

MEMORIALS

OF THE

GRAND RIVER VALLEY,

BY

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*Has Oblivion a right to the Past?*

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firmness, inordinate." Therefore we have a character to sustain, as well as the reputation of the phrenologist. We will leave Lyons to itself until 1836. Some more settlers had, in the meantime, pitched their tents, and there was beginning to be the appearance of civilization. 1836 was the year of a general irruption of settlers and speculators into Ionia county. The location of the Land Office at Ionia, and the widely circulated report of the character of the lands caused a rush, which was almost inconceivable. This is spoken of in connection with Ionia. Among those who, won by the fame of the new Elysium, came on and pitched at Lyons, were Adam L. Roof, a young lawyer, and A. F. Bell. They, with indefinite purpose, found themselves in Michigan, at Jackson. Jackson was then a shanty town, with little to invite their stay. Here they got news that the Land Office was going to be removed to Ionia, and they made up their minds to go there. They had a boat built at Jackson, and put out down the river. About ten miles down they found a jam of logs, which they got around with the aid of some passing Indians. They camped in Eaton county, and in the night were much disturbed by some mosquitoes, who came to "interview" them, and by the serenaders that were out, probably to do them honor. But they—two inexperienced young lawyers—supposed the serenaders were hungry, and wanted them for supper. Just so the kindest intentions are often misinterpreted. It may here be remarked that they recognized the voice of a panther among the serenaders. Of those panthers, more anon. A screech-owl joined his unmelodious voice in the general chorus of welcome. That bird is singularly unfortunate, few admiring his music.

At times dragging their boat, and again floating in it, camping on the bank at night, the fourth night found them at Stone Ledge. On the 5th day they had their supreme terror. They were boarded by a frightful "big Indian," who called out "Quash-a-gum!" Bell, who was saying his prayers at the time, for fear had disposed his heart to prayer, pointed to his gun; but the Indian pointed to the provision box, and made signs that he was hungry. Without waiting to say "Amen," Bell gave the Indian some food, and he left. This Indian was

Indian contact  
scared white  
tenderfeet.