

## XIX. RIVERS AND LAKES-FLOWING WELLS.

Several years ago the writer obtained from an Indian, Nigo, since deceased, the last of his race in this part of the country then living, the names of some of the lakes and rivers as they were originally known and called by the Indians, and, although his knowledge of Indian orthography was quite limited, yet it is barely possible the reader can guess the pronunciation from the spelling.

*Wolf Creek* rises in Tippecanoe township, passes through a portion of Walnut and Green, and empties into Yellow river near the northeast corner of Union township. In the early times it was skirted on either side for some distance with broken lowlands, marshes, cat swamps, etc., and was a safe and sure retreat for wild animals of all kinds. Black wolves were numerous from one end of the creek to the other, and from this fact it took its name. The Indians called it Katam-ah-see-te-wah, the Indian name for black wolf. In early times Clark Bliven built a mill dam across the creek a few hundred yards above where it enters into Yellow river. A sawmill was erected there on which was sawed lumber for the second courthouse, built in 1850-1. A grist-mill was also erected there about that time and was used for milling purposes up to about 1904, when, after much "lawing" in court, the dam was ordered removed, the owner, Michael Zehner, receiving five or six thousand dollars for the damage sustained. After a year's labor the dam was removed and the big ditch that was dug along its bottom was completed November 1, 1907, and the old mills and the old mill dam that stood for more than fifty years are things of the past. Mr. Bliven, about 1851, the original builder of the dam and the sawmill, in attempting to repair a break in the dam caused by high water, fell into the current and was drowned.

*Yellow River* was called by the Indians, Wi-thou-gan, and very appropriately signifies "yellow water." Another Indian name for it was Wau-sau-auk-a-to-meek, probably in the Miami Indian tongue, as their language was somewhat different, or it might not have had reference to the color of the water. The early settlers called it Yellow River from the peculiar chrome color of the water. It has been so known ever since, and will doubtless continue to bear that name for all time to come, although in the drainage of the swamps and marshes through which it passes the water has become almost clear and has lost its yellow color which gave it its name. Yellow River rises in the swamps and marshes of Elkhart and St. Joseph counties, runs through German, Center, West and Union Townships, and finally finds its way into the Kankakee River, where it is lost forever amid the rippling waters of the classic stream! The north branch of Yellow River near Bremen was called Po-co-nack, and means "beechy," from the prevalence of beech timber in that region. It is only in wet seasons that it is entitled to the name of river.

In the early period of the settlement of the county a good many people were not satisfied with the country, and moved on farther west, but after staying a few years the memory of Yellow river and the "Yellow river valley," determined them to return and take up their permanent abode here. This gave rise to the adage that if persons got their feet wet in Yellow river they could never stay away from it any great length of time. This inspired one of the poets of the "Yellow river valley" to put this thought into doggerel verse as follows :

There's a tiny little river  
Not so very far away;  
Water clear and sandy bottom,  
On its banks the muskrats play.

Grassy brinks with stately cat-tails,  
Pussy-willow, perfume blow;  
Now and then a bull-frog's chatter  
In the swimming hole below.

Just the place in sultry August,  
On its banks to idly lie  
In the shade of spreading maple,  
Gaze out at the bright blue sky.

There's a curious little adage,  
And I know that it is true,  
'Bout this tiny little river  
And I'll whisper it to you.

If, at any time or season,  
You should venture in its flow;  
Even though the waters tempt you,  
Wade or swim or fish or row;

Should you leave this little river,  
Go a hundred miles away,  
Or a thousand, or a million,  
It's a cinch you'll never stay.

*Platt's Run* is a small stream rising in the west part of Green and the east part of Union townships. It wends its winding way through low and swampy land until it empties into Yellow river a short distance below the mouth of Wolf creek. During the rainy seasons it furnishes a sufficient supply of water to run a sawmill a portion of the time. A good many years ago a dam was built across the stream and a sawmill erected on the farm then owned by Dr. Caillat. The milling business did not prove to be a paying investment and was abandoned long ago. The creek got its name from Platt B. Dickson, through whose farm it ran.

*Pine Creek* and *Yellow Branch* are both small streams of no special note, rising in Polk township and emptying into the Kankakee. *Yellow Branch* was known among the Indians as "Pan Yan."

*Tippecanoe River* rises in the northeast part of the state, runs through Kosciusko county and passes diagonally through Tippecanoe township, Marshall county, from northeast to southwest, where it enters Fulton county, and so on in the same direction until it empties into the Wabash river. It runs through a splendid section of the country and is one of the handsomest rivers of its size in the northwest. It abounds in a plentiful supply of fresh water fish of various kinds. It was called by the Indians Qui-tip-pe-ca-nuck.

*Deep Creek* is a small body of water running from north to south through Tippecanoe township until it finds its way into Tippecanoe river . It derives its water from the marshes and lowlands through which it passes, and is noted for getting "on a high" every time it rains, and the facility with which it washes away the small bridges over its banks.

#### Lakes.

*Max-in-kuck-ee* is the largest of nine bodies of water called lakes in Marshall county. It is in the southwest corner of the county in Union township. Its dimensions are about three miles long and two and a half miles wide. The eastern banks are high and in places quite abrupt. The northern, western and southern banks gradually rise from the water's edge, and the cultivated farms, extending in places down to the water, make the scenery the finest in the western country. The lake is fed entirely by the natural rainfall and the springs which gurgle up from the bottom in every direction. Of late years it has become one of the most popular summer resorts in the northwest, a fuller description of which will be found elsewhere in this history, as well as a paper on the orthography and meaning of the word *Max-in-kuck-ee*.

*Lake of the Woods*, or, as it is sometimes called, *Big Lake..* is in German and North townships in the northeast part of the county. Its dimensions are about two miles in length and one mile wide. It takes its name from the fact that it is completely surrounded with a thick growth of trees.' It is a beautiful sheet of water, and is one of the best lakes for fish in the county, but, being a considerable distance from the main traveled road, has not yet come into public notice as a place of general resort for sportsmen outside of the immediate neighborhood. The Indian name for the *Lake of the Woods* was *Co-pen-tuk-con-bes*. This was the name of a vegetable that grew spontaneously in that region in an early day. It was mostly a product of mud and water, and was found in the outlet, and in and about the shores. It was similar in appearance to the beet, and when properly prepared was very nutritious and quite palatable. The Indians cooked them by digging deep trenches in the ground, walling up the sides with small stones, leaving a small space in the middle into which they placed the co-pen-tuk-con-bes, and covering them over with bituminous earth and other burning material, set fire to them and allowed them to burn four days, when the cooking was completed and they were ready to be served for food.

*Pretty Lake*, four miles Southwest from Plymouth in West township its name from the fact that it is the prettiest lake of its size in all the region round about. It is three-quarters of a mile long and about half as wide. The banks are skirted with beautiful natural shrubbery and other larger growth. Of late years it has become a fashionable summer resort for Plymouth people and others, and about forty Summer cottages have been built the past dozen years. It is surrounded with well cultivated farms, and from the eminence of the eastern shore, Lake Como in all its glory never appeared more beautiful.

*Twin Lakes* are also in West township, five miles west and a little farther south than Pretty lake. These are three small lakes, each connected by a small neck of water between two hills. The largest is not to exceed three-quarters of a mile in length and a quarter to half a mile in width. Another is smaller and almost a perfect circle; while the third is still smaller and is more what a "Hoosier" would call a marshy pond than a lake. Black bass, sun-fish, goggle eyes, perch and blue gills are plenty. There are still a few ducks to be found in the bayous and out of the way places during duck season, but since the white man came, they, like the Indians over on the north side of the Middle Twin lake, have had to move on and give place to "the survival of the fittest." Before the country was settled, ducks congregated there by the thousand, so much so that the Indians called it "Duck lake," in their language, She-ba-ta-ba-uk.

*Flat Lake* and *Galbraith Lake* are in West township. They are both quite diminutive, and are growing smaller by degrees and beautifully less as the years go by. They were in the early times a favorite asylum for ducks and wild geese, and in that region was an Indian camping ground and a runway for wild deer, turkeys and other wild fowls.

*Dixon Lake* divides the honors between Center and West townships two and a half miles southwest of Plymouth. It is perhaps half a mile long and half as wide. It empties its surplus water into Yellow river, which flows southward half a mile distant to the eastward. It was named in honor of a man by the name of George W. Dixon, who resided in the vicinity of the lake in an early day.

*Mud Lake* is in Green township, in close proximity to the Fulton county line. It is small and will never attain an extensive notoriety.

*Lake Manatau* and *Lost Lake* are in Union township, not far from Lake Maxinkuckee.

*Muckshaw Lake* is one mile south of Plymouth, through which the Lake Erie & Western railroad passes. As its name indicates, it is mostly composed of muck, and the duck hunter, as he goes into the muck up to his armpits, is apt to ejaculate, "Oh, Pshaw!" Hence the name. This lake was immortalized by a continued story, illustrated, Published in the Plymouth Democrat in 1878, to which the attention of the curious reader is directed.

*The Great Magnetic Flowing Well.* There are a large number of flowing wells in the county, the largest and most important of which is the Great Magnetic Flowing Well near where the old Plymouth gristmill formerly stood, between the mill-race and Yellow river, in the north part of town. The proprietors, J. V. Bailey and L. G. Capron, had sunk an iron

tube pipe for the purpose of operating a turbine water-wheel. When down about forty- feet, the parties driving the tube suddenly broke through into an apparently hollow place, and the water came rushing out at the top of the tube. In a short space of time the bright sparkling water spouted two feet above the tube with a steady, even flow that was exceedingly refreshing to behold on a hot, sultry day. The tube happened to stand perpendicular, and the stream parted at the top in liquid, sparkling hemispheres, taking on all the tints and colors of the rainbow, and fell to the pool below in a plume-like cascade, almost hiding the tube itself.

By experiment it was found that the flow ceased at a height of about fifteen feet above the river low-water mark. Accordingly the proprietors put down a thirteen-inch tube as an experiment. When the same depth was reached as in the first tube sunk, the flow of water came up through the enlarged pipe with equal force. The volume of water discharged was simply enormous, and it has continued from that time (1875) to the present (1907) without any decrease in the flow. It is estimated that the well discharges 500 gallons per minute, 30,000 per hour and 720,000 gallons every twenty-four hours, sufficient to supply a city of 50,000 inhabitants. Tests and experiments have conclusively shown that the water is highly magnetic and is otherwise possessed of medicinal and other curative properties in an eminent degree. It is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable flows of water, considering the depth, in the world.

Since then there have probably been put down in Plymouth 100 inch-and-a-half flowing wells, and the city waterworks are supplied with water from nine flowing wells which have been sunk from a depth of from fifty to 100 feet, furnishing an abundant supply of absolutely pure, sparkling water.

In various parts of the county especially in the center, northwest, west and southwest, flowing wells are found in abundance.

At and near *Teegarden*, in Polk township, the same flow of water has been secured, and many flowing wells have been put down.

In the region of *Donelson* and the country round about, the same flow of water is secured, and occasionally it comes to the surface in the form of springs.

*Maxinkuckee Lake* is famed for its numerous and splendid flowing wells. Almost all the numerous cottages on the east, south and north parts of the lake are supplied with water from flowing wells, and the lake itself is kept at its normal height by water which comes from the flowing well reservoir at the bottom.

*Bourbon Living Spring* Nearly half a century ago Capt. John C. Hedrick, a veteran of the Mexican war (long since deceased), discovered on his farm, a short distance from Bourbon, a vein of water which proved to be a living spring. The water is perfectly clear, and very pleasant to the taste. The water boils up in twenty-five or thirty different places, and the surroundings showed that the fountain head is at least sixteen feet below the surface of the ground. It is thought that, with proper hydraulic appliances, water from the spring might be easily carried to the town of Bourbon, and the business' and residence houses abundantly supplied with water. This great spring evidently comes from the immense reservoir that holds the water for the flowing wells all over the county.