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**HARDSCRABBLE BOOKS
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**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.



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TO
JAMES RHODES,
the faithful
and jolly companion, whose
heart beat for the welfare of the whole
human race, who was a steadfast friend, who
knew no fear, and was ever ready to sac-
rifice himself for one he admired—to
him, wherever he may be,
this little history is
respectfully
dedicated.

CHAPTER I.

A Winter in the Forests of Allegan County—1839-40.—Wolves, Indians and Game Plenty.



IT was the second week in November, 1839, when ill health caused the writer to abandon a pleasant yet laborious position in the office of the "Kalamazoo Gazette," published at Kalamazoo, Mich., Henry Gilbert, editor and proprietor, for a life with the Indians.

"How are you this morning?" said Dr. Starkweather, as he entered the office one morning and found us pale and coughing over the office stove.

"No better, doctor; I passed a sleepless night, and you can see I am about ready to surrender."

"Not yet," said the doctor. "You want fresh air and exercise. Go live with the Indians, sleep in their wigwams on a bed of leaves, hunt in the forests, live as they live, and the chances are you will

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recover. Pure air, rarified by the trees in the forest, will do any man good."

"Yes, but I could not endure such exposure."

"Go join the Rev. Mr. Selkirk, an Indian missionary near Allegan, and make your home in the wigwams, and you will be sure to live or die in six weeks. You cannot live and sleep in this office."

The doctor was in earnest. It seemed a great undertaking for a young man, but preparations were hurriedly made. A companion seemed necessary for such an expedition, and one was soon found fond of adventure, named James Rhodes. He was young, full of nerve, energy, life and courage. Eight large wolf traps, with spikes, which had to be set with levers, were procured, rifles and ammunition, a bed, blankets and necessary provisions, cooking utensils, etc., for a winter's campaign in the forests among the wolves and Indians.

The closing week in November, 1839, when every thing was in readiness, the two young men took leave of Mr. Gilbert, Volney Haskell, Orrin Case and all connected with the office, who gathered around us, laughing at our load, consisting of half of a dead horse for wolf bait, and a general outfit, on a sled, drawn by a yoke of oxen. We crossed the bridge spanning the Kalamazoo river, took the road to Gull Prairie, where we passed a night with Mr. and Mrs. Phineas Cook, parents of the writer. Here our outfit was completed to perfection, and

early in the morning we proceeded on our journey, passing our second night at Yankee Springs, a hotel kept by Yankee Lewis.

From Kalamazoo to Gull Prairie there were but two dwellings, and from the prairie to Yankee Springs but four, except the rude log houses erected by the Baptist missionary, Slater, for his Indian converts of the Ottawa tribe. Among them was Noon-day, chief of the tribe, of whom we shall speak hereafter.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis regretted exceedingly our rest would be disturbed by music and dancing, but such was our fate, for twenty couple kept the music going until daylight. The hotel was a good one for its day, and all travelers going to Grand Rapids made it a point to stop there. The writer can never forget the kind hearted Yankee Lewis and his estimable wife, who treated us so well, and sent us on our way with many kind wishes for our success.

Partaking of an early breakfast we pursued our journey for several miles, and ere we reached Rabbit river, turned on a blind road, lately blazed, to the north.

Companion Rhodes and the writer here left the sled and started ahead of the team on foot, that we might be more sure of following the road. The snow was getting deep, and deer tracks were abundant and fresh.

"I wish," said Rhodes, "I could get a crack at a

including a reminiscence of Tecumseh's death in the Battle of the Thames.

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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.

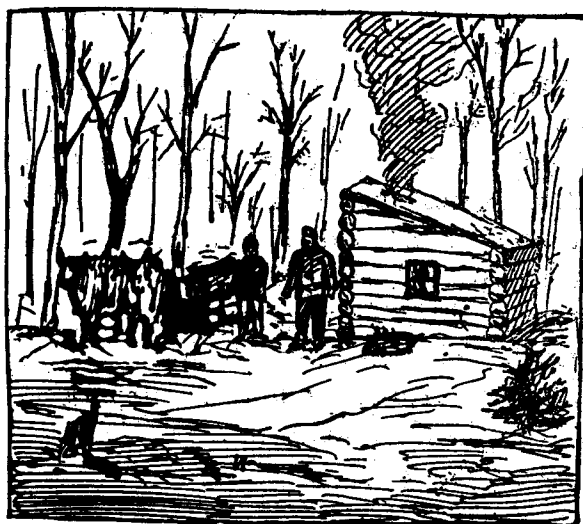
"Why don't you shoot?" said Rhodes. "Shoot yourself," said we. At this moment we both shot and wondered much to see him leap off. On close examination, his ball cut off a bush close to the ground within twenty feet of him, and ours went into a beech tree fifteen feet high, and the driver of the team 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 rude log hut. It was the home of the first settler in that wilderness, Nelson Chambers. His nearest neighbor was a Mr. Barnes, about three miles, who had a saw mill at the head waters of Rabbit river. As we entered his clearing, both he and his solitary companion stood at their door gazing with wonder and amazement. They had never been visited by such a crowd. After explaining to them our mission, they extended the hand of welcome, such a welcome, too, as only pioneers know how to give to new comers. 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 dead horse. We had now to proceed about three-fourths of a mile to an old log shingle shanty on land owned by a Mr. Seymour, of Allegan.

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



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—A Visit from Adaniram.

The sunshine in the morning was beautiful. The gentle breeze caused the stately pines to hum sweet music. The wolves had been hungry all the long night, howling here and there, and amid the din the horned owl's tu-whit-tu-whooh! 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 health and strength. The bait for wolves on the shanty 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. Visiting 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. Both were found. The clogs had caught against little trees, and the wolves had wound the chains around them and twisted their feet out, leaving the balls 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.

In December a portion of the Pottawatomie 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 Adaniram Judson, an interpreter, a fine specimen of the tribe. He 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 cabin 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 famed 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 one, he took a track, followed it carefully until he started him, and then a steady trot, and in a short time would run one down and cut his throat. This has 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 and

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ADANIRAM JUDSON.

war whoops, and make the wilderness echo far 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 Indian 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 Saginaw to-morrow, take with you some fire water, get the chief a little drunk, and he will give you an unwritten history of the march there and the scenes 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

received us with all the formalities which chiefs possess. We were seated upon bear skins which he had killed, the skulls of which were exhibited on 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 back part of his head and extended from ear to ear. His furrowed brow, his wrinkled face and trembling hand placed him at about 80 years of age. He stood six feet high and as straight as the arrows in his wigwam, and he walked with youthful elasticity. Many questions were asked relative to his life and his battles, but he would only answer with a "Ugh!" Finally we exclaimed, "Saginaw he buck-a-taw (want) whiskey?" "On-in-ta" (yes). Pulling out a small flask, he exclaimed, "ne-shin-che-mo-ke-mo:!" (good whiteman). Turning a little into a bear's skull he drank it with a relish and called for more. A little 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 interpret as he proceeded. He had been in many a fight. He was with the British at the battle of the Thames, saw Tecumseh fall by a shot from a pistol drawn from a saddle by an officer whose horse had fallen over a log. He assisted Noonday in carrying his 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 retreat

and crept carefully along from tree to tree to get within range of our rifles. Both were to fire at the word, the same moment. No sooner had we got position than the animal leaped from one tree to another and then to the ground and flew swiftly away. What it was we could not determine.

During our absence some person had stolen the last ham from our lodge, and from the track, one being longer than another, owing to a deformity, we knew it was Indian Su-na-gun, but it was too late for pursuit that day. While discussing our supper, potatoes and pork, we heard what we supposed was the screaming of a woman, about half a mile distant, in great agony. It was fearfully dark and the wind whistled through the pines and the snow was falling fast. The wolves and the owls were hushed. This awful screaming of a woman in agony aroused our sympathies. No time was to be lost, and we left our supper and lit our torches, shouldered our rifles and were off with a rush. Onward we dashed in direction of the sound, but still we seemed to get no nearer to it, in fact it seemed farther and farther off, and we returned by our nearest neighbor, Mr. Chambers, who was listening to the same screams. On learning of our expedition, he laughed heartily and informed us it was a panther, and it had been in that vicinity several weeks. He had seen him twice. "Ah," says Rhodes, "that is what we were trying to get a shot at to-day, but he leaped from tree to tree, and then to the ground and dashed away."

"Yes, yes," says Chambers, "that was him; he is almost red, and is a large and powerful one." "But," says we, "it is dangerous to be in the forests, is it not, where they are?" "No," said Chambers, "they flee before a man, but I think it lucky you did not get a shot. If you had wounded him he would undoubtedly have made for you. Last spring there were two here, but the Indians killed one, and this one comes around occasionally perhaps to look up his mate." "Just so. Come Rhodes, let us to our lodge." The sound was finally lost in the distance, and the music of the wolves and owls was heard again. As we neared our lodge a little to the right two golden spots were seen glaring at our brilliant torch lights.

"Take this torch," said Rhodes, and the next moment whang went his rifle and down fell a big buck with a bullet in his head.

"What shall we do with him?" was the next question. Leave him half an hour and the wolves would have him. To drag him to the lodge forty rods in the snow was a hard job for two already worn out. But there was no time to be lost; our torches were getting low and we had but one in reserve. "Let us try it," says Rhodes, strapping his rifle on his back and seizing one horn, and we the other. It was a two hundred pound buck or more, but we got him into camp and packed him away for the night. It was now ten o'clock, and, finishing our supper, we were in the hands of morpheus until broad day light.

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

to cover his track, and demanded he place his foot in it. This he declined to do and Rhodes cocked his rifle and he promptly obeyed; it was the short foot and a perfect fit. He owned up that he was the thief and begged for time to go to Yankee Springs for another. This was granted, and the next evening he came with one on his pony. This settled all stealing from that quarter and made them friends 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 remains 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 lots to see who should put a bullet through his head and it fell to Rhodes and he was not long in doing it. He was a monster. His carcass was dragged far 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.

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

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.

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 feet told truly of four of them. They claimed we were not settlers, but intruders 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

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.



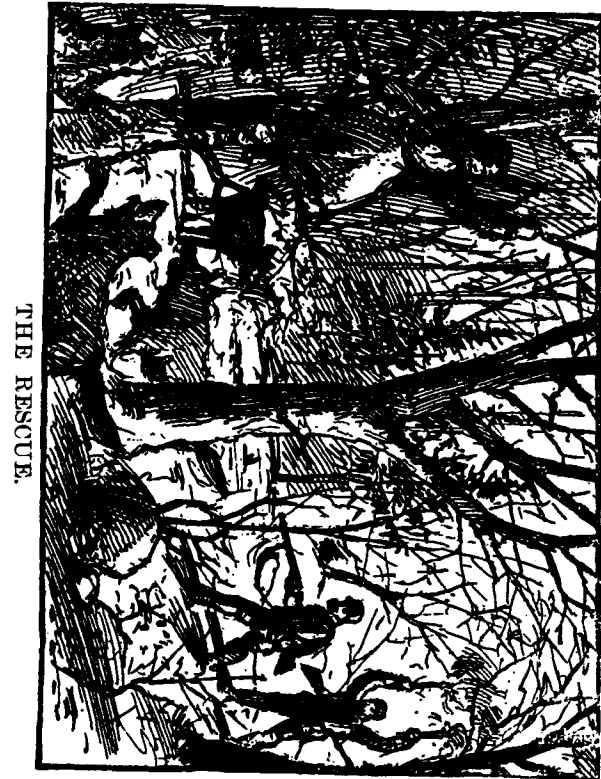
CHAPTER X.

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

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 strap my rifle to my back." It was but the work of a mo-

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 XI.

Saginaw Sick—Turning Doctor—Indian Mode of Curing Diseases—Narrow Escape of Gosa.

NOTHING of importance passed for a few days. We were on exceedingly good terms with the Indians. Meeting them in the forest they would greet us in the most friendly manner. We both felt at home in their wigwams and could vie with them in eating coon and muskrat soup out of bear or human skulls. Getting belated on one of our expeditions we found comfortable quarters with them. On one occasion Saginaw was quite ill and he sent a messenger on a pony, leading another, for us to call and see him. We were well supplied with various kinds of medicines which the Indians had heretofore refused to touch. Mounting the pony, we left the Captain, whose mission was to bring in a deer that day.

The distance was about two miles and we soon reached there and a dozen Indian boys were ready to greet us. One of his squaws received us with joy and took charge of the poney. The old chief lay on his bear skins in great pain and had a high fever. Fever powders were administered and he soon became quiet. We tarried over four hours, passing our time with the boys shooting with their bows and

arrows. Having practiced considerable, we surprised by them throwing our cap into the air and hitting it on its descent.

Leaving Saginaw in good condition with plenty of medicines, with full directions, he soon recovered. This was our first patient and we were the great physician of the forest. After this we had our hands full. If any thing was the matter, we were needed and it became necessary to recommend their own remedies, which were first, dig a hole in the ground and place a kettle in it half full of water; cut up a lot of hemlock boughs for the water and then put in heated stone and create a steam, over which the patient is placed and covered with blankets, excepting the head, and thus they would steam them for an hour. When taken out they are wrapped in blankets and compelled to lay in the wigwam several hours before they stir, except to partake of tea made of bitter root. This generally answered their purpose. Still, we occasionally had to act as physician to keep peace.

Gosa was sick, and he was very sick, too. He had waded the river, set a trap and caught an otter for us, and he was the clever Indian. His niece brought us a pony and we hastened to see him. Yes, "poor old Gosa," as he was called, was in danger, having a high fever, breathing short, and stiffened all over, and was near lung fever. Fever powders were administered and he was wrapped in hot wet

blankets, given hot hemlock tea, hot stone to his feet, and in two hours he was in a perspiration, and taking his bitter root he soon recovered. After this our fame spread far and wide among the Indians as the "great medicine man."

Not many days after this, we started out one morning after a deer. There had been a light snow over night and the bushes were loaded. Up the river, on the east side, was a thicket of small hemlock. Here a deer could always be found and the tracks were plenty and fresh. Cautiously moving and peering in every direction, expecting every moment to get a shot, we saw a movement between the bent boughs, not larger than our hand. Quick as thought we took deadly aim, the cap burst, but the rifle failed to go off. Gosa lifted himself up; his porcupine cap, ornamented with feathers, was upon his head. It was an aim at him, who was our best forest friend. Had the rifle gone off he would have been shot through the body, and there was something strange about it for the next trial it did not fail. Gosa wept like a child when he learned how near we came to shooting him, and our feelings we cannot describe. He was a great favorite with all; had we killed him we never could have convinced the tribe it was by a mistake, and we would have been compelled to leave the forest. When it became known, many thought we could not be relied upon, that we were a dangerous white man, and there was more or less fear of us for a few

days and until a meeting of Indians was called and Gosa explained the whole matter and told what friends we were and how much I had done for him. Saginaw, too, was at the meeting and he told a plain story how he once shot an Indian by a similar mistake, but he did not die. This was entirely satisfactory and confidence was fully restored.



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him into the lodge amid the terrific tumult of wolves and owls. Mr. Chambers returned and we retired for the night.

It was midnight when we were aroused by the most unearthly yells ever yet heard in the forest. It seemed as if a hundred Indians were screaming and very near our lodge. We seized our rifle, mounted on the top of our cabin and fired into the midst of the tumult, as we had done before to a pack of wolves. "Hold on there!" exclaimed the familiar voice of brother Daniel; "we're coming to make you a call." "All right, come in. Are either of you wounded?" "No, but a close call. We knew you were alone and we took it into our heads to give you a scare and came three miles with torches to do it." "Such a move at midnight would have done it once, but you know all fear of any thing vanishes after one has been with wolves and Indians as long as you fellows have. We are all a pretty close shot by sound and it is best not to get up any night scares." The bullet had grazed the top of Daniel's ear and it was the last time such an attempt was made.

CHAPTER XV.

A Trip for Porcupine—Twenty Killed—A Visit from a Bear—Potatoes Scarce.

PORCUPINES were so numerous and so useless to us that we seldom killed one. Go in any direction and there they were. The good old Indian Gosa wanted a lot of them, and he had been so kind to us we volunteered to kill them. He called by appointment at an early hour in the morning with his pony and a sack made of deer skin large enough to hold forty or more. There was no trouble in finding them for they were quite plenty, and we were not over four hours killing twenty or more.

On our return to camp we came upon a party of Indians who were cutting a bee tree. It was a dead pine tree about a foot through. It was a mere shell. The bees went in about fifteen feet high. In cutting they found old candied honey at the butt. It was full of solid honey over thirty feet high and did not contain less than five hundred pounds. They were several days in carrying it off. They presented us with three mukkuks full, which became very acceptable on pancakes. This honey had to be strongly barricaded with heavy trees to keep the wolves off for they were fond of everything sweet. It was with maple sugar

Gosa caught a wolf for us that hung around his wigwam.

On our return from camp we found our door open and tread cautiously to catch a thief. On looking in, a large black bear had found the potatoes in the hole under our bed and was devouring them as speedily as possible. We closed the door upon him, and had him fast. This done we climbed upon the top and had a fine view of the black monster. He made a desperate leap against the door and then at us, and as he did that his hind feet got into live coals which made him desperate, and he raved and tore around the lodge. It was our desire to rope him and secure him alive, but we found it an impossibility, and he was finally dispatched by the Captain with two shots in the head. Indian Gosa and Su-na-gun skinned him and took the carcass excepting one quarter which we desired for our worthy neighbor Chamber's use.

Every thing in our lodge was now in great confusion. Our bed, our cooking utensils, were scattered all over the lodge. Our plates, were overturned and had to be washed up. An hour or more was spent in cleaning after bruin before we could get a meal.

In the mean time we had a call from Mr. Chambers, who brought us potatoes, having heard by an Indian of our loss. But notwithstanding the bear had devoured many, still we had plenty and he enjoyed a venison supper with us.

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CHAPTER XVI.

A Visit from Noonday—Happy Meeting—Prayers—Music, etc.

Noonday and Saginaw were great friends. They had been together in various bloody battles, in massacres, and raids. History has never recorded and never will the horrible scenes of cruelty to captive men, women and children, for none but Indians knew and they were silent on the subject. Some historians endeavor to prove Tecumseh was opposed to the tortures and massacres of prisoners, but he was deceptive, being the fiercest in the slaughter and scalping of those in his power, without regard to age or sex. This meeting was arranged by Adaniram and we were anxious to witness it and the two hunter boys were invited to be present and at the feast. Noonday was a convert to the Christian religion under the teachings of missionary Slater and he was very anxious for the conversion of Saginaw. The 5th of March, 1840, Noonday mounted his decorated pony for the journey, and he arrived at his wigwam, a distance from near Gull prairie of about twenty miles. Young and old had assembled to receive the warrior chieftain, and when he hove in sight the yell of joy and welcome resounded through the forest.

The tent of Saginaw was elegantly ornamented

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with various Indian trinkets. The pipe of Tecumseh was most conspicuous. As he dismounted, a son of Saginaw's took him by the arm and conducted him to the wigwam where he was received with open arms. They continued in each others embrace for five minutes. Then his three wives with his son advanced and there was a happy greeting.

Noonday knew the writer of this sketch, he having attended the meetings of the Slater mission, near the borders of Gull prairie, and near the county line between Kalamazoo and Barry county, Mich., several Sundays and listened to his prayers, and he extended both hands to us. He was then introduced to Captain Rhodes as one of the brave boys, at whom he gazed with his dark and piercing eye, in silence, for some time, a gaze which would have made one with less courage, falter. This over, there was a general greeting. The chief would take the little ones, toss them high in the air and catch them as they came down. Finally they sit down upon the carpet of furs and talked over the times long ago, without any apparent reserve for our presence, and in some respects corroborated portions of the written history of the

MASSACRE AT THE RIVER RAISIN.

Tecumseh, Noonday, Saginaw, Sunagun, Gosa, and their party of braves, were starting on a raid when news came that a company had left Detroit to meet troops on their way from Ohio, at Frenchtown,

on the River Raisin, and they rushed to join the British and Indians who were in possession of that town. Tecumseh and Noonday flew to the Wabash where they were to be joined by two hundred and hurry to Frenchtown, but they did not reach there until the conflict was over. Chief Roundhead and Spitlog were in command of the Indians there. A fierce and bloody battle was fought. The British, under General Proctor, were victorious and the Indians



MASSACRE AT RIVER RAISIN.

had many scalps. A portion of the Americans, still behind pickets, held out. Proctor assured them if they would surrender they should be protected, otherwise he would turn them over for the Indians to

burn and scalp. This alarmed General Winchester who sent word for a surrender, which they did under the promise they should be protected. The terms of surrender maddened the Indians for they were suffering for a slaughter. The British troops started for Malden, accompanied by the Indians, but so enraged did Saginaw and other chiefs become, they turned back, set fire to the town and dragged the sick and wounded from their beds, scalped them and threw them into the flames. Here Saginaw was scalping a man when a woman rushed in to beg for his life; she was instantly killed and scalped. Here he exhibited the scalp of the woman heretofore described. Saginaw was one of the principal leaders in this massacre. His voice could be heard, "on to the slaughter!" At fort Meigs he also got many scalps.

Capt. Rhodes sat listening to the tales of the two chiefs with clenched teeth. The feast was prepared and all partook heartily. Noonday made a speech and said: "There is war talked of now between the Americans and the British. Now the Indians would draw like a yoke of oxen together with the Americans. They be our friends. Me no more go to war. My people they all gone. The white man he tell us of the happy hunting ground in the distance. Saginaw he be with me in this world and now he go join the good Indian and go with me to the happy hunting grounds."

Saginaw appeared considerably affected. "He was delighted to see his old friend, Noonday. Some good che-mo-ke-men (white men) and some very bad. They drive us from the graves of our fathers. They load them in wagons and force our mothers, sons and daughters from their dear old homes towards the setting sun, beyond the father of waters which we know nothing of. They rob us of our hunting grounds and destroy our forest homes. The British no do that. Happy Indians in Canada. Go-da-see came and see me and he say good hunting ground and good white man in Canada. The white men here (pointing to us) they be good, they do much for Indian." He then rehearsed to Noonday what had been done and sat down.

Capt. Rhodes said, "he was glad to be present here. He liked the good Indian; liked to hear the words of Noonday, how he would help the Americans in another war. Saginaw he go to Canada, he help the British—"("No, no!" said Saginaw—) he then be a bad Indian, but he say no, then he be good Indian and he liked Saginaw and all the good Indians. He would be always good to them and he was glad to meet them."

Noonday spent the night with Saginaw as did also the two hunters. The evening was spent in singing songs, dancing and story telling. Before retiring Noonday offered up a fervent prayer for Saginaw, his family and his tribe.

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

much as possible and stop and sing an Indian song and at times all jump up, swing 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

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spent a few minutes, when Mr. Gilbert appeared. Grasping him by the hand,—“Do you recognize me?” Gazing with earnestness, he could not. He was reminded of many transactions in by-gone days, of his old office and bookstore, of the departure of two young men for the wilderness, and he well remembered all. Perhaps we did not have a jovial time in rehearsing the scenes of the past. In the mean time his estimable wife prepared a sumptuous dinner. Mr. Gilbert, although near 80, is full of life and vigor and highly esteemed, as he ever was, for his integrity and honor. We have never seen a neater or more delightful dwelling than his, patterned after one he saw in California.

Taking our departure, we boarded a car on the G. R. and I. Railroad, we proceeded twenty-eight miles, to what is now known as the village of Wayland, in the township of Wayland, Allegan county, where we arrived at 3:09 p. m. The first encounter is huge piles of lumber, turned out from a saw mill near by, and, of course, the omnibus men, seeking to rake in the dimes. A ride of half a mile brought us to the Wayland Hotel, erected many years ago by Nelson Chambers, the first settler, who, while the plank road was in existence, made a handsome fortune keeping travelers who would invariably stop with him on their way to Grand Rapids. The railroad materially interfered with his business. This hotel is now kept by his son, George Bennett Chambers, and better

and more wholesome fare cannot be had at any hotel in a country town. Mr. C. was at his farm of 320 acres, about three miles out. (The beaver we sought were on this farm.)

Could it be possible this was the same ground where once the wild savages roamed, the wolves made their dens, and wild game of every variety which existed in Michigan, ~~was~~ numerous and nearly unmolested? Where, oh where stood the original log cabin of the first pioneer? And where the old log hut of the hunter boys, and the spring of pure water. We were directed to a Mrs. Andrew Gleason, daughter of Nelson Chambers, whose handsome dwelling was a few rods distant. Making known to her our errand, Mrs. G. seeing her son ride into the yard in a buggy, took us at once to the high grounds, about eighty rods distant, where her father erected the first log house, and then to the grounds where stood our cabin. Mr. Chambers returned toward evening. As did the father, near fifty years before, so did the son, give us a hearty welcome, and history thus repeated itself. The night was passed in sleep, no owls or panther scream disturbed our quiet slumbers.

The morning dawned most beautiful. Mr. Chambers spent the entire day with his horse and buggy reviewing the grounds. We first visited his sister, about two miles distant, who was the only one living who was there in 1839. She was then about nine years old, and well did she remember the two young

hunters, Cook & Rhodes. Many scenes were rehearsed and the interview with her was exceedingly interesting to the writer. Here we obtained a brief sketch of the Chambers family.

Nelson Chambers was a native of Litchfield, Conn., and was born Sept. 5, 1806. He was married to Miss Emily J. Shephard, of Vermont, Oct. 16, 1829. He moved to Ypsilanti where he carried on for some time the grocery business with success. He undersigned for a drover for a large amount and was financially wrecked, disposing even of his bedding to pay the debt. In trading his home there he took a lot of wild land in Allegan county which he knew nothing about, never having seen it. It is now the northeast corner of the village. He sought it out. A guide from Yankee Springs accompanied and assisted him in erecting the log house. It was covered with boards. Here he moved in April, 1839, with his family, consisting of his wife, one son, named Marshal, and two daughters named Amanda J. and Emily. As soon as bark began to peel in the spring the board roof came off and was used for a floor and elm bark took its place. He afterwards had three more children: Currance Ann, Cornelia Alice and George Bennett. Marshal died April 15, 1858. Amanda married Wm. Heydenbeck, and lives on a farm in Layton, two miles from the hotel, and has five children. Emily died in 1883. Currance Ann married Andrew Gleason, in the village,

and has one son. Cornelia Alice married G. Chase Goodwin and resides at Grand Rapids. George B. married Emily J. Hayward and he now keeps the Wayland Hotel. Nelson, the father, lost his wife, Oct. 12, 1865, aged 58 years, and he died October 3, 1877, aged 70 years and 8 days.

Leaving here, we revisited the old spring and drank from the same fountain. These waters have been analyzed and are pronounced very superior mineral springs, and we are informed people visit them from distant points and take home the water. (Perhaps it was these springs which caused our speedy recovery.) They are not improved as they should be. Eighty rods from here was the black ash swamp where the wolves were trapped and where the grape vines hung. The railroad occupies the grounds in the swamp where our wolf traps were set and a few tamaracks and stumps still remain vouching for our accurate description given in the first chapters, excepting distances were a little too far. There, too, is the same river winding its way, not through a forest but through fruitful fields. There, on its banks, is the very spot where two wolves, in pursuit of a buck, crossed the stream, leaped upon the bank, and fell dead. Away to the east still stands the old maple trees where the wigwams of the Indians were, and still further up the river old Saginaw had his camp.

There was one yet to visit, a descendant of the missionary, Mr. Selkirk, and thither we bent our

course. It was three miles distant and we will not complain, for Mr. Chambers did not, of the mud and water his fine horse passed through. Arriving at his house, there appeared before us a man of small stature who was born and brought up among the Indians and knew well their language and character. He was about fifty years old. He claimed that Saginaw was an Ottawa chief. Here he was certainly mistaken for Noonday was the head chief of the Ottawa tribe. He informed us that the old chief, Saginaw, was finally killed by his son-in-law, Sho-ah-mish, by drawing a fire brand from the fire and striking him on the side of his head. There was a knot on the brand which crushed through his temple and caused instant death. Adaniram Judson, the interpreter, was married and had one son. One day he was out in the woods and near his home; on his attempting to get home an ulcer burst inside of him and he could go no further. His calling for help could not be heard. He crawled around to gather sticks for a fire, but could not do it. He was found frozen to death on a log. He was a great loss to both whites and Indians. Adaniram's brother was Pe-make-wan. Gosa had a wife named Quimee. He was uncle to Lydia who lived with him and was so much abused. Chin-a-bee-nell was a son of Saginaw. White Pigeon was big and fat. Tuck-a-main was a great leaper. Missionary Selkirk died in 1877 at the age of 87 years and was buried on the banks

of the beautiful lake near his residence. He was a man beloved by all. His whole life was devoted to ameliorating the condition of the human family and especially the Indian race.

Returning on a different road, we passed through a forest of 160 acres. Here the woodmen were engaged with axes and saws, clearing up the trees as of old. Nearing the village, we paused at the cemetery where many dead repose; close to the entrance are the graves of Mr. and Mrs. Chambers, the place being marked by elegant monuments. Fond recollections seemed to cluster around these monuments, recollections of the great hearts that seemed first to penetrate the wilderness and welcome all. To look back through the vista of time, the time when the wild beasts bounded here unharmed, and gaze upon the beautiful residences, the substantial business buildings, it seemed as if we were living in another world. There are now about seven hundred people in the village. The large union school house is a fine ornament; there are 158 pupils.

R. G. Smith, W. L. Heazitt and H. G. Spaulding keep dry goods and groceries.

The grocery keepers are D. T. Hersey, D. W. C. Shattuck and C. J. Branch.

Two hardware stores, E. S. Fitch and F. H. Beach.

One wagon and blacksmith shop, R. H. Olive.

Three drug stores, John Chapel & Son, John Graves, (postmaster,) and H. E. Hawkins.

An exchange bank Pickett, & Turner.

Two blacksmith shops, Wm. Stockdale and H. T. Stringham.

Boot and shoe store, S. S. Miles.

Meat market, Wharton & Yeakey.

Harness shop, P. H. & W. H. Schuch.

Two hotels, Geo. B. Chambers and S. Hollister.

Flouring mill, L. F. Wallbrecht.

Foundry, W. V. Hoyt.

Printing office, Wayland Globe, Geo. Mosher.

Livery stable and buss line, H. H. Kelley.

Buss line, S. Huntley.

Undertaker, Geo. H. Heureka.

Barber shop, Chas. Ward.

Four physicians, J. Graves, J. Turner, R. H. Rino and C. W. Andrews.

A lawyer, John Turner.

Two milliners, Mrs. Cynthia Slade, Mrs. M. E. Snell.

One feed and one flouring mill, and two sash mills, Clark & Hicks and Arthur Clark.

A Methodist and Disciple church.

Cheese factory, Isaac B. Smith.

Cider, sorgum and paint mill, Barnes & Sons.

Brick and stone mason, A. Gleason.

Jeweler, Frank Covell.

Photograph gallery, S. Filley.

Masonic lodge, 100 members. Odd Fellows lodge.

The village board consists of E. S. Fitch, Presi-

dent, Geo. Mosher, Recorder; Peter Ross, Marshal, and six Aldermen.

Hard maple trees on both sides of all the streets, afford beautiful shade in the summer. Artesian wells are found in all parts of the village by sinking a pipe from 25 to 60 feet, throwing the crystal waters from ten to twenty feet high. All the inhabitants are getting these wells.

Such is the onward march of civilization. The poor, friendless Indians, having been robbed of their birthright, driven from their homes and the graves of their fathers, wronged and defrauded in every possible way by the white man, who can deny but there is some excuse for their cruelty to captives? Tecumseh was right when he delivered his speech to his warriors just previous to the battle of the Thames. He foresaw their destiny and his predictions have been fulfilled. An inferior race must yield to a superior, who will have no respect for rights. Another century will wipe out every vestige of the Indian race on the American continent and they will only be known in history.

