

COMING OF THE POTTAWATTOMIE INDIANS.

The Indian Age.

In writing the history of Marshall County, it will be of interest to go back to the earliest ownership of the territory of which it is now composed, in order that those now living here, and those who may come hereafter, may be able to trace our genealogy from a state of savagery to our present state of advanced civilization. The territory now included within the boundaries of Indiana, Illinois and Michigan, of which Marshall County is an important factor, was in the early days of the history of America, owned and occupied by the Miami Indians, originally known

as the Twightwees, It was claimed by France from the time of the discovery of the mouth of the Mississippi river by LaSalle in 1682, to 1763, when it was relinquished to the government of England, and held by it until 1779, as a part of her colonial possessions in North America, The state of Virginia extended its jurisdiction over it until 1783, when it came by treaty of peace, and by deed of cession from Virginia the property of the United States. In 1787 an ordinance was passed by congress creating the territory northwest of the river Ohio, which embraced the territory above referred to.

At that time the territory now embraced in Marshall county was held by right of discovery and occupation by the Miami Indians, who permitted the Pottawattomie Indians, which were gradually gaining a foothold in this region, to occupy their lands and hunting grounds, until finally they were recognized as the owners of the territory occupied by them, being the country north of the Wabash river and south of Lake Michigan. After the United States came into possession of the territory through the ordinance of 1787, treaty making began and was kept up until all the lands were secured from the Indians, opened to entry, and the Indians removed to a reservation provided for them by the United States, an account of which will be given in another part of this work.

The Pottawattomie Indians.

Prior to the organization of Marshall County, which occurred in 1836, the territory was owned and occupied by the Pottawattomie tribe of Indians, and as they were the first inhabitants here, they are entitled to prominent mention in this connection. Up to 1834 the population was composed entirely of Pottawattomie Indians, of whom there were, as near as could be estimated, about 1,500, located in villages along the lakes and rivers in the county.

The Pottawattomie tribe of Indians belonged to the great Algonquin family, and were related by ties of consanguinity to the Ojibways, Chippewas and Ottawas. The first trace we have of them locates their territory in the Lake Superior region on the islands near the entrance to Green Bay, holding the country from the latter point to the head waters of the great lakes. They migrated southward and finally camped in this region, where they became later permanently located and were recognized as the rightful owners of the territory.

The name of this tribe is said by a writer on Indian lore to be a compound of Put-a-wa, signifying a blowing out expansion of the cheeks as in, blowing a fire; and "Me," a nation, which, being interpreted, means a nation of fire blowers. The application seems to have originated in the facility with which they produced flame and set burning the ancient council fires of their forefathers beside the waters of the Green Bay country.

The Indians who resided in the territory of Marshall county prior to, and at the time the white people began to come, lived in villages of which there were several scattered over the southern half of the county.

Menominee Village

Four or five miles to the southwest of Plymouth, just north of the Twin Lakes, was the Me-no-minee village, containing near one hundred

wigwams, cabins, and tepees, scattered promiscuously over several acres of ground. Around and among the wigwams were partly cleared cornfields, from which the Indians raised considerable inferior corn. The village was the largest and most important of those within the county. Here was erected a church, or chapel, as it was called, by the missionaries sent out by the French Catholics to Christianize the Indians. Through the influence of these missionaries the larger proportion of the Pottawattomies had embraced this form of religion, and knowing no other, were attentive and sincere worshipers at the altar of that church. This chapel was said to have been erected in 1827, and stood on the north bank of the middle Twin Lake, west of the Vandalia railroad about twenty rods. It was quite large for those days, and was considered a very comfortable building for the purposes for which it was intended. It was built of hewed logs and covered with clapboards, its dimensions being about thirty by forty feet, with doors and windows and a room above the west end for the missionary priest to live in. Up to the time of the erection of this chapel the Indians had not known that there was such a day as Sunday, and in none of the villages had an attempt been made by any of the white people to cause it to be observed, for the reason, probably, that they, themselves, hardly knew when Sunday came, and were not, as a rule, very particular about its observance. As soon as it became generally known that on certain days there were gatherings of the people there, the different bands of Indians began to come from far and near, so that it was not long until large congregations assembled when the weather was pleasant, sufficiently numerous to fill the building to overflowing. At first the services were a great mystery to them, and be it said to their credit, none of them were ever known to create any disturbance during the entire period services were held in that, the first place of worship in the county. The Indians knew nothing about creeds or doctrine. They had a vague idea that there was a Great Spirit that ruled and controlled all things, and that at death the spirit of the Indian was simply translated by some mysterious process from this mundane sphere to a similar, but happier, hunting ground in a far distant country, he knew not where, and that was about the extent of their knowledge on that subject.

Services were held in this chapel until the Indians were driven away in 1838, when it was closed, and never afterwards used for that purpose. It was an object of curiosity for those who passed that way for many years later, but it finally went to rack, was torn down, and no traces of it now remain.

Nees-wau-gee Village.

Next to the Me-no-mi-nee village in importance was the Nees-wau-gee and Quash-qua village on the eastern shore of Lake Maxinkuckee, immediately across the road from the present residence of Peter Spangler. All along- that bank about 1835-36, when the white settlers began to arrive, there was quite a settlement of Indians, mainly under the supervision of Nees-wau-gee. Quash-qua also had some authority over the band, but delegated it mostly to his brother chief, Nees-wau-gee, who ruled his people with mildness, moderation and decorum. This was a charming spot, and the Indians who occupied it had the

most delightful place to live this side of the land of Paradise. Fishing and hunting could not have been better; there was an abundance of pure spring water; and all sorts of berries, and wild fruits in abundance in their season grew in the forests near by. Trails led in every direction to other villages in the region for many miles round about, so that the villagers could visit back and forth whenever they felt inclined to do so. Off to the northwest, west and southwest over the lake was presented a picture unexcelled for beauty and grandeur anywhere in this part of the country. It was indeed

"A scene for a painter,
A gleaming and glorified lake,
With it's framing of forest and prairie,
And its etchings of thicket and brake,
With its grandeur and boldness of headland,
Were the oaks and the tamaracs grow,
A league with the sunlight of heaven,
And the spirit-like shadows below."

A Dead Indian Chief.

Among the very first things the writer of this remembers was going to this village, or near it, to see the temporary burial place of an Indian chief. That region of country was at that time an unbroken wilderness. The Indian had been killed in a fracas with one of his tribe, and before burying him permanently his relatives and associates had fixed him up in his finest clothing, with a headdress gaily ornamented with colored feathers, and his face painted yellow, red and black. He was placed against a large tree in a sitting posture, and around him was built "a large pen made of poles, the space between the poles being sufficiently wide to permit a perfect view of the "good Indian" therein! A great many trinkets of various kinds were placed around him, and he sat there, grim and ghastly, tomahawk in hand, as if waiting the approach of an expected enemy!

The Good Nees-wau-gee.

This good old Indian chief, Nees-wau-gee, was the friend of all the early white settlers, and, while he remained, frequently visited and became much attached to many of them. He took a fancy to, and formed a warm attachment for a sprightly young man of the neighborhood, just then in his teens, but long since passed over into the "happy hunting grounds." The old chief had a charming daughter about the age of the young man, and from his actions it was clear that he would not have objected to a match between them. He took the young man with him on one occasion, introduced him to his daughter, and had his French cook prepare an extra meal in his honor. The table was furnished with dishes made of silver worth many hundred dollars, and the bill of fare was elaborate and delicious. The young man was seated by the side of the charming young squaw, and after saying grace in his peculiar way, the chief, turning his visitor, said, laughingly: "Maybe so you want a wife?" About that time there was a good deal of blushing, and "hemming and hawing," and it is quite probable, if there had been a hole down through the floor of the cabin sufficiently large, the young man would have suddenly crawled out and run home for dear life! At that time he was inexperienced in the mysteries of courtship

(something which, however, he learned later on), and, knowing little about Indian customs, he did not know but the old chief had inveigled him into his tent under the guise of friendship for the purpose of compelling him to marry his daughter, nolens volens. But other topics of conversation were introduced, and the subject dropped, much to the relief of the blushing young couple. When the young man was ready to return home the chief presented him with two sacks, containing saddles of venison, squirrels, pheasants, ducks and fish, as an evidence of good will; and as he mounted his horse, the entire family assembled to bid him goodbye. About a year from that time the good old chief disposed of his reservation to the government, and with his little band started west to the reservation provided for them.

Nees-wau-gee was a quiet, peaceable chief, and made friends with all the white settlers in all the region round about. When the time came to leave he determined to go peaceably, as he had agreed he would. The day before he started he sent word to all the white settlers to come to his village as he wished to bid them farewell. A large number assembled and through an interpreter he said substantially:

"My White Brethren: I have called you here to bid you farewell. Myself and my band start at sunrise tomorrow morning to remove to an unknown country the government of the United States has provided for us west of the Missouri river. I have sold my lands to the government and we agreed to leave within two years. That time is about to expire and according to the agreement we have made we must leave you and the scenes are and dear to all of us. The government has treated us fairly, and it is our duty to live up to that contract by doing as we agreed, and so we must go. The white settlers here have been good and kind to us, and in leaving them it seems like severing the ties of our own kindred and friends. We go away and may never return, but wherever we may be- wherever our lot in life may be cast we shall always remember you with sincere respect and esteem.

The old chief was visibly affected, and tears were seen to flow from his eyes. All the people present took him by the hand and bade him a final adieu as well as most of the members of his band. Early the next morning, with their personal effects packed on their ponies, they marched away in single file, following the Indian trail along the east shore to the south end of Maxinkuckee lake, thence southwest to Kewanna, where they joined the other bands and immediately proceeded on their long and wearisome journey.

On the bluff on the east side of the lake, and south of the Nees-wau-gee village, was an old Indian village or camping ground, and one of the most delightful of the numerous places of that kind around that beautiful sheet of water. Walking over the plowed ground near there a number of years ago, in a short time a dozen or more stone or flint arrow points, some of them very fine, were picked up by the writer. At another time he picked up a fish line sinker smoothly wrought out of stone, with a crease or groove around one end for fastening the sinker to the fish line. It was one of a kind described and illustrated in the Smithsonian collection at Washington, and, of course, is quite rare, as but few were made, and even of these, many were lost, and still fewer found. It is somewhat remarkable that, notwithstanding our advanced civilization, the modern fish sinker is patterned exactly after those stone sinkers of long ago.

Village at Wolf Creek.

There was a village, which had been abandoned when the whites began to settle here just north of Wolf creek, where also once stood a primitive, saw and gristmill. This territory was originally in possession of the Fox Indians and another friendly tribe. The Pottawattomies, when they found their way here, claimed the right of possession, and as a natural consequence a feud sprang up between them, resulting in many hard fought battles before the Pottawattomies got possession. The last of these battles, according to tradition, was fought on the site of this village. This open space in the wilderness was, prior to the settlement of that part of the county by the whites, occupied by a few families of the Pottawattomies. In 1836-40 this place was dotted over with small rises of ground, indicating the former cultivation of maize or Indian corn. It had been unoccupied, however, for some time prior to 1836. Still, small stalks of corn continued to grow each spring and summer for several years after; Indian ponies running wild through the woods were occasionally seen; war implements, bows and arrows, tomahawks, beads and rings, and various trinkets common to the Indian were found in abundance and even to this day an occasional arrow point or other Indian implement is picked up.

Ben-ak Village on the Tippecanoe.

There was an Indian village on the north bank of the Tippecanoe river, about six miles south of the present town of Bourbon, known as the Ben-ak village, as it was located on the landed reservation of the distinguished chief Ben-ak, and presided over by him and the elder Pe-ash-way. Ben-ak had other reservations over in Kosciusko county, and spent most of his time in that region and in traveling about from place to place, until he disposed of his lands, when he disappeared, probably going west with the other member, of his tribe.

Au-be-nau-be Village.

There was also what was called Au-be-nau-be village, in Fulton County, on or near the southern line of Marshall County, and about two miles to the "rest of the Michigan road. It was on what was the known as Man-ke-kose's reserve, not far from the present town of Walnut. Au-be-nau-be presided as chief over several bands of Pottawattomies, in this and Fulton County, but made his permanent home at what was Au-be-nau-be village in Fulton County, a few miles south of Maxinkuckee Lake. A large allotment of land was ceded to him and his band, which was called "Au-be-nau-be reserve." It extended half way up the east shore of Maxinkuckee Lake, thence east a mile or so, and then south several miles into Fulton County.

Au-be-nau-be was a stout, robust, coarse featured, sullen specimen of his race, and when under the influence of liquor, which he nearly always was for a long time prior to his tragic death, was quarrelsome, vicious and unmanageable. One who knew him intimately said Au-be-nau-be was born in 1760, at the Portage between the headwaters of the Kankakee river and St. Joseph river, then called by the Indians "Lock-wock," the Indian name for portage, and was seventy-six years old at the time of his death.

Polygamy being allowed among the Indians at that time, Au-be-nau-be had provided himself with a number of wives, with not all of whom he lived in that peace and harmony that should characterize man and wife. In one of his drunken sprees he quarreled with one of his wives, and in a fit of anger killed her. A council of the chiefs of the different bands of the Pottawattomies was called, so the story goes, to deliberate as to what the punishment should be. The council, following an ancient custom, decided that the oldest son should be the avenger of the murder of his mother and slay his father. The sentence of death was pronounced and the son was given a certain number of moons to carry it into execution. The father had the right to defend himself, and if he could keep out of the way and escape the infliction of the penalty until the time had expired he was to be considered a free man. His son kept watch of him, and as he wanted the old man out of the way so he could succeed him as chief of the band, he was really in earnest in wanting to kill him. Finally the opportunity presented itself. One day the old man drank to excess and, sitting down in a chair in the Blodgett log shanty, went to sleep. His son having followed him, approached stealthily into his presence, pulled his tomahawk from his belt, and, with a terrific blow, thrust it into his head up to the handle. The blood spurted to the low ceiling above, and with a single groan and struggle, the great chief, Au-be-nau-be, fell over on the floor, dead! This was at the Blodgett log cabin, just over the county line in Fulton County.

The son, whose name was Pau-koo-shuck, succeeded his father as chief of the tribe, and the same year disposed of the lands belonging to the reservation by treaty to the government, and with his band, in September, 1838, was started for the reservation west of the Missouri river. According to the account of one who accompanied the Indians on that expedition Pau-koo-shuck, when near the Mississippi river, refused to go any further, finally escaped and returned to the old hunting grounds, where he remained hunting and fishing, drinking and carousing, until he died not a great while afterward.

After the death of Au-be-nau-be his remains were set up by a big tree and fenced in with poles, and supplied with pipes and tobacco and provisions sufficient to last him until he reached the happy hunting grounds over there." The few white people in the neighborhood, however, did not approve of that manner of burial, and dug a hole in the ground and put him in it, covered him up and piled stone over him; and there he remained and his dust is probably there yet, but as the stones have all been taken away, and the ground composing the little mound that covered him has been plowed and cultivated, there is not now a trace of the spot where the old chief lay.

Anecdote of Au-be-nau-be.

The following anecdote is told of Au-be-nau-be in connection with the making of the treaty of 1832. President Jackson had appointed Gov. Jonathan Jennings a commissioner to negotiate a treaty with the Pottawattomie Indians of northern Indiana, his associates on the commission

being John W. Davis and Marks Crume. The meeting was held at the forks of the Wabash, where the city of Huntington now stands, October 26, 1832. One who was present tells the story of what happened there as follows:

During the preliminary council, Dr. John W. Davis who was a pompous, big-feeling man, said something that gave offense to Au be-nau-be was a one of the head chiefs of the Pottawattomies. Au-be-nau-be addressed Gov. Jennings, saying: "Does our great father intend to insult us by sending such men to treat with us? Why did he not send Gen. Cass and Tipton? You (pointing to Gov. Jennings) good man and know how to treat us. (Pointing to Crume) He chipped beef for the squaws at Wabash;" meaning that Crume was the beef contractor at the treaty of 1826. Then, pointing to Dr. Davis, he said: Big man and damn fool." The chief then spoke a few words to the Pottawattomies present that gave one of their peculiar yells and left the council house, and could only be induced to return after several days, and then only through the great influence of Gov. Jennings. This was the treaty that set apart what is known as the Me-no-mi-nee reserve, consisting of twenty-two sections of land, extending from west of Plymouth to Twin lakes, where Me-no-mi-nee village was located and the old Indian chapel erected. The signing, of this treaty was said to be the last official act of Jonathan Jennings, the first governor of Indiana. He was, probably, the most distinguished man in many ways who took an active part in the formation of the Indiana territory and later in the organization of the state in 1816. He had blue eyes, sandy hair and fair complexion. He died comparatively young, but he did as much for the well being of Indiana as any man that ever lived. He died July 26, 1834, at Charlestown, Ind., surrounded by his family and friends, beloved by all.

Anthony Ni-go.

Among the many Indians that were here when the white people and became distinguished in one way or another, and were well known to the early settlers, was Anthony Ni-go. He remained in the county until his death occurred in Plymouth in 1878. He was born somewhere in the territory of Kosciusko County in the years 1805, and moved into the territory of Marshall County in 1828, locating near Ben-ak village in the region of where Tippecanoe town now is. His head was not clear as to numbers, but he said there was "heap Indiana here then. His father was of the Pottawattomie tribe, and his mother of the Miami tribe, and his mother in accordance with an Indian custom of designating the tribe the papooses should belong to from the mother's side of the house.

He said he was married at the chapel at Me-no-mi-nee village in the year 1828, in accordance with the rites of the Catholic Church by a missionary then in charge. His wife's name was Ash-nic, in plain English, Angeline. She was what is now known as a half-breed, one of her parents being French and the other Indian. It was also in this chapel, at that time, that he was baptized into the Catholic faith by a missionary sent there to look after the spiritual welfare of the Indians. For forty years he had

kept the faith, and at the time of his death he was a devout worshiper at the altar of the Catholic Church in Plymouth.

Killing of Marshall.

An Indian by the name of Marshall, a large, burly fellow, and generally intoxicated, visited the residence of Ni-go when he resided north of Bourbon in an early day, and attempted to take improper liberties with Mrs. Ni-go. For her protection, and in self-defense, Ni-go took his gun down from over the door and shot the brute dead in his tracks. An inquest was held and a verdict rendered that the killing was done in self-defense. Notwithstanding Ni-go believed himself justifiable in permanently putting Marshall out of the way, yet he always regretted the necessity that compelled him to do it.

When the Indians were removed in 1838, Ni-go was taken along with the Pottawattomies that were gathered up around the various localities in the county and taken to Me-no-mi-mee village to be removed with the caravan then ready to start. Ni-go obtained an interview with Gen. Tipton, the removing agent, and informed him that he was a Miami Indian, and did not come under the provisions of the treaty made with the Pottawattomies. Gen. Tipton told him that was true, but under the excitement and bad feeling then existing among the Pottawattomies it would not be safe for him to leave then, as they could not see why he should be released, and serious trouble might result from his departure at that time, and advised him to go with the caravan the first day of the journey, and after they had camped for the night and all had gone to sleep to come to his headquarters and he would tell him what to do. That night they camped at a place called Chipeway, on the banks of the Tippecanoe River, Gen. Tipton's headquarters being a deserted log cabin. Along about midnight Ni-go stealthily found his way to Gen. Tipton's lodge. He was told to go up a ladder in the corner of the room into the garret above and remain there next morning until the caravan had moved away and was out of sight. He did so. It was ten o'clock in the morning before he ventured to leave the cabin. Upon looking around he found that he was all alone, his brother redskins having all departed on their long journey. He still had friends here, and not far away, of his own tribe, and not wishing to leave the scenes of his early life among the red men of the forest, he bade farewell to his red brothers, turned his face homeward, and, having secured and settled on a piece of land suited to his ideas of civilization, he became a peaceable citizen and had been an exemplary and law-abiding resident of the county to the day of his death.

Historical Sketch of Me-no-mi-nee.

The Pottawattomie Indian chief who was the central figure in the disturbances that led to the raising of troops and the removal of the Indians by force from Twin lakes September 4, 1838, was personally known to many of the original settlers of Marshall county, nearly all of whom, however, have long since passed away. In his history of Indian affairs, Rev. Isaac McCoy, a Baptist missionary, and the founder of Cary mission on the St. Joseph river, a short distance west of Niles, Michigan, thus speaks of Me- no-mi-nee,

for whom the Menominee village was named. Writing from Fort Wayne, about 1821, he said.

"I had been informed by an Indian trader that on the Illinois river, some hundred miles from Fort Wayne, there was a company of religious Pu-ta-wat-o-mies, at the head of whom was one who was a kind of preacher, whose name was Me-no-mi-nee. As this man exhorted his followers to abstain from ardent spirits and many other vices and to practice many good morals, and as a part of their religious services consisted in praying, I was induced to hope that their minds were somewhat prepared to receive religious instruction.



Pottawattomie Indian Chief, Me-no-mi-nee.

Circumstances were such that I could not visit them at that time, but I wrote the leader a letter to come to Fort Wayne to see me, which he did about April 1, 1821. He professed to have been called some few years previously by the Great Spirit to preach to the Indians that they should forsake their evil practices, among which he enumerated the vices of drunkenness, theft, murder, and many other wicked practices. He had a few followers, the number of which was increasing. Menominee appeared to be more meek and more ready to receive instruction than could have been expected from a wild man who had arrogated to himself claims to be a leader, not only in temporal, but also in spiritual things.

At his particular request, I gave him a writing in which I stated that he had been several days with me, that I had heard him preach and pray, and had conversed much with him; that I hoped his instructions would do his people good, and therefore requested all to treat him with kindness. "Now," said he, "I will go home and preach to my people all my life. I will tell them that my father says I tell the truth."

In June following, Rev. Mr. McCoy visited Menominee at this village near Twin Lakes, in what is now Marshall County. It was then unorganized territory. Of that visit he said:

"As we approached the village, Menominee and others met us with all the signs of joy and gladness which could have been expressed by those poor creatures. Menominee immediately cried aloud to his people, all of whom (1821) lived in four little bark huts, informing them that their father had arrived. I was no sooner seated by their invitation than men, women and children came around and gave me their hand – even infants were brought that I might take them by the hand. A messenger was immediately dispatched to a neighboring village to announce my arrival. In his absence Menominee inquired if I had come to reside among them. Receiving evasive answers he expressed great concern. He said the principal chief of their party, and all the people of the villages, with few exceptions, desired me to come. He showed me a place, which he had selected for me to build a house upon. The huts being exceedingly hot and unpleasant, I proposed taking a seat out of doors. The yard was immediately swept and mats spread for me to sit or lie upon. We were presently regaled with a bowl of boiled turtle's eggs; next came a large kettle of sweetened water for us to drink. I was then shown a large turtle, which had been taken in a pond, and asked if I were fond of it? Fearing that with their cooking I should not be able to eat it, I replied that I was very fond of corn and beans. This I knew was already over the fire. It was placed before us in one large wooden bowl, and we ate it with wooden ladles. Menominee had two wives, each of whom presented me with a bark box of sugar containing about thirty pounds each.

"In a short time the principal chief, Pcheeko (Che-kose?) and every man and almost every woman and child in the village were at Menominee's and all came and shook hands. On the arrival of Pcheeko we had resumed our station in the house, where I handed out my tobacco, and all smoked until the fumes and heat became almost insufferable, but mustered courage to remain, as I supposed it would be impolite to leave the room at that time."

Continuing his narrative, Rev. Mr. McCoy said:

In compliance with an invitation from the principal chief Pcheeko, we paid him a visit on the twelfth of June 1821, accompanied by Menominee and several others. Pcheeko, to show respect for me, had hoisted over his hut the American flag. A large kettle of hominy and venison was ready for us on our arrival. To my mess, besides some choice pieces, they added sugar. With the help of my knife, a wooden ladle and a good appetite, I dispatched a reasonable meal, endeavoring at the same time to indulge in as few thoughts as possible about the cleanliness of the cooks. In private they intimated to my interpreter, Abraham, that they suspected me to be partial to Menominee. The lad replied that my mission was to them all. They said that they were glad to attend the preaching, for they were afraid that Menominee did not

know how to preach good. On this subject Abraham replied to them that my business was preaching, teaching school and instructing the Indians in mechanical trades and in architecture; that Menominee being a preacher received but little pay, and had but little to give away. I then informed them that I desired to address them solely on the subject of religion, and wished the women also to hear. They were called; but were ashamed to come into the house, it not being customary for women to mingle with men when in a council, from which they could not distinguish this assembly. The females generally seated themselves outside of the house near enough to hear. All listened attentively to the discourse, then retired about half an hour, which time the principal men employed in private conversation. When we re-assembled they made the following reply:

" Our father, we are glad to see you and have you among us. We are convinced that you come among us from motives of charity. We believe that you know what to tell us, and that you tell us the truth. We are glad to hear that you are coming among us to live near us, and when you shall have arrived we will visit your house often and hear you speak of these good things."

"The bowl of hominy was then passed around the company again; all smoked, shook hands and parted in friendship. On leaving, some of them gave their blessing. The benediction of one was as follows:

" 'May the Great Spirit preserve your energy and health and conduct you safely to your family, give success to your labors, and bring you back to us again. Mr. McCoy remained two days. "During that time," he said, "Menominee delivered to his people a lecture. He had no ceremony, but commenced without even rising from his seat, and spoke with much energy."

Continuing, Mr. McCoy said: " A little after dark the company dispersed, and all shook hands with me as they had done in meeting. When we were alone, Menominee informed me that he had two wives. Some had said that if I had knowledge of this circumstance I would push him away from me. 'I tell you,' said he, 'that you may know it. It is a common custom among our people, and often the younger sister of a wife claims it as a privilege to become a second wife, that she, too, may have some one to provide meat for her. This is the case with regard to my two wives who are sisters. I did not know that it was wrong to take a second wife; but if you say it is wrong, I will put one of them away.' This I thought appeared like cutting off a hand or pulling out an eye, because it offended, and I therefore said I must think before I speak in regard to it. "Menominee at one time showed me a square stick on which he had made a mark for every sermon that he had preached. I then showed him in my journal the lists of texts from which I had preached at different times, showing at the same time, that what I had preached had been taken from such and such places in our good book. He immediately began counting his marks and mine in order to ascertain which of us had preached most frequently in the course of the year. Finding a considerable difference in my favor, he pleaded his inferiority. He must now see all my books and papers, hear me read, notwithstanding he could not understand a word. I attempted to write in my journal, but he kept so close to me that I had to

defer it. I retired into the bush to make some hasty notes with my pencil, but he followed and in a few minutes was seen gazing at me.

"The weather being exceedingly hot, and we being obliged to use water taken from a filthy pond, the flies exceedingly severe on our horses, and our situation in every respect being very unpleasant and unwholesome, Abraham, who was already sick, insisted on our leaving. He said: 'we stay here, I'm sure we die; our horses die, too. Me no want to die here.' Menominee called together all his people, of whom I took an affectionate, leave after promising them that, if practicable, I would visit them again when the leaves began to fall. Menominee walked with us half a mile, begged a continuation of our friendship, declared that he would continue to please God and do right and so we parted."

Concluding his remarks concerning Menominee, Rev. Mr. McCoy said: " Among these tribes we rarely saw the men laboring in the field. The cultivation of the field was almost universally esteemed the business of the women. On our return trip we passed a small field in which a company of men were also laboring. Men, Women and children came running to meet us at the fence, and gave me the parting hand. I did not see among them a particle of either bread or meat, excepting a few pigeons which they had killed with sticks; some deer might have been taken, but they were destitute of powder and lead, and had not anything with which to purchase these articles. Excepting roots and weeds, their only food at this time consisted of corn and dried beans, of which their stock was exceedingly small."

It may be a query in the minds of many, what finally became of the good preacher, Menominee. The twenty-two sections of land ceded to him and Pe-pin-a-wa, Na-ta-ka and Mak-a-taw-ma-aw were never transferred by Menominee to the government, and, were he living, whatever interest he then had would still be his. The other chiefs who shared with him in the ownership received \$14,080 for their interest, but Menominee refused to sign the treaty, and never transferred his interest either by treaty or sale to the government or others. He was placed under military surveillance at the time of the removal and guarded by soldiers on the 900 miles march to the western reservation. He was at that time a man well along in years, and it is more than likely, as he was never heard of afterward, that he died of a broken heart.

Father Benjamin Marie Petit.

The Catholic missionary, Rev. Father Petit, who was in charge of the chapel at the time of the removal of the Indians from Twin lakes, was a remarkable character and performed a prominent part during that exciting period. He was born in France, and was about twenty-five years old at the time of his ministrations, which began probably in the summer of 1837 and ended in September 1838, when the Indians were driven away. This ardent, youthful spirit evinced an intense enthusiasm from first to last in the work of his chosen field, and in an outburst of fervency he tells something of his feelings and ministrations. "How I love these children of mine," he exclaimed, "and what pleasure it is for me to find myself amongst them. There are now from one thousand to two thousand Christians.

Could you see the little children, when I enter a cabin, crowding around me and climbing on my knees-the father and Mother making the sign of the cross in pious recollection, and then coming with a confiding smile on their faces to shake hands with me, you could not but love them as I do." Again he said: "When I am traveling in the woods, if I perceive an Indian hut, or even an abandoned encampment, I find my heart beat with joy. If I discover any Indians on my road, all my fatigue is forgotten, and when their smiles greet me at a distance I feel as if I were in the midst of my own family." This was at Twin lakes, six miles southwest of Plymouth, then known as "Chi-chi-pe Ou-te-pe."

Of the chapel exercises he gave the following interesting account:

" At sunrise the first peal was rung; then you might see the savages moving along the paths of the forest and the borders of the lakes; when they were assembled the second peal was rung. The catechist then, in an animated manner, gave the substance of the sermon preached the evening before; a chapter of the catechism was read, and morning prayers were recited. I then said mass, the congregation singing hymns the while; after which I preached, my sermon being translated as I proceeded by a respectable French lady seventy-two years old, who has devoted herself to the missions in the capacity of interpreter. The sermon was followed by a pater and ave, after which the congregation sang a hymn to Our Lady, and quietly dispersed. The next thing was confession, which lasted till evening, and sometimes was resumed after supper. At sunset the natives again assembled for catechism, followed by an exhortation and evening prayers, which finished with a hymn to Our Lady. I then gave them my benediction -the benediction of poor Benjamin. Many practice frequent communion. In the first three weeks of my pastorate I baptized eighteen adults and blessed nine marriages."

All agree in saying that an indefatigable and burning zeal never was seen under more amiable and graceful form than in Rev. Father Petit. He had literally become a sort of idol among his beloved savages, whose frankness and childlike simplicity delighted him. In 1838 he wrote as follows: "Here I am in my Indian church of Chi-chi-pe Ou-ti-pe (Chapel at Twin lakes). How I love my children and delight in being among them." Speaking of the Indian chapel at Twin lakes, he said: "Now my cherished place of residence is in my Indian village (Menominee village); here I have a grand habitation, built of entire logs, placed one above the other; in more than one place we can see daylight through the walls. My fireplace is large enough to contain a quarter of a cord of wood. I have no carpet and the boards of my floor are so slightly fastened that they yield to the pressure of the foot like the keys of the piano to the musician's fingers."

Just before the removal of the Indians, while preparations were being made for that sad event, he wrote:

"One morning I said mass, and immediately afterward we began removing all the ornaments from my dear little church. At the moment of my departure I assembled all my children to speak to them for the last time. I wept and my auditors sobbed aloud; it was indeed a heart-rending sight, and over our dying mission we prayed for the success of those they would establish in their new hunting grounds. We then with one accord sang,

'O, Virgin, we place our confidence in Thee.' It was often interrupted by sobs, and but few voices were able to finish it, I then left them."

Bishop Brute, of Vincennes; visited Menominee village in 1836 and described the village and the chapel as follows: " A large number of the Indian huts are built around the chapel, which is constructed of logs with the bark on, with a cross erected behind and rising above it, and filled with rudely made benches. The Indians begin and end their work without hammer, saw or nails, the ax being their only implement, and bits of skin or bark: serving to fasten the pieces together. The room of the missionary is over the chapel, the floor of the one forming the ceiling of the other. A ladder in the corner leads to it, and his furniture consists, as did that of the prophets, of a table and chair and a bed, or rather a hammock swung on ropes. Around the room are his books and the trunks, which contain the articles used in his chapel as well as his own apparel. He spends his life with his good people, sharing their corn and meat, with water as his drink, as all Catholic Indians are forbidden to touch that which is the bane of their race, and he would encourage 'them with his example."

Recollections of Rev. Warren Taylor.

Rev. Warren Taylor was one of the early pioneers, having settled here about the time of the organization of the county in 1836. He was an itinerant Wesleyan Methodist preacher, and divided his time between farming, preaching and writing' his recollections of early times. He wrote with great care, from personal knowledge so far as was possible, and in his sketch of the Pottawattomie Indians in this part of the country it will be observed that where he does not know, he says "probably," or "it is said," or "it is reported," etc. His paper on this subject is as follows:

When the first white settlers came to Marshall county they found within its bounds a somewhat numerous branch of the Pottawattomie tribe of Indians, These Indians were divided into bands, the most or all of which by the treaty of 1832 obtained reserves. The largest of these reserves were those of Aub-be-naub-bee and Me-no-mi-nee. The first was situated west of the Michigan road, and in the southern part of the county, extending perhaps into the county of Fulton.

Me-no-mi-nee reserve embraced a region of country southwest of Plymouth, its northeastern corner being near the western border of the town, These two reserves contained twenty or thirty sections each, The reserves of Ben-ack, Nis-wau-gee and Quash-qua were much smaller, each of them containing two or three sections, The two latter lay on the east side of Maxinkuckee lake; the former was situated on the Tippecanoe river in the southeastern part of the county.

The Indian bands above mentioned while living in this region had several villages. The Aub-be-nau-bee village was on or near the southern line of the county, and about five miles west of the Michigan road. From three to four miles to the southwest of Plymouth in the neighborhood of the Twin lakes was a settlement of the Me-no-mi-nee band, which contained near 100 wigwams. Around and among the wigwams were partly cleared fields from which the Indians raised considerable quantities of corn. This settlement was partly on the north side of the Twin lakes, and extended over one or two sections. The Ben-ack village was near the Tippecanoe River and about five miles south of the town of Bourbon. There was also a village on the Roberts prairie four miles southeast of Plymouth, and one at the Taber farm, about four miles south, on the Michigan road, which was called Pash-po, from its principal chief. The Pottawattomies were formerly a powerful tribe, inhabiting the northern part of Indiana, the southern part of Michigan, and the northeastern part of Illinois. In the early history of Indiana they were said to be for several years hostile to whites. It is said that a detachment of the Pottawattomies was on the way to oppose Harrison when that general approached the Prophet's town near the mouth of the Tippecanoe

river. But before they could reach the scene of action the battle of Tippecanoe had been fought, and the Prophet's warriors had been defeated. It is reported, too, that, after the battle, the Indians retreated to a spot a few miles to the west or southwest of the present village of Marmont (now Culver) in Union township, which was so surrounded with marshes as to be almost inaccessible. During the last war with Great Britain the Pottawattomies were probably engaged with Tecumseh against the United States. In 1812 a detachment of the United States army marched from Fort Wayne and destroyed a large Pottawattomie village on the Elkhart River. Soon after the death of Tecumseh peace was declared with the Pottawattomies, the Miamis, and some other tribes inhabiting the Northwest Territory. In 1832 the infant settlements of La Forte South Bend, and Niles strongly feared that the Pottawattomies, with whom they were surrounded, would espouse the cause of Black Hawk and wage, if possible, against the white settlers a war of extermination. These fears, however, appear to have been unfounded. These facts have been mentioned because they belong to the history of the Pottawattomies, and with a branch of this tribe the early history of Marshall County is intimately connected.

The great mass of the Pottawattomie nation had embraced the Catholic religion long, perhaps before, the settlement of northern Indiana by the whites. Indian missionaries had been among them and among many other tribes of the Mississippi valley. In some of the villages in this region, the Sabbath was observed as a day of worship. Many of our old citizens can recollect the time when they attended Indian meetings at the chapel on the Menominee reserve. This chapel, which was of good size and built of hewed logs, occupied a beautiful site on the north bank of the Twin lakes. The Indians who attended these meetings generally formed large congregations, and their behavior during services was very exemplary. Generally these meetings were conducted by ministers of their own nation, but occasionally French clergymen were present and took the lead.

The demeanor of the Indians toward the white settlers was with few exceptions peaceable and friendly. A few of them had received an English education, and many of them were able to read books that had been translated into their language. In dress they had partly adopted the habits of the whites: Occasionally individuals would be seen dressed in fine broadcloth, which was made up in fashionable style. Such would; however, affix to their garments more or less of the fantastic ornaments, which characterize the dress of an Indian.

It has been observed that the Pottawattomies in this region were generally peaceable in their demeanor. All, however, did not possess this spirit. (Mr. Taylor then relates the tragic end of Au-bee-nau-bee practically as recorded in another place in this history. - EDITOR.)

It has been observed that the Indians by the treaty of 1832 obtained within the county several reserves. Something like; three years afterwards Col. A. a. Pepper, agent for the United States, held a council with the Indians for the purchase of the above mentioned reserves, which council was held, according to some, at the Pottawattomie mills, about one mile east of Rochester, and according to others on the Tippecanoe river, about two miles above the crossing of the Michigan road north of Rochester. The purchase was affected, but whether fairly or otherwise has been a matter of considerable dispute. Many of the Indians were extremely dissatisfied with the result of the treaty, maintaining that a few individuals had consented to the purchase; that the wishes of the great mass of the owners had not been consulted. By this treaty the Indians obtained a tract of land in the then territory of Kansas, and perhaps something besides in the shape of an annuity. The news of this purchase soon brought to these reserves many white settlers, who were called, squatters, as the lands were not then in market. The settlers would build a house and sometimes make a small improvement upon the quarter section, which they wished to secure. This was considered as establishing their claim. During the years 1836 and 1837 the most of the Au-bee-nau-bee and Menominee reserves were in this way taken up. The Indians who still lived upon the grounds regarded these settlers as intruders. Disputes frequently took place between them, but none of them, it is believed, terminated seriously. About this time congress passed a preemption law, which secured 160 acres at \$1.25 per acre, to all actual settlers upon United States lands, if these lands were paid for within a specified time. The settlers of our reserves were included within the provisions of this act, and most of them succeeded in paying for their claims.

WARREN TAYLOR

Those who may be interested in knowing all the facts in relation to this unfortunate affair are referred to the article in this work entitled "Removal of the Pottawattomie Indians from Northern Indiana"; and also to an article, "A Monument to the Pottawattomie Indians."