

## THE POTTAWATTOMIES.

BY HON. A. B. COPLEY.

The peninsula of Michigan was inhabited at an early day by various tribes and bands of Indians, changing from time to time. Levi Bishop claims in his poetical work "*Teuch sa Grondie*" that there was a large Indian village at Detroit and a populous region surrounding, for a long time previous to 1649, about which time the eastern Indians, or confederation known as the Iroquois, achieved a victory over the Hurons and Ojibways, resulting in a partial annihilation and practical abandonment of Michigan and the country bordering on Lake Huron on the Canada side. Although the Indians were divided into tribes independent of each other, yet for mutual aggression and defense the tribes were united in two great confederations known as the Iroquois or Six Nations, whose headquarters were in western New York,

and the Algonquin race, whose homes were in the northwest, comprising Pottawattomies, Ojibways, Ottawas, Menominees, Sacs, Foxes and others. These two confederations were at deadly enmity with each other for years, and history does not record the time when the young braves thirsting for distinction could not organize a war party from either of these great clans to prey on the other. War with each other was their normal condition. The Iroquois about the time of their great victory had become possessed of firearms, owing to longer intercourse with the whites, which gave them great advantage over their enemies, and made them a terror to their ancient foes, who were ready to leave a country so fraught with danger. Some early writers speak of the Pottawattomies occupying southern Michigan at that time and leaving, going around Lake Michigan and northward to the region of Green Bay. In 1641 two Jesuit missionaries visited the falls of St. Marys, but they do not mention the Pottawattomies. In 1668 Marquette founded the first mission at Sault St. Mary, but mentions no Pottawattomies. In 1671 Monsieur Perot called a great council of western tribes at that place and the Pottawattomies were present from Green Bay in large numbers. In 1673 Marquette went to Green Bay and found the Pottawattomies there at that time. Accurately speaking, our first authentic knowledge of the Pottawattomies was when at Green Bay a party of them helped Marquette on his visit to the Illinois as far as Chicago, where he wintered in 1674, finding the Miamis there.

When La Salle came to St. Joseph in the fall of 1679, where he built a fort, he found the country occupied by the Miamis, and the St. Joseph river was known as the Miami of the lakes. Within a short time, not more than two years, the Iroquois went west, driving every tribe before them, and even severely crippling the Illinois, leaving southern Michigan debatable ground. For twenty years thereafter history is not accurate in regard to the Pottawattomies. Cadillac was stationed at Mackinaw, as commander of the French interests in the Northwest, and thinking the English were acquiring too much influence with the Indians, situated as they were at Fort Pitt, where Pittsburg now stands, petitioned the French government to be allowed to establish a military post on the Detroit river, which he did in 1701, inviting the Indians of various tribes to trade and settle near, through the protection afforded them from their ancient enemies, the dreaded Iroquois. Be that as it may, we next hear of the Pottawattomies as occupying southwestern Michigan, northeastern Illinois and northern Indiana, with bands and settlements near Detroit. Some historians say that the Pottawattomies were crowded south by the Menominees. Those of them in Illinois were known as Pottawattomies of the prairie, and those in Michigan, Pottawattomies of

the woods. Father Marest says in 1706, that the Pottawattomies and the Ottawas formed an alliance, and made war on the Miamis, driving them south to Indiana and Ohio; a quite probable story, in view of the friendly relations existing always between the tribes. The Pottawattomies in Michigan seem to have claimed the region watered by the St. Joseph and Kalamazoo rivers, and their tributaries, while the Ottawas claimed the tract watered by the Grand river and streams emptying therein, and the Chippewas, eastern Michigan and the northern part of the peninsula. Father Marest, writing in 1712, says the mission at St. Joseph, among the Pottawattomies is in a flourishing condition, second only to Mackinaw. In 1712 the English instigated an attack on Cadillac at Detroit, and six tribes, the Pottawattomies among the number, came to their assistance. In 1763 the Pottawattomies joined the Pontiac conspiracy, furnishing many warriors. This conspiracy arose from the treaty made between England and France, in 1763, whereby the French title in the Northwest was extinguished. The Algonquins always having been taught that the English were their natural enemies, resented the idea of being transferred to their former foes and hence the wild project of Pontiac to free his country and drive the English into the sea. Pontiac's scheme included the capture of all the English forts in the Northwest, and was successful except at Detroit, Niagara and Pittsburg. There were twelve posts in all to be attacked, comprising a distance of 1,200 miles. The Pottawattomies, after the first attempts on Detroit, were sent to capture Fort St. Joseph, which they accomplished, May 25, 1763; of the little garrison of fourteen men, eleven were killed and three made prisoners, who were taken to Detroit and exchanged for some Pottawattomie prisoners, taken by Major Gladwin of that post. In 1766, Pontiac was killed by an Illinois Indian at Cahokia, nearly opposite St. Louis, while drunk. Pontiac was an Ottawa Indian, and the interests of the Pottawattomies and Ottawas were so intimately blended that they made the occasion of the death of the great warrior an excuse for war with the Illinois, which was carried on with great vigor, and savage ferocity, leading finally to the utter extinction of the Illinois at Starve Rock, on the Illinois river. Less than twenty escaped, and they went into different tribes, and their names disappeared forever. This once proud and numerous tribe had been greatly humbled one hundred years before by the Iroquois, and fell an easy prey to their enemies, after retreating to the rock where they were literally starved, as the name implies, till crazed with thirst and famine they made a desperate sortie, only to be slaughtered.

In the Indian wars which succeeded the Revolution, the Pottawattomies took a part and were represented at the defeats of Harmer and St. Clair,

being themselves defeated by mad Anthony Wayne, and at his summons met him, with the chiefs of other tribes, at Greenville, Ohio, and signed a treaty of peace, which lasted about fifteen years. Among the signers from the Pottawattomies was the chief, Topinabee, who held the chief position among the Pottawattomies for nearly forty years. In 1810 another occurrence took place resembling the Pontiac episode. The celebrated Shawnee chieftain, Tecumseh, came into the villages of the Pottawattomies, accompanied by three other chiefs of lesser note, mounted on spirited black ponies (probably the first they had ever seen), their object being to combine the western tribes in a new war with the Americans. The hostile attitude of England towards the United States, just beginning to develop, was made the occasion, by English traders and posts, to instigate the savages to war. Tecumseh was successful, and the Pottawattomies, with chief Topinabee at their head, joined the union. The Pottawattomies were at Tippecanoe and defeated with the rest; for a time they were quiet, but on the announcement of Tecumseh that he would join the British against the United States, they participated in the battles of Lower Sandusky, River Raisin, and the massacre at Fort Dearborn, and finally ended their warlike exploits at the battle of the Thames, October 5, 1813.

In regard to their lands, in 1795 they joined with other tribes and ceded a strip of land six miles wide, on the west side of the Detroit river, from Lake St. Clair to the River Raisin. In November, 1807, they made a treaty with Gen. Hull, comprising southeastern Michigan, in connection with Ottawas, Chippewas and Wyandottes. The Pottawattomies, Ottawas and Chippewas were considered as forfeiting all rights to their lands, by joining the English in the war of 1812, but September, 1815, Gen. Harrison made a treaty of peace with them, restoring all rights of lands, on condition of maintaining allegiance to the United States.

In 1821 at Chicago the Pottawattomies, Ottawas and Chippewas met Gen. Cass and ceded the greater portion of their lands in Michigan, reserving a few choice tracts as tribal homes and providing for the Pottawattomies and Ottawas a school and blacksmith shop to be kept up fifteen years with \$1,000 annually for their support and \$5,000 yearly as an annuity to the tribe. The school and shop for the Pottawattomies were located by the late C. C. Trowbridge of Detroit in 1822, west of and adjoining the city of Niles. In 1827 at Carey Mission, the school alluded to, Gen. Cass held a council with the Pottawattomies and several of the small reservations were ceded to the United States, and in the following year they ceded nearly all the remaining lands held by them, some more money being paid and on other conditions, such as keeping the blacksmith permanent and providing three laborers, four months in the

year, for ten years, to work for the St. Joseph band. In 1833 a final treaty was made to give up all reservations remaining within three years and move west of the Mississippi. Pokagon, a Catholic convert, and his followers were exempt from its provisions and purchased lands in Silver Creek township, Cass county, where some remain to this day. Before the time set for departure the Indians regretted their promises and vainly tried to escape from the results. It was not till 1838, or two years after the time set for their removal, that they were called together, and notwithstanding their remonstrances, a band small in number compared with their early history left under an escort of U. S. troops. Left their old hunting grounds, the graves of their fathers, and with sorrowful recollections of past happiness turned their footsteps, with sad forebodings of the future, to the west. At first they were located in Missouri opposite Ft. Leavenworth, but in two years, at the instigation of citizens of the State, were transferred to Iowa, near Council Bluffs; staying there but a short time were moved to Kansas, where after thirty years they were moved to Indian Territory. Their next move will probably be to the happy hunting grounds of the Great Spirit, as their numbers gradually but surely diminish from year to year; it is only a question of time when they will as surely vanish, as the Illinois tribe did by the valor of their arms over 100 years ago. Some of the Pottawattomies deserted and escaped on the way west; some were hid in the woods, and in 1839 those found were removed. The means used to make treaties with the Indians and general treatment of them in carrying out their provisions reflect no credit on the white race, and will ever remain as a dark blot on the pages of their otherwise brilliant achievements. A remark of Topinabee, the head chief, to Gen. Cass, who advised him to keep sober and care for his people shows their condition and utter helplessness to resist the temptations which unscrupulous and interested white men surrounded them with. "Father," says Topinabee, "we do not care for the land, nor the money, nor the goods, what we want is whisky, give us whisky."

In 1826 Judge Leib, a government agent, visiting Carey mission, reported favorably of its condition; improvements in agriculture, raising of domestic animals, and other evidences of civilization, are among his statements; but at that time the Indians were at their best, for Rev. M. McCoy, the mission keeper, writes that whisky traders were increasing, and the results on the Indians, who were unable to resist their appetites, were demoralizing. They seemed to abandon all attempts for improvement and gave way to excesses on the least temptation. Articles of clothing, cooking utensils, guns, everything necessary to sustain themselves with, were sacrificed to their appetites. A silver-mounted rifle would be sold for seventy-five cents in whisky. Clothes

and cooking utensils, purchased by the traders for liquor and bartered for furs back at exorbitant prices. The missionaries associated with the Rev. McCoy were perfectly discouraged at the prospect. Mr. Lykins, an assistant of McCoy, wrote to General Cass: "I tell you every hope, every prospect for the Indians around us is prostrate, is entirely cut off; I entreat you to plead for their removal;" with much more to the same effect. Judge Leib, who made annual visits to this tribe, relates that he urged upon the chief the importance of overcoming their propensities, abandoning whisky and accepting the advantages of civilization. Said one of them, "What you say is true, we are falling from day to day, but we did not seek whisky, it was brought to us, we could not prevent it; neither could we abstain from drinking it when within reach. We have lost manhood and independence; we look on the white race as superior, and who know more than we do, therefore we cannot resist their wishes; but," continued the chief, "if our Great Father (meaning the U. S. government) feels such an interest to preserve us as you mention, all powerful as he is, why does he not command his people to abstain from seeking our destruction; he has but to will it, and it is done. He can punish, he can save us from the ruin which surrounds us." No stronger statement of the duties which a government should exercise in behalf of its enslaved people could be made in as few words as these by the besotted chief of a once manly and powerful tribe of red men.

At the Nottawa Seepe reservation the same testimony is given of the rapid degradation of the Indians from communication with evil white men. In August, 1833, the writer, when a boy, was at Niles and the streets were full of Indians, squaws and children, many of whom were drunk, although it was an ordinary occasion. The river ford connecting the mission village with Niles seemed full of Indians and squaws, ponies with children on them coming and going continually.

About 1837 or 1838 a small band of Indians, about 30 in number, summered in Marcellus, Cass county, planted corn and raised a crop. A grocery store was kept at Charleston, on Little Prairie Ronde, about six miles from their camp. For weeks they came almost daily on their ponies to this store; on their way there they were dignified, courteous and orderly, returning like demons, racing, whooping, yelling and quarrelsome. One night when worse than usual, a squaw was killed, stabbed to the heart, but a sensible conclusion was arrived at, the whisky did it, and the murderer went free. Among the letters at the John Jacob Astor House, Mackinaw, written in 1817, the writer of one deploras the almost necessity, because rival companies did, of dealing in liquors with the Indians, as it was leading to such



fatal results. When away from trading posts and free from the influence of liquor they were entirely different.

The writer's experience, except in the summer encampment referred to, recalls no such cases of debauchery. The Indians came in families, rarely more than three together, made their camps, hunted, fished, picked berries, and traded venison, berries, tanned deer skins and moccasins for salt, potatoes, flour, pork and bread. They were, however, inveterate beggars, teasing for bread or other food for themselves and papposes, and generally, being sober, sharp at a bargain. The bargaining was conducted mostly by signs, certain words or phrases, as whiteman, Indian, deer, venison, pork, corn, flour, bread, shilling, good, bad, and some others in Indian language, comprised the vocabulary of trade, numbers being computed by holding up the fingers and hands. There was but little difficulty in making a trade, although the Indians were often supposed to understand the language of the whites better than they pretended to, in order to profit by the communication of the whites with each other. They were friendly, hunted and fished with the whites on the best of terms, always strictly honorable with the laws of the woods, any game taken in partnership being divided equally, except the skin, which went separately to the one who first wounded it, be it never so slight. If a bee tree was found in the spring, as was quite customary, and the finder wished it to remain till there should be an accumulation of honey, a simple chipping of the bark preserved the right of discovery intact, and no charge of theft was ever laid to an Indian, though the tree was miles from the owner's home. The squaws did the work, planting the corn, cultivating and caring for it, dressing the skins, getting the wood, doing the camp work, making cord from some preparation of bark, and gathering rushes to weave into mats for covering their wigwams, or making beds. The Indians at camp were generally smoking, cleaning their rifles, drying their clothes or moccasins, as the dew, rain and swamps made this daily avocation almost a necessity. Dogs were common, generally a small, thin, cowardly set of curs, and if a fat dog, made a rare feast, as is frequently claimed, for Indian diet; they did not have many in Michigan. Indian ponies were their beasts of burden first, the squaws next. These ponies were small, and all seemed to have their work to do; the older ones were almost buried under camp equipage, with a squaw on top, and even yearlings would have to carry a boy or girl. One or two of the leading ponies wore a bell, which, during the march, was stuffed with leaves, but in camp the leaves were removed and the ponies spanceled, which was done by tying the fore feet together, loosely, with bark, so that they could feed on all within reach, and by rearing up and plunging ahead, could have a limited range of pasture,

and yet always be within hearing. These ponies were a comparatively new acquisition to Indians. The early French explorers never wrote of them, and it is supposed that they were first introduced to the Indians by the spoils of Braddock's defeat, in 1755, as the Mexican Indians obtained theirs from Cortez. The hardships of winter exposure and poor feed gradually changed the high bred English horse to the dwarf pony of the Indian. There were exceptions to squaws doing all the camp drudgery.

One afternoon in October, two Indians about thirty years of age, passed my father's house on foot, going into the woods south of where Nicholsville now is, which woods at that time were a dense forest, from eight to fifteen miles in extent without a habitation. They had blankets, a camp-kettle and rifles, and were accompanied by several dogs. From the firing heard from day to day, we knew they were camped within a mile or two. About a week from the time of their arrival, they came from the woods without the dogs or camp fixtures. The next day being Sunday, the frontiersmen's holiday, my brother and myself went to their camp, which we readily found on the main trail, about a mile distant. The dogs made a pretense of defense at a distance, but ran to the woods at our approach. The Indians had killed six or seven deer, and built scaffolding of poles on which was the venison cut up into pieces about one inch square, and strung on strings of bark, like apples to dry, above the reach of the dogs, showing quite conclusively that they had employed their time diligently. In two days they returned with ponies and got their jerked venison. It is claimed by some writers that the Indians used discretion in regard to the game; hunting one season in a locality and not repeating their visit for several years, so as to allow game to become more plenty, but I think this a mistake as far as the Pottawattomies were concerned, at the time of which I write, as they were in the practice of coming every season, and even killing game when out of condition, for instance decoying wild turkeys in the spring of the year at pairing time, when they readily came within reach of the rifle at the counterfeit call of the hunter. A more cruel practice was by means of a reed instrument by which they could successfully imitate the cries of a fawn in distress, and thereby lure a mother doe, which happened to have fawns hidden near by, within easy reach of the fatal rifle, she perishing by the bullet and the fawns by starvation. Having often heard the Indian hunter I imitated the sound one day, while driving cattle from the woods, at the proper season, and was much surprised if not frightened at the result. A doe came rushing through the brush, her hair turned forward, indicating attack, making frantic efforts to release the supposed captured fawns.



Speaking of the reed instrument used for decoying deer, reminds me of a similar one used by a young chief, which produced a monotonous, plaintive, flute-like tone, which presumably was for the purpose of fascinating the dusky belles of the forest. We often read of "Laughing Water," "Star of the Sky," "Light of My Eyes," and many other wood nymphs of the forest glades, with step of the fawn, neck of the swan, eyes like the gazelle; dressed in robes of the richest furs, trimmed with the plumage of rarest birds, moccasins gaily bedecked with porcupine quills and colored with the brightest dyes. These exist in the brain of the poet or historian, generally, at least such characters were not plenty at the time written of. I remember but one, and she was dressed in calico, and somewhat of her brilliant beauty was evidently owing to a remote French ancestor. The squaws were usually dressed in blue broadcloth leggins with fringes perhaps one and a half inches wide on the outside of either limb; a blue figured domestic calico short gown, over which was worn a blanket, unless it was warm weather. On their feet they wore moccasins of dressed deer skin. The blanket was supported by a belt at times, especially if there was a pappoose, a year or two old, who rode on the back of the mother inside of the blanket. If the child was young it was strapped to a board and hung on the back by a belt over the mother's forehead. The hair was wound up on a chip about two inches square and fastened just back of the head; another style was braided and hanging down the back. If the weather was inclement, the blanket was brought up over the head, otherwise there was no head covering. The carrying strap was an indispensable article of female use; it consisted of leather four to six feet in length, two inches broad in the center, where it crossed the forehead, the rest being about an inch in width for convenience in tying up the immense packs of household goods or other articles to be moved. The Indians wore leggins, moccasins, a calico shirt generally of a lighter color, when new at least; the leggins also were rarely blue, generally light colored blanket cloth, the fringes consisting of the colored border seen on Mackinaw blankets. A blanket was belted at the waist and worn loose over the shoulders. In the belt were carried a knife (protected by a leather sheath) and a small ax or tomahawk, while depending from the right shoulder, hung on the left side, the powder horn and charger, and bullet pouch containing bullets, bullet molds, bulletstarter, patch cloth, and extra flints, for flint locks were in common use, and any other needed extras for the chase, also not forgetting pipe and tobacco. On the head was almost invariably worn a large colored cotton handkerchief, wrapped around in somewhat of a turban style. This dress, with a rifle across the shoulder, whose lock was protected from dampness by

a fox squirrel skin, completed the costume. Sometimes a feather or two was added, especially if the party was high in rank.

Topinabee, the head chief before mentioned, had other chiefs under him, the principal of whom were Pokagon, Weesaw and Shavehead. Pokagon was a native of Topinabee by marriage, his wife being a niece; his headquarters were near the prairie named after him. He moved to Silver Creek township, exempted from removal west, as stated, and died August, 1840. Weesaw was nearer related to Topinabee than Pokagon, having married his daughter. He had two other wives, but the princess was the favorite, she had the place of honor and walked next to him in the rear, the other wives following her whenever they visited the whites. Hon. Geo. B. Turner describes him as being every inch a king, tall, stately and dignified, fond of ornament, his leggings being bordered with little bells, his head adorned by a brilliant turban, his waist bound with a like sash, while on his breast he wore a huge silver amulet kept very bright, and heavy rings of silver depended from his ears and nose. He had a village near Niles, also at a later period in Volinia township on the Buell farm.

Shavehead was a different man from either of the others, being much older. He had participated in many battles, and had a settled hatred of the whites. His home was in the southeastern part of Cass county, on a prairie of that name. Many incidents are related of his vindictiveness. Claiming his rights as proprietor of the soil he levied tribute at a ferry of the St. Joseph river at Mottville. At other times he took property such as he wanted, without pay, till the settlers chastised him for it, and although law abiding thereafter, he was always morose and sullen. It was currently reported that he had ninety-nine white men's tongues strung on bark, and meant to have the one hundredth before he died. The writer saw him frequently. He was the only exception as to head covering; what hair he had was drawn tightly together upward and tied with a string, making a tuft on the top of his head; sometimes a feather or two was inserted.

When only women and children were at home he enforced his demands for food by laying his hands on the knife in his belt, and it needed no repetition to secure a supply. The first time I met him he carried an old rifle. Within a year or so his rifle had been reamed out and was what was termed a smooth-bore, using either ball or shot. Not long afterward his smooth-bore had been exchanged for a shot-gun, and a dead partridge hung to his belt. His step was less firm, his head less erect, and it could be seen at a glance that he was but a shadow of the proud chieftain of other days. His last appearance in the settlement to my recollection found the shot-gun gone, and in its place he carried a bow and arrows, begged his food and shot

at pennies inserted in a cleft stick for a mark, the coin to be his if he hit it. He had a far away look that seemed to reach back to childhood days when he shot arrows with boys of his own age, or roamed in freedom through woods full of game, untrammelled by the restrictions of the hated pale face. Or else, he might have thought of the wild battle scenes of the war path so often trod by him in his early days. The writer once saw him when he was recalling stirring events of other days. It was in my father's cabin; he was sharing its hospitality one night, so also were two French traders. They were talking to him in his own language, and he was telling them of old battles he had passed through. The words I did not understand, only as interpreted by the traders; but the significant gestures, the tone of voice, the flashing eye, spoke eloquently of the chase, the surprise, the struggle, the fierce combat, the triumphant result. His death, like his life, is enshrouded in mystery, and the various statements carry us back to the legendary stories of the middle ages. First, to be brief, he had an intimate friend of the white race, a valiant hunter, living near his home, on Shavehead prairie. They were often companions in the chase and nearly as often successful.

After a time Shavehead told another settler that deer were getting scarce on account of the white man—not enough for both, one or the other must go. The white hunter heard the statement and interpreted it to mean that he or Shavehead must go to the happy hunting grounds. On the next occasion when hunting together the settler returned alone, but Shavehead was never heard from again. Another theory, as recorded by Hon. G. B. Turner, was this: The island in Diamond lake was first purchased and occupied by a half recluse and hermit called Job Wright, who fished, hunted, trapped, made baskets, and farmed a little. He was known as the basket maker. Little else was known about him except from rumor that he had been a soldier (and scars on his face indicated it), a sailor, lost his fortune, been disappointed in love, etc. But these were but surmises, as he was very reticent and said but little of his former life, and evaded all questions on the subject. One afternoon he was in Cassopolis disposing of his wares and making some necessary purchases; had concluded his business and was on the point of leaving, when his attention was attracted to a street group, in the center of which was an Indian partially drunk, gesticulating violently and rehearsing some tragic exploits enacted on the war path. The Indian was old, the hair at the base of his head was shaven off, and the rest gathered in a bunch at the top and tied. His singular appearance and actions caused the basket maker to linger, and hearing the word Chicago, he paid close attention to a recital, every word of which he evidently understood, of the

brutal massacre of the garrison of United States troops at Fort Dearborn, together with women and children, after they had surrendered and abandoned the fort, and were a mile and a half on their way to Fort Wayne, in accordance with the terms of capitulation. The Indian warmed up with his subject, forgetful of his audience; told the fearful tale with all its horrors, and when he boasted of his achievements, even to braining innocent children clinging to their mothers' knees, and then striking down the mothers, and then, with hands reeking with blood, tearing their scalps from their heads even before death had put an end to their sufferings, the hermit started, and muttered between his compressed lips, "It is he; I thought it was at first, now I know for certain." He involuntarily took his gun from his shoulder, but paused, evidently changing his mind, listened carelessly, it seemed, to the further recital, waiting patiently and watching the Indian's farther movements.

Just before sundown the old brave left the village, and the old soldier, a survivor of the massacre, as we now know him to have been, marked the direction he went and silently took the trail of the red man, with his gun off his shoulder resting in the hollow of his left arm and the right hand clasped around the lock, with forefinger carelessly toying with the trigger. The last rays of the setting sun from the western bank of Stone lake cast lengthened shadows from their forms,—red and white man alike. Did it ever do so for both again? Never! It was a common remark in the village that Shavehead had not been seen or heard from since that afternoon. One more account and I close—a more prosaic history and perhaps the true one, but I like the hermit story the best, as it seems more fitting that the old warrior should go out of life in harness as it were, in a fiery struggle becoming a brave chief who had taken a successful part in a hundred engagements. The last is this: The old chief, enfeebled by age and worn out by toil and poverty, was taken sick on the old Pe Peeaw farm within two or three miles of this place, Four Mile Lake; was cared for by the Indians, treated professionally by the late Dr. Andrews of Paw Paw, finally died and was buried in a hollow log in the woods, where one dark night Dr. Clapp and one or two others who shall be nameless, visited his grave and severed his head from his body with a lath hatchet, deposited it in an empty 8x10 glass box and triumphantly bore their trophy to Paw Paw in a one horse wagon without fear of the ghost of the departed brave; boiled the flesh from the bones in the back yard of one of the citizens of the village, and the skull may yet be a prominent and attractive article of curiosity in the collection of the pioneers of Van Buren county.