

hundred and ten days from Chicago. The same year, returning, he built what he called Fort St. Louis, and gathered round it friendly Indians by thousands whom he confederated against the Iroquois. His lieutenant Tonty, left in command here when La Salle sailed for France, long shot forth a powerful influence, as it were, from his eagle's nest. He penetrated even into Mexican provinces. He was a fur trader and political agent as well among western Indians. Treasure, supposed to have been buried by him in the Rock of St. Louis, has been sought as much as Capt. Kidd's money. According to tradition, on that rock Tonty was himself buried. An Italian silver medal given me here might prove to have been that Italian's. Some time after the French occupation, which lasted thirty-six years, ceased, the same rock afforded an asylum to the last remnant of the Illinois Indians who were there besieged by Wisconsin Pottawatomies. Much provision had been stored in the fort, and its natural ramparts were too steep even for the snaky steps of Indians to mount. The assailants were ready to give up the siege, when they discovered that the garrison depended on the river for water, which they could obtain only by letting down buckets with ropes of bark. The besieging canoes at once glided under the projecting rock, and scalping knives cut off every rope that was let down. The braves above still held the fort, but soon died of thirst; and the fastness which proved fatal to them has ever since borne the name of "Starved Rock." I am astonished to learn that there is a painting of it which has escaped my notice in our historical society's halls at Madison.

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"HISTORY—A mournful follower in the path of man,
Whose path is over ruin and the grave,
May linger for a moment in this place,
Beside a worn inscription, and be sad."

ALEXANDER SMITH.