

p. 12-38 #246

p. 92 — #247

1974

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International Standard Book Number 0-915056-03-8

**HARDSCRABBLE BOOKS
BERRIEN SPRINGS, MICHIGAN**

Manufactured in the United States of America

**SIX MONTHS AMONG INDIANS,
WOLVES AND OTHER WILD ANIMALS,
IN THE FORESTS OF ALLEGAN COUNTY, MICH.,
IN THE WINTER OF 1839 AND 1840.**

INTERESTING STORIES OF FOREST LIFE.

**THE EXPLOITS OF TECUMSEH AND OTHER
CHIEFS, THEIR CRUELTY TO CAPTIVES.**

HOW TECUMSEH WAS KILLED AND WHO KILLED HIM

TRUE INDIAN STORIES OF THE WAR OF 1812-13.

BY DARIUS B. COOK.



**PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY THE AUTECH.
NILES MIRROR OFFICE, NILES, MICH.
1889.**

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big buck!" "So do I; we'd load him pretty soon." We were just rising a hill, and when we looked down from the summit, a big buck jumped up a little to our right not four rods off and stood broadside looking at us. Our rifles were on our shoulders and neither of us thought to shoot.



THE FIRST SHOT.

"Why don't you shoot?" said Rhodes. "Shoot yourself," said we. At this moment we both shot and wondered much to see him leap off. On close examination, his ball cut off a bush close to the ground within twenty feet of him, and ours went into a beech tree fifteen feet high, and the driver of the team had all the laugh to himself.

Onward we moved, on our winding way, until late in the afternoon we saw it lighter in the distance, and

"We knew by the smoke which so gracefully curled
"Above the green pines that a cottage was near."

A glistening diamond would not been half as welcome as that smoke, curling up in graceful folds amid the forest trees. There was a little opening and a log hut. It was the home of the first settler in the wilderness, Nelson Chambers. His nearest neighbor was a Mr. Barnes, about three miles, who had a mill at the head waters of Rabbit river. As we entered his clearing, both he and his solitary son-in-law stood at their door gazing with wonder and amazement. They had never been visited by such a crowd. After explaining to them our mission, he extended the hand of welcome, such a welcome as only pioneers know how to give to new arrivals. Such accommodations as they had were free, and we passed the night surrounded apparently with a hundred howling wolves who had got scent of our horse. We had now to proceed about three miles of a mile to an old log shingle shanty on land owned by a Mr. Seymour, of Allegan.

Early the next morning, Mr. Chambers accompanied us to the place of destination, and there we unloaded our cargo. We found a hole in the ground, and an old pine bedstead, where we stored our potatoes to keep them free from frost, pegs in the logs to hold various articles upon. The hut was about twenty feet square. Many chinks between logs were which we replaced. There was no chimney, so we placed in one corner to build a log fire with a hole opening above for the smoke. Our team left and



THE OLD LOG CABIN.

after our first cold dinner in our new home was over. The first work was to shovel the snow from the fireplace and prepare for a fire. The wolves had made this place their resort, as evinced by their tracks and hair and horns of deer which were seen in all directions. It was near sunset before preparations were completed for the night, and the wolves began their terrific music, which seemed to rend the air and caused us to look well to our fire during the long, cold and tedious night. Our horse flesh was placed on our cabin roof. Our provisions were stored inside. Sleep, there was little. The snuffing and growling of hungry wolves until daylight, no pen can describe.

'Twas if a thousand fiends of hell
Were sending forth the battle yell.

CHAPTER II.

*How to Catch Wolves—One on a Swing—
from Adaniram.*

The sunshine in the morning was beautiful. A gentle breeze caused the stately pines to hum sweet music. The wolves had been hungry all the night, howling here and there, and amid the din the horned owl's tu-whit-tu-whoo! could be heard in all directions. Our breakfast consisted of baked potatoes, pork and pancakes, and nothing tasted more delicious. Notwithstanding the severe ordeal we had passed through, we already began to recover heart and strength. The bait for wolves on the shore came down and was dragged about three-fourths of a mile into a black ash swamp and left by a fallen tree. Three traps were set near it. To them a chain was attached and a heavy clog to the chain. Visited the traps the next morning, two were gone and one was sprung, evidently by a piece of bark falling from the log. Not a vestige of the bait was left. The traps were found. The clogs had caught against the trees, and the wolves had wound the chains around them and twisted their feet out, leaving the teeth and claws in the traps.

We supplied bait the next night with the head of

a deer and caught others, but they would twist out in the same manner. We found it was useless to catch them in this way, for so powerful were they no trap we had would hold them. We invented a plan to

SAVE THEM.

A huge grape vine ran far up into the limbs of a tree, and both of us pulled it down and tied it to the roots of a tree with moose bark. We then cut it off and attached the chain of the trap to the vine, and the bait near the trap surrounding it in such manner that an animal must step over into the trap to get it. In this way we saved our first wolf. He was caught by the fore paw. He leaped and broke the bark, the vine sprung up and Mr. wolf was jerked two feet from the earth. At our appearance he could only kick at air and turn his head fiercely. Throwing a cord around the vine we could swing him thirty feet each way, and in this amusement we participated for some time, his feet touching the snow as he came down from his long sweep. A bullet through his head as he was sweeping up put an end to the sport.

Our custom after this was to bend down a sapling, tie it to the root of a tree and attach the chain to that. This would fly up and keep the wolf dancing upon his hind feet. In this way but one ever escaped, but, as will be seen hereafter, he was captured. Returning to our cabin early in the afternoon, we found it necessary to prepare huge logs to keep our fire going night and day. At this we spent two days.

SIX MONTHS WITH THE INDIANS.

In December a portion of the Pottawatomi tribe of Indians encamped a mile from us, east of Rabbit river, to hunt and trap, and prepare for making maple sugar in the spring. Among them was Adam Judson, an interpreter, a fine specimen of the tribe, who was educated by General Cass, and accompanied him in making treaties and to Washington. He was well versed in the English as well the Indian language. He possessed all the Indian traits and would not sleep in a bed. In his travels he would rest on the floor on a blanket, rather than a soft bed, being under the impression he would lose his elasticity and strength if he slept on anything soft. In our camp his bed was a deer skin, with a wolf skin for a pillow. He gave us lessons in Indian, which we soon learned, finding it simple and easy. He was famous for his swiftness, and claimed he could run a mile on an Indian trail in four minutes. He prided himself on running down deer. Whenever he desired to hunt he took a track, followed it carefully until he reached him, and then a steady trot, and in a short time would run one down and cut his throat. This had been done by many a young Indian buck. He was about 35 years old, medium height, and was one of the proudest Indians of the tribe, and claimed some of the blood of Saginaw, the old warrior chief. He was our frequent visitor while he remained in the forest, which was about six weeks. He would sing to us all the Indian songs, practice their dancing



ADANIRAM JUDSON.

SIX MONTHS WITH THE INDIANS.

war whoops, and make the wilderness echo with his Indian yells. He was full of life and story.

On one occasion, retiring about midnight, he suddenly exclaimed, "Do you wish to hear the story of the burning of Buffalo, in the war of 1812?"

"Oh, yes, Adaniram, we do."

Lifting himself up and resting on both elbows, he remarked, "Go with me to the wigwam of Sagoyewew to-morrow, take with you some fire water, get the chief a little drunk, and he will give you an interesting history of the march there and the scene at Buffalo. It was about three miles to his wigwam on the trail. This was agreed to, and we all fell asleep amid the hooting of owls and howling of wolves."

CHAPTER III.

Visit to Saginaw—Scenes on the Way—Capture and Burning of Buffalo—Promises of the British—Women and Children Captives—The Fierce Blood of the Chief Boiling, etc.

At break of day, Rhodes, who was a good cook, announced, "Breakfast is ready!" It consisted of coffee, roasted potatoes, venison and pancakes. This over, each with a rifle started on our tramp, Adaniram taking the lead. No trail was necessary for him; a glance at the trees told him his course, and we were not long in reaching the tent of the old chief. We found him sitting quietly in his wigwam, smoking a pipe which was once the property of Tecumseh, the brave. The pipe was presented to him by a British officer, for his skill and bravery in battle, the base of which was gold, mounted with pure silver. The stem was about 18 inches long, made with the quills of the wild turkey, supported by fine hickory splints, and wound with the sinews of deer. After his death, Saginaw, a chief and a great warrior, who was with Tecumseh when he fell, took his pipe, and it was his constant companion until his death. The writer saw it in the wigwam of Saginaw, and gave a pound of tobacco to the old chief for a smoke in it. It is undoubtedly still in existence among the tribe.

After the usual salutations, we were presented to the scarred chief, who arose, extended his hand and

SIX MONTHS WITH THE INDIANS.

received us with all the formalities which characterized the occasion. We were seated upon bear skins which he had killed, the skulls of which were exhibited upon poles which surrounded his wigwam. Saginaw was the first and only bald-headed Indian we had ever seen or heard of. There was a little hair on the top part of his head and extended from ear to ear. His furrowed brow, his wrinkled face and his weathered hand placed him at about 80 years of age. He was six feet high and as straight as the arrows in the wigwam, and he walked with youthful elasticity. Many questions were asked relative to his life and battles, but he would only answer with a "Ugh!" Finally we exclaimed, "Saginaw he buck-a-taw (good whiskey?)" "On-in-ta" (yes). Pulling out a small flask, he exclaimed, "ne-shin-che-mo-ke-mo-ne" (good whiteman). Turning a little into a bear's skin, he drank it with a relish and called for more. When more was given, and he soon began to sing and dance. Adaniram saw he was all right and he began to question him in Indian tongue and later on in English as he proceeded. He had been in many a fight and was with the British at the battle of the Thames. He saw Tecumseh fall by a shot from a pistol and was thrown from a saddle by an officer whose horse had fallen over a log. He assisted Noonday in carrying the dead body from the field. He was not scalped, as reported in some history. His blood was upon his garments. He was carried far back in the war.

terrible in battle, and it was a plunge for life. One closing of his jaws would have crushed a bone instantly, but with our knife we felt quite sure of victory. Retracing our steps to Mr. Hooker's, we found the water from the roof had dripped into our rifle during the night and wet the powder.

Before completing our journey up the river we began to think of our companion who expected us back, as agreed, and we hastened our speed homeward on our back track. Coming within sight of where we had skinned our game we saw Rhodes examining closely for our rifle in the snow, or clothing, for there was plenty of blood and a pack of wolves had evidently quarreled for the carcasses. We hailed him at a distance and he threw his hunting cap high. It was a happy meeting. Our furs testified our excuse for not returning.

Turning our course toward the Indian encampment, the first one we met was Gosa, whose niece had disgraced him, and over which he and his squaw mourned, for virtue among the tribe was a treasure. A step outside was disgraceful and was only settled by marriage or large gifts. Entering his wigwam, he pointed out to us his niece and the shame which was strapped to her back. All squaws bore their papooses on their backs and all had to do all the hard labor, prepare all the wood, dress all the game, tan the hides, while the Indians hunt and bring in the game. His niece, Lydia, was subject to terrible

SIX MONTHS WITH THE INDIANS.

abuse and she appealed to us for protection. We called Gosa from his wigwam and told him the great spirit would not let him go to the happy hunting grounds when he died if he did not cease such punishment and treat her lovingly. No one can tell the joy of that erring girl when he pledged us he would cease his punishments. She wept and threw herself at our feet expressing, in Indian dialect, great gratitude. Scars from whips, made from sinews of deer, were all over her person. He claimed he hated to do it, but it was the command of the great spirit. We soon persuaded him that such laws were condemned by white men and the great spirit.

Lydia was so well pleased that she brought us muskrat to eat and gave each a pair of moccasins. Her uncle had never had such teachings and there was nothing too good for us. He afterwards would drive deer to us on their runway and gave us the use of his ponies. Arriving at the lodge near sunset, we found every thing had been stolen. Not a potato or a particle of any thing eatable, except the venison on the poles, was left, and that made our supper.

pected big fight and were greatly surprised at the surrender of Gen. Hull at the first fire. When the man came out with the white flag, Indian yell big. We all thought Tecumseh knew beforehand about the surrender for he ordered the prisoners should be protected and he see the order enforced.

"Where was Tecumseh at the battle of Tippecanoe?" It was intended there should be no battle there until after his return with his warriors, Pawnees and others from the south. He had gathered over one hundred and fifty braves and was on his return when the battle was fought. Tecumseh was big with rage. He charged the prophet was the cause of the battle and he said "kill him!" and many said "kill him!" Tecumseh he be very mad; he stamp his feet; his braves, they pull out his hair and wanted his scalp, but Tecumseh he hear him cry for mercy, how he was deceived and say "let him go to his own wigwam, he be bad Indian."

CHAPTER XX.

Final Departure—A Farewell Feast.

On the 20th of April, 1840 Capt. Rhodes and the writer called on Saginaw and informed him we should leave the forest April 28, and we requested him and his family to be present on the 26th at a feast; that he also invite twenty others of his choice, including Gosa and Noonday to be present. He expressed great sorrow at this announcement, but said he would be with us and bring others on that day. Mr. and Mrs. Chambers were also invited. Two deer were prepared for the occasion. Mrs. Chambers loaned us a large kettle, all her dishes, baked our bread, while Mr. Chambers furnished and pounded our corn, both doing all in their power to assist us. The time came and so did the company on ponies, dressed in the most gorgeous Indian costumes they possessed. Several squaws brought in mukkuks bear skulls, wooden spoons and forks. Noonday was ill and could not leave the Slater mission to go so far. Every thing was ready, consisting of roasted venison, corned bear, venison soup with boiled corn and potatoes. At one o'clock all sat down on poles, supported by shingle blocks, and covered with deer and wolf skins, the chief at the head on bear skins. The table was of boards furnished by Mr. Chambers.

There was fun at this table. Some would eat as

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much as possible and stop and sing an Indian song and at times all jump up, swinging their arms and join in the chorus. They had been told to enjoy themselves in their own way. Adaniram, who had lived with white men, was full of jokes and fun which Saginaw and his wives did not seem to enjoy, but his son did exceedingly.

This over, Adaniram made a few brief remarks in the Indian tongue, telling them of the great benefits an English education had been to him, advising them to send their children to English schools; he closed by many thanks to the hunter boys whom he claimed had done them good.

Saginaw said: "He no like white man on Indian hunting ground, at first. They had been driven every where. He had no home no more for him or his. He thought bad of us when we came with our rifles for to stay; but he was much glad now we did stay. They did him good. They can sleep in his wigwam all the time. They go and we no more see 'em." The old chief embraced both. His wives, Adaniram, Gosa and all shook our hands, bid us good by, mounted their ponies and left near sunset, making the wilderness ring with song as they went.

At the appointed time, Mr. Chambers conveyed us to Gull prairie, and thus ended our forest life. Nine wolves, two bear, (number of deer not kept,) and various kinds of other animals were captured. More precious than all was the restoration to health.

APPENDIX.

A Visit to the Old Hunting Grounds—Interview with Henry Gilbert, the Founder of the Kalamazoo Gazette—A Thriving Village—Sketch of the Family of the First Settler, Nelson Chambers—The Splendid Artesian Wells—The Present Business Men, etc.

Near half a century had passed since companion Rhodes and the writer left the forest, and before closing this little historical work it seemed necessary to visit the grounds where the scenes took place, and as its first chapter announced our reception by Nelson Chambers, the first and only white settler in that part of the county of Allegan, the author felt anxious to know whether Mr. and Mrs. C. were still there and their destiny and that of his family.

March 14, 1889, found us on the Central road bound for Kalamazoo. On landing there our first business was to seek out the first editor and founder of the Kalamazoo Gazette, Henry Gilbert, who gave us our first position in western Michigan on a newspaper, in 1837. We were not long in reaching his beautiful dwelling and the door bell called a matronly appearing lady, who informed us Mr. G. would be in soon and invited us to a seat where we pleasantly

CHAPTER VIII.

The Pursuit—The Surrender—The Trick on Rhodes—More Indians—A Settlement and Feast.

AT early dawn we took the trail and moved as rapidly as the deep snow would permit. We were armed with our rifles, our revolvers and hunting knives. We tramped over four miles before we discovered the smoke of their wigwams and we paused to rest and form plans for a surprise.

Rhodes was a short, thick set young man, with long dark brown hair, heavy whiskers all over his face, hazel eyes piercing from beneath shaggy brows, and dressed in his hunting garb and armed, he looked like a wild devil let loose in the forest. His tiger was up, for it was the second time we had been robbed and it would not hurt his conscience to shoot an Indian now any more than it would a wolf. He could talk the language better than the writer and he was chosen to do it.

All arranged, we dashed in upon them, but were seen by many, who rushed to their wigwams. They knew our mission well and skulked from our view. Rhodes called for the chief among them and he came out; he then demanded the surrender of the thieves. (It was a new band, one we had never seen and did not know of their arrival.) The chief was a young,

fierce buck, slender, and seemed anxious to assist us, but evidently was not. He went with us from one wigwam to another and we found a blanket and a piece of deer skin which we recognized. Rhodes seized the blanket and demanded a surrender of all they possessed and assured them he had a band who would march in upon them. He commanded one and another to stand up and they promptly obeyed. The young chief, or the leader of the band, ordered that all engaged in the robbery, to come forth. They did so and there were seven, and the measures in our game sacks of their feat told truly of four of them. ~~They claimed no account of the robbery upon their hunting and trapping grounds, but they wanted no war; they would do any thing to settle it.~~ Rhodes, mellowing down, said he, too, desired peace. He came in there to join them, to live with them. He loved the good Indian and would defend them. At least thirty Indians, squaws and children gathered around. The squaws brought out some of our ham and the otter, deer and wolf skins they had stolen. One of the turbulent ones, on seeing this, cried out, "Caw-in-ne-shin squaw!" meaning you are a very mean squaw. He was silenced by the young chief, but he could hardly restrain his rage. We took out a pencil and a memorandum book and asked his name with a view to take him to Allegan for punishment. This immediately brought him to terms and he gave his name as San-go-far. It was finally

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agreed that the party should return what they had left of the stolen goods and go to Yankee Springs and bring in more. Early the next morning four of them appeared on their ponies, loaded with furs of all varieties and deposited them on our bed. This was to show their sincerity, but it increased our cares, for it was well known we daily left our lodge alone, without any way to prevent the entrance of any one. If the door was barred it was an easy matter to climb up on the logs outside and down them inside, and it was suspected a portion of the band might skulk around and when we left, enter and take the furs and charge us with the theft. We therefore cast lots to see who should remain in the lodge that day. It fell to Capt. Rhodes, as we afterwards called him, to remain and for us to go to the wolf traps. It was an exceedingly hard punishment for him to be thus confined, but he endured it, spending some of his time in preparing "jerked venison."

On nearing our wolf traps we saw the back of an immense animal curve up behind the large log where one was set. We paused for a survey. Moving cautiously around the butt of the log we were discovered and the monster made a fearful leap for us, but he was fast in the trap, the chain of which was attached to a small tree, and although he struggled with great power to reach us he could not. A bullet finished him in few seconds. What it was we could not tell. Its large, round head and paws, sharp and immense

claws showed it was of the cat species. It proved to be a large lynx. We strung him up to a tree while we proceeded to our other traps down the river but found little of importance. Returning, a solitary wolf had been attracted by the blood, but passed on. It was a hard drag through the snow to the lodge, but we reached there about 4 p. m. and found the Captain in a profound sleep, such as weary hunters enjoy. We quietly slipped off the furs and secreted them outside in the dug out. Still, he was in a deep sleep with his rifle by his side. This, too, was secreted. The lynx was then carefully placed by his side. We climbed upon the roof where we could look down unseen. It was a sight never to be forgotten. His face was towards the logs and at his back lay the monster animal. Fearing he might sleep until sundown we set up an Indian yell that aroused him. He grabbed for his rifle and struck against the lynx. He leaped up in an instant, looked for his rifle, but contented himself with his revolvers. He satisfied himself the animal was dead and he rolled him off the bed. The furs and his rifle were gone. Some one had stolen them during his sleep and he went searching for a trail. While doing this we slipped down inside the cabin. It was some time before he returned and found us preparing supper. We questioned him closely relative to what had been going on. He admitted having fallen asleep, that the furs and rifle were stolen. He could give no information

relative to the mysterious appearance of the animal, but "it must have been the work of Indians." On searching, every thing was soon found and he was forcibly reminded that he was a very careless watchman.

We were sipping tea, borrowed from Chambers, when we heard the Indians coming with a yell which drowned the voice of old wolf, Jim, as we called him, who always howled at late twilight and was answered by numerous wolves in various places. They rode up to our door and dismounted, bringing in provisions, tobacco, pipes, far more than they had stolen. We were prepared for them as much as possible. Mrs. Chambers had supplied us with bread. Rabbits and venison were in readiness on a table made of split pine, supported by shingle blocks. Their ponies were turned loose, but would scarcely leave the tree tops near us. There was a jolly time at this feast. San-go-far was the principal talker. He was full of story of his adventures and often would express his sorrow at what he had done to us. But it was all settled and we all sat before the blazing logs smoking the pipe of peace until midnight, when all fell asleep with their furs around them. A yell in the morning brought up their ponies and they left before breakfast. One hearty meal will answer an Indian two or three days. When he eats he lets loose his belt and fills himself as much as possible, and as he grows hungry he tightens it.

CHAPTER IX.

Visit to Selkirk Mission—Pursued by Wolves on our Return and Treed—The Rescue.

Opening the door in the morning, a fine buck stood about ten rods distant, browsing from a tree top lately fallen. He was facing us. "Now," says the Captain, "strike the curl in front." It was a splendid mark, and not an Indian in the forest could beat either of us. Standing inside the door we made the shot and the deer fell in his tracks with an exact centre shot. ~~Really, there was no object in killing one for their meat was worth nothing to us and only two cents a pound in any of the villages and it cost all it was worth to get it there. We got the Indians to tan the hides.~~

"Captain, I am going to the Selkirk mission today," said we; "will be back in due season this evening." An Indian pilot had tarried with us over night and off we started. It was seven or eight miles; we struck a trail in about a mile. We reached the mission about 11 a. m. and were received by the Reverend with the greatest hospitality.

This Mr. Selkirk was a former, and we believe, the first Episcopal Minister stationed at Niles, Mich. He had in his charge about one hundred and forty Indians, old and young, whom he was educating and

they seemed in a prosperous condition. He treated us to a sumptuous dinner and two hours were spent pleasantly. A number of the young men in his charge, as well as the old, took great interest, and it was his delight to teach them.

We left for our lodge about 2 p. m., leaving our guide at the mission. We had no trouble in following our trail back until within a mile of camp when another track interfered and for some distance followed ours. When we arrived to where ours was first struck it was hard to tell which led to our lodge. By this we were led off and darkness began to cast a deep shadow and old Jim began to howl. The signal gun was fired, answered by ours. It was getting dark and we began to think of a fire. Another gun convinced us that the Captain was coming to our rescue. Gun answered gun as the wolves gathered around. In the deep snow our progress was slow. We heard the growl of a wolf in our rear. It was dark and gloomy. We grasped the limb of a small beech tree and leaped into its branches and not too soon, for a big wolf was near us. We let off our rifle as near as possible in the darkness at the wolf, which was answered by the Captain with a yell not forty rods off. Soon a light was seen in the distance and as it drew near, hurrah answered hurrah with great cheer. During this time wolves were all around but could not be seen. On the appearance of the torches they fled, always fearing a fire in the night.

This endeared the Captain to us more than ever, but he did nothing more than had been done to him on a previous occasion on a bitter cold night when he was treed by them half a mile out. There was not a night the wolves did not follow us to our lodge as seen by their tracks in the morning.

At early dawn a little son of Mr. Chambers came to our lodge for us to come at once to his house and we did so. We mistrusted what he wanted for he had a wolf pen built of logs a few rods from his house. It was about fifteen feet square; the top sloped so an animal could walk up to a hole in the centre, under and inside of which was a dead carcass. Two wolves had jumped in and once in they could not get out. Here they were, one a monster, the other medium size. Occasionally they would make a desperate leap for the hole above and strike their fore paws against the logs and drop back. We stirred them up with poles which they would break in a moment. After amusing ourselves with driving them around the pen as long as we desired, Mr. Chambers took our rifles and dispatched them. This was in February, the month when deer congregate, and on our return to the lodge not less than thirty were seen in a drove. It was a beautiful sight, so many deer, with their white flags up, dashing through the forest. The Captain gave one of them a shot and brought him down and gave him to our benevolent friend, Mr. Chambers.

Nothing of interest occurred for several days, and we had jolly times with the Indians, shooting at marks with rifles and arrows. It was great sport for the young bucks to shoot and beat us with arrows. They would hit a cent fifty feet away nearly every shot.



They finally brought out a young squaw who could beat all of them. She never sighted over the arrow, but would fix her eye on the mark and let the arrow fly without a miss.

The Indian way of making maple sugar is to cut into the tree with a hatchet and drive a sheet iron

spout into the tree under the hack. The sap was caught in wooden troughs. They would boil muskrat, coon, dog, or whatever they wished to eat in it. When boiled down to syrup they would strain it through deer's hair, then make it into sugar and sell it to the whites. Straining it through hair would make the syrup look quite clear and improve the appearance of the sugar very much. Gosa made large quantities of it.



CHAPTER X.

A Squaw up a Tree—Her Screams are Heard—The Rescue—A Hard Time—It Proves to be one of Saginaw's Wives—Great Rejoicing—A Feast.

It was a still, cold night, the moon and the stars shone bright, all nature was hushed and naught but the wolves and owls seemed to disturb the solemn silence; yet, sounds from afar seemed to echo through the forest as we went out to roll in a log to replenish our fire. "Hark!" said the Captain, as we tipped the log up on the end and were about to drop it into the cabin, "what sound is that?" "It is the same old panther, far away," said I, and down went the log and we rolled it on the fire.

It was our turn to prepare supper and the kettle was on the coals, the venison was on sticks before the fire, the potatoes were in the ashes. He steps out to listen and returns saying—"it does not sound like a panther; it seems, too, in the same place all the time." Again I listen—"No—hark again!" It is a terrible moan, far distant, and amid howling wolves. We lost no time in preparing for as hasty a pace as possible. Our rifles were in order, our torches were ablaze. Through the deep snow we made our way, not with a swift and tiresome tread, but slow and steady gait. Nearer and nearer each step brought

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us to the dismal sound. First one would take the lead to break the path then the other. When within about twenty rods we paused to get a distinct sound. It was indescribable, a hoarse, mournful



THE RESCUE.

deep, guttural sound, like one in the last agonies of despair, amid devouring wolves.

"Hold my torch," said the Captain, "while I steady my rifle to my back." It was but the work of a moment

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ment. "Give me your torch and step forward with your rifle cocked," said he, "and I, with a torch in each hand, will follow close behind. Look sharp for glaring eyes and we'll move swiftly to the spot."

Soon as the light penetrated to the place, the shouts of a squaw were heard, but faintly. We then shouted in Indian language at the top of our voices "we are coming! we are coming!" The wolves fled from before our blazing torches, and she cried out, meaning "I am saved!" and faintly expressed great gratitude.

She was about twelve feet high upon the limb of a beech tree, cold and stiff, scarcely able to help herself. "Quick! quick!! take our rifle," and I was at her side in a moment, but not being able to untie the buckskin belt which bound her to the tree, we took cords from our pocket, placed them under her arms, threw them over a limb, cut the belt and let her safely down. She could scarcely move, except her arms. Strapping our rifles on our backs, each with his torch in hand, she threw an arm around each neck and we started for the lodge, her feet dragging in the snow. It was a terrible task. Her limbs were so benumbed with cold she could scarcely move them and we sometimes carried her a few rods. Fatigued with the toils of the day we were not well nerved for this task. The wolves were in close pursuit and not infrequently did we pause and shoot at their glaring eyes, reflected by the light. The more we compelled her to

move her limbs the easier it was. After the first half mile she was able to render some assistance, which was a great relief. Although she would not weigh over one hundred and twenty-five pounds, it seemed three hundred.

At last we reached the lodge and laid her down in front of the fire on deer skins and covered with the same and wolf skins. She seemed now almost insensible. A sack of hot ashes was placed at her feet, hot stimulants administered. Every thing was done to restore her possible. Circulation returning, she fell into a deep sleep from which she did not awake until eight o'clock in the morning. Our venison and potatoes, which we left by the fire was burnt up and we went supperless to bed.

When she awoke, venison, potatoes and coffee was ready and she partook with great relish. Her first utterance was an expression of gratitude to us for her deliverance from a terrible death. She then informed us how she came there. She went the day before to the Selkirk mission to visit her sister. There she remained over night and left in the afternoon later than she supposed. Her sister accompanied her some distance and returned. Before she was aware of it night was upon her and wolves on her track. She knew well her doom. She knew both of us well and knew if she could get within hearing distance she might be rescued. She ran until she knew wolves were close upon her and leaped into the tree where

we found her. Both of us had seen her but she would not tell us who she was. She was medium height, rather slim, fine features, with hair and eyes black as the raven. One of her toes was a little frozen.

Breakfast being over we proposed to accompany her to her wigwam. This she begged us not to do. She took her departure with tears in her eyes, thanking us over and over for the kindness she had received. We had determined to rest that day.

Early the next morning a young buck, dressed in rich Indian costume, with a rod in his hand, came dashing up to our door on a beautiful pony, and hailing us exclaimed, in Indian, "Saginaw wishes to see both of you early!" and without further explanation wheeled his pony and galloped away.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed the Captain, "that was one of Saginaw's wives!" "That's so," said I, and the old villain has killed two Indians through jealousy!"

"I do not care to go today," said the Captain. "Wait a day or so until he cools off." After discussing the matter for some time, "I'm going," said he. "So am I," was the response, but go prepared for the worst, and if there is any demonstration we'll fix him."

Our hunting garbs were on in a moment. Our revolvers were in our belts loaded. We were both young, swift and enduring, and been long enough in

the forest to know no fear. We moved rapidly and it was not long before we saw the smoke of his wigwam and paused to look well to our rifles. When within a short distance, the squaw we had rescued came out to meet us and said "Saginaw was good Indian now." We uncocked our rifles and were escorted to his wigwam. He arose from his bearskin seat, clasped his arms around each one, laid his head upon one, then upon the other's shoulder, and shed tears copiously, expressing great gratitude for what we had done. It was some time before we were released; then his three wives gathered around and gave thanks as did also his noble looking son who had married the captive white girl heretofore spoken of. Saginaw offered us bear skins, ponies, crosses, Indian trinkets, moccasins made by his daughter, elegantly adorned with porcupine quills, bead bags and many Indian valuables, all of which were refused. More than fifty Indians, squaws and children gathered around to express their thanks. A few squaws a short distance away were preparing a feast. We were invited. The old chief marshalled them all in a circle, came for us, took the lead, and Indian file marched up to the circle which opened and let us into the centre, followed by his wives and son, where we were seated on benches and partook heartily of soup, served in the skulls of bears and eat with wooden spoons. What the soup was made of we knew not but afterwards ascertained it was dog. It was well seasoned and excellent. This made us famous with all the Indians and their love and adoration was shown in various ways.

CHAPTER V.

Wolves Stole our Pork—Bringing an Indian Thief to Confession.

It fell to our lot to stir up the huge log fire in the corner and get the breakfast. Passing out to our pine dug out for pork, what was our surprise to find the wolves had pawed off the shingle blocks which covered it and taken every piece of pork—a two hundred hog. They had followed the trail of the deer up to the door, making no noise, and robbed us of what we had outside. Here was the buck and we still had meat, and off came the hide, and in a few moments we were roasting pieces on sticks, Indian fashion, and made out our usual breakfast. The quarters were stuck upon poles outside; the balance carried to the marsh for wolves.

One event seemed to follow another in quick succession. On going to the spring about three rods distant, Su-na-gun was discovered coming on his trail to his hunting ground, when we dropped our pail and rushed back, seized our rifle, dashed out and exclaimed "nene kin-a-poo Su-na-gun!" (that is I will kill you.) He dodged behind a tree, but Rhodes made a dash for his rear and caused him to fall upon his knees and cry for mercy. We ordered him into our lodge with his rifle breech first, and he quickly obeyed. We pointed out to him where the ham hung and took away the bark we had placed

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to cover his track, and demanded he place his foot on it. This he declined to do and Rhodes cocked his rifle and he promptly obeyed; it was the shortest foot and a perfect fit. He owned up that he was a thief and begged for time to go to Yankee Spring for another. This was granted, and the next morning he came with one on his pony. This sent him all stealing from that quarter and made them fearful through fear. After this they thought we possessed great power and could tell who of them did wrong and they were more kind to us.

This over, we went to the swamp with the remainder of the buck and found a monster wolf dancing on his hind legs, being jerked up by a spring pole. A wolf when trapped, can play well the penitent and sneak, but their teeth cut like plates of steel. We cast him to see who should put a bullet through his head and it fell to Rhodes and he was not long in doing so. He was a monster. His carcass was dragged away from the traps and placed in the crotch of a tree, for it was believed by Indians that wolves would never go near a dead one.

This over, we spent the balance of that day in preparing wood and for a trip each way, one up and one down the river, for our traps extended over three miles each way. The writer had a brother, Daniel attending Barnes' mill, about three miles up the river whose estimable wife, Maria, always favored us with a loaf of bread.