

growing up, Mr. Gratiot had thought much on the subject of slavery, and had imbibed such a hatred of the institution, that he had determined in his own mind, without consultation and without advice from any source, that he would not live in or bring up his family in a slave state. In 1825, the Fevre River lead mines having been but a short time before opened up, and it being in free territory, he determined to settle with his family in that new El Dorado. His brother, J. P. B. Gratiot (Jean Pierre Bugnion), determined to associate himself with him in his enterprise, and in the middle of October, 1825, they departed on their journey. Their outfit consisted of a two-horse wagon, with supplies and implements, and three trusty *voyageurs*. Peoria was then only a small outpost, and from there to Fevre River it was an almost unbroken prairie. They camped at night in the groves or on the prairie; shooting a variety of game for their subsistence, and jerking their meat before the camp fire, Indian fashion. After an interesting trip, crossing Rock River at Dixon's Ferry, they arrived at their destination. The two brothers pitched their tent about a mile from the river in a ravine, and near a beautiful spring, since known as Sunny Spring, and there they commenced building cabins and log-smelting furnaces.

In the spring of 1826, Mr. Henry Gratiot brought his family to Fevre River. Their trip was made by steamboat and keel-boat, consuming nearly sixty days. In the summer of the same year, reports were spread of a rich discovery of lead ore about fifteen miles north and east of Fevre River, by the Winnebago Indians. The discovery was regarded as a great secret by the Indians, and one not to be divulged without offending the "Great Spirit." But the richness of the mines, and the desire to profit from them, were too much for the Indians, and while they would not impart the secret directly, and offend the Great Spirit, they had been long enough with the white man to know how to "whip the devil around the stump." They, therefore, told Jesse W. Shull, who had long been an Indian trader, if he would go with them to the top of what is now Berry's Hill, overlooking the country to the north and east, they would shoot arrows in a