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Art work of the Fox river valley. 1902

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Oshkosh, Wisconsin: Art Photogravure, 1902

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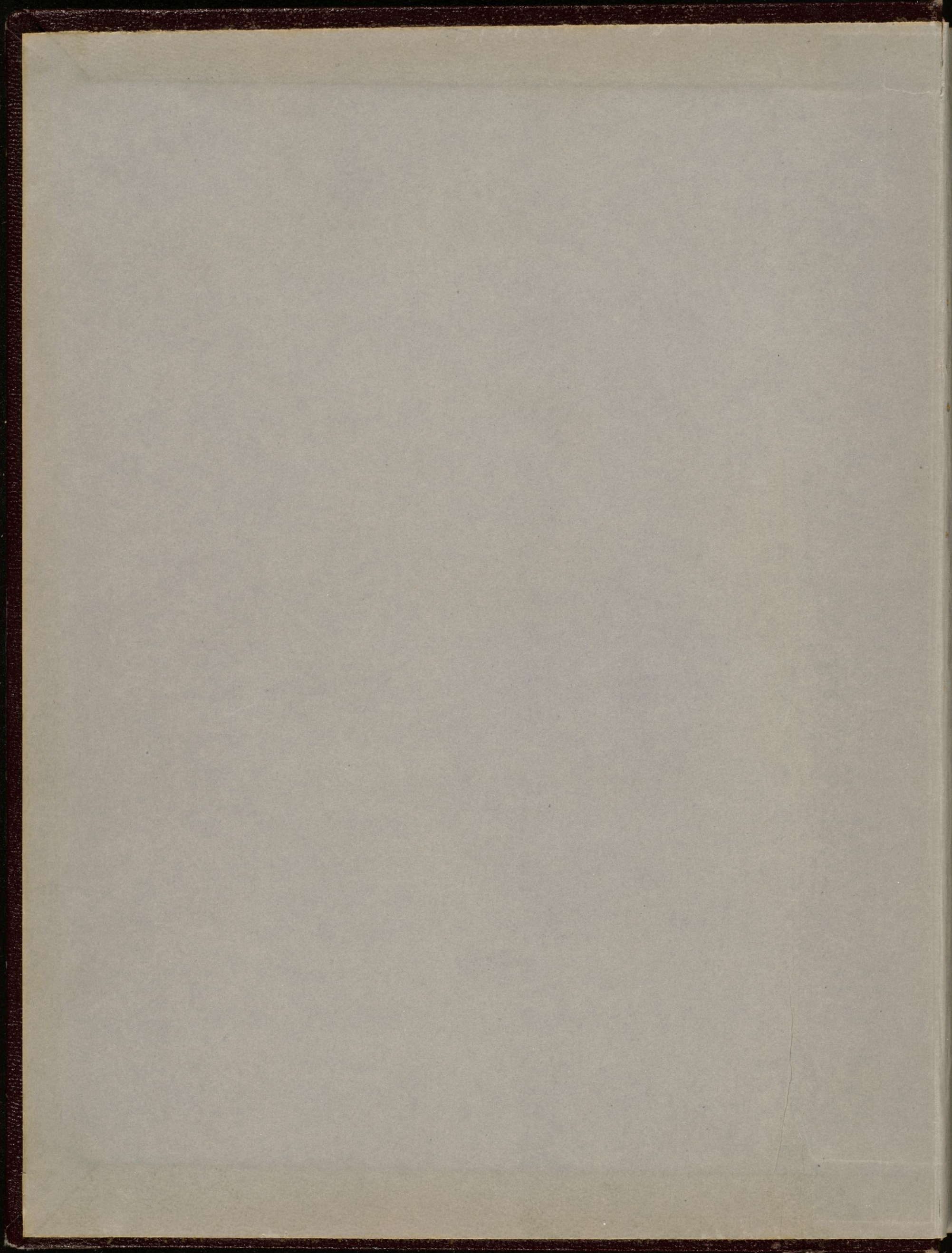
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ART WORK

of

The Fox River Valley



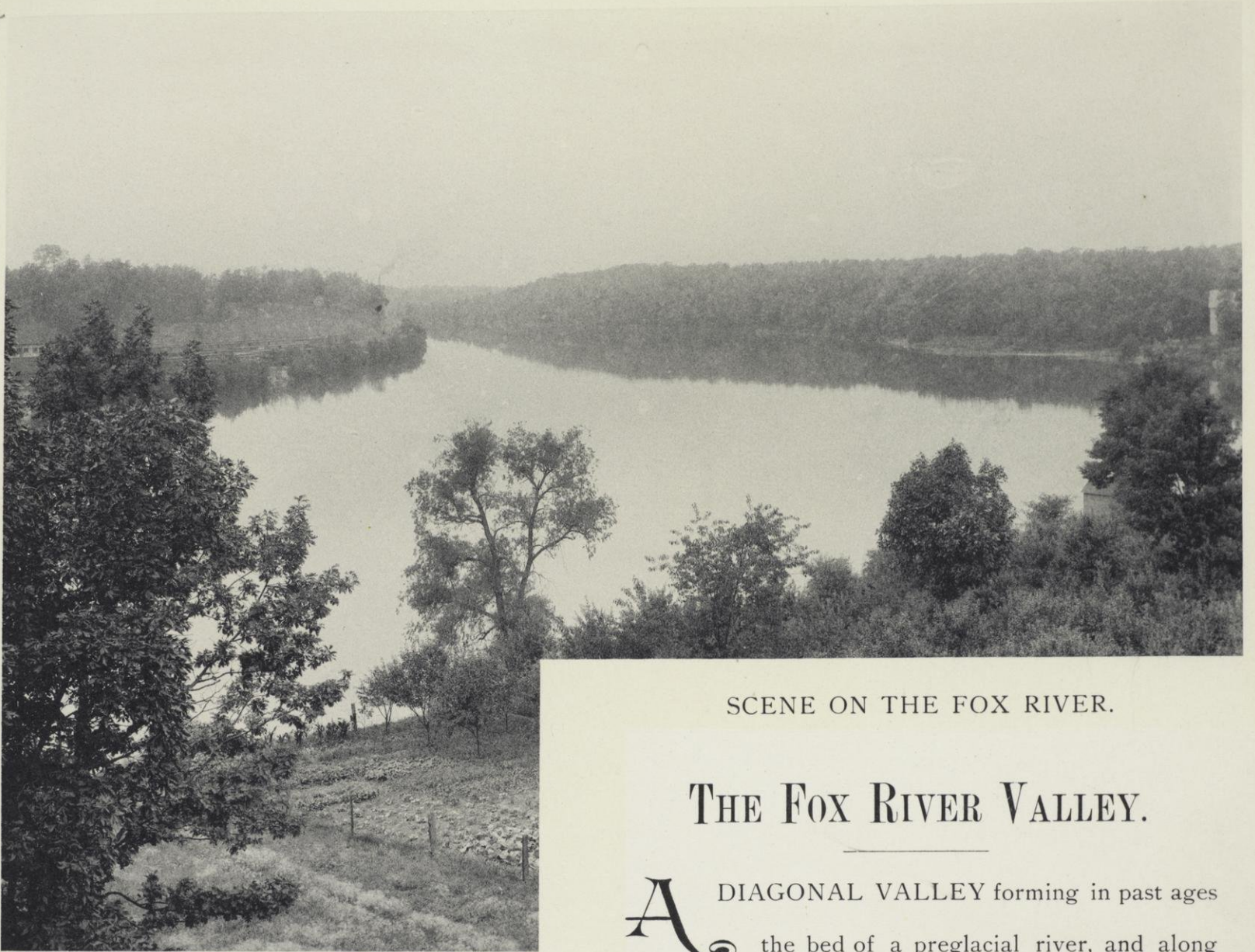
1902

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SCENE ON THE FOX RIVER.

THE FOX RIVER VALLEY.

A DIAGONAL VALLEY forming in past ages the bed of a preglacial river, and along whose length in the glacial period a great ice floe pushed its way southward, holds in its hollow basin today the winding waters of Wisconsin's Fox River. To the eastward running parallel with its entire length and beyond, is a lofty escarpment of lime stone; while the western shore, low for the most part toward the water's edge rises as it recedes with undulating slope, but seldom reaches the height indicated where the pale blue line of "The Ridge" melts against the eastern sky.

Subsequent to the glacial period the river, it is said, filled the width of land between these far parted shores, but centuries are wonder workers and nature left to herself changes constantly the face of the globe and creates new conditions. No violent upheaval, nor outburst of inner forces formed the topography of this fair valley of Fox River, but slowly, unceasingly, almost silently, the work of reconstruction went on, until



SCENE ON THE RIVER—GREEN BAY.



A SUNSET ON LITTLE BUTTE de MORT.



OVERLOOKING THE WATER POWER AT APPLETON.



YACHTING SCENES ON LAKE WINNEBAGO.



SCENE ON THE RIVER—KAUKAUNA.



VIEW OF NEENAH FROM RIVERSIDE PARK.



SCENE AT DE PERE.



SCENE ON THE LAWSON CANAL—MENASHA.



ON THE GOVERNMENT CANAL—MENASHA.

through powerful agencies of running water, vagrant wind and ever recurring tide emerged one of the most beautiful and fertile corners of America.

Lake Winnebago, a picturesque sheet of water thirty-eight miles long, by from twelve to fourteen in width, and famous as a yachting course, divides the upper from the lower Fox. Here the river parts forming Doty Island, and here commences that remarkable fall of the water in a series of rapids, 170 feet in thirty-five miles, which creates the great water power that has made the valley's wealth and solid prosperity. The rapids of Winnebago sweep between the city of Neenah and the southern shore of the island with a fall of eight feet, while the more tortuous northern channel is utilized for navigation, and improved by the government lock and canals through the twin city of Menasha.

It is a point of great natural beauty and landing from our river boat on the dock near the fine Menasha Public Library we make our way across the bridge to Doty Island, so named when to Governor James Duane Doty the Menominees ceded this enchanting bit of land in 1831. Here is the Governor's log cottage built in 1845, a most quaint and picturesque reminder of olden days. Across the water was the traditional council tree where tribal treaties were held. On the Islands southern shore is the site of a Winnebago village, with traces of early Indian corn fields and emblematic burial mounds, over whose curious markings wide spreading oaks and elms have taken firm foothold. Thirty acres of this garden spot unsurpassed in natural beauty is devoted by Menasha to park purposes, and the city in common with Neenah also has a driving park located at the east end of the Island. Across Winnebago Rapids is beautiful Riverside whose velvet lawn sweeps to the water's edge, and along the fine drive which skirts river and park are situated some of Neenah's most attractive homes commanding a view of Lake Winnebago and the steeps of Clifton beyond.

Neenah and Menasha together form one of the greatest manufacturing centers of the state, and the whirr of countless factory and mill wheels throbs through the air where sixty years ago only the pad of a moccasined foot broke the stillness. Wealth in large proportion to the

population is characteristic of these twin cities of the Fox and the carefully kept residences, handsome substantial school houses and business blocks, in short the well groomed aspect of both towns give ocular proof to the intelligent status as well as practical business push of the people.

Again we take to the river which widens below Doty Island into Little Butte de Mort Lake. On the west, levelled now by Chicago & Northwestern railroad tracks rose on a commanding eminence some fifty years ago a burial mound eight feet in height and fifty in diameter, the "Hillock of the Dead." Tradition marks this spot as the stage setting for the tragedy of a great Indian slaughter, where a French commander, Marin, failing to negotiate with the exasperating Fox or Outagamie Indians determined to exterminate the tribe.

Thus as we follow the old Indian trail "we travel in the print of olden wars," some mere tradition as was the story of Marin; others like the expeditions of Sieurs De Lignery and De Louvigny authenticated matters of history. It was, too, at Little Butte de Mort that the treaty was consummated in 1827, when General Lewis Cass met in council Pottawattomies, Miamis, Winnebagoes, Sacs and Outagamies. and J. O. Lewis, an artist of some local celebrity, painted the portraits of their most noted chiefs.

Fox river sweeps northeast now toward Grand Chute, the "Fall of the Grand Konomee," and a most exciting portage in early days. Here the water now curbed to a mill dam, made a perpendicular descent of from five to seven feet and foamed over jagged rocks below; while passengers took to the Indian trail and singing voyageurs lifted high the birch canoe and carried it to the calmer water beyond. We are nearing Appleton; high bluffs rise on either hand crowned by some of the most beautiful of the many artistic homes for which Appleton is famous. From amid embowering trees gleam the white walls of Lawrence University, and the atmosphere of a university town pervades the place. Through the center cuts College avenue, a busy thoroughfare for trade in portions, and from which can be seen the fine City Hall and Public Library; then changing in character it becomes a sedate and distinguished residence street,



SCENE ON THE BEACH AT RED BANKS—GREEN BAY.



SCENE ON CANAL—APPLETON.



LOOKING TOWARD KAUKAUNA FROM RIVER.



A DRIVEWAY IN RIVERSIDE PARK—NEENAH.



VIEW OF EAST DE PERE FROM RIVER.



KITELL FALLS AT THE RIDGE NEAR DE PERE.



THE ELM THAT MARKS SITE OF OLD FORT HOWARD
—GREEN BAY.



VIEW FROM CLIFTON.



SCENE IN PARK—MENASHA.



OVERLOOKING THE RIVER—APPLETON.

broad and quiet and overhung by branching trees. Along the river bank however there is bustle enough, railroad hurry and the hum of machinery, for here again the sprite dwelling in the water power is forced to give impetus to great paper and pulp mills, and other manufacturing industries.

It was at this point that the "Black Robes", Allouez and Dablon, canoeing leisurely upstream in the month of September, 1670, found the shores fringed with delicious fruit, the apple and wild plum, while vines loaded with grape clusters hung over the water's edge.

Still the river lures us on, past the Cedars where the Indian treaty of 1836 was held, now the village of Kimberly, a small but important manufacturing point. A mile further with many an artful turn and twist like the wily animal and wilier savage people whose name it bears, the Outagamie strikes eastward. We slip by Little Chute with its town of the same name on northern shore, and originally the nomadic resting place of Iometa's band of Winnebagoes. The Fox, fed by numerous little creeks and branches prepares now for a dash of fifty-two feet in the course of a mile over the rocky ledges of the Grand Kakalin, forming the most tremendous water power along the river.

Where in 1821 stood a dozen bark covered lodges, each one sheltering some twenty Winnebago Indians, the thriving city of Kaukauna rears its walls. Low lying islands fill the river's channel, again the shores on either hand rise irregular and precipitous, and from their summits fine residences and cultivated grounds overlook the foaming waters below. Kaukauna the "Lion of the Fox" seems to partake of the energy and activity of the rushing water which divides the town. It is a busy place. Monsters of industry in the shape of great paper mills, propelled by the current's exhaustless power impede the river's course, which here makes a wide sweep and turns northward. A half mile farther and dripping moss covered lock gates open to receive our steaming craft while we rest for a moment by one of the most beautiful of the many beauty spots on this fair river.

An old gray-toned house, soft and restful in its harmonious coloring, rises against the sum-

mer sky. Rambling gardens surround it, and great trees hang over the gateway and shade the broad roof and pillared porch. This house was built by Charles Grignon, a descendant of one of the most influential of early French settlers. In the rear a ruined chimney marks where still stood ten years ago the first trading house in Wisconsin, a vantage point by reason of its situation for peltry traffic, as Colonel Dominique Ducharme, a most picturesque swash-buckler of that early day well realized when first he ordered the foundations laid in 1793. A sudden turn and we are at the Croche rapid. Below this the flow is smooth and gradual and still northeast until Plum Creek is reached and old Waupekun, where Hoel S. Wright founded the Wrightstown of today.

Watch closely now for we are nearing the broad tract of land that was ceded by the Menominee Indians to Joseph Jourdain and by him dowered to Madeline, his daughter, when she married Eleazer Williams, claimant to the French throne. It is in its diversified beauty a fair enough fief for even royalty itself to covet. The rapids of the Petit Kakalin, now Little Rapids, and its farming hamlet are passed. On the west side of the river a curving spur of land, once an island, encloses a tiny lake, on whose borders grow bulrushes and the nodding moccasin of the wild "touch me not." A terra cotta road winds down a hill on the northern edge, and runs straight across the flat below to lose itself yonder in a clump of woods, and on an eminence overlooking this placid scene stood until 1897 the log cabin where the reputed Lost Dauphin of France, Louis 17th, dreamed his dreams of royal lineage. It was along this same road winding between wild crab apple trees—in spring time a mass of pink bloom—that Prince de Joinville, brother of King Louis Philippe, and his party of gay French officers galloped in the month of October, 1841, spurring past the Williams place to Lavine's where the night was passed.

Far to the left a church spire points skyward. Bits of forest growth creep close to the shore, broken by park like openings, an occasional cottage gleaming white through the trees. The river sweeps around wooded headlands, widens into a broader stream and gathers its waters for a last rush over a mill dam and the limestone ledges of Rapides des Peres. Our boat slips

into the white lock of the canal between grassy banks close to the point where Father Claude Allouez reared, in 1671, the Mission Refuge of St. Francis Xavier. From here can be seen the memorial tablet placed in commemoration of the heroic Jesuit by citizens of DePere and the State Historical Society in September, 1899. Flouring mills occupy the site of Allouez's bark chapel, and a third of the river's width is spanned by a great paper mill that shows at night its hundred points of light for many miles.

The river sweeps on calm and unbroken now to where a confused mass of shipping marks the entrance to Green Bay. Seventy years ago all the land fronting on this river highway from the Rapides des Peres to Fort Howard was cut into widths of a few arpents and owned by French Canadian habitants. Each little home had its comfortable log house glistening with white-wash, with solid wooden shutters to bar out sneaking Indians and neat gardens picketed in by a palisaded fence. Toward the interior were the community cornfields, held in common, "The Commons" of later years.

The Tank cottage built in 1802 for Judge Jacques Porlier on the west side of the river, and standing to-day under the shadow of an extensive mill plant owned by the Diamond Match Company, is probably the last of these quaint habitant dwellings now left in Wisconsin.

Lawe's point is passed, where still stands the homestead, occupied by his descendants, of the most prominent fur trader of early days, Judge John Lawe. Here the Milwaukee & St. Paul railway bridge spans the river, and for the remaining mile and a half of water highway which is cut by a trio of bridges, to where a great gray elevator stands sentry on the site of old Fort Howard, there is a succession of tracks and coal docks, the shout of stevedores unloading lake craft and the bustle of a commercial and shipping center, for Green Bay forms the gateway to the great lakes, and is the oldest and largest city in the valley of the lower Fox. It was platted along the peninsula lying between East and Fox rivers, but has far overrun its original boundaries putting out each year new additions and engrossing fresh avenues for trade. Not so



A MOONLIGHT EFFECT ON THE FOX.



VIEW OF RIVER FROM ELEVATOR—GREEN BAY.



WHERE THE WATER AND THE WILLOWS MEET.



A GLIMPSE OF THE FOX RIVER BETWEEN APPLETON AND MENASHA.



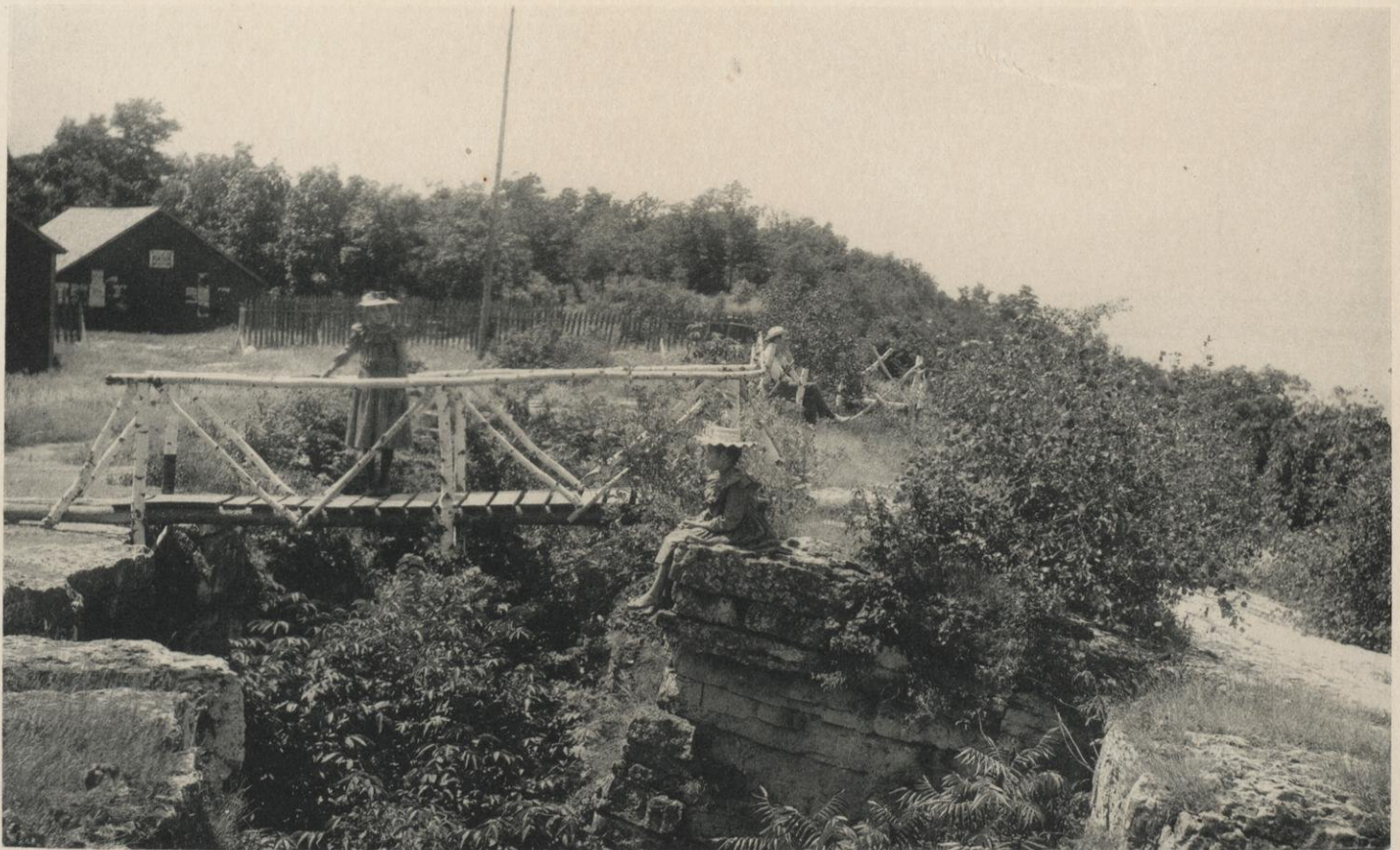
ON THE SHORES OF LAKE WINNEBAGO.



SCENE FROM GOLF GROUNDS—APPLETON.



VIEW ABOVE DE PERE.



SCENES AT CLIFTON.

striking in situation as other of its sister-towns it is yet a most attractive residence point and rapidly becoming metropolitan in character.

Despite the valley's substantial modern growth and material prosperity, touches recalling an olden time are all about us; it is historic ground, and its early story comprises the history of Wisconsin.

In 1634 when France, with Louis XIII as king was in reality ruled by Cardinal Richelieu, when Charles I of England was paving the way to his scaffold and the pilgrim fathers had but just gained foothold on the wind swept shores of Massachusetts, Samuel de Champlain, Governor of New France, determined to gain renown for himself and fresh laurels for his native land by sending Jean Nicolet to seek out a hitherto unexplored country beyond the great lakes. Nicolet, a trusted interpreter of long standing for the "One Hundred Associates" Canada's great fur company, had already familiarized himself as much as possible with the lay of the new land. By questioning bands of strange Indians from the far west who occasionally made their way to Quebec he learned that beyond the great waters dwelt a people distinct from other Indian tribes, called Winnepigous or "Men of the Sea," who from the description Nicolet ultimately determined to be Chinese.

Every year the Jesuit priests in Canada sent to their Superior in Paris an account of how missionary work sped in New France, and of what was afoot in the way of exploration. Through this record we learn of Nicolet's visit to the Fox River valley, briefly told, yet vivid enough when we have as background for the picture our own reed bordered river with the sunshine of late summer shimmering over all. As Nicolet neared his prospective Chinese Empire he donned a robe of oriental colors, and loaded two clumsy pistols. His canoe slid into shallow water and leaping ashore, Champlain's ambassador amid the crack of pistol shots, advanced upon a group of affrighted Winnebago Indians, an outcast branch of the Sioux, in no respect differing from the race among whom his life had been passed.

Peace was concluded, so runs the ancient chronicle. Nicolet journeyed the length and

breadth of the Fox River valley, was feasted and made much of. The first of the many treaties to be held in subsequent years on the shores of Fox River was ratified, and the waterway opened henceforth to the white man for all time.

Two decades passed before Radisson and Groseillers, adventurers rather than explorers, passed along the valley. The story told by Pierre Radisson of their roving experiences is an interesting bit of history, but these two soldiers of fortune antagonized the Indians, many of whom cherished henceforth bitter resentment against any one calling himself a Frenchman.

It was fortunate for the continuance of French influence in the northwest that the next man of prominence to seek these shores was Nicholas Perrot, who for forty years by the ascendancy he gained over the various Indian tribes, and the devoted service rendered by him to France, became the most important figure in the valley history of that time.

Perrot's first visit to the valley was made in 1665 when only twenty-one years of age, and four years later on the second of December, 1669, Father Claude Allouez, a courageous Jesuit, landed at the mouth of the Oconto River on Green Bay. In the spring of 1670 the priest pursued his way up the Outagamie or Fox river, honoring wherever he went his patron saint. Thus the river he christened Saint Francois; Lake Winnebago, Lac St. Francois; Little Butte de Mort, Petit Lac St. Francois until finally selecting a point on the eastern shore of the river and just above the last series of rapids henceforth to be called Rapides des Peres, he erected a bark house and chapel and formally dedicated them to the service of God and in honor of St. Francois Xavier.

It was, Father Allouez says, directly on the thoroughfare for all surrounding Indian tribes, Puants, Sacs, Outagamies, Menominees and Pottawattomies, among whom intercourse was constant either for visit or trade. Later in the year Father Dablon joined Allouez, and the two priests through careful notes give a clear impression of the valley as it appeared in the autumn of 1670.

Lake Winnebago they found deserted by the valley Indians from terror of the Sioux, but

that and the shores of the river are described minutely in their diversified beauty, a paradise of loveliness. The people for the most part they found woefully degraded and superstitious, going without food for days at a time and then by the fantastic dreams of starvation shaping their actions. They worshipped idols set up on the river bank, as at the Grand Chute and Little Rapids, great heads of stone painted in gaudy colors, before whose shrine they scattered offerings of food and tobacco. These idols the priests, reckless of consequences, tumbled into the river.

The valley Indians were but just emerging from savagery into barbarism, for weaving in a rude form was attempted in the rush mats with which they covered their wigwams. They ate from clam shells and clothed themselves in skins of animals. Yet they led after a fashion a busy life enough. The stone cutter plied an active trade, shaping spear and arrow heads and hewing out stone hatchets, and although not a maritime people canoes sufficient to navigate bay and river must be fashioned. At De Pere a rude but effective fish weir was constructed, where not only fish but water fowl were snared and speared, a sport at which the Indian was very expert. Much time was consumed in drying and curing fish, and Father Allouez confesses that it was difficult for him to comply heartily with their request that he offer prayer for a still more prosperous fishing season when at the moment there was barely space for him to kneel so crowded was the cabin with foul smelling fish.

The mission house of St. Francois Xavier was a pleasant wayside resting place in the weary journey between River St. Lawrence and the Mississippi, and had the good fathers kept a visitors' book, it would prove interesting reading in our day. The little cabin entertained that man of action and daring, Greysolon Dulhut, Tonti commander with the iron hand, irresponsible Baron La Hontan, Father Louis Hennepin, and many others whose deeds have made their names famous. Here during the winter of 1673-74 rested Father Jacques Marquette, too weak to proceed on his journey, and here he copied out notes made by him in the preceding summer when with Joliet he discovered the upper Mississippi.

Meantime the fur trade was calling to the valley a constant succession of bushrangers,



POLISH FALLS NEAR DE PERE.



EAST RIVER—GREEN BAY.



PIER AT RED BANKS—GREEN BAY.



SCENE IN PARK—APPLETON.



SCENE BELOW KAUKAUNA.



VIEW ON THE GOVERNMENT CANAL—MENASHA.



SCENE AT COMBINED LOCKS.



DAM NEAR WRIGHTSTOWN.

reckless dare devils, picturesque as a figure in the pages of a romantic novel, but in reality more often ruffians than gay adventurers. In 1681 La Salle issued an order forbidding all traders not bearing a commission from him to follow the Fox River highway, and giving the Indians permission to pillage and murder those who should attempt it. Fierce quarrels between *coureur de bois* and Indians were the result. In 1685 Nicolas Perrot bearing commission from Governor De La Barre was sent to keep peace in La Baye territory, and holds therefore the distinction of being Wisconsin's first governor. Perrot's headquarters were among the rudely built cabins composing the mission of St. Francois Xavier, and in 1686 he presented for use in the church service a silver ostensorium, which the priests buried for safe keeping when they fled to Mackinac some years later. In 1802 this pious relic was recovered and is now deposited in the vaults of the State Historical Society. Another interesting relic of early occupation is a combined sun dial and compass supposed to have been the property of a Jesuit Missionary, and found recently on the Bay Shore near Red Banks, a commanding site occupied from very early times by Indian tribes and claimed by tradition as the Winnebagoes Garden of Eden.

It is a fascinating varied period, the first fifty years of our valley's history, when the white man's tenure of ownership was slight as breath of summer vapor. Combatting ever savage passions and traditions the priests of Loyola were finally driven from the field barely escaping with their lives from the burning ruins of their mission home.

In 1699 King Louis XIV wearied by constant complaints and embroilments in his colonial possessions, issued an order which revoked all license to trade with the Indians and recalled for the time being *coureur de bois* and soldiers to Quebec.

The Outagamies during the early years of the eighteenth century terrorized alike those of their own race and white men, forming a league with some of the most powerful tribes to bar the French from their territory. The valley became a battleground where for half a century French and Indians strove for possession. It was a time rife with action and interest. In 1716 De Louvigny, a tried officer of the French army and long a commander at Mackinac, headed an expedition

against the Foxes. Their village, located it is claimed on the present site of West Menasha, was surrounded by a palisade of triple oak stakes sufficient to resist for three days a continual fusillade from mortar and cannon. Then terms of capitulation were signed and for brief space outward peace prevailed. Manuscripts and letters of that date prove, however, that constant border warfare was maintained. The Foxes harried incessantly the French by attacks on the Illinois, or upon any stray Frenchman whom they encountered, mutilating horribly their bodies, and with savage bravado displaying them under the stockaded walls of the French forts.

At Green Bay a fort was established, on the west side of Fox River near the mouth, and within the palisaded enclosure were houses for the commandant and priest and quarters for the soldiers. It bore the name of St. Francois, as did the river at this time.

The Sac Indians in their bark covered lodges camped on the opposite shore, striving to hold neutral ground and keep peace between their sworn allies, the Foxes, and the French soldiery. Chat Blanc, great chief of the Sacs, was constantly entreated by the Illinois to control the savage onslaughts of the Foxes, but hatred of the French never overcome except by Nicholas Perrot, was strong within them and the passion for blood irresistible. Father Charlevoix in 1721 accompanied the new commander Montigny to his post at Fort St. Francois, La Baye. With artistic touch the accomplished Jesuit described the picturesque scene; the river with its broad green fringe of shimmering wild rice, the little wilderness fort and the dance of painted savages who came with pretense of friendship to the new commander.

Treachery was everywhere and disputes between the commanders of various posts of frequent occurrence. Thus Boisbriant commanding in the Illinois country complains that the French at La Baye post furnish the Foxes with powder and arms to slaughter their own countrymen. De Lignery in 1724 wrote to Boisbriant that he has concluded a peace with the warring tribes, but adds he has learned that the Foxes have killed five Frenchmen and if this be true war is the only resource. In the month of June, 1726, he again met the Baye Indians in council and again by their specious promises was beguiled into forming a treaty. This was broken as soon as made

and De Lignery resolved on extermination. On the 17th of June, 1728, he with a force of some thousand men, French and Indians, drew near the entrance to Fox River, but wishing to surprise the enemy, lay in the long grass of the marshes until midnight. At Fort St. Francois they learned that both Foxes and Sacs were in the Indian village across the river. But lo! when they had surrounded the place and rushed upon it only some half dozen Indians were left in the deserted lodges.

The Winnebagoes then living on the lake that bears their name, had also slipped away, and the Fox stronghold too was deserted. A few old and infirm savages left in the villages De Lignery's Indians tortured, and the cornfields, just in the luxuriant growth of early summer, were destroyed. With Indian spies lurking on every hill-top and woodland trail it was hardly possible for an army such as De Lignery's to surprise their villages. On return of the troops the fort at La Baye was razed to the ground, De Lignery fearing that the small garrison was insufficient to hold out against the revengeful rage of the united tribes. Two years later Fort St. Francois was rebuilt, and this date is also given for the expedition led by Marin, who, profiting by the experiences of others, covered his canoes with tarpaulin, under which were concealed armed men instead of trading goods. The Foxes squatting on the shore at Winnebago Rapids, were accustomed with the Winnebagoes, to exact toll from trading craft, but this time disappointment and death awaited them. Marin's troops rushed upon the surprised and terrified savages, who had small chance of escape, and the slaughter was general.

It is a relief to turn from these tales of bloodshed and destruction to the record of permanent settlement in the valley and the kindly policy pursued by Augustin Langlade, Father of Wisconsin. He was a brave man for the region still overrun by hostile Indians bore a bad name, but fearless and thoroughly familiar with the methods of the shifty red men he attained among them an enviable position. In the year following his arrival occurred the murder of Captain DeVilliers, Commandant at Fort St. Francis, in the Sac village across the river. The Sacs



SCENE BETWEEN COMBINED LOCKS AND KAUKAUNA.



SCENE BETWEEN APPLETON AND KIMBERLY.



LOOKING TOWARD THE BAY FROM ELEVATOR—GREEN BAY.



LAWRENCE UNIVERSITY GROUNDS—APPLETON.



A GLIMPSE OF THE RIVER—APPLETON.



CEDAR CREEK—GREEN BAY.



VIEWS OF KAUKAUNA FROM TOWER OF NICOLLET SCHOOL.



LOOKING SOUTHEAST FROM ELEVATOR—GREEN BAY.

were accused of harboring some stray Outagamies, and unwillingness to deliver up their old time allies, together with the wanton cruelty of DeVilliers, brought about the tragedy.

In 1782 came the decisive outbreak of hostilities between France and England, which ended with the defeat and death of Montcalm on the plains of Abraham and the surrender of Quebec. During these years Charles Langlade, Augustin's son had gained sufficient influence over the Indians to muster a force of Winnebagoes, Menominees and Pottawattomies, and had participated in the surprise of General Braddock's army on the Monongahela, an entirely successful but revolting bit of Indian warfare.

English occupation began, when on the 12th of October, 1761, the old French fort at Green Bay was garrisoned by a small detachment of soldiery under command of Lieutenant James Gorrell, and the name changed to Fort Edward Augustus. The young commander in this lonely outpost found himself placed in a perilous position—one false move and destruction was inevitable. Then came the Pontiac uprising when through the length and breadth of western territory emissaries urged on the Indians to rebellion. The Mackinac massacre proved it foolhardy to risk delay, as a general uprising of western tribes was anticipated; the evacuation of Fort Edward Augustus was ordered, and Lieutenant Gorrell and his seventeen comrades under escort of Ogemaunee, Chief of the Menominees, returned to Montreal.

It was three years after the Pontiac rebellion that Mr. Jonathan Carver, a keen faced, periwigged gentleman, journeyed westward. The valley at the river's entrance was deserted; the fort a desolate spectacle; but when he reached Doty Island a large Winnebago village made him welcome. Hospitality was free, and Carver spent four days at the place, paying especial court to the queen, an old and squatty squaw, and thereby rendering himself a universal favorite.

The Valley and Bay Indians were no longer in a state of savagery, for pottery was made by them, fragments of which can now be found on the site of any Indian village, the clay still preserving impress from the fine close weave of the grass basket which covered it.

Claimed successively by Spain, France and England, this corner of the northwest was at this time included under the general name of LaBaye, and not until the opening years of eighteen hundred was the name Baye Verte or Green Bay applied to the present town of that name.

The oldest land deed that exists in the state of Wisconsin is that which records the purchase of Kaukauna. In the year 1793 Chiefs Wabisipine and Le Tabac Noir ceded to Dominique Ducharme a tract of land, extending from the summit of the portage at Cacalin to the end of the meadow below it, for two barrels of rum. This transaction probably caused some dissatisfaction among the heirs of old blind Wabisipine, for in 1796 another deed was executed which guaranteed Ducharme from all further disturbance, on payment of five gallons of rum. His trading house became an important point for Indian traffic and nucleus for the present town of Kaukauna. The name through successive and varied spelling of Kakalin was definitely settled by George Lawe, when in 1850 he placed his plat of the town on record as Kaukauna. In language of the Indians the original was "O Gau Gau Ning," which signified stopping place of the pickerel, or the pickerel fishing grounds.

In 1796 England formally yielded to the United States possession of the western country, but American authority was a dead letter until, in 1803 Charles Reaume was commissioned by General Harrison as Justice of the Peace at Baye Verte. A unique judicial court was established in the person of Judge Reaume, who exercised autocratic rule over a territory extending to Vincennes, the county seat of Indiana.

Settlement at the river's mouth was constantly increasing and quite a hamlet of habitant cabins sprinkled the shores of the Fox River from De Pere to Green Bay. Although legally under American jurisdiction, the Fox River Indians acknowledged the English as their masters, and each year flotillas of birch canoes swept out beyond Green Bay to Drummond's Island, an English post where in exchange for peltries they received presents and tokens of amity. The fur trade was a systematized and mighty power in the valley, comprising its entire commercial life. The only mill along the length of the river was a combined saw and grist mill, most primitive of



ENTRANCE TO RIVERSIDE PARK—NEENAH.



A STREET VIEW—DE PERE.



SCENE ALONG CANAL—APPLETON.



OVERLOOKING BRIDGE AND LOCKS AT APPLETON.



CAVE AT RED BANKS—GREEN BAY.



SCENE NEAR APPLETON.



DRIVEWAY AT RIVERSIDE—NEENAH.



AN OUTLOOK NEAR KAUKAUNA.



VIEW OF KAUKAUNA FROM BEAULIEU HILL.

its kind and located on La Riviere Glaise, later Dutchman's Creek, a small stream running into the Fox some two miles below De Pere. South of Fort Edward Augustus on the west side of the river at La Baye was a group of Menominee wigwams called "Old King's Village" after an important chief of the tribe, Chakauchokama, the "Old King." Up stream at Kaukauna was Ducharme's trading post, which Augustin Grignon had remodeled into a comfortable home overlooking Kakalin rapids. The Winnebagoes still controlled the waterway at Doty Island, but were friendly to the whites, and close to the river shore ran the sinuous narrow line of the Indian trail, worn smooth by the buckskin clad foot of the savage, who came to La Baye for trade or diversion. It was indeed a happy valley in those days, peace and plenty were everywhere, for game and fish were abundant, and the Indians, expert sportsmen, supplied the habitant's table as well as themselves.

War wrought momentous change in this halcyon state of affairs. The clash of arms between Great Britain and the United States had instant and disastrous effect upon the Fox River Valley. On Doty Island was stationed during the winter of 1813 Colonel Robert Dickson, a loyalist of the fiery type, who was to hold to their allegiance the Indians, and wavering subjects of King George. His correspondence at this time forms one of the most vivid and diverting chapters of state history. We learn from it what he ate; what style of clothes he wore, and the skimping policy practiced by the English government. Mirrored in these letters we see him looking out on the white, frozen expanse of Lake Winnebago, harrassed to death by constant incursions of hungry Sacs and Winnebagoes who came to prey upon his meager larder. The valley in those days was ridden over by red coats, while bonfires, in honor of the King and Prince of Wales, blazed on the shore, for wood was plenty if provisions were not. Then when starvation stared the inhabitants of La Baye in the face, peace was declared, the English withdrew unwillingly from the country they had so long controlled, and on August 7th, 1816, a trio of American sloops entered Fox River bearing a detachment of American soldiers. From "Old King's Village" came the noted chief, Tomah, to treat with the new

comers, and Winnebagoes also hastened to send a deputation of chiefs for the same purpose. Colonel Miller proved by his suave reception but decided manner that he was quite equal to coping with his Indian neighbors, especially should they become unruly, but the red man was rapidly becoming tamed by defeat and debauched by rum, and his warlike spirit was well-nigh extinguished.

Fort Howard furnished a separate and most interesting feature of life in the Fox River Valley. The garrison had for the most part commanders of military and social distinction, and their wives were cultured and charming women. If the officers meddled too freely in municipal affairs of the Green Bay settlement, and took too high a hand with martial government, they also exercised wholesome restraint over frontier recklessness. Ready too, for a frolic, and appreciative of fine French courtesy, they slipped easily into the careless gayety and polite ways of civil circles. Some of the most charming bits of reminiscence are connected with those early days of settlement in the valley, the ever changing round of pleasure beginning with the annual trip to the sugar camp where under temporary lodges set far back in the deep forest, every French family of the valley would be engaged in the maple sugar industry. In the summer time parties from the Bay to Grand Kakalin were frequent, and in Augustin Grignon's hospitable mansion a great supper would be made ready, following which dancing would keep up until the stir of awakening water fowl was heard in the sedge bordering the river.

The region now comprised in the states of Wisconsin, Michigan and a goodly portion of Minnesota and Iowa was at that time known as Michigan Territory, Governor Lewis Cass in authority, and gradually a systematized order of government began to emerge from the haphazard methods of colonial days. The first United States Court was held under Judge James Duane Doty at Menomineeville, in 1824.

Treaties with the Indians were frequent now, for the rich valley lands tempted settlement and the water power, although not yet appreciated to its full extent, was beginning to be utilized and saw mills were erected at Kaukauna and Little Chute. The red man signed away his land,

hardly realizing that he had done so, for the trading house erected on his property served him as a pleasant lounging place, and there were still spots of primeval forest all along the river where he could pitch his tepee unmolested. Rev. Jedediah Morse in his report to government as to the condition of Indians in 1821, says that the Menominees were in a state of great excitement because of an unauthorized treaty which signed away a large tract of their most valued land. This was the beginning of long protracted squabbles over the purchase of lands for, and emigration westward of the New York Indians. In 1822 Eleazer Williams, a sachem among the Oneidas and prime mover in a western colonization scheme, with a youthful assistant, Albert G. Ellis, piloted a large delegation to the Fox River Valley. Another important council was held on the shores of Dutchman's Creek above Green Bay, with war dances and usual paraphernalia, but not until ten years later was a definite settlement concluded.

The Stockbridge Indians under John Metoxen in 1822, settled on the shore of Fox River where to-day stands South Kaukauna, giving to their town the name of Statesburg, and three miles south of this the Oneidas made settlement calling their hamlet Smithfield. Grist and saw mills were erected by the Stockbridges, for they were intelligent and thrifty people, but in the final shuffle both tribes were removed to other reservations and white settlers succeeded to the desirable water frontage.

A treaty held at Green Bay in 1832 and conducted with Menominees and Winnebagoes by General Erastus Root, of New York, is minutely described by McCall, one of the commissioners, and serves for a sample of the methods employed by both whites and Indians at these councils. The barbarians came in fleets of canoes, the Winnebagoes from Doty Island being headed by their chief Four Legs, a man of more than ordinary shrewdness and of fine bearing. McCall, a Scotchman of somewhat puritanical training, viewed with disgust the disorderly scenes that ensued when all were assembled. "At night a band of Winnebagoes appeared painted all colours—not only their faces but their bodies—before the door of the house where we boarded, encouraged by some and Treated by others with whisky. They held the war dance and kept it up



VIEW FROM GOLF GROUNDS—APPLETON.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF GREEN BAY.



SCENE NEAR KAUKAUNA.



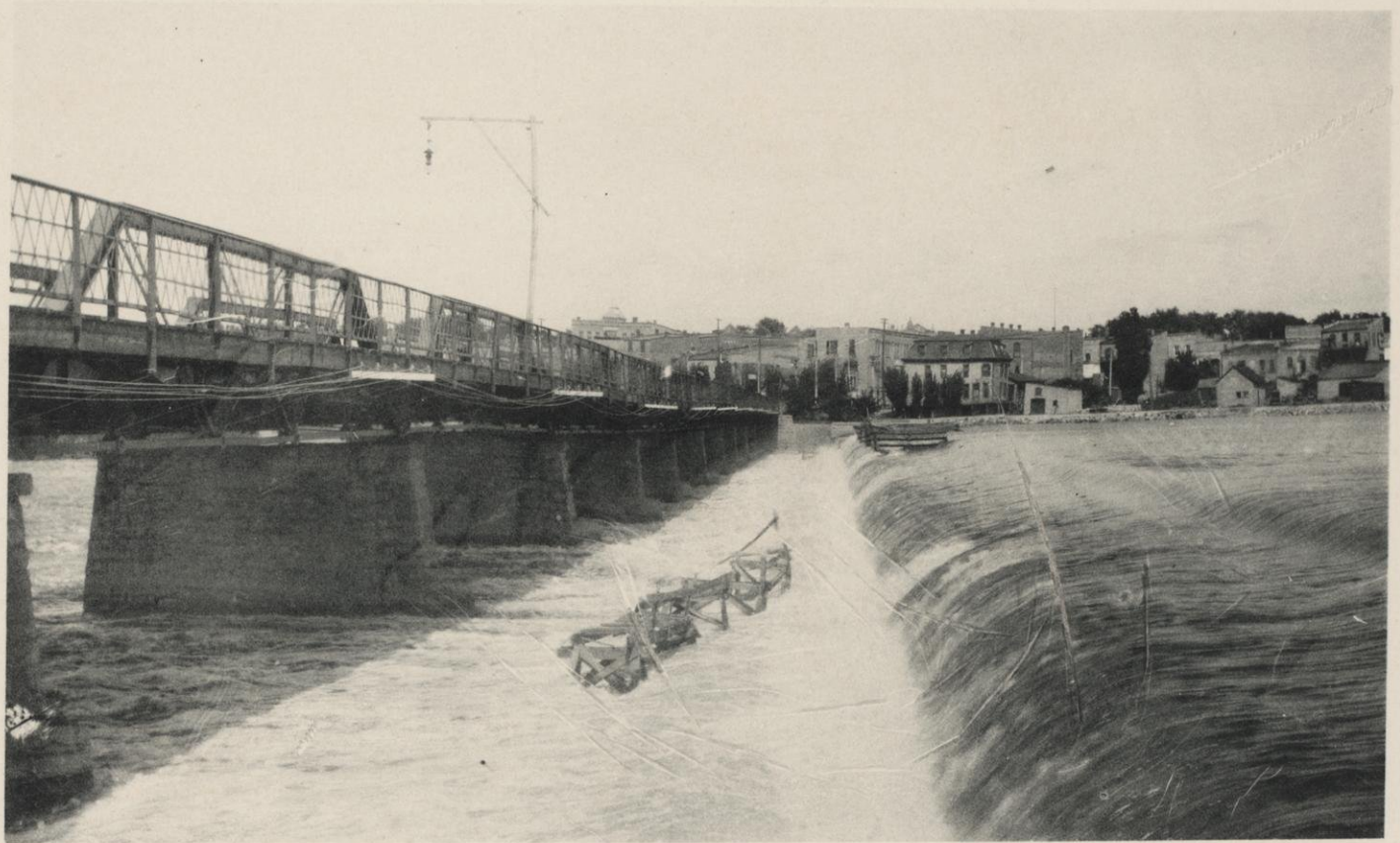
A DRIVEWAY NEAR THE RIVER—KAUKAUNA.



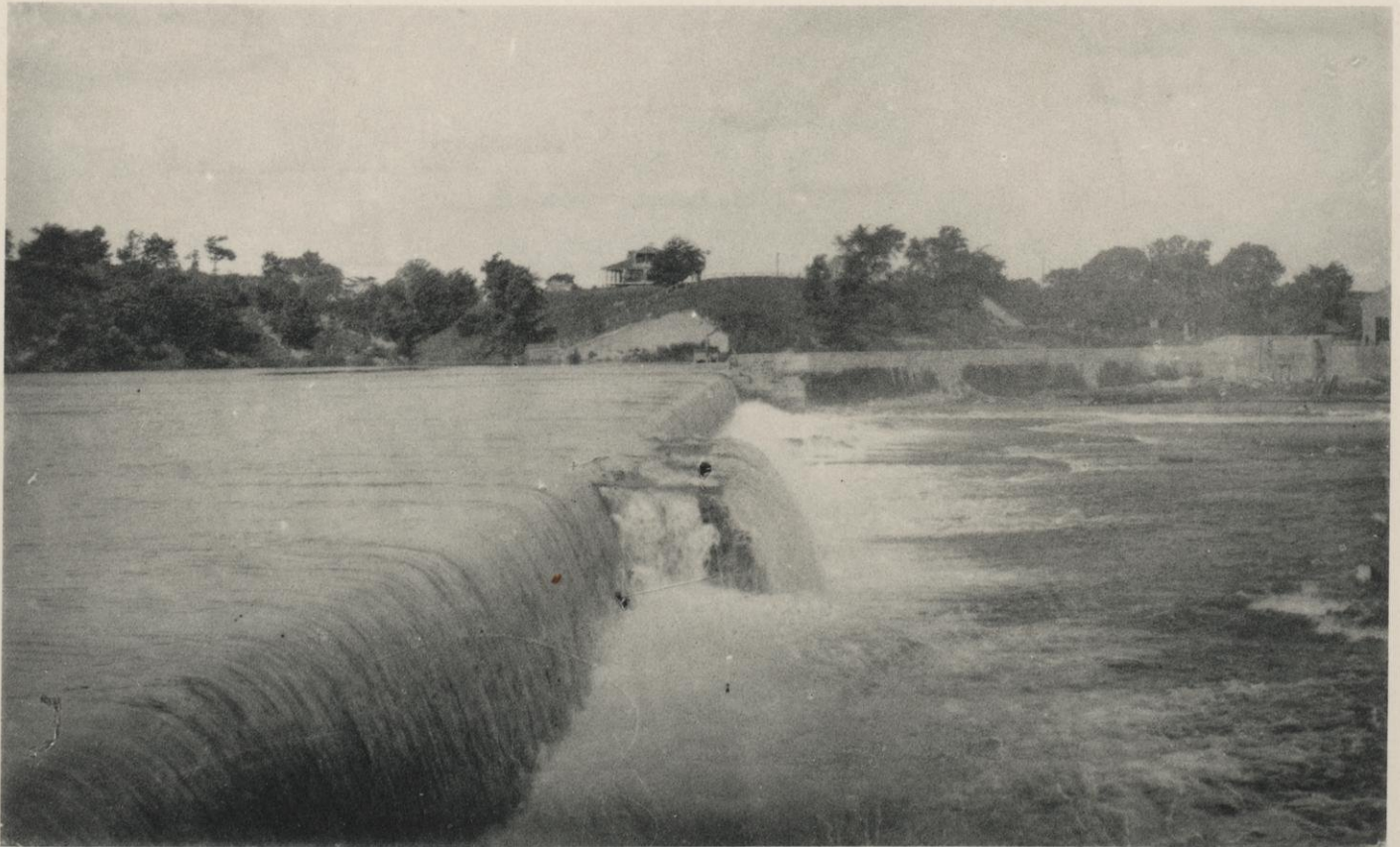
SCENE NEAR KAUKAUNA.



VIEW FROM RIVERSIDE PARK—NEENAH.



VIEW OF DAM AT DE PERE.



DAM—APPLETON.



LOOKING TOWARD RIVERSIDE PARK--NEENAH.



VIEW ON RIVER NEAR WRIGHTSTOWN.



VIEW ON RIVER NEAR CEMETERY—APPLETON.

until ten o'clock at night, with all their disfigured and distorted countenances—naked except for breech cloths. All with some kind of warlike weapon and horrid yell made them resemble so many infernals."

"After we adjourned about 70 Pottowatomies came in—all to get rations as they had no concern in the treaty or council. Sunday. Laid by. About 9 o'clock Four Legs came and asked if we wanted them to dance. We told him it was Sunday, or day to worship the Great Spirit. He said white man sent him. No doubt some person did it for To make sport."

Mrs. Kinzie and party who fled that same summer down the valley from fear of Black Hawk and his hostile Sacs, saw in every line of smoke that wavered skyward a camp fire of bloodthirsty red skins in ambush to attack and scalp the entire party. But Fort Howard was safely reached and the lively raconteur later had the satisfaction of witnessing the final surrender of that brave chief, Black Hawk, to the commander at Prairie du Chien.

It was in 1831 that the United States government conceived the philanthropic scheme of christianizing, largely through manual training, the Menominee Indians at Winnebago Rapids. Government buildings were erected on the site of the present city of Neenah and practical farmers, millers and blacksmiths as well as instructors of religion and morals were placed in charge. The experiment was not a success, for the Indians refused to relinquish their deep dyed traditions and tearing up the plank floors of their comfortable dwellings pitched upon the bare ground their conical wigwams or used the shelter for stabling their rough little ponies.

The well built and commodious houses of those in charge of the project subsequently formed a nucleus for the city of Neenah, the first settlers with their families occupying these old government block houses.

The origin of Neenah's softly syllabled name is an oft repeated story. Governor Doty, the earliest settler on the island, wishing to know the Indian designation of Fox River took up water in his hollowed hand and turning to a Menominee standing near asked its name. "Neenah" was the prompt reply, a word signifying in the Menominee language water. And thus for many

years the river ran under the name of Neenah, while the hamlet that sprang up upon its shore in natural sequence received the same cognomen.

The first village plat was recorded September 8, 1847, and that of the twin city of Menasha on the 28th day of May, 1849. The Indian name "Menasha" or island was bestowed upon the embryo city by Mrs. Doty, who with her husband took keen interest in pioneer progress. Following the fine military road built by soldiers of Fort Howard and which ran along the east side of the river to Lake Winnebago there were in 1837, if we exclude the improved bit of land where stood the government reservation buildings, but two houses between De Pere and Lake Winnebago. It is most interesting to review those early days of settlement and beginnings of civic life in the wilderness; the crude implements in use with which often such excellent results were obtained contrasted with the improved mechanism of to-day; the replacement of log cabins by the frame house; the first lumber sawed and shingles shaved. Infinite patience was a characteristic of the pioneers of the valley but also infinite enthusiasm and unbounded faith in the industrial possibilities and outlook of this region that they had chosen for their home.

A most delightful leaflet in the history of valley colonization is the record of results effected at Little Chute by Father Van den Broek who in 1835 began his successful labors among the Menominee Indians at that place. The genial, kindly Dominican turned colonizer as well as zealous missionary and crossing the Atlantic, published in his native country a pamphlet describing the advantages to be gained by emigration to Wisconsin, with the result that three ships bearing Dutch emigrants sailed from Rotterdam, their destination Little Chute, where they settled and formed an industrious and excellent class of citizens.

An odd weather beaten figure to be met with along forest ways at this time was the mail carrier, Alexis Cleremont, who made regular trips between Fort Howard and Fort Dearborn, a full month being allowed for him to tramp the round. That he was usually up to schedule time is proved by a refrain published in the small semi-monthly paper at Green Bay, in 1834.

“Three times a week without any fail
At four o'clock we look for the mail
Brought with dispatch on the Indian trail.”

The little sheet in which this rhymlet appears was the pioneer newspaper of the valley and of Wisconsin. It was a sixteen column folio sheet, 16x22, called the *Green Bay Intelligencer*, and edited by John V. Suydam.

Butte de Mort, as the Lake Winnebago region was known at this time, was not alone in the possession of an Indian industrial school. In 1827 a similar institution, but on a somewhat smaller scale, was inaugurated at Menomineeville, a hamlet settled by a fine class of seaboard folk, and situated half way between the De Pere rapids and Fort Howard. Schools were taught intermittently in this metropolis of the valley, and to the Indian mission school incorporated in 1827 was given the high sounding title “University of Wisconsin.”

Although a much traveled thoroughfare the valley was still a good deal of a wilderness when in 1846 Morgan L. Martin, member of congress from Green Bay, secured the passage of a bill providing for the improvement of the Fox and Wisconsin rivers. Wolves still howled in the forests that stretched back from the water's edge and wild cats often made bold to venture near a settler's door, but the sanguine minds that originated the ambitious project saw only the importance of an uninterrupted water highway through the rich farming country where hundreds of colonists could find homes, and the possibilities that practically lay dormant in the tremendous water power.

In the interval the Durham boat played an important part; a flat commodious craft poled up stream by chanting mariners. It was portaged at the rapids by rolling it on poles, while at Grand Chute the freight was unloaded and by a complicated system of pulleys the boat was hoisted to the ledge above.

Grand Chute or Great Fall of Konomee, as Schoolcraft dubs it, was in its primitive state a wild and impressive bit of scenery. Here the turbulent foaming river resembled in its mad



SCENE ABOVE APPLETON LOOKING TOWARD MENASHA.



SCENE ON CANAL—APPLETON.



VIEW IN HAGEMEISTER PARK—GREEN BAY.



VIEW OF EAST RIVER—GREEN BAY.



A PICTURESQUE SPOT—NEENAH.



SCENE ON CANAL—KAUKAUNA.



VIEW ON RIVER ABOVE KAUKAUNA.



ON THE BANKS OF THE FOX.

rush and precipitate descent a mountain torrent. On high bluffs grew great oak trees spaced by open glades with none of the underbrush usually found in a forest. Desirable as was the point for settlement it was uninhabited until by a curious chain of circumstances the spot was chosen as the site of Lawrence University.

Eleazer Williams who lead the delegation of New York Indians to these promised lands on the shores of Fox River, is one of the most interesting characters of the many who have figured in valley history. Against the back ground of early life in Wisconsin with its sharp contrasts of light and shade moves the imposing figure of this missionary to the Oneidas, dark, but with the hue of Spaniard not Indian, a dignified and striking presence. His story in its varied features has never been written, but he so impressed his personality upon his own time that no sketch of that period can ignore this pretender to the French throne. In the land purchase that was effected at one of the successive treaties with Menominees and Winnebagoes, the New York tribes for whom Williams acted as agent, came into possession of the oak openings overlooking Grand Chute. From time to time under his contract Williams borrowed money from a noted philanthropist of Boston, Amos A. Lawrence, giving the land as security. Eventually it came into Lawrence's possession and the idea formed in his mind of establishing an educational institution somewhere on the 5000 acres which he knew would soon be taken up by settlers. Thus Lawrence University sprang into corporate existence, and the committee appointed to select a suitable site for this important seat of learning in early Wisconsin determined upon the beautiful bluff at the Grand Chute. This decision involved the founding of Appleton as well as the University. In 1848 the land was surveyed and platted, and the name of Appleton given to the place in acknowledgment of a bequest bestowed upon the University by Samuel Appleton, of Boston. A year later the town is described by a traveler as having a main street cut through the dense forest, with a house here and there in the woods, and the foundations of Lawrence were laid in a clearing made in the midst of primeval trees. In 1850 the growing hamlet numbered 500 souls, and an effort to utilize the water power had already been made, but the country's ag-

ricultural possibilities were still absolutely undeveloped, which in later years have given Appleton added importance as a centre of trade for adjacent farming hamlets.

In addition to initial steps taken towards the improvement of the river and the establishment of Lawrence University another important event of 1847, was the erection at Neenah of a carding machine, the pioneer woolen mill of the valley.

The varied fortunes attending the improvement of Fox River forms a long and weary story. By the passage of the bill presented in 1846, and later approved by President Polk, certain tracts of land were granted to Wisconsin as soon as she should become a state, to aid in forwarding the canal and Fox River improvement. These grants extended on either side of the river from Green Bay to Portage and state aid having thus been secured, work was begun in 1848, the year of Wisconsin's admission to the union.

A memorable strife took place in the year following between the proprietors of the river channels north and south divided by Doty Island, for location of the government lock and canal. Menasha secured the much desired improvement and both towns impatiently awaited completion of the work, for the limited facilities for transportation hampered more and more with each succeeding year the growing trade of the valley. An unusually heavy yield of wheat early in the fifties necessitated hauling the grain by plank road to Kaukauna and thence by Durham boat to Green Bay. Hundreds of teams daily made the trip from the large flouring mills at Neenah, Menasha and Appleton and the Durhams were taxed to their utmost capacity.

Slowly the improvement under state control lagged along. A new difficulty had arisen. The state constitution forbids a debt of more than \$100,000, so money to carry on the work could be raised only by sale of the public land, granted by government. Immigration was slow and land purchases few. After struggling along in this crippled condition until \$400,000 were expended, the state abandoned the enterprise.

Citizens of this section were, however, convinced of the great advantage to be gained by the improvement, and a company of public spirited local capitalists was incorporated which

guaranteed under certain conditions to complete the work. These terms were accepted by the state and the enterprise was pushed forward with great vigor. In June 1856 the Aquila, a small stern wheel steamer purchased by Green Bay business men, started from Pittsburg and coming by the Ohio, Mississippi, Wisconsin and Fox rivers discharged its cargo at Green Bay. Great was the rejoicing all along the river. "Everywhere demonstrations of welcome were made, banners and symbols were hung out in greeting, the people hurraed as though they had but one throat, and as the boat drew up at the Green Bay wharf Fort Howard greeted her with rounds of musketry."

The opening of uninterrupted navigation between Lake Winnebago and Green Bay stimulated trade and settlement to a marked degree, but the years preceding the civil war were everywhere troublous and disturbed for the shadow of conflict was darkening, political strife caused bitter factional spirit, and a financial panic in 1857 added to the gloom.

Ramifications of old Ossawottomie Brown's underground railroad reached even to Wisconsin and bands of fugitive slaves slipped by circuitous paths down the Fox River Valley.

On the first call for troupes this section, as within recent years in the Spanish-American war, promptly responded, companies were formed and assigned to various regiments which marched to the scene of action. The war spirit was intense, and there was no lack of enthusiasm or brave men who stood ready to take up arms for their country. It was a stirring period. Every child carried a bit of linen to be picked into lint for the wounded, old Fort Howard was reopened for a recruiting station, and the river highway echoed to the hoarse wheeze of the stern wheelers Fountain City and Appleton Belle loaded with recruits bound for the scene of action. War songs were the only music tolerated and where lilt of voyageur chanson, or Tom Moore's ballads had sweetly floated on the summer river, pretty girls in exaggerated crinoline, beflounced gowns and net covered hair, sang in heart breaking refrain:

"Brave boys are they
Gone at their country's call
And yet, and yet, we may not forget
That many brave boys must fall."



VIEW AT THE RIDGE NEAR DE PERE.



SCENE NEAR KAUKAUNA.



THE OLD HISTORICAL LOG CABIN OF EX-GOVERNOR DOTY—~~MENASHA~~
NEENAH.



SCENE ON THE ISLAND—MENASHA.



SCENE ON LAKE WINNEBAGO NEAR NEENAH.



SCENE ON ADAMS STREET—GREEN BAY.



SCENE ON EAST RIVER—GREEN BAY.



WEST DE PERE FROM RIVER.



MONUMENT TO FATHER ALOUEZ, THE FIRST MISSIONARY TO THE INDIANS IN THIS VICINITY—DE PERE.



OVERLOOKING THE FLATS—KAUKAUNA.

During the first years of war, trade languished, but time brought a gradual improvement and the completion of the Chicago and Northwestern railway line down the length of the valley in November, 1862, added spur to commercial activities.

The summer preceding the entrance of a railroad into Green Bay, was a noted one in war records and citizens of the projected terminus were impatient for daily news from the front. Two or three enterprising young journalists on the Advocate staff solved the difficulty by taking the morning boat to Kaukauna where connection was made with the road under course of construction. Here newspapers containing war dispatches were received, their contents hastily culled and arranged; then as the little steamer, locked down river pursued its leisurely way, type was set and forms made ready for printing when the boat touched wharf at Green Bay. While the good people waited for distribution of mail the "*Advocate Daily Bulletin*" with "Latest news from the seat of war" was dashed off and delivered damp and inky to the eagerly expectant crowd.

The close of the Rebellion ushered in a long period of commercial prosperity, vast expenditures stimulated trade, the extension of railroad lines opened up new sections of country to settlement, and the lumber business received great impetus from foreign and local demand. Large fortunes were made at this time. At Neenah mammoth paper and flouring mills were conducted, at Menasha and Appleton new works erected and old manufactories enlarged.

DePere, situated on one of the most beautiful sites along the river, shared largely in this industrial renaissance. It is a town with an interesting past that dates back to days when the aborigines chose it for settlement and Father Allouez selected it as a most desirable spot for mission purposes. The first white settler who located here found a hamlet of bark-covered cabins, neat and trim as only French hands could make them. There was always a fiddler ready with the sweep of his bow to lead the youngsters in merry dance, while the clever French housewife cooked and seasoned the mighty sturgeon till its flavor was as delicate as fine chicken.

The town was platted in 1835, when the DePere Hydraulic Company, formed to develop

and gain control of the water power, was organized by act of Legislature. In 1836 by vote of the people DePere was established as the county seat of Brown, and held that distinction for eighteen years, when the honor was returned to Green Bay.

With the influx of capital and business push that the new era following the civil war inaugurated came a season of exceptional prosperity for the town. Saw and grist mills, large blast furnaces and other industries made the place a center of activity. It is now one of the prettiest of the river cities and its principal residence street Broadway is exceptionally attractive; the houses a bit of New England in style of architecture while a succession of smooth and well kept lawns slope toward the wide stretch of water westward.

Railroads in the seventies were making bids for right of way all along the valley, and to-day a net work of these great arteries of commerce threads the fertile farming districts or skirts the shores of the river while the system of dams and locks on the lower Fox from Neenah and Menasha to DePere furnishes free and excellent water communication between cities along the waterway.

In educational advantages the valley is most fortunate. Her high schools send to the Universities each year hundreds of well-equipped students, while Lawrence is doing a fine and constantly increasing educational work. Public libraries are established in all of the larger towns and lend their influence toward giving that broad outlook essential to enlightened citizenship.

In reviewing educational and intellectual advancement special mention is due those devoted christian apostles who came to this semi-wilderness to aid and elevate its people. The Roman Catholic priests wielded wide influence and men like Mazzuchelli and Van den Broek were unwearied in labors for social betterment. The missionary Bishop Kemper, Richard Cadle, Cutting Marsh of the Presbyterian faith and Sampson and White pioneers of Methodism, have left a record of good deeds and faithful service that will stand for all time in the history of the commonwealth.

The firm confidence of those who lived in hope of what this bit of territory would become is rapidly being realized, and from Lake Winnebago's blue waters to the gleaming spray tossed Bay, a continuous line of beautiful cities gem the river's shore in close touch one with the other through the magic of the electric wire. The improvement of this water highway, for many years now under government control, incidentally developed an interest unreckoned by its instigators when they sought to make of value the link between the Great Lakes and the Mississippi. As a commercial route it is in measure only successful, but in addition has been developed a water power whose industrial worth can hardly be overestimated.

Still the river sweeps stately and strong between its wooded shores, telling in its even flow the story of "silent vanished races," of explorer and coureur de bois, and the courage and kind deeds of those who here have fought the battle of life. Among the many thousands who in future crowded years of a new century will work and dream beside its waters none will picture with keener appreciation its leagues of beauty than the black robed Jesuit, Father Dablon who bending over his manuscript two centuries ago inscribed the words:

"The fairest land possible to behold,—cut by a river which gently winds through it and on which it rests the traveler to paddle his canoe."

Deborah Beaumont Martin.

