CHAPTER II

The Early Settlers

The last important Indian War to be fought in the Wisconsin area was the Blackhawk War of 1832. Blackhawk was a chieftain of the combined Sac and Fox tribes whose home had been southern Wisconsin and northern Illinois. The war that bears his name began in northern Illinois over an Indian vs. White land squabble. United States forces under General Atkinson pursued Blackhawk into Wisconsin and completely defeated the Indians at Bad Axe. After this defeat, the other Indian tribes quickly signed away tribal lands to the government and in the mid-1830’s white settlers began to spill into Wisconsin. In the absence of railroads or good highways, the settlers came either by boat, horseback, or on foot, primarily from Green Bay, Milwaukee, and Chicago.

About the time of the arrival of the whites, forces such as cholera, small pox, and whiskey combined to thin out the ranks of the Two Rivers mixed group of Indians. In 1832-3 a particularly severe small pox epidemic hit the Indians. In fact the only direct descendants of the Two Rivers Indians to be found today reside in Menominee County, formerly Menominee Reservation.

The First Permanent Settlers

The springboards to the early settlement of Two Rivers were Green Bay and Milwaukee. The only road in the area in 1832 was a military road which started at Green Bay’s Fort Howard and ran “southeast to Manitowoc and from thence along the lakeshore to Chicago.”

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The parade of visitors continued in the 1830's. The First Christian Missionary to stop with any regularity at Two Rivers was Father Theodore Vanden Broels of Green Bay. Rev. Vanden Broels is said to have visited the village in the mid-1830's.

The Green Bay land office logged the first public land sales in the Two Rivers area in the years following the Menominee Treaty of 1831. The first entries on the present city site were made by D. Wells, Jr. of Milwaukee, Morgan L. Martin of Green Bay, and S. W. Beal of Fond du Lac, in September of 1835. These men had numerous holdings and did not reside at the Two Rivers site. "In the same year, a Frenchman, Oliver Lougrine (Lonzo), entered 320 acres for settlement. This man, however, did not definitely locate on the land until late in the next year, 1836, when he was employed by Robert M. Eberts, Judge John Lawe, and John P. Arndt of Green Bay, who bought up the site."² A sawmill was built during the winter of 1836 and the spring of 1837 by the three partners from Green Bay. "It was the nucleus of the town of Two Rivers and the first white settler there, Oliver Lougrine, was the man who ran the mill."³ Lougrine operated the mill until Two Rivers and the nation were hit by the depression known as the Panic of 1837. By the time the Panic struck, a large log house had been built to house Lougrine. It stood until the early 1900's on land now owned by the Hamilton Manufacturing Company. The sawmill itself stood on the north bank of the Neshoto River "a few feet west of the Washington Street Bridge."⁴ The depression caused the mill to remain closed "and it was not until 1843 that it's wheels again began running, when Andrew J. Vieuco took charge under direction of Judge Lawe."⁵

By 1839 lumbering and fishing had become the two primary occupations of the handful of Two Rivers settlers. "On March 8, 1839 the territorial legislature established a polling place at the steam mill in Two Rivers. At the next election the polling list read as follows:

⁵Ibid.
Robert M. Eberts  
John Lynn  
John E. Sheppard  
Alexander Richardson  
Alfred Woods  

Joseph Edwards  
Peter Allie  
James Young  
Brigham Vansaw  
Samuel C. Chase

(December 14, 1839)"^6

It should be noted that there were a number of important early settlers whose names did not appear on the above list.

In 1837 Two Rivers had a population of 40 people.\(^7\) Most of the sawmill workers left the area and the Manitowoc County population dropped from 180 to 80 in a years time.

Two of the earliest of fishermen in the village were Joseph Edwards and J. P. Clarke who started operations by 1838. Captain Edwards, who in the late thirties built a fishing shack on the beach at Two Rivers, often related the following anecdote. "On one of their occasional feasts the Indians as usual indulged freely in fire-water. In a fit of frenzy a husband killed his wife. Her brother living at the Rapids was immediately notified. He ran along the beach to Two Rivers without stopping, eager for revenge. His father attempted in vain to restrain the son. The murderer in the meantime anticipating his fate, lay down in the sand where the brother found him. Shoving his own father impatiently aside, he placed the muzzle of his gun to the murderer's head and blew out his brains. He was seized by the Indians and confined to a wig-wam, while a council of the leading men deliberated over his fate. He was told to leave and was never heard from again. Such is Indian justice."\(^8\)

Our first true land link with other Wisconsin cities came three years after the village was settled. "In 1839 the County voted $250 to build a road from Two Rivers to Manitowoc and J. W. Conroe was appointed inspector."\(^9\)

At the time of the founding of Two Rivers in 1836, a small settlement called Rowley, and later Two Creeks, was founded by Peter Rowley and Neal McNeal.

The first record of poor relief being administered by the County was made in 1839, when Robert M. Eberts was paid $25.50 "for the care of a pauper."

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6 Ibid. p. 36.
7 E. Beth, A History of Two Rivers, p. 9.
8 Falge, A History of Manitowoc County, Vol. 1, p. 22
9 Ibid.
The Indians living with the whites in the village area were primarily Pottowattomie and Ottawa and some found work with the whites in the fishing and lumbering industries. The best known Indian resident of our area was the Ottawa Chief, Mishicott. Neshotah was also one of the favorite haunts of Chief “Mexico.”

The “parts” or “sides” of the town were noted early by the settlers. The southside soon became the “Mexico” side while the eastside became the “Canadian” side of town because of the French Canadian people living there. It is not known whether the early folk named the southside after Chief Mexico or in contradistinction to the “Canada” side.

The central portion of the city began to expand into a “downtown” district as time went on and essentially these three areas, defined as they were by the rivers and the lake, became the sections of today’s city. The population of the central part of the city contained many New Englanders.

In 1843 A. J. Vieau says Two Rivers was a small “fishing village of some 8 or 10 houses and perhaps 25 inhabitants.” Vieau had come to run the sawmill for Judge Lawe in 1843. In the winter of 1846-47 Andrew Vieau was our postmaster at Two Rivers. At this time Oscar Burdicke was the Manitowoc to Two Rivers mail carrier. His compensation was the revenue derived from the mail route. In 1847 Vieau leased the mill to H. H. Smith and then turned to trading with the Indians for a time. He soon owned a 320 acre farm at Neshoto before moving to Green Bay in 1851.

H. H. Smith, known as “Deacon” Smith, was a prominent figure in the history of Two Rivers. While it is proper to credit Oliver Lougrine (later J. Lonzo) with being our city’s first white settler, it must be said that Deacon Smith did the most to launch Two Rivers on its prosperous future. Smith was a New England lumberman whose determination and community spirit helped put our town on the map.

Early settlers in Two Rivers recalled for posterity the many stories concerning notable Indians of the period. Worthy of mention here was the Winnebago named La Chandelle who lived on what is now the Eastside, Old Katoose of the West Twin River area, Chief Wamegasako or “Mexico” (also “the

Waumpum”) whose bark wigwam was located on the southside of town, and John Williams, whose fluency in the English tongue indicated an earlier association with white civilization that forced him to live in seclusion in the Neshoto woods in the 1850’s.

One early pioneer stated that the Indians in the Two Rivers village were very numerous in 1849. This same pioneer says that “the Indians in that year had a dance on the site at present occupied by the St. John’s Lutheran Church and that no less than 300 participated in the festival.”¹¹ Large numbers of wigwams lined the area where the coal docks are now located along with the current downtown area and the eastside. Indian trails were to be found all over Neshotah, the main trail ran north past what is today the Grace Congregational Church. Starting in 1849 the red men “buried their dead on a site where St. Luke’s Church now stands.”¹²

Perhaps the finest account of pioneer life among the Indians of the Two Rivers area came to us from a published account written by James S. Anderson. Anderson came to this country as an eleven year old Scottish lad in the year 1852. He and his parents settled in the Two Rivers Area on a farm cleared by the Anderson family. James Anderson’s words are these:

A. The Anderson Account

“At the time of its first permanent occupation by the whites, Manitowoc County was a veritable Indian paradise. It certainly came nearer the ideal “happy hunting ground” than any place of which I have ever heard. Bordering on Lake Michigan, the Indians on calm sunshiny days could go out in their canoes and in shallow water spear the whitefish by the canoe-load. The air was darkened in summer by the flight of wild pigeons. If I should describe the immense flocks of these birds that used to pass over this city in flight from their nesting places to feeding grounds, I should scarcely be believed by the present generation. The woods were full of small game. There were many ridges covered with magnificent oak trees, and in these groves squirrels, black and gray, would leap and play without any attempt to hide from the boy who came among

¹¹ H. C. Wilke, History of Manitowoc County Wisconsin
¹² Ibid.
them with his gun. Partridges were abundant everywhere. I have stood on the Neshoto River bottoms in the years 1852 and 1853 and had coveys of partridges run around me thicker than the fowls in a farmer’s barnyard and nearly as tame. Rabbits were not more numerous then than now, for the foxes kept the number down, and in following the trails through the woods it was common to find traces of a scuffle where some red fox had pounced upon one of these creatures and carried it off. The raccoon was much in evidence and was a nuisance to the settler who attempted to raise a little patch of corn. Wolves also were plenty at times, especially in winter. Of larger game there were many deer. It was not an uncommon occurrence for a settler to stand in his doorway and shoot down a deer trespassing on his little patch of wheat or oats. A black bear would frequently climb over the settler’s pig-pen and walk off with a young shoot in his arms.

The Indians could live well, here, and I think that according to their mode of life they all did so, although some of their delicacies would now hardly be considered appetizing. I remember one day, in company with a couple of boys, visiting a tepee on Manitowoc River. The Indian was away, but a squaw with a couple of papooses was at home. The camp was a temporary one for the purpose of trapping muskrats along the river from the rapids down. As we sat there, the squaw determined to be hospitable, so fished out a number of muskrat tails from the ashes where they had been baking and passed them out to the youngsters. They broke through the skin which was baked like a shell, and greedily sucked the little bones. We were offered some of these tidbits, but felt compelled to decline.

There are but few Indian place names left in the country: Manitowoc (interpreted as “the place of the spirits”), Mishicot, Neshoto (the significance of which I do not know), and Memee, which signifies “pigeon.” The last was the name of the river flowing through the town of Memee, now rendered into English as Pigeon River.

The Indian villages were nearly always located where a stream emptied into the lake, or by the side of a river where a number of spring brooks emptied into it. The savages had an eye for picturesque locations, as well as for the essential considerations of abundant water and fuel.

The Indians of Manitowoc County, at the time of the advent of the whites (between 1836 and 1846), appear to have
been a mixed lot composed of Ottawa, Chippewa, Winnebago, Potawatomi, and a few Menominee who had separated from their tribes and spoke a sort of mongrel Chippewa. The last head chief of the so-called Manitowoc mixed band, was Waumegasako or "The Wampum." I never saw him for he died more than six years before I came to the county; but I have heard much about him from the earlier settlers. They all spoke of him as an honest and just Indian, whose word was good in every way and who was respected everywhere.

The late Andrew E. Elmore of Green Bay, who was an Indian trader among them, knew the old chief and told me that he frequently trusted him for ammunition, blankets, and other supplies for himself and his people in large amounts, and in the spring furs and other goods in payment were always forthcoming. He said, "the chief's guaranty for any of his people was as good as gold." If any were slow or delinquent, a word to the chief brought the offender to the trader's post at once. His portrait in the gallery of the State Historical Society at Madison, is an oil painting by the artist Healy, and represents a man in middle life with a rather pleasing countenance, grave and thoughtful in expression. This picture was painted for Solomon Juneau of Milwaukee, who highly prized the friendship of the old chief. His band had their headquarters near Clark's Mills in the town of Cato, and also a camp more or less permanent, near the rapids. These localities were surrounded by their graves, and many relics of these people have been obtained as the plow has stirred the remains of the dead or the graves had been disturbed by curiosity seekers.

Waumegasako died in his village near Clark's Mills, in the autumn of 1845. His funeral was a great occasion, for he was much beloved by his people and much respected by the whites. The day after his death his body was carried down to the place now called Heinz's Mills, where a sawmill was then located, and the white men there made a plain coffin of pine planks. The whole village had followed, and here for two days his people camped in the woods, chanting their death songs and beating Indian drums. Runners had been sent out to notify the outlying bands, and a very large number congregated, their faces painted in token of grief. They again moved the body down as far as the Leneville farm, near the crossing of the Green Bay and Menasha roads, now called the "Four-Corners," where two days more were spent in like exer-
cies. On the fifth day all that was mortal of the old chief was buried at the rapids on the bluff overlooking the river. After his death there did not seem to be any head chief for the various bands. "They seemed to go to pieces," one of the pioneers settlers said to me. Each village appeared thereafter to have its own chieftain and nothing more.

The chief on the bank of the Mishicott River, where there was also a planting-ground, had a French name, La Chandelle, (The Candle). The English-speaking settlers on the town line road corrupted it into "John Dale." He had rather a bad reputation among the old settlers, was about medium height or rather above, very thickset, and with a sullen, sulky expression or countenance. He was said to have been a Winnebago and to have participated in the massacre in 1812 at Fort Dearborn, Chicago. La Chandelle was much addicted to "fire water," which brought out a fiendish temper and made him very dangerous. In some one of his drunken fights he had been struck in the face with a tomahawk, which had split his nose in two. Bad surgery or no surgery had healed the wound in such a manner that he seemed to have a pair of nasal organs. Altogether he presented a gruesome appearance, was not at all liked, and in fact was somewhat feared.

I came to Manitowoc County with my parents in the month of September, 1852. I was then nearing my twelfth year, just the age for new and strange scenes to make the deepest impression. We settled in what is now the town of Kossuth, just about two miles from the Indian village on Neshoto River. When I ceased to have that apprehension of the Indians that was natural to a city-bred boy, I was much interested in our barbaric neighbors and closely observed their habits and mode of life. The chief of the village on the Neshoto was called Katoose, the significance of which name I do not know. I recall that some of the squaws pronounced the name differently, with a guttural which made it sound like Kitosh. He was tall, with a large frame, very spare in flesh, well past middle life, but with nothing of the decrepitude of age, and was friendly with the whites. I never knew what became of him after a settler entered their planting-ground for a farm, and the band went north.

The planting-grounds of these Indians was on the river bottoms on the southwest quarter of section 28, township 21, range xxiii east. There they raised large crops of corn, pumpkins, squash, beans, and some potatoes. During the autumn
of 1852 and the summers of 1853-1854 I made many visits to the planting-grounds, as the Indian village was called.

I was the proud possessor of an old single-barreled shotgun, and the Indian boys were wild with joy when I gave them a chance to shoot with it, for those youngsters were allowed to practise only with bows and arrows, with which primitive weapons many of them were quite expert. I used to get into an Indian canoe with three of four of them, and I gave one of them my gun and let him sit in the bow waiting for a chance to fire into a flock of ducks, he put on more airs that the chief himself. Our talk was altogether by signs. I knew no Indian and they no English, but we managed to communicate wonderfully well.

During the late fall and winter the planting-ground was quite deserted, only a few old Indians remaining. Before the snows fell, the red men would pack their ponies with baskets of corn, their blankets, and tanned deerskins and take the trails to the northern woods; they returned to the planting-ground in early spring, to make maple sugar. On the west side of the river opposite the planting-ground, was a large tract of beautiful sugar maples. The down timber and smaller trees had been used for firewood to boil the sap, and the grove in the spring was as open and grassy as a park. There the ponies would graze and grow fat and sleek after their winter's privation—for the hardy little fellows had no fodder but what they could paw out from under the snow or gnaw from the bark and twigs of the underbrush. Here I first saw maple sugar made. It was not exactly an appetizing sight to see a grimy-looking squaw drag two or three papposes off a blanket and then calmly strain a lot of sap through it into a kettle, preparatory to boiling.

When the summer came, the bark tepees were taken down and set up again on the bottom lands near the planting-ground. I do not know on what principle or plan the lands to be planted were allotted among the different families; but each family seemed to have its own tract, which the women industriously worked with their hoes throughout the season. Their principal crops were corn and squash, occasionally beans. The squaws would sometimes come to the houses of the settlers and trade some buckskin, or beadwork, or a basket or two for a few seed potatoes. The principal Indian trail from the west to the planting-ground passed just in front of our house, and we had abundant opportunity to see the Indians as they passed
to and fro in their spring and fall migrations.

I remember a visit we had from Katoose and some of his followers, and recall the anxious expression of my father and the terrified looks of my mother. It was a dark, rainy night when, just as we were getting ready to go to bed, we heard a scratching at the door and the sound of human voices. My father stepped to the door and against the protest of my mother threw it open. Katoose staggered in, followed closely by a squaw and a couple of young men. Evidently they had been testing "firewater" with considerable frequency. After a time we made out that they had lost a pony, could not find him in the dark, and wanted a light. My father lighted a candle, put it in an old-fashioned square lantern, and he and I went with the Indians out to the trail, a few rods distant. We found the pony heavily loaded with a large pack, standing quietly in a corner of a Virginia rail fence. He was promptly hauled out and placed on the trail headed towards the planting-ground.

Katoose had noticed the evident fright of my mother, and insisted upon returning to the house with my father. When there he took from his neck a buckskin collar elaborately worked with beads, and insisted upon giving it to the white squaw. Evidently he was determined to do something to placate her and allay her fears. My mother declined the gift, and we finally got him down to his band and they went on in the darkness.

There was an Indian who spent several years in Kossuth township, about whom there was a good deal of mystery. He always camped at a distance from the others—two or three miles away. He was at all times neatly dressed in a full suit of buckskin—hunting shirt, leggings, and moccasins. He was tall and well formed, with fine features, and a frank, open countenance. He was the first Indian to come to our log house after we got settled on our land. He told my mother that he was camped not far away, that his squaw was sick, and he asked her to give him ten pounds of flour and in return he would soon bring her some venison. As my mother considered herself entirely at his mercy he got the flour, but she had no expectation of seeing him again. About ten days after there was a light fall of snow, and next day he came to the house bringing the bag in which he had carried away the flour, and with it a quarter of excellent venison. He asked the privilege of bringing us venison in exchange for flour or corn meal, and did so several times.
This Indian spoke excellent English. He ate dinner or supper with us a number of times, and his table manners were better than most of the white men around us. He told us his name was John Williams. Across his breast he wore diagonally a broad black leather belt, at the end of which was a large sheath-knife. This belt was thickly studded with brass buttons, and the early settlers of Kossuth bestowed on him the name "John Buttons." He never spoke of his past, but it was quite evident that at some period of his life he had lived in close intimacy with the whites.

There was a large Indian gathering at the Neshoto planting-ground in the early autumn of 1853. I do not know what the occasion was; but judging from my recollections I should say there were between four and five hundred present. All were in full dress, with faces painted a variety of colors, most of them with conspicuous black marks. One night I went with some of the settlers and witnessed a great dance. A huge fire was built on a level piece of ground near the river and the Indians sat around it in a large circle. It was rather a weird sight. The young men gathered in a long line and danced around the fire to the beating of drums and the chanting of the women and older men. These drums were crude affairs. The largest one was made from the shell of a hollow basswood tree, over which was stretched a fresh-dried deerskin. The smaller ones were made in all kinds of shapes. Several were paint kegs, such as white lead used to be shipped in, over which were drawn raw hides that were tightened by twisted cords which crossed the bottom. The high, shrill treble of the squaws mingled with the hoarse bass voices of the men as they yelled and danced, and to me, who was a newcomer and had been used only to city life, it was an exciting scene. I sat on the edge of the circle near a very old man who apparently was too feeble to take part in the violent dancing. But he seemed to be recalling the warlike traditions of his tribe; his eyes would flash and his voice grow strong as he rolled out the guttural notes of the chant. This large band stayed about a week at the planting-ground, and then dissolved, scattering to the woods north and west. I have sometimes thought it was a farewell to the old place, for they never came back, save in small groups.

During the period between 1850 and 1860 the Indians came frequently to Manitowoc in large numbers to trade. They used to camp around the store of Col. Peleg Glover, at the corner
of York and Sixth streets. Glover was an old Indian trader and could talk with them in their own language, consequently he received a large amount of their trade in furs and other Indian products. In the fall of 1858 or 1859, a large number of Indians came to Manitowoc in canoes along the lake from the north. My impression is that these were Menominee. Some of their canoes were models of beauty, and quite large—made of cedar frames covered with birch bark, about fifty feet long and eight feet beam, with a carrying capacity of two or three tons, besides their crew of paddlers. They brought fish-oil, furs, baskets, and other things which they traded at Glover’s store; and they carried back with them a large amount of store goods in exchange—blankets, pieces of calico, ammunition, knives, and other useful articles. It was a picturesque sight when they started on their homeward journey, paddling their large fleet of canoes over the smooth lake in the morning sunshine. That was the last great band of Indians that visited Manitowoc. Never since have we seen so many at one time."\textsuperscript{13}

B. The Land and the Early Settlers

With the conclusion of the Blackhawk War and the Menominee Cession Treaty the land office at Green Bay began to show entries purchased by land speculators of the Green Bay area. Let us briefly look at Neshotah to assess its’ beckoning resources.

The pine forests indicated Two Rivers first important industry would be lumbering. Sloops that plied the lake would transport vast quantities of lumber to the Chicago and Milwaukee market. The abundance of fish and the level sand beaches made this area a prime target of commercial fishermen. The hemlock, with its tanning bark was to open up the historic tanneries of the Mishicott River. The lands to the interior provided the basis for future farms.

Geography

The City of Two Rivers is located within the township of Two Rivers in the northeastern part of Manitowoc County.

\textsuperscript{13} L. Falge, \textit{A History of Manitowoc County}, Vol. I, p. 24
Normally the Northwest Land Ordinance of 1785 provided townships that were 6 miles square. Two Rivers is an irregular shaped township since Lake Michigan forms an irregular eastern boundary. Our township is bounded on the north by the towns of Mishicot and Two Creeks, on the west by Mishicot and Kossuth, and on the south by Manitowoc township.

The Earliest Pioneers

As we look at our city today it is difficult for us to imagine the Two Rivers of the period 1836-50. Difficult as it may be, try to picture the setting and events of that past period. The threads to the present may seem more meaningful if we are aware of our city's beginnings.

By 1835 the government's survey of the Menominee Purchase was complete and our area was open to white settlement. With the arrival of Oliver Lougrine as the first white settler and the construction of the old sawmill, our story continues. The year of 1837 brought a prosperous start to Judge Lawe and his employee Lougrine. By the fall of the same year the Panic of 1837 struck the American business world and our tiny settlement as well. Land speculation had hit dizzy heights before it collapsed the many paper fortunes of the era. Most of the 40 settlers moved away. The few that remained were busy providing for their primary needs and Two Rivers remained essentially an Indian village.

By 1838 fishing and lumbering were established as the principal industries of the village. J. P. Clarke had established the first important fishery here and his seines reaped a heavy harvest from the sea. So abundant were the whitefish and trout of the Lake that Clarke threw species, such as the sturgeon, on the beach to die as there was no market for them.

The buildings in the village were initially log homes and as sawed lumber came into abundance, shanties were built. Flanking these buildings were the Indian wigwams made of bark and saplings.

The Indians desired to trade with the whites and rendered fish oil for this purpose. They rarely molested any of the settlers and their principal contact with the whites was to swap venison, fish oil, and baskets for ammunition, cloth, and other necessary goods. The Indians moved about to summer and winter camps. One of the more noted summer camps was that of the Waumpum (Chief Mexico) which was located on
Detailed map of Two Rivers and vicinity.
the southside of the Neshoto River.

Katoose or "Cutnose" was a Pottawottomie of the Two Rivers area whose contact with the white American influenced one of his sons to seek the white man's way. The son, called "Skeesuck," worked on the ships that sailed the Great Lakes, gradually working his way east. He settled in Norwich, Connecticut, where he married a Mohawk girl, and, in time, became an engineer in the W. H. Page wood-type factory. When this firm was purchased by the Hamilton Company around the turn of the century, Jerome Skeesuck related to a company representative the story of his life.

Soon shingle mills were added to the economy of the village. The wood was cut a few miles upstream and rafted down to the shingle-making shanties along the rivers edge. Cedar and pine were in greatest demand for this industry. The finished products were conveyed to the harbor in small boats.

Access to the harbor was made difficult by the shifting sands that altered the placement of the mouth of the two rivers and made it a shallow affair. Those interested in trade had to drag the sand from the bottom of the entrance with a scoop and a team of oxen.

Among the schooners that called at Manitowoc and Two Rivers during the Thirties and Forties were the Liberty, Savannah, Jesse Smith, Solomon Juneau, E. Henderson, and the Meeme (Indian for Pigeon). Often the products of the village were rafted out into the lake and loaded onboard the schooners. In winter the ships did not call and the tiny settlement was isolated.

In 1837 and 1838, J. P. Clarke's ship the "Gazelle" carried salted fish to Detroit and household goods back to Two Rivers. In 1838, Clarke moved to Whitefish Bay.

In 1837, the first white child to be born in the county arrived on the scene. The child was the daughter of D. S. Munger and was born at Two Rivers.

Some of the families living in the village in the late 1830's were those of P. P. Smith, Jos. Edwards, John P. Arndt, and Robert M. Eberts.

On December 7, 1836, the historically large county of Brown, which included a large part of the state of Wisconsin, was divided so as to provide a closeness of government to the lives of the increasing number of settlers in the state. Manitowoc county was carved out of eastern Brown county. The county seat would be at Manitowoc Rapids.
Andrew Vieau, a son of Jacques Vieau, was a pioneer who came to Two Rivers to reopen the sawmill belonging to Judge Lawe. Vieau stated that "A part of the time I ran for the most part for Bascomb and Wail in 1844, to Daniel Smith in 1845, and to H. H. Smith of Milwaukee, who finally bought the plant in 1847. I also did some trading with the Indians of the area."\(^{14}\)

It was in 1842 when our county had a white population of 263, that the first Indian scare came to Two Rivers. It soon passed over as Chief Mexico appeared at the Rapids and assured the settlers that no harm would come to them.

What was true of pioneer life in Two Rivers was true of pioneer life in other sections of our young republic. Tom Paine described what it was that characterized early American life when he wrote;

"What we have here, a way of life, a way for children to smile, some liberty, some freedom, and hope for the future, men with rights, decent courts, and decent laws. Men not afraid of poverty and women not afraid of childbirth."

With the revival of business after 1843, all of the trappings of Western civilization began to appear in the village. In 1844, the county commissioners granted five licenses for taverns to different areas of the county including one at the mouth of the Two Rivers.

After 1843, immigrants came largely from Milwaukee and largely on foot so that by 1850 our village population was 924.

Other pioneers of the 1840's were Joseph Gagnon, W. T. Sheppard, C. C. Chase, Oliver Pilon, Frank Lonzo, Anton Cayo, and John Glass.

Lumber camps now began to move inland. One was set up about a mile up the East Twin River in the area of the Tannery Bridge. Their logs were floated down river in the summer and hauled down on sleds in the winter. As there were still no piers out into Lake Michigan, the lumber had to be taken onto the lake in scows and loaded aboard the schooners.

It was September 24, 1845 when Hezekiah H. Smith arrived in the village. Smith, best known as the "Deacon", was to become one of our most prominent citizens. Smith first rented and then bought the old sawmill. He was a bright,

\(^{14}\) The Narrative of Andrew J. Vieau, Wis. Historical Society Collections, Vol. XI, p. 282
energetic businessman and the early growth and prosperity of the city can, in part, be attributed to his pluck and perseverance. The Deacon used his energies in the fields of business, religion, medicine, and legal matters. At one time he served as pastor, doctor, druggist, and counsel besides his business interests.

If you were to have arrived in Two Rivers in 1848, the site would have looked like this: The southside consisted of one fish shed owned by John “Sixty”. The eastside was made up of two fishing shanties built near the lake. The bulk of the village extended from the mouth of the two rivers to 18th street. Dense forest and underbrush encircled the settlement on all sides. The forest extended from the Eggers plant through St. Lukes’ and to the Monroe Street bridge. The typical buildings were shanties. The few streets in the village were built primarily upon old Indian trails. The most prominent trail running north past Sacred Heart Church became the main street of the city. In this same year of 1848, the population of the settlement was only 200.

The settlers of the forties suffered many privations. Clearing land was a slow, difficult process. Food was frequently scarce, or when available, monotonous. Crop failures in the small gardens and fields of the village were common. Since fruit trees would take more time to grow and produce, fresh fruit was in scarce supply.

In 1844, the county created three school districts with Two Rivers and the area north of it being one of them. The town clerk of the period, H. C. Hamilton, recorded the following notes: Resolved that one hundred dollars be raised on real estate for the support of the schools in the town (April 9, 1849). The early license fees for taverns were earmarked for the support of education in the township.

The first known Protestant religious services were conducted in an old log schoolhouse by “Deacon” Smith. The congregation was Episcopalian and Methodist. In these early years the citizens contributed to the erection of the first church building in the village which became known as the Methodist Church.