host of traders, camp followers, army speculators and a mixed class generally to gather around. This gave it a livelier tone than many would imagine.

Prairie du Chien was also an important point because of the Indians Agency, then located here. General Street was appointed Indian Agent the same year I came. He conducted negotiations and concluded several treaties with different tribes of Indians. General Street managed to preserve comparatively friendly relations with them. He induced them to part with their land, strip, after strip; for which he paid them off in cash or goods.

I will not be certain that he always commanded the confidence of the Indians, but he was impartial in all his dealings, saw to it that terms were fulfilled, and made the annual payments at the proper time."

Q...What does Fonda have to say about the traders?

A...Fonda says that it was at these payment times, some of which I attended, that the traders and employees of the Fur Company reaped rich harvest.

There are those here now, who made the bulk of their fortunes, after these payments, in trading with the unsophisticated Indians. Prairie du Chien was a point most accessible to a great many tribes. These tribes, frequently received their payments here, at headquarters.

These payments were great occasion to the Indians, because they would obtain new blankets, and money to buy guns, ammunition and whiskey.

Q...Marty, this sounds interesting, carry on.

A...Fonda says this was also an occasion for the trader, for, he would rake in all that money, giving in exchange a very superior quality of goods, at a very small advance on first cost. Fonda writes this passage with an air of sarcasm, no doubt feeling that the traders made long profits and delivered merchandise of mediocre quality.

To the Government, it offered a chance to purchase more territory.

An Indian payment was invariably attended with great jubilee. And, in most cases the celebration was got up at the expense of the Indians. At these frolics, the Indians generally got "plenty drunk", but the traders got all their money, and the government got their lands.

Gambling was a common thing at such times, and the Indians often returned to their village, empty handed, without land, without money, and without everything; but a deep conviction of having been cheated. Thus it will be plainly see, that the trade carried on between the Indians and whites, was anything but advantageous to the Indians. Thus many of the dealings of the Government with the Indians, threatened to embroil the frontier in an Indian war.

Q...Blackhawk fought back, to preserve the land for the Indians, but the strength of the white men was too great for him.

A...The Government acquired what they wanted at the price they wished to pay. The Indians had to take the deal whether they liked it or not.

Q...What Fur Company was here in those days?

A...Fonda says, "Besides the Indian Agency, and being a military post, there was located here the headquarters of the American Fur Company. This company was organized by John Jacob Astor, in the year 1809, and if my memory serves me right, Joseph Rolette was the principal agent at this place when I arrived in 1828. H. L. Dousman, who had come on the year previous, was also in the employ of the Company.

Q...Fine, so Fonda being here while Dousman and Rolette were operating, knew first hand these colorful early traders.

A...That is right. Fonda recalled many anecdotes about Rolette, and recounted one.

Rolette's influence was considerable, his will arbitrary, and his word law. He held sway over the French inhabitants and voyageurs, which if not really tyrannical, was exacting in requirements.

At the fire over the Slough, when the Company's buildings were burned, a powder magazine, filled with powder, stood in close proximity to the fire. The magazine was in eminent danger from the heat and flying cinders, and to prevent a terrible explosion, it was necessary to remove the powder.

Rolette, taking in everything at a glance, saw need of immediate action, and thereupon ordered all those in his employ, to save the powder. Although it was almost as much as life was worth, they dared not disobey that mandate, and rushing in they seized the powder kegs, and carried them through the fire and smoke, down to the river. This incident shows his influence over the people, who feared him worse than they did death.

Q...Rolette apparently was a strong and colorful person.

A...That is probably the reason that he was nicknamed "King" Rolette.

Q...Where did Rolette live then?

A...Here on the island. Only those who lived in the island were considered as residents of Prairie du Chien proper. The extent of the so called city then.

Q...How about the high ground, east of the island, where the center of Prairie du Chien is now located? Didn't people live there then?

A...Just a few new houses were being erected there. These were beyond the city proper. Fonda tells us that in the year 1828, there were only five houses, east of the Slough. One built by J. H. Lockwood on what is now the General Hospital grounds, one where the Union Block used to be, The House of Larrivier, which I think was just west of Blackhawk Avenue, and two others that Fonda could not clearly recollect. Nevertheless, we see that at this time Prairie du Chien's population was confined to the island, with minor exceptions.

Q...Did Fonda have anything to say about the Mississippi then?

A...Oh yes, Fonda said that the Mississippi when he came was at a stage of water, 41/ 2 feet higher, than it had ever risen before or since he came.

Q...So high water is not something new?

A...The high water at that time, resulted in the moving of Fort Crawford to higher ground, over where St. Mary's now stands.

Q...I would like to continue this chat, but our time is almost out, and we must wait until next week. Then we can learn more about Prairie du Chien, almost 125 years ago. Thanks for your thoughtfulness in sharing your knowledge of history with us.

So, until next Sunday, when WPRE will bring you another History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud at 4:45, this is Walter Charles saying, so long.

MJDyrud/me Oct. 6, 1955

Fonda's Recollections of Prairie du Chien IV

Q...Once again, the time has arrived for another interesting History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and local historian. Hello, Marty and welcome to WPRE.

A...Thank you Walt, I am glad to be here.

Q...Your programs, the past several weeks, have certainly given us a fine account of early Wisconsin. I guess we can be very thankful to Fonda for his impressions at that early time. Prairie du Chien in the year 1828, almost 125 years ago, intrigues me. First off, Marty will you give us a run down on the highlights of last week's talk?

A...I sure will. John Fonda was an early newspaper editor in Prairie du Chien. He edited the Courier. In his old age he gave several accounts of early Wisconsin and Prairie du Chien, as he found it when he came in 1828. As a youth in New York State, Fonda had the wander lust and traveled the western frontier. Then he made his easy by canoe to Prairie du Chien, for, in 1828, Prairie du Chien was a mecca for fortune hunters. Here was the prosperous fur trade.

Nearby in Grant County, Dubuque and Galena were rich deposits of lead, and easy money.

The way west was sparsely settled then. Chicago consisted of only a small fort named Dearborn, with a handful of settlers nearby. All that a person could then see of Milwaukee was Solomon Juneau's Trading House, and a few Indian wigwams. This post was originally financed by Hercules Dousman, we are told. There was no Madison Wisconsin then. The only settler in the whole area was a man named Ebenezer Brigham located at Blue Mounds. Green Bay and Prairie du Chien were only towns of importance. Practically all of the whites stayed close to the forts for protection from the Indians.

Fonda was an excited young man, when he arrived at Prairie du Chien. For then, our city was a gay and bustling frontier post. This was a favorite gathering place for the Indians, it was the key to the Northwest.

In 1828, General Street was the Indian Agent. He was busy negotiating treaties with the various Indian tribes.

Soon, the Indians would be pushed west across the Mississippi, out of their old hunting grounds.

Our government paid little for the land, but when the annual payments were made here at Prairie du Chien, the traders made heavy profits. Money was of little importance to their Indians, they wanted goods, and they quickly spent it for blankets, guns, ammunition and whiskey.

During payment times, the Indians paid for a huge celebration. There was much gambling and the Indians "got plenty drunk".

Here was located John Jacob Astor's, American Fur Company with King Roulette and Hercules Dousman in charge. Both were shrewd traders. I think that "King" Roulette was the most picturesque. He was a jolly Frenchman, both loved and feared by Frenchmen and Indians alike. The Indians nick named Roulette "Five More" for he always wanted five more skins than the Indians offered, when they traded. Roulette was the older man, and Dousman had just recently come on the scene.

In 1828, Prairie du Chien proper was confined to the island, the 4th Ward as we now know it. Only 5 houses stood on the high ground, east of Slough where our business district is today.

Q...That is fine Marty. Just what was the make up of our white population then?

A...It consisted chiefly of Canadians and Frenchman, who came in earlier days with the French and Indian traders. They were a neighborly group. Their houses were not pretentious, but comfortable. The people were genial.

Q...Who was in command of Fort Crawford then?

A...Major Kearney then commanded the 1st Regiment of U.S. Infantry at the Fort. Kearney was a good soldier and of high character. He had a brilliant future ahead of him, for, he would rise later to the rank of Major General, conquer New Mexico and California for our young America, and become the first governor of California.

Q...That is real interesting. Those must have been exciting days.

A...Yes they were. There were many interesting men at the Fort. Some were gifted, some had fine educations, others joined the army for adventure.

At the fort was a young man with a good education, a fine personality, and seemingly a fine future. His name was Reneka. He was a favorite with both officers and men. His strict, soldier like attention to duty, and courteous bearing, made him many friends. His chances of becoming the highest non-commissioned officer in the Army was good.

But, in an unguarded moment, he accepted too many drinks from his companions and trouble ensued. Fonda tells us that Reneka was unaccustomed to liquor. The poison soon flew to his head, and he complained of being deadly sick. Leaving his companions, he started for the barracks.

Entering the sally post with a firm, but excited tread, he passed the sentry on his way to his quarters. then he was seen to come out with a rifle in his hand. The rifle was one he had purchased a short time before, for hunting. This gun, Reneka always kept loaded in his quarters.

It is believed that Reneka was crazed with liquor, when he reached his room, for he rushed out on the parade grounds with his rifle. Raving, like a maniac, he whirled the heavy gun around his head.

Aroused by the disturbance, the Officer of the Day, Lieutenant Mackenzie came out of his quarters at the far end of the long parade ground, and called to the Corporal of the Guard to "Take that fellow to the Guard House". Hardly had the order escaped his lips, when Reneka saw him. And, instantly poising his rifle, shot Mackenzie through the brain. It was a long shot, but a deadly one. In making this shot, Reneka had killed his bosom friend. Reneka was arrested, and confined to the Guard House. When he sobered off, he learned, he had killed his best friend. No words of mine, says Fonda, can picture the agony of remorse Reneka felt.

He was delivered over to the civil authorities, convicted of murder, and sentenced to be hung. He was brought back to Prairie du Chien for execution. The gallows were erected over the Slough, and the day of execution arrived.

Fonda did not go, but Reneka's last words made a moving speech. He warned his comrades against strong drink. He offered his own case as a tragic example, and described the grief which his mother would feel, when she heard of the disgrace, he had brought her.

There were many old veterans who shed tears as Reneka swung off into eternity. Fonda says this was not an isolated incident, and he saw many young men sacrifice talent and hope for King Alcohol.

Q...Strange isn't it that we should have an almost similar incident, only about two months ago north of town.

A...Yes, it is too bad that the lessons of the past, go unheeded.

Q...Did steamboats land here then?

A...Yes, Fonda says the arrival of steamboats at that early day, were like angel's visits, "Few and far between". Well do I remember in 1828, when the steamboat Red Rover commanded by Captain Harris arrived. It was like the beginning of a new era.

Q...I bet it was a welcome sight for the new settlers, far from home. Marty, who were the prominent citizens in Prairie du Chien, in 1828?

A...Fonda tells us; Mr. J. Roulette, his wife and family.

Mr. J. H. Lockwood, merchant and trader, his wife and family.

Mr. J. Brisbois & family of 4 sons and 2 daughters, fur trader.

Hercules L. Dousman

General J. M. Street and family, Indian Agent

E. Bailey, who built the Old Prairie House.

Three wealthy farmers were F. Gallanua, F. Chenviet, Flavin Cherrier.

The other residents here, were mostly Canadians, employees of the fur Company and various traders.

Q...Was there then an expansion of the town?

A...Yes, soon after the Indian difficulties of 1827 were adjusted, emigration to Prairie du Chien increased. Many settled here, others used it as a jumping off point as the frontier moved west.

Prairie du Chien's population did increase and improvements began to appear.

Q...Did Fonda edit a newspaper at that time?

A...No, in 1829 Fonda enlisted in the army. Colonel Taylor was then commandant of the fort. Fonda enlisted for a three year stint; was given the rank of corporal and later was made Quartermaster's Sergeant.

Q...I would be interested in knowing what Fonda thought of Taylor.

A...Fonda said that Taylor was a brave man and good officer. Fonda gives an example of colonel Taylor's ignorance of fear.

Once, when all of the soldiers were mustered for dress parade, Taylor came sauntering, from his quarters and to the reviewing group. Running his eye along the front rank, he observed a large stout German recruit, out of line. The German was a raw recruit, anxious to do his duty, but did not understand the English language. So when the order for "Dress" was given, this soldier remained as before. Colonel Taylor called attention to this, and thinking it was willful neglect, walked up to the soldier, and after one of two ignored requests, got hold of his ears, and shook the fellow severely.

This treatment was called "Wooling", a favorite mode of punishment with Taylor. But, the German recruit, didn't appreciate the punishment, nor why it was being inflicted upon him.

No sooner did the recruit get his head free, than he struck Taylor a blow that felled him to the ground like a log. This was mutiny, and the officers and guard would have cut the soldier down, if Taylor had not risen up and said "let that man alone, he will make a good soldier". The German recruit was allowed to go back to his place, and was never punished for his insubordination. After he learned to speak our language Fonda found him to be an intelligent man, and an agreeable companion. This man afterwards became one of the most faithful soldiers in the garrison. He was later promoted and served in the Blackhawk War of 1832.

Q...That is a most unusual story. That is probably why Taylor became such a great man. He recognized he had made a mistake, and was big enough to admit it.

A...I think that is right. There are many colorful incidents in early Prairie du Chien, which will ever live in history.

Q...Our time is almost up, so we must await another Sunday, for more tales.

MJDyrud/me Oct. 15, 1955

Fonda's Stories on Prairie du Chien V

Q...Once again the time has arrived for another interesting History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and local historian. Hello, Marty; and welcome to WPRE.

A...Thank you Walt, I am glad to join you.

Q...We sure enjoyed your history chats the last few weeks about early Prairie du Chien, especially, your story on Colonel Taylor.

A...Yes that story will live in history for many years. The recruit, who knocked Taylor to the ground, was not disciplined by Taylor, but seceded in gaining his admiration and proved to later be a fine soldier.

Q...Well, what other Fonda stories, do you have to share with us today?

A...Fonda joined the Army in 1829 and was stationed here at Fort Crawford, so Fonda has many tales to tell of events at the fort, and their experiences in the field.

Fonda knew frontier living and was resourceful in the wilderness, so he was frequently chosen by Colonel Taylor to act as guide. In 1829, Taylor had already started construction on the 2nd Fort Crawford on high ground, on what is now St. Mary's land. The old fort on the island had frequently been flooded, so the change was necessary.

Lumber was needed, so Fonda was chosen to guide a work party up the Wisconsin River to a point near Blue River, where logs were cut and rafted down to the fort.

Taylor also sought out Fonda for advice, as to the best place to burn lime for the mortar that would be needed for the stone work. This investigation, took Fonda and two men over on the Iowa side, where they located a fine lime deposit south of what is now Mc Gregor.

Fonda got a chuckle out of this trip, which they made in a dugout, for one of the men assigned to him was deathly scared of water, the Indians and wild animals. Returning in a storm, with the wind blowing them rapidly toward shore, the scared man stood up ready to jump out as they came close to the pier. The wind was so strong in crashed the dugout into the fort pier and the man was thrown 20 feet over on the shore. Still scared, he raced for the fort and never went along again.

Q...The frontier was no place this lad, I can see, besides the tough soldiers would make him die a thousand deaths with their pranks. Marty, did all the lumber for the fort come from the Wisconsin River area?

A...No, the northern Wisconsin pinewoods furnished most. In the fall of 1829 Colonel Taylor chose Fonda to pilot a group of seventy men and three officers north into the Menomonee river.

The party set out in seven mackinaw boats, with ten men in each. Lieutenant Gale was senior officer and had command. Winter was fast approaching but all went well until they came into Lake Pepin. Fonda says now instead of the men being in good spirits, bad spirits got into the men. And from that moment on, we had trouble.

While Lieutenant Gale went shooting brant geese, the boats got separated and several went aground on sand bars. This delayed matters, long enough so the Chippewa River froze.

Q...Then, what did they do?

A...Sleds were made. These were loaded with whiskey, blankets and provisions. Lieutenant Gale accompanied the first sledge party into camp on the Menomonee. He remained in charge, while Fonda returned to bring up another load.

Q...Was Lieutenant Gale a good officer?

A...Apparently not, for soon after Fonda left, Gale discovered a Chippewa War party looking for Sioux. Fonda says that Lieutenant Gale had a natural fear of Indians. The Indian war party so scared Gale, that he made off through the wooded bottoms at top speed.

The chief of the Chippewa party sent a couple of his swiftest runners to bring Gale back, but they could not overtake him.

The Indian warriors had no idea of disturbing anything, but seeing liquor and goods lying around without a guard, they were tempted to help themselves. They took some of the goods and filled everything they had, that was capable of holding whiskey, and then departed.

Q...Sounds natural, they couldn't let that precious whiskey go to waste. Were the soldiers expecting to run into an Indian war party?

A...No, Fonda says it is seldom that war parties are out after snow has fallen. He had only noticed it among the Sioux and Chippewas, who were always warring against each other.

Q...What happened then?

A...Fonda arrived the second day with more goods, and it was then he learned from the two men that Lieutenant Gale had been gone almost sixty hours from camp.

Fonda sent men after Lieutenant Gale. Three days later, they came straggling back with Lieutenant Gale. The three days and three nights of wandering had deranged Lieutenant Gale's mind. He did not recognize the men who were searching for him. He even tried to escape them, and it was necessary for them to creep up and capture the officer.

Q...Three days and three nights in the winter would be serious?

A...Yes, Lieutenant Gale's feet and legs were frozen.

Q...Is it possible to get over that?

A...Yes, Lieutenant Gale did. Fonda cut a hole in the ice, and the Lieutenants' legs were inserted into the icy water. After the frost was out of the frozen parts, Fonda greased them with melted deer fat and wrapped his legs in blankets.

Q...What did Gale do?

A...In a few hours, Gale regained a semblance of conscience, particularly that of feeling, and ordered Fonda to carry him to Prairie du Chien.

Q...And how would they do that?

A...Fonda says, we made him as comfortable as possible on a sled, and with three men, started to draw him to Prairie du Chien. Sergeant Melvin was left in charge.

Lieutenant Gale endured great pain, for every motion was torture, but when they arrive within sight of the Indian lodges of Wa-ba-shaw, Gale forgot his pain and wanted us to avoid meeting the Indians.

Fonda tells us, this would have been difficult thing to accomplish, so they marched into the village. Wa-ba-shaw came out of his wigwam to welcome them. Upon learning the condition that Gale was in, the chief had him carried to his lodge, and treated after the Indian manner with a concoction of white oak bark and poultices of roots.

To these remedies Gale owed his perfect recovery, if not his life.

Q...Do you have any idea where Wabasha's Prairie would now be?

A...Yes, that is the present location of Wabasha Minnesota. It is north of Winona on the river. They left then and arrived safely at Prairie du Chien, where Lieutenant Gale was placed under the care of Dr. Beaumont.

Q...So the famous Dr. Beaumont was then on the scene?

A...Yes there were many men here then, that would later rise to great fame.

Q...It is strange how some men gain strength, when the going gets rough, and others seem to fall apart.

A...Yes, human nature is very strange and very interesting. Lieutenant Gale was evidentially not fitted for frontier life. Even some of the best army officers of high rank were found wanting and gave way to Zachary Taylor with less training, for he knew frontier life and was a winner.

Q...What became of Fonda?

A...Fonda was immediately ordered back up the river again, with three men, and had to drive two yoke of oxen back.

When he arrived at camp on the Menomonee River, the men had a log cabin most finished, and were drawing the goods into it.

Q...Just where would that camp be now?

A...Apparently near what is now Durand Wisconsin, south of Menomonie and W. of Eau Claire.

Q...Living in the wilderness was certainly a rugged life.

A...It was and still is. Fonda goes on today, we had only been at camp a short time, when one of the men, who was drawing a sled, slipped down and broke his lower jaw.

Sergeant Melvin was a severe disciplinarian and believed in flogging a soldier for an accident. He ordered the man to strip and prepare to receive a few lashes. It was brutal for Fonda to see this man punished, as he was already suffering pain, so Fonda told him to keep his coat on.

The sergeant glared at Fonda, but may have also discovered something in the expression of his men's faces, for he kept silent, and the man was put on the sick list.

Q...I can see it was a difficult life.

A...Yes, there were many tense moments. The men were divided into three gangs. One gang stayed in camp. Melvin commanded one work group and Fonda the other.

It was Fonda's first duty to build a large flat boat, and having selected a piece of timber, suitable for the gun wales, they erected scaffolds and prepared pulleys and ropes to raise the logs upon them. This preparation attracted the attention of Melvin, and he supposed the men were about to hand him.

Fear had previously caused him to have built, a small blockhouse, in which he had placed all the arms and ammunition. Overtaken by apprehension, he now shut himself up unnecessarily. Fonda says that Melvin gave him orders through a loop hole, but would never come out to see if they were faithfully executed.

Q...Fonda saw life in the raw.

A...Yes, and the saying goes, "Nature is seldom mild".

The work progressed steadily until the river opened. Trees had been felled, timber hewn, and stuff for the flat boat gotten out. They divided logs with whip saws and the parts were hewed into the proper shape for the gun wales.

Q...Whip sawing is something that we never see anymore.

A...It is gone and that goodness, for whip sawing lags is the hardest work imaginable. Portable rotating saws now eliminate this back breaking chore.

Q...Go on Marty.

A...One of the men laid his thigh open to the bone with a broad axe.. The man needed medical aid, so Melvin made out his work report, and also charged Fonda with creating mutiny. Melvin thereupon appointed Fonda to carry the documents and two sick men (one with the broken jaw) to headquarters in a dug out.

Q...I can bet Fonda hated that.

A...So life goes. Fonda paddled the two wounded men to Fort Crawford, without accident. He saw the men to the hospital and reported to Major Garland. Garland read Melvin's charge aloud in a droll tone and all present convulsed with laughter. Garland asked Fonda if he intended to hang the Sergeant. Fonda gave a straight forward account and there was no court martial.

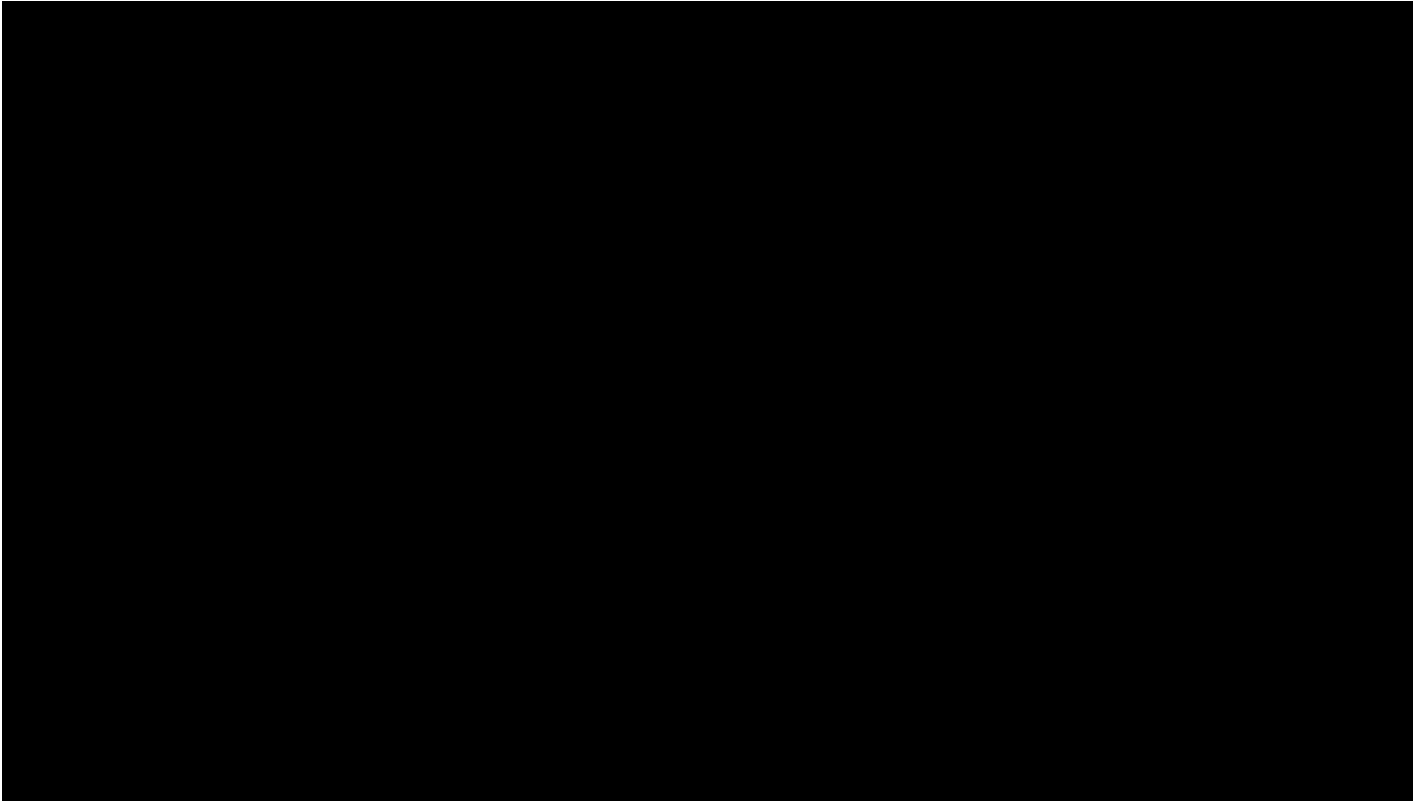
Q...So Fonda got over the hump?

A...Yes, but there were new experiences in store for him.

Q...Fine, but these will have to wait for another day.

Oct. 17, 1955 MJDyrud/me





THE INDIAN CAMP AT WABASHA PRAIRIE

H. Lewis

Fonda's Stories on Prairie du Chien VI

Q...Once again, the time has arrived for another interesting History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and local historian. Hello Marty, and welcome to WPRE.

A...Thank you Walt, I am glad to join you.

Q...Marty, your recent chats on early Prairie du Chien, are most illuminating. You are giving us an intimate and exciting word picture of men and events during frontier days.

A...We are fortunate to have Fonda's records of this period. He was an early editor of the Courier and well qualified to write. Fonda came to Prairie du Chien in 1828, when Fort Crawford was a key outpost on the sprawling American frontier. Here were gathered an illustrious group of men who would leave an indelible imprint on American history.

Q...It would be nice if you would give us a little background, before you continue with Fonda's experiences.

A...I sure will. John Fonda was a young man in New York State when he got the wander lust to travel west in the wilderness frontier. Tales of riches being made by the fur traders and lead miners in and around Prairie du Chien, attracted Fonda, so he made his way here. It was a round about way, for the Indians were in a nasty mood. Fonda came through Fort Dearborn at Chicago, with it's handful of log houses, up the lake to Solomon Juneau's trading house at what is now Milwaukee. In those days there were no other white settlers at that spot. Then, he journeyed on to Fort Howard at Green Bay, and then by canoe up the Fox and down the Wisconsin to Prairie du Chien.

At Prairie du Chien, Fonda joined the army and served under Colonel Zachary Taylor. It was this time when Dr. William Beaumont was the Fort Surgeon. The 2nd Fort Crawford was then under construction. Great quantities of lumber were needed, so Fonda was sent along with work parties of Army personnel into the northern Wisconsin pinewoods to cut and raft logs back to the fort.

The Indians were menacing. Wild animals, particularly wolves stalked the unwary intruder in the wilderness. Travel was mainly by dug-out canoes, at best these were tippy and treacherous. In stormy weather, life was a gamble.

But Fonda loved nature and her luxurious beauty. He seemed to thrive on the rugged out door life.

Q...That is fine Marty. Now I am waiting to hear more tales of Fonda.

A...Fonda was chosen as a guide for a large work party, that went up to the Menomonee River area to cut timber for the new fort. Two men were injured and Fonda brought them back for medical attention.

Then he returned with Lieutenant Gardenier, Boisley, and seven men to raft the logs back to Fort Crawford. The men had worked well, and a large quantity of square logs and shingles were ready.

Two rafts were made of the timber. Lieutenant Gardenier was in command of one raft, and Fonda directed the other. Fonda's raft was largest and drew the least water, so he carried all the provisions, except the barrel of whiskey. Sargent Melvin stayed on, to bring the shingles on a flat boat later.

Q...I can imagine that rafting logs is not easy for two men, with no experience in this kind of work?

A...You are right. The rafts were run out of the Menomonee River into the Chippewa.

Fonda says, "one night, I made fast to the shore, just above Boeuf Slough, on the Chippewa, and waited for the other raft. Soon it appeared, but strangely, it was aimlessly bumping, first one shore then the other." Fonda comments, "perhaps the barrel of whiskey leaked."

Fonda yelled to Lieutenant Gardenier to make his raft fast to shore. But, due to a strong current and some mismanagement, Gargenier's raft was sucked into a large slough and went aground on a sand bar. Fonda decided to wait until morning, before going to their aid, and quietly set down to enjoy his supper.

Q...Mind telling us what he had?

A...Fonda had shot a hedge hog, which I judge is porcupine. This they cooked by throwing it into the fire, whole. Then, when it was roasted, they took out the quills, scraped off the hair and took out the entrails.

Q...That is novel cooking method.

A...In the morning, Fonda took food to the stranded party. They had had only whisky the night before, and the men were not in the best working condition.

Fonda recommended breaking up the raft into two parts and towing it back into the main channel. Lieutenant Gardenier didn't think this necessary, for he thought such a large stream of water, must have an outlet somewhere.

Fonda told Gardeneir that he might run eventually into a broad marsh, for he has seen driftwood in that direction the previous winter. However, the Lieutenant insisted that he was right.

So, Fonda left Gardenier and went back to his raft. This he piloted down the main channel and into Lake Pepin, but they saw no signs of Gardenier and his raft.

Waiting, and with the passage of four days, Fonda became anxious. Fonda and Bousley set out in a dugout and traveled toward where they thought Gardenier might be. Sure enough, they found Gardener's raft jammed in a marshy slough. The men were gone, and only the empty barrel of whiskey remained. Signs pointed to the fact that the men had left two days before. So, Fonda decided to return to his raft. But they had trouble.

Their dug-out hit a submerged log and overturned. Their food was lost. They saved their rifles, but these were of little use for their powder was wet. Unarmed, they avoided a party of Indians, and lost their way. Two days later they struggled to the banks of the Mississippi, far above their raft.

They were now three days without food. Moreover the wind was strong so they had to wait another day, for the water was too rough to travel.

Half starved they finally rowed to meet some Indians they saw. It proved to be Wabanaw, and a Menomonee chief and squaw. They told of their hunger and begged food.

Q...What happened then?

A...The Indian chief took Fonda and his companion to shore. There, he had his squaw cook hominy. This, the chief fed them in very small quantities. No entreaty or threat, could make the chief increase the dose, until it suited his pleasure.

The Indian chief continued to feed them at intervals, little by little, until their appetites became ravenous. Then they made Fonda and his aid lie down, and they soon fell asleep.

Q...That was really a godsend to have an Indian chief take such good care of them.

A...It sure was. Wabanaw's squaw roused them at midnight and fed them a whole kettle of thick bullion made of meat and hominy. In the morning, the men felt as well as ever.

Fonda tells us that Old Mrs. Wabanaw, called him, her son ever after, and Fonda always gave her a present of snuff, when she came to see him.

Q...I am interested in the old squaw, can you tell us more about her?

A...Yes, she lived for years, on the island opposite Prairie du Chien. She was an old lady, and said she had twice seen fifty years of age.

As Fonda wrote his recollections, old Mrs. Wabanaw still lived with her son in a wigwam, on the island. Her son and another Indian murdered an old white man, but Fonda says the Indian was pardoned in 1828, the year he came to Prairie du Chien.

Q...Fonda probably learned much about Indian life and events from her?

A...Yes, Fonda said, she knew many of the traditions of the country.

Q...What happened after Fonda recovered?

A...Well, chief Wabanaw accompanied Fonda and his companion to their log raft. They had been gone six days, and the men who had stayed, gave them a rousing welcome.

The raft was again set afloat, and a constant watch was kept for any signs which might show of Gardnier's party. The second day, a signal was discovered on a small island in the river. It proved to be the missing party. They had been absent 11 days.

Q...Did Gardnier's party have anything to eat during this time?

A...No, nothing for 11 days, except acorns and roots. Fonda treated the starved party as Wabanaw had treated him, by feeding very small portions of food at spaced intervals.

Q...I can see that Gardnier and his party had a most difficult time, and might have died of starvation.

A...Yes, after Gardnier and his men left their trapped raft, they followed the high ground to the Mississippi river. There, they made a driftwood raft, which carried them to the island.

A severe wind came up, smashed their raft to bits, and here they were stranded, prisoners on the island. Frightful of starvation, they had resolved to kill and eat a young man named Austin Young who was resigned to his fate. Young had gone down to the river for water, while his comrades loaded a musket and cast lots, who should shoot him. He filled the kettle with water, and was about to go back when he saw the raft coming, yelled the good news to his companions.

Q...Wouldn't that be a frightful sensation, to think that your friends would kill you so they would not starve? I bet Young was ever thankful to Fonda for saving his life.

A...Yes, that is right.

Q...Did Gardnier and his men survive their ordeal as well as Fonda had?

A...Yes, Fonda procured a mackinaw boat, placed the weakest men in it and sent them to Fort Crawford for attention.

As Fonda brought his raft down the river, who should he meet coming back but Lieutenant Gardnier, looking as well as ever.

Lieutenant Gardnier was worried about his lost raft, and offered Fonda a handsome gift, providing Fonda would not report the particulars of how Gardnier had lost his raft.

Q...That was a most difficult request. What did Fonda do?

A...Fonda says Taylor hated a liar, as bad as he did a drunkard, so Fonda thought it best to report the facts correctly, for they would come out sooner or later.

In so doing, Fonda says he gained the respect of Lieutenant Gardnier, for Fonda says he was an honorable man. Prairie du Chien has a close link with Lieutenant Gardnier, for his wife is buried here.

Q...You mean this Lieutenant's wife is buried here in the Fort Crawford Military Cemetery?

A...Yes, she is. Her tomb still stands and even today, you can clearly read the inscription on the marble slab, now 125 year ago.

Q...What year was this?

A...It was 1830. The north quarter of the new Fort Crawford was then completed. A powder magazine at the south-east corner of the fort was built the same year. The walls of rock were three feet thick, and each rock was matched, to fit into one another, like flooring, and cemented together.

Q...Have you any idea just where that spot would be today?

A...About where Elmer Queram now lives on Beaumont Road. Fonda tells us that in building the fort, they disturbed an Indian mound. It was the common burying place of the Indians, and he says they took out cart loads of bones.

Q...Strange isn't it....St. Mary's grounds were once on Indian burial ground, then the site of the 2nd Fort Crawford and now a girl's school.

A...Yes, there is a lot of history under foot on St. Mary's grounds.

Q...I can see that...but we have exceeded our time and we must bring this fascinating story to a close, for today.

MJDyrud/me Oct. 29-1955

Fonda's Stories on Prairie du Chien VII

Q...Once again the time has arrived for another interesting History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and local historian. Hello Marty and welcome to WPRE.

A...Thank you, and I am glad to be here.

Q...We are grateful to you Marty, for bringing us Fonda's tales of events in Prairie du Chien, about 125 years ago. These breathe life into the early history of our city.

A... Fonda was well qualified to report happenings on the early frontier, for he was active in our community. He knew our early fur traders, the Indians and the Army personnel intimately.

Q...I am sure we are all interested in learning more. What new stories do you have on tap for us today?

A...Then, like today tragic events stood out in the news. One such, occurred at Fort Crawford, which Fonda relates.

In the year 1830, Fonda witnessed a murder, at the Fort and was unable to prevent it. It seems there was a Provost Sergeant, name Coffin, whose duty it was, to spy, on the men, make arrests, and report everything that occurred. Coffin was shot by a soldier named Beckett and here are the facts concerning the incident.

Provost Coffin had discovered the soldier Beckett, in the act of leaving the Fort through one of the windows, from which a couple of iron bars had been removed. This happened one night after "tattoo".

Coffin was on watch, and he caught the man, just as he got out, kicking, beating, and otherwise injuring the escaping man, until he was nearly dead. Coffin dragged soldier Beckett to the guard house. The soldier was in a dangerous condition, and the physician had him removed to the hospital, where he laid sick for a long time.

As soon as he was able to be up, soldier Beckett asked and received permission to go back to his company. Beckett, had ever been a favorite with his comrades, and they all expressed their joy, on his return. But, he replied to their kind welcome with a strange quiet in his manner that left an impression of dark foreboding on the minds of his friends. He continued in a state of morbid silence, in spite of efforts to cheer him.

One day, while Fonda was Acting Quartermaster's Sergeant, and conducting a file of men out of the fort to butcher cattle, Officer Green hailed Fonda and told him that the Paymaster was at the Quartermaster's Dept., and he had better go there soon, if he wanted his pay. Fonda had all the money that he then needed, and trusted Uncle Sam, so he went on with his men.

On returning, Fonda went to Quartermaster's Office to make his report and found the Paymaster gone. The only person present were Coffin, who had a little desk, at which he was writing, and the soldier Beckett, who had come in and was standing with his musket near the stove.

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Fonda noticed something strange in Beckett's appearance, and knowing his disposition, it instantly occurred to Fonda, that the soldier intended to shoot Coffin, who was standing with his back toward them.

Without speaking, Fonda walked towards Beckett, hoping to snatch the musket. Soldier Beckett surmised Fonda's strategy, warned Fonda off and quickly shot Coffin. A cartridge of three buck shot and a ball passed through the body, and Coffin fell dead, without a groan.

Q...Was Beckett arrested?

A...Yes, Beckett was arrested and confined to the guard house.

Q...Did they manacle him?

A...Yes, Beckett was placed in irons with great care. His hands and feet were confined with iron rings. Another iron collar was placed around his neck. Then, mind you, an iron bar was connected the iron neck collar with the shackles on his hands and feet. Beckett was laid in a stone cell, on a floor made of square timber, which was eighteen inches thick. Fastened securely to this floor and passing over Beckett's body were iron bands.

Q...That would be worse than a straight jacket. I doubt if anyone could get out of that. They really tied up their prisoners in that day.

A...In addition, a constant guard was kept over the shackled soldier but, with all this precaution, Beckett managed to escape.

Q...Did they ever find him?

A...Yes, Beckett got away as far as Cassville. There he went to work in the lead mines, south of town. Captain Billy Harris found Beckett there, when he was hunting for deserters.

Q...Then what happened?

A...Beckett was taken to Mineral Point, tried by the civil authorities and convicted. He was brought back to Prairie du Chien and hung like a dog.

Q...I can imagine this was a very unpopular hanging, for Beckett had make so many friends and was badly man handled?

A...You have judged right. The sheriff, who sent Beckett's soul to eternity, barely escaped with his own life. Fortunately, he had a fleet horse to thank for his escape. The soldiers were enraged at the indignities shown their unfortunate comrade. They would have killed the sheriff, but for his good planning and fast retreat.

Q...I can understand the tension and strong feeling that such a situation would generate.

A...Yes, feeling rose to a fever pitch. Even the Indians had trouble keeping peace between their tribes, but their conflicts had different origins.

In 1830, the Fox and Sauk Indians killed some Sioux Indians at the head waters of the Cedar River in Iowa. Captain Dick Mason, with Fonda as guide, took troops to the spot, but all was quiet and they returned. Indian justice is "an eye for and eye", so retaliatory events could be expected. It wasn't long before the Sioux and a number of Menominees, attacked a party of Sauks and Foxes, at Prairie du Pierreux and killed some ten Indians, among whom was Kettle, the great Fox chief.

It seems, the Sauks and Foxes were coming up to Prairie du Chien, for a treaty unarmed, and the Sioux being appraised of this by their runners, got the Menominees and laid in ambush on the east shore. The unsuspecting Foxes were fired into from the ambuscade, and their best warriors lost their scalps.

Q...Did the Indians celebrate these raids in someway?

A...Yes, they sure did in typical savage fashion. After this fight, the, the Menomonee and Sioux came up here to have a dance over the scalps. The Indians presented a horrible spectacle. They were painted for war. They had smeared themselves with blood and carried the fresh scalps on poles.

One marched with a cut off head held high a top a spiked pole. Others carried a hand, an arm, a leg, or other portions of a body, as trophies of their success.

Q...Do you mean the Indians did that here in Prairie du Chien?

A...Yes, right here in town. The Indians commenced to dance near the mound over the slough, where the Villa Louis now stands, not far from your WPRE station. But, Colonel Taylor soon stopped that by driving them across the main channel, over on to the islands. There the Indians danced until their own scalps went to grace the wigwams of the Sauks and Foxes.

Q...I can see that retribution was swift coming in those early days. A...Yes, it was.

Fonda was a very observant person, and tells us about an interesting and most unusual disturbance in the sky in 1831.

Fonda says he and a few men were getting out stone near Barrette's lower ferry. At that time he was living in a cabin on the Wisconsin River near Bridgeport.

One evening, after retiring, two of his men came rushing into his cabin. They were excited and yelled at the sleeping Fonda to get up, because the world was coming to an end.

Fonda jumped out of bed and saw what he termed, the awful grandeur of the heavens. The air was filled with a meteoric shower of phosphorescent light. It came down in flakes, as thick and as fast as hail. This phenomena continued for some time, presenting a brilliant spectacle which gave Fonda what he called a pretty good idea of the judgment day.

After the first surprise, Fonda reasoned that it must be some natural phenomena.

Q...I would think that it was probable a meteor hitting the atmosphere of the earth and the friction of the air gave a shower of sparks and luminous dust.

A...Yes, we frequently see what we call falling stars in October. These are meteors coming into the earth's orbit and flashing lights in the sky.

Fonda says that strangely, there was no fire and no burning. Upon his investigation the next morning, he could find no trace of particles as evidence of the previous night's wonder.

Q...That would certainly be a strange and awesome sight to watch.

A...Fonda says he never forgot the event.

Q...Had the Indian rivalries quieted down?

A...No, they were still smoldering. In April 1831, a war party of Sauk and Fox Indians came up the river from southern Iowa and Illinois to the bluff north of Bloody River on the Iowa side.

From this bluff, this war party could watch the Menominees, who were encamped on an island, opposite Prairie du Chien, a little north of the old Fort.

Not only did the Fox Indians massacre the Menominees, but they also scalped their victims and mutilated their bodies. Then they climbed into their canoes and paddled down the river past the fort, singing their war song and boasting of their exploits.

Q...Did the Army do anything about these incidents?

A...Yes, soldiers were dispatched to punish the bad Indian raiders, but the soldiers failed to catch them. Fonda helped to bury the dead, the following morning. There were twenty seven bodies. All had been killed by the knife or tomahawk, except for the Fox brave shot by the boy.

The murdered Indians were buried in three graves, on the landing below the 2nd Fort' Crawford. According to Fonda, this spot was marked by a muslin flag for years. Menominee Indians lingering in this vicinity saw to it that the flag was kept standing for many years. Their numbers decreased and finally the graves went unmarked. Later, when the railroad came into Prairie du Chien, the graves were filled over with ground, as the tracks were laid.

Q...Now, we have almost forgotten the cruel Indian days.

A...Each year these events shrink back further into the pages of history. The American soldiers were a rough lot, too in those days.

Fonda tells us that in this same year 1831, a soldier named Barrette was killed by J.P. Hall, an officer, who struck the man on the head with a pitch fork handle, and broke his skull.

Hall was acquitted, but he never forgot the murder he had committed. He later left the army and took up residence in Iowa.

Q...When did Fonda leave the army?

A...In the fall of 1831. He had saved some money. On leaving the army, Fonda formed a partnership with a man named Perry and they operated a boarding house and tavern.

Fonda tells us, and I quote "I can say that I kept the first tavern in Prairie du Chien."

Q...Fine, I have always wondered who had the first tavern in Prairie du Chien. Now I know.

A...Fonda's business prospered. In a few years he sold his equity to his partner Perry.

Q...I see that our time has run out, so we must bring to a close these intriguing tales on early Prairie du Chien.
 MJDyrud/me Nov. 5, 1955



Cassville
H. Lewis



Scalp Dance
George Catlin

Fonda's Stories on Prairie du Chien VIII

Q...Once again the time has arrive for another interesting History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and local historian.

A. Thank you, I am glad to be here.

Q...Your tales on Prairie du Chien bring to life a colorful period in early Prairie du Chien, which have lain dormant for may years. It must have been an exciting period, packed as it was with sharp traders, picturesque... but still troublesome Indians and frontier soldiers.

A...Yes, from 1815 to 1840, Prairie du Chien was a key out post in the Northwest and a springboard for our young and growing America.

We are fortunate to have the reminiscence of John Fonda, an early resident to tell us just what went on. From his tales we feel the pulse of that time.

Q...Was there much fighting between the soldiers and the Indians then?

A...No, not much fighting, although there were clashes at times. The American government wished to keep peace with the Indians. This presented a difficult problem, for white settlers were moving west into this area and encroaching upon the Indian's land.

Most troublesome, was the area below here running into northern Illinois. The rich lead deposits in this area brought swarms of prospective miners and they wanted to dig where they found ore. As yet our government had not acquired this land from the Indians. Therefore it is not surprising that the Indians would raid the homes of the white squatters.

Q...Well, I can easily see why the Indians were on edge, and how easily trouble could develop.

A...The American soldiers tried to keep peace between the on rushing settlers and the Indians.

Q...Those early days must have been rugged on the frontier people.

A...Yes, it was first a battle with the wilderness. Then it was a battle with the Indians. Next it often proved to be a battle against disease.

Fonda tells us that Cholera raged terribly among the troops in the 1832. He says that one hundred soldiers died at Fort Crawford within two weeks.

Q...Cholera, I know that it is terrible. But it is something we do not hear much about anymore.

A...No it is gone, thank goodness. Our better sanitation has prevented the ravages of this dangerous killing disease. It still pops up in China however.

Q...Were the Prairie du Chien people affected?

A...Fonda tells us that only four citizens died of cholera in Prairie du Chien at that time. All of these people were in one house.

You know that I am treading on questionable ground, for my good friend Dr. Scanlan has insisted for years that there never was cholera here at Fort Crawford. There were bad outbreaks at Rock Island in the army and some believe that it found its way here.

If we can believe Fonda, there was cholera here.

Q...Did the Indians get the disease?

A...Apparently not then, for we have no record of death in the Indian population. They of course were not immune. As a matter of fact, the soldiers and white settlers carried small pox and tuberculosis to the Indians and in some cases it almost wiped out whole tribes of Indians.

Q...Did the Army try to help the Indians?

A...Yes, at time they tried, but without too much success.

General Street, the Indian Agent here then succeeded having the Government establish an Indian school about five miles up the Yellow River, which was across the Mississippi river and a little north of here.

It was an experiment and had its ups and downs. Later the school was moved farther west to Fort Atkinson, closer to the Indian population, as they were pushed west.

Q...What was the excitement of this time?

A...Most noteworthy, in the year 1832, was the beginning of the Blackhawk War.

Q.. Just what started the War.

A...Blackhawk claims he never gave up his rights to land around the Rock River in Wisconsin, even though his bands had been moved west of the Mississippi. Within sight of Fort Armstrong at Rock Island, Blackhawk and his followers crossed back into Illinois.

General Atkinson at Fort Armstrong saw this, but considered himself too weak to prevent their reentry. Instead of acting decisively, he delayed action. The white settlers in Northern Illinois were scared and demanded action. Incidents developed and soon a large scale conflict blossomed.

As General Atkinson gathered troops, he had difficulty in bringing Blackhawk to battle.

Q...Did the Army handle this campaign alone?

A...No, they sought volunteers in Illinois and Wisconsin. General Dodge at that time had drummers, recruiting here in Prairie du Chien. It was at this time that Fonda re-enlisted. At this time also, a Quartermaster was here buying horses. He purchased almost 500 head and Fonda was in the group, who took these animals to the mouth of the Rock River, Where General Atkinson was then encamped.

Q...What observation did Fonda have at that time?

A...Fonda tells us that he was under General Dodge's command, which was composed of Illinois volunteers. Fonda tells us that he never saw a wilder, more independent set of dare-devils. They had a free and easy way, a devil may care appearance..something he had never seen in regular troops.

Even some Sioux, Winnebagoes and Menomonee Indians joined Atkinson too. Q...Wasn't Abe Lincoln in the Blackhawk War?

A...Yes, he enlisted and was sworn in, strangely enough by Lieutenant Jefferson Davis. This was the first and a memorable meeting of two men, who would later be pitted against each other. During the Civil War, Lincoln would be President and Jefferson Davis would be head of the Confederacy.

Q...Did Lincoln serve all through the Blackhawk campaign?

A...No. The Illinois volunteers asked to be freed of service so they could return home, when they hit the Wisconsin line. So, they were released and Wisconsin volunteers took over their duties, from that point on. General Atkinson had his troubles for the volunteers would not always follow his orders. They lacked discipline, and went off on their own wild goose chases from time to time.

Q...Did the troops find Blackhawk?

A...Yes, finally they caught up with him in the four lakes area, which we now know as Madison. From here they trailed them to Wisconsin Heights, near Sauk City before they could bring them to battle. Here some of the Indians made a stand, while the others crossed the river. One soldier was killed and several wounded according to Fonda. He goes on to say, we returned their fire, then charged them, killing a good many. All of whom were scalped by the wild sucker volunteers.

Q...You mean to tell me that our white soldiers actually scalped the Indians they shot?

A...So Fonda tells us. I have always liked Davis' account of the battle the best.

Q...I remember your mentioning this once, but would you mind telling it once more?

A...Sure will. Davis said- "We were one day pursuing the Indians, when we came close to the Wisconsin River. Reaching the river bank, the Indians made so determined a stand, and fought with such desperation, that they held us in check.

The squaws tore bark from the trees, with which they made little scallops, in which they floated their papooses and other pedimental across to an island, also swimming over their ponies."

Q...That must have been a very moving sight, to see these Indian mothers floating their babies to safety across the water on little tree bark boats.

A...Yes, a strange and heart breaking sight, in view of the action. Davis goes on to say..."As soon as this was accomplished (the floating of papooses, pedimental and swimming over the ponies) then half of the warriors plunged in and swam across, each holding his gun in one hand over his head and swimming with the other. On reaching the opposite bank, they opened fire upon us, under cover of which, the other half slipped down the bank and swam over in like manner." Davis considers this was the most brilliant exhibition of military tactics that he had ever witnessed. He considered it a feat of most consummate management and bravery, in the face of superior numbers.

Davis says..."Had it been performed by white men, it would have been immortalized as one of the most splendid achievements in military history."

Q...That acclaim from Davis, a famous military man, indicates that Blackhawk was a skillful military strategist.

A...Yes, you bet. Fonda tells us that soon after this skirmish, General Atkinson came up and the entire Army crossed the river at Pine Bend (later called Helena.)

Q...And just where is Helena?

A...Helena is now a ghost town. It is just beyond Spring Green, on the opposite bank of the river. If you come from Madison, on the Milwaukee Railroad it is at the point where you first reach and cross the Wisconsin River. I understand that some of the old buildings of this town are still standing.

Q...That is most interesting, for I never knew we had a ghost town near here. Well, Marty, carry on with your story.

A...When it was discovered that the Indians were making for the Mississippi River, General Atkinson dispatched Fonda and an aide to Fort Crawford, to warn the inhabitants and ask that they help prevent the Indians from crossing the river in any canoes or boats belonging to the citizens.

Fonda and his companion set out and traveled day and night to reach the Fort. Blackhawk had turned north to ford the Kickapoo high up, so Fonda was spared the risky lot of traveling through the enemy ranks. On the 1st of August, Fonda reached the Sugar Loaf, at the south end of the prairie.

Q...Tell me just where is the Sugar Loaf?

A...It is one of the lower bluffs, east of the road on the prairie, south of town, just before you make the turn east towards Bridgeport.

Q...Fine and I am glad to know this land mark.

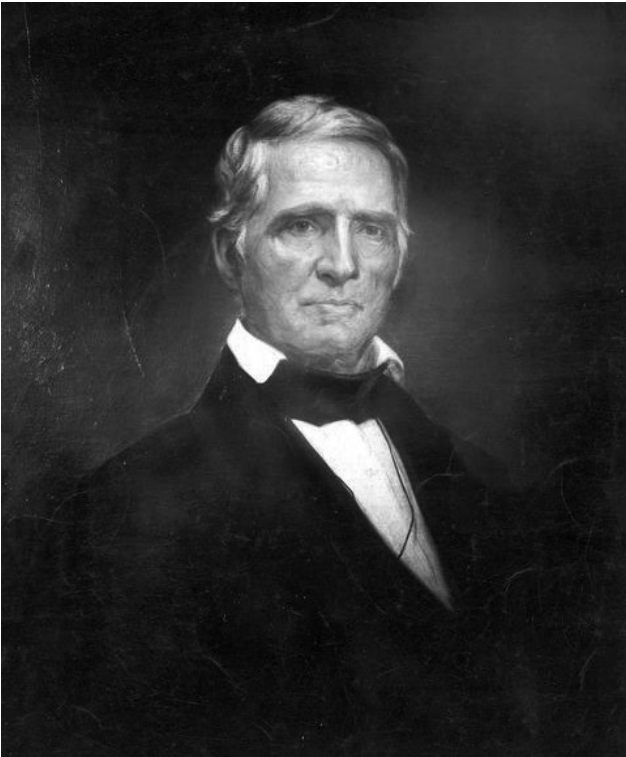
A...Fonda tells us that they looked out over the prairie, previous to starting for the Fort. They saw the smoke and steam of a boat, just off the mouth of the Wisconsin. This was important for this boat played a part in the Blackhawk War.

Q...Marty, our time has run out so we must wait until next week before we can learn more.

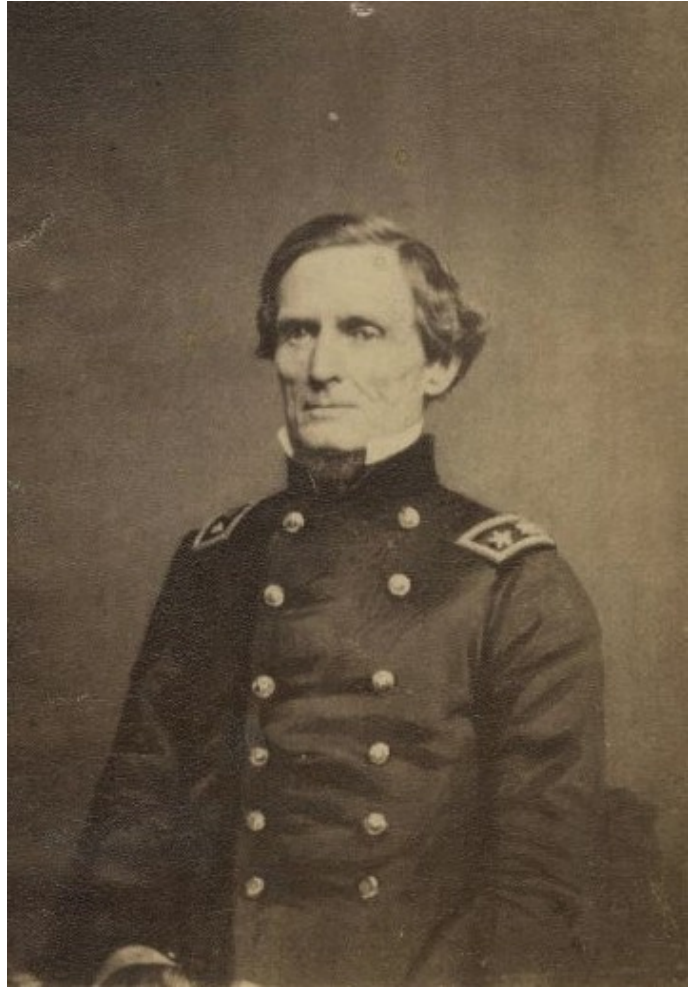
Nov. 12, 1955 MJDyrud



Henry Atkinson



Henry Dodge



Jefferson Davis

Fonda's Stories on Prairie du Chien IX

Q...Once again the time has arrived for another interesting History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and local historian. Hello Marty and welcome to WPRE.

A...Thank you, I am happy to be here.

Q...The past several weeks, you have given us a very enlightening account of happenings in Prairie du Chien, 125 years ago. You have brought this period to life. It has been buried in our historic records for a long time, and we are thankful you have brought these stories to us.

A... We certainly have Fonda to thank for writing down his impressions of those early days in our town.

Q...Last week, you gave us the details on the preliminary skirmishes in the Blackhawk War. Now, I am sure, we would all like to hear more.

A...John Fonda had enlisted again in the Army with the beginning of the Blackhawk War. Under the command of General Dodge, he participated in the search for Blackhawk's warriors. At Wisconsin Heights they caught up with Blackhawk's band and a sharp action occurred as Blackhawk was holding a rear guard action to allow his band to cross the Wisconsin River.

General Atkinson brought the main force up later and they forded the Wisconsin lower down near Spring Green. General Atkinson dispatched Fonda and his French sidekick Boiseley to Prairie du Chien to warn the residents that Blackhawk might try to cross the Mississippi near here and warned them to hide their boats and canoes from the Indians. Traveling day and night, Fonda arrived at Fort Crawford, just as the steamer Warrior came into the government landing. Fonda says, "I reported myself to Captain Loomis and was directed to go up the river in the boat. I assisted to get a six pounder from the Fort on to the Warrior, which cannon was managed by five other persons and myself" It was the only cannon later fired at the Indians.

Q...Was the steamer Warrior a Fun Boat?

A...No, it was a transport steamer, but the military improvised and mounted a small cannon on the bow of the steamboat.

The steamboat Warrior was commanded by Throckmorton and Lieutenant Kinsbury and a body of Army regulars were taken aboard. The cannon was placed on the forward part of the boat, without a defense of any kind.

Fonda tells us, that "as the boat steamed up the river; all on board were anxious to get a pop at the Indians. "Just above, (what is now Lansing) we picked up a soldier, who had been discharged from Fort Snelling, and was coming down the river in a canoe. He had come down the west channel, on the Minnesota side opposite the Bad Axe, and, fortunately for him, he did not meet the Indians."

Q...Did the steamboat meet up with Blackhawk?

A...Yes, Fonda says.."We came in sight of the Indians, south of the Bad Axe river. They were collected together on a bench of land, close to the Mississippi and were making efforts to get their women across.

Q...What happened then?

A...Fonda recounts that "Captain Dickson's scouts had not come up yet, and the Indians raised a white flag and endeavored to induce the boat to approach the east shore, and succeeded in bringing her close enough to pour a shower of balls into her."

Q...Did the men on the steamer fire their cannon?

A...Yes, Fonda's group sent a shower of canister amongst the Indians. "This was repeated three times and each time it mowed a clean swath through the Indian ranks. There were only three charges of canister shot, and these all had been fired. The Indians now retreated to the low ground, back from the shore, where lying on their bellies, they were safe from us."

Fonda recalled that there was a continual firing of small arms, between the soldiers on the boat and the Indians ashore. The fire wood gave out, so, the steamer was obliged to put back to Prairie du Chien to wood-up, for there were at time no wood yards on the Mississippi then.

Q...I bet that was a rush trip?

A...Very definitely. On arrival at Prairie du Chien, the whole town was aroused and asked to carry wood aboard the steamer.

A group of Menomonee Indians were taken aboard, and soon they took off under a full head of steam for the battle area.

Q...Did they return in time?

A...Yes, as the steamer rounded the island and got within sight of the battle ground, Fonda and his party could hear the musket fire. Fonda recalls Throckmorton saying "Dodge is giving them hell"

Fonda says "Throckmorton guessed right, for as they reached the scene of action, the wild volunteers under General Dodge were engaged in a fierce conflict with the Indians.

The Indians were driven down to the river's edge. There some of them, under the shelter of the bank, were firing at the volunteers, who had command of the bluffs. The Suckers and Hoosiers, as the volunteers were called by Fonda and the others, fought like perfect tigers and carried everything before them."

Q...What about the men on the boat, did they help in the fight?

A...Yes, the troops and Indians on board the Warrior, kept a brisk fire on the Indians ashore, who fought with a desperation that surpassed everything Fonda had ever witnessed in any Indian fights, and Fonda commented, "I have seen more than one."

The Indians were between two fires. On the bluffs above them, were Dickson and his rangers. General Dodge was leading his men on, while Fonda's party on the boat kept steaming back and forth on the river, running down those who attempted to cross, also shooting Indians on shore.

Q...That sounds like a fierce hand to hand encounter.

A...It sure was. The soldier Fonda picked up from Fort Snelling helped him to man the gun, and was wounded in the knee by a rifle ball.

The Indians' shots would hit the water or patter against the boat. Occasionally a rifle ball, sent with more force would whistle through both sides of the steamboat.

Q...Did Blackhawk's Indians show any battle tricks?

A...Yes, some of the Indians naked to the breech cloth, slid down into the water where they laid, with only their mouth and nostrils above the surface.

But, Fonda and his group, on the boat, had an answer for this. By running the boat closer to the east shore, the Menominees on the boat were able to make the water too hot for half submerged Blackhawk braves. One after another, they would jump up and were shot down in attempting to gain cover of the bank above them.

Fonda tells us, "one warrior, more brave than the others, or perhaps more accustomed to the smell of gun powder, kept his position in the water until the balls fell around him like hail, when he also concluded to *pugh-a-shee*, which is the Indian word for be off or escape. Then this Indian commenced to creep up the bank. But Fonda tells us he never reached the top, for Throckmorton had his eye on him and drawing up his heavy rifle, he sent a bullet through the ribs of the Indian, who sprang into the air with a ugh!, and fell dead.

Q...Were any men on the steamer killed?

A...Only one, he was an Indian, who had come up the river on the Warrior. The pilot was fired at many times, but escaped unharmed, though the pilot house was riddled with balls.

Q...Fonda sure gives a clear picture, he must have been a good story teller?

A...Apparently, Fonda told of an Indian brave and his five sons, all of whom Fonda had seen on the Prairie and knew. These Indians had taken a stand behind a felled log, in a little ravine, mid-way up the bluffs. From there, they fired on the regulars with deadly aim.

The old man loaded the guns as fast as his sons discharged them. At each shot, a man fell. They knew they could not expect quarter, and they sold their lives as dear as possible. They showed the best fight, and held their ground, the firmest of any of the Indians. But, they could never withstand the men under Dodge. As volunteers poured over the bluff, each of the sons, shot a man. In return, each of the Indian braves were shot down and scalped by the wild volunteers. Drawing their knives, they cut two parallel gashes down the Indian's backs, and stripped the skin from the quivering flesh, to make razor straps. In this manner, Fonda saw the old Indian brave and his five sons treated.

Q...This is the second time that Fonda tells us that the American Volunteers took scalps. They did, also at the battle of Wisconsin Heights.

A...Yes, this is a phase I never saw before in the regular history accounts of the Blackhawk War. Maybe the writers dressed them up a bit for us.

Q...Fonda accounts were given in the 1860's?

A...Yes, they were his recollections. I think these accounts are true, for Fonda even tells us that "Afterwards, I had a piece of their hide."

Q...Fonda apparently tells these facts?

A...Yes, the facts and often in the raw.

Q...What happened then?

A...After the Indians had been completely routed on the east side, Fonda's steamer carried Colonel Taylor's forces across the river to the islands, which they raked with grape and round shot. Colonel Taylor and his men, charged through the islands to the right and to the left. But, they took only a few prisoners, mostly women and children. Fonda says, "I landed with the troops and was moving along shore to the north, when a little Indian boy, with one of his arms shot off, came out of the bushes and made signs for something to eat. He seemed perfectly indifferent to pain, and only sensible of hunger.

Fonda carried the little naked fellow aboard. Someone gave him a piece of hard bread. He stood and ate it, with the wounded arm dragging by the torn flesh. And so it remained until the arm was taken off."

Q...If I remember correctly Blackhawk escaped?

A...Yes, he escaped into Iowa. Old Wa-ba-Shaw with a band of his warriors and the Menominees were sent in pursuit of those of Blackhawk's people who crossed the Mississippi. Very few of the Sauk and Fox Indians ever reached their own country.

Q...What about the steamboat?

A...The steamboat Warrior set out, down stream for Fort Crawford, after the fight. On board were the regular troops, wounded men and prisoners. Amongst the prisoners was an old Sauk Indian, who attempted to destroy himself, by pounding his own head with a rock, much to the amusement of the soldiers according to Fonda.

Q...The Blackhawk War has taken a prominent place in American history.

A...Yes it has. Cal Peters had captured the vicious, hand to hand action in his fine painting, which we all can see over at the Villa Museum.

Q..That is the engagement which brought the Blackhawk War to a close?

A...Yes, and the fur traders had a clever suggestion for finding Blackhawk. Knowing that the Sioux and Winnebago Indians had a intense hatred for they were delegated to seek out Blackhawk and bring him in. This they did. Soon the Winnebago Prophet, the One Eyed Decorah and Chetar delivered Blackhawk at Fort Crawford. This is another moving picture that Cal Peters has captured in oil for us and can also be seen in the Museum.

Q...Was it during this escape that Blackhawk is supposed to have hidden in the tree on Blackhawk Avenue, here in Prairie du Chien?

A...Yes, that is the way legend has it. Blackhawk escaped across the river into Iowa and then crossed back in this area. It is said that he hid in a large hollow trunk of a cottonwood tree that once stood in the center of what is now Blackhawk Avenue, near the Piggly Wiggly Store.

Q...Marty, I can now tell you for sure that the red bricks mark the place where this tree once stood, for I have sought it out and found it.

A...It is easy to miss, unless a person looks close. Too bad there isn't an explanatory marker at the side of the road so tourists could read it.

Q...That would sure make a fine historical project for the people in Prairie du Chien.

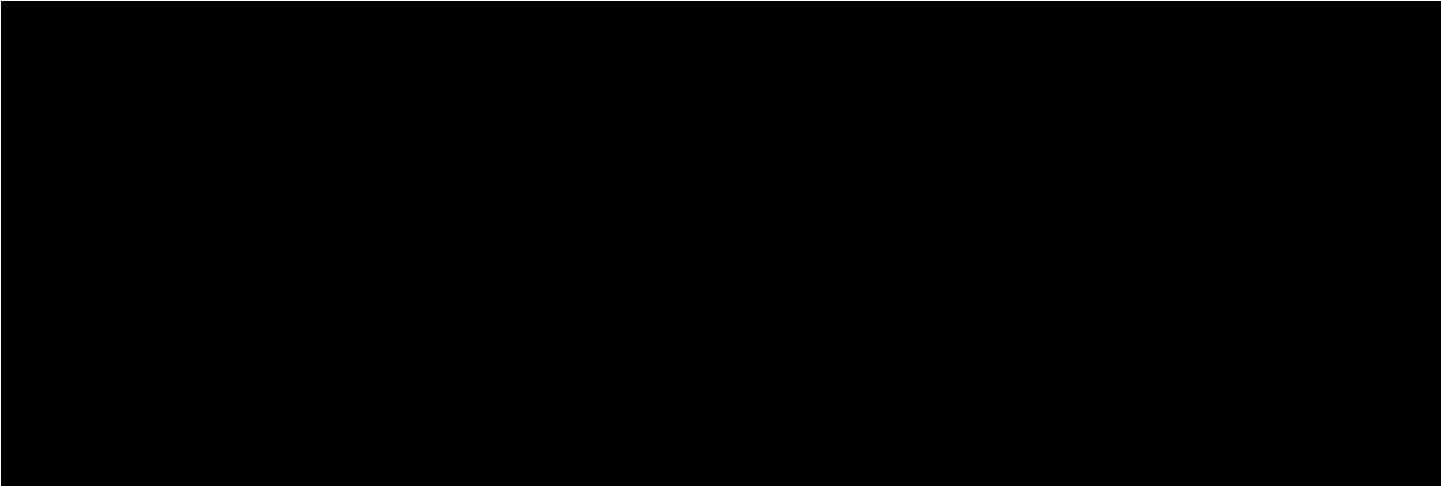
A...It sure would

Q...Marty, that old clock seems to have gotten ahead of us, so we must call it quits for today.

MJDyrud/me Nov. 8, 1955

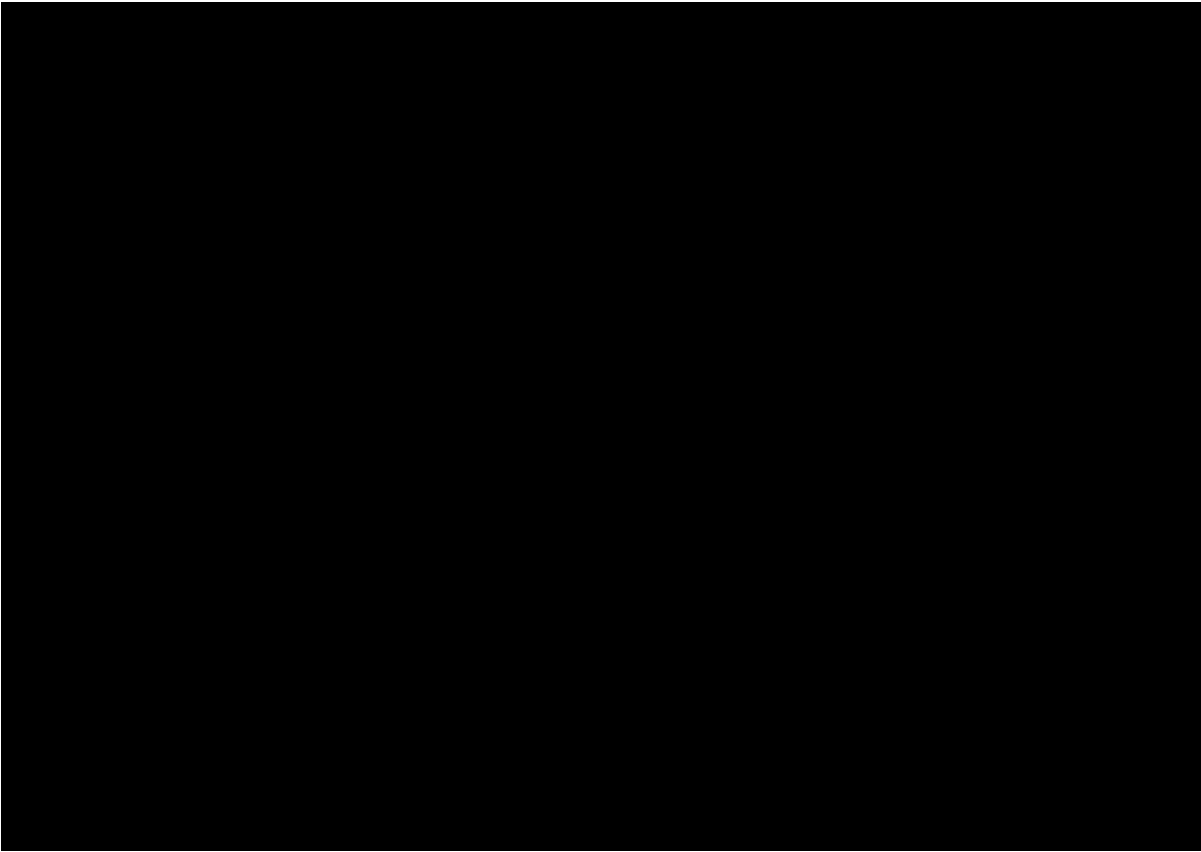


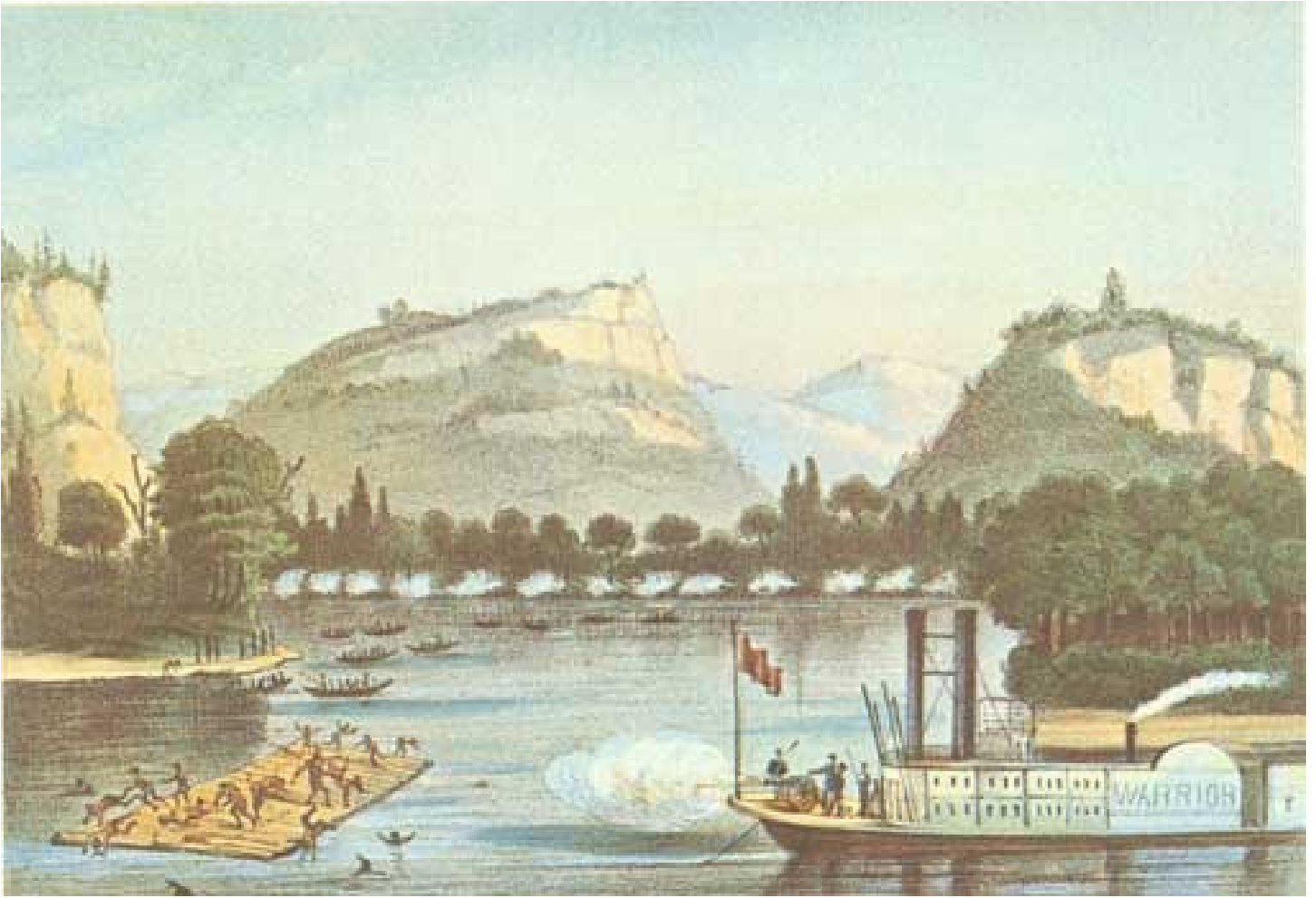
Bad Axe Battleground



Battle of Bad Axe

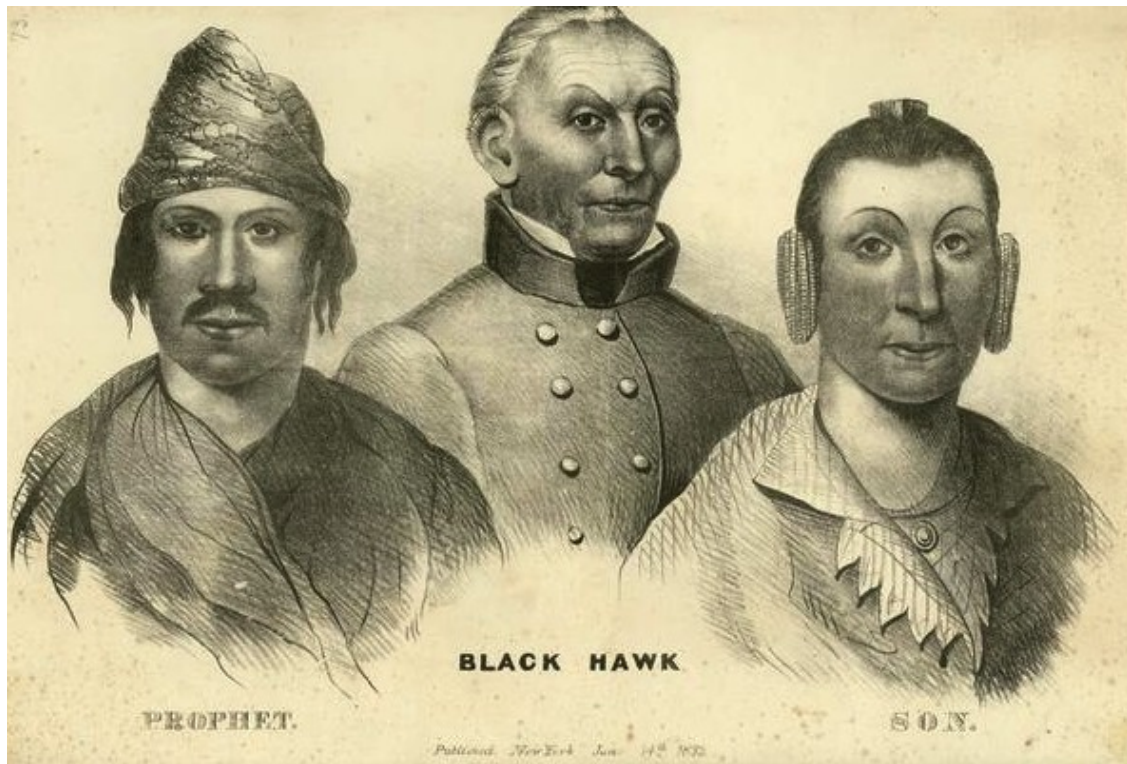
Cal Peters





Bad Axe Battle

H. Lewis



Blackhawk Tree
circa 1915

Fonda's Stories on Prairie du Chien X

Q...Once again the time has arrived for another interesting History Chat.

A...This is Marty Dyrud with Mrs. Paul Schmidt assisting me today in bringing you glimpses of frontier life in Prairie du Chien. Mrs. Schmidt's great grandfather was frozen to death on the bluffs here in Prairie du Chien when he went out to get he cattle.

Q...The stories you have told us the past several weeks, on the Blackhawk War are fascinating. While there are a good many people who have heard of the Blackhawk War, very few know anything about the activities here or much about the battle north of here at the mouth of the Bad Axe River.

A...Yes, there seems to be a misconception that Blackhawk was a bad and ignorant Indian. Actually he was a very intelligent leader, waging a losing battle to preserve their home land for his tribe. But, the incoming white settlers were intent upon taking the land they wished and the red man's rights were not given proper recognition.

Q...What happened to Fonda as the Blackhawk War came to an end?

A...The volunteers were discharged, and Fonda was given a land warrant for his two month's service. He got married and settled down.

Fonda moved up on the bluff and worked for a man named Reed. It seems that Taintor and Reed at that time took contracts to supply wood to Fort Crawford. The wood was furnished at a high price, and the contractors made a good profit. Reed left later on, but Taintor stayed and became a well-to-do citizen.

About 1834, Fonda moved back to Prairie du Chien, and into the old tavern, he had started. Fonda claims he was the first tavern operator in Prairie du Chien, and I believe he is correct.

Fonda recalls that this was the year that smallpox broke out, and many citizens and Indians died. Fonda's nine month old son was stricken, but recovered. Fonda's helper in the tavern, a Winnebago Indian called the Boxer was less lucky and died of the disease. This Indian clerked for Fonda and sold liquor to the Indians. He was a faithful employee, whom Fonda liked.

The Boxer had a beautiful physique and fortunately for us Lewis painted him while he was here at the Treaty of Prairie du Chien and 1825, so we can still visualize this giant Indian, bedecked with long rattle snake skins dangling from his arms.

Q... We certainly have Fonda to thank for giving us such a valuable and charming picture of those early times.

A...Yes, we sure do. Fonda tells us that he was about to move over the river to Bloody Run. He had sent the Boxer ahead in his canoe. On his way back, the Boxer fell sick, and drew his canoe up on the point of the island, east of the Run, where the fever came on, and he laid down by the water's edge to drink, and there he died.

There Fonda found him, as he was going over to Bloody Run, and buried him. Fonda committed his body to rest, paused and reflected," that here lie the bones of an honest Indian."

Q...Marty tell me, just where is Bloody Run?

A...It is the coulee where the city of Marquette is now located.

Q...How about Fonda, did he get the smallpox?

A...Yes, after burying the Boxer, Fonda proceeded on to Bloody Run and was also stricken with smallpox. Fonda laid down by a spring, and remained there during the attack for four days and four nights. This time he passed in great misery. The time Fonda recalled seemed like an age. But, the crisis passed and Fonda was again able to make his way back to Prairie du Chien. He regained his health quickly, and then, moved his family over to Bloody Run.

Q...That must have been terrible, for those early settlers to be stricken by some disease and have to lie down and sweat it out, all by themselves.

A...That is one phase of the frontier life, we overlook today. There were no doctors then for the civilians. However the military forces had a few.

From my studies, I believe that Dr. Beaumont was the first doctor to bring the benefits of vaccination into Wisconsin. Even then, it was not broadly practiced. It took most of a century before laws were adopted making mass vaccination of our population possible.

Q...What interesting facts, and one I never knew.

A...I think so. Fonda and his family lived at Bloody Run for two years. When he first went over, the cabin leaked. Climbing up to repair the leak, he saw a deer coming down the coulee towards him. Fonda reasoned that something must be chasing it and sure enough, soon a large grey wolf came stalking the path directly in front of him. Fonda got down quickly and picked up his gun. It happened to be loaded with small shot, for his wife had been hunting with it.

Fonda raised the gun and advanced toward the wolf, but the wolf did not retreat. Then Fonda let fly, sending a charge of shot into the wolf's face.

Q...I'll pass up hunting wolves, I would much rather shoot ducks. No Marty, tell me more about Bloody Run and how it got its name?

A...Fonda tells us the Bloody Run is so called from an incident of backwood's life. The name is applied to a large ravine or valley, on the west side of the Mississippi in Iowa, opposite Prairie du Chien, and one mile north of McGregor.

In the valley was a stream of pure cool water, clear as crystal, and thickly skirted with a growth of timber. The water meanders along through the valley, over pebbly bottom towards the Mississippi, into which it flows. High wood-covered bluffs are on the valley on either side. A distance of more than seven miles separate the mouth of this stream from its upper reaches. The water in the 1860's furnished power to run the Spalding and Marsh's Mill.

Fonda had a love and cherished feeling for Bloody Run, for he pauses in his story, to give us a word picture.

"In that season of the year, when vegetation and verdure are at its height, a picturesque sight is presented to the tourist, as he winds his way along the stream, through the valley of Bloody Run.

The lover of nature has never imagined a wilder, more beautiful place than was Bloody Run when I was there in 1834. No wonder Martin Scott chose this as his favorite hunting ground. His true sportsman's instinct led him to

this place, to watch the red deer, as they came down from the bluff at mid-day, to slake its thirst, and cool its panting sides in the crystal waters of the Run."

Q...I can see that Fonda was a nature lover, for he speaks with a deep sense of feeling.

A...He sure does. Fonda goes on, "...it was when Prairie du Chien was inhabited by only a few French families and Indian traders, that an event occurred which gave to the coulee its name. I refer to the coulee in which North McGregor is now being built, by its name Blood Run."

Remember Fonda is speaking in the 1860's and what he then called North McGregor was later renamed the city of Marquette.

Fonda continues..."A couple of traders lived here on the Prairie, named Antoine Brisbois and George Fisher. And as was the custom with those extensively engaged in the fur trade, these two traders had their clerks or agents, who they supplied with goods to dispose of, to the Indians.

Among other clerks, were two who lived with their families in Bloody Run. Their names were Smith Stock and a Mr. King. King's wife was a squaw from the Sauk tribe, while Mr. Stock and his wife were both English. Both families lived on little bench or table land, on the north side of the valley, about a mile and half from the mouth of the creek.

These clerks had sold a quantity of goods to the Indians on credit, and the Indians were backward in canceling their debt. Among the Indians, who had gotten into debt for the goods was a Sauk chief named Gray Eagle.

The chief had been refused any more credit and would not pay for what he had already obtained. This dishonesty on the part of the Chief made King impatient, and he told his wife that he would go to Gray Eagle's village and if the chief did not pay, then he would take the chief's horse for the debt.

His wife told him, that it would dangerous to treat a chief that way, and warned him not to go; but, he said he had traded too long with the Indians to be afraid of them, and set out to collect the debt.

On his way to the village, he met the chief, unarmed, riding on the very horse he had threatened to take. Approaching him, he dragged the chief off, gave him a beating, and got on the horse himself and rode back.

Arriving home, he tied the horse in front of his shanty door.

When he told his wife what he had done, she said she was afraid the chief would seek revenge, and warned her husband to be cautious."

Q...Did anything happen?

A...Yes, soon after Mrs. King rushed into the cabin and said that Gray Eagle was near at hand with some of his people. Upon hearing this, King arose to go out to the horse. But, he scarcely reached the door, before a bullet from Gray Eagle's rifle pierced his brain, King fell across the threshold, a bloody corpse. The Indian took his horse and rode off.

Q...I never knew before about this very historic murder in Marquette.

A...There is more to the story. Mr. Stock, the remaining trader, persisted in his refusal to give the Indians credit. This so enraged them that they shot him through the heart.

After this last tragedy, the surviving members of those two families moved from their old claim. And, for years after, no white man lived in the valley.

Because of the murders perpetrated, then the coulee was named Bloody Run. This is the origin of the coulee name, where Marquette now stands.

Q...That is very moving account of the tragedy which gave birth to the name Bloody Run. I bet there are a great many people now living in Marquette who have not known this history before this. So thanks for making history live for our near neighbor on the west.

A...I have found this story most interesting.

Q...How did Fonda make out, living in Bloody Run?

A...Fonda tells us that he spent two of the pleasantest years of his life in Bloody Run. At that time there were numerous Indians, with their reservations close by. Sometimes they stole his corn and potatoes, and killed some of his hogs. However no serious incidents developed during Fonda's stay in Bloody Run.

In the year 1866, when Fonda was relating his reminiscences, he tells us that Bloody Run was undergoing great changes.

The land titles have been investigated and adjusted. The floating population of the West has begun to settle there. Mills have been built, dwellings erected, and a railroad surveyed and partly built.

Fonda says a young city is rearing itself in the valley and will yet surpass its neighbor McGregor in population and trade, as it does now in its natural advantages.

Q...Marquette never quite realized Fonda's dream?

A...No, I guess not, but Fonda sure loved it and had great hopes for Bloody Run. One never knows what the future will bring. Some day, more people may join Fonda in his love and enthusiasm for Bloody Run and build it into a Utopia.

Q...Our time has run out so we must bring this History Chat to a close.

A...I wish to thank Jackie Schmidt for assisting me today.

Tune in the same time next Sunday for another account of life in frontier Prairie du Chien.

MJDyrud/me Nov. 26, 1955



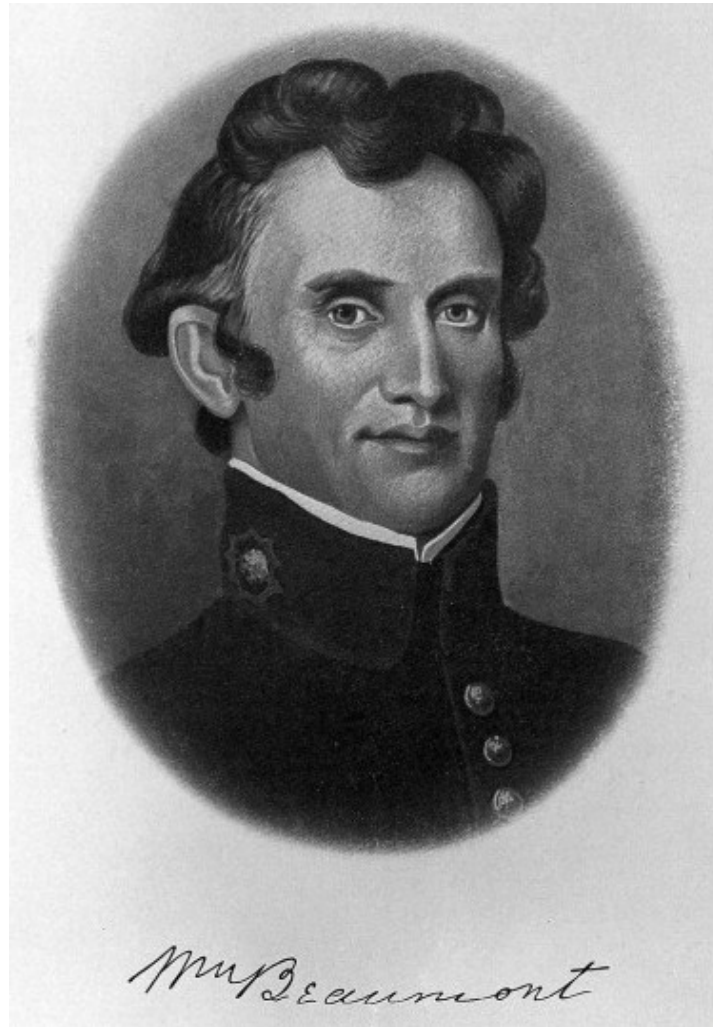
*Wah-chee-hahs-ka or Man Who Puts All Out of Doors, a Winnebago (Ho-Chunk) man.
(watercolor by George Catlin, 1831-1835)*



Joseph Rolette
1841



Rolette (center)
[Henry Hastings Sibley](#) (right), and a man possibly
identified as [Franklin Steele](#) (left). c. 1847



Fonda's Stories on Prairie du Chien XI

Q...Once again, the time has arrived for another interesting History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and local historian. Hello Marty, and welcome to WPRE.

A...Thank you, and I am glad to be here.

Q...I was extremely interested to hear your story last week on the origin of the name Bloody Run, which is given to the coulee where the city of Marquette is now located.

A...Yes, it is an unusual story, which dates back to the early fur trading days. The murder of two fur company clerks, then living in the Iowa coulee brought forth the nickname Blood Run, and so it has been called, ever since.

Q...Then too, I never realized that Marquette was once called North McGregor.

A...Yes, it isn't too many years ago, since North McGregor was renamed Marquette.

Q...Marty, what frontier tales do you have on tap for us today?

A...John Fonda, and early resident of Prairie du Chien, has left some accounts, which give us an intimate picture of frontier life, here about 120 years ago.

In 1839, when Fonda was up working in the Menomonee Pinewoods, he wished to bring his family back to Prairie du Chien. There were no convenient steamboats, with regular schedules, then operating on the Mississippi, along the upper reaches. So, Fonda got a large Mackinaw boat and rigged it with an awning canopy, overhead. Into this boat he placed his family and all their worldly possessions.

They had a pleasant trip, sailing and floating down the Menomonee and Mississippi rivers. Their boat was thirty feet long, and the awning covered fifteen feet in the center of the craft. Beneath the canopy were placed his goods, provisions and bedding. The canopy afforded shelter for his wife and children during the rain and damp nights.

A space in the stern of the boat was reserved for the steering oar. In the bow of the boat was a stove, to cook the food and game Fonda shot.

Q...That certainly is a lot different from our transportation today. Now a few hours trip in our car and we could make this distance easily.

A...Yes, that is right. But Fonda remembered this trip, in spite of the exposure, as one of the most enjoyable, he ever made.

One day, while the boat was floating lazily down with the current, opposite Trempeleau Mountain, Fonda's attention was called to an animal. His wife pointed it out. It was on a long narrow bar or point of an island, just below them. It appeared to be playing with some object, unconscious of their approach.

Fonda was not long in discovering, that it was a large panther. It was the first he had seen, and he wanted to kill one. So Fonda told his wife to take over the oar and direct the boat to a point nearest the beast. Fonda went forward and stood in the bow of the boat, ready to shoot quickly, when they were close enough.

The panther kept dragging the object about, unmindful of the boat, until the keel grated on the sand within twenty feet of the animal. Just as the boat stopped, Fonda fired. The bullet pierced its vitals. After satisfying himself, that it was dead, Fonda jumped out to skin it.

Then says Fonda, " I discovered one of the panther's paws was firmly locked in the jaws of a large, hard shelled turtle. It appeared that the panther had been in search of food, and spying the turtle, crept up to it, with the intent to catch it. The panther caught it, and in so doing, he caught a 'tarta'. The turtle got a paw in his mouth and kept hold so firmly, that the panther was unable to extricate itself."

Fonda with a sense of humor, said, "I am of the opinion that the panther knew he had "put his foot in it". Fonda was a good sportsman too, for he says that, "out of respect for the unfortunate condition of the panther, he never boasted to exploit of killing the panther."

Q...I have never heard of panthers in this territory.

A...Yes, in the early days, there were panthers from the Atlantic coast extending to the Pacific coast. Today they are only found in the far west, along the rough country of the Rocky Mountains.

Q...Is the skin from the panther valuable?

A...Fonda tells us that the skin of the panther was not worth a "sou-markee" but the turtle was a prize. He knew how to manage, for he was something of an epicure. The turtle furnished them with many delicious feasts, on their journey to Prairie du Chien.

Q...Did Fonda say what was going on in Prairie du Chien then?

A...Yes, Fonda found that the speculating mania had come to a "crisis" and "hard times" had put a damper on the spirits of people. It also put a stop to all enterprises. He tells that real estate was still held at high figures, but it did not change owners, as frequently as in 1836.

Fonda recalls a later period with a similar state of affairs in 1858.

Q...Can you tell us more about this speculative era?

A...Yes, in the year 1824, Fonda recalled that one cow would buy a small farm. To show how cheap land was, Fonda gives an example. A certain person owed Fonda a bill for five dollars, and not having the money, he came to offering to deed a piece of property to pay the debt. Low as such property was, taxes were very heavy, and so Fonda would not accept the offer. B. W. Brisbois afterwards paid eight hundred for the lot, and in 1860, this property could not be had at any price.

Q...Thanks Marty, I can see how crazy things must have been during these land boom periods.

A...The depression Fonda refers to was in 1839, when the Territorial Government of Wisconsin had just been established.

Fonda believed he sat on the first jury, when the first criminal case was tried. He says, as no harm can be done, I will give a brief history of the case, to show how such things were then managed.

Q...Every law case presents unusual circumstances, so I am very much interested in hearing about this first case.

A...Judge Funn was presiding at that time, and Ezekial Taintor, who summoned Fonda, was acting sheriff. The defendant was a Chacotah Indian, charged with the crime of murdering a young man named Akins, whose father was prosecuting.

From the evidence, it appeared that Akins, the senior, was a trader at the head waters of the Mississippi river, where he had a trading house. Young Akins attended to the trading house department, while his father, who resided in a house, some distance off, furnished the goods and capital.

In his intercourse with the Indians, the son had seen a remarkably handsome young squaw, and had taken some kind of liking for her.

The squaw was the wife of a young brave. By means of numerous presents, Akins persuaded the squaw to desert her husband, and live with him, in the trading house.

When the Indian came for his squaw, Akins locked the doors and refused to let her go. The Indian went away, but returned the next evening about dusk, and walked into the house, where Akins was sitting, and again asked for his squaw. Akins refused to let her go, and the Indian shot him dead on the spot. The father of the young Akins had the Indian brought down here to Prairie du Chien for trial.

Q...I can see the love triangle caused trouble, even the early days.

A...A good many of the early fur traders had Indian wives, for white women were very scarce here in those early days.

Fonda had some amusing observations of procedure, which will bring smiles to the faces of our present day lawyers. He tells us that "the case was conducted with very few formalities. Whenever the court took a recess the jury was locked up in a grocery store. There, for the sum of 75 cents each, could have all the liquor we wanted; providing it was not wasted, nor carried away."

Imbibing was quite prevalent among all classes, in that day. And, Fonda tells us, each of the jurymen drank his 75 cents worth, in one night, the judge and Counselors could not have been far behind in that respect.

F
onda overheard and observer say, "The prisoner was the only sober man in the court room."

After the jury were charged in the murder case, they were locked up for two days and three nights. Fonda generally got out nights, and went home, but came into court in the morning. On the third day the Fonda jury brought in a verdict of "not guilty" and the Indian was discharged.

Q...I can certainly see that those were colorful days in the court.

A...Fonda comments, "if there were any irregularities in the administration of justice, after the Territory of Wisconsin was organized, there were many more under the Territory of Michigan Government.

Fonda remembered that soon after he came to Prairie du Chien, Joseph Rolette was the Chief Justice. He did not recall who the Associate judges were, but he says it was rich to watch the proceedings and decisions of the court.

Joseph or King Rolette was the most colorful of early traders in Prairie du Chien, and I wish we had more information on his court actions. He was French and ruled the town with an iron hand. Then the town was predominantly French, and Rolette was the Big Wheel.

Q...Who followed Rolette as Judges?

A...Joseph Street, Hercules Dousman and Michael Brisbois were afterwards appointed to the offices of Chief Justice and associate judges. With this action, a decided improvement was introduced in the manner of conducting the court.

Severally, the Associates had the powers of a Justice of the Peace; they could marry persons, issue warrants for arrest, etc, but, it was only collectively that they had original jurisdiction, in civil and criminal matters.

Q...What other comments does Fonda make about those days?

A...He tells us, that from 1840, until the beginning of the War with Mexico, nothing exciting occurred, unless he remarks, that the country was rapidly filling up with new comers.

In 1846 orders were received to raise a volunteer company of one hundred men.

When Fonda left Bloody Run, on the Iowa side, to go up to Lockwood's mill on the Menomonee in 1836 and 1837, great speculative excitement existed. It was then that Land Companies No. 1 and No. 2 were formed. Coincidentally with this, great improvements and projects were commenced.

At Prairie du Chien and Cassville, towns were laid out, hotels built and real estate was held at enormous prices. At the Court House you can still see a farm in Lowertown platted out in lots. It was designed to make Cassville the Capitol of the Michigan Territory; but Fonda philosophies, "men's practice always falls short of their theory".

Q...Just what happened to alter events?

A...Hard times came on, and the much talked of project was abandoned. Land depreciated in value and a general stagnation of business ensued.

Q...I suppose some of the early companies that looked forward to great success were doomed to failure?

A...Yes, you guessed right. Among the organizations of that time, was a wildcat banking institution, known as the "Prairie du Chien Ferry Company". This company issued, what Fonda calls "shin-plasters" here at Prairie du Chien, some of which Fonda had.

Those bank notes bore the signature of George Washington Pine as president, and H. W. Savage as Cashier. This pioneer bank, however, had to succumb to the pressure, and adopted a "suspended payment" system. The suspension lasted indefinitely and Fonda in 1860 still had unredeemed paper.

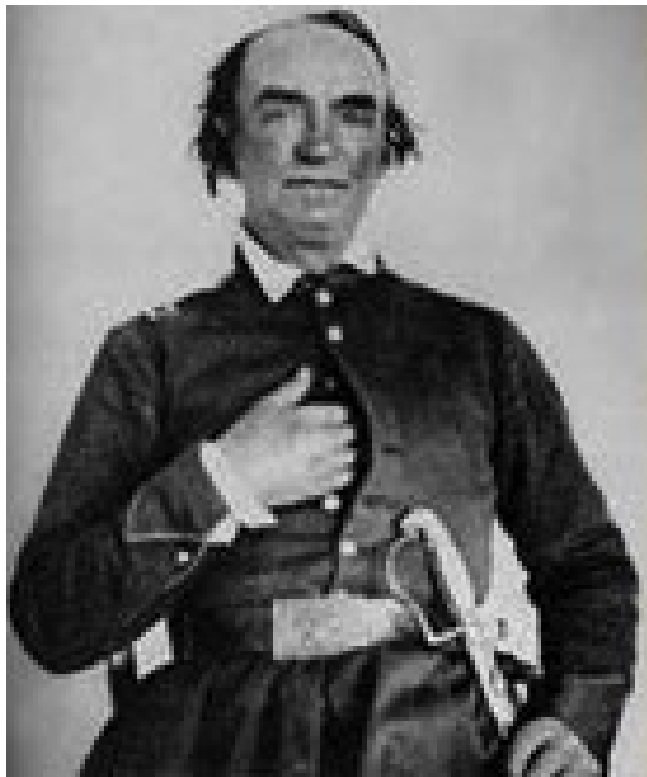
Q...I wonder if any of our listeners still have any of these notes today?

A...I don't know, but I would be very much interested in seeing some. Just call Marty Dyrud, you can find my name in the phone book if you locate any.

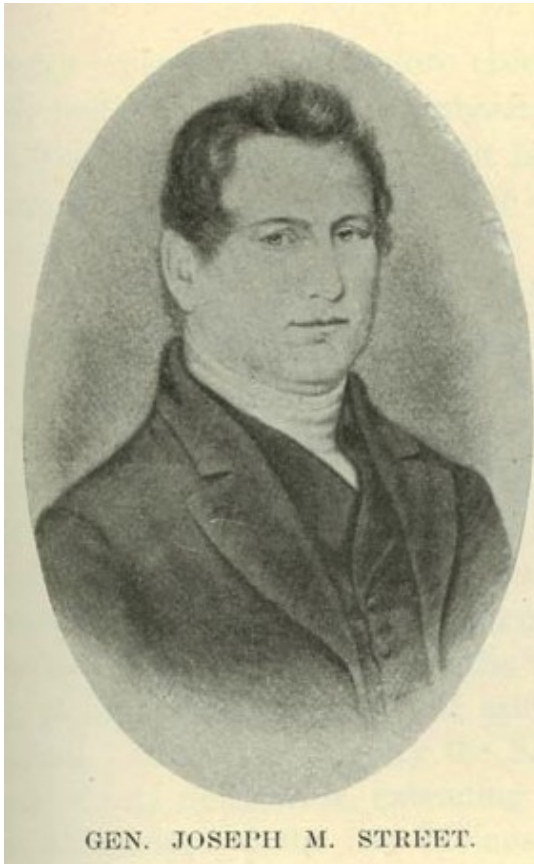
Q...You have been listening to a History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, and we want to thank you Marty for bringing us these illuminating accounts of early days in Prairie du Chien.

Tune in next Sunday, the same time and same station for another fascinating story of pioneer life in our area.

MJDyrud/me Dec. 3, 1955



Colonel John H. Fonda
6th Wisconsin Infantry



GEN. JOSEPH M. STREET.



Hercules Dousman

The Ringling Story

Q...Once again the time had arrived for another interesting History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and local historian. So, hello Marty, and welcome to WPRE.

A...Thank you, and I am glad to be here.

Q...Say Marty, we had a wire news report that Henry Ringling of Baraboo died. I think you knew Henry?

A...Yes, I knew Henry Ringling well, and I am shocked to hear of his death. I know that he had been very sick, and was a bit fearful because our mutual fiend Curt Page in Baraboo told me recently that Henry was terribly thin and looked very bad.

Q...How old was he?

A...Only 49 years old I think he is the last son of the famous Ringling Brothers of circus fame. Now they are all gone.

Q...Seems to me that you have said, the Ringlings have some connection to this area.

A...Yes, they sure do. Henry Ringling's father, whose name was also Henry, was born in McGregor Iowa in 1869. He died in Baraboo in 1918. He left a wife who is still living and the one son Henry.

Q...What did the Henry Ringling, that just died do?

A...I think he is best known as having served for several years as Republican National Committeeman from Wisconsin. He gave unselfishly of his time and money striving to see high calibre men hold public office.

He has been here for several meetings that the Federated Republican Women held at Blue Heaven, and no doubt a good many local people met him there.

For many years Henry Ringling ran the Ringling Theatre in Baraboo. About two years ago he sold his theatre interests to a chain.

Q...Was Henry's father one of the original Ringling Bros?

A...No, not one of the original brothers, who founded the circus. The banner headline in Saturday Wisconsin Tribune said that, but it is not correct.

Q...Then how did he come to be identified with the circus?

A...Rather strangely, when Otto Ringling died, he left his share of the circus to Henry Ringling during his lifetime. Otto Ringling stipulated, that on Henry's death, the share should go to the remaining brothers. When Henry Ringling died, the remaining brother agreed to give this share to Richard Ringling, a son of Aft. T. Ringling.

Q...You say Henry Ringling Sr. was born in McGregor? I would like to know more about the family.

A...Well, 105 years ago, that would be in 1850, August and Salome Ringling parents of the famous Ringling Bros. came to McGregor with their two sons Al and Otto.

Al the founder of the circus was born in Chicago. Otto the other son had been born in Baraboo. The elder Ringling was an expert harness maker. He was attracted to McGregor, for I find in 1860, "McGregor was one of the liveliest, most wide awake places on the upper Mississippi."

Although McGregor then could not quite boast 2000 population, it was a bustling grain port. Fourteen grain warehouses lined the banks of the river, and farmers from miles inland drove wagon loads of grain into their brokers.

Would you believe it, in those days McGregor could boast of nine hotels? This is the place that August Ringling came to establish his harness shop and buy a house.

McGregor can boast of being the birth place of four Ringling Boys. Here Albricht was born in 1864. Here Carl was also born in the same year 1864. In 1867, John was born and in 1869 Henry. This Henry is the father of the man who just died.

Q... And how does Prairie du Chien fit into the picture?

A...In 1872, August Ringling moved his family over from McGregor to Prairie du Chien. Business had slowed in McGregor, but business was booming at the Traner Carriage Works in Prairie du Chien. August Ringling was a skilled carriage trimmer. He bought a farm lot north of town. This location we now know as the Schwingle farm. It was in this barn that Al Ringling rigged up ropes and practiced acrobatic and trapeze tricks as a boy.

The father, August Ringling had his trials and tribulations in Prairie du Chien. The Traner Carriage Works burned to the ground and Ringling was out of a job. He sold his farm and rented a place about half way up the Mondel Coulee. There the family lived from 1872 to 1875.

This location was the birthplace of Ida Ringling North, mother of John Ringling North and Henry Ringling North present day President and Vice President of Ringling Bros. Circus. I knew Ida Ringling North in Baraboo, and was surprised when I came to Prairie du Chien to find that she was born here.

Q...What did August Ringling do after the Traner Carriage Works burned?

A...He went to work for Marcus Frederich, a well known harness maker in Prairie du Chien. August Ringling was a skilled artisan in leather.

We still have an unusual piece of his work to see today. It is a leather fire bucket he made for a Prairie du Chien fire company. It is still to be seen at the Villa Museum. Newspaper accounts of that day call these leather fire buckets "bucket gems of workmanship. They were superior to those in Chicago." Three dozen were supplied at \$2.75 each.

Q...Are any of the Ringlings buried here?

A...Yes, one daughter Lillian, who died as a very young child. She is buried in Evergreen Cemetery. I am sorry to report that her head stone has been broken off and the grave is now unmarked. It is too bad and I wish it could be replaced.

A...I suppose some of our older citizens have recollections of the Ringlings.

A...Yes, Henry Otto, the father of Fred Otto Sr. participated in the practices and shows with Al Ringling, when they were boys. They practiced in an old ice house Mr. Otto owned, located across from what is now the Horsefall Lumber Company.

Q...You mentioned Al....what about the other brothers?

A...Al was the oldest boy. He had a longing for circus life and really influenced his brothers to join him later in circus life. Al was a skilled juggler and acrobat. He traveled with other shows first and then organized a show of his own, then finally Ringling Bros.

Q...Did Ringling Bros. Circus show here?

A...Yes, Florence Bittner tells me that the early Ringling Shows were held on a vacant lot next to her home on the corner of So. Minnesota and Wisconsin streets.

Frank Cornelius tells me that his father and mother took in the Ringling show held at this place. Frank Cornelius knew John Ringling, who was the advance agent for years. The Cornelius Jewelry Store sold tickets for the shows, in those early years. The Cornelius Jewelry Store is now occupied by a nice gift shop called the Explorer Shop.

Q...There is very little in Prairie du Chien today to suggest our circus history?

A... Very little, all I can think of is the Circus Bar in the Fort Crawford Hotel where John Daley put up some nice circus pictures. He is certainly a rabid circus fan, so much so that for years an advertising man for Ringling Bros. named Thompson spent his winters here.

Q...How come you are so interested in circus lore?

A...As a boy in Baraboo, I knew several of the Ringling Bros. Al Ringling lived just across the street from us. He was a fine man, and I still have some Canadian coins he gave me as a boy to add to my collection.

I went to high school and college with John Ringling North, the present head of Ringling Bros. Circus. When I located in Prairie du Chien, I was surprised to find that his mother was born here.

Henry Ringling was at my stag party in Madison before I married Blanche Paris, and we have kept up our friendship through the years. Incidentally, his wife Jean came from Lancaster Wisconsin. Her maiden name was Jean Fowler, daughter of a doctor there.

Q...I can understand why you have a love for the circus and are interested in the history of the Ringling family.

A...When I was a very small boy, Ringlings practiced one of their horse acts in the barn in the back of our house in Baraboo.

Q...Then you have the whole story?

A...No, not all of it. There are many pieces that I would like to fit together. I am not the only one who gets a thrill out of having seen the winter quarters, watching a circus unload in the wee small hours of the morning, or have been thrilled with the giant parades of the old days.

Roy Herreid told me not too long ago, that he will always remember piling out of bed at 3am in the morning and going down to see the circus unload in Madison. Then the streets were bad and the wagons often got stuck in the mud. It was a story book sight to see the roust-a-bouts bring up a huge bull elephant and watch him put his head to the end of the wagon and give it the heave ho and move it out of the mud hole.

Q...Marty were all the brothers active in the circus?

A...No, Gus Ringling, well known with Al Ringling in Priaire du Chien, years ago was never a partner. However he did work as en employee for some years.

Carl Ringling also was only an employee, in charge of the circus cars. Strangely some of the brothers never thought the show would make any money, so they didn't want to be in as partners.

Q...Well they certainly passed up the chance to make a lot or money

A...In the early days it was nip and tuck, whether they would succeed. Gradually they gathered momentum and became the Greatest Show on Earth.

Q...Are there any people here related to the Ringlings?

A...Dick Bachtell tells me that there is a Franks family in McGregor who are related to the Ringlings. Al Ringling is supposed to have married Mess Dames of McGregor who was a great aunt of Mrs. Dyrud. I have checked and find that the Mrs. A. Ringling I knew was Louisa Morris from Pennsylvania, so I am confused.

Still I hear many McGregor people tell of Mrs. Al Ringling driving back each year in her big car to visit her home town. So, I have some more research to do. It may be that some McGregor people can help me with more facts, so I can unscramble this situation.

Whenever the Ringling Show was in this area, Al and Mrs. Ringling would stay with the George Wards, on their farm near Bridgeport, that was my wife's grandfather.

Q...So the Ringlings were well known here?

A...Definitely they apparently had many friends and relatives here. They were well known in Prairie du Chien, McGregor, Elkader, Garnavillo and Bloomington.

Last summer when Harlan Kelley was here, I learned a very colorful fact. Harlan tells me that McGregor was the home town of Felix Adler, the greatest circus clown in all history.

And best of all, Felix Adler's father ran away from McGregor, with Al Ringling to join a showboat operating as Dan Rice's Circus. That was when they were both young boys. Later, Felix Adler ran away to join Ringling Bros.

Q...I can see that this area had many connections with Ringling Bros. Circus.

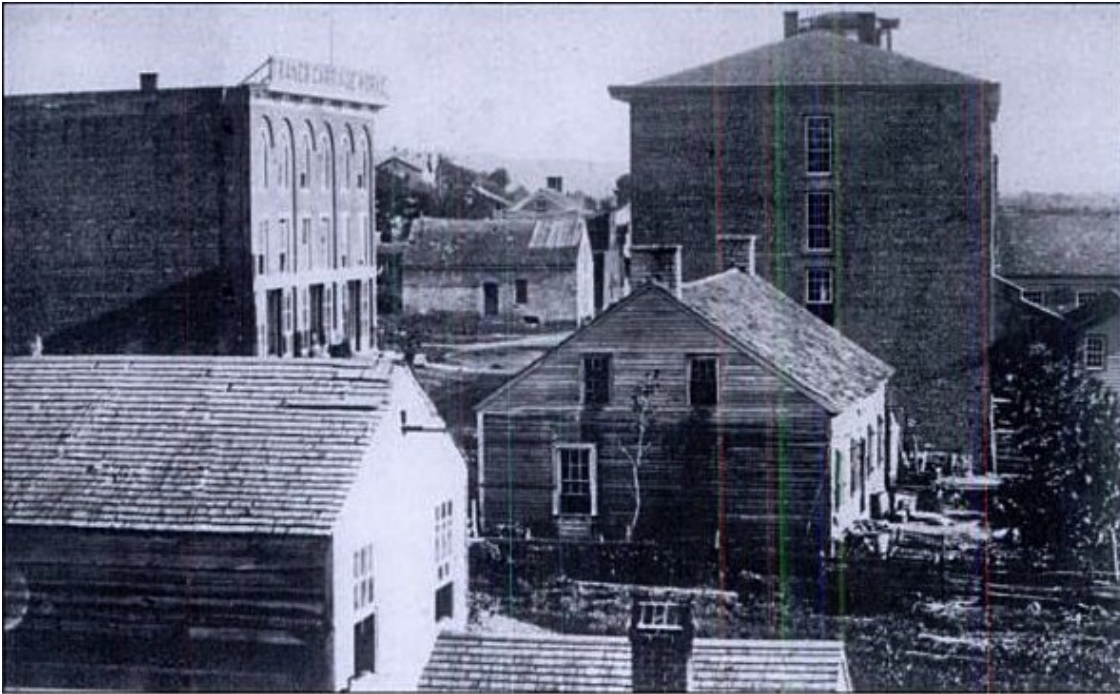
A...It sure has, and I would like to gather more facts on the people and events. If our listeners can help, be sure and write or call.

Q...Marty, I know you have more to tell us on this fascinating subject, so please give us another History Chat on the Ringlings'

A...I will be glad to.

Q..This brings to a close our History Chat for today. Be listening next week at the same time for more history by Marty Dyrud.

MJDyrud/me Dec.10,1955



The change that occurred in the character of Prairie du Chien was most noticeable on south Main Street. The Union Block, built in 1856, housed the Traner Carriage Works. Across the street was the Kane Hotel. Built in 1839 as the Phoenix, and enlarged in 1856 under new management, the Kane towered over the French-Canadian log house of Antoine Boisvert. (Courtesy Martner Collection.)

Ringling Brothers

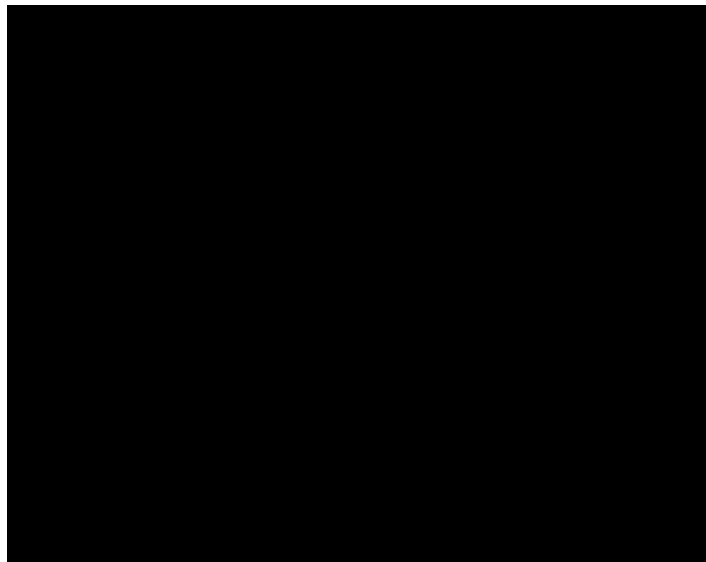
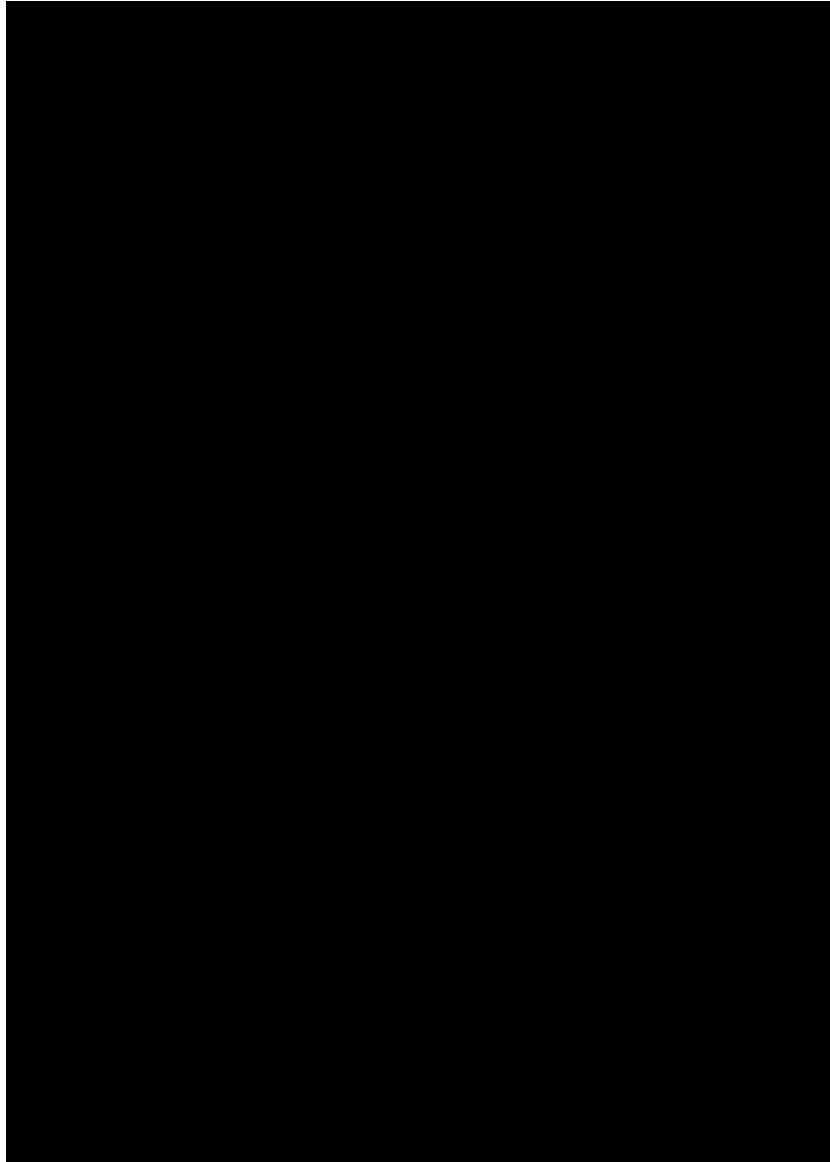


[State Historical Society of Wisconsin](#): Negative No. WHI (x3) 37963

The sons of German-born harness maker August Rüngeling, the Ringling brothers founded the Ringling Brothers Circus in 1884. Conceived by Albert and headed by John, August T. had little involvement in the circus.

They were all members of Baraboo Lodge No. 34 in Baraboo Wisconsin. The minutes of a special meeting on April 8, 1891 show the regular officers opening the lodge then the following taking the chairs: WM: Af T. Ringling, SW: August, JW: Al, SD: Charles, JD: Otto, SS: Henry. Their father (d. 1898) was Raised on August 19, 1891.

Alfred T.	1861-1919	r. January 22, 1890
John Nicholas	1866 - 1936/12/2	r. March 1, 1890
Albert Charles	1852-1916	r. March 29, 1890
Charles Edward	1866-1926	r. April 9, 1890
William H. Otto	1858-1911	r. April 9, 1890
August George	1854-1907	r. February 4, 1891
Henry William George	1868-1918	r. March 18, 1891





Fonda's Stories on Prairie du Chien XII

Q...Once again the time has arrived for another interesting History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and Local Historian. So, hello Marty, and welcome to WPRE.

A...Thanks, I am always glad to be here.

Q...I was glad that you interrupted your stories on Fonda last week to tell us more about the Ringlings, and how they were connected with McGregor and Prairie du Chien.

A...I had a letter from Frank Cornelius, in which he said, I have three uncles who played with the Ringling boys. They were Martin, William and Jake Sebastian. Martin Sebastian was the father of the Martin Sebastian who many of us know, now living on East Blackhawk Avenue.

William was the father of Will Sebastian who works for the city. Jake was the father of Walter Sebastian, who is the barber.

My sister Louise tells me that when John Ringling, who was the advance agent came to town, he gave Jake Sebastian tickets to go to the show.

My father was the first weather observer in Prairie du Chien.

Q...That is fine. No doubt a great many parents of people in Prairie du Chien and McGregor once knew and were close friends with the Ringling Bros. Well Marty, what stories do you have to share with us today?

A...I would like to bring John Fonda back into our picture, for he gives us an intimate and illuminating picture of Prairie du Chien 125 years ago.

Q...I am sure we can all learn much from his reminiscences.

A...He tells us that Reverend Alfred Brunson, and quite a number of persons, some now living in Curt's settlement, came here the year I went to the Lockwood Mills on the Menomonee, which would have been 1836 or 1837.

Fonda went to Lake Pepin with his family in the steamboat "Science". At Lake Pepin were two trading houses. Immediately upon our arrival at the lake a fierce battle was fought on its shores, between the Sioux and Chippewas, which resulted in the defeat of the Chippewa Indians.

"I passed the scene of the fight and saw the mutilated bodies of the dead Indians. The Chippewa Indians were better warriors than the Sioux, but being poor, their arms were almost valueless, which accounts for their defeat. From Lake Pepin, Fonda went up the Chippewa River in Mackinaw boats. The water of the Chippewa is as red as wine, and a crimson streak may be seen for some distance below its mouth. This color, Fonda attributed to the deposits of iron ore through which the channels of the rivers run. On reaching the mills (there being three of them), I entered upon duties as a lumberman."

Q...Were these mills in Indian territory?

A...No, the mills were situated on the Menomonee River, in a tract of neutral ground, between the Chippewa and Sioux Indians.

These two tribes were constantly warring against each other, and he had frequent opportunities to see war parties of both tribes. There were some Chippewas living near the mills, who sold game, maple sugar, wild fruits, and such like articles to the mill hands.

Q...Did the Chippewas bother the whites?

A...On one occasion the hands had gone to work, and left their cabins locked up, when a number of Chippewas came in their absence, crept through the window, stole the blankets from the beds, pork from the barrel, filled their blankets with flour, and started away with all their plunder.

Fortunately, the mill hands discovered their loss early. They pursued the Indians overtook them, gave them a good whipping, and took away everything that had been stolen.

It was such incidents, as these, that relieved the monotony of life in the Pinery.

Q...Don't think that would want to chase a bunch of Indians and try to beat them up. How about the Fondas, did they have any Indian visitors.

A...Oh yes. One day Fonda's wife was alone in their cabin, when an old Chippewa, who had often visited them came in with some maple sugar. Fonda's wife took the sugar, and in return gave him some pork and flour, at the same time telling him she thought there were Sioux Indians near, for that day she smelled "Kinnikinnick", smoke in the woods.

Q...And just what is "kinnikinnick"

A...Kinnikinnick is a mixture consisting of dried leaves and bark of certain plants (commonly sumac leaves and the inner bark of a certain species of dogwood) used by the Indians for smoking, either with or without the addition of tobacco.

Q..Thanks, I didn't mean to interfere with your story.

A...The Chippewa Indian soon left Mrs. Fonda, and it seemed no more than a moment after that than the house was filled with a war party of Sioux. The chief asked her, if there was any Chippewas there, and she answered that she not seen any. The Sioux said they had tracked one to the cabin, and taking some of the sugar, the Indian had brought, called it Chippewa Sugar, and said they would eat the sugar, and cut the Chippewa's throat, when they caught him.

The war party ate all the food they could get, and then filed out; but they didn't catch the old Indian, for he managed to escape, and afterwards brought game to Fonda's house.

Q...That would be tough situation to be in. Is there something different about Indians traveling in a war party?

A...Fonda tells us, "there is something mysterious in the appearance of a war party." He had seen several, "and they glide along like a serpent, with noiseless, even motion; "and had Fonda not been looking at them, he says he would not have known that they were passing within thirty feet of him.

He gives an example; "Once a raft broke to pieces, and he went with the men to recover the lumber. While engaged in collecting it, they had to pass over a ridge frequently during the day, and at night. When they were going over, on their way back to the mills, they heard a laugh, close to their side. They looked around for the cause, but not finding it they were about to move on, when the laugh was repeated, and they were surprised to

see, what they had taken for a pine stump, assume the form a Chippewa scout. It appeared the scout had been hiding there all day, watching for Sioux, and Fonda and his men had passed within arm's reach several times, without seeing the scout.

Q...How long did Fonda stay lumbering?

A...He remained two years, in the Pineries, and could have made money, had he accepted the offer made him if he would remain longer, but Fonda wished to return to Prairie du Chien.

Q...I am anxious to know what comments Fonda had on Prairie du Chien at that time?

A...Fonda arrived in 1840, just before elections. He was solicited to accept the office of Constable and won the election. On the 19th of October, he was sworn in before C. J. Learned. Fonda remarks, "There was a certain character ascribed to the position by the then unsophisticated inhabitants."

Q...I bet he remembered his first task, in office?

A...He did. Fonda said he long remembered the first writ he served, "the trepidation of the individual on whom it was served". But, Fonda tells us, "the man got bravely over that, and became one of the first citizens of Prairie du Chien.

Q...Who were some of the other important men, then in public office?

A...Ezekial Taintor was sheriff in 1841. All criminal trials for the country northwest of here were then held at Prairie du Chien.

A noted Prairie du Chien lawyer then was T.P Burnett. Fonda tells us Burnett was "a through read lawyer and a gentleman of respectability. He was a prominent public servant." Burnett died in 1846.

Q...Did Fonda say anything about Rolette?

A...Yes, Joseph Rolette was the first citizen of Prairie du Chien in that day. He died the following year in 1841 and was buried in the Catholic graveyard.

Four years previously, Michael Brisbois, an old fur trader and prominent citizen died and was buried on the summit of a high bluff, in accordance with a request made previous to his death ?

Q...Where is that?

A...The grave is atop a bluff on the east side of town opposite Art Freidland's Brisbois Motel. Fonda tells us that this bluff is called Mt. Pleasant.

Q...Mt. Pleasant?

A...Yes, that name is new to me too. Even in Fonda's time, curious people would climb the bluff to view Brisbois's grave and behold the captivating beauty of the valley scene. At that time a weather beaten cross dominated the height, where the viewer could feast on the magnificent river scene.

Q...I wish this point could be opened so the public could drive in.

A...Yes, that would be a wonderful thing. With planning, this goal could be accomplished and I am sure it would prove to be wonderful tourist attraction.

Q...What else was going on in Prairie du Chien in those days?

A...In the fall of 1842, plans were being formulated for the Methodist Episcopal Church, Colonel Hercules Dousman donated the lot. Blunt and Bailey agreed to build a building 50 feet long and 36 feet wide with stone foundations for \$1,010.

Q...For only \$1,010. Lets see that would be 113 years ago.

A...Yes, that is a long long time ago.

Q...What excitement was reported in those days.

A...Fonda says that "Robert D. Lester was the sheriff in 1844, and considered a faithful servant. This early resident came to a bloody death after conducting some official business at St. Peter or St. Paul. In the absence of steamboats, Lester had obtained a canoe and was returning to Prairie du Chien.

He wore a soldier's coat. As he was paddling down the Mississippi, an Indian shot him from the shore. The Indian probably mistook him for a discharged soldier and thought he could rob him.

An old Frenchman, in another canoe, about a half mile distant, saw Lester when he sprang up and fell over the side of the canoe. However, the Frenchman was not near enough to identify the Indian.

The Indian was captured, confined two months, but owing to a flaw in the indictment, Judge Dunn released him. Judge Dunn castigated the Prosecuting Attorney by saying "if the people won't select a Prosecuting Attorney, who can draw up a document that will hold, I will not keep the prisoner in jail, till he rots."

Fonda comes to the defense of this Prosecuting Attorney by telling us that this lawyer was later considered one of the best read lawyers in the state.

Q...No doubt Fonda, as Constable had some secrets, if he would only tell them?

A...He sure did, but Fonda was smart and didn't tell everything he knew. He whets our interest however by telling us: "For a long term of years, I held positions that gave me every opportunity of observing and detecting crime; as a policeman, constable, sheriff, and as Justice of Peace. I was an almost daily witness of rascalities, and could furnish a calendar of crimes perpetrated in the Northwest that would startle even those who have lived here a much longer time, but who are not as thoroughly posted in criminal affairs."

Q...Just what is he leading up to?

A...Fonda says that there was an individual in Prairie du Chien known to be guilty of several murders. He said others are aware of this fact, and desire a full history of the murders, which Fonda had in his possession. However Fonda said he did not feel warranted in unfolding the history then, but would do so later at another time and place.

Q...That is quite an acquisition.

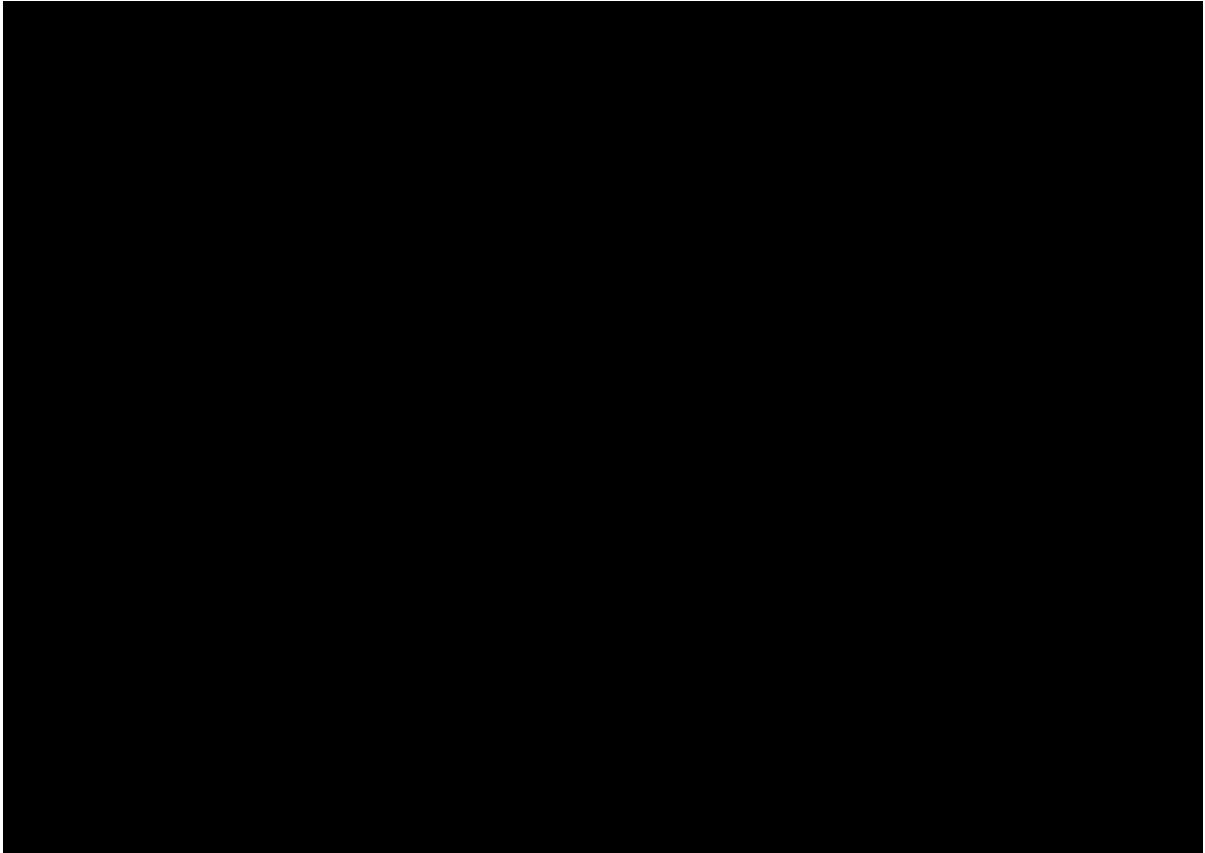
A...It sure is, and I am sorry that I have not yet discovered if Fonda made his threat to tell all, good. I am sure it would make fascinating reading and certainly a tale for these programs.

Q...This brings to a close our History Chat for today. Thank you Marty and we will be looking forward to your program next Sunday, the same time and same station.

MJDyrud/me Dec. 17,1957



Last raft of Lumber down the Mississippi 1915



Brisbois Grave 1925



Brisbois Grave
1920



Methodist Episcopal Church 1900



Methodist Episcopal Church
1901

Mississippi River Pearls

Q...Once again the time has arrived for another of our interesting History Chats with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society, and by now an expert on Buried Treasures, Hello Marty...glad to have you here.

A...Thank you Walt, I always enjoy our get togethers.

Q...You know it isn't going to be long before I can qualify as a history expert for you are certainly giving me a valuable schooling on local history. For instance, last week, you gave me a wealth of information on the Blackhawk Tree, the Pontoon Bridge, some new leads on buried treasures, and also that fascinating background on the fabulous much married Raymond Laviere.

A...Guess I covered the waterfront last week.

Q...That front sounds very good to me, for it is connected with our history.

A...Yes, the old Mississippi river has had a tremendous influence on our history.

Q...I imagine, when you look at the river, many tales come to your mind.

A...That is true, and one of the very interesting phases of the river we have not touched on as yet.

Q...And, what might that be?

A...You might call it a hunt for Hidden Treasures in the Mississippi.

Q...You mean that there are also buried treasures in the river too?

A...There are buried treasures in the river alright, but not the kind I believe you have in mind. I am now thinking of the fortune in pearls that lie on the bottom of the river. At one time the pearl craze attracted hundreds and even thousands of people to this area of the Mississippi.

Q...I am surprised to learn that there were that many people seeking pearls.

A...Yes, there were so many people clamming this area for pearls, that our grocery stores ran grocery boats, delivering food to the clambers along the river. These boats made regular trips during the summer days to these camps on the islands.

Q...How long ago was that?

A...Perhaps from 1890 to 1920, roughly a 30 year period, there were many summer clambers. Then pearling was the center of interest in this area.

Q...Why particularly during this period?

A...About 1890 a large demand developed for pearls and pearl jewelry in this country and abroad. It was the fashion of that day, like mink coats are today. In those days, a woman to be admired almost had to wear a fine pearl ring, pearl beads or a pearl broach.

In the search for more and more fine pearls, this portion of the Mississippi River became famous for their large clam beds of pearl bearing clams. Here were found some of the finest fresh water pearls in all the world.

Q...Do pearls come only from fresh water streams?

A...No, there are ocean pearls, they mostly come from around the island of Ceylon and the Indian Ocean. This area was famous for fresh water pearls. Pearls are found in both salt water and fresh water.

Q...Were pearls in those days worth more than they are today?

A...Oh, yes, at that time pearls were sold at times for several thousand dollars, not many, but there were a great many pearls sold for \$100 to \$500 and pearl money was broadly distributed and respected.

Q...Marty tell me, how does one hunt for pearls?

A...The most popular manner in this area is to use a clam boat, one of those flat bottom boats with a broad sloping prow and stem. From the sides of these boats the clammers throw out their crowfoot bars, which are small rods fitted with many small grappling hooks. These hooks drag along the bottom of a clam bed. The points of the hook catch in the open shells of the clam, as they are feeding, the clam snaps its shell cover shut and the clam actually catches himself.

Q...So the clam sets the hook itself?

A...Yes, that is right. This method of clamming was new to me before I came to Prairie du Chien. When I was a boy, visiting summers on my grandfather's farm in southern Wisconsin, I would go clamming at times with my uncle. Then, we would roll up our pant legs and feel for the clams with our feet, reach down and pick them up and toss them on the bank. The Little Sugar river was a small stream, and when we had a bunch collected, we would cut the shells open with a knife and hunt for pearls.

Q...Did you ever find any pearls?

A...Yes, two, but they were small. I found one slug and one fine bluish violet perfectly round pearl a little larger than a bee bee shot.

Cutting the shells open with a knife is a hard job, for the muscles of the clam are very strong, and it was so hard to pry the lids apart. Here, I find, they have a much easier way.

Q...What is that?

A...Here they heat the clams in hot water and the clam shells part, making it easy to insert the knife blade and cut the muscle hinges.

Q...Suppose I found a pearl...who would I sell it to?

A...A pearl buyer. I am sure you know a pearl buyer, John Peacock. For many, many years he has bought pearls.

Q...That must have been a very interesting business?

A...Yes, and particular skill. A good pearl buyer will never forget a good pearl he has once seen. These gentlemen become experts and can tell one pearl from another by their characteristics, much like we tell people apart.

Q...Is that so?

A...Yes, very definitely, and that is one of the reasons there were very few pearl robberies in the pearl days. The buyers could tell a good stolen pearl, if he had seen it before or had a good description from another buyer. One buyer would protect the other.

The pearl buyers would not store their pearls in a bank vault, but would carry many thousands of dollars worth of pearls in their tissue paper folds in their pockets.

Q...I bet John Peacock could tell some fascinating stories?

A...He sure can. One night in 1907, a bartender in Harpers Ferry sent an urgent message to Prairie du Chien for John Peacock.

It seems that a commercial fisherman was in this man's saloon, sopping up drinks and showing his friends a fine pearl, he had found that day while clam fishing.

The price of the pearl was dropping with each drink, this fisherman took, until he was offering his prize gem for \$500. The bartender's message to John Peacock, then a pearl buyer in Prairie du Chien, begged Peacock to appraise the pearl before the fisherman lost his senses, for he might be out a small fortune.

Peacock finally arrived, and made his first appraisal by lantern light. Later, Peacock offered the fisherman \$1,000 for the Pearl. "I sold that pearl in Chicago to a dealer for \$5,000", Peacock recalls, "but, says Peacock the Chicago buyer sold it to a New York retailer for \$10,000.

Q...\$10,000 for a single pearl from the Mississippi river?

A...Yes, there was money in pearls then. However finding a valuable pearl is not easy. It is really very difficult. The clammers made their bread and butter money selling their shells by the ton to the button factories in those days. If these clammers found a pearl, that money was gravy, a windfall profit.

Q...Oh, I have forgotten about the pearl button industry. Is it still going?

A...Yes, in a limited way, but not like old days. Years ago, Lansing, Prairie du Chien, McGregor and Muscatine were prominent button towns. There were some large button factories in each town and besides, there were many homes with a button workshop in the backyard, where they sawed out pearl buttons.

Q...How can you saw out a button?

A...A button saw is a tubular saw. The shank of the saw blade is round, pipe shaped with the round end having saw teeth. As this saw is rotated it cut out a button shaped, pearl slug. This is that starting point in the production of the pearl button.

Q...It sounds as though there is an interesting story in the button industry.

A...The pearl button industry in Prairie du Chien is a story by itself and will have to wait another day for telling. I don't think we can do justice to it today.

Q...Where is the center of the button industry today?

A...The center of the pearl button industry today in Muscatine Iowa. Plastic buttons have taken most of the business away from the pearl buttons.

Q...What was done with the clam meat?

A...The clam meat is not good eating. Usually the meat is thrown away. It does however make good fish bait and some of the farmers use it for poultry and livestock feed.

Q...I will have to try some as fish bait.

A...John Peacock tells of a fisherman in north east Iowa, who once bought some clam meat for use as catfish bait. After an afternoon of fishing this man returned home, cleaned his fish and threw the catfish innards to the chickens. As he sat on the back porch, he noticed a rooster having some trouble with a catfish innard. The fisherman investigated and found a sizable but battered pearl, which Peacock bought for \$150.

Q...Isn't that most unusual?

A...Stranger still, Mr. Peacock peeled off the outer skin of this pearl and found one of the rarest gems of his career. Peacock now had a most unusual pearl, deep pigeon blood red in color.

Q...You mean to tell me that Mr. Peacock could change this pearl from a defective pearl into a perfect pearl, of unusual character by peeling?

A...Yes, Mr. Peacock can. He is one of a very few skilled people, who know this particular skill. In some cases, if the outer surface of a pearl has a defect, it is possible to peel off the outer layer of the pearl and obtain a much more valuable gem. It is a gamble, one that requires very good judgment and an unusual skill.

A pearl is made up of layers of chemical deposit held together with a fine fibrous binder. These layers can be peeled off, like rings on an onion. Much care and skill is required, not to nick or distort the under layer on the pearl or the value is ruined.

Q...That is something I never knew.

A...I had a grand uncle who was a pearl buyer when I was a boy and he peeled a very large pearl with a damaged surface and obtained a priceless gem. As I recall, he told me this particular pearl was one found in Hudson's large pearl, collection which became much more valuable after he had it peeled.

I imagine today there are very, very few of these pearl peelers left. There were a great many pearl buyers, but only a small percentage of these buyers could peel a pearl.

Q...Marty, have pearls gone out of style?

A...No, not particularly, but the Japanese raise pearls domestically and as a result the pearl market has lowered to a point where there is no longer the money to be made hunting for our wild pearls in the river.

Q...Just why have the Japanese gone into this field.

A.. There was a Japanese gentleman, who years ago studied this subject and started raising pearl bearing clams. Actually the pearl grows within the clam as a result of a small particle of foreign matter coming into the openings between the shell, which the clam cannot eject. To wall off this irritation the clam deposits some of the same shell chemical and binder as the shell is made of around this foreign particle. So this abnormality grows into a pearl.

Well this Japanese man had found that he could insert a small granule of sand or some other foreign substance within the clam and start a pearl. By planting these clams in beds, inserting the nucleus, pearls are grown artificially. This development has ruined a large portion of the raw pearl market and we have mostly Japanese cultured pearls available today.



A clam fisher in a boat on the Mississippi River near Prairie du Chien. Attached to the long rod are many small hooks similar to grappling hooks. As the boat drifts along or is forced ahead by the motor, the rod is lowered and the hooks, trailing in the mud of the river bottom, hook into clam shells. In the picture the fisherman is removing his catch, the rod resting on wooden supports. In the background is the far shoreline



Prairie du Chien (vicinity) about 1895-1900. Shell buyers with their launches and barges docked at shoreline. Freshwater clam shells were used in the pearl button industry in this area



A large group of men of various ages sitting outdoors on a large mound of empty clam shells. The shells have holes drilled in them, probably for the pearl button factory. Most of the men are wearing overalls, and some wear hats.

Mississippi River Pearls II

Q...And now, the time has arrived for another of our interesting History Chats with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society. This is the gentleman, who last week pulled back the curtains of time in Prairie du Chien and revealed the fascinating tales of the pearling industry along this section of the Mississippi river.

So, with this introduction, Hello Marty.

A...Thank you Walt, glad to join you once again.

Q...Marty, I think, that if I could find a \$1,000 pearl, like they did years ago, I would be inclined to start out clamming for pearls this summer.

A...It might take you a long time Walt, before you would find a large pearl which would be that valuable.

Q...I know it is a gamble, but, it would be a lot of fun and certainly a big thrill to make a find.

A...Yes, there is a romance in pearling, that can get under the skin and lure a person on. But, mother nature has hidden her choicest treasures very skillfully, so they are hard to find.

Q...That was a most unusual tale, you told us last week, about the fisherman who bought some clam bait for cat fishing. Then to think that after fishing, he should have noticed a chicken choking on a fish innards and here he found a \$500 pearl.

A...Yes, One Chance in a Million, and it happened near here. I got just as much a thrill out of hearing how John Peacock peeled this \$150 pearl and upgraded it into the finest pearl he thinks he has ever seen.

Q...Tell me Marty, do all clams and oysters have pearls?

A...No they don't.

Q...Why not?

A...Pearl bearing clams or oysters have to have the inner surface of the shell covered with a certain film, that secretes the pearl bearing fluid. Not all clams are built in this manner.

Q...Perhaps, one of these days, someone will find a valuable pearl, while they are eating oysters

A...I rather doubt it. While the oyster does have this pearl bearing film covering on the inside of the shell, the pearl will not be of much value for the pearl would not be iridescent. The oyster shells do not have the wonderful highlights in the shell. And, because the pearl is formed from the same substance that forms the shell, an oyster pearl would lack life in its coloring, therefore it would not be valuable.

Q...A great many people think that valuable pearls can be found in edible oysters.

A...They are mistaken, for this is a fallacy. The oyster pearl would be of little or no value.

Q...Then, you mean, that if a person wishes to find a valuable pearl, the shell must be iridescent as in the mother of pearl color?

A...Yes, that is very right.

Q...Well, I am learning one of the secrets of pearl hunting. Do clams have different colored shells?

A...Yes, certain shells will produce certain colored pearls, which have the greatest value. The color of the fresh water pearls is usually linked to the color of the mother shell. "Washboard" clams generally have pink pearls, as do the "wavey backs" clams.

Then, the "three ridged" clams usually have colored peals in shades of blue, green and lavender.

Those shells, we call " Niggerheads" have iridescent pearls, which are white gems with shifting tones of pink and blue.

From the "buckets" come fine pink pearls. If you find "sand shells" their pearls will often be salmon colored or salmon pink. Some days near sun down, you will see these same intriguing color tones in the sky or the clouds along the horizon as the sun shoots its last rays earthward.

From the little "lady finger" clam whose mother of pearl is often slaty colored, or perhaps blue black, come the prized black pearls. These black pearls have flames dancing iridescently sometimes blue and sometimes violet. They are always a delight to the eye.

Q...You must be an expert?

A...Far from it. Nature has a romance which is captivating, it has a system, which we can understand and learn by study, then we see the marvels which God has wrought.

Q...How fascinating?

A...All of us are surrounded by natures storehouse of treasures, nature's handiwork. Each day we pass hundreds of natures hidden romances, unaware, of their unrevealed charms.

Whether it be trees, the birds that skirt the heavens, the fish that live in their water homes, the wild animals that romp in feral and forest, or even the flowers of God's kingdom, they are all wonderful. Each has an intriguing story to tell us, if we will but pause, observe, study, and learn their secrets.

Q...How right you are.

A...The happy person is the one who understands and loves nature. Nature's show is much more fascinating than any you will ever see in a nite club.



Button-cutting lathe

New France & The Fur Trade

Q...Once again the time has arrived for another interesting History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and local historian. Hi Marty and welcome to WPRE.

A...Thank you, I am glad to be here.

Q...What subject has captured your interest today?

A...The early history of the Prairie du Chien area is linked with the French, the fur trade was the predominating activity, so I chose to go way back in time and travel to Montreal and Quebec so we could feel the pulse of those early days and better understand the activities and thinking at that time

A...Sounds very interesting.

A...In reading Francis Parkman, we obtain a good picture of the feelings in New France, that colony of France in what is now Canada, with The King of France ruling his possession from across the ocean.

Monopoly of trade appears to have been the ruling guide from the beginning, with the colonial officials jealous of their activities, for in many cases it frustrated their plans.

The officials, located in Quebec, held, from time to time, that Montreal had no right to trade directly with France, but must ship all supplies from Quebec. These government orders were varied from time to time, but were always confusing, and seldom helpful.

The successive companies, into whose hands the colony was consigned, had a bad effect on individual enterprise. In 1674, the charter of the West Indian Company was revoked, and trade was declared open to all subjects of the King; yet commerce was still condemned to wear the "ball and chain". Trade with the English colonies was prohibited, and foreign trade severely restricted. Intended to help the colonists, it wrought many hardships.

Trade was stifled. Misdirected policies channeled sanction and financial aid from the crown in place of individual enterprise. We even find Louis Joliet (discoverer of the Mississippi) begging help from the King, to operate his fishing station on the island of Anticosti.

The French Canadians were never able to establish themselves in the fishing industry along the coast. The English from Boston however were successful in waters that were natural fishing grounds of New France. Even French operating from European ports operated profitably in French Canadian waters.

The government applied various stimulants. One idea was to form a company, which should have exclusive rights for exporting fish. They would be required to buy all fish from inhabitants at a fixed price. This plan did not find favor with the King. However it was practiced, in the case of beaver skins and also in wood ashes. Even agriculture languished. In 1682 a spokesman wrote "It is no use now to raise any crops except what each family wants for itself."

Gradually, necessity forced some weaving and simple arts on the colonists.

Q...What about finances then?

A...Money was scarce, beaver skins long served as the medium of exchange. In 1669, the council declared wheat to be legal tender also. Later moose skins were used as exchange.

In 1685, the governor issued card currency. The cards were common playing cards and each piece was stamped with the *fluer de lis* and a crown, and signed by the governor and the officials. Typically of paper, they produced too much. Forgeries were also circulated. In the last bitter years of its existence, the colony floundered in drifts of worthless paper money.

Q...How about taxation?

A...The colonists were comparatively free of tax burden. The chief burden fell on the fur trade. One fourth of the beaver skins and one tenth of the moose hides belonged to the King, and wine, brandy and tobacco contributed a duty of 10 %.

Q...What products constituted the trade?

A...In the 1700's, Canada exported a moderate quantity of timber, wheat and the herb called ginseng, and a few other commodities; but from the first to last, she lived chiefly on beaver skins.

Here was the heart, the hardy, adventurous, fascinating fur trade. The government tried with unceasing effort to control and regulate this traffic; but it never succeeded. Their objective was to bring the Indian trade to the colonists and prevent them from going to the Indians.

A great annual fair was established at Montreal by order of the King. The Indians responded and came in throngs each summer, traveling in birch bark canoes. A place was assigned them, a short distance from town. Here they arrived with their packs of beaver, set up their wigwams, slung their kettles, and camped.

Opening day was ceremoniously presided over by the Governor General who sat in a brilliantly decorated chair, surrounded by state officials. Merchants set up their booths, displaying their goods, and each hired an Indian interpreter, who was paid a percentage on the trade.

The scene was picturesque. Here, thronged the Indians, armed with bows and arrows, war clubs, or the cheap guns of trade. Some were completely naked, except for the feathers on their heads and the paint on their faces. Order and sobriety were the merchants watchwords but the wild gathering was beyond their control. The prohibition to sell brandy could rarely be enforced. The fair ended, at times, in a pandemonium of drunken frenzy. The greed of the traders and merchants coupled with the unbridled liberty taken by the savages and *coueur-de-bois* transformed the pious settlement into bedlam.

To gain advantage, some traders started to set up posts above Montreal, to intercept the Indians before they reached the fair. Drenching the arriving Indians with brandy, furs were acquired at lower prices that prevailed at the Montreal fair. The duplicity of many officials in seemingly trying to enforce laws on the one hand, while secretly sponsoring these illicit traders on the the other gradually made the fair unworkable.

To correct the situation, the government tried to license and regulate the fur trade, but the failed also. Soon a general exodus of your adventurous men took to the wilds to trade with the red men.

Q...How did these traders sell their furs?

A...For example, when Oudiette and his Associates enjoyed exclusive export rights on furs, they were compelled to buy all beaver skins offered by colonists. They must first take 1/4 of the furs in the King's name,

and pay for the rest. They paid a fixed price based on a quality standard. The average price realized was about 3 francs a pound.

Q...This monopoly must have made a lot of money?

A...No it didn't work out that way. Soon the Monopoly became so choked with beaver skins that the market was glutted and export prices dropped. French hatters tried to return fabricated hats, but the sale of these in the colony and the West Indies was limited. An unlucky fashion of that period in Paris dictated small hats, which reduced consumption. To add to the dilemma, Paris hatters began mixing rabbit fur with the beaver. The result, Oudiette and he associates went bankrupt.

A new monopoly was formed and failed. Another followed and they too succumbed under the weight of excess beaver into bankruptcy also. When the West Indian Co. gained the monopoly in 1721, a relief from buying and exporting all furs was provided for, in times of over supply quantities purchased could be reduced. This relief proved a major step forward in stabilizing the fur trade.

Q...Did this restrict the activity of the traders?

A...No, in spite of the difficulties of the monopoly, more and more traders took to the woods. It was the quick money lure of early French days.

Q...I imagine that the French Canadian towns along the St. Lawrence had scenes typical of what have been seen in Prairie du Chien in the fur trade days?

A...Yes, at trading time they were wild places. It was a curious scene, when a party of *coureur-de-bois* returned to Montreal. They conducted themselves much like the crew of a man of war, paid off after a long voyage. As long as their beaver skins lasted, they set no bounds to their riot. Every house in the place, we are told, was turned into a drinking shop. The new comers were bedecked with a strange mixture of French and Indian finery, while, some of them, with instincts more thoroughly savage, stalked about the streets as naked as a Pottawatomie or a Sioux.

The clamor of tongues was prodigious. Gambling and drinking and fighting filled the day and the night. When, at last, they were sober again, they sought absolution for their sins. Nor, could the priests bear too hard on these unruly penitents, for fear that they might break wholly with the church and dispense henceforth with the church's sacraments.

Q...The fur trade did not make for pious living?

A...Indeed not. But traders did open a new country. Under such leaders Du Luth the *coureur-de-bois* built forts of palisades at various points throughout the west and northwest. They had a post of this sort at Detroit prior to any permanent settlement. Other were scattered on Lake Superior, and down the Mississippi Valley. Nicholas Perrot built such a block house here in 1685, which we refer to as Fort St. Nicholas. Michilimackinac was however the chief resort in early times.

No wonder that a year or two in the woods, spoiled these men for civilization. They lived closely with the Indians and intermarried. The fur traders and their engages were thrones in the side of the princes and rules. First off they were hardly valuable members of society in French communities. Secondly they did not colonize as the government sought. However these strange figures of New France, who lived with us were picturesque, even though they were brutally savage, sometimes dare devils and flaunted convention. Reckless in action,

thoughtless in gaiety sharp in trade, the welling flood of subsequent migrations west would later extinguish this colorful group.

Q...Was there any class distinction in the early French towns?

A...Yes, typically of Paris France of those days. Even the laws of Paris, we find were familiar and used by the early communities lacking accepted formal self governing rules. Here in Prairie du Chien we find frequent reference to Custom of Paris typical of dealing and family relations.

The fur trader was on a much higher plain than his *coureur-de-bois*, engages and voyageurs. The trader was master and ruled with an iron hand. Study Rolette and you will see this firm patronizing approach. No worker could aspire to become a trader. Even his friends would not accept him in his new traders activity. Solomon Juneau, the founder of Milwaukee was the only exception to this rule I have found, he made the transition from one class to another, successfully.

In general the fur traders were educated people, while their engages and *coureur-debois* usually could not read or write.

Q...The fur trader and his voyageurs must have been interesting lot.

A...Rude as the trappers were, I believe they felt at home in nature's wonderland. Here they were emancipated from restraints of society. They must however deal with nature in the raw, where survival is law, and where the Indians were not always friendly. In spite of this rugged existence, these men like the independence of the virgin country, the lounging ease of the camp fire, and the license of the Indian villages. Their lives wed the contrasts of romance of nature with a rather dark and ugly side. This strange combination were the fur trappers and fur traders of our early days.

And strangely our early history couples these rough fellows on many of their early adventures with the scholarly Jesuit missionaries. No wonder the Jesuits often thought the trappers needed spiritual assistance more than many of the Indians they sought to convert to Christianity.

Q...Marty, you have given us a fine wrap up of a legendary figure and his early French surroundings. I can easily picture those days and events from you account.

Thank so much for sharing this scene with us. Now that our time is up we must say, so long for today.

For more History of Prairie du Chien area, tune in next Sunday, same time, same station.

MJDyrud/me Jan. 4, 1956

FELT HATS

Felt Hats were popular in Europe from the 1600's through the early 1800's. Felt was made of prime beaver pelts, many of which came from the Minnesota area. North American beaver was purchased at great fur auctions held yearly in England and Germany. By the 1830's fur became a luxury because clothes were machine-made and hats were made of silk. Variations of the beaver hat pictured are, left to right: a clerical hat (1700's); the continental cocked hat (1776); the Wellington (1812); the Paris beau (1815); the D'orsay (1820); and the regent (1825). *From Dale L. Morgan, et al. Aspects of the Fur Trade (1967).*



A clerical hat
(Eighteenth century)



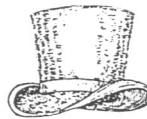
The continental
cocked hat
(1776)



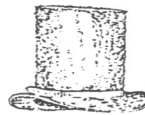
The Wellington
(1812)



The Paris beau
(1815)



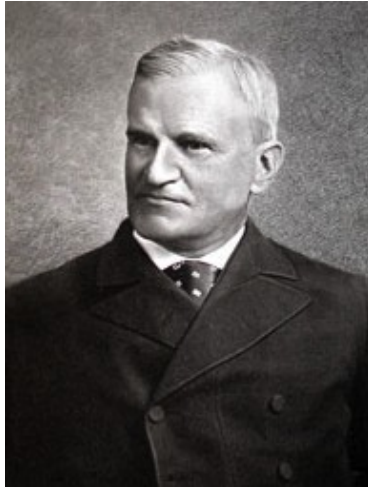
The D'orsay
(1820)



The regent
(1825)



Astor Fur Warehouse, built in 1828, in [Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin](#) is the only known surviving fur trade warehouse in the upper Mississippi valley



Francis Parkman

Prairie du Chien in 1898

Q...Once again the time has arrived for another interesting History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and local historian. Hi Marty, and welcome to WPRE.

A...Thank you, I am glad to be here.

Q...Marty, as you are digging through old records you must find a lot of interesting information on local people as well as colorful events.

A...Sure do, recently I had occasion to dig through the 1898, file of the Prairie du Chien Union. A newspaper now discontinued and I had many chuckles.

Q...I would like to hear some of the things you found enjoyable.

A...Here is one that brought back in the "The Good Old Days". It is dated Jun 28, 1898

Messrs. Will Daubenberger, Dick Turner, Ed. Troutfetter, Capt. Scott, Ed. Dickens, Wray Krohn, Will Sloan, Will Giese, Will Gilchrist, and the Misses Gretchen Daubenberger Phillips, Church, Quigley, Mrs. Bliss and Mrs. Fred Hunting came over from McGregor to attend the dance given by the Inter-State Cycling Club last Friday evening. Walter's orchestra of McGregor, assisted by violinist Adolph Dreyfuss of Milwaukee furnished some very fine music.

Q...That is certainly typical of the Good Old Days, before automobiles. Cycling Clubs were a fad that brought many young people together years ago.

A...I wish we had some pictures of these young people of the Inter-State Cycling Club. Since that time, styles in clothing have changed so much. Women's styles have changed the most, then they wore big, loose, fluffy dresses that almost dragged the ground. Now young cycling enthusiasts particularly young girls wear shorts. Do you recognize some of the names of McGregor people?

A...Yes, Will Daubenberger is one that stands out in my mind. He was the founder of the Daubenberger Lumber Co. in McGregor. A nephew now runs the company.

Will Daubenberger was a resident of Prairie du Chien during the 90's. He had a saw mill here, a big one, at one time about 1892, he would cut a million board feet of lumber a day here in Prairie du Chien.

Q...Wow, that is a lot of lumber?

A...It sure is, but Daubenberger then employed several hundred men at his mill. Here is an item that also captured my attention:

Mr. & Mrs. R. D. Paris celebrated their twenty seventh anniversary of their wedding, Tuesday night. About twenty invited guests were present and amused themselves by playing cards. The score cards were in the shape of oak leaves with 1871-1898 printed on them. Mr. & Mrs. Paris received many fine presents, all of which were silver. Refreshments were served and all report as being highly entertained by them.

Q...Who was R. D. Paris?

A...He was the founder of the Prairie du Chien Woolen Mill. R. D. Paris was the father of Mrs. Margaret Billings and the grandfather of Blanche Dyrud.

Q...I can see why that item would interest you.

A...Here is some advice that I found for readers then;

"In the use of the telephone, many speak too fast, and too indistinct as well, making almost impossible to understand many of their words. The telephone voice should be deliberate and every word well rounded at both ends, so that they will not sound like the buzzing of a log chain pulled over a corn bucket, or dashing water through a brush pile. Those who speak their words moderately clear, well accented, and do not pitch the voice too high, are easily heard.

Q...I can see with phones coming in, that it was necessary to instruct the people as to how best to talk over them.

A...I suppose some people got the jitters then talking over the phone, just like many people now are nervous in speaking before the microphone or appearing over TV. However, there are a few individuals who still have not learned to use the phone properly. I know one business man here, who yells over the phone. I can hold the receiver 6 inches away from my ear and still hear his telephone conversation plainly.

Q...I think I know who you mean.

A...Here is information on an historic event.

Feb. 11, 1898, A carload of dogs passed through here this morning on the Burlington, R.R. en-route to the Klondike.

Q...Now that event is deeply buried, it seems a long, long time ago. I wonder how many made their fortunes in Alaska?

A...Very few, I believe.

Q...What other new caught your eye?

A...Date line Feb 18.1898

August Ringling, father of the Ringling Brothers, of great circus fame, died at Baraboo, yesterday. Mr. Ringling lived in this city at one time.

Q...The father had his ups and downs, but lived to see his sons successful.

A...The fame of the Ringling Bros. grew and would later blossom ever brighter across America.

I should mention that McGregor, as well as Prairie du Chien, had once been the home of the Ringling family. They had a great many friends in both towns.

Q...Now national and international news crowd out local news in our newspapers.

A...Even then I saw an exciting headline of foreign news. On Feb. 18, 1898 this story appeared.

At 10 o'clock last evening a terrible explosion took place on the United States battleship Maine in Havana harbor, and many were killed and wounded.

Q...That was the incident that started the Spanish American War.

A...Yes, soon Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders would be gaining fame, in Cuba. People were talking about the event. About a month later I found this in the local news.

A facsimile of the destruction of the battleship Maine is beautifully portrayed on a mirror, back of the bar, in Mike Gronert's.

Q...It has been a long, long time since I last saw the back of a bar with a landscape painting so common years ago.

A...There have been many changes in the past 58 years. The March of Time that has fashioned so many striking changes in our way of living.

Q...Did you find any editorials?

A...You bet, I found one dandy, that the people listening will get a kick out of. It is a reprint from the Viroqua Republican which, editor Hurlbut thought timely and appropriate:
It reads, "Mankato school girls have organized a society and agreed not to associate with boys who smoke cigarettes. Good thing. A state federation might be formed, though it would have a big task on its hands trying to invest with brains, the hundreds of half-baked young chumps, who want to "tuff".

Q...Times have certainly changed. Now young women as well as young men are smoking. Guess, when the girls lost their ballet to prevent boys from smoking, they must have changed their tactics, and decided to join them, instead of fighting.

A...Could be. I can still remember the scorn on my father's face as he would ridicule those young men he saw with a "coffin nail" hanging from their lips.

Q...Do you have any more singular local items?

A...I hope Mayor Carroll's wife is listening now, for she would get a bang out of this item in the Prairie du Chien Union dated March 18, 1898
It reads Miss Stella Herold has purchased a fine new bicycle. Apparently in those days, Mrs. Carroll was one of the cycling beauties.
Here is another..Nugent Bros (which I judge would be a father and uncle of Dr. Nugent) are out buying up another carload of horses from the eastern market.

Q...The good old horse and buggy days.

A...That's right and the Nugent Bros then had a large livery stable where the Gamble store now stands. That was a busy place, for then most people either kept a horse of their own or rented horses and buggies from the livery stable. Sunday, especially, was the time you would see the family out in their surreys.

Q...That was a picturesque period.

A...The Kickapoo Valley & Northern Railway advertised daily trains schedules, except Sunday from Wauzeka to Steuben, Barnum, Petersburg, Bell Center, Gays Mills, Soldier's Grove, Readstown, Viola and La Farge.

There are probably many listening, who remember this branch line of the Milwaukee that once ran up the Kickapoo River valley.

Q...Any farm hints offered then?

A...And not a hint, but a new theory was proposed that farmers will get a laugh out of today.

I quote from this 1898 article;

"Sir William Crookes is out with a startling theory that by 1931, a sufficient wheat crop cannot be grown on the earth to feed the people, sustaining the Malthus theory that the human race is increasing more rapidly than the food supply."

Q...With surplus farm crops depressing prices now, Sir William Crookes was sure talking through his hat.

A...Here is an important piece of news in the 1898

It is headed "Opened today" Sacred Heart College is Doing Business. The College of the Sacred Heart opened their school in the 1st Ward this morning with a starter of fifteen students. Quite a number are enrolled and in the course of a week or two will have quite an army. The College has been idle for a number of years, but with additional courses and better teachers promises to be one of the best private schools in the country.

Q...Well, that is one prediction that came true.

A...Yes, Campion is now High School instead of a college, and it is setting a brilliant record for scholastic achievement.

Q...Marty you have made a fine selection of human interest news items.

A...This one brought a smile to my face..

A horse and buggy belong to Joe Wachuta made quite a performance on the street Saturday afternoon. Master Joe took the horse to the watering trough in front of the store and it would not drink, there upon the boy took off the bridle and the horse started, got the lines and bridle tangled around its feet and finally fell, breaking the fills. No one was hurt.

Q..Fine, I bet if Joe Wachuta is listening, that will bring back a lot of memories.

A...Women will enjoy this news.

Miss Emma Stabin returned from McGregor, yesterday morning, where she has been dressmaking the past three weeks.

In those days women did not go to a dress shop to buy ready made dresses, they would hire a seamstress who would come to their home and make dresses from patterns bought at the department store or copied from Godey's Fashion pictures.

Q...Times have changed.

A...Yes and here is one to illustrate.

Bill Graves has been employed as Principal of the Soldiers Grove High School for the coming year. Bill Graves has since died, but for years he was loved and respected as a prominent lawyer and bander here in Prairie du Chien.

Q... That is fine.

A..This one is amusing.....Tonsorial artist John Peacock of Wazeka visited friends in Prairie du Chien.

Q...Ha!...Tonsorial artist.... Peacock will get a chuckle out of that.

Our time has run out so we will bring this unusual History Chat to a close. Tune in next Sunday, same time, same station for Mr. Marty Dyrud and another talk on our rich heritage of history.

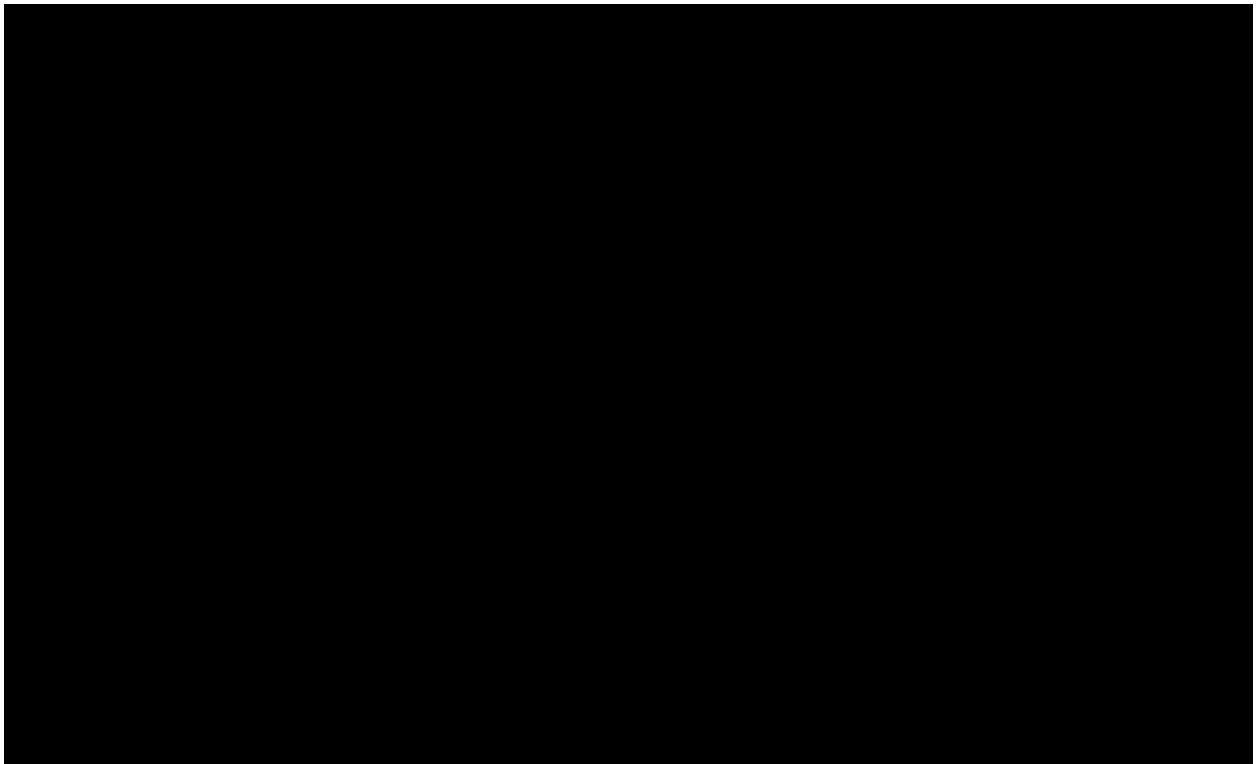
MJDyrud/me Jan. 1,1956



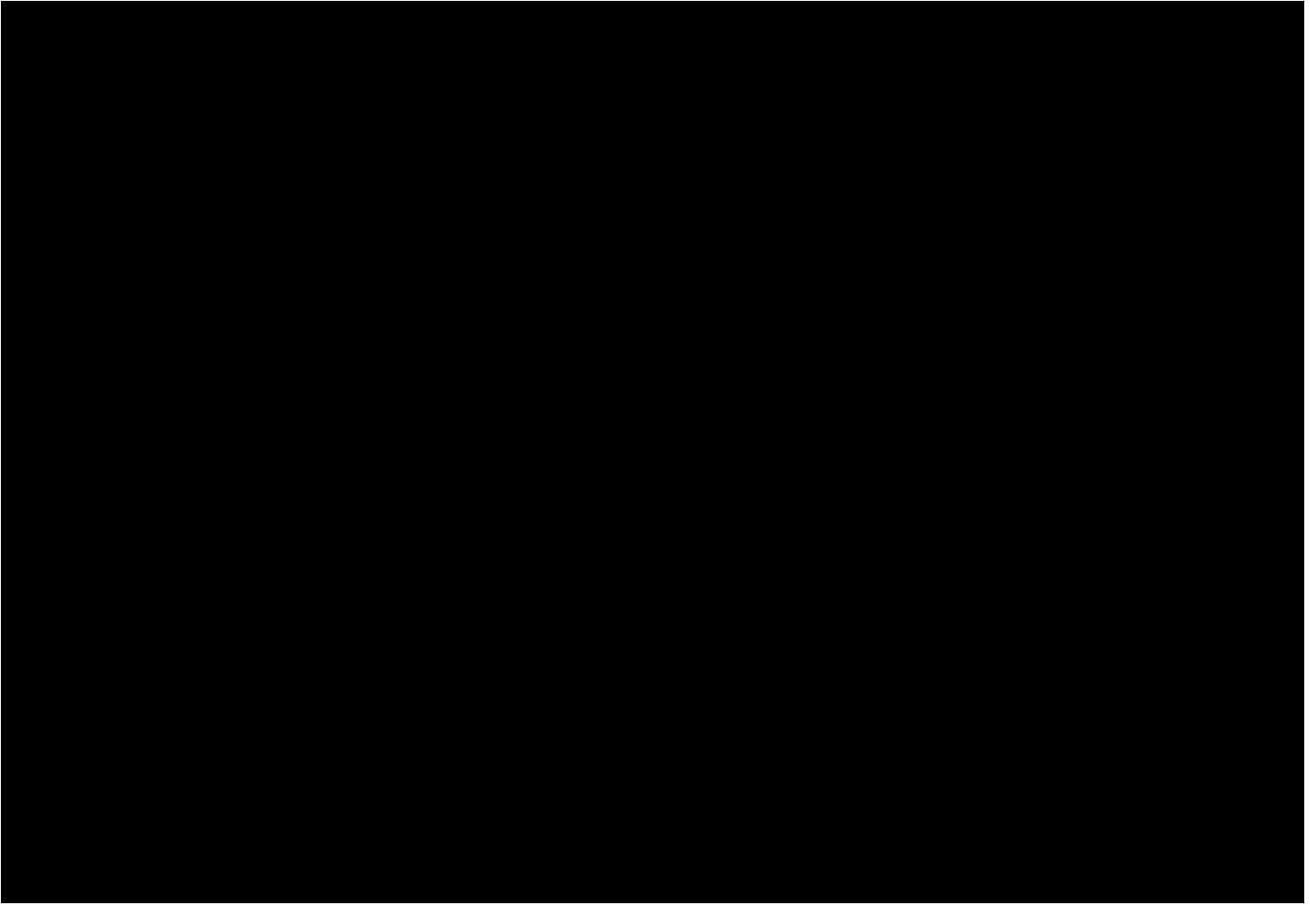
Battleship Maine



Michael Menges, who had built the new courthouse, purchased a plot of land behind the Law Block. He hired 25 to 30 men to excavate a foundation for his new brewery. At the end of 1872, the cornerstone was laid, with production of beer starting within one year. By 1884, Schumann and Menges turned out 6,000 barrels of beer annually. (Courtesy Bob Ziel.)



Daubenberger Lumberyard



Daubenberger Lumberyard

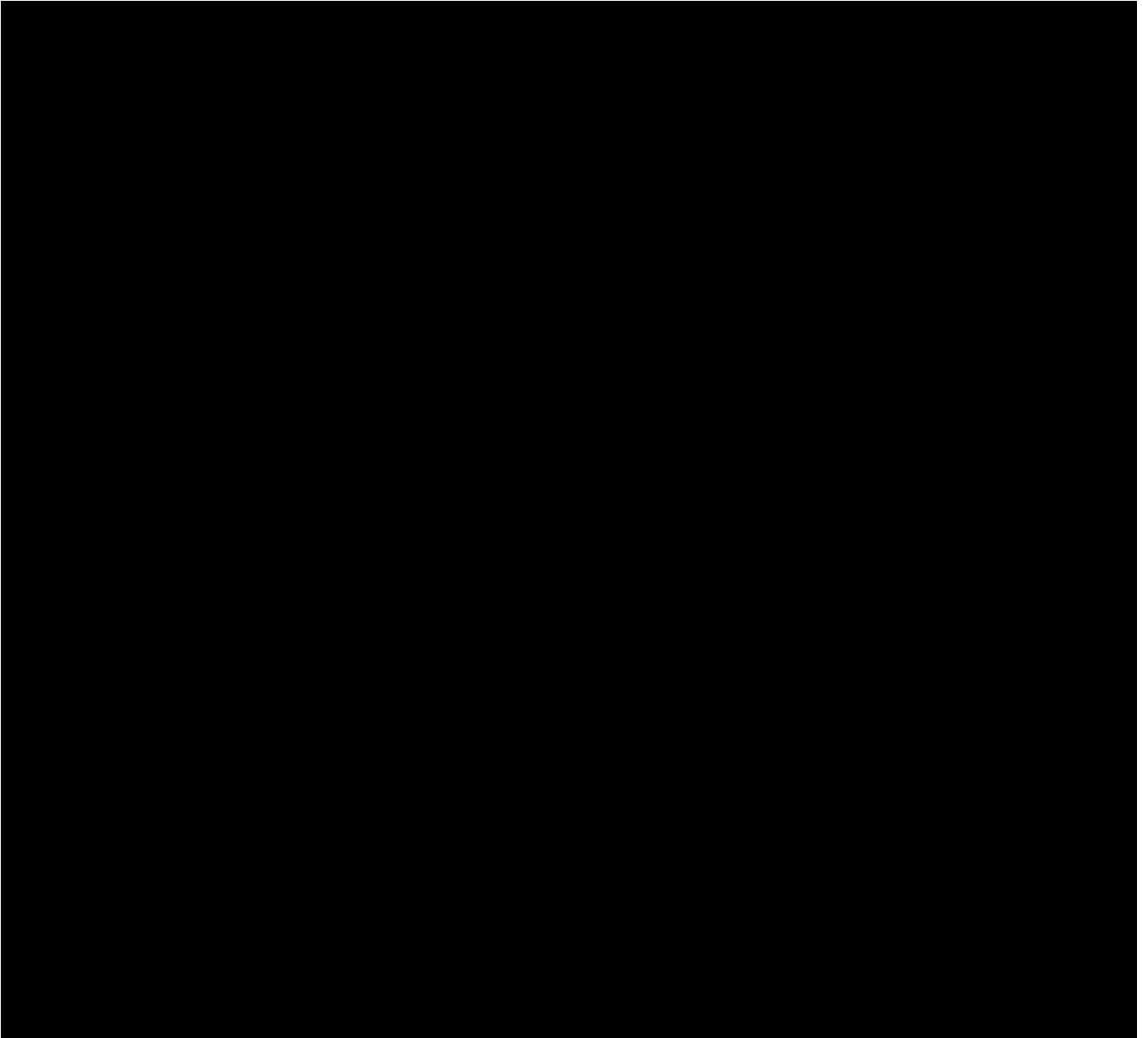




The cultural and economic shift affected the families of early French Canadian settlers. Some left **Prairie du Chien**; others adapted. Oliver Cherrier had come to the **prairie in** the early 19th century. He and his son were blacksmiths fulfilling contracts, first for fur traders, then Indian agencies. Oliver's grandson Maurice (right) adapted, shoeing horses and repairing wagon wheels. (Courtesy **Prairie du Chien** Historical Society.)



The railroad brought many immigrants from Europe to **Prairie du Chien**, and some of them chose to make the community their new home. Christopher and James Garvey had left Northern Ireland, and **in** 1867 they opened a dry goods store. Their business was so successful that within a few years they would erect their own building on the other side of the street. William Newton sold groceries and dealt **in** hides and pelts. James Green, an ardent supporter of President Lincoln, began *The Union* newspaper **in** 1864. (Courtesy Antoine family.)





Beach Brothers Store, 26 Oct 1904
Seward Beach behind counter, Horace Beach leaning on counter





Indian Customs

Q...And once again the time has arrived for another interesting History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and local historian. Hello Marty, and welcome to WPRE.

A...Thank you Walt, I am glad to be here.

Q...First off, I want to thank you for your splendid program last week. As you took us back to 1898, in Prairie du Chien, you gave us a very excellent word picture of our city then. There are certainly many changes in these 57 years.

A...Yes, there are many changes and we have passed through several periods which have changed our town and its characteristics.

Q...Marty, supposing instead going back 57 years, we went back 150 years, what would impress us?

A...Let's see, 1805, that would throw us back in the real Indian period. While the white men had visited this area, they were merely, infrequent visitors. Only a few trappers were in this area.

Q...The early white men had a fear of the Indians?

A...Yes, the early traders were just learning the ways of the red man.

Q...What sights would impress us, if we could be there?

A...A scene called "Striking the Post" as drawn by Captain Eastman a frontier artist, and described by his wife, intrigues me, for it is a ceremony seldom mentioned, but it was actually an Indian method of recruiting men for War.



Striking The Post
Seth Eastman

Q...I am all ears, Marty, so carry on.

A...In those days, when an Indian brave considered his tribe had been wronged and they were suffering humiliation, this brave campaigned for revenge in a unique and very colorful manner.

The passion for revenge, which this Indian bore inwardly must be communicated to others. A post was set into the ground near camp, and stood about eight feet high. To this post would go the angry brave. With his war club he would beat on the post and shout a war-song.

The noise attracted other Indians and soon some would start playing their haunting music and beating drums. Soon the music would stop and the warrior would strike the post again. Now he is about to address the group, and, if he is an orator, an excited crowd would soon gather.

The warrior knew how to raise a cry for revenge. With shouting appeals, he kindles the underlying hatred for his foes, and build passions within his listeners.

He appeals to the pride of his people. He declares their enemies are laying in wait to crush them, under their feet.

He extols the fair country they live in, the grandeur of the majestic bluffs, the ever growing forest, the abundance of game and fish.

He calls upon them to remember the valor of their ancestors.

He calls upon them to value their homes and heritage. Are they now willing to lose all this?

Shall these dogs, their enemies, chase them from their homes and slaughter their people, their loved ones, before their eyes?

He waits for a moment looking out upon the throng of other Indians gathered at the Striking Post. Then he cries Ha! Ha! for a warrior with uplifted tomahawk steps to the post and strikes it, signifying his participation and the justice of his tribe's claim upon him.

In striking the post, he pledges to go on the war party and continue to fight until it returns. It would be vain now, to signify this intention by words; for the Indian drums are now heard, and the medicine men are sounding their instruments.

Again the music ceases, for the orator must press his success; One will not do to face a host of enemies and he asks them "Is there but one among the Dakotas who hates his enemy? Warrior is there one among us who fears he enemy?" A brave with glaring eyes, strides towards the post, and shouting, strikes the post with his tomahawk.

The orator goes on. "Are my people sleeping, that their foes can come in and take their scalps, bearing them home for their wives and daughters to dance around? Am I not a Prophet? Do I not see the battlefield where we go to take vengeance on these dogs, our enemies?"

Ha! I hear the death whoop, and I see the red blood flowing from their hearts. Strike them with tomahawk, as they fly before us."

The orator laughs and shouts again, for many are now Striking the Post. The number of recruits is swelling. Again he boasts, and talks of murder and of blood, rousing his hearers, until they are like demons. Now they are even glaring at each other, and yelling and shouting, as they strike the post. Thus are the braves enlisted for their dangerous mission.

The braves begin to dance and sing. They make hideous faces and gestures. The medicine men add their deep voices to the noisy music. The women, by their wigwams, stand gazing on, and shrinking from the fate, which they have reason to fear, for those who are dear to them.

If a large number of recruits are needed, the brave repeats his efforts day after day.

Q...This is the first I have ever heard of this recruiting ceremony among the Indians. What happens next?

A...The warriors next meet in secret, consulting on their plans for the campaign. The Indians also call upon their Gods, their Manitou, to bring success to their war party. As preparations go forward, the various Indian braves recount stories of their own valor and strategy.

The war chief who commands the party, encourages his men with promises of success. Cleverly, the war-chief, makes his men believe that the medicine which he possesses, has the magical power to protect them.

This is the recruiting procedure and the psychology which the Indians employed to instill the ardor into the young warriors who paraded with their eagle plumes, waving from their heads, and they went forth into battle. Many of them would never return again to their beloved home along the banks of the Mississippi River.

Q...I can see that it is a good thing today that we have laws for those who do wrong. Because, if we each sought revenge for some wrong another person did to us we would be acting just like the Indians did.

A...Yes, the Indians demanded a life for a life.

Q...How did the Indians fight then?

A...In 1805, there were very few guns among the Indians. Their fighting weapons were the bow and arrow, the tomahawk and the knife.

Q...Do you want to tell us some more about this bloody business?

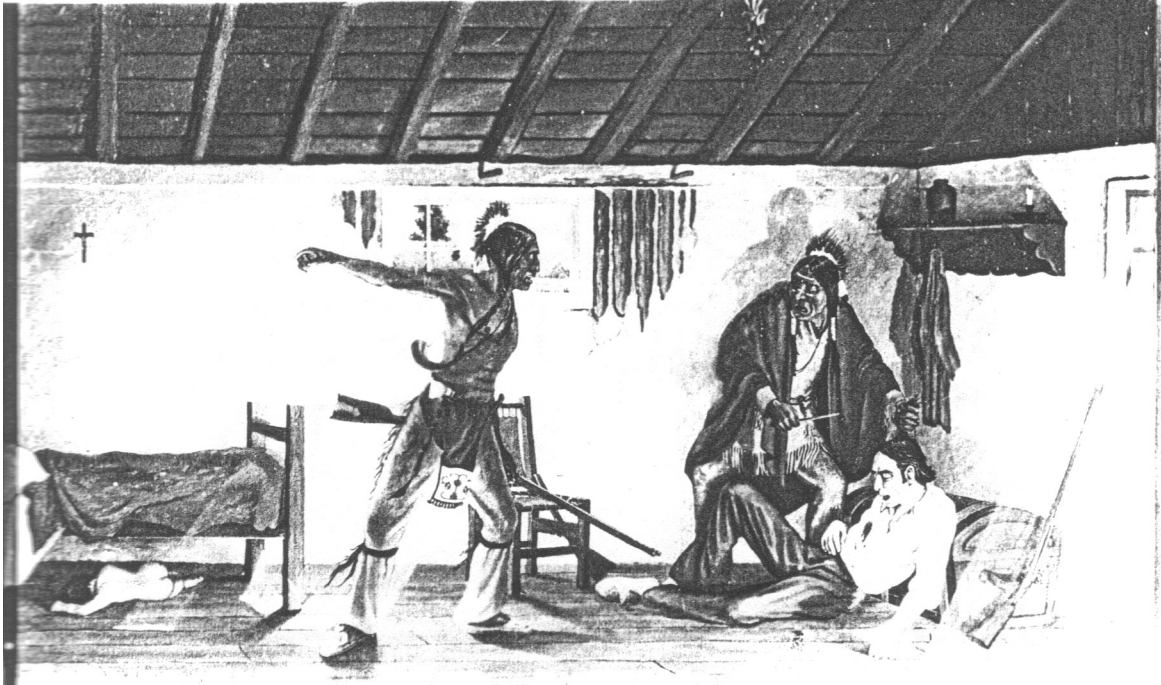
A...One of the frightful Indian sounds that stood out in the minds of the early traders was the "death whoop". The Indians made this "Death Whoop" when he killed an enemy.

Scalping the victim was an Indian custom for warriors. With a knife, the Indian would cut a scalplock from his victim. At the same time he would screech his "death whoop".



Death Whoop
Seth Eastman

In the early days there were a good many traders and explorers, who survived scalping and carried large scars on their heads. Over at the Museum at the Villa, Cal Peters has painted a moving picture of the Gagnier Massacre. The small baby, which was scalped, is shown under the bed. She lived to be a very old lady and I believe she lived until about ten years ago.



Gagnier Massacre

Cal Peters

As the braves returned to their camp, the women and children would rush out to meet their returning heroes. Held high for all to see were the scalp-locks which the braves carried. To the mother and daughter and wife of the warrior the value of a scalp exceeded any jewel or rubies.

Then the warriors would thank Wa-ken-de-dan, the old woman, the goddess of war, who gave them victory. In due time, the scalps were carefully prepared and ornamented. Then they were stretched upon hoops and painted and decked with feathers. The elated warriors cut off their hair, painted their faces black, and went into mourning for the enemies they had killed.



Scalp Dance

George Catlin

Then the women would assemble in their gayest apparel, and dance around the scalps, singing in loud voices to the music of the medicine men. They would hold the poles bearing the scalps upon their shoulders crying "Whose scalp have I here?" This was also a time for the squaws to tell of all whom they had loved and lost. A mother would mourn a son, a wife her husband, a maiden her lover, those who had died upon the battlefield. The women would tell how bravely these men died, and how now they were avenged.

Q...How long would the dance continue?

A...The dance would continue day and night, until they were all wearied out. Then the scalps were taken down, and buried with the family of the brave who took them.

Q...What a strange and weird affair?

A...They are the gruesome sights our early traders encountered as they met and tried to understand the ways of the American Indians.

Q...Prairie du Chien was considered a Peaceful Meeting ground for the Indians wasn't it?

A...During the fur traders time this was a peaceful meeting ground. The Indians wanted to bring their furs to trade for food and supplies. This location was strategic being at the junction of the Wisconsin and Mississippi Rivers.

Q...Our Indian history is so old we are too apt to pass it by. And while your tales are rather gruesome, I am glad that you have told about certain customs of our native Indians, that once occupied this area.

MJDyrud/me

Chief Blackhawk

Q...Once again the time has arrived for another interesting History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and local historian. Hi Marty and welcome to WPRE.

A...Thank you, I am always glad to join in a discussion of history

Q...What would you like to talk about today?

A...Some time ago, I related Fonda's account of the Battle of the Bad Axe when our American soldiery almost exterminated Blackhawk's band. There were several questions raised in my mind, and I wanted to learn more about the background and chain of events.

Q...Just what questions were raised in your mind?

A...Why did the American's fail to honor the white truce flag of the Indians, even though there was sporadic firing? This was big on my list.

Perhaps the second greatest question that puzzled me was what brought so much hatred into the heart of Blackhawk? Why, of all the Indian chiefs, did Blackhawk fight so desperately?

Q...Where would you find the answers to these questions?'

A...I was not certain, but I went back to Blackhawk's autobiography.

Q...You mean Blackhawk actually wrote his own biography?

A...Yes he dictated his life story.

Q...When was this?

A...Following the Blackhawk War. The book came out in 1833.

Q...Did you find the book interesting?

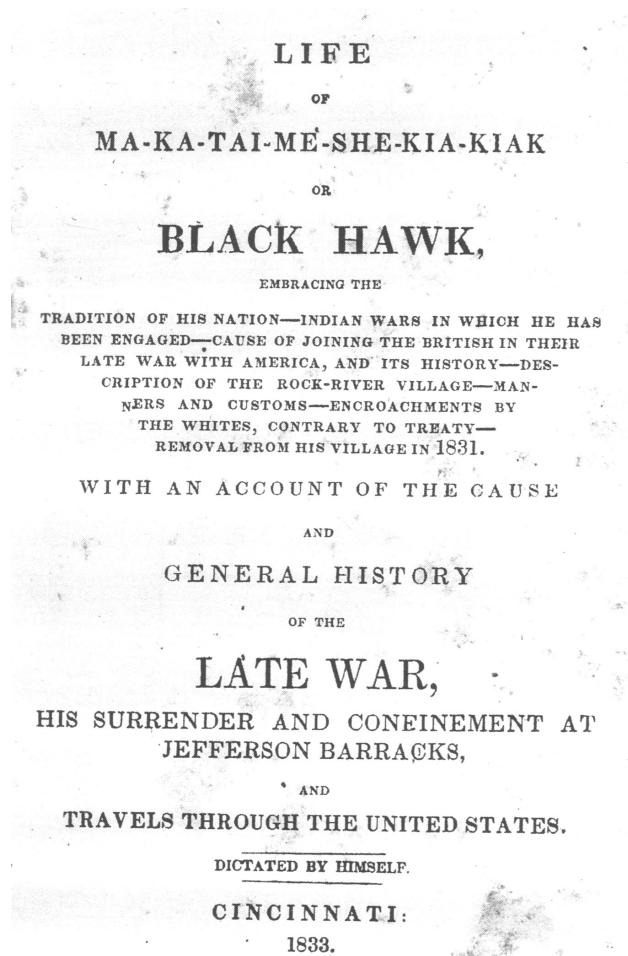
A...Yes, it is a fascinating book, and amazing story with colorful accounts of people and events as Blackhawk saw them. Historians have found his account of accurate with only minor corrections.

Q... Would you call it a good book?

A...Definitely...It is easy reading, with a moving story, it is an American classic

Q...Is the book available now?

A...There have been reprints, but in my collecting, I was fortunate to be able to find one of the first editions.



Q...This program is rather short to do justice to in a full length book review, so could we impose on you to give us a thumb nail review?

A...Yes, this is told in the words of a tragic figure in American history, a hook nosed, hollow cheeked old Sauk warrior, who lived under four flags while the Mississippi Valley was being wrested from his people.

The author is Blackhawk, once pursued by an army, whose members included Abraham Lincoln and Lieutenant Jefferson Davis. Perhaps, no Indian ever resisted American expansion so strongly, or fought harder to prevent the tidal wave of western immigration from driving his people to exile and death.

He fought an engagement on the Mississippi river against troops under Zachary Taylor, never realizing that he was confronting a future president. And, Blackhawk won the battle, and this I believe proved to be the only battle that Taylor ever lost in his brilliant career.

Blackhawk carried on a lifelong dispute with Keokuk, another Sauk Warrior, about the best way to face the threat of extinction, and saw his tribe split forever, because of this rivalry.



Blackhawk



KeoKuk

Blackhawk knew Zebulon Pike, William Clark, Henry Schoolcraft, George Catlin the artist, General Winfield Scott, and such figures in the American government as President Andrew Jackson and Secretary of State Lewis Cass. He knew Chicago, when it was a cluster of log houses around a fort, and he was in St. Louis, the day the American flag went up and the French flag came down.

Blackhawk saw crowds gather to cheer him in Philadelphia, Baltimore, and New York and to stone the driver of his carriage in Albany, during a fantastic tour sponsored by the government.

And at last he died in 1838, bitter in the knowledge that he had led men, women, and children of his tribe to slaughter on the bank of the Mississippi river north of Prairie du Chien at the mouth of the Bad Axe river.

Q...That is excellent. Clever as Blackhawk was, he could not stop the avalanche of white settlers moving into his lands.

A...The Indians used to say that a new white settlement was like a spot of raccoon grease on a new blanket. The tiny stain seemed harmless at first, but it would spread faster and farther than anyone imagined, until at last it had covered and darkened everything it touched.

Q...Isn't that a picturesque explanation. Did the Indians have a choice?

A...Yes, but poor choices. There were two ways for the Indian to resist the loss of his lands. He could cooperate with the government and the settlers, hoping for fair treatment or, he would resist to the end.

Both of these methods, equally futile, were practiced by the Sauk tribe in the early nineteenth century. A "Peace Band" under Keokuk tried cooperation, Blackhawk's followers chose to fight.

Q...Then either way, their days were numbered.

A...Yes, that is right. Blackhawk's smoldering dissatisfaction at the encroachment of white settlers on his lead lands and hunting lands, rose to flaming madness when whites took over his village at Rock Island plowing up the graves of his ancestors, and forced the Indians to move out.

Willing to die in defense of his rights, he fought to preserve his home and village.

All his life, Blackhawk had been a fighter, battling the Osage, the Cherokee, the Menominee, and the Dakota tribes. In fact his band of Sauk warriors had a reputation for being quick to raise the tomahawk. Blackhawk won most of these early battles (or so he proudly claimed) but when it came time to fight his greatest enemies, the Americans, the outcome was different.

There were more Americans than leaves on the trees, Blackhawk said, "They had to win."

The campaign ended in a massacre. American troops ordered by President Jackson to punish Blackhawk's people, overtook the fleeing band of Sauk families struggling to cross the Mississippi. A flag of truce was not honored, and in the carnage that followed, the water of the river "Perceptibly tinged with blood."

Blackhawk made good his escape across the Mississippi, returning to the Wisconsin side, he hid out in a cottonwood tree here in Prairie du Chien, away from the eyes of the fort soldiers. This tree once stood in the center of Blackhawk Avenue near what is now the Piggly Wiggley store, and was called the Blackhawk Tree. In a road widening project it was cut down. When Blackhawk was captured near Wisconsin Dells, he was brought back to the fort at Prairie du Chien. After a few months imprisonment, he was taken on a tour of the principal Eastern cities, so he might see the power of the white man.

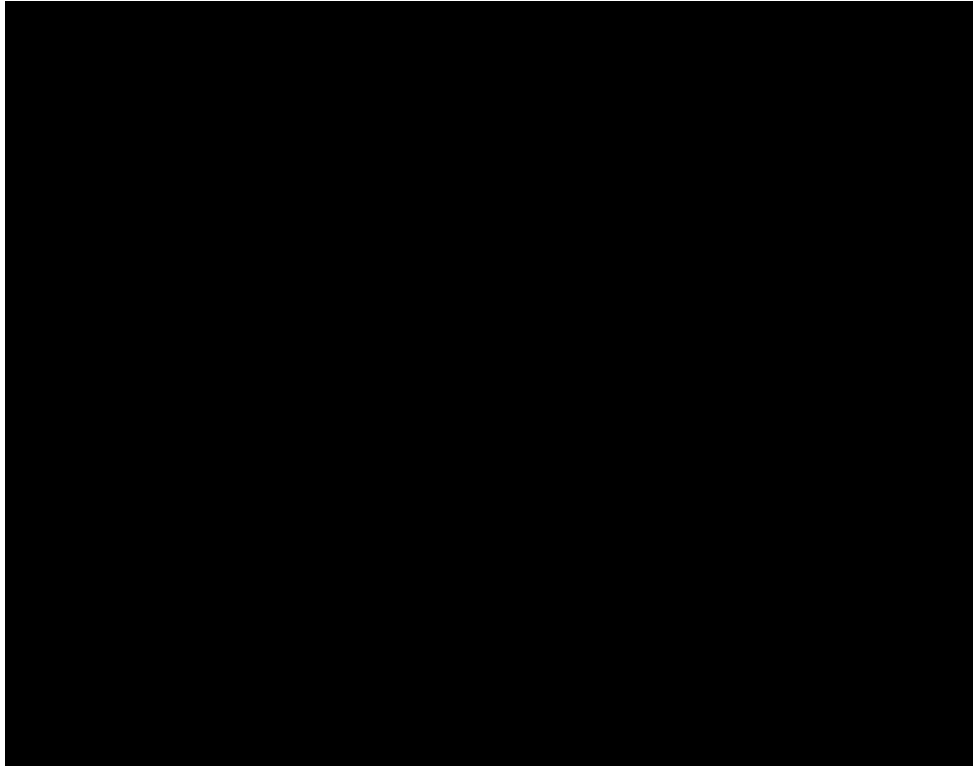


Blackhawk Tree 1915

He dictated his autobiography to a government interpreter, Antoine Le Claire, and the story was put into written form by a young Illinois Newspaperman, J. B. Patterson. Since its first appearance in 1833, the autobiography has become known as an American Classic.

Q...Marty just what territory was then claimed by Blackhawk and Sauk tribe?

A...Roughly it would be a 100 mile strip along the east side of the Mississippi river beginning here and running from the Wisconsin river south as far as St. Louis. Along with this they owned another strip about 75 miles wide along the west of the Mississippi running about 60 miles north from St. Louis.



Q...I never realized that they owned such fine and valuable territory.

A...I imagine some member of the Sauk tribe sold this for only \$1000 a year annuity. Blackhawk never signed or honored this early treaty concession to the United States.

Q...Blackhawk was a great War Leader.

A...Yes, he was respected and feared by the Whites

Q...But, the white people and their customs must have been hard on Blackhawk to understand?

A...Definitely, and Blackhawk's comments are razor sharp, I quote: "How smooth must be the language of the whites, when they can make right look like wrong, and wrong look like right."

Q...There are things happening today, that would bear out Blackhawk's remark.

A...His comments on politics are even appropriate today. I will start a little ahead of his conclusion so you can better see and understand what he was driving at.

"During the summer, I (Blackhawk) happened at Rock Island, when a great chief, whom I had known, Governor Cole of Illinois arrived. I called upon him and begged to explain the grievances under which me and my people were laboring hoping that they could do something for us. The great chief, however, did not seem disposed to council with me.

He said he was no longer the great chief of Illinois, that his children had selected another father in his stead, and that he now only ranked as they did.

I was surprised at this talk, as I had always heard that he was a good brave and great chief. But, the white people never appear to be satisfied, when they get a good father, they hold councils and conclude among themselves that this man, or some other, equally ambitious, would make a better father than they have; and nine times out of ten they don't get as good a one again."

Q...He sure spoke straight from the shoulder with a keen sense of logic.

A...It is always interesting for me to see ourselves through other peoples eyes.

Q...Lets hear more for I am fascinated with his observations.

A...Blackhawk said "My reason teaches me that land cannot be sold. The Great Spirit gave it to his children to live upon and cultivate, as far is necessary for their sustenance; and so long as they occupy and cultivate it, they have the right to the soil but, if they voluntarily leave it, then any other people have a right to settle upon. Nothing can be sold, but such things as can be carried away.

Q...He certainly gives a clear explanation of his views.

A...Blackhawk was a strong leader, a fascinating individual, with a deep sense of devotion to his family and his tribe. Here is an example of his piety and penitence. Blackhawk says:

"About this time, my eldest son was taken sick and died. He had always been a dutiful child, and had grown to manhood. Soon after, my youngest daughter, an interesting affectionate child, died also.

This was a hard stroke, because I loved my children in my distress I left the noise of the village, and built my lodge on a mound in my corn field, and enclosed it with a fence, around which I planted corn and beans. Here I was with my family alone. I gave everything I had away, and reduced myself to poverty. The only covering I retained was a piece of buffalo robe. I resolved on blackening my face and fasting for two years, for loss of my two children, drinking only water in the middle of the day, and eating sparingly of boiled corn at sunset. I fulfilled my promise hoping that the Great Spirit would take pity on me.

Q...Such deep devotion is touching and even beautiful.

A...To get to a lighter vein, I will give you a few facts about Sauk marriages. During the first year after marriage, the Indian brave and his maiden ascertain whether they can agree with each other, and can be happy, if not, they part and each looks again. Blackhawk's comments, "If we were to live together and disagree, we should be as foolish as the whites."

Q...I can see sociologist didn't invent trail marriages, the Sauk Indians had it first. This has been a delightful interview, but we must bring this program to a close. Thanks Marty for sharing your thoughts on history with us. Come back next week.

For more history, tune in next Sunday, the same time, the same station.

MJDyrud/me Jan. 7,1956

Early Prairie du Chien

Q...Once again the time have arrive for another interesting History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and local historian. Hi Marty, and welcome to WPRE.

A...Thank you Walt, I am glad to be here and, I feel complemented that you have asked me back each week, for better than a year and a half.

Q...We are privileged to have you tell us that rich heritage of history we, here in Prairie du Chien, have inherited. I know it requires of a lot of research for you, but I can tell you that your listeners enjoy and appreciate your efforts.

A...I like history and enjoy talking about it. Then too, if we can better show our wealth of history to our many visitors, we can build a growing volume of summer tourists travel for our city. Very few cities are blessed with so much pioneer history and our tourists are fascinated in learning more about it.

Q...Yes, in the past few years we have certainly seen this area become a fast growing summer recreation area.

A...Just look at the many fine new motels which have gone up in the last two years. They show how fast our summer tourists business is expanding.

Q...Well suppose we get back to history. Just what events happened in January, in the past years that we find of interest today?

A...Well, New Year's day, back in 1865, brought forth the famous Emancipation Proclamation by Abraham Lincoln, which freed the slaves in Rebel Territory.

Q...Yes, that is famous, but it didn't have much to do with us here in Prairie du Chien.

A...No, not in the minds of most people. But most people forget that Prairie du Chien also had slaves in the early days.

Q...Is that right?

A...Yes, the first white settler in Prairie du Chien brought along an Indian slave.

Q...And who was the first white settler here?

A...Jean Marie Cardinal, was the first white settler in Prairie du Chien, and he brought his wife and an Indian slave named Nicholas Colas.

Q...Indian slaves, that is surely something new to me. Where did you find that?

A...B. W. Brisbois, son of the famous early fur trader, gives us the story: He says; "At an early period Jean Marie Cardinal, with his wife, and Mandan Indian slave, named Nicholas Colas, arrived, and settled about a mile and half above the present court house, at what is known as the Middle Village."

Cardinal had ascended the Mississippi as far the Cannon River, just above where Red Wing now stands; but preferring the Prairie du Chien locality to any point he had visited, he turned and made a permanent settlement. Ms. Cardinal used to relate, that when they first arrived, the buffalo were so numerous as sometimes to impede

the progress of the three adventurers in their frail bark vessel, and that they had to wait for the vast horde to cross the river before their canoe could pass in safety.

It was, too, a time of an unusual flood in the Upper Mississippi; the waters were so high that they came up from the mouth of the Wisconsin, in their bark, next to the bluffs, where the ground was some feet lower than, the rest of the plain, and she declared that she had seen no such great flood since that one, at the time of her arrival. She died in 1827, and her age was computed at about one hundred and thirty years. Mr. Brisbois, however says she did not appear to be so old."

Q...My, my 130 years old!

A...Yes, Madam Cardinal was quite a woman. She had, as far as I can find, eight children by her first husband. Her first child was a daughter named Genevieve, who was apparently born in Prairie du Chien, in the year 1755. Legend has it, that this woman married twelve men after Cardinal and outlived them all.

Q...Marty, do you believe that ?

A...Never let it be said that I would argue with a lady.

Q...There are a lot of questions popping up in my mind about this unusual account.

A...Lets have them.

Q...Do you know definitely the date that the Cardinals first came and settled here?

A...Dr. Scanlan says Cardinal, came in 1754 or earlier. Reverend Brunson, a very reliable early historian in Prairie du Chien, tells us the Cardinals came between 1720 and 1730.

Q...Were they the first white person to view Prairie du Chien?

A...No, Sieur Du Luth or an unknown fur trader is considered the first white person to stop on the prairie, in what is now Prairie du Chien, so far as we can tell from historiography. This appears to be in the year 1680 or 1681.

Interestingly enough, the second person to visit Prairie du Chien, was the great Hennepin.

Q...Did one of them give us the name Prairie du Chien?

A...No, we have Johnathon Carver to thank for that name.

Q...Just where did the Cardinals locate their home when they came here?

A...Apparently, the Cardinals built their lodge in the Mill Coulee, north of town near a large spring, about a mile above the present river road.

Q...Marquette and Joliet apparently saw the prairie, but they make no reference to stopping here. It is 7 or 8 years later before we have a reference to anybody stopping at this spot.

Q...At the time the Cardinals came, who owned and ruled this area?

A...The land on the east side of the Mississippi was claimed by the French and ruled by them. Across the river on what is now the Iowa side, the land was claimed at that time by the Spanish.

Q...That is the most illuminating account I ever heard about the establishment of Prairie du Chien. But I see what I have pulled you a long way off, from the question of slavery, that we were first talking about.

A...Not only did our first settler bring an Indian slave, but during the days when Fort Crawford was garrisoned there were a good many negro slaves in Prairie du Chien. When Fort Crawford was inactivated, their number became smaller and smaller, until the time just prior to the Civil War when we had a few colored people, but no slaves.

Q...Are there any other January, dates in our history to celebrate?

A...Yes, January 6th, was back in 1830, Judge Doty introduced a bill in the House Of Representatives to establish the Territory of Huron, which later became the Territory of Wisconsin.

Q...Doty, that name sounds familiar.

A...Yes, Doty was the first judge in Wisconsin. It was here in good old Prairie du Chien, that Judge Doty held his first term of court. Doty was also our first postmaster in Prairie du Chien.

Doty was a visionary and early land speculator in Wisconsin. He once owned all the land in the Four Lakes area and founded the city of Madison. The city he named after President Madison, who had recently died.

Judge Doty was a forceful leader and excellent promoter, for he prevailed on the first legislators to make Madison the capital. Shrewdly he gave all of the legislators lots in what is now Madison, so they would each gain if they followed Doty's plan. With this inducement and many others, Doty hurriedly built the city of Madison to accommodate the legislators, who would come to the capital and need facilities.

Oh, he had his problems, and political rivalries. General Dodge forced Doty to the brink of bankruptcy, but years later, they made peace and Doty became a well to do man.

Q...He must have been a colorful man?

A...By all means. I think Doty is the man we have to thank for the name Wisconsin. It was first spelled Ouskonsin, and Doty would have like it spelled this way. But, his political opponents changed the spelling to aggravate Doty.



Judge James Duane Doty

Q...Fine, what other dates do you have?

A...January 15, 1848, the first telegram was received in Milwaukee, from Chicago.

And speaking of your old home town, it was on January 19, 1842, that the Milwaukee Journal first came out as a weekly. Now it is the leading newspaper of Wisconsin and I understand the most profitable newspaper in the U. S.

Q...You mean that the Milwaukee Journal makes more money than the Chicago Tribune or say the New York Times.?

A...So I have read.

Q...Any more dates?

A...It was on January 30th in 1849, that the Wisconsin State Historical Society was founded. The 31st of January 1846, was the organizing date for Carroll College at Waukesha. That was the same day the city of Milwaukee was incorporated

Q...A lot sure has happened through the years in January.

A...You bet.

Q...Just what happened here in Prairie du Chien, during January, in the Indian days?

A...Our Fox Indians would then be in their winter lodges, sitting around the fire they had built in the center of the room and you could see the smoke coming out a hole in the center of the roof. When the wind was strong they were very smoky inside. During the day, the Indians would be spearing muskrats, trapping beaver or possibly fishing through the ice.

At times they might track down and shoot a deer, but most of their woodland hunting was done in the fall.

Q...What about the fur traders?

A...This was a time for them to rest. During the fall they had given the Indians supplies of food, whiskey, gun, ammunition and knives for the winter hunting. These supplies were generally advanced on credit and they would be repaid with furs into the spring.

With the rivers frozen over, their highways were blocked during winter.

Q...Then when would they transport their skins?

A...When the Indians brought in their skins in the spring, the fur traders would grade, salt and package the skins. Then in early summer, the voyageurs would transport them by water routes to Mackinaw, St. Louis, or New Orleans From there they would go to the eastern cities or to Europe.

Q...Thanks Marty, that gives us a nice picture of what winter life was like in early Prairie du Chien. This brings to a close our program for today. Tune in next Sunday the same time, the same station for another History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud. Thanks for listening and thank you Marty for a fine and informative interview.

MJDyrud/me Jan. 14, 1956

Early Explorers in Wisconsin

Q...Once again the time has arrived for another interesting History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State historical Society and local historian. Hi Marty, I see you are here right on time and ready to go.

A...Yes, thank you and ready to explore some more history with you.

Q...Marty, over the past weeks we have done a lot of talking about Prairie du Chien's history. Would you give us some of the background of early Wisconsin history so we can better understand and correlate local events?

A...Yes, I think that is a good suggestion and it should be very helpful.

Q...Tell us something about the discovery of Wisconsin.

A...Jean Nicolet, a French explorer was sent in 1634 by Samuel Le Champlain, governor of New France, at Quebec Canada, to explore the northwest. He came by way of Lake Michigan and landed on Wisconsin soil, just below the mouth of the Fox River near Green Bay.



Clothed in silken robes, Nicolet advanced into a village of the Winnebagoes, discharging pistols held in each hand. He was received with welcome. A great feast was then held 120 beaver being eaten. He then proceeded up the Fox River to near the present site of Berlin, where was a palisaded village of the Masoutins.

Q...Is that Nicolet's account?

A...No, Father Vimont's Relations of 1642 is the authority for the story of Jean Nicolet's visit to Wisconsin. The translated account is unusual and intriguing for here is the discovery of Wisconsin, in which we are all interested.

Q...Fine, lets have it.

A..."While Nicolet was in the exercise of his office (as Interpreter and agent) he was delegated (by Champlain) to make a journey to the nation called People of the Sea, and arrange peace between them and the Hurons, from whom they are a distance of about three hundred (French) leagues (that would be roughly 720 miles) westward.

He embarked in the Huron country, with seven savages: and the passed by many small nations. When they arrived at their destination, they fastened two sticks in the earth, and hung gifts thereon, so as to relieve those tribes from the notion of mistaking them for enemies to be massacred.

When he was two days journey from that nation (People of the Sea) Joliet sent one of those (seven) savages to bear tidings of peace, which word was especially well received, when they heard that it was a European, who carried the message (knowing they had at least heard of the Europeans.)

The (the Indians) dispatched several young men to meet the Manitouirinion, that is to say "the wonderful man". They escorted him and carried all his baggage.

Joliet wore a garbed robe of China damask, all strewn with flowers and birds of many colors. No sooner did they perceive him, when the women and children fled, at the sight of a man who carried thunder in both hands for, thus they called the two pistols that he held (and doubtless fired with a loud and terrifying report).

The news of his coming quickly spread to the places round about, and there assembled four or five thousand men. Each of the chief men made a feast for him, and at one of these banquets they served six score beavers. The peace was concluded, he returned to the Hurons, and sometime later to Three Rivers (Canada), where he continued his employment as agent and interpreter to the great satisfaction of both the French and savages, by whom he was equally and singularly loved. In so far, as his office allowed, he vigorously cooperated with our Fathers for the conversion of those people, whom he could shape and bend how-so-ever he would, with a kill that can hardly be matched."

Q...What prompted Father Vimont to record this account?

A...Since Nicolet was drowned at Sillery October 9, 1642, Vimont's Relation was designed partly to serve as a Jesuit memorial to a charming and very influential man, who had been helpful in spreading the faith.

To us, however, it is more interesting as summarizing Nicolet's exploration that resulted in the discovery of some portion of the territory now embraced within the boundaries of Wisconsin.

Q...That is a most unusual account. I don't think I have ever before heard that he was seeking the "People of the Sea".

A...No, it is seldom mentioned. Strangely much like Columbus, Nicolet believed he might contact oriental princes and people of the spice country, which we now know to live in Indian and China.

Q...From the description one imagines a colorful meeting, Nicolet dressed in silk finery and firing pistols to the astonishment of the native Indians.

A...Yes, the landing on Red Banks was a picturesque sight and has inspired the colorful painting we associate with this historic discovery.

Q...How long was it before other whites visited Wisconsin?

A...Twenty five were to pass before other adventurers visited this area, judging from past records. In 1659 Sieur Radisson and Sieur Groseillier followed in the wake of Nicolet and wintered among the Pottawatomies in the Green Bay area, and in the spring of 1659 went up the Fox river, made portage, and entered the Wisconsin, spending four months on the trip.

Here is something startling that I found, Radisson's narrative says they proceeded as far as the mouth of the Wisconsin and saw the Mississippi.

Q...I thought that Marquette and Joliet discovered the Mississippi?

A...So did I. However Radisson and Groseillier were apparently the first white men to see the Mississippi. It may be that the more extensive exploration of Marquette and Joliet and their publication of their discoveries resulted in the world giving them the credit.



Radisson



Q...Just what was that date the Radisson and his partner first saw the Mississippi?

A...In 1659, that would be 14 years before Marquette and Joliet made their trip.

Q...Didn't these early explorers follow up their first journey into Wisconsin?

A...Two years later, the same adventurers Radisson and Grossilliers, with six other fur traders and a band of Huron Indians, skirted the south shore of Lake Superior in their canoes, passed the Pictured Rocks, learned of the great mines of copper, and entered Chequamegon Bay, late in the autumn.

Near the present site of Ashland, they built a fort close to the waters edge. Hiding their stores in a canoe, they visited the Huron village on the headwaters of the Chippewa river, and wandered as far west as the Mille Lac region in Minnesota, wintering among the Indians.

Q...Now I know why Radisson is such a revered name in Minnesota.

A...Yes, Radisson, Joliet and Hennepin live proudly in the memories of Minnesota people.

Q...What stands out next in your mind?

A...In 1670, Sieur Saint Lusson piloted by a hardy explorer Nicholas Perrot, came to Sault Ste. Marie and there in the presence of Allouez and other Jesuits and the man Perrot acting as interpreter took possession of the northwest in the name of the French king. Among the party was Louis Joliet who would soon gain immortal fame for his discovery of the Father of Waters.

Q...That would come three years later in 1673.



Pere Marquette and the Indians

A...Yes, Louis Joliet and Pere Marquette set out in May 1673 from St. Ignace Mission, at the Straits of Mackinaw, in canoes paddled by voyageurs or boatsmen, and reached the Mascoutin village on the upper Fox on June 7 th. Pushing along through the reeds, they made portage at the present site of the city of Portage, into the Wisconsin River, which they descended to its mouth, arriving June 17, 1673.

They continued, descending the Great River as far as the mouth of the Arkansas. The narratives of this journey by Marquette have made the names of Joliet and Marquette shine brightly through the pages of history.

Q...I have always wondered how they returned?

A...Well, in 1674, Joliet and Marquette began their return trip. They came up the Mississippi and Illinois rivers, made portage at Chicago, then paddled along the shores of Lake Michigan. In September 1674 they were again at St. Francis Xavier Mission at the Soo.



Marquette

Q...What was the tragedy that befell Marquette?

A...A month after his return to the Soo, in October 1674, Father Marquette started out once more, with two assistants to establish a mission at Kaskaskia, among the Illinois Indians.

Paddling by way of Green Bay, they came to Sturgeon Bay, made portage eastward across the peninsula, where the Sturgeon Bay Ship Canal was later built. Then paddled on Lake Michigan to Chicago. Here they wintered on a sand dune, near the shore in much discomfort. With the arrival of spring, they proceeded along the Illinois river to Kaskaskia.

But, a grave illness took hold of Marquette. This intrepid explorer decided to return to Mackinaw so he might die among his brethren. He died on the journey, the date May 19, 1675. We are told he died from dysentery which he could not throw off, because of the many hardships and privations during his trips.

Father Marquette was buried at the mouth of a small stream on the Michigan side of the lake, some distance south of the high point called the Sleeping Bear.

Q...Who was next?

A...A daring chief of the *Coureur du Bois*, Daniel Garysolon du Luth (Duluth) explored the upper Mississippi, taking special note of the Wisconsin and Black rivers. Visiting Mille Lac Sioux his party went with their band on a great buffalo hunt, below the St. Croix river on the Wisconsin side.

Q...Did Duluth stop at Prairie du Chien?

A...Some historians think so. However there is strong evidence that Hennepin stopped the next year in 1680. Hennepin with two companions Accau and Du Gay, set out in 1680, under orders of La Salle, to explore the upper Mississippi. Leaving the mouth of the Illinois, March 12th, he passed the mouth of the Wisconsin and the site of Prairie du Chien. Father Hennepin stopped to visit the Prairie, now Prairie du Chien, and was the first white man here, from authentic records.



Antoine Hennepin



Father Louis Hennepin discovering Saint Anthony Falls

Q...Thanks a lot Marty for sketching the background of the history of Wisconsin. Many of these figures are referred to in our local history and you have given their efforts a broader meaning. This brings to a close our History Chat for today.

If you want to learn more about Prairie du Chien's rich heritage of history tune in next Sunday, the same time, the same station and enjoy another History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud. Thanks for listening.

MJDyrud/me Jan.21, 1956

Sioux Indians & The Blackhawk War

Q...Once again the time has arrived for another interesting History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and Local historian. Hi Marty and welcome to WPRE.

A...Thank you, I am happy to join you.

Q...Marty what history do you have for us today?

A...Many people have wondered just what part the Indians played in the Blackhawk War. Well, I ran across an article of that time reporting a talk between General Street, Indian agent and a party of Sioux Indians here in Prairie du Chien, after they turned back from joining General Atkinson.



Q...That should be interesting. Where did you find this account?

A...In the Illinois Galenian of July 11, 1832.

Q...Carry on Marty.

A...As General Street addressed the Sioux Indians in Prairie du Chien, he said, "I wish to know why you have left the army? Heretofore, under the instruction of your Great Father the President, I have endeavored to keep the peace between all his red children.

When your friends were killed by the Sacs and Foxes, I advised you not to seek revenge; your Great Father would see justice done. That all Indians were alike under his protection; who, as Father of all, desired to see them live in peace and harmony. The Sacs and Foxes had behaved bad, they had killed several Indians of different nations but the President was desirous to keep peace, and urged them to wait, and he would have justice done.

He wished to show the Indians how much better and happier they would be, if they would live in peace as brothers, than in a state of war, one revenging his friend today, and the other retaliating the next.

This would be an endless war, where the nations could feel no security. Your Great Father wanted to teach you to seek justice and not revenge. When a murder was committed, to give up the murderer, and let him punish as an example to deter other Indians from like offenses.

Q...I like this direct account, for it gives us a feeling of the situation, as though we were listening to General Street talk.

A...Yes, it gives the flavor of thinking 125 years ago. General Street goes on: "Your Great Father feels towards his red children, as you feel towards yours. He does not want to kill, but reclaim them, and make them good. When they err, and are bad, he chastises them; and if they can be, he will make them good. But when you revenge, the innocent are killed more frequently than the guilty. You make no distinction between virtue and crime, the good and the bad. This is not right. And your Father wants to save you from the horror attending upon retaliation, unite you in love, and restrain you from retaliation or revenge.

This is the reason I was directed to restrain you from war, that he might interpose and bring about a lasting peace between all his red children. If this was once the case, you would be much happier, and in security. Now you are in danger when you lie down at night, of being murdered before the morning, or rising to see your families butchered around you. As yet, the unruly and vengeful passions of the Indians have defeated these humane intentions from affecting the desired object, and saving the effusion of blood amongst his red children. Still your Great Father has forbore to use force, until the Sac and Foxes have dared to kill some of his white children. He will now forbear no longer. He has tried to reclaim them, and they grow worse. He is resolved to sweep them from the face of the earth. They shall no longer trouble his children.

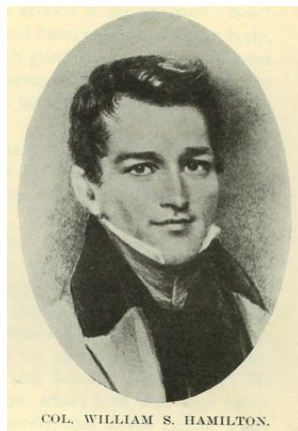
If they cannot be made good, they must be killed. They are now separated from him again. And he directed me no longer to restrain you from war. And I said go and be revenged of the murderers of your friends, if you wish it.

If you desire revenge, you have permission to take it. I will furnish you arms and ammunition and provisions, and here is the man who is sent to conduct you to the enemy. Follow him, Colonel Hamilton and he will lead you to the murderers of the Winnebagoes, the Menomonees, and Sioux.

Q...Who is the Colonel Hamilton?

A...Colonel Hamilton is the son of the celebrated Alexander Hamilton of Revolutionary War fame, and father of our Treasury department. His son was in the army and stationed here at Prairie du Chien.

I am anxious to hear the rest.



COL. WILLIAM S. HAMILTON.

A...General Street continues his speech to the Sioux Indians: "With one accord, you desired to go to war, and appeared bent on full satisfaction for your accumulated wrongs and injuries. You raised the war song, and were borne on your way upon the bosom of the Father of Waters under the conduct of Colonel Hamilton. He led you into the country infested by the Sacs and Foxes, and when in striking distance of your enemy, you mangled the already dead bodies of eleven Sacs killed by the warriors of your Great Father, the day before your arrival, and you turned about, and came back to this place.

You have neither seen, nor made an effort to see, the Sacs and Foxes. After coming 200 to 300 miles to revenge your murdered friends and relatives and the murderers are before you, you turn and come home without striking a blow. Why is this? To me your conduct is strange. I cannot comprehend it, and want you to explain the reasons that have influenced you to so disgraceful a course. Your own, and the reputation of your nation are at stake. Consider what you have done, and what you now ought to do to redeem the honor of your tribe. Answer me truly, why have you returned? And what do you intend to do?"

Q...Did the Sioux answer?

A...Yes, the Sioux Chief Lark (a half Winnebago) said: "My Father we had a little piece of land over there (pointing west of the Mississippi) which we wanted to keep for hunting but you gave us a great deal of trouble about it. We live by your Father there, (point to Mr. Rolette, the trader,) and he told us he wanted muskrat and other skins, not scalps.

The Sacs and Foxes have now begun to kill white people, and you say, to war and take revenge. We came to do so, and you sent us with the little man (Colonel Hamilton) and said he will conduct you to a great chief, who has many men and some horses; he will show you the Sacs and Foxes. We followed him a great way over large wagon roads that were very hard, and our moccasins are worn to, and our feet sore, we can walk no further. Yet we have seen but very few men and horses. The people were not there.

We saw desolated houses, and some places where houses had been burned, and white people killed and left, but no large body of people to help us fight. We were led to a fort (Fort Hamilton) where there were not many people, and we had starved until we were tired, we did not want to any further. We have seen no large army as you said we would. Colonel Hamilton who you sent with us did not use us well, and turned and came back to you.

Father! We saw a man with much beard, (General Dodge) who had killed eleven Sacs, he is a brave man, and there are brave men along with him; but they are very few. The Sacs and Foxes have killed a great many white men, and are still killing them more than a hundred have been killed already.

Q...Looks like the Sioux thought they were the expendables.

A...Yes, and they could see no benefit to themselves, only loss of their own braves. Then General Street, rose and said: "You have not answered the principal inquiry I made of you. What brought you back, and do you mean to return? If you are tired some can ride, as these white men (referring to Captains Estes and Jones) they are going to take horses for General Dodge. He will show you the large army I told you was on the Rock River. You did not go far enough to see it. The white People that have been killed are less than your fears suggest. It was not that your Great Father wanted help from you, that I told you to go to war. It was to give you an opportunity to revenge your slaughtered friends. Your father has penned those Indians up, and he means to kill them all, and had you remained, you would have seen how his white children rush upon, and kill their enemies.

He does not ask you to help him; but if you want revenge, go and take it. This is what I said to you. And I now repeat it, if you want to kill the murderers of your fiends and families, go now and do it, for your Great Father had devoted these Indians to death. He cannot reclaim, and he will kill them.

Q...So the American soldiery were bent on the extermination of Blackhawk and his band.

A...It would appear so. That probably explains why our troops would not honor the white flag which Blackhawk brought forward on several occasions and the Americans would not accept a surrender.

General Street went on to say: "What I said, was to explain to you how you came to go down, and remind you of your great anxiety to go against the Sacs and Foxes. I do not mean to take any notice of any part of what you have said, except what relates to this business. I want a direct answer. What brought you back, and what do you intend to do?"

Once again Chief Lark answered: "Our feet are sore and our moccasins worn out; we want to see our families. We have come thus far, and I think shall continue on home. Six of our people have remained with the little man (Colonel Hamilton); some went by Galena for our canoes; three of those who went to Galena have just arrived. They say the white people will not let them have the canoes and have detained the rest of the Indians. Father! We want you to write to the white people, to let our friends come back and give us our canoes.

Q...I suppose it was bad for the white settlers to differentiate between the Sac and the Sioux, who were friendly. What did General Street have to say?

A...General Street was annoyed and gave them a tongue lashing. He went on to say: "When I first sent to you, I thought you were men, and wanted to revenge your murdered friends. You had complained of the Sacs and Foxes murdering your friends, and being prevented by me from retaliating.

I was willing to give you an opportunity to take your revenge. I gave you liberty to go, and showed you a man to conduct you. I put arms in your hands, and gave you provisions and ammunition, and you have gone within striking distance, and come back, and say you are on your way home.

Your story is not true. These gentlemen, who sit by me, are some of General Dodge's men; they were at the place when you arrived, and come since you left. You were kindly treated and provisioned freely. They also add that you said you came to get new moccasins, and would return in a few days. Your complaints are untrue, they are made to excuse your coming. You have not hearts to look at the Indians who murdered your friends and families. Go home to your squaws, and hoe corn, you are not fit to go to war. You have not courage to revenge your wrongs.

Yesterday one of you gave me his left hand and said "my other hand is stained with the blood of the Sacs and Foxes." It was untrue; yours was a bloodless campaign. Some of you may have mangled the dead bodies of Sacs killed by General Dodge and the brave men with him (who know how to kill Indians) the day before you reached the army. You have not seen or endeavored to see a live Sac or Fox.

Your Great Father gives you some flour and pork to eat, you have not stomachs for war. Go home to your squaws, and hoe corn, and never trouble your Great Father with your anxiety to go to war. Take your canoes and clear yourselves.

Q...Thanks Marty, you have given us the color and feeling of what went on when General Street met with the Sioux Indians during the Blackhawk War. And, it shows how the Americans tried to involve the Sioux into the Blackhawk War.

Our time has run out so we will bring our Chat for today to a close. For another Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud on our pioneer history, tune in next week, same time, same station.

MJDyrud/me Feb. 4, 1956

James H. Lockwood

Q...Once again we gather together for another interesting History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and local historian. Hi Marty, and welcome to WPRE.

A...Thank you, I am happy to be here.

Q...I always feel richer after hearing one of these history discussions, and I am anxious to know just what you have in store for us today.

A...Have you ever thought how nice it would be if you could invite in some evening one of our early pioneer residents in Prairie du Chien and chat with him about early times?

Q...That sounds real fine Marty, but who did you have in mind?

A...I was thinking about James H. Lockwood one of our first residents, and outstanding citizen, lumberman and frontier judge. He was an intimate friend of King Rolette, Hercules Dousman, Michael Brisbois, Zachary Taylor, Jeff Davis, Dr. Beaumont and many others.

Q...You are talking fiction, for Lockwood has been dead a long time.

A...Yes, I know that Judge Lockwood is dead, but I recently ran across some of his records and as I read them, it seemed that they were like sitting by his side and listening to early Wisconsin and frontier Prairie du Chien. Rather easy to imagine that you could see him fill his pipe and take a few puffs as he told some of his delightful memories.

Q...Marty I am all ears.

A...I felt like asking him, you must have seen many interesting things in those early days. That got the Judge started, and as we sat before the crackling fire that raw winter's evening he said:

"I was born in the town of Peru, Clinton County New York on December 7, 1793, and as the sequel will show, I have lived in the woods the most of my days. My father was a farmer, to which occupation I was raised until past the age of sixteen years.

Living on the frontier, and moving from place to place, my educational advantages were limited. At Champlain New York, the nearest school was 2 ½ to 3 miles distant, and I went pretty regularly for two or three winters. In that day and in a new country, to be able to read, write and cipher as far as the Rule of Three, was considered sufficient qualifications to teach a common school. I was ambitious to obtain a good education. I read with avidity, every book that chance threw my way or that I could borrow.

Don't reckon you could ever guess who my teacher was? Well, in the summer of 1808, I attended the school taught by Dr. William Beaumont, while he was a student of medicine.

When I was 16 or 17, I engaged in the study of law, but, I concluded, that lack of early education and my native diffidence, I would never make a great lawyer, and my ambition protested against any second or third rate position, so I abandoned law.

I then sought and obtained a position as a merchant's clerk. Judge Rouse, then in Green Bay needed help and wrote me. That brought me to Wisconsin in 1815. I sailed from Buffalo on the "Lady of the Lake" for Detroit. It was then an old French village. The houses were mostly covered with bark.

After a few days wait, I engaged passage to Mackinaw on a crazy old schooner commanded by Captain Pearson, bound for Drummond's Island, with pork and hard bread for the British troops."

Lockwood's face lighted with a smile as he said:

"On board the vessel, as a passenger, was Ramsay Crooks, later distinguished among the Rock Mountain traders, then on his way to Mackinaw to receive the property of the South West Fur Company, which had been recently purchased from John Jacob Astor of New York.

Mr. Crooks had come as a passenger on her, from Buffalo and the captain had promised to lay in ample supplies at Detroit. But, just as we got under way Mr. Crooks discovered the Captain had failed to fulfill his engagement. Thereupon, Mr. Crooks immediately took the skiff, went ashore and purchased dishes, spoons, knives, forks and provisions, and we proceeded on our voyage.

It was well that Mr. Crooks had watched and provided so well, for we were becalmed about ten days on the St. Clair River and flats. While waiting, we went ashore and bought a sheep, which helped along with the rusty

pork and hard bread. We were almost a month from Detroit to Drummond's Island. Finally on August 15th we arrived at Mackinaw. Changes in events, prevented my continuing on until spring.

At the request of some of the inhabitants, I concluded to open a school as it would keep me from idleness. If my scholars did not learn much English, I concluded I should acquire some French, thus acting out the Yankee character of adapting one's self to circumstances and thus I spent the winter."

Q...Mackinaw Island in upper Michigan was then the great fur trading center?

A...Yes, it was and our young America was on the move. Lockwood picked up the conversation at this point. "During the winter of 1815-1816, Congress passed an Act excluding foreigners from participating in the Indian trade, within the limits of the United States or its territories. This, was then supposed to have been done through the influence of Mr. Astor, and upon the purchase of the South West Co., the American Fur Company reappeared under the auspices of Mr. Astor, the headquarters, of which, were at Mackinaw.

Although Congress had passed a law excluding foreigners from the Indian country, it was found that the trade could not be carried on without their aid, as most clerks, interpreters, and boatmen were foreigners and, in the summer of 1816, the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States issued orders to the Indian agents on this frontier to license foreigners as interpreters and boatmen, on their giving bond, with large penalties for their conduct in the Indian country.

Thus, the British traders, who wanted to get into the Indian country had only to employ an I American to whom the goods were invoiced, and the license taken in his name, and the trader went as interpreter until they were beyond the Indian agencies, when the trader assumed the control of his property, and carried on his business as usual."

Q...That was an ingenious was around the difficulty for the British. Did Lockwood go on to Green Bay?

A...That set our guest off recalling incidents in our early military history. "During the summer 1816, it was projected to establish a United States Fort at Green Bay and in July of that year, Colonel John Miller of the 3rd regiment of U. S. Infantry was ordered on that service. He soon chartered three vessels, embarked 3 or 4 companies of riflemen and infantry, with some artillery. About two days later, we arrived at Green Bay settlement, without the anticipated opposition from the Indians.

This was the month of July 1816. Green Bay and Prairie du Chien, were then the only settlements in what is now the State of Wisconsin, if we except Solomon Juneau's trading house at Milwaukee and they could not well be called settlements according to the American idea of settling and improving a country.

Green Bay was kind of trader's depot for the trade of that Bay, the Fox upper part of Wisconsin rivers, which were considered dependents of it.

There then resided at Green Bay as a trader John Lawe, and four or five Grignons. Augustin Grignon resided and traded at the Little Kaukalin. Those traders who pretended to make Green Bay their home, resided generally, generally but, a small portion of the year there, as most of them wintered in the Indian country, and generally spent two or three months of the summer at Mackinaw.



Augustin Grignon

The traders of Green Bay mostly married, after the Indian manner, women of the Menomonee tribe, there being no white women in the country. I saw at this time, but one woman in the settlement that pretended to a white, and she had accidentally been brought there at an early day, but her history I do not now recollect.

There were at Green Bay some forty or fifty Canadians of French extraction, who pretended to cultivate the soil, but they were generally old worn out voyageurs or boatmen, who having become unfit for the hardships of the Indian trade, had taken wives, usually of the Menomonee tribe, and settled down on a piece of land.

As the land did not cost anything, all they had to do was, to take up a piece not claimed by any other person, and fence and cultivate it. But, they had been so long in the Indian trade, that they had lost the little knowledge they had acquired of farming in Canada. So, they proved poor cultivators of the soil, although they raised considerable wheat, barley, peas, etc.

Green Bay was, at that time a part of the territory of Indians, of which the seat of government was at Vincennes, which was also the county town of the county to which Green Bay was attached, between four and five hundred miles distant by the tedious and circuitous route of that day."

Q...With so many uneducated people, it must have been hard to get good government officials.

A...It was, and Judge Lockwood had some comments on that also:

"There was an old Frenchman at Green Bay of the name of Charles Reaume, who could read and write a little, that acted as Justice of the Peace. He had been commissioned under George III, when Great Britain had jurisdiction over the country, and after it was given up to the American Government and attached to Indians, he had been commissioned by Governor Harrison, and being thus doubly armed with commissions, he acted under either, as he found most convenient.

The law under which he acted were those of Paris, meaning Paris, France, and the customs of the Indian traders of Green Bay. He was very arbitrary in his decisions.

The county seat was so distant, and difficult of access, that if a person felt himself aggrieved, he preferred suffering injustice to going to the expense of an appeal, so that practically, Reaume's court was the Supreme Court of the country.

He took care not to decide against any of the traders who were able to bear the expense of an appeal, in fact the traders made use of him to hold their men in subjection, but never submitted to him any difficulty between themselves. These were left to the arbitration of other traders.

It is said of Reaume, that a bottle of spirits was the best witness that could be introduced into his court and that after the decision of a case, the losing party producing the bottle of spirits, had been granted a new trial or rehearing, and a reversal of the former decision obtained.

Q...Judge Reaume at Green Bay must have been a colorful Character?

A...Lockwood was certain of that and illustrated the point:

During my stay at Green bay awaiting the arrival of my employers, one of the engages or boatmen had left their employ and engaged himself to an American concerned in settling for the troops, and I went to Judge Reaume, stating the case to him, asked him what the law was on the subject, and what could be done.

He answered me in his broken English: "I'll..make..de..man..go back..to..his..duty." But I again asked "What is the law on the...? " He answered, "de..law..is..I'll..make ..de..man ..go back..to ..his..duty." I reiterated my inquiry, Judge Reaume, is there no law on the subject?

He replied with a feeling of conscious dignity..." We..are..accustomed to..make..de..man..go back..to..their bourgeoisie." Finding Judge Reaume had no law except his own precedents and the customs of Green Bay, and not believing that American citizens would submit to and obey the process of his old jack knife, or custom of the Green Bay Indian traders, I concluded to leave the matter until the arrival of my employers, and let them proceed before Judge Reaume, if they thought proper.

Mrs. Kinzie, wife of the Indian agent at Portage told another story of this excessively ignorant and grasping Frenchman, who was other wise tolerably good natured

Two men once appeared before Judge Reaume, the one as plaintiff, the other as defendant. The Justice listened patiently to the complaint of the one, and the defense of the other. Then rising with dignity, he pronounced his decision: You are both wrong.

You Bois-vert, to the plaintiff, you bring me one load of hay, and Crely, to the defendant, you bring me one load of wood and now the matter is settled." Apparently neither party took exception to the verdict.



Q...Marty, you Chat with Judge Lockwood has been most informative and colorful. Will you interview this delightful gentleman again, for I see that he can tell us a great deal about Early Time In Wisconsin and Prairie du Chien.

A...I will be glad to.

Q...Thanks very much, and this brings to a close our program for today Tune in next Sunday, same time, same station for another interesting History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud.

MJDyrud/me Feb. 12, 1956

James Lockwood II

Q...Once again the time has arrived for another interesting History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and local historian. Hi Marty and welcome to WPRE

A...Thank you, I am glad to be here.

Q...Your talk last week on James Lockwood, gave a great deal of information on the early days in America. You say this gentleman was prominent in early Prairie du Chien. Do we have anything today that recall his name?

A...Yes, one of the ways he has left his mark on our community is that part of the city plat which we call Lockwood's Addition.

Q...I am anxious to hear more of your Lockwood Tales of early days in Prairie du Chien.

A...Last week we gave a seeming interview with this well known frontier citizen. He told us his experiences from the time he left his home in New York State until he reached Mackinaw. Those were active fur trading days so I inquired of Lockwood. Wasn't Mackinaw a focal point in the fur trade? He answered:

It sure was. The Indian trade carried on then along the Mississippi and Missouri rivers was centered around Mackinaw. Until 1816, goods came mostly from Montreal, in *batteaux* or canoes via Mackinaw. In the spring of 1816, John Jacob Astor arranged for New York goods to be available at the American Fur Company at Mackinaw.

During the spring, several Montreal traders arrived at Mackinaw with Indian goods probably not aware of the law of Congress prohibiting British subjects from trading within the American territories. They were able to circumvent this law by invoicing the goods to an American citizen in their employ.

In the spring of 1817, the American Fur Company brought a large number of American clerks from Montreal and the United States. Some made good Indian traders, but nearly half of them were not qualified, and the following spring, many were discharged from Mackinaw, which was then the "Grand Depot of the Indian trade."

Q...What was the established route at that time from Mackinaw to Prairie du Chien?

A...Lockwood answered that question this way:

"The boats from Mackinaw bound for the Mississippi and Missouri trade passed through the north end of Lake Michigan, thence through Green Bay and then up the Fox River to the Little Kaukalin, where they made a portage of about $\frac{3}{4}$ mile.

Here Augustin Grignon had a trading post, and kept teams to transport the goods and furs, while the men took the boats, empty, up and down the rapids. Grignon's charge was 20¢ per 100 pounds.

The boats then proceeded to Grand Chute, where there was another portage over the rapids. Still another rapids was encountered at the lower end of Winnebago Lake, here half loads would pass.

From there, they proceeded up to where the Fox River enters the lake, then up the Fox River through Puckawa and Buffalo Lake to the Portage of Wisconsin. Here a man named Roy resided, who kept teams and hauled goods, furs and boats across the $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile portage from the Fox River to the Wisconsin River. His charge was 40¢ per 100 pounds and \$10 for each boat.

Once on the Wisconsin, the current made their way easier going downstream. Arriving at the mouth of the Wisconsin, travelers than would turn up the Mississippi about 2 miles for Prairie du Chien. The traders always stopped at Prairie du Chien, where they generally spent several days in conviviality, dinners, dancing and etc.

Tradition of the old winter traders, called for each trader visiting Prairie du Chien, to leave in store a keg of 8 or 9 gallons of good wine for a celebration, when they should again meet in the spring. Then, they would have great dinner parties, and as is the English custom, drink generously.

But, when I came, few traders remained and the storing of wine at Prairie du Chien had become obsolete."

Q...Can you tell us more about the fur traders life on the frontier.?

A...Lockwood saw it and gives a good picture; he goes on the saying

"The traders and their clerks were then the aristocracy of the country, to the amazement of the Yankees. To see gentlemen selecting wives of nut brown natives, and raising children of mixed blood was quite different from what easterners had seen before.

To see the traders and clerks living in as much luxury, as the resources of the country would admit, while their engages or boatmen lived on soup made from hull corn with barely tallow enough to season it, and with no salt unless they purchased it themselves. All this to an American was a novel mode of living, and appeared to be hard fare. But to a person, acquainted with the habits of life of the Canadian peasantry, it would not look so much out of the way. For, these people lived mostly on pea soup, seasoned with a piece of pork boiled down to grease, seldom eating pork, except in the form of grease to season their soup.

With this soup, and a piece of coarse bread, their meals were made, hence the change from pea soup to corn is not so great, or the fare much worse than that which they had been accustomed to, as the corn is more substantial than peas, not being so flatulent.

Flatulent, that was a new word to me so I asked the judge its meaning. He told me that flatulent means to generate gas in the alimentary canal.

Then being regretful I had interrupted, I said, Sorry I brought the matter up. "Not at all" was his reply and the judge continued.

These men engaged in Canada for a five year stretch were usually sent to Mackinaw and its dependencies, and were transferable like cattle to anyone who wanted them, at a sum of about 500 livres a year, or about \$83.33 in American currency

They were supplied with a yearly equipment or outfit of two cotton shirts, one three point or triangular blanket, a portage collar, and one pair of beef shoes; Being as they were obliged in the Indian country, to purchase moccasins, tobacco, pipes, and other necessities at the price the trader saw fit to charge for them.

At the end of five years, these poor voyageurs were usually in debt from fifty to one hundred dollars, and could not leave the country, until they had paid their indebtedness. Besides, the policy of the traders, was to keep as many of them in the country as they could.

To further this end, the traders allowed and even encouraged their engages to get in debt during the five years, which of necessity required them to remain."

Q...These boatmen were in for a rough deal?

A...Definitely, Lockwood said; "These new hands were called *mangeurs-de-lard* or in English Pork Eaters by the old voyageurs. The expression arose from the custom as they left Montreal, they were fed pork, hard bread and pea soup. The old voyageurs in the Indian country ate corn soup and such other food as could conveniently be procured."

Q...What was required of these men?

A...Lockwood said, "The engagements of the men at Montreal were made in the strongest language. These engages bound themselves, not to leave their assigned duties either by day or night, under penalty of forfeiting their wages. They swore to take charge and safely keep the property, put into their trust. They were required to give notice of any pretending evil against their employers, or their interests, that should come to their knowledge.

It was the practice of the traders when anything was stolen from the goods during the voyage, whether on the boat or on shore, to charge the boat's crew with a good round price for it and if anything, not indispensable was accidentally left on shore at the encampment, they did not return for it, but charged it to the crew, as it was understood to be their duty, not the employer's to see that everything was on board the boat."

Q...I'd like to learn more about these boatmen?

A...Records that I have seen in Mackinaw show that to toughen men for a trip coming up they would be sent out into the wilds for 6 weeks in the dead of winter with a gun, a small bag of pemmican and a hunk of tallow. Here they were to live for themselves and toughen up.

These men were customarily young French Canadians, short stocky with dark hair and eyes.

Lockwood tells us that in Indian country, they became inured to great hardships and privations and prided themselves upon the distance they could travel per day also, the small quantity of provisions they could subsist upon while traveling, and the number of days they could go without food.

Q...That doesn't sound very interesting or attractive to me. How about it, were these men hard to handle?

A...Lockwood's analysis is revealing, he says: " these men were very easy to govern, that is for a person, who understood their nature and disposition, but their bourgeois or employer must be what they considered a gentleman or superior to themselves, as they never felt much respect for a man, who had risen from their lot to that of clerk."

If I recall correctly Solomon Juneau, was originally a voyageur, who became a trader.

This probably meant that Juneau, the founder of Milwaukee probably had difficulty at times with his boatmen, when they learned his background."

Q...Did Lockwood have anything to say about the traders?

A...Oh yes....The traders when Lockwood came to Prairie du Chien, were a singularly complex entity. They were honest as far as they gave their word of honor, and in their business transactions between themselves, seldom gave or took notes for balances or assumptions. It rarely happened that one of them was found, who did not fulfill his promises.

But, when trading in the Indian country, any advantage that could be taken of the other in a transaction was not only considered lawful, such as trading each other's credit, but it was actually considered to be tact and cleverness in business to outwit the rival.

Two traders having spent the winter in the same neighborhood, and having taken every advantage possible of each other, would meet in the spring at Prairie du Chien and amicably settle all difficulties over a glass of wine.

Q...Marty that is fine. It gives us a clear picture of the early traders and their employees, in those early days, when Prairie du Chien was a fur trading center. I want to hear more, but that must wait for another time.

This brings to a close our History Chat for today. Thanks Marty for sharing your wealth of information with us. Listen again next Sunday for more History with Mr. Marty Dyrud, same time, same station.

MJDyrud/me Feb. 18,1956

Historic Events In Wisconsin During February

Q...Once again the time has arrived for another interesting History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and local historian. Hi Marty, and welcome to WPRE

A...Thank you, and I am always glad to be here.

Q...What is on tap today, for our History Discussion?

A...Over the years during the month of February, there have been many outstanding people and events, which have a close connection with the month of February.

Q...I can believe that what you say is true, but not many stand out in my mind, so suppose you give us the needed information.

A...Well, on February 1st, 112 years ago the New State Constitution was adopted. That was in the 1848, when Prairie du Chien was a leading city in the state.

February 3rd, reminds us that way back in 1809, Wisconsin became part of the Illinois territory, governed by Ninian Edwards. Before we were given statehood by Congress we were early a part of the Territory of Indiana, later a part of the territory of Illinois, and subsequently a part of the Michigan Territory. Then we gained statehood as the state of Wisconsin.

Q...Most of us have forgotten those facts about the very early days, before the formation and recognition of the State of Wisconsin.

What other important February dates do you have?

A...February 5th, was the birth date of the great Norwegian violinist Ole Bull. He was a very prominent figure and a very revered figure in Wisconsin life in the second half of the nineteenth century. Ole Bull was born in 1819 and captivated people in his day with his charming grace and talents.

The same day, February 5th, signals the beginning of a famous educational institution. For, it was on February 5th in 1849, that the University of Wisconsin first opened its doors for classes.

Q... What a tremendous institution our state university has grown into in 111 years. Even now there is a clamor for more education, so the chances are it will continue to grow in size and scope.

A...That is right, increased education is a popular cry today. The next day, February 6th, is singularized for the fact that a prominent Wisconsin figure William F. Vilas, back in 1885 was appointed by President Cleveland to be his Postmaster General of these United States.

Q...So Wisconsin has rated some cabinet posts?

A...Yes, several, and on February 7th, back in 1848, the Sixteenth and final session of the Territorial Legislature opened.

The same day, February 7th, 30 years later in 1878, saw the opening of the Milwaukee Public Library.

February 8th, not so long ago in 1910, was the charter date marking the beginning of the National Boy Scouts organization in Washington D. C.

Q...What do you have next?

A...February 11th is remembered as the Treaty date of the Chippewa and Menomone Indians, which quieted all Indian title to Wisconsin lands. That was in 1856.

Q...Next comes February 12th, Lincoln's Birthday.

A...Yes, Lincoln was born in 1809. His service in the Blackhawk War gave us a close bond with this immortal figure from Illinois.

Q...Do you have anything for February 13th?

A...Yes, and rather appropriate. We think this has been a long, cold winter. Back in 1904, on February 13th, Lake Michigan was frozen over from shore to shore.

Q...February 14th, is St. Valentine's Day.

A...Correct. This date also marks the birth of a great Wisconsin inventor that few people ever heard of. I refer to Christopher Latham Sholes, the inventor of the typewriter. This famous figure was born in 1819.



Christopher Latham Sholes



Sholes Typewriter

Q...You mean that the inventor of the typewriter was a Wisconsin man?

A...Yes, Sholes of Milwaukee, pioneered a startling invention, one of the great labor savers of our generation. Unfortunately, Sholes did not make a fortune out of his invention.

Q...That is something I never knew.

A...Next we have February 15th, and in 1872, it signaled the organizing date of the Wisconsin Dairymen's Association. They helped foster the growth of dairying in Wisconsin and contributed to making Wisconsin among the foremost leaders in dairying throughout the United States.

February 16, 1870 in Madison, a new society was formed by the name of Wisconsin Academy of Science, Art and Letters. It is still functioning. February 16 1882, Chief Red Bird died in prison at Fort Crawford.



Red Bird Surrender

Q...Do you have anything for February 17th?

A...February 17, 1898, August Ringling, father of the Ringling Bros. died in Baraboo. Former resident of Prairie du Chien.

That is the date commemorating the adoption of the Commission form of government by the City of Eau Claire, back in 1910. At that time, this idea was a radical departure in city government, but now we find many cities using this system of administration.

February 19, 1793, Birth date of Reverend Alfred Brunson. He came to Prairie du Chien in 1835 as a missionary. First to establish the Methodist Episcopal Church in this area.

Q...What's next.

A...George Washington's birthday February 22nd. Our founding father was born in 1732, 224 years ago. He was a talented man of many accomplishments. Each year his star shines brighter in our pages of history.

Q...Marty, wouldn't Washington be surprised, if he could come back now to the United States and see the many new thing we have and how rapidly we have grown?

A...I think he would be flabbergasted, and say he could hardly believe his eyes.

Q...Any more dates?

A...February 24, 1772, birthday of William Harrison Crawford, for whom Fort Crawford was named.



William Harrison Crawford

February 26, 1846, William Frederick Cody, was born in Scott County Iowa. He was best known as Buffalo Bill. In 1900 his show caused a riot and shooting on our streets.



Buffalo Bill Cody
1903

February 27th in 1904 was the day the State Capitol in Madison burned. It was built with limestone from the Bridgeport quarry.

It took almost 15 years to build the new edifice of marble, we now know as the Wisconsin State Capitol building.

I wonder how many of our listeners have taken a tour through our state capitol in Madison.

Q...Probably, not many, I know I haven't.

A...I think people are missing a most interesting tour. It is well worth the time of every citizen of Wisconsin. And too, you will learn a lot of Wisconsin history, for there are many fine historic paintings in the building. If I remember right the dome is the third highest in the world.

Q...Guess next time we plan a trip to Madison, we will have to plan on visiting and taking the tour through the state capitol.

A...Well, our next important date is February 28th, 105 years ago in the year of 1854 at Ripon Wisconsin there was a meeting which started the movement which grew into the Republican Party, we now know of in the United States.

Q...So Ripon is the cradle, so to speak, of the Republican Party.

A...Yes, that is right.

February 28th, also stands out as the birthday of a famous Wisconsin figure named Victor Berger, a political philosopher. He was born in 1860. This man, now dead, made history in Milwaukee. He founded the American Socialist Party. He put his principles into practice in Milwaukee, which was distinguished for years as having one of the cleanest city governments in the nation.

Victor Berger, was a high principled man and his ideals have left a deep impression on our life.



Victor Berger

Q...Guess even the Republican and Democrat parties have taken up certain of the Socialist principles and incorporated them into their platforms

A...Yes, conservatives frown on a Socialist idea, but many have been used by our two main parties in the U. S. today.

Social security is one principle, which the Democrats have taken from the Socialist party and integrated into our laws.

Our TVA projects are another socialist idea adopted by Congress.

February 29, 1956 Dr. Peter Scanlan died. He was a famous local historian.



Peter Scanlan

Q...Digging out interesting History facts must take a lot of work, but I can thank you for our listeners, for they enjoy learning more Wisconsin and local history.

A...Sometimes facts are hard to pin down. For months I have been seeking accurate information as to the exact flag of the French and British and Americans that flew over Wisconsin. As a matter of fact I was most interested in Prairie du Chien, and wanted the exact dates and descriptions of the flag then used.

This has started me on a goose chase which is most interesting. As a matter of fact, I think it would be a food historic program sometime. Many commonplace things are not recorded, so often it is necessary to put two and two together when trying to tack down some fact.

So it is proving with our flags, and I will take the time later to give you the details of the interesting quest, for it reveals much fascinating history.

Q...I am sure that you can tell us much that we will find interesting. Thanks much, Marty, for the many novel dates and facts that you have uncovered for our listeners today This brings to a close, our History Chat for today. For more of our history heritage, tune in next Sunday, same time, same station. Thanks for listening.

MJDyrud/me Feb. 25, 1957

James H. Lockwood III

Q...Once again the time has arrived for another interesting History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and local historian. Hi Marty, and welcome to WPRE.

A...Thank you, I am glad to be here.

Q...During the past several weeks, you have told us considerable about the fur traders during frontier days in Wisconsin. I would like to hear something about the other citizens in early Prairie du Chien.

A...Well we can again call on James Lockwood, a prominent local frontier figure to paint an accurate word picture of early days in Prairie du Chien. Lockwood said: "When I came to Prairie du Chien in 1816, there was not any Indian corn raised here. The traders on the Upper Mississippi had to send down river to the Sauk and Fox Indians at Rock Island for their corn."

It is believed that the first field of corn, raised at Prairie du Chien, was grown by Thomas McNair, an American, who had married a French girl, and settled down to farming.

The farmers of Prairie du Chien, appeared more thrifty and industrious than those at Green Bay. Farmers here raised a large quantity of small grain, such as wheat, barley, oats, peas, and also some potatoes and onions.

Every two or three farmers joined together and had a horse powered flouring mill. Wheat was ground between rotating stones into flour. These stones were cut from granite rock, found nearby. Then the flour was sifted by hand. The surplus flour was sold to the Indian traders for goods, or exchanged with the Indians for venison, ducks, and geese, or sometime for dressed deer skins, as there was no money in circulation in the country. Any purchase made, was payable in goods from the traders or flour from the inhabitants.

The traders let the farmers set their own price on anything he had to sell, without grumbling or saying anything about it being high, as it was payable in goods. The trader set his price on the goods, so each party got all he asked, and neither had cause for complaint, but of course the trader was not the loser by the transaction."

Q...Then it was a barter system, with no fixed prices, as we have today?

A...Yes, prices were flexible. Here is an example. Michael Brisbois related to Lockwood a transaction, which took place between himself and a farmer, by the name of Pierre Lariviere. "This Lariviere was ambitious to pass with his neighbors for the best farmer in the country.

Lariviere went to Brisbois to see what he was paying for flour, which I think, was then six dollars per 100 pounds. But, Lariviere wanted the chance of boasting to his neighbors that he had gotten more for his flour than they did, expressed a wish that Mr. Brisbois would pay him more than the market value for his flour, which Mr. Brisbois told him he could not do.

"Oh" said Mr. Lariviere "you can make it up by charging more for the goods with which you pay me" and so they closed the bargain, not to Mr. Brisbois' loss. The prices compared somewhat like this: When flour was worth \$8 per 100 #, Hyson tea was worth \$8 per pound; if flour was worth only \$6, tea would remain the same price. When the farmer got \$9.00 per bushel for onions and \$1.00 per dozen eggs, he paid the \$6 price for tea."

Q...Did local residents drink much tea in those days?

A...Yes, Lockwood tells us that the women of Prairie du Chien, mostly daughters of the Indian traders, had been raised in the habit of drinking a great deal of tea in the Indian country, where other beverages for children could not be procured, and it thus became, from long habit with them, almost a necessity of life, and they would make any sacrifice to obtain their favorite beverage, tea.

Q...Those were the early days, when the women drank tea and the men drank whiskey?

A...I suppose they considered them the "food old days", when eggs sold at \$1.00 a dozen, rosin soap also sold for \$1.00 per pound and calico was selling for \$2.00 per yard. At that time clay pipes were 40¢ each and common tobacco retailed for \$2.00 per pound.

Q...From what you have said, considerable flour was produced here by the local farmers.

A...Yes, I guess that was the first manufactured product in this community. Lockwood tells us that so much flour was made in Prairie du Chien, that in 1820 Joseph Rolette contracted with the Government to supply the two companies of troops at Fort Crawford. It seems the men preferred the coarse flour of the local Prairie, which was sweet, to the fine flour transported in by keel boat from far away Pittsburgh, for this they found sour on arrival.

Q...I can easily see why there would be much food spoilage in those days.

A...Lockwood says that Prairie du Chien, in the early 1800's was generally spoken of as an Old Settled town. It is true that the Indians inhabited this prairie for many years, and since the year 1737, Lockwood tells us that the French established a trading post here, and built a stockade around the buildings, to protect themselves from the Indians. From then until around 1850, it continued to be a trading and military post.

Occasionally a worn out voyageur got married, and settled down on a piece of land. But then Lockwood asks himself a searching question. But, what advantages were these old trading posts to the settlement and development of the country, such as Detroit, Kaskaskia, Cahokia, Vincennes, St. Louis and St. Charles? He tells us all of these places remained stationary for many years, until the Americans emigrated to them, and took hold of them with their enterprise. Then, they at once improved, and most of them became places of business and importance.

Q...Lockwood made a very piercing observation. Apparently the fur trade didn't by itself advance the settlement and development of the community?

A...That seemed to be Lockwood's feeling. He felt, the Indian traders, as a class, possessed no enterprise, at least none that advanced the settlement and improvement of the country. The traders were enterprising in exploring Indian country to seek business and collect fur and peltries; But Lockwood had never seen a man, who made money in the Indian trade, apply it to the ordinary improvements that foster and encourages the growth of a country. The fur traders made money in routine business, familiar to them, but feared to invest it in some other business, unfamiliar to them. Such was the case in Prairie du Chien, noted for so long as a trading post and garrison.

Q...That is a view that is new to me.

A...It certainly is thought provoking.

Lockwood tells us also, "that the land about Prairie du Chien, was not purchased from the Indians; and none was surveyed, except the private land claims on the Prairie, for many years after the Government took

possession of it as a military post. There was not, until 1835, any Americans that emigrated to the Prairie for settlement, and even then, as the country about was not in the market, very few came."

Q...These facts on early Prairie du Chien, are new to me.

A...Lockwood tells us that: "in the winter of 1818-1819, Illinois was admitted as a State into the Union, and all that part of the country, formerly belong to the territories of Indiana and Illinois was attached to Michigan, then under the Governorship of General Lewis Cass.

In the spring of 1819, Cass set off the county of Brown; including all the country East of a North and South line running through the Portage of Wisconsin to the Illinois Line. At the same time, Cass set out the county of Crawford, including all the country West and South of the dividing line clear down to the Missouri Line. Our county included what is now the state of Iowa and Territory of Minnesota."

Q...You mean to tell me that our own Crawford County in Wisconsin, once included all of Iowa and Minnesota?

A...I think that is correct, for that is what Lockwood tells us. He also gives us an account of the creation of civil authority in Prairie du Chien and Crawford County.

Q...Carry on, for I would sure like to hear more about it.

A...Governor Cass sent blank commissions for the different officers of the counties, to be filled in by the inhabitants. These had been sent by Lieutenant Colonel Leavenworth, then on his way with the Fifth Regiment of U. S. Infantry, to occupy Forts Crawford and Armstrong, and the build a fort at the mouth of the St. Peter River.

Nicholas Boilvin Esq., was appointed to administer the oath to the officers of Crawford County. Two companies of the regiment were sent to Fort Armstrong at Rock Island, under the command of Brevet Major Mastin, and two companies to Fort Crawford under Major Muhlenberg.



Nicholas Boilvin

Shortly after receiving the blank commissions, the principle inhabitants assembled at the house of Nicholas Boilvin Esq., and then the difficulty was to find persons sufficiently acquainted with the business to fill the offices and perform the duties.

Finally, John W. Johnson, the U. S. Factor was selected as the Chief Justice of the County Court. Lockwood was solicited to take the office of Associate Justice or Judge of Probate, but being then young, and appearing much younger, and knowing little about court practice, or proceedings, or the dignity, he deferred.

For these reasons and not wishing to look ridiculous, he objected, but accepted the office of Justice of the Peace.

At that time Lockwood had not decided to make Prairie du Chien, his future home, for hitherto he had spent his winters near the head waters of the St. Peter River, in the Indians trade. But, in the fall of 1819, Lockwood took up permanent residence at Prairie du Chien.

Q...1819, that was in the early fur trading days.

A...Very definitely. Fur traders made up the early county officers, Lockwood reflects: "John W. Johnson was a man of good sense and judgment, but had from quite a young man, held the appointment of U. S. Factor, and resided in the Indian country, where he could obtain but little knowledge of the proceedings of courts or the ordinary transactions of civilized life.

The commissions of Associate Justices were filled with the names of Michael Brisbois and Francis Bouthillier, both of whom from boyhood had been in the Indian country and had very little opportunity of witnessing proceedings at courts.

Wilfred Owens was appointed Justice of Probate. Nicholas Boilvin, John W. Johnson and Lockwood were made Justices of the Peace. John S. Findley was made Clerk of Court. John P. Gates was commissioned Register of Probate, which also included the recording of deeds, and Thomas McNair was appointed Sheriff.

Lockwood admonishes us to be tolerant, for he says: It should be remembered that all of these officers had entered upon the duties of their several offices without forms to refer to or precedents, or proceedings formalized, and it can astonish no person that the records of that day are without much form.

Such was the organization of Crawford County, and Lockwood thinks that the materials in Brown County were not much better, although several Americans by that time had settled at Green Bay."

I believe I have one of the early record of mortgages from these formative days.

Q...What makes you think that?

A...Frank Stark, who owns the Sporting Goods Shop gave me several years ago a notebook filled with mortgage records. This he found in the old house he tore down to build his new store. No doubt it was the informal record, kept before the present system was adopted. Then the working record was kept by the person. It may be I can check and see if the hand writing checks with that of John P. Gates?'

Q...You have an early record that sure sounds interesting. Marty, thank you, and I see that our time is run out for today. Come back next week and we will be waiting for you.

Join us next Sunday, for another interesting History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, same time, same station.
March 10, 1956 MJDyrud/me

The Great River Roads

Q...Once again the time has arrived for another interesting History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and local historian. Hi Marty, and welcome to WPRE.

A...Thank you, I am glad to be here.

Q...Just how do you choose your ideas for these history programs, Marty?

A...In my reading, I often run across thought provoking accounts of our early history, which I think will interest our listeners.

Once in a while, I recall a timely incident or personality identified in some way with my past work. Then too, listener's suggestions are often adopted. Today's program for instance came as a result of a suggestion by Mrs. Z. D. Brown, who runs that nice Guest House known as the Lawler House.

Friday noon at Blue Heaven, a group gathered to see a movie and hear a talk by Mr. Sheratt of Kenora, Canada, up north in the Lake of the Woods country. I was glad that Fred Grelle had called me, for it proved to be a fine and inspiring meeting.

Q...Marty, what was the subject discussed?

A...The Great River Road. Mr. J. Alvin Druyor, long a member of this group, was the toastmaster. He reviewed the progress to date and introduced his delightful associate from Canada, Mr. Sheratt. For some years this project was called the Mississippi River Parkway, but lately The Great River Road seems to have become a more popular identity for this plan.

Q...Can you tell just what the plan is?

A...The creation of a spectacular Scenic highway running down both sides of the Mississippi River from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico.

Q...Gee that will really be something. People would sure like that.

A...Yes, the thought is to capture the beauty and nostalgia of the Mississippi River. The plan is to have easements 1/2 mile on either side of the road to keep the beauty natural character of the river.

This area can well become a giant playground for the central United States. Q...I don't think there are too many people familiar with this project.

A...No, that is true, many persons know nothing of the plan, but it is developing fast and will have a tremendous impact all along the river and especially on Prairie du Chien.

Q...How?

A...Prairie du Chien, with it's rich heritage of history will be a key spot on the Great River Road. With vision and application, this city can become a tourist's Mecca on the river.

Q...We in Prairie du Chien rather take the Mississippi for granted, for we have lived so close to it for years. I do know that our visitors are thrilled to see and visit the mighty Mississippi, just as they are thrilled when they first see the Atlantic or Pacific oceans or visit Niagara Falls.

A...Yes, here is where Joliet and Marquette first discovered the "Father of Waters".

We could well pause and reflect about the longest river in the world, we take for granted, for it had meant many things to many people.

To the Indians: It meant the one easy means of communication; one tribe to another, whether that communication was with tomahawk or peace pipe.

To the early exploring white faces: It meant the possible route to the riches of the Indies, gold, spices and new reservoirs of slaves. These explorers were steeled to meet giant river monsters, which the Indians told them made their home in the Great River.

To the fur traders, who followed them, the river, like the Great Lakes extending to the east, meant a broad avenue of commerce connecting the Atlantic with the fur producing hinterland.

To the lumbermen, who followed the fur traders, they found in the river the avenue of transportation affording easy access, first to the mill and then to the market, whether it be in Minneapolis, Prairie du Chien, Galena, St. Louis, New Orleans or ports in between those pioneer cities.

To the southern plantation owner of antebellum days, it meant the water highway travelled to reach the cooler climate they sought for health and comfort, before any road for wheels was ever imagined. Dred Scott became a figure in American history because his Mississippi master brought him into this north country in the 1840's. From 1840 to 1860 the Mississippi constituted the Grand Tour.

To the pioneer framers: The Mississippi meant the means by which he could get to the promised land of wealth and health, and later find a market for what he produced in cranberries, wheat and livestock to the more thickly populated area to the south.

To the military: The Mississippi meant a means of accomplishing the impossible. Through its waters the colonial forces were afforded munitions for war, coming in as it were through the back door, by means of the Great River, the Ohio and Pittsburgh. Lieutenant Pike used it for his first exploratory expedition; Zachary Taylor for transporting supplies and men to Fort Crawford; Jackson for the assembly of his army in the defense of New Orleans in 1814; while Grant employed it in his successful siege of Vicksburg.

At the present and recent past; The Mississippi means and has meant, that the broad breast of the Father of Waters affords, and has afforded, the cheapest and easiest commercial route for the shipment of coal, petroleum, fertilizer, cotton, grain, and other commodities, from where they are, to where they want to be.

To the railway officials; The river meant a competitive influence for, on its broad bosom, the steamships of old and the barges of today carry a volume of traffic, they would much prefer to call their own.

All travelers of today and yesterday, whether they be Abraham Lincoln on his raft of logs floating down to the river's mouth, or on the pleasure craft which increasingly use its waters for recreation, have noted with enthusiastic praise the beauties and splendors of nature, which meet the eye on either side.

It was inevitable, therefore, that men of vision and imagination would say "The people of North America are now living on wheels". These people should be able to call their own, all the magnificent beauty the river displays to the discerning eye.

Accordingly, for several generations, there have been serious proposals that a highway join the north and south, paralleling the Father of Waters.

Gradually, ten states bordering the Mississippi river joined in study, planning and initiated joint action. Patiently plodding forward toward their goal, much has been accomplished. Now we see the Federal Government interested in the "parkway for the Mississippi" and the Bureau of Public Roads and the National Park Service backed with a quarter of a million dollars now integrating into blueprint form this vision. Soon we shall see this project burst forth into cement and bituminous highways along the Great River for the public to enjoy. The individual states along this great route are actively cooperating and adding their separate efforts toward a planned overall goal.

Q...It sounds truly like a great dream.

A...The dream is coming to life. Already these approved roads are eligible for matching funds from the Federal Government. The Government in Washington puts up 50% and the states put up the remaining 50% cost.

Q...With the tremendous road building program envisaged by the Federal Government in the near future, the Mississippi Parkway should benefit handsomely.

A...I would certainly think so.

Q...You have given us a moving a colorful picture of what the Great River meant to many people down through history.

A..."Old Man River" is picturesque, thrilling and fabulous. Think back to the Indians in their crude dug out canoes. The explorers coming in picturesque birch bark canoes. Then, the fur traders bringing supplies in their mackinaw boats. Following this were larger keel boats carrying trade goods. Early settlers built their own rafts to transport their belongings. At times they would add blanket sails to ease their progress.

With the invention of steam, came stern wheelers to the Mississippi and later side wheelers. What a thrilling panorama to view; the circus boats, the excursion steamers, and the river steamers belching smoke along the river.

Floating silently in older days were the log rafts, making their slow progress down river to market. Pearling boats we can still see, even though their numbers are now small. Today outboards propel small boats for the hunters and fishermen along the river and its intricate patterns of sloughs.

Now from time to time we see long strings of barges sliding up and down streams pushed by diesel powered tugs. Every now and then a sleek looking pleasure yacht appears on the river or at the water front. The picture is ever changing and intriguing. All of us rich and poor can enjoy the kaleidoscopic richness of nature on the river; and relax.

Q...Marty I see that you think the Great River has a future.

A...Definitely, and we in Prairie du Chien will become hosts to a growing number of visitors, who will come to us to soak in the luxurious setting, the rich history we offer, enjoy fishing, hunting sports and just plain relaxation.

Q...You have a vision which I trust will be realized

A...It is coming faster than we think. Not too far off is the day we will travel south from Prairie du Chien along the Mississippi river over a vehicular bridge close to the present C B & Q railroad bridge. Then we can travel direct to Wylusing, Bagley, Glen Haven and Cassville.

Q...Thanks Marty for projecting the future history of Prairie du Chien. It sounds fascinating, and I can see that we have much in store for us.

Now that our time has run out, we must say thanks so much, and bring this program to a close.

For more history, tune in next Sunday, same time , same station, when we will again have Mr. Marty Dyrud as our guest. Thanks for listening.

MJDyrud/me March 17, 1956

James H. Lockwood IV

Q...Once again the time has arrived for another interesting History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and local historian. Hi Marty, and welcome to WPRE.

A...Thank you, I am always glad to be here.

Q...Just what history do you have for discussion today?

A...I would like to recall James Lockwood, and have him tell us about early events. Lockwood came to Prairie du Chien, in 1816, so he is well qualified to tell us about early happenings in our home town.

Q...That sounds fine. A...Lockwood tells us:

"At the session of Congress of 1819-1820, and act was passed to take testimony relative to the private land claims at Sault St. Marys, Mackinaw, Green Bay and Prairie du Chien, that were reserved to subjects of the British government under Jay's Treaty, and in the fall of 1820, commissioners were dispatched to the different places to take testimony.

A...Mr. Lee came to Prairie du Chien. Most claims at Prairie du Chien, were found to come under Jay's Treaty. But, there were several that were short a year or more of coming under it. These facts were reported to Congress and they passed an act giving each settler, who was in possession of land at the date of the declaration of war in 1812 against Great Britain, and who had continued to submit to the laws of the United States, the lands he claimed.

It is a matter of history, that the British took Mackinaw and subjected its dependencies to their government, including all the afore named places. Most of the claimants were ignorant Canadians and supposed themselves British subjects, not aware that if they did not within a year choose, as stipulated in the treaty, to continue to be British subjects, they became American citizens. So, when the British government took military possession of the country during the war of 1812-1825, the military officers in command considered them as British subjects, and ordered them to do Military duty as militia.

They were a conquered people, and feeling that they owed no allegiance to the United States, took up arms in obedience to the orders of the British officers.

There were some among them intelligent enough to know their position but had they claimed to be American citizens and refused to take up arms, surrounded as they were by hostile Indians, they would not have been safe, especially as the British officers did not believe in a British subject expatriating himself, and of course there was no law of the United States in the conquered country to submit to.

Notwithstanding all these circumstances being known to the officers of the army stationed at Sault St. Marys under Major Cutler, they got up a remonstrance to the Government, representing these people as traitors. In consequence of which these land patents were delayed, to the great annoyance and sometimes to the great injury of the claimants."

Q...I can see that the people in Wisconsin, had a difficult time keeping their land claims in tact when the British first held the upper hand and then the Americans took over.

A...That is right. Lockwood tells us that in 1820-21, the country authorities of Crawford erected a jail in the old village of Prairie du Chien in the rear of village lot no. 17. It was constructed of hewn oak logs of about one

foot square; the house was about 25 feet by 16 feet, and divided by the same kind of logs into a debtor's and criminals apartments.

Q...Now just where would that be?

A...Roughly it would be near where we know the Packing plant now stands.

Q...That is interesting.

A...At this old log jail, a sergeant of the first regiment of the U.S. Infantry was hung in 1828, for the shooting of Lieutenant McKinzie, and in 1833 or 1834 another soldier was executed there for shooting Sergeant Coffin in the new Fort Crawford. The old jail was burnt in 1834.

Q...No guarantee against picking up bed bugs in those days.

A...No they were free with the accommodations

Lockwood continues: There is a tract of land opposite the old village of Prairie du Chien, in Iowa, which was granted to Bazil Giard. Running through it was a small creek or brook generally called Giard's Creek.

In 1823, the commandant of Fort Crawford had a party of men detailed to cultivate a public garden on the old farm of Giard, across the river in what is now Marquette. Lieutenant Martin Scott superintended the garden. Fond of shooting, he took his dogs and gun every morning, got into his little canoe, and spent the day shooting woodcocks in the marshes. Returning in the evening, he would boast of the number that he had killed that day. After a while he gave the creek the name of Bloody Run. Traditions as to how the creek got its name are varied, but I believe Major Martin Scott gave the creek its name."

Q...Wasn't there another story you told us about this name some time ago?

A...Yes, according to Fonda, a clerk for the fur traders lived over there and was murdered by the Indians. That incident sounds more logical as being the origin of the name. Anyway we have two stories as how the coulee got its name.

Q...These early accounts contain interesting material.

A...Yes, Lockwood recalled: "On the 16th of September 1816, he arrived in Prairie du Chien, a trader's village of between 25-30 houses, situated on the banks of the Mississippi, on what, in high water, is an island. The houses were built by planting posts upright in the ground, with grooves in them, so that the sides could be filled in with split lumber or round poles, and then plastered over with clay, and white washed with white earth found in the vicinity, and then covered with bark, or clap board sawed from oak."

Q...That is unusual, don't think I ever heard of that type of construction before

A...Neither have I. The upright posts had slots into which the siding was slipped. The clay served as plaster, and the bark or oak boards on the outside was finished siding.

Q...What else does Lockwood have to say about the town?

A..."This village", he said, "now called the old village of Prairie du Chien, (4th Ward) was designated by Lyons as the main village, as it was so at the time he surveyed the private land claims of Prairie du Chien.

Tradition says the place took its name from an Indian Chief of the Fox tribe by the name of Chien, or Dog, who had a village somewhere on the Prairie near where the 2nd Fort Crawford stood. Chien or Dog is a favorite name among the Indians of the Northwest."

Q...Pray tell, what is an *arpent*?

A...It is a French term generally referring to land running from woods to the water. The measure varied from locality to locality. Usually an arpent was a little larger than an acre. An arpent in width as used in Canada is 10 rods wide.

Q....Thanks, I was just curious.

A...Lockwood says that "the owners did not generally live immediately on their farms, but clustered together in little villages near their front."

Lockwood tells us that "the inhabitants of the farms here, were of the same description as those residing in Green Bay, except that here, there were a number of families of French villages of Illinois.

The farmer's wives, instead of being of the Indian tribes about, were generally of mixed blood. They lived in Arcadian simplicity, spending a great part of their time in fishing, hunting, horse racing or trotting, or in dancing or drinking. They had little or no ambition for progress and improvement, or in any way bettering their condition, provided their necessities were supplied, and they would often collect together and dance and frolic. With their wants gratified, they were perfectly satisfied to continue in the same routine and habits of their forefathers, before them. They had no aristocracy among them except the traders who were regarded as a privileged class.

Q...They were very much like the Canadian farmers around Quebec and Montreal, simple folks.

A...Yes, most of the very early settlers came from that area. Lockwood continues: "It was said that about 1809 or 1810, a trader, an Irishman, by birth of the name of Campbell, was appointed by the U. S. Government as sub Indian agent at Prairie du Chien, and by the Governor of the Territory of Illinois, a Justice of the Peace. The currency of Prairie du Chien was at that time flour, and Campbell charged for celebrating the rites of matrimony, 100 pounds of flour, and for dissolving, it was 200 pounds, alleging that when people wanted to get unmarried, they would willingly give double what they would originally to form the matrimonial connection."

Q...Campbell made it easy to get married and more difficult to get divorced.

A...Law was difficult to enforce in the early days and here is an example.

Mrs. Brisbois related to Lockwood that before the war of 1812, he and Campbell had a dispute about a heifer that was worth perhaps eight dollars. As each man believed it to be his property, they applied to the lawyer at Cahokia to assist them in finding out who was the real owner.

The mode of traveling in those days was in a canoe, manned with six or eight men to paddle. Taking with them, some flour, tea and sugar for the *bougeois*, and some hulled corn and deer tallow, enough to season the soup for the men, they started out. They depended on shooting game by the way, or buying wild fowl or venison from the Indians.

The litigant parties were obliged to take their witnesses with them, paying them for their time and expenses, from their departure, until their return home.

The parties were also obliged to take a bundle of beaver skins and dispose of them at St. Louis to pay the expenses of lawyers, etc. The lawyers as usual were disposed to oblige the parties by putting over the case from time to time, and the parties continued the suit in this manner until it had cost them about \$1,500 each, when they took it out of court and settled it. Lockwood says he cannot recall which man retained the heifer.

Q...That is swell Marty, a story that has lived from early Prairie du Chien over a 135 to 140 years ago until today.

Our time has run out so we must bring this program to a close. Thanks to you for digging out such a clear picture of frontier life, the colorful figures and the humorous incidents.

For another History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, tune in next Sunday, same time, same station.

MJDyrud/me March 24, 1956

James H. Lockwood V

Q...Once again the time has arrived for another interesting History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and local historian. Hi Marty and welcome to WPRE.

A...Thank you I am glad to be here.

Q...I enjoyed your tales of Lockwood last week, especially the one about the Justice of the Peace Campbell, who charged 100 pounds of flour to be married, and 200 pounds of flour to get a divorce, in the early days.

A...Yes, there was not much formality in those days. Lockwood tells us also about the carry over of French law and customs in those early days in these words; "the costume de Paris, so far prevailed in this country generally, that part of the ceremony of marriage was the entering into a contract in writing, generally giving, if no issue, the property to the survivor.

Said, if they desired to be divorced, they went together before the magistrate and made known their wishes, and he, in their presence, tore up the marriage contract and according to the custom of the country, they were divorced."

Lockwood, tells us that he was once present at Judge Abbott's at Mackinaw, when a couple presented themselves before him, and were divorced in this manner.

When the laws of Michigan were first introduced at Prairie du Chien, it was with difficulty, that the Justice of the Peace could persuade them that a written contract was not necessary. Some believed, that because the contract of marriage gave the property to the survivor, that they were not obliged to pay the debts, which the deceased owed at the time of his death.

There was an instance of this at Prairie du Chien. A man by the name of Jean Marie Querie dit Lamouche, who had been married by contract, died without issue, leaving a widow, some personal property and a good farm, but was indebted to Joseph Rolette about \$300, which the widow refused to pay, alleging that the contract of marriage gave her all the property; nor could she be convinced to the contrary, until I had brought suit against her and obtained a judgement.

Q...I can see that the introduction of American laws during the early days were in many cases in conflict with the old French customs.

A...Yes, a great change was initiated, from crude beginnings, our laws and customs of today have gradually developed and been tested by time and events.

Lockwood also tells us about the building the first Fort Crawford when he arrived.

Q...In what year was that?

A...The year 1816. Lockwood relates: When I arrived at Prairie du Chien, there were four companies of riflemen under the command of Brevet Major Morgan, building the old fort, was constructed by placing the walls of the quarters and store houses on the lines, the highest outside, and the slope of the roof descending within the fort. Blockhouses were placed at two corners, and large pickets at the others, so as entirely to enclose the fort.

John W. Johnson, a gentleman from Maryland was U. S. Factor, with a certain Mr. Belt as assistant and bookkeeper, and John P. Gates as interpreter. Colonel Alexander McNair, late Governor of Missouri, had the sutling of the fort, and his nephew, Thomas McNair, and John Findley, were the clerks in his employ, and had charge of the business.

Q...Marty, tell us what is a sutler?

A...A sutler is a trader, who follows the troops supplying goods, liquor and merchandise to supply their needs.

Q...Thank you, go ahead with your account.

A...Lockwood says: There were then of the old traders residing at Prairie du Chien Joseph Rolette, Michael Brisbois, Francis Bouthillier and Jean Baptiste Farribault, all Canadians of French extraction, except Francis Bouthillier who was from France, and Nicholas Boilvin, who was Indian agent, and held the commission of Justice of the Peace under the government of Illinois territory, whence he came."

Q...That was right after the War of 1812?

A...Yes, Lockwood tells us that "in Prairie du Chien, the events of the War of 1812 with Great Britain were fresh in the minds of everyone. I learned that in the spring and summer of 1814, the U. S. Government sent boats made bullet proof, under Captain Yeiser, who was in command of the boats, and a company of U. S. troops, under Lieutenant Perkins, to take and retain possession of Prairie du Chien.

Perkins built a stockade on a large mound, on which Colonel Dousman's house now stands, and Captain Yeiser remained on board the boats, where most of the ammunition and provisions were stored, as there was no room for them within the stockade.

Soon after the breaking out of the war, when the American officers in garrison at Mackinaw, and the citizens of that place were yet ignorant of the commencement of hostilities, but apprehensive that war had been declared, some traders were dispatched to the old British post and settlement of St. Josephs, on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, for intelligence

As none of the traders returned, remaining absent so much longer than was deemed necessary, it naturally enough excited the suspicions of the commanding officer and the principal citizens of Mackinaw.

Under the circumstances, a council was held, at which it was determined that immediate information must be had from St. Josephs, and the question then was, who could go there and not be suspected of being a spy. After looking around and finding none qualified to go, the late Michael Dousman, of Mackinaw, said that he had an outfit in Lake Superior that ought, by that time, to be at St. Josephs, and he thought that he could go there and look after his property without being suspected."

Q...Michael Dousman, lets see it was Hercules, who was here. Just who was Michael?

A...Michael Dousman was a trader in Mackinaw and was the father of Hercules, who came to Prairie du Chien as a young man.

Q...I didn't wish to interrupt your story, but I was curious about Michael.

A...Accordingly, Michael Dousman volunteered his services, and late in the afternoon he left Mackinaw for St. Josephs in a canoe. About dark, at Goose Island, fifteen miles from Mackinaw, he met the British troops on their way to that place. They took him prisoner, but released him on his parole that he would go back to Mackinaw, and not give the garrison any information of what he had seen, but collect the citizens together at the old still house on the southern side of the island, where a guard would be immediately sent to protect them from the Indians.

This promise Mr. Dousman faithful performed, and was probably the cause of saving many an innocent family from being brutally murdered by the savages. The British arrived, planted their cannon during the night, and in the morning sent in to the commanding officer a copy of the declaration of war, with a demand for him to surrender, which he complied with.

The traders in the British interest, resorting to Mackinaw as the British head quarters of the North West, learning of the American occupation of Prairie du Chien in 1814, and anticipating, that so long as this force should remain there, they would be cut off from the trade of Prairie du Chien, and its dependencies, and the Sioux country, at once set on foot an expedition for the recapture of the place.

The British officers and traders accordingly fitted out an expedition under the command of Colonel McKay, of the Indian department, and old trader; and under him were, a sergeant of artillery with a brass six pounder, and three or four companies of the Canadian voyageurs, commanded by traders and officered by their clerks, all dressed in red coats, with probably one hundred Indians officered by half breeds."

Lockwood seems to have been conservative in his estimates of the British strength, for accounts of that time state that there were at least a thousand Indians with Colonel McKay and not less than three pieces of light artillery.

Continuing with Lockwood's accounts: "Having made a secreted march they arrived on the Prairie, without being expected, and made the best display of red coats and Indians that they could. They made a formidable show, and the Americans not knowing of what materials they were composed, and supposing that they were all British regulars, appeared to have been panic struck.

The sergeant had brought his field piece so well to bear, that he hit one of the boats, I believe the one Yeiser was in. During this time the troops and Indians had made a move towards the fort, but keeping out of gun shot. On the boat being hit, Captain Yeiser had the cable cut, and swung round down the river, ordering the others to do the same, carrying with them the provisions and ammunition of the garrison.

After the boats had gone, Colonel McKay summoned the fort to surrender, and having neither provisions nor ammunitions they had no other alternative and accordingly surrendered.

Over at the Villa Museum, you can see an excellent diorama, executed by Cal. Peters, showing the surrender of Fort Shelby by Lieutenant Perkins to Colonel McKay. The British held off the Indians, who were clamoring to take scalps."



Surrender of Fort Shelby

Lockwood tells us: The British took and kept possession of Prairie du Chien, until peace, in 1815, thus opening the Indian trade to the traders at Mackinaw. The inhabitants of Prairie du Chien, being British subjects, were ordered into service by the British Government to do duty in the garrison during the war. The British sergeant of artillery for hitting the keel boat, was promoted by his government.

Q...Those must have been picturesque and exciting days in Prairie du Chien.

A...Yes, and Lockwood gives us a good picture of those days. He says: Of the persons spoken of as resident traders of Prairie du Chien, Joseph Rolette, in connection with the Indian trade, carried on farming, after the fashion of the country, pretty extensively.

Michael Brisbois, besides being a trader, carried on the business of baking, and farming to some extent, receiving of the inhabitants 100 pounds of flour and giving in return tickets for fifty loaves of bread, and these tickets made a convenient change to buy trifles of the Indians.

None of the inhabitants pretended to make their own bread, but depended entirely upon the bake house. Jean Baptiste Faribault did something in the line of Indian trade, and carried on a small farm, but soon after left the Prairie to reside on the St Peters River.

From other sources we learn, that as early as 1805, Faribault traded with the Indians in Minnesota." Later in 1822, we find him a member of the Columbia Fur Company of Minnesota.

Q...Faribault, Minnesota was no doubt named after this early trader?

A...Yes, that is right. I believe that I am correct also when I say that Prairie du Chien, was once the home of Julien Dubuque, who later founded the city we now know as Dubuque to the south of us.



Q...Fine, I learn something new and interesting every time we get together.

Our time has run out, so we must bring this interesting program to a close for today. Thank you Marty, for digging out such fascinating early history material for us. Will you come back next week and share more information with us?

A...I will be glad to.

Q...Thank again, and until next Sunday, same time, same station, we say so long.

MJDyrud/me March 31, 1956

James Lockwood VI

Q...Once again the time has arrived for another interesting History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and local historian. Hi Marty and welcome to WPRE.

A...Thank you, I am always glad to be here.

Q...Marty, your tales on early Prairie du Chien, are most interesting and I hope you have some more for us today.

A...Yes, I would like to tell about the first doctor-nurse in Prairie du Chien.

Q...That sounds interesting.

A...Once again I would like to call on our good friend James Lockwood for an authentic account. Lockwood tell us: "Among the inhabitants at that time (1816-1820), was a Mrs. Menard, of mixed African and white blood. She came from some one of the French villages below, and was then married to Charles Menard, a Canadian of French extraction. She had been married twice previously, first to a man by the name of Du Chouquette, by whom she had two sons, one of whom was in the employ of Mr. Astor, in that unfortunate expedition of his sent in 1810, by sea and across the continent to the mouth of the Columbia River, now Oregon Territory.

Her next husband was named Gagnier, by whom she had three sons and three daughters. After Gagnier's death, she married Charles Menard, by whom she had three sons and two daughters.

She was generally called by the inhabitants Aunt Mary Ann, and was a person of consequence among them, being midwife, and the only person pretending to a knowledge of the healing art."

Q...You mean the only doctor in the early days was a woman?

A...Yes, until a fort was erected at Prairie du Chien, and a surgeon arrived, with the troops, Aunt Mary Ann was sent for by the sick, and attended them regularly as a physician, and charged fees therefor, giving them, as she expressed it, "device and yarb drink".

She was an excellent nurse, and even after there were regular surgeons the army stationed at Fort Crawford, Mary Ann continued to practice among the inhabitants.

Q..That is definitely a most intriguing phase of the pioneer life of early Prairie du Chien.

A...Lockwood conjectured: Whether they employed her because they had more faith in her skill, or because they could pay her with more ease, as she took her pay in the produce of the country, but was not very modest in her charges, I cannot with certainty state; and frequently, after the army physician had attended a patient a long time, who perhaps for want of good nursing could not be cured, Mary Ann would take the patient home with her, and by the force of good nursing and "yarb drink" restore him to health. So, that we frequently joked the physician about Mary Ann's superior skill in the healing art.

Many of her descendants resided in Prairie du Chien. They were as industrious and orderly as any others.

Q...I can imagine the residents had fun kidding the doctor's about Mary Ann. What more does Lockwood have to say about early settlers here?

A...He recalled: That Mr. Campbell, had passed away, before Lockwood came to the country, and "I found a Canadian, of French extraction by the name of Nicholas Boilvin with the dignified office of Sub Agent and Justice of the Peace. Boilvin had about the same amount of education as Judge Reaume of Green Bay, and about the same ideas of justice, and was nearly as arbitrary.

His law library consisted of a single volume of the old statutes of the Northwestern Territory, one of Illinois, and one of the Missouri Territory; but in deciding cases he paid no attention to the statute, but decided according to his own idea of right and wrong."

Q...Sometimes I think we would be better off, if decisions were made on merit, rather than on the technicalities of the law.

A...Apparently Boilvin felt that way. Mrs. Kinzie, wife of the Indian agent at Fort Winnebago at Portage in her delightful book "Wau-Bun" tells us: Colonel Boilvin's office was just without the walls of the fort at Prairie du Chien, and it was much the fashion among the officers to lounge in there in the morning, to find sport for an idle hour, and to take a glass of brandy and water with the old gentleman, which he called taking a little "*quelque-chose*".

A soldier, named Fry, had been accused of stealing and killing a calf belonging to Madam Rolette, and the constable, a bricklayer of the name of Bell, had been dispatched to arrest the culprit and bring him to trial. While the gentlemen were making their customary morning visit to the Justice, a noise was heard in the entry, and a knock at the door.

"Come in" cried the old gentlemen, rising and walking toward the door. Bell said: "Here, sir, I have brought Fry to you, as you ordered." Justice Boilvin said: "Fry, you great rascal! What for you kill Madam Rolette's calf?" Fry answered, "I did not kill Madam Rolette's calf." Justice Boilvin, shaking his fist said, "You lie, you great rascal! Bell, take him to jail. Come gentlemen, come, let us take a little *quelque-chose*."

Q...I can see that Boilvin was no King Solomon at obtaining the truth and meeting out fair sentences.

A...Lockwood tells us more about early residents. He recalls that "Colonel McNair had, for his clerks in the suttlng business, his nephew Thomas McNair and John Findley. Thomas McNair shortly afterwards married a daughter of Miss Hertileese, a half sister of Mrs. Rolette, and a quarter blood of Sioux nation. Colonel McNair, upon learning these transactions of his clerks, naturally concluded that they were attending more to their own pleasure than to his matters, and sent a man named Wilfred Owen, a Kentuckian, to whom he gave an interest in the business, and discharged McNair, afterwards Captain of the Militia, and likewise discharged John L. Findley.

McNair went to farming. Findley went to Mackinaw, and procured, by the assistance of Mr. Rolette, a small assortment of goods, and attempted to trade at Prairie du Chien; but, as there was no money in circulation except what little came from the few troops stationed at the fort, and goods were then selling very high at Mackinaw, he did not succeed in business. Before the close of the year Findley turned over to Mr. Rolette his stock and assets towards the payment of the purchase, which was made of Messrs. Berthelotte and Rolette.

Q...What else does Lockwood tell of those days?

A...Incidentally, Lockwood became the first lawyer admitted to the bar in Wisconsin.

Lockwood continues: "In the spring of 1817, a Roman Catholic priest from St. Louis called Pere Priere, visited Prairie du Chien. He was the first that had been here for many years, and perhaps since the settlement. He organized the Roman Catholic Church, and disturbed some of the domestic arrangements of the inhabitants. He found several women, who had left their husbands and were living with other men; these he made by the terror of his church to return and ask pardon of their husbands, and be taken back by them, which they of course could not refuse."

Q...Does Lockwood say anything about military affairs?

A...Yes, he mentions that: "Brevet General Smythe, the Colonel of the Rifle Regiment, who came to Prairie du Chien to erect Fort Crawford in 1816, had arrived in June, and selected the ground where the stockade had been built, and the ground in front, to include the most thickly inhabited part of the village. The ground thus selected encroached upon the ancient burying ground of the Prairie, so that the inhabitants were obliged to remove their dead to another place.

During the winter of 1816 or early in the spring of 1817, Lieutenant Colonel Talbot Chambers arrived at Fort Crawford, and assumed the command. Some houses in the village obstructed the garrison.

In the spring of 1817, he ordered these taken down by their owners and removed. Most of these houses were in front and about the fort. He directed that they be removed to the lower end of the village, where he pretended to give them lots.

When General Smythe first arrived at Prairie du Chien, he arrested Michael Brisbois, then the most prominent citizen of the Prairie, and place him under a guard of soldiers for several days, charging him with treason, for having taken up arms against the United States.

After keeping him in duress for several days, he was sent on board a boat, under a guard, to St. Louis and landed him on the levee, where they left him, not having delivered him over to the civil authorities, or instituting any proceedings against him. But, they left him there without money or means to return home. However, Mr. Brisbois was known in St. Louis, at least by reputation, and readily found friends, who assisted him to return home. During his absence, the commandant, who I believe was Lieutenant Colonel Hamilton, ordered Mrs. Brisbois and family out of her house and took possession of it, in which to spread the contractor's flour to dry.

They also took possession of Mr. Brisbois' bake house, with two hundred cords of dry oven wood, which was used by the commissary or contractor. For these aggressions and injuries Mr. Brisbois received no compensation."

Q...Who was this Lieutenant Colonel Hamilton?

A...He was a son of the famous Alexander Hamilton of Revolutionary War fame.

Q...Wasn't this rather a strange action?

A...Lockwood says: "Although in a time of peace, and our Government had received the country by treaty stipulation, the officers of the Army treated the inhabitants as a conquered people, and the commandants assumed all the authority of governors of a conquered country, arraigning and trying citizen by court martial, and sentencing them to ignominious punishment.

Q...The American soldiers were not Simon Pure?

A...Lockwood speaking of the shameful punishments, says: "This was more particularly the case under the reign of Colonel Chambers, who was a brave soldier in the field, but a weak man and not qualified for a commandant, as he was generally governed by some favorite officer or officers, who not being responsible for the outrage committed by their superior, would induce him to do acts that gratify their whims of prejudices.

Q...How long had Mr. Brisbois lived in Prairie du Chien?

A...Mr. Brisbois stated under oath that he came to Prairie du Chien in 1781.

Q...This is all so interesting that I would like to hear more, but our time has run out and we must wait for another time.

Thanks much Marty for these tid bits of early Prairie du Chien history and we would be happy if you would bring us more next week.

For another History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, tune in next Sunday, same time, same station.

MJDyrud/me April 17, 1956

James H. Lockwood VIII

Q...Once again the time has arrived for another interesting History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and local historian. Hi Marty, and welcome to WPRE.

A...Thank you I am always glad to join you.

Q...What tale of early Prairie du Chien do you have for us today?

A...I would like to again call on Mr. Lockwood a pioneer in our community to recall more happenings of those early days.

He tells us that: "Charles Menard, the husband of the notable Mary Anne the earliest doctor and nurse in Prairie du Chien, was arrested, and charged with selling whiskey to the soldiers. Menard was brought about five miles from his residence, under guard, tried by a court martial, whipped, and with a bottle hung to his neck, marched through the streets, with music playing the "Rogue's March" after him."

Q...The soldiers at the fort were rather rough on the local inhabitants?

A...Yes, Menard protested that he had not sold liquor to the soldiers, but that they had asked him for it, and that he refused to let them have any, as he did not keep liquor for sale.

Q...Were any other Prairie du Chien residents disciplined?

A...Yes, Lockwood tells us that during Colonel Chambers" reign, for some alleged immoral conduct, he banished Joseph Rolette to an island, about seven miles above Prairie du Chien, where he obliged him to pass the winter.

However, in the spring, Colonel Chambers permitted Rolette to return to the village to attend to his business, as his outfits were coming in from the Indian country.

Q...I believe that you told us last week that Colonel Chambers was rather arbitrary and his officers frequently gave him bad advise.

A...Yes, that is right, he did not get down to the facts, but acted on the whims of his junior officers.

Q...Chambers also picked on Brisbois.

A...Yes, Brisbois was taken to St. Louis, on a charge of treason, and the military commandeered his home. Mr. Brisbois was then the leading citizen of Prairie du Chien, having come here in 1781.

Mr. Lockwood speaks of James Aird, a Scotchman connected with the company Lockwood first worked for. He had traded in this locality since about 1771. There was also another man by the name of Duncan Graham, who had been engaged in the Indian trade about the same length of time, and was captain in the British Indian Department during the war, from whom Lockwood says he obtained considerable information of the Indian Country and of the earlier days in Prairie du Chien.

Q...Prairie du Chien in those early days was considered neutral ground for the Indians?

A...That is right. Lockwood recalls: " That Prairie du Chien, at that time, was an important post for the Indians trade, and was considered by the Indians as neutral ground, where different tribes, although at war, might visit in safety."

But, if hostile, the Indians had to beware of being caught in the neighborhood, going or returning. Yet, Lockwood says: "I never heard of any hostile movement on the Prairie after they had safely arrived."

Q...Just how did the traders and the government handle the Indian trade?

A...Lockwood gives us a good picture. The fur factories which John W. Johnson had charge of, were established by an act of Congress previous to the War of 1812, for the humane purpose of preventing the British traders from extortions on the Indians, and of counteracting British influence over them, which they exercised through the traders.

But, unfortunately they had the contrary effect, and though the bad management of the traders, the Government of the United States was made to appear contemptible, in the eyes of the Indians. The idea was then prevalent in the U. S. that the most sleazy and cheap goods were what the Indians wanted.

Whereas the blankets furnished by the British traders, although of coarse wool were thick and substantial, and so were the cloth and calicoes, while those furnished by the Americans were greatly inferior.

Q...How did Astor make out?

A...Financially fine, Lockwood says: However, it was many years before Mr. Astor, with all his wealth and sagacity, could obtain in England suitable blankets, and cloths for the Indians trade, and also the proper guns. There was, at that time, an Indian gun manufactured in England, called the North West gun, of simple, plain construction, and it was understood that the manufacture of blankets, cloths and guns was so much under the influence of the North West Fur Company, that an American could not procure the genuine article, and hence the goods furnished by the factors were all of an inferior article, except tobacco.

Cleverly, the British traders took especial pain, when they happened to have a poor article, to call it American. The English had been furnished for many years with their tobacco from Albany, an inferior article, made into carrots of from two to three pounds, and when the American tobacco in plugs, and of a tolerable good quality, was introduced among them, they admitted that it was the best.

Q...I can see that quality was an important factor?

A...That is right. When Lockwood first came to this part of the country, it was the practice of the old traders and interpreters to call any inferior article American, and to speak to the Indians in a contemptuous manner of the Americans and their good. Unfortunately, all too often the goods which the Americans brought into the country warranted this reproach.

But after Mr. Astor had purchased the South West Company and established the American Fur Company, he succeeded in getting suitable kinds of goods for the Indians, except at first the North West Indian gun. He attempted to introduce an imitation of them, manufactured in Holland, but it did not succeed, as the Indians soon detected the difference.

Q...Just what Indians brought furs here for trade?

A...At that time there were generally collected at Prairie du Chien by the traders and U. S. Factor, about three hundred packs of 100 pounds each of furs, and peltries, mostly fine furs.

Of the different Indian tribes that visited and traded more or less at Prairie du Chien, there were the Menomonees from Green Bay. The Menomonees frequently wintered on the Mississippi.

Then there were the Chippewas, who resided on the head waters of the Chippewa and Black rivers. At that time, the Foxes had a large village where Cassville now stands. It was call Penah, that is turkey.

Q...So in the Indian days Cassville, was called Penah, did you say?

A...Yes, Penah. In Indian it meant Turkey. Gordon Peckham is tremendously interested in the Cassville Indian site, for they have found a lot of Indian material, some dating way back to the Hopewell period.

Q...How did Peckham become interested?

A...Gordon Peckham is an interested archeologist. Recently, as they were grading for the new Power plant at Cassville they uncovered a lot of Indian material. This was right down Peckham's alley, and he went down with Will Logan. They made drillings and found flint chippings of the Indian period four feet down in the soil, indicating many generations.

Peckham tells me that this site from what he knows was probable occupied for 1000 years by various groups of Indians.

Q...Isn't that interesting and unusual?

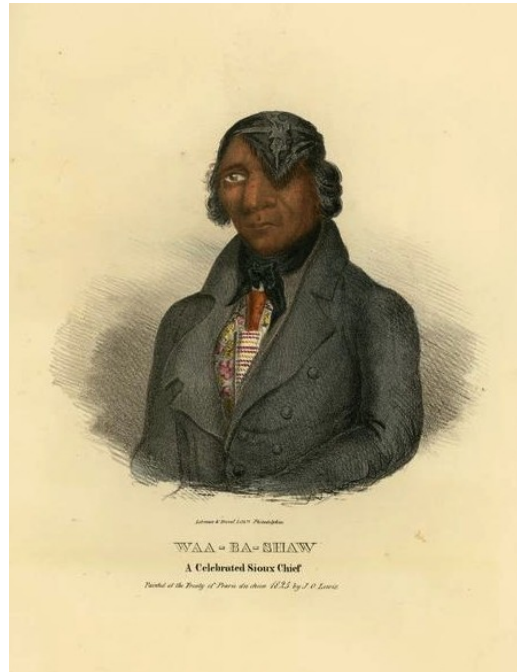
A...It sure is. Well, getting back to the Indians that visited here.

Beside the Menomonees, the Chippewas, and the Foxes from Cassville, there were the Sauks, who resided about Galena and Dubuque.

To me it is little wonder that the Sauks and Blackhawk were so hostile, for you see they occupied the rich lead country and when the whites saw this treasure they were constantly encroaching on the Sauks land trying to mine the lead ore. This conflict finally flamed into the Blackhawk War.

The Iowas Indians, who then had a village on the Upper Iowa River, then came to Prairie du Chien with their furs.

One of the most famous bands of Indians, who visited and traded here, were Wabasha's band, a Sioux tribe, who resided on a beautiful prairie on the west side of the Mississippi, about 120 miles above here.



Waa-ba-shaw, a celebrated Sioux Chief.
Hand-colored lithograph from the Aboriginal Portfolio,
painted at the Treaty of Prairie du Chien (1825) by J.O. Lewis

Occasionally a few Kickapoo and Pottowattomies came also.

Q...Did the Indians bring only furs?

A...No, The Sauks and Foxes brought from Galena a considerable quantity of lead, molded in the earth, in bars about two feet long, and from six to eight inches wide, and from two to four inches thick, being something of an oval form, and thickest in the middle, and generally thinning to the edge, and weighing from thirty to forty pounds.

It was not uncommon to see a Fox Indian arrive at Prairie du Chien, with a hand sled, loaded with twenty to thirty wild turkeys for sale, as they were plentiful about Cassville, and occasionally there were some killed opposite Prairie du Chien.

Q...Wild turkeys, I don't think that we have any wild turkeys around here now.

A...Not that I have heard of. Gee that would make a great shooting, wouldn't it.

Q...And tasty too.

A...They tell me that the Passenger Pigeon were a special delicacy, probably even more tasty that the wild turkeys.

Q...I understand that there is a monument to the Passenger Pigeon at Wyalusing Park.

A...Yes, at one time, during early days, actually millions of birds covered the sky as these pigeons migrated. They were often seen in the Prairie du Chien area. Some of the early pioneers watched their travel pattern closely enough as they cleared the hills here, so they could hide there and knock down many of the birds for a

feast at home. They came in such huge flocks that they could be clubbed with a long stick, if you could reach them.

Q...Marty, when you mentioned Wyalusing, I would like to ask if you know what the meaning is of the word.

A...Yes, in the Indian language Wyalusing, means "at the welling place of the hoary veteran", so called from an ancient warrior who lived near by. Fortunately the recent fire that burned over 5 square mile on the bluff did not damage sentinel ridge on the Indian mounds.

Q...That is unusual. Well, I see that our time has run out for today, so we must bring this program to a close. Thanks a lot Marty, for your telling us more about the pioneer days in Prairie du Chien. Please come back next week.

For another interesting History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, tune in next Sunday, same time, same station.

MJDyrud/me April 14, 1956

Recent History Meetings

Q...Once again the time has arrived for another interesting History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and local historian. Hi Marty, and welcome to WPRE.

A...Thank you, I am glad to be here.

Q...Marty, what history activities have you participated in lately?

A...Before I tell you about my activities, I would like to congratulate two local people, who I think have made fine contributions to the presentation of history.

First, I would like to congratulate Herb Bierle on his potpourri on local history. Each week he has written in the Courier Press an article on some historic place or event.

Second I would like to compliment Gordon Peckham on his archeological interest. Gordon recently called attention to a fine bird mound just north of the Oak Grove Tavern on highway No. 27.

It was our hope that this huge bird mound could be preserved and made a roadside park with an historic marker, but the owner of the property Mr. Yonky does not wish to give the land up.

It is such a fine Indian mound that we hope that he will plan to preserve it. He did not wish to commit himself, but I hope that he will plan the use of the land so that this 90 foot mound can be saved.

Q...It is nice to see that we have people in Prairie du Chien, making such nice contributions to the preservation publication of historic material. Now tell us about your activities recently.

A...Well, on May 3rd, I attended a Special Program of the History Section of the State Medical Society, held in Milwaukee at the Schroeder Hotel. This meeting was held in connection with their annual meeting.

Q...Who heads this effort?

A...Dr. William D. Stovall, of Madison, is chairman, and our own Dr. Eli Dessloch is vice chairman

Q...What type of program did they have?

A...There were three fine papers given at this meeting. Dr. Millard Tufts, of Milwaukee, gave a valuable and most comprehensive paper on Dr. Ira Manley and Dr. Nicholas Senn. These were two famous early doctors in Wisconsin who made valuable contributions to medicine and medical organization and higher standards. Women participated too, with Mrs. Boersma of Green Bay, president of the State Medical Auxiliary speaking on "History with the Feminine Touch".

Next Dr. Talmadge, of Marquette, showed historic prints portraying "The Doctor and the Patient in Satire".

Dr. Stovall gave a scholarly talk, and business meeting followed. The State Medical Society is now well organized to carry forward their History Section.

Q...Marty, just how does this tie in with us here in Prairie du Chien?

A...Present plans call for the State Medical Society to take over the Beaumont Foundation building of the 2nd Fort Crawford and operate this place as a Medical Museum. They would like to see the Wisconsin State Historical Society actually operate this place as they do the Villa Louis.

Q...Gee, that would be swell.

A...Yes, it sure would, but first they have to raise a lot of money to get the place into operation. You know it was here that Dr. Beaumont worked and made many of his famous experiments, so we are the key spot in the picture that is developing.

Q...I am glad to know about this development.

A...The following week on May 12th, I attended the first Annual Convention of the Junior historians in Green Bay.

Q...Lets see, they are the school children who follow history so closely?

A...Yes, Wisconsin has the first organization of this type and the largest.

Q...Any local participation?

A...Oh Yes, Mrs. Peggy Stewart, Mrs. Carberry, and Mr. Sacket drove a group of local junior historians to this meeting. They are to be complemented, for they started out at 3:15 AM, before daylight to attend this meeting.

Q...Marty, what did this group see in Green Bay of historic nature?

A...

1. The Tank Cottage, built in 1776. This is said to be the oldest house built in Wisconsin, by Joseph Le Roi, a French trader.
2. The Henry Baird Law office, a restoration of the office of Wisconsin's first formally trained attorney and our first attorney general.
3. The group also saw the Hazelwood home, where Deborah Beaumont Martin was born. She was the daughter of Dr. Beaumont.
4. Then they saw the Cotton House, named after Captain John Cotton. It was built in 1842 in fine Jefferson style, on the grounds of old Fort Smith, where American soldiers were stationed in 1820-1821.
5. The children saw Fort Howard, particularly the Hospital section. This fort was active at the same time our Fort Crawford was active.
6. 12 miles north of Green Bay, at Red Banks, there was reenacted the discovery of Wisconsin by Jean Nicolet in 1634. Nicolet dressed in Chinese damask with embroidery of Chinese characters in many colors was a big attraction to the children.

Q...'That sounds interesting. By the way, how many children were there?

A...4,000 children in 102 buses.

Q...Do you ever think they will have their convention here?

A...They have propositioned me about meeting here next year.

Q...Fine.

A...Yes, but it is a tremendous undertaking. I am all for it, but it would require a very active organization and cost us some money, and you know that is always hard to raise.

Q...I hope that it can be worked out.

A...I do too.

Q...Any other comments?

A...During the curators meeting, the late Dr. Peter Lawrence Scanlan was honored by a resolution, which read:

Peter Lawrence Scanlan, M.D.

1862-1956

We celebrate the long, rich and rewarding life of Dr. Peter L. Scanlan, the beloved citizen of Prairie du Chien, who entered into his rest on the twenty ninth of February. He was born on a farm near Mount Hope, graduated from Platteville Normal, taught district schools, took his M.D. at Rush in 1891, practiced at Lancaster 1891-1905, and then for thirty eight years at Prairie du Chien, giving the remainder of his days to the historical pursuits which had previously been his constant avocation.

He wrote well. His contribution to medical and historical journals and to newspapers are imposing. The Wisconsin Magazine of History is dotted with his name. His books all deal with Wisconsin figures and events.

His devotion to his church is indicated by his Centennial History of St. Gabriel's Parish, Prairie du Chien (1936); his family loyalty by the biography of his brother Charles Martin Scanlan 1854-1940 (1942) and his Scanlan Family Tree (1950); his affection for the city of his heart by his Prairie du Chien; French, British, American (1937), with corrections and additions in 1947.

His love for his country is marked by his service in the first World War as Captain M.O. and the second World War as Colonel M. O., subject to call in the auxiliary reserve. In obedience to his instructions he was buried in his colonel's uniform.

Dr. Scanlan became a member of our society in 1929. He became a life member, was a vice president, a curator for the years 1936-1946, and an honorary curator from 1949.

Dr. Scanlan was a good historian: he went to Quebec to search out the origins of the French Canadians who had founded Prairie du Chien. He went to Washington to make use of the riches of its Congressional Library and its other libraries.

We take courage from his career May he rest in peace.



Q...That was a very nice honor.

A...Scanlan was a very deserving man for his contributions to our local history.

Q...What else do you have?

A...The following week, which was last week, I went to Baraboo, where they had a meeting of the Circus World Museum.

Q...Tell us something about it.

A...John Kelly, lawyer for Ringling Bros., now retired is trying hard to establish a circus museum in Baraboo. They now have a building in the old winter quarters and are gathering much historic material.

I had a nice chat with Mrs. Henry Ringling Senior and Mrs. Henry Ringling Jr., Henry Moeller, the old circus was maker was there.

When I was a boy, it was he who would file my saw, for I had to buck wood for my allowance.

They have the Old Woman in the Shoe, circus wagon. The Columbia wagon and many others. John Kelly is gathering material from circus people and there is a story with every piece.

Q...And we here too have some circus history.

A...Definitely, and McGregor has much more.

Q...Maybe we can show our circus lore some day.

A...It would be nice.

Q...Marty how do you get paid for these trips?

A...Are you kidding? I have to pay my own expenses. But, a person will do many things for something they love, and I love history.

Q...Thank you Marty for your fine run down on recent history events. I found them interesting and I know our listeners will also.

This brings to a close our program for today. For more history tune in next week same time, same station for another chat with Marty Dyrud.

May 26,1956 MJDyrud/me

Prairie du Chien's Three Historic Flags

Q...Once again the time has arrived for another interesting history Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and local historian. Hello Marty and welcome to WPRE.

A...Thank you, and I am glad to be here.

Q...What history do you have for us today?

A...Saturday June 2nd is a historic date for us here in Prairie du Chien for it was on this day was back in 1814, one hundred and forty two years ago that Lieutenant Perkins reached Prairie du Chien and started construction of the first American fort here which was called Fort Shelby.

Q...Fine, and what was the reason for building a fort here?

A...The War of 1812, between the United States and Great Britain was then in progress and the Americans considered Prairie du Chien, a key spot in the northwest.

Q...Lets see, Fort Shelby, that was located here on the island on what is now the Villa Louis grounds.

A...Yes, that is right. When Lieutenant Perkins and his men started to build Fort Shelby, the British were greatly disturbed, because it would shut off their extensive fur trade. So they started laying plans for a counter move. Indians and fur traders were recruited and organized to attack the small American fort.

A small group of British, and fur traders lead a fair sized force of Indians in the attack and succeeded in effecting the surrender of Lieutenant Perkins and his force. The surrender occurred on July 20, 1814. The British renamed Fort McKay in honor of the commander.



Surrender of Fort Shelby

Q...What did the American flag look like at that time?

A...Now you are opening a subject that has intrigued me for sometime It had 15 stars and 15 stripes, like the one that you can now see flying over the Explorer Shop in downtown Prairie du Chien.

Q...I have meant to ask you about these colorful flags. I know you have had a hand in seeing them put up, so I suspect there is some history that goes along with them.

A...You bet there is and a very rich colorful history too.

Q...I notice that there are three flags. Why three?

A... Well, the history in Prairie du Chien breaks down into three important periods. First the French rule, then the British control and finally the American dominion.

Each of the flags which fly over the Explorer Shop ushered in a new and significant era in the rich history of Prairie du Chien.

Q...What about the Spanish flag, didn't it ever figure in our history?

A...In the early days Spanish traders came up the river to Prairie du Chien, but I don't believe that Spain ever claimed any area in Wisconsin. On the Iowa side of the river it is a different story. There were Spanish grants of land around McGregor and Dubuque.

Q...Marty one other question. How about the Vikings?

A...History tells us that Vikings headed by Eric the Red crossed the Atlantic and discovered our country centuries before Columbus. The Vikings called our country Vineland. The Vikings failed to follow up their discovery by making successful colonization of this country, so they lost credit and control of their discoveries. Within recent years the Smithsonian Institute has given credence to the fact that the Vikings made visits to the upper Mississippi centuries before Joliet and Marquette came here.

Rundstones used to moor boats have been discovered in south eastern Minnesota with inscriptions that tell part of the story of these earliest white explorers. As yet sufficient facts are not available to give us a well rounded picture of their efforts.

Q...What sort of flag did the Vikings carry.

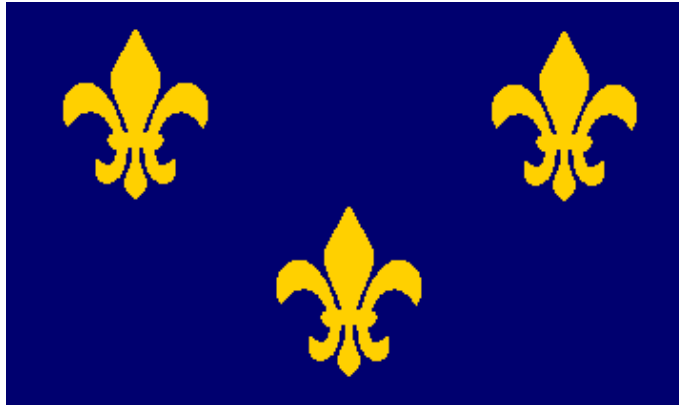
A...They flew a flag on which was a Black Raven. This was their emblem.



Viking Black Raven Flag

Q...Marty now that I have my questions out of the way, will you tell us the historical significance of the three flags.

A...I will be glad to. The earliest flag to appear in the Prairie du Chien area was the flag of France. It was a very different flag than the tricolor banner we associate with France today, which was adopted after the French revolution.



French Flag 1673

Louis Joliet and Father Perre Marquette are thought to have carried the King's household flag here on that famous day of June 17, 1673 when they came down the Wisconsin and first entered the Mississippi the Great Father of Waters.

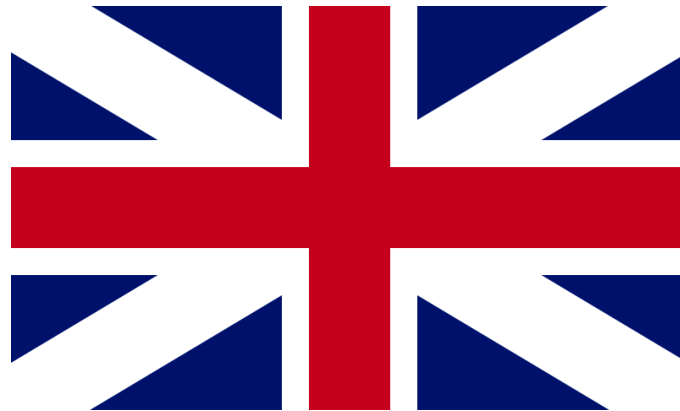
This historic flag is white and sprinkled with fleurs-des-lis. Tracking down the correct flag was quite a job, and I spent several months in this absorbing study. My correspondence was considerable. I consulted the French embassy, the French Cultural Adviser, Canadian authorities and leading historians. While I received a wealth of information, most of it was not specific, but broad in nature.

Here is a typical comment: "To say what flag was in use in New France from the time of Cartier to the surrender of Canada, over two centuries later, is far from easy. The expeditions carried flags, but they varied, since the King of France had one emblem, colonels of regiments had another, occasionally regiments had their own flag and sometimes provinces and even villages had their flags."

Q...The French control of this area started with Marquette and Joliet in 1673. How long did it last?

A...About 90 years for in 1763, the British gained possession of the land surrounding Prairie du Chien and with it control of the rich fur trade.

With this change in sovereignty came the British Union Flag.



United Kingdom Flag before 1801

Q...Is this the British Union Jack, used today?

A...No, this is an earlier flag. The British flag that you see over the Explorer Shop is the British Union Flag used from 1707 to 1801. This banner signifies the union of Scotland with England. You will notice that St. George's cross the emblem of England is conjoined with St. Andrew's cross, the emblem of Scotland.

Earlier we talked about the British capture of Fort Shelby. On July 20, 1814 when the Americans surrendered, Colonel McKay raised the Union Jack, the same flag as they use today.



United Kingdom Flag after 1801

This was a later English flag, which was adopted in 1801. When Ireland joined the British union in 1801, the cross of Saint Patrick was added and conjoined with the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew.

Q...That is most interesting, I am certainly learning a lot about flags today. Now tell us about that unusual American Flag that we also see.

A...In many ways I think the American flag in this group is the most interesting. For, this is the first American flag to fly over Wisconsin territory. It was raised right here in Prairie du Chien, for the first time on September 4, 1805 by Lieutenant Zebulon Pike. He headed an expedition bent on exploring the upper Mississippi and he and his men made camp here on our prairie.



US Flag 1805

Iowa people revere him and Pike's Peak commemorates his fame. In looking for sites for a fort in this area, he selected a bluff across the river as most strategic and most defensible. Later American commanders however preferred the island on the Wisconsin side, as being more convenient.

Getting back to the famous American flag we see, it is strange to find that the expeditions of 1805-1814, and 1816, all carried the same flag. We have come to believe that the American flag for any year should show a star for each state then in the union. But this is not the case.

Congress did not authorize changes in the flag with each new state joining the union. Instead they only spasmodically legislated on the subject of the flag. In a law in 1794, which went into effect on May 1, 1795, the American flag was legally declared to be one with 15 stars and 15 stripes. The stars are arranged in five rows, with three stars in each row. This flag remained the official emblem of our country until 1818.

Q...How did this territory get back into American hands, after the British captured it?

A...The Treaty of Ghent finally settled the contest between the British and the Americans in the War of 1812. Prairie du Chien and this area was granted to the United States.

Q...That is a fascinating chain of events, you have hooked to these flags.

A...This American flag with the fifteen stars and stripes is the authentic Star Spangled Banner which inspired Francis Scott Key to write our national anthem.

Q...Marty can you tell us a little more about Joliet and Father Marquette?

A...Yes, Joliet was the explorer and Father Marquette the missionary. Unfortunately Joliet records were lost as he was returning to Canada to report his findings. Joliet's canoe capsized and he was drowned.

It remained for Father Marquette to send his records along before their great discovery could be verified and this valuable data given to the awaiting world.

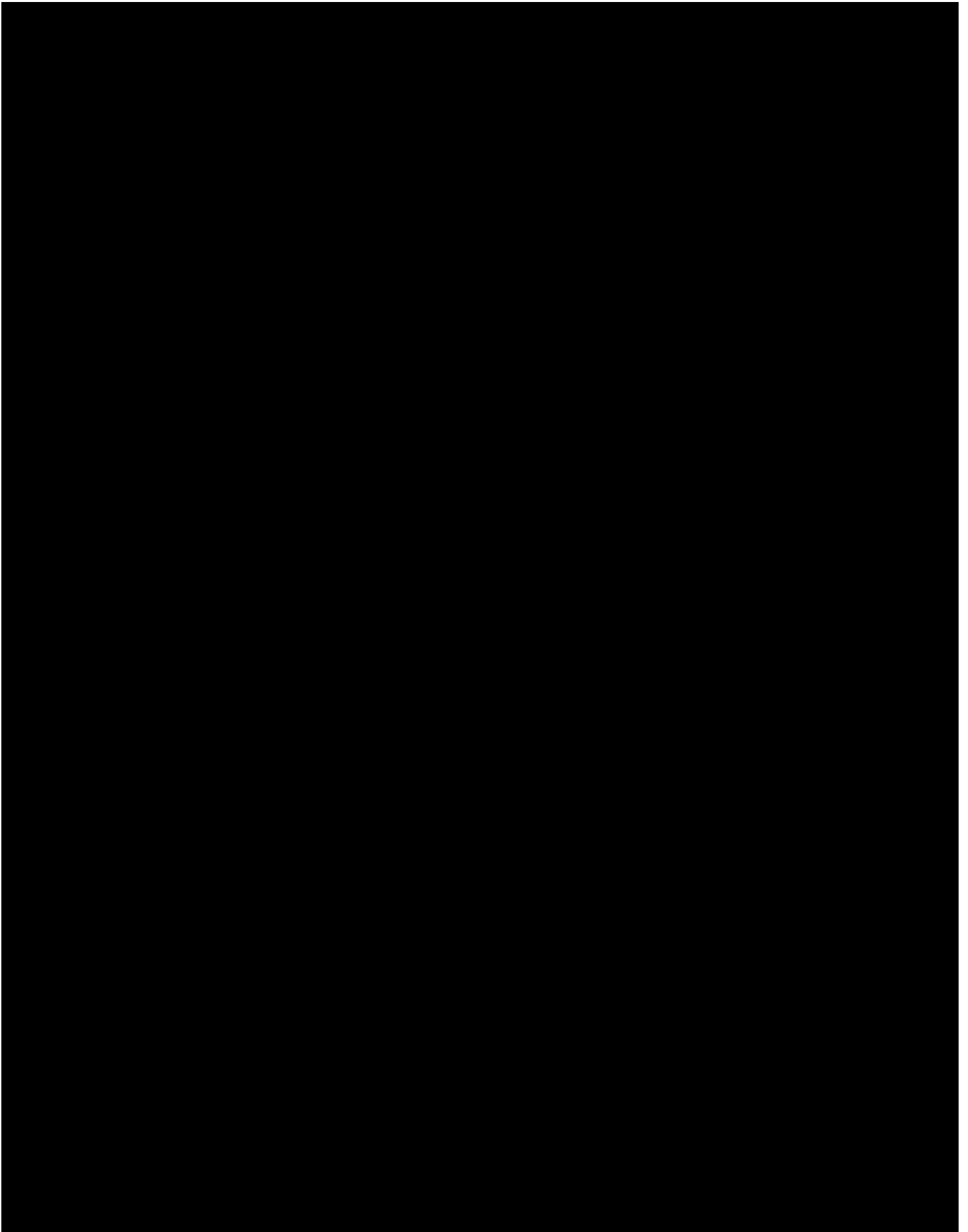
Father Marquette later went from the Mackinaw area down into Illinois to Kaskaskia and as he and his companion were returning by canoe along the other side of Lake Michigan, he died before he could reach St. Marys. There, Father Marquette is buried on a sand dune, across Lake Michigan, and opposite Wisconsin with which his fame is linked.

Q...Your approach to our rich history is via a very novel route today. Flags. I am sure that as we all see the three flags over the Explorer Shop we will feel a thrill of the rewarding history we have inherited.

Thanks for adding a historic touch for our many tourists and thanks for telling us so many interesting facts about your research on this subject.

This brings to close of our history chat for today with Mr. Marty Dyrud. And, until next week, same time, same station, when we trust you will again join us, we say good afternoon and good luck.

MJDyrud/me June 2,1957



Eave Trough on Pioneer House

Q...Once again the time has arrived for another interesting History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and local historian. Hello Marty and welcome to WPRE.

A...Thank you, I am glad to be here.

Q...I know that history is your forte and I am anxious to know what you have in store for us today.

A...Each year death takes some of our old residents. With them they carry away valuable bits of history of earlier days in Prairie du Chien.

Many people join me in feeling sad over the death of George Griesbach. I always liked George. His death stunned me for it was only about 10 days ago that I had a nice long talk with George, while we were both waiting to have our hair cut.

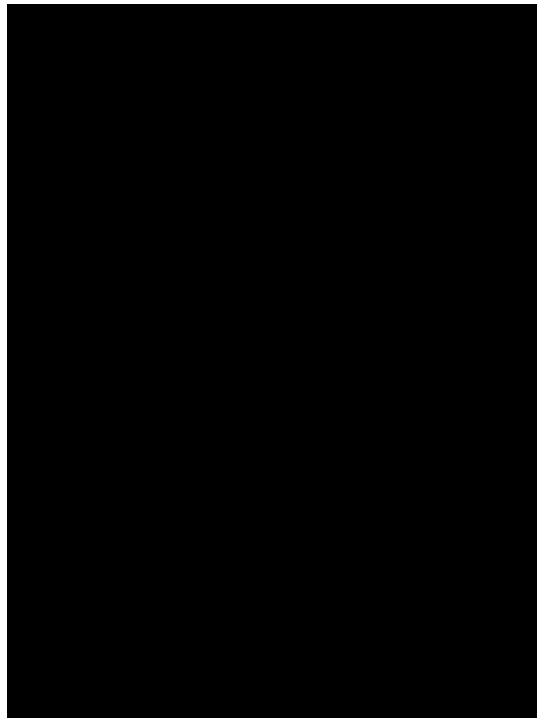
Trying to dig out more history on Dr. Beaumont, I asked George about the solid wooden eave trough that was once Beaumont's home.

Q...Marty, where is this house?

A...At 308 S. Beaumont Road. This house originally was a pioneer home and a picturesque one years ago. After several re-modelings, this house today looks quite modern.

Q...What was so unusual about this eave trough?

A...Here is a part of the eave trough on Dr. Beaumont's house. Take a look and I think you will see why it is so unusual



Q...Gee that is a huge affair. I never saw anything like this before.

A...Actually it shaped by hand out of a long log. It is about 10 inches wide 7 inches deep and it was originally 24 feet long.

Q...How did they make this?

A...The oval trough part was cut out by an axe, the maker chipping it out with an edge axe.

The front face was hand planed giving a finished effect similar to a cornice face or ornamental molding, except here, this face is formed right along the one edge of the timber.

Q...How long did you say these eave troughs were?

A...24 feet and 22 1/2 feet long.

Q...Where did you get this sample?

A...From the Horsfall Lumber Co. It is a piece of this historic piece that George Griesbach saved when the Beaumont house was remodeled in 1932.

Q...Can you give us more information of this piece of pioneer woodwork?

A...Wallace Martner a former resident, newspaper editor and avid historian dug out the history and summarized his findings in a letter to George Griesbach.

Q...I am sure we would all be interested in his findings.

A...Sure will, I read from Martner's letter: "In reference to the eaves trough, taken from the pioneer house at 308 S. Beaumont Road, I find these facts among my records of the olden days of Prairie du Chien.

The building was built in the year of 1833 under the supervision of Henry Diley, a government carpenter, who was sent here from Pennsylvania, to complete the carpenter work on Fort Crawford the year before. He came by way of the Great Lakes and the Fox and Wisconsin Rivers, in a Mackinaw boat. The trip took nearly three months, for the boat was laden with supplies, for the Astor Fur Trade Company, which were to be exchanged with the various tribes of Indians for peltries.

The lumber for the structure was mostly hand sawn from Pine logs floated down the Mississippi River from Lake St. Claire, opposite Stillwater Minnesota.

The red brick were molded and burned, by the Fort stone mason, a Scotchman, by the name of Smith, on highway 18, two miles south of this city, where the Kahler farm now stands. This same stone mason plastered the six rooms and a small hall, with lime made from clamshells, taken from the river and burned.

This house was built by Military Authorities under orders from Colonel Zachary Taylor, then in command at Fort Crawford, at a cost of approximately \$3,200. This home was built to house the Fort Surgeon, Dr. William Beaumont, who while stationed here finished his final experiments on the action of the gastric juices in the stomach, and which deductions are taught in the physiologies of our schools to this day.

These experiments were conducted on a soldier named Alexis St. Martin who had an ugly gun shot wound in his side, which Dr. Beaumont kept open for about a year using a drinking glass as a tube and studied the workings of the stomach.



Dt. William Beaumont Taking Care of Alexis St. Martin

The street in front of the house has lately been named Beaumont Road and a monument was placed on the site of Fort Crawford Hospital six blocks to the south of the old home as a tardy remembrance of the Pioneer Surgeon. Beaumont Road was formerly called Church Street.

This old home was originally 28 feet x 36 feet, two stories high, with an old fashioned step roof, that is the roof was between the side walls, and the brick fashioned in five steps or tiers, two on each side and one in the center. The eave troughs were on the front and back, huge in size, but actually added value and pleasing contour, to such an imposing structure, built nearly a hundred years ago, in a frontier that was sparsely settled, except in the immediate vicinity of the Fort.

There was a trough on the front and back of the building, the one in front was 24 feet long, but the one in the rear, for some reason, was eighteen inches shorter. The logs from which they were made were White Pine, and had been hued down with a broad axe to approximately eleven by six inches.

The face of the trough was deftly worked down by hand to what our present day mechanics call O.G. crown moulding, with a leaf at the bottom to ward off from the brick wall any overflow. The upper part was hewed in a wide oval the entire width of the timber for nearly the entire length, and also to a pitch for water flow-age. This piece of mechanical skill was built on top of the outside layer of brick, immediately underneath the outer edge of the roof.

The remarkable thing about this old wooden trough, is the fact, that after nearly a hundred years of service, it is in very good state of preservation and I don't believe that it ever had more than two coats of paint, as shown by the piece you have because, either inside or outside, until they went out of government possession following the Civil War, as paint was unknown to home owners prior to 1852.

Yours respectfully,

W. E. Martner

209 S. Beaumont Road

Q...Isn't that most unusual to find such a complete history on a building.

A...Yes, I get a kick out of it, for you have government carpenters building this home at the same time that Fort Crawford was built. Lumber that came down the Mississippi in the old days. Lime made from clam shells, burned locally and used for the plaster. Bricks made locally and kilned here. Carpenters that make everything from wood and the other essential raw materials.

Q...How things have changed over the years.

A...I also asked George Griesbach about the watering troughs that were familiar sights years ago on Bluff Street, now Blackhawk Avenue.

There were two, one in front of what is now Kozelka's Shoe Store, the other across the street in front of what is now Wachuta's Store.

George Griesbach tells me that these also were made out of solid logs. Water was piped over from the artesian fountain in the park. The overflow of water ran down the gutter of the dirt street to the slough. Wooden sidewalks ran on either side of the street.

These watering troughs were popular for watering the horses.

Q...You say they were made of solid logs?

A...Yes, George Greisbach told me that these logs were about four feet long and about three feet through. The centers were adzed out by hand so that they had a wooded trough nearly four feet long and about two feet wide and two feet deep.

I asked him what wood was used. He said to the best of his memory they were hollowed out of elm logs.

Q...I bet he had seen a lot of changes in Prairie du Chien

A...Even Alex Frederich who has only been gone about six years was amazed about the changes here in that short time.

Many of our older residents remember the wooden sidewalks, the iron fences around the lawns of many homes. The dirt streets, the clam shells used for road fills, the gas lights, the horses and buggies, the pickle barrels out in front of the grocery stores, and many other strange sights today.

Then the Dousman Hotel was presided over by that colorful gentleman, Charley Huffschtmidt. Ask any old resident and they will probably tell you some fascinating story about this character.

Horse drawn coaches then met the trains coming into town and carried prospective guests to the hotel. No taxis then.

Q...Women's dress then used lots of material and dragged the ground.

A...Yes, styles were much different then. Even advertising has changed. Groenert and Bittner operated a brewery on what is now the city parking lot.

I always get a kick out of the barber's ads then. They called themselves Tonsorial Experts: Du Charme Brothers. Sebastian and Nelson

The Diamond Jo Steamboats plied the Mississippi and made Prairie du Chien, a port of call for passengers and freight. Those days are gone, but will be long remembered.

Q...Thanks so much Mary for sharing views of Pioneer Prairie du Chien with us. This brings to close our program for today. For more local history, tune in next week, same time, same station.

MJDyrud/me June 16, 1956

The Red Bird Incident-Winnebago War (Part I)

Q...Once again the time has arrived for another interesting History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and local Historian. Hello Marty and welcome to WPRE.

A...Thank you, it is always nice to be here.

Q...What history do you have for us today?

A...One hundred and twenty nine years ago this week on June 28, 1827, a bloody tragedy struck the frontier community of Prairie du Chien. A party of Indians, headed by Red Bird and his accomplice Wekau scalped two men and a baby less than one year old.

This outbreak of the Winnebago War electrified the whole western frontier. The government quickly marshalled their forces on a large scale and it looked as if a full blown war was starting.

Q...Who were the people murdered?

A...Registre Gagnier, a resident here on the prairie and his hired man Solomon Lipcap were both killed and scalped. The Indians also scalped Gagnier's baby girl less than a year old. Strangely, she lived, surviving the ordeal.

Q...Where did this occur in town?

A...At the Gagnier home, which was located at the mouth of the McNair coulee just south of town, about 600 yards south and east of the point known as Sugar Loaf, near the bridge on highway No. 18 as you proceed south from Prairie du Chien.

Q...Did the murderers escape?

A...Yes. But the government action was swift. Governor Cass and Colonel McKenny then negotiating a treaty at Le Butte des Morts on the Fox river, set an expedition in motion. Major Whistler at Green Bay, moved south to the portage. General Atkinson at St. Louis, moved up the Mississippi and into the Wisconsin. Colonel Snelling was advised at Fort Snelling in what is now Minneapolis, to send help.

News of these movements reached Red Bird and his party, who were then at The Four Lakes (which we now know as Madison). To save their people from extinction in a large scale war, it was agreed that the Red Bird and Wekau should voluntarily surrender.

Q...Can you give us an account of the surrender?

A...Yes, and I would like to give you and on the scene account written then by Colonel McKenny the U.S. Commissioner. From: Fort Winnebago at the portage between the Fox and Wisconsin's rivers; "The military had been previously drawn out in line. The Menomonee and Wabanackie Indians, under Major Whistler, were in groups upon their haunches, on our left flank. On the right was the band of music, a little in advance of the line. In front of center, about ten paces distant, were the murderers. On their right and left were those, who had accompanied them, forming a semi-circle, the magnificent Red Bird and the miserable looking Wekau, a little in advance of center.

All eyes were fixed upon the Red Bird and will they might be, for of all the Indians I ever saw, he is without exception, the most perfect in form, in face and in gesture. In height, he is about six feet straight, but without restraint His proportions are those of the most exact symmetry, and these embrace the entire man, from his head to his feet. Red Bird's fingers are even models of beauty. I have never beheld a face that was so full of all the ennobling qualities and at the same time the most winning expression. It was impossible to combine with such a face, the thought, that he who wore it could be a murderer!

It appears to be a compound of grace and dignity; of firmness and decision, all tempered with mildness and mercy. During my attempted analysis of this face, I could not but ask myself. Can this man be a murderer? Is he the same who shot and scalped and cut the throat of Gagnier?

His head too, sure no head was ever so well formed. There was no ornamenting of the hair, after the Indian fashion; no clubbing it up in blocks and rollers of lead, or bands of silver; no loose or straggling parts, but it was cut after the vest fashion of the most civilized.

His face was painted, one side red, the other intermixed with green and white. Around his neck he wore a collar of blue wampum, beautifully mixed with white, which was sewn onto a piece of cloth, the width of the wampum, being about two inches, whilst the claws of the panther, or wild cat, distant from each other about a quarter of an inch, with their points inward, formed the rim of the collar.

Around his neck were hanging strands of wampum of various lengths, the circles enlarging as they descended. He was clothed in a Yankton dress, new and beautiful. The material is of dressed elk, or deer skin, almost pure white. It consists of a jacket, the sleeves 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 material, one half of which was cut into a fringe. The same kind of fringe ornamenting the collar of the jacket, its sides, bosom, also running down the seams of his leggings. Blue beads were employed to vary and enrich the fringe of the leggings. On his feet he wore moccasins.

A piece of scarlet cloth of about a quarter of a yard deep, and double that width, a slit being cut in its middle, so as to admit 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 beautiful ornamented feather, nearly white. On the other shoulder was another feather, nearly black. Near were two pieces of thinly shaven wood in the form of compasses, a little open, each about six inches long, richly wrapped round with porcupine quills, dyed yellow, red, and blue. On the tip of one shoulder was a tuft of horse hair, dyed red, and a little curled, mixed up with ornaments. Across his breast, in a diagonal position, and bound tight to it, was a war pipe, at least three feet long, brightly ornamented with dyed horse hair, the feathers, and bills of birds.

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. He appeared to be conscious that, according to Indian law, and measuring the deed he had committed by the injustice, and wrongs and cruelties of the white man, he had done no wrong. The light, which had shone in upon his bosom from the law, which demanded an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, so harmonized with his conscience... as to secure its repose.

As to death, he had been taught to despise it, confiding in that haven, that spirit land, where same is always plenty, the forests always green and the waters always transparent, tranquil, and pure and where no evil thing in permitted to enter.

He was there, prepared to receive the blow that should consign his body to the ground, and send his spirit to that blissful region, to mingle with his fathers who had gone before him."



Q...What a beautiful and picturesque description of this historic scene.

A...Yes, isn't it. McKenney gives a feeling to events that is rich and rewarding. McKenney continues: "Red Bird and Wekau were told to sit down. His motions, as he seated himself, were no less graceful and captivating, than when he stood and walked. At this moment the band struck up Pleyel's Hymn. Everything was still. It was indeed a moment of intense interest to all. The Red Bird looked towards the band, the tones operated upon his feelings in such a way as to produce in his countenance a corresponding pensiveness.

The music having ceased, he took his pouch (which I forgot to say was a handsomely ornamented otter skin, that hung on his left side), and taking from it some Kinnankinic and tobacco, cut the latter in the palm of his hand, after the Indian fashion. Then rubbing the two together, filled the bowl of his calumet, struck fire into a bit of spunk with his flint and steel, and lighted it, and smoked. All the motions employed in this ceremony, were no less harmonious and appropriate than had characterized his other movements. He sat after Turkish fashion, with his legs crossed.

If you think there was anything of affectation in all this, you are mistaken. There was just the manner and appearance and look, you would expect to see in a nobly built man of the highest order of intelligence, and who had been taught all the graces of motion, and then escorted by his armies to the throne, where the diadem was to be placed upon his head. There is but one opinion of the man and that I have attempted to convey to you.

I could not refrain from speculating on his dress. His white jacket, having upon it a single piece of red, appeared to indicate the purity of his past life, which had been stained by only a single crime; for all agree that the Red Bird had never before soiled his fingers with the blood of the white man, or committed a bad action. His was pipe, bound close to his heart, seemed to indicate his love of war, in common with his race, which was no longer to be gratified. The red-cloth, however, may have been indicative of his name.

All sat, except the speakers. The substance of what they said was: we were required to bring in the murderers. They had no power over any except the two, the third had gone away and these had voluntarily agreed to come in, and give themselves up.

As their friends, they had come with them. They hoped their white brothers would agree to accept the horses of which there were perhaps twenty, the meaning of which was to take them in commutation for the lives of their two friends.

They asked kind treatment for their friends, and earnestly besought that they might not be put in irons, and concluded by asking for a little tobacco, and something to eat."

Q...Were they answered?

A...Yes, they were told in substance, that they had done well to come in. By having done so, they had turned away our guns, and saved their people. They were admonished against placing themselves in a like situation in the future. When they were aggrieved, they were advised, not to resort to violence, but to go to their agent, who would inform their Great Father of their complaints and he would redress their greivances; that their friends would be treated kindly, and tried by the same laws by which their Great Father's children were tried. That, for the present Red Bird and Wekaw should not be put in irons; that they should all have something to eat, and tobacco to smoke. We advised them to warn their people against killing ours; and endeavor also to impress them with a proper notion of their weakness, and the extent of our power, etc.

Q...Did the Red Bird speak?

A...Yes, McKenney's letter describes this in detail as follows:

"Having heard this, the Red Bird 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 with a composed observation of his people, he spoke. Looking at Major Whistler Red Bird said "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 my life." Stooping, and taking some dust between his finger and thumb and blowing it away, he said "My life it is gone like that". Eyeing the dust as it fell," and vanished from sight." Then he added "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. A platoon was wheeled backwards from the center of the line, in charge of a file of men, to a tent that had been provided for them in the rear, where a guard was set over them. The comrades of the two captives then left the ground by the way they had come, taking with them our advise, and a supply of meat, flour, and tobacco.

Wekau, the miserable looking being, the accomplice of the Red Bird, was in all things the opposite of the unfortunate brave. Never before were there two human beings so exactly opposite, so unlike one another. The one seemed a prince, and as if born to command, and worthy to be obeyed the other as if he had been born to be hanged, meager, cold, dirty in person and dress, crooked in form, like the starved wolf, gaunt, hungry and blood thirsty. His entire appearance indicating the presence of a spirit wary, cruel and treacherous.

The heart, at sight of this, was almost steeled against sympathy, and barred against the admission of pity. This is the man who could scalp a child, not eleven months old, and in taking off its fine locks as atrophy, and the exhibit as a scalp, cut the back of the neck to the bone, and leaving it to languish and die on the floor, near the body of the murdered father? But his hands, and crooked and miserable looking fingers, had been accustomed to such bloody work.

The Red Bird did not appear to be over thirty years old, and yet he is said to be past forty. Wekau looks to be forty five, and is no doubt as old as that.

I shall see on my arrival at Prairie du Chien, the scene of these butcheries; and as I may write you upon all matters connected with my tour, I will introduce you to that. The child, I forgot to say, by the latest accounts, yet lives, and promises to survive.

The widow of Gagnier is also there and I shall get the whole story from her mouth, and shall then, doubtless, get it truly. You shall have it.

Q...Marty I hope you will come back next week and bring us the rest of this truly great letter, which tells such a true and colorful picture of a memorable event in our own Prairie du Chien.

This brings to a close our program for today. For more of this thrilling story, tune in next week, same time, same station.

MJDyrud/me June 23, 1956



Red Bird and Wekau

The Red Bird Incident--Winnebago War (Part II)

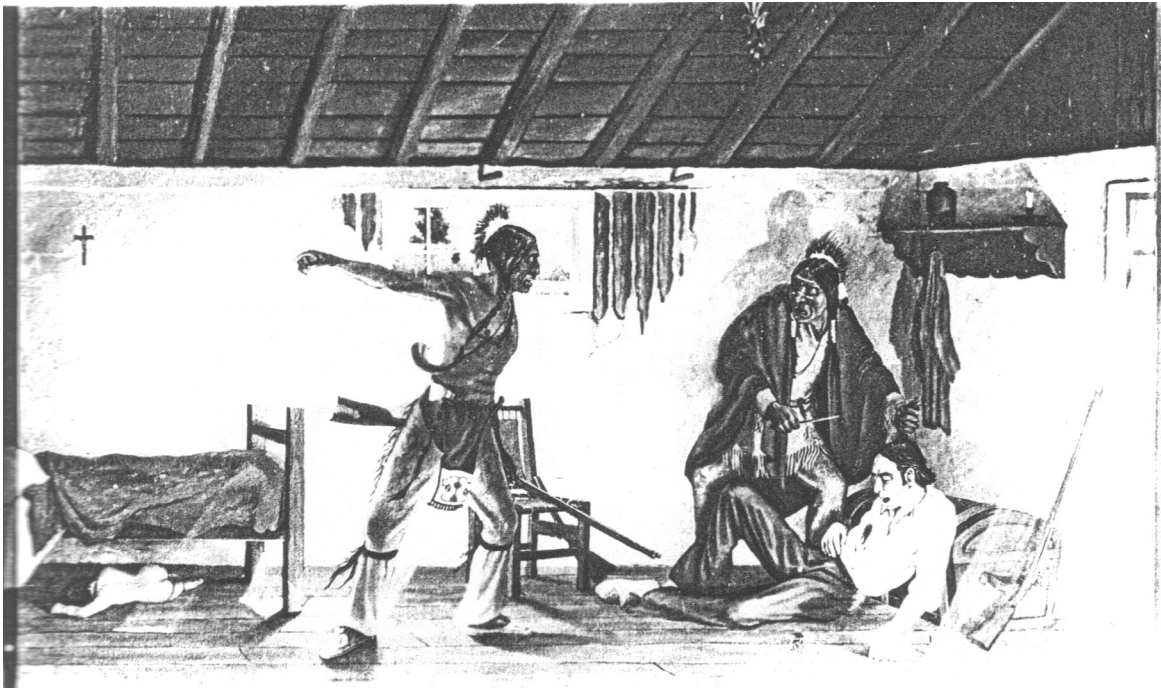
Q...Once again the time has arrived for another interesting History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and local historian. Hello Marty, and welcome to WPRE.

A...Thank you, it is always nice to be here.

Q...Your account, last week of the surrender of Red Bird was most interesting.

A...I am glad you like it. Today I plan to share with you a letter written by Colonel McKenney reporting his interview with Mrs. Gagnier, after the massacre.

It is timely, to share the account of this local tragedy with you, for it was one hundred and twenty nine years ago, on June 28, 1827, that Red Bird, Wekau, and a third Indian came to the Gagnier residence here on the prairie, killed Gagnier, his hired man Lipcap and scalped Gagnier's child. This baby girl was then less than a year old.



Gagnier Massacre
Cal Peters

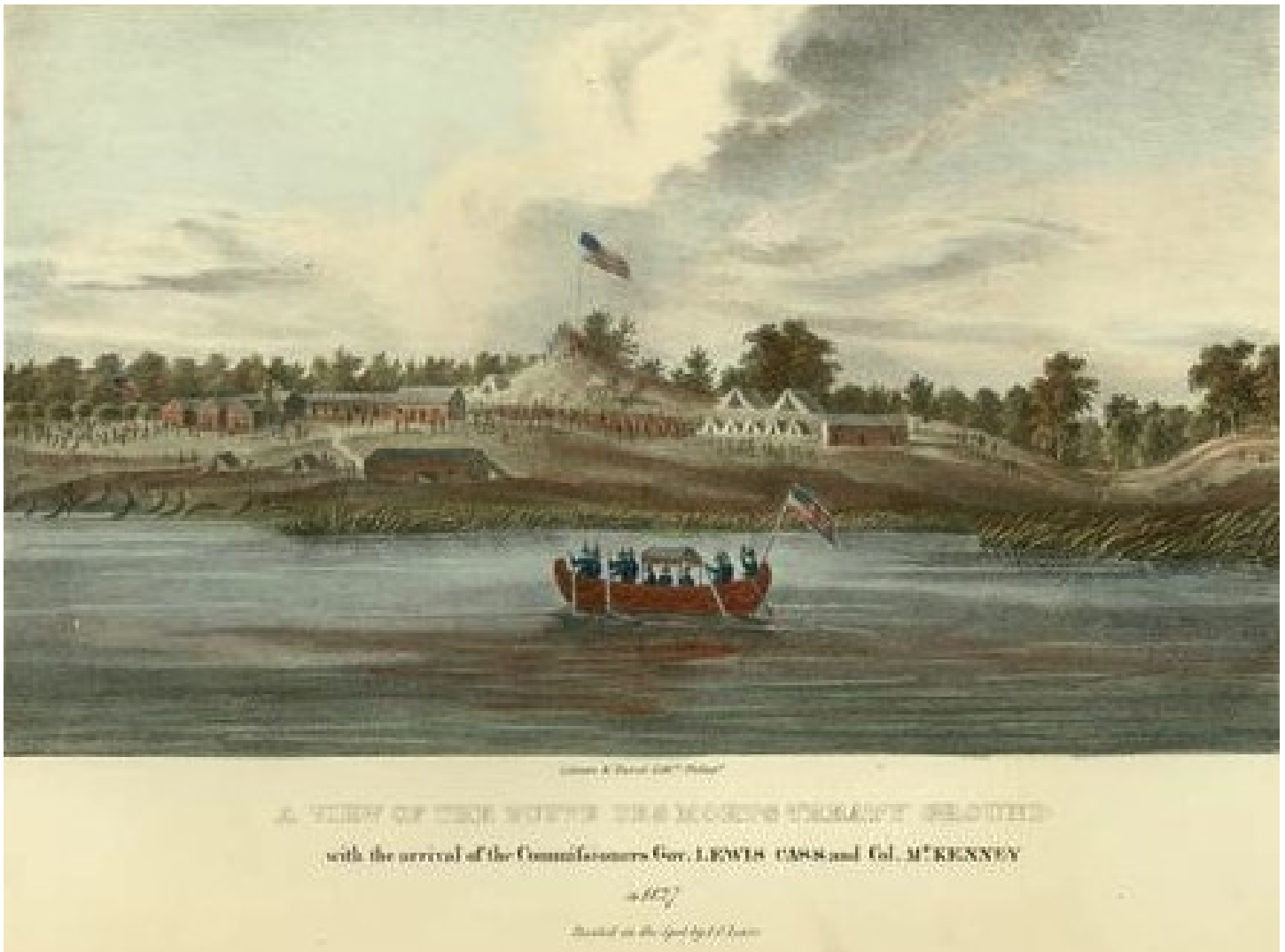
This outbreak of the Winnebago War electrified the entire frontier. The government quickly marshalled their forces and war appeared imminent.

Q...Marty, where did you say, this massacre occurred?

A....At the home of Registre Gagnier here on the prairie at Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin. This spot is located at the mouth of McNair's coulee, just south of the city and east near the point we call Sugar Loaf Bluff. Leaving Prairie du Chien and traveling towards Bridgeport, it would be very near the small bridge on highway 18 as you turn left off the prairie and turn and start up the coulee.

Q...Red Bird and his accomplices were not immediately captured?

A...Red Bird, Wekau and a third Indian escaped. But the U.S. Government acted swiftly. Governor Cass and Colonel McKenney, both U. S. Commissioners, then negotiating treaties with the Indians at Le Butte Des Morts on the Fox River set an expedition in motion. Major Whistler at Green Bay, moved south to the portage. General Atkinson at St. Louis, moved substantial forces up the Mississippi and into the Wisconsin river. Colonel Snelling at the Falls of St. Anthony was advised to send troops to reinforce Fort Crawford.



A VIEW OF THE BUTES DES MORTS TREATY GROUND

J.O. LEWIS

Q... Would you give us a short synopsis of your talk last week recounting the surrender of Red Bird and Wekau at Fort Winnebago?

A...Sure will. After the massacre, Red Bird left this area and made his way to the Four Lakes. There was no town there at that time, but this spot we now recognize as Madison Wisconsin. He was closely advised of the elaborate movements of troops coming into attack the Winnebago Indians. To save his people from extinction in large scale war, it was agreed that Red Bird and Wekau should voluntarily surrender.

A group of Winnebago Indians accompanied Red Bird and Wekau to Fort Winnebago at the portage (now Portage Wisconsin) where they surrendered to Major Whistler.

All eyes were fixed on the Red Bird for he was a handsome Indian six feet tall, straight, without restraint. His proportions were perfect to look at. His face and his gestures were pleasing, graceful and dignified.

His face was painted red on one side and the other half intermixed with green and white. His jacket and leggings were made of deer skin, spotless and almost white in color. Leather fringe ornamented his sleeves and ran down the side of his leggings.

In one hand he held a white flag, in the other a peace pipe. The Indians were seated as the troops stood in line formation. After preliminary talks, the Red Bird stood up, composed and with dignity faced the commandant, Major Whistler.

After a moment's pause, a quick survey of the troops, and a glance towards his Indian friends, he spoke. Looking at Major Whistler, Red Bird said "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 my life." Then stooping he took some dust between his finger and thumb and blowing it away, he said "My life, it is gone. Like that" eyeing the dust as it fell and disappeared from sight. Then he added "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. A platoon wheeled backward and accompanied Red Bird to a tent where he was placed under guard.

Wekau was the opposite of Red Bird, for Wekau was a miserable looking Indian. Red Bird seemed a prince, while Wekau appeared despicable, meager, cold dirty in person and dress, crooked in from, like the starved wolf, gaunt and hungry and blood thirsty.

There was a feeling of sympathy for Red Bird, but only contempt for Wekau.

Q...I believe you said last week that you would tell us today about an interview with Mrs. Gagnier, the wife of the murdered man in Prairie du Chien.

A...Yes, that is right. Colonel McKenney the Indian commissioner who was present at Red Bird's surrender continued on to Prairie du Chien, for a detailed inquiry into the massacre.

As Colonel McKenney made his way down the Wisconsin River, he met General Atkinson with a sizable force. Let me continue with the historic letter McKenney sent to Washington at that early date:

"General Atkinson received us with the courtesy that always distinguished this gallant officer. I went rapidly over the events that had transpired, and informed him of the surrender of the murderer; commending the Red Bird to all the kind usage, which his unfortunate condition would permit, and especially urged that he might not be put in irons.

I did this, because I very well knew that he would suffer a thousand deaths, rather than attempt to regain his liberty. There was no mistake in this matter. The man had literally already parted from life, and had his eyes fixed more upon the spirit land, than upon coming in contact again with the bitter realities of the world around him. All this passed, and pledging each other in a glass of wine, and our best wishes for the general's health, we continued our voyage till ten at night, when we landed on a sand bar for repose.

Arriving at the Prairie, I rode to the scene of the recent murders, attended by my companions. The scene of these butcheries is distant from the village, in an easterly direction, about three miles.

I received the whole story from the widow of one of the murdered men, Gagnier by name, who was at the time proprietor of the log house in which he was killed. Gagnier was a half breed, his mother having been Indian and his father French.

The door of this one story log tenement fronts east, and a window opposite, of course west. A large tree grows near its southwestern corner.

Gagnier was sitting on a chest, on the left of the door. At the window, his wife was washing clothes. On her left was the bed in which a child, eleven months old was sleeping.

On her right, and a little back of her, sat a discharged soldier Lipecap; and this was the situation of the family, when The Red Bird and Wekau, and a third Indian entered.

They were received with the usual civility, and asked if they would have something to eat. They said yes, and would like some fish and milk.

Gagnier had, meantime, seen something peculiar in the looks and movements of these Indians, as supposed, which led him to reach up and take from brackets, just over his head, his rifle, which, as Mrs. Gagnier turned to get the fish and milk, she saw lying across Gagnier's lap.

At the moment she heard the click, caused by the cocking of the Red Bird's rifle, which was instantly followed by its discharge. She looked, and saw her husband was shot. At the same moment, the third Indian shot old Lipecap, when Mrs. Gagnier seeing Wekau, who lingered about the door, about to rush in, she met him, made fight, and wrestled from him his rifle.

He ran out, she pursuing him, employing all her energies to cock the rifle and shoot him. But, by some mysterious cause, was rendered powerless, feeling as she expressed it "like one in a dream, trying to call, or to run, but without the ability to do either"

To save himself, Wekau kept running round the big tree at the corner of the house, well knowing, if he should put off in a line, she would have better aim, and be more likely to kill him.

"After a few turns round the tree, and finding she had no power over the rifle, she turned short about, and made for the village bearing the rifle with her to give the alarm."

Q...Certainly a tragic scene.

A...Yes. " Shortly, she returned, followed by a posse of armed men, and found her infant, which she had left, covered up in the bed, now on the floor, scalped, and its neck cut just below the occiput, to the bone. This was the work of Wekau, who being intent on having a scalp, the others having secured theirs, there being no other subject, took one from the head of the child.

The knife, from examination made of the head, was applied in front of the crown, and brought round by the right ear, and far down behind, and up again on the other side, the object seeming to be, to get as much hair as he could. In the turn of the knife, at the back of the head, the deep cut was given, which found its way to the bone. The child, when I saw it, was comfortable, and I believe it recovered, but the sight of a rifle, even at that tender age, when one might suppose it could not distinguish between a rifle and anything else, would almost terrify it almost into fits. Young as it was, it must, from its place in the bed, have seen a rifle in connection with the awful scene. I made the mother presents for herself and child.

Returning to the Prairie, we bore tidings of Red Bird's surrender. There still remained in the minds of the inhabitants, lingering apprehensions that more of the same kind of bloody work, might await them. They thought the war cloud had not yet spent itself.

Nothing surprised them so much, as to learn that Red Bird should be guilty of such conduct. He was not only well known, but was also the pride of the Prairie. They reposed confidence in him, and always sought after him a protector, for his presence was looked upon as a pledge of security, against any outbreak, that might be attempted.

Indeed, husbands and brother and sons on leaving their homes felt secure and safe, if they could secure the Red Bird to accompany them. That had happened to induce him to this rash act was a mystery to all.

As to Wekau, he was known and abhorred as one of the most bloody minded of his race. Of the third, whose name I could not learn, they knew but little."

Q...Marty, just what sparked this outrage on the part of the Winnebagoes?

A...Fortunately, I can report that also from McKenney's letter. Here is what he says: "All this mystery as to the cause was at last solved. There were great indignities visited on the Winnebagoes near the St. Peter's River in Minnesota, to which Red Bird had become allied, and personal violence committed upon some of their leading men.

Those Americans were men of station, whose position should have taught them better, and whose authority and power should have been differently exercised.

The leading chiefs counseled upon those acts of violence, and resolved on enforcing the Indian's law, retaliation. Red Bird was called upon to go out and take "meat" as they phrase it.

Not wishing to appear a coward, he undertook the enterprise, secretly rejoicing that the business had been referred to him; for he resolved to make a circuit, and return, saying he could find no meat.

Red Bird did so, and was upbraided, and taunted, and called "coward" and told he knew very well, if he had the spirit to avenge the wrongs of his people, he could, by going to the Prairie, get as much meat as he could bring home. This fired him, and he resolved to redeem his character as a brave, when, beckoning to Wekau and another Indian, he told them to follow him.

They proceeded to the Prairie. Gagnier's was not the first house they entered, with the view of carrying out their purpose. Their first visit was to the house of Mr. Lockwood, who was then absent. His interesting wife was at home, and her life was undoubtable saved by the presence of an old Frenchman on a visit to her, who not only understood the Winnebago language, but knew the parties; and he was known to them. They had respect for him, he had been their friend So, after lingering about the house for a season, they quit the premises, and crossed the Prairie to Gagnier's, and there executed their bloody purpose.

Q...What became of the Red Bird?

A...He was consigned to a prison cell in Fort Crawford. There he died February 16, 1828. President John Quincy Adams pardoned Red Bird, Wekau and Ckick-ou-sic November 3, 1828, but this action was too late to save Red Bird's life.

Q...Thanks Marty for bringing us this intimate account of Red Bird and the Gagnier massacre, so famous in Prairie du Chien, history. This brings to close our history program for today. For more history, tune in next Sunday, same time, same station, for more exciting pioneer history on Prairie du Chien.

MJDyrud/me June 30,1956



Marie Gagnier Cherrier

Indian Scalp Law

An Act To Promote Retaliation Upon The Hostile Indians, And To Encourage The Bravery And Enterprise Of Our Fellow Citizens.

(Passed on the 24th day of December 1814 by the Illinois Territorial Legislature in session)

SECTION 1. provided: "That when in such incursions into the settlements, the commission of murder, or other persons who shall make prisoners of or kill such Indians, shall receive a reward for each Indian taken or killed, of fifty dollars; if done by rangers or others enlisted in the defence of the country, twenty five dollars only.

SECTION 2. That any person, having obtained permission from a commanding officer on the frontier to go into the territory of hostile Indians, who shall kill a warrior, or take prisoner a squaw or a child, is entitled to a reward of \$100 for each warrior killed, or squaw or child taken prisoner."

SECTION 3. That any party of rangers not exceeding fifteen, who, on leave granted, make incursions into the country of hostile Indians, shall receive a reward of \$50 for each warrior killed, or squaw or child take prisoners.

From Eric Dyrud's file, said to be from the Illinois Territorial Legislature. Governor made them rescind this later.

MJDyrud/me

Indian History in the Badger State

(Chronological... 1755 to 1907)

1755-Wisconsin Indians, under Charles Langlade, took part in Braddock's defeat on the Monongahela River (July 9).

1757-Wisconsin Indians took part in the siege and massacre of Fort William Henry on Lake George (August 3-9).

1758-A menomonee uprising resulted in the death of several Frenchmen and the destruction of a storehouse at La Baye. To pay for the crime, seven tribesmen were sent to Montreal, where three of them were publicly shot.

1759-Wisconsin Indians took part in the defense of Quebec, both at the Falls of Montmorency and on the Plains of Abraham.

1760-Wisconsin Indians went to aid in defense of Montreal, but withdrew before its surrender. News of the fall of the city was forwarded to Mackinac. The last commander there, Louis Lienard de Beaujeu-Villemonds, cleared the fort and left with his troops for the Mississippi, passing through Wisconsin to Rock River, he spent the winter. He probably took with him the soldiers from La Baye, leaving the post unoccupied.

1761-Sir William Johnson made treaties at Detroit, with all the northwestern tribes.

1762-Gorrell, the commander at Green Bay, made treaties with the Menominee, Winnebago, Ottawa, Sauk, Fox, and Iowa, and assisted in a treaty between the Chippewa and Menominee.

1763-Gorrell made a treaty with the Sioux. Pontiac's conspiracy led to uniting of most of the western Indians formerly allied with the French. They attacked the English posts on the upper Great Lakes, eight of which were captured. Divided opinions existed among Wisconsin Indians. By skillful talking Gorrell stayed at the Green Bay post until after the massacre of a large part of the garrison at Mackinac. Then he received orders from Mackinac to abandon his fort (June 21). The friendly Menominee took Gorrell and his party to L'Arbre Croche, on the east shore of Lake Michigan. This was where those left from the Mackinac group were staying. These men were finally ransomed and sent down to Montreal, chiefly under the protection of Wisconsin Indians.

1764-Wisconsin Indians attended a general meeting at Niagara. They received certificates of merit for their friendly conduct in Pontiac's conspiracy.

1766-Johnathon Carver, a colonial officer in the French and Indian War, visited Wisconsin. In his published book he describes the settlement at Green Bay, the old Indian town on Doty's Island, the Fox Wisconsin Rivers, the Sauk town near the rapids of the Wisconsin, and the trading center at Prairie du Chien.

1773-75-Peter Pond, a Connecticut fur trader, visited Wisconsin and Minnesota. Pond assisted in escorting Sioux chiefs to Mackinac, where a good peace was made with the Chippewa.

1776-78-Langlade and Gautier called the Indians to the aid of the British Lieutenant Governor Henry Hamilton of Detroit. After Hamilton's capture at Vincennes (Feb.24,

1779) they were against the plans of Colonel George Rogers Clark's agent. He was Godefroy Linctot, Indian trader at Prairie du Chien, who took many Wisconsin Indians away from the British. The Indian village at

Milwaukee supported the Americans. In the autumn Captain Samuel Robertson of the British sloop "Felcty" made a voyage around Lake Michigan trying to persuade traders and Indians to support the British.

1780-A group of Canadians and Indians from Wisconsin came by way of Prairie du Chien, with a supporting band under Langlade on the Illinois River, against the Spaniards at St. Louis and the Americans in Illinois. They were driven away (May 26) after killing and capturing several white and Negroes. The Americans hit back by sending a group of men to the Rock River. One division entered southwestern Wisconsin. The British merchants of Mackinac sent a party to get the furs stored at Prairie du Chien. Those furs, which could not be carried away, were burned to prevent their falling into the hands of the Americans.

1783-The treaty of Paris was ended. British territory east of the Mississippi was given up along the upper Mississippi about the end of the war.

1784-North West and Mackinac fur companies formed at Montreal for trading in the region of the upper Great Lakes.

1788-At the Indian council at Prairie du Chien, the Fox gave permission to Julian Dubuque to work the lead mines on a large scale.

1794-Wisconsin Indians, mainly Chippewa, Winnebago and Pottawatomi took part in the Indian War against American frontier settlements. They were in the battles of Fort Recovery and Fallen Timbers.

1795-Jacques Vieu, agent of the North West Company established posts at Kewaunee, Sheboygan, Manitowoc and Milwaukee. He chose Milwaukee as headquarters and found there a Potawatomi village with Sauk, Fox and Winnebago included.

1797-The Spanish aroused the Sauk and Fox to rob British traders at Prairie du Chien. British goods were saved by friendly Sioux. A Sioux-Chippewa war was waged in northern Wisconsin.

1798-99-Fox and Sauk visited the British post at Amherstburg, and made treaties with British officers.

1800-The Spanish at St. Louis feared an Indian attack started by British traders. A Spanish gunboat patrolled the Mississippi as far as Prairie du Chien.

1802-John Campbell appointed American Indian agent at Prairie du Chien.

1804-General William H. Harrison made a treaty with the Sauk and Fox at St. Louis. This treaty with the Sauk and Fox took away their title to lands in the southern part of Wisconsin, including the lead region.

1805-06-Lieutenant Zebulon M. Pike was sent up the Missouri from St. Louis to tell Indians and traders about the purchase of Louisiana, and of American plans for posts and trading. He spent several days at Prairie du Chien, where he found a few American settlers among the French Canadians. After wintering near the Leech Lake source of the Mississippi, he returned to St. Louis in the spring, holding a meeting with the Winnebago and Sioux at Prairie du Chien.

1811-Wisconsin Indians took part in Battle of Tippecanoe.

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1812-Some Wisconsin Indians helped in the massacre of Fort Dearborn (Aug 15)

1813-Robert Dickson, supporting the British, collected Indians to attack and wintered Garlic Island in Lake Winnebago.

1814-Major William McKay collected soldiers at Mackinac for the capture of Fort Shelby. He started June 28, reached Green Bay in six days, and was joined by 30 of the people who lived there and 100 Indians. Dickson and his forces met them at Portage. July 17, they landed at the mouth of the Wisconsin and asked Lieutenant Perkins to surrender. The large number of British soldiers forced Perkins to do so. McKay had trouble saving the prisoners from being killed by the Indians. The name of the fort was changed from Shelby to McKay. Wisconsin traders and Indians helped in the British defense of Mackinac (Aug. 4) against the attack of the Americans.

1815-American rule was taken over by Nicholas Boilvin as Indian agent and justice of the peace.

1816-A series of treaties with Indians was held at St. Louis. Tribesmen renewed their loyalty to the United States. Fort Crawford at Prairie du Chien was built by General Thomas A Smith; Fort Howard at Green Bay was started by Colonel John Miller. Colonel John Bowyer was sent to Fort Howard as Indian agent. By act of Congress the fur trade was restricted to American citizens. Astor's American Fur Company began operating in Wisconsin. Government fur factories were established at Green Bay and Prairie du Chien, with Matthew Irwin and John W. Johnson in charge.

1821-The first steamer on the upper lakes, "Walk-in-the-water" went across Lake Michigan bringing some New York Indians to arrange for their transfer to Wisconsin.

1822-The New York Indians (Oneida, Stockbridge, Munsee and Brothertown) purchased lands from the Menominee and began to come to Wisconsin.

1825-A treaty was made at Prairie du Chien in August by William Clark and Lewis Cass government commissioners, with the Indians of Illinois, Minnesota and Wisconsin. The treaty established tribal boundaries and made peace among the tribes.

1827-The Winnebago murdered several half breeds and attacked two keelboats on the Mississippi.

1829-In July, the Chippewa, Ottawa, and Potawatomi attended a treaty at Green Bay, and gave up claims to land between Rock and Wisconsin rivers.

1832-Blackhawk, a Sauk chief, was angry at the coming of American settlers. In April, he came from Iowa and went up the Rock River to Prophet's town, intending to raise a crop. The "invasion" aroused general alarm in Illinois and what is now Wisconsin. Settlers fled from the country and gathered in log forts. General Henry Atkinson, with an army of volunteers and regulars, marched from Fort Armstrong against Blackhawk. The Indian chief sent a defiant message and went up Rock River to Lake Koshkonong.

Then he returned to Illinois and, with Potawatomi and Winnebago help, attacked the frontier settlements. Some two hundred whites and as many Indians were killed in the battles. Meanwhile, forts had been thrown up in the lead region.

A company of mounted militia was called out from Wisconsin miners and farmers. General Henry Atkinson with some 4,000 regular soldiers and Illinois militia chased the Indians who retreated past Madison. At the crossing of the Wisconsin River a mile below Prairie du Sac, a skirmish took place (July 21).

The final battle was at the mouth of the Bad Axe (Aug.2) where the Indians tried to cross the Mississippi into Sioux territory.

Blackhawk surrendered to the Winnebago and was brought to Prairie du Chien. He was then sent to Jefferson Barracks at St. Louis. Of the thousand Indians who crossed the Mississippi with him in the spring, not over 150 were left alive. The war made Wisconsin prominent throughout the country and brought settlers. In the autumn, treaties were made with the Menominee, Sauk and Winnebago. The Indians gave up their land south and east of the Fox and Wisconsin Rivers.

1837-A treaty was made by Governor Dodge with the Menominee. The Indians gave the United States about four million acres of land in Michigan and Wisconsin. After refusing the deal with Dodge, the Winnebago chiefs were invited to Washington. Here they signed a treaty giving all their Wisconsin lands away and agreeing to move from the territory.

1848-A partially successful attempt was made to move the Wisconsin Winnebago to Long Prairie, Minnesota. The Menominee gave up a large area east of the Wisconsin and north of the Fox River and went to a reservation in Waushara County.

1878-An Indian scare in Burnett County was caused by religious dances among the Chippewa. Hundreds of settlers left their homes but were persuaded to return by soldiers sent to investigate the disturbance.

1902-October 13 and October 29, the Department of Interior helped to get money from the government for the Oneida, Brothertown and Stockbridge and Munsee Indians were given 80 acres of land apiece and a trust fund of \$75,000 was divided among them. September 26-30, the Chippewa celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their final peace with the United States government.

1907-The Potawatomi Indians of Wood County received some of the trust fund created by the federal treaty of 1848. The Oneida Indians sold large parts of their reservation in Brown and Outagamie Counties to the whites.

Indian Reminders

Q...Once again the time has arrived for another interesting History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State historical Society and local historian. Hi Marty, and welcome to WPRE

A...Thank you, I am glad to be here.

Q...Well Marty, what history do you have for us today?

A...I think it would be worth our while to take a quick glance at the Indians, their influence on our American way of life, and some present day reminders.

Q...Have the Indians made a contribution to our way of life?

A...Yes, very definitely. Picture for a second, in you mind's eye, the Spanish don following Cortes to Mexican shores in 1519, expecting to find naked savages living in primitive state.

Imagine their surprise to discover a flourishing people, whose civilization outglittered their own. Palaces filled with gold, silver, and jade art made their heads swim. Canals they came upon, eclipsed those of Venice. Huge stone work laid with such precision that matched stones met so closely that a sheet of paper could not be wedged between. No mortar was used. The great pyramid of Cho-lula was larger than those along the Nile. Even 20th century man, smug with the awareness of his own technical accomplishments, marvel at the imperial highway of the Incas, knifing 3,000miles down the ice clad Andes, tunneling through living rock, spanning dizzy chasms. And irrigation systems soaring into the clouds.

You will probably be astonished to know that the Indians of the Andes, successfully performed delicate brain operations that amaze present day surgeons.

The wonders of the Incas and Azetecs are startling. More commonplace, today, half the world feed on the potato. Millions owe their subsistence to corn and beans, all food first cultivated by American Indians. The traditional Thanksgiving turkey dinner is all Indian.

Drink hot chocolate, munch peanuts, or chew gum at a ball game, light a cigarette and you are indebted to the Indian. Speed along the highway and you are riding on rubber from the Indian.

Indian taught us the pain relieving effect of cocaine and the advantages of quinine in the tropics.

Q...I never realized the contributions of the red man were so extensive.

A...Indians are not actually "red men". Fondness for painting themselves with red ocher or vegetable paints led the American aborigines to be called red skins by the early explorers, fur traders and colonists. Actually the Indians skin is brown, sometimes shading almost to white.

As you will recall, they are called Indians because Columbus expected to reach India, instead of the New World.

Q...Where did the Indians originally come from?

A...Anthropologists believe that during the Ice Age a bridge of land and ice connected Alaska with Asia, along what we now know as the Aleutian islands. There may have been some, small, water barriers, but these were crossed in skin boats by adventuresome hunters seeking game.

Gradually these people were dispersed upon the American continent. To survive they had to adjust themselves to their new location. Survival in the arctic and tropics was difficult and their numbers remained small. Where the climate of the temperate zone was more favorable, the Indians multiplied for they found good hunting and rich land. Food was readily available.

Q...Have you any idea as to how many Indians there were in the United States when the first white men came?

A...Yes, they estimate the number of 846,000. That would be between a third to a quarter of the present population of the State of Wisconsin now, so, they were spread out very sparsely.

Greatest concentrations were in southeastern U. S. and in California where mild climate and abundant food supply could support large populations.

Q...Tell us something about Indians?

A...The Indian was an excellent orator and dramatist. His poetry is filled with fine imagery, a deep appreciation of nature, and it reflects his beautiful religious philosophy. Indians had no written language. Singing and dancing were highly developed. Works in sculpture, modeling, and painting by aboriginal American artists take their places with the masterpieces of all times.

The Indian was fond of games of chance and skill. Not only man to man, competition in foot racing and wrestling, but sports requiring team play and mass participation were widespread.

La Crosse, a game since taken over by the white man, was a favorite among woodlands tribes east of the Mississippi. Most of the early paintings of La Crosse were made of Indian ball play here on the flat ground on Prairie du Chien.

The Indians had a mystic concept of an impersonal, supernatural force which permeated all of nature, which controlled the destiny of man. This force they called "manitou", which the white man freely translated as the "Great Spirit".

Indian custom defined a clear division of labor between sexes. The red man must hunt and fish for the food and fight the battles. The women tended the household and fields. She also acted as a potter, frequently weaving the textiles and baskets, often dressing skins, and preparing garments.

Q...We, in our busy life, seldom stop to think about the Indian's life. The Indians frequently had feasts too? Didn't they?

A...Yes, they often had feasts and special celebrations for various events. One which was common in the Prairie du Chien area in the early days came in the latter part of March, as they sought out the budding maple trees to gather sap.

The Menominee have a charming legend, which explains the story of maple sugar. When man was new, he did not know how to obtain the sap. One day the old grandmother Mokomis, showed Mana-busha, the great culture

hero and friend of man, how to tap the trees and collect the sap. But, the sap came out in the form of pure, thick syrup.

"This", thought the wise Mana-busha "is bad. The people will not have enough work if sugar is made so easily. It must be more difficult, to keep them occupied, so they will not fall into idleness."

So, Mana-busha climbed to the top of the highest tree. With his hand, he sprinkled water like rain over the trees, diluting the syrup, so that it would flow from the trees in a watery sap.

Thereafter, the Indians had to work hard to make sugar. Wood must be cut, bark vessels made, and the sap collected and boiled for several nights to reduce it to usable form.

Q...What an interesting legend. I can understand that the white man's coming forced the Indians into a new way of life.

A...That is right. The whites superimposed their way. The red man lost his hunting ground, peace was established, so the red man duties were almost eliminated.

Most disastrous was the introduction of the white men's disease measles, chicken pox, and tuberculosis, to which the Indians had developed no resistance, swept whole tribes and decimated others.

The white man's alcohol did much to break known Indian pride and spirit. Q...Now that the Indians are gone, very little is left to remind us of them? A...More than you would think. Wisconsin is rich in Indian place names.

The Indians of Wisconsin had names for the physical features, the sparkling lakes, the solitary islands, the undulating hills, the low slung valleys, the swift flowing rivers and their spring sources. All things to which they were tied with natural bonds had names, such as tributary creeks, rapids, falls, and portages, to mention only a few. Beautiful melodious names.

Q...What about the word Wisconsin, isn't that an Indian name?

A...Yes, that name Wisconsin is an Indian name. It is however spelled differently from the original Indian name. As to its meaning, students find a broad group of meanings. Some claim it means red cliffs. Other say:

- a muskrat house
- wild rushing channel
- small lodge of beaver or muskrat
- holes in the bank of a stream in which bird's nest
- river of a thousand islands (Carver)
- Marquette and Doty interpreted the word to mean: the river of flowery banks.

But, we have to thank our own pioneer Brisbois for the meaning which is most generally accepted today. That is the gathering of the waters.

Q...That about Mississippi?

A...Mississippi is an Indian name. In its most simple translation it means Great or Big River. Brisbois, in 1882, explained the Kickapoo derivation as me-cha meaning large and sepe, meaning river.

In the various Indian languages and dialects, it had varying meaning of
great water

gathering in of all the waters
 an almost endless river, spread out great long river
 and Father of Waters.

Q...I am happy to know this. How about Wyalusing?

A... WINONA...according to Lockwood of Prairie du Chien, means "eldest daughter", The Indian legend about this Indian Maiden and her tragic death is colorful and certainly dramatic.

WAUZEKA...was the Indian word for Pine or White Pine.

SENECA...is a place of stone, name also of a prominent tribe of Iroquois Indians. ONALASKA...means bright water

MUSCODA...in Potawatomi means Prairie,

OBJOWE... mean buffalo

MINNESOTA... The land of sky tinted waters.

MILWAUKEE... according to Grignon of early Prairie du Chien means good earth or good land. One interpretation was "fire water". This may be a joke for someone who wishes to boast and boost the beer business.

MICHIGAN... mean Great Inland Lake or Place for Catching fish.

KICKAPOO...in named for the Kickapoo Indian Tribe formerly living in Wisconsin, it means "he stand out (now here, now there).

IOWA...named for the Indian tribe, Indian interpretation of the meaning is "Sleepy or drowsy ones."

Q...Marty, I feel richly rewarded. I see that our time has run out so we must bring this fine History Chat to a close. Please come back next week.

Tune in next week, same time same station for more Prairie du Chien history.

Note: Seneca, Wisconsin, got its name from Mr. Langdon, who at the suggestion of Nicholas Morgan, that being the name of his native town in the state of New York. Langdon's tavern was named Seneca and the town took its name from this.

MJDyrd/me Aug. 18, 1956

Cultural Sequence in the Upper Mississippi River Valley

Q...Once again the time has arrived for another interesting History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State historical Society and local historian. Hello Marty, and welcome to WPRE.

A...Thank you, I am glad to be here.

Q...I understand that your friend Will Logan, superintendent of Effigy Mounds National Monument, across the river, is being transferred to Georgia.

A...Yes I am real sorry to see him leave. Will Logan has done such a fine piece of work in preparing the mounds for presentation to the public. Logan has also contributed much to our understanding of this phase of Indian life. Good research man.

Q...I find it very difficult to understand our Indian life. There are so many Indian tribes, so many different mounds, just how do these fit together? Why are these people called Indians? Why are they called Red men and many other questions?

A...As a convenient starting place, let us start with Columbus. He set out to reach India on the Asiatic continent. He thought he had reached it when he found America. For this reason, he called the natives Indians. Other early explorers called these first Americans, RED SKINS, because there seemed to be a little red in their brown skins. Both of these names lasted and both are still widely used. But, Indians are not really red, and they have nothing to do with India.

The Indians could not tell Columbus their story, for they did not know it themselves. The Indians did not have a written language, so their history is hard to find and piece together. People today, have begun to dig out parts of their story, from the earth itself.

Ancient bones of men and animals, stone tools, and the charcoal of their campfire, give us hints of how they lived. By examination of the radio activity of carbon the age can be determined rather accurately. Another interesting dating system used in the southwest part of our country is the examination of petrified trees found with Indian material. The tree rings can be identified with years, so accurate dating is possible. Modern scientists are working like detectives to discover their true history.

Q...Will Logan is one of these History Detectives.

A...Yes, and a fine one too. In the amateur ranks, I don't think that we should overlook Gordon Peckham, who has a deep interest in Archeology and is displaying considerable skill and ingenuity in spotting and locating portions of early Indian life. He located Bird Mound, on Hwy 27, larger and finer than I have ever seen.

Q...I hear that Gordon has had a back operation.

A...Yes, that is right. But, I am happy to learn that he is making a nice recovery.

Q...Marty, in order to get into a breakdown of Indian periods, would it be a good idea to start with the Indian tribes that the white men found when they first came to Wisconsin?

A...Yes, I think that you have asked a fine question and that is one of the best ways to begin to break into the various Indian tribes and their cultures.

Jean Nicolet, the first white man to visit Wisconsin, found Pottawatomie Indians in the Green Bay area. These Indians did not stay permanently, but were probably pushed out by the Sioux.

Fr. Marquette and Joliet found Fox Indians along the Fox River. The Fox and Sauk Indians were successful in locating in Wisconsin, even though the Sioux gave them considerable difficulty. Later into Illinois and Iowa. Early French missionaries found Huron Indians camped along the Wisconsin shores of Lake Superior. It was not long before the Sioux pushed them back to Sioux Ste. Marie.

The Chippewa Indians (or Objibewa) were the most persistent in fighting the Sioux nation, and as a consequence the Chippewa Indians made successful settlements in Wisconsin, and formed an important part of Wisconsin history.

As the Chippewa Indians were fighting the Sioux, along came the Fox and Sauk Indians into the Green Bay area, and gradually moved inland.

Later the Menominee Indians came also into the Green Bay area, and moved inland. They were not a hard fighting band, but took and kept their new home without causing much trouble for their neighbors. The Winnebagoes, followed the Sauk and Foxes along the Wisconsin River, and were eventually found in large number in the Prairie du Chien area.

Q...I surmise from what you say that the Sioux Indian originally occupied all of Wisconsin?

A.. Yes, The Dakotas, part of the Sioux nation at one time controlled all of Wisconsin. The Sioux were pushed west, and after they had acquired horses from the Spanish, they became the famous buffalo hunters of our western plains.

The pressure on the Sioux came, after the whites had settled along the eastern coast of the United States, and the St. Lawrence waterway. Eastern Indians put so much pressure on the Sioux in Wisconsin, that they finally gave them ground and moved farther west.

Q...Were the Sioux Indians the mound builders?

A...Apparently not. There seemed to be no tradition among the Indians that the whites talked to about the men who had built the mounds. True they buried some of their dead in these old mounds, but the Indians who built them were older.

Q...Well, just what Indian did build these mounds?

A...The Effigy Mounds just across the river from us, here in Prairie du Chien, Will Logan tells me were built by the Late Woodland Indians. Effigy Mounds appear to date from roughly 200 to 900 AD. Incidentally Will Logan has just completed his Doctor's thesis on the Cultural Sequence of the Upper Mississippi River Valley. I asked him about the several periods and now have a rather complete picture of the several cultures.

Q...The Effigy Mounds are a long time back. They were built between 200 to 900 AD.

A...Yes, it is easy to understand, why the Indians, the whites talked to around 1600 to 1700 did not have any tradition of what their predecessors had done about 1,000 years previously.

Q... What does Logan have to say about the Indians that preceded the Mound builders?

A...These Indians were the Hopewell Indians. Their culture lasted from roughly 200 BC to 200 AD. The construction of their burial mounds are singular for you can see in one of Cal Peter's dioramas at the Villa Museum, their technique.

Q...Were there earlier Indian periods?

A...Yes, according to Logan, the earlier Indians were the Early Woodland Indians. They had a long period of life and culture, extending from about 1,000 BC to 200 BC.

Q...Is there a period before this.

A...Yes, Logan calls it the Archaic Period of Indians. Not too much is known now about this time, but I am sure as the years go by, we will gradually know much more.

Q...What is the earliest period?

A...Logan refers to it as the period of Early Man. It dates back ahead of 5,000 BC which is a long time ago.

Q...I don't believe that I can remember all of these periods in the Indian life, but I can see that there is an orderly classification of these cultural periods.

A...Yes, I learned a great deal from Will Logan about Indian life. I think that it is interesting to learn that the only Indians left in Crawford Count are of the Winnebago tribe.

None of the Sioux, Fox, Sauks, Iowa, Pottawatomies, Illinois, Kaskaskia or other tribes who once occupied this section can now be found here.

Q...Certainly in the pioneer days, Prairie du Chien, was a favorite gathering place for the Indians in their fur trade and also in their treaty negotiations.

A...In 1825, Prairie du Chien was the gathering place for a famous treaty with the Indian tribes. Florence Bittner tells me that this was the largest treaty meeting, ever held in the United States with the Indians. That would make it peculiarly outstanding.

Q...Just where in Prairie du Chien was that treaty held?

A...Just across from this radio station, where the National Decorated Metal plant is now located.

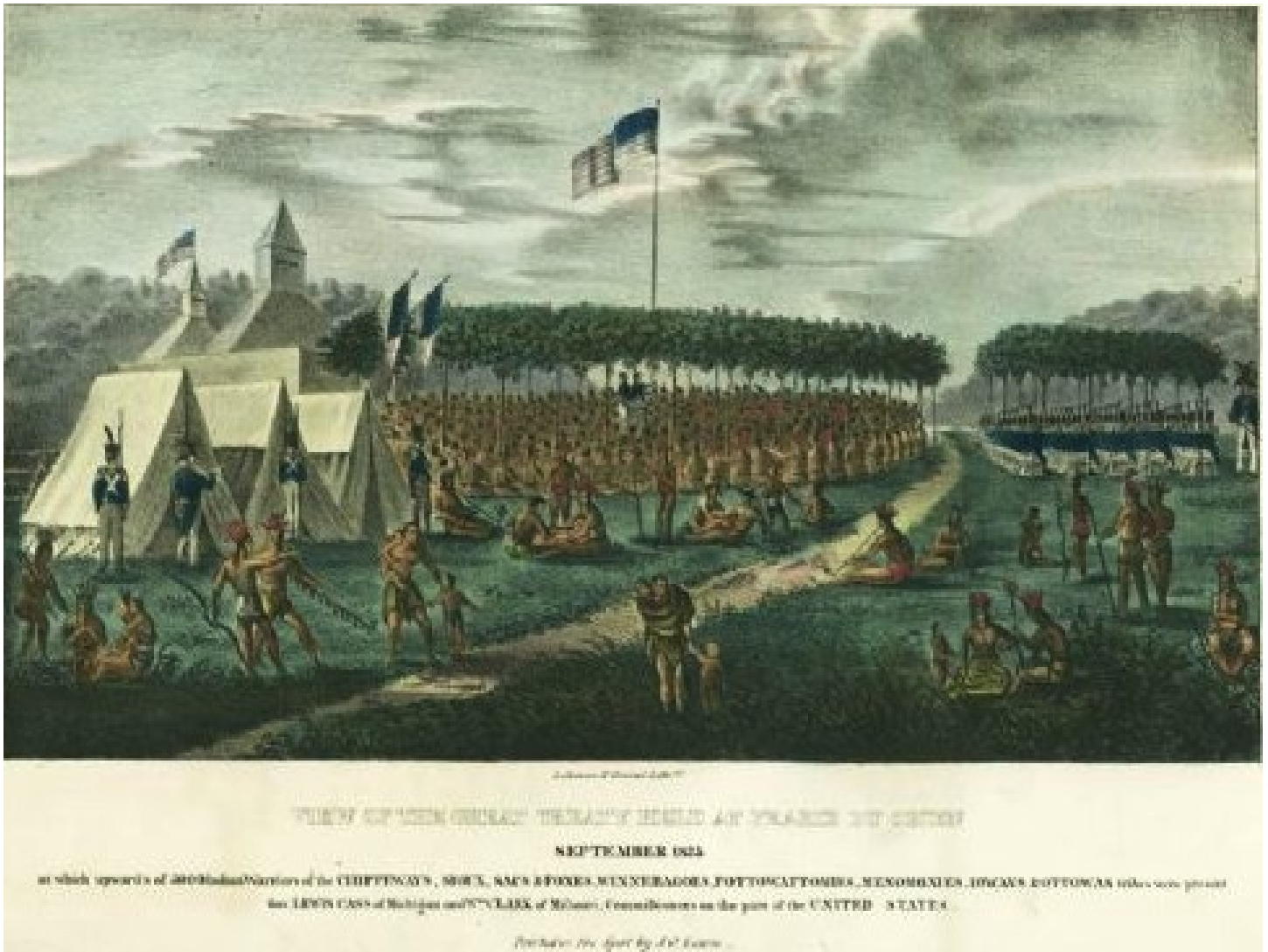
Q...I bet there are many Indian relics buried in this area?

A...Yes, we should probably run down an archeologist and start digging.

Q...Marty, I see that our time is running out, so we must bring this program to a close. Thanks so much for giving us such a good run down on the several periods of Indian life that existed in this area.

Please come back and tell us more next week about local history. Tune in next week, same time, same station for more Prairie du Chien History with Mr. Marty Dyrud.

MJDyrud/me Sept.22, 1956



VIEW OF GREAT TREATY HELD AT PRAIRIE DU CHIEN
J.O.LEWIS

Nicholas Boilvin (Part I)

Q...Once again the time has arrived for another interesting History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and local historian. Hi Marty, and welcome to WPRE.

A...Thank you, I am glad to be here.

Q...Marty, I notice that some of our streets are named for famous people, who once lived here in Prairie du Chien. I am thinking of Dousman and Beaumont that I have seen.

A...Yes, we have honored several. I think of Taylor and Boilvin.

Q...Just who was Boilvin?

A...Boilvin was an early Indian agent here in Prairie du Chien, an influential man.



Nicholas Boilvin

Q...Can you tell us more about this person?

A...Yes, I will be glad to. Dr. Scanlan considered Boilvin important enough to warrant a close study. Nicholas Boilvin was one of the earliest residents of Prairie du Chien. He spent twenty years of his life on the Upper Mississippi, as an officer of the United States Government. While at Prairie du Chien, Nicholas Boilvin was the Indian Agent.

Boilvin was born in Canada, in 1761. At the age of thirteen, we find him in part of the Illinois country, later to become a part of Missouri. In the summer of 1783, we find Boilvin in Detroit, managing a farm for Patrick Sinclair, then high ranking British officer in the Indian country. Then Boilvin decided to go farther west and landed in St. Louis.

Boilvin's high standing with the Spanish at St. Louis, is evidenced by his appointment in 1797, to carry valuable letters for Lieutenant Colonel Don Carlos Howard, military commander of the Upper Louisiana area to the Spanish plenipotentiary at Boston.

On his return, Boilvin applied to the Spanish government for 800 arpents of land as compensation. He gave evidence that he was familiar with the Upper Mississippi as early as 1774. This claim was never granted.

On April 6, 1806, he was named subagent for the Sac and Fox Indians, with headquarters on the Des Moines River.

Q...Would you be good enough to tell us something more about the appointment of Indian agents and their duties etc.

A...Sure. The President was, of course, the man who had power of appointment, but the War Department also exercised that function. Meanwhile the governors of territories, appointed by the President, were by virtue of their office authorized to act as Indian agents, and often they too appointed men to act for them among the Indians.

This division of authority was bad enough at best, but in Boilvin's case, it was aggravated by the fact that his station at Prairie du Chien, was under Illinois jurisdiction and his Sac village post, first under Louisiana, and later under Missouri. Inevitably, there arose many unpleasant situations.

In theory, the position of Indian agent was altruistic. The law appointed men to sponsor the Indian's rights, much as it appointed guardians for minor children. The Indians were wards of the government; and as the original owners of the country, they had rights. The manner of dealing with them, was to be guided by humane methods. But, sometime agents of the government and often ordinary citizens defeated the best intentions of the government.

Q...This conflict of interests constituted the problems that the Indian agents had to settle?

A...Yes, the Indian agents were sent to iron out difficulties arising between the whites and Indians, or between different tribes. In their councils, the Indians met their fellow tribesmen, and also the white men. Out of these councils, agreements or treaties were evolved. Too often the Indian lost their hold on their lands at these councils. Whether the whites acquired land by conquest or purchase, the Indians received very little benefit. It was all too apparent, that the white settlers would eventually acquire the Indian lands despite the red man's wishes. Blackhawk's efforts to retain his tribal lands is a good example of how the whites thwarted the Indian's wishes.

Q...That would not be an easy job?

A...No, a good agent would have to be a diplomat.

The government also tried to Christianize the Indians and to induce them to adopt the white man's mode of life. But, these efforts were doomed to failure.

The policy of removing tribes from their usual camping and hunting grounds to some distant place did bring temporary peace, because it removed the Indians farther and farther away from the advancing white settlers. Naturally, the Indian nations hated and resisted moving.

The establishment of mission schools was costly and often proved an entire loss to the government and Indians as well. The Indians preferred their pagan beliefs to the religion of the white man. Quarrels among the different religious groups was confusing to the red man.

Q...Did the Indian agents try to see that the Indians got a better deal in their trading?

A...Yes, the government tried to secure the friendship and good will of the Indians through fair dealing in trade. The establishment of a system of government trading houses, or factories, was the altruistic plan. But, the private traders saw to it that this policy brought disappointing results.

The traders, who furnished the Indians ALL their fancy called for even whiskey, seemed their best friends. The Indians had no means of evaluating the traders' motives. Men whose sole purpose was to acquire riches from the Indians, by fair or foul means, too often anticipated the desires of the Indians more rapidly and more effectively than the government.

When the Indians resented their environment and found themselves to be the pawns of private and government traders alike, a garrison of troops was placed in their midst, whether or not they favored such action.

Q...Thanks Marty, for a run down on the Indian agent's duties. Now, how about more information on Boilvin.

A...Boilvin followed an illustrious tradition in his office. The appointment of Indian agents in the Northwest had begun in 1779, with George Rogers Clark's wise selection of Major Maurice Linctot as Indian agent for the conquered lands of the Northwest territory, especially for the Illinois settlements. His jurisdiction extended as far as Prairie du Chien. For a good many years after Major Linctot's death in 1783, the Indians of the Prairie du Chien region received little notice from the government.

The next American agent, this time appointed specifically for Prairie du Chien, was John Campbell. He was selected December 9th, 1807, by the Secretary of War. Following Campbell's death, suddenly in 1808, there was a brief period during which Julien Dubuque, (the founder of Dubuque, Iowa) acted as agent, with no apparent authority, other than agreement with Campbell to act as deputy, in the latter's absence from his post.



Q...When did Boilvin come to Prairie du Chien?

A...In November, 1808, Boilvin was transferred from his Des Moines, subagency to the position of agent at Prairie du Chien. It was not until two years later, however, on March 14, 1811, that his appointment was confirmed.

Boilvin's jurisdiction extended over no specific geographic area. Rather he was responsible for the good behavior of the numerous tribes that met annually at Prairie du Chien, In 1811, he estimated them at about 8700 men of whom the Sioux were predominant.

His census of 1818, showed the tribes to number 7 bands of Sioux, 7 Fox tribes, 8 groups of Sacs, 6 Winnebago and 3 Menomonee at Green Bay.

During his term as Indian agent at Priaire du Chien, Nicholas Boilvin dominated the picture. Seldom was a man so well prepared or so diplomatic. His long service speaks well for his talents. Boilvin was nice looking man energetic, with a commanding personality. Five presidents, seven Secretaries of War, four governors, all were his superiors and all exercised authority over him and gave advice. No serious Indian troubles arose except those occasioned by the War of 1812. Even in this circumstance, the adoption of Boilvin's unheeded suggestions might have kept the Indians neutral and prevented much cruelty toward the settlers.

Q...Would you call him a good agent?

A...Definitely. Boilvin felt the whole burden of caring for the Indians lay on his shoulders. Their interests were his. Boilvin maintained the respect of the Indian tribes and also the confidence of his superior officers in the U.S. Government. However his superiors frequently embarrassed him through neglect and by the issuance of conflicting instructions.

Boilvin's relations with government bosses were strained often, because most of his accounts and reports were written in French and needed to be translated in Washington. Then too, Boilvin's reports were not usually in prescribed form. Clerks in the War Department left urgent messages untranslated for weeks, and even months, while he and his aides awaited action.

Q...Who did Boilvin report to?

A...When Boilvin received his appointment and instructions, he received them directly from the War Department in Washington, to whom he was ordered to make official reports.

In addition, he was expected to report to his local superiors, among whom were General William Clark of Missouri; Governor Ninian Edwards of Illinois; and the commanding officers and factor at Fort Crawford, who sometimes gave unsolicited help. Then too he was to report to the Superintendent of Indian Affairs for the U. S. namely Colonel Thomas L. McKenney.



Thomas Loraine McKenney

Q...Did Boilvin have any help?

A...Yes, sub agents and interpreters, Boilvin chose from practical men, experienced in dealing with the Indian tribes. These men were Blondeau, Varoney and Roc. Late in his life, and under pressure only, did he accept "political appointees" such as John Marsh and John P. Gates.

From the time of his arrival to assume office, until his death, Boilvin considered Prairie du Chien his permanent home. In 1809, he was made a justice of the peace for St. Clair County Illinois, for Prairie du Chien, was then a part of this county. Boilvin continued to serve, when Crawford County was a part of the Michigan territory. This appointment enabled him to perform marriages, certify legal documents and take depositions.

Q...Where did Boilvin live?

A...Boilvin bought from the estate of John Campbell, his predecessor, a piece of property which is described as follows:

"bounded on the south by the property of the Company of Mackinac on the north side by the property of Mr. Dixon, and extends west and east from the river Mississippi to the Bayou St. Friol.

The improvements on it are: One house sixty feet front, about twenty five feet deep, covered with bark, one house new, thirty feet by twenty five, not quite finished.

One kitchen and milk-house, and two old building for stables, and a spacious garden about four acres fenced with about 3,000 cedar posts;

On the back part of the property is a small eminence which has always been considered as the most suitable place for a fort."

Although the description is not very accurate, since no survey had been made nor any lines adjusted, it is recognizable as what was later designated as main Village Lot No. 13, the site of the agency house. His claim to

this lot and to another No. 3 were presented to the land commissioner in 1820 and confirmed by the government.

Q...I can see that Boilvin's property is close to this station. Marty, I hate to interrupt this interesting account, but out time is running out, so we must await another day for more of your story on Boilvin.

Thanks and come back next week. For more of Prairie du Chien's heritage of history, tune in next week, same time same station.

MJDyrud/me Oct. 26,1956

Nicholas Boilvin (Part II)

Q...Once again the time has arrived for another interesting History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and local historian. Each year the historic interest in our community is growing, and because Marty Dyrud has constantly stressed our rich history heritage, it gives me pleasure to welcome him back. Hello Marty.

A...Thank you I am pleased with the progress we have made in sharing our history with our many visitors. There is much more to be done and I hope we all lend our best efforts in reaching our goal.

Q...Last week, you told something about Nicholas Boilvin. Would you summarize and continue relating the life of this early Prairie du Chien citizen?

A...I will be glad to. Nicholas Boilvin was of French extraction, born in Canada and came into our young America. He was a gentleman of high native intelligence, a diplomat in handling difficulties, and a man of distinction that merited respect. He followed John Campbell, the first Indian Agent in Prairie du Chien, who died shortly after he came.

Boilvin came in 1808, buying land, later occupied by Fort Crawford. The American Government considered the Indians wards of the government, and Boilvin's job was to look after their welfare.

He was responsible for about 8,700 Indian men and their dependents, who gathered annually at Prairie du Chien. There were 7 tribes of Sioux, 7 bands of Fox, 8 groups of Sac, 6 Winnebago clans and the 3 Menomonee tribes in the Green Bay area.

Q...That is fine Marty. If I recall correctly, this was during the period when there was considerable rivalry in Prairie du Chien between the Americans and the British, with both wanting to own and control this key location for the rich fur trade.

A...Yes, that is right. Boilvin spent the early months of 1811 in Washington. He was advocating measures to curb the growing influence of the British traders at Prairie du Chien. Also, Boilvin was stressing means of winning the friendship of the Indians tribes, and convert their allegiance over to the American side.

Among other things, he proposed the establishment of an American Fort at Prairie du Chien, to be manned with two companies of soldiers. The garrison should not be allowed to trade with the Indians; rather, the soldiers should appease the Indians who might come to hold councils at Prairie du Chien, and make them friendly to the United States.

Presents should be distributed to the Indians, spirits, tobacco, salt, ammunition and paints, and such other articles as could be shared by each. Jealousy occurred over possession of such larger articles as blankets.

Boilvin showed a complete familiarity with the Upper Mississippi region. He had lived for thirty years among the different tribes, extending from St. Louis up to St. Peter's River, in Minnesota. Frequently during that time he had visited the six main tribes, who gathered yearly at Prairie du Chien, which Boilvin wrote of in French Dog's Prairie.

Q...When did Boilvin return from Washington?

A...Returning from Washington in the summer of 1811, Boilvin arrived at Dubuque's Mines on July 10th, accompanied by sixty men, who had been hired to work the Dubuque Lead Mines. Here was trouble in the making.

Although these men had a contract with Pierre Chouteau, administrator for Julien Dubuque's estate, the Fox Indians were opposed to their landing, much less taking possession.

The Indians claimed that Dubuque's right to the mines held only during his lifetime. Both parties were threatening to fight, but Boilvin appeased the Indians by saying that the mines were to be worked in order to pay Dubuque's debts. The chiefs agreed then to visit General Clark at St. Louis to present their grievances.

Q...I can see that this was tense situation. What happened next?

A...Boilvin proceeded to Prairie du Chien, where he arrived on July 15th. Here Joseph Roc, his interpreter, told him that the Sioux had come to Prairie du Chien, and waited a long time for Boilvin to hold a council, but finally left, on Roc's promise to send them immediate word of Boilvin's arrival.

Another worry was the fact that the Prairie du Chien Indians had gone to visit their English father at Detroit. American supplies and medals for the Indians were not on hand, although the Indians had been promised an American medal to replace the English ones surrendered to Captain Pike many years earlier.

Every day during the summer and fall Boilvin was in constant council with the Indians for the times were disturbing. War between the United States and Great Britain was expected. And, the British traders under the leadership of Robert Dickson, a Prairie du Chien resident, were illegally bringing into American territory, large quantities of goods to supply the Indians with presents, far in excess of what Boilvin was able to distribute. Boilvin stopped several parties of Menomonee, Foxes and Sac from going to visit the English at Detroit. He reported that he had induced them to drink the health of their American Father, and he had given them tobacco and ammunition.

The winter of 1811-12 was severe. One hundred lodges of Sioux died of starvation. Boilvin himself would have starved, had he given up all he had. The British traders did not arrive in time, and he had no supply to give the Indians. When the British traders did come, they induced many of the Indians to go to Mackinac.

Governor Howard of Missouri persuaded Boilvin to take certain chiefs to Washington to visit the President in the summer of 1812. With him were five Sioux chiefs, three Iowa and two Winnebago. He learned on the way, that war had been declared on June 18th.

Returning in September, he stayed in St. Louis for two years due to General Clark's concern, and the Indian Hostilities in our area. Boilvin's subagent Maurice Blondeau accompanied the returning Indian chiefs northward in the face of grave dangers from the settlers, the whole country was up in arms.

Q...What was happening then, here in Prairie du Chien?

A...Plenty, while Boilvin was doing his best to retain the friendship of the tribesmen of this area, his next door neighbor Robert Dickson, was using all his influence to enlist the Indians against the Americans with British backing.

Dickson, who was living on the lot adjoining Boilvin in Prairie du Chien, had opposite views. Dickson was a Scotch trader with strong feelings for the British. As a matter of fact, some years previously, Dickson had

organized the British traders into a company with headquarters at Prairie du Chien. Dickson's sentiments were not unusual. He represented the ideas, typical of most traders at Prairie du Chien in his time.

When Boilvin left Prairie du Chien on June 1st in 1812, to go to Washington with the Indian chiefs, he realized the serious situation facing the Americans. Dickson's company had twice run the American embargo in the last three years. By way of the Fox-Wisconsin and the Ohio-Mississippi route, Dickson had brought goods valued at \$50,000 and \$10,000 respectively, for distribution to the Indians at a total loss to himself.

Dickson knew the purpose of Boilvin's visit to Washington was to secure the friendship of the Indians, and Dickson proposed to defeat Boilvin's aim. Hastily, he gathered together 130 warriors, Sioux, Menomonee, and Winnebago and set out for Mackinac.

1813 opened with a strenuous effort by the American Indian agents to prevent the Indians from going to the aid of the British. General Clark advised Boilvin to remove friendly Indians to the Missouri River, in order to keep them away from British influence, and out of the pathway of unfriendly Indians. At first this measure seemed successful, but soon war broke out between the Fox group and the Osage. Then, the Sac and Foxes insisted on returning to their old haunts.

Q...I can see the Indian agents had their hands full.

A...Yes, In February Indian runners from Chicago, with wampum and the promise of a pipe were sent to each nation on the Mississippi River, carrying to all the invitation of the British to visit Chicago, and then get arms and ammunition and presents. At this juncture, Boilvin sent Blondeau to Prairie du Chien, and other runners including August Ange, elsewhere to find out what was going on.

In February, Blondeau relayed the news from Prairie du Chien, as reported to him by a number of Sac, Foxes, and Miami. The British they said, were on their way to the post with artillery. John Lawe was gathering Indians for the British cause. These Indians were pillaging Prairie du Chien. And too, because the Winnebago had killed two Fox Indians, these two tribes were at war.

Q...Prairie du Chien was sitting on a powder keg, then?

A...Yes, trouble was brewing. Conditions at Prairie du Chien were so uncertain that the principal inhabitants of the village, Rolette, Faribault, Fisher, among others, sent a petition to the commanding officer at Mackinac, asking the protection of the British government.

Dickson, superintendent of Indian Affairs of the British, was in Chicago until April 1813, but there remained at Prairie du Chien, a company of militia under Captain Dease, which Dickson had organized the year before. During the summer, messages were sent back and forth between Prairie du Chien and St. Louis. One of these letters, written by Jean Marie Cardinal Jr., upon the inducement of Le Jeune Homme, a Fox Chief, was carried by Red Wing, of the Sioux nation.

Another Indian, who was useful to the Americans was a son of the Yankton Chief, Le Grand Sierure. Messengers sent by Boilvin that fall were captured by the Sac Indians, and the letters and papers they carried turned over to the commanding officer at Mackinac. To complicate matters, in January 1814, Boilvin learned that the Friendly Indians whom he had removed to the Osage tribes a year earlier, were threatening to make war on the latter, or to return to the Mississippi in the spring.

Q...What action did the Americans take?

A...One hopeful event was the organization by General Clark of an expedition to Prairie du Chien for the purpose of establishing a fort. General Clark led the troops in person, and Boilvin accompanied him, taking his family with him.

When Boilvin's hired man Sandy discovered the red coats approaching Fort Shelby, here in Prairie du Chien on Sunday morning July 17, 1814, Boilvin went aboard the gunboat, "General Clark" to offer his services in manning the guns. In a letter from St. Louis in September, Boilvin told with some bitterness and chagrin the story of the capture of the American Fort Shelby, by the British. He wrote that he had not reported to the Secretary of War at once, as that might have offended General Clark.

The boast of a "great fort" erected in twenty days and garrisoned with sixty men so far from a wood supply seemed ridiculous to Boilvin. The idea of a gunboat commanded by a tanner and supplied with only two day's provisions, for St. Louis was 600 miles away, showed poor leadership. At the close he wrote "My heart is wrung with grief".

Two years earlier Boilvin had requested the Secretary of War to give him 200 men and instructions to take Prairie du Chien; now all was lost.

Q...Marty this is a fascinating account of Boilvin with such a rich background of early Prairie du Chien that I hate to interrupt, but our time has run out and we must await another day for more of your thrilling account. For more on Boilvin and early Prairie du Chien history, tune in next Sunday, same time, same station.

MJDyrud/me Oct. 28, 1956

Nicholas Boilvin (Part III)

Q...Once again the time have arrived for another interesting History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and local historian. We have such a rich heritage of history, which we are too apt to take for granted. So, I think that we are fortunate to have a well qualified person, like Marty Dyrud tell us more about pioneer Prairie du Chien. Hi Marty and welcome to WPRE.

A...Thank you I am pleased to review each week some of the rich history that we can claim. Fortunately we are blessed with a colorful background.

Q...The last two weeks you have given us an insight into the life of a colorful frontier figure, here in Prairie du Chien. I refer to Nicholas Boilvin. Before we get farther into this interesting story, Marty, would you be good enough to summarize your last two talks?

A...I sure will. Nicholas Boilvin was of French extraction, and born in Canada. He, like most of the early Prairie du Chien residents, came into our young America seeking a future. Boilvin was a gentleman of high native intelligence, born with a diplomatic approach in handling difficulties. He could be called a man of distinction, who merited respect.

John Campbell, the first Indian agent in Prairie du Chien, died about a year after he arrived, and Boilvin was selected to take his place. It was 1808, when Boilvin came, he bought Campbell's property, on which the First Crawford was later constructed.

At that time, and I believe it is true today, our government considered the Indians wards of the government. The same approach that you would take in dealing with children. It was Boilvin's duty to look after the interest of his wards, the Indians.

He was responsible for about 8,700 Indian men and their dependents, who gather annually at Prairie du Chien. There were 7 tribes of Sioux, 7 bands of Fox, 8 groups of Sac, 6 Winnebago clans and 3 Menomonee tribes.

Boilvin proposed the establishment of an American Fort at Prairie du Chien. He was a busy man, for there were a constant stream of difficulties to settle between the Indians and the whites. Two other Prairie du Chien residents assisted Boilvin. They were Joseph Roc, his interpreter, and Blondeau, Boilvin's assistant.

Remember, Prairie du Chien was claimed by the British and Americans. The fur trade here, was handled by the British and the French Canadian residents were in sympathy with the British. Boilvin was working under a great handicap trying to bring the Prairie du Chien residents and the Indians under the American influence. Living next door to Boilvin was Robert Dickson, in charge of Indian Affairs for the British. Even here on the frontier the atmosphere was charged, and any minute war was expected between the British and Americans.

As Boilvin was taking a group of Indian chiefs to Washington, war broke out, and Robert Dickson was busy countering Boilvin's plans to enlist Indian aid.

Boilvin was pleased when General Clark organized his expedition to Prairie du Chien and built Fort Shelby. Boilvin was with him. However Boilvin was disappointed at the small garrison and the scant supplies. Boilvin's handy man Sandy discovered the Red Coats approaching Fort Shelby, here in Prairie du Chien on Sunday morning July 17, 1814. The British and Indians storming the fort were in too large a force, so Lieutenants Perkins surrendered the fort, after the gunboat retired down river. No one was more dejected that Boilvin. It was another case of too little too late.

Q...Thank you Marty, and now will you give more information on Boilvin?

A...Boilvin's home in Prairie du Chien was looted by the British, and the Indians stole his live stock.

Notice of the Treaty of Ghent bringing peace between the United States and England was sent up the Mississippi from St. Louis by General Clark in May 1815. On the 24th of May, Captain Bulger, British commander at Prairie du Chien evacuated Fort McKay. Recently I discovered a painting of this scene, made by a British drummer boy living at that time here in Prairie du Chien. His name was Peter Rindisbacher. This painting is now located in McGill University in Montreal Canada. Captain Bulger made a sketch of the fort, which is still preserved in Canada. Fortunately we have these two authentic paintings for research work. Captain Bulger as he left burned the fort, and journeyed to Mackinac. He ordered Captain Thomas G. Anderson be sent to Prairie du Chien with two *bateaux* of presents for the Indians. Anderson told the Indians that the war was over and recommended that the Indians remain at peace. However other British traders continued to incite the Indians against the Americans.



XXV. Captain W. Andrew Bulger saying farewell to the chiefs and principal Indian warriors at Fort MacKay, Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, on 22 May 1815 [Untitled].
Pen and watercolor, 14¼ x 23¾ inches, ca. 1823.
Collection of Amon Carter Museum, Fort Worth.

On August 1, 1814, Boilvin left St. Louis for the upper Mississippi. At Rock Island he held council with the Sac and Fox at which Blackhawk was present. Then these chiefs advised him to go to Prairie du Chien, where the Foxes, Sioux, Menomonee and Winnebago awaited him. Boilvin proceeded to Prairie du Chien in spite of General Clark's fear that Boilvin might be killed. Arriving on September 1st, he was met by 6,000 Indians in council, and accepted 5 pipes as tokens of peace from his Indian friends.

Boilvin was unhappy for our government was so slow in sending presents for the Indians.

Fort Crawford was rebuilt in 1816, and American military forces came on the scene. Boilvin complained that the troops should not destroy rejected supplies, which Boilvin could use to clothe and feed the friendly Indians.

The faith the Indians had in Boilvin enabled him to bring peace but these were constant difficulties as the long journals of his councils sent to the War Department show.

Q...What Indians stood out at this time?

A...Red Wing and Wabasha. Wabasha who had his village at Winona was a frequent visitor at Prairie du Chien and had quelled several rambunctious Winnebago tribes that were bent on pillaging Prairie du Chien residents. Wabasha's speech of August 20, 1816, to Boilvin and Captain Willoby Morgan at Fort Crawford is memorable. The "King of the Sioux Nation" as Wabasha was called is masterpiece of diplomacy, for he was being taunted by the Americans for his British sympathies. Boilvin's gives us Wabasha's reply:

You wish to know what I did at Mackinac. I am going to say this to you; "I have made my *adieux* to a father who has always treated me well. And, to say to him, that he will never see me at his house again. I have taken another path, and I shall not leave it."



WAA-BA-SHAW

They wished to give me fine clothes, a beautiful medal, and I sent everything back to them, saying, "I take this medal from my neck to put on another from another father. I do not know whether he will treat me as well as you. Keep your flag, because it is fitting that another should flutter in my village."

"Thus, I have made my *adieux*. They clothed all my warriors, and chiefs, women, and children. But, as for me, I have come with this old garment. However, when an Englishman shall come to the post of my lodge, I shall open it up to him as you did. I am polite and hospitable at home."

"He did not speak to me at all of war. This is the result of my voyage to Mackinac."

Travel was not easy in those days. Sometimes we find him even walking from St. Louis to Prairie du Chien, once for instance in three feet of snow.

Q...Some of our pioneers were tough men.

A...You can say that again.

Q...When did Boilvin die?

A...On May 18, 1827, in St. Louis of cancer of the nose.

Boilvin was a good diplomat. His reports show that if the government had followed his recommendations, many horrors of the frontier would not have occurred. Moreover the humiliation of the surrender of Fort Shelby at Prairie du Chien would have been averted.

In spite of his trying difficulties he preserved with faith that the government would treat him right. This faith was justified.

Q...Thank you Marty for a very splendid account of a historic figure in early Prairie du Chien. You seem to make these men live and breath. I know that it requires a great deal of study, but I want to say that we are very grateful to you for your unselfish efforts.

This brings to a close our program for today. For more Prairie du Chien history, tune in next week, same time, same station.

MJDyrud/me Nov. 3, 1956

Indian Pipe Long's Expedition No.1 pg 251

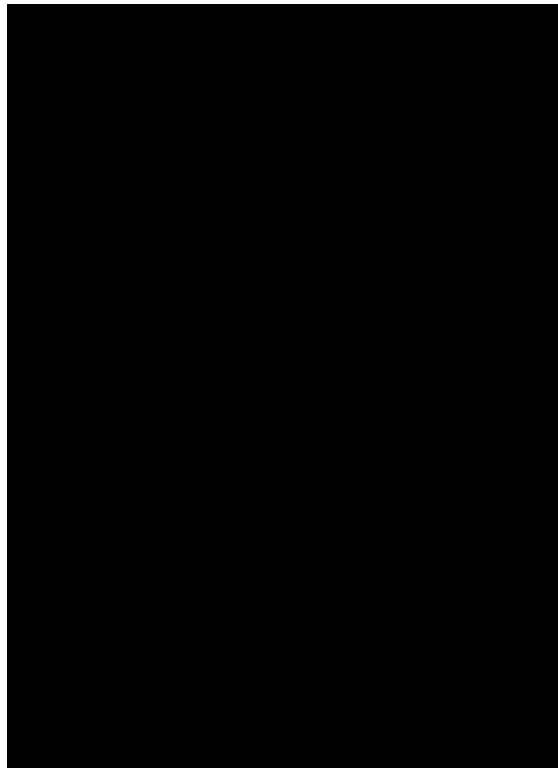
Vicinity, near Lake Pepin, Chief Shakea, leader of the Dakota

“...as soon as we entered, the chief and his son rose, and shook hands with each of us. The calumet of peace was place in the center of the cabin, the bowl resting on the ground, and the stem supported in and inclined position by a forked stick, planted a second time, raised the pipe from the ground, and holding the bowl towards himself with the stem elevated, he commenced a speech which..... A young Indian who acted as pipe bearer to the chief, (a office of dignity) then lighted the pipe, passed it round to all, commencing with Major Lang, proceeding with our party, and concluding with the warriors and interpreter. The pipe bearer supported the bowl, while each person drew two or three whiffs, He then smoked of it himself, and, drawing out of the stem, presented it to Major Long in token of respect. The bowl, which he kept, was of the red stone found on the St. Peter; the stem was of wood, and made in the usual manner of the Dacota pipe. Its length is about three feet, it is flattened being about two inches wide, and three eighths of an inch thick. It tapers a little towards the upper extremity; a hole is perforated through it, with a hot iron; the pipe stem is painted with a blue clay, which, by long exposure to the air assumes a green color; the upper extremity, to about one third of its length, is ornamented with porcupine quills variously dyed, so as to present beautiful designs, it is also adorned with the small feather of birds, pigeons, & etc. and with hair of the deer, stained red. Some of these pipes are elegant, and require a great deal of time in their preparation; they are made by the females.

The chief distinction between the Dacota and Chippewa pipe is that the latter is cylindricl and about an inch in diameter; while the former is, as we have just mentioned, flattened. Both nations use bowls of the same stone, which is generally red, sometimes however, black; they are often curiously carved, & etc.

Dacota pipe ----flat stem Chippewa pipe----round stem

May 30,1954 MJDyrud/me



The Fur Trade Era

Q...Once again the time has arrived for an informative talk on the early history of Prairie du Chien by Mr. Marty Dyrud, a curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society, and recipient of a singular History Award by the State Medical Society. It is a pleasure Marty to welcome you back for a chat.

A...Thank you, I am pleased to be here.

Q...Marty, I so often hear people say that Prairie du Chien was an early fur trading post, so would you sketch this early fur trade era for us?

A...Sure, will be glad to. Let us consider first, that fur skins were man's first covering in the colder climates. Much later, when man showed higher development came the art of weaving wool and cotton, into clothing. The earliest fur trade dates way back to the tenth century, when Byzantine and Arabian merchants bartered Russian furs for eastern silks.

From the close of the sixteenth century, discoveries, territorial conquest, and the fur trade were intimately linked, as European people advanced into the thinly settled regions of North America.

Trapping for the prized pelts inevitably meant advancing still further into the unexplored regions whenever the supply of fur bearing animals declined in the more accessible parts. In this way, the fur hunters laid the foundations of vast colonial empires, which were gradually peopled by settlers, from the mother countries.

Q...Who were the earliest fur traders in this country?

A...The French. During a century and a half of domination in North America (1608-1759) they developed a vast sphere of influence, extending from the Great Lakes to the Rocky Mountains and south to the Gulf of Mexico.

I find it interesting that the French crown and its ministers in Canada were primarily interested in colonizing the St. Lawrence valley, and seeking to avoid dissipation of effort by extending themselves further west. Contrast this objective with that held by the fur traders, who were bent on driving west, realizing that the economic existence of the colony turned on the export of furs.

Q...That's interesting. How did they organize themselves?

A...In 1700, traffic in beaver skins was placed under a monopoly and operated by a syndicate known as the "*Compagnie des Indes*". They sought to establish trading posts on the country's waterways and barely lived up to their official mission to bring settlers to the colony.

French "*coureurs de bois*" went into the wilderness to obtain furs from the Indians by barter, or to hunt and set traps themselves. They ascended unknown rivers on light, narrow crafts, constructed of tree bark and covered with buffalo hide. Rapids and cataracts often made it necessary to "portage" the canoes, sometimes for days, heavily laden, as they were with trade goods and provisions.

The "*voyageurs*" quickly adopted the way of life and the speech of the Indians. They became past masters at playing upon the dissensions between the Indian tribes.

Q...How did they handle their furs?

A...They spent the winters in the wilds. In the spring, they delivered their fur catch at the trading post to pay the official for the merchandise, provisions, and equipment supplied by the company. The very early French fur trade centers were Quebec, Three Rivers and Montreal. Here were amassed valuable stocks of furs, including lynx, fox, otter, marten, elk, and above all beaver. Beaver was popular and eagerly sought by the hatters in the mother country.

Q...Were the Jesuit missionaries and the traders good friends?

A...Not especially. The Jesuits looked on the trappers and their activities with the greatest disfavor, mainly because of the traffic in liquor. In 1672, the Jesuits prevailed upon Louis XIV to reduce the number of trader privileges, that could be annually granted by the Governor of New France in Canada. Anyone taking to the woods without official permission, was to be flogged and backsliders sentenced to the galleys or death. The order was not, however followed to the letter, as there was a danger of the trappers going over to the English merchants. The ban on trading in "fire water" was circumvented, for it was a much coveted medium of exchange.

Q...The fur trader and the missionary did not see "eye to eye"?

A...No, the fur trader forced exploration and discovery. The priests swallowed twice and followed closely wishing to propagate their faith into the broad wilds on this new country.

The Great Lakes offered the water highways for pioneer travel and unlocked the heart of the Canadian fur trade kingdom. As early as 1659, Radisson and Grosseiliers sought the untapped supplies of beaver pelts in our western prairies.

In 1673, Joliet and Marquette traveled down the Wisconsin and part of the Mississippi in search of new and richer hunting grounds. Here at the river junction, they found a focal point, a hub, a strategic location, that would later blossom into an outstanding fur center.



Marquette and Joliet on the Mississippi

La Salle followed in 1682, when he claimed the entire Mississippi valley for France and founded a fur empire of his own in the Illinois country.

Q...What about the British?

A...Vast as were the territories marked out by the French, they remained very thinly populated, so that New France was powerless to resist the mounting pressure of the British colonists from the north and the south. Indian tribes were drawn into the conflict on opposite sides. In 1759, Quebec fell and British traders had checkmated their most dangerous rivals. Now they could consolidate their position, unhampered.

Q...What fur company did the British have?

A...The famous Hudson's Bay Company formed in 1670. In spite of the French they operated in the north and I might say very profitably too. The British awarded the Hudson's Bay Company unrestricted possession of all territory it occupied. When this land was transferred to the British crown, an immense profit was realized.

The British traders operated somewhat differently than the French. While the French "*coureurs*" went out to meet the Indians, the British established strategic posts and had the Indians bring in their furs.

Q...What furs brought the most money?

A...When the first fur auction was held in London in 1671, beaver pelts, for hat use represented 50% of the value of all furs imported.

In 1779, at Montreal, a group of independent traders, mostly Scotsmen, founded the North West Company. Many French "*coureurs de bois*" were attracted. Fur resources were recklessly exploited, and cheap liquor became the favorite article of trade. Attacks on rival fur posts were the order of the day, and you find instances of this here in early Prairie du Chien.

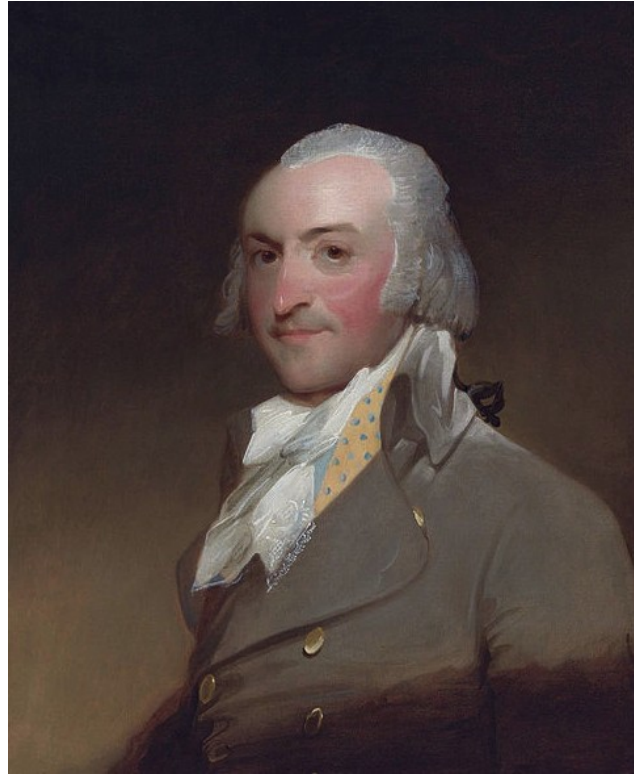
To end this rivalry the two companies combined in 1821, and the Hudson's Bay Company appears to have gained the upper hand.

Q...How does the United States fit into this picture?

A...In the American War of Independence, (1775-1783), Great Britain lost its North American colonies with the exception of Canada, but there remained important trading posts on U.S. soil, such as Prairie du Chien. It was much later in 1814, after another war between America and Great Britain before the border issues were settled and the disputed trading posts were ceded to the United States.

The American had been far from idle, striving at all points to deny the unexplored no man's land to the "Nor'westers". Here in Prairie du Chien, Americans were trying to push their way into the English fur trade and woo the Indians.

Most conspicuous and successful in organizing the American fur trade was a young German who had emigrated to New York. His name, Johann Jacob Astor. On the boat coming over he learned there was good money in furs, and his talks with fur traders opened a new horizon for the young man. He quickly decided to give up his butcher's trade. While only 20 years old, he established himself in New York City as a fur merchant.



Johann Jacob Astor
Oil painting by [Gilbert Stuart](#), 1794

Q...How did he get his experience in the fur trade?

A...From 1793, he traded as a middleman, drawing supplies of furs from the North West Company in Montreal.

Q...When did he launch his own company?

A...In 1808, Astor was determined to bring the entire fur trade of North America within his grasp. He founded the "American Fur Company" with a capital of \$1,000,000. Together with the North West Company he bought out the "Michilimackinac Company", and so gained possession of its trading posts in the area of what is now Wisconsin. Prairie du Chien and Michilimackinac were the key fur centers.

Q...How long was Astor active?

A...In 1834, Astor sold his interests in the "American Fur Company" and invested his money in New York City real estate and became the most prominent landlord in that city.

Q...When did Astor die?

A...John Astor died on March 29, 1848, the richest man of his time in America, reputed to be worth \$30,000,000.

Even today his heirs own much New York real estate. The Waldorf Astoria in New York City is present day reminder of Astor from Waldorf, Germany.

Q...How does Hercules Dousman fit into this picture?

A...For many years Hercules Dousman was a agent here for Astor. When Astor sold his company in 1834, Dousman at Prairie du Chien and Henry Sibley at Mendota, Minnesota, were the principals of the "New American Fur Company". They retained all the good traders who had worked for the old concern, they had less opposition, and they were experienced heads in managing the fur business.

Both Dousman and Sibley became wealthy. As Astor closed his affairs in the American Fur Company, many of his traders were pressed. The Green Bay traders had to give mortgages, which Astor foreclosed on and thereby acquired most of Green Bay. The Prairie du Chien traders Aird and Rosette had the same experience. Both were reputed to be rich, but Aird's estate as well as Rolette's were insolvent when probated.

Dousman was apparently a good manager and came out on top of the heap.

Q...Just how long did Dousman continue in the fur trade?

A...Hercules Dousman and his partner sold out in 1864. That would be thirty years that he was a principal operator of American Fur Company. They sold out to a Mr. Hubbell in St. Paul. Four years later Dousman died.

Q...Marty, I can't tell you how happy I am, and I know our listeners are, to have you give us this magnificent outline of the highlights of the fur trade of North America. I just wish I could remember the colorful sequence and romantic events. Thanks so much.

This brings to a close our program for today. For more Prairie du Chien history with Mr. Marty Dyrud, tune in next week, same time, same station.

Nov.9,1956 MJDyrud/me

The Red Lover...A Chippewa Tale

Q...Once again the time has arrived for another interesting history Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and local historian. Hello Marty, and glad to have you here.

A...I enjoy our get togethers, especially when we can talk history.

Q...Marty, tell me, were any of the early pioneers history minded?

A...Yes, we are fortunate to have had many early adventurers interested in recording and preserving the Indian scene, which they knew was fast passing.

Q...Who for instance were some of these men?

A...One group we have talked a lot about in the past. These were the painter reporters, who often at their own expense traveled the frontier and painted and wrote about what they saw.

In this group were J. O. Lewis, Eastman, Henry Lewis, George Catlin, Bodmer and a host of others. Then there were some people who wrote and did not paint. Such a man was Henry Schoolcraft, and early explorer, who traveled extensively in Wisconsin and to whom we now refer for accurate source material. He married a daughter of an Indian chief and from her and the Indians he obtained and wrote down many of their folklore tales.

Q...Would you like to tell us one of these tales?

A...Sure will, for in it we get a feeling of the Indian and their thoughts. Among the Chippewa Indians, who frequently visited Prairie du Chien there is a tale called the Red Lover that Schoolcraft recorded that I find interesting. This is how it goes:

"Many years ago, there lived a warrior on the banks of Lake Superior. His name was Wa-wan-osh. He was the chief of an ancient family of the Chippewa tribe, who had preserved the line of chieftainships unbroken for along time. In his heart was a deep pride of ancestry. Not only was he of distinguished birth, but he was also a tall a commanding person. Qualities of dazzling strength, courage and intense activity were recognized by all his tribesmen. His bow was unusual for its large size, and he was renowned for the feats which he performed with it.

His counsel was sought as much, as his strength was feared. So he came to be venerated equally for his ability as a hunter, a warrior and as a counsellor. He had now passed the zenith of his days, and term A kee-waiz-ee, meaning one who has been long on earth was applied to him.

Such was Wa-wan-osh, to whom the united voice of the Chippewa nation, awarded the first place in their esteem together with the highest authority in their councils. But distinction, it seems is apt to breed haughtiness whether men be red or white. Pride was his ruling passion. To this he clung with tenacity, for were he not the inheritor of distinction and earned the leadership of his nation?

Wa-wan-osh had only one daughter, who had now blossomed into her eighteenth spring. Her father was no more celebrated for his deeds of strength, than she was admired for gentle virtues, her slender form, her sparkling hazel eyes, her bloom of skin and her dark flowing hair. No Indian princess was indeed more beautiful in appearance or soul.

Her hand was sought by a young man of humble parentage. This young brave had no other merits to recommend him than a tall a commanding presence, a manly step, and an eye beaming with the tropical fires of youth and love."

Q...The situation is not any different than some people face today.

A...Yes, that is right. "The chiefs daughter was attracted to the young man, but her choice was by no means satisfactory to the father, who sought an alliance more suitable to the rank and the high pretensions of his family.

"Listen to me, you man," the chief told the trembling hunter, who had sought the interview, "and be attentive to my words. You ask me to give you my daughter, who is the main comfort and joy of my age, and the choicest gift from the Mast of Life. Others have asked me also, who were as young, as active and as ardent as yourself. Some of these persons have had better claims to become my son-in-law.

Have you reflected upon the deeds which have raised me in authority, and made my name known to the enemies of my nation? Where is their a chief, who is not proud to be considered the friend of Wa-wan-osh? Where is there a warrior, who can boast the taking of an equal number of scalps? Besides, have you not heard that my fathers came from the east, bearing the marks of chieftaincy?

"And what, young man, have you to boast? Have you ever met your enemies in the field of battle? Have you ever brought home a trophy of victory? Have you ever proved your fortitude by suffering protracted pain, enduring the humble limits of your native village? Go, then, young man, and earn a name for yourself. It is none but the brave that can ever hope to claim an alliance with the house of Wa-wan-osh. Think not that my warrior blood shall mingle with the humble mark of the A-wa-sees, fit totem for the fishermen!" By A-wa-sees he meant catfish, the sign of the fishermen.

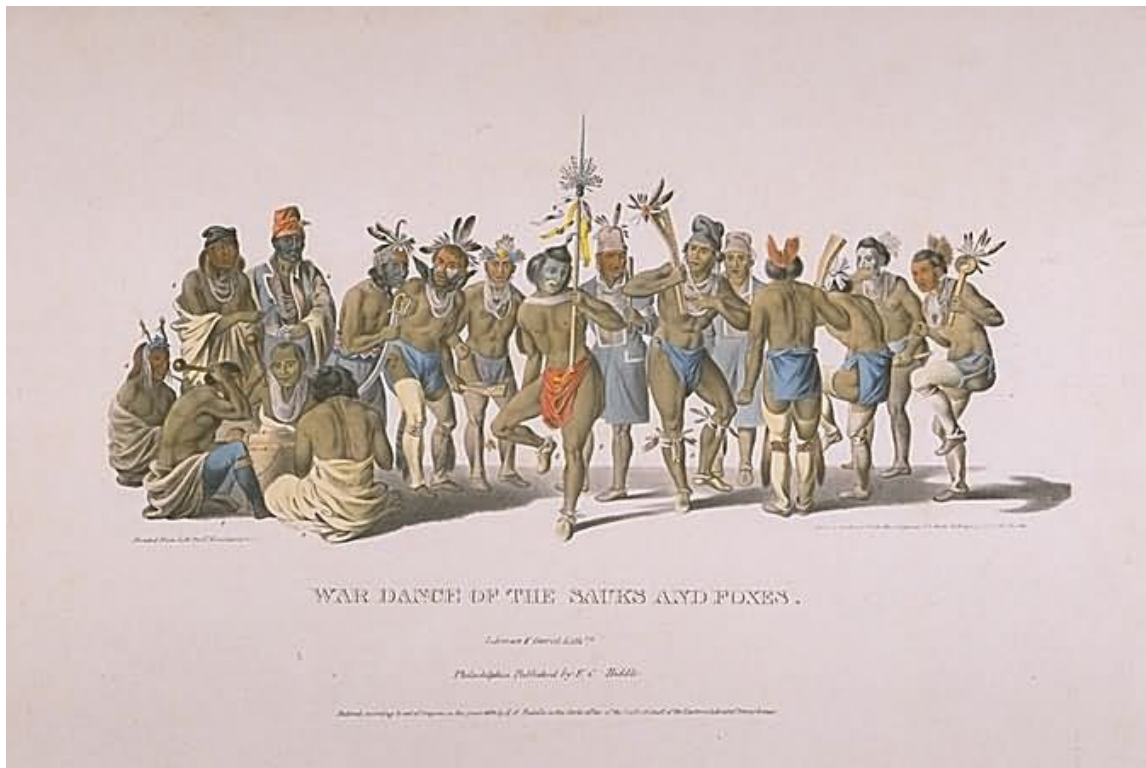
Q...The chief gave the young brave a hard time when he asked for his daughter's hand?

A...He sure did. Dejected, the lover departed, but resolved to do a deed worthy of the daughter of Wa-wan-osh, or die in the attempt. He called together, several of his young companions of his age. To them he outlined his plan for conducting an expedition against the enemy, and requested their assistance.

Several embraced the proposal immediately, others soon were convinced, and before ten suns set, he saw himself at the head of a formidable force of young warriors. All were eager, like himself, to distinguish themselves with a bow and a quiver of arrows, tipped with flint and jasper.

He carried a sack or wallet, in which was a small quantity of parched or pounded corn, mixed with pemmican or maple sugar. He carried a Pug-gam-au-gun, or war club of hardwood, fastened to a girdle of deer skin, and a bone or copper knife. In addition to this some carried the ancient of flint, firmly tied on with deer sinews.

Before the young warriors went to the spot appointed for war dance, each painted his face and body in a manner, which his fancy dictated. Then ornamental feathers and other objects were added to their dress.



WAR DANCE OF THE SAUKS AND FOXES

Rindisbacher

Q...You are giving us an excellent picture of this budding war party.

A...Along the banks of a lake was the lodge of Wa-wan-osh, setting on a level, grassy plain, extending for about a mile. Lodges of bark were promiscuously interspersed over this green, and here and there could be seen a cluster of trees, or a solitary and majestic pine reaching for the sky.

A belt of yellow sand skirted the lake shore in front, and a tall thick forest formed the background. In the center of this plain stood a high shattered pine with a clear space about, renowned as the scene of the war dance, as long as the Indians could remember. Here the youths assembled, with their tall and graceful leader, distinguished by the feathers of the bald eagle, which he wore on his head.

A bright fire of pine wood blazed upon the green. He led his men several times around the fire, with a measured and solemn chant. Then suddenly halting, the war whoop was raised, and the dance immediately began. An old Indian, sitting at the head of the ring, beat time upon the drum, while several of the elder warrior shook their rattles. Soon the woods re-echoed with their yells.

Each warrior chanted alternately the verse of a song, and then all the rest joined in the chorus. The first brave sang out-

The eagle screams on high,
They wet their forked beaks:
Raise--raise the battle cry,
Tis fame our leader seeks
Then a second brave took up the chant-
Tis fame my soul desires,
By deeds of material strife:
Give--give me warlike fires,

or take-ah take my life.
 Another youth added his voice-
 The deer a while may go unhunted o'er the heath,
 For now I seek a nobler foe,
 And prize a nobler death.
 Still another added his verse of exhortation-
 Lance and quiver, club and bow,
 Now alone attract my sight:
 I will go where warriors go,
 I will fight where warriors fight.

Thus the dance continued and each added his verse. With short intermissions this Indian ritual was continued for two successive days and nights.

Q...Certainly a strenuous buildup to say the least.

A...It sure was. Sometimes the village seer, who led the ceremony, would take advantage of a pause to address them with words of encouragement. This prophet spoke:

In the dreamy hours of night, I beheld the bloody fight. As reclined upon my bed, Holy visions crowned my head: High our guardian spirit bright. Stood above the dreadful fight. Beaming eye and dazzling brand, gleamed upon my chosen band. While a black and awful shade o'er the faithless form spread. Soon they wavered, sunk, and fled, leaving wounded, dying, dead. While my gallant warriors high waved their trophies in the sky. At every recurrence of this king, new energy was infused into the dance. The warriors renewed their gesticulations, and stamped upon the ground as if they were trampling their enemies under their feet.

Now my heart with valor burns,
 I my lance in fury shake;
 He who falters, he who turns,
 Give him fagot, fire and stake.

Q...What happened then?

A...At length the prophet uttered his final prediction of success; and the warriors dropping off, one by one, from the fire, each sought his way to the appointed place of *rendezvous*, on the edge of enemy country.

Their leader was not among the last to depart. But, he did not leave the village without seeking an interview with the daughter of Wa-wan-osh. To her he voiced his firm determination, never to return, unless he could establish his name as a warrior.

He told her of the pangs of hurt he had felt at the bitter reproaches of her father, and declared his soul spurned the imputations of effeminacy and cowardice, implied by his language. He told his lover he could never be happy, either with her or without her, until he had proved to the whole tribe, the strength of his heart, which is the Indian term for courage.

He said his dreams had not been encouraging, but he would continue to invoke the power of the Great Spirit. He repeated his protestations and undying love, which she returned, then pledging vows of mutual fidelity they parted.

All she ever heard from her lover after this interview was brought by one of his successful warriors, who said that he had distinguished himself by the most heroic bravery. However at the close of the fight he had received an arrow in the breast.

The enemy fled, leaving many of their warriors dead on the field. On examining the wound, it was found to be beyond their power to cure. They carried him towards home, a day's journey, but he languished and expired in the arms of his friends.

From the moment the report was received, no smile was ever seen in the once happy lodge of Wa-wan-osh. His daughter pined away by day and by night. Tears and sighs, sorrow and lamentations, were heard continually. Nothing could restore her lost serenity of mind. Persuasions and reproofs were alternately employed, but in vain. She would seek a sequestered spot, where she would sit under a shady tree, and sing mournful laments for hour after hour.

It was not long before a small bird of beautiful plumage flew upon the tree under which she usually sat. And with its sweet and artless notes seemed to respond to her voice. It was a bird of strange character, such as had not been seen before. It came every day and sang, remaining until dark.

Her fond imagination, soon led her to suppose it was the spirit of her lover. Now her visits were repeated with greater frequency. She passed her time in fasting, and singing her plaintive songs. This she pined away, until that death, which she so fervently desired came to her relief. After her decease, the bird was never more seen, and it became a popular opinion that the mysterious bird had flown away with her spirit.

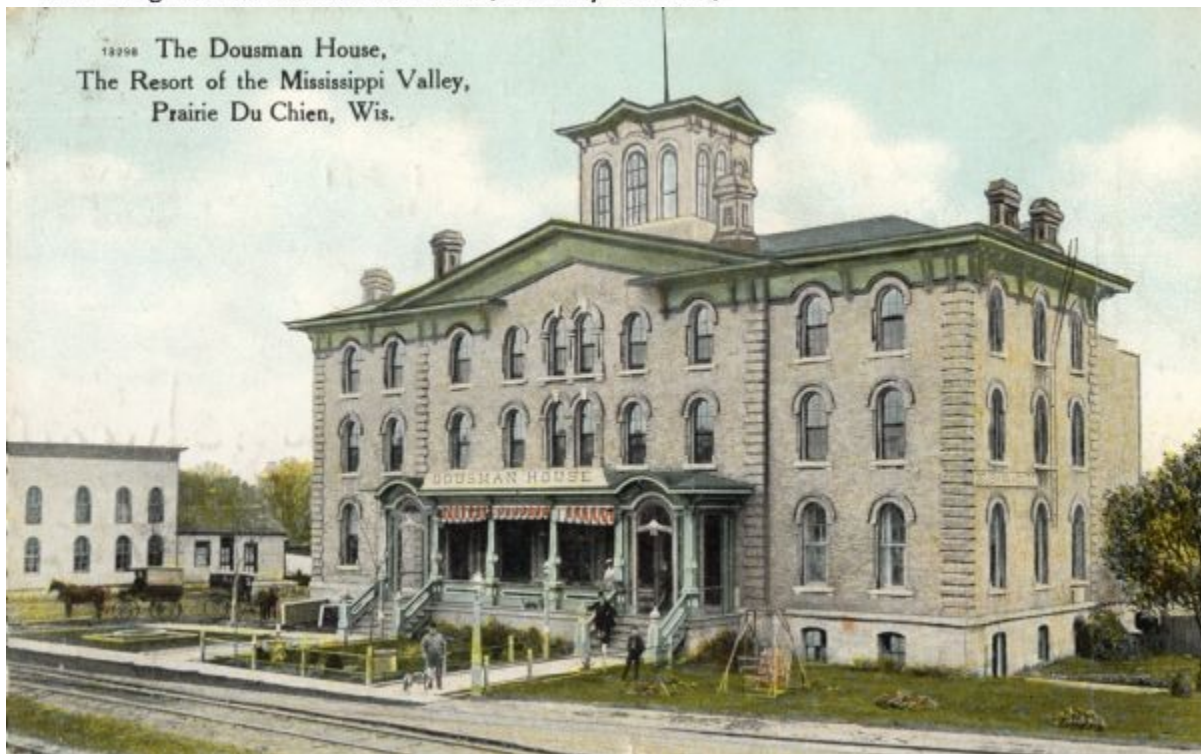
But bitter tears of regret fell in the lodge of Wa-wan-osh. Too late he regretted his false pride and his harsh treatment of the noble youth.

MJDyrud/me Nov.16,1956

The Dousman Hotel



The railroad knew passengers would need a place to stay during layovers in **Prairie du Chien**, so it decided to build a hotel next to the passenger station on land donated by Hercules L. Dousman. Completed in 1864 at a cost of \$45,000, the Railway House was hailed as one of the most impressive hotels in the Midwest. Built of Milwaukee cream brick, the hotel's 51 rooms were individually heated with stoves. A unique system of indoor toilets served each floor. About 1885, the name was changed to the Dousman House. (Courtesy Bob Ziel.)



In 1864, the Chicago Milwaukee and St. Paul R. R. decided to build one of the outstanding hotels in the Middle West, situated on the Mississippi River and located in the City of Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin. This location was, at that time, a strategic outlet for immigration and transportation to the West and Northwestern land of Iowa, the Dakotas and Minnesota. With extensive river traffic and trade in wheat, lumber, shipping and log rafting, plus the fur industry; all contributed to a thriving business in water and rail transportation. The "Milwaukee Road", as it has always been called, crosses the Mississippi into Marquette, Iowa, on one of two remaining pontoon bridges in the United States.

In view of the natural resources and security of the future business, the officials of the R. R. transported the materials to build one of the strongest buildings of its kind at a cost of approximately \$50,000. Care and skill was carefully engineered in the erection of the structure which contained a total of fifty one rooms, of three story height, with full basement, and a large square cupola on the top third story, made the entire building appear to be in reality much higher, giving one the impression of a Castle on the Mississippi River, facing toward the beautiful Iowa bluffs along the western shore of the river.

Several novel ideas were used in the erection of the hotel, one of which was a battery of old fashioned toilets which line the hall way of each floor. Each deck of toilets were off set like a stairway and the waste from each deck section dropped down an open shaft into a huge funnel shaped pit in the basement. The rain water from the main roof was directed into this funnel shaped pit, to wash away the sewage into the river. These toilets necessitated the hiring of chamber maids who took care of all chambers from each room.

There were no fancy bath tubs and showers, such as we have today. Tin tubs were used, some had fantastic shapes and designs with a mermaid effect on a huge sea shell. Each room had as heating equipment, and old fashioned round oak stove, coal scuttle, wood box, and bundle of kindling wood. Much time and labor was used to keep these stoves serviced and clean out chimneys, pipes, and ashes. Such help was paid \$15.00 per month, with meals, and sixteen hours per day per seven day week.

When the building was completed at the close of the Civil War, the name of Dousman Hotel was decided upon in honor of Colonel Hercules L. Dousman, whose palatial home was located one fourth mile due north. The manager selected was Colonel J.F. Williams of Virginia, a man well versed in Aristocratic Southern hospitality and whose ability to attract the most elite and prominent people of the Nation to come and dine and wine of the most delicious food and drink obtainable at that time. Colonel William was a man of very aristocratic manners and knew the ways of high social standards. He had three sons; one son, Sumner Williams became an admiral in the U.S. Navy, a highly respected officer.

After some fifteen years, Colonel Williams decided to give up the job of management and the R. R. official then selected Mr. Charles F. Hufschmidt of Lansing, Iowa. Mr. Hufschmidt, who was commonly called Charlie, owned a fleet of river barges and also was a big buyer of wheat. Through some neglect in shipping wheat, Charlie lost a large sum of money, which just about broke him in business. The R. R. then gave Charlie a proposition to run the Hotel on the basis that the R. R. furnish all the expenses, except the buying of the food.

Mr. Hufschmidt was a large well built man of German descent. A jovial man who had a most likable personality, a twinkle of eye, a humorous brogue of speech and a free and open heart plus a weakness of pinochle.



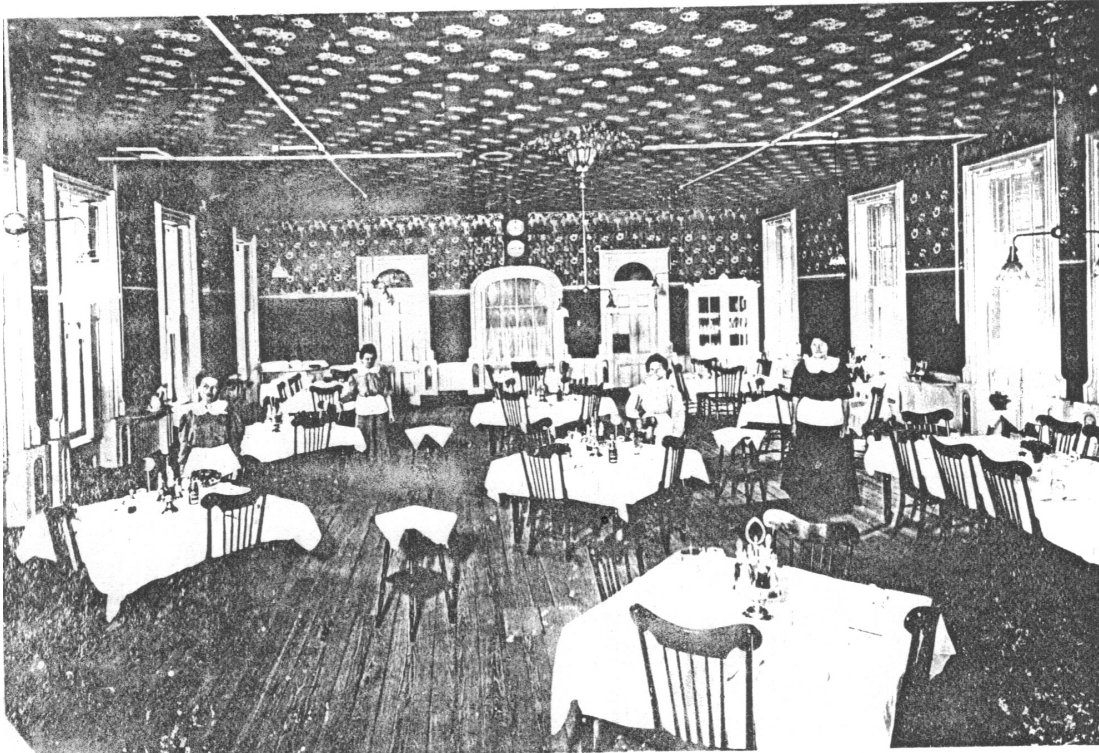
*Sincerely yours,
C. F. Hufschmidt*

Charles F. Hufschmidt

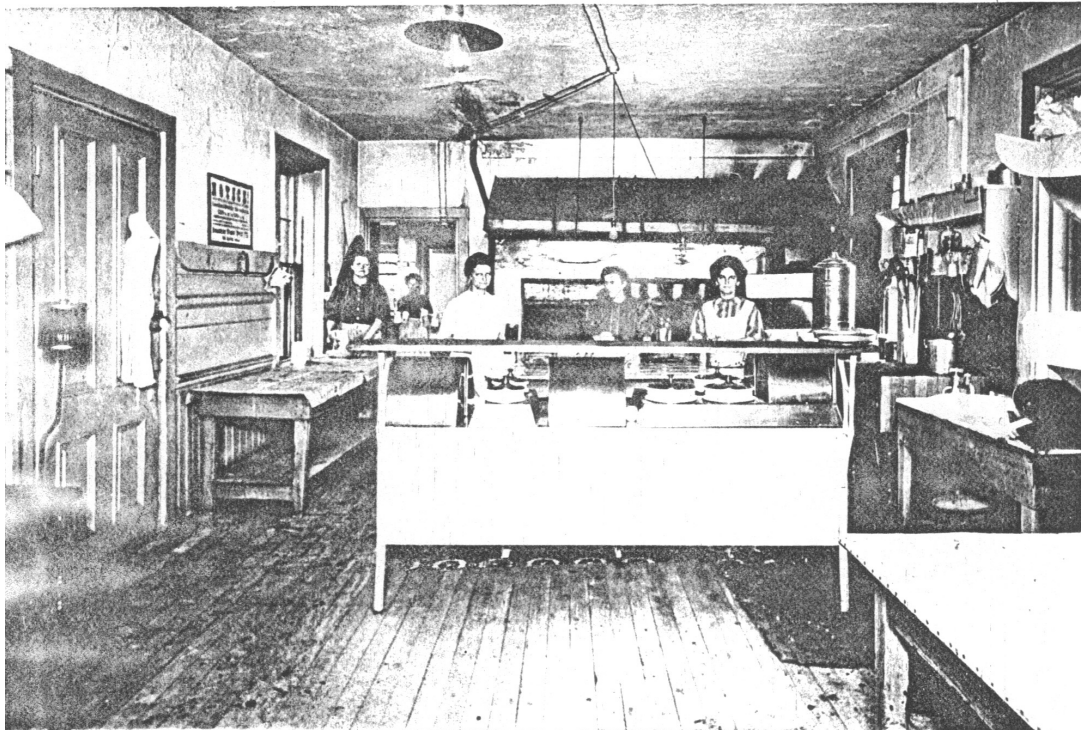
Cleanliness was a paramount watch word in the up keep of the hotel. The floors were scrubbed with home made soap and hot water, and when dried, fine snow white sand was used to polish the flooring. The wood ashes were saved to make lye to be used in cooking the soap, and all soap was stored up in the high cupola of the building. The bedding and linen was carefully laundered in a fine laundry room located in the basement.

All meat such as venison, beef, pork, lamb, veal and all forms of poultry both domestic and wild was dressed and kept under common icy refrigeration. The hotel had its own slaughter house. All meats were processed and cured and the smoked hams and bacon had a flavor whose taste was known from Boston to Frisco. Pork was cured in brown sugar, maple sugar, brine and then smoked with hickory, apple and juniper wood. When serving breakfast of ham and eggs, the aroma need but to call the guest in a hurry from their rooms. While dining, Old Charlie would promenade through the dining room, patting the diners on the shoulder and remarking, "Now have some more pancakes, have some more coffee, please take some more ham, eat all you can". What a contrast to this day.

The dining room was indeed a most beautiful place to enjoy eating a meal. With touch of Old Colonial atmosphere, a touch of old European hospitality, with a smack of good old Yankee midwest fellowship, one could never forget the memory of a meal such as was served under Old Charlie. The finest quail, pheasant, frog legs, venison, partridge, Baltimore oysters on the half shell, old fashioned home prepared pork sausage, that melted in your mouth.



Dousman Hotel Dining Room



Dousman Hotel circa 1909

Coffee was hipped here in the raw and roasted in a special room in the basement. A charcoal fire was put under the roaster drum and generally a bus driver was called in between bus runs to sit and turn the crank on the drum. One sad incident occurred to a bus driver nicknamed "Old Germany". The man fell asleep at the crank and the coffee caught afire. The odor of coffee smoke permeated the whole building and "Old Charlie" found "Germany" sound asleep, enveloped in a cloud of aromatic coffee smoke.

A large horse barn stood adjoining the street on the east side of the big yard. The bus drivers had their sleeping quarters next to the horses' stalls. Running artesian water from a central well furnished a good supply for the horses. Also cans of good old artesian water was shipped to far away cities as a cure all for creaky joints, etc... Old Charlie enjoyed the company of a lady friend who resided across the street from the bus barn. This fine old lady had a horse and carriage which were kept at the barn. On a certain occasion the little horse belonging to the lady friend, became sick and every possible attention was administered to the comfort of the animal. During one night a certain bus driver was to give "Winne" the horse her dose of medicine. The sleepy bus driver administered the medicine to the wrong end and a conflagration of kicking and the scattering of stall planking proved quite beneficial to little "Winne" and in the morning found he standing up, rather nervous but ready to be hitched up to milady's carriage.

Among the many notable guests who came to this scenic hotel were Phillip D. Armour, S.S. Merrill, W. W. Collins, A. J. Earling, all officials of Meat R. R. Industry. Mr. Albert Earling, then president of the Milwaukee R. R., and Mr. Armour would spend several days at the hotel and old Charlie would be waiting at the train depot to greet them. Upon their arrival he would exclaim, "Well, well, my Phillip, my Albert", and putting his arm about their shoulders, he would walk between them from the depot to the hotel entrance. Due to his method and way of meeting the people, rich or poor, old Charlie made it both a pleasure and joy to enter his hostelry.

The changing times at the end of the quarter century found the hotel business slowly dwindling and the aging Charlie closed the doors as manager. He retired and later died and rests in the old home town of Lansing, Iowa.

The building lay idle for many years and was finally purchased by Mr. William D. Carroll of Prairie du Chien, whose ingenuity and foresight saw the possibilities of turning a once famous hotel into a Meat packing plant. The entire building was rebuilt to this purpose and after some time, the plant was leased to the Armour & Company, who operated it some five years.

At the termination of the lease, the plant was purchased by Oscar Mayer & Company, January 1, 1946. With plans of modernization and future expansion, a symbol of progress in a better America for a better Christian people. As the plant now stands it is interesting to note these changes in operations. The bar room and storeroom of the hotel located in northwest basement, is now the boning room. The grand old dining room is now a large cooler room, chilling car loads of beef and veal. Would that old Charlie could see it today and exclaim, "My, oh my, now we have plenty of meat, eat all you can".

"Throw the horse over the fence some hay," was a typical saying of Charlie's.

Acknowledgement- Sources of information

Mr. Henry Beach-Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin

Mr. Fred Schrader-C.M.St. P. & P. R. R.

Mr. Fred Koniched-employee, Dousman Hotel, 1896-1908

Record of Chicago Office, C. M. St. P.& P. R. R.

M.J. Dyrud/me

The Piasa Rock



Henry Lewis, Plate 58

Piasa in Indian, denotes "The Bird that devours men". Piasa Creek empties into the Mississippi River a few miles northwest of Alton, Illinois. Near its mouth is a precipitous bluff on its smooth face, at a seeming unattainable height is the graven figure of an enormous bird with extended wings. The legend of the "Piasa" still exists among the Indian tribes of the Upper Mississippi. Here is one interpretation of this legend:

"A thousand moons before the arrival of the European palefaces, when mastodons still lived on the green prairies, there existed a bird of great dimensions that could easily carry off in his talons a full grown deer. Having once tasted human flesh, he would feast on nothing else.

He was as artful as he was powerful. He would dart upon an Indian with the speed of an arrow, bear him off to one of the caves in the bluffs and devour him. Hundreds of warriors pursued him for years to try and destroy him, but in vain. Whole villages were depopulated. Consternation spread throughout Illinois.

At length a chief appeared named Owatoga, whose fame as a warrior extended even beyond the Great Lakes. He separated himself from the rest of his tribe, fasted in solitude for a whole moon and prayed to the "Great Spirit" saying he would protect his children from the Piasa.

On the last night of his fast The Great Spirit appeared to him in a dream, and directed him to select twenty of his warriors, each armed with a bow and sharpened arrows, and conceal themselves in a designated spot. Near the place of their concealment another warrior was to stand in open view, as a victim for the Piasa. They were to all shoot the instant the Piasa pounced upon his prey.

When he awoke in the morning he thanked the Great Spirit and told his tribesmen of his dream. The warriors were quickly selected and placed in the ambush. Owatoga offered himself as the victim, to die for his tribe, and placed himself in open view of the bluff. He saw the Piasa perched on the cliff, eyeing his prey.

Owatoga arose in manly dignity, and, placing his feet firmly upon the earth, began to chant the death song. A moment later the Piasa rose in the air, and swiftly darted down upon the chief.

Scarcely had he reached his victim when at once every bow was sprung with perfect aim, and every arrow penetrated the Piasa's body. The Piasa uttered a fearful scream that resounded far over the opposite side of the river and expired. Owatoga was saved! Not an arrow, not even the talons of the bird had touched him, for the Master of Life had protected him with an invisible shield. In memory of this event the image of the Piasa was engraved on the bluff. Many caves near this spot were filled with bones of the "Piasa's forages".

Game Hunting-Fur Trade

Q...Once again the time has arrived for another History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and local Historian. His word pictures of early days and events reveals much of the heritage to which we are all rightful heirs. Marty, I am glad to see you here.

A...I enjoy being here.

Q...Marty, frequent reference is made to the good hunting here, and I know this was once a great, early fur trade center. How does hunting now and in the early days compare?

A...Naturally we do not have the volume of game now that we did in the early days, but we do have better hunting equipment.

Many changes have taken place in the type of game and with it a reduction in the numbers of animals. Remember in the very early days, Wisconsin and the Prairie du Chien area was fine game country, with virgin woodlands, grass prairie land and good watering spots.

Our earliest residents were the Indians. To most of them, hunting was a major necessity, if they were to eat, for meat made up a large share of their diet. Like the Indians, the early explorers and hunters carried little food and depended on killing game for survival game animals, game birds and fish provided most of the food for our early people.

Surprisingly, in early Wisconsin there were bison (buffalo), the majestic moose and the picturesque caribou. Nowadays, we think of these lumbering animals as typical of the far west and Canada.

But our first white settlers in Prairie du Chien, the Cardinals, when they tried to land at Prairie du Chien in their canoe had to wait until a large herd of buffalo forded a slough, where the Cardinals planned to land.

Q...That is unusual. I guess the only buffalo in these parts now are the ones that can be seen in Petera's Zoo. How important were the buffalo in the early days?

A...The buffalo were very important to the Indians, the explorers, the traders, the Army and the early western settlers. All pioneers prized their warm buffalo robes, and buffalo meat was good eating.

Dousman, at one time, sold many thousands of buffalo robes in the fur trade; for there was awhile that the eastern and foreign demand was great. Fashions soon changed, buffalo robes were no longer wanted and a minor slump was felt in the fur business.

When the early traders came to this area, the buffalo, moose and caribou were scarce; and, in the early 1800's buffalo were only hunted on the plains, west of the Mississippi.

Native Wisconsin Indians were forced west from pressure of eastern Indians coming into Wisconsin. Our native Indians had a Woodland culture. When they were forced west they had to adopt a new set of habits, a new culture. The buffalo was an important part of this new culture, for these animals proved to be their storehouse of meat, clothing and shelter.

Two new aids helped them greatly. These aids were first the horse, captured originally from the Spanish. With horses, Indian had improved transportation for the longer distances they would be required to travel. Horses

proved ideal for hunting buffalo. The second aid was the white man's gun. This proved much more effective and deadly.

So our native Indian accomplished practically the same results with the buffalo skins that they had previously accomplished with deer skins. The Indians dried buffalo meat cut in thin strips and probably smoked which when coarsely ground was known as pemmican, a concentrated food useful on long trips and on war trails.

Q...You mentioned moose and caribou being native of this region in the early days.

A...Yes, these large woodland animals disappeared to the far west and north into more remote areas as more Indians and trappers came into Wisconsin.

Q...I never thought of moose and caribou as once being here.

A...Our wooded areas were once their home. Frequently they would come to our sloughs and lakes to feed on the water plants growing along the bottom.

Q...What other game was there in early days, that we do not have today?

A...Cougar, fisher, marten, wolverine and Canadian lynx. All these have disappeared since the white man settled our lands. Wolverine, now are nearly extinct.

Q...Let see, the fisher and marten are small fur bearing animals, while the cougar, wolverine and lynx are savage fighters.

A...Yes, that if right, our civilization has driven these creatures away. Q...What about the game animals that we hunt?

A...We have lots of hunters in Wisconsin, about 400,000 of them, so it requires a lot of game to give them shooting.

The greatest toll in hunting in Wisconsin are squirrels, the Northern Grey Squirrel and the Western Fox Squirrel.

Q...Have you any idea as to how many squirrels are killed in Wisconsin in a year?

A...In 1950, hunters bagged 1,137,566 squirrels, according to the Conservation Committee.

Q...That is a stupendous number. What about other game?

A...Rabbits come next with 922,566 killed in 1950. Three types account for practically the entire total, the Mearns's Cottontail Rabbit, the White Tailed Jack Rabbit and the Snow Shoe Hare.

Q...Where would a person be apt to find a Snow Shoe Hare?

A...Further north in the Cedar and Spruce swamps.

Q...How many deer are killed in Wisconsin in a year?"

A...In 1950, it is estimated the 167,911 deer were killed.

Q...What kind of deer are these?

A...They are classified as the Northern White Tailed Deer as deer hunters know they frequent forested and bushy areas, away from people. However, when food is scarce, deer will feed with cattle around a farm and seemingly become much more friendly.

Q...From what we hear of the Indians they were great deer hunters.

A...Yes, the deer were then plentiful, and the Indians knew that deer meat is delectable. The bones and antlers they used to make implements. The deer skin they tanned and made very soft leather, sometimes almost white in color for their garments and moccasins. Deer hide was also used for making the strings on their bows, and various sized pouches were made from the skins.

Q...Tell us about some of our other game animals.

A...Well, we have the Woodchuck and Black Bear.

Q...Where do you find bear now?

A...In the heavily wooded parts of northern Wisconsin. At one time they could be found all over Wisconsin. Here in Crawford County we seldom hear of a bear anymore, although I understand that one is reported now to be near Ferryville.

Q...I can think of some other animals you have not mentioned.

A...Yes, there is a broad group of non game animals, which are not hunted for fur or sport.

Q...What are they?

A...Animals such as the porcupine, bats, chipmunks, and certain squirrels such as Flying Squirrels and Red Squirrels. Then too we have the Ermine and Weasel. Seldom thought of are the mole, shrew, mole, mice, gopher and rat.

Q...Are there any others?

A...Yes the fur bearing animals.

Q...Tell me Marty, how important is the fur trade now as a business?

A...More than we would normally guess. The value of wild furs from Wisconsin range from \$1 million to \$3 million a year. In the 48 states, Wisconsin still ranks second.

In comparatively recent years, ranch fur production has increased and it is estimated that Wisconsin produces 55% (more than half) of the American total, with a value of more than \$20 million a year.

Q...What now is the most important wild fur?

A...From the standpoint of value, the Muskrat with a gross value of \$1,352,000 in the 1952-3 season. This represents a value of about a \$1 a skin.

Q...What comes next?

A...The next most valuable wild fur in overall value is the mink with a gross for Wisconsin of \$549,000 and a unit value of \$14.75.

Q...You once told us beaver was king in the old days, how about in now?

A...Beaver ranks third in total value with \$167,000 representing \$12.40 a skin. Then we can go down the line to Weasel, Otter, Skunk, Opossum and Badger. Then we have fur bearing animals on which bounty is paid. Pelt values rank as follows in the 52-53 season:

	Value Per Skin	No.	Unit Value
Red Fox	\$18,634	30,548	\$0.61
Gray Fox	3,431	5,045	\$0.68
Wolves & Coyotes	2,664	1,545	\$1.72
Wildcat	740	681	\$1.08

Raccoon are multiplying rapidly. Their gross fur value in 52-53 was \$43,811.

Q...Marty, what good is there in skunk, except for its ill chosen perfume.

A...Well the skunk does have value, for it lives largely on insects and rodents. The skunk also destroys turtle eggs, and he is a valuable fur bearing animal.

Q...Well I guess it is needed to keep nature's balance.

A...Our wild life helps make Prairie du Chien an attractive recreation area. Fishing would certainly rank first in our sporting attractions, but it is really surprising to learn how many animal hunters and trappers we have.

Q...Did the Indians hunt differently from us?

A...Yes in many ways. Often times whole villages would hunt deer. They would round them up and drive them along a long funnel cut into the forest and shoot from the neck of the funnel.

The Indians had many tricks for catching and killing beaver and muskrat. Now many of their practices have been outlawed as we strive to conserve our game.

Q...Marty, this has been a rather different and certainly most interesting program for all of us. I see that history touches almost every phase of life and an understanding is important.

Our time is running out, so thanks so much and we shall look forward to another visit with you. For more on Historic Prairie du Chien, tune in next week, same time, same station.

MJDyrd/me Dec. 21, 1956

Big Top Elephant Stories

Q...Once again the time has arrived for another interesting History Chat with our good friend Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and local historian. Hi Marty, and welcome to WPRE.

A...Thank you, it is my pleasure to join you.

Q...Marty, knowing your interest in the Circus, I have wanted to ask, if you knew any interesting animal stories?

A...Yes, a few. Of all circus animals, my favorite is the elephant. Nothing thrills me more than a parade of the ponderous pachyderms. I think their size awes me. With all their bulk, they are quick on their feet, and they are smart.

Q...Men or boys, we all love a parade, especially elephants, and we see very few now, with the circus life fading.

A...Romeo was an elephant brought from England by the Mabie Brothers of Delevan Wisconsin. He was not the largest elephant ever to be displayed, but at that time had the distinction of being the longest. Romeo made his debut into the Delevan society sometime around the 1870 and had a reputation for being a "bad actor", due to his proclivities to occasionally get loose and cause disturbances.

Romeo was a real lover, even though he was Delevan's worst citizen and a killer of men. He obeyed the laws of the beast world and defied all the laws of man, and was positively obstreperous. He killed three men and would have killed more, but for "acts of God" which intervened.

Romeo needs no introduction to those few who lived in Delevan in the sixties and seventies. He was the trained elephant of the Mabie Brothers Circus, which wintered annually on the shores of Delevan Lake, now known as Lake Lawn. His mate and constant companion was Canada.

One time in Iowa, the circus train was crossing a bridge. The elephant wagon broke through the planking and Canada crashed through the side of the wagon. She had already begun to fall, when Romeo grabbed her. The circus hands quickly gathered to give Romeo a hand. Various ways of saving both elephants were devised, but in vain. Meanwhile Romeo clung to his loved one to keep her from falling all the way down.

The trainers decided that they had to make Romeo let go. After he had supported practically her entire tonnage for almost an hour, Romeo was compelled to release his hold and let Canada fall to her doom. She landed with a terrific thud, and severely injured. One of the boss hands shot her to prevent longer suffering.

From then on, Romeo went through life with a grudge against all mankind, except his trainer.

Q...That's a sad story, can't blame Romeo for carrying a grudge.

A...On one occasion, the circus cook made several pies, and when they were baked, he had them put on a rack made for the purpose, on the window ledge, where they were to cool. Romeo, smelling the warm food, lifted the latch of the door in the barn and made for the pies.

Everything might have remained peaceful, except for the cook, if the pies had not been hot. Romeo, in his haste to devour as many, as possible before being caught, burned his mouth. In his pain and anger, Romeo began to

stampede. His trainer tried to calm him, but Romeo was mad, and in no mood to be pampered, so he treed the trainer. Then Romeo set to work to pull down the small tree and teach his keeper a lesson minding his own business.

Q...I can see that the life of an elephant trainer can be interesting and exciting when trying to tame a mad beast.

A...Circus men practiced many tricks to keep animals in line. Sometimes the help tries to trick the animals too, to the disgust of the trainer.

One such incident happened at Delevan at the winter quarters. On the property and connecting two buildings was a drop trap, built for the purpose of catching animals who wandered from their private quarters. The trap would hold the weight of a man, but a heavy animal crossing, would cause it to drop several feet into a pit.

Q...They wouldn't punish the animal because a roust about had tricked him?

A...No, in this case the elephant was at fault. I only wanted to make the reference that sometimes roust abouts tricked animals into embarrassing situations and then laughed about it.

When a wild animal is on the loose, there is plenty of excitement.

One time Romeo went on a rampage and broke out of his enclosure. News traveled rapidly that Romeo was loose and that it was not safe to travel to Lake Geneva by way of what is now Highway 50. It chanced, however, that a doctor received an emergency call. Instead of following the detour, the doctor decided to take a chance at not being discovered by Romeo and went by the main highway.

The irate Romeo spied him and took after him with all speed. "Doc" whipped his horse to full speed. As he neared the inlet bridge, the elephant was lumbering along only a few feet behind him. The physician whipped his horse into a final spurt. Romeo started to follow, but stopped abruptly as he saw the planks of the bridge, and the doctor reached the other side in safety.

The incident aroused the community, and the Mabie Brothers finally agreed to send for Romeo's trainer. He came, and it was decided that the way to get Romeo was to make him chase somebody through a stable door. Someone volunteered. He was given the trainer's calico horse to ride. To stop Romeo from smashing through the exit after them, two boards were laid in the way to give him the idea of unsafe flooring and cause him to stop. The plan worked perfectly and Romeo was neatly made a prisoner.

Q...I bet that livened the city.

A...Another circus owner "Popcorn" George Hall had a female elephant named Queen. As a rule female elephants are docile, but at times Queen would go on a rampage and cause a great deal of damage. One time in Albany, New York, Queen wandered away from the circus grounds. A futile search by circus hands was made of her old haunts, where she had previously gotten into mischief. Her keeper also searched unsuccessfully for a time, but he finally discovered her having the grandest time. She had wandered into a cemetery, where she was amusing herself by tearing up gravestones.

She had caused so much trouble at different times that "Popcorn" George finally changed her name and sold her to a man in Illinois. Then the new buyer would learn her many tricks and have the worry.

Q...I can't imagine anything more disconcerting than a troublesome elephant.

A...Big Charlie was a huge elephant, weighing about three tons and thirteen feet tall. He was bought from Ringling Brothers by Colonel George Hall. At the time he was purchased, he was the "lead" elephant of the herd.

Usually Big Charlie was gentle and friendly. His best friend was his trainer, Mabie Hall in fact, she was the only one who handled him from the time of his purchase until his death, in Evansville, Wisconsin, some years later. There are many stories told of Charlie's misdeeds. One time the great pachyderm got a splinter in his foot and suffered so, from the effects that a veterinary was called to remove it. During the operation, Big Charlie took him, wrapping his trunk around the man's waist, and threw him some distance away from him. As far as the veterinary was concerned the operation was finished at that moment. He vowed never to go near the elephant again, and he never did.

Q...Big Charlie made it clear what he thought of his doctors.

A...On another occasion a keeper entered Charlie's quarters and the animal resented his being there. Grabbing the man with his trunk, he forced him against the side of the building, then pinned him with his tusks, which he dug into the siding of the building. The keeper, however, before he would be crushed by Charlie's mammoth head, slid to the floor and escaped.

One time, before Colonel George Hall's circus took to the road, an exhibition was given in Evansville, the home of the circus. Big Charlie was chained in the park, but he decided he would rather be home, so he pulled up his stake and set out for his own quarters across town.

The keeper tried to reason with Charlie, but to no avail; for he had definitely made up his mind that he didn't like the park. The keeper fearing that the animal would become angry and charge, grabbed hold of Charlie's tail and held on. On through town went Charlie, gathering speed as he lumbered along; and still hanging on to his tail was the keeper.

Around the circus quarters was a fence, and as Charlie, in his untrained act, arrived, there was nothing for him to do but tear off the gate and enter. As he went past the house, in which the help lived, the keeper let go of the tail and made haste to get into the house. Charles, feeling the weight lifted from his rear appendage stopped a moment to contemplate his next move. Near him was a pile of cord wood. Charlie reached over picked up a good sized piece and flung it through the kitchen window of the building. Not only did he break the glass, but the frame and sash as well.

Feeling that he had evened his score with the keeper, Charlie went straight to his own own building and at once forgot his grudge. When Colonel Hall and his trainer arrived, Charlie was again friendly and gentle and acted as though nothing at all had occurred.

As the years went on, Big Charlie became more unmanageable. One time he threw his trainer, Mabel Hall, and caused him many weeks of painful injury. This was the first time the elephant had ever shown unfriendliness towards her, and so the first time she became frightened of him. Hall wanted to change Charlie's name and sell him, but the elephant had grown so hard to handle that everyone thought it available to kill him before he caused more damage. Charlie was made to wear brass balls on the ends of his tusks to keep him from goring those who handled him, also to keep his beautiful tusks from being split.

They tried to do away with the elephant by giving him strychnine in a potato or an apple, but it had no effect on him, aside from making him slightly uncomfortable. Old Charlie began to be suspicious of his dainty fare and refused further appetizers.

He was finally given potassium cyanide in a sweet potato, a delicacy he could not resist, and in two hours he was dead. His grave was dug in short distance from the circus quarters, and after his tusks had been removed he was buried.

Q...So that is the life and adventure of Big Charlie, quite a tale. Marty do elephants fear mice?

A...Under some conditions. In India, the natural habitat of the circus elephant, there is a small animal resembling our mouse, which feeds on the berries of the same lowland bush where elephants graze.

The tiny rodents, unlike the mice of America, have barbed claws, arrow tipped like a bee's stinger. When the unwary elephant thrusts his trunk into the bushes and contacts one of these small "mice", the terrified little animal will often run up inside of the trunk. His barbed claws sink deep into the sensitive tissues of the elephants nose.

The frightened pachyderm rushes about trying to blow the obstruction out but it is stuck fast. It rots and then causes the death of the elephant, if he has not already killed himself from insanity. Because of his fear of this small Indian rodent and his terror of anything getting into his trunk, elephants are said to be afraid of mice.

Q...Marty, your elephant tales are swell and should I ever start a circus you can be my elephant expert. With much of the early Ringling Brothers story being connected with McGregor and Prairie du Chien, your talk is very timely.

Our time has run out, so we must bring this program to a close. For more History of the Prairie du Chien area, tune in same time, same station next Sunday.

MJDyrud/me Dec. 28,1956

Growth of American Territory

Q...Once again the time has arrived for another interesting History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and historian. Hello Marty and welcome back to WPRE.

A...Thank you, I am glad to be here.

Q...Marty, as I look at the map of the United States, and as I think of 13 original colonies stretching like a finger along the Atlantic coast, I wonder how we acquired so much land in the United States?

A...A big question, but I will try my best to answer it.

Lets begin at the close of the Revolutionary War, when the 13 colonies gained their independence The last muskets were fired at Yorktown on October 17,1781. Two days later 8,000 British troops stacked their arms and two and one half million Americans began again, their interrupted task of building a nation.

Fortunately, we were blessed with visionary leaders, who charted expansion as one of their goals. Some dreamers hoped that America, might someday, stretch from the Atlantic to the Pacific. However immediate circumstances dictated more realistic goals.

At the peace conference in Paris in 1782, Benjamin Franklin asked for all of the unconquered Canada, as well as the new lands within the chartered boundaries of the colonies. He was not granted Canada, but he did get a sizable stretch of land that moved our western boundaries from the Appalachian Mountains to the Mississippi River and pushed our north south reaches from the Great Lakes to the northern border of Spanish held Florida. The American realm had taken its first major step towards its destiny.

Q...How was this new land governed?

A...Under the Articles of Confederation, which governed the country before the Constitution on 1787, the acquisition of new land mass, had something of the effect of presenting thirteen children with a cake to divide among them and sending mother out of the room.

Some colonies had well established land claims, while other states had none. Nothing could be done until all thirteen states agreed on a single course, so the squabble continued. Agreement was finally arrived at in 1787 with the acceptance of the Northwest Ordinance, with all new territory coming under jurisdiction of the national government.

Congress decreed that no less than three, nor more than five states would be created, with governor legislature rule, clearly defined population requirements for statehood, and with guarantee of freedom of worship, trial by jury, free public education and prohibition of slavery. The Northwest Ordinance was destined, to be made the model for all future territorial laws. And, by 1818 three states, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois were carved from the territory. Michigan followed in 1837 and Wisconsin in 1848.

Another section of the new land, below the Ohio River, known as the Old Southwest was formed into the states of Kentucky in 1792 and Tennessee in 1796. Further south, Mississippi and Alabama were formed into states in 1819.

Q...You say that the Unites States at that time, only extended to the Mississippi River. What about the land west of the Mississippi?

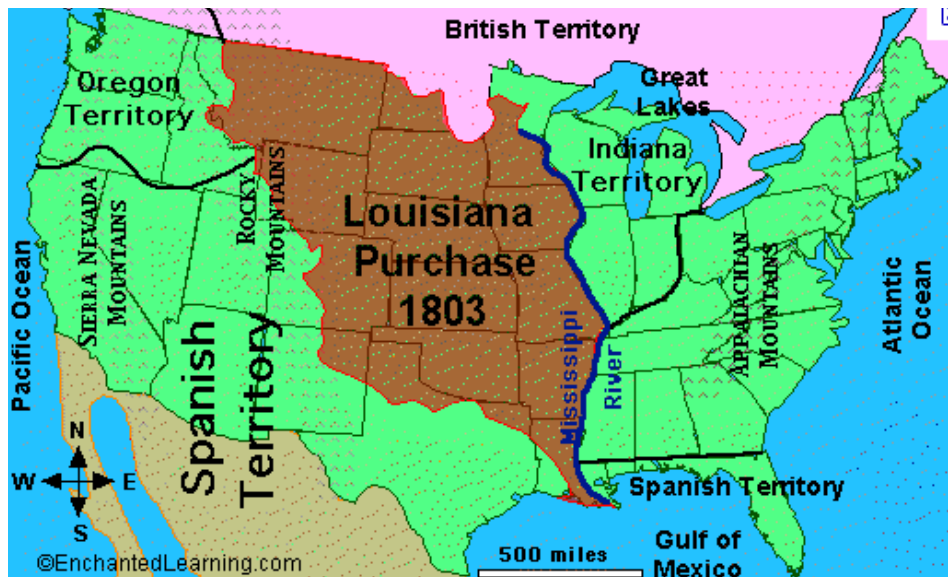
A...Well this situation began very strangely in 1801, when the King of Spain went shopping for a kingdom for his son-in-law, and found exactly what he wanted in a postage stamp kingdom, Napoleon held in Italy. It would cost something, of course, and Napoleon set a price. The Louisiana Territory in the New World. The trade was consummated.

But the Americans were uneasy with the presence of a foreign power controlling New Orleans and the Mississippi River. Whether it was Spanish or French made little difference. Andrew Jackson summed up the views of most Americans, when he said, "God and Nature have destined New Orleans and Florida to belong to this great and rising empire." There was talk of war, until President Jefferson sent James Monroe to Napoleon with an offer to purchase New Orleans.

Shakespeare once said, "there is a time and a tide in the affairs of men, which if taken at the flood lead on the fame and fortune." The time and tide were on our side, for Napoleon was then beset with many troubles. There were negro insurrections in his Caribbean Islands. He feared his truce with England might collapse momentarily. With these and many other problems vexing the Little Corporal, he reasoned, why not sell all of the Louisiana Territory, certainly he needed the money. So, on Monroe's arrival, France's offer was made, accepted and Louisiana became ours for fifteen million dollars. 828,000 square mile of territory was added. Now, America's size was doubled. In addition we were free from British and French entanglements.

Congress divided the new territory into two districts, Louisiana and Missouri. In 1812, the state of Louisiana was admitted to the Union.

Q...What were the boundaries of the Louisiana Purchase?



A...When they asked the French foreign minister, Talleyrand he replied, "You have made a noble bargain for yourselves and I suppose you will make the most of it". And indeed Americans did make the most of it. Southerners argued that West Florida, a belt of land claimed by Spain, along the Gulf of Mexico, had actually been part of the Purchase. But, Spain felt differently. Finally, Americans in a portion of West Florida set up the first Lone Star Republic and asked for annexation by the U. S. They were accepted, just before the War of 1812, and during the war, American forces occupied the Mobile district, securing all of West Florida.

By 1819 Spain was ready to cede East Florida, and by the Adams-Onís Treaty we received East and West Florida in exchange for our claim to Texas. Interestingly enough, the treaty defined the western boundary of the Louisiana Territory, forcing Spain out of her claims in the Pacific Northwest.



Q...Marty, now with Alaska and Hawaii the 49th and 50th states in the union, I have wondered how we acquired these lands?

A...Alaska was purchased from Russia in 1867 for \$7,200,000

Q...Now that doesn't sound like too much money.

A...No, not for 586,400 square miles, or an area about 1/5 the size of the continental United States. Alaska has become the largest state in the union, twice the size Texas

Q...Do you know if the name Alaska has any significance?

A...Yes, it is a native, Aleutian name meaning "the great country."

Q...And what can you tell us about Hawaii?

A...The Hawaiian Islands were ruled for centuries by native kings. In 1893, a revolution backed by Americans removed the ruling Queen from the throne, and the Republic of Hawaii was established.

In 1898, the U. S. annexed Hawaii at the request of the Government of the Republic of Hawaii.

The many island of the Hawaiian chain embrace about 6,500 square miles and in 1950 had a population of 500,000

Q...That is a part of history I have never run across. Now Marty, what about Texas?

A...Mexico had been independent of Spain since 1821, but there was little in her treasury to maintain this new freedom.

To bring in population and enhance revenues, she offered attractive land grants in her northern regions, to Americans, who would move in and accept her rule, which included adherence to Roman Catholicism. The invitation was accepted with dispatch. But in 1830, Mexico awoke from her siesta with a start to realize that her new citizens were some 20,000 Protestant Anglo Americans who had no intention of conforming to her terms. Panicky, she slammed the door on any future immigration and attempted to revoke some of her earlier grants. This irritated the new colonists, and irritation turned to anger, when Mexico attempted to collect taxes and to end slavery. And when the colonists announced they would "secede" by applying to the U.S. for statehood for these northern lands, Mexico prohibited the move.

Santa Anna the Mexican dictator would brook no interference. In March 1836 his troops overtook the Alamo. A few days later he killed 350 Texans and "justice meted out to traitors."

Furiously, Sam Houston, with a small army, pounced on Santa Anna at San Jacinto, captured him, and killed half his force. To escape hanging, the dictator declared to Houston that Texas was independent. Almost immediately, the Lone Star Republic sought admission to the Union. But approval was delayed by northern opposition, as it would create another slave state.

There followed ten years of maneuvering before a way was found to get the matter approved by Congress. Then trouble developed over the southern boundary. Texans claimed the Rio Grande. Mexico insisted on the Nueces River. When Zachary Taylor went to secure our border, Mexico declared War.

Zachary Taylor, you will remember, spent many years at Fort Crawford and was well known in Prairie du Chien. In the Mexican War, Taylor went on winning one slashing victory after another. Like Eisenhower, Zachary was the hero of his day, and the people voted him into the Presidency of the United States.

Q...What about the Northwest?

A...From 1818 on, the Oregon Territory was a "burning issue" for both the United States and Great Britain jointly held the area.

Extremists in America wanted everything as far north as Russian Alaska. They urged that the boundary be pushed to 54 40' latitude, which would be line crossing the southern tip of what is Alaska today. So fifty four forty or fight became an historic political slogan. In 1846 the British offered to draw a compromise boundary at the 49th parallel. President Polk accepted. With the Mexican War about to flare, this course seemed best. The Oregon territory then consisted of more than the present state of Oregon. It also included the states of Washington, Idaho and part of Montana.

Q...Sorry Marty, I guess I interjected the Oregon Territory issue, before you had fully settled the Mexican question.

A...Just before the war with Mexico, a group of Americans raised the Bear Flag and declared California a separate Republic much to the consternation of Mexico.

President Polk sent Nicholas Trist to Mexico to negotiate peace. For fifteen million dollars we obtained the California Territory. This purchase in 1848 is usually referred to as the Mexican Cession. Embraced in this area, were the present states of California, Nevada, Utah, most of Arizona and parts of Colorado and New Mexico.



A tag end boundary dispute remained, and in 1853 James Gasden negotiated what is called the Gasden Purchase for 10 million dollars, and the boundary between the U. S. and Mexico was at last definitely fixed.



Q...Quite a lot of dealing that we often forget.

A...Yes, all told in just fifty years the United States added 2,134,655 square miles to her domain and achieved what many called her destiny. Here was an ocean to ocean realm, independent, and free of foreign pressures within her limits. It is by this accomplishment, or accomplishments, that American statesmen laid the foundation of security and strength which we and our children inherited.

Q...A magnificent story, expertly told. You have condensed volumes of history into a very palatable nugget, which I am sure has earned you the thanks and admiration of all our listeners. Once again, thank for being with us.

For more history of the Prairie du Chien area and our history heritage, tune in next Sunday, same station, and the same time.

MJDyrd/me Jan. 10, 1957

January Dates... Historic Events

Q...Once again the time has arrived for another History Chat with Mr. Marty Dyrud, curator of the Wisconsin State Historical Society and local historian. Hello Marty, and welcome to WPRE.

A...Thank you I am glad to be here.

Q...What history topic intrigues you today?

A...In thinking about the month of January, several people and events come to mind, which helped mold our background.

Q...Sounds interesting, lets have them.

A...January 1, 1865 was the date of Lincoln's famous Emancipation Proclamation, which freed the slaves in rebel territory.

Large numbers of Prairie du Chien and Wisconsin men fought with honor in the Civil War. The slave issue had been smoldering for many years in America. Even in 1787, when the Northwest Territory was created, following the Revolutionary War, slavery was prohibited in this new territory, of which Wisconsin became a state. For years themselves question was fought back and forth, but finally it burst into flame, which we call the Civil War.

Looking back to the Blackhawk War, we note a strange incident or legend, when Jeff Davis from Fort Crawford, here in Prairie du Chien, swore A. Lincoln into American fighting forces in Dixon's Ferry, Illinois. Later these two men would be pitted against each other as presidents of the Union and Confederacy.

Even today we have a remnant of that question deviling us, the Integration Problem, and this will not be settled overnight with the strong feeling evidenced

Q...Strange, but we today, seldom associate the integration problem with the slave issue and the Civil War.

A...Forty years ago on January 10th, there died in Denver, Colorado a famous figure named Buffalo Bill. His true name was William Frederick Cody. He was born in Scott County, Iowa and became one of the celebrated frontier scouts, Indian fighters, and great hunters of the early west.

We in Prairie du Chien will long remember this colorful character, with his flowing white hair, his van dyke mustache, as he rode his prancing horse. It was 1900, a hot August day when Buffalo Bill's Wild West and Congress of Riders came to town. Their tents were set up east of the Burlington tracks. The noon day parade was thrilling for here were Indians, cowboys, Rough Riders back from the Spanish American War in Cuba all parading through town. In that parade was the Deadwood Stage of frontier days, and armed riders gathered from the four corners of the earth. The eminent Annie Oakley and Johnnie Baker were there too. At the show they would perform their magical feats of marksmanship.

But, trouble developed, when a tent hand stopped into Stabin's Saloon. Refusing to pay for his drinks, a scuffle developed. In came Deputy Vavra, who clubbed the circus performer with an axe handle. No extra Billy Clubs being available, when he was deputized, Vavra improvised by going over to the axe handle factory and selecting one for his own use.



Buffalo Bill Cody 1903

When the limping tent man hobbled back to the show grounds, he told his story and enlisted a gang of friends, who were bent on squaring counts. A series of events followed which flamed into a riot, which many thought could not be stopped.

The gang of roustabouts set out from the show grounds, made their way down Bluff Street, which is now Blackhawk Avenue seeking revenge. They spied Vavra, who retreated as they approached. As they pursued Vavra, he became frightened and excited, turned and fired several times wounding several men.

Vavra's ruthless shooting, inflamed the showmen to fury and hatred knew no bounds for this wild and woolly crew. When Vavra ducked out of sight near Artesian alley, after firing again at his assailants, the Wild West showmen, including Indians made a store to store search for their man. Thinking he had hidden in Mrs. O'Day's Saloon, which then stood where Geisler's Tavern is today, the mob broke the door and windows and nearly ruined the interior, looking for Vavra.

Marshall Lindner with the aid of Merrill tried to quiet the mob. Instead of helping the situation, they shot and beat up Lindner, and soon he was hauled home in a wagon unconscious. For six weeks he was in bed recovering from a terrific beating.

Now the women declared that they would tear up the town in retaliation. Pedestrians were bricked by the Indians, others were beaten, law and order had vanished. In desperation, District Attorney Thomas wired Governor Scofield for troops. Governor Scofield wired back to Buffalo Bill that unless he removed his men from the streets at once and riot was ended, troops would take over.

Fred Schroeder, telegrapher at the Milwaukee station carried this message to Buffalo Bill. He quickly mounted his horse, galloped to Main Street and slowly rode up Bluff Street, blowing his whistle. His men knew what Buffalo Bill demanded, for they came out from buildings, from alleys, from side streets and formed into ranks behind him and marched back to the show grounds. Order was restored, but the threat of retaliation remained.

But, what became of Vavra? He had hidden where most men would hate to be found, underneath the seat of an outhouse located back of Mrs. O'Day's saloon. When the shadows came after a terrifically hot day, Vavra snuck out of his aromatic surroundings and left town, for he feared the showmen would make good their threat to kill him.

So ended one Prairie du Chien's most colorful days, a day still remembered by older towns' people, even though 63 years have passed since the event took place.

Q...Marty that is always a thrilling story.

A...January 10, 1762 was a famous day, for it is the birthdate of Julian Dubuque who first saw life at Three Rivers, Canada on the St. Lawrence River, his birthplace. Youngest of 13 children, he was destined to write many pages in the history books of the early west.

Julian Dubuque came to Prairie du Chien in 1783. From 1785-1788 he made Prairie du Chien his headquarters. His famous treaty with the Fox Indians, was made and signed here in Prairie du Chien. It confirmed his title to the lead mines near the present site of Dubuque Iowa. Later his claim was confirmed by the French authorities of Louisiana and referred to as "The Mines of Spain". For years he was a fur trader and lead miner. His early efforts ushered in the rush to the lead country of S. W. Wisconsin in later years.

Today Iowans recognize Julian Dubuque and Basil Giard as the first two white settlers of Iowa. Both previously resided in Prairie du Chien.

Q...We have many ties with our friends across the river.

A...January 13, 1882 brought to a close the life of a fascinating person from Prairie du Chien. I refer to Jane Fisher Rolette Dousman, who died at the age of 78.

Jane Fisher was a beautiful daughter of Henry Monroe Fisher, a Prairie du Chien fur trader, who was a cousin of President James Monroe.

King Rolette was not a young man when he married Jane Fisher. When he died Hercules Dousman courted her, they were married and occupied the "House on the Mound", which we now call the Villa Louis.



Jane Fisher Dousman

Jane Fisher Dousman was not only pretty, but she had a good head and artfully accomplished her purposes in a ruddy frontier setting. I always admired her courage and ingenuity when she faced a rather desperate situation at her home. Colonel Dousman was gone, when news came that a band of Indians were on their way to her home angry and chaffing under the thought that the Colonel had not given them sufficient pay for their furs. Now they would settle accounts.

What would you do facing such an unpleasant situation? Jane Fisher Dousman did not sit idly by awaiting the impending trouble, neither did she run away nor gather friends to defend her home. Instead, she sent a courier to the Indians inviting them to a feast as her guests on grounds near the Villa. When the Indians arrived they were her guests with plenty of food and wine. Her hospitality melted their grudges and after they had feasted, they had forgotten their malice and departed friends

Here could have been an embarrassing frontier incident, but for the versatile approach of Jane Fisher Dousman. Skillfully she turned hatred into admiration. Certainly a success story in Indian treatment that others might have used instead of thinking only of force.

Q...Not much is written or said of the lady and I am glad to learn this.

A...January 17, 1706 is the birthday of Benjamin Franklin, whom Thomas Jefferson called "The Greatest Man and Ornament of the Age and the Country in which he lived."

Benjamin Franklin was gentleman of many talents. He was a printer, author and publisher; best known as publisher of the Pennsylvania Gazette, the leading colonial newspaper, and for Poor Richard's Almanac, which he wrote and sold.

Many of us think of him as a Scientist and Inventor: He was the first to prove the identity of lightning as electricity. His invention of the lightning rod overcame the disastrous effects of lightning. His early fame was also associated with the Franklin stove, and improvement on the fireplace.

Then too Franklin was a brilliant Statesman; His great diplomacy and his wide popularity in Paris, inclined the leaders of France to side with the Americans in their quest for freedom.

Here was a Scholar: master of English, a keen student of French, Italian, Spanish, and Latin. At 70 years of age he was still busy learning Greek.

Much credit can be given Benjamin Franklin for his wide contributions to a young America. But for his skill in negotiating with the British, Wisconsin territory might now be governed by others.

Q...We seldom think that Franklin had anything to do with our area.



Benjamin Franklin

"The only thing more expensive than education is ignorance"

A...January 19, 1757 commemorates the birthdate of another great American, for it was on this day that Alexander Hamilton was born in the British West Indies. His illegitimate birth, did not hinder his talent for getting things done. He helped create his adopted land. During the Revolutionary War, he served with distinction as a Lieutenant Colonel.

Within Hamilton was real passion for effective government. General Washington recognized this and made him Secretary of the Treasury.

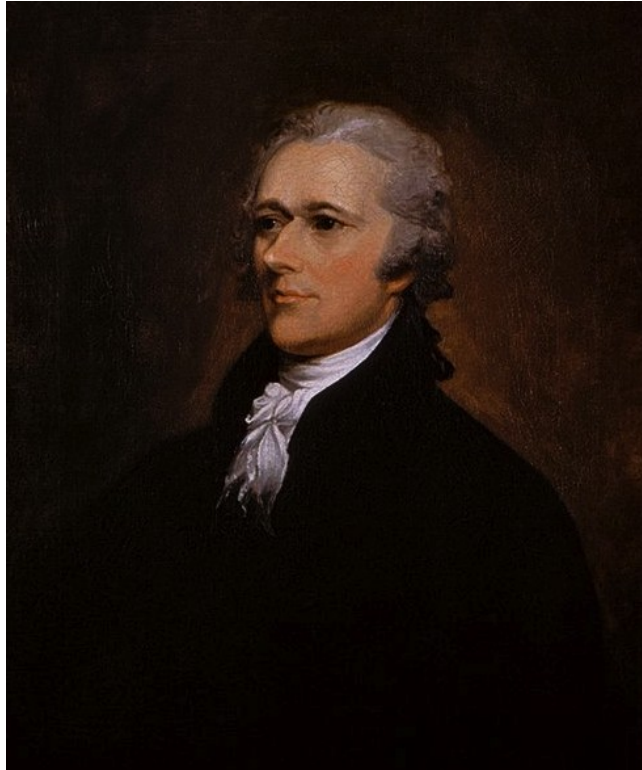
In the famous duel with Aaron Burr, Hamilton was fatally wounded. He died in 1804, and was buried in Trinity Church Yard in lower Manhattan in New York, now a peaceful spot nestled along side Wall Street Skyscrapers.

Hamilton was on of the half dozen men, who did most to create the American nation.

Hamilton's wife, Elizabeth (Betsy) Schuyler belonged to one of New York's proudest families. They had five sons, who all became prominent lawyers or military men.

The Hamilton name was recognized at Fort Crawford, for one or more of Alexander Hamilton's sons served here. We find accounts of them helping in the building of the military road from Fort Crawford at Prairie du Chien to Fort Howard at Green Bay.

A Hamilton boy had a lead mine operation in south western Wisconsin in the Blackhawk War days, and we find that he built a stockade for his family and employees during the period of Indian scare. This location is near the town of Wiotia, which is southeast of Darlington.



Alexander Hamilton

Q...Marty you have wrapped up a lot of history around a few people, with close ties in this area. Thanks for sharing your knowledge with us. I am sure it is enriching the lives of all your listeners. For more history of the Prairie du Chien area, we invite you to be with us next Sunday, same time same station.

January 18, 1957 MJDyrud/me

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MA-KA-TAI-ME-SHE-KIA-KIAK, OR BLACK HAWK,

By Black Hawk

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Copyrighted by J.B. PATTERSON, 1882.

AS A TOKEN OF HIGH REGARD,

I DEDICATE THIS VOLUME

TO MY FRIEND,

HON. BAILEY DAVENPORT,

OF ROCK ISLAND, ILL.

AFFIDAVIT.

DISTRICT OF ILLINOIS, SS. Be it remembered, that on this sixteenth day of November, Anno Domini eighteen hundred and thirty-three, J.B. Patterson, of said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a Book, the title of which is in the words following, to wit:

"Life of Makataimeshekiakiak, or Black Hawk, embracing the Traditions of his Nation—Indian Wars in which he has been engaged—Cause of joining the British in their late War with America, and its History—Description of the Rock River Village—Manners and Customs—Encroachments by the Whites contrary to Treaty—Removal from his village in 1831. With an account of the Cause and General History of the Late War, his Surrender and Confinement at Jefferson Barracks, and Travels through the United States. Dictated by himself."

J.B. Patterson, of Rock Island, Illinois, Editor and Proprietor.

The right whereof he claims as author, in conformity with an act of Congress, entitled "An act to amend the several acts respecting copyrights."

W.H. BROWN,
Clerk of the District of Illinois

INDIAN AGENCY, ROCK ISLAND, October 16, 1833. I do hereby certify, that Makataimeshekiakiak, or Black Hawk, did call upon me, on his return to his people in August last, and expressed a great desire to have a History of his Life written and published, in order (as he said) "that the people of the United States, (among

whom he had been traveling, and by whom he had been treated with great respect, friendship and hospitality,) might know the *cause* that had impelled him to acts as he had done, and the *principles* by which he was governed."

In accordance with his request, I acted as Interpreter; and was particularly cautious to understand distinctly the narrative of Black Hawk throughout—and have examined the work carefully since its completion, and have no hesitation in pronouncing it strictly correct, in all its particulars.

Given under my hand, at the Sac and Fox agency, the day and date above written.

*ANTOINE LE CLAIR,
U.S. Interpreter for the Sacs and Foxes.*

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NE-KA-NA-WEN.

MA-NE-SO-NO OKE-MAUT WAP-PI MAK-QUAI.
WA-TA-SAI WE-YEU,

Ai nan-ni ta co-si-ya-quai, na-katch ai she-ke she-he-nack, hai-me-ka-ti ya-quai ke-she-he-nack, ken-e-chawe-he-ke kai-pec-kien a-cob, ai-we-ne-she we-he-yen; ne-wai-ta-sa-mak ke-kosh-pe kai-a-poi qui-wat. No-ta-wach-pai pai-ke se-na-mon nan-ni-yoo, ai-ke-kai na-o-pen. Ni-me-to sai-ne-ni-wen, ne-ta-to-ta ken ai mo-he-man ta-ta-que, ne-me-to-sai-ne-ne-wen.

Nin-a-kai-ka poi-pon-ni chi-cha-yen, kai-ka-ya ha-ma-we pa-she-to-he-yen. Kai-na-ya kai-nen-ne-naip, he-nok ki-nok ke-cha-kai-ya pai-no-yen ne-ket-te-sim-mak o-ke-te-wak ke-o-che, me-ka ti-ya-quois na-kach mai-quoi, a-que-qui pa-che-qui ke-kan-ni ta-men-nin. Ke-to-ta we-yen, a-que-ka-ni-co-te she-tai-hai-hai yen, nen, chai-cha-me-co kai-ke-me-se ai we-ke ken-na-ta-mo-wat ken-ne-wa-ha-o ma-quo-qua-yeai-quoi. Ken-wen-na ak-che-man wen-ni-ta-hai ke-men-ne to-ta-we-yeu, ke-kog-hai ke-ta-shi ke-kai na-we-yen, he-na-cha wai-che-we to-mo-nan, ai pe-che-qua-chi mo-pen ma-me-co, ma-che-we-ta na-mo-nan, ne-ya-we-nan qui-a-ha-wa pe-ta-kek, a que-year tak-pa-she-qui a-to-ta-mo-wat, chi-ye-tuk he-ne cha-wai-chi he-ni-nan ke-o-chi-ta mow-ta-swee-pai che-qua-que.

He-ni-cha-hai poi-kai-nen na-no-so-si-yen, ai o-sa-ke-we-yen, ke-pe-me-kai-mi-kat hai-nen hac-yai, na-na-co-si-peu, nen-a-kai-ne co-ten ne-co-ten ne-ka chi-a-quoi ne-me-cok me-to-sai ne-ne wak-kai ne-we-yen-nen, kai-shai ma-ni-to-ke ka-to-me-nak ke-wa-sai he-co-wai mi-a-me ka-chi pai-ko-tai-hear-pe kai-cee wa-wa-kia he-pe ha-pe-nach-he-cha, na-na-ke-na-way ni-taain ai we-pa-he-wea to-to-na ca, ke-to-ta-we-yeak, he-nok, mia-ni ai she-ke-ta ma-ke-si-yen, nen-a-kai na-co-ten ne-ka-he-nen e-ta-quois, wa toi-na-ka che-ma-ke-keu na-ta-che tai-hai-ken ai mo-co-man ye-we-yeu ke-to-towe. E-nok ma-ni-hai she-ka-ta-ma ka-si-yen, wen-e-cha-hai nai-ne-mak, mai-ko-ten ke ka-cha ma-men-na-tuk we-yowe, keu-ke-nok ai she-me ma-na-ni ta-men-ke-yowe. MA-KA-TAI-ME-SHE-KIA-KIAK Ma-taus-we Ki-sis, 1833.

DEDICATION. [translation]

To Brigadier General H. Atkinson:

SIR—The changes of fortune and vicissitudes of war made you my conqueror. When my last resources were exhausted, my warriors worn down with long and toilsome marches, we yielded, and I became your prisoner.

The story of my life is told in the following pages: it is intimately connected, and in some measure, identified, with a part of the history of your own: I have, therefore, dedicated it to you.

The changes of many summers have brought old age upon me, and I can not expect to survive many moons. Before I set out on my journey to the land of my fathers, I have determined to give my motives and reasons for my former hostilities to the whites, and to vindicate my character from misrepresentation. The kindness I received from you whilst a prisoner of war assures me that you will vouch for the facts contained in my narrative, so far as they came under your observation.

I am now an obscure member of a nation that formerly honored and respected my opinions. The pathway to glory is rough, and many gloomy hours obscure it. May the Great Spirit shed light on yours, and that you may never experience the humility that the power of the American government has reduced me to, is the wish of him, who, in his native forests, was once as proud and bold as yourself.

BLACK HAWK.

10th Moon, 1833.

ADVERTISEMENT

It is presumed that no apology will be required for presenting to the public the life of a Hero who has lately taken such high rank among the distinguished individuals of America. In the following pages he will be seen in the character of a Warrior, a Patriot and a State prisoner; in every situation he is still the chief of his Band,

asserting their rights with dignity, firmness and courage. Several accounts of the late war having been published, in which he thinks justice is not done to himself or nation, he determined to make known to the world the injuries his people have received from the whites, the causes which brought on the war on the part of his nation, and a general history of it throughout the campaign. In his opinion this is the only method now left him to rescue his little Band, the remnant of those who fought bravely with him, from the effects of the statements that have already gone forth.

The facts which he states, respecting the Treaty of 1804, in virtue of the provisions of which the government claimed the country in dispute and enforced its arguments with the sword, are worthy of attention. It purported to cede to the United States all of the country, including the village and corn-fields of Black Hawk and his band, on the east side of the Mississippi. Four individuals of the tribe, who were on a visit to St. Louis to obtain the liberation of one of their people from prison, were prevailed upon, says Black Hawk, to make this important treaty, without the knowledge or authority of the tribes, or nation.

In treating with the Indians for their country, it has always been customary to assemble the whole nation; because, as has been truly suggested by the Secretary of War, the nature of the authority of the chiefs of the tribe is such, that it is not often that they dare make a treaty of much consequence, and we might add, never, when involving so much magnitude as the one under consideration, without the presence of their young men. A rule so reasonable and just ought never to be violated, and the Indians might well question the right of the Government to dispossess them, when such violation was made the basis of its right.

The Editor has written this work according to the dictation of Black Hawk, through the United States Interpreter, at the Sac and Fox Agency of Rock Island. He does not, therefore, consider himself responsible for any of the facts, or views, contained in it, and leaves the Old Chief and his story with the public, whilst he neither asks, nor expects, any fame for his services as an amanuensis.

THE EDITOR.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BLACK HAWK.

I was born at the Sac village, on Rock river, in the year 1767, and am now in my 67th year. My great grandfather, Nanamakee, or Thunder, according to the tradition given me by my father, Pyesa, was born in the vicinity of Montreal, Canada, where the Great Spirit first placed the Sac nation, and inspired him with a belief that, at the end of four years he should see a *white man*, who would be to him a father. Consequently he blacked his face, and eat but once a day, just as the sun was going down, for three years, and continued dreaming, throughout all this time whenever he slept. When the Great Spirit again appeared to him, and told him that, at the end of one year more, he should meet his father, and directed him to start seven days before its expiration, and take with him his two brothers, Namah, or Sturgeon, and Paukahummawa, or Sunfish, and travel in a direction to the left of sun-rising. After pursuing this course for five days, he sent out his two brothers to listen if they could hear a noise, and if so, to fasten some grass to the end of a pole, erect it, pointing in the direction of the sound, and then return to him.

Early next morning they returned, and reported that they had heard sounds which appeared near at hand, and that they had fulfilled his order. They all then started for the place where the pole had been erected; when, on reaching it, Nanamakee left his party and went alone to the place from whence the sounds proceeded, and found, that the white man had arrived and pitched his tent. When he came in sight, his father came out to meet him. He took him by the hand and welcomed him into his tent. He told him that he was the son of the King of France; that he had been dreaming for four years; that the Great Spirit had directed him to come here, where he

should meet a nation of people who had never yet seen a white man; that they should be his children and he should be their father; that he had communicated these things to the King, his father, who laughed at him and called him Mashena, but he insisted on coming here to meet his children where the Great Spirit had directed him. The king had told him that he would find neither land nor people; that this was an uninhabited region of lakes and mountains, but, finding that he would have no peace without it, he fitted out a napequa, manned it, and gave him charge of it, when he immediately loaded it, set sail and had now landed on the very day that the Great Spirit had told him in his dreams he should meet his children. He had now met the man who should, in future, have charge of all the nation.

He then presented him with a medal which he hung round his neck. Nanamakee informed him of his dreaming, and told him that his two brothers remained a little way behind. His father gave him a shirt, a blanket and a handkerchief besides a variety of other presents, and told him to go and bring his brethren. Having laid aside his buffalo robe and dressed himself in his new dress, he started to meet his brothers. When they met he explained to them his meeting with the white man and exhibited to their view the presents that he had made him. He then took off his medal and placed it on his elder brother Namah, and requested them both to go with him to his father.

They proceeded thither, were where ushered into the tent, and after some brief ceremony his father opened a chest and took presents therefrom for the new comers. He discovered that Nanamakee had given his medal to his elder brother Namah. He told him that he had done wrong; that he should wear that medal himself, as he had others for his brothers. That which he had given him was typical of the rank he should hold in the nation; that his brothers could only rank as *civil chiefs*, and that their duties should consist of taking care of the village and attending to its civil concerns, whilst his rank, from his superior knowledge, placed him over all. If the nation should get into any difficulty with another, then his puccohawama, or sovereign decree, must be obeyed. If he declared war he must lead them on to battle; that the Great Spirit had made him a great and brave general, and had sent him here to give him that medal and make presents to him for his people.

His father remained four days, during which time he gave him guns, powder and lead, spears and lances, and taught him their use, so that in war he might be able to chastise his enemies, and in peace they could kill buffalo, deer and other game necessary for the comforts and luxuries of life. He then presented the others with various kinds of cooking utensils and taught them their uses. After having given them large quantities of goods as presents, and everything necessary for their comfort, he set sail for France, promising to meet them again, at the same place, after the 12th moon.

The three newly made chiefs returned to their village and explained to Mukataquet, their father, who was the principal chief of the nation, what had been said and done.

The old chief had some dogs killed and made a feast preparatory to resigning his scepter, to which all the nation were invited. Great anxiety prevailed among them to know what the three brothers had seen and heard. . When the old chief arose and related to them the sayings and doings of his three sons, and concluded by saying that the Great Spirit had directed that these, his three sons, should take the rank and power that had once been his, and that he yielded these honors and duties willingly to them, because it was the wish of the Great Spirit, and he could never consent to make him angry.

He now presented the great medicine bag to Nanamakee, and told him that he "cheerfully resigned it to him, it is the soul of our nation, it has never yet been disgraced and I will expect you to keep it unsullied."

Some dissensions arose among them, in consequence of so much power being given to Nanamakee, he being so young a man. To quiet them, Nanamakee, during a violent thunder storm, told them that he had caused it, and that it was an exemplification of the name the Great Spirit had given him. During the storm the lightning struck, and set fire to a tree near by, a sight they had never witnessed before. He went to it and brought away some of

its burning branches, made a fire in the lodge and seated his brothers around it opposite to one another, while he stood up and addressed his people as follows:

"I am yet young, but the Great Spirit has called me to the rank I hold among you. I have never sought to be more than my birth entitled me to. I have not been ambitious, nor was it ever my wish while my father was yet among the living to take his place, nor have I now usurped his powers. The Great Spirit caused me to dream for four years. He told me where to go and meet the white man who would be a kind father to us all. I obeyed. I went, and have seen and know our new father.

"You have all heard what was said and done. The Great Spirit directed him to come and meet me, and it is his order that places me at the head of my nation, the place which my father has willingly resigned.

"You have all witnessed the power that has been given me by the Great Spirit, in making that fire, and all that I now ask is that these, my two chiefs, may never let it go out. That they may preserve peace among you and administer to the wants of the needy. And should an enemy invade our country, I will then, and not until then, assume command, and go forth with my band of brave warriors and endeavor to chastise them."

At the conclusion of this speech every voice cried out for Nanamakee. All were satisfied when they found that the Great Spirit had done what they had suspected was the work of Nanamakee, he being a very shrewd young man.

The next spring according to promise their French father returned, with his napequa richly laden with goods, which were distributed among them. He continued for a long time to keep up a regular trade with them, they giving him in exchange for his goods furs and peltries.

After a long time the British overpowered the French, the two nations being at War, and drove them away from Quebec, taking possession of it themselves. The different tribes of Indians around our nation, envying our people, united their forces against them and by their combined strength succeeded in driving them to Montreal, and from thence to Mackinac. Here our people first met our British father, who furnished them with goods. Their enemies still wantonly pursued them and drove them to different places along the lake. At last they made a village near Green Bay, on what is now called Sac river, having derived its name from this circumstance. Here they held a council with the Foxes, and a national treaty of friendship and alliance was agreed upon. The Foxes abandoned their village and joined the Sacs. This arrangement, being mutually obligatory upon both parties, as neither were sufficiently strong to meet their enemies with any hope of success, they soon became as one band or nation of people. They were driven, however, by the combined forces of their enemies to the Wisconsin. They remained here for some time, until a party of their young men, who descended Rock river to its mouth, had returned and made a favorable report of the country. They all descended Rock river, drove the Kaskaskias from the country and commenced the erection of their village, determined never to leave it.

At this village I was born, being a lineal descendant of the first chief, Nanamakee, or Thunder. Few, if any events of note transpired within my recollection until about my fifteenth year. I was not allowed to paint or wear feathers, but distinguished myself at an early age by wounding an enemy; consequently I was placed in the ranks of the Braves.

Soon after this a leading chief of the Muscow nation came to our village for recruits to go to war against the Osages, our common enemy.

I volunteered my services to go, as my father had joined him, and was proud to have an opportunity to prove to him that I was not an unworthy son, and that I had courage and bravery. It was not long before we met the enemy and a battle immediately ensued. Standing by my father's side, I saw him kill his antagonist and tear the scalp from off his head. Fired with valor and ambition, I rushed furiously upon another and smote him to the earth with my tomahawk. I then ran my lance through his body, took off his scalp and returned in triumph to my father. He said nothing but looked well pleased. This was the first man I killed. The enemy's loss in this

engagement having been very great, they immediately retreated, which put an end to the war for the time being. Our party then returned to the village and danced over the scalps we had taken. This was the first time I was permitted to join in a scalp dance.

After a few moons had passed, being acquired considerable reputation as a brave, I led a party of seven and attacked one hundred Osages! I killed one man and left him for my comrades to scalp while I was taking observations of the strength and preparations of the enemy. Finding that they were equally well armed with ourselves, I ordered a retreat and came off without the loss of a man. This excursion gained for me great applause, and enabled me, before a great while, to raise a party of one hundred and eighty to march against the Osages. We left our village in high spirits and marched over a rugged country, until we reached the land of the Osages, on the borders of the Missouri.

We followed their trail until we arrived at the village, which we approached with exceeding caution, thinking that they were all here, but found, to our sorrow, that they had deserted it. The party became dissatisfied in consequence of this disappointment, and all, with the exception of five noble braves, dispensed and went home. I then placed myself at the head of this brave little band, and thanked the Great Spirit that so *many* had remained. We took to the trail of our enemies, with a full determination never to return without some trophy of victory. We followed cautiously on for several days, killed one man and a boy, and returned home with their scalps.

In consequence of this mutiny in camp, I was not again able to raise a sufficient force to go against the Osages until about my Nineteenth year. During this interim they committed many outrages on our nation; hence I succeeded in recruiting two hundred efficient warriors, and early one morning took up the line of march. In a few days we were in the enemy's country, and we had not gone far before we met a force equal to our own with which to contend. A general battle immediately commenced, although my warriors were considerably fatigued by forced marches. Each party fought desperately. The enemy seemed unwilling to yield the ground and we were determined to conquer or die. A great number of Osages were killed and many wounded before they commenced a retreat. A band of warriors more brave, skillful and efficient than mine could not be found. In this engagement I killed five men and one squaw, and had the good fortune to take the scalps of all I struck with one exception—that of the squaw, who was accidentally killed. The enemy's loss in this engagement was about one hundred braves. Ours nineteen. We then returned to our village well pleased with our success, and danced over the scalps which we had taken.

The Osages, in consequence of their great loss in this battle, became satisfied to remain on their own lands. This stopped for a while their depredations on our nation. Our attention was now directed towards an ancient enemy who had decoyed and murdered some of our helpless women and children. I started with my father, who took command of a small party, and proceeded against the enemy to chastise them for the wrongs they had heaped upon us. We met near the Merimac and an action ensued; the Cherokees having a great advantage in point of numbers. Early in this engagement my father was wounded in the thigh, but succeeded in killing his enemy before he fell. Seeing that he had fallen, I assumed command, and fought desperately until the enemy commenced retreating before the well directed blows of our braves. I returned to my father to administer to his necessities, but nothing could be done for him. The medicine man said the wound was mortal, from which he soon after died. In this battle I killed three men and wounded several. The enemy's loss was twenty-eight and ours seven.

I now fell heir to the great medicine bag of my forefathers, which had belonged to my father. I took it, buried our dead, and returned with my party, sad and sorrowful, to our village, in consequence of the loss of my father.

Owing to this misfortune I blacked my face, fasted and prayed to the Great Spirit for five years, during which time I remained in a civil capacity, hunting and fishing.

The Osages having again commenced aggressions on our people, and the Great Spirit having taken pity on me, I took a small party and went against them. I could only find six of them, and their forces being so weak, I thought it would be cowardly to kill them, but took them prisoners and carried them to our Spanish father at St. Louis, gave them up to him and then returned to our village.

Determined on the final and complete extermination of the dastardly Osages, in punishment for the injuries our people had received from them, I commenced recruiting a strong force, immediately on my return, and stated in the third moon, with five hundred Sacs and Foxes, and one hundred Iowas, and marched against the enemy. We continued our march for many days before we came upon their trail, which was discovered late in the day. We encamped for the night, made an early start next morning, and before sundown we fell upon forty lodges, killed all the inhabitants except two squaws, whom I took as prisoners. Doing this engagement I killed seven men and two boys with my own hands. In this battle many of the bravest warriors among the Osages were killed, which caused those who yet remained of their nation to keep within the boundaries of their own land and cease their aggressions upon our hunting grounds.

The loss of my father, by the Cherokees, made me anxious to avenge his death by the utter annihilation, if possible, of the last remnant of their tribe. I accordingly commenced collecting another party to go against them. Having succeeded in this, I started with my braves and went into their country, but I found only five of their people, whom I took prisoners. I afterwards released four of them, the other, a young squaw, we brought home. Great as was my hatred of these people, I could not kill so small a party.

About the close of the ninth moon, I led a large party against the Chippewas, Kaskaskias and Osages. This was the commencement of a long and arduous campaign, which terminated in my thirty-fifth year, after having had seven regular engagements and numerous small skirmishes. During this campaign several hundred of the enemy were slain. I killed thirteen of their bravest warriors with my own hands.

Our enemies having now been driven from our hunting grounds, with so great a loss as they sustained, we returned in peace to our village. After the seasons of mourning and burying our dead braves and of feasting and dancing had passed, we commenced preparations for our winter's hunt. When all was ready we started on the chase and returned richly laden with the fruits of the hunter's toil.

We usually paid a visit to St. Louis every summer, but in consequence of the long protracted war in which we had been engaged, I had not been there for some years.

Our difficulties all having been settled, I concluded to take a small party and go down to see our Spanish father during the summer. We went, and on our arrival put up our lodges where the market house now stands. After painting and dressing we called to see our Spanish father and were kindly received. He gave us a great variety of presents and an abundance of provisions. We danced through the town as usual, and the inhabitants all seemed well pleased. They seemed to us like brothers, and always gave us good advice. On my next and last visit to our Spanish father, I discovered on landing, that all was not right. Every countenance seemed sad and gloomy. I inquired the cause and was informed that the Americans were coming to take possession of the town and country, and that we were to lose our Spanish father. This news made me and my band exceedingly sad, because we had always heard bad accounts of the Americans from the Indians who had lived near them. We were very sorry to lose our Spanish father, who had always treated us 'with great friendship.

A few days afterwards the Americans arrived. I, in company with my band, went to take leave for the last time of our father. The Americans came to see him also. Seeing their approach, we passed out at one door as they came in at another. We immediately embarked in our canoes for our village on Rock river, not liking the change any more than our friends at St. Louis appeared to.

On arriving at our village we gave out the news that a strange people had taken possession of St. Louis and that we should never see our generous Spanish father again. This information cast a deep gloom over our people.

Sometime afterwards a boat came up the river with a young American chief, at that time Lieutenant, and afterwards General Pike, and a small party of soldiers aboard. The boat at length arrived at Rock river and the young chief came on shore with his interpreter. He made us a speech and gave us some presents, in return for which we gave him meat and such other provisions as we could spare.

We were well pleased with the speech of the young chief. He gave us good advice and said our American father would treat us well. He presented us an American flag which we hoisted. He then requested us to lower the *British colors*, which were waving in the air, and to give him our British medals, promising to send others on his return to St. Louis. This we declined to do as we wished to have two fathers.

When the young chief started we sent runners to the village of the Foxes, some miles distant, to direct them to treat him well as he passed, which they did. He went to the head of the Mississippi and then returned to St. Louis. We did not see any Americans again for some time, being supplied with goods by British traders.

We were fortunate in not giving up our medals, for we learned afterwards, from our traders, that the chiefs high up the Mississippi, who gave theirs, never received any in exchange for them. But the fault was not with the young American chief. He was a good man, a great brave, and I have since learned, died in his country's service.

Some moons after this young chief had descended the Mississippi, one of our people killed an American, was taken prisoner and was confined in the prison at St. Louis for the offence. We held a council at our village to see what could be done for him, and determined that Quashquame, Pashepaho, Ouchequaka and Hashequarhiqua should go down to St. Louis, see our American father and do all they could to have our friend released by paying for the person killed, thus covering the blood and satisfying the relations of the murdered man. This being the only means with us for saving a person who had killed another, and we then thought it was the same way with the whites.

The party started with the good wishes of the whole nation, who had high hopes that the emissaries would accomplish the object of their mission. The relations of the prisoner blacked their faces and fasted, hoping the Great Spirit would take pity on them and return husband and father to his sorrowing wife and weeping children.

Quashquame and party remained a long time absent. They at length returned and encamped near the village, a short distance below it, and did not come up that day, nor did any one approach their camp. They appeared to be dressed in fine coats and had medals. From these circumstances we were in hopes that they had brought good news. Early the next morning the Council Lodge was crowded, Quashquame and party came up and gave us the following account of their mission:

On our arrival at St. Louis we met our American father and explained to him our business, urging the release of our friend. The American chief told us he wanted land. We agreed to give him some on the west side of the Mississippi, likewise more on the Illinois side opposite Jeffreon. When the business was all arranged we expected to have our friend released to come home with us. About the time we were ready to start our brother was let out of the prison. He started and ran a short distance when he was SHOT DEAD!

This was all they could remember of what had been said and done. It subsequently appeared that they had been drunk the greater part of the time while at St. Louis.

This was all myself and nation knew of the treaty of 1804. It has since been explained to me. I found by that treaty, that all of the country east of the Mississippi, and south of Jeffreon was ceded to the United States for one thousand dollars a year. I will leave it to the people of the United States to say whether our nation was properly represented in this treaty? Or whether we received a fair compensation for the extent of country ceded by these four individuals?

I could say much more respecting this treaty, but I will not at this time. It has been the origin of all our serious difficulties with the whites.

Sometime after this treaty was made, a war chief with a party of soldiers came up in keel boats, encamped a short distance above the head of the Des Moines rapids, and commenced cutting timber and building houses. The news of their arrival was soon carried to all our villages, to confer upon which many councils were held. We could not understand the intention, or comprehend the reason why the Americans wanted to build homes at that place. We were told that they were a party of soldiers, who had brought great guns with them, and looked like a war party of whites.

A number of people immediately went down to see what was going on, myself among them. On our arrival we found that they were building a fort. The soldiers were busily engaged in cutting timber, and I observed that they took their arms with them when they went to the woods. The whole party acted as they would do in an enemy's country. The chiefs held a council with the officers, or head men of the party, which I did not attend, but understood from them that the war chief had said that they were building homes for a trader who was coming there to live, and would sell us goods very cheap, and that the soldiers were to remain to keep him company. We were pleased at this information and hoped that it was all true, but we were not so credulous as to believe that all these buildings were intended merely for the accommodation of a trader. Being distrustful of their intentions, we were anxious for them to leave off building and go back down the river.

By this time a considerable number of Indians had arrived to see what was doing. I discovered that the whites were alarmed. Some of our young men watched a party of soldiers, who went out to work, carrying their arms, which were laid aside before they commenced. Having stolen quietly to the spot they seized the guns and gave a wild yell! The party threw down their axes and ran for their arms, but found them gone, and themselves surrounded. Our young men laughed at them and returned their weapons.

When this party came to the fort they reported what had been done, and the war chief made a serious affair of it. He called our chiefs to council inside his fort. This created considerable excitement in our camp, every one wanting to know what was going to be done. The picketing which had been put up, being low, every Indian crowded around the fort, got upon blocks of wood and old barrels that they might see what was going on inside. Some were armed with guns and others with bows and arrows. We used this precaution, seeing that the soldiers had their guns loaded and having seen them load their big guns in the morning.

A party of our braves commenced dancing and proceeded up to the gate with the intention of, going in, but were stopped. The council immediately broke up, the soldiers with their guns in hands rushed out from the rooms where they had been concealed. The cannon were hauled to the gateway, and a soldier came running with fire in his hand, ready to apply the match. Our braves gave way and retired to the camp. There was no preconcerted plan to attack the whites at that time, but I am of the opinion now that had our braves got into the fort all of the whites would have been killed, as were the British soldiers at Mackinac many years before.

We broke up our camp and returned to Rock river. A short time afterward the party at the fort received reinforcements, among whom we observed some of our old friends from St. Louis.

Soon after our return from Fort Madison runners came to our village from the Shawnee Prophet. Others were despatched by him to the village of the Winnebagoes, with invitations for us to meet him on the Wabash. Accordingly a party went from each village.

All of our party returned, among whom came a prophet, who explained to us the bad treatment the different nations of Indians had received from the Americans, by giving them a few presents and taking their land from them.

I remember well his saying: "If you do not join your friends on the Wabash, the Americans will take this very village from you!" I little thought then that his words would come true, supposing that he used these arguments merely to encourage us to join him, which we concluded not to do. He then returned to the Wabash, where a party Of Winnebagoes had preceded him, and preparations were making for war. A battle soon ensued in which

several Winnebagoes were killed. As soon as their nation heard of this battle, and that some of their people had been killed, they sent several war parties in different directions. One to the mining county, one to Prairie du Chien, and another to Fort Madison. The latter returned by our village and exhibited several scalps which they had taken. Their success induced several parties to go against the fort. Myself and several of my band joined the last party, and were determined to take the fort. We arrived in the vicinity during the night. The spies that we had sent out several days before to watch the movements of those at the garrison, and ascertain their numbers, came to us and gave the following information: "A keel arrived from below this evening with seventeen men. There are about fifty men in the fort and they march out every morning to exercise." It was immediately determined that we should conceal ourselves in a position as near as practicable to where the soldiers should come out, and when the signal was given each one was to fire on them and rush into the fort. With my knife I dug a hole in the ground deep enough that by placing a few weeds around it, succeeded in concealing myself. I was so near the fort that I could hear the sentinels walking on their beats. By day break I had finished my work and was anxiously awaiting the rising of the sun. The morning drum beat. I examined the priming of my gun, and eagerly watched for the gate to open. It did open, but instead of the troops, a young man came out alone and the gate closed after him. He passed so close to me that I could have killed him with my knife, but I let him pass unharmed. He kept the path toward the river, and had he gone one step from it, he must have come upon us and would have been killed. He returned immediately and entered the gate. I would now have rushed for the gate and entered it with him, but I feared that our party was not prepared to follow me.

The gate opened again when four men emerged and went down to the river for wood. While they were gone another man came out, walked toward the river, was fired on and killed by a Winnebago. The others started and ran rapidly towards the fort, but two of them were shot down dead. We then took shelter under the river's bank out of reach of the firing from the fort.

The firing now commenced from both parties and was kept up without cessation all day. I advised our party to set fire to the fort, and commenced preparing arrows for that purpose. At night we made the attempt, and succeeded in firing the buildings several times, but without effect, as the fire was always instantly extinguished.

The next day I took my rifle and shot in two the cord by which they hoisted their flag, and prevented them from raising it again. We continued firing until our ammunition was expended. Finding that we could not take the fort, we returned home, having one Winnebago killed and one wounded during the siege.

I have since learned that the trader who lived in the fort, wounded the Winnebago while he was scalping the first man that was killed. The Winnebago recovered, and is now living, and is very friendly disposed towards the trader, believing him to be a great brave.

Soon after our return home, news reached us that a war was going to take place between the British and the Americans.

Runners continued to arrive from different tribes, all confirming the reports of the expected war. The British agent, Colonel Dixon, was holding talks with, and making presents to the different tribes. I had not made up my mind whether to join the British or remain neutral. I had not discovered yet one good trait in the character of the Americans who had come to the country. They made fair promises but never fulfilled them, while the British made but few, and we could always rely implicitly on their word.

One of our people having killed a Frenchman at Prairie du Chien, the British took him prisoner and said they would shoot him next day. His family were encamped a short distance below the mouth of the Wisconsin. He begged for permission to go and see them that night, as he was to die the next day. They permitted him to go after he had promised them to return by sunrise the next morning.

He visited his family, which consisted of his wife and six children. I can not describe their meeting and parting so as to be understood by the whites, as it appears that their feelings are acted upon by certain rules laid down

by their preachers, while ours are governed by the monitor within us. He bade his loved ones the last sad farewell and hurried across the prairie to the fort and arrived in time. The soldiers were ready and immediately marched out and shot him down. I visited the stricken family, and by hunting and fishing provided for them until they reached their relations.

Why did the Great Spirit ever send the whites to this island to drive us from our homes and introduce among us poisonous liquors, disease and death? They should have remained in the land the Great Spirit allotted them. But I will proceed with my story. My memory, however, is not very good since my late visit to the white people. I have still a buzzing noise in my ear from the noise and bustle incident to travel. I may give some parts of my story out of place, but will make my best endeavors to be correct.

Several of our chiefs were called upon to go to Washington to see our Great Father. They started and during their absence I went to Peoria, on the Illinois river, to see an old friend and get his advice. He was a man who always told u the truth, sad knew everything that was going on. When I arrived at Peoria he had gone to Chicago, and was not at home. I visited the Pottawattomie villages and then returned to Rock river. Soon after which our friends returned from their visit to the Great Father and reported what had been said and done. Their Great Father told them that in the event of a war taking place with England, not to interfere on either side, but remain neutral. He did not want our help, but wished us to hunt and supply our families, and remain in peace. He said that British traders would not be allowed to come on the Mississippi to furnish us with goods, but that we would be well supplied by an American trader. Our chiefs then told him that the British traders always gave us credit in the fall for guns, powder and goods, to enable us to hunt and clothe our families. He replied that the trader at Fort Madison would have plenty of goods, and if we should go there in the autumn of the year, he would supply us on credit, as the British traders had done. The party gave a good account of what they had seen and the kind treatment they had received. This information pleased us all very much. We all agreed to follow our Great Father's advice and not interfere in the war. Our women were much pleased at the good news. Everything went on cheerfully in our village. We resumed our pastimes of playing ball, horse-racing and dancing, which had been laid aside when this great war was first talked about. We had fine crops of corn which were now ripe, and our women were busily engaged in gathering it and making caches to contain it.

In a short time we were ready to start to Fort Madison to get our supply of goods, that we might proceed to our hunting grounds. We passed merrily down the river, all in high spirits. I had determined to spend the winter at my old favorite hunting ground on Skunk river. I left part of my corn and mats at its mouth to take up as we returned and many others did the same.

The next morning we arrived at the fort and made our encampment. Myself and principal men paid a visit to the war chief at the fort. He received us kindly and gave us some tobacco, pipes and provisions.

The trader came in and we all shook hands with him, for on him all our dependence was placed, to enable us to hunt and thereby support our families. We waited a long time, expecting the trader would tell us that he had orders from our Great Father to supply us with goods, but he said nothing on the subject. I got up and told him in a short speech what we had come for, and hoped he had plenty of goods to supply us. I told him that he should be well paid in the spring, and concluded by informing him that we had decided to follow our Great Father's advice and not go to war.

He said that he was happy to hear that we had concluded to remain in peace. That he had a large quantity of goods, and that if we had made a good hunt we should be well supplied, but he remarked that he had received no instructions to furnish us anything on credit, nor could he give us any without receiving the pay for them on the spot!

We informed him what our Great Father had told our chiefs at Washington, and contended that he could supply us if he would, believing that our Great Father always spoke the truth. The war chief said the trader could not furnish us on credit, and that he had received no instructions from our Great Father at Washington. We left the

fort dissatisfied and went to camp. What was now to be done we knew not. We questioned the party that brought us the news from our Great Father, that we could get credit for our winter supplies at this place. They still told the same story and insisted on its truth. Few of us slept that night. All was gloom and discontent.

In the morning a canoe was seen descending the river, bearing an express, who brought intelligence that La Gutrie, a British trader, had landed at Rock Island with two boat loads of goods. He requested us to come up immediately as he had good news for us, and a variety of presents. The express presented us with tobacco, pipes and wampum. The news ran through our camp like fire through dry grass on the prairie. Our lodges were soon taken down and we all started for Rock Island. Here ended all hopes of our remaining at peace, having been forced into war by being deceived.

Our party were not long in getting to Rock Island. When we came in sight and saw tents pitched, we yelled, fired our guns and beat our drums. Guns were immediately fired at the island, returning our salute, and a British flag hoisted. We loaded, were cordially received by La Gutrie, and then smoked the pipe with him. After which he made a speech to us, saying that he had been sent by Col. Dixon. He gave us a number of handsome presents, among them a large silk flag and a keg of rum. He then told us to retire, take some refreshments and rest ourselves, as he would have more to say to us next day.

We accordingly retired to our lodges, which in the meantime had been put up, and spent the night. The next morning we called upon him and told him we wanted his two boat loads of goods to divide among our people, for which he should be well paid in the spring in furs and peltries. He consented for us to take them and do as we pleased with them. While our people were dividing the goods, he took me aside and informed me that Colonel Dixon was at Green Bay with twelve boats loaded with goods, guns and ammunition. He wished to raise a party immediately and go to him. He said our friend, the trader at Peoria, was collecting the Pottawatomies and would be there before us. I communicated this information to my braves, and a party of two hundred warriors were soon collected and ready to depart. I paid a visit to the lodge of an old friend, who had been the comrade of my youth, and had been in many war parties with me, but was now crippled and no longer able to travel. He had a son that I had adopted as my own, and who had hunted with me the two winters preceding. I wished my old friend to let him go with me. He objected, saying he could not get his support if he did attend me, and that I, who had always provided for him since his misfortune, would be gone, therefore he could not spare him as he had no other dependence. I offered to leave my son in his stead but he refused to give his consent. He said that he did not like the war, as he had been down the river and had been well treated by the Americans and could not fight against them. He had promised to winter near a white settler above Salt river, and must take his son with him. We parted and I soon concluded my arrangements and started with my party for Green Bay. On our arrival there we found a large encampment; were well received by Colonel Dixon and the war chiefs who were with him. He gave us plenty of provisions, tobacco and pipes, saying that he would hold a council with us the next day. In the encampment I found a great number of Kickapoos, Ottawas and Winnebagoes. I visited all their camps and found them in high spirits. They had all received new guns, ammunition and a variety of clothing.

In the evening a messenger came to visit Colonel Dixon. I went to his tent, in which there were two other war chiefs and an interpreter. He received me with a hearty shake of the hand; presented me to the other chiefs, who treated me cordially, expressing themselves as being much pleased to meet me. After I was seated Colonel Dixon said: "General Black Hawk, I sent for you to explain to you what we are going to do and give you the reasons for our coming here. Our friend, La Gutrie, informs us in the letter you brought from him, of what has lately taken place. You will now have to hold us fast by the hand. Your English Father has found out that the Americans want to take your country from you and has sent me and my braves to drive them back to their own country. He has, likewise, sent a large quantity of arms and ammunition, and we want all your warriors to join us."

He then placed a medal around my neck and gave me a paper, which I lost in the late war, and a silk flag, saying: "You are to command all the braves that will leave here the day after to-morrow, to join our braves at Detroit."

I told him I was very much disappointed, as I wanted to descend the Mississippi and make war upon the settlements. He said he had been ordered to lay in waste the country around St. Louis. But having been a trader on the Mississippi for many years himself, and always having been treated kindly by the people there, he could not send brave men to murder helpless women and innocent children. There were no soldiers there for us to fight, and where he was going to send us there were a great many of them. If we defeated them the Mississippi country should be ours. I was much pleased with this speech, as it was spoken by a brave.

I inquired about my old friend, the trader at Peoria, and observed, "that I had expected that he would have been here before me." He shook his head and said, "I have sent express after express for him, and have offered him great sums of money to come and bring the Pottawatomies and Kickapoos with him." He refused, saying, "Your British father has not enough money to induce me to join you. I have now laid a trap for him. I have sent Gomo and a party of Indians to take him prisoner and bring him here alive. I expect him in a few days."

The next day arms and ammunition, knives, tomahawks and clothing were given to my band. We had a great feast in the evening, and the morning following I started with about five hundred braves to join the British army. We passed Chicago and observed that the fort had been evacuated by the Americans, and their soldiers had gone to Fort Wayne. They were attacked a short distance from the fort and defeated. They had a considerable quantity of powder in the fort at Chicago, which they had promised to the Indians, but the night before they marched away they destroyed it by throwing it into a well. If they had fulfilled their word to the Indians, they doubtless would have gone to Fort Wayne without molestation. On our arrival, I found that the Indians had several prisoners, and I advised them to treat them well. We continued our march, joining the British below Detroit, soon after which we had a battle. The Americans fought well, and drove us back with considerable loss. I was greatly surprised at this, as I had been told that the Americans would not fight.

Our next movement was against a fortified place. I was stationed with my braves to prevent any person going to, or coming from the fort. I found two men taking care of cattle and took them prisoners. I would not kill them, but delivered them to the British war chief. Soon after, several boats came down the river full of American soldiers. They landed on the opposite side, took the British batteries, and pursued the soldiers that had left them. They went too far without knowing the strength of the British and were defeated. I hurried across the river, anxious for an opportunity to show the courage of my braves, but before we reached the scene of battle all was over.

The British had taken many prisoners and the Indians were killing them. I immediately put a stop to it, as I never thought it brave, but base and cowardly to kill in unarmed and helpless foe. We remained here for some time. I can not detail what took place, as I was stationed with my braves in the woods. It appeared, however, that the British could not take this fort, for we marched to another, some distance off. When we approached it, I found a small stockade, and concluded that there were not many men in it. The British war chief sent a flag of truce. Colonel Dixon carried it, but soon returned, reporting that the young war chief in command would not give up the fort without fighting. Colonel Dixon came to me and said, "you will see to-morrow, how easily we will take that fort." I was of the same opinion, but when the morning came I was disappointed. The British advanced and commenced the attack, fighting like true braves, but were defeated by the braves in the fort, and a great number of our men were killed. The British army was making preparations to retreat. I was now tired of being with them, our success being bad, and having got no plunder. I determined on leaving them and returning to Rock river, to see what had become of my wife and children, as I had not heard from them since I left home. That night I took about twenty of my braves, and left the British camp for home. On our journey we met no one until we came to the Illinois river. Here we found two lodges of Pottawattomies. They received us in a very friendly manner, and gave us something to eat. I inquired about their friends who were with the British. They

said there had been some fighting on the Illinois river, and that my friend, the Peoria trader, had been taken prisoner. "By Gomo and his party?" I immediately inquired. They replied, "no, but by the Americans, who came up with boats. They took him and the French settlers prisoners, and they burned the village of Peoria." They could give us no information regarding our friends on Rock river. In three days more we were in the vicinity of our village, and were soon after surprised to find that a party of Americans had followed us from the British camp. One of them, more daring than his comrades, had made his way through the thicket on foot, and was just in the act of shooting me when I discovered him. I then ordered him to surrender, marched him into camp, and turned him over to a number of our young men with this injunction: "Treat him as a brother, as I have concluded to adopt him in our tribe."

A little while before this occurrence I had directed my party to proceed to the village, as I had discovered a smoke ascending from a hollow in the bluff, and wished to go alone to the place from whence the smoke proceeded, to see who was there. I approached the spot, and when I came in view of the fire, I saw an old man sitting in sorrow beneath a mat which he had stretched over him. At any other time I would have turned away without disturbing him, knowing that he came here to be alone, to humble himself before the Great Spirit, that he might take pity on him. I approached and seated myself beside him. He gave one look at me and then fixed his eyes on the ground. It was my old friend. I anxiously inquired for his son, my adopted child, and what had befallen our people. My old comrade seemed scarcely alive. He must have fasted a long time. I lighted my pipe and put it into his mouth. He eagerly drew a few puffs, cast up his eyes which met mine, and recognized me. His eyes were glassy and he would again have fallen into forgetfulness, had I not given him some water, which revived him. I again inquired, "what has befallen our people, and what has become of our son?"

In a feeble voice he said, "Soon after your departure to join the British, I descended the river with a small party, to winter at the place I told you the white man had asked me to come to. When we arrived I found that a fort had been built, and the white family that had invited me to come and hunt near them had removed to it. I then paid a visit to the fort to tell the white people that my little band were friendly, and that we wished to hunt in the vicinity of the fort. The war chief who commanded there, told me that we might hunt on the Illinois side of the Mississippi, and no person would trouble us. That the horsemen only ranged on the Missouri side, and he had directed them not to cross the river. I was pleased with this assurance of safety, and immediately crossed over and made my winter's camp. Game was plenty. We lived happy, and often talked of you. My boy regretted your absence and the hardships you would have to undergo. We had been here about two moons, when my boy went out as usual to hunt. Night came on and he did not return. I was alarmed for his safety and passed a sleepless night. In the morning my old woman went to the other lodges and gave the alarm and all turned out to hunt for the missing one. There being snow upon the ground they soon came upon his track, and after pursuing it for some distance, found he was on the trail of a deer, which led toward the river. They soon came to the place where he had stood and fired, and near by, hanging on the branch of a tree, found the deer, which he had killed and skinned. But here were also found the tracks of white men. They had taken my boy prisoner. Their tracks led across the river and then down towards the fort. My friends followed on the trail, and soon found my boy lying dead. He had been most cruelly murdered. His face was shot to pieces, his body stabbed in several places and his head scalped. His arms were pinioned behind him."

The old man paused for some time, and then told me that his wife had died on their way up the Mississippi. I took the hand of my old friend in mine and pledged myself to avenge the death of his son. It was now dark, and a terrible storm was raging. The rain was descending in heavy torrents, the thunder was rolling in the heavens, and the lightning flashed athwart the sky. I had taken my blanket off and wrapped it around the feeble old man. When the storm abated I kindled a fire and took hold of my old friend to remove him nearer to it. He was dead! I remained with him during the night. Some of my party came early in the morning to look for me, and assisted me in burying him on the peak of the bluff. I then returned to the village with my friends. I visited the grave of my old friend as I ascended Rock river the last time.

On my arrival at the village I was met by the chiefs and braves and conducted to the lodge which was prepared for me. After eating, I gave a full account of all that I had seen and done. I explained to my people the manner in which the British and Americans fought. Instead of stealing upon each other and taking every advantage to kill the enemy and save their own people as we do, which, with us is considered good policy in a war chief, they march out in open daylight and fight regardless of the number of warriors they may lose. After the battle is over they retire to feast and drink wine as if nothing had happened. After which they make a statement in writing of what they have done, each party claiming the victory, and neither giving an account of half the number that have been killed on their own side. They all fought like braves, but would not do to lead a party with us. Our maxim is: "Kill the enemy and save our own men." Those chiefs will do to paddle a canoe but not to steer it. The Americans shot better than the British, but their soldiers were not so well clothed, nor so well provided for.

The village chief informed me that after I started with my braves and the parties who followed, the nation was reduced to a small party of fighting men; that they would have been unable to defend themselves if the Americans had attacked them. That all the children and old men and women belonging to the warriors who had joined the British were left with them to provide for. A council had been called which agreed that Quashquame, the Lance, and other chiefs, with the old men, women and children, and such others as chose to accompany them, should descend the Mississippi to St. Louis, and place themselves under the American chief stationed there. They accordingly went down to St. Louis, were received as the friendly band of our nation, were sent up the Missouri and provided for, while their friends were assisting the British!

Keokuk was then introduced to me as the war chief of the braves then in the village. I inquired how he had become chief? They said that a large armed force was seen by their spies going toward Peoria. Fears were entertained that they would come up and attack the village and a council had been called to decide as to the best course to be adopted, which concluded upon leaving the village and going to the west side of the Mississippi to get out of the way. Keokuk, during the sitting of the council, had been standing at the door of the lodge, not being allowed to enter, as he had never killed an enemy, where he remained until old Wacome came out. He then told him that he heard what they had decided upon, and was anxious to be permitted to speak before the council adjourned. Wacome returned and asked leave for Keokuk to come in and make a speech. His request was granted. Keokuk entered and addressed the chiefs. He said: "I have heard with sorrow that you have determined to leave our village and cross the Mississippi, merely because you have been told that the Americans were coming in this direction. Would you leave our village, desert our homes and fly before an enemy approaches? Would you leave all, even the graves of our fathers, to the mercy of an enemy without trying to defend them? Give me charge of your warriors and I'll defend the village while you sleep in safety."

The council consented that Keokuk should be war chief. He marshalled his braves, sent out his spies and advanced with a party himself on the trail leading to Peoria. They returned without seeing an enemy. The Americans did not come by our village. All were satisfied with the appointment of Keokuk. He used every precaution that our people should not be surprised. This is the manner in which and the cause of his receiving the appointment.

I was satisfied, and then started to visit my wife and children. I found them well, and my boys were growing finely. It is not customary for us to say much about our women, as they generally perform their part cheerfully and never interfere with business belonging to the men. This is the only wife I ever had or ever will have. She is a good woman, and teaches my boys to be brave. Here I would have rested myself and enjoyed the comforts of my lodge, but I could not. I had promised to avenge the death of my adopted son.

I immediately collected a party of thirty braves, and explained to them the object of my making this war party, it being to avenge the death of my adopted son, who had been cruelly and wantonly murdered by the whites. I explained to them the pledge I had made to his father, and told them that they were the last words that he had heard spoken. All were willing to go with me to fulfill my word. We started in canoes, and descended the Mississippi, until we arrived near the place where Fort Madison had stood. It had been abandoned and burned by

the whites, and nothing remained but the chimneys. We were pleased to see that the white people had retired from the country. We proceeded down the river again. I landed with one brave near Cape Gray, the remainder of the party went to the mouth of the Quiver. I hurried across to the trail that led from the mouth of the Quiver to a fort, and soon after heard firing at the mouth of the creek. Myself and brave concealed ourselves on the side of the road. We had not remained here long before two men, riding one horse, came at full speed from the direction of the sound of the firing. When they came sufficiently near we fired; the horse jumped and both men fell. We rushed toward them and one rose and ran. I followed him and was gaining on him, when he ran over a pile of rails that had lately been made, seized a stick and struck at me. I now had an opportunity to see his face, and I knew him. He had been at Qaashquame's village to teach his people how to plow. We looked upon him as a good man. I did not wish to kill him, and pursued him no further. I returned and met my brave. He said he had killed the other man and had his scalp in his hand. We had not proceeded far before we met the man supposed to be killed, coming up the road, staggering like a drunken man, and covered all over with blood. This was the most terrible sight I had ever seen. I told my comrade to kill him to put him out of his misery. I could not look at him. I passed on and heard a rustling in the bushes. I distinctly saw two little boys concealing themselves in the undergrowth, thought of my own children, and passed on without noticing them. My comrade here joined me, and in a little while we met the other detachment of our party. I told them that we would be pursued, and directed them to follow me. We crossed the creek and formed ourselves in the timber. We had not been here long, when a party of mounted men rushed at full speed upon us. I took deliberate aim and shot the leader of the party. He fell lifeless from his horse. All my people fired, but without effect. The enemy rushed upon us without giving us time to reload. They surrounded us and forced us into a deep sink-hole, at the bottom of which there were some bushes. We loaded our gum and awaited the approach of the enemy. They rushed to the edge of the hole, fired on us and killed one of our men. We instantly returned their fire, killing one of their party. We reloaded and commenced digging holes in the side of the bank to protect ourselves, while a party watched the enemy, expecting their whole force would be upon us immediately. Some of my warriors commenced singing their death songs. I heard the whites talking, and called to them to come out and fight. I did not like my situation and wished the matter settled. I soon heard chopping and knocking. I could not imagine what they were doing. Soon after they ran up a battery on wheels and fired without hurting any of us. I called to them again, and told them if they were brave men to come out and fight us. They gave up the siege and returned to their fort about dusk. There were eighteen in this trap with me. We came out unharmed, with the exception of the brave who was killed by the enemy's fist fire, after we were entrapped. We found one white man dead at the edge of the sink-hole, whom they did not remove for fear of our fire, and scalped him, placing our dead brave upon him, thinking we could not leave him in a better situation than on the prostrate form of a fallen foe.

We had now effected our purpose and concluded to go back by land, thinking it unsafe to use our canoes. I found my wife and children, and the greater part of our people, at the mouth of the Iowa river. I now determined to remain with my family and hunt for them, and to humble myself before the Great Spirit, returning thanks to him for preserving me through the war. I made my hunting camp on English river, which is a branch of the Iowa. During the winter a party of Pottawattomies came from the Illinois to pay me a visit, among them was Washeown, an old man who had formerly lived in our village. He informed us that in the fall the Americans had built a fort at Peoria and had prevented them from going down the Sangamon to hunt. He said they were very much distressed. Gomo had returned from the British army, and brought news of their defeat near Malden. He told us that he went to the American chief with a flag, gave up fighting, and told him he desired to make peace for his nation. The American chief gave him a paper to the war chief at Peoria, and I visited that fort with Gomo. It was then agreed that there should be no more hostilities between the Americans and the Pottawattomies. Two of the white chiefs, with eight Pottawattomie braves, and five others, Americans, had gone down to St. Louis to have the treaty of peace confirmed. This, said Washeown, is good news; for we can now go to our hunting grounds, and, for my part, I never had anything to do with this war. The Americans never killed any of our people before the war, nor interfered with our hunting grounds, and I resolved to do nothing against them. I made no reply to these remarks as the speaker was old and talked like a child.

We gave the Pottawattomies a great feast. I presented Washeown with a good horse. My braves gave one to each of his party, and, at parting, said they wished us to make peace, which we did not promise, but told them that we would not send out war parties against the settlements.

A short time after the Pottawattomies had gone, a party of thirty braves belonging to our nation, from the peace camp on the Missouri, paid us a visit. They exhibited five scalps which they had taken on the Missouri, and wished us to join in a dance over them, which we willingly did. They related the manner in which they had taken these scalps. Myself and braves showed them the two we had taken near the Quiver, and told them the cause that induced us to go out with the war party, as well as the manner in which we took these scalps, and the difficulty we had in obtaining them.

They recounted to us all that had taken place, the number that had been slain by the peace party, as they were called and recognized to be, which far surpassed what our warriors, who had joined the British, had done. This party came for the purpose of joining the British, but I advised them to return to the peace party, and told them the news which the Pottawattomies had brought. They returned to the Missouri, accompanied by some of my braves whose families were there.

After "sugar-making" was over in the spring, I visited the Fox village at the lead mines. They had nothing to do with the war, and consequently were not in mourning. I remained there some days, spending my time very

way up the rapids I had a full view of the boats all sailing with a strong wind. I discovered that one boat was badly managed, and was suffered to be drawn ashore by the wind. They landed by running hard aground and lowered their sail. The others passed on. This boat the Great Spirit gave to us. All that could, hurried aboard, but they were unable to push off, being fast aground. We advanced to the river's bank undercover, and commenced firing on the boat. I encouraged my braves to continue firing. Several guns were fired from the boat, but without effect. I prepared my bow and arrows to throw fire to the sail, which was lying on the boat. After two or three attempts, I succeeded in setting it on fire. The boat was soon in flames. About this time, one of the boats that had passed returned, dropped anchor and swung in close to one which was on fire, taking off all the people except those who were killed or badly wounded. We could distinctly see them passing from one boat to the other, and fired on them with good effect. We wounded the war chief in this way. Another boat now came down, dropped her anchor, which did not take hold, and drifted where. The other boat cut her cable and drifted down the river, leaving their comrades without attempting to assist them. We then commenced an attack upon this boat, firing several rounds, which was not returned. We thought they were afraid or only had a few aboard. I therefore ordered a rush toward the boat, but when we got near enough they fired, killing two of our braves—these being all we lost in the engagement. Some of their men jumped out and shoved the boat off, and thus got away without losing a man. I had a good opinion of this war chief, as he managed so much better than the others. It would give me pleasure to shake him by the hand.

We now put out the fire on the captured boat to save the cargo, when a skiff was seen coming down the river. Some of our people cried out, "Here comes an express from Prairie du Chien." We hoisted the British flag, but they would not land. They turned their little boat around, and rowed up the river. We directed a few shots at them, but they were so far off that we could not hurt them. I found several barrels of whisky on the captured boat, knocked in the heads and emptied the bad medicine late the river. I next found a box full of small bottles and packages, which appeared to be bad medicine also, such as the medicine men kill the white people with when they are sick. This I threw into the river. Continuing my search for plunder, I found several guns, some large barrels filled with clothing, and a number of cloth lodges, all of which I distributed among my warriors. We now disposed of the dead, and returned to the Fox village opposite the lower end of Rock Island, where we put up our new lodges, and hoisted the British flag. A great many of our braves were dressed in the uniform clothing which we had taken from the Americans, which gave our encampment the appearance of a regular camp of soldiers. We placed out sentinels and commenced dancing over the scalps we had taken. Soon after several boats passed down, among them a very large one carrying big guns. Our young men followed them some distance, but could do them no damage more than scare them. We were now certain that the fort at Prairie du Chien had been taken, as this large boat went up with the first party who built the fort.

In the course of the day some of the British came down in a small boat. They had followed the large one, thinking it would get fast in the rapids, in which case they were sure of taking her. They had summoned her on her way down to surrender, but she refused to do so, and now, that she had passed the rapids in safety, all hope of taking her had vanished. The British landed a big gun and gave us three soldiers to manage it. They complimented us for our bravery in taking the boat, and told us what they had done at Prairie du Chien. They gave us, a keg of rum, and joined with us in our dancing and feasting. We gave them some things which we had taken from the boat, particularly books and papers. They started the next morning, promising to return in a few days with a large body of soldiers.

We went to work under the direction of the men left with us, and dug up the ground in two places to put the big gun in, that the men might remain in with it and be safe. We then sent spies down the river to reconnoitre, who sent word by a runner that several boats were coming up filled with men. I marshalled my forces and was soon ready for their arrival. I resolved to fight, as we had not yet had a fair fight with the Americans during the war. The boats arrived in the evening, stopping at a small willow island, nearly opposite to us. During the night we removed our big gun further down, and at daylight next morning commenced firing. We were pleased to see that almost every shot took effect. The British being good gunners, rarely missed. They pushed off as quickly as

possible, although I had expected they would land and give us battle. I was fully prepared to meet them but was sadly disappointed by the boats all sailing down the river. A party of braves followed to watch where they landed, but they did not stop until they got below the Des Moines rapids, where they came ashore and commenced building a fort. I did not want a fort in our country, as we wished to go down to the Two River country in the fall and hunt, it being our choice hunting ground, and we concluded that if this fort was built, it would prevent us from going there. We arrived in the vicinity in the evening, and encamped on a high bluff for the night. We made no fire, for fear of being observed, and our young men kept watch by turns while others slept. I was very tired, and was soon asleep. The Great Spirit, during my slumber, told me to go down the bluff to a creek, that I would there find a hollow tree cut down, and by looking in at the top of it, I would see a large snake with head erect—to observe the direction he was looking, and I would see the enemy close by and unarmed. In the morning I communicated to my braves what the Great Spirit had said to me, took one of them and went down a ravine that led to the creek. I soon came in sight of the place where they were building the fort, which was on a hill at the opposite side of the creek. I saw a great many men. We crawled cautiously on our hands and knees until we got to the bottom land, then through the grass and weeds until we reached the bank of the creek. Here I found a tree that had been cut down; I looked in at the top of it and saw a large snake, with his head raised, looking across the creek. I raised myself cautiously, and discovered nearly opposite to me, two war chiefs walking arm in arm, without guns. They turned and walked back toward the place where the men were working at the fort. In a little while they returned, walking directly towards the spot where we lay concealed, but did not come so near as before. If they had they would have been killed, for each of us had a good rifle. We crossed the creek and crawled to a cluster of bushes. I again raised myself a little to see if they were coming; but they went into the fort, and by this they saved their lives.

We recrossed the creek and I returned alone, going up the same ravine I came down. My brave went down the creek, and I, on raising the brow of a hill to the left of the one we came down, could plainly see the men at work. I saw a sentinel walking in the bottom near the mouth of the creek. I watched him attentively, to see if he perceived my companion, who had gone toward him. The sentinel stopped for some time and looked toward where my brave was concealed. He walked first one way and then the other.

I observed my brave creeping towards him, at last he lay still for a while, not even moving the grass, and as the sentinel turned to walk away, my brave fired and he fell. I looked towards the fort, and saw the whites were in great confusion, running wildly in every direction, some down the steep bank toward a boat. My comrade joined me, we returned to the rest of the party and all hurried back to Rock river, where we arrived in safety at our village. I hung up my medicine bag, put away my rifle and spear, feeling as if I should want them no more, as I had no desire to raise other war parties against the whites unless they gave me provocation. Nothing happened worthy of note until spring, except that the fort below the rapids had been abandoned and burned by the Americans.

Soon after I returned from my wintering ground we received information that peace had been made between the British and Americans, and that we were required to make peace also, and were invited to go down to Portage des Sioux, for that purpose. Some advised that we should go down, others that we should not. Nomite, our principal civil chief, said he would go, as soon as the Foxes came down from the mines.

They came and we all started from Rock river, but we had not gone far before our chief was taken sick and we stopped with him at the village on Henderson river. The Foxes went on and we were to follow as soon as our chief got better, but he rapidly became worse and soon died. His brother now became the principal chief. He refused to go down, saying, that if he started, he would be taken sick and die as his brother had done. This seemed to be reasonable, so we concluded that none of us would go at this time. The Foxes returned. They said, "we have smoked the pipe of peace with our enemies, and expect that the Americans will send a war party against you if you do not go down." This I did not believe, as the Americans had always lost by their armies that were sent against us. La Gutrie and other British traders arrived at our village in the fall. La Gutrie told us that

we must go down and make peace, as this was the wish of our English father. He said he wished us to go down to the Two River country to winter, where game was plenty, as there had been no hunting there for several years.

Having heard the principal war chief had come up with a number of troops, and commenced the erection of a fort near the Rapids des Moines, we consented to go down with the traders to visit the American chief, and tell him the reason why we had not been down sooner. When we arrived at the head of the rapids, the traders left their goods, and all of their boats with one exception, in which they accompanied us to see the Americans. We visited the war chief on board his boat, telling him what we had to say, and explaining why we had not been down sooner. He appeared angry and talked to La Gutrie for some time. I inquired of him what the war chief said. He told me that he was threatening to hang him up to the yard arm of his boat. "But" said he, "I am not afraid of what he says. He dare not put his threats into execution. I have done no more than I had a right to do a British subject."

I then addressed the chief, asking permission for ourselves and some Menomonees, to go down to the Two River country for the purpose of hunting. He said we might go down but must return before the ice came, as he did not intend that we should winter below the fort. "But," he inquired, "what do you want the Menomonee to go with you for?"

I did not know at first what reply to make, but told him that they had a great many pretty squaws with them, and we wished them to go with us on that account. He consented. We all went down the river and remained all winter, as we had no intention of returning before spring when we asked leave to go. We made a good hunt. Having loaded our trader's boats with furs and peltries, they started to Mackinac, and we returned to our village.

There is one circumstance that I did not relate at the proper place. It has no reference to myself or people, but to my friend Gomo, the Pottawattomie chief. He came to Rock river to pay me a visit, and during his stay he related to me the following story:

"The war chief at Peoria is a very good man. He always speaks the truth and treats our people well. He sent for me one day, told me he was nearly out of provisions, and wished me to send my young men hunting to supply his fort. I promised to do so, immediately returned to my camp and told my young men the wishes and wants of the war chief. They readily agreed to go and hunt for our friend and returned with plenty of deer. They carried them to the fort, laid them down at the gate and returned to our camp. A few days afterward I went again to the fort to see if they wanted any more meat. The chief gave me powder and lead and said he wanted, me to send my hunters out again. When I returned to camp, I told my young men that the chief wanted more meat. Matatah, one of my principal braves, said he would take a party and go across the Illinois, about one day's travel, where game was plenty, and make a good hunt for our friend the war chief. He took eight hunters with him, and his wife and several other squaws went with them. They had travelled about half the day in the prairie when they discovered a party of white men coming towards them with a drove of cattle. Our hunters apprehended no danger or they would have kept out of the way of the whites, who had not yet perceived them. Matatah changed his course, as he wished to meet and speak to the whites. As soon as the whites saw our party, some of them put off at full speed, and came up to our hunters. Matatah gave up his gun to them, and endeavored to explain to them that he was friendly and was hunting for the war chief. They were not satisfied with this but fired at and wounded him. He got into the branches of a tree that had blown down, to keep the horses from running over him. He was again fired on several times and badly wounded. He, finding that he would be murdered, and, mortally wounded already, sprang at the man nearest him, seized his gun and shot him from his horse. He then fell, covered with blood from his wounds, and immediately expired. The other hunters being in the rear of Matatah attempted to escape, after seeing their leader so basely murdered by the whites. They were pursued and nearly all of the party killed. My youngest brother brought me the news in the night, he having been with the party and was slightly wounded. He said the whites had abandoned their cattle and gone back towards the settlement. The rest of the night we spent in mourning for our friends. At daylight I blacked my face and started for the fort to see the chief. I met him at the gate and told him what had happened. His countenance changed

and I could see sorrow depicted in it for the death of my people. He tried to persuade me that I was mistaken, as he could not believe that the whites would act so cruelly. But when I convinced him, he said to me, 'those cowards who murdered your people shall be punished.' I told him that my people would have revenge, that they would not trouble any of his people at the fort, as we did not blame him or any of his soldiers, but that a party of my braves would go towards the Wabash to avenge the death of their friends and relations. The next day I took a party of hunters, killed several deer, and left them at the fort gate as I passed."

Here Gomo ended his story. I could relate many similar ones that have come within my own knowledge and observation, but I dislike to look back and bring on sorrow afresh. I will resume my narrative.

The great chief at St. Louis having sent word for us to come down and confirm the treaty, we did not hesitate, but started immediately that we might smoke the peace pipe with him. On our arrival we met the great chiefs in council. They explained to us the words of our Great Father at Washington, accusing us of heinous crimes and many misdemeanors, particularly in not coming down when first invited. We knew very well that our Great Father had deceived us and thereby forced us to join the British, and could not believe that he had put this speech into the mouths of those chiefs to deliver to us. I was not a civil chief and consequently made no reply, but our civil chiefs told the commissioner that, "What you say is a lie. Our Great Father sent us no such speech, he knew that the situation in which we had been placed was caused by him." The white chiefs appeared very angry at this reply and said, "We will break off the treaty and make war against you, as you have grossly insulted us."

Our chiefs had no intention of insulting them and told them so, saying, "we merely wish to explain that you have told us a lie, without any desire to make you angry, in the same manner that you whites do when you do not believe what is told you." The council then proceeded and the pipe of peace was smoked.

Here for the first time, I touched the goose quill to the treaty not knowing, however, that, by the act I consented to give away my village. Had that been explained to me I should have opposed it and never would have signed their treaty, as my recent conduct will clearly prove.

What do we know of the manners, the laws, and the customs of the white people? They might buy our bodies for dissection, and we would touch the goose quill to confirm it and not know what we were doing. This was the case with me and my people in touching the goose quill for the first time.

We can only judge of what is proper and right by our standard of what is right and wrong, which differs widely from the whites, if I have been correctly informed. The whites may do wrong all their lives, and then if they are sorry for it when about to die, all is well, but with us it is different. We must continue to do good throughout our lives. If we have corn and meat, and know of a family that have none, we divide with them. If we have more blankets than we absolutely need, and others have not enough, we must give to those who are in want. But I will presently explain our customs and the manner in which we live.

We were treated friendly by the whites and started on our return to our village on Rock river. When we arrived we found that the troops had come to build a fort on Rock Island. This, in our opinion, was a contradiction to what we had done—"to prepare for war in time of peace." We did not object, however, to their building their fort on the island, but were very sorry, as this was the best one on the Mississippi, and had long been the resort of our young people during the summer. It was our garden, like the white people have near their big villages, which supplied us with strawberries, blackberries, gooseberries, plums, apples and nuts of different kinds. Being situated at the foot of the rapids its waters supplied us with the finest fish. In my early life I spent many happy days on this island. A good spirit had charge of it, which lived in a cave in the rocks immediately under the place where the fort now stands. This guardian spirit has often been seen by our people. It was white, with large wings like a swan's, but ten times larger. We were particular not to make much noise in that part of the island which it inhabited, for fear of disturbing it. But the noise at the fort has since driven it away, and no doubt a bad spirit has taken its place.

Our village was situated on the north side of Rock river, at the foot of the rapids, on the point of land between Rock river and the Mississippi.

In front a prairie extended to the Mississippi, and in the rear a continued bluff gently ascended from the prairie.

BLACK HAWK'S TOWER.

On its highest peak our Watch Tower was situated, from which we had a fine view for many miles up and down Rock river, and in every direction. On the side of this bluff we had our corn fields, extending about two miles up parallel with the larger river, where they adjoined those of the Foxes, whose village was on the same stream, opposite the lower end of Rock Island, and three miles distant from ours. We had eight hundred acres in cultivation including what we had on the islands in Rock river. The land around our village which remained unbroken, was covered with blue-grass which furnished excellent pasture for our horses. Several fine springs poured out of the bluff near by, from which we were well supplied with good water. The rapids of Rock river furnished us with an abundance of excellent fish, and the land being very fertile, never failed to produce good crops of corn, beans, pumpkins and squashes. We always had plenty; our children never cried from hunger, neither were our people in want. Here our village had stood for more than a hundred years, during all of which time we were the undisputed possessors of the Mississippi valley, from the Wisconsin to the Portage des Sioux, near the mouth of the Missouri, being about seven hundred miles in length.

At this time we had very little intercourse with the whites except those who were traders. Our village was healthy, and there was no place in the country possessing such advantages, nor hunting grounds better than those we had in possession. If a prophet had come to our village in those days and told us that the things were to take place which have since come to pass, none of our people would have believed him. What! to be driven from our village, and our hunting grounds, and not even to be permitted to visit the graves of our forefathers and relatives and our friends?

This hardship is not known to the whites. With us it is a custom to visit the graves of our friends and keep them in repair for many years. The mother will go alone to weep over the grave of her child. The brave, with pleasure, visits the grave of his father, after he has been successful in war, and repaints the post that marks where he lies. There is no place like that where the bones of our forefathers lie to go to when in grief. Here prostrate by the tombs of our fathers will the Great Spirit take pity on us.

But how different is our situation now from what it was in those happy days. Then were we as happy as the buffalo on the plains, but now, we are as miserable as the hungry wolf on the prairie. But I am digressing from my story. Bitter reflections crowd upon my mind and must find utterance.

When we returned to our village in the spring, from our wintering grounds, we would finish bartering with our traders, who always followed us to our village. We purposely kept some of our fine furs for this trade, and, as there was great opposition among them, who should get these furs, we always got our goods cheap. After this trade was met, the traders would give us a few kegs of rum, which were generally promised in the fall, to encourage us to make a good hunt and not go to war. They would then start with their furs and peltries, for their homes, and our old men would take a frolic. At this time our young men never drank. When this was ended, the next thing to be done was to bury our dead; such as had died during the year. This is a great medicine feast. The relations of those who have died, give all the goods they have purchased, as presents to their friends, thereby reducing themselves to poverty, to show the Great Spirit that they are humble, so that he will take pity on them. We would next open the caches, take out the corn and other provisions which had been put up in the fall. We

would then commence repairing our lodges. As soon as this was accomplished, we repair the fences around our corn fields and clean them off ready for planting. This work was done by the women. The men during this time are feasting on dried venison, bear's meat, wild fowl and corn prepared in different ways, while recounting to one another what took place during the winter.

Our women plant the corn, and as soon as they are done we make a feast, at which we dance the crane dance in which they join us, dressed in their most gaudy attire, and decorated with feathers. At this feast the young men select the women they wish to have for wives. He then informs his mother, who calls on the mother of the girl, when the necessary arrangements are made and the time appointed for him to come. He goes to the lodge when all are asleep, or pretend to be, and with his flint and steel strikes a light and soon finds where his intended sleeps. He then awakens her, holds the light close to his face that she may know him, after which he places the light close to her. If she blows it out the ceremony is ended and he appears in the lodge next morning as one of the family. If she does not blow out the light, but leaves it burning he retires from the lodge. The next day he places himself in full view of it and plays his flute. The young women go out one by one to see who he is playing for. The tune changes to let them know he is not playing for them. When his intended makes her appearance at the door, he continues his courting tune until she returns to the lodge. He then quits playing and makes another trial at night which mostly turns out favorable. During the first year they ascertain whether they can agree with each other and be happy, if not they separate and each looks for another companion. If we were to live together and disagree, we would be as foolish as the whites. No indiscretion can banish a woman from her parental lodge; no difference how many children she may bring home she is always welcome—the kettle is over the fire to feed them.

The crane dance often lasts two or three days. When this is over, we feast again and have our national dance. The large square in the village is swept and prepared for the purpose. The chiefs and old warriors take seats on mats, which have been spread on the upper end of the square, next come the drummers and singers, the braves and women form the sides, leaving a large space in the middle. The drums beat and the singing commences. A warrior enters the square keeping time with the music. He shows the manner he started on a war party, how he approached the enemy, he strikes and shows how he killed him. All join in the applause, and he then leaves the square and another takes his place. Such of our young men have not been out in war parties and killed in enemy stand back ashamed, not being allowed to enter the square. I remember that I was ashamed to look where our young men stood, before I could take my stand in the ring as a warrior.

What pleasure it is to an old warrior, to see his son come forward and relate his exploits. It makes him feel young, induces him to enter the square and "fight his battles o'er again."

This national dance makes our warriors. When I was travelling last summer on a steamboat on the river, going from New York to Albany, I was shown the place where the Americans dance the war-dance, (West Point), where the old warriors recount to their young men what they have done to stimulate them to go and do likewise. This surprised me, as I did not think the whites understood our way of making braves.

When our national dance is over, our cornfields hoed, every weed dug up and our corn about knee high, all our young men start in a direction toward sundown, to hunt deer and buffalo and to kill Sioux if any are found on our hunting grounds. A part of our old men and women go to the lead mines to make lead, and the remainder of our people start to fish and get meat stuff. Every one leaves the village and remains away about forty days. They then return, the hunting party bringing in dried buffalo and deer meat, and sometimes Sioux scalps, when they are found trespassing on our hunting grounds. At other times they are met by a party of Sioux too strong for them and are driven in. If the Sioux have killed the Sacs last, they expect to be retaliated upon and will fly before them, and so with us. Each party knows that the other has a right to retaliate, which induces those who have killed last to give way before their enemy, as neither wishes to strike, except to avenge the death of relatives. All our wars are instigated by the relations of those killed, or by aggressions on our hunting grounds. The party from the lead mines brings lead, and the others dried fish, and mats for our lodges. Presents are now

made by each party, the first giving to the others dried buffalo and deer, and they in return presenting them lead, dried fish and mats. This is a happy season of the year, having plenty of provisions, such as beans, squashes and other produce; with our dried meat and fish, we continue to make feasts and visit each other until our corn is ripe. Some lodge in the village a feast daily to the Great Spirit. I cannot explain this so that the white people will understand me, as we have no regular standard among us.

Every one makes his feast as he thinks best, to please the Great Spirit, who has the care of all beings created. Others believe in two Spirits, one good and one bad, and make feasts for the Bad Spirit, to keep him quiet. They think that if they can make peace with him, the Good Spirit will not hurt them. For my part I am of the opinion, that so far as we have reason, we have a right to use it in determining what is right or wrong, and we should always pursue that path which we believe to be right, believing that "whatsoever is, is right." If the Great and Good Spirit wished us to believe and do as the whites, he could easily change our opinions, so that we could see, and think, and act as they do. We are nothing compared to his power, and we feel and know it. We have men among us, like the whites, who pretend to know the right path, but will not consent to show it without pay. I have no faith in their paths, but believe that every man must make his own path.

When our corn is getting ripe, our young people watch with anxiety for the signal to pull roasting ears, as none dare touch them until the proper time. When the corn is fit for use another great ceremony takes place, with feasting and returning thanks to the Great Spirit for giving us Corn.

I will now relate the manner in which corn first came. According to tradition handed down to our people, a beautiful woman was seen to descend from the clouds, and alight upon the earth, by two of our ancestors who had killed a deer, and were sitting by a fire roasting a part of it to eat. They were astonished at seeing her, and concluded that she was hungry and had smelt the meat. They immediately went to her, taking with them a piece of the roasted venison. They presented it to her, she ate it, telling them to return to the spot where she was sitting at the end of one year, and they would find a reward for their kindness and generosity. She then ascended to the clouds and disappeared. The men returned to their village, and explained to the tribe what they had seen, done and heard, but were laughed at by their people. When the period had arrived for them to visit this consecrated ground, where they were to find a reward for their attention to the beautiful woman of the clouds, they went with a large party, and found where her right hand had rested on the ground corn growing, where the left hand had rested beans, and immediately where she had been seated, tobacco.

The two first have ever since been cultivated by our people as our principal provisions, and the last is used for smoking. The white people have since found out the latter, and seem to it relish it as much as we do, as they use it in different ways: Smoking, snuffing and chewing.

We thank the Great Spirit for all the good he has conferred upon us. For myself, I never take a drink of water from a spring without being mindful of his goodness.

We next have our great ball play, from three to five hundred on a side play this game. We play for guns, lead, homes and blankets, or any other kind of property we may have. The successful party takes the stakes, and all return to our lodges with peace and friendship. We next commence horse racing, and continue on, sport and feasting until the corn is secured. We then prepare to leave our village for our hunting grounds.

The traders arrive and give us credit for guns, flints, powder, shot and lead, and such articles as we want to clothe our families with and enable us to hunt. We first, however, hold a council with them, to ascertain the price they will give for our skins, and then they will charge us for the goods. We inform them where we intend hunting, and tell them where to build their houses. At this place we deposit a part of our corn, and leave our old people. The traders have always been kind to them and relieved them when in want, and consequently were always much respected by our people, and never since we were a nation, has one of them been killed by our people.

We then disperse in small parties to make our hunt, and as soon as it is over, we return to our trader's establishment, with our skins, and remain feasting, playing cards and at other pastimes until the close of the winter. Our young men then start on the beaver hunt, others to hunt raccoons and muskrats; the remainder of our people go to the sugar camps to make sugar. All leave our encampment and appoint a place to meet on the Mississippi, so that we may return together to our village in the spring. We always spend our time pleasantly at the sugar camp. It being the season for wild fowl, we lived well and always had plenty, when the hunters came in that we might make a feast for them. After this is over we return to our village, accompanied sometimes by our traders. In this way the time rolled round happily. But these are times that were.

While on the subject of our manners and customs, it might be well to relate an instance that occurred near our village just five years before we left it for the last time.

In 1827, a young Sioux Indian got lost on the prairie, in a snow storm, and found his way into a camp of the Sacs. According to Indian customs, although he was an enemy, he was safe while accepting their hospitality. He remained there for some time on account of the severity of the storm. Becoming well acquainted he fell in love with the daughter of the Sac at whose village he had been entertained, and before leaving for his own country, promised to come to the Sac village for her at a certain time during the approaching summer. In July he made his way to the Rock river village, secreting himself in the woods until he met the object of his love, who came out to the field with her mother to assist her in hoeing corn. Late in the afternoon her mother left her and went to the village. No sooner had she got out of hearing, than he gave a loud whistle which assured the maiden that he had returned. She continued hoeing leisurely to the end of the row, when her lover came to meet her, and she promised to come to him as soon as she could go to the lodge and get her blanket, and together they would flee to his country. But unfortunately for the lovers the girl's two brothers had seen the meeting, and after procuring their guns started in pursuit of them. A heavy thunderstorm was coming on at the time. The lovers hastened to, and took shelter under a cliff of rocks, at Black Hawk's watchtower. Soon after a loud peal of thunder was heard, the cliff of rocks was shattered in a thousand pieces, and the lovers buried beneath, while in full view of her pursuing brothers. This, their unexpected tomb, still remains undisturbed.

This tower to which my name had been applied, was a favorite resort and was frequently visited by me alone, when I could sit and smoke my pipe, and look with wonder and pleasure, at the grand scenes that were presented by the sun's rays, even across the mighty water. On one occasion a Frenchman, who had been making his home in our village, brought his violin with him to the tower, to play and dance for the amusement of a number of our people, who had assembled there, and while dancing with his back to the cliff accidentally fell over it and was killed by the fall. The Indians say that always at the same time of the year, soft strains of the violin can be heard near that spot.

On returning in the spring from our hunting grounds, I had the pleasure of meeting our old friend, the trader of Peoria, at Rock Island. He came up in a boat from St. Louis, not as a trader, but as our Agent. We were well pleased to see him. He told us that he narrowly escaped falling into the hands of Dixon. He remained with us a short time, gave us good advice, and then returned to St. Louis.

The Sioux having committed depredations on our people, we sent out war parties that summer, who succeeded in killing fourteen.

I paid several visits to Fort Armstrong, at Rock Island, during the summer, and was always well received by the gentlemanly officers stationed there, who were distinguished for their bravery, and they never trampled upon an enemy's rights. Colonel George Davenport resided near the garrison, and being in connection with the American Fur Company, furnished us the greater portion of our goods. We were not as happy then, in our village, as formerly. Our people got more liquor from the small traders than customary. I used all my influence to prevent drunkenness, but without effect. As the settlements progressed towards us, we became worse off and more unhappy.

Many of our people, instead of going to the old hunting grounds, when game was plenty, would go near the settlements to hunt, and, instead of saving their skins, to pay the trader for goods furnished them in the fall, would sell them to the settlement for whisky, and return in the spring with their families almost naked, and without the means of getting anything for them.

About this time my eldest son was taken sick and died. He had always been a dutiful child and had just grown to manhood. Soon after, my youngest daughter, an interesting and affectionate child, died also. This was a hard stroke, because I loved my children. In my distress I left the noise of the village and built my lodge on a mound in the corn-field, and enclosed it with a fence, around which I planted corn and beans. Here I was with my family alone. I gave everything I had away, and reduced myself to poverty. The only covering I retained was a piece of buffalo robe. I blacked my face and resolved on fasting for twenty-four moons, for the loss of my two children—drinking only of water during the day, and eating sparingly of boiled corn at sunset. I fulfilled my promise, hoping that the Great Spirit would take pity on me.

My nation had now some difficulty with the Iowas. Our young men had repeatedly killed some of them, and the breaches had always been made up by giving presents to the relations of those killed. But the last council we had with them, we promised that in case any more of their people were killed ours, instead of presents, we would give up the person or persons, who had done the injury. We made this determination known to our people, but notwithstanding this, one of our young men killed an Iowa the following winter.

A party of our people were about starting for the Iowa village to give the young man up, and I agreed to accompany them. When we were ready to start, I called at the lodge for the young man to go with us. He was sick, but willing to go, but his brother, however, prevented him and insisted on going to die in his place, as he was unable to travel. We started, and on the seventh day arrived in sight of the Iowa village, and within a short distance of it we halted and dismounted. We all bid farewell to our young brave, who entered the village singing his death song, and sat down on the square in the middle of the village. One of the Iowa chiefs came out to us. We told him that we had fulfilled our promise, that we had brought the brother of the young man who had killed one of his people—that he had volunteered to come in his place, in consequence of his brother being unable to travel from sickness. We had no further conversation but mounted our horses and rode off. As we started I cast my eye toward the village, and observed the Iowas coming out of their lodges with spears and war clubs. We took the backward trail and travelled until dark—then encamped and made a fire. We had not been there long before we heard the sound of homes coming toward us. We seized our arms, but instead of an enemy it was our young brave with two horses. He told me that after we had left him, they menaced him with death for some time—then gave him something to eat—smoked the pipe with him and made him a present of the two horses and some goods, and started him after us. When we arrived at on, village our people were much pleased, and for their noble and generous conduct on this occasion, not one of the Iowa people has been killed since by our nation.

That fall I visited Malden with several of my band, and was well treated by the agent of our British Father, who gave us a variety of presents. He also gave me a medal, and told me there never would be war between England and America again; but for my fidelity to the British, during the war that had terminated some time before, requested me to come with my band and get presents every year, as Colonel Dixon had promised me.

I returned and hunted that winter on the Two Rivers. The whites were now settling the country fast. I was out one day hunting in a bottom, and met three white men. They accused me of killing their hogs. I denied it, but they would not listen to me. One of them took my gun out of my hand and fired it off—then took out the flint, gave it back to me and commenced beating me with sticks, ordering me at the same time to be off. I was so much bruised that I could not sleep for several nights.

Some time after this occurrence, one of my camp cut a bee tree and carried the honey to his lodge. A party of white men soon followed him, and told him the bee tree was theirs, and that he had no right to cut it. He pointed

to the honey and told them to take it. They were not satisfied with this, but took all the packs of skins that he had collected during the winter, to pay his trader and clothe his family with in the spring, and carried them off.

How could we like a people who treated us so unjustly? We determined to break up our camp for fear they would do worse, and when we joined our people in the spring a great many of them complained of similar treatment.

This summer our agent came to live at Rock Island. He treated us well and gave us good advice. I visited him and the trader very often during the summer, and for the first time heard talk of our having to leave our village. The trader, Colonel George Davenport, who spoke our language, explained to me the terms of the treaty that had been made, and said we would be obliged to leave the Illinois side of the Mississippi, and advised us to select a good place for our village and remove to it in the spring. He pointed out the difficulties we would have to encounter if we remained at our village on Rock river. He had great influence with the principal Fox chief, his adopted brother, Keokuk. He persuaded him to leave his village, go to the west side of the Mississippi and build another, which he did the spring following. Nothing was talked of but leaving our village. Keokuk had been persuaded to consent to go, and was using all his influence, backed by the war chief at Fort Armstrong and our agent and trader at Rock Island, to induce others to go with him. He sent the crier through our village, to inform our people that it was the wish of our Great Father that we should remove to the west side of the Mississippi, and recommended the Iowa river as a good place for the new village. He wished his party to make such arrangements, before they started on their winter's hunt, as to preclude the necessity of their returning to the village in the spring.

The party opposed to removing called on me for my opinion. I gave it freely, and after questioning Quashquame about the sale of our lands, he assured me that he "never had consented to the sale of our village." I now promised this party to be the leader, and raised the standard of opposition to Keokuk, with a full determination not to leave our village. I had an interview with Keokuk, to see if this difficulty could not be settled with our Great Father, and told him to propose to give any other land that our Great Father might choose, even our lead mines, to be peaceably permitted to keep the small point of land on which our village was situated. I was of the opinion that the white people had plenty of land and would never take our village from us. Keokuk promised to make an exchange if possible, and applied to our agent, and the great chief at St. Louis, who had charge of all the agents, for permission to go to Washington for that purpose.

This satisfied us for a time. We started to our hunting grounds with good hopes that something would be done for us. During the winter I received information that three families of whites had come to our village and destroyed some of our lodges, were making fences and dividing our cornfields for their own use. They were quarreling among themselves about their lines of division. I started immediately for Rock river, a distance of ten days' travel, and on my arrival found the report true. I went to my lodge and saw a family occupying it. I wished to talk to them but they could not understand me. I then went to Rock Island; the agent being absent, I told the interpreter what I wanted to say to these people, viz: "Not to settle on our lands, nor trouble our fences, that there was plenty of land in the country for them to settle upon, and that they must leave our village, as we were coming back to it in the spring." The interpreter wrote me a paper, I went back to the village and showed it to the intruders, but could not understand their reply. I presumed, however, that they would remove as I expected them to. I returned to Rock Island, passed the night there and had a long conversation with the trader. He advised me to give up and make my village with Keokuk on the Iowa river. I told him that I would not. The next morning I crossed the Mississippi on very bad ice, but the Great Spirit had made it strong, that I might pass over safe. I traveled three days farther to see the Winnebago sub-agent and converse with him about our difficulties. He gave no better news than the trader had done. I then started by way of Rock river, to see the Prophet, believing that he as a man of great knowledge. When we met, I explained to him everything as it was. He at once agreed that I was right, and advised me never to give up our village, for the whites to plow up the bones of our people. He said, that if we remained at our village, the whites would not trouble us, and advised me to get

Keokuk, and the party that consented to go with him to the Iowa in the spring, to return and remain at our village.

I returned to my hunting ground, after an absence of one moon, and related what I had done. In a short time we came up to our village, and found that the whites had not left it, but that others had come, and that the greater part of our cornfields had been enclosed. When we landed the whites appeared displeased because we came back. We repaired the lodges that had been left standing and built others. Keokuk came to the village, but his object was to persuade others to follow him to the Iowa. He had accomplished nothing towards making arrangements for us to remain, or to exchange other lands for our village. There was no more friendship existing between us. I looked upon him as a coward and not brave, to abandon his village to be occupied by strangers. What right had these people to our village, and our fields, which the Great Spirit had given us to live upon?

My reason teaches me that land cannot be sold. The Great Spirit gave it to his children to live upon and cultivate as far as necessary for their subsistence, and so long as they occupy and cultivate it they have the right to the soil, but if they voluntarily leave it, then any other people have a right to settle on it. Nothing can be sold but such things as can be carried away.

In consequence of the improvements of the intruders on our fields, we found considerable difficulty to get ground to plant a little corn. Some of the whites permitted us to plant small patches in the fields they had fenced, keeping all the best ground for themselves. Our women had great difficulty in climbing their fences, being unaccustomed to the kind, and were ill treated if they left a rail down.

One of my old friends thought he was safe. His cornfield was on a small island in Rock river. He planted his corn, it came up well, but the white man saw it; he wanted it, and took his teams over, ploughed up the crop and replanted it for himself. The old man shed tears, not for himself but on account of the distress his family would be in if they raised no corn. The white people brought whisky to our village, made our people drink, and cheated them out of their homes, guns and traps. This fraudulent system was carried to such an extent that I apprehended serious difficulties might occur, unless a stop was put to it. Consequently I visited all the whites and begged them not to sell my people whisky. One of them continued the practice openly; I took a party of my young men, went to his house, took out his barrel, broke in the head and poured out the whisky. I did this for fear some of 'the whites might get killed by my people when they were drunk.

Our people were treated very badly by the whites on many occasions. At one time a white man beat one of our women cruelly, for pulling a few suckers of corn out of his field to suck when she was hungry. At another time one of our young men was beat with clubs by two white men, for opening a fence which crossed our road to take his horse through. His shoulder blade was broken and his body badly braised, from the effects of which he soon after died.

Bad and cruel as our people were treated by the whites, not one of them was hurt or molested by our band. I hope this will prove that we are a peaceable people—having permitted ten men to take possession of our corn fields, prevent us from planting corn, burn our lodges, ill-treat our women, and beat to death our men without

During this summer I happened at Rock Island, when a great chief arrived, whom I had known as the great chief of Illinois, (Governor Cole) in company with another chief who I have been told is a great writer (judge James Hall.) I called upon them and begged to explain the grievances to them, under which my people and I were laboring, hoping that they could do something for us. The great chief however, did not seem disposed to council with, me. He said he was no longer the chief of Illinois; that his children had selected another father in his stead, and that he now only ranked as they did. I was surprised at this talk, as I had always heard that he was a good brave and great chief. But the white people appear to never be satisfied. When they get a good father, they hold councils at the suggestion of some bad, ambitious man, who wants the place himself, and conclude among themselves that this man, or some other equally ambitious, would make a better father than they have, and nine times out of ten they don't get as good a one again.

I insisted on explaining to these chiefs the true situation of my people. They gave their assent. I rose and made a speech, in which I explained to them the treaty made by Quashquame, and three of our braves, according to the manner the trader and others had explained it to me. I then told them that Quashquame and his party positively denied having ever sold my village, and that as I had never known them to lie, I was determined to keep it in possession.

I told them that the white people had already entered our village, burned our lodges, destroyed on, fences, ploughed up our corn and beat our people. They had brought whisky into our country, made our people drunk, and taken from them their homes, guns and traps, and that I had borne all this injury, without suffering any of my braves to raise a hand against the whites.

My object in holding this council was to get the opinion of these two chiefs as to the best course for me to pursue. I had appealed in vain, time after time to our agent, who regularly represented our situation to the chief at St. Louis, whose duty it was to call upon the Great Father to have justice done to us, but instead of this we are told that the white people wanted our county and we must leave it for them!

I did not think it possible that our Great Father wished us to leave our village where we had lived so long, and where the bones of so many of our people had been laid. The great chief said that as he no longer had any authority he could do nothing for us, and felt sorry that it was not in his power to aid us, nor did he know how to advise us. Neither of them could do anything for us, but both evidently were very sorry. It would give e great pleasure at all times to take these two chiefs by the hand.

That fall I paid a visit to the agent before we started to our hunting grounds, to hear if he had any good news for me. He had news. He said that the land on which our village now stood was ordered to be sold to individuals, and that when sold our right to remain by treaty would be at an end, and that if we returned next spring we would be forced to remove.

We learned during the winter, that part of the land where our village stood had been sold to individuals, and that the trader at Rock Island, Colonel Davenport, had bought the greater part that had been sold. The reason was now plain to me why he urged us to remove. His object, we thought, was to get our lands. We held several councils that winter to determine what we should do. We resolved in one of them, to return to our village as usual in the spring. We concluded that if we were removed by force, that the trader, agent and others must be the cause, and that if they were found guilty of having driven us from our village they should be killed. The trader stood foremost on this list. He had purchased the land on which my lodge stood, and that of our graveyard also. We therefore proposed to kill him and the agent, the interpreter, the great chief at St. Louis, the war chiefs at Forts Armstrong, Rock Island and Keokuk, these being the principal persons to blame for endeavoring to remove us. Our women received bad accounts from the women who had been raising corn at the new village, of the difficulty of breaking the new prairie with hoes, and the small quantity of corn raised. We were nearly in the same condition with regard to the latter, it being the first time I ever knew our people to be in want of provisions.

I prevailed upon some of Keokuk's band to return this spring to the Rock river village, but Keokuk himself would not come. I hoped that he would get permission to go to Washington to settle our affairs with our Great Father. I visited the agent at Rock Island. He was displeased because we had returned to our village, and told me that we must remove to the west of the Mississippi. I told him plainly that we would not. I visited the interpreter at his house, who advised me to do as the agent had directed me. I then went to see the trader and upbraided him for buying our lands. He said that if he had not purchased them some person else would, and that if our Great Father would make an exchange with us, he would willingly give up the land he had purchased to the government. This I thought was fair, and began to think that he had not acted so badly as I had suspected. We again repaired our lodges and built others, as most of our village had been burnt and destroyed. Our women selected small patches to plant corn, where the whites had not taken them in their fences, and worked hard to raise something for our children to subsist upon.

I was told that according to the treaty, we had no right to remain on the lands sold, and that the government would force us to leave them. There was but a small portion however that had been sold, the balance remaining in the hands of the government. We claimed the right, if we had no other, to "live and hunt upon it as long as it remained the property of the government," by a stipulation in the treaty that required us to evacuate it after it had been sold. This was the land that we wished to inhabit and thought we had a right to occupy.

I heard that 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 them then, that if we had not sold the land on which our village stood, our Great Father would not take it from us.

I started early to Malden to see the chief of my British Father, and told him my story. He gave the same reply that the chief on the Wabash had given, and in justice to him I must say he never gave me any bad advice, but advised me to apply to our American Father, who, he said, would do us justice. 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 reply. He said if we had not sold our lands, and would remain peaceably on them, that we would not be disturbed. This assured me that I was right, and determined me to hold out as I had promised my people. I returned from Malden late in the fall. My people were gone to their hunting ground, whither I followed. Here I learned that they had been badly treated all summer by the whites, and that a treaty had been held at Prairie du Chien. Keokuk and some of our people attended it, and found that our Great Father had exchanged a small strip of the land that had been ceded by Quashquame and his party, with the Pottowattomies for a portion of their lead near Chicago. That the object of this treaty was to get it back again, and that the United States had agreed to give them sixteen thousand dollars a year, forever for this small strip of land, it being less than a twentieth part of that taken from our nation for one thousand dollars a year. This bears evidence of something I cannot explain. This land they say belonged to the United States. What reason then, could have induced them to exchange it with the Pottowattomies if it was so valuable? Why not keep it? Or if they found they had made a bad bargain with the Pottowattomies, why not take back their land at a fair proportion of what they gave our nation for it! If this small portion of the land that they took from us for one thousand dollars a year, be worth sixteen thousand dollars a year forever to the Pottowattomies, then the whole tract of country taken from us ought to be worth, to our nation, twenty times as much as this small fraction.

Here I was again puzzled to find out how the white people reasoned, and began to doubt whether they had any standard of right and wrong.

Communication was kept up between myself and the Prophet. Runners were sent to the Arkansas, Red river and Texas, not on the subject of our lands, but on a secret mission, which I am not at present permitted to explain.

It was related to me that the chiefs and head men of the Foxes had been invited to Prairie du Chien, to hold a Council for the purpose of settling the difficulties existing between them and the Sioux.

The chiefs and head men, amounting to nine, started for the place

designated, taking with them one woman, and were met by the Menonomees and Sioux, near the Wisconsin and killed, all except one man. Having understood that the whole matter was published shortly after it occurred, and is known to the white people, I will say no more about it.

I would here remark, that our pastimes and sports had been laid aside for two years. We were a divided people, forming two parties. Keokuk being at the head of one, willing to barter our rights merely for the good opinion of the whites, and cowardly enough to desert our village to them. I was at the head of the other division, and was determined to hold on to my village, although I had been ordered to leave it. But, I considered, as myself and band had no agency in selling our country, and that, as provision had been made in the treaty, for us all to remain on it as long as it belonged to the United States, that we could not be forced away. I refused therefore to quit my village. It was here that I was born, and here lie the bones of many friends and relations. For this spot I felt a sacred reverence, and never could consent to leave it without being forced therefrom.

When I called to mind the scenes of my youth and those of later days, when I reflected that the theatre on which these were acted, had been so long the home of my fathers, who now slept on the hills around it, I could not bring my mind to consent to leave this country to the whites for any earthly consideration.

The winter passed off in gloom. We made a bad hunt for want of guns, traps and other necessities which the whites had taken from our people for whisky. The prospect before me was a bad one. I fasted and called upon the Great Spirit to direct my steps to the right path. I was in great sorrow because all the whites with whom I was acquainted and had been on terms of intimacy, advised me contrary to my wishes, that I began to doubt whether I had a friend among them.

Keokuk, who has a smooth tongue, and is a great speaker, was busy in 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 my arrival again at my village, with my band increased, I found it worse than before. I visited Rock Island and the agent again ordered me to quit my village. He said that if we did not, troops would be sent to drive us off. He reasoned with me and told me it would be better for us to be with the rest of our people, so that we might avoid difficulty and live in peace. The interpreter joined him and gave me so many good reasons that I almost wished I had not undertaken the difficult task I had pledged myself to my brave band to perform. In this mood I called upon the trader, who is fond of talking, and had long been my friend, but now amongst those who advised me to give up my village. He received me very friendly and went on to defend Keokuk in what he had done, endeavoring to show me that I was bringing distress on our women and children. He inquired if some terms could not be made that would be honorable to me and satisfactory to my braves, for us to remove to the west side of the Mississippi. I replied that if our Great Father could do us justice and make the proposition, I could then give up honorably. He asked me "if the great chief at St. Louis would give us six thousand dollars to purchase provisions and other articles, if I would give up peaceably and remove to the west side of the Mississippi?" After thinking some time I agreed that I could honorably give up, being paid for it, according to our customs, but told him that I could not make the proposal myself, even if I wished, because it would be dishonorable in me to do so. He said that he would do it by sending word to the great chief at St. Louis that he could remove us peaceably for the amount stated, to the west side of the Mississippi. A steamboat arrived at the island during my stay. After its departure the trader told me that he had requested a war chief, who was stationed at Galena, and was on board the steamboat, to make the offer to the great chief at St. Louis, and that he would

soon be back and bring his answer. I did not let my people know what had taken place for fear they would be displeased. I did not much like what had been done myself, and tried to banish it from my mind.

After a few days had passed the war chief returned and brought an answer that "the great chief at St. Louis would give us nothing, and that if we did not remove immediately we would be driven off."

I was not much displeased with the answer they brought me, because I would rather have laid my bones with those of my forefathers than remove for any consideration. Yet if a friendly offer had been made as I expected, I would, for the sake of our women and children have removed peaceably.

I now resolved to remain in my village, and make no resistance if the military came, but submit to my fate. I impressed the importance of this course on all my band, and directed them in case the military came not to raise an arm against them.

About this time our agent was put out of office, for what reason I could never ascertain. I then thought it was for wanting to make us leave our village and if so it was right, because I was tired of hearing him talk about it. The interpreter, who had been equally as bad in trying to persuade us to leave our village was retained in office, and the young man who took the place of our agent, told the same old story over about removing us. I was then satisfied that this could not have been the cause.

Our women had planted a few patches of corn which was growing finely, and promised a subsistence for our children, but the white people again commenced ploughing it up. I now determined to put a stop to it by clearing our county of the intruders. I went to their principal men and told them that they should and must leave our country, giving them until the middle of the next day to remove. The worst 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 and left his crop. He 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.

We now resumed some of our games and pastimes, having been assured by the prophet that we would not be removed. But in a little while it was ascertained that a great war chief, General Gaines, was on his way to Rock river with a great number of soldiers. I again called upon the prophet, who requested a little time to see into the matter. Early next morning he came to me and said he had been dreaming; that he saw nothing bad in this great war chief, General Gaines, who was now near Rock river. That his object was merely to frighten us from our village, that the white people might get our land for nothing. He assured us that this great war chief dare not, and would not, hurt any of us. That the Americans were at peace with the British, and when they made peace, the British required, and the Americans agreed to it, that they should never interrupt any nation of Indians that was at peace, and that all we had to do to retain our village was to refuse any and every offer that might be made by this war chief.

The war chief arrived and convened a council at the agency. Keokuk and Wapello were sent for, and with a number of their band were present.

The council house was opened and all were admitted, and myself and band were sent for to attend. When we arrived at the door singing a war song, and armed with lances, spears, war clubs, bows and arrows, as if going to battle, I halted and refused to enter, as I could see no necessity or propriety in having the room crowded with those who were already there. If the council was convened for us, why then have others in our room. The war chief having sent all out except Keokuk, Wapello and a few of their chiefs and braves, we entered the council in this warlike appearance, being desirous of showing the war chief that we were not afraid. He then rose and made a speech. He said:

"The president is very sorry to be put to the trouble and expense of sending so large a body of soldiers here to remove you from the lands you have long since ceded to the United States. Your Great Father has already warned you repeatedly, through your agent, to leave the country, and he is very sorry to find that you have

disobeyed his orders. Your Great Father wishes you well, and asks nothing from you but what is reasonable and right. I hope you will consult your own interests, and leave the country you are occupying, and go to the other side of the Mississippi."

I replied:

"We have never sold our country. We never received any annuities from our American father, and we are determined to hold on to our village."

The war chief, apparently angry, rose and said

"Who is *Black Hawk*? Who is *Black Hawk*?"

I replied:

"I am a *Sac*! My forefather was a SAC! I and all the nations call me a SAC!!"

The war chief said:

"I came here neither to beg nor hire you to leave your village. My business is to remove you, peaceably if I can, forcibly if I must! I will now give you two days in which to remove, and if you do not cross the Mississippi by that time, I will adopt measures to force you away."

I told him that I never would consent to leave my village and was determined not to leave it.

The council broke up and the war chief retired to his fort. I consulted the prophet again. He said he had been dreaming, and that the Great Spirit had directed that a woman, the daughter of Mattatas, the old chief of the village, should take a stick in her hand and go before the war chief, and tell him that she is the daughter of Mattatas, and that he had always been the white man's friend. That he had fought their battles, been wounded in their service and had always spoken well of them, and she had never heard him say that he had sold their village. The whites are numerous, and can take it from us if they choose, but she hoped they would not be so unfriendly. If they were, he had one favor to ask; she wished her people to be allowed to remain long enough to gather their provisions now growing in their fields; that she was a woman and had worked hard to raise something to support her children. And now, if we are driven from our village without being allowed to save our corn, many of our little children must perish with hunger.

Accordingly Mattatas' daughter was sent to the fort, accompanied by several of our young men and was admitted. She went before the war chief and told the story of the prophet. The war chief said that the president did not send him here to make treaties with the women, nor to hold council with them. That our young men must leave the fort, but she might remain if she wished.

All our plans were defeated. We must cross the river, or return to our village and await the coming of the war chief with his soldiers. We determined on the latter, but finding that our agent, interpreter, trader and Keokuk, were determined on breaking my ranks, and had induced several of my warriors to cross the Mississippi, I sent a deputation to the agent, at the request of my band, pledging myself to leave the county in the fall, provided permission was given us to remain, and secure our crop of corn then growing, as we would be in a starving situation if we were driven off without the means of subsistence.

The deputation returned with an answer from the war chief, "That no further time would be given than that specified, and if we were not then gone he would remove us."

I directed my village crier to proclaim that my orders were, in the event of the war chief coming to our village to remove us, that not a gun should be fired or any resistance offered. That if he determined to fight, for them to remain quietly in their lodges, and let him kill them if he chose.

I felt conscious that this great war chief would not hurt our people, and my object was not war. Had it been, we would have attacked and killed the war chief and his braves, when in council with us, as they were then completely in our power. But his manly conduct and soldierly deportment, his mild yet energetic manner, which proved his bravery, forbade it.

Some of our young men who had been out as spies came in and reported that they had discovered a large body of mounted men coming toward our village, who looked like a war party. They arrived and took a position below Rock river, for their place of encampment. The great war chief, General Gaines, entered Rock river in a steamboat, with his soldiers and one big gun. They passed and returned close by our village, but excited no alarm among my braves. No attention was paid to the boat; even our little children who were playing on the bank of the river, as usual, continued their amusement. The water being shallow, the boat got aground, which gave the whites some trouble. If they had asked for assistance, there was not a brave in my band who would not willingly have aided them. Their people were permitted to pass and repass through our village, and were treated with friendship by our people.

The war chief appointed the next day to remove us. I would have remained and been taken prisoner by the regulars, but was afraid of the multitude of pale faced militia, who were on horse back, as they were under no restraint of their chiefs.

We crossed the river during the night, and encamped some distance below Rock Island. The great war chief convened another council, for the purpose of making a treaty with us. In this treaty he agreed to give us corn in place of that we had left growing in our fields. I touched the goose quill to this treaty, and was determined to live in peace.

The corn that had been given us was soon found to be inadequate to our wants, when loud lamentations were heard in the camp by the women and children, for their roasting ears, beans and squashes. To satisfy them, a small party of braves went over in the night to take corn from their own fields. They were discovered by the whites and fired upon. Complaints were again made of the depredations committed by some of my people, on their own corn fields.

I understood from our agent, that there had been a provision made in one of our treaties for assistance in agriculture, and that we could have our fields plowed if we required it. I therefore called upon him, and requested him to have a small log home built for me, and a field plowed that fall, as I wished to live retired. He promised to have it done. I then went to the trader, Colonel Davenport, and asked for permission to be buried in the graveyard at our village, among my old friends and warriors, which he gave cheerfully. I then returned to my people satisfied.

A short time after this, a party of Foxes went up to Prairie du Chien to avenge the murder of their chiefs and relations, which had been committed the summer previous, by the Menomonees and Sioux. When they arrived in the vicinity of the encampment of the Menomonees, they met with a Winnebago, and inquired for the Menomonee camp. They requested him to go on before them and see if there were any Winnebagoes in it, and if so, to tell them that they had better return to their own camp. He went and gave the information, not only to the Winnebagoes, but to the Menomonees, that they might be prepared. The party soon followed, killed twenty-eight Menomonees, and made their escape.

This retaliation which with us is considered lawful and right, created considerable excitement among the whites. A demand was made for the Foxes to be surrendered to, and tried by, the white people. The principal men came to me during the fall and asked my advice. I conceived that they had done right, and that our Great Father acted very unjustly in demanding them, when he had suffered all their chiefs to be decoyed away, and murdered by the Menomonees, without ever having made a similar demand of them. If he had no right in the first instance he had none now, and for my part, I conceived the right very questionable, if not an act of usurpation in any case,

where a difference exists between two nations, for him to interfere. The Foxes joined my band with the intention to go out with them on the fall hunt.

About this time, Neapope, who started to Malden when it was ascertained that the great war chief, General Gaines, was coming to remove us, returned. He said he had seen the chief of our British Father, and asked him if the Americans could force us to leave our village. He said: "If you had not sold your land the Americans could not take your village from you. That the right being vested in you only, could be transferred by the voice and will of the whole nation, and that as you have never given your consent to the sale of your country, it yet remains your exclusive property, from which the American government never could force you away, and that in the event of war, you should have nothing to fear, as we would stand by and assist you."

He said that he had called at the prophet's lodge on his way down, and there had learned for the first time, that we had left our village. He informed me privately, that the prophet was anxious to see me, as he had much good news to tell me, and that I would hear good news in the spring from our British Father. "The prophet requested me to give you all the particulars, but I would much rather you would see him yourself and learn all from him. But I will tell you that he has received expresses from our British Father, who says that he is going to send us guns, ammunition, provisions and clothing early in the spring. The vessels that bring them will come by way of Milwaukee. The prophet has likewise received wampum and tobacco from the different nations on the lakes, Ottawas, Chippewas, and Pottowattomies, and as to the Winnebagoes he has them all at his command. We are going to be happy once more."

I told him I was pleased that our British Father intended to see us righted. That we had been driven from our lands without receiving anything for them, and I now began to hope from his talk, that my people would once more be happy. If I could accomplish this I would be satisfied. I am now growing old and could spend the remnant of my time anywhere. But I wish first to see my people happy. I can then leave them cheerfully. This has always been my constant aim, and I now begin to hope that our sky will soon be clear.

Neapope said:

"The prophet told me that all the tribes mentioned would fight for us if necessary, and the British father will support us. If we should be whipped, which is hardly possible, we will still be safe, the prophet having received a friendly talk from the chief of Wassicummico, at Selkirk's settlement, telling him, that if we were not happy in our own country, to let him know and he would make us happy. He had received information from our British father that we had been badly treated by the Americans. We must go and see the prophet. I will go first; you had better remain and get as many of your people to join you as you can. You know everything that we have done. We leave the matter with you to arrange among your people as you please. I will return to the prophet's village to-morrow. You can in the meantime make up your mind as to the course you will take and send word to the prophet by me, as he is anxious to assist us, and wishes to know whether you will join us, and assist to make your people happy."

During the night I thought over everything that Neapope had told me, and was pleased to think that by a little exertion on my part, I could accomplish the object of all my wishes. I determined to follow the advice of the prophet, and sent word by Neapope, that I would get all my braves together, explain everything that I had heard to them, and recruit as many as I could from the different villages.

Accordingly I sent word to Keokuk's band and the Fox tribe, explaining to them all the good news I had heard. They would not hear. Keokuk said that I had been imposed upon by liars, and had much better remain where I was and keep quiet. When he found that I was determined to make an attempt to recover my village, fearing that some difficulty would arise, he made application to the agent and great chief at St. Louis, asking permission for the chiefs of our nation to go to Washington to see our Great Father, that we might have our difficulties settled amicably. Keokuk also requested the trader, Colonel Davenport, who was going to Washington, to call on our Great Father and explain everything to him, and ask permission for us to come on and see him.

Having heard nothing favorable from the great chief at St. Louis, I concluded that I had better keep my band together, and recruit as many as possible, so that I would be prepared to make the attempt to rescue my village in the spring, provided our Great Father did not send word for us to go to Washington. The trader returned. He said he had called on our Great Father and made a full statement to him in relation to our difficulties, and had asked leave for us to go to Washington, but had received no answer.

I had determined to listen to the advice of my friends, and if permitted to go to see our Great Father, to abide by his counsel, whatever it might be. Every overture was made by Keokuk to prevent difficulty, and I anxiously hoped that something would be done for my people that it might be avoided. But there was bad management somewhere, or the difficulty that has taken place would have been avoided.

When it was ascertained that we would not be permitted to go to Washington, I resolved upon my course, and again tied to recruit some braves from Keokuk's band, to accompany me, but could not.

Conceiving that the peaceable disposition of Keokuk and his people had been in a great measure the cause of our having been driven from our village, I ascribed their present feelings to the same cause, and immediately went to work to recruit all my own band, and making preparations to ascend Rock river, I made my encampment on the Mississippi, where Fort Madison had stood. I requested my people to rendezvous at that place, sending out soldiers to bring in the warriors, and stationed my sentinels in a position to prevent any from moving off until all were ready.

My party having all come in and got ready, we commenced our march up the Mississippi; our women and children in canoes, carrying such provisions as we had, camp equipage, &c. My braves and warriors were on horseback, armed and equipped for defence. The prophet came down and joining us below Rock river, having called at Rock Island on his way down, to consult the war chief, agent and trader; who, he said, used many arguments to dissuade him from going with us, requesting him to come and meet us and turn us back. They told him also there was a war chief on his way to Rock Island with a large body of soldiers.

The prophet said he would not listen to this talk, because no war chief would dare molest us so long as we were at peace. That we had a right to go where we pleased peaceably, and advised me to say nothing to my braves and warriors until we encamped that night. We moved onward until we arrived at the place where General Gaines had made his encampment the year before, and encamped for the night. The prophet then addressed my braves and warriors. He told them to "follow us and act like braves, and we have nothing to fear and much to gain. The American war chief may come, but will not, nor dare not interfere with us so long as we act peaceably. We are not yet ready to act otherwise. We must wait until we ascend Rock river and receive our reinforcements, and we will then be able to withstand any army."

That night the White Beaver, General Atkinson, with a party of soldiers passed up in a steamboat. Our party became alarmed, expecting to meet the soldiers at Rock river, to prevent us going up. On our arrival at its mouth, we discovered that the steamboat had passed on.

I was fearful that the war chief had stationed his men on some high bluff, or in some ravine, that we might be taken by surprise. Consequently, on entering Rock river we commenced beating our drums and singing, to show the Americans that we were not afraid.

Having met with no opposition, we moved up Rock river leisurely for some distance, when we were overtaken by an express from White Beaver, with an order for me to return with my band and recross the Mississippi again. I sent him word that I would not, not recognizing his right to make such a demand, as I was acting peaceably, and intended to go to the prophet's village at his request, to make corn.

The express returned. We moved on and encamped some distance below the prophet's village. Here another express came from the White Beaver, threatening to pursue us and drive us back, if we did not return peaceably. This message roused the spirit of my band, and all were determined to remain with me and contest the ground

with the war chief, should he come and attempt to drive us. We therefore directed the express to say to the war chief "if he wished to fight us he might come on." We were determined never to be driven, and equally so, not to make the first attack, our object being to act only on the defensive. This we conceived to be our right.

Soon after the express returned, Mr. Gratiot, sub-agent for the Winnebagoes, came to our encampment. He had no interpreter, and was compelled to talk through his chiefs. They said the object of his mission was to persuade us to return. But they advised us to go on—assuring us that the further we went up Rock river the more friends we would meet, and our situation would be bettered. They were on our side and all of their people were our friends. We must not give up, but continue to ascend Rock river, on which, in a short time, we would receive reinforcements sufficiently strong to repulse any enemy. They said they would go down with their agent, to ascertain the strength of the enemy, and then return and give us the news. They had to use some stratagem to deceive their agent in order to help us.

During this council several of my braves hoisted the British flag, mounted their horses and surrounded the council lodge. I discovered that the agent was very much frightened. I told one of his chiefs to tell him that he need not be alarmed, and then went out and directed my braves to desist. Every warrior immediately dismounted and returned to his lodge. After the council adjourned I placed a sentinel at the agent's lodge to guard him, fearing that some of my warriors might again frighten him. I had always thought he was a good man and was determined that he should not be hurt. He started with his chiefs to Rock Island.

Having ascertained that White Beaver would not permit us to remain where we were, I began to consider what was best to be done, and concluded to keep on up the river, see the Pottowattomies and have a talk with them. Several Winnebago chiefs were present, whom I advised of my intentions, as they did not seem disposed to render us any assistance. I asked them if they had not sent us wampum during the winter, and requested us to come and join their people and enjoy all the rights and privileges of their country. They did not deny this; and said if the white people did not interfere, they had no objection to our making corn this year, with our friend the prophet, but did not wish us to go any further up.

The next day I started with my party to Kishwacokee. That night I encamped a short distance above the prophet's village. After all was quiet in our camp I sent for my chiefs, and told them that we had been deceived. That all the fair promises that had been held out to us through Neapope were false. But it would not do to let our party know it. We must keep it secret among ourselves, move on to Kishwacokee, as if all was right, and say something on the way to encourage our people. I will then call on the Pottowattomies, hear what they say, and see what they will do.

We started the next morning, after telling our people that news had just come from Milwaukee that a chief of our British Father would be there in a few days. Finding that all our plans were defeated, I told the prophet that he must go with me, and we would see what could be done with the Pottowattomies. On our arrival at Kishwacokee an express was sent to the Pottowattomie villages. The next day a deputation arrived. I inquired if they had corn in their villages. They said they had a very little and could not spare any. I asked them different questions and received very unsatisfactory answers. This talk was in the presence of all my people. I afterwards spoke to them privately, and requested them to come to my lodge after my people had gone to sleep. They came and took seats. I asked them if they had received any news from the British on the lake. They said no. I inquired if they had heard that a chief of our British Father was coming to Milwaukee to bring us guns, ammunition, goods and provisions. They said no. I told them what news had been brought to me, and requested them to return to their village and tell the chiefs that I wished to see them and have a talk with them.

After this deputation started, I concluded to tell my people that if White Beaver came after us, we would go back, as it was useless to think of stopping or going on without more provisions and ammunition. I discovered that the Winnebagoes and Pottowattomies were not disposed to render us any assistance. The next day the Pottowattomie chiefs arrived in my camp. I had a dog killed, and made a feast. When it was ready, I spread my

medicine bags, and the chiefs began to eat. When the ceremony was about ending, I received news that three or four hundred white men on horse-back had been seen about eight miles off. I immediately started three young men with a white flag to meet them and conduct them to our camp, that we might hold a council with them and descend Rock river again. I also directed them, in case the whites had encamped, to return, and I would go and see them. After this party had started I sent five young men to see what might take place. The first party went to the camp of the whites, and were taken prisoners. The last party had not proceeded far before they saw about twenty men coming toward them at full gallop. They stopped, and, finding that the whites were coming toward them in such a warlike attitude, they turned and retreated, but were pursued, and two of them overtaken and killed. The others then made their escape. When they came in with the news, I was preparing my flags to meet the war chief. The alarm was given. Nearly all my young men were absent ten miles away. I started with what I had left, about forty, and had proceeded but a short distance, before we saw a part of the army approaching. I raised a yell, saying to y braves, "Some of our people have been killed. Wantonly and cruelly murdered! We must avenge their death!"

In a little while we discovered the whole army coming towards us at a full gallop. We were now confident that our first party had been killed. I immediately placed my men behind a cluster of bushes, that we might have the first fire when they had approached close enough. They made a halt some distance from us. I gave another yell, and ordered my brave warriors to charge upon them, expecting that they would all be killed. They did charge. Every man rushed towards the enemy and fired, and they retreated in the utmost confusion and consternation before my little but brave band of warriors.

After following the enemy for some distance, I found it useless to pursue them further, as they rode so fast, and returned to the encampment with a few braves, as about twenty-five of them continued in pursuit of the flying enemy. I lighted my pipe and sat down to thank the Great Spirit for what he had done. I had not been meditating long, when two of the three young men I had sent with the flag to meet the American war chief, entered. My astonishment was not greater than my joy to see them living and well. I eagerly listened to their story, which was as follows:

"When we arrived near the encampment of the whites, a number of them rushed out to meet us, bringing their guns with them. They took us into their camp, where an American who spoke the Sac language a little told us that his chief wanted to know how we were, where we were going, where our camp was, and where was Black Hawk? We told him that we had come to see his chief, that our chief had directed us to conduct him to our camp, in case he had not encamped, and in that event to tell him that he, Black Hawk, would come to see him; he wished to hold a council with him, as he had given up all intention of going to war."

This man had once been a member of our tribe, having been adopted by me many years before and treated with the same kindness as was shown to our young men, but like the caged bird of the woods, he yearned for freedom, and after a few years residence with us an opportunity for escape came and he left us. On this occasion he would have respected our flag and carried back the message I had sent to his chief, had he not been taken prisoner, with a comrade, by some of my braves who did not recognize him, and brought him into camp. They were securely tied with cords to trees and left to meditate, but were occasionally buffeted by my young men when passing near them. When I passed by him there was a recognition on the part of us both, but on account of former friendship I concluded to let him go, and some little time before the sun went down I released him from his captivity by untying the cords that bound him and accompanied him outside of our lines so that he could escape safely. His companion had previously made a desperate effort to escape from his guards and was killed by them.

They continued their story:

"At the conclusion of this talk a party of white men came in on horseback. We saw by their countenances that something had happened. A general tumult arose. They looked at us with indignation, talked among themselves

for a moment, when several of them cocked their guns and fired at us in the crowd. Our companion fell dead. We rushed through the crowd and made our escape. We remained in ambush but a short time, before we heard yelling like Indians running an enemy. In a little while we saw some of the whites in full speed. One of them came near us. I threw my tomahawk and struck him on the head which brought him to the ground; I ran to him and with his own knife took off his scalp. I took his gun, mounted his horse, and brought my friend here behind me. We turned to follow our braves, who were chasing the enemy, and had not gone far before we overtook a white man, whose horse had mired in a swamp. My friend alighted and tomahawked the man, who was apparently fast under his horse. He took his scalp, horse and gun. By this time our party was some distance ahead. We followed on and saw several white men lying dead on the way. After riding about six miles we met our party returning. We asked them how many of our men had been killed. . They said none after the Americans had retreated. We inquired how many whites had been killed. They replied that they did not know, but said we will soon ascertain, as we must scalp them as we go back. On our return we found ten men, besides the two we had killed before we joined our friends. Seeing that they did not yet recognize us, it being dark, we again asked how many of our braves had been killed? They said five. We asked who they were? They replied that the first party of three who went out to meet the American war chief, had all been taken prisoners and killed in the encampment, and that out of a party of five, who followed to see the meeting of the first party with the whites, two had been killed. We were now certain that they did not recognize us, nor did we tell who we were until we arrived at our camp. The news of our death had reached it some time before, and all were surprised to see us again."

The next morning I told the crier of my village to give notice that we must go and bury our dead. In a little while all were ready. A small deputation was sent for our absent warriors, and the remainder started to bury the dead. We first disposed of them and then commenced an examination in the enemy's deserted encampment for plunder. We found arms and ammunition and provisions, all of which we were sadly in want of, particularly the latter, as we were entirely without. We found also a variety of saddle bags, which I distributed among my braves, a small quantity of whisky and some little barrels that had contained this bad medicine, but they were empty. I was surprised to find that the whites carried whisky with them, as I had understood that all the pale faces, when acting as soldiers in the field, were strictly temperate.

The enemy's encampment was in a skirt of woods near a run, about half a day's travel from Dixon's ferry. We attacked them in the prairie, with a few bushes between us, about sundown, and I expected that my whole party would be killed. I never was so much surprised in all the fighting I have seen, knowing, too, that the Americans generally shoot well, as I was to see this army of several hundreds retreating, without showing fight, and passing immediately through their encampment, I did think they intended to halt there, as the situation would have forbidden attack by my party if their number had not exceeded half of mine, as we would have been compelled to take the open prairie whilst they could have picked trees to shield themselves from our fire.

I was never so much surprised in my life as I was in this attack. An army of three or four hundred men, after having learned that we were suing for peace, to attempt to kill the flag bearers that had gone unarmed to ask for a meeting of the war chiefs of the two contending parties to hold a council, that I might return to the west side of the Mississippi, to come forward with a full determination to demolish the few braves I had with me, to retreat when they had ten to one, was unaccountable to me. It proved a different spirit from any I had ever before seen among the pale faces. I expected to see them fight as the Americans did with the British during the last war, but they had no such braves among them. At our feast with the Pottowattomies I was convinced that we had been imposed upon by those who had brought in reports of large re-enforcements to my band and resolved not to strike a blow; and in order to get permission from White Beaver to return and re-cross the Mississippi, I sent a flag of peace to the American war chief, who was reported to be close by with his army, expecting that he would convene a council and listen to what we had to say. But this chief, instead of pursuing that honorable and chivalric course, such as I have always practiced, shot down our flag-bearer and thus forced us into war with less than five hundred warriors to contend against three or four thousand soldiers.

The supplies that Neapope and the prophet told us about, and the reinforcements we were to have, were never more heard of, and it is but justice to our British Father to say were never promised, his chief being sent word in lieu of the lies that were brought to me, "for us to remain at peace as we could accomplish nothing but our own ruin by going to war."

What was now to be done? It was worse than folly to turn back and meet an enemy where the odds were so much against us and thereby sacrifice ourselves, our wives and children to the fury of an enemy who had murdered some of our brave and unarmed warriors when they were on a mission to sue for peace.

Having returned to our encampment, and found that all our young men had come in, I sent out spies to watch the movements of the army, and commenced moving up Kishwacokee with the balance of my people. I did not know where to go to find a place of safety for my women and children, but expected to find a good harbor about the head of Rock river. I concluded to go there, and thought my best route would be to go round the head of Kishwacokee, so that the Americans would have some difficulty if they attempted to follow us.

On arriving at the head of Kishwacokee, I was met by a party of Winnebagoes, who seemed to rejoice at our success. They said they had come to offer their services, and were anxious to join in. I asked them if they knew where there was a safe place for our women and children. They told us that they would send two old men with us to guide us to a good safe place.

I arranged war parties to send out in different directions, before I proceeded further. The Winnebagoes went alone. The war parties having all been fitted out and started, we commenced moving to the Four Lakes, the place where our guides were to conduct us. We had not gone far before six Winnebagoes came in with one scalp. They said they had killed a man at a grove, on the road from Dixon's to the lead mines. Four days after, the party of Winnebagoes who had gone out from the head of Kishwacokee, overtook us, and told me that they had killed four men and taken their scalps: and that one of them was Keokuk's father, (the agent). They proposed to have a dance over their scalps. I told them that I could have no dancing in my camp, in consequence of my having lost three young braves; but they might dance in their own camp, which they did. Two days after, we arrived in safety at the place where the Winnebagoes had directed us. In a few days a great number of our warriors came in. I called them all around me, and addressed them. I told them: "Now is the time, if any of you wish to come into distinction, and be honored with the medicine bag! Now is the time to show your courage and bravery, and avenge the murder of our three braves!"

Several small parties went out, and returned again in a few days, with success—bringing in provisions for our people. In the mean time, some spies came in, and reported that the army had fallen back to Dixon's ferry; and others brought news that the horsemen had broken up their camp, disbanded, and returned home.

Finding that all was safe, I made a dog feast, preparatory to leaving my camp with a large party, (as the enemy were stationed so far off). Before my braves commenced feasting, I took my medicine bags, and addressed them in the following language:

"BRAVES AND WARRIORS: These are the medicine bags of our forefather, Mukataquet, who was the father of the Sac nation. They were handed down to the great war chief of our nation, Nanamakee, who has been at war with all the nations of the plains, and have never yet been disgraced! I expect you all to protect them!"

After the ceremony was over and our feasting done I started, with about two hundred warriors following my great medicine bags. I directed my course toward sunset and dreamed, the second night after we started, that there would be a great feast prepared for us after one day's travel. I told my warriors my dream in the morning and we started for Moscohocoynak, (Apple river). When we arrived in the vicinity of a fort the white people had built there we saw four men on horseback. One of my braves fired and wounded a man when the others set up a yell as if a large force were near and ready to come against us. We concealed ourselves and remained in this position for some time watching to see the enemy approach, but none came. The four men, in the mean time,

ran to the fort and gave the alarm. We followed them and attacked their fort. One of their braves, who seemed more valiant than the rest, raised his head above the picketing to fire at us when one of my braves, with a well-directed shot, put an end to his bravery. Finding that these people could not be killed without setting fire to their houses and fort I thought it more prudent to be content with what flour, provisions, cattle and horses we could find than to set fire to their buildings, as the light would be seen at a distance and the army might suppose we were in the neighborhood and come upon us with a strong force. Accordingly we opened a house and filled our bags with flour and provisions, took several horses and drove off some of their cattle.

We started in a direction toward sunrise. After marching a considerable time I discovered some white men coming towards us. I told my braves that we would go into the woods and kill them when they approached. We concealed ourselves until they came near enough and then commenced yelling and firing and made a rush upon them. About this time their chief, with a party of men, rushed up to rescue the men we had fired upon. In a little while they commenced retreating and left their chief and a few braves who seemed willing and anxious to fight. They acted like men, but were forced to give way when I rushed upon them with my braves. In a short time the chief returned with a larger party. He seemed determined to fight, and anxious for a battle. When he came near enough I raised the yell and firing commenced from both sides. The chief, who seemed to be a small man, addressed his warriors in a loud voice, but they soon retreated, leaving him and a few braves on the battle field. A great number of my warriors pursued the retreating party and killed a number of their horses as they ran.

The chief and his few braves were unwilling to leave the field. I ordered my braves to rush upon them, and had the mortification of seeing two of my chiefs killed before the enemy retreated.

This young chief deserves great praise for his courage and bravery, but fortunately for us, his army was not all composed of such brave men.

During this attack we killed several men and about forty horses and lost two young chiefs and seven warriors. My braves were anxious to pursue them to the fort, attack and burn it, but I told them it was useless to waste our powder as there was no possible chance of success if we did attack them, and that as we had ran the bear into his hole we would there leave him and return to our camp.

On arriving at our encampment we found that several of our spies had returned, bringing intelligence that the army had commenced moving. Another party of five came in and said they had been pursued for several hours, and were attacked by twenty-five or thirty whites in the woods; that the whites rushed in upon them as they lay concealed and received their fire without seeing them. They immediately retreated whilst we reloaded. They entered the thicket again and as soon as they came near enough we fired. Again they retreated and again they rushed into the thicket and fired. We returned their fire and a skirmish ensued between two of their men and one of ours, who was killed by having his throat cut. This was the only man we lost, the enemy having had three killed; they again retreated.

Another party of three Sacs had come in and brought two young white squaws, whom they had given to the Winnebagoes to take to the whites. They said they had joined a party of Pottowattomies and went with them as a war party against the settlers of Illinois.

The leader of this party, a Pottowattomie, had been severely whipped by this settler, some time before, and was anxious to avenge the insult and injury. While the party was preparing to start, a young Pottowattomie went to the settler's house and told him to leave it, that a war party was coming to murder them. They started, but soon returned again, as it appeared that they were all there when the war party arrived. The Pottowattomies killed the whole family, except two young squaws, whom the Sacs took up on their horses and carried off, to save their lives. They were brought to our encampment, and a messenger sent to the Winnebagoes, as they were friendly on both sides, to come and get them, and carry them to the whites. If these young men, belonging to my band, had not gone with the Pottowittomies, the two young squaws would have shared the same fate as their friends.

During our encampment at the Four Lakes we were hard pressed to obtain enough to eat to support nature. Situated in a swampy, marshy country, (which had been selected in consequence of the great difficulty required to gain access thereto,) there was but little game of any sort to be found, and fish were equally scarce. The great distance to any settlement, and the impossibility of bringing supplies therefrom, if any could have been obtained, deterred our young men from making further attempts. We were forced to dig roots and bark trees, to obtain something to satisfy hunger and keep us alive. Several of our old people became so reduced, as to actually die with hunger! Learning that the army had commenced moving, and fearing that they might come upon and surround our encampment, I concluded to remove our women and children across the Mississippi, that they might return to the Sac nation again. Accordingly, on the next day we commenced moving, with five Winnebagoes acting as our guides, intending to descend the Wisconsin.

Neapope, with a party of twenty, remained in our rear, to watch for the enemy, whilst we were proceeding to the Wisconsin, with our women and children. We arrived, and had commenced crossing over to an island, when we discovered a large body of the enemy coming towards us. We were now compelled to fight, or sacrifice our wives and children to the fury of the whites. I met them with fifty warriors, (having left the balance to assist our women and children in crossing) about a mile from the river. When an attack immediately commenced, I was mounted on a fine horse, and was pleased to see my warriors so brave. I addressed them in a loud voice, telling them to stand their ground and never yield it to the enemy. At this time I was on the rise of a hill, where I wished to form my warriors, that we might have some advantage over the whites. But the enemy succeeded in gaining this point, which compelled us to fall into a deep ravine, from which we continued firing at them and they at us, until it began to grow dark. My horse having been wounded twice during this engagement, and fearing from his loss of blood that he would soon give out, and finding that the enemy would not come near enough to receive our fire, in the dusk of the evening, and knowing that our women and children had had sufficient time to reach the island in the Wisconsin, I ordered my warriors to return, by different routes, and meet me at the Wisconsin, and was astonished to find that the enemy were not disposed to pursue us.

In this skirmish with fifty braves, I defended and accomplished my passage over the Wisconsin, with a loss of only six men, though opposed by a host of mounted militia. I would not have fought there, but to gain time for our women and children to cross to an island. A warrior will duly appreciate the embarrassments I labored under—and whatever may be the sentiments of the white people in relation to this battle, my nation, though fallen, will award to me the reputation of a great brave in conducting it.

The loss of the enemy could not be ascertained by our party; but I am of the opinion that it was much greater, in proportion, than mine. We returned to the Wisconsin and crossed over to our people.

Here some of my people left me, and descended the Wisconsin, hoping to escape to the west side of the Mississippi, that they might return home. I had no objection to their leaving me, as my people were all in a desperate condition, being worn out with traveling and starving with hunger. Our only hope to save ourselves was to get across the Mississippi. But few of this party escaped. Unfortunately for them, a party of soldiers from Prairie du Chien were stationed on the Wisconsin, a short distance from its mouth, who fired upon our distressed people. Some were killed, others drowned, several taken prisoners, and the balance escaped to the woods and perished with hunger. Among this party were a great many women and children.

I was astonished to find that Neapope and his party of spies had not yet come in, they having been left in my rear to bring the news, if the enemy were discovered. It appeared, however, that the whites had come in a different direction and intercepted our trail but a short distance from the place where we first saw them, leaving our spies considerably in the rear. Neapope and one other retired to the Winnebago village, and there remained during the war. The balance of his party, being brave men, and considering our interests as their own, returned, and joined our ranks.

Myself and band having no means to descend the Wisconsin, I started over a rugged country, to go to the Mississippi, intending to cross it and return to my nation. Many of our people were compelled to go on foot, for want of horses, which, in consequence of their having had nothing to eat for a long time, caused our march to be very slow. At length we arrived at the Mississippi, having lost some of our old men and little children, who perished on the way with hunger.

We had been here but a little while before we saw a steamboat (the "Warrior,") coming. I told my braves not to shoot, as I intended going on board, so that we might save our women and children. I knew the captain (Throckmorton) and was determined to give myself up to him. I then sent for my white flag. While the messenger was gone, I took a small piece of white cotton and put it on a pole, and called to the captain of the boat, and told him to send his little canoe ashore and let me come aboard. The people on board asked whether we were Sacs or Winnebagoes. I told a Winnebago to tell them that we were Sacs, and wanted to give ourselves up! A Winnebago on the boat called out to us "to run and hide, that the whites were going to shoot!" About this time one of my braves had jumped into the river, bearing a white flag to the boat, when another sprang in after him and brought him to the shore. The firing then commenced from the boat, which was returned by my braves and continued for some time. Very few of my people were hurt after the first fire, having succeeded in getting behind old logs and trees, which shielded them from the enemy's fire.

The Winnebago on the steamboat must either have misunderstood what was told, or did not tell it to the captain correctly; because I am confident he would not have allowed the soldiers to fire upon us if he had known my wishes. I have always considered him a good man, and too great a brave to fire upon an enemy when suing for quarters.

After the boat left us, I told my people to cross if they could, and wished; that I intended going into the Chippewa country. Some commenced crossing, and such as had determined to follow them, remained; only three lodges going with me. Next morning, at daybreak, a young man overtook me, and said that all my party had determined to cross the Mississippi—that a number had already got over safely and that he had heard the white army last night within a few miles of them. I now began to fear that the whites would come up with my people and kill them before they could get across. I had determined to go and join the Chippewas; but reflecting that by this I could only save myself, I concluded to return, and die with my people, if the Great Spirit would not give us another victory. During our stay in the thicket, a party of whites came close by us, but passed on without discovering us.

Early in the morning a party of whites being in advance of the army, came upon our people, who were attempting to cross the Mississippi. They tried to give themselves up; the whites paid no attention to their entreaties, but commenced slaughtering them. In a little while the whole army arrived. Our braves, but few in number, finding that the enemy paid no regard to age or sex, and seeing that they were murdering helpless women and little children, determined to fight until they were killed. As many women as could, commenced swimming the Mississippi, with their children on their backs. A number of them were drowned, and some shot before they could reach the opposite shore.

One of my braves, who gave me this information, piled up some saddles before him, (when the fight commenced), to shield himself from the enemy's fire, and killed three white men. But seeing that the whites were coming too close to him, he crawled to the bank of the without being perceived, and hid himself under the bank until the enemy retired. He then came to me and told me what had been done. After hearing this sorrowful news, I started with my little party to the Winnebago village at Prairie La Cross. On my arrival there I entered the lodge of one of the chiefs, and told him that I wished him to go with me to his father, that I intended giving myself up to the American war chief and die, if the Great Spirit saw proper. He said he would go with me. I then took my medicine bag and addressed the chief. I told him that it was "the soul of the Sac nation—that it never had been dishonored in any battle, take it, it is my life—dearer than life—and give it to the American chief!" He said he would keep it, and take care of it, and if I was suffered to live, he would send it to me.

During my stay at the village, the squaws made me a white dress of deer skin. I then started with several Winnebagoes, and went to their agent, at Prairie du Chien, and gave myself up.

On my arrival there, I found to my sorrow, that a large body of Sioux had pursued and killed a number of our women and children, who had got safely across the Mississippi. The whites ought not to have permitted such conduct, and none but cowards would ever have been guilty of such cruelty, a habit which had always been practiced on our nation by the Sioux.

The massacre, which terminated the war, lasted about two hours. Our loss in killed was about sixty, besides a number that was drowned. The loss of the enemy could not be ascertained by my braves, exactly; but they think that they killed about sixteen during the action.

I was now given up by the agent to the commanding officer at Fort Crawford, the White Beaver having gone down the river. We remained here a short time, and then started for Jefferson Barracks, in a steam boat, under the charge of a young war chief, (Lieut. Jefferson Davis) who treated us all with much kindness. He is a good and brave young chief, with whose conduct I was much pleased. On our way down we called at Galena and remained a short time. The people crowded to the boat to see us: but the war chief would not permit them to enter the apartment where we were—knowing, from what his feelings would have been if he had been placed in a similar situation, that we did not wish to have a gaping crowd around us.

We passed Rock Island without stopping. The great war chief, Gen. Scott, who was then at Fort Armstrong, came out in a small boat to see us, but the captain of the steamboat would not allow anybody from the fort to come on board his boat, in consequence of the cholera raging among the soldiers. I did think that the captain ought to have permitted the war chief to come on board to see me, because I could see no danger to be apprehended by it. The war chief looked well, and I have since heard was constantly among his soldiers, who were sick and dying, administering to their wants, and had not caught the disease from them and I thought it absurd to think that any of the people on the steamboat could be afraid of catching the disease from a well man. But these people are not brave like war chiefs, who never fear anything.

On our way down, I surveyed the country that had cost us so much trouble, anxiety and blood, and that now caused me to be a prisoner of war. I reflected upon the ingratitude of the whites when I saw their fine houses, rich harvests and everything desirable around them; and recollected that all this land had been ours, for which I and my people had never received a dollar, and that the whites were not satisfied until they took our village and our graveyards from us and removed us across the Mississippi.

On our arrival at Jefferson Barracks we met the great war chief, White Beaver, who had commanded the American army against my little band. I felt the humiliation of my situation; a little while before I had been leader of my braves, now I was a prisoner of war, but had surrendered myself. He received us kindly and treated us well.

We were now confined to the barracks and forced to wear the ball and chain. This was extremely mortifying and altogether useless. Was the White Beaver afraid I would break out of his barracks and run away? Or was he ordered to inflict this punishment upon me? If I had taken him prisoner on the field of battle I would not have wounded his feelings so much by such treatment, knowing that a brave war chief would prefer death to dishonor. But I do not blame the White Beaver for the course he pursued, as it is the custom among the white soldiers, and I suppose was a part of his duty.

The time dragged heavily and gloomily along throughout the winter, although the White Beaver did everything in his power to render us comfortable. Having been accustomed, throughout a long life, to roam the forests o'er, to go and come at liberty, confinement, and under such circumstances, could not be less than torture.

We passed away the time making pipes until spring, when we were visited by the agent, trader and interpreter, from Rock Island, Keokuk and several chiefs and braves of our nation, and my wife and daughter. I was

rejoiced to see the two latter and spent my time very agreeably with them and my people as long as they remained.

The trader, Sagenash, (Col. Davenport) presented me with some dried venison, which had been killed and cured by some of my friends. This was a valuable present, and although he had given me many before, none ever pleased me so much. This was the first meat I had eaten for a long time that reminded me of the former pleasures of my own wigwam, which had always been stored with plenty.

Keokuk and his chiefs, during their stay at the barracks, petitioned our Great Father, the president, to release us, and pledged themselves for our good conduct. I now began to hope I would soon be restored to liberty and the enjoyment of my family and friends, having heard that Keokuk stood high in the estimation of our Great Father, because he did not join me in the war, but I was soon disappointed in my hopes. An order came from our Great Father to the White Beaver to send us on to Washington.

In a little while all were ready and left Jefferson Barracks on board of a steamboat, under charge of a young war chief and one soldier, whom the White Beaver sent along as a guide to Washington. We were accompanied by Keokuk, wife and son, Appanooce, Wapello, Poweshiek, Pashippaho, Nashashuk, Saukee, Musquaukee, and our interpreter. Our principal traders, Col. Geo. Davenport, of Rock Island, and S. S. Phelps and clerk, William Cousland, of the Yellow Banks, also accompanied us. On our way up the Ohio we passed several large villages, the names of which were explained to me. The first is called Louisville, and is a very petty village, situated on the bank of the Ohio River. The next is Cincinnati, which stands on the bank of the same river. This is a large and beautiful village and seemed to be in a thriving condition. The people gathered on the bank as we passed, in great crowds, apparently anxious to see us.

On our arrival at Wheeling the streets and river banks were crowded with people, who flocked from every direction to see us. While we remained here many called upon us and treated us with kindness, no one offering to molest or misuse us. This village is not so large as either of those before mentioned, but is quite a pretty one.

We left the steamboat then, having traveled a long distance on the prettiest river I ever saw (except our Mississippi) and took the stage. Being unaccustomed to this mode of traveling, we soon got tired and wished ourselves seated in a canoe on one of our own rivers, that we might return to our friends. We had traveled but a short distance before our carriage turned over, from which I received a slight injury, and the soldier had one arm broken. I was sorry for this accident, as the young man had behaved well.

We had a rough and mountainous country for several days, but had a good trail for our carriage. It is astonishing what labor and pains the white people have had to make this road, as it passes over several mountains, which are generally covered with rocks and timber, yet it has been made smooth and easy to travel upon.

Rough and mountainous as this country is there are many wigwams and small villages standing on the roadside. I could see nothing in the country to induce the people to live in it, and was astonished to find so many whites living on the hills.

I have often thought of them since my return to my own people, and am happy to think that they prefer living in their own country to coming out to ours and driving us from it, as many of the whites have already done. I think with them, that wherever the Great Spirit places his people they ought to be satisfied to remain, and be thankful for what He has given them, and not drive others from the country He has given them because it happens to be better than theirs. This is contrary to our way of thinking, and from my intercourse with the whites, I have learned that one great principle of their religion is "to do unto others as you wish them to do unto you." Those people in the mountains seem to act upon this principle, but the settlers on our frontiers and on our lands seem never to think of it, if we are to judge by their actions.

The first village of importance that we came to, after leaving the mountains, is called Hagerstown. It is a large village to be so far from a river and is very pretty. The people appear to live well and enjoy themselves much.

We passed through several small villages on the way to Fredericktown, but I have forgotten their names. This last is a large and beautiful village. The people treated us well, as they did at all other villages where we stopped.

Here we came to another road much more wonderful than that through the mountains. They call it a railroad, (the Baltimore and Ohio). I examined it carefully, but need not describe it, as the whites know all about it. It is the most astonishing sight I ever saw. The great road over the mountains will bear no comparison to it, although it has given the white people much trouble to make. I was surprised to see so much money and labor expended to make a good road for easy traveling. I prefer riding horse back, however, to any other way, but suppose these people would not have gone to so much trouble and expense to make a road if they did not prefer riding in their new fashioned carriages, which seem to run without any trouble, being propelled by steam on the same principle that boats are on the river. They certainly deserve great praise for their industry.

On our arrival at Washington, we called to see our Great Father, the President. He looks as if he had seen as many winters as I have, and seems to be a great brave. I had very little talk with him, as he appeared to be busy and did not seem to be much disposed to talk. I think he is a good man; and although he talked but little, he treated us very well. His wigwam is well furnished with every thing good and pretty, and is very strongly built.

He said he wished to know the cause of my going to war against his white children. I thought he ought to have known this before; and consequently said but little to him about it, as I expected he knew as well as I could tell him.

He said he wanted us to go to Fortress Monroe and stay awhile with the war chief who commanded it. But having been so long from my people, I told him that I would rather return to my nation; that Keokuk had come here once on a visit to him, as we had done, and he had let him return again, as soon as he wished, and that I expected to be treated in the same manner. He insisted, however, on our going to Fortress Monroe; and as the interpreter then present could not understand enough of our language to interpret a speech, I concluded it was best to obey our Great Father, and say nothing contrary to his wishes.

During our stay at the city, we were called upon by many of the people, who treated us well, particularly the squaws; we visited the great council home of the Americans; the place where they keep their big guns; and all the public buildings, and then started for Fortress Monroe. The war chief met us on our arrival, and shook hands, and appeared glad to see me. He treated us with great friendship, and talked to me frequently. Previous to our leaving this fort, he made us a feast, and gave us some presents, which I intend to keep for his sake. He is a very good man and a great brave. I was sorry to leave him, although I was going to return to my people, because he had treated me like a brother, during all the time I remained with him.

Having got a new guide, a war chief (Maj. Garland), we started for our own country, taking a circuitous route. Our Great Father being about to pay a visit to his children in the big towns towards sunrise, and being desirous that we should have an opportunity of seeing them, had directed our guide to take us through.

On our arrival at Baltimore, we were much astonished to see so large a village; but the war chief told us we would soon see a larger one. This surprised us more. During our stay here, we visited all the public buildings and places of amusement, saw much to admire, and were well entertained by the people who crowded to see us. Our Great Father was there at the same time, and seemed to be much liked by his white children, who flocked around him, (as they had around us) to shake him by the hand. He did not remain long, having left the city before us. In an interview, while here, the President said:

"When I saw you in Washington, I told you that you had behaved very badly in going to war against the whites. Your conduct then compelled me to send my warriors against you, and your people were defeated with great loss, and several of you surrendered, to be kept until I should be satisfied that you would not try to do any more injury. I told you, too, that I would inquire whether your people wished you to return, and whether, if you did

return, there would be any danger to the frontier. Gen. Clark and Gen. Atkinson, whom you know, have informed me that your principal chief and the rest of your people are anxious you should return, and Keokuk has asked me to send you back. Your chiefs have pledged themselves for your good conduct, and I have given directions that you should be taken to your own country.

"Major Garland, who is with you, will conduct you through some of our towns. You will see the strength of the white people. You will see that our young men are as numerous as the leaves in the woods. What can you do against us? You may kill a few women and children, but such a force would seem to be sent against you as would destroy your whole tribe. Let the red men hunt and take care of their families. I hope they will not again raise the tomahawk against their white brethren. We do not wish to injure you. We desire your prosperity and improvement. But if you again make war against our people, I shall send a force which will severely punish you. When you go back, listen to the councils of Keokuk and the other friendly chiefs; bury the tomahawk and live in peace with the people on the frontier. And I pray the Great Spirit to give you a smooth path and a fair sky to return."

I was pleased with our Great Father's talk and thanked him. Told him that the tomahawk had been buried so deep that it would never be resurrected, and that my remaining days would be spent in peace with all my white brethren.

We left Baltimore in a steamboat, and traveled in this way to the big village, where they make medals and money, (Philadelphia.) We again expressed surprise at finding this village so much larger than the one we had left; but the war chief again told us we would see another much larger than this. I had no idea that the white people had such large villages, and so many people. They were very kind to us, showed us all their great public works, their ships and steamboats. We visited the place where they make money, (the mint) and saw the men engaged at it. They presented each of us with a number of pieces of the coin as they fell from the mint, which are very handsome.

I witnessed a militia training in this city, in which were performed a number of singular military feats. The chiefs and men were all well dressed, and exhibited quite a warlike appearance. I think our system of military parade far better than that of the whites, but as I am now done going to war I will not describe it, or say anything more about war, or the preparations necessary for it.

We next started for New York, and on our arrival near the wharf, saw a large collection of people gathered at Castle Garden. We had seen many wonderful sights in our way—large villages, the great national road over the mountains, the railroad, steam carriages, ships, steamboat, and many other things; but we were now about to witness a sight more surprising than any of these. We were told that a man was going up in the air in a balloon. We watched with anxiety to see if this could be true; and to our utter astonishment, saw him ascend in the air until the eye could no longer perceive him. Our people were all surprised and one of our young men asked the Prophet if he was going up to see the Great Spirit?

After the ascension of the balloon, we landed and got into a carriage to go to the house that had been provided for our reception. We had proceeded but a short distance before the street was so crowded that it was impossible for the carriage to pass. The war chief then directed the coachman to take another street, and stop at a different house from the one we had intended. On our arrival here we were waited upon by a number of gentlemen, who seemed much pleased to see us. We were furnished with good rooms, good provisions, and everything necessary for our comfort.

The chiefs of this big village, being desirous that all their people should have an opportunity to see us, fitted up their great council home for this purpose, where we saw an immense number of people; all of whom treated us with great friendship, and many with great generosity. One of their great chiefs, John A. Graham, waited upon us and made a very pretty talk, which appeared in the village papers, one of which I now hand you.

MR. GRAHAM'S SPEECH.

"BROTHERS: Open your ears. You are brave men. You have fought like tigers, but in a bad cause. We have conquered you. We were sorry last year that you raised the tomahawk against us; but we believe you did not know us then as you do now. We think, in time to come, you will be wise, and that we shall be friends forever. You see that we are a great people, numerous as the flowers of the field, as the shells on the sea shore, or the fishes in the sea, We put one hand on the eastern, and at the same time the other on the western ocean. We all act together. If some time our great men talk long and loud at our council fires, but shed one drop of white men's blood, our young warriors, as thick as the stars of the night, will leap aboard of our great boats, which fly on the waves and over the lakes—swift as the eagle in the air—then penetrate the woods, make the big guns thunder, and the whole heavens red with the flames of the dwellings of their enemies. Brothers, the President has made you a great talk. He has but one mouth. That one has sounded the sentiments of all the people. Listen to what he has said to you. Write it on your memories, it is good, very good.

"Black Hawk, take these jewels, a pair of topaz earrings, beautifully set in gold, for your wife or daughter, as a token of friendship, keeping always in mind, that women and children are the favorites of the Great Spirit. These jewels are from an old man, whose head is whitened with the snows of seventy winters, an old man who has thrown down his bow, put off his sword, and now stands leaning on his staff, waiting the commands of the Great Spirit. Look around you, see all this mighty people, then go to your homes, open your arms to receive your families. Tell them to buy the hatchet, to make bright the chain of friendship, to love the white men, and to live in peace with them, as long as the rivers run into the sea, and the sun rises and sets. If you do so, you will be happy. You will then insure the prosperity of unborn generations of your tribes, who will go hand in hand with the sons of the white men, and all shall be blessed by the Great Spirit. Peace and happiness by the blessing of the Great Spirit attend you. Farewell."

In reply to this fine talk, I said, "Brother: We like your talk. We like the white people. They are very kind to us. We shall not forget it. Your council is good. We shall attend to it. Your valuable present shall go to my squaw. We shall always be friends."

The chiefs were particular in showing us everything that they thought would be pleasing or gratifying to us. We went with them to Castle Garden to see the fire-works, which was quite an agreeable entertainment, but to the whites who witnessed it, less magnificent than would have been the sight of one of our large prairies when on fire.

We visited all the public buildings and places of amusement, which, to us, were truly astonishing yet very gratifying.

Everybody treated us with friendship, and many with great liberality. The squaws presented us many handsome little presents that are said to be valuable. They were very kind, very good, and very pretty—for pale-faces.

Among the men, who treated us with marked friendship, by the presentation of many valuable presents, I cannot omit to mention the name of my old friend Crooks, of the American Fur Company. I have known him long, and have always found him to be a good chief, one who gives good advice, and treats our people right. I shall always be proud to recognize him as a friend, and glad to shake him by the hand.

Being anxious to return to our people, our guide started with us for our own country. On arriving at Albany, the people were so anxious to see us, that they crowded the streets and wharfs, where the steamboats landed, so

much, that it was almost impossible for us to pass to the hotel which had been provided for our reception. We remained here but a short time, it being a comparatively small village, with only a few large public buildings. The great council home of the state is located here, and the big chief (the governor) resides here, in an old mansion. From here we went to Buffalo, thence to Detroit, where I had spent many pleasant days, and anticipated, on my arrival, to meet many of my old friends, but in this I was disappointed. What could be the cause of this? Are they all dead? Or what has become of them? I did not see our old father them, who had always given me good advice and treated me with great friendship.

After leaving Detroit it was but a few days before we landed at Prairie du Chien. The war chief at the fort treated us very kindly, as did the people generally. I called on the agent of the Winnebagoes, (Gen. J. M. Street), to whom I had surrendered myself after the battle at Bad Axe, who received me very friendly. I told him that I had left my great medicine bag with his chiefs before I gave myself up; and now, that I was to enjoy my liberty again, I was anxious to get it, that I might head it down to my nation unsullied.

He said it was safe; he had heard his chiefs speak of it, and would get it and send it to me. I hope he will not forget his promise, as the whites generally do, because I have always heard that he was a good man, and a good father, and made no promise that he did not fulfill.

Passing down the Mississippi, I discovered a large collection of people in the mining country, on the west side of the river, and on the ground that we had given to our relation, DUBUQUE, a long time ago. I was surprised at this, As I had understood from our Great Father that the Mississippi was to be the dividing line between his red and white children, and he did not wish either to cross it. I was much pleased with this talk, and I knew it would be much better for both parties. I have since found the country much settled by the whites further down, and near to our people, on the west side of the river. I am very much afraid that in a few years they will begin to drive and abuse our people, as they have formerly done. I may not live to see it, but I feel certain the day is not far distant.

When we arrived at Rock Island, Keokuk and the other chiefs were sent for. They arrived the next day with a great number of their young men, and came over to see me. I was pleased to see them, and they all appeared glad to see me. Among them were some who had lost relations the year before. When we met, I perceived the tear of sorrow gush from their eyes at the recollection of their loss, yet they exhibited a smiling countenance, from the joy they felt at seeing me alive and well.

The next morning, the war chief, our guide, convened a council at Fort Armstrong. Keokuk and his party went to the fort; but, in consequence of the war chief not having called for me to accompany him, I concluded that I would wait until I was sent for. Consequently, the interpreter came and said, "they were ready, and had been waiting for me to come to the fort." I told him I was ready and would accompany him. On our arrival there the council commenced. The war chief said that the object of this council was to deliver me up to Keokuk. He then read a paper, and directed me to follow Keokuk's advice, and be governed by his counsel in all things! In this speech he said much that was mortifying to my feelings, and I made an indignant reply.

I do not know what object the war chief had in making such a speech; or whether he intended what he said; but I do know that it was uncalled for, and did not become him. I have addressed many war chiefs and listened to their speeches with pleasure, but never had my feelings of pride and honor insulted on any other occasion. But I am sorry I was so hasty in reply to this chief, because I said that which I did not intend.

In this council I met my old friend (Col. Wm. Davenport,) whom I had known about eighteen years. He is a good and brave chief. He always treated me well, and gave me good advice. He made me a speech on this occasion, very different from that of the other chief. It sounded like coming from a brave. He said he had known me a long time, that we had been good friends during that acquaintance, and, although he had fought against my braves, in our late war, he still extended the hand of friendship to me, and hoped that I was now satisfied, from what I had seen in my travels, that it was folly to think of going to war against the whites, and would ever

remain at peace. He said he would be glad to see me at all times, and on all occasions would be happy to give me good advice.

If our Great Father were to make such men our agents he would much better subserve the interests of our people, as well as his own, than in any other way. The war chiefs all know our people, and are respected by them. If the war chiefs at the different military posts on the frontier were made agents, they could always prevent difficulties from arising among the Indians and whites; and I have no doubt, had the war chief above alluded to been our agent, we would never have had the difficulties with the whites we have had. Our agents ought always to be braves. I would, therefore, recommend to our Great Father the propriety of breaking up the present Indian establishment, and creating a new one, and make the commanding officers at the different frontier posts the agents of the Government for the different nations of Indians.

I have a good opinion of the American war chiefs generally with whom I am acquainted, and my people, who had an opportunity of seeing and becoming well acquainted with the great war chief (Gen. Winfield Scott), who made the last treaty with them, in conjunction with the great chief of Illinois (Governor Reynolds), all tell me that he is the greatest brave they ever saw, and a good man—one who fulfills his promises. Our braves spoke more highly of him than of any chief that had ever been among us, or made treaties with us. Whatever he says may be depended upon. If he had been our Great Father we never would have been compelled to join the British in the last war with America, and I have thought that as our Great Father is changed every few years, that his children would do well to put this great war chief in his place, for they cannot find a better chief for a Great Father anywhere.

I would be glad if the village criers (editors), in all the villages I passed through, would let their people know my wishes and opinions about this great war chief.

During my travels my opinions were asked for on different subjects, but for want of a good interpreter (our regular interpreter having gone home on a different route), were seldom given. Presuming that they would be equally acceptable now, I have thought it a part of my duty to lay the most important before the public.

The subject of colonizing the negroes was introduced and my opinion asked as to the best method of getting clear of these people. I was not fully prepared at that time to answer, as I knew but little about their situation. I have since made many inquiries on the subject, and find that a number of States admit no slaves, whilst the balance hold these negroes as slaves, and are anxious, but do not know how to get clear of them. I will now give my plan, which, when understood, I hope will be adopted.

Let the free States remove all the male negroes within their limits to the slave States; then let our Great Father buy all the female negroes in the slave States between the ages of twelve and twenty, and sell them to the people of the free States, for a term of years, say those under fifteen until they are twenty-one, and those of and over fifteen, for five years, and continue to buy all the females in the slave States as soon as they arrive at the age of twelve, and take them to the free States and dispose of them in the same way as the first, and it will not be long before the country is clear of the black-skins, about which I am told they have been talking for a long time, and for which they have expended a large amount of money.

I have no doubt but our Great Father would willingly do his part in accomplishing this object for his children, as he could not lose much by it, and would make them all happy. If the free States did not want them all for servants, we would take the balance in our nation to help our women make corn.

I have not time now, or is it necessary to enter more into detail about my travels through the United States. The white people know all about them, and my people have started to their hunting grounds and I am anxious to follow them.

Before I take leave of the public, I must contradict the story of some of the village criers, who, I have been told, accuse me of having murdered women and children among the whites. This assertion is false! I never did, nor

have I any knowledge that any of my nation ever killed a white woman or child. I make this statement of truth to satisfy the white people among whom I have been traveling, and by whom I have been treated with great kindness, that, when they shook me by the hand so cordially, they did not shake the hand that had ever been raised against any but warriors.

It has always been our custom to receive all strangers that come to our village or camps in time of peace on terms of friendship, to share with them the best provisions we have, and give them all the assistance in our power. If on a journey or lost, to put them on the right trail, and if in want of moccasins, to supply them. I feel grateful to the whites for the kind manner they treated me and my party whilst traveling among them, and from my heart I assure them that the white man will always be welcome in our village or camps, as a brother. The tomahawk is buried forever! We will forget what has passed, and may the watchword between the Americans and the Sacs and Foxes ever be—FRIENDSHIP.

I am done now. A few more moons and I must follow my fathers to the shades. May the Great Spirit keep our people and the whites always at peace, is the sincere wish of

BLACK HAWK.

STARTS FOR A NEW HOME.

After we had finished his autobiography the interpreter read it over to him carefully, and explained it thoroughly, so that he might make any needed corrections, by adding to, or taking from the narrations; but he did not desire to change it in any material matter. He said, "It contained nothing but the truth, and that it was his desire that the white people in the big villages he had visited should know how badly he had been treated, and the reason that had impelled him to act as he had done." Arrangements having been completed for moving to his new home, he left Rock Island on the 10th of October with his family and a small portion of his band, for his old hunting grounds on Skunk river, on the west side of the Mississippi river below Shokokon. Here he had a comfortable dwelling erected, and settled down with the expectation of making it his permanent home, thus spending the evening of his days in peace and quietude.

Our next meeting with the Chief was in the Autumn Of 1834 while on our way to the trading house of Captain William Phelps (now of Lewistown, Ills.), at Sweet Home, located on the bank of the Des Moines river. This was soon after the payment of the annuities at Rock Island, where the chiefs and head men had been assembled and received the money and divided it among their people by such rule as they saw fit to adopt; but this mode of distribution had proved very unsatisfactory to a large number of Indians who felt that they had been sorely wronged. The Sacs held a convocation at Phelps' trading house soon after our arrival, and petitioned their Great Father to change the mode of payment of their annuities. Black Hawk was a leading spirit in this movement, but thought best not to be present at the meeting. The writer of this drew up a petition in advance of the assembling of the meeting, in accordance with the views of the Messrs. Phelps, and after a short council, in which the Indians generally participated, the interpreter read and explained to them the petition, which was a simple prayer to their Great Father, to charge the mode of payment so that each head of a family should receive and receipt for his proportion of the annuity. They were all satisfied and the entire party "touched the goose quill," and their names were thus duly attached to this important document.

The Secretary of War had long favored this mode of payment of the annuities to the Indians, and at a meeting of the Cabinet to consider this petition the prayer of the Indians was granted, and in due time the Indian department received instructions, so that upon the payment of 1835 this rule was adopted. On his return from Rock Island, Black Hawk, with a number of his band, called on his old friend Wahwashenequa (Hawkeye), Mr.

Stephen S. Phelps, to buy their necessary supplies for making a fall hunt, and to learn at what points trading houses would be established for the winter trade. During their stay the old chief had frequent interviews with the writer (his former amanuensis). He said he had a very comfortable home, a good corn field, and plenty of game, and had been well treated by the few whites who had settled in his neighborhood. He spent several days with us and then left for home with a good winter outfit.

The change in the manner of payment of annuities would have been opposed by Keokuk and his head men, had they been let into the secret, as the annuity money when paid over was principally controlled by him, and always to the detriment of the Sacs' traders who were in opposition to the American Fur Company, the former having to rely almost entirely upon the fall and winter trade in furs and peltries to pay the credits given the Indians before leaving for their hunts.

BLACK HAWK'S LAST VISIT

To Yellow Banks was in the fall of 1836, after the town of Oquawka had been laid out, and when told that the town had taken the Indian name, instead of its English interpretation, he was very much gratified, as he had known it as Oquawka ever since his earliest recollection and had always made it a stopping place when going out to their winter camps. He said the Skunk river country was dotted over with Cabins all the way down to the Des Moines river, and was filling up very fast by white people. A new village had been started at Shokokon (Flint Hills) by the whites, and some of its people have already built good houses, but the greater number are still living in log cabins. They should have retained its Indian name, Shokokon, as our people have spent many happy days in this village. Here too, we had our council house in which the braves of the Sac nation have many times assembled to listen to my words of counsel. It was situated in a secluded but romantic spot in the midst of the bluffs, not far from the river, and on frequent occasions, when it became necessary to send out parties to make war on the Sioux to redress our grievances, I have assembled my braves here to give them counsel before starting on the war-path. And here, too, we have often met when starting out in the fall for our fall and winter's hunt, to counsel in regard to our several locations for the winter. In those days the Fur Company had a trading house here and their only neighbors were the resident Indians of Tama's town, located a few miles above on the river.

The Burlington *Hawk-Eye*, of a late date, in reference to this council house, says:

"A little distance above the water works, and further around the turn of the bluff is a natural amphitheater, formed by the action of the little stream that for ages has dripped and gurgled down its deep and narrow channel

"Whatever of truth this story may contain we cannot say, and it may be no one knows. Certain it is, however, that Black Hawk's early history is intimately linked and interwoven with that of our city, and in justice to a brave man and a soldier, as well as a 'first settler' and a citizen, his name and his last resting place should be rescued from the oblivion that will soon enshroud them."

Another village has been commenced by the whites on the Mississippi river, at Fort Madison, which is being built up very rapidly. The country, too, is fast settling up by farmers, and as the Sacs have made a settlement on the frontier farther west, on our old hunting grounds, he said he would have to move farther back so as to be near his people; and on bidding us farewell, said it might be the last time, as he was growing old, and the distance would be too great from the point at which he intended to build a house and open a little farm to make a visit on horseback, and as the Des Moines river is always low in the fall of the year he could not come in his canoe.

At the close of the summer of 1837 the President of the United States invited deputations from several tribes Of Indians residing on the Upper Mississippi to visit him at Washington. Among those who responded to his invitation were deputations from the Sacs and Foxes and Sioux, who had been at enmity, and between whom hostilities had been renewed, growing out of their inhuman treatment of many of the women and children of the Sacs, after they had made their escape from the battle of Bad Axe, at the close of the war.

Keokuk, principal chief of the Sacs and Foxes, (by the advice of his friend, Sagenash, Col. George Davenport, of Rock Island) invited Black Hawk to join his delegation, which invitation he readily accepted, and made one of the party; whilst the Sioux were represented by several of their crafty chiefs. Several counsels were held, the object of which was to establish peace between the Sacs and Foxes and Sioux, and in order to perpetuate it, make a purchase of a portion of the country of the Sioux, which territory should be declared neutral, and on which neither party should intrude for any purpose; but the Sioux, whose domain extends far and wide, would not consent to sell any of their land; hence nothing was accomplished.

Before returning to their county the Sac and Fox delegation visited the large cities in the East, in all of which Black Hawk attracted great attention; but more particularly in Boston, as he did not visit it during his former tour. The delegation embraced Keokuk, his wife and little son, four chiefs of the nation, Black Hawk and son, and several warriors. Here they were received and welcomed by the mayor of the city, and afterwards by Governor Everett as the representative of the State. On the part of the city, after a public reception, the doors of Faneuil Hall were opened to their visitors to hold a levee for the visits of the ladies, and in a very short time the "old cradle of liberty" was jammed full.

After dinner the delegation was escorted to the State House by a military company, and on their arrival were conspicuously seated in front of the Speakers' desk, the house being filled with ladies, members of the legislature, and dignitaries of the city council.

Governor Everett then addressed the audience, giving a brief history of the Sac and Fox tribe, whose principal chiefs (including the great war chief) were then present, and then turning to them he said: "Chiefs and warriors of the united Sacs and Foxes, you are welcome to our hall of council. Brothers, you have come a long way from your home to visit your white brethren; we rejoice to take you by the hand. Brothers, we have heard the names of your chiefs and warriors. Our brethren who have traveled in the West have told us a great deal about the Sacs and Foxes. We rejoice to see you with our own eyes.

"Brothers, we are called the Massachusetts. This is the name of the red men who once lived here. Their wigwams were scattered on yonder fields, and their council fire was kindled on this spot. They were of the same great race as the Sacs and Foxes.

"Brothers, when our fathers came over the great water they were a

small band. The red man stood upon the rock by the seaside and saw our fathers. He might have pushed them into the water and drowned them; but he stretched out his hand to them and said: 'Welcome, white man.' Our fathers were hungry, and the red man gave them corn and venison. They were cold, and the red man wrapped them in his blanket. We are now numerous and powerful, but we remember the kindness of the red men to our fathers. Brothers, you are welcome; we are glad to see you.

"Brothers, our faces are pale, and your faces are dark, but our hearts are alike. The Great Spirit has made His children of different colors, but He loves them all.

"Brothers, you dwell between the Mississippi and Missouri. They are mighty rivers. They have one branch far East in the Alleghanies and another far West in the Rocky Mountains, but they flow together at last into one great stream and ran down into the sea. In like manner the red man dwells in the West and the white man in the East, by the great water; but they are all one band, one family. It has many branches; but one head.

"Brothers, as you entered our council house, you beheld the image of our great father, Washington. It is a cold stone; it cannot speak to you, but he was the friend of the red man, and bade his children live in friendship with their red brethren. He is gone to the world of spirits, but his words have made a very deep print in our hearts, like the step of a strong buffalo on the soft clay of the prairie.

"Brother, (addressing Keokuk) I perceive your little son between your knees. May the Great Spirit preserve his life, my brother. He grows up before you, like the tender sapling by the side of the great oak. May they flourish for a long time together; and when the mighty oak is fallen on the ground may the young tree fill its place in the forest, and spread out its branches over the tribe.

"Brothers, I make you a short talk and again bid you welcome to our council hall."

Keokuk rose and made an eloquent address. Several of the other chiefs spoke, and after them the old war chief, Black Hawk, on whom the large crowd were looking with intense interest, arose and delivered a short but dignified address.

Presents were then distributed to them by the Governor. Keokuk received a splendid sword and a brace of pistols, his son a nice little rifle, the other chiefs long swords, and Black Hawk a sword and brace of pistols.

After the close of ceremonies in the Capitol, the Indians gave a exhibition of the war dance, in the common in front of the Capitol, in presence of thirty thousand spectators, and then returned to their quarters.

BLACK HAWK'S REMOVAL TO THE DES MOINES RIVER.

Soon after his return from Boston he removed his family and little band farther West, on the Des Moines river, near the storehouse of an Indian trader, where he had previously erected a good house for his future home. His family embraced his wife, two sons, Nashashuk and Gamesett, and an only daughter and her husband. As he had given up the chase entirely—having sufficient means from the annuities—he now turned his attention to the improvement of his grounds, and soon had everything comfortably around him. Here he had frequent visits from the whites, who came out in large numbers to look at the country, many of whom called through curiosity to see the great war chief, but all were made welcome and treated with great hospitality.

In 1838 Fort Madison had grown to be a little village, and its inhabitants were not only enterprising and industrious, but patriotic citizens. On the 4th of July of that year they had a celebration and having known and respected Black Hawk while residing in that part of the country, invited him to join them as a guest on that occasion.

In reply to a letter of B.F. Drake, Esq., of Cincinnati, asking for such incidents in the life of Black Hawk as he knew, Hon. W. Henry Starr, of Burlington, Iowa, whom we knew for many years as a highly honorable and intelligent gentleman, gave the following account of the celebration in his reply, dated March 21, 1839:

"On the 4th of July, 1838, Black Hawk was present by special invitation, and was the most conspicuous guest of the citizens assembled in commemoration of that day. Among the toasts called forth by the occasion was the following:

"Our illustrious guest, Black Hawk: May his declining years be as calm and serene as his previous life has been boisterous and full of warlike incidents. His attachment and great friendship to his white brethren, fully entitle him to a seat at our festive board."

"So soon as this sentiment was drank, Black Hawk arose and delivered the following speech, which was taken down at the time by two interpreters, and by them furnished for publication:

"It has pleased the Great Spirit that I am here to-day. I have eaten with my white friends. The earth is our mother—we are now on it—with the Great Spirit above us—it is good. I hope we are all friends here. A few summers ago I was fighting against you—I did wrong, perhaps; but that is past—it is buried—let it be forgotten.

"Rock river was a beautiful country—liked my towns, my cornfields, and the home of my people. I fought for it. It is now yours—keep it as we did—it will produce you good crops.

"I thank the Great Spirit that I am now friendly with my white brethren—we are here together—we have eaten together—we are friends—it is his wish and mine. I thank you for your friendship.

"I was once a great warrior—I am now poor. Keokuk has been the cause of my present situation—but do not attach blame to him. I am now old. I have looked upon the Mississippi since I have been a child. I love the Great river. I have dwelt upon its banks from the time I was an infant. I look upon it now. I shake hands with you, and as it is my wish, I hope you are my friends.'

"In the course of the day he was prevailed upon to drink several times, and became somewhat intoxicated, an uncommon circumstance, as he was generally temperate.

"In the autumn of 1837, he was at the house of an Indian trader, in the vicinity of Burlington, when I became acquainted and frequently convened with him in broken English, and through the medium of gestures and pantomime. A deep seated melancholy was apparent in his countenance, and conversation. He endeavored to make me comprehend, on one occasion, his former greatness, and represented that he was once master of the country, east, north, and south of us—that he had been a very successful warrior—called himself, smiting his breast, 'big Captain Black Hawk,' 'nesso Kaskaskias,' (killed the Kaskaskias,) 'nesso Sioux a heap,' (killed a great number of Sioux). He then adverted to the ingratitude of his tribe, in permitting Keokuk to supercede him, who, he averred, excelled him in nothing but drinking whisky.

"Toward Keokuk he felt the most unrelenting hatred. Keokuk was, however, beyond his influence, being recognized as chief of the tribe by the government of the United States. He unquestionably possessed talents of the first order, excelled as an orator, but his authority will probably be short-lived, on account of his dissipation and his profligacy in spending the money paid him for the benefit of his tribe, and which he squanders upon himself and a few favorites, through whose influence he seeks to maintain his authority.

"You inquire if Black Hawk was at the battle of the Thames? On one occasion I mentioned Tecumthe to him and he expressed the greatest joy that I had heard of him, and pointing away to the East, and making a feint, as if aiming a gun, said, 'Chemocoman (white man) nesso,' (kill.) From which I had no doubt of his being personally acquainted with Tecumthe, and I have been since informed, on good authority, that he was in the battle of the Thames and in several other engagements with that distinguished chief."

In September, 1838, he started with the head men of his little band to go to Rock Island, the place designated by the Agent, to receive their annuities, but was taken sick on the way and had to return to his home. He was confined to his bed about two weeks, and on the 3d day of October, 1838, he was called away by the Great Spirit to take up his abode in the happy grounds of the future, at the age of seventy-one years. His devoted wife and family were his only and constant attendants during his last sickness, and when brought home sick, she had a premonition that he would soon be called away.

The following account of his death and burial we take from the Burlington Hawk-Eye, and as we knew the writer as a reliable gentleman, many years ago, we have no doubt of it being strictly correct.

Captain James H. Jordan, a trader among the Sacs and Foxes before Black Hawk's death, was present at his burial, and is now residing on the very spot where he died. In reply to a letter of inquiry he writes as follows:

ELDON, Iowa, July 15, 1881.

Black Hawk was buried on the northeast quarter of the southeast quarter of section 2, township 70, range 12, Davis county, Iowa, near the northeast corner of the county, on the Des Moines river bottom, about ninety rods from where he lived when he died, and the north side of the river. I have the ground on which he lived for a door yard, it being between my house and the river. The only mound over the grave was some puncheons split out and set over his grave and then sodded over with blue grass, making a ridge about four feet high. A flag-staff, some twenty feet high, was planted at the head, on which was a silk flag, which hung there until the wind wore it out. My house and his were only about four rods apart when he died. He was sick only about fourteen days. He was buried right where he sat the year before, when in council with Iowa Indians, and was buried in a suit of military clothes, made to order and given to him when in Washington City by General Jackson, with hat, sword, gold epaulets, etc., etc.

The Annals of Iowa of 1863 and 1864 state that the old chief was buried by laying his body on a board, his feet fifteen inches below the surface of the ground, and his head raised three feet above the ground. He was dressed in a military uniform, said to have been presented to him by a member of General Jackson's cabinet, with a cap on his head ornamented with feathers. On his left side was a sword presented him by General Jackson; on his right side a cane presented to him by Henry Clay, and one given to him by a British officer, and other trophies. Three medals hung about his neck from President Jackson, ex-President John Quincy Adams and the city of Boston, respectively. The body was covered with boards on each side, the length of the body, which formed a ridge, with an open space below; the gables being closed by boards, and the whole was covered with sod. At the head was a flag-staff thirty-five feet high which bore an American flag worn out by exposure, and near by was the usual hewn post inscribed with Indian characters representing his war-like exploits, etc. Enclosing all was a strong circular picket fence twelve feet high. His body remained here until July, 1839, when it was carried off by a certain Dr. Turner, then living at Lexington, Van Buren county, Iowa. Captain Horn says the bones were carried to Alton, Ills., to be mounted with wire. Mr. Barrows says they were taken to Warsaw, Ills. Black Hawk's sons, when they heard of this desecration of their father's grave, were very indignant, and complained of it to Governor Lucas of Iowa Territory, and his excellency caused the bones to be brought back to Burlington in the fall of 1839, or the spring of 1840. When the sons came to take possession of them, finding them safely stored "in a good dry place" they left them there. The bones were subsequently placed in the collection of the Burlington Geological and Historical Society, and it is certain that they perished in the fire which destroyed the building and all the society's collections in 1855; though the editor of the Annals, (April, 1865, p. 478) says

there is good reason to believe that the bones were not destroyed by the fire, and he is "creditably informed that they are now at the residence of a former officer of said society and thus escaped that catastrophe."

Another account, however, and probably a more reliable one, states that the last remains of Black Hawk were consumed as stated, in the burning building containing the collections and properties of the Burlington Geological and Historical Society.

In closing this narrative of the life of this noble old chief it may be but just to speak briefly of his personal traits. He was an Indian, and from that standpoint we must judge him. The make-up of his character comprised those elements in a marked degree which constitutes a noble nature. In all the social relations of life he was kind and affable. In his house he was the affectionate husband and father. He was free from the many vices that others of his race had contracted from their associations with the white people, never using intoxicating beverages to excess. As a warrior he knew no fear, and on the field of battle his feats of personal prowess stamped him as the "bravest of the brave."

But it was rather as a speaker and counsellor that he was distinguished. His patriotism, his love of his country, his home, his lands and the rights of his people to their wide domain, moved his great soul to take up arms to protect the rights of his people. Revenge and conquest formed no part of his purpose. *Right* was all that he demanded, and for *that* he waged the unequal contests with the whites. With his tribe he had great personal influence and his young men received his counsel and advice, and yielded ready acquiescence in his admonitions. With other tribes he was held in high esteem, as well as by English and American soldiers, who had witnessed his prowess on the field of battle.

THE BLACK HAWK TOWER.

This favorite resort of Black Hawk, situated on the highest bank of Rock river, had been selected by his father as a lookout, at the first building up of their village. From this point they had an unobstructed view up and down Rock river for many miles, and across the prairies as far as the vision could penetrate, and since that country has been settled by the whites, for more than half a century, has been the admiration of many thousands of people.

The village of Black Hawk, including this grand "look out," was purchased from the Government by Col. George Davenport, at Black Hawk's particular request, for the reason, as he afterwards told us, that he could leave it with an abiding assurance that the graves of their people would be protected from vandal hands.

This property including hundreds of acres lying between Rock river and the Mississippi, is now owned by Hon. B. Davenport, and as it has long been a pleasure resort for picnic and other parties, he has erected an elegant pavilion on its site, with a good residence for a family, who have charge of it, which will now make it the finest pleasure resort in that part of the country. And in order to make it more easy of access, he has constructed a branch from the Rock Island and Milan railroad, leading directly to the Tower. Now its many visitors in the future can sit on the veranda, and while enjoying the elegant scenery, can take ease and comfort in the cool shade. And for this high privilege the name of Davenport will receive many hearty greetings.

Fifty years ago (1832) we made, our first visit to Black Hawk's Tower with Col. George Davenport, and listened with intense interest to his recital of scenes that had been enacted there many years before; and one year later had them all repeated, with many more, from the lips of Black Hawk himself. How changed the scene. Then it was in its rustic state, now this fine pavilion, being a long, low structure, built somewhat after the Swiss cottage plan, with broad sloping roofs, and wide, long porches on the north and south sides, the one facing the road and the other fronting the river and giving a view of a beautiful stretch of country up and down Rock river, greatly enhances its beauty and adds much to the comfort of visitors.

The following beautiful word paintings by a recent visitor to the Tower, we take from the Rock Island Union:

BLACK HAWK'S WATCH TOWER. BY JENNIE M. FOWLER

*Beautiful tower! famous in history
 Rich in legend, in old-time mystery,
 Graced with tales of Indian lore,
 Crowned with beauty from summit to shore.*

*Below, winds the river, silent and still,
 Nestling so calmly 'mid island and hill,
 Above, like warriors, proudly and grand,
 Tower the forest trees, monarchs of land.*

*A land mark for all to admire and wonder,
 With thy history ancient, for nations to ponder,
 Boldly thou liftest thy head to the breeze,
 Crowned with thy plumes, the nodding trees.*

*Years are now gone—forever more fled,
 Since the Indians crept, with cat-like tread,
 With moccasined foot, with eagle eye—
 The red men our foes in ambush lie.*

*The owl, still his nightly vigil keeps,
 While the river, below him, peacefully sleeps,
 The whip-poor-will utters his plaintive cry,
 The trees still whisper, and gently sigh.*

*The pale moon still creeps from her daily rest,
 Throwing her rays o'er the river's dark breast,
 The katy-did and cricket, I trow,
 In days gone by, chirruped, even as now.*

*Indian! thy camp-fires no longer are smoldering,
 They bones 'neath the forest moss long have been mouldering,
 The "Great Spirit" claims thee. He leadeth thy tribe,
 To new hunting-grounds not won with a bribe.*

*On thy Watch Tow'r the pale face his home now makes,
 His dwelling, the site of the forest tree takes,
 Gone are thy wigwams, the wild deer now fled,
 Black Hawk, with his tribe, lie silent and dead.*
 ROCK ISLAND, August 18, 1882.

THE BLACK HAWK WAR.

PREFACE.

On the 12th of April, 1832, soon after our arrival at Rock Island on a visit to relatives, (the family of Col. Geo. Davenport) a steamboat came down from Galena with officers to Fort Armstrong, for the purpose of laying in supplies and medical stores for a brigade then being formed at that place. One regiment, composed principally of miners, who had abandoned their mines and came in to offer their services as soldiers in the field, were unanimous in the election of Henry Dodge as Colonel. They had long known him as a worthy, brave and accomplished gentleman, the soul of honor, and hence would be an intrepid soldier.

Among the officers on this trip was Dr. A. K. Philleo, well known to Col. Dodge as a social gentleman, a skilled physician and an accomplished surgeon, who had accepted the position of surgeon at his urgent request, with a *proviso*: Being editor of the *Galenian*, (the only paper printed in the town) he considered the position a very important one, as it was the only paper within hundreds of miles of the seat of war, and the only one on the Mississippi above Alton, Ill.; hence he must procure a substitute or decline the appointment of surgeon. Having made his acquaintance after he had learned that we had been engaged in newspaper life, he insisted that we should take a position on the *Galenian* for a few weeks, or until the close of the war, so that he could accept the offer of Col. Dodge, and seeing that he was a great favorite among the officers, and anxious to go to the field, we accepted the position and accompanied him to Galena the same evening.

Here we found an infantry regiment, commanded by Col. J.M. Strode, composed principally of miners and citizens of Galena, which had been hurriedly organized for home protection, whilst that of Col. Dodge, being well mounted, were making preparations to take the field. After taking charge of the *Galenian* we made the acquaintance of Col. Strode, and found him to be a whole-souled Kentuckian, who advised us to enroll our name on the company list of Capt. M. M. Maughs, and as our time would mostly be devoted to the paper, he would detail us *Printer to the Regiment*, by virtue of which appointment we would become an honorary member of his staff. We retained our position on the paper and that on the staff of the Colonel throughout the war, and was made the recipient of dispatches of the regular movement of the army, its skirmishes and battles from officers of the regular army as well as that of the volunteers, from which we made our weekly report, and from these data we have made up most of our history of the war.

FOX MURDERERS WANTED.

Early in April, 1832, Brig.-General Atkinson, with about three hundred troops, was ordered to Fort Armstrong to prevent a threatened war between the Menominees and Fox Indians, on account of a massacre, committed by a band of the latter on a small band of drunken Menominees the previous summer at a point near Fort Crawford. To prevent bloodshed he was directed to demand the murderers of the Foxes; but on arriving at Rock Island he soon learned that there was imminent danger of a war of a different character—that Black Hawk, with his entire band, was then on his way to invade the State of Illinois and would probably be joined by the Pottowattamies and Winnebagoes. In order to ascertain the facts in the case, he called upon the Indian Agent and Col. George Davenport, both located here, and requested them to furnish, in writing, all the information they had in relation to the movements and intentions of Black Hawk in coming to the State of Illinois. Both gentlemen replied to his inquiries immediately as follows:

ROCK ISLAND, April 12, 1832.

My opinion is that the squaws and old men have gone to the Prophet's town, on Rock river, and the warriors are now only a few miles below the mouth of Rock river, within the limits of the State of Illinois. That these Indians are hostile to the whites there is no doubt. That they have invaded the State of Illinois, to the great injury of her citizens, is equally true. Hence it is that the public good requires that strong as well as speedy measures should be taken against Black Hawk and his followers.

Respectfully, I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

[Signed,] ANDREW S. HUGHES.

To Brig-Gen. Atkinson.

ROCK ISLAND, April 13, 1832.

"DEAR SIR:—In reply to your inquiry of this morning, respecting the Indians, I have to state that I have been informed by the man I have wintering with the Indians that the British band of Sac Indians are determined to make war upon the frontier settlements. The British band of Sac Indians did rendezvous at old Fort Madison, and induced a great many of the young men to join them on their arrival at the Yellow Banks. They crossed about five hundred head of horses into the State of Illinois, and sent about seventy horses through the country toward Rock River. The remainder, some on horseback the others in canoes, in a fighting order, advanced up the Mississippi, and were encamped yesterday five or six miles below Rock river and will no doubt endeavor to reach their stronghold in the Rock river swamps if they are not intercepted. From every information that I have received, I am of the opinion that the intentions of the British band of Sac Indians is to commit depredations on the inhabitants of the frontier." Respectfully, your obedient servant, GEORGE DAVENPORT. [Signed,] "To Brig. Gen. Atkinson."

Being satisfied from the information thus acquired, that there was danger ahead for the small settlements of whites in the Northern portion of the State, he immediately addressed a letter to Gov. Reynolds, of Illinois, from which we take the following:

FORT ARMSTRONG, April 13, 1832.

DEAR SIR:—The band of Sacs, under Black Hawk, joined by about one hundred Kickapoos and a few Pottowatomies, amounting in all to about five hundred men, have assumed a hostile attitude. They crossed the river at the Yellow, Banks on the sixth inst., and are now moving up on the east side of Rock river, towards the Prophet's village.

"The regular force under my command is too small to justify me in pursuing the hostile party. To make an unsuccessful attempt to coerce them would only irritate them to acts of hostility on the frontier sooner than they probably contemplate.

"Your own knowledge of the character of these Indians, with the information herewith submitted, will enable you to judge of the course proper to pursue. I think the frontier is in great danger, and will use all the means at my disposal to co-operate with you in its protection and defense. With great respect, Your most obedient servant, H. ATKINSON, Brigadier General of the U. S. Army, His Excellency, Gov. Reynolds, Belleville, Ills."

On receipt of Gen. Atkinson's letter, Gov. Reynolds issued his proclamation, calling out a strong detachment of militia to rendezvous at Beardstown on the 22d of April. In obedience to this command a large number of citizens assembled and offered their services. They were met by Gov. Reynolds, and after being organized into a brigade, he appointed Brig. Gen. Samuel Whitesides commander. His brigade embraced 1600 horsemen and two hundred footmen—being four regiments and an odd spy battalion.

First regiment, Col. Dewitt; second, Col. Fry; third, Col. Thomas; fourth, Col. Thompson; Col. James D. Henry, commanded the spy battalion.

The troops took up their line of march at once, under command of Gen. Whitesides, accompanied by the Commander-in-Chief, Gov. Reynolds. For the purpose of laying in provisions for the campaign they went to Yellow Banks, on the Mississippi river, where Major S. S. Phelps, who had been appointed quarter master, supplied them. They arrived on the 3d of May, and left for Rock river on the 7th.

THE BLACK HAWK WAR.

About the first of April Black Hawk's band assembled at Fort Madison for the purpose of making arrangements to ascend the Mississippi, and soon after the entire party started. The old men, women and children, with their provisions and camp equipage, in canoes, and the men all armed, came on horseback. On the sixth day of April, the braves, on horseback, made a call at Yellow Banks, one day after the canoes had passed the same point, and told Josiah Smart, Mr. Phelps' interpreter, where they were going, and the object of their visit. They said they had observed a great war chief, with a number of troops going up on a steamboat, and thought it likely that the mission of this war chief was to prevent them going up Rock river, but they were bound to go. Messrs. Phelps and Smart tried to persuade them to recross the river and return to their country, assuring them that the Government would not permit them to come into Illinois in violation of the treaty they had made last year, in which they had agreed to remain on the west side of the river. But they would not listen to their advice. On the next day they took up the line of march for Rock river, and on the 10th of April, 1832, Black Hawk, with a portion of his band of Sacs, reached the mouth of Rock river a few miles below Rock Island. The old men, women and children with their provisions and camp equipage, who came up in canoes, arrived on the 9th, and the men all armed, came up on horseback, reaching the camp on the 10th. While encamped there they were joined by the Prophet, who had previously invited them to come up to the country of the Winnebagoes and raise a crop. He called on his way at Fort Armstrong and had talks with the Agent and Col. Davenport, the trader, both of whom advised him to persuade Black Hawk and party to return to their own country, or they would be driven back by the soldiers then at Fort Armstrong, under the command of Gen. Atkinson, who had just arrived. The Prophet would not listen to their advice, but assured Black Hawk that he had a right to go forward with his entire party to the Winnebago country; and as he expected large reinforcements to his little army as he ascended Rock river, he was determined to go forward, but had given positive orders to his band, under no circumstances, to strike a blow until they had been reinforced by warriors from the Winnebagoes and Pottowatomies.

Early next morning they broke camp and started up Rock river, but were soon overtaken by a small detachment of soldiers, who held a council with Black Hawk and communicated to him the orders of Gen. Atkinson. These were for him to return with his band and re-cross the Mississippi. Black Hawk said, as he was not on the war path, but going on a friendly visit to the Prophet's village, he intended to go forward, and continued on his journey. On receipt of his answer, Gen. Atkinson sent another detachment to Black Hawk with imperative orders for him to return, or he would pursue him with his entire army and drive him back. In reply, Black Hawk said the General had no right to make the order so long as his band was peaceable, and that he intended to go on to the Prophet's village.

In the meantime the forces under the command of Gen. Whitesides had arrived, and were turned over to Gen. Atkinson by the Governor. The brigade, under the command of Gen. Whitesides, was ordered up Rock river to Dixon's Ferry, and as soon as boats could be got ready, Gen. Atkinson started for the same destination with 300 regulars and about the same number of Illinois militia. Black Hawk with his party had already reached a point some thirty or forty miles above Dixon's Ferry, where they were met in council by some Pottowatomies and Winnebago chiefs. They assured Black Hawk that their people would not join him in making war against the United States, and denied the Prophet's story to him. During this council Black Hawk became convinced that he had been badly imposed upon by the Prophet, and resolved at once to send a flag of truce to Gen. Atkinson and ask permission to descend Rock river, re-cross the Mississippi and go back to their country.

STILLMAN'S DEFEAT.

About this time, Gen. Whitesides had concentrated a large force of militia at Dixon's Ferry, and at the solicitation of Major Stillman, permitted him to take out a scouting party of nearly 300 mounted men. They

went up Rock river, about thirty miles to Sycamore creek, and encamped within a few miles of Black Hawk's camp, but were not aware of its position at the time. Indian scouts having intercepted their coming reported at once to Black Hawk that a large army of mounted militia were coming towards his camp; and before the volunteers had entirely completed their arrangements for encampment, outside guards espied three Indians coming in with a white flag. After holding a parley with them, (one of the guards being able to talk a little with them in their own language), they were hurried into camp, and before any explanations were made, the flag bearer was shot and instantly killed, whilst his comrades made their escape during the confusion in getting the regiment ready to pursue the fleeing Indians. These had secreted themselves in ambush as the army rushed by, helter skelter, after another small party of Indians who had followed the flag bearers, and who, when hearing the uproar in camp made a hasty retreat. The entire regiment was soon mounted and started out in squads towards the camp of Black Hawk. The latter having learned by a scout that the army was coming, started at once with less than fifty mounted warriors, his entire force then in camp, to meet the enemy, and on arriving at a copse of timber and underbrush near Sycamore creek, made ready to meet them.

Capt. Eads' company, who were the first to start out, killed two of the five fleeing Indians. Soon after crossing Sycamore creek they were surprised by a terrific war whoop from the Indians, who were concealed in the bushes near by, and with deadly aim commenced firing into the front ranks of the regiment, and with unearthly yells (as one of the fleeing party told us on arriving at Galena), charged upon our ranks, with tomahawks raised, ready to slaughter all who might come within their reach. Judging from the yelling of the Indians, their number was variously estimated at from one thousand to two thousand.

The entire party was thrown into such confusion that Major Stillman had no control of any of them, and, with one exception, the entire army continued their flight to Dixon's Ferry, thirty miles distant, whilst some went back to their homes.

The retreating army passed through their camping ground near Sycamore creek, where they should have halted, and under cover of the timber, could have shot down their pursuers while yet in open prairie. Black Hawk and a small portion of his command gave up the chase, and returned to his camp, while the remainder pursued the fugitives for several miles, occasionally overtaking and killing some soldiers, whose horses had given out.

Among the retreating party was a Methodist preacher, whose horse was too slow to keep out of the reach of the Indians, who adopted a novel plan to save himself and horse. On coming to a ravine he left the track of his pursuers some distance, and followed down the ravine until he found a place deep enough to shelter himself and horse from view, and remained there for two hours in safety. He had the precaution to keep a strict count of the Indians as they went forward, and waited their return. Being satisfied that all had returned and continued on the way to their camp, he quietly left his hiding place, trotted leisurely along and reached Dixon's Ferry about sunrise next morning.

He reported his mode of procedure and the strategy used to render his safety certain from the Indians who had dispersed and driven the army before them. He was interrogated into the number, and when he reported TWENTY, great indignation was manifested by some of the *brave* volunteers who had got into camp some hours before him, and reported the number at fifteen hundred to two thousand! But as he was well known to many of the volunteers and highly respected as a meek and lowly Christian gentleman, they stood by him and prevented any personal violence.

When the report of this fiasco came into Galena the next morning about 8 o'clock, on the 15th of May, our regiment was immediately called to arms, as great danger was apprehended by the citizens. The general supposition was that the Pottowattomies and Winnebagoes had joined Black Hawk, it being well known that his entire band, including women and children, that had gone up Rock river, did not exceed one thousand persons. Dwellings were vacated and most of the inhabitants repaired to the stockades for safety.

The news of Stillman's defeat "by 2,000 blood-thirsty Indian warriors" spread fast, far and wide, and the Governor of Illinois called for more volunteers; and when the news reached Washington, the Secretary of War ordered Gen. Scott, then at New York, to take a thousand soldiers and proceed to the seat of war and take command of the army.

This violation of a flag of truce, the wanton murder of its bearers, and the attack upon a mere remnant of Black Hawk's band when sueing for peace, precipitated a war that should have been avoided.

[In confirmation of the dastardly act of the volunteers in killing the bearer of a white flag, and by which the war was precipitated, we give the following letter of Mr. Elijah Kilbourn, one of the scouts connected with Stillman's command. Mr. K. is the man Black Hawk makes mention of in his narrative as having been taken captive during our last war with Great Britain, and by him adopted into the Sac tribe; and again taken prisoner by three of his braves at the battle of Sycamore creek.]

KILBOURN'S NARRATIVE.
A REMINISCENCE OF BLACK HAWK.

[From the Soldier's Cabinet.]

Much has been said both for and against the Indian character; but we doubt whether greater or nobler qualities have ever been exhibited in the conduct of civilized rulers or commanders than are shown in the incidents we are about to relate concerning Black Hawk, whose deeds upon the northwestern frontier will render his name illustrious while history exists.

Elijah Kilbourn, the subject of the great chieftain's kindness, and to whom we are indebted for the present sketch, was a native of Pennsylvania. Just before the outbreak of the late war with Great Britain, he left the place of his birth to join the stirring scenes of adventure on the borders; and although now an old man, he still remembers, and loves to recount, the deed, and perils of his younger days, and especially those we are about to record.

"We had been," commenced Kilbourn, in whose own language the story shall be given, "scouting through the country that lay about Fort Stephenson, when early one morning one of our number came in with the intelligence that the Fort was besieged by a combined force of British and Indians. We were very soon after in our saddles, bearing down with all speed in that direction for the express purpose of joining in the fight—but on arriving, we found that the enemy had been signally repulsed by the brave little garrison under the command of Major Crogan. Our disappointment at learning this was, however, in a measure lessened, when we learned that Black Hawk, the leader of the savages, had, soon after the termination of the battle, gone with some twenty of his warriors back to his village on Rock river, whither we instantly determined to follow him.

"At sunrise the next morning we were on his trail, and followed it with great care to the banks of a stream. Here we ascertained that the savages had separated into nearly equal parties—the one keeping straight down the banks of the stream, while the other had crossed to the other side and continued on toward Rock river. A council was now held, in which the oldest members of our party gave it as their opinion that Black Hawk had changed his intention of going to his village, and had, with the greater part of his followers, pursued his way down the stream, while the rest had been sent by him for some purpose to the town. In this opinion all coincided; but still our leader, who was a very shrewd man, had some doubts on his mind concerning the movements of the chief, and therefore, to make everything sure, he detailed four of us to follow the trail across the stream, while he with the rest, some seven or eight in number, immediately took the one down the bank.

"We soon after found ourselves alone and in the vicinity of Indian settlements, and we were therefore obliged to move with the utmost caution, which had the effect of rendering our progress extremely slow. During the course of the following morning we came across a great many different trails and by these we were so perplexed that we resolved to return to the main body; but from the signs we had already seen we knew that such a step would

be attended with the greatest risk, and so it was at last decided that it would be far more safe for all hands to separate, and each man look out for himself. This resolve was no sooner made than it was put into execution, and a few minutes later found me alone in the great wilderness. I had often been so before, but never before had I been placed in a situation as dangerous as the present one, for now on all sides I was surrounded by foes, who would rejoice in the shedding of my blood. But still I was not going to give up easily, and looking well to my weapons and redoubling my caution, I struck off at an angle from the course I had first chosen, why I hardly knew.

"I encountered nothing very formidable till some two hours before sunset, when, just as I emerged from a tangled thicket, I perceived an Indian on his knees at a clear, sparkling spring, from which he was slaking his thirst. Instinctively I placed my rifle to my shoulder, drew a bead upon the savage and pulled the trigger. Imagine, if you can, my feelings as the flint came down and was shivered to pieces while the priming remained unignited.

"The next moment the savage was up on his feet, his piece levelled directly at me and his finger pressing the trigger. There was no escape; I had left my horse in the woods some time before. The thicket behind me was too dense to permit me to enter it again quickly, and there was no tree within reach of sufficient size to protect me from the aim of my foe, who, now finding me at his mercy, advanced, his gun still in its threatening rest, and ordered me to surrender. Resistance and escape were alike out of the question, and I accordingly delivered myself up his prisoner, hoping by some means or other to escape at some future period. He now told me, in good English, to proceed in a certain direction. I obeyed him, and had not gone a stone's throw before, just as I turned a thick clump of trees, I came suddenly upon an Indian camp, the one to which my captor undoubtedly belonged.

"As we came up all the savages, some six or eight in number, rose quickly and appeared much surprised at my appearing thus suddenly amongst their number; but they offered me no harm, and they behaved with most marked respect to my captor, whom, upon a close inspection, I recognized to be Black Hawk himself.

"'The White mole digs deep, but Makataimeshekiakiak (Black Hawk) flies high and can see far off,' said the chieftain in a deep, guttural tone, addressing me.

"He then related to his followers the occasion of my capture, and as he did so they glared on me fiercely and handled their weapons in a threatening manner, but at the conclusion of his remarks they appeared better pleased, although I was the recipient of many a passing frown. He now informed me that he had told his young men that they were to consider me a brother, as he was going to adopt me into the tribe.

"This was to me but little better than death itself, but there was no alternative and so I was obliged to submit, with the hope of making my escape at some future time. The annunciation of Black Hawk, moreover, caused me great astonishment, and after pondering the matter I was finally forced to set down as its cause one of those unaccountable whims to which the savage temperament is often subject.

"The next morning my captors forced me to go with them to their village on Rock river, where, after going through a tedious ceremony, I was dressed and painted, and thus turned from a white man into an Indian.

"For nearly three years ensuing it was my constant study to give my adopted brothers the slip, but during the whole of that time I was so carefully watched and guarded that I never found an opportunity to escape.

"However, it is a long lane that has no turning, and so it proves in my case. Pretending to be well satisfied with my new mode of life, I at last gained upon the confidence of the savages, and one day when their vigilance was considerably relaxed, I made my escape and returned in safety to my friends, who had mourned for me as dead.

"Many years after this I was a participant in the battle at Sycamore Creek, which, as you know, is a tributary of Rock river. I was employed by the government as a scout, in which capacity it was acknowledged that I had no

superior; but I felt no pride in hearing myself praised, for I knew I was working against Black Hawk, who, although he was an Indian, had once spared my life, and I was one never to forget a kindness. And besides this I had taken a great liking to him, for there was something noble and generous in his nature. However, my first duty was to my country, and I did my duty at all hazards.

"Now you must know that Black Hawk, after moving west of the Mississippi, had recrossed, contrary to his agreement, not, however, from any hostile motive, but to raise a crop of corn and beans with the Pottowattomies and Winnebagoes, of which his own people stood in the utmost need. With this intention he had gone some distance up Rock river, when an express from General Atkinson ordered him peremptorily to return. This order the old chief refused to obey, saying that the General had no right to issue it. A second express from Atkinson threatened Black Hawk that if he did not return peaceably, force would be resorted to. The aged warrior became incensed at this and utterly refused to obey the mandate, but at the same time sent word to the General that he would not be the first one to commence hostilities.

"The movement of the renowned warrior was immediately trumpeted abroad as an invasion of the State, and with more rashness than wisdom, Governor Reynolds ordered the Illinois militia to take the field, and these were joined by the regulars, under General Atkinson, at Rock Island. Major Stillman, having under his command two hundred and seventy-five mounted men, the chief part of whom were volunteers, while a few like myself were regular scouts, obtained leave of General Whitesides, then lying at Dixon's Ferry, to go on a scouting expedition.

"I knew well what would follow; but still, as I was under orders, I was obliged to obey, and together with the rest proceeded some thirty miles up Rock river to where Sycamore creek empties into it. This brought us to within six or eight miles of the camp of Black Hawk, who, on that day—May 14th—was engaged in preparing a dog feast for the purpose of fitly celebrating a contemplated visit of some Pottawattomie chiefs.

"Soon after preparing to camp we saw three Indians approach us bearing a white flag; and these, upon coming up, were made prisoners. A second deputation of five were pursued by some twenty of our mounted militia, and two of them killed, while the other three escaped. One of the party that bore the white flag was, out of the most cowardly vindictiveness, shot down while standing a prisoner in camp. The whole detachment, after these atrocities, now bore down upon the camp of Black Hawk, whose braves, with the exception of some forty or fifty, were away at a distance.

"As we rode up, a galling and destructive fire was poured in upon us by the savages, who, after discharging their guns, sprung from their coverts on either side, with their usual horrible yells, and continued the attack with their tomahawks and knives. My comrades fell around me like leaves; and happening to cast my eyes behind me, I beheld the whole detachment of militia flying from the field. Some four or five of us were left unsupported in the very midst of the foe, who, renewing their yells, rushed down upon us in a body. Gideon Munson and myself were taken prisoners, while others were instantly tomahawked and scalped. Munson, during the afternoon, seeing, as he supposed, a good opportunity to escape, recklessly attempted to do so, but was immediately shot down by his captor. And I now began to wish that they would serve me in the same manner, for I knew that if recognized by the savages, I should be put to death by the most horrible tortures. Nothing occurred, however, to give me any real uneasiness upon this point till the following morning, when Black Hawk, passing by me, turned and eyed me keenly for a moment or so. Then, stepping close to me, he said in a low tone: *'Does the mole think that Black Hawk forgets?'*

"Stepping away with a dignified air, he now left me, as you may well suppose, bordering in despair, for I knew too well the Indian character to imagine for a single instant that my life would be spared under the circumstances. I had been adopted into the tribe by Black Hawk, had lived nearly three years among them, and by escaping had incurred their displeasure, which could only be appeased with my blood. Added to this, I was now taken prisoner at the very time that the passions of the savages were most highly wrought upon by the

mean and cowardly conduct of the whites. I therefore gave up all hope, and doggedly determined to meet stoically my fate.

"Although the Indians passed and repassed me many times during the day, often bestowing on me a buffet or a kick, yet not one of them seemed to remember me as having formerly been one of the tribe. At times this infused me with a faint hope, which was always immediately after extinguished, as I recalled to mind my recognition by Black Hawk himself.

"Some two hours before sunset Black Hawk again came to where I was bound, and having loosened the cords with which I was fastened to a tree, my arms still remaining confined, bade me follow him. I immediately obeyed him, not knowing what was to be my doom, though I expected none other than death by torture. In silence we left the encampment, not one of the savages interfering with us or offering me the slightest harm or indignity. For nearly an hour we strode on through the gloomy forest, now and then starting from its retreat some wild animal that fled upon our approach. Arriving at a bend of the river my guide halted, and turning toward the sun, which was rapidly setting, he said, after a short pause:

"I am going to send you back to your chief, though I ought to kill you for running away a long time ago, after I had adopted you as a son—but Black Hawk can forgive as well as fight. When you return to your chief I want you to tell him all my words. Tell him that Black Hawk's eyes have looked upon many sum, but they shall not see many more; and that his back is no longer straight, as in his youth, but is beginning to bend with age. The Great Spirit has whispered among the tree tops in the morning and evening and says that Black Hawk's days are few, and that he is wanted in the spirit land. He is half dead, his arm shakes and is no longer strong, and his feet are slow on the war path. Tell him all this, and tell him, too,' continued the untutored hero of the forest, with trembling emotion and marked emphasis, 'that Black Hawk would have been a friend to the whites, but they would not let him, and that the hatchet was dug up by themselves and not by the Indians. Tell your chief that Black Hawk meant no harm to the pale faces when he came across the Mississippi, but came peaceably to raise corn for his starving women and children, and that even then he would have gone back, but when he sent his white flag the braves who carried it were treated like squaws and one of them inhumanly shot. Tell him too,' he concluded with terrible force, while his eyes fairly flashed fire, '*that Black Hawk will have revenge*, and that he will never stop until the Great Spirit shall say to him, '*come away*.'

"Thus saying he loosened the cord that bound my arms, and after giving me particular directions as to the best course to pursue to my own camp, bade me farewell and struck off into the trackless forest, to commence that final struggle which was decided against the Indians.

"After the war was over, and the renowned Black Hawk had been taken prisoner, he was sent to Washington and the largest cities of the seaboard, that he might be convinced how utterly useless it was for him to contend against fate. It was enough, and the terrible warrior returned to the seclusion of his wilderness home, while the scepter of his chieftainship was given to the celebrated Keokuk.

"On the occasion of the ceremony by which Black Hawk was shorn of his power, and which took place on Rock Island, in the Mississippi, I shook the hand of the great chief, who appeared highly pleased to meet me once more; and upon parting with me he said with mournful dignity, as he cast above him a glance of seeming regret: 'My children think I am too old to lead them any more!'

"This was the last time I ever saw him; and the next I learned of him was that he had left his old hunting grounds forever, and his spirit had gone to that bar where the balance will be rightly adjusted between the child of the forest and his pale face brethren."

Although the Winnebagoes and the Pottowattomies had resolved to take no part in the war, a few young men from each of these tribes, being emboldened by Black Hawk's victory in the engagement with Stillman's regiment, concluded to join him. As the party moved up the river, war parties were sent out, in one of which the

Winnebagoes joined, whilst the Pottowattomies, some twenty-five or thirty, went alone on the war path into a settlement that had been made on Indian creek, not far from its entrance into Fox river, and killed fifteen men, women and children, and took two young ladies prisoners, the Misses Hall, whom two young Sacs, who had just rode up, took upon their horses and carried them to a Winnebago camp, with a request that they be delivered to the whites. They were returned soon after, and to the writer said they had been well treated by the Winnebagoes.

On the 19th of June a message came into Galena from Kellogg's Grove, with a report that a party of Indians had been seen in that neighborhood and that they had stolens some horses. Captain James Stephenson, with twelve picked men from his company, started immediately in pursuit of the Indians. On seeing him approach they took to the brush, when the Captain and his men dismounted. Leaving one to hold the horses, the balance entered the thicket, and two of them were killed at the first fire of the Indians, while three of the enemy were laid prostrate. For the purpose of re-loading, Capt. Stephenson ordered a retreat, which was a bad move, as it gave the Indians time to re-load and seek trees for safety. Capt. Stephenson* and party again advanced, both parties firing simultaneously, each losing a man, when an Indian who had been secreted behind a tree rushed forward with his knife, but was suddenly checked by one of the soldiers running his bayonet through him. While in this position he seized the bayonet with both hands and had almost succeeded in pushing it out, when another soldier rushed forward, and with one stroke of his knife almost severed the head from his body. In this engagement Capt. S. lost three of the best men of his company and the Indians five, just one-half of their number.

** Capt. Stephenson was held in high estimation as a brave and accomplished gentleman, and at the organization of Rock Island county the county commissioners honored his name by calling the county seat Stephenson, which name it retained until after his death, when that of Rock Island was adopted.*

On the return of Capt. Stephenson and party the news of his loss of three men, who were well known and highly respected, soon spread over town and caused much sorrow among their many friends. After learning the mode of attack, military men generally criticized it severely.

BATTLE OF PECATONICA.

On the 14th of June, a mall scouting party of Sacs killed five men at the Spafford farm, and on reception of the news next day, Gen. Atkinson ordered Col. Henry Dodge to take command of Posey's brigade, then stationed near Fort Hamilton, and while on his way from Fort Union, where his regiment was in camp, to visit the brigade, he heard the sharp crack of a rifle, and instantly looking in the direction of the sound, saw a man fall from his horse, who had been shot by Indians nearby. Instead of going forward as he set out to do, he hastily returned to his command, mustered a portion of his cavalry and went in pursuit of the Indians, and soon got on the trail of twenty-five warriors, who had commenced their retreat soon after shooting, and espying him, hastened back to the front. The Indians crossed and recrossed the Pecatonica river several times, being closely pushed by Col. Dodge and his men, and finding escape hopeless, made a stand. The colonel immediately dismounted his men and picked his way cautiously, with the intention of firing and then charging upon them. But the Indians, being on the lookout, watched their opportunity and got the first fire, by which a brave soldier named Apple was killed, and another by the name of Jenkins was wounded. The fight continued vigorously until the last Indian was killed, several of them having been shot while trying to escape by swimming. At the commencement of the fight, the forces on each side were nearly equal, but the Indians, in swimming the river, had got their powder wet, and although they made desperate efforts to close in on our men with knives, they were shot down in their endeavors.

Col. Dodge, in speaking of this engagement, at Galena, after the close of the war, said he was amazed at the desperation displayed by a big, burly brave, who came towards him with gun at his shoulder and halted quickly when only a few paces from him, drew the trigger, and was sorely disappointed in his gun not going off. Quick as thought the colonel brought his rifle in position, pulled the trigger, but, owing to the dampness of the powder,

it failed to go off. In the meantime the brave was coming towards him, knife in hand and desperation in his eye, and when only a few feet from him the colonel shot him down with his revolver. At the same time one of his brave boys, by the name of Beach, was engaged in a desperate encounter with the last remaining savage, in which both used knives; the Indian was killed and Beach very badly wounded.

Thus ended one of the most sanguinary engagements of the war.

FIGHT AT APPLE RIVER FORT.

Capt. A.W. Snyder's Company, of Col. Henry's Regiment, was detailed to guard the country between Galena and Fox and Rock rivers, and was surprised on the night of the 17th of June, while encamped in the vicinity of Burr Oak Grove. His sentinels, while on duty, were fired upon by Indians, who did not deem it prudent to continue the attack, but immediately fled. As soon as it was light enough next morning to follow their trail, Capt. Snyder started with his company, but on reaching their camp, found that they had fled on his approach. He redoubled his speed and continued on their trail until he overtook them. Finding that there was no escape, the Indians got into a deep gully for protection, but were soon surrounded, when Capt. Snyder ordered his men to charge upon them. The Indians fired as they approached and mortally wounded one of his men, Mr. William B. Mekemson, a brave volunteer from St. Clair county, (whose father's family afterwards settled in this, Henderson county, all of whom, except one brother, Andrew, a highly respected Christian gentleman, have, long since, gone to meet their kinsman in another world.) Mr. M. being unable to ride, a rude litter was made and men detailed to carry him back to camp, at Kellogg's Grove. The company had not proceeded far before they were attacked by about seventy-five Indians, and two men, Scott and McDaniel, killed, and a Mr. Cornelius wounded. The company was soon formed into line by the aid of Gen. Whiteside, who was then acting merely as a private, and using the precaution of Indians, each man got behind a tree, and the battle waxed furiously for sometime without any serious results, until the Indian commander was seen to fall, from the well directed aim of Gen. Whiteside's rifle. Having now no leader the Indians ingloriously fled, but for some reason were not pursued. Our reporter, however, said that most of the company refused, for the reason that the second term of their enlistment had expired, and they were anxious to be mustered out of service, although the officers were eager to pursue.

The company then commenced their march to camp, and on approaching the litter on which Mekemson lay, found that the Indians had cut off his head and rolled it down the hill. Soon after, Major Riley, with a small force of regulars, came up, and after consultation with Capt. Snyder, it was deemed best not to follow the retreating Indians, as their route probably led to the main army of Black Hawk.

APPLE RIVER FORT.

On the 23d of June scouts came into Galena, and reported at headquarters that a large body of Indians had been seen about thirty miles distant, but not being on the march, they were not able to conjecture to what point they were going. Col. Strode immediately made all necessary preparations to receive them, should Galena be the point of attack, and dispatched an express early next morning for Dixon's Ferry. On their arrival at Apple River

Fort they halted for a short time, and then proceeded on their journey, and while yet in sight, at the crack of a gun the foremost man was seen to fall from his horse and two or three Indians rushed upon him with hatchets raised ready to strike, while his comrades galloped up, and with guns pointed towards the Indians kept them at bay until the wounded man reached the Fort. But had the Indians known these guns were *not loaded*, (as afterwards reported) they could have dispatched all three of them with their tomahawks.

In a very short time after hearing the crack of the gun a large body of Indians surrounded the fort, yelling and shooting, when the inmates, under command of Capt. Stone, prepared for defence, every port hole being manned by sharp-shooters. One man, Mr. George Herclurode, was shot through a port hole and instantly killed, and Mr. James Nutting wounded in the same way, but not seriously; which was the only loss sustained during the engagement of more than one hour's duration. A number of Indians were wounded and carried off the field. Capt. Stone had only twenty-five men, with a large number of women and children in the fort, but had providentially received a quantity of lead and provisions from Galena only an hour before the attack, and as he was short of bullets, the ladies of the fort busied themselves in melting lead and running balls as long as the battle lasted. Black Hawk, finding the fort impregnable from assault without firing it—an act that he well knew would, in a very short time, have brought a large body of troops on his path—concluded that it would be better to return and carry with them all the flour they could, killed a number of cattle and took choice pieces of beef, and all the homes that were in the stable. One of the expressmen, not deeming the fort a place of safety, hurried back to Galena, but getting lost on the way did not get in until early next morning. On hearing the news, Col. Strode took one hundred picked men, well mounted, and went to the relief of the fort, and was much gratified to find that its noble defenders had put to flight about one hundred and fifty Indians who had been under the command of Black Hawk himself.

KELLOGG'S GROVE FORT.

After leaving Apple River Fort, being well supplied with provisions, the Indians moved leisurely toward the fort at Kellogg's Grove, with the intention of taking it, as scouts had come in and reported that it was not very strongly garrisoned on the day previous to their arrival on the 23d of June. At this time the Illinois troops were rendez-voused at a place known as Fort Wilbourn on the Illinois river, at or near where now stands the city of LaSalle. What was then called the new levy, after Stillman's defeat, were assembled there, numbering about three thousand men, being formed into military organizations consisting of three brigades. The first brigade was commanded by Gen. Alexander Posey. The second by Gen. M. K. Alexander, and the third by Gen. James D. Henry. Major John Dement, of Vandalia, was elected to the command of a spy battalion composed of three companies. Gen. Atkinson, of the United States Regulars, commanding, while these organizations were progressing.

The Indians had made a raid on Bureau creek, situated between the Illinois and Rock rivers. John Dement had been chosen major by the members of three companies of Gen. Posey's brigade, which was a spy battalion. The Major's battalion being ready for duty when the news reached the fort of the attack upon the settlers on Bureau creek, it was ordered to march at once to the scene of danger for protection of the settlers, and to discover and watch the movements of the Indians, if possible. The Major was ordered to scour the country through to Rock river, and then to report to Col. Zackary Taylor, who commanded a small force of United States troops at a small fortification at Dixon's Ferry on Rock river.

On the 22d of June, 1832, Major Dement reached Colonel Taylor's command, having performed the duties to which he was assigned by General Atkinson. On his arrival Colonel Taylor informed the Major that he had arrived at an opportune time, as he wished him to take his command, swim their horses across the river, and promptly occupy the country between his position and the Lead Mines at Galena, a distance of about sixty miles, with headquarters at Kellogg's Grove, thirty-seven miles in the direction of Galena and Apple River Fort. There had been stationed at the grove two companies of Regulars, commanded by Major Riley, and three companies of Volunteers that had abandoned this position the day before the arrival of Major Dement, and left the country without protection and entirely unguarded. These troops had been engaged in two or three

skirmishes with the Indians, and according to the reports of the soldiers, had been worsted in each. Major Dement's command numbered one hundred and forty men, all told, not one of whom had ever seen any military experience, but they were men to be relied upon. They were citizen soldiers, brave and intelligent, equal to any emergency, and had no superiors in the service. This being an odd battalion, Major Dement was entitled to the staff of a Colonel. His staff was composed of Zadoc Casey, Paymaster; ——— Anderson, Colonel Hicks, and others. The Captains of the companies, and the staff officers, were leading citizens, who had, at short warning, left their several avocations to engage in defending the country against the attacks of the Indians.

MAJOR DEMENT'S BATTLE WITH THE INDIANS.

On the evening of the second day, after crossing Rock river, the Major's command marched to the stockade at Kellogg's Grove and encamped. In the morning, learning that Indian traces had been seen four or five miles from the grove, twenty-five volunteers were called for to go out and reconnoitre. This number was quickly filled, nearly every one volunteering being an officer, and, as it afterward turned out, they were unfortunately accepted. These volunteers had not yet gotten out of sight of their camp, before three Indians were seen on their ponies between the fort and a small grove on the prairie, riding backward and forward. The reconnoitering party started after them in one, two and three order, according to the speed of their horses, while the Indians made straight for the small grove. Major Dement, who was watching the movements of the volunteers from his camp, and seeing the movements of the Indians, at once suspected a trap, mounted with a portion of his men, and went to their aid. His men that had first started were a mile out upon the prairie in pursuit of those few Indians. Being well mounted, the Major and his relief party soon overtook the hindermost of the little band, but several were too far in advance in their mad pursuit of the fleeing Indians for him to reach them in time. The fleeing Indians were making for a grove some three miles away, hotly pursued by the Major's men. In this grove, as the commander feared, a large number of the Indians were concealed. When within four or five hundred yards of this grove he halted and dismounted his men and formed them in line. Some six or seven of his men were still in advance following the Indians toward this grove. On nearing the grove, his men who were in advance, were received with a galling fire, which killed two and wounded a third. With hideous yells the Indians emerged from the grove and rapidly approached. They were all mounted, stripped to their waists and painted for battle. As they reached the bodies of the dead soldiers, a large number surrounded them, clubbing and stabbing their lifeless remains. A volley from the rifles of the whites killed two or three at this point, but by the time the last of the little band had reached the ridge upon which their comrades were drawn up in line, the Indians were close upon them and on both flanks. At this point three men who had been out of their camp hunting for their homes, came in sight and were massacred in sight of their friends. The main portion of the battalion had been ordered to hold themselves in readiness for any emergency, but hearing the yelling, instead of obeying the order, mounted in hot haste and started to the rescue of their companions. On discovering the force of the Indians, they retreated to the grove, and almost neck and neck with the Indians, sprang over their horses and occupied the Block House.

On the least exposed side of the Fort was a work bench; over this the Major threw the bridle rein of his horse, and most of the horses huddled around this as if conscious of their danger. The Indians swarmed around the Block House under cover; an ominous stillness pervaded the air, which was soon broken by the crack of the rifles of the white men. The best marksmen with the best guns were stationed at the port holes, and a lively fire was kept up by the little garrison. The Indians finding that they were making no impression, turned their attention to shooting the horses, twenty-five of which they succeeded in killing. After sharp firing for two hours they retreated, leaving nine of their men dead on the field. This was the first engagement in this war, in which the whites had held their position until reinforcements arrived, without retreating. If the main force had remained in the grove at this Block House after the volunteers went out, without making any demonstration when the Indians came charging up and still in the open prairie, they could have been easily repulsed. This was the Major's plan of action, but the men became excited by the firing, and having no commissioned officers to guide them, started without order to assist their exposed comrades in the open prairie, when they were flying for their lives to the block house.

That evening Gen. Posey came up with his brigade, and although the Indians were encamped a short distance away, he made no effort to attack them but contented himself with reporting the situation to Col. Z. Taylor at Dixon's Ferry. Gen. Whiteside had said to Major Dement before crossing Rock river, that he was going into the Indian rendezvous, where he could have an Indian for breakfast every morning, and he found it literally true.

It seems strange that Major Dement should have been ordered by Col. Taylor into the enemy's country, across Rock river, with so small a force of volunteers, while a large force of Regulars and Volunteers, commanded by regular United States officers, remained securely entrenched in the rear. It was Major Dement's opinion that there were more fighting men of Black Hawk's band of warriors in the engagement at Kellogg's Grove than ever afterwards made a stand during the war. It was easy for Gen. Posey to have moved up and attacked the Indians on his arrival at the Grove, and then have dealt them a fatal blow by forcing them to battle then, but he refused to do so, and the war was not terminated until the fight at Bad Axe some two months later, in which the Illinois troops did not engage. During this engagement at the Block House, four whites and eleven Indians were killed. The whites lost a large part of their horses—the Indians shooting them from the timber, while the poor animals were huddled about the Block House.

Although in command, Black Hawk remained in the Grove doing the engagement, looking on to see that his principal aid, whose voice was like a trumpet call, carried out his orders.

While reciting the incidents of this battle to the author, when writing his Autobiography, Black Hawk spoke in high praise of Major Dement as a commander, who had shown not only good military skill in coming to the rescue of his party, but in withdrawing his little party to the Fort. After Dement's engagement General Posey's brigade started for Fort Hamilton and remained there a short time. News of Dement's engagement and march of Posey's brigade having been received at Dixon's Ferry, where the two other brigades were stationed, Gen. Alexander, with the 2d brigade was ordered to cross Rock river and march to Plum river to intercept the Indians, as it was deemed probable that they would make for that point to cross the Mississippi. Gen. Atkinson, with regulars, and Gen. Fry with his brigade, remained at Dixon waiting for news of the route taken by the Indians. Next day Capt. Walker and three Pottowottamie Indians came into Dixon and reported seventy-five Pottowottamies ready to join the army now encamped at Sycamore creek, and they were afraid that Black Hawk and his army was not far off. For their protection, and to await the coming of the balance of the second brigade, Col. Fry, of Henry's brigade, was sent forward immediately. The next morning Gen. Henry's brigade moved forward with Gen. Atkinson at the head, intending to march up Rock river, to the Four Lakes, and camped at Stillwell's battle-ground the first night and joined Col. Fry and his Pottowottamie Indians on the 29th, and continued their march. On the 30th, when going into camp, they saw signs of Sac Indians, but the sentinels were undisturbed during the night. The next day they saw one Indian, but he was on the other side of Plum river. On the 2d of July, Major Ewing being in front, spied a fresh trail, and soon after came upon the fresh trail of Black Hawk's entire force, at a point near Keeshkanawy Lake. Scouts from the battalion came up to Black Hawk's encampment, from which they had apparently taken their departure a few days before. Here they found five white men's scalps which had been left hung up to dry. This battalion continued to march around the lake in detachments, one of which found where there had been another encampment, but on returning to camp and comparing notes they began to despair of finding the main body of Black Hawk's army in that region. On the 5th of July, Gen. Atkinson with his army took a rest. During the day some scouts brought in an old Indian nearly blind and half famished with hunger, whom the Indians had left in their flight. After eating, Gen. Atkinson questioned him closely as to the whereabouts of Black Hawk and his army, but was satisfied from his replies and helpless condition, that he did not know, but on taking up his line of march the next morning, Gen. Atkinson did not leave him as the Indians had done, alone and without any means of subsistence, but left him an abundance of food, and as we afterwards learned, the old man recruited and afterwards got back to his tribe.,

On the evening of the 9th the army encamped at White Water, and the next morning Indians were seen on the other side of this stream which was not fordable, one of whom shot and wounded a regular. After breaking camp, Gen. Atkinson ordered a move up the river, and that night camped with his entire force—all having met

at the same point. Gen. Dodge's corps had taken a Winnebago prisoner and brought him into camp for the purpose of finding out if he knew where Black Hawk's forces were. He said they were encamped on an island near Burnt Village. Col. William S. Hamilton, a brave and honored son of Alexander Hamilton, in command of a company of Menomonees, who had joined the main army the day before, with Captain Early and his command, after scouring the island thoroughly, reported there were no Indians on the island.

Governor Reynolds, who had been on the march up Rock River with his volunteers and the main army, together with Colonel Smith, Major Sidney Breese and Colonel A. P. Field, left the army and came into Galena on the 12th, from whom we obtained our information of the movements of the army. They were firmly of the opinion that the Indians had taken to the swamps, and gotten entirely out of reach of the army, and that no farther danger need be apprehended. Colonel Field, who is an eloquent speaker, at the solicitation of Colonel Strode, although nearly worn out with hard marches, made an able and soul-stirring speech to our regiment, and a large number of the inhabitants of Galena.

At this time the army was nearly out of provisions, and Fort Winnebago, about seventy-five miles distant, the nearest point at which they could replenish. General Atkinson then ordered General Posey with his brigade, to Fort Hamilton, General Henry's and Alexander's brigade and General Dodge's squadron to Fort Winnebago for provisions; and sent General Ewing and his regiment to Dixon with Colonel Dunn, who had been seriously wounded by one of his own sentinels, but who afterwards recovered. General Atkinson then built a fort near the camping ground, which was Fort Keeshkanong. General Alexander returned on the 15th with provisions to the fort, while Generals Dodge and Henry thought best to go with their commands to the head of Fox river, and while on the way stopped at a Winnebago village and had a talk with their head men, who assured them that Black Hawk was then at Cranberry Lake, a point higher up Rock river. After a consultation by the Generals, it was deemed best to send an express to General Atkinson at Fort Keeshkanong, to let him know of the information they had got, and their intention of moving on the enemy the next morning. Dr. Merryman, of Colonel Collins' regiment, and Major Woodbridge, Adjutant of General Dodge's corps, volunteered to go, and with Little Thunder, a Winnebago chief, as pilot, started out to perform this dangerous service, and after traveling a few miles, came on fresh Indian trails, which Little Thunder pronounced to have been made by Black Hawk's party, and fearing that they would be intercepted, insisted on returning to camp. Night was then approaching, and having no guide to lead them forward, they reluctantly followed Little Thunder back to camp. Orders were then given for an early move next morning, and at daylight the bugle sounded, and the army moved onwards. The trail was followed for two days, leading for Four Lakes. On the second day, July 21st, scouts from General Dodge's corps came in and reported Indians, and as a confirmation of the fact, Dr. A.K. Philleo exhibited a scalp that he had taken from the head of one that he had shot. Dr. Philleo was brave as the bravest, and whenever a scouting party started out to look for Indians (unless his services were required in camp), was always in the lead, and this being his first Indian, took his scalp, and sent it to the writer, with written instructions how to preserve it. To this end we handed over both to a deaf and dumb printer in the office, who boasted somewhat of his chemical knowledge, who spent considerable time for a number of days in following the Doctor's instructions. After the killing of this Indian, some of the scouts discovered fresh signs of more Indians, and after pursuing it for some miles, Dr. Philleo and his friend Journey, equally as brave, being in the lead, espied two more Indians, when each picked his man and fired, and both fell; one of them, although badly wounded, fired as he fell, and wounded one of the scouts. The Doctor's attention was now directed to his wounded companion, hence his second Indian was allowed to retain his scalp.

The scouts, finding that the trail was fresh, and the Indians were rapidly retreating, having strewed their trail with camp equipage, in order to facilitate their movements, sent an express back to camp, when the army hastily took up the line of march, with Dodge's corps and Ewing's Spy battalion in the front. By fast riding they soon came up with the Indians, whom they found already in line to receive them.

AT WISCONSIN HEIGHTS.

Orders were at once given to dismount (leaving enough to hold the horses) and charge upon the Indians. They had scarcely time to form into line when they were met by the yelling Indians and a heavy volley from their guns.

Dodge and Ewing ordered a charge, and as they moved forward, returned the fire at close quarters, with deadly effect. The Indians then commenced a flank movement, and by securing a position in the high grass where they could in a measure conceal themselves, fought bravely, until Dodge and Ewing gave orders to charge upon them at the point of the bayonet. In this engagement Col. Jones had his horse shot from under him, and one man killed—but at the word "*charge*," he went forward with his brave men, and all performed their duty nobly and fearlessly, and soon dislodged the Indians from their hiding place and forced them into a hasty retreat. It being then too late to pursue them, orders were given to camp on the battle-ground.

In this engagement Neapope had command, who was not only brave and fearless, but well skilled in strategy. Having become well acquainted with him after the war, he told the writer that he knew Gen. Dodge personally, and had met him on the field of battle, and considered him one of the bravest men he had ever met, although in this engagement all the officers showed great skill and bravery, and thus encouraged their men to acts of noble daring to a degree that he had never before witnessed in common—not regular—soldiers. He said in this engagement, the command had been entrusted to him of this small force—about two hundred—Indians, in order to give Black Hawk and the remainder of his party, time to cross the river. He reported his loss at twenty-eight (28) killed.

The next morning a portion of the army was ordered forward to pursue the fleeing enemy, but on reaching the river, found that they had taken to the swamps, when it was deemed prudent to return to camp without attempting to follow them.

Here the army rested for one day, and made comfortable provisions to carry the wounded, after having consigned the remains of John Short, who had been killed the day before, to mother Earth, with the honors of war.

In the meantime, Gen. Atkinson arrived with his regulars and the brigades of Generals Posey and Alexander; and on the 28th of July, took up the line of march with Gen. Atkinson at the head. Their route led through a mountainous country for several days, as the Indians seemed to have selected the most difficult route they could find in order to gain time, and reach the river in advance, and then secure the best possible positions to defend themselves.

Having learned from an old Indian that had been left behind, that the enemy was only a short distance ahead, Gen. Atkinson, on breaking camp at an early hour in the morning, gave orders for the march towards the river, with Gen. Dodge's squadron in front; Infantry next; Second brigade, under command of Gen. Alexander, next; Gen. Posey's brigade next, and Gen. Henry's in the rear.

After marching a few miles Gen. Dodge's scouts discovered the rear guard of the enemy, when an express was sent immediately to Gen. Atkinson, who ordered troops to proceed at double quick. In the meantime Gen. Dodge's command pushed forward and opened a heavy fire, from which many Indians were shot down while retreating toward the Mississippi, where their main body was stationed. Dodge's squadron being in the lead, were first to open upon the main army of the Indians, whilst Gen. Henry's brigade, that had been placed in the rear in the morning, came first to his aid. The battle waged furiously for more than two hours, and until the last visible Indian warrior was killed. The Indians had commenced crossing before the battle opened, and a number took to their canoes and made good their escape as the battle progressed. The number killed was estimated at something over one hundred, but the Indians afterward reported their loss at seventy-eight killed and forty-two wounded. Our loss was seventeen killed and about the same number wounded.

During the engagement several squaws were killed accidentally and a number wounded, including children, who were taken prisoners. Among the latter, Dr. Philleo reported a boy with one arm badly broken, who exhibited a greater degree of stoicism during the operation of amputation, than he had ever before witnessed. Being very hungry, they gave him a piece of bread to eat, which he ravenously masticated during the entire operation, apparently manifesting no pain whatever from the work of the surgeon.

Many of the Indians who got across the river in safety were afterwards killed by the Menomonees.

STEAMBOAT WARRIOR'S FIGHT.

On the 2d of August, 1832, the steamboat, Warrior, was lying at Prairie du Chien, and word having been received at the fort that Black Hawk's main army was then at, or near the river above, at a point designated for all to meet for the purpose of crossing the river, Lieut. Kingsbury took her in charge, and started up with one company, in order to intercept the Indians and prevent their crossing before the main army arrived, as he knew it was in close pursuit of them. The boat soon came in view of Indians on both sides of the river—Black Hawk and several lodges having already crossed over—when they were hailed by Lieut. Kingsbury. A white flag was hoisted by the Indians, and Black Hawk directed the Winnebago interpreter on board the Warrior, to say to his chief that he wanted him to send out his small boat so as he could go on board, as he desired to give himself up. The Winnebago, however, reported to the commander that they refused to bring their flag aboard. He then directed his interpreter to say that if they still refused he would open fire upon them. In reply, the interpreter said they still refused, when the Lieutenant directed his six-pounder to be fired among them, and also opened a musketry fire by his company. This was returned by the Indians, and the battle continued for some time. Several Indians were killed at the first fire, after which the remainder sought protection behind trees, stumps, etc. It was then getting late in the afternoon, and as the boat was nearly out of wood they dropped down to the fort to replenish, and started back again the next morning. On reaching an island some miles above their battle-ground of the day before, they commenced to rake it with their six-pounder, supposing the Indians had taken shelter there, and the army considering it a salute, Gen. Atkinson returned it. Soon after the boat landed and took on board Gen. Atkinson and the regulars and then returned to Prairie du Chien. The Illinois volunteers were ordered to Dixon, at which place they were discharged, while the troops of the lead mines were mustered out at Galena. After the boat started down the evening before, Black Hawk and a few of his people left for the lodge of a Winnebago friend, and gave himself up. Thus ended a bloody war which had been forced upon Black Hawk by Stillman's troops violating a flag of truce, which was contrary to the rules of war of all civilized nations, and one that had always been respected by the Indians. And thus, by the treachery or ignorance of the Winnebago interpreter on board of the Warrior, it was brought to a close in the same ignoble way it commenced—disregarding a flag of truce—and by which Black Hawk lost more than half of his army. But in justice to Lieut. Kingsbury, who commanded the troops on the Warrior, and to his credit it must be said, that Black Hawk's flag would have been respected if the Winnebago, who acted as his interpreter on the boat, had reported him correctly.

GENERAL ATKINSON'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST ARTILLERY CORPS, NORTH-WESTERN ARMY, Prairie du Chiens, Aug. 25, 1832.

SIR:—I have the honor to report to you that I crossed the Ouisconsin on the 27th and 28th ultimo, with a select body of troops, consisting of the regulars under Colonel Taylor, four hundred in number, part of Henry's, Posey's and Alexander's brigades, amounting in all to 1,300 men, and immediately fell upon the trail of the enemy, and pursued it by a forced march, through a mountainous and difficult country, till the morning of the 2d inst., when we came up with his main body on the left bank of the Mississippi, nearly opposite the mouth of the Ioway, which we attacked, defeated and dispensed, with a loss on his part of about a hundred and fifty men killed, thirty men, women and children taken prisoners—the precise number could not be ascertained, as the greater portion was slain after being forced into the river. Our loss in killed and wounded, which is stated below, is very small in comparison with the enemy, which may be attributed to the enemy's being forced from his

position by a rapid charge the commencement, and throughout the engagement the remnant of the enemy, cut up and disheartened, crossed to the opposite side of the river, and had fled into the interior, with a view, it is supposed, of joining Keokuk and Wapello's bands of Sacs and Foxes.

The horses of the volunteer troops being exhausted by long marches, and the regular troops without shoes, it was not thought advisable to continue the pursuit; indeed, a stop to the further effusion of blood seemed to be called for, till it might be ascertained if the enemy would surrender.

It is ascertained from our prisoners that the enemy lost in the battle of the Ouisconsin sixty-eight killed and a very large number wounded; his whole loss does not fall short of three hundred. After the battle on the Ouisconsin, those of the enemy's women and children, and some who were dismounted, attempted to make their escape by descending that river, but judicious measures being taken by Captain Loomis and Lieutenant Street, Indian Agent, thirty-two women and children and four men have been captured, and some fifteen men killed by the detachment under Lieutenant Ritner.

The day after the battle on the river, I fell down with the regular troops to this place by water, and the wounded men will join us to-day. It is now my purpose to direct, Keokuk to demand a surrender of the remaining principal men of the hostile party, which, from the large number of women and children we hold prisoners, I have every reason to believe will be complied with. Should it not, they should be pursued and subdued, a step Major-General Scott will take upon his arrival.

I cannot speak too highly of the brave conduct of the regular and volunteer forces engaged in the last battle, and the fatiguing march that preceded it, and as soon as the reports of officers of the brigades and corps are handed in, they shall be submitted with further remarks:

5 killed, 6 wounded, 6th inf.

2 wounded, 5th inf.

1 Captain, 5 privates, Dodge's Bat., mounted.

1 Lieutenant, 6 privates, Henry's Bat.

1 private wounded, Alexander's.

1 private wounded Posey's.

I have the great honor to be, with great respect,
Your obedient servant,

H. ATKINSON,
Brevet Brig. Gen. U.S.A.

Maj. Gen. Macomb, Com. in Chief, Washington.

APPENDIX.

AT YELLOW BANKS.

Among the many hundreds of troops that came to Yellow Bank—Oquawka—on their way to the sea of war, Major S. S. Phelps always spoke in high terms of their good discipline and gentlemanly conduct, except in one instance—that of a few persons in a company from McDonough county, who came over at a time when old chief Tama and his wife, who was noted for being the white man's friend, came over to get provisions for his little band. On seeing an Indian some of these soldiers, who had been using their canteens rather frequently, were eager to slay him, and not only threatened him but Major P. also, for harboring him. The officers seemed to have no control of these men—and just at a time when their threats were loudest of what they intended to do at the close of three minutes, Major P. and one of his clerks, Mr. Joseph Smart, were standing with their rifles cocked ready to make the first shot, a cry came from outside of the building, by one of the more peaceable soldiers, "Here comes another company, Capt. Peter Butler's, from Monmouth," when these would-be braves instantly retreated.

We are assured by one of Capt. B.'s company, Mr. James Ryason, that the foregoing is literally true, and that Major P. and Mr. Smart, afterwards, amid the threats of these same soldiers, escorted Tama and wife to the river bank to take their canoe to cross the river, and stood there with their guns, ready to protect the Indians until they got out of reach of gunshot—Smart threatening all the time to put a ball through the first man that attempted to shoot.

In order to appease the wrath of these soldiers and prevent some of them being killed, Capt. B. advised Maj. P. not to give Tama any provisions; but on the way down, Mr. Ryason says, Smart (who talked their language equal to a native born) told them to meet them at a certain point after night and they would be supplied; and that for the purpose of assisting Mr. Smart in taking supplies to Tama, he got leave of absence from the Captain until next morning.

Messrs. James Ryason and Gabriel Shot, both honorable and highly respected Christian gentlemen, are the only survivors of that company now residing in this county.

Tama's village, located on South Henderson, half a mile below the farm of Mr. John T. Cook, at Gladstone, was always noted as being the abode of friendly Indians. In the fall of 1829, some white men came in and made improvements on the land in the vicinity, and at the advice of Mr. Phelps, Tama crossed the river and made a new town at the mouth of Flint river on the Mississippi, and at the time of Black Hawk's raid into Illinois, it was the rendezvous of many young men who had been persuaded by Tama not to join Black Hawk. But when the news reached them of the indignities offered to their good old chief, they secretly determined to go upon the war path, and soon after four young Foxes started to cross the river and avenge the insult. On going up Henderson creek they espied Mr. William Martin while in the act of mowing, at a point near Little York, whom they shot and killed, and for fear of detection, immediately took to the brush. It being late when they got through the woods, they made a fire and camped just at the edge of the prairie.

Some time after the shooting, friends of Mr. Martin discovered his lifeless body and after removing it to the home, started on the trail of his murderers, and followed it some distance through the underbrush, but wisely concluded, as it was growing late, to return and give the alarm. An express was sent to Capt. Butler during the night, who started out with his company early in the morning, and on emerging into the prairie discovered the camp fire of the Indians, and followed their trail to a slough in the Mississippi two miles below Keithsburg. Here the Indians embarked in their canoes and were probably on the other side of the river by this time. A demand was immediately made upon Keokuk for the murderers, as they belonged to his band of Foxes, who surrendered two men to the commanding officer at Rock Island.

These Indians soon afterwards made their escape, and before the time fixed for their trial, Keokuk delivered four young men to Maj. Phelps, then sheriff of Warren county, to be tried for the offence. Maj. P. and his deputy, Mr. James Ryason, took them to Monmouth jail, where the following proceedings were had before the Circuit Court (for a copy of which we are indebted to George C. Rankin, Esq., now Circuit Clerk):

WARREN COUNTY CIRCUIT COURT.

William Martin was shot and scalped by two Indians, near Little York, Warren county, August 9th, 1832. In their report at the October term of the Warren Circuit Court, the Grand jurors say:

"Six or seven Indians of Keokuk's band of Sac and Fox Indians who were not included in the war path under Black Hawk and other chiefs of the Sac and Fox, nation, came over from the western bank of the Mississippi river to the inhabited parts of Warren county, in said State, and unlawfully and feloniously murdered the said William Martin in the most barbarous manner. That the names of the said Indians are unknown to the Grand Jury. That two of the said Indians have been heretofore given up by the chiefs of said Indians, that they were confined in the Fort at Rock Island for some time but have made their escape, and are now at large in their own country. That the Grand jury cannot now find an indictment because the names of the said Indians are unknown to said jury. But they recommend that the Governor of the State be furnished with a copy of this presentment, and that he be desired to request of the President of the United States that the whole of the said Indians concerned in the said murder may be demanded of the said Sac and Fox nation that they may be indicted and punished for murder under the authority of the laws of this State."

In compliance with the demand of the President, the chiefs surrendered four Indians, namely, with their Interpretations;

Sa-sa-pi-ma (he that troubleth).

Ka-ke-mo (he that speaks with something in his mouth).

I-o-nah (stay here).

Wa-pa-sha-kon (the white string).

Concerning which, the Grand jury at the June term 1833 say:

"From an examination made by this Grand Jury they we now able to state that the four Indians lately surrendered by the chiefs at the request of the President of the United States, are not the real murderers of Martin. The chiefs represent that at the time the demand was made the real offenders had escaped from the territory and power of their nation. That the prisoners now in custody volunteered themselves to be surrendered in place of those who escaped, and that from custom amongst Indians, they supposed this would be a sufficient compliance with the requisition of the President. The Grand jury will not positively say that the chiefs have prevaricated, but they do say that the demand already made has been eluded."

By a writ of habeas corpus, the four Indians above named were brought before the judge, presiding, Hon. Richard M. Young, June 14th, 1833, and released.

Indictment was returned against the real murderers, Shash-quo-washi, Muck-que-che-quah, Muck-qua-pal-ashah, and Was-a-wau-a-quot, who, "not having the fear of God before their eyes, but being moved and seduced by the instigations of the devil," killed Wm. Martin. The indictment was drawn by Thomas Ford, States Attorney, and recites that William Martin was shot a little below the shoulder blade. Among the witnesses named were Keokuk and Stabbing Chief. The guilty parties were never arrested, and a *nolle prosequi* was entered at the October term at court, 1835.

GEN. SCOTT ARRIVES AT CHICAGO.

Gen. Scott, with a full regiment of regulars, came up the lake and landed at Chicago about the 10th of July—the cholera in the meantime having broken out among his troops, from which several had died. While encamped at that point, it continued its virulence to such an extent, and in a number of cases fatally, that he deemed it best to much out on the high land, and soon after continued his journey, by slow marches, to Rock Island. On reaching Rock river, where Milan is now situated, the cholera had disappeared, and he went into camp with his entire regiment. The clear water of this beautiful stream was a Godsend to the many tired men, for the ablution of their bodies and the cleansing of their apparel, tents, etc., and seemed to have a general invigorating effect upon the entire regiment.

Gen. Scott then went over to Rock Island with two companies to garrison Fort Armstrong, and there learned the situation of affairs in the army, and the great reduction made in the ranks of Black Hawk's band of Indians, so that a final close of the war was daily expected.

A few days after their arrival at Fort Armstrong, symptoms of cholera again appeared among the troops of the company, and the physician in charge tried every known remedy to check it, but failed in every instance, and after running its course, which was usually about twenty-four hours, the patient died. During the first three or four days of its ravages, about one-half of that company had been consigned to their last resting place in the soldiers' cemetery.

Being on a visit to Rock Island at the time the cholera was raging, the writer, at the request of Col. Wm. Berry, (who had also come down from Galena to pay his respects to Gen. Scott,) accompanied him to the Fort and introduced him to the General. It was a very warm, but beautiful Sabbath, when we were admitted to the General's quarters, about 10 o'clock in the morning, and after the introduction of our friend and the usual salutations of the day, the General, after expressing his doubts of the propriety of admitting us into the Fort, forcibly and touchingly detailed the ravages that the cholera was making in his ranks. Medicine, in the hands of a skillful physician, seemed to have no effect to stay its progress, and he was just on the eve of trying a different remedy as we came in, and if we would join him in a glass of brandy and water, he would proceed at once to put it into execution. He said he was satisfied that brandy was a good antidote to cholera, and by its use many of his soldiers were still well.

THE GENERAL'S REMEDY.

The General pulled off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and directed an orderly to tear off strips of red flannel, fill a bucket with brandy and carry them to the hospital. On arriving at the bedside of a patient he directed him to be stripped, and then with flannel soaked in brandy he rubbed his chest thoroughly, in order to bring on a reaction, in the meantime administering a little brandy with a spoon. In the course of half an hour he returned and reported progress. He said he left his patient free from pain, and directed a small portion of the brandy to be given occasionally.

The well soldiers, seeing that their General was not afraid of cholera, nor too proud to act as nurse to a sick soldier, took courage and insisted on his retiring, so that they could fill his place. Seeing that new life had been infused among the well soldiers, and a gleam of hope seeming to inspire the sick, he gave directions for them to continue, as he had commenced, and then retired.

On returning to his quarters he washed his hands, rolled down his sleeves, put on his uniform, and then invited us to take a little brandy. After listening to his mode of treatment, we casually remarked that it looked feasible, but at the same time reprehensible in the General of the army exposing himself in the performance of a duty that could be done as well by a common soldier. He gave us a look, and kept his eyes upon us as his giant form raised up, and, with a sweep of his sword arm, said in majestic tones: "Sir, it is the duty of a General to take care of his army; should he fall another can take his place; but, without an army his occupation is gone!"

The General's treatment was continued right along, and the result was that many of those attacked got well.

Soon after the close of the war, which terminated with the battle of Bad Axe, on the second day of August, 1832, he came to Galena, and, in conference with Governor John Reynolds, ordered the chiefs head men and

warriors of the Winnebago Nation to meet them at Fort Armstrong, Rock Island, on the 15th day of September, 1832, for the purpose of holding a treaty.

At the time fixed by the Commissioners they were met by the chiefs, head men and warriors of the Winnebago Nation, with whom a treaty was made and concluded, by which the Winnebagoes ceded to the United States all the lands claimed by them lying to the south and east of Wisconsin river and the Fox river of Green Bay. The consideration of this cession on the part of the United States, to be a grant to the Winnebago Nation of a tract on the west side of the Mississippi river known as the neutral ground and annual annuities for twenty-seven years of \$10,000 in specie and a further sum, not to exceed \$3,000 annually, for the purposes of maintaining a farm and a school for the education of Winnebago children during the same period of twenty-seven years.

TREATY WITH SACS AND FOXES.

After concluding the treaty with the Winnebagoes, and for the purpose of making a lasting peace with the Sacs and Foxes, these Commissioners held a treaty at the same place, and a week later, on the 21st day of September, with chiefs, head men and warriors of that confederate tribe. The Commissioners demanded, partly as indemnity for expenses incurred in the late war with Black Hawk's band and to secure future tranquility, a cession of a large portion of their country bordering on the frontiers. In consideration thereof the United States agree to pay to said confederate tribes annually, for thirty years, \$20,000 in specie; also, to pay Messrs. Farnham and Davenport, Indian traders at Rock Island, the sum of \$40,000, to be receipted for in full of all demands against said Indians. And, further, at the special request of said confederate tribes, the United States agree to grant, by letters patent, to their particular friend, Antoine LeClair, interpreter, one section of land opposite Rock Island and one section at the head of the rapids of the Mississippi river.

THE CITY OF DAVENPORT, IOWA.

This beautiful city now covers that "Section of land opposite Rock Island" that was donated by treaty to Antoine LeClair by the Sacs and Foxes, and also three or four more sections. At that time it was wholly uninhabited, the Foxes having removed their village from that point some three years before. As a town site it was regarded by strangers and travelers on steamboats as the most beautiful west of the Mississippi between St. Louis and St. Paul, and now, with its twenty-three thousand inhabitants, elegant residences, magnificent public buildings, fine churches, schoolhouses, extensive manufactories, and large business blocks, it stands unrivalled as a beautiful city. It has ten miles of street railroads, affording easy access to all parts of the city. It has two daily papers, the *Gazette* and *Democrat*, (morning and evening) both ably conducted; and also a German daily and two weeklies. The river is spanned by an elegant bridge that was built at the cost of nearly a million dollars, which is used by the various railroads from East to West, and has a roadway for teams and pedestrians.

THE CITY OF ROCK ISLAND

Is located on the bank of the river in Illinois, immediately opposite to Davenport, and is a large and flourishing city, with a population of about twelve thousand inhabitants. It has fine public buildings, elegant churches and residences, substantial business blocks, extensive manufactories and elegant water works. The city is lighted by electric lights, from high towers, that cast their refulgent rays over the entire city, which makes it the finest lighted city in the west. There are two daily papers, (morning and evening) *The Union* and *The Argus*, both enjoying the privilege of Press dispatches, and both issue weeklies. *The Rock Islander* is also published weekly, and all have the appearance of great prosperity. The professions are represented by men of fine ability, including some of wide reputation. The banking business is done principally by two National Banks, that have a deservedly high reputation, and are doing a large business. There are two first-class hotels—the Harper House and Rock Island House—and several of less pretensions. The city has large coal fields, in close proximity, with railroads running daily to and from the banks, by which the three cities are supplied.

THE CITY OF MOLINE

Is located two miles up the river from Rock Island, but connected with it by street railways. It has a population of over 8,000 inhabitants, and is extensively known from its many manufacturing establishments, which are supplied with water power from a dam across the river from the Island.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

When the writer first visited this most beautiful Island in the Mississippi river, then and now known as Rock Island, the ground on which the triplet cities of Davenport, Rock Island, and Moline now stands, was covered with prairie grass, and apparently a sterile waste as regards to the two former, whilst the latter was principally covered with timber. Now how changed! Then the site of Davenport was claimed to be the most beautiful on the west bank of the Mississippi, between St. Paul and St. Louis by Black Hawk and his confreres, who had traveled up and down the river in canoes, whilst his judgment was confirmed by thousands of passengers who viewed it from steamboats in after years.

THE TRIPLE CITIES

are widely known as the leading manufacturing cities of the great west, with railroads stretching out from ocean to ocean, and although the Mississippi makes a dividing line, they are united by a magnificent bridge, which makes their intercourse easier than over paved streets.

Rock Island, at that time, was excluded from settlement by the orders of Government, as it had been reserved, on the recommendation of Hon. Lewis Cass, whilst he was in the Senate and Cabinet, as a site for a United States Arsenal and Armory. Fort Armstrong was situated on the lower end of the Island, and was then in command of Col. William Davenport. The Sac and Fox agency (Maj. Davenport, agent,) stood on the bank of the river about half a mile above the Fort; next came the residence and office of Antoine Le Clair, United States Interpreter for the Sam and Foxes, and a little higher up, the residence, store-house and out buildings of Col. George Davenport, who had by an act of Congress, preempted a claim of two hundred acres of land running across the Island from bank to bank of the river. The Island is about two miles long, and being at the foot of the rapids has the best water power on the river, capable of running a much greater amount of machinery than is at present in operation. The entire Island is now owned and occupied by the Government, (the heirs of Col. Davenport having sold and deeded their interest), and is now used as an

ARMORY AND ARSENAL

which are destined to be in the near future, the most extensive works of the kind probably in the world. Indeed, army officers who have traveled extensively in the Old World, say they have never seen anything to compare with it, in elegant grounds, water power and buildings, and with such facilities for moving anything to and from the Arsenal. These works were commenced under the supervision of Gen. Rodman, the inventor of the Rodman gun, and since the death of the General, D. W. Flagler, Lieut. Col. of Ordinance, has been in command, and a more efficient and better qualified officer for the place could not have been found in the army.

There are already completed ten massive stone buildings, which are used for work shops, storage, etc., officers' quarters, both durable and comfortable, and many other buildings. The former residence of Col. George Davenport, (the House in which he was killed for money many years ago) built in 1831, of solid hewed timber, and afterwards weather-boarded, still stands unoccupied.

The Island is mostly covered with trees of different varieties, which are kept neatly trimmed, and is laid out like a park, with wide avenues extending its whole length, which makes the most elegant drives and shady walks for the thousands of visitors who flock to the Island to feast their eyes upon its magnificence.

THE CITY OF KEOKUK, IOWA,

Is located at the foot of the Lower Rapids, 139 miles from Rock Island, and bears the name of the distinguished chief of the Sacs and Foxes. At our first visit there, in 1832, there was a long row of one-story buildings fronting on the river, that were used by Col. Farnham, agent of the American Fur Company, as a store and warehouse—this being the principal depot for trade with the Sacs and Foxes, who were then the sole proprietors of the

country and its principal inhabitants, with the exception of a few individuals who had got permission to put up shanties for occupation during the low-water season, while they were engaged in lighting steamers passing up and down the river, but unable to cross the rapids while loaded.

At that day the old chief, Keokuk, boasted of having the handsomest site for a big village that could be found on the river, and since that day it has grown to be a large and elegant city, with wide streets, fine public buildings, nice churches, school-houses, elegant residences, extensive business houses, wholesale and retail stores, manufactories, and a flourishing Medical University with elegant buildings, which has been in successful operation for more than twenty years. The United States District Court for Southern Iowa is also located here. The city is well provided with good hotels. The Patterson House, an immense building, five stories high, being chief, which has always ranked as first-class—with a number of hotels of smaller dimensions, but well kept—affording ample accommodation for the thousands of travelers that frequently congregate at this place. The various professions are represented by men of fine ability—some of them of wide reputation. They have two daily papers, *The Gale City*, and *The Constitution*, which are ably conducted.

A fine canal, running the entire length of the Rapids, from Montrose to Keokuk, has been built by the United States, through which steamboats can now pass at any stage of water—but designed more particularly for low water—so that there is no longer any detention to lighten steamboats over the Rapids.

THE CITY OF MUSCATINE, IOWA.

Muscatine was first settled as a wood yard by Col. John Vanater, in July, 1834, and was laid out as a town by him in 1836, and called Bloomington. The county was organized in 1837, under the name of Muscatine, and Bloomington made the county seat. The name of the town was changed to correspond with that of the county in 1851. Its population at the last census was 8,294; present population not less than 10,000. Besides being the centre of a large trade in agricultural products, it is extensively engaged in manufacturing lumber, sash, doors and blinds, and possesses numerous large manufactories, oat-meal mills, and the finest marble works in the State. It is also the centering point of a very large wholesale and retail trade. It is situated at the head of the rich Muscatine Island, the garden spot of the Northwest, and is the shipping point for millions of melons and sweet potatoes annually.

Muscatine is a good town, with a good business and good newspapers. The *Journal* and *Tribune* are published daily, semi-weekly and weekly. Hon. John Mahin has been the editor of the *Journal* since 1852, and there is no editor in the State whose service dates further back than his.

THE CITY OF DUBUQUE.

Soon after the close of the war and the discharge of the volunteer army, the writer, with some twenty others who had served through the war, formed a company for the purpose of laying out the town of Dubuque. One of their number, Capt. James Craig, being a surveyor, he was selected to survey the lines and lay out the town. About the middle of September, 1832, he started out from Galena with his chain-carriers, stake-drivers, etc., (stakes having been previously sawed and split on an island opposite, all ready for use), and in due time completed the survey. Blocks fronting the river on three or four streets back were completed, each lot receiving its stakes, whilst those farther back were staked as blocks, and not subdivided. A few of the original proprietors built and took possession at once. Among them were the Messrs. Langworthy, enterprising and energetic young gentlemen, who commenced business as grocers in a small way, with supplies for miners. Their faith was strong that adventurers would come in, and that the time was not far distant when the town would take a start, and in a few years become a populous city. Miners and prospectors soon took possession of claims in the immediate vicinity, and in one instance a claim was made and ore struck within the limits of our survey.

It was well known that the Indians had been in the habit, for many years, of visiting this portion of their country, for the purpose of getting their supplies of lead; hence the supposition of miners, who had long been engaged in prospecting for lead-mining, that lead would be found on this side of the river and in the vicinity of Dubuque.

This caused a great rush to the new fields, of hundreds, who expected to strike it rich with less labor and expense. All were aware, however, that under the treaty just made with the Sacs and Foxes by Gen. Scott and Gov. Reynolds, they had no right to enter upon these lands, and stood in daily fear of being ordered off by United States troops. But their numbers steadily increased. At length the long expected order came. Major Davenport, Indian Agent at Rock Island, was ordered to go forward, and, with one company of infantry in two Mackinaw boats, commanded by Lieut. Beach, they landed near the mouth of Fever river (Galena) about the first of October. The Major came up to Galena with a letter from Col. George Davenport to the writer, to assist him in the discharge of his delicate duty. Word was sent to Lieut. Beach not to proceed up the river until the afternoon of the next day, as the sight of troops by the miners might make them hard to manage; otherwise, I assured the Major, he would have no trouble. We proceeded at once to a point opposite Dubuque, where we found a comfortable stopping place with the ferryman, and he being a man of considerable influence, I suggested to him the propriety of going over to Dubuque to send men to all the mining camps, requesting a meeting the next morning, at nine o'clock, of all the miners, with the agent, to hear what he had to say, and to assure them at the same time that his mission was a peaceable one, and that there should be no objection manifested to disobey the orders of the Government.

After the departure of our messenger we took a private room to talk over the programme for the meeting, when we suggested that, on assembling, the Major should make a little speech explanatory of his visit, in which he should express sorrow for the hardships it would be to leave their claims, with the hope that the time was not distant when all might lawfully return, etc. The Major said he was not a speech-maker, or a very good talker, but would read the orders sent to him to dispossess them, and see that they crossed the river.

After some discussion, the writer, at his request, wrote out a short address for the Major, and on going over the next morning, we met some four or five hundred miners at the grocery store, who had assembled to listen to the orders sent for their removal. There being no boards or boxes into which to improvise a stand for the speaker, a whisky-barrel was introduced, from the head of which, after apologizing to the miners for the disagreeable duty that had been placed upon the Major, and in consequence of his suffering from a bad cold, we had taken the stand to read to them his short address, and as most of them had spent the summer in the service of the Government as soldiers in the field, and had been honorably discharged, the Major felt satisfied that there would be no objection manifested by any one in the large crowd before us to disobey an order from the Government. After the close of the Major's address, the question was put to vote by raising of hands. There was a general upraising of hands, which was declared to be unanimous for immediate removal. Owing to the good treatment received by the Major, he proposed to treat the entire party, and, to facilitate the matter, buckets of whisky with tin cups were passed around, and after all had partaken they shook hands with the Major and commenced Crossing over in flatboats.

At three o'clock in the afternoon we crossed over on the last boat, and took our departure for Galena. During the evening the Major's report of how his peaceable removal of a large body of intruders from the west to the east bank of the Mississippi had been accomplished, was made out and mailed. But the further fact that all those miners had recrossed the river, and were then in their mining camps, was not recorded, for the reason that the Major had not been posted as to their intentions.

Owing to the provisions of the treaty, it was a long time before Congress passed an act for the sale of these lands, and confirmation to the titles of town sites, hence, many of those who had laid out the town of Dubuque had left the county, and at the time of proving up their claims failed to put in an appearance—the writer being one of them—whilst those who remained, with the Messrs. Langworthy, became sole proprietors—the latter having lived to see the town rise in importance, and at this time become one of the most populous cities on the west side of the Mississippi.

TREATY WITH THE SIOUX, ETC., 1825.

Aug. 19, 1825. | 7 Stat., 272. | Proclamation. Feb. 6, 1826.

Treaty with the Sioux and Chippewa, Sacs and Fox, Menominie, Ioway, Sioux, Winnebago, and a portion of the Ottawa, Chippewa, and Potawattomie, Tribes.

THE United States of America have seen with much regret, that wars have for many years been carried on between the Sioux and the Chippewas, and more recently between the confederated tribes of Sacs and Foxes, and the Sioux; and also between the Ioways and Sioux; which, if not terminated, may extend to the other tribes, and involve the Indians upon the Missouri, the Mississippi, and the Lakes, in general hostilities. In order, therefore, to promote peace among these tribes, and to establish boundaries among them and the other tribes who live in their vicinity, and thereby to remove all causes of future difficulty, the United States have invited the Chippewa, Sac, and Fox, Menominie, Ioway, Sioux, Winnebago, and a portion of the Ottawa, Chippewa and Potawatomie Tribes of Indians living upon the Illinois, to assemble together, and in a spirit of mutual conciliation to accomplish these objects; and to aid therein, have appointed William Clark and Lewis Cass, Commissioners on their part, who have met the Chiefs, Warriors, and Representatives of the said tribes, and portion of tribes, at Prairie des Chiens, in the Territory of Michigan, and after full deliberation, the said tribes, and portions of tribes, have agreed with the United States, and with one another, upon the following articles.

ARTICLE 1.

There shall be a firm and perpetual peace between the Sioux and Chippewas; between the Sioux and the confederated tribes of Sacs and Foxes; and between the Ioways and the Sioux.

ARTICLE 2.

It is agreed between the confederated Tribes of the Sacs and Foxes, and the Sioux, that the Line between their respective countries shall be as follows: Commencing at the mouth of the Upper Ioway River, on the west bank of the Mississippi, and ascending the said Ioway river, to its left fork; thence up that fork to its source; thence crossing the fork of Red Cedar River, in a direct line to the second or upper fork of the Desmoines river; and thence in a direct line to the lower fork of the Calumet river; and down that river to its juncture with the Missouri river. But the Yancton band of the Sioux tribe, being principally interested in the establishment of the line from the Forks of the Desmoines to the Missouri, and not being sufficiently represented to render the definitive establishment of that line proper, it is expressly declared that the line from the forks of the Desmoines to the forks of the Calumet river, and down that river to the Missouri, is not to be considered as settled until the assent of the Yancton band shall be given thereto. And if the said band should refuse their assent, the arrangement of that portion of the boundary line shall be void, and the rights of the parties to the country bounded thereby, shall be the same as if no provision had been made for the extension of the line west of the forks of the Desmoines. And the Sacs and Foxes relinquish to the tribes interested therein, all their claim to land on the east side of the Mississippi river.

ARTICLE 3.

The Ioways accede to the arrangement between the Sacs and Foxes, and the Sioux; but it is agreed between the Ioways and the confederated tribes of the Sacs and Foxes, that the Ioways have a just claim to a portion of the country between the boundary line described in the next preceding article, and the Missouri and Mississippi; and that the said Ioways, and Sacs and Foxes, shall peaceably occupy the same, until some satisfactory arrangement can be made between them for a division of their respective claims to country.

ARTICLE 4.

The Ottoes not being represented at this Council, and the Commissioners for the United States being anxious that justice should be done to all parties, and having reason to believe that the Ottoes have a just claim to a portion of the country upon the Missouri, east and south of the boundary line dividing the Sacs and Foxes and the Ioways, from the Sioux, it is agreed between the parties interested therein, and the United States, that the claim of the Ottoes shall not be affected by any thing herein contained; but the same shall remain as valid as if this treaty had not been formed.

ARTICLE 5.

It is agreed between the Sioux and the Chippewas, that the line dividing their respective countries shall commence at the Chippewa River, half a day's march below the falls; and from thence it shall run to Red Cedar River, immediately below the falls; from thence to the St. Croix River, which it strikes at a place called the standing cedar, about a day's paddle in a canoe, above the Lake at the mouth of that river; thence passing between two lakes called by the Chippewas "Green Lakes," and by the Sioux "the lakes they bury the Eagles in," and from thence to the standing cedar that "the Sioux Split;" thence to Rum River, crossing it at the mouth of a small creek called choaking creek, a long day's march from the Mississippi; thence to a point of woods that projects into the prairie, half a day's march from the Mississippi; thence in a straight line to the mouth of the first river which enters the Mississippi on its west side above the mouth of Sac river; thence ascending the said river (above the mouth of Sac river) to a small lake at its source; thence in a direct line to a lake at the head of Prairie river, which is supposed to enter the Crow Wing river on its South side; thence to Otter-tail lake Portage; thence to said Ottertail lake, and down through the middle thereof, to its outlet; thence in a direct line, so as to strike Buffalo river, half way from its source to its mouth, and down the said river to Red River; thence descending Red river to the mouth of Outard or Goose creek: The eastern boundary of the Sioux commences opposite the mouth of Ioway river, on the Mississippi, runs back two or three miles to the bluffs, follows the bluffs, crossing Bad axe river, to the mouth of Black river, and from Black river to half a day's march below the Falls of the Chippewa River.

ARTICLE 6.

It is agreed between the Chippewas and Winnebagoes, so far as they are mutually interested therein, that the southern boundary line of the Chippewa country shall commence on the Chippewa river aforesaid, half a day's march below the falls on that river, and run thence to the source of Clear Water river, a branch of the Chippewa; thence south to Black river; thence to a

point where the woods project into the meadows, and thence to the Plover Portage of the Ouisconsin.

ARTICLE 7.

It is agreed between the Winnebagoes and the Sioux, Sacs and Foxes, Chippewas and Ottawas, Chippewas and Potawatomes of the Illinois, that the Winnebago country shall be bounded as follows: south easterly by Rock River, from its source near the Winnebago lake, to the Winnebago village, about forty miles above its mouth; westerly by the east line of the tract, lying upon the Mississippi, herein secured to the Ottawa, Chippewa and Potawatomie Indians, of the Illinois; and also by the high bluff, described in the Sioux boundary, and running north to Black river: from this point the Winnebagoes claim up Black river, to a point due west from the source of the left fork of the Ouisconsin; thence to the source of the said fork, and down the same to the Ouisconsin; thence down the Ouisconsin to the portage, and across the portage to Fox river; thence down Fox river to the Winnebago lake, and to the grand Kan Kanlin, including in their claim the whole of Winnebago lake; but, for the causes stated in the next article, this line from Black river must for the present be left indeterminate.

ARTICLE 8.

The representatives of the Menominies not being sufficiently acquainted with their proper boundaries, to settle the same definitively, and some uncertainty existing in consequence of the cession made by that tribe upon Fox River and Green Bay, to the New York Indians, it is agreed between the said Menominie tribe, and the Sioux, Chippewas, Winnebagoes, Ottawa, Chippewa and Potawatomie Indians of the Illinois, that the claim of the Menominies to any portion of the land within the boundaries allotted to either of the said tribes, shall not be barred by any stipulation herein; but the same shall remain as valid as if this treaty had not been concluded. It is, however, understood that the general claim of the Menominies is bounded on the north by the Chippewa country, on the east by Green Bay and lake Michigan extending as far south as Millawaukee river, and on the West they claim to Black River.

ARTICLE 9.

The country secured to the Ottawa, Chippewa, and Potawatomie tribes of the Illinois, is bounded as follows: Beginning at the Winnebago village, on Rock river, forty miles from its mouth and running thence down the Rock river to a line which runs from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi, and with that line to the Mississippi, opposite to Rock Island; thence up that river to the United States reservation, at the mouth of the Ouisconsin; thence with the south and east lines of the said reservation to the Ouisconsin; thence, southerly, passing the heads of the small streams emptying into the Mississippi, to the Rock river at the Winnebago village. The Illinois Indians have also a just claim to a portion of the country bounded south by the Indian boundary line aforesaid, running from the southern extreme of lake Michigan, east by lake Michigan, north by the Menominie country, and north-west by Rock river. This claim is recognized in the treaty concluded with the said Illinois tribes at St. Louis, August 24, 1816, but as the Millewakee and Manetoowalk bands are not represented at this Council, it cannot be now definitively adjusted.

ARTICLE 10.

All the tribes aforesaid acknowledge the general controlling power of the United States, and disclaim all dependence upon, and connection with, any other power. And the United States agree to, and recognize, the preceding boundaries, subject to the limitations and restrictions before provided. It being, however, well understood that the reservations at Fever River, at the Ouisconsin, and St. Peters, and the ancient settlements at Prairie des Chiens and Green Bay, and the land property thereto belonging, and the reservations made upon the Mississippi, for the use of the half breeds, in the treaty concluded with the Sacs and Foxes, August 24, 1824, are not claimed by either of the said tribes.

ARTICLE 11.

The United States agree, whenever the President may think it necessary and proper, to convene such of the tribes, either separately or together, as are interested in the lines left unsettled herein, and to recommend to them an amicable and final adjustment of their respective claims, so that the work, now happily begun, may be consummated. It is agreed, however, that a Council shall be held with the Yancton band of the Sioux, during the year 1826, to explain to them the stipulations of this treaty, and to procure their assent thereto, should they be disposed to give it, and also with the Ottoes, to settle and adjust their title to any of the country claimed by the Sacs, Foxes, and Ioways.

ARTICLE 12.

The Chippewa tribe being dispersed over a great extent of country, and the Chiefs of that tribe having requested, that such portion of them as may be thought proper, by the Government of the United States, may be assembled in 1826, upon some part of Lake Superior, that the objects and advantages of this treaty may be fully explained to them, so that the stipulations thereof may be observed by the warriors. The Commissioners of the United States assent thereto, and it is therefore agreed that a council shall accordingly be held for these purposes.

ARTICLE 13.

It is understood by all the tribes, parties hereto, that no tribe shall hunt within the acknowledged limits of any other without their assent, but it being the sole object of this arrangement to perpetuate a peace among them, and amicable relations being now restored, the Chiefs of all the tribes have expressed a determination, cheerfully to allow a reciprocal right of hunting on the lands of one another, permission being first asked and obtained, as before provided for.

ARTICLE 14.

Should any causes of difficulty hereafter unhappily arise between any of the tribes, parties hereunto, it is agreed that the other tribes shall interpose their good offices to remove such

difficulties; and also that the government of the United States may take such measures as they may deem proper, to effect the same object.

ARTICLE 15.

This treaty shall be obligatory on the tribes, parties hereto, from and after the date hereof, and on the United States, from and after its ratification by the government thereof.

Done, and signed, and sealed, at Prairie des Chiens, in the territory of Michigan, this nineteenth day of August, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-five, and of the independence of the United States the fiftieth.

William Clark, [L. S.]

Lewis Cass, [L. S.]

Sioux:

Wa-ba-sha, x or the leaf, [L. S.]

Pe-tet-te x Corbeau, little crow, [L. S.]

The Little x of the Wappitong tribe, [L. S.]

Tartunka-nasiah x Sussitong, [L. S.]

Sleepy Eyes, x Sossitong, [L. S.]

Two faces x do [L. S.]

French Crow x Wappacoota, [L. S.]

Kee-jee x do [L. S.]

Tar-se-ga x do [L. S.]

Wa-ma-de-tun-ka x black dog, [L. S.]

Wan-na-ta x Yancton, or he that charges on his enemies, [L. S.]

Red Wing x [L. S.]

Ko-ko-ma-ko x [L. S.]

Sha-co-pe x the Sixth, [L. S.]

Pe-ni-si-on x [L. S.]

Eta-see-pa x Wabasha's band, [L. S.]

Wa-ka-u-hee, x Sioux band, rising thunder, [L. S.]

The Little Crow, x Sussetong, [L. S.]

Po-e-ha-pa x Me-da-we-con-tong, or eagle head, [L. S.]

Ta-ke-wa-pa x Wappitong, or medicine blanket, [L. S.]

Tench-ze-part, x his bow, [L. S.]

Masc-pu-lo-chas-tosh, x the white man, [L. S.]

Te-te-kar-munch, x the buffaloman, [L. S.]

Wa-sa-o-ta x Sussetong, or a great of hail, [L. S.]

Oeyah-ko-ca, x the crackling tract, [L. S.]

Mak-to-wah-ke-ark, x the bear, [L. S.]

Winnebagoes:

Les quatre jambes, x [L. S.]

Carimine, x the turtle that walks, [L. S.]

De-ca-ri, x [L. S.]

Wan-ca-ha-ga, x or snake's skin, [L. S.]

Sa-sa-ma-ni, x [L. S.]

Wa-non-che-qua, x the merchant, [L. S.]

Chon-que-pa, x or dog's head, [L. S.]

Cha-rat-chon, x the smoker, [L. S.]

Ca-ri-ca-si-ca, x he that kills the crow, [L. S.]

Watch-kat-o-que, x the grand canoe, [L. S.]

Ho-wa-mick-a, x the little elk, [L. S.]

Menominees:

Ma-can-me-ta, x medicine bear, [L. S.]

Chau-wee-nou-mi-tai, x medicine south wind, [L. S.]

Char-o-nee, x [L. S.]

Ma-wesh-a, x the little wolf, [L. S.]

A-ya-pas-mis-ai, x the thunder that turns, [L. S.]

Cha-ne-pau, x the riband, [L. S.]

La-me-quon, x the spoon, [L. S.]

En-im-e-tas, x the barking wolf, [L. S.]

Pape-at, x the one just arrived, [L. S.]

O-que-men-ce, x the little chief, [L. S.]

Chippewas:

Shinguaba x W'Ossin, 1st chief of the Chippewa nation, Saulte St. Marie, [L. S.]

Gitspee x Jiauba, 2d chief, [L. S.]

Gitspee x Waskee, or le boeuf of la pointe lake Superior, [L. S.]

Nain-a-boo-zhu, x of la pointe lake Superior, [L. S.]

Monga, x Zid or loon's foot of Fond du Lac, [L. S.]

Weescoup, x or sucre of Fond du Lac, [L. S.]

Mush-Koas, x or the elk of Fond du Lac, [L. S.]

Nau-bun x Aqeezhik, of Fond du Lac, [L. S.]

Kau-ta-waubeta, x or broken tooth of Sandy lake, [L. S.]

Pugisaingegen, x or broken arm of Sandy lake, [L. S.]

Kwee-weezaishish, x or gross guelle of Sandy lake, [L. S.]

Ba-ba-see-kundade, x or curling hair of Sandy lake, [L. S.]

Paashineep, x or man shooting at the mark of Sandy lake, [L. S.]

Pu-ga-a-gik, x the little beef, Leech lake, [L. S.]

Pee-see-ker, x or buffalo, St. Croix band, [L. S.]

Nau-din, x or the wind, St. Croix band, [L. S.]

Nau-quan-a-bee, x of Mille lac, [L. S.]

Tu-kau-bis-hoo, x or crouching lynx of Lac Courte Oreille, [L. S.]

The Red Devil, x of Lac Courte Oreille, [L. S.]

The Track, x of Lac Courte Oreille, [L. S.]

Ne-bo-na-bee, x the mermaid Lac Courte Oreille, [L. S.]

Pi-a-gick, x the single man St. Croix, [L. S.]

Pu-in-a-ne-gi, x, or the hole in the day, Sandy lake, [L. S.]

Moose-o-mon-e, x plenty of elk, St. Croix band, [L. S.]

Nees-o-pe-na, x or two birds of Upper Red Cedar lake, [L. S.]

Shaata, x the pelican of Leech lake, [L. S.]

Che-on-o-quet, x the great cloud of Leech lake, [L. S.]

I-au-ben-see, x the little buck of Red lake, [L. S.]

Kia-wa-tas, x the tarrier of Leech lake, [L. S.]

Mau-ge-ga-bo, x the leader of Leech lake, [L. S.]

Nan-go-tuck, x the flame of Leech lake, [L. S.]

Nee-si-day-sish, x the sky of Red lake, [L. S.]

Pee-chan-a-nim, x striped feather of Sandy lake, [L. S.]

White Devil, x of Leech lake, [L. S.]

Ka-ha-ka, x the sparrow, Lac

Courte Oreille, [L. S.]

I-au-be-ence, x little buck of Rice lake, Ca-ba-ma-bee, x the assembly of St. Croix, [L. S.]

Nau-gau-nosh, x the forward man lake Flambeau, [L. S.]

Caw-win-dow, x he that gathers berries of Sandy Lake, [L. S.]

On-que-ess, the mink, lake Superior, [L. S.]

Ke-we-ta-ke-pe, x all round the sky, [L. S.]

The-sees, x [L. S.]

Ottawas:

Chaboner, x or Chambly, [L. S.]

Shaw-fau-wick, x the mink, [L. S.]

Potawatomies:

Ignace, x [L. S.]

Ke-o-kuk, x [L. S.]

Che-chan-quose, x the little crane, [L. S.]

Taw-wa-na-nee, x the trader, [L. S.]

Sacs:

Na-o-tuk, x the stabbing chief, [L. S.]

Pish-ken-au-nee, x all fish, [L. S.]

Po-ko-nau-qua, x or broken arm, [L. S.]

Wau-kau-che, x eagle nose, [L. S.]

Quash-kaume, x jumping fish, [L. S.]

Ochaach, x the fisher, [L. S.]

Ke-o-kuck, x the watchful fox, [L. S.]

Skin-gwin-ee-see, the x ratler, [L. S.]

Was-ar-wis-ke-no, x the yellow bird, [L. S.]

Pau-ko-tuk, x the open sky, [L. S.]

Au-kaak-wan-e-suk, x he that vaults on the earth, [L. S.]

Mu-ku-taak-wan-wet, x [L. S.]

Mis-ke-bee, x the standing hair, [L. S.]

Foxes:

Wan-ba-law, x the playing fox, [L. S.]

Ti-a-mah, x the bear that makes the rocks shake, [L. S.]

Pee-ar-maski, x the jumping sturgeon, [L. S.]

Shagwa-na-tekwishu, x the thunder that is heard all over the world, [L. S.]

Mis-o-win, x moose deer horn, [L. S.]

No-ko-wot, x the down of the fur, [L. S.]

Nau-sa-wa-quot, x the bear that

sleeps on the forks, [L. S.]

Shin-quin-is, x the ratler, [L. S.]

O-lo-pee-aau, x or Mache-paho-ta, the bear, [L. S.]

Keesis, x the sun, [L. S.]

No-wank, x he that gives too little, [L. S.]

Kan-ka-mote, x [L. S.]

Neek-waa, x [L. S.]

Ka-tuck-e-kan-ka, x the fox with a spotted breast, [L. S.]

Mock-to-back-sa-gum, x black tobacco, [L. S.]

Wes-kesa, x the bear family, [L. S.]

Ioways:

Ma-hos-ka, x the white cloud, [L. S.]

Pumpkin, x [L. S.]

Wa-ca-nee, x the painted medicine, [L. S.]

Tar-no-mun, x a great many deer, [L. S.]

Wa-hoo-ga, x the owl, [L. S.]

Ta-ca-mo-nee, x the lightning, [L. S.]

Wa-push-a, x the man killer, [L. S.]

To-nup-he-non-e, x the flea, [L. S.]

Mon-da-tonga, x [L. S.]

Cho-wa-row-a, x [L. S.]

Witnesses:

Thomas Biddle, secretary,

R. A. McCabe, Captain Fifth Infantry,

R. A. Forsyth,

N. Boilvin, United States Indian agent,

C. C. Trowbridge, sub Indian agent,

Henry R. Schoolcraft, United States Indian agent,

B. F. Harney, Surgeon U. S. Army,

W. B. Alexander, sub Indian agent,

Thomas Forsyth, agent Indian affairs,

Marvien Blondau,

David Bailey,

James M'Ilvaine, lieutenant U. S. Army,

Law. Taliaferro, Indian agent for Upper Mississippi,

John Holiday,

William Dickson,

S. Campbell, United States interpreter,

J. A. Lewis,

William Holiday,

Dunable Denejlevy,

Bela Chapman.

TREATY WITH THE CHIPPEWA, ETC., 1829.

July 29, 1829. | 7 Stat., 320. | Proclamation, Jan. 2, 1830.

Articles of a treaty made and concluded at Prairie du Chien, in the Territory of Michigan, between the United States of America, by their Commissioners, General John McNeil, Colonel Pierre Menard, and Caleb Atwater, Esq. and the United Nations of Chippewa, Ottawa, and Potawatamie Indians, of the waters of the Illinois, Milwaukee, and Manitoouck Rivers.

ARTICLE 1.

THE aforesaid nations of Chippewa, Ottawa, and Potawatamie Indians, do hereby cede to the United States aforesaid, all the lands comprehended within the following limits, to wit: Beginning at the Winnebago Village, on Rock river, forty miles from its mouth, and running thence down the Rock river, to a line which runs due west from the most southern bend of Lake Michigan to the Mississippi river, and with that line to the Mississippi river opposite to Rock Island; thence, up that river, to the United States' reservation at the mouth of the Ouisconsin; thence, with the south and east lines of said reservation, to the Ouisconsin river; thence, southerly, passing the heads of the small streams emptying into the Mississippi, to the Rock River aforesaid, at the Winnebago Village, the place of beginning. And, also, one other tract of land, described as follows, to wit: Beginning on the Western Shore of Lake Michigan, at the northeast corner of the field of Antoine Ouitmette, who lives near Gross Pointe, about twelve miles north of Chicago; thence, running due west, to the Rock River, aforesaid; thence, down the said river, to where a line drawn due west from the most southern bend of Lake Michigan crosses said river; thence, east, along said line, to the Fox River of the Illinois; thence, along the northwestern boundary line of the cession of 1816, to Lake Michigan; thence, northwardly, along the Western Shore of said Lake, to the place of beginning.

ARTICLE 2.

In consideration of the aforesaid cessions of land, the United States aforesaid agree to pay to the aforesaid nations of Indians the sum of sixteen thousand dollars, annually, forever, in specie: said sum to be paid at Chicago. And the said United States further agree to cause to be delivered to said nations of Indians, in the month of October next, twelve thousand dollars worth of goods as a present. And it is further agreed, to deliver to said Indians, at Chicago, fifty barrels of salt, annually, forever; and further, the United States agree to make permanent, for the use of the said Indians, the blacksmith's establishment at Chicago.

ARTICLE 3.

From the cessions aforesaid, there shall be reserved, for the use of the undernamed Chiefs and their bands, the following tracts of land, viz:

For *Wau pon-eh-see*, five sections of land at the Grand Bois, on Fox River of the Illinois, where *Shaytee's* Village now stands.

For *Shab-eh-nay*, two sections at his village near the Paw-paw Grove. For *Awn-kote*, four sections at the village of *Saw-meh-naug*, on the Fox River of the Illinois.

ARTICLE 4.

There shall be granted by the United States, to each of the following persons, (being descendants from Indians,) the following tracts of land, viz: To Claude Laframboise, one section of land on the Riviere aux Pleins, adjoining the line of the purchase of 1816.

To François Bourbonné, Jr. one section at the Missionary establishment, on the Fox River of the Illinois. To Alexander Robinson, for himself and children, two sections on the Riviere aux Pleins, above and adjoining the tract herein granted to Claude Laframboise. To Pierre Leclerc, one section at the village of the As-sim-in-eh-Kon, or Paw-paw Grove. To Waish-kee-Shaw, a Potawatamie woman, wife of David Laughton, and to her child, one and a half sections at the old village of Nay-ou-Say, at or near the source of the Riviere aux Sables of the Illinois. To Billy Caldwell, two and a half sections on the Chicago River, above and adjoining the line of the purchase of 1816. To Victoire Pothier, one half section on the Chicago River, above and adjoining the tract of land herein granted to Billy Caldwell. To Jane Miranda, one quarter section on the Chicago River, above and adjoining the tract herein granted to Victoire Pothier. To Madeline, a Potawatamie woman, wife of Joseph Ogee, one section west of and adjoining the tract herein granted to Pierre Leclerc, at the Paw-paw Grove. To Archange Ouilmette, a Potawatamie woman, wife of Antoine Ouilmette, two sections, for herself and her children, on Lake Michigan, south of and adjoining the northern boundary of the cession herein made by the Indians aforesaid to the United States. To Antoine and François Leclerc, one section each, lying on the Mississippi River, north of and adjoining the line drawn due west from the most southern bend of Lake Michigan, where said line strikes the Mississippi River. To Mo-ah-way, one quarter section on the north side of and adjoining the tract herein granted to Waish-Kee-Shaw.

The tracts of land herein stipulated to be granted, shall never be leased or conveyed by the grantees, or their heirs, to any persons whatever, without the permission of the President of the United States.

ARTICLE 5.

The United States, at the request of the Indians aforesaid, further agree to pay to the persons named in the schedule annexed to this treaty, the sum of eleven thousand six hundred and one dollars; which sum is in full satisfaction of the claims brought by said persons against said Indians, and by them acknowledged to be justly due.

ARTICLE 6.

And it is further agreed, that the United [States] shall, at their own expense, cause to be surveyed, the northern boundary line of the cession herein made, from Lake Michigan to the Rock River, as soon as practicable after the ratification of this treaty, and shall also cause good and sufficient marks and mounds to be established on said line.

ARTICLE 7.

The right to hunt on the lands herein ceded, so long as the same shall remain the property of the United States, is hereby secured to the nations who are parties to this treaty.

ARTICLE 8.

This treaty shall take effect and be obligatory on the contracting parties, as soon as the same shall be ratified by the President of the United States, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate thereof.

In testimony whereof, the said John McNiel, Pierre Menard, and Caleb Atwater, commissioners as aforesaid, and the chiefs and warriors of the said Chippewa, Ottawa, and Potawatamie nations, have hereunto set their

hands and seals, at Prairie du Chein, as aforesaid, this twenty-ninth day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-nine.

John Mc Niel, [L. S.]

Pierre Menard, [L. S.]

Caleb Atwater, [L. S.]

Commissioners.

Sin-eh-pay-nim, his x mark, [L. S.]

Kawb-suk-we, his x mark, [L. S.]

Wau-pon-eh-see, his x mark, [L. S.]

Naw-geh-say, his x mark, [L. S.]

Shaw-a-nay-see, his x mark, [L. S.]

Naw-geh-to-nuk, his x mark, [L. S.]

Meek-say-mauk, his x mark, [L. S.]

Kaw-gaw-gay-shee, his x mark, [L. S.]

Maw-geh-set, his x mark, [L. S.]

Meck-eh-so, his x mark, [L. S.]

Awn-kote, his x mark, [L. S.]

Shuk-eh-nay-buk, his x mark, [L. S.]

Sho-men, his x mark, [L. S.]

Nay-a-mush, his x mark, [L. S.]

Pat-eh-ko-zuk, his x mark, [L. S.]

Mash-kak-suk, his x mark, [L. S.]

Pooh-kin-eh-naw, his x mark, [L. S.]

Waw-kay-zo, his x mark, [L. S.]

Sou-ka-mock, his x mark, [L. S.]

Chee-chee-pin-quay, his x mark, [L. S.]

Man-eh-bo-zo, his x mark, [L. S.]

Shah-way-ne-be-nay, his x mark, [L. S.]

Kaw-kee, his x mark, [L. S.]

To-rum, his x mark, [L. S.]

Nah-yah-to-shuk, his x mark, [L. S.]

Mee-chee-kee-wis, his x mark, [L. S.]

Es-kaw-bey-wis, his x mark, [L. S.]

Wau-pay-kay, his x mark, [L. S.]

Michel, his x mark, [L. S.]

Nee-kon-gum, his x mark, [L. S.]

Mes-quaw-be-no-quay, her x mark, [L. S.]

Pe-i-tum, her x mark, [L. S.]

Kay-wau, her x mark, [L. S.]

Wau-kaw-ou-say, her x mark, [L. S.]

Shem-naw, her x mark, [L. S.]

In presence of—

Charles Hempstead, secretary to the commission,

Alex. Wolcott, Indian agent,

Jos. M. Street, Indian agent,

Thomas Forsyth, Indian agent,

Z. Taylor, Lieutenant-Colonel U. S. Army,

John H. Kinzie, subagent Indian affairs,

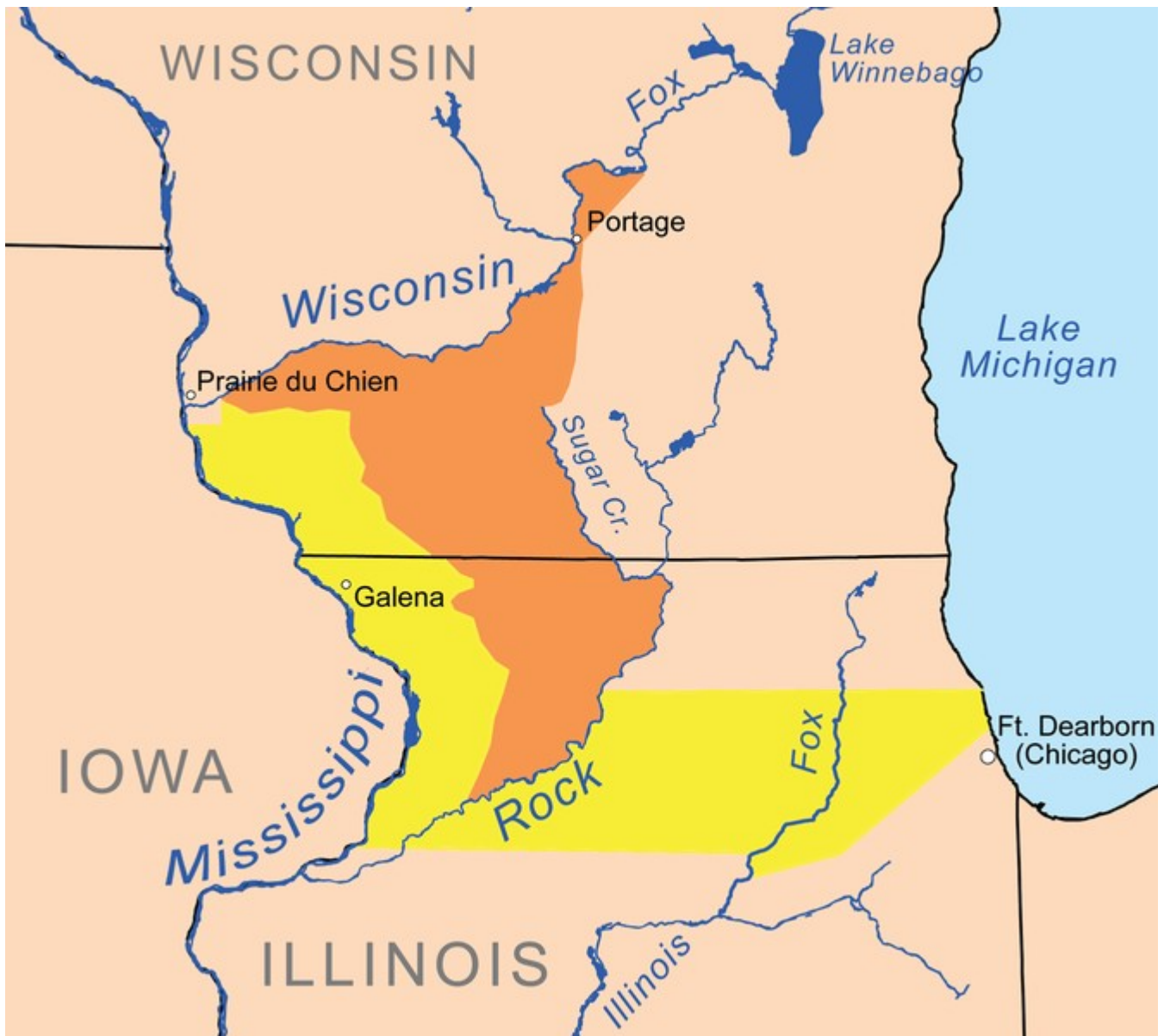
R. B. Mason, captain, First Infantry,

John Garland, major, U. S. Army,
H. Dodge,
A. Hill,
Henry Gratiot,
Richard Gentry,
John Messersmith,
Wm. P. Smith,
C. Chouteau,
James Turney,
Jesse Benton, Jr.,
J. L. Bogardus,
Antoine Le Claire, Indian interpreter,
Jon. W. B. Mette, Indian interpreter,
Sogee,
John W. Johnson.

July 29, 1829.

7 Stat., 604.

Schedule of claims and debts to be paid by the United States for the Chippewa, Ottawa, and Pottawatamie Indians, under the fifth article of the treaty of the 29th July, 1829, with said tribe.

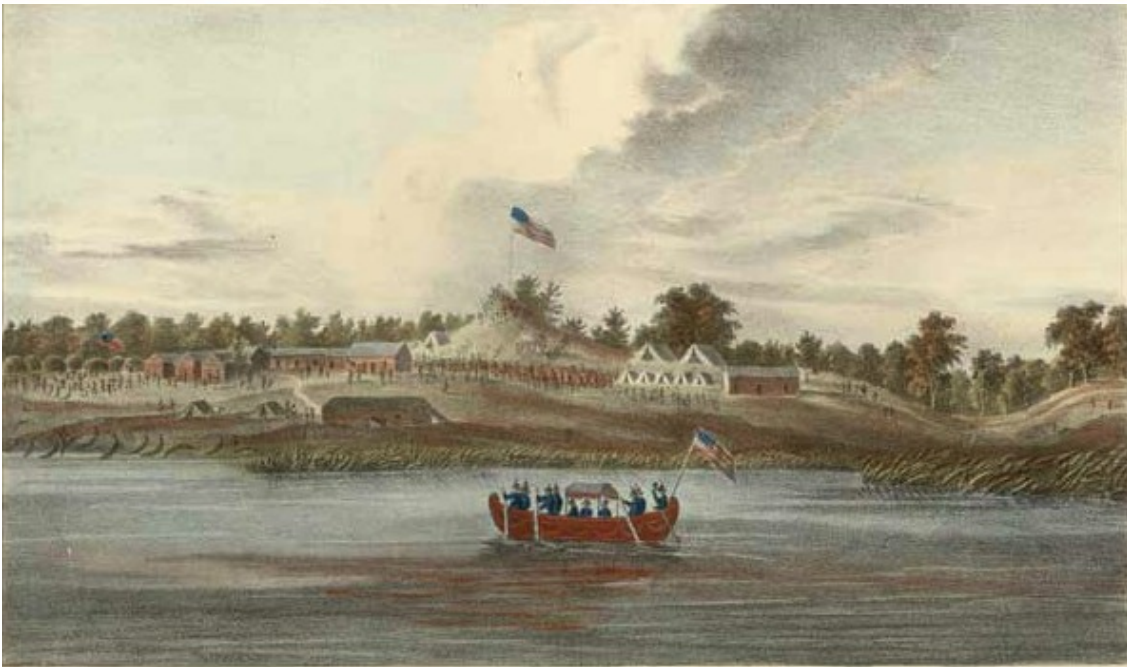


Land ceded to the U.S. at Prairie du Chien in 1829 by the [Three Fires Confederacy](#) (in yellow) and the Ho-Chunk tribe (in orange). Land Surrendered



Lithman & Dorval Lith'g

VIEW OF THE GREAT TREATY FIELD AT PRAIRIE DU CHIEN
SEPTEMBER 1823



Lithman & Dorval Lith'g

A VIEW OF THE LITTLE ROCK TREATY GROUND
with the arrival of the Commissioners Gov. LEWIS CASS and Col. MCKENNEY

in 1827

Drawn on the spot by J. A. Lewis