Two trails connect the Great Lakes to the western plains and the west coast. De Soto and his squadron Two trails cannot be made short of the Marquette and his party. De Soto is the type of royal and knightly pow-
er. Marquette represented a victory in which force is no element. One half of De Soto's gleaming cohort left their skeletons scattered from from Georgia to Arkansas, in the fast-
ness, on the mountains and in the morasses of the country they thought to subdue. The returning may be bore defeat and disappointment upon their stained helmets. They accomplished nothing beyond the rooting of a hatred and bitterness between the white and the native which a century could scarcely el-
minate. There was fearlessness in the gen-
te Marquette, and something of that enth-
asma which so commands our respect in the car-
cer of St. Paul. But he conquered the savages by his mildness and piety. Hostility knelt to his meekness and the faith he had in his mission. A thousand churches and schools point to the Heaven from whose rest he now is from the path of his wanderings through these ancient forests are the ensigns of his conquest.

The kingdom of those early disciples of Loy-
 still was not bounded by nationality. They planted the cross on the wilderness and on
many a rugged mountain. But they erected the Lilies of the Bourbon never.

The Age of Our State.

The history of the white man in Wisconsin may be said to date from Marquette's ascent of the Fox river, transit of the portage and descent of the Wisconsin, although it is re-
corded that Allouez founded a mission at Green Bay in 1639. There is reason for surprise at the antiquity of this era in territory so far westward. At this period, a hundred years before our revolution, settlements on the Atlantic coast was only just approaching permanency. England and Holland were yet at war to de-
cide the possession of embryo New York. The pilgrims had landed not a half century pre-
vious. Old Virginia, scarcely emerged from the rigorous days of captain John Smith, was yet boast that she had been last to yield submission to Cromwell and first to return to kingly allegiance under Charles II. Phila-
delphia was scarcely founded. The earliest settlements were just taking root in Carolina; and the cow paths to become the streets of Boston proper were yet undefined. The Hudson even was a river only a generation old in the knowledge of the European.

Marquette's Explorations in Wisconsin.

This journey of Marquette is particularly a local event in Columbia county. It is within
its limits that these rivers seek to unite. The
famous portage of the missionary is an envi-
ronment of its county-seat, whose municipal name is
thus derived. The writer spent a few days
since upon this narrow neck between the riv-
ers, and from the newly-built depot of still
another railroad looked intently over the his-
toric spot. Portage looks its best from this
suburb and has the aspect of a city larger than
it is. The white towers of the ship canal
catch the eye and show the course of steamers
across the ancient transit. While we looked
and thought, three passenger trains with the
noisy tunes of their artificial life swept over
it, within a few minutes of each other. In
the cold brightness the steam coiled itself hori-
izontally in white, continuous sinuosity above
the length of the canoes, the gigantic ver-
sion of a monster. The guidless but un-
doubted Marquette might naturally have mis-
taken these hissy phenomena for the demons
that the natives had told him possessed the
lower waters and engulfed, cauged and all, who-
ever sought to explore them. There then is the
very spot where this persevering pioneer of
Christianity compelled his way. In the mind's
eye one can see him in his humble Jesuitic
habit with his six companions in voyage, bore-
ing their rude canoes through the tangled wild
rice seeking westward for the unknown river,
and guided by the floating bluffs past which the
river breaks; the first of a giant chain of
such, immovable conveying it to the Missis-
ippi.

Sperks meet in this narrow pass. Its transit then and now and the contrast are a regist-
ry of the pace civilization has kept in the inter-

THE FIRST PORTAGE.

There are no copious records of that first
journey across Wisconsin for five years
previous Father Marquette had been at the
shore of Mackinaw and Sault St. Marie,
where he founded the first French settlement
within the limits of the United States. Bec-
ning possessed by the purpose of exploring
the Great River, of which vague accounts were
given by the natives, he determined to execute
it. M. Joliet, a French gentleman and former
resident of Quebec, are French voyagers and
two Indian guides accompanied him from the
shore. Crossing Lake Michigan, as it is
now named, they made their way down the
Bay of Green Bay, or Green Bay, as it is
called, into the Fox River. Mar-
quatte speaks of the stream as very beautiful
at its mouth, flowing gently; full of bastard
ducks, teal and other birds, attracted by the
wild rice. A little farther up it became very
difficult on account of the current and the
sharp rocks which cut the canoes and the feet
of those who were obliged to draw them, es-
pecially when the water was low. On his pro-
gress he refers to an Indian village termed
Mackinaw, where dwelt the fire nation.
Near here he drank the mineral waters of the
river, and was shown an indigenous herb
whose root is to this day an antidote to the
effect of serpents. Allusion is also made to a
village which he termed Mackinaw, three
leagues from a river that they knew emptied
into the Mississippi, as he spelt it. They
knew their course to this stream was south-
west. He describes the way as so cut up by
marshes and little lakes that it was easy to go
erosely, and the river leading to it as being so
covered with wild oaks as almost to conceal the
channel. "Hence," he says, "we had good
need of our two guides, who led us safely to a
portage of 7,000 paces, and helped us to trans-
port our canoes to enter the river; after which
they returned leaving us alone in an unknown
country in the hands of providence." Thus
brieferly does the father describe the first pass-
age of the neck of land destined to such impor-
tance in the hereafter. He narrates that be-
fore embarking to leave the waters flowing to-
wards Quebec, 400 or 500 leagues away, to fol-
low those leading to strange lands they all be-
egan together a special invocation to the Im-
maculate Virgin particularly asking her pro-
tection for their persons and their craft in the
success of their voyage. Then mutually encour-
ing each other they stepped into their can-
oes. He describes the Wisconsin as very
broad with a sandy bottom with many shallows
and difficult of navigation; full of vine-clad
islets, and bordered by fertile lands diversified
with wood, prairie and hill. Beechwoods are
and buffaloes abounded, and indications of iron
along the shores are mentioned. Earlier
writers say that no fish lived in the Wisconsin;
and it is recorded that Marquette in his des-
cent saw no aborigines or their habitations;
though he does not so state. He reached the
long river June 17th, and as one writer says,
France and Christianity stood in the valley of
the Mississippi.

WISCONSIN.

The name of the river from which our state
obtained its designation has been varied more
than once. The Chippewas called it Wike-kon-
san, "The Gathering of the Waters." Mar-
quatte's orthography was McKenzie or Mos-
consin. Hennepin was the first to write it
Ouisconsin, and it was long so designated by
the French voyagers, and so appeared in the
carrier maps as late as territorial. The sub-
sequent mutation of the initial letter to W has
produced a most musical word which yet re-
tains its former poetry.

HENNEPIN AT THE PORAGE.

La Salle in his exploration of the Illinois
river to the Mississippi, when near the mouth
of the former, detached from his party—Anthony Augustin, surnamed the Pied de Gay, Michel Aho and Louis Hennepin with directions to ascend the latter. They stept on the 28th of February, 1680 and reached the Falls of St. Anthony of Padua, as Hennepin named that cataract. There they were captured by the Sioux. Subsequently they were liberated by a trader named St. Luth, and in September of the same year returned to Quebec, going up the Wisconsin, making the portage, and descending the Fox to Green Bay. Thus father Hennepin was the first European to penetrate the Mississippi above the Wisconsin, and the second across the portage.

SUBSEQUENT HISTORY.

As early as 1713, the Fox and Wisconsin rivers and the intervening neck were known as one of the three great routes from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi. Nevertheless it is not entirely destitute of history in the intervening time. But, the writer obtains no facts regarding that period. Had the Indian possessed a written language and preserved archives, there would be no lack of stirring annals. The war-like Foxes and other of the native tribes, we may not doubt annually made bloody incursions along these rivers if one could have gathered the tradition of aboriginal braves that faded as its repositories degenerated, he would find plenty of tragedy in the scenes of our present homes. And there would be no need to read in dead languages of ancient butcheries on other continents.

It is of record that in 1728 400 French and about 900 Indians under Monsieur de Lignery went up the Fox to its head destroying all its banks and cornfields of the unfriendly Foxes, and burning one old Indian captive at slow tortures. No mode of obtaining reliable war news has gone out of fashion since the laying of the Atlantic cable, and will probably not be renewed.

In 1790 Capt. John Carver voyaged from Green Bay to the Mississippi by the Fox and Wisconsin rivers and their portage; thence to the Falls of St. Anthony, where he claimed to have obtained from the Indians the immense tract of land famous as the Carver Grant.

GRIGNON'S RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PORTAGE.

Sieur Augustin de Langlade and his son Charles, are held to be the pioneer settlers of Wisconsin. The elder was of a French noble family and was born in 1605. The new world was at that period the great theatre for adventurous spirits who had their way to win, and Langlade came to Canada at an early age. The first that is known of him was among the Ottowas at Mackinaw about 1729. He was undoubtedly, with De Lignery in his expedition against the Foxes in 1729. He married the sister of king Nisso-wa-quest, or La Fourche. The Fork, as the French called him, the principal chief of the Ottowas Augustin Grignon was his lineal descendant. Born at Green Bay June 27th, 1780, he became a trader under the American Fur Company, and like a few other French and half-breeds, cultivated a little land at Green Bay. Until recently he was living at Butte des Morts, and for aught the writer knows is still on this planet. There are but few well authenticated instances of the descent of that old French and Indian blood. Grignon's portrait may be observed in the rooms of the Historical Society at Madison. His "Seventy two years' Recollections of Wisconsin" are the most interesting personal statement to which we have been able to gain access. Grignon relates that a trader from Mackinaw named Laurent Barth wintered on the St. Croix river in 1722-3 with Jacques Poulter and Charles Reuine. On his return in the spring Barth, with his family stopped at the portage and obtained from the Winnebagos the right to transport goods, etc. across that carry. On his arrival he built a cabin at the portage; but finding that locality was occasionally submerged, he removed the next year to the high ground above. Grignon dates the settlement here to Barth's coming. Shortly afterwards the elder De Kauy, a French trader, made his appearance from Lake Puckaway and founded the Indian settlement on the Wisconsin two miles above the portage. Others followed, and it grew to comparative size and importance.

The next white resident at the portage was Jean Locuyer, a brother-in-law of De Kauy, and he stopped there in 1703. Competition and improvement are not a thing of to-day only. Locuyer too gained permission of the Winnebagos to transport goods. Barth used but a single horse and cart. But Locuyer brought several teams and carts, with the additional of a wagon constructed with a long reach to transport barge to and from the river. About 1803 Mr. Campbell, later the first Indian agent at Prairie du Chien, purchased Barth's right. Shortly afterward he sold his fixtures to Locuyer, who supposed that he was relinquishing the business. But he placed his son John and afterward his son Duncan, at the east end of the portage. Barth removed to Prairie du Chien and died there at the opening of the war of 1812. Campbell was killed in a duel in 1808. Locuyer died in
In 1810. His widow continued the transportation business through the agency of Laurent Filly until the British war broke out. Filly was a native of Mochicau and his mother was a sister of De Kaury. He was located here for several years. But finally died at Grand Kau-kau-lin in the autumn of 1846 aged 88, vigorous and unbowed to the last. About that time Francis Roy, a son of Joseph Roy, of Green Bay, became her son-in-law, and carried on the business for many years. Lookwod in his narrative of “Early Times and Events in Wisconsin” speaks of Roy as at the portage in 1817, and mentions that he charged fifty cents a hundred and $10 a boat for carrying goods, furs, etc., one and one fourth miles across. After the war of 1812 Joseph Poquette engaged in transportation here, employing Pierre Pequette as manager. Grignon himself spent two winters at this point in 1811 and 1812, and Jaques Porlier early passed two or three.

EARLY TRADE

During the years of which we have been writing the portage was a point of some consequence as a trading post. Barth kept no goods for sale to the Indians after he had disposed of the remnant of stock which he brought from the St. Croix. But Grignon always kept a considerable variety. His widow and, after her, Roy had smaller quantities, and Campbell sold goods during one year.

In 1814 Colonel Keck of the British army came up the Fox from Green Bay with a large force of whites and Indians, crossed the portage, descended the Wisconsin and captured the present site of Prairie du Chien. And this crossing is associated with the last war against Great Britain by other events.

In 1818 William Farnsworth, who subsequently resided at Sheboygan, accompanied by twenty others traveled from Green Bay to St. Louis by these rivers and the Mississippi.

Ebenezer Childs records making the same trip in a bark canoe in 1821. He conducted the first Durham boat that ever went up the Fox and over the portage.

In 1826 a flotilla of 35 boats carried the 3rd United States Infantry from Green Bay to St. Louis by the same streams and crossings.

In 1827 General Cass passed over this route to ascertain the feeling among the Winnebagoes.

In 1823 Governor Doty, then Judge, went from Green Bay to Prairie du Chien by this route, accompanied by a United States marshal. The purpose of his trip was to hold a court for the trial of certain Indians accused of murder. Their crime and capture is mentioned elsewhere in this paper.

In the spring of 1819 colonel Leavenworth with a detachment of troops left Detroit and proceeded via Green Bay, the Fox, the portage and the Wisconsin and Mississippi rivers to the site of Fort Snelling. There he began the construction of those heavy buildings which were afterwards occupied by the military, and which are yet standing.

The residents of Portage City who remember Ebenezer Childs are full of reminiscence regarding the old man. He was a sturdy veteran, full of the determination which heroes are made. He has given us some interesting details of early life in Wisconsin; among them some incidents relating to the portage, whether true or very often false.

ABORIGINAL UNDERTAKING

He records a unique mode of internment there more than fifty years ago. Chou-garab, or The Lady, son of De Kaury, was the principal chief of the Winnebagos. He died at the portage in 1808 at a great age. According to a solemn request made in his last hours he was placed after death in his coffin in a sitting posture, and was left so adjusted on the surface of the ground, a cabin surrounded by a fence having been built over him. The expiring Ladle protested against being dipped into the earth.

Robert Irwin was the first member elected from the west side of Lake Michigan to the Michigan territorial legislature, and served two terms; the tract now comprising our state being then known as the Huron district of Michigan. He was subsequently appointed Indian agent for the Winnebagos; was stationed at the fort of that name about 1828, and died there, and was taken to Green Bay for interment. He was the first justice of the peace and clerk of the court west of Lake Michigan, having been appointed under Michigan authority. About 1821 he was appointed the first postmaster in what is now Wisconsin. His eldest daughter, Mrs. Mary C. Mitchell, of Green Bay was the first American child born within the limits of our state.

CAPTURE OF RED BIRD

Early in 1827 the Winnebagoes manifested indications of hostility. They committed various depredations; fired into boats upon the river, and attacked in force a keel-boat upon the Mississippi between Prairie du Chien and Fort Snelling. And finally they murdered members of two peaceable families near the former post. The secretary of war ordered the troops to arrest the perpetrators. There was then only a small force of regulars at Green Bay, and general Dickinson and Childs raised a company of sixty-two Stockbridge and Oneida Indians. They were mustered with the detachment of regulars under colonel Whistler at Little Butte des Morts. Old Ebenezer
had enlisted a washer-woman to cleanse the linen of his recruits, and the regret he felt when the colonel refused to muster her in is on record. The party slowly made their way up the Fox in boats and canoes, Childs being in advance mounted on a canoe doing as a vio- cete. They arrived at the portage with their scalps still on, which comfortable fact they deemed worthy of mention. They encamped upon the high ground where the fort was built the succeeding year. The Winnebagoes several hundred strong were in camp a few hundred yards away where Portage in now located, being determined to give battle rather than surrender the murderers. Affairs remained in this posture for several days. Presently intelligence was received that General Atkin-son with a considerable force was coming up the Wisconsin. The alert savages became possessed of this news first; and a great stir was visible in their encampment, accompanied by shouting and dancing. Soon thirty warriors left the main body and advanced towards the force of the whites. Childs who was officer of the guard was ordered to take a detachment and learn what the Winnebagoes proposed to do. They advanced singing and shouting their delectful death-song, and finally said they had concluded to yield up the criminals, point- ing out three. The principal of these was a noted chief, handsomely dressed in white-drawn buffalo, and known as Red Bird from having a preserved of that color en each shoulder as an epaulet. The three were taken to Prairie du Chien and convicted before Judge Doty. Red Bird died in confinement. The other two, were pardoned by the president. The original document with the signature of J. Q. Adams is to be seen in the rooms of the Historical Society.

MAJOR DICKSON AT THE PORTAGE.

This same year major Dickson made his first appearance in this country, being called kither, no doubt, by the Indian difficulties above alluded to. His arrival was probably earlier in the season. He came with a party of mounted scouts from the Illinois country, reaching the present site of the village of Columbia. Following the highlands he struck Duck Creek somewhere near Wyoconda where he afterwards lived and was buried. He affec-ted a crossing with his troop without leaving any trace of hoof, and that night conducted his party to the spot where the City Hotel at Portage now is. He concealed them there in a depression of the ground and remained during the greater part of the night. In the darkness he closely approached the elevation, whereon the fort was afterward built, and had a near view of a large party of Winnebagoes who were rending the quiet of the night in the wild and noisy grotions of their war dance. He crept back to the rendez-vous and before daybreak the whole party were on their return without having been discovered. It was this excursion which led the major subsequently, in 1832 we think, to settle in this county when he built the first and for a long time the only cabin in the vicinity of Columbus. Dickson used to insist that the battalion which Major Dodge commanded in the Black Hawk war properly belonged to him, and would have been led by him but for his illness.

THOU SHALT NOT STEAL.

During the first years of his residence in this county, the savages occasionally familiarized themselves unduly with his property and coveted it sometimes. One fall he had a great pile of corn which he carefully watched. With all his vigilance he could see no signs of its lomenition. When he came to remove it, however, it was as hollow as a honey-comb and tumbled in at almost first touch. The Indians had stealthily and gradually carried it away, at the same time propping it up carefully, to keep up appearances. On one occasion three of them pilfered some valuable skins he had seasoning. The major was perhaps the best woodsman who ever frequented these woods. It was said of him that when he had his nosekins on, no human being ever saw him first in the woods. He followed the trail of the fur thieves so noiselessly that he was close upon them without their knowledge. Supposing themselves beyond danger they were in high glee over their captor, and were uproariously mirthful at his expense. Suddenly he thrust his foot from behind a tree in their immediate rear and cracked a dry twig. Startled at his appearance they dropped their booty and fled. He did not want to kill either of them, because in that case the whole tribe would be likely to return and take summary vengeance on him in his solitary cabin. He determined to give them a lesson, and followed them closely with rifle and revolver. As they crouched rapidly from tree to tree, he fired a shot as near as possible without hitting, first at the ear of one and then of the other, loading them the liveliest imaginable dance for some miles, without a moment of safety.

"No good."

Judge Guppy mentions that the first time he ever saw him was at Columbus. He had hung up his rifle in a store and gone out.
temporarily. A couple of dusky possessors of the original soil came in and at once knew the redoubtable weapon. They granted "ough! major Dickson; no good," and decamped at once. Indeed the Indians learned to hold the harby old pioneer in very salutary fear, and never were really anxious to cement a close intimacy with him.

FORT WINNEBAGO CEMETERY.

In a thick wood of small oaks perhaps a quarter of a mile eastward from fort the fort along the military road is the old Fort Winnebago depository after the lasting muster out. It is a lonely spot, and when the writer visited it, scared by a double winter, that of the year and of abandonment and neglect. About one hundred persons were planted here to await the re-germination of the resurrection. It was the cemetery of the earlier village which slumbered around the fort. A number soldiers went here below the thunder of the morning and the evening gun and the disturbing clatter of revolte tattoo. Their graves are undistinguishable now, though once the sumits of their headboards were decked with black paint. A distinction their country gave them that they might not be confounded with the civilians sleeping about them. The names of major Clark and captain Gideon Low appeared in this roll-call of death. Their remains, however, were removed, those of the latter officer were laid in the cemetery at Portage City.

Indeed empty sepulchres are frequent on every hand. It is observable that most of the undistinguished tenants of these tombs are women. Doubtless they became domiciled after the manner of the sex and afterward could not be spared from home as well. The condition of the place that all care for it is dead too, or removed to an impracticable distance. The summer fires leaping through the dry Whicket have burned and half burned at will the picketed enclosures about many graves, and the years have met success in their endeavors to raise and bury the memorials of other burials. Your inadvertent foot each minute throws up excellently seasoned chips in memory of somebody whose name old time prefers you shall not read. Posingful, perennial eternal Fame is after all but the soil and prey of this old grab among the epithets: build how you will.

Cooper Pixley, a soldier of the revolution went to sleep in these grounds, aged 86 years and 7 months. His grave is still undisturbed.

The article regarding the portage and Fort Winnebago unexpectedly grew to such length as to necessitate publishing it in two or three issues. This led to an arrangement of its paragraphs different to what it would otherwise have been. Excepting such facts as are of record and common to all, we are indebted to the kindness of Judge Guppy and Mr. C. P. Williams, of Portage City, Hon. Hugh McFarlan of Arlington, Senator Clark of Dodge county and others for much of the information embedded.

Columbus Dispatch.

March 10, 1871.

THE PORTAGE

and

Fort Winnebago.

Primeval Times Along the Fox and Wisconsin Rivers.

Some Memorable Events in the Early History of Wisconsin.

Pioneer Scenes, Adventures and Reminiscences.

SECOND PAPER

COLONEL WHITTELL'S TOUR.

Colonel Charles Whittey of Eagle Harbor, Lake Superior, in his "Recollections of a Tour Through Wisconsin, 1882," has recorded some details of a trip up the Fox and a short stay at the fort. He traveled in company with a two horse carriage, and mentions accomplishing two hundred and fifty miles during the last two and a half days before reaching the fort. The concluding fifty miles were along rolling prairies, over which the vehicle passed without meeting obstructions, other than an occasional marsh. On the right of their track, as he says, lay at irregular distances the river and the "Opauka" or rice lakes were distinctly seen as they rose, the
The Black Hawk War was in progress at this period, and Winnebago was one of its objective points. On the 10 of July in the same year generals Henry and Alexander and Major Dodge with their commands were sent to this fort to supply themselves with provisions. At the same general Atkinson himself, who was in command of the whole force, moved towards Lake Kishenong, where he erected a fort which bore his name and gave designation to the village. The three commanders did not agree in their construction and execution of the orders by which they were to rejoin Atkinson. The misunderstanding and consequent disagreement in movement led to a controversy that was warm afterwards. That was at a point in our history when events were considered important which grew very insignificant in the light of subsequent military events on this continent.

Early Scenery and Customs.
The prospects from these green hills rising from the Fox and surmounted by the snowy fabrics of the fort was then varied and even magnificent. The clear, fish-stocked streams in the close foreground rippling its sedents before departure for St. Lawrence. Not a league away, the disembodied currents of the Wisconsin begin their descent to southern waters. The whole view was comprised within an amphitheatre of some miles of blue hills and brown or green as the season or the changing day shifted along them. The marshy intervening district was with vegetation and by its occasional overflows at times rendering the whole United States east of the Mississippi, to vast island. We know that the pioneers of a region are wont to believe and maintain in later years that its beauty has declined, as the grace and color of their own youth have faded. But we must believe something of their stories of whole townships wearing a rich, fragrant coat of clover unbroken by fence or enclosure; hut or barn-yard. And we cannot deny that summer never looked more ornately on these expanses than when no hand but that of Nature had ever been on them. When the hurrying feet of man and the grime of his lead inventions had net worn the wild flowers from their garments, nor scarred and seam ed and corrugated the fresh, heavy sword upon the slopes and plains. When the debris of civilization had not gathered along the water-courses, nor soiled the hills and swept their ornaments away. We may believe, too, as they tell us, that the few denizens and chance wanderers were influenced by their inartificial surroundings, and had lost of conventionality and sham in their composition and habits than the dwellers in the centers of population. And that more would be learned in a half-hour of the character and business of an individual met on horse-back on a distant trail, than would be known by years of residence in the same portion of a city. This, however, may be taken as wresting any merit from those experts who make themselves masters of the details of village life. The salutation would be: "Halloo Stranger! Where ye bound?" followed by enterchange of hydraulic operations upon the capacious receptacles which all then carried suspended externally from the shoulder. Thus the avenues to information would be opened and improved.

A Preliminary Salutation.

Apropos of these unexpected meetings, we have another little episode in the life of major Dickson which we may as well relate here:

Mr. George Bartholomew, afterwards of Lodi, was among the first men to arrive in this county. He and the major had been warm friends in their youth, and the former had stood best-man at the wedding of the latter. Both were full of enterprise, and loved to explore the great west and feel themselves free from the earking annoyance of close association with their species. They had lost all knowledge of each other's whereabouts, and probably did not know that they were so near each other as to be both within the territory of "Quisconsin." Bartholomew was great in the hunting of bees. He knew their habits like a printed page. The whole country was his apiary. Years afterwards he would go a hundred miles in quest of the treasures of these workers in the blossom. On this occasion he was on a similar expedition, and had arrived somewhere in the woods of what is now DeForest. Following his bee-line, all at once he became aware that a distant human figure was watching him intently. Decrees of violence might be done in those lonely confines without any future application of the rules of evidence, and he immediately put himself in a posture of defense. The descried figure did likewise. And so they warily approached each other, and in hand, waiting for some demonstration to indicate the character of the meeting. At last the hunting hunter threw down his rifle, and sent up a sudden shout that might have startled the phlegmatic trees from their
steadfast dignity. "It was the old major. His keen eye had recognized at that distance and in his trappings the friend he had not seen for so long. Without waiting to remove kid gloves, the two woodsmen were in each other's arms, and had a hearty hug there in those solitudes, with not another human being within miles of them to smile at their disregard of fashionable salutation.

THE ERECTION AND GARRISON OF WINNEBAGO.

The few old residents about Portage who remember Fort Winnebago during its garrison love to dwell upon its halcyon days and will suspend their occupation to talk of it when it was the one spot for many miles enframed by a resemblance to civilized life. But they sigh with regret when its present status is mentioned and say they never care to see it now.

As we have shown, there was here at the beginning of the century an Indian village frequented by French and half-breeds traders. The military power of France, England and the United States had been faintly exercised in succession at Green Bay for a long period. About 1828, however, became visible the first faint indication of that influx of emigration which afterwards submerged the whole northwest, and populated no state more rapidly than Wisconsin. The necessity of a garrison nearer the center of the territory became evident for the protection of settlers; the exercise of government jurisdiction over the Indians, and the guarding of stores and munitions for the villages to be founded along the rivers.--

By reason of its advantages for transportation and its central position the high point at the easterly end of the portage was selected as the permanent location. Tradition makes it the exact spot where Marquette erected the cross. Major David Twiggs, afterwards of Mexican fame and later still of rebellious infamy, commanded the first detachment here, which consisted of three companies of the 1st United States Infantry. The officers then under him were Capt. Spencer and Beale, and Capt. Wm. S. Harney, who afterwards gained laurels in Mexico and finally became a major general. The lieutenants of his command were Jefferson Davis, Gaines Miller, Abercrombie, who commanded at Falling Waters early in the rebellion, and who rose to rank as a general officer, being the son-in-law of General Patterson of Philadelphia; Pegram, afterwards a general in the Southern army, who was captured early in the war by general McClellan; Lanette, and Sidney Burbank, now also a general. The medical staff consisted of surgeon Abbott.

The fort was completed in 1828, under the general supervision of the commandant and his officers. The work was done principally by soldiers, very little outside assistance being required. It is said that Jefferson Davis developed in his youth here a taste and skill in cabinet making that promised much better results than he attained when exercising this faculty as a bogus president. The comfort and appearance of the apartments were much enhanced by his ingenuity. Specimens of his handiwork in furniture are still extant in this county. Much of the architectural ornament and external finish of the place was also attributed to his superintendence.

The principal buildings of the fort were erected on the side of a square. Defences against cannon never entered into the plan, the only structures in the nature of fortifications were two compact but heavy block-houses perforated for musketry, and situated at the north-east and south-west corners of the quadrangle. At the same angle was the magazine, a low arched structure of heavy stone. A little south and across the military road from Ft. Howard, which was subsequently laid, were the hospital and the quarters of the medical staff; still a little south of which were the carpenter shops. Westward on the slope towards the river was a large building used by the commissary department, near which was the cistern of the water. The carpenter's stables were not many rods away, and just removed from them were the slaughter houses. Forty rods east the black smith shops are only just discernible. On the northern and southern sides of the fort itself were the gardens which became highly cultivated. The drill and parade ground was east of it. When first erected a solid picket or stockade enclosed it. There were two entrances each guarded by thick double gates. Thus it will be seen that in proper repair and garrison Winnebago might sustain quite a formidable infantry attack. The buildings of the fort proper were not one and a half story edifices, painted white, with sharply sloping roofs and uniform dormer windows, clean and tidy of aspect.

TWIGGS RELIEVED.

On July 5th, 1831 the command of major Twiggs was relieved by companies C, D, E and F of the 6th U.S. Infantry. The officers of these companies were as follows, respectively: Captains, Nathan Clark, Gideon Low, Plympton and F. Hunt. Lieutenants, Alexander, Center, Alex. S. Haas, Connors, Kirby Smith, H. P. Van Cleve and Alexander Johnson. Capt Plympton who bravest major assumed command for a short time until the arrival of Colonel Enos Carter. The subsequent commandants during
any considerable period were major John Green, colonel McIntosh, captains Low and Jowett and lieutenant Munford. Two companies of the 1st subsequently relieved this detachment and remained until the evacuation. Among the officers not enumerated above were Edward M. Lacey, M. D. McKissack, Joseph Whipple, Robert Granger, Masten, Hayman, Archer, R. B. Harvey, Finkney, Layenbeck, and Camilla C. Davis, who was a brother-in-law of Van Cleve, Old Zack Taylor himself, who was for a long time stationed at Fort Crawford, or Prinio de Chien was once ordered here by general Brooke when he commanded the military department from Fort Howard to the Mississippi. It was the thunder of the fort guns that first announced the death of the soldier president to many residents of Columbia County. The 8th Infantry, commanded by colonel Worth, the peer of any officer that went to Mexico was stationed here for recruiting purposes. Senator Clark, so long the senator from Dodge county, was appointed sutler here in the first years of the post by general Cass as secretary of war. Clark was only fifteen years old, and another party was the nominal appointee. It is said that Mr. Henry Merrill, the oldest resident of Portage, was also a sutler here. He knows more about earlier times in that vicinity than any other living man. Unfortunately we did not see him. We saw, however, a little urchin at play among a group of school children whom they told us was among his later born. Good stock in those old pioneers. Leconte Plummer, Masten and Hayman of the garrison each married a sister of senator Clark, whose father had been a major in the service.

DISTINGUISHED NAMES.

The history of the United States could not be written without the names of not a few who did duty at this post, and many of them are distinguished ones. Turgey, Twigg, Abercrombie, Pogokin, Burdick, Van Cleve, Granger, Plummer, Heyman, Langeroe and Macey, whose daughter Miss Cillian subsequently married, all became wearers of general officers' stars, some of them in the regular army. Two gained that eminence on the wrong side of the rebellion. Van Cleve had a command at the battle of Fort Fisher. Colonel McIntosh died gallantly at Molino del Rey, in Mexico.

GARRISON AMUSEMENTS.

The anatomical mowers with the hourglass was not a frequent spectator at the fort. Time does not appear to have hung heavily on the garrison. There was much leisure for amusement and they improved it. They had billiard tables; home-manufactured but of good quality. There were nightly games of pool, as well as cut-throat loo, euchre, seven up, poker, and whatever other speculations are practical on those fascinating parallelograms of spotted paste-board. That passion which is said to be the child of avarice and the parent of despair held high reign here under the cloak of discipline. The destination of the payments was generally decided before the stated visits of the paymaster in a manner which in point of fact greatly varied the expressed design of the roll. There were orgies and frolics of all sorts. Often Bacchus temporarily relieved Mars. Sometimes the powers of darkness came in response to frequent summons. There was no end of horse-racing on the natural courses without the enclosures. Garrison balls also were among the recreations. At one period the mail arrived once every two weeks from Chicago by the way of the Mineral Point country. The vehicle which brought it have in sight upon a bright three miles distant from the fort. It was a favorite pastime to lay wagers on the moment of its descent: the precise moment it would reach the post-office, which was the sutler's store-house; or whether the wagers would have a letter or not. Game was abundant in its season, and many days were devoted to the pleasures of the hunt. In the season there were sleighing parties also. Colonel McIntosh was very fond of this diversion. The garrison used to cut its own wood, and it is said that in his time about the only practicable drive was out to government wood-piles and return.

FORT SCHOOLS.

Education in this state commenced at these forts as is worthy of note. The first attempts at tuition except in the fairest way in private families was initiated at forts Howard, Winnebago and Crawford. There were established what were called 'post schools,' which were under the superintendence of the commandants. They afforded instruction to the children of the officers and soldiers and some of neighboring residents. In 1838 when major Green commanded at Winnebago, Miss Eliza Haight was governess in his family, and instructed about a dozen children of the garrison. In 1840 Rev. R. F. Keyes became chaplain and school-master of the post, and taught twenty children, some of them more than twelve years old.

THE VOYEUR.

In the fort days the Fox adjacent to Winnebago had not its present deserted air. There were ware-houses along its margin, and batteaux in its waters. The French
voyageur who manned these flat-boats is a character unknown now, though his type exists always. Gay, devil-may-care, improvident and free-hearted, he was the sort of Nip Van Winkle with just a sufficient ingredient of the beast of burden to make him of service. They were hired at Quebec or Montreal for a term of two or three years at $100 or $150 per annum, and an outfit consisting of a Mackinaw blanket and a few articles of rough ward-robe. They worked their season; then spent their money merrily, and when it had departed went as merrily to work again. As they plied their boat along, the waters and the river glistered with the songs to which their feet kept time. The deck hand of the steamboat has succeeded the voyageur, and there is no picturesque ness in him.

THE FORT AS IT IS.
Not long since in company with captain O. A. Southmayd, the much esteemed clerk of the court in this county, whose pleasant hospitality we enjoyed, we drove to the site of the old fort and inspected its remains. Duration and desolation have been heavy upon it. Most of the buildings stand, but they are sadly dismantled and decayed. One of the small yet massive blockhouses was burned simultaneously with the line of buildings forming the end of the quadrangle just within these defenses.—The other remains, but it has been prostituted to bovine purposes. A domestic quadruped of that species shelters herself from the nightly attacks of the weather in the strong enclosure built for refuge from the fury of the savage. On several of the edifices used for officers quarters and similar accommodations the mossy roofing has descended almost to the ground and barely depends in crumpled decay over the faces of the buildings. As when dilapidation reizes upon human ruins and objects and frays their capital surroundings, obliterating the tatters, into their very eyes. The timbers were all of the best pine. The weather, however, if a slow Lower, is one that never rests; and they must soon come down. The battered well with its forty feet of depth and its never-failing waters remains in the center of the square, and answers its purpose. Yet the roofed curvaceous heavy roller, worn with the much yielding of pure refreshments, appears about to make its grave of the shaft beneath it, and is in a condition to impel the soil from any drawer of water that gives it a call. The magazine (a sort of a non-militant cow). The stone bakery is also in good preservation. What use poverty, which makes men

burrow where’er they can, has put this to, we did not observe. The only human figure to be nearly discerned among the premises was a red-shirted Celt pontoonier, in what might be the cast-off underwear of some former commandant—long since gone to glory not military, and the child he carried in his arms. Though there sitting in one of the better preserved buildings evidence of further family present and future. He and his brood are the only life now in these former haunts once so full of frontier and militant animation. The outward walls are lettered with posters ruptured by the winds and rains, and are placarded with names of firms, telling you where to purchase wares or adjuring you to buy some nostrum incompatible with debility or death. Silence and Abandonment, two owls, ancient and voiceless, brood over the place. Existence passes it; but seldom stops. Its early origin and its associations attract you thicker; then curiosity melts into sadness, at its desolation, and you turn from the ruin with no care to visit it again.

Across the bridge on the side toward Fortage City, which is a mile away, there are a few rusty vestiges of former times. A store, or two, is standing, leaning as if a great freshet in the past had borne it from the town up stream and stranded it to rot in forgetfulness. Several residences long deserted into the waste of years are still doing in an enfeebled way the work of their youth. And a few comfortable homes of a later era are to be seen in the vicinity.

THE FRANKLIN HOUSE.
More rolling away, on the left of Bronson’s Avenue which was to be the broad, main street of the future city, is the Franklin House, built as a tavern by captain Gideon Low, when he resigned his commission half a good life time ago. Seen from the roadside, it is an immense, rambling, discolored relic, around which stand a solemn group of older residents than ever slept beneath them, shaking their withered hands as if sternly bewailing the ruin of the thing they watched so long. Before the building of the break-water, floodss traveling towards two coasts used to drive in to the door yard of this old public and smoke accommodation Courts were held within it when courts in this county were banishings. A dead generation was merry here and very merry too. And very sad doubts. All generations sometimes are. No business man could write things from this antique barnack now, although there was no lack of reckonings once. The highest enterprise would utilize it as a wholesale factory of ghost-stories probably.
LATER CHANGES.

Growth, often the flicker of uncertainties, passed down the broad road that was to become the handsome thoroughfare. It tarried at the foot awhile, and the old United States hotel sprang up. But battles were in progress among capitalists and owners of the soil, the victory in which was to be the designation of the center of a city. There was another removal, and finally the heart of Portage throbs where it is.

A DRY PUMP.

The only soldiers of the fort remaining about here are Henry Carpenter of Marquette; Wm. Weir, of Portage, who was a captain in the recent war; and Michael Tobin. The latter is a character. For years he has lived alone in a solitary cabin in the woods a mile or two from the former post. He might become a skeleton and nobody would know it. It occurred to us as a newspaper reporter that many readable anecdotes of garrison times might be extracted from him. But the fort is not so thoroughly evacuated as he. He is like a hopper. You get nothing out of him, except what you put in. His conversation is yes and no, and that only.

EVACUATION AND SALE.

The garrison, consisting then of only two companies, was ordered to Texas in 1845, and the post was never afterwards occupied. It was left in charge of ordnance sergeant Van Camp, who looked after it until 1847, when he died. Wm. Weir then had charge of until 1853 when it was sold at auction under an order affecting such property, made by Jeff. Davis as secretary of war. The reservation comprised nearly 4,000 acres was sold to J. B. Martin, of Milwaukee and others for about $20,000. It is now owned by Wm. H. Wells, a banker of Fond du Lac and captain F. H. Masten of Buffalo