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BIOGRAPHICAL FIELD NOTES

of

Dr. Lyman C. Draper

Toledo and Vicinity
1863—1866

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Col. Tho. S. Hunt—(From Gen. John E. Hunt, Toledo, Ohio. Born at Fort Wayne, Ind., April 11th, 1798.) His father, Col. Tho. S. Hunt, a native of Boston, Mass., served in the Revolutionary War—was with Gen. Wayne's forlorn hope at the taking of Stoney Point; having cut down some picketing, and putting forward his leg through an aperture, Hunt was run through the calf of his right leg with a British bayonet, when his assailant was in turn bayonetted by a Sergeant next to him (Hunt). He was, in 1791, Lieut. Col. of Hamtramck's First regiment; and Gen. Hunt thinks, notwithstanding Lt. Clair's doubt whether that regt. of 500 men, then in the rear, was fortunate or unfortunate in not being present at the battle of the 4th Nov. '91, that the fate of the battle would have been very different had they been there, to many veterans. He was with Wayne 1793-4; commanded at Fort Defiance about 18 months—then ordered to Fort Wayne and commanded there about 18 months; and on Col. Hamtramck's death at Detroit, he was ordered there

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to succeed him; and after a few months, perhaps, was ordered to St. Louis, in 1803—just after the great fire at Detroit—took his whole regiment in 50 battoes up the Maumee—over the Portage—down the Wabash and Ohio, and up the Mississippi to St. Louis. He died at Bellefontaine, Mo. in 1807, aged 52; his widow never smiled afterwards and followed her husband to the grave in three months.

Capt. Wm. Wells—When nine years of age he was taken prisoner in Kentucky; he said he was adopted by Little Turtle (or some relative)—that he fought with the Indians at St. Clair's defeat and killed nine Americans; that he afterwards got to reflecting upon his course, and concluded it was wrong, and left the Indians and his own family, and joined Wayne.

Robt. McClellan bantered Wells to go on a scout—they struck an Indian trail—probably west of Fort Wayne—and followed it till second day at night —thirteen, all told, of McClellan & Wells' party; found from indications, that the Indian party whom they were pursuing were from 15 to 25 in number. The whites stopped—Wells dressing himself up as a Miami warrior, and the plan was for the whole

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party to advance as near they could with safety, in the night, in line—and Wells to advance boldly to the camp when at a concerted signal with his hand, McClellan and his party were to rush on and shoot and tomahawk all they could. Wells went boldly on—was met by the chief of the party—thinks they were Pottawattamies, and shook hands. Wells said he had come from the British Fort Miami, to rally the Indians against the Long Knives. The chief told an old squaw of the party to cook some hominy for the weary newly arrived warrior; and Wells getting too animated in his conversation with the chief made unintentionally gestures so that McClellan mistook them for the concerted signal—and he and his party rushed on and fired, and the first to fall was the old squaw who tumbled into the fire where she was engaged in her act of kindness and hospitality—much to Wells regret. Wells had to cut and hack as best he could with his tomahawk, and the chief and all his party—

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twenty-two besides the squaw, were slain, except two, who escaped in the darkness and confusion. Of the whites, only McClellan was shot through the thigh, and Wells through the wrist with a ramrod—in such haste were the Indians to make up lost time, and being taken by surprise, as not, in some instances, to readjust their ramrods.

On another occasion, while Wells and a party of spies during Wayne's War, were on a scout—on the upper Wabash, espied a canoe approaching with an Indian family, when Wells posted his party behind shelter on shore so as to rake the whole, when he was surprised to discover that it was Little Turtle with Wells' wife and children; he quickly ordered his men not to fire—called the party ashore, and had a pleasant and happy interview, and parted in peace. Of course Little Turtle was completely in the hands of the whites, but Wells was too magnanimous to take any ungenerous advantage, or betray any implied pledge of honor.

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After Wayne's treaty, Wells settled at Fort Wayne—was appointed Indian Agent there, and lived with his family about a mile from the Fort within the forks of the St. Joseph and St. Mary's. His wife was a good looking squaw—a daughter of Little Turtle—they had three girls and a boy—the latter graduated at West Point (perhaps William was his name), entered the army, but like most of educated Indians, died of drink soon after. The girls were sent to their relatives in Kentucky and educated—and returning all married well—they appeared well; one married Capt. Hackley, of the army; one Dr. Turner, of Ft. Wayne, and the other the present Judge James Wolcott, of Maumee, Ohio, counsin of Dr. Wolcott of Chicago.

1812, Chicago Massacre—Capt. Heald married a niece of Capt. Wm. Wells in 1808 at Fort Wayne where he commanded; Miss Rebecca Wells was then there from Kentucky on a visit to her uncle, and Gen. Hunt as a boy often sat up a mark for Heald and Miss Wells to shoot at, during their

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courtship—both were excellent shots. Heald now, 1812, commanded the Fort at Chicago. The war breaking out, the Secretary of War ordered him to abandon the place and retire to Ft. Wayne, with his garrison. This intelligence reached Gen. Hull at Detroit two or three days, as Gen. Hunt remembers

before Hull's surrender; and the order reaching Fort Wayne, Wells desired to bring off in safety his niece Miss Heald, and the others, took the dispatch and twenty chosen Miamis, and started for Chicago to escort them in. Heald before leaving the Fort held a council with the Indians—mostly Pottawattamies, and told them that he was going to vacate the Fort the next day. Wells, thoroughly acquainted with the Indian character told Heald that he would be attacked—that the Indians, with whom he had mingled, did not say so, but he judged it from their appearance and actions. As they left the Fort, Wells blacked his face, as Indians do when going to battle—indicating that he understood the

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purposes of the Indians, and was ready for them—took charge of his niece; and all passed up the beach about a mile and a half; when the Indians, about 1500, raised from their coverts and fired on the band of seventy men—the Miamies had, Gen. Hunt supposes, retired some other way, conscious of the recklessness of the undertaking. Capt. Wells just before the attack, seeing the impending storm, said to his niece—"Rebecca, I shall be killed; the only way to save your life is for us to separate—we must part." Immediately after parting, she saw him fall from his horse. A Pottawattamie, Benac, told Gen. Hunt that the Indians cut Wells' heart out, and each Indian coming along took a bite of it. Gen. Hunt, in 1817, bought of Benac a pair of rifle-barrel pistols, taken from Wells after he was slain, and marked with his initials—"W. W.", and sent them to Wells' son-in-law, Dr. Turner of the U. S. Army.

After parting from her uncle, Mrs. Heald

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received five flesh wounds, when a Pottawattamie, with whom she was acquainted, took her, and bade her wade out into the Lake up to her neck, and remain there till after the excitement and fighting was over, when he would come and get her.

Capt. Heald, the moment the Indians fired on him and his party, ordered a charge by his little party, and drove the Indians about a mile and a half into the prairie—when only seventeen of the seventy were left; and they surrendered on condition that their lives should be spared—Capt. Heald among the number.

After the massacre, the Pottawattamie, good as his word, called Mrs. Heald out of the water, and took her up to the Fort, where the Indians by this time were collected. An old squaw, who had lost a son in the fight, attempted to pull Mrs. Heald off the horse on which she had been brought to the Fort to kill her in

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retaliation for her slain son—when Mrs. Heald with great spirit cowhided the squaw as she sat on the horse, to the great amusement of the Indians, who on every hand complimented her bravery, and said she should not be killed. The discomfitted old squaw, finding no sympathy from her Indian countrymen, and such unexpected resistance on the part of her intended victim, slunk away from sight. Mrs. Heald was then taken by her Indian protectors to Mackinaw, then in possession of the British, and there met her husband, and both were sent in a cartel to Detroit, where Gen. Hunt met and conversed with his old acquaintances, and heard the story of their perils and hair-breadth escapes since they had shot at a mark together in the halcyon days of their courtship at Fort Wayne.

This information about Wells and the Chicago Massacre, Gen. Hunt received from Wells himself, John Kinzie, Jr., Capt. Heald and lady, Benac, and from Paul

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DeGarmo, one of the fortunate seventeen who escaped the massacre, who died two years since at Maumee, where he had resided many years. Don't know what became of Heald and wife.

Pontiac's Relatives—A grand niece of Pontiac's signed the treaty of 1817, made by Cass and McArthur—she was called by the whites "Mother Pontiac" and was then an old white headed woman; and such was the reverence of the Ottawas for her, as a relative of the great Pontiac, that they insisted that she should first sign the treaty. She died in 1822 at the mouth of the Maumee, and was buried where Manhattan now is, and a British flag placed over her grave, and there remained till it was worn out by time and exposure to the weather. Don't know her Indian name.

Ottusown, who also resided at the mouth of the Maumee on the south shore, was her grand nephew. He was the last relative of Pontiac's. He died there in 1830—not to exceed 50 years old. He was a great man. At Winchester's defeat, **Ottusown** captured Capt. Isaac L. Baker (See Collins' Hist. Ky.); and the following night, Ottusown camped

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in the woods between the battle ground and Malden, on his way to the latter place, and bade his young son **Was-sa-on-a-quet**, only fifteen years old, who had been taken to the fight, to kindle a fire, when he indignantly replied—"Why don't you make that Yankee dog do it, father?" "My son", said the father, "that man is a chief at home, and we must treat him as you would like to have me treated if a prisoner among the Big Knives." At Malden, Ottusown purchased for his prisoner fresh bread, tea and sugar, and even eggs at half a dollar a dozen. Ottusown's squaw joined him, and they went on with the prisoner, probably expecting a large ransom for him. At Sandwich, young Hunt, then going to school there invited Ottusown and his squaw to share his hospitalities for the night—a cold time in January or February, at the residence of his teacher; they accepted, and all slept on the floor together before the

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fire—Ottusown and squaw next the door to prevent any attempted escape on the part of his prisoner, who, however, was too honorable to treat his magnanimous captor with a return so unrequited. Baker was taken to Detroit, where, it is believed, he was redeemed by Henry J. Hunt (my informant's brother) a merchant there, as was Wm. O. Butler clothed and furnished with money—and later spoke of it to Gen. Hunt in 1845 at Washington City with much warmth of gratitude. After the war, Government re-imbursed Hunt some $12,000 which he had paid for ransoming prisoners and supplying their necessities.

Was-sa-on-e-quet went west with the Ottawas, and lived a few years after.

Ton-tog-a-ny or The Dog certainly survived the war, lived about ten miles above Maumee, and died about 1818 or '19—dissipated. His village, when the Ottawas emigrated west, consisted of only three men to about forty females—the sad disproportion the result of intemperance.

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Capt. James Logan, 1812—Logan was suspected of not wanting to fight in the American service—was with Harrison at Fort Defiance. He wanted to take a scout and prove his bravery and good faith. Logan's party (Gen. Hunt thinks, erroneously, it was 13 in number—and that Elliot and his British party were 22)—stopped below Defiance from which they started, some 15 miles, and while eating their dinner sitting on a log, they found themselves surrounded by Elliot's party; Logan saw at a glance that there was no use in resisting at that time when his enemy was so watchfully on his guard, and their numbers were too disproportioned for an open fight, so he quietly told his men to make no resistance, and leave him to manage the case in this

new dilemma. Logan advanced and met Elliot and his party, and told the British leader he was very glad to see him, and declared that he and his associates had got tired of the Yankees, and were going to visit their British father at Malden to effect some arrangement to get off the

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whole Shawanoe tribe from Waughpaughkonetta. All proceeded down the river together, Elliott and a part of his warriors in front and the others in the rear, thus, for precaution, placing Logan and his companions in the center, until they approached Turkey Foot some ten miles from their dining place which was about 25 miles above Maumee, or Fort Meigs. Here Eliott's party began to scatter somewhat to pick black haws, perhaps having measurably began to confide in Logan's loyalty. The trail ran pretty near to the river most of the way. Logan quietly took a bullet from his pouch and put it into his mouth—a preliminary to a quick reloading upon the discharge of his gun —and pantomimically drew his companions attention to it, when they did so likewise, thus demonstrating that they had a good understanding that Logan would soon provide hot work for them. Seeing a part of Elliott's men scattered, Logan's party fired on their enemies, the British party treed—and fought till but three of the British party were left—one, a Pottawattamie warrior, whom Gen. Hunt saw at the Eel River treaty in 1833, who said they fought till but three were left of each party

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—thus exaggerating the strength of Logan's party.

When Logan returned, mortally wounded, to camp at Defiance, he sent for Gen. Harrison, and told him—"Logan must die; now, I trust, you are satisfied Logan is no coward."

Elliott was very active—son of Col. Elliott, and went to spy out where Harrison and his army were. He was much lamented by the British, as Logan was by the Americans. The fight was probably at Turkey Foot Creek —trail crossed near its mouth, and along which doubtless the haws grew on the bottom—and fight quite likely on western side.

Col. Short—Maj. Muir—Col. Short said to Gen. Hunt, at Sandwich: "Yankee, I am going to fight your folks, and will bring you back a scalp." "Better be careful," retorted the young American, "or you may lose your own scalp; those Yankees were mighty close shooters; they often take squirrel's heads off at long shots—you'd better take care!" Short with his Forty First British Regulars, and Indians, went on to Fort Stevenson, and in the charge, while waving his sword over his head, and exclaiming "Give the dead Yankees no quarters," a Yankee ball pierced

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his forehead, and he fell dead in the ditch. Maj. Muir, second in command, now succeeded Short, but seeing nearly all around him fall, himself affected to have fallen, lay apparently lifeless till he could crawl off unobserved. Muir was an excellent officer; and when Brock took Detroit, Muir discovered an American flag in a house, and threw it to young Hunt, who rolled it up, and escaped with it by dodging between the Indian hordes. Muir was captured at the Thames, and taken to Cincinnati and Kentucky—at the former, Hunt saw him a prisoner, and Muir said he thought it not improbable the Americans would sacrifice him in retaliation as threatened for the threatened hanging of eleven prisoners by the British whom they declared deserters.

Mrs. Ruth Edwards, daughter of Col. Thos. Hunt, and widow of Col. Abram Edwards, 78 years old in June last, resides in Kalamazoo, Michigan—Mr. Waters, the P. M. there, is her son-in-law.

Mrs. Addie Chapman, widow of Col. Snelling,

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and mother of Snelling, the author of the sketches of the North West—and

daughter of Col. Thos. Hunt, resides at Mr. Wm. Hazzard's (her son-in-law's) No. 325 Richmond St., Cincinnati.

Maj. Muir when captured at the Thames, was taken as already stated, to Cincinnati—and there stated to John E. Hunt that he expected to be hung—for he thought his Government would be firm and execute those whom it thought deserters; and he and the fourteen others selected upon whom to retaliate were thence sent to the Penitentiary at Frankfort, Ky.—but the British Government acted a wiser and more lenient part, and the prisoners were saved.

Capt. Wm. Wells was a small sized man—about five feet six or eight inches in height—freckled face—and very active.

Chicago Massacre—additional—Can't name the chiefs there, but thinks Wy-ne-meg (so pronounced) or Catfish and **Five Medals** were there. **Benac** was, and is said to have killed several women and children—he was but a common warrior, partly French; Saw him at Toledo about 12 years ago, on his way to Montreal—talked French, as well as Indian.

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Fish-que-gon was a fine good village chief, died aged, some 25 years ago, and was buried on the south side of the Maumee, near its mouth. An Ottawa.

Five Medals was a Pottawattamie—was a large, stout old fellow. He once appealed to the Quaker Indian agent, in Gen. Hunt's presence—"Friend Shaw, me want some whiskey." Shaw was firm and said Government had interdicted allowing Indians liquor enough to inebriate them, and he already had too much. Seeing that his patronizing air had availed nothing, Five Medals had the only revenge in his power to inflict—with his tongue; so turning up the brim of his old hat, and putting on a contemptuous air, exclaimed—"You d——d Qak-ler!"

Five Medals was at the treaty of Fort Wayne in 1832, and died—few years after.

Wy-ne-meg, the younger—son of the old chief—was very tall—never had much prominence. Gen. Hunt knew him.

She-ge-na-ba—has no knowledge of him; says that **Sa-wash-ka-na-ba** means **Yellow Snake.**

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Tippecanoe Battle—Capt. Josiah Snelling commanded the reserve regulars in the center—at the north end of the encampment the remainder of the 11th Regt. of Regulars were posted under Col. Boyd; the militia on the two sides.

The Indians attacked Boyd on the north end, whose men were so well disciplined, many of them hardy sailors enlisted in Boston, that they coolly formed, intermingled as they were with the enemy, and drove them back. The Indians then attacked the militia on the western side, when Snelling's clear voice would ring out (as Gen. John Tipton often said) "Come on, boys—show us where these yellow jackets are—we'll drive them out!" Thus Snelling's reserve drove the Indians three times who had broken, or were breaking the western lines, and the third time drove them clear into the woods.

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Col. Josiah Snelling was a native of Boston—entered the army not long before the war—commanded the reserved guard at Tippecanoe—the advanced guard at Maguago; died at Washington City. His son, who is dead, wrote the little work on the North West.

Tecumseh—Brownstown fight—Tecumseh had only 45 warriors in ambush at Brownstown Creek, within a mile and north of Brownstown, (which was mostly a Wyandott village), and Maj. Van Horn had 200 men, who made no resistance, but fled.

Maguago—about a week after the affair at Brownstown creek, the British and Indians—latter under Tecumseh—were well posted behind log breastworks, and expected to cut Col. Miller and Snelling's party to pieces; but part of the 4th Regt. was there; 70 men were ordered to advance under Col. Sloan—Snelling, commanding the advanced guard, wished Sloan to dash on and take the British canoes, and thus cut off their retreat, but Sloan failed to do so, and thus the enemy mostly escaped; 17 of the 70 composing the advance were killed. Capt. White, a volunteer from Detroit, a

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very large stout man, whom the Indians evidently mistook for a prominent officer, was killed. Capt. Larrabee lost an arm.

Detroit Council—The Crane, Round Head, of the Wyandotts, and others, held a council with Gov. Hull at Detroit, offering their services to the Americans, saying "We are between two fires, and can't remain neutral". Hull said he could not receive them, as the Secretary of War had so ordered him. The Indians thus rejected, at once went and joined the British. It was unfortunate that the Government had not promptly accepted their services, and would have largely lessened the extent of the war in the North West, and furnished more troops for the Niagara frontier.

Brock takes Detroit—A ball came into the Fort, and killed Capt. Hauks as he was standing in a store, and mangled him shockingly. Gen. Hull came and viewed the remains a moment, and went away pale, with the tobacco juice running down his chin upon his shirt-bosom, and in 20 minutes afterwards raised the white flag. Thinks Gen. Hull

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was brave when serving in the Revolution, but was terrified at the sight of Hauk's mutilated remains, and the enemy in front. Brave men sometimes have their panics, almost unaccountable, but recover soon enough to repossess their characteristic bravery, and win the victory; but in Hull's case, his surrender too soon followed his timidity to allow him time to retrieve his grievious mistake.

Tecumseh was with the British & Indians at the capture of Detroit—Gen. Hunt remembers seeing him there.

Capt. Johnny was with Hull's army, but escaped when the surrender became certain.

Jonathan Pointer, who was a useful spy or scout—was in Detroit, and said "I must use my legs", and escaped over the pickets into the woods on the morning of the surrender. He was tall, strait, quick and active, and a complete Indian in his habits. He was poor in his old age—lived with the Wyandotts; Gen. Cass, among the closing services of his sensational career, got him a pension, without opposition, on his personal assurance of Jonathan's good deserving.

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Brock's Views—Gen. Cass said to the British General Brock, when the former was his prisoner descending Lake Erie on a vessel: "I wonder that you could have calculated on success in your expedition against Detroit," referring to the disparity of forces—Brock's 1700, and Hull's about 2500. Brock said he was satisfied there was something wrong either with Hull or his army; that no good active General would have marched, as he did, from Detroit into Canada, and be contented with remaining opposite of Detroit, fortifying himself and issuing proclamations—remaining there idle and inactive seven precious weeks, eating up his provisions and wasting his powder in the practice of his men, when he could certainly have taken Malden, the British headquarters and Indian supplying station of western Canada, where the British expecting such an attack, and not able to resist, had all military supplies and material packed ready to abandon the place, and blow

up the fort; that he made an armistice with Gen. Dearborn for 20 days, calculating that in that period he would hasten to Detroit and capture it." Thus he wisely judged.

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Anecdote of Gen. Brock—Soon after the surrender of Detroit, Gen. Brock and several officers, dined at a loyal old Scotchman of wealth, Angus McIntosh, residing two miles above Windsor—young John E. Hunt, then a youth of fifteen, was present; when the kind old Scotch host finally called on him for a sentiment, when remembering his love and admiration for Capt. Hull, of the Army, a son of the Governor—simply gave "Captain Hull." Gen. Brock, supposing the compliment was designed for the gallant Hull of the Navy, who had just given the British lion a heavy blow on the ocean, exclaimed "By George!—that's a good one! I always admire a brave man! We'll drink a bumper to the Yankee boys toast"—and so they did it genteely. The thing took a turn young Hunt did not expect, but he let it pass, and greatly enjoyed the blunder.

Raisin Defeat, Jan. 1813—Peter Navarre, the noble scout, appeared on the ice on the river, and was told to surrender; "Not as long as I have legs," retorted he; and adding "Now, legs, do your duty", was soon beyond the reach of British treachery or the Indian hatchet.

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Dudley's Defeat, May 5, 1813—Anthony Shane was with Maj. Wood at Dudley's Defeat, and the latter was shot through the head and fell—this right opposite Fort Meigs. Shane escaped, hearing the merciless tomahawk doing its bloody work as he ran.

Shane was part Shawanoe—large and coarse appearance. He was not much in the war, as Gen. Hunt recollects. He lived at Shane's Crossing on the St. Mary's.

Dudley's men, having captured the battery, said "Now, let us have **Proctor**", and thus impetuously rushed on, the British and Indians purposely falling back for an ambuscade, and firing on the fated Kentuckians.

The Americans captured were put into the old British fort Miami, and British sentries placed at the gate; and some Indians made an attempt to get in, and tomahawk and scalp the prisoners— the sentries resisted, one of whom was shot down. The disturbance was reported to Proctor, and **Tecumseh** being close by, was desired by Proctor to stop the Indians in their efforts. Upon reaching

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the battlement of the old Fort, he ordered the Indians to stand back—taunting them as no better than a set of squaws to attack and tomahawk unarmed prisoners and suggesting that it would redound much more to their credit as warriors to go and fight the Yankees at Fort Meigs (two miles above there).

A jocular little Kentuckian, who had made much sport for his fellows, was among the prisoners in the old British fort, who seeing the Indians threatening an indiscriminate attack on the Americans, all huddled up together, each rushing away from immediate danger—seeing that he stood but a poor chance among his more stalwart fellows, threw himself upon all fours, and pushing in among the crowd, exclaimed "Root hog, or die!" He escaped.

2nd Siege of Fort Meigs—Stratagem—Gen. Hunt was at Sandwich attending school, when the British concluded to try and take Fort Meigs by strategem, having failed to capture it by fighting.

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Ascertaining that Harrison had sent for re-inforcements, and knowing the garrison would be anxiously expecting their arrival, it was decided by the

British and Indians (Gen. Hunt knows not whether it originated with **Tecumseh**, or in general council of British and Indians) to strike the road from the American settlements, several miles south of Fort Meigs—and move on towards the Fort—the Indians to fire blank cartridges, and the British to fire by plattoons—thus indicating the approach of the expected reinforcement, and apparently attacked by Indians, and firing by plattoons in return, and gradually fighting their way towards the Fort, yet so slow and uncertain as to need a sortie for their relief and succor. The whole thing was executed with the admirable precision and consummate finesse characteristic of the great Shawanoe chief, and well calculated to deceive the unwary, and draw out such a force from the fort into a treacherous ambuscade as would fatally weaken the garrison, and render its capture a matter of certainty. But Gen. Harrison

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2nd Seige of Fort Meigs—Fort Stephenson

wisely foresaw the stratagem, and had as much as he could do to restrain his excited men from rushing into the trap prepared for them.

Col. Robert Dixon just before the second siege of Fort Meigs, arrived at Detroit with 1500 wild Indians—Winnebagoes, Menomonies, Sauks, Foxes, and perhaps Sioux and Chippewas—arriving in a large number of birch bark canoes—presenting a beautiful sight as they approached the place with regularity and order, in single file—the occupants all naked, except their breech-clouts and moccasins, gayly and variously painted, and the echos of their war songs resounding from shore to shore. Much was expected from this large force. They would shoot dogs, roast and eat them, perform the war dance, and boast to Proctor that they were going to walk right over the walls and pickets into Fort Meigs, in spite of all their big guns and Yankee soldiers. But they smelt powder at Fort Meigs and Ft. Stephenson, and decamped in squads and parties, and soon returned.

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to Detroit much to the surprise of the people. They proved themselves a great set of braggadocios, if not cowards, greatly to the mortification of the British.

Malden Council, Sept. 1813—Soon after Perry's victory, Proctor held a council at Malden; all spoke, and agreed in the opinion that Malden must be abandoned, and all retire up the Thames and fight Harrison there. **Tecumseh** was called on to express his views. He said he thought they ought to fight and stubbornly defend every inch of ground; that Proctor reminded him of a dog who would curl up his tail, strut around and bark defiantly when there was little or no danger; now, losing a few canoes on the Lake, he appeared to act like one of the poor Indian dogs, who cowed, would draw his tail between his legs and sneak away in fear and trepidation. But as you have decided to run, and fight the Yankees on the Thames, we will all go together and whip them there

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The Thames Battle—Tecumseh—Knagg's Adventure

or I'll leave my bones to bleach upon its banks. A Pottawattomie, an aid to Tecumseh at the Thames, whom Gen. Hunt met at Columbus, about 1836, on his way to Washington, (perhaps **Shan-bo-nay**), when asked about Tecumseh's death, said: Tecumseh and other Indians were behind a log awaiting the approach of the Americans, when an officer rode up on a white horse —Tecumseh and the Indians rose and fired on him—the officer drew his pistol out as Tecumseh ran down on the log towards him to tomahawk him, when the officer shot him, Tecumseh fell, and the rest fled.

Tecumseh was medium sized, and had rather a round face.

Knaggs captures a British officer—James Knaggs, a tall powerful man, was at the Thames in a spy company—perhaps Captain; and when the British lines were broken, he chased a young British Lieutenant, who became, in some way, detached from his fellows—both well mounted, and attempting to cross a creek, their horses mired, and they had to

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abandon them, and get out as best they could to the opposite shore—reaching which nearly at the same moment, Knaggs, however, with the loss of his rifle during the floundering and rearing of his horse before he abandoned him, when the Lieutenant drawing his sword, demanded Knaggs, in the name of King George, to surrender, or he would cut him down. Knaggs seeing his own defenseless situation, and that the Briton expected an easy victory, determined to make an effort to turn the table on him, siezed a small rail from a fence at hand, and raising it threateningly, demand his instant surrender in the name of the Unites States, or he would dash his brains out. Thinking discretion the better part of valor, the Lieutenant yielded himself and sword to Knaggs, who marched him to camp in triumph. The Lieutenant was exceedingly mortified when introduced to Gen. Harrison, and Knaggs narrated the manner of his capture.

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Jack Brandy—at Raisin Defeat

Jack was a Wyandott—a smart, keen young Indian, when the war of 1812 broke out. Not long before, on account of some misdemeanor when under the influence of the Indian's great enemy, fire-water, Jack received an unmerciful whipping at the hands of Whitmore Knaggs at Monroe.

At the Raisin, Jack captured Gen. Winchester and Whitmore Knaggs at Col. Navarre's; the latter expected to be killed in retaliation for his severe treatment on the occasion alluded to; but Jack generously said "Don't be afraid—I won't hurt you"; and while taking his prisoners to Proctor's headquarters, he met some 15 or 20 Pottawattomies, who attempted to seize and kill the prisoners. Jack told them plainly and fearlessly to stand back; that they were his prisoners, and he would defend them at the risk of his life. The Pottawattomies always paid deference to the Wyandotts as their elder brother, and in this sense, as well perhaps as from Jack's defiant and fearless

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manner, they reluctantly obeyed. He delivered his prisoners safely to Proctor.

Jack now remembered a promise he had made to Henry J. Hunt, at Detroit, that he would not kill prisoners, but try and deliver them to his Yankee merchant friend at Detroit. "Me no kill 'em, Yankee prisoners; Jack Brandy got a good heart"—endeavoring to express, in his limited way, his characteristic feelings of humanity to a fellow foe. So sallying out again in quest of adventure, he was attracted to a burning house in which were a number of poor wounded and disabled American prisoners, whose shelter had been fired by some of the unfeeling Indians. Jack arrived just in time to seize a large wounded Kentuckian and drag him out. He placed him on a sled, and covered him with his blanket, and patiently drew his helpless charge forty miles to Detroit. Hunt saw the train coming and supposed the Indians had brought some venison to

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Jack Brandy's Adventures

barter for goods, advanced to meet them, and who should he discover but his old friend Jack Brandy. Heartily shaking hands, Hunt said, "Jack—got some meat under your blanket?" "Yes, some very good meat—some Yankee meat," was Jack's pleasant reply; and suiting the action to the word, as if to display

his stores, pulled off the blanket. There lay the wounded prisoner who had been literally plucked as a brand from the burning; and Jack delivered him to Hunt according to the promise he had made a long time before. Hunt, in the goodness of his heart, had exacted many such pledges from the Indians whom he knew, and traded with him, and he had thus half-forgotten Jack's promise of good treatment to prisoners, and pledge to deliver to him. It gratified the kind-hearted American to be thus instrumental in saving a poor unfortunate and disabled fellow being from the flames; so liberally rewarding the humane Indian with a present of a $100, he placed the

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wounded Kentuckian in good quarters, sent for Dr. Henry, and had his wounds properly dressed, and the tenderest care bestowed upon him.

When Gen. Harrison's army came on to Detroit, Hunt reported the case to the General, who proclaimed it to his army—when, it appeared, that there were three brothers of the wounded man present, who had come out on the Thames campaign to avenge his supposed death—and a joyous meeting occurred between them, and their almost newly risen brother, **John Green,*** for such was his name—whose wounds had been serious ones through the thigh, soon recovered, and returned to his home in Kentucky. (See P. 85)

H. J. Hunt had a splendid dapple grey horse stolen from his stable in the spring of 1812. Jack happened to step into Hunt's store immediately after the discovery, and observed that something had gone wrong with his friend, and asked "What's matter, Harry Hunt?" Hunt informed him of his misfortune and

*Jesse Green?—see Niles Register, Vol. 4, P. 94; Liberty Hall, April 13, 1813.

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expressed the belief that some Pottawattomies had committed the theft. Jack went and viewed the stable—the horse and moccasion tracks, and the direction they had taken. "Well," said Jack, "give me some bread and meat, and may be I'll find him." Hunt gave him a liberal supply of provisions, and a few dollars in silver, and Jack started alone on his pony in pursuit. He easily tracked them by the horseshoe imprint, the Indian horses being unshod; and the second night, when some forty or fifty miles on the route towards Chicago, after dark he came to the Indian's camp—there were several of them.

Jack was good at invention, when a plausible story was needed, so he told his new friends he was sent as a runner by Proctor to Chicago to rally the Indians to hurry forward and fight the hated Yankees. They said they had a fine Yankee horse which they got at Detroit. "Ah! me glad," said Jack; "may be in morning we trade, and me pay you some boot," slapping his hand on his match-coat

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pocket, to show by the jingle of his dollars that he had means to make good his proffered exchange. They spent the evening pleasantly together before their camp fire in mutually recounting their adventures upon the war path, and Jack's were by no means the least brilliant or marvellous.

The next morning, after their simple repast, the fine dapple grey was produced. It was just such a horse, said Jack, as he needed, in order to accomplish in the least time possible the important public mission on which he was engaged. He now mounted the noble steed to try him, and at once boldy dashed off, leaving his own pony in exchange, and escaped, leaving his Pottawattomie friends perfectly astounded at Jack's adroitness in so completely outwitting them. Having the only fleet horse of the company, they at once saw the folly of attempting to pursue the wily Wyandott, so left him "master of the situation," with one new adventure to relate to his next admiring

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friends. Near night Jack reached Detroit, and rode up to Hunt's, with his horse all panting and foaming, and jumping off, said "There, Harry Hunt, you see Jack Brandy no lie." Jack of course was liberally rewarded for the loss of his pony, and his own good service. Proctor soon after got his eye on this fine animal, and expressed a desire to purchase him; and Hunt knowing full well, if he did not sell him, the horse would be taken nolens volens, he sent word to Proctor that he could have him for a hundred guineas —much more than such a horse was really worth. Proctor unhesitatingly paid the amount, and this fleet dapple grey enabled him to escape captivity at the Thames when hotly pursued by the victorious Americans for several miles.

The last time Gen. Hunt saw Jack Brandy was in the latter part of 1835, when the former was on his way to Columbus to serve in the State Senate. Jack had

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removed from Brownstown to Upper Sandusky, as the stage drove through the latter Wyandott village, Hunt noticed a decrepit old Indian hobbling along as best he could, through the mud, on crutches. Hunt asked where he lived? He said about two miles ahead on the road. He was then invited to get into the stage and ride; and as Gen. Hunt was helping him in, asked him "Are you not Jack Brandy?" "Yes, me Jack Brandy." Then Gen. Hunt related to his four fellow passengers the anecdotes about Jack, closing with the one with reference to the recovery of Henry J. Hunt's dapple grey. Jack was as deeply interested as the others, apparently wondering how the stranger knew so much of his history, and as the narrator concluded, Jack archly and triumphantly exclaimed "Ah! me know you now—you a Hunt—brodder of Harry Hunt." As the now aged Indian alighted from the stage, crippled

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by the rheumatism from his early exposures, Gen. Hunt and his fellow passengers made him up a purse of five dollars—with which Jack hobbled off feeling happy, grateful, and rich.

Henry J. Hunt died in 1828. In 1807, upon the death of his father and mother, he went in a perogue (then only 17 years old) all the way to St. Louis and got his brothers and sisters.
(Henry Jackson Hunt.)

Ottawa Census—In 1816, in the fall, Gen. Hunt took a census of the Ottawas on the Maumee by appointment of Gen. Cass. They then numbered 1500 men, women and children. They emigrated west of the Mississippi in 1832, and they now number less than 200.

Of LaChasse—Au-gush-a-way—Blue Jacket—Chi-ux-ka, he has no knowledge. Nor of Sancrainte.

Judge Abbott's widow resides in Detroit—a very intelligent lady.—Toledo, O., Sept. 25th, 27th and 28, 1866.

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To-day, Oct. 4th, 1866, met in Toledo, my old friend **Peter Navarre,** born in 1787, and who resides a few miles below Toledo, and whom I visited in 1863, and took from him historical notes—and now add the following, some of which may be repetitions:

Pontiac's first wife had no children; living with her was a young sister only six years old at the time of the death of Pontiac's wife—and the latter desired Pontiac in proper time to marry her, which he did when she was twelve years old—her name was **Kap-pesh-kum-o-qua,** or **The Woman's Camp.** By her Pontiac had **Au-tus-sown**—or **O-tus-sown.** Pontiac desired should he die before his wife, that one of his brothers, **Meta,** or **Not-to-wance,** should take her to wife; after Pontiac's death, his young widow chose and wedded Meta. A son by this marriage subsequently lost his life by falling from the mast of a vessel. Both these brothers of Pontiac died prior to 1812. **Kap-**

pesh-kum-o-qua was greatly reverenced by the **Ottawas**—and she signed the treaty of 1817, and died a few years after. **O-tus-sown** said to have been Pontiac's son, as Navarre is positive, and I think he is right from **O-tus-sown's** high

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character among his people, and from the great reverence shown to his mother—she being called by the whites in her old age **Mother Pontiac**—must have been older than Gen. Hunt supposes. At her death she must have been (not about 80 as Mr. Navarre supposes but) about 70—to have been married so young, and had but one child before Pontiac's death; say, born about 1752, and married about 1764—O-tus-sown born about 1768—died, as Gen. Hunt says, in 1830, aged about sixty-two.

Au-gush-a-way—or **Flat Button**, was a relative of Pontiac—and was distinguished among the Ottawas; died early at "The Bay"—probably about 1799. He was a son of a cousin of Pontiac, and thinks he was the prominent Ottawa Chief in St. Clair's and Wayne's wars known as the **Bear Chief.**

Sig-ga-nauk (so Navarre pronounces it) or **The Black Bird** lived at the St. Joseph—thinks he died as late as 1834, over 80 years of age. Often saw him at his village—was tall and large, weighing nearly two hundred pounds—was good, kind, and greatly loved by his people. Can tell nothing of his history. His son of the same name lived and died on Grand River, Michigan. Too old for the war 1812.

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Naa-ke-win (so Navarre pronounces it) or the **Wind-Striker,** also resided at St. Joseph, and ranked next to Sig-ga-nauk—apparently a little older; saw him the last time at his village in about 1829. His size was large. Can tell nothing of his history. Not in war 1812.

LaChasse (so Navarre pronounced it, giving the French accent of a to the final e) lived on the little St. Joseph. Mr. Navarre saw him last in 1810—subsequently learned that he was desired to fight at Tippecanoe in 1811, which he declined, saying he had seen enough of war. He died soon after, probably nearly 70 years old. Common sized.

O-tus-sown—don't know its meaning. His son was **Was-si-on-no-quet,** or **The Distant Cloud.** O-tus-sown captured Capt. Baker at Plum Creek, south side of the Raisin, about a mile and a half, where were 300 Americans, mostly killed. O-tus-sown, his son and prisoner camped on their way to Detroit (did not go via Malden—out of the way) at River Rouge—his son said: "Command that dog (Baker) father to pick up sticks and make a fire." "No", said the old chief,

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"we must treat our prisoners kindly, as we would like to be treated under similar circumstances." He bought sugar and other comforts for Baker.

Raisin Defeat—Caldwell—Brandy—It was at Plum Creek where **Caldwell** was stabbed by a Kentuckian; it is true—the Kentuckian ran a knife through Caldwell's throat. This Plum Creek where the fighting and massacre took place was just back of Col. Navarre's farm.

Young **George Blue Jacket** was at his brother-in-law's, James Laselle's, at Frenchtown—when the latter sent a letter by young Blue Jacket to Proctor at Malden, informing him of the situation of the Americans—divided, Lewis with 500 men at one point, and 300 at another; that getting between them with a proper force they could be defeated in detail. So Proctor acted on this prompting—and so Winchester was defeated. Don't know when or where George and Jim Blue Jacket died. No knowledge of old Blue Jacket, the father.

Jack Brandy commanded a war party of about twenty Wyandotts. **Whitmore Knaggs** was

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endeavoring to pilot Gen. Winchester off from Col. Navarre's, and escape—both were riding Col. Navarre's black pony, and had got off nearly to Plum

Creek, some 2 miles from Navarre's by the windings of the road, when Jack Brandy and party intercepted and captured them. Two or three years before the war, Knaggs had flogged Jack at Detroit, where Knaggs resided, for some misdemeanor committed when Jack was groggy, and expected now to lose his life; but Jack assured him he was safe in his hands.

Navarre has repeatedly heard that Jack dragged **Green** out of the burning house and took him to Detroit—then reckoned 36 Mi.

James Knaggs—He was at the Thames, and with Navarre, as the latter says, and does not credit the incident told by Gen. Hunt of Knaggs capturing a British officer there; has no knowledge of it occurring there or elsewhere. Yet it may have occurred somewhere else. Knaggs was brave.

Logan's fight occurred on the point or bottom on the upper (or southern side, as Navarre says) of Turkey Foot Creek, at its mouth.

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Of **Capt. John Logan**, Mr. Navarre has no knowledge or tradition; nor of **Capt. Snake** or **She-me-ne-too**, or the **Great Spirit.**

Ton-tog-a-ny was in the war with the British, in all the fighting around Detroit and the Maumee—at Detroit, opposing Tupper—at the Raisin—Fort Meigs—Dudley's Defeat, perhaps Fort Stevenson. Probably opposed Wayne —he was old enough.

Capt. Wm. Well's Indian wife was not a daughter of **Little Turtle**, but a relative; had a son and three daughters by her—one married **Dr. Turner**, one **Capt. Hackley**, and another **Judge Wolcott**—and his second wife, a white woman, he married her away (perhaps Kentucky) and had a daughter by her, who married **Jim Audrain**, moved to St. Louis and died there. Wells' Indian wife married **Richuville**, the Miami chief.

Round Head died about 1818—pretty soon after the treaty at Detroit.

Capt. Tom Chiuxka—after **Capt. Jim Logan's** death **Chiuxka** commanded the Shawanoe party of spies, and was much out spying; was in Fort Meigs during both sieges, and on Thames campaign—not at the Raisin, nor Fort Stephenson.

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Tecumseh—at **Dudley's defeat**, when American prisoners were in old Fort Miami, and Indians massacreing them, **Tecumseh** did save them, declaring "You must kill me first."

At the **2nd siege of Fort Meigs, Tecumseh** had the credit of planning the **sham battle**—which was about a mile and a half back of the Fort, and lasted an hour or two. The stratagem failed.

Of **John B. Saincrainte**—he got lost in the woods, when groggy, going from Coldwater to Detroit, and perished, in Oct. 1827. When a young man he returned painted with an Indian party who had been to war against **Kentucky**, and **Clark** entrapped them before they knew Vincennes had changed masters—and all doomed to be tomahawked. An old woman revealed his true character to Clark, when the aged father of Young **Saintcrainte** interceded with Clark for his son's life. It was spared. Navarre adds—"Saincrainte was never friendly to the Americans. He died as the fool dieth."

Gen. Proctor returned to England—was ever regarded as disgraced for abandoning Detroit and Malden—and so died.

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Col. Muir died opposite Detroit, perhaps some ten years after the war; he left a son, **Thomas Muir** perhaps, who enjoyed a pension.

Oct. 4th, 1866, spent the evening on invitation, with **Henry Hall**, Esq.-merchant, Toledo. He has a fine cabinet of coins, medals, etc., and some fine paintings—one superb head by one of the old Flemish masters, for which he

paid $1,000, having only $2.50 left. He showed me **Little Turtle's Silver Medal**—which **Mr. Hall's** father purchased, in 1825, of a son of **Little Turtle,** in the Fort Wayne region, as his old diary kept at the time shows. The medal is of the usual large size—with letters around "Presented by **President Jefferson,**" and having Jefferson's image—on the reverse side of a pair of hands in center shaking—with the word "Friendship" beneath. And under the word Friendship, is the **figure of a turtle** rather nicely engraved.

Mr. Hall also showed me a somewhat smaller British Silver Medal which once belonged to Pontiac—struck in the reign of George III—with his images —with a legend

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Pontiac Medal—Marquette Crucifix

on the reverse side representing a church and steeple and the insignia of christianity and civilization, guarded by a lion—and at the back a gaunt Indian cur evidently feebly attempting to protect the Indian wilderness in his rear from the advance of civilization. This medal was worn by **Pontiac's** widow, and by his son **O-tus-sown,** in whose grave it was buried, and from which obtained by some of the old French settlers long since the Ottawas migrated to the west.

At Presque Isle, on the southern bank of the Maumee, a little below Toledo (for distance see Vol. 1—Trip 1863) where the Ottawas formerly lived—and, I doubt not, Pontiac—the bank of the river keeps caving in, thus has exposed many relics—one a large silver crucifix some nine or ten inches long, with the initials "J.M." yet dimly seen engraved thereon. Mr. Hall supposes it may have been **James Marquette**—perhaps possessed by his old companion **Joliet, a Jesuit**—whose final fate is involved in doubt and mystery, after returning with Marquette and losing the latter's journals, etc. in the St. Lawrence—and who perhaps may have retired, lived

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and died among the Ottawas, and buried on the bank of the Maumee at Presque Isle. Mr. Peter Navarre informed Mr. Hall, that the ancient Ottawas spoke of "a black gown"—a priest, who lived and died among them, whose name is not now known. This crucifix undoubtedly belonged to that priest, whoever he was. If he was Joliet, then this crucifix may have been given him by that noted explorer, Marquette, whose initials it bears, at their final parting, as a friendly keepsake.

From **Judge James Wolcott,** now 75 years old—residing at Maumee, Lucas Co., Ohio—came west from Connecticut in 1818—in 1821, in St. Charles Co., Mo. was married to **Miss Mary Wells,** daughter of Capt. Wm. Wells—born in 1800, and living for many years, from childhood, with her uncle Gen. Samuel Wells—who soon after the war 1812-15, removed to Illinois.

Judge Wolcott can give no new facts about **Little Turtle**—nor in detail about **Capt. Wells.** Says Wells was captured in Kentucky by Little Turtle, and raised by him—and read to me from "Thrilling Stories of the Forest and Frontier" by a Hunter. "H. G. Peck and Theo. Bliss, Phila. 1857," about

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Wells when with **Gen. Wayne** being out with a party of spies, and discovering a canoe party of an Indian and his family, and discovered in time that it was Little Turtle and his family—and forbade his men to fire, as that Indian had reared him, and fed and cared for him—and was his father-in-law.

Judge Wolcott says **Little Turtle** had at least one other daughter besides Mrs. Wells, never married, but reared a daughter, now Mrs. Jane Griggs, of Penn., Indiana—a lady of refinement and position—whom I called on in 1863, but was not then aware of her relationship with Little Turtle. She was educated by Wm. Wells daughters, Mrs. Turner and Hackley.

Of **Capt. Wells'** children by this Indian marriage, Ann was the eldest, married to Dr. Turner, lived and died at Fort Wayne. She was born as early as 1796, and probably before Wells joined Wayne. The next was Rebecca, who married Capt. Hackley—lived and died at Fort Wayne. Mrs. Turner died about 1830, leaving no descendants, as I understood. Mrs. Hackley several years later. Mrs. Hackley has a grandson residing in New York—her only descendant, **Oliver Farrand.** The third child, Mary, married Jas. Wolcott, and died at Maumee, in 1843, aged 43 years, leaving 3 sons and a daughter.

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The latter with her husband and family residing with her father. Capt. Wells' fourth child was Wayne Wells—educated at West Point—entered the army and died of cholera at Erie, Pa. about 1834; born 1802.

Capt. Wells' wife must have died shortly after the birth of her son. Sometime after her death (this dissipates the story of Peter Navarre, that Wells separated from her, and she then became the wife of the Miami chief Richuville—perhaps I misunderstood Navarre) Capt. Wells married a Miss Geiger of Kentucky—a prominent family in or near Louisville; by whom he had three children—all dead: Samuel G. Wells, Yelverton P. Wells, Georgiana—unmarried.

After Capt. Wells' death, his widow returned to her friends in Kentucky—and married Robert Turner, a brother of Dr. Turner of Fort Wayne.

Capt. Wells' daughters by his Indian wife were all sent to Gen. Samuel Wells, in Kentucky, for their education.

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Thinks Capt. Wells' papers went into the hands of his executors—perhaps Dr. Turner and Capt. Hackley; Robt. Turner acted as such also. Has no knowledge about such papers.

A dress sword of Capt. Wells is preserved by Judge Wolcott—also a tomahawk—latter a pipe one 8 inches long—with the edge 2½ inches wide.

Gen. Samuel Wells had two daughters—Mrs. Heald who with her husband, Maj. H., lived on a plantation near Gen. Wells in Mo. in 1821—both died there—near St. Charles—The other son-in-law was Audrain. Thinks Gen. Wells had sons, but can't tell anything about them.

Fort Meigs is located on a high bank of the Maumee, on Southern side—with a small ravine in its rear—ground, says Judge Wolcott, is sixty feet above the ordinary river level. Some of the ramparts, are yet 8 feet high—all wooded over, and pastured—never ploughed. A Lieut. Walker was buried on the high ground between the Fort and river—and so was a Col. . . . . of New York—railing now gone from the latter, and was shown me by Mr. Hays, who owns the

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Dudley's Defeat—Old Fort Miami—Maj. Spafford

land, together with his brother the lower part. Mr. Hays says the remains of Col. Dudley's men, who were defeated where the upper part of Maumee is located, were brought over buried south east of Fort Meigs, close by, in a fine copse of wood.

I visited the old British "Fort Miami"—it is directly on the northern bank of the Miami or Maumee, in lower part of Maumee City, and nearly two miles below Fort Meigs—some of its embankments are yet very visible. Ground here 60 feet above the river.

Evening of Oct. 8th, 1866, at Perrysburgh, called on widow of Judge Spafford—whose father Maj. Spafford first surveyed lands around Cleveland, and then located as revenue collector on the Maumee before the war of 1812—left and went to Huron during the war, and returned afterwards. Mrs. S. came here in 1815—now over 70—can relate no historical facts—said she

could not, and I could not possibly elicit any—nothing known to her about Tecumseh.

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From James Knaggs, Toledo, 60 years old—son of **Whitmore Knaggs**, who with his brother, the late Capt. Jas. Knaggs, was a native of Detroit, of English descent.

Whitmore Knaggs was among the prisoners taken at Hull's surrender of Detroit—ever after regarded Hull as a traitor. Was also in Winchester's defeat at River Raisin—Col. Navarre and Mr. Lascelle (one of three brothers) encouraged Winchester to encamp—and invited him and others to their hospitality, and at evening Lascelle dispatched a team across the frozen stream to Malden to Proctor, and by daylight the Americans were surprised and routed. Knaggs, **Gen. Winchester** and others undertook to escape—were headed and taken by seven mounted Indians under Young **Blue Jacket.** Winchester was stripped of his fine coat, and given a horse blanket instead, and made to surrender his sword.

An Indian soon made his appearance, declaring that in the battle Knaggs had killed a friend of his, and he should retaliate; but Blue Jacket protected him, by placing him between two horses on the march—and

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bade the angry Indians begone, and not interfere with his prisoner; but the surly fellow lingered, finally shot at Knaggs, but over shot, and rushed with his tomahawk to strike him over one of the horses, when Blue Jacket turned and shot the fellow dead. Blue Jacket, after the war, often visited W. Knaggs, who always entertained him with much hospitality. On such occasions, Blue Jacket, getting mellow, would boast of his saving his friend, and once became so offensive in his language and manner, that Knaggs knocked him down, after which he was always more friendly and devoted than ever.

Whitmore Knaggs was long in the U. S. service—was Indian Interpreter as early as 1811—a Lieutenant—and long an Indian trader—died at Detroit in 1827 or '28.

Memo by L. C. D.—This account is evidently more or less unreliable—See **Notes of Peter Navarre**—(Blue Jacket's act was perhaps so) See also **Hosmer's Hist. Maumee Valley.**

July 27, '63.

From Peter Navarre, born at Detroit, Jan. 22, 1788—son of Francis Navarre, and grandson of Robert de Navarre—now residing at Cedar Point or Frenchtown settlement, about 12 mi. east of Toledo, Ohio.

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Isadore Chaine—He died (perhaps around Malden) about a year or two after the war of 1812-14 (erroneous), fully 80 years old. Can't tell about his children—nor of his nativity, probably from Montreal or Quebec. He was a good kind man—rigid with the Indians as British Sub. Agent—large size, nearly six feet, and heavy form. Thinks he went to Malden, when Americans took possession of Detroit in 1796, to retain his Indian agency. Too old to serve in war of 1812; was a brother of Gabriel Chaine, who remained in Detroit.

Robert de Navarre (see Memoir of Gen. Macomb, p. 13) descended from Henry Fourth of Navarre—and for some cause early migrated to Detroit, when a young man (see Memoir of Gen. Macomb, p. 13). Left two brothers in France, John and Francis; married and settled at Detroit as a farmer—was public Notary and magistrate (Hosmer's Hist. Maumee Valley) under British rule, and was also in 1760, when British took possession, made principal Indian Agent—and had Isadore Chaine as his deputy agent, who went with them on expeditions, and acted as a chief and leader; but Navarre

never went with them on such occasions, but paid the annuities, presents, etc. He remained at Detroit

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when the Americans took possession, and died there about 1798, at the age of 85 years.

Capt. LaMotte—never saw him—heard him spoken of—hence must have left early.

Capt. Wm. Caldwell died near Malden a year or two after the war of 1812-15—an old man, can't tell about his services—he bore a good reputation. He was a tall man—over 6 feet—and good size.

River Raisin Massacre—Young Blue Jacket was sent by James Lascelle of Monroe to Proctor at Malden as a messenger with intelligence of Winchester's arrival—hence the surprise. Jack Brandy—a Wyandott (don't know what became of him) took Whitmore Knaggs (see Hosmer's History); and Knaggs was in Young Blue Jacket's possession, who did save Knaggs, when other prisoners were killed. This Blue Jacket lived near Brownstown, on bank of Detroit river—probably, if dead, died there. A good Indian—common sized.

A sister of his was married to **James Lascelle**, of Monroe; a daughter, Nannette Lascelle, married Wm. Caldwell (son of Capt. Wm. Caldwell—now a widow) lives up the river from Maumee 3 or 4 mi. perhaps 65. Her son-in-law, Lawyer Johnson, at Monroe.

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Capt. Johnny—a large fellow (who was with Capt. Jas. Logan) captured a British Shawnoe Indian at Jas. Lascelle's at Malden, and took him to Fort Meigs, where he sickened and died in a couple of weeks thereafter.

Turkey Foot place—where Turkey Foot creek comes into the Maumee, about 12 mi. below Fort Defiance, on the north side of the river, is where **Capt. Logan** and party had their fight in Nov. 1812.

Simon Girty appeared to be a sober man—died at Malden—can tell nothing of his services.

The **Reannes** for a long period were settled near Malden, where most of the old set were born.

Ke-ta-no-key was a son of Meta, a brother of Pontiac—lived at different places—died at Blanchard's Fork not very long before the war of 1812, while on a visit there to his relations—had long made his home at Presque Isle, about six miles below Toledo, on eastern bank of Maumee. He was a war chief—not very smart—can tell of no services.

Pontiac by his first wife had a daughter, named **Meck-ke-sic-ko-qua**, or **Half Day Woman**; she married

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and had descendants. His first wife dying, Pontiac married another, who soon died childless, leaving a dying request that he should marry her little sister—**Ken-tuck-ee-gun**, or **The Woman Canoe Paddler***—and after two or three years, he took her to wife when only twelve years old, and by her had **Otussa** (don't know its meaning). Ken-tuck-ee-gun died a little after the war 1812-15, at Presque Isle, below Toledo. She had in advanced years married Ke-ne-o-by, a common Indian, and had no issue. She was very large and tall—and an excellent woman—evidently had some white blood from her appearance.

No traditions about Pontiac—and nothing about **She-ge-na-ba**, and doubts about being such a son of Pontiac.

Otussa died at Presque Isle, where he lived much like white people, aged about 60, perhaps two years after Fort Meigs treaty, say about 1828. He was poisoned by an Indian in revenge for some imagined slight or wrong; lingered several days, saying, "I know the man who has poisoned me," but mentioned not his name. Otussa was a first-rate Indian—of fine

*See P. 81.

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commanding appearance. Left a son and two daughters, all now dead, leaving descendants. The son's name was **Was-se-on-no-quet, or Distant Clouds.**

John Baptide Sanscrainte was a native of Vincennes—he was out with a party of British Indians, who returned with scalps just after **Clark** took Vincennes in Feb. 1779—and all were captured. All were seated on a bench to be shot or tomahawked. Several old French women came into the fort, where Sanscrainte's father was—J. B. Sanscrainte Sr.—and said "Your son Baptide is among the prisoners about to be killed—try and save him." "I can't help it—if my son has painted and dressed himself up like an Indian, and gone to war with them, he must take the consequences with the others." When Clark heard of the affecting circumstances, he went to the aged father, and bade him go and select out his son, and save him; but he still declined—and it was only when the excited French women fairly took him by the arms and dragged the father to the bench where the condemned party were seated, that he took away his son. It was a deeply affecting

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scene—though father and son were as stoical as Indians, and the father exhibiting all the higher traits of the ancient Romans. Young Sanscrainte's face was washed of its paint, and again took his place with the whites—had slit ears.

J. B. Sanscrainte, the younger, was a very large man. Had this from Sanscrainte himself, and from informant's mother, a native of Vincennes, and there when Clark took the place and saw the whole affair. (Memo: Very likely the details of this incident are nearly correct, except that it was not Sainscrainte who was thus saved. He probably related it, but not of himself as the one saved. It was a son of Lieut. St. Croix. See Gen. G. R. Clark's Narrative to Geo. Mason, L. C. D.)

Can tell nothing farther of Sanscrainte's services. He was a great Indian trader—lived at Detroit—was near by when Tippecanoe battle was fought (see Hosmer's Hist. Maumee Valley, p. 24). Took sides with the British and Indians during the war; and when out in the woods, hunting horses, and too groggy, on Coldwater river, Michigan, in the fall of 1828, perhaps near 80, lost his life, precisely how, was not known. His body was subsequently found, mangled and partly eaten by wolves or other wild animals—but was recognized by his clothing. He left several children—all now dead.

Of Lieut. Jacob Schefflein knows nothing.

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A-gush-a-way (no known meaning) a great war chief of the Ottawas—related by his wife or mother to Pontiac—died at mouth of Ten Mile Creek, at the Bay Settlement (between Toledo and Monroe) in Michigan, about 1800—and about 70 years old—six feet tall—very heavy—he and J. B. Sanscrainte Jr. great friends. He fought against the British in the French war—and then for the British against the Americans. He had a brother Nod-o-wance, a war chief of less note, and yet another brother known to the whites as **Flat Button,** a common warrior. All lived and died at the Bay Settlement. A-gush-a-way left no descendants.

Mesh-ke-ma (see Hosmer's work) was a son of Nod-o-wance, lived at Bay Settlement, and there died at a good old age. In Wayne's battle he received two bullets at one shot through his body.

Kish-qua-gwan was from an Ottawa tribe near Niagara Falls in Canada—came to the Maumee, got married—and was made a chief from his fine abilities—sided with the British in war of 1812; and died at Presque

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Isle about 1830, about 70. Could not have descended from Pontiac, as Hosmer asserts.

Au-to-wa-key, Kish-qua-gwan's son, took the name of McCarty, by which he was known when he succeeded his father—intending to adopt Gen.

Duncan **McArthur's** name. McCarty died after removing to the Mississippi. No knowledge of the old white Ottawa leader McCarty. Gov. Abbott, did not know him—only Judge A.

Robert Navarre (brother of Peter N.) died where Peter now lives, Cedar Point—in 1846, aged 65. Another brother, James Navarre, died in 1844, at Presque Isle, aged 68 years. Robert left a family of five sons and five daughters—James, though married, left no descendants. Both these brothers served with Peter Navarre in war 1812.

Col. Francis Navarre of Monroe, was a cousin of my informant—sided with Americans in War 1812—died about 1830-31, about 60 years old—left children, one Robert N., now about 73, lives about 2 mi. south of Monroe.

Jack Lascelle, p. 36, Hosmer's History, should be **Jacques or James** Lascelle, familiarly called Jocks.

Nothing of La-gui-na—nothing of old Blue Jacket.

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Ton-tog-a-ny, or The Bell (not The Dog) said to have been a descendant of Pontiac, but doubts it—Indians fond of claiming connection with some great man. Fought for British in the war of 1812—did not risk himself much. Lived and died at the Ottawa town called **Tontogany Town**, about two miles above Roche de Bout,* on north side of Maumee—or **Standing Stone**, near where Waterville now is. Died there about 1825. Capt. Chas. Wood made a mistake about having killed Tontogany on Tupper's expedition in Nov. 1812.

Tecumseh—Had sixteen bullet holes in his body in his last fight—at the Thames—was tomahawked, and bayonetted in face. Peter Navarre, who knew him well, helped bury him, but could not with certainty recognize him, his face was so disfigured; and sent for Gen. Harrison, who said Tecumseh had a scar from a burn received when young, nearly the whole length of his left hip; and finding this, Harrison was satisfied as to his identity, and told Navarre, Medard Labbadie, James Knaggs, and two or three others, to give him a decent burial, as he was

*Roche de Boeuf.

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Tecumseh—death—at Dudley's defeat

a brave and honorable antagonist. "Had I been taken prisoner," said Harrison, "I know he would have saved me." Tecumseh had on buck-skin leggins. His body was not skinned—that was another's. He was buried on the battle-ground—found near where Col. R. M. Johnson was wounded. A grave was dug amid the trees, with sticks and axes, some three feet deep, and covered with dirt and logs on top.

When Dudley was defeated, took the Americans prisoners at old Fort Miami (at a near Maumee City)—Indians had the prisoners in a pen; and Proctor and the British officers either could not, or did not try to control the Indians, who said "We will kill all these dogs." Proctor made no effort to prevent it. Tecumseh came, after many had been tomahawked, and rushed in, exclaiming, "Now, you want to kill all these prisoners do you?" "Yes," they replied. "Then", said he "you must kill me first, and then you can do as you please—maybe some of you will die in the effort." The Indians were awed. Then Tecumseh turned towards Proctor, and bitterly reproached him for his cowardice, in suffering helpless

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prisoners to be killed in cold blood, and bade him take the survivors into the fort and honorably protect them.

John Reval, a youth of some seventeen, started from River Raisin for Detroit with a yoke of oxen—met Tecumseh on the road, in Spring of 1813, and the chieftain said: "Boy, I want your oxen—my warriors are hungry—I will pay you for them." Young Reval plead for the cattle as all his people had to plow with, and support the family. "How much worth?" The boy

said he did not know. "Will you take a hundred dollars for them" inquired Tecumseh (they were really worth but little more than half that amount). Young Reval agreed to take it. Tecumseh caused an order to be written on Col. Elliott, the Indian Agent at Malden, for that amount. The boy presented the order, and Elliott said "I can pay no such order—Indians must have what they want from the people without pay." The youth almost heartbroken with disappointment, went back to some point near

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Brownstown, where Tecumseh was still encamped, and made known to the chief how his order had been dishonored. "Come with me—I'll see," promptly replied Tecumseh, and taking the order Tecumseh and his creditor hastened to Col. Elliott's quarters. "You don't want to pay this order?" inquired Tecumseh with a mingled expression of surprise and contempt. "No," responded Elliott. "I have no authority to pay such things." "If you don't pay it instantly," said Tecumseh, "tomorrow shall not pass without witnessing the destruction of Malden—you shall be made to feel the vindictiveness of Indians as well as Yankees" intimating plainly that he and his Indian followers, indignant at such treatment, would sooner join the Americans than longer suffer its endurance. Elliott then found it best to pay it, authority or no authority, and handed over the amount to the imperious chieftain of the West. Proctor was present all the while, but said nothing. Then Tecumseh demanded another dollar, which he promptly handed to young Reval for

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remuneration for his trouble of a second visit for his pay. Mr. Navarre had this incident from Mr. Reval himself, and thinks he may be living yet in Monroe or Raisin region.

Tecumseh could and did talk English—often visited the Navarre's on the Maumee, giving and receiving presents.

Jack Brandy was a Wyandott—don't know what became of him. He was the companion of Round Head. The latter made Gen. Winchester take off his coat, and then his sword, and put them both on. Winchester made some hesitation about surrendering his sword, but desired it might be received as a present from him to his captor.

Peter Navarre was uneducated—could not speak English until he thought it best, 30 years ago—when Toledo commenced being settled, to learn the language. He was in both fights at the Raisin—and on Thames campaign and battle—was a spy in advance on the Thames expedition.

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Peter Navarre's services, etc.

After the war, he served as trapper and trader for the Americans, and North West Fur Companies for fifteen years, visiting the Wabash, Lake Superior, and Upper Mississippi, and Rocky Mountains—ran many narrow escapes—once came near losing his life, while in the Indian trade by a surly Indian. During the siege of Fort Meigs he and his brother Robert offered their services to Gen. Harrison to convey dispatches—James Banon was consulted, who pledged his existence to Gen. Harrison for their trustworthiness; they were dispatched, with separate dispatches, and to go separately, so if one should fail, the other might succeed, and both stealthily left the fort on their forlorn mission, with a trusty rifle, knife and tomahawk, and a slight supply of provisions—and both in due time, after many hardships reached their destination, and thus Gov. Meigs was notified of needed reinforcements. Each brother rejoiced to learn of the safety of the other.

Just after the army returned to Detroit from the Thames campaign, no intelligence

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having for a long time been received from the garrison at Fort Wayne, Gen. **Harrison** appealed to P. Navarre to undertake to convey dispatches to that post—he complied, and travelled uninterruptedly two days and a night, touching at Fort Meigs, and then again betaking himself into the woods on the north side of the Maumee, and striking the river only three miles from Ft. Wayne—and soon returned with good news of the safety of the garrison.

He has had four out of his six sons in war for the Union. Three of his sons, chips of the old block, last spring caught five hundred dollars worth of furs and skins within 12 or 15 miles of Toledo.

P. Navarre is nearly 6 feet—as erect as an Indian—a fine walker at 75, caring little for trails in the woods—a bright eye and always cheerful. He weighs 140 lbs. He with pleasure pointed to a neat school house erected in his neighborhood by the perservering efforts of his sons.

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From **Francis Cousineau**—Vienna, Michigan, now 68 years old:

Remembers seeing **A-gush-away**, when a boy residing at Monroe—thinks he died about 1804 or '5—was short and heavy.

Isadore de Chaine died in Detroit about 1810 or 1811—very aged. (must have a relative of the one who figured against Kentucky—L.C.D.)

Remembers seeing **J. B. Sanscrainte** a few times after 1816—perhaps as late as 1828—he died near Pigeon.

Mr. Cousineau was some in service with the Navarres during war of 1812-15.

From **Robert F. Navarre**, near Monroe, Michigan, July 28, '63. Born at Monroe, Sept. 9, 1791—son of Col. Francis Navarre.

Col. Francis Navarre died Sept. 1st, 1826, aged 66 years—born in Detroit—son of Robt. Navarre, who was son of **Robert de Navarre** who came from Navarre, France (though he wrote his name simply "Navarre de Rochelle." He descended from Henry IV of Navarre—was an officer in the French army in Canada—

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and leaving the service, settled at Detroit—married there a Miss Bourwi—raised three boys, Robert, Francis (father of Peter) and John, and several daughters—one of whom was the mother of Gen. Alexander Macomb. He died in Nov. 1791 (when my informant was only 3 months old, as his father often related to him) aged 84—after a brief illness, caused by accidentally falling upon a stove—got burnt, went to bed and soon died. He was an early Notarie at Detroit, and magistrate—or Judge de paix—and Indian agent under the British.

Can tell nothing of **Capt. LaMothe, Isadore Chaine** or **Peter Drouillard.**

J. B. Sanscrainte was perhaps born at Vincennes—helped the British much in fighting the Americans before the war of 1812—in latter at first in American spy service till the battle of Magnuaga, just before which he joined the British Indians, and participated with them—was with the Indians who after Hull's surrender, went to attack Fort Wayne, but they returned, afraid to attack it; was probably with

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the Indians at the sieges of Fort Meigs, and took part at the affair at the River Raisin—went to Canada awhile, but returned to his old region around Detroit and the Raisin—engaged in Indian trade awhile for **Col. Francis Navarre**, perhaps about 1828, as Peter Navarre says. **Sanscrainte** was at Coldwater—groggy—went into the woods alone—in a few days his bones were found and part of his clothing torn by wolves. Was not much liked by the loyal American people on the Raisin, and they told him so—he said he would not trouble them, and went off to the traders at Coldwater. He was then very aged—children all dead—large heavy man, about 6 feet.

No personal recollection of A-gush-a-wa.

Young Blue Jacket carried news in the night from Jacques Lascelle—written by Nannette Lascelle, well educated, who afterwards married Mr. Caldwell,—to Proctor, which caused Winchester's defeat. This was subsequently learned.

Saw **Marpot**, a Pottawattomie chief, soon after the war, riding a horse, perfectly naked. Died soon after.

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Sanscrainte was interpreter at Wayne's treaty—and employed to bring in timid Indians, after Wayne defeated them, at $3 per day.

Saw **Tecumseh** in 1813, returning from Fort Defiance—wore a British officer's red coat, sword and sash, with a breech clout—and no pants—with a long feather in his head; presenting a ludicrous appearance.

Col. Francis Navarre, being colonel of militia, and a prominent person, was badgered by the British Indians to take part with them for their great father against the hated Yankees. They finally took him prisoner to Canada, to Col. Bawbee's near Windsor—there saw Proctor and Col. Dixon, British Indian agent, drunk. He managed while the Indians were one day intently gazing at some Indian canoes approaching with prisoners and scalps to skulk off into an adjoining wheat field—in the night reached Campeau Island, and thence with a canoe, reached the Michigan shore—hid among friends in and near Detroit, and finally reached Gen. Harrison's camp

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near **Fort Stephenson**, and gave him a full account of the strength of the British and Indians—that instead of the latter being 20,000 as reported, they had but 1,200 embodied, as he had carefully counted them; and only 600 regulars, and 400 militia. On strength of this intelligence, Gen. Harrison dismissed a portion of his mounted men, as unnecessary, and needless expense, and pushed on and gained the victory at the Thames, and broke the British and Indian strength in the North West.

James Navarre, brother of Peter N., at River Raisin captured two British Indians who strayed off from the others—they suffered him to approach them, supposing he was a British soldier. He said they were his prisoners, when they made a show of resistance, when he instantly snatched the rifle of each, and the tomahawk of one. Benac now came up, as one started to run, whom he shot down—the other was marched to camp as a prisoner. **Peter Navarre** was also approaching. It was regarded as a bold adventure on the part of James Navarre.

July 30th, 1863.

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From Capt. Antoine La Fontaine, 4 miles from Monroe, Michigan, born at Detroit, Aug. 1783.

Can tell nothing of **Isadore De Chaine**—nor **Capt. LaMothe**—nor of **A-gush-a-wa** particularly.

Knew a small, smart man in Detroit named **Schefflein**—was a merchant awhile—went over into Canada when the British retired from Detroit.

Tecumseh—Met youth with the yoke of oxen: "I want those oxen—my Indians hungry—want fresh meat." Got Jas. Lascelle to write an order on some British agent for one hundred dollars. It was refused. Tecumseh then went with the young man—said boldly it must be paid, or he and his Indians would abandon their interest. It was reluctantly paid. He then demanded another dollar, and gave it to the young man to remunerate him for his trouble of coming a second time the same day for his pay, which was not his fault. Perhaps the young man's name was **Augustine Reval**—and he was met with his oxen not very far from **Jas. Lascelle's.**

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Peter Drouillard—Simon, Joseph, Francis and Peter Drouillard, brothers, lived on the British side of Detroit river—about half way between Sandwich and Malden. Peter was known as **Pierreau**—or Pero—Drouillard—**was** an Indian trader—after in the Sandusky region, and much away. Remembers he was alive when my informant left Detroit in 1797 to settle on the Raisin, and heard of his death, he thinks, about four years after—1801. Rather tall, slim and swarthy.

July 30th, 1863.

Antoine Drouillard, about 65, and Dominique Drouillard, aged 63—both near Vienna, Michigan—former son of Charles D., and latter of Nicholas D. —can't tell their grandfathers first name. That the brothers were: Louis, Dominique, Nicholas, Charles, and John B. Drouillard—and Mr. Antoine Drouillard says he understood his father was born in Detroit, not Sandusky as Mrs. Joquel says. Neither know anything of Peter Drouillard.

July 29th, '63.

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Narrative of Jas. Knaggs

Memo—I copy the following manuscript narrative, unpublished, from the original, in possession of A. D. Anderson, Esq. of Monroe, Michigan.

"**James Knaggs**, who died in Monroe, on the 23rd of ————, 186—, was born in Detroit, and settled on the Maumee River at Miami, or at Rock Bar, near Marengo, just below Old Fort Miami, with his parents, who were among the earliest Indian traders on this river. He was with **Gen. Wayne** at the battle of Presque Isle, or Fallen Timbers, three miles above Maumee, when the Indians were defeated, which resulted in their suing for peace. A brother —**Whitmore Knaggs**, was also in that battle, and by his meritorious conduct was appointed interpreter to Wayne's army, and afterwards accompanied the chiefs to Washington (?), and was appointed by Washington Indian Agent at Detroit.

"Before the year 1812, he was stationed at

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Huron River by **Gen. Hull** as a ferryman, and at the same time traded with the Indians. On one occasion the Indians undertook to plunder him, when alone with his wife, twenty miles from any assistace—three of them came in at night—one fired at him and missed. He jumped out of a window, and ran out to get hold of a hoe that hung on a peg on the outside of the house—the Indians after him. He was unable to catch hold of the hoe until the third time running around the house. After getting hold of it, he struck the first Indian in the side, disemboweling him—the two others took to flight, and Knaggs after them—one he struck upon the head laying open his skull—while he cut off the heel of the other, who managed to escape, but died a few days afterwards. Two of these Indians were sons of Tamaw, the principal chief of the Wyandotts, the other was his nephew. Three or four days after, Tamaw came on horseback to where Knaggs was at work in

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his field making a fence, having his rifle on his shoulder, Knaggs thought his time had come. Tamaw told him that he had come to revenge the death of his sons. Knaggs went up to him, and before he was aware of it, took him from his horse and disarmed him, and after a severe contest overpowered him, and as Knaggs supposed, left him for dead. The Indians came during the night and took Tamaw away.

"Two or three months afterwards, in returning from Detroit, he passed through the Wyandott village at McGwagan (Maguaga), twenty miles from Detroit; he was invited by the warriors to enter their camp. The chief Tama came up to him and said that he had killed two of his sons, and he should

have revenge. Knaggs told him that if he would treat him as his sons had, that he would kill him too, and that he was not afraid of him or any of his warriors, and if they were going to molest him, he was prepared for them. After

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a short silence, the wife of Tama approached him, and put her arms around his neck, and said that he was too brave a man to be sacrificed by a number—that she would adopt him as one of the sons whom he had slain; and, in token of her confidence, she presented him a wampum belt, worth $25. and also a silk belt to quiet the feeling against him on the part of the tribe, and desired that he might be adopted a chief of the tribe. That settled the difficulty, and they all shook hands and parted in friendship.

"During the war of 1812, he volunteered in the army of Hull on its arrival in Detroit, and was attached to the company from the river Raisin commanded by Cornet **Isaac Lee**, and rendered important services in the interior of Canada. On one occasion he took Col. McGregor and a Mr. Davis prisoners, single handed and alone. After their capture, they offered him $1,000 if he would let them go. Knaggs replied that money could not buy him; that he was fighting for his country, and British

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gold would be no consideration—that he would deliver them to Gen. Hull, which he did.

Knaggs and five of his comrades proceeded to the River Thames as spies ahead of Capt. Lee's company. The inhabitants of the Thames informed them, that there were fifty Indians on the opposite side of the river, and that if they should be discovered, they would all be massacred. Nothing daunted, our little party started in search of the Indians, whom they found posted on the opposite bank as described. Knaggs spoke to them, and told them that the American army was but a short distance behind, and if they would come over and surrender that not one of them should be harmed. They knew Knaggs, and told him if he would come over to their side himself and talk with them, they would hear what he had to say. Knaggs went over alone, and after a short interview he succeeded in getting them to take quarters in a distillery near by belonging to George Jacobs, when he turned the key on them and held them

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Gen. Hull's timidity—conduct at Detroit

prisoners until the arrival of the American troops, to whom he delivered them. Hull was at this time in possession of Sandwich on the Canada side of the Detroit river, and could probably have easily maintained himself in the occupation of the enemy's territory, and by his presence there have overawed the Indian tribes, who were disposed to join the British force; but a timid policy induced him to recross the river, and shortly after surrender Detroit with all of his command. **Gen. Hunt** of this city who was present at its surrender says, "that balls and bombs came against the fort with great regularity, but there were no indications of a surrender until a thirty-two pound shot came, which struck Lieut. Hauks, Major Sibley and Dr. Reynolds, killing them instantly, and severely injuring Dr. Blood. At the time this occurred, Gen. Hunt was standing near the unfortunate men, and where he could see the effect which their loss produced upon **Gen. Hull.** He says that he saw the old man's lips tremble, and the tobacco juice ran from his

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mouth upon his bosom. When the next shot came, he ran up the white flag." **See Hist. of Toledo, by H. L. Hosmer, Esq.**

"By the surrender of Detroit, Col. McGregor, whom Knaggs had taken

prisoner, was released. He influenced the Indians to watch for Knaggs, and offered them a reward of $500 for his apprehension, dead or alive, which gave Knaggs a great deal of trouble and many narrow escapes.

"Previous to Hull's surrender, he was at the battle of **Manguaga**, and subsequently while on their march to Monroe the company fell into an ambush in the marsh at Brownstown, where he received a flesh wound in the cheek, which he always carried.

"After the surrender of Hull at Detroit, he being among those who refused to surrender, he went to the river Raisin to his family, but only remained there a few days—for his house was attacked by a party of British and Indians, from whom he made his escape by jumping through a

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back window into a cornfield, and escaping into a wood near by, notwithstanding they made every exertion to take him, knowing that his scalp would be worth $500.

"In the night following he returned to his house, and remained there two days; while in the upper part of his house, he discovered two British officers at his gate with a file of soldiers. They were the notorious Col. McKee and Capt. Elliott. Knaggs leaped out of an upper window, and again made off into the cornfield and woods unharmed by the shots fired at him. He was pursued by them for four miles. On his arrival at Frenchtown, Knaggs helped himself to a horse belonging to a British officer who had left him hitched, with which he made his way to Gen. Harrison's army, taking an Indian prisoner on the banks of the Maumee into camp.

"After this he went with a small company of the River Raisin to Urbana, where he was engaged as a spy by Gov. Meigs, and to carry dispatches.

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Capt. Jas. Knaggs—Mississinewa—takes prisoners—Thames

He volunteered again under Col. Bailey, and was at the battle of Mississinewa or Tippecanoe, Indiana, where the Americans were victorious over the British and Indians. In this battle the River Raisin men, who had been at Urbana, were engaged, and Gen. Harrison paid them the compliment offering the best soldiers the world ever furnished—Knaggs being the first man to enter the Indian town, killing two Indians and taking one prisoner.

"He accompanied Harrison's army to Fort Meigs, and was engaged as a spy, being frequently sent out with two or three others to take prisoners from among the Indians—his knowledge of the Indian character and language enabling him to obtain important information from his captives.

"He accompanied Harrison's army into Canada—was at the battle of the Thames. And here we wil quote his own words as to who killed Tecumseh, and to which he made

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his affidavit at Monroe in 1853:

"I was attached to a company of mounted men called Rangers at the battle of the Thames in Upper Canada, in the year 1813. During the battle we charged into a swamp, where several of our horses mired down, and an order was given to retire to the hard ground in the rear, which we did. The Indians in front believing that we were retreating, immediately advanced upon us, with Tecumseh at the head. I distinctly heard his voice, with which I was perfectly familiar. He yelled like a tiger, and urged on his braves to the attack. We were then but a few yards apart. We halted on the hard ground, and continued our fire. After a few minutes of very severe firing, I discovered Col. Johnson lying near on the ground, with one leg confined by the body of his white mare, which had been killed and had fallen upon him. My friend Medard Labadie was with me. We went up to the Colonel, with

whom we were previously acquainted, and found him badly wounded, lying on his side, with one of his pistols lying in his hand. I saw Tecumseh

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at the same time, lying on his face, dead and about fifteen or twenty feet from the Colonel. He was stretched at full length, and was shot through the body. I think near the heart. The ball went out through the back. He held his tomahawk in his right hand—it had a brass pipe on the head of it; his arm was extended as if striking, and the edge of the tomahawk was stuck in the ground. Tecumseh was dressed in red speckled leggings, and a fringed hunting shirt; and he lay stretched directly towards Colonel Johnson. When we went up to the Colonel, we offered to help him. He replied with great animation—"**Knaggs, let me lay here, and push on and take Proctor!**" However, we liberated him from his dead horse, took his blanket from his saddle, placed him on it, and bore him off the field. I had known Tecumseh from my boyhood —we were boys together. There was no other Indian killed immediately where Col. Johnson or Tecumseh lay, though there were many near the creek, a few rods back

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of where Tecumseh fell. I had no doubt then, and have none now, that Tecumseh fell by the hand of Col. Johnson."

Knaggs had his horse shot from under him in the battle, and procured another. After removing Col. Johnson to a place of safety, and stimulated by Johnson's remark "to lose no time, but push on and take Proctor," Knaggs with six of his companions crossed the British and Indian lines as they were retreating, and pursued Proctor fifteen miles, and came so close upon him, that he cut his horses loose from his carriage, and made his escape. The carriage together with all his papers and his silver cup fell into their hands.

After the battle, Tecumseh was found to have been scalped and skinned, and Gen. Harrison instituted an inquiry as to the author of the outrage. Some one reported that Captain Knaggs was probably the author of it and the General had him brought before him for reprimand. When confronted with the General, and charged by him with the act, Knaggs replied,

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that the charges were false—that it had been done by others, and not him—that he would allow no man to make such a charge, not even the General himself, and that he would shoot any man who said so. Harrison told him that he was informed that he had done it, but he would let it pass.

"Sometime after the battle of the Thames, Knaggs made prisoner of a British officer on the Thames River. In pursuing him, the officer undertook to cross the river, Knaggs plunged in after him—both horses mired—Knaggs got across on foot, his gun wet, seized a rail, and made him surrender before he got out of the water.

"An animosity existed on the part of the family against Col. McKee, British Indian agent located at Malden, and the brother William Knaggs had a fight with him at Ruse le Boeuf,* just above Waterville, in which William beat him very severely, so much so, that he had to leave, as McKee and his friends were determined to kill him.

*Roche de Boeuf.

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"The family were of Scotch and English descent—and emigrated from the old country—the father of James came over; settled first in Canada—afterwards in Detroit—and then moved to the Maumee, just below the old Fort Miami, where James was born (and raised?). They were Indian traders, and understood the languages."

Memo—Mr. A. D. Anderson says the above narrative was written by some one at Toledo—perhaps the Knaggs, or Gen. Hunt—don't know who.

That Mr. J. Knaggs died in Jan. or Feb. 1861, and probably not so old as 83 by five or six years—hence doubts about his having been with Wayne (as I also doubt—L.C.D.)

That the **Huron River** mentioned in the narrative is between Monroe and Detroit.

That **Col. John Anderson** (informant's father) receiving a Proclamation and message from Gov. Hull, early in 1812, entreating the Indians to remain quiet, and desiring Col. Anderson to explain these views to the Indians, called a council at his residence at Monroe, at which there was a large

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attendance. Col A. urged the Indians to remain quiet—Tecumseh was present and opposed—said the Indians, if they should listen to these counsels, would be deceived—that the English were their true fathers, and would in the end conquer—that the Indians could not remain neutral—that they now had their choice, whether to have the tomahawk in their hand or in their head?" and suiting the action to the word, and to make it more emphatic, whirled his tomahawk, and it went flying and stuck into a post of the house. So the Indians were taught to believe—that they must either take the tomahawk in the hand and go to war—or, if remaining quiet, they would soon receive the tomahawk in their heads.

When Hull surrendered, and **Gen. Brock** had full sway, the Indians were indignant at Col. Anderson—thought Tecumseh's prophesy had proved true, that the British were the most powerful, Col. Anderson fled to save his life, and had much of his property destroyed.

July 31, '63

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(From widow of **Col. Isaac Lee**, Monroe.)

Col. Lee was from Palmer ————————, was either a native of Conn. or R. I.—perhaps the latter—was educated at Brown University. Came in 1809 to Monroe as a lawyer—taught school there—in war was a Lieutenant or Ensign of a company till Hull's surrender—then went to Urbana, Ohio—and was subsequently made Captain—was in siege of Fort Meigs—and on Thames campaign and in battle. Was appointed by Gov. Cass Commissioner to investigate old French land claims at Green Bay, etc. about 1821—health soon after commenced failing—was appointed Colonel of Militia by Gov. Cass, at first declined, but finally was persuaded to accept, and organized the militia of his county. He died at Monroe, June 9th, 1824, aged 44.

July 31, '63

Alexis Businet, of Monroe, says, that **J. B. Sanscrainte** was lost in woods in deep snow, about 1818—thinks he can't be mistaken as to time, as he was married at that period.

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From Mr. Jos. Bisseau—Monroe—now 75—in war 1812.

Medard Labadie, his brother-in-law, died near Monroe in 1845—he was in the battle of the Thames, and seeing Tecumseh shoot Col. Johnson and latter fall, Labadie shot the chief who immediately fell.

Francis Lilron, nicknamed **Benac**, with James Navarre, killed two Indians, on the ice at Monroe at the time of Winchester's defeat—who had straggled from the others—and captured another.

Sanscrainte died about 1828—not before. Was living in 1821, etc. See **Am. State Paper, Public Lands**, Vol. IV.

Early in 1812, my informant was at Malden for some time—often saw **Simon Girty**, then large and stout, ride into town on horseback—he lived a little below Malden. Drank hard and caroused—and could not have lived long.

Thinks **Peter Drouillard** lived at Otter Creek, and died aged about 1818

—can't tell about his children. (This is all a mistake about Drouillard.—L.C.D.)

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Isadore Chaine died before the war of 1812—and both **Mr. and Mrs. Bisseau** think he died in the Vincennes region. (This is not the one in British Indian Dept.)

Remembers something about **John B. Revour** having his cattle taken from him by Indians, and being joked about it—don't remember about his getting his pay for them.

July 31, '63

Augustine Revour, near Monroe, now 75, says his brother **John B. Revour** was two years older than he—and did lose yoke of oxen by Indians; but can't tell whether he got pay, or whether Tecumseh took them. John B. Revour died about 1830, lived on the DeCourse, a few miles south of Detroit.

J. B. Sanscrainte died about 10 years after the war.

July 31, '63

From **Mrs. Nannette Caldwell,** born in 1794, daughter of James Lascelle, of Monroe, Michigan, and widow of Thos. Caldwell, who was a son of Col. Wm. Caldwell, Malden.

Was early sent to school—first to Detroit, and then to Montreal—six years to latter, and when she returned

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about 1810, **Blue Jacket** (her grandfather) was dead (some aged Frenchman within a few days told me he saw Blue Jacket in 1809)—don't know where he died—never saw him, as she remembers. He married a Miss Bawbee, daughter of **Col. Bawbee,** a great Indian trader. She lived near what is now Wyandotte—a mixed Indian settlement of Wyandotts, Shawanoes, etc.—talked only Indian, though she understood French. Lived to be very aged, and emigrated west with the tribe with her son **James Blue Jacket—George Blue Jacket,** her other son, thinks died previously. Cannot tell of the services of the old or young Blue Jackets.

James Lascelle died at Monroe about a year after the war, aged 44—suffering several years from a gun shot wound received before the war. He was the oldest of his family, Francis, Antoine and Hyacinth, all natives of Montreal—Hyacinth died in Logansport, Indiana. Antoine died in Monroe several years after the war of 1812, leaving an only child, a daughter.

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Francis Lascelle died in Sandy Creek, Monroe Co., Michigan, after the war—left several children—a son, Francis, resided in Fort Wayne.

Antoine Lascelle, an uncle of James Lascelle was taken at some time—perhaps by Wayne—and was about to be burnt (or shot) and was saved by interposition of Col. Bawbee.

Mrs. James Lascelle died before the war, while my informant was at Montreal.

Mr. Thos. Caldwell, who was with British in battle of the Thames, used to say, that **Tecumseh** received a wound, staggered away and crept under a fallen tree—he saw him; but in the hurried retreat, which soon followed, Mr. C. had no time to give the chief any attention.

Mrs. Caldwell's memory is poor and indefinite generally, and seemed averse to talking about Blue Jacket—and said nothing about her relationship to him.

July 31st and August 1, 1863.

From **James Bentley,** near Monroe, Michigan, a native of England—will be 78 years old November 5, 1863—and came and settled on River Raisin August 1, 1803.

Saw **Tecumseh** at Stoney Creek, Michigan,

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just after Gen. Hull had marched troops from Ohio to Detroit, early in 1812 —Tecumseh and six other chiefs (names not known) were on their way to see Gov. Hull—were sitting down, eating their simple mid-day repast—it was said they offered their services and those of their tribes to the Americans; Hull declined them, urging them to remain quiet. They went at once to the British Indian officers at Malden, offered their services, and were accepted. Tecumseh was about six feet, keen, very straight and active.

Did not see him again till he saw his dead body at the Thames. Bentley was then in **Col. Johnson's** mounted regiment—saw Tecumseh's dead body, recognized it—stretched upon his back, with his plain blue surtout coat on, and thinks blue leggings, with breech-clout; afterwards in showing the body to others, found the coat gone—and finally saw where his thighs had been skinned for razor straps. His body lay near were Col Johnson fell, as though the Colonel might have killed him;

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and **Col. Wm. Whitley's** body (who went into the fight mounted) was within a short distance near a tree.

Two or three days before the battle of the Thames Col. Whitley shot an Indian over the Thames, below McGregor's Fork and Mills, and swam over on horseback and got his scalp—Mr. Bentley saw it. Whitley was much with Johnson in his markee—used of nights to sing war songs, and also a ballad of his own, narrating his experiences since leaving home for the Thames campaign. At **McGregor's Fork**, the British in their retreat had thrown the plank from the bridge, some twenty Americans in advance (Mr. Bentley among them) crossed on the string pieces—Col. Whitley joining in this, as on all hazardous occasions—these skirmishes went thus ahead to protect a party engaged in gathering the plank from the river and replacing them on the bridge so as to cross the artillery. The Indians were within short gun shot in the woods ahead and in the fork of the rivers, to dispute the passage. The advanced party of Americans took shelter after crossing, under the

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river bank—Whitley in thus protecting himself, placed his old three cornered hat on the bank above him, and the Indians supposing it contained a human head shot at and riddled it with some twenty bullets, while the wary old Colonel was watching his chances for good shots, which he was quite sure of securing.

Don't know how many bullet holes were in Tecumseh's body—nor how buried.

In 1812, when Hull surrendered, Lieut. **Isaac Lee**, stationed at the Raisin, refused to acknowledge the binding force of the surrender—19 men altogether, Bentley and **Jas. Knaggs** among them,—retired into Ohio—went on the Mississinawa expedition; but Knaggs took no prisoner by himself there. Discredits the story of his taking Indians in Canada by getting them into a distillery. He did escape Indians at his own house by jumping out of a window—thinks he was not seen by them, and not followed. Indians were much incensed against Knaggs for his devotion to the American cause. He was in the siege of Fort Meigs—

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as was **Isaac Lee**—and Capt. Lee was also in the Thames battle, and was in constant ranging service till close of the war.

Can tell nothing of Isadore Chaine—nor Peter Drouillard—nor A-gush-a-wa.

Blue Jacket lived at what was called **Tu-a-go**, some two miles above the present village of Wyandott, on the banks of Detroit river—saw him there

in winter 1805-6, was very kind that cold winter in hospitalities to travellers —well remembers his large and cheerful fire when he called there. Don't know when he died.

August 1, 1863

Mr. Bentley's memory bright and good.

From **Joseph Evan,** 79 years old—near Monroe, Michigan, born on the Raisin.

Can tell nothing of **Au-gush-a-wa,** nor **Peter Drouillard**—nor **Isadore Chaine,** nor **Tecumseh.**

Thinks **J.B. Sanscrainte, Jr.** died several years after the war—perhaps a dozen years. He was not personally in battles during the war, but encouraged the Indians to oppose the Americans.

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Old **Blue Jacket** married a daughter of Col. Bawbee—and Jas Lascelle married a daughter of Blue Jacket and his French wife. At the Fallen Timbers battle, August 20, 1794, Blue Jacket seeing Lascelle in the Indian camp, asked if he was sick, or a coward? Piqued at the inquiry, Lascelle replied that though sick, he would show him that he could fight as long as he (Blue Jacket) could, and rushed into the fight.

Lascelle's uncle, **Antoine Lascelle,** was captured by a couple of cavalry, and made to run between their two horses, each holding him by a hand. He was painted and dressed like an Indian. He was saved from being hung by the interposition, as said, of the wives of several American officers. He settled at Monroe, and died after the war of 1812.

George and **James Blue Jacket** were both in the Raisin Massacre—George took no scalps, but James took many. Both emigrated west with their people, George having first gone to look at the country.

August 1st, 1863

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From **Gabriel Chaine,** son of Gabriel Chaine, born at Detroit in 1795. **Isadore Chaine** was his father's uncle—the father of Isadore and Charles (born in Detroit) came from France. Isadore was commissary in Indian department under the French regime before 1760—once a squaw came to him in much distress, and revealed to him under pledge of secrecy an Indian plot to attack and destroy Detroit and the people there. Chaine soon got the Indians together and said: "A little bird has whispered in my ear, that you Indians have resolved to attack your French brothers of Detroit on such a night. Now, I hope you will not act so cowardly a part—if you wish to fight, come and fight boldly in the day time—if you want guns, tomahawks or ammunition to enable you to fight, you shall have them—only fight openly and like men." The Indians hung their heads for shame, covering their faces as they sat with their blankets. They said not a word, but nothing more was said or done about carrying the plot into execution.

Chaine was much engaged with the Indians and died before my informant's memory.

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Midwest Historical Notes

Ohio May Have Another Motto.—Columbus, O., June 29—"The gateway to the west" will be Ohio's next state motto, if the house agrees to a senate resolution passed today.

Ohio has not had a motto since 1868 when the legislature repealed a law of 1866 which labeled Ohio "An empire within an empire."

Ohio Has a Motto—And now we shall know, approximately, where the west begins. That important question has long been a matter of opinion. The Ohio legislature has settled all doubts officially, by the adoption of a state motto. This: "Gateway to the West."

It is logical to assume that a gateway represents the dividing line, as between a cornfield and a cow pasture. So when the traveler gets through Ohio—the gate—he is at the beginning of the west, whether Indiana likes it or not. One cannot be too considerate of the feelings of the neighbors when establishing a fact. "Truth is mighty and will prevail."

The father of the bill fixing the geographical status of Ohio explained that he had often been embarrassed when asked to name the motto of Ohio. At last we have one—"Gateway to the West." It is stimulating, in that it brings to mind the growth of the nation. Ohio was the west at one time. Now it is the gateway.

Our statesmen in Columbus have performed a service as ticklish as that of naming the baby.

—Toledo Blade.

The Diamond Jubilee Number of "Minnesota History."—A quarterly magazine of the Minnesota Historical Society contains a series of six addresses by prominent men of the State on the general topic "The Emergence of the North Star State" as follows:

1. The Creation of the Territory.....By D. E. Van Koughnet
2. The Day of the Pioneer.....By Theodore C. Blegen
3. Frontier Education.....By Lois M. Fawcett
4. Early Transportation.....By Arthur J. Larsen
5. Admission to the Union.....By Arthur J. Larsen
6. The Heritage of Minnesota.....By Gov. F. B. Olson

The Decline of Northwestern Flour Milling is the title of a bulletin recently published by the University of Minnesota from which we quote: "Today there are not one-third as many mills in Minnesota as there were twenty years ago and its mills are producing only about two-thirds as much flour. The Southwest has surpassed the Northwest in flour production and Buffalo has taken the leadership from Minneapolis . . . . various causes have contributed . . . . but the chief cause of the decline has been the decrease in

quantity and quality of high grade hard red spring wheat produced in the Northwest."

For genealogical and historical purposes Mr. William Wade Hinshaw of Washington, D. C., is having made a complete survey of all of the available Monthly Meeting records of the Friends church (Quakers) in the State of Ohio. Since the Quakers kept very complete records of births, marriages, deaths, and removal certificates, their records furnish a very valuable base for genealogical research for all families who have had any sort of connection with Friends. These data are to be compiled and a full report of all records found telling place and years covered, will be made. Such a survey is invaluable both for the genealogist and the historian.

—Museum Echoes.

Pocahontas Memorial.—Echoes of a three-century-old bit of romantic history were revived the other day when a monument to Pocahontas was unveiled at Heacham, England. The Indian princess who was credited with saving the life of Captain John Smith married John Rolfe and died in England as she was about to return to this country. Descendants of the Rolfe family and interested Americans made possible the memorial.

—Press Item.

Financing Columbus. To the Editor of The New York Times:—Among the letters in The Times I read one with keen interest entitled "Financing Columbus." The author of the letter reaches the conclusion that it was Catholic money which was responsible for the expedition that discovered America. He ends up saying, "It is only right to give credit where it belongs once in a while."

If credit is to be given where it belongs, then the Jew is historically the claimant of that credit.

History tells us that when Columbus failed to induce Ferdinand and Isabella to assist him in his undertaking, he turned to the Marrano, Louis de Santangel, Chancellor of Aragon, for assistance.

Together with his relative, Gabriel Sanchez, the royal treasurer, and his friend, Juan Cabrero, the royal Chamberlain, also of Jewish blood, Santangel entered energetically into the plans of Columbus. He showed the Queen the advantages to the crown and to Spain of the discovery of a short route to India, the immortal fame and the limitless wealth that would be theirs. Santangel modestly requested to be permitted to advance the needed money out of his private treasury, since the Queen's jewels were already pawned. Accordingly, he advanced, without interest, 1,700 ducats. In view of these facts, Professor Herbert B. Adams appropriately coined the fine epigram, "Not jewels but Jews were the real financial basis for the first expedition of Columbus."

Columbus's second expedition in 1493 was again financed by Jewish funds. This time the money came not from the pocket of a rich Jewish patron, but out of the funds realized from the sale of the confiscated possessions of the Jews that were expelled from Spain.

Santangel's zeal was prompted not only by his high-mindedness but also by his Jewish loyalty. Two of his uncles were burned by the Inquisition because of their Judaism, and he himself, as may be well imagined, suffered greatly because of the mask of Catholicism which he was forced to wear.

In view of the above historical truths, it is easy to determine where the credit for financing Columbus should go.

—Rev. Solomon J. Segal, Brooklyn, June 28, 1933.

180-Year Old Cabin on Up-River Road Will be New Home for Toledo Couple.—One of the most unique and oldest homes in metropolitan Toledo will be that of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Roose on the Perrysburg road about a quarter mile beyond the Terminal railroad.

They are having modernized the old log cabin estimated to be 130 years old and which was bought by the Rev. G. A. Adams, grandfather of Mr. Roose in 1873. He was the third owner. The cabin was built by a man named Wolfert in 1803 or 1804.

It is in a closely wooded section near an interesting bend in the road. Records indicate the house is older than the 10-acre grove in which it is located.

The cabin built of white ash logs was put together without a nail. Black walnut pins were used in its construction. In one place a window opening was made and the logs were found to be in perfect condition. An old shed on the front has been torn away and replaced by a porch. The logs are all being rechinked. A big fireplace has been built inside the big main room. Modern plumbing and electric lights will add to the comfort of the old cabin.

The Roose family for many years has lived nearby on adjoining property. So a garage will be handy to the old log cabin. It is believed to be the only log cabin built by early settlers here to be used for its original purpose in 1933.

—Toledo Times.

The Grave of Sarah Lincoln—only sister of Abraham Lincoln—in the Pigeon Creek Cemetery, Spencer County, Indiana, is now marked by a fine monument erected May 30, 1916. It bears the inscription:

SARAH LINCOLN
WIFE OF
AARON GRIGSBY
Feb. 10, 1807
Jany. 20, 1828

While the burial places of Sarah Lincoln and her mother are some distance apart, they are now within the same reservation and controlled by the State of Indiana which ensures that they will be cared for forever.

—Lincoln Lore.

The Original Location of Turkey Foot Rock—under date of November 22, 1926, Mr. R. C. Holloway of Delta, Ohio, wrote this editor as follows viz:

"Referring to our conversation of recent date regarding the early settlement of the country and particularly the original location of Turkeyfoot Rock at Presqueisle Hill, will say, that my grandfather (Peter Holloway) came to Maumee in 1833 and purchased the farm on which the old cemetery was and is now located, about two miles up the river from Maumee, and then returned to New York.

The next year (1834) he returned to Maumee bringing my father with him—a young man of 19—whose name was also Peter Holloway—to commence improvements on the new farm. This farm is located about one mile down the river from Presqueisle Hill. The family lived on this farm for a number of years.

I remember hearing my grandfather and my father discussing the original location of Turkeyfoot Rock, and they both said that when they came to Maumee that it was located west and north of its present location, that is up the river and farther back from the road—up on top of the hill—that it was presumably brought to the road for the convenience of tourists and to avoid tramping over the fields."

A Memorial to the Pioneers of the Northwest Territory was dedicated July 4, 1933 by the Adams County Historical Society near Manchester, Ohio with impressive ceremonies. Near by still stands the home of Nathaniel Massie and Charles Willing Byrd, said to be the oldest inhabited house in the State of Ohio.