

LIGHTS AND SHADES  
OF  
MISSIONARY LIFE:

CONTAINING

TRAVELS, SKETCHES, INCIDENTS,

AND

MISSIONARY EFFORTS,

DURING

NINE YEARS SPENT IN THE REGION OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

BY

REV. JOHN H. PFEZEL,

ALIAS, WA-ZAH-WAH-WA-DOONG, OR "THE YELLOW BEARD."

"Every matter in the universe is linked in such wise unto others,  
That a deep, full treatise upon one thing is that  
all things."

The Catholic of  
TUPPER.

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nesses, and without their mention the reader can hardly appreciate the influences that operated to impoverish and ruin the Indians, soul and body. In the light of such speaking facts it is easy to perceive who are the true friends of the red man.

## CHAPTER XII.

TRAVELS AMONG THE INDIANS DURING  
THE WINTER.

I MADE one visit, during the winter, to the Indian settlement at Garden River, Canada, now under the care of Rev. Mr. Anderson, of the Episcopal Church. My old friends appeared very glad to see me; and, at the request of the missionary, I preached to them.

I made two very interesting trips to Naomikong, Lake Superior, some thirty-five miles from the *Sault*, which I think deserving of a more particular account.

January 5th, 1849, in company with brother Marksman, I left home after noon. Rode in a one-horse cutter eight miles. P. G. returned with the horse and cutter, and with our blankets, camp kettle, and provisions, we went on afoot. Faced a cold and blustery wind, and the ice was very smooth, so that we could scarcely keep to our feet. A poor Dutchman, on the same route, with boots instead of moccasins, came near perishing, as we afterward learned. He turned aside and spent the night in the woods, without fire, and but thinly clad. He made out to reach a house the next day, and was thus saved. We arrived safely at Washkees Bay just before dark. Found here a tolerably-comfortable cedar-bark wig-

wam. The two men who had left the Saut in company with the Dutchman were here, and had a fire for our accommodation. We immediately went to work with our hatchets and provided wood for the night. Notwithstanding the cold we should have slept pretty well, but for the smoke which drove into the lodge.

*January 6.* After a hard walk of five hours, through woods most of the way, and on snow-shoes, we reached Carp river. Here was a saw-mill, a French family, two or three Americans, and a few Indians—the Waishkees. As they were old acquaintances they were very glad to see us, and we must drink with them some *shah-gah-mi-ta*—hot drink, either tea or coffee. To this proposal we readily acceded, eating with our tea some bread and pork. Then we had a season of prayer, and resumed our journey. A stiff cold wind was in our faces, and the ice, most of the way, was jammed together, nearly perpendicular like knives, and made it hard walking and trying to our feet. Reached Naomikong before night, and put up with my old friend, *Monomonee*, the chief, lately from Grand Island. Here were two other quite good log-houses, and the Indians, generally, appeared comfortably situated. Several called to see us, and kept us talking till the evening was spent.

Sabbath a good congregation collected to hear the word of the Lord. They were well clad, and very attentive while I preached them a plain, practical sermon from "the grace of God that bringeth sal-

vation to all men hath appeared," etc. The Lord was present to bless. After noon brother Marksman preached on the parable of "the barren fig tree." This was also called a season of spiritual profit. The prayer meeting at night was a season owned of God. There was no flagging; both the singing and praying were in the spirit. I gave out an appointment for the next morning, at the close of which I had designed to leave for home. But on dismissing the congregation I was urged to go on to *Te-quah-me-non*, some five miles farther. It was said that the Indians there were very desirous that we should visit them. We had three or four members there—several persons were sick—one or two desired to be baptized, etc. To this call we felt constrained to yield.

On returning to *Monomonee's* from the meeting, we had an illustration of the manner in which the Indians prize a writing. Three years before, when I had visited his family at Grand Island, with a copy of John's Gospel, I gave him also a small class-book, with his own name and the names of his family written with pencil. Both of these he had preserved neat and clean. He took them out of his trunk and showed them to me. The class paper, though now of no use, was kept as a kind of memento.

Accompanied by five Indians, we went the next morning to visit *Te-quah-me-non*. The second house we entered we had a specimen of the supreme selfishness of a heathen Indian. As usual, I passed round the house to shake hands with the inmates.