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SOUVENIR OF THE LAKES.

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PREFACE.

WITH the opening year, there is peculiar propriety in renewing pledges of friendship and affection. This good custom has come down to us from ancient times, and in its transmission has sustained various modifications, according to the temper and habits of the age. In the infancy of our native land, when, the religious sense mingled with every thought and act, the "Blest Volume" was the New Year's Gift of the parent to the child, and of the friend to him, with whom he communed, as with his own soul. At a later day, when a lighter literature was fashionable and the romance of youthful feeling, cherished by the novelist and poet, infected even the judgment of the aged, the Lay of the Minstrel, or the creations of the Unknown Magician or of our own Geoffrey Crayon, were the most welcome tokens of partiality and regard. In this, the noon-day of the arts, the unadorned volumes once prized, have been eclipsed by the splendid binding, the all but perfect engravings, and the gold letter, which decorate the Souvenirs and Bijous and Keepsakes and Lyres, that the taste of the artist prepares for those, who wish to exchange pledges of kindly feeling.

In this "far off" region, we cannot emulate transatlantic magnificence or even pretend to vie with the splendor of our sister cities. We come therefore, with an offering of a little volume, simple in its exterior, and hope it will be received as a significant emblem of the sincere and unaffected gratitude, which many manifestations of friendly interest have inspired.

To those who have lent the aid of their poetic taste and traditionary knowledge to make the *Souvenir of the Lakes* worthy the public favor, we would acknowledge our weighty obligations, and offer our sincere thanks.

THE NEW YEAR.

[5]

WHY does the New Year come in frost and snow,
When nature's at a stand?
When tempests o'er the heav'ns their shadows throw
And darken sea and land?

And dwindling days, before usurping night,
Yield up the morn and eve,
'Till scarce the sun sends up its waning light,
Ere 'tis in haste to leave?

Why not till cheerful spring its birth delay?
When, loos'd from winter's chain,
Nature revives beneath the length'ning day,
And buds and smiles again.

When the bleak storm no longer chills the grove,
To vernal breezes yielding,
And each green branch unfolds a bower of love,
Some feather'd warbler shielding.

When ev'ry plain, for each bright ray sent down,
And every hill around its sunny crown,
A smiling garland throws.

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When does the heart of man rejoice and sing,
And grateful turn to heaven?
'Tis when its fervors, kindled by the spring,
To budding hopes are given.

But stop, vain thought! forgetful of the past,
Some hue of beauty shows,
Is there no dying year,
Whose requiem should be winter's moaning blast?
When earth her weeds should wear?

The heart, bow'd down in sympathetic gloom,
Then backward turns its view.
'Tis well to pause upon the past year's tomb,
Before we start anew.

Full soon the flush of spring will lend its power
To send us reckless on;
Then let reflection seize the chast'ning hour,
Ere its instructive gloom be gone.

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ANNAMIKEES

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IN the extensive plains embracing the upper portions of the Mississippi and Missouri, the grizzly bear is known to exist. In strength and ferocity, this animal is represented as surpassing all others inhabiting the northern division of the continent; and he is the terror of the nomadic hunters who pursue their excursions into those illimitable plains, in quest of the buffalo. The interesting notices of this animal, furnished by an act of intrepidity of the late Merriweather Lewis, as given in the exploratory travels of Lewis and Clarke, will be recollected by the reader. But it has been generally thought, we believe, that an encounter with this "lion of the west," could not be successfully sustained, without the use of fire arms.

In the summer of 1825, a Chippewa of mixed blood, called Annamikees, and known upon the frontiers under the name of Joseph Gournon, conducted a party of hunters into the plains west of Pembina, on Red River. After an absence of eight days, spent partly in the pursuit of game, and partly in smoking the pipe of peace with bands of the Ossinabwoines and Crees, whom they casually met, Annamikees and his party, commenced their return. The country being an open plain, [8] and the party numerous, they separated. Upon the second day of their return, Annamikees and his family and followers, reached a point of woods, at an early hour in the forenoon, being the first woods seen since quitting Pembina, where he determined to encamp. His followers soon dispersed themselves to kill buffalo, as this animal was observed in abundance. He had himself taken two geese, near the camp, and telling his wife to cook them during his intended absence, he put a new flint into his gun, pulled off his travelling capôt, and taking an axe and his hunting equipments, went forward in the line of their march, to explore a route for the carts across a ravine, at no considerable distance.

On coming near a brook, in the low grounds, he described the beds of several bears, formed in the grass, and he saw the remains of several buffalo carcasses lying around, all more or less eaten or decayed. He remarked one carcass particularly, which appeared to have been newly killed, and had been partly eaten by animals. After passing the brook, he again returned to it, and to the vicinity of the lairs, and commenced clearing a passage for the carts, having set his gun against a tree. A stick of fallen wood, being larger than the rest, required considerable exertion to remove it, and while in the act of doing this, he heard a startling noise uttered by some animal, and looking over his shoulder, saw three grizzly bears (the mother and two yearling cubs, as he afterwards found) approaching him. He took up his gun, cocked and levelled it at the head of the foremost, which proved to be the dam, but missed [9] fire. He re-cocked his piece, which again snapped. At this moment the bear had approached so near, that the muzzle of the gun nearly touched her. He knows not exactly how the bear struck him, but at the next instant his gun was cast to one side, and he was thrown several feet in an opposite direction. In his flight, however, he struck upon his

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feet. The bear then raising upon her hind paws, took his head into her mouth, closing her jaws partially, and with force just sufficient to make the points of her tusks enter his flesh. At this moment, urged by the sudden impulse of fear, he put up his hands and seized the animal by her head, and making a violent exertion, threw her from her balance, to one side. In the act of falling, she let go his head. One of the cubs now struck his right leg, being covered with *mclasses* of thin leather, and drew him down. He fell upon his right side, partly on his right arm. The right arm, being extended in falling, was brought into contact with the handle of his knife, (a large *couteau*, used in cutting up buffalo meat) and this bringing the knife to his recollection, he drew it, and struck a back-handed blow, into the body of the dam. The knife went in to the hilt. On withdrawing it, one of the cubs struck his right hand, the nails piercing quite through it in several places. He changed the knife to his left hand, and made a pass at one of the cubs; but being smeared with blood, the weapon entered partially. The left arm was next struck by one of the cubs, and the knife slipped from his grasp. He was now left with his naked hands, to make such resistance as he could: but he was not left a moment in suspense. The dam struck him upon the abdomen, with a force that deprived him of breath, and lacerated it in such a manner, that when, afterwards, he attempted to rise, a part of his bowels fell upon his knees. She repeated her blow, striking him upon the left cheek—the fore nail entering just below the left eye, and tearing out a part of the cheek bone, with some portion of the jaw, and three teeth. This stroke also injured his tongue, and drew off part of the flesh from his cheek. He had now fallen back exhausted with the loss of blood, and unavailing exertions; and the bears ceased to molest him. He heard them walk off.

Annamikees is not conscious of the length of time he remained in that position. When he revived a little, his first exertion was to open and shut his hands, and he found that he had not lost the use of them. He moved his neck, and found it had its natural motion. He then raised himself into a sitting posture, and getting some grass, put it first to the left eye and cheek, to wipe off the blood, but found that he struck the broken bone. He then passed it to his right eye and cheek, wiped off the blood, and opening the eye, found that he could see. He saw his gun, powder-horn and knife, lying upon the ground. He then got up. He had, at this time, no clothing upon his body, except the moccasin upon his left foot. He took his gun, re-primed it, and while in the act of priming, heard the peculiar growl which the grizzly bear utters, and turning about, he saw the old bear and her cubs, close upon him. He put the muzzle into her distended jaws—and again missed fire! All hope was now lost, and all idea of resistance. They pawed and mangled^[10] him at will. At length one of the bears seized him by the neck, and dragged him some distance. They then once more left him.

He laid some time. When he revived, he bethought himself that possibly he might be able to rise, and reach his lodge. After some exertion he got up, and took his gun, powder-horn and knife. With the

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latter, he picked the flint of his gun, then putting it into his left hand, commenced his return. He had not, however, proceeded far from the scene of the two former conflicts, when the growling of the old she bear, before him, once more reminded him of his danger. He found his limbs so stiff and swollen, that he could not bring his gun to his shoulder, for the purpose of taking aim. He held it before him, and allowing the dam to approach near, fired at her head. At the instant of firing she slightly turned her head, and the ball entered just behind the shoulder. She fell dead. He saw the smoke issue from the wound. One of the cubs immediately rose upon its hind paws, and growled. He raised his knife, and made a blow, which the animal avoided by throwing itself to one side. The other cub then rose up, as the former had done, but at a greater distance. He made a pass with his knife at this also, but discovered it to be out of his reach. Yet, the animal sprang to one side, as the former had done.

Having them now on the retreat, he advanced a short distance; but he soon felt excessively faint. A darkness seemed to dance before his [12] eyes, and he sank down. In the act of sinking, the extravasated blood gushed from his body; this appeared to relieve him. After sitting awhile he arose, and made another attempt to proceed. In this effort he was sustained by a party who had been sent in search of him, and conducted him to his lodge.

We shall not enter into any description of his wounds, several of which were stated to have been open apertures, through which air escaped in breathing, nor of the remedies employed, and the time consumed in recovery, although we have been furnished with a particular relation of the circumstances.

Annamikees visited our office, with a deputation of Chippewas from the north, in the summer of 1827, and again, in the month of July, 1828. This extraordinary man—extraordinary for having successfully sustained a conflict with wild beasts, which can be compared only with the sanguinary and revolting exhibitions of the gladiatorial arena, was reputed, prior to this rencontre, one of the most active, athletic, and courageous men in the nation. His person, which is, however, below the common height, bore convincing testimony to the truth of his narrative. The scars produced by the passage of the bear's nails through his right hand, were visible. He wore a black silk handkerchief tied around his chin, to conceal the mutilations of his face. On an examination of his body by Dr. Z. Pitcher, U. S. A. on his first visit in 1827, numerous marks and scars were observed. "At the time I made an examination," observes Dr. P. in reply to our inquiries, "I took no notes of the case, but some of [13] the eschars were so extraordinary, and the story of his adventures so notable, that my recollection serves me distinctly, as to the seat of the wounds and the parts implicated in the injury he sustained in 'th' unequal combat.' The most severe wound of the face, (which appears to have been inflicted by a blow from the bear,) extended from the upper and back part of the cartilage of the ear, to the angle of the mouth, by which

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some of the double teeth of the upper jaw, with the investing bone, were removed, and the cavity designated by anatomists *antrum highmorianum*, extensively laid open. There were other scars, intersecting or terminating in this, which disfigured the appendages of the eye, &c. The salivary gland was also involved in the affair, the duct of which, terminating on the surface of the cheek, prevents the wound from cicatrizing. He shewed me several scars about the chest, through which, in the state of recent wounds, as I understood him, he discharged his breath, in the act of respiration."

It will here be remarked, as an omission in the narrative of Annamikees, that no mention is made of the means he resorted to, to stanch and bind up his wounds, in the intervals of his rencontre. A false pride, which led him to suppose that any notices of the kind, would detract from the merit of his defence, induced him to preserve a studious silence on the subject. It must however be supposed that he made use of such means, during the intervals of his fight, as the circumstances, and the known skill of the Indians in dressing and binding up flesh wounds, enabled him to employ. S

HOME.

[4]

OH! There is something in the name of Home,
Which sounds like magic on my raptur'd ear;
That little word attracts where'er I roam—
And' calls past scenes to mind, to mem'ry dear.

Where Childhood's jocund, thoughtless days were spent,
And many an hour of giddy mirth roll'd round;
On schemes of cheerful merriment intent,
Whilst pleasure lur'd me by its syren sound.

And oh! how oft does fond remembrance trace
The days, I frequented the house of prayer:
When I have felt it was a holy place,
And for a time forgot all earthly care.

Oft have I listened to the sacred theme
Express'd by lips on which I could depend;
Knowing that he who spake was what he seem'd,
A zealous pleader for his Heavenly Friend.

There dwells my Father too, whose silver'd head,
Has wintered out its three score years and ten;
May Heaven, on him, its richest blessings shed,
And grant, that he may endless life obtain.

Friends of my heart! what tho' I'm far removed,
And a broad distance is between us placed:
Yet are ye all, by me as fondly loved,
As tho' each feature I distinctly traced.

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Oh favor'd city! dear, delightful spot!
Wherever Providence may bid me roam,
Place of my birth! I shall forget thee not,
But e'er remember thou wert once *my home*.

MARY.

[16]

MIDNIGHT.

It is the midnight hour—the busy hum
Of day is hush'd—for man hath sunk to rest:
And the last echo of the evening drum,
Hath died long since, far o'er the billow's crest:
No sound is heard save when the deep winds come
In fitful murmurs from the Huron's breast,
Blending their whispers with the moaning breeze
That wanders faintly thro' the forest trees.

The bird of night is sitting on her bough,
Reciting to the stars her evening hymn;
And the pale moon as if to hear her vow,
Floating from out the clouds hath lit the limb
With Heavenly lustre—and the earth but now
Shrouded with gloom as with a mantle dim,
Looks smiling with that soft effulgence bright,
As if 'twould say "how beautiful is night!"

HARP OF THE ISLE.

A VISIT TO THE CAVE IN PUT-IN-BAY ISLAND.

[17]

SOMETIME in April, 18— I embarked at Detroit, on board the sloop
———bound for Buffalo. We made what, in those days, was called
an early start for the season. The vessels then were neither well found
nor well manned, and all navigation was considered somewhat unsafe,
which began before the summer months, or continued beyond them. No
vessel ventured out of her hyemal nest, until after the attempering in-
fluences of May or Juné had persuaded Boreas to gather in his storms,
and give place to breezes and zephyrs. And even May was distrustfully
intruded upon, particularly if "lingering winter" had left a "chill" upon
its "lap."

Our master was a cautious mariner, but economy sometimes—as in
this case—led him to imprudence. He had no freight down, for at that
time the exportations of Michigan were few and small. Much came in,
but little went out—*vestigia nulla retrorsum*. Even ballast was wanting,
nor was it safe to sail without it. But it cost something at Detroit, and
at Put-in-Bay it could be had for nothing. To postpone taking it in
18] until we should reach that place was hazardous, but the weather was
fair when we got under weigh, and, sailor-like, he thought it would con-
tinue so. Night, with a fog and a calm, came on, before we neared the
'Middle Sister,' and we were floating listlessly over Perry's battle ground,

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(we are not allowed to call it battle *water*,) until towards day-break, when, as is usual in these capricious climates, a wind sprang up, which soon increased to a tempest. The first rockings of the agitated waters rather soothed than disturbed our sleep, but the motion soon lost its lullaby character, and we were awakened by the few articles of furniture in the cabin, which seemed to be interchanging places, as if engaged in a lively dance, or a game of leap-frog. First, the candlestick, whose taper had burnt down to one of those long wicks, which at last overtops and almost puts out the blaze, after a few indecisive slides each way, was precipitated to the floor, leaving us in darkness which would have been total, if a slight glimmer of day-breaking had not come down the gang-way. Next, the light moveables, such as the shovel and tongs, a few pairs of boots and shoes, and a small box or two, showed signs of locomotion; and by the time the table, the most permanent piece of furniture there, began to stir its stumps, every thing like *statu quo* was lost. Whack! went everything sheer to larboard; then back again to the other side, making a dead pause of a few moments between each lurch.

The passengers, who, as is often said, were not responsible, even if the vessel sunk, kept close to their births. Indeed, it was no small occupation to do that; for, being without ballast, the sloop was as buoyant as ^[19] an egg shell, and every time she rolled, it was with much ado we kept from being spilt out. Half the time we appeared to be looking right down into the opposite births; the other half, the tables being turned, our *vis-a-vis* had the same bird's-eye view of us. While we had the upper hand, except for the narrow rim in front of the births, we might as well have been lying on a perpendicular wall.

Among the passengers was one who was a stranger to Detroit. Through eccentricity, he had travelled when everybody else staid at home, having come to see Detroit, in the depths of winter. He was now returning, laden with memoranda, which, with much dilating, afterwards served to fill a small volume. He was intelligent, and of most singular imperturbability. During this pother of the elements without, and of the furniture within, he seemed to be lying as undisturbed—not in body, for that was out of the question—in mind, as if we had been sailing with a holyday breeze; and as soon as the light of day permitted, he got out of his birth, and, bracing himself in a central position on the after locker, so as to be aloof from the blind-man's-buff before him, he took out his note-book, and began to make *mems*. I presume he described, *currenti calamo*, the tempest than raging; and if we had floundered, (which appeared at that time not an unlikely even) his notes (if afterwards by accident retrieved) would probably have run—"mem—terrible tempest—may go down—going down"—*etcetera desunt*.

How we got to the island, I do not precisely recollect, for one's ideas ^[20] are apt to get jumbled when the body is thus violently handled. Once or twice I put my head out of the gang-way, but each time a huge wave seemed to be aiming at it with particular animosity, and I thought it prudent to keep the deck between me and such sweep-stakes. In one of these peeps, I observed our course lay near the "Hens and Chickens,"

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(a foul name, one traveller remarked) and appeared to be irresistably bearing us right on to their roosts. I thought of Scylla and Charybdis, and bobbed again below, internally resolving that if I once got out of the scrape, I would thence forward travel altogether on terra firma. If one upsets there, the fall has a termination, but to *capsize* in the deep waters, it is a down derry down sort of an accident, as indefinite as terrible.

When we reached Put-in-Bay, the contrast between the *intra* and *extra* was sudden and extreme. This little Bay, which received Commodore Perry and the two fleets after his victory, is almost land-locked, and so protected by its own formation, and the adjacent island, that no storm, however boisterous, can send a wave in to agitate its surface. The sudden transition we experienced from the rough and tumble without, to the perfect serenity within, seemed to be the effect of magic; and our traveller declared that old Neptune, *summa placidum caput extulit unda*, had befriended us as the Trojans of old.

The violence of the winds did not abate during that day, and we resigned ourselves to anchorage. We were not, however, without pleasant occupation. Having all heard of the extraordinary *cave* in Put-in-Bay Island, we resolved to improve the opportunity thus thrust upon us, by visiting it.—The Captain, in his homely language, said it was a dirty business, though well worth seeing, and advised us to doff our genteel garments, and furnish ourselves with more befitting costume out of his cast-off ward-robe. As no ladies were on board to witness our metamorphosis, nor any mirror in which we could see it ourselves, we consented. The Captain, whose clothes I was about to assume, weighed probably two hundred pounds, while I scarcely exceeded nine stone, being then just at the standard of dandy gentility. When I came to be invested in his suit, I found that another person of the same dimensions as myself, could have been well accommodated in it, and not a button strained. However, with some looping and reefing, (as the Captain termed it) and a cord around the waist to bring the gathers home, I was at last prepared for the *descensus averni*.

We landed where there was a clearing of some acres extent. The green grass of an early spring was just struggling through the decayed and tangled growth of the previous season. Not far from the beach, a number of little tumuli were pointed out to us as the graves of those who fell in Perry's fight. They had then been buried about four years, and already the slight inequalities of the surface, which alone marked the spot of their interment, were disappearing; and probably at this time, not a visible memento of the spot remains. Our traveller mused long, and animadverted much on this neglect of the gallant dead, and said that if he made a map for his work, he would call the "Middle Sister" *Perry's Isle*, and also recommend that a rostral monument be erected upon it.

We followed our guide, by a devious path, into what I supposed to be the centre of the island, when, being near a hole five or six feet in diameter, we were told that we were at the entrance of the cave. The ground

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in the vicinity, of perhaps an acre's extent, appeared to have been lifted up several feet above the common level. Our traveller remarked that the island looked as if it had "got its back up." The entrance into the cave was just under the eaves of this wen, and descended perpendicularly about ten feet. There were no steps or means of descent, excepting such as we constructed at the moment. The surface of the soil was wet with the recent rains, and one of our party, betrayed by its lubricity, went down with unexpected celerity, but without injury to flesh or bones. At the bottom of this rude shaft, the descent was but slight for several feet, the rock over head shelving gradually down, until it appeared to rest on the rock below. Our guide soon undeceived us. With a lighted candle in his hand, (we were all provided in the same manner) he got upon his hands and knees, and bade us follow. All of us, like so many quadrupeds, did so. But we were soon compelled to still greater degradation. The passage, which was several feet wide, after a short space, became so low, that we were obliged to abase ourselves almost upon the "human face divine," and depend upon the elbows for advancement, leaving the nether limbs to drag themselves along as they best could.^[23] The trickling rain had run down the entrance, and spread a slimy carpet over the rocky floor, convincing us that the Captain had been friendly in advising us to dress ourselves in "loop'd and window'd raggedness." Being of a spare form, I worm'd myself through with tolerable facility, but we were often attracted by the ejaculations of one of the company, whose rotundity of waist led him frequently to pause before he essayed the passage. But our progress soon brought us to "ample room and verge enough." The ceiling, after several feet, began to rise, and in the course of a few yards, we stood once more erect. The first precaution was to fix a candle to mark the entrance, that we might retrace our steps aright. We then advanced into the centre, fixing a line of candles as we went on. In the centre the ceiling was several feet high, and continued at about the same height to the further side, which terminated in a small lake. The rocks shelved down into the water, and closed all search in that quarter. As we all stood upon the brink of this basin, admiring its exquisite limpidity, our traveller cried out, "here's to the Naiads of the cave!" and "accounted as he was," plunged in head first, candle and all. The depth of the water was about three feet, and as he paddled a moment beneath the surface, his form was almost as distinctly visible, as if he had been in his native element. After this tributary ablution, we proceeded to explore several inner chambers, branching off from the main hall, and found several of various forms and dimensions. How extensive might have been this suite of subterranean apartments,^[24] we had neither patience nor candles to determine. The roof of every part of the cave was studded with small stalactites, and corresponding stalagmites were found frequently on the floor beneath. In some cases, where the percolation had been more copious, the icicle above had almost, and in one or two instances, had quite, met the spar beneath, forming a beautiful marble pillar, which softly reflected the light of our surrounding tapers. On the sides of the cave, where the sloping rock caught the drops with their calcarious freight, and gave them an inclination

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downwards, a little pearly-looking turnpike, following the sinuosities of the descent, was seen running over the dark limestone—a fairy Appian way. All these beauties had been even, at that time, much disfigured by the strokes of plundering visitors. Each one of our own party made some depredations, thus, in one moment, destroying the slow production of perhaps many ages. I felt inclined to ask them to spare the pearly turnpike, lest the tiny travellers, when next descending, should meet with some accident, or be obliged to discontinue their little perambulations, until those tedious laborers, the calcarious drops, should repair the highways.

Our traveller said he was curious to know what length of time would be spent in forming a stalactite, and had a mind to settle in the cave, in order to ascertain the fact. We thought he ought to lay in a good stock of patience, and of *elixer vitæ* too; as we doubted whether Methuselah himself, with his ek'd-out life, had he undertaken such a job, would have seen the accumulation and fall of more than a score of drops.

At last our candles began to burn low; the idea of being left in the dark to grope our way out, led to a common wish to retrace our steps. We returned upon our train of lights, having wandered some hundred feet under ground; and often looked back upon the gloom, which, restored to its dominion by our retreating tapers, seemed to frown upon our unwelcome intrusion.

One of our party, before we went out, proposed discharging a pistol in the cave, to see its effects. The more prudent of us strongly opposed such an experiment. Who knew what slight props kept the shell above us in its displaced elevation; or whether such an agitation of the air beneath might not loosen some of them, and bring the whole mass down again, *in situ*, (as the mineralogist would say) crushing us at once, or, what was worse—closing up our only place of egress! We all shuddered at the thought, and not only refrained from burning gunpowder, but even spoke with suppressed voices, lest the slightest jar should cut off retreat. Every one made the best of his way out, the fat man the hindmost; doubtless often ejaculating—"Oh, that this too solid flesh would melt!"

When all stood on the face of the earth again, and we began to count noses, to ascertain if all were present, not one could refrain from laughter, each one looking as if he had just come out of the hands of the potter, or was just fitted to go into them.

[To be concluded in the July issue]