



Pageants, Parades, and Patriotism: Celebrating Champlain in 1909

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By KEVIN DANN

The last 300 years represent a period of discovery, conquest, and development. On the 4th day of July, 1609, the great Champlain discovered what I believe to be the most beautiful body of water whose ripples in response to the gentle breeze were ever kissed by the sun-light . . . Is it any wonder then, when we stop to contemplate this great progress and development during the last 300 years, that we should assemble here together, to help celebrate in a fitting manner that great event? . . . I believe that our mission is only just begun . . . I believe the future is to be brighter yet; I believe that the destiny of this great nation of ours is to continue on and lead in the achievements of those great things which make for the material advancement and the uplifting of the human race of the whole world.

— Mayor John Burke, Burlington, Vermont, July 8, 1909¹

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The day after July 4, 1909, in Burlington, Vermont, began a week of celebration that surpassed any the city or state had ever seen. It was the three hundredth anniversary of Samuel de Champlain's "discovery" of the lake that bore his name, and both on its western shore, from Ticonderoga to Rouse's Point, New York, and its eastern shore, from Vergennes to St. Albans, Vermont, the people of the Champlain Valley were throwing a huge party. Vermont's Queen City had outdone all the other lakeside towns, planning a full week of festivities. Twenty-five thousand electric lights were installed along city streets to light the way for the more than 50,000 visitors expected. The Rutland and Central Vermont Railroads added extra cars for the tercentenary week, and the steamers *Ticonderoga* and *Chateaugay* were full on all their excursions. Burlington doubled the size of its police force, deputizing local men and hiring five Pinkerton agents from New York. City workers labored for weeks building a \$9,000, arc-lighted grandstand on the waterfront, and a vacant lot off South Union Street became a staging ground for the launch of a mammoth airship. On the morning of the fifth, Vermont's first marathon was held at Centennial Field; among the entries were Olympic runner Johnny Hayes; Ted Crook, who had captured the \$10,000 purse just two months before at the New York Polo Grounds; and Pat Dineen, who circled the track 104 times to win the race in just over three hours. The darling of the crowd, though, was Fred Simpson, an Ojibwa Indian known to the fans by the same commemorative name as the mid-nineteenth century's most famous sports star—the Morgan trotter "Black Hawk." Each time Simpson passed the stands, the crowd let out a shrill war whoop, like the one that all of New England imagined the Sauk chief once yelled.²

A semi-pro baseball game, a parade, a sailing regatta, a motor boat race, and fireworks followed the marathon. Visitors could also take in Colonel Francis Ferari's Trained Wild Animal Arena and Exposition out at the Allen lot on Shelburne Street, where they could see "Bertini" ascend a spiral tower fifty feet high, watch "Mamie" in her fire, snake, and electrical dances, marvel at Darling's Dogs and Ponies, "an exhibition of canine and equine intelligence," or hazard a trip through the "mile of mirrors" of the \$10,000 Crystal Maze. At the Strong Theater, Bobby Daly, a cavalryman from Fort Ethan Allen, took on Willie Mango of New York City in a boxing match. At George Mylkes' Church Street magazine stand and a dozen other places around town, miniature birch bark canoes, toy bows and arrows, and French and American flags were snatched up by eager souvenir hunters. The Hobart Shanley Company ran half-page ads in the *Burlington Free Press* for Walter Hill

Crockett's just-published *History of Lake Champlain*. Burlington's streets were crowded with straw-hatted men, women in white muslin, and soldiers in full dress sweating in the July sun. The finest yachts from Canada, New England, and New York gathered around the breakwater in Burlington Bay, where a torpedo boat was also on display.³

July 7, "Patriotic and Fraternal Society Day," saw a parade of Burlington's secret and beneficial societies. A variety of veterans' organizations led the parade: the Grand Army of the Republic, Daughters of the American Revolution, United Spanish War Veterans, and the Society of Colonial Wars in the State of Vermont. There followed five lodges of Masons, six lodges of Odd Fellows, the Fraternal Order of Eagles, Foresters of America, Modern Woodmen of America, the Royal Arcanum, and the Improved Order of Red Men. Behind them, Burlington's small army of clerks, undertakers, salesmen, wood dealers, teamsters, and laborers of all sorts filed by in full regalia, wedged between banners of the German Order of Harugan, the Ancient Order of Hibernians, the Knights of Columbus, the Knights of Pythias, and the Saint-Jean Baptiste Society. Many of these last marchers were immigrants or the children of immigrants, and one of the main hopes of the tercentenary organizers was for the celebration's "Americanizing" influence. All week long, scores of French Canadians, Irish, Italians, and other non-Yankees were being given a grand civics lesson by the town fathers. The fortuitous coincidence of the dates of Champlain's "discovery" and Independence Day created a perfect opportunity to encourage a transfer of allegiance by Vermont's most populous underclass, the French Canadian, from the *fleur-de-lis* to the Stars and Stripes. While workers paraded bodies, their town-father employers paraded minds, via a procession of distinguished poets and politicians who built a narrative of the Champlain Valley's heroic past. Much of that narrative focused on the region's aboriginal inhabitants—the Abenaki and the Iroquois—and their roles in the historic drama.

In 1609, the Abenaki—the name that has come to characterize the *wābanakiak*, the "People of the Dawnland"—inhabited the region from Lake Champlain to the Atlantic. Speaking closely related but distinct dialects of the eastern Algonquian language, the eastern Abenakis—the Kennebec, Penobscot, Androscoggin, and others—lived in what is now Maine, while the western Abenakis inhabited the region from Lake Champlain to the White Mountains, their northern limit the St. Lawrence River and their southern villages extending to the upper Merrimac River on the east, the Hoosic River on the west, with a number of villages along the Connecticut River in the area of what is now the Vermont-Massachusetts border. The area between Lake Champlain

and the Connecticut River, the land that came to be known as Vermont, was the heart of the western Abenaki homeland.

On the other side of *bitabagw*, the “lake between” that was the center of the western Abenaki universe, dwelt the Iroquois, a people whose language, mythology, social customs, economy, and material culture were as different from the Abenaki as the Precambrian rocks of the Adirondack massif were from the Paleozoic strata of the Champlain Valley. Sometime between 1400 A.D. and Champlain’s arrival in the region, five separate groups of Iroquoian-speaking peoples had formed the League of the *Houdénosaunee*, or Five Nations. Prominent among them, especially in the minds of the orators from Albany, were the Abenaki’s western neighbors, the *Kaniengehaga*, or Mohawk, who were the “Keepers of the Eastern Door” of the Five Nations confederacy. Westward lay the nations of the Oneida, the Onondaga, the Cayuga, and the Seneca.

According to one tercentenary orator, former Secretary of War Elihu Root, the Iroquois held in subjection an area from New York to Ohio, Tennessee, and northern Virginia.⁴ Tercentenary poets recapitulated the myth in verse; Percy MacKaye’s ballad *Ticonderoga* spoke of how “The Iroquois: in covert glade / They built their pine-bough palisade / And weave in trance / Their sachem dance . . . / Conquering the region aboriginal.”⁵ Without exception, the speakers extolled the superiority of the Iroquois. Root, whose text began by contrasting the “lowest stage of industrial life”—i.e., hunting and gathering—practiced by the Algonquians with the agricultural and sedentary ways of the Iroquois, went so far as to say that the English would not have prevailed over the French, nor the American revolutionaries over Great Britain, were it not for the aid of the Iroquois.⁶

The event that all this rhetoric celebrated, Samuel de Champlain’s voyage up the Richelieu to *bitabagw* in 1609, was the pivotal point in the tercentenary orators’ story—prehistory’s surrender to history. With Champlain’s arrival, ten thousand years were compressed into a vague aboriginal mist that served only as prelude to the region’s seminal event: the struggle for empire between Great Britain and France. The Iroquois-Algonquian struggle was simply a cipher for the imperial succession that followed: First, the English-French conflict, the empire of one superior European foe “naturally” succeeding its predecessor aboriginal empire; second, America’s supplanting of British rule in the War for Independence; and ultimately, American entry into the twentieth century as a world power, following its triumph in the Spanish-American War.

At the tercentenary events, the orators assigned both Iroquois and Algonquian to a vanished past. British Ambassador James Bryce lamented, “The monarchy of France is gone, the furs are gone, the Indians

whom they sought to convert are gone.” Literary critic Hamilton Mabie, whose address lasted well over an hour, finally ended with an allusion to “The Indian, survivor of a people whose story is the tragedy of the undeveloped in the path of the organized race; victim of a law which impels alike the aggressor and the exiled; oppressed that others might be free.” At the Vergennes celebration the day before, Lieutenant Governor John Mead had invoked the name of “Old Long John” of Mendon as the last of the Vermont Indians. At each turn the speakers tempered their blustery rhetoric of manifest destiny with the pathos of the vanishing red man.⁷

The tercentenary organizers were savvy enough to realize that it was largely the educated class who listened to these addresses. To impart their patriotic message to the scores of teamsters, coal carters, and domestics who had come out looking for a little diversion from their daily drudgery, they decided to make use of a new medium, the historical pageant, which was a strange mix of costume ball, operatic spectacle, and folk play. They hired L. O. Armstrong, who had made a big splash the previous year with an Indian pageant at the Québec Tercentenary, to produce the Lake Champlain extravaganza. Armstrong chose Canadian poet and nature writer William D. Lighthall’s *Master of Life*, a play depicting the life of Hiawatha and the founding of the Iroquois Confederacy, as the historical basis for the pageant, which was enacted at each of the tercentenary celebration localities. The stage for the pageant was an artificial island named “Tiotiake,” the Iroquois name for the island of Montreal (see photograph, p. 130). Six hulls (afterwards used as house boats), lashed together with cables and ten-inch-square beams into three separate catamarans, were then decked over to form the “island” stage. Measuring three hundred feet by seventy feet, it included a sandy beach supported by bark underneath to keep the actors’ feet from sinking. In the center a stockade of fifteen-foot-tall posts surrounded an elm-bark longhouse and tepees, and at each end there were living cedar and birch trees. One tree concealed an enormous megaphone, through which the narrator of the pageant spoke. And everywhere there were lights—footlights, toplights, search lights—all illuminated by a gas generator hidden in the shrubbery. Beached alongside the ersatz island was a flotilla of canvas canoes, most of them painted to look like birch bark, while a few were authentic pine and hemlock dugouts. There was also a replica of the *Don de Dieu*, Champlain’s flagship, and a group of American gunboats and fireworks boats, under the command of Commodore Armstrong.⁸

The pageant, whose initial scenes were set sometime in the mid-sixteenth century, opened with a foot race and canoe race between the Iroquois and the Algonquins, Hurons, and their allies. There followed

scenes of battle, and peacemaking by Deganawida, the “Master of Life.” The pageant’s dramatic action echoed the tercentenary events, which had begun with a running race and canoe regattas, followed by the solemn peace-pipe smoking and ritual oratory of the New York and Vermont officials welcoming each other and their foreign guests. But all this was simply preamble. Following the Hiawatha portion of the Indian pageant was the event that the crowd had really come to see: the arrival of Champlain and the battle that pitted him and his Algonquin warriors against the Iroquois. With a single shot from his arquebus, Champlain, played by the descendant of an early French settler, killed two of the Mohawk chiefs, reenacting the event that was popularly believed to have forged an Algonquin/Huron/Abenaki alliance with the French against the Iroquois.⁹

Agency—the decisive, active, virile force imagined as embodied in both the Iroquois and Champlain—was the most important element communicated through the parades and pageantry. Though he made only this brief appearance in the pageant, the goateed hero could be found on nearly every street corner in Burlington. For weeks leading up to the tercentenary celebration, merchants used Champlain’s image to advertise “Special Tercentenary Sales” of hats, suits, furniture, books, furs, and even moccasins. Street vendors sold souvenir medallions of Champlain to thousands of celebrants. His noble profile exploded in the finale fireworks display out on the breakwater. Those who attended the tercentenary speeches heard the Father of New France described in the most flowery language. Hamilton Mabie thought Champlain “the impersonation of that aggressive force of civilization which sweeps the lesser race irresistibly before it,” and described him as “high-minded and generous of spirit . . . brave and hardy, of great strength, calm in danger, resourceful and swift in action.” Governor Charles Evans Hughes of New York declared Champlain “a man of the Old World whom the children of the New World might well copy.” Vermont poet Daniel Cady admired Champlain in verse: “The man who, in a tinsel age, / Cared nought for shields or bars, / Or state or showy equipage, / Whose name no scandal scars— / Whose memory, like a lofty shaft, / Stands level with the stars.” French Ambassador Jean Jules Jusserand called his countryman “a plain, straightforward pioneer, a man of conscience, doing his duty to the best of his ability,” while British Ambassador Bryce placed Champlain as the last and best in an ancestral line: Columbus, Magellan, Cabot, Balboa, De Soto, Cortez, Pizarro, Cartier, and La Salle. Champlain “thought first of France and of the faith which he came to propagate, and last of himself.” Father Barrett of St. Mary’s Cathedral in Burlington echoed all this adulation: Champlain was “a

paragon of virtue, the fearless explorer, the daring discoverer, the intrepid soldier, the untiring pioneer, the successful founder, a man among men, a born leader, a chivalrous crusader.”¹⁰

Many of the orators had received their images of Champlain from historian Francis Parkman, whose final estimation of Champlain—“the *preux chevalier*, the crusader, the romance-loving explorer, the curious knowledge-seeking traveler, the practical navigator”—was that he was “all for his theme and his purpose, nothing for himself.”¹¹ Like the orators who drew upon his histories, Parkman claimed a kinship with Champlain, prefacing his book *Pioneers of France in the New World* with a remark about how intimately he knew the locales of Champlain’s exploits; he too had braved the wilderness, thrown himself selflessly into encounters with the unknown. Parkman’s bluster, and that of the tercentenary orators, revealed a deep anxiety that their own ages were less than heroic, that indeed, in a world of motorcars and urban parks, real heroism, real encounters with nature and its savages, were impossible. Living in what was widely perceived by the ruling class as an age of enfeeblement, they were obsessed with an age of heroic discovery and exploration.

No voices of protest were raised at this devotional portrait of Champlain, no one who would have the oratory substitute “exploiter” for “explorer,” “invader” for “discoverer,” “genocide” for “settlement.” (It would be another fifteen years before William Carlos Williams, in his *In the American Grain* [1925], would spleen about Parkman’s tribute to Champlain: “Good Lord, these historians! By that I understand the exact opposite of what is written: a man all for himself . . . See if I am not right.”)¹² The 300th anniversary of Champlain’s penetration of *bitabagw* was not an occasion for humility, apologetics, or restitution, or an attempt to see the event through native eyes. The reenactment of the firing of Champlain’s arquebus served to fix a proper image in the crowd’s mind. Percy MacKaye both expressed and nurtured the popular imagination of Champlain’s mythic act in his poem “Ticonderoga.” While “Maqua [Mohawk] and wild Algonquin” were taunting each other, Champlain appeared:

And mid the silent sagamores,
In shining cuish and casque of steel,
Before them all
Stands bright and tall,
With gauntlet clenched and helmet viced,
The calm knight errant of the Christ;
Then, in sign miraculous,
Levels his arquebus,
And, charged with bullets from his bandoleer,
Looses the bolt of preternatural thunder.¹³

While the “mazèd” Indians watched open-mouthed, Champlain acted with the potency of his arquebus.

Other orators praised Champlain’s knowledge in “Indian ways,” and said that this “initiator of civilization” commanded “the almost idolatrous affection of the savage tribes of Canada.” If he had given Champlain’s journal of his voyage a close reading, MacKaye would have understood that Champlain was as much pawn as he was agent. On the journey south, the expectant Algonquin warriors each morning would ask Champlain what he had dreamed, hoping to gain some omen of their fortune in battle. Champlain continually dismissed their superstitious nonsense, as he did their shamans’ performance of the shaking tent rite. He ridiculed the native *jongleurs*, taking their conjuring for commerce with *le Diable*, and caricatured his allies’ faith in the divination ritual: “The whole tribe will be about the tent sitting on their buttocks like monkeys.”¹⁴ But the very night that they finally met the enemy, Champlain dreamed that he saw the Iroquois drowning in the lake, a favorable omen of impending victory.

For the organizers of the tercentenary celebration, the site of the battle between Champlain and the Iroquois was a sacred place, but its sacredness was complicated by a bitter controversy over whether it was at Ticonderoga or Crown Point that Champlain had fired his arquebus. At the Crown Point celebration, Judge Albert Barnes of Chicago, who had grown up across the lake at Chimney Point, Vermont, argued that Crown Point was the authentic location, but at Ticonderoga, former New York City mayor Seth Low took a poll from the audience, who unanimously insisted it was Ticonderoga.¹⁵ The latter opinion won out, partly because of the hold on the sacred past that Ticonderoga possessed by virtue of its being the site of later historic events. In Percy MacKaye’s poem, Ticonderoga, the “headland rock / of history,”¹⁶ became a patriotic palimpsest, three centuries of heroism compressed into “Titans three”—the “great Chevalier” Champlain; the Marquis de Montcalm, who in 1758 successfully defended the French position at Ticonderoga against attack by the British under Lord Howe; and Ethan Allen, who led a daring “attack” on the British during the opening moments of the Revolutionary War.

MacKaye concluded his poem with a return to the mystic voice that characterized all his public poetry: “Thine eyes grow dreamy in the evening haze, / Ticonderoga. / Where, in mimic art / Ephemeral, / Thy pilgrims hold their part / In festival / On what eternal pageants dost thou gaze, / Ticonderoga?”¹⁷ In this query, MacKaye was the only voice to allow the pageantry to become transparent, to acknowledge that the floating island, the mock battle, even his ballad, were all “mimic art,

ephemeral.” And yet he used the word “pageant” to evoke the unceasing action of history, the endless substitution of players upon the stage. For MacKaye, as for all the tercentenary celebrants, both pageants—the eternal one and the ephemeral one—were authentic. The drama enacted at each of the tercentenary gatherings had been staged with careful attention to creating a tangible, believable world that spectators might fully enter. *Outlook* magazine author Frank Woods wrote that the pageant Indians held the audiences “spell-bound.” More than 150 Indians from the reserves at Caughnawaga, St. Francis, and Oka in Québec, from Brantford, Garden River, and St. Regis in Ontario, and from the Onondaga Reservation in New York had been hired for the pageant. During the week of the tercentenary celebration, the 600-horsepower tugboat *Protector* towed the Indians and the eight white men who directed them in two boats from city to city along with the fake island. At each of the cities, for a dime per round trip, visitors could get an Indian-paddled canoe ride out to the island, where they could tour the traveling village. Scores of people posed for photos of themselves with the pageant Indians.¹⁸

During the heyday of American historical pageantry (1910–1920) there was a great attempt to involve more people than just the village elite who had traditionally been given roles to play in patriotic celebrations. Among the actors who took part in the tercentenary pageant were schoolteachers and stenographers; veterans of the Civil War; and Mohawk bridge builders. The pageant director believed that using non-professional actors from the community would help create “mass unity” among the onlookers. There were even family ties to historic personalities among the company; one actor was descended from the Iroquois leader Joseph Brant, another, called “Scar Face” in the production, from Eunice Williams, the Deerfield captive adopted by the Abenaki at St. Francis in 1704. (The libretto claimed that “what little white blood remains in him, that little has a distinctly New England atmosphere.”)¹⁹ The young man who played the Dutch colonial governor Corlaer was from a Dutch family who had lived at Caughnawaga for several generations. These hereditary links to the past authenticated the pageant in an almost mystical fashion, reassuring the audiences that they were experiencing faithful reproductions of the events of three hundred years ago.

A more critical element in the pageant’s aim at mystical union was music. Armstrong made use of the “Indian intermezzo,” which combined rumbling rhythms and minor chords to give the feeling of pentatonic harmonies backed by Indian drums. In each of the scenes when Mohawk “mystery men” or Algonquin wizards cast their spells, or when warriors gathered to raise their blood for an attack, the band below the

grandstand sounded a dark, sustained E-minor chord, cueing the crowd that something aboriginal was about to ensue. The synaesthetic blend of sound and sight took the crowds in the grandstand into another world, one that was at once otherworldly and palpably *real*.

The most memorable images carried away by the crowd mixed superficial stereotypes of the mythic past with the fantastic present of modernity. During the last moment of the tercentenary week, at the fireworks display that followed the pageants, an otherworldly atmosphere was created. According to the *Burlington Free Press*: "Spectators at the grandstand on the lakeshore might have fancied they were in a veritable fairyland last evening with the brilliant pyrotechnical displays multiplied many times in the ripples of the surface of the lake, the flitting lights of the boats, the illumination of the Lake Champlain Yacht Club . . . The performance was preceded by a military band concert, the sharp yip, yip and cries of the Indians who were dancing about on the large raft under the glowing electric arc lights, giving a wild and weird tinge to the music. This, with the reflection of the many lights on the water, the stars twinkling in the heavens, the lights of many yachts glistening, and the ink black background made a scene to be remembered."²⁰ The fireworks represented a powerful technology of communal fantasy, bringing together a large and diverse and often polarized community in an incredible spectacle of light and dark. For at least a moment, when the last few rockets hung in the sky over the lake, ten thousand people were silent. Then they burst into a chorus of cheers as the rockets exploded. There seemed to be complete union in the warm July dark.

The next morning, as city workers cleared confetti from the sidewalks, newsboys hawked the morning edition. The front page had a story about Barre stonecutter Regina Rizieri, who lost the thumb and two fingers of his left hand to a firecracker. There were also stories of a Poughkeepsie, New York, boy who had tried to see if he could smother the sound of a firecracker; when it exploded, it set the boy's clothes on fire and burned him to death. Another boy on a dare held a firecracker in his mouth and blew out all of his teeth.²¹ Other news that morning seemed little different from ordinary mornings. July 1st's front page had a graphic round-by-round description of the Stanley Ketchel/Billy Papke fight in San Francisco: "The feature of the fight was the extreme viciousness with which both men fought and the apparent hatred that lurked behind every blow."²² July 7th's paper juxtaposed these stories: In the left-hand column, "Frenchmen Honor Their Countrymen" described the tercentenary addresses in French by priests from St. Hyacinthe, Québec; in the right column, "International Celebration Now" reported on the arrival of President Taft and the British, French, and

Japanese prime ministers. In between these two columns were the dissonant notes of “An Attempted Assassination,” about Beatrix Thompson of Burlington, an anti-Catholic woman who the day before had taken a shot at Father Gillis as he walked up Loomis Street to St. Mary’s Academy to say mass for the nuns. She had put a hole in his umbrella, but missed him. In the next column, “Boy Killed by an Automobile” told how Hector Mongeon of St. Hyacinthe (one of the boys from the choir that sang at the tercentenary celebration) was riding down College Street on his bicycle when a car hit him and sped off.²³ The next day the driver was apprehended—William Benware, Governor George H. Prouty’s chauffeur. Witnesses identified the vehicle by its license plate—“1909.” Hector Mongeon was the first person ever to be killed by an automobile in Burlington. All this took place the day before the part of the tercentenary celebration that would see Burlington’s largest automobile parade ever.

Out at the lot on South Winooski Avenue, a few thousand people gathered to watch the launch of the mammoth airship. As the crowd jockeyed for position, one man bumped into Burlington policeman Bruno Riley, who hit the man twice in the face with his billy club. The assembled crowd was about to rip Riley apart when Mayor John Burke, who was there to give a speech, intervened. When the airship was finally launched, its propeller ripped a huge gash in the silk balloon and it dropped back to earth.²⁴

These sorts of “accidents,” the unintended consequences that occur every day but are brought into high relief at ceremonial occasions, are just the historical details that the tercentenary orators and pageant makers of 1909 were keen to leave *out* of their story, which was one of natural progression from savagery to civilization, culminating in the Progressive Era sense that their moment was truly a shining moment in the sun. Contingency, accident, and conjuncture played no part of the epic tale told by the tercentenary storytellers; academic history today, conversely, allows very little room for the very instincts—evolution, progress, destiny—that drove the 1909 stories. One of the most exciting aspects of the Champlain Quadricentennial is that all of us who are residents of Vermont and the larger Champlain Valley region, can in this 400th-anniversary year celebrate the vastly enlarged latitude of our storytelling, which admits a whole new constellation of stories and storytellers. A century from now, the Champlain Quincentennial celebrants will no doubt look back on our celebrations with amused curiosity, but also with a keen sense of how our earnest efforts at understanding the past have contributed to a fuller, richer, more humane story of this turning point in time in our valley’s history.

NOTES

¹Henry W. Hill, ed., *The Champlain Tercentenary: First Report of the New York Lake Champlain Tercentenary Commission* (Albany: J. B. Lyon Co., 1909; 2nd edition, 1913), 256–257.

²*Burlington Free Press*, 6 July 1909.

³*Ibid.*, 4–7 July 1909.

⁴Hill, *Champlain Tercentenary*, 209.

⁵*Ibid.*, 167; 168.

⁶*Ibid.*, 208; 214.

⁷*Ibid.*, 240; 165.

⁸*Ibid.*, 86–88.

⁹*Ibid.*, 425–463. The text of the pageant can also be found in L. O. Armstrong, *The Book of the Play of Hiawatha the Mohawk* (s. l., s. n., 1909).

¹⁰*Ibid.*, 150; 143; 218; 238; 264; 310.

¹¹Francis Parkman, *Pioneers of France in the New World* (Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1907), 480.

¹²William Carlos Williams, *In the American Grain* (New York: New Directions, 1956), 69.

¹³Hill, *Champlain Tercentenary*, 168.

¹⁴Samuel de Champlain, *Voyages of Samuel de Champlain*, ed. Edmund F. Slafter (Boston: Prince Society, 1878), 341.

¹⁵Hill, *Champlain Tercentenary*, 127–128; 176.

¹⁶*Ibid.*, 166.

¹⁷*Ibid.*, 174.

¹⁸*Ibid.*, 88–90.

¹⁹*Ibid.*, 427.

²⁰*Burlington Free Press*, 5 July 1909.

²¹*Ibid.*

²²*Ibid.*, 1 July 1909.

²³*Ibid.*, 7 July 1909.

²⁴*Ibid.*, 5 July 1909.

Forty thousand voices joined in patriotic songs at a "goose-bumpy" Independence Day parade in Gatlinburg, Tenn. Thousands more headed for Argenta, Ill., for an unusual ground-level display of pyrotechnic animations. A massive fireworks show lighted Chicago's skies Tuesday night, attracting 500,000 people. A midnight aerial fireworks show was also being prepared to follow the parade between Manhattan Beach and Seal Beach. Fireworks extravaganzas were being prepared at Hollywood Bowl, Dodger Stadium and the Rose Bowl, along with one sponsored by Stuart Miller in Saugus, 35 miles north, involving a million firecrackers going off simultaneously. One tactic at a state's disposal was the use of iconic figures to strengthen a particular point about national identity in order to promote patriotism. These might be real people presented in a mythologised form as national heroes, or they might come from old myths or popular folklore: Britannia, John Bull and the British bulldog; the German eagle; the French cockerel or the national emblem of France, Marianne - an allegorical encapsulation of liberty and reason. For Democrat Joe Biden, however, the lack of a crowd is essentially unprecedented. While past inaugurations were greeted with large enthusiastic crowds of citizens coming to celebrate the democratic and peaceful transition of power, yesterday's event was heralded by wartime security, barbed wire fences, military checkpoints, and a military police guard of 25,000 troops. Biden officials claimed this tight security was necessary because of the threat of violence.