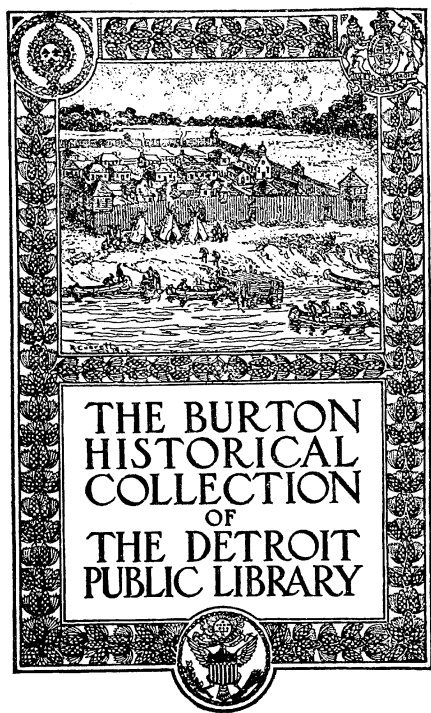


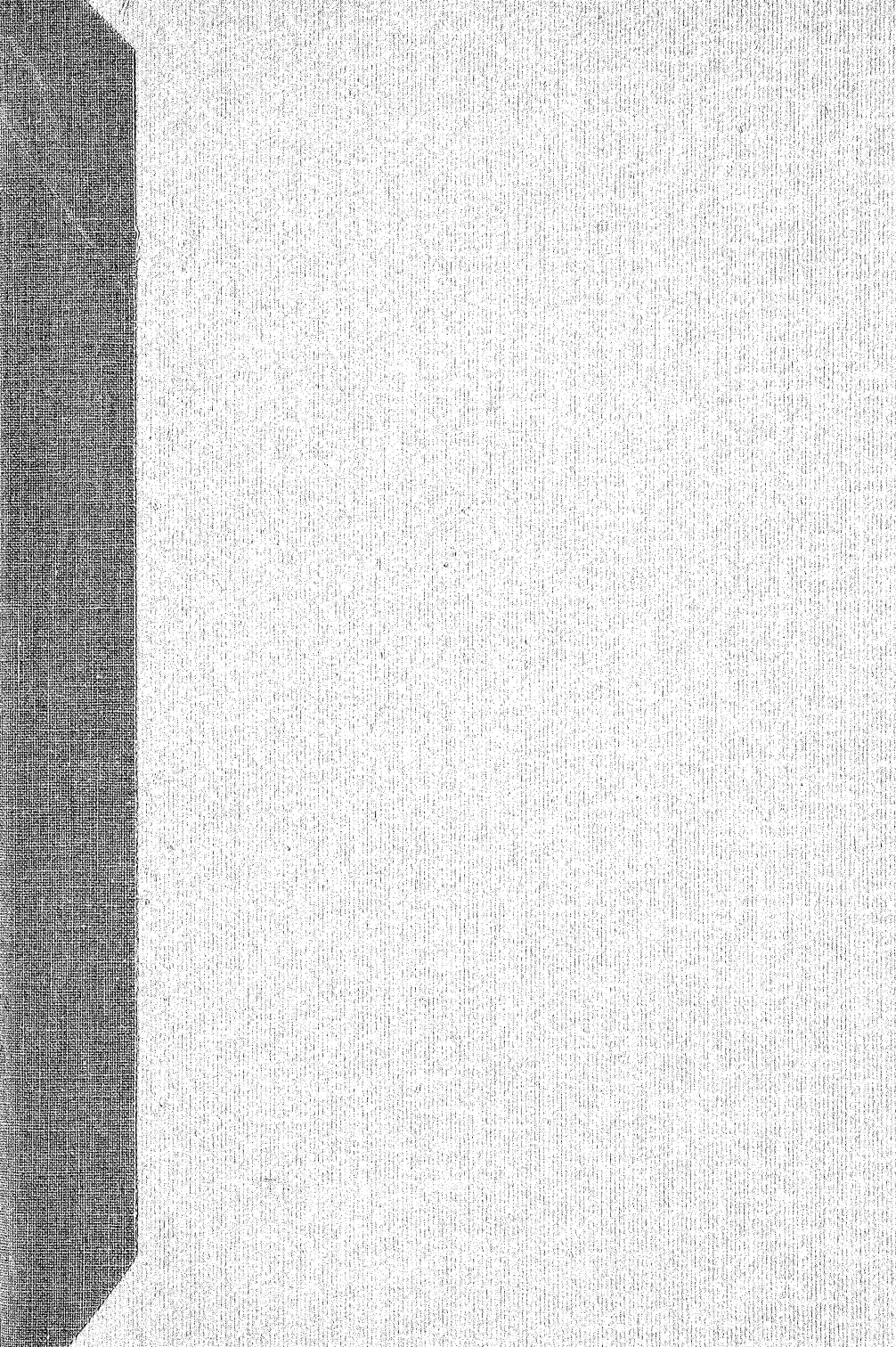
977.4K12 Quarter centennial celebration  
L12a of the settlement of Kalamazoo,  
Michigan

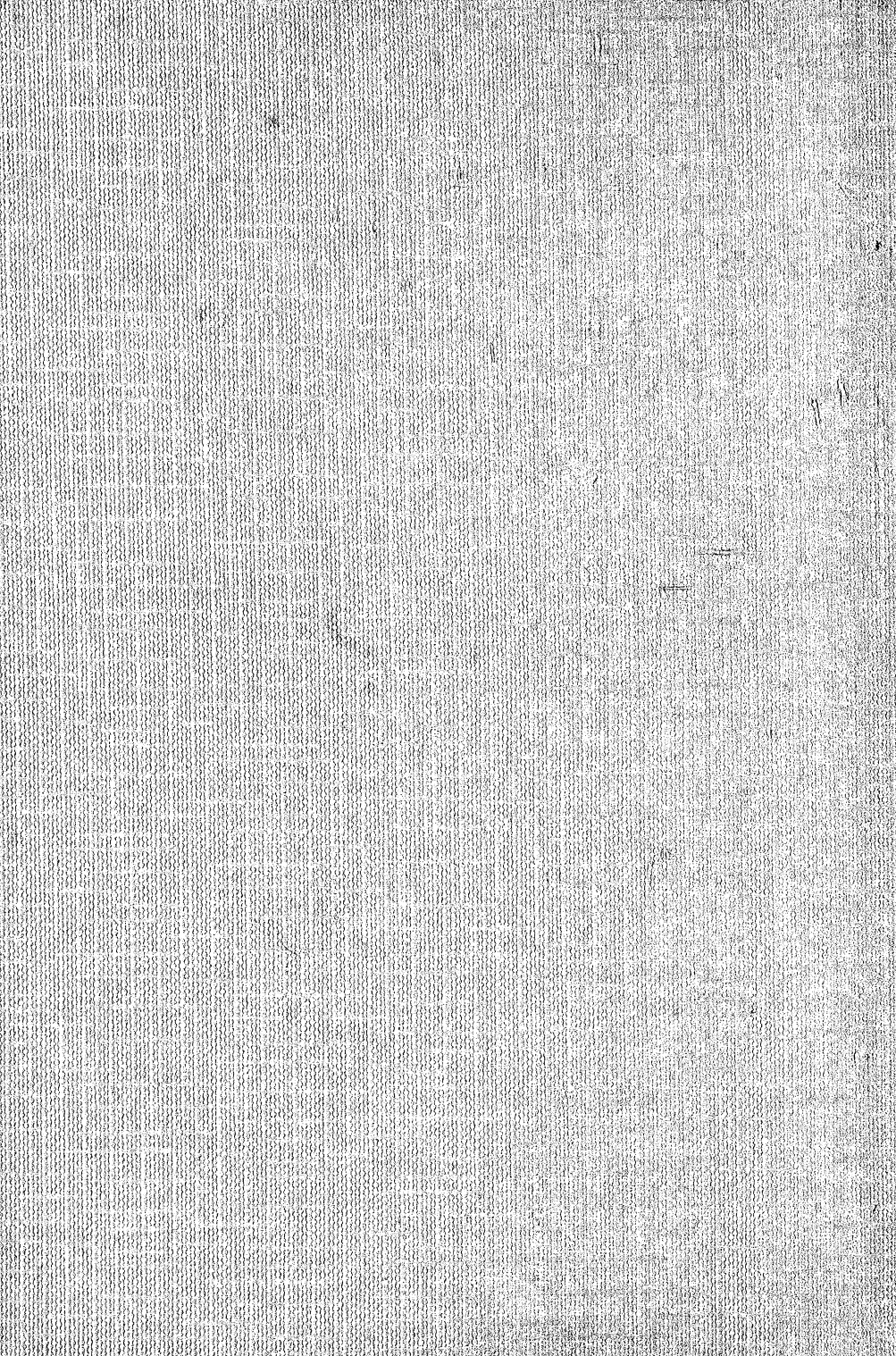




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KALAMAZOO PUBLIC MUSEUM



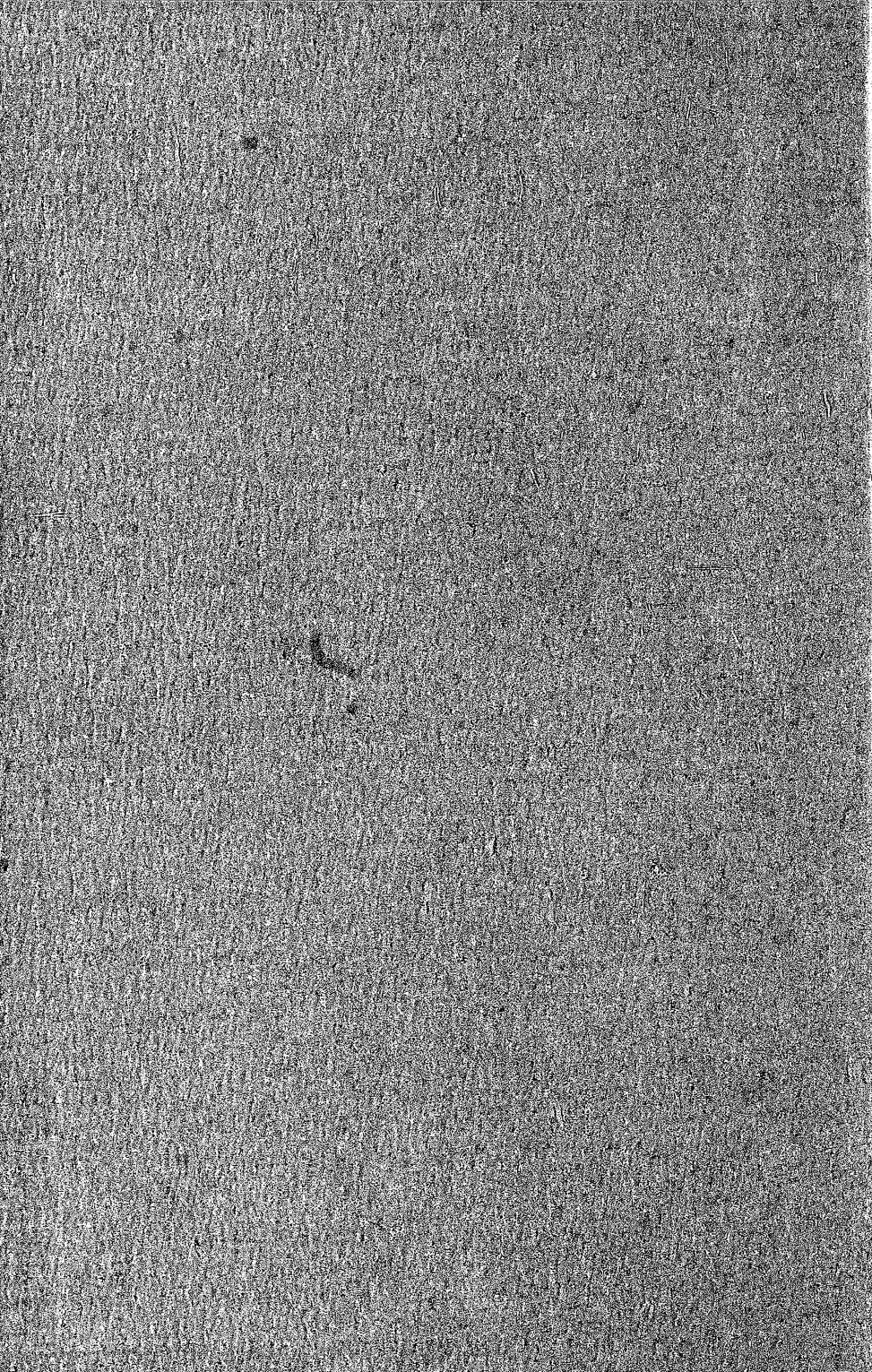




QUARTER  
CENTENNIAL  
CELEBRATION

OF THE SETTLEMENT OF

KALAMAZOO, MICH.



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L12a







A Bicentennial Republication  
of the Kalamazoo Public Museum  
1776 - 1976

Kalamazoo Michigan

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## NOTICE.

The Ladies Library Association of Kalamazoo, having fully considered the subject of celebrating the 21st day of June next, being a Quarter of a Century since the settlement of this town and county, and wishing that such celebration should be one of general interest, do most cordially unite the Ladies and Gentlemen of Kalamazoo and vicinity, to unite with them in such public celebration, and for that purpose to meet at the Court House, in Kalamazoo, at 10 o'clock, on Wednesday morning, June 21, 1854.

By order of the Board,

Mrs. F. D. G. TRAVER, Sec'y.

### PROGRAMME

Of the Quarter Century Celebration in Kalamazoo, Wednesday Morning, 10 o'clock, June 21, 1854.

1. Music by the Kalamazoo Band.
2. Hymn read by Prof. Graves and sung by the Congregation.
3. Prayer by Rev. Mr. Hoyt.
4. Singing by the Glee Club.
5. Address by Hon. F. W. Courtenine.
6. Singing by the Glee Club.
7. Poem by Mr. B. L. Brown, of Schoolcraft.
8. The Band will lead to the Firemen's Hall, where refreshments will be in readiness.
9. Religious service at table by Rev. Mr. Smith.
10. After dinner Toasts appropriate to the occasion.
11. Music by the Glee Club and by the Band, will close the exercises.

N. B.—Refreshment tickets 50 cents, to be had at both Bookstores, at the Court House, and at the door of the Hall. If any funds accrue above the expenses, they will be devoted to aid the Ladies Library. 1048w1

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## NOTICE

Kalamazoo Gazette, June 16, 1854



Kalamazoo, c. 1870  
Main (Michigan Ave.) looking east from Church St.  
Photo courtesy Mrs. Dorothy Dalrymple

## INTRODUCTION

Michigan became a state in 1837. Even before that date, in 1828, to be exact, the men and women who had begun the process that transformed Michigan from an uncharted wilderness into a productive agricultural and industrial state, organized the Historical Society of Michigan under the leadership of leading citizens, including Governor Lewis Cass. They were conscious of their accomplishments and were anxious to record and preserve the history of Michigan as a territory, and later as a state. This group, with the Governor as its first President, gathered historical data and objects for the benefit of posterity. Addresses given by some of its members were published and titled *Historical and Scientific Sketches of Michigan*. This was a notable accomplishment since Michigan was still a territory and on the edge of the frontier of that time. A later organization, the Pioneer Society of Michigan, gathered historical data on a state-wide basis and published it as the *Report of the Pioneer Society of the State of Michigan* from 1877 to 1907.

The pioneers of Kalamazoo County were no less conscious and proud of their contributions to state and local history. By the 1870's their numbers were being steadily diminished by time and something had to be done to save their knowledge of the past and their personal experiences for future generations. They organized themselves into a Pioneer Society of Kalamazoo County in 1871. Picnics and other gatherings were held at which papers were given embodying their recollections and historical facts. Many of their addresses appeared in the above publication of the Pioneer Society of Michigan, later known as the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society. Its successor, the Historical Society of Michigan, is still a viable and valuable historical organization.

On June 21, 1854, Kalamazoo and Kalamazoo County celebrated its 25th anniversary. Population had grown from itinerant Indian traders on the Kalamazoo River to well over 2,500 persons. Government land was all but gone and with it went the initial pioneering period. The time had come for intensive development of natural and human resources. It was also time to take stock of what had happened during the first quarter century of the settlement of the Village and County of Kalamazoo.

The celebration was successful and the Ladies' Library Association undertook the publication of the speeches, poems, etc., in book form in 1855. Its contents are varied, interesting and a valuable reflection of times, values and deeds of our predecessors. History, it has been said, is the link between generations. The *Quarter Century Celebration of Kalamazoo* is one of the bridges between Kalamazoo of the past and the future.

Alexis A. Praus, Director  
Kalamazoo Public Museum  
Kalamazoo, Michigan  
July, 1976



QUARTER CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

OF THE SETTLEMENT OF

KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

OF THE

Ladies' Library Association.



GAZETTE PRINT, KALAMAZOO.

1855.

977.4K12

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Kalamazoo Pbb. Museum  
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## CIRCULAR.

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It is in contemplation, by the Ladies of Kalamazoo, to celebrate the termination of the FIRST QUARTER OF A CENTURY, since the settlement of that Village by white inhabitants, and in reference to such an event, they are anxious to collect as much authentic information as possible, relative to its early existence.

To you, as one of the pioneer residents, whose memory must supply many interesting and important facts, the Committee appointed for that purpose, respectfully suggest the following important points of interest, regarding which they would feel obliged by any information in your power, accompanied by as precise dates as possible.

The Indian tribes inhabiting this region, and their intercourse with the white settlers. The political and civil organization of the County and Village. The early history of the different churches and schools, with the dates of their organization; and all such personal and local recollections as may occur to your mind, as suitable for such a purpose. The committee will feel grateful for an early answer to their application, embodying such information and reminiscences in a written form, and addressed to any one of their number.

Mrs. A. S. KEDZIE,  
" J. A. B. STONE,  
" D. B. WEBSTER,  
" A. RANSOM,  
" G. TRAVER.

KALAMAZOO, March 2, 1853.

## INTRODUCTION.

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THE foregoing circular was forwarded to many of the early settlers of Kalamazoo, but unfortunately, was responded to in writing, by very few. It had, however, the good effect to notify a large number of friends, who encouraged and aided by their presence, in carrying out the objects of the Association. From the commencement of its organization, it has been the intention of the "LADIES' LIBRARY ASSOCIATION," to preserve all the historical records that can be obtained of the early condition of this village and county. They have therefore endeavored to obtain, from persons now living, such information as they might be able to communicate. The few answers they have received to their solicitations, will be found in another part of this volume. To those gentlemen who have so kindly favored us with their reminiscences, the thanks of the Association are cordially tendered. But these thanks, heartfelt and ardent as they certainly are, cannot compare with those, that will arise from the bosoms of our children's children, when in after years they tell the unbroken story of the progress of this beautiful village, from the hands of its savage occupants to its present enviable position. It is not common for a community or society to celebrate so short an existence as the fourth of a century. Generally, a century is allowed to pass, before an attempt is made to gather its historical fragments, and then *they* are gone, whose fearless hearts, and hands of power, had made the forest bow, and planted civilization in the place of savage rule. But in this case, we have in our midst the very men who figured in the infancy of the village; and when another quarter of a century shall come round, they may be found, still active, and vigorous. God grant they may then be able to testify to the events, it is now our pleasure to chronicle!

## KALAMAZOO.

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KALAMAZOO is the County-seat of Kalamazoo County, situated upon the river of the same name, and nearly midway on the Michigan Central Railroad, between Chicago and Detroit. It is surrounded by a rich, well watered, and fertile country; by numerous small prairies, and by quiet, romantic lakes. The village is regularly laid out, adorned with elegant and substantial buildings, for business, with comfortable and tasteful residences, and beautified by trees and shrubbery. "The Bur Oak plain," upon which it is situated, is the spot selected by COOPER, in his "Oak Openings," for the introduction of his "Bee Hunter," who is an actual character, though now, unfortunately for us, residing in a neighboring State. The beautiful native trees, which are usually the first object of attack to the pioneer, are here allowed to stand in their primitive grace; and add more than all other objects, to the loveliness of the village. The prevalence of the forest trees has given the place the title of "Bur Oak City," though it has only a village charter. The trees, of stately growth, and refreshing shade, give it the appearance of greater age than belongs to it; for it is little more than 25 years since the first civilized settlements were made here; and now, we have among us, men in the prime of life, who well remember the war-whoop of the savage, and the wild howl of the wolf, as he made his nightly rounds of plunder and death.

Without any invidious comparisons, it may perhaps be safely affirmed, that Kalamazoo is the most picturesque of all the pleasant villages of Michigan. It has the air of a New England town, except that the animation of its bustling population would soon convince a stranger that he was far away from the quiet of his earlier home. Possessing an extensive trade with the country north, west, and south, for the last year or two, it has shipped more wheat than any other place on the Railroad.

Unlike many of our western villages, its population is more American than foreign; and is variously estimated from 5000 to 7000 inhabitants. They are distinguished for their enterprise, public spirit, intelligence, and pride of their chosen dwelling place.

## The "Ladies Library Association"

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WAS organized in the year 1852, by several ladies of the village. Their object was, not only personal improvement, but also to cultivate, in the community generally, and especially in the rising generation, a taste, for such books as are really useful. To accomplish these results, they collected a Library, and obtained a charter. The Association is managed by a board of twelve officers annually chosen, and since its commencement has been steadily gaining upon the confidence of the public; while the Library, yet in its infancy, has become an object of interest, and a source of good to all who have availed themselves of its advantages. Early in the history of the Association, it was proposed to celebrate the completion of the first quarter of a century, since the "Bur Oak plain" was surrendered by the savages, to the children of civilization. The subject was under consideration for some time, and it was finally decided to attempt such a celebration. It was ascertained that the 21st day of June, 1854, marked the period of twenty-five years since such settlement was made. That day was therefore decided upon, and arrangements were made to celebrate the event in a becoming manner. Notice was circulated, by means of newspapers, and hand-bills, and the interest of the community generally enlisted.

E. LAKIN BROWN, Esq., from a neighboring town, and Col. CURTENIUS, from our own vicinity, were appointed to act, as poet and orator. They freely responded to the wishes of the Ladies, and their interesting productions will be found in another part of this volume. At this stage of events, the assistance of the gentlemen was solicited, and promptly rendered; and all the preliminary arrangements were judiciously made. A bountiful dinner providing for three hundred persons, was prepared by the Association, assisted by the Ladies of the village. The Firemen's Hall was selected as the place for the dinner, and was tastefully decorated with paintings and flowers.

The morning of the 21st was dark and cloudy, giving evidence of an unpleasant day, and the threatening looks of the heavens appeared to indicate that the pleasantness of the celebration would be seriously diminished by winds and storm, but like the progress of our city, as time advanced, the clouds broke away, and by 11 o'clock in the morning, the sun shone forth in all its brilliancy upon a refreshing scene, giving hopes of the most happy result. The rains of the morning had cooled and purified the air, and all was animation beneath the oaken shade.

At about half-past ten o'clock, our citizens assembled at the Court House for the purpose of participating in the exercises of our first "quarter century" celebration, and in a few moments the house was filled to overflowing. Among the audience present, we witnessed many of the old pioneers of the village, who were all interest and attention during the exercises. There were many strangers also present. We were particularly pleased to see so many of the youth of this village, the attention they exhibited, and the order and decorum with which they behaved.

The exercises were commenced by a few opening, and appropriate remarks, by the President of the day, **EX-GOVEROR RANSOM**, after which the following order of exercises was observed.

1. Music by the Kalamazoo band.
2. Hymn read by Prof. **GRAVES**, and sung by the congregation.
3. Prayer by Rev. Mr. **HOYT**.
4. Singing by the Glee Club.
5. Address by F. W. **CURTENIUS**.
6. Singing by the Glee Club.
7. Poem, by Mr. E. L. **BROWN**, of Schoolcraft.

The address of Ccl. **CURTENIUS** was listened to with deep interest and attention, not only as a finished literary production, but as a review of the past, and a well drawn ideal of the future. It created a favorable and lasting impression upon his auditors. The poem of E. **LAKIN BROWN** fully met the high wrought expectations of his friends. Its classic beauty and high tone render it worthy of a place in the front rank of the poetical literature of the age.

After the exercises at the Court House, the assembly proceeded to the Firemen's Hall where an excellent dinner had been prepared (by the Ladies' Library Association,) and those

present, following the advice of the President, "fell to and spared not." After dinner the following volunteer and regular toasts were given:

### Regular Toasts.

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1st. The Quarter Century Celebration, of the settlement of Kalamazoo by white inhabitants—its value can only be appreciated by those who come after us. Responded to by Joseph Miller, Jr.

2nd. The Church and School house—in new, as in old countries, indispensable and inseparable. Responded to by Prof. Stone.

3d. Kalamazoo and its like—necessary lessons in the World's education. Responded to by Rev. A. S. Kedzie.

4th. The Ladies' Library Association—like some of its lamented founders, already immortal. Responded to by W. C. Dennison.

5th. The Bur! Oak City—a sure prophecy. Responded to by N. A. Balch.

6th. The Kalamazoo Theological Seminary—"a city that is set on a hill cannot be hid." Responded to by Prof. Graves.

7th. Our Firemen—helpers in fiery trials—the real cold water men of the age. Responded to by W. C. Ransom.

8th. The Kalamazoo Farmers—reaping as they have sowed. Responded to by Joseph Miller, of Richland.

9th. The Press—Reformation by information. Responded to by J. W. Breese.

10th. The Early Settlers—"workmen that need not be ashamed." Responded to by Gov. Ransom.

11th. Our public improvements—elements of a higher civilization. Responded to by Rev. Mr. Hoyt.

12th. The day we celebrate—the 25th anniversary of the settlement of Kalamazoo—it presents a broad and happy contrast to the "land-office times" of '35 and '36. Responded to by T. S. AtLee.

By E. H. Huntington. The decoration of the Firemen's Hall, for the present occasion—but another expression of the refined taste and excellent sense of the ladies of Kalamazoo.

By Mr. AtLee. The Firemen of Kalamazoo—in adversity our best friends, in prosperity our honor and boast.

The Glee Club and Kalamazoo band—their notes are good, and will always pass current in our midst.

By S. S. Cobb. The Ladies' Library Association of Kalamazoo—"brought up" on ice cream, it shows by its condition that it has had wholesome food.

The Village of Kalamazoo—yet in its infancy, who can say that it is not a "pretty smart child for one of its age."

By R. S. Babcock. The 21st day of June, 1854—may this be a day long remembered by us all; and may the next quarter century show a great increase in wealth, population, refinement, and all that constitutes a desirable acquisition to our glorious village of Kalamazoo.

By S. S. Cobb. E. L. Brown, Esq., from whose lips we have listened to the beautiful poem delivered this day; may he live to favor us in like manner, on a similar occasion, a quarter of a century hence.

By Mr. Frank Alley. The day we celebrate—the 21st of June, the longest day in the year. May the events of the day live longest in the memory of this association.

The pioneer Mothers of Kalamazoo—if present, they might exclaim with the Roman mother, "these are my jewels."

By N. A. Balch. The mothers of the East—may they ever be as well represented in the West, as by their fair daughters on this occasion.

The pioneer women of Kalamazoo—the wilderness and the solitary place are glad for them, and children's children will rise up and call them blessed.

By O. Starr. The Ladies of Kalamazoo—a rare combination of bright flowers; an embodiment of truth, love, and virtue. We exult in their firmness; applaud their goodness, weep over their faults, and love, cherish, and protect them always.

By Doct. Hendec, Dentist, &c. The Ladies of Kalamazoo—none present doubt their ability to get up the best filling for teeth.

By Rev. Mr. Kezlie. Ccl. Curtenius, the farmer, the citizen, and the orator.

## Volunteer Toasts.

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By Mr. AtLee. Silas Lovell Esq., of Ionia, Mich., our respected invited guest; our first Justice of the Peace, and the pioneer who erected the first frame for a dwelling house in Kalamazoo. We cordially welcome him in our midst. Responded to by Mr. Lovell.

By James P. Clapham. The memory of the late Gen. Burdick, one of the original pioneers and founders of Kalamazoo, to him we are indebted for its prosperity, and for the preservation of our beautiful burr oaks.

By Judge Webster. The memory of Titus Bronson, one of our earliest pioneers, and the first proprietor of a part of the plat of Kalamazoo.

By Rev. C. C. Taylor. The memory of the Rev. George Washington Cole—honored, sacred, blessed.

By George A. Fitch. The Press and Common Schools—twin spirits of progress and reform.

By Prof. Stone. Judge Harrison, Cooper's Bee hunter, the greatest bee hunter of the age, and this, the greatest swarm he ever discovered.

By E. Lakin Brown, of Schoolcraft: The Ladies' Library Association of Kalamazoo—

Still, still seeking knowledge, true daughters of Eve;  
They eat of the fruit without notice to leave;  
Nay, so far from bidding their Eden adieu,  
'Tis this that makes Eden of Kalamazoo!

By N. A. Balch. The Ladies of Kalamazoo—Literature and Science boast their patronage; genius and beauty grow resplendent by their taste; religion and morality own them as champions; the rich rejoice in their smiles, and the poor are made glad by their presence.

By Mr. DeYoe. Ke Kalamazoo—the boiling pot, may its aboriginal name be held ever sacred, and may the wholesome fires of public improvement, enterprise, intelligence and philanthropy never go out in our midst.

By S. S. Cobb. Prairie Ronde, the Garden of the West.

By J. C. Hays. The Ladies of Kalamazoo—their beauty surpasses even that of their beautiful village, and their perseverance equals the indomitable spirit of the early pioneers.



By Prof. Graves. The 21st day of June—it requires the longest day in the year to do justice to this occasion.

By L. H. Thask. Kalamazoo, proverbial as fair and beautiful in her youth—may her maturer years be brilliant with such gems as virtue, morality and benevolence.

By J. R. Mansell. The quarter century anniversary of the village of Kalamazoo—an agreeable exchange from the hunting-ground and war-whoop of the child of nature, to the embellishments of civilization; may temperance, humanity, and virtue, guide its onward course, that its future may be as propitious as the past.

By W. C. Ransom. The surviving pioneers—may the frosts of autumn touch them lightly; the last of life the best.

Anon—Our worthy President and the officers of the day: may they all meet together under like happy circumstances, before we say “farewell forever.”

By W. C. Dennison. The arithmetic of the west—multiplication and addition—no subtraction or division.

By V. Hascall. The Ladies of the Kalamazoo Library Association—engaged in the elevation of mind, may they never encourage any other distinctions in society than those which grow out of the right development of this god-like attribute.

It was a day, long to be remembered in the annals of our village, not only from its close alliance with our local affairs, but from the perfect union and good fellowship which seemed to pervade all.

## Address of Col. Curtenius.



MR. PRESIDENT:—What means this gathering? Is it the sabbath, and are we here to worship supremacy, as we are wont to do on that sacred day? No! in various ways I am reminded that it is not the Sabbath.

Is it the anniversary of our Country's Independence, and are we assembled for the purpose of welcoming its return; our bosoms overflowing with joy and gratitude? No! else we had heard the pealing of bells, and the boom of artillery, the usual heralds of such an occasion.

Surely, the foot of no foe is pressing our frontier, and we are not convened for the purpose of maturing plans for mutual defence? So far from it, we are at peace with all the world. Neither is it a gathering to express our indignation at some glaring outrage on the part of the Government; that's the province of the politician, and wholly incongenial with present purposes. Nor yet is it to celebrate some fancied victory at the Ballot-box, or some glorious achievement upon the tented field. Now the occasion contemplates no such features as these. Motives eharacterized by novelty on the one hand, blending interest with pleasure and utility on the other, contribute largely to the excitement of the day.

While the embroidery, and the various domestic arrangments of one portion of my audience are laid aside, and dismissed from their minds for the time being, with another portion, the plough has been left to stand idly in the furrow,—the plane and the chisel to stand cosily together upon the bench, and the hammer to repose quietly at the foot of the anvil, and we are found assembled for the purpose of celebrating the triumphs of PERSEVERANCE, of TASTE, and of TOIL. A quarter of a century having been stricken from the roll of time, since civilization first dawned upon the spot we now occupy, a spot endeared to us by the name of home, it were well to pause a little and contemplate our position. Memory, laden with the gems of the past, comes and lays them down beside the fruit

of the present, and provokes comparison. As the events of the last twenty-five years roll in review before us, reflections partaking of various hues are awakened. Prosperity and adversity—joy and sorrow—success and defeat, each in turn contributes to swell the train, and to arrest the attention. Notwithstanding, memory, faithful to her great commission, arrays before the mind scenes, rich in pleasure, rich in whatever imparts happiness and satisfaction to the heart; it is equally faithful to lead many to the grave, and there temper their joy with their sorrow. It is through sunshine and showers—through tears and smiles that the past is always to be reviewed.

It is more particularly in consonance with our design to linger upon the past and present of our village—to wander back a quarter of a century, and to look in upon it, as it lay sleeping in its cradle,—to watch, (as many of us have done,) its first feeble, tottering steps—to revive the emotions of pleasure it afforded, as from time to time, it gave evidence of a wholesome approach to maturity, and to speak, (as we do to-day,) of its present prosperous condition. How great is the change which has come over “the spirit of our early dreams.

But a little while since, and Kalamazoo was known only as the haunt of the Indian,—to-day, no spot in Michigan is a centre of more attraction and beauty. We do not claim for it the splendor of Rome, nor the gaiety of Paris, nor the commercial prosperity of an overgrown metropolis, nor the literature of a Cambridge, nor the wealth of a New England village; we lay claim to none of these. We speak of it as an inland settlement, (still in its childhood,) possessing as much native loveliness—claiming as much intelligence and refinement—giving evidence of as much taste, and having before it as auspicious a future as any other village of its age in the almost boundless west.

This is not uttered in a spirit of vain boasting: it is but the expression of an honest conviction. Travelers, intelligent and discerning, have again and again alluded to it as the New Haven of the west. And what more glowing comparison need we ask? Others, equally intelligent, but more imaginative, compare it to a gem, thickly studded with prairies.

Not more, however, for its beauty than its salubrity, is it distinguished. For its healthfulness none can speak more feelingly than the Physician and the sexton. For its commer-

cial thrift Pearl street can respond most flatteringly. For successful professional skill, Congress, the Bar, the Pulpit, and Medical Societies, can reply in tones reflecting credit and honor.

But let us retrace our steps and go back to its dawn ; view it in the morning of its existence ; speak briefly of its origin and its founder, and then we shall be better prepared to dwell upon its present condition and to take a prophetic glance at its probable future.

In the month of June, 1829, a quarter of a century since, a traveler reached the banks of a river just as the sun was painting the western sky. Travel-stained and weary, he seated himself upon the trunk of a fallen oak. Drawing from either pocket a compass and a map, he commenced their study with an earnestness and an assiduity, indicative of a heart enlisted in some important enterprize. While light contributed a ray his examination was diligently prosecuted, nor did he desist until twilight was merged in night.

Tall, spare and sun-burnt, with a countenance denoting intelligence and determination, and the portraiture is complete. So far, as one might rely upon external appearances, he had been wont to move in the medium sphere of life. Neither poverty nor wealth seemed to be his. At his feet lay a modest staff, which the forest, in his wanderings had generously contributed to his support ; and by its side, (as of little value,) reposed an unassuming budget, containing at once his larder and his wardrobe.

Night throwing its shades around him, reminded him of the necessary operation which the cravings of the inner man solicited, and of those other little conveniences which would contribute to his repose. His safety, not his comfort requiring it, he gathered together a few handfull of fuel, and by the aid of steel and flint, a cheerful flame threw its light upon the water. These preparations consummated with no requiem but the hooting of the owl or the occasional howling of the wolf ; he threw himself upon the earth, and like a tired child soon forgot his troubles and his trials, and buried them in sleep.

Forget did I say ; not all, not everything ; he dreamed, he dreamed of his home, of his family, of his friends. He thought he was in their midst, and over and over again he repeated the story of his wanderings ; he told them of the dense forests he had penetrated ; of the extended plains

over which he had traveled, with here and there a tree standing out in isolated grandeur, arrayed in a wealth of foliage, imparting to the scene the deceptive appearance of civilized life with none of its reality; he lingered in his tale, upon the beautiful Prairies over which he passed, sown as he said, broadcast with flowers; he told of lakes and lakelets without numbers, presenting surfaces not unlike burnished steel; and while to the hunter, he spoke of deer and moose — he delighted the children with stories of skipping fawns and birds of varied plumage.

That night like all other nights ended, and the sun of another day dissipated at once the dew and the dream. The land which fancy had created retired before the land which owed its creation to a higher power.

In the stream which loosed the banks upon which he had slept, his morning ablution was performed. This done, and a hasty meal bearing an appalling resemblance to many a previous one, fortified him for another day's exploits. With staff and budget thrown across his shoulders he entered the stream, and in due time gained the opposite bank. While to some, the passage of a river, or the threading of a forest presents a formidable obstacle, to the pioneer and the aspirant for adventure they are trifles,—

“Trifles light as air.”

The stream forded, his disordered dress arranged, and on he went. Ever and anon he would pause and gaze and admire. The day and the scene were such as would have wooed the pencil.

The Burr-oaks, (just as they are to-day,) were out in full foliage and as he occasionally stopped and disturbed the soil with his foot or his staff, the exclamation would involuntary escape him, —“surely nature has been lavish here.”

Less than a mile of his journey had been accomplished when a mound stood directly in his pathway. Whether planted there by the hand of nature, or whether art had assigned it was a problem which he was unable to solve. Without any decision, he again and again made its circuit. He then ascended to its summit, and as he gazed upon the surrounding scene, his eye fell upon the garden beds of a tribe long since passed away, even beyond the bounds of tradition. Then he knew that man was its author.

And there upon that mound, not unlike a bronzed statue,

his arms crossing his bosom, methinks I can even now behold him standing. Backwards, forwards, with his eye he swept the landscape, all the while his countenance lighted up with a smile, as if some pleasing panorama was moving before him. Then he would change his position for the purpose of catching a newer vision, in the meanwhile the same smile of complacency triumphing.

Northward, away in the distance, which he could indistinctly discern through the intervening foliage was spread out one of nature's giant meadows, inviting the scythe and telling of grazing herds. To the east he knew that a sluggish stream meandered, for he had pleasantly dreamed upon its banks the night before. Then he turned to the south, and before him was mapped a luxuriant plain, which his judgment told was equally adapted to the plow or the ploughshare; while to the west, a beautiful amphitheatre of hills of various heights shut out a view of scenery beyond.

In imagination, upon those hills he saw countless flocks feeding, and here and there, a villa, half concealed in shrubbery. All this, he saw in fancy, and was satisfied. "Here then," he exclaimed "is my journey's end." "This is the Canaan, of which long I've dreamed." For hours, solitary and alone, he surveyed his little world, more and more enchanted with the scene. His whole mind was absorbed in prospective plans. Visions of well-filled coffers—of untold flocks and herds---and of groaning graineries constantly floated before him, and more than once he thought the rustling of the leaves spoke of fame and prowess.

Every nook and corner of territory was closely scanned, with a view to the selection of a site for his future domicile.

The selection of a desirable spot, combining all those advantages, of which the pioneer is so chary, brought his labors to a termination.

In process of time an unassuming cabin graced the selected site, and in it, the wanderer and his family, with no evidences of civilization around him, were securely inducted. All this may seem to wear the livery of fiction, and yet, like a truthful historian, I have scrupulously endeavored to chronicle facts. Let the sequel furnish the test of fidelity to truth.

The stream, upon which the weary wanderer slept in the summer of 1829, was the Kalamazoo. It glides there still. The Burr-oak plain, upon which he entered after fording the

river, is the sight of our beautiful village; the mound upon which he stood as he gazed on the surrounding scene and made the decision that it should be his home, still stands in yonder park, a monument, not only for a race lost to history or even tradition, but of the good taste of those who having the power, yet refused to exercise that power in its destruction.

The luxuriant meadow, which, through the foliage he could but indisunctly discern, is spread out there still, furnishing ample employment for the scythe, and abundance of food for the ox.

The foundation of an asylum, which will one day reflect credit upon the place—the embryo college—the cemetery and various mansions are beginning to crown the western eminences in perfect accordance with the predictions of the far-seeing pioneer.

The humble cabin, to which we referred, has ceased to exist to the eye, but to the memory of your speaker and to many of his hearers, it is as fresh as when it presented its unassuming proportions.

In 1835 it was the residence of one who subsequently became the Chief Justice and the Chief Magistrate of Michigan.

The builder and primary occupant of that cabin—the pioneer of this village, and the travel-stained and weary adventurer who slept upon the banks of the Kalamazoo a quarter of a century since, are one and the same—(to-wit:) Titus Bronson. It may not be known to all my audience, that for several years this village was known as the village of Bronson, and as such always appeared upon the original maps of the State.

It may not be devoid of interest, perhaps, to pause a moment and enquire who is TITUS BRONSON. When we said that he was tall and spare and sun burnt, with a countenance bespeaking intellect and determination, we described the man as he appeared to us. His mind was a store-house of historical facts, strangely mingled with chimeras. The world was not created exactly in accordance with his ideas of propriety and perfection; nor was society formed precisely upon the right basis. His study seemed to be, to devise plans for rectifying both. Few men possessed a memory so tenacious of whatever came within its grasp. Reading was to him a source of infinite pleasure, and whatever he read, was treasured up, apparently without an effort, and could be referred to years afterwards with reliability.

Often when we have encountered him, whether by the way-side, or in the field, or the forest, we have lingered for hours and learned of him. Whenever our conversation took that direction, he would travel back for centuries, and with an accuracy that was truly astonishing, he would run over the history of Rome, and Greece, and Carthage, from the day they were founded to the day they crumbled. With these subjects we supposed that we were somewhat familiar, yet we acknowledge we could learn of him. Eccentricity, coupled with an abrupt and unfortunate freedom of speech, reckless of his audience, begat in the minds of many a bitter dislike for him. By nature, a species of cosmopolite, no spot on earth having a strong hold upon him; soon tired with familiar objects, easily mortified by any appearances of neglect, these added to an insatiable desire to identify his name with some giant achievement, were sufficient inducements for him to part with his interest in our village plat, and with the proceeds, (unregretted save by a few) he took once more the direction of the setting sun.

Rumor, since his departure, has spoken of him at distant periods, and even then, but faintly. Five years since, and it was whispered that he was houseless, wifeless, penniless, spiritless:—Still later, (some two years ago,) and worn out in his endeavors to achieve some great exploit, broken-hearted, he emigrated to a land “where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.”

We introduced him to you sleeping upon the banks of the Kalamazoo, we leave him sleeping (“that sleep which knows no waking”) upon the banks of the Mississippi, furnishing additional evidence that the path of fame and wealth, like the path of glory leads but to the grave.

Such are some of the incidents connected with the early settlement of our embryo city. Identified with its infancy, are names perhaps more familiar to my audience. Conspicuous among them, are those of Cyrus Lovell, Major Edwards, Judge Ransom, Samuel H. Ransom, Genl. Burdick, Judge Burdick, Doctors Porter, Abbott and Starkweather, Isaac Vickery, Silas Trowbridge, Theodore P. Sheldon, John P. Marsh, Amariah T. Prouty, Luther H. Trask, Rollin Wood, and though last, by no means least, Col. Thomas C. Sheldon, who within the last ten days has taken his departure for “that bourne from whence no traveller returns.”



With such an array of the elements of success; with so much intelligence, perseverance, industry and pride of character, it is by no means surprising that a foundation so firm and permanent was laid, and that such a wealth of prosperity has resulted from their efforts. Succeeding these but a few years, came a class, whose displays of taste (ornamental, architectural and horticultural) have won for us the celebrity of a "model village."

Though sufficiently vigorous and marked in its incipiency, yet its growth, in comparison with the forced growth of other villages in Michigan might be considered slow and unwarrantable. While others, under hot-bed appliances, leaped, (as it were) into maturity, ours was characterized by a sure and steady advancement. What, I would ask, is the comparative position to-day? Where is the village in the west that occupies a prouder place, or can boast of a more glorious and splendid prospective? Set memory at work; search anywhere and everywhere, within a circle having a diameter of two hundred miles, and then name the spot.

Where will you find one whose educational wants are better supplied,—whether common school—academic or theological?

Though there is ample room yet for improvement, where is there one, outside of New England, where morals take a wider range? Who has ever known her to disgrace herself with a mob or a murder? Where will you find one whose sky is pierced by more spires—whose courts are more numerous pressed, whose pulpits are more ably filled— or the Gospel proclaimed with a less uncertain sound! where, I repeat it, where? Show me one, whose merchants are characterized by more integrity; whose Ledgers are more honestly posted, or whose prospects of one day becoming princes and closing their career on these western heights, amid splendor and honor and usefulness, are fairer!

Whose mechanics rival ours— whether it be in intelligence or skill or taste?

In what village do physicians find less patients, or lawyers less clients? Disease and litigation find no fostering spirits here. Tell me— where do appeals to sympathy or benevolence meet with a readier response? Where is hospitality more a bye-word, or patriotism and public spirit more thoroughly diffused? Where are village newspapers better sustained or more ably conducted?

Where will you find a more convenient, or a better arranged Post Office? — where more mailable matter, in proportion to its population, whether it be newspapers or correspondence? Where are better house-wives — and a prospect of plenty more, just budding into womanhood? where is a taste for literature more extensively cultivated, than among the ladies of Kalamazoo? It would consume too much time to follow up these comparisons and contrasts. What will be the termination of all this proficiency and success? Will it be the means of inducing a relaxation of efforts, or will success already reached, cause us to pant after still further success? But to continue for a moment longer this train of thought. Where have candidates for the Presidency talked longer or louder than among our groves — or the people shouted longer or louder in reply?

As additional and still further evidence of our value and our importance, into what village (in the Union) has Executive patronage flowed so profusely? and where has jealousy been excited in consequence of it, to such an extent?

What village is at the same time, heard in the Senate and House of Representatives of the Union? What village enrolls among its Bankers more ex-governors and ex-judges? — What community can boast of millers who take less toll or turn out choicer brands? To all these enquiries comes back the echo "where." We might ask what village is environed by such fertility, or such an approved system of husbandry. Where is there such evidence of versatility and at the same time of success? To-day a merchant, to-morrow a farmer, — to-day a farmer, to-morrow a merchant, — one day a mechanic, the next a grocer, — to-day behind the plow, to-morrow behind the counter. There seems to be but a step between the furrow and the forum; between the plow and the platform. It would seem as though circumstances throwing us upon our own resources have made us a "peculiar people." These comparisons in which I have indulged are not purely imaginative, so far from it, they will be found, when closely scanned, to be life-like and characteristic.

To the sensitive and the unassuming, the picture may be thought too highly tinted — still facts have been aimed at, leaving to the future historian, the province of correcting or endorsing.

Upon an occasion like this (a quarter century festival) it

becomes us as far as possible to view the scene, with the sun falling brightly upon it, and not with a surcharged cloud hanging just above. It were a more grateful task to put to your lips the sunny side of the peach.

I might take you to the church yard and enter into a mathematical calculation with regard to the cost of all these achievements, over which we have been boasting. After all it would teach us no lesson, but our frailty, and might have a tendency to throw a pall over the festivities of the day,

At best, the earth is but one grave-yard -- at every step, you tread upon the dead. Though you take no heed of it, let me caution you to step lightly, for your feet are continually pressing a grave; I repeat, step lightly.

And, since our thoughts have taken this direction, allow me to enquire, where is the village which can boast of a cemetery so romantic and lovely as yours? where one so replete with grandeur and beauty? Why as you thread its avenues, (just as twilight is melting into night,) and gaze upon the quiet resting place of the dead, the grave is actually despoiled of its victory, and as your mind reverts to the various "ills to which flesh is heir," and the thousand cares and perplexities of life worm themselves unbidden in your bosom, you can contemplate the monument with complacency, and only think of the sleeper beneath, with emotions of ecstasy or envy. And now while we are roaming about that "unobtainable home," perhaps it would be right, nay, it is right, indeed, it would be wrong, it would be cruel, not to go and stand beside a new made grave. It's treasure, a mother and her children. And though it was far, far away, that the spirit and the body of that fond mother was divorced, yet in obedience to her dying wish, she is permitted to sweetly sleep almost within the embrace of her offspring.

Beloved by you all, and prominent in your association, it is to her influence and perseverance, as much as to any other, that the festivities of this day had their inception. Her life eeked out to this hour, and she would have been identified with this vast throng. While to-day we are assembled, full of glee at the achievements of the past, pluming ourselves upon the triumphs of architecture, with which our village abounds, methinks I can see her looking down upon us, her countenance radiant with the deepest solicitude, and can almost catch the whisper as it steals from her parted lips " "

BUILDS TOO LOW, WHO BUILDS BENEATH THE STARS ;" — " HE  
BUILDS TOO LOW, WHO BUILDS BENEATH THE STARS."

It is almost unnecessary to say, that it is to Mrs. Kedzie that I allude. Most of you do know her well, and you who know her best, will longest cherish her memory. Without an enemy she lived, without an enemy she died, and for aught I know, or can learn, without a sin. As an appropriate offering to distinguished worth, the ladies of this Association, (of which she was eminently its founder without any narrow reference to denominational distinction,) cannot better express their admiration for her virtues, than by the erection of a suitable monument with a view to their perpetuation. When done, let the chisel sink deep into the granite shaft, the sentiment — "HE BUILDS TOO LOW, WHO BUILDS BENEATH THE STARS."

Until such a memorial is consummated, methinks virtue is but half rewarded.

Man slays his thousands, scatters misery broadcast over the land, (often in a cause of exceedingly doubtful merit) and yet amid triumph and applause he is hurled into official position so elevated, that moral worth, and talent and patriotism stagger under the idea of even essaying to reach it, or perchance he falls upon the field, and to-morrow a foundation broad and deep is laid in the earth, from which shoots up a column to such a height that its summit plays with the clouds ; thus perpetuating the hero's memory, and beguiling others to like achievements. Dangerous display of popular sentiment.

"Not to the ensanguined field of death alone,  
Is valor limited ; she sits serene in the deliberate council,  
Sees each source of action ; — weighs, prevents, provides,  
And scorns to count her glories from the feats  
Of brutal force alone."

But to return to the subject proper ; what I would ask, is the probable future of Kalamazoo. I make no pretensions to the gift of prescience, or at all events, the most unassuming, but judging of the future by the past, and relying much upon its favorable geographical position, I may safely venture to predict more than ordinary results. As may be seen by the various comparisons and contrasts which have been instituted, it will at once occur to the hearer, that we have in our midst, and around us, many of the elements which enter into the growth, and contribute largely to the prosperity of a city. And who doubts, where is the man

who doubts that the village of Kalamazoo will ere long throw off its primitive vestments, and merge into a city of beautiful and desirable proportions? How CAN we doubt, when as our eye traverses this audience, it now and then rests upon the wife of a future Alderman, and even upon Aldermen themselves, who while we are speaking about a city charter, are indulging in visions of corporation feasts and turtle soup.

Indeed, we are to-day a city, so far as a Fire Department is concerned, in the full fruition of its privileges and immunities. When the next quarter of a century festival comes around, a Mayor and Common Council will grace it with their presence, and participating in its festivities, will be a perfect avalanche of muscle and mind.

Alcohol will then not only be banished from the city, by law, but I very much fear tea and coffee will be deemed contraband by custom and by physiology.

And, to the delight of the assemblage on that occasion, a Glee Club, now in embryo, will sing the beautiful and touching song — "FAREWELL TO TEA, TO-DAY — TIGHT BOOTS AND TOBACCO."

Many of us now in the prime of life, will then either have exchanged our home here, for one upon yonder mountain, or will be seen leaning upon our staffs, fighting our battles over again, or rehearsing stories of privation and struggles, while founding the village and the city.

As it is to-day, I trust the occasion will then be a joyous one. There is nothing now to throw a gloom over the countenance; it's the gem month of the year, and it would seem as if the very birds and flowers had caught the spirit of the day, and were leagued together in filling the air with melody and perfume.

A friend visited me a few days since. It was his first appearance in Michigan; and like every sensible man who looks in upon us in the month of June, he was delighted. Of Kalamazoo, rumor had often spoken, and he longed to behold it. And when he had fairly seen it, he said it reminded him of the story told by Virgil, of the simple shepherd who visited Rome for the first time. He had always lived in a retired hamlet away in the interior of Italy. And when at length he had reached the city and entered its gate, and surveyed for a time in muteness, its grandeur and its greatness, he was perfectly astonished.

“He expected” he said “to find it in proportion to his native village, as the ewe to the lamb, but the proportion was as the oak to the acorn.” So in imagination, this friend of mine, had painted our village, a little hamlet, with here and there a white-washed cottage, a tavern and a blacksmith shop, withal a suitable arena for the labors of a missionary. But after he had leisurely paced its walks and had encountered its blocks of noble buildings, and beheld others in the process of erection, which bid fair to excel their predecessors; when his eye fell now upon a mansion almost buried in foliage, and then upon another half smothered with roses, when church after church rose up to condemn him, as it were, for his hasty judgement, to make amends for his folly, he determined to embrace the first opportunity of writing to his wife, that instead of being somebody, his tour to the west had convinced him that he was little better than the “simple Roman Shepherd.”

All this has been accomplished. Ladies, and yet we have but just leaped out of the cradle, and are making, (with a feeble tottering step) some experiments in walking. Still there is manhood before us; time has much in reserve to encourage and reward our industry and our enterprise. His busy fingers are never idle—the pulse and the chronometer may stop, but time never—never did I say, yes! time once tarried. The sun once stood still for hours, over the plains of Gibeon, and the moon hung pale and motionless over the vale of Ajalon. But we’ll have no stopping of the sun or moon here, our village marshal will attend to that.

What, after all, has contributed more than anything else, to give celebrity to our village and to make such a favorable impression upon the stranger mind?

Not so much its evidence of refinement, as the good taste which has been exhibited in permitting the glorious oaks to stand just where God, with his own right hand planted them. How many exclamations of admiration have these trees elicited, scattered as they are over the plain in lovely disorder?

How many fruitless attempts elsewhere, to equal, if not excel us, by a resort to artificial means? The efforts by rival villages, are laudable and noble, and will have praiseworthy results. Why, recently Mr. Bowen (of the distinguished firm of Bowen & McNamee of New York city) donated to his native village, in one of the New England States, the liberal sum of \$600, to be expended in transplant-

ing shade trees throughout its streets. This act alone betrays the emotions of a good man's heart. Even while he lives, his monument is being erected, and as long as those trees shall stand, his memory will be as green as their foliage.— One such patron of taste in each village will transmute it into a paradise.

Instead of exerting the utmost care in preserving these natural structures, there are every where found some, having no love of the beautiful in their souls, who seize upon every opportunity to disfigure or destroy them. Such men are unworthy of one's friendship, and should be cast aside as only "fit for treason, stratagem and spoils."

In bringing my remarks to a close, allow me, Ladies, to congratulate you on the Eden-like termination of your west-ward wanderings; — to congratulate you upon the progress of refinement which society is achieving in your midst: — to congratulate you that so many privileges from which you severed yourselves, when you turned your backs upon your Eastern homes, have so closely followed you; that like the missionary you are instrumental in carrying to the verge of civilization, the joys of social existence, that you have escaped the din and confusion of Metropolitan life and find yourselves in the occupancy of a spot, where every needed luxury is within your grasp and where from morn till eve, your eye can refresh itself by sweeping over scenery, not unlike the scenery of romance. And not only to congratulate you upon the occupancy of such a spot, but of such a spot in such a nation; a nation whose claims to greatness exceed that of any other upon the face of the globe. Not a breeze, but is freighted with intelligence of our value and our magnitude. While Europe is filling up with captives, our country is filling up with exiles. At peace with all; our amity courted and hugged; every cannon muzzled, and our marine busy in bearing bread to the starving portions of the world; what a delightful picture does it present to the christian and the philanthropist, and how admirably calculated to cultivate a spirit of enthusiasm.

The imagination loves to break away from every restraint and go out, and revel in just such a field as this. For three quarters of a century we seem to have had the uninterrupted smiles of Supremacy, and it is only the political skeptic who is blind to the "manifest destiny" that is in reserve for us.

Century treading close upon the heel of century, will roll away and be forgotten, but our nation will stand and blaze on in the midst of increasing glory. Demagogues and designing politicians may shout disunion till their throats are sore, but falter not — HE'LL not permit it. It has been purchased at a cost of too much treasure, and suffering and blood, to be so soon sacrificed.

“ Dissolve this Union, never,  
T'were e'en a madman's part  
The golden chain to sever  
That girdles Freedom's heart.

What! faction rear her altar,  
And discord wave her brand,  
And hearts from duty falter  
At party's base demand !

Look up ! 'tis Freedom's temple  
You long to overthrow,  
And if your arm's uplifted,  
A demon prompts the blow.

Think ! every radiant column,  
Has cost a Patriot's blood,  
And would you see them shattered,  
Where long in pride they've stood ?

Dissolve the Union,— never !  
You may not, if you would :  
Go ! traitor, go, forever  
Hide you, where you should.

For he who breathes dissension  
To shake a people's trust,  
Should cower back to nothingness,  
Or crumble into dust.”



## POEM.

*Delivered before the Ladies Library Association of Kalamazoo at  
the Quarter Centennial Celebration of the Settlement of Kalamazoo,  
June 21st, 1854.*

BY E. LAKIN BROWN.

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When gory war lays waste a happy land,  
And arms with blood-red scourge oppression's hand,  
When cities sacked, and pillaged farms betray  
The unmeasured woes that mark the lust of sway ;  
Then comes the bard, and with triumphal song  
Exalts the victor and conceals the wrong :  
Or, when grown old, out-worn with blood and crime,  
Some hoary empire yields to fate and time,  
In sad, pathetic strains the poet sings,—  
Rome's ancient glories, or Assyria's kings.  
O, humble harp of mine ! if such the strain,  
Well might thy trembling strings be touched in vain :—  
No songs of joy should greet the warrior's ear  
Save such as freedom bends with joy to hear :  
No sad lament should mourn oppression's fall,  
Save "*menç tekel*" on her crumbling wall.  
But if the noble contest of the free  
With untamed nature, and the victory ;—  
If the fair village and the fruitful plain  
That late usurped wide nature's drear domain ;—  
If Kala's fair invite such strains of thine,  
How should thy numbers swell, O, honored harp of mine ! .  
Fit were such theme for his immortal strain  
Who sung 'Sweet Auburn' loveliest of the plain ;  
Yet pensive sung, in mournful garb arrayed,  
A ruined land, "by luxury betrayed."  
O, how unlike the theme that greets me now ;—  
The pearls that shine on Kala's youthful brow !  
Her brief, bright childhood, drawn on memory's ps  
And all her glorious hopes of future age !  
I saw thee, Kala,—'twas but yesterday ;—

When these thronged streets in nature's stillness lay :  
 Kala's fair stream that rolled its silver tide,  
 By-pendent boughs embraced on either side ;  
 The flickering shadows of the leafy trees ;  
 The tall grass waving in the summer breeze ;  
 The grazing deer, whose restless ear now turns  
 Where the lone ring dove sadly sits and mourns ;  
 Now, where the squirrel, brisk with chattering glee,  
 Drops his peeled rind from out the walnut tree ;  
 The listless Indian, whose quick eye is cast  
 To seek the hawk whose shadow glances past ; —  
 These were the visions fair that graced the scene —  
 Nature's own wild, untrodden, stainless green.  
 And yet the traveler's curious eye might trace  
 Mysterious tokens of a vanished race : —  
 Long rows of garden beds, in order due,  
 Where once, what unknown plants, luxuriant grew !  
 What various flowers repaid the florist's care,  
 Spread their gay blooms, and scented all the air !  
 Now the old oak upon these beds appears  
 Intruder still, though half a thousand years  
 O sole possession, ratify his claim  
 Against the fruits and flowers without a name.  
 There, too, the mound its cone-like form displays,  
 Enduring monument of other days !  
 See what is fame ! some brave old warrior here,  
 Chief of his tribe, to fame and glory dear,  
 In battle slain, after an hundred foes  
 Had felt the vengeance that a warrior owes,  
 Is tombed, with all that savage pomp could give  
 To bid the memory of the hero live ;  
 And, lest the warrior in the shadowy land  
 Might need some weapon for his shadowy hand,  
 His well-strung bow is placed beside him here,  
 His copper hatchet, and his ashen spear ;  
 And meet provision for the ethereal plains,  
 Venison and corn an earthen jar contains : —  
 This heaped up mound of earth remains the same,  
 But of the warrior, neither race nor name !  
 Here, by this lonely mound in forest dell  
 Might pensive melancholy love to dwell,  
 And muse on all the vanity of things ; —  
 The fame of warriors, and the pride of kings  
 Yet even here, o'er these deserted plains,

**Where nature slumbers, and where silence reigns ;**  
**Where the drear past has rolled its fruitless years,**  
**And scarce a record of their flight appears,**  
**A change is coming, and the sign is nigh,**  
**Filled with strange wonders to prophetic eye ;**  
**For lo ! slow moving through the oaken glade,**  
**Now gleaming in the sun, now darkening in the shade**  
**A canvass-covered wagon looms in view ;**  
**The deer espies it, and the red man too ;**  
**A few light bounds the wild deer gives, and then**  
**Stops, looks, and snorting bounds away again :**  
**The Indian, to his native caution true,**  
**An intervening tree conceals from view :**  
**Whence, peering out his keen observant eye**  
**Watches the lumbering vehicle draw nigh,**  
**O, artful Indian ! and O, bounding deer !**  
**Well may ye note that white-topped wain draw near :**  
**For wheresoe'er that vision has been seen**  
**Your race has vanished from the woodland green !**  
**But slowly on, the laboring wagon rolls,**  
**Through open glades, and o'er surrounding knolls,**  
**To where a brook winds merrily along,**  
**Gladding its journey with its own low song.**  
**Now on the bank of the meandering rill**  
**This strange, intruding vehicle, stands still ;**  
**And he to whom its long-arched roof gives birth**  
**Has nowhere else his prototype on earth.**  
**His speech is that of England, but yet free**  
**From English brogue, no foreign brogue has he .**  
**A certain something in his careless air**  
**Proves not her culture if her blood is there :**  
**In his queer lexicon of words, are some**  
**Derived from *Kentuck* or from *Hoosierdom* :**  
**His strong right hand the ready rifle grasps,**  
**His axe, the left, with equal vigor clasps ;**  
**With equal nerve, prepared the foe to meet,**  
**Or lay the forest prostrate at his feet.**  
**His head erect, his bearing proud and free,**  
**Might fit Castilian knight of high degree ;**  
**Yet more unlike in heart and thought and deed —**  
**Than Sancho's master and his sorry steed :**  
**He spurns all tinsel and all false pretense,**  
**His guiding genius, sterling common sense.**  
**Deep in his breast the fires of freedom dwell**

As in the children of the land of Tell ;  
 Lightly he'd reek in war's red front to stand,  
 Battling for freedom and his native land,  
 Wher'er their wings Columbia's eagles spread,  
 His country's ensign waving o'er his head ;  
 But not, poor Switzer, not like thine, his sword  
 Is the drawn, hireling of a foreign lord.  
 A little boastful, yet 'tis oft'ner shown  
 To prove his country's prowess, than his own ;  
 'Tis what *we are* he boasts, not what *I am* ;  
 His faith, and hope, and pride, is *Uncle Sam* :  
 Of his own country's universal heart  
 His quicker throbs, to feel itself a part ;  
 He deems no special guerdon due, because  
 He loves his country, and obeys her laws ;  
 Saving alone, the right to meet her foes,  
 Or make " the dessert blossom as the rose."

Ye helpless, heartless, mercenary band,  
 Like Egypt's frogs, that fill, and curse the land :  
 Whose noisy croakings indicate your zeal  
 For your own private, not the public weal ;  
 Though skillless all to guide your own affairs,  
 Yet of the public, claim to manage theirs ;  
 To all above, with servile flattery bow,  
 Yet proud and arrogant to all below ;  
 Ye slimy crawlers for the public pelf,  
 Whose creed is *party*, and whose party *self* ;  
 Go, note the hardy pioneer, whose hand  
 Widens the borders of his native land ; —  
 Go, note him well, and learn, if learn ye can,  
 What 'tis to be a patriot, and a man !  
 And there is one whose true and trusting heart  
 Braves with him all, and bears in all, a part ;  
 Where'er he wanders, or what ills betide,  
 She shares his fortunes, ever at his side :  
 On the broad prairie, or in forest gloom,  
 His humble cabin is her happy home.  
 From her loved friends and kindred far away  
 The faithful-hearted labors, day by day.  
 Courageous Spirit ! who could bear like thee  
 Thy lonely life, thy toil and poverty !  
 With wisely cares the weary hours beguile,  
 And make even barren desolation smile !

When the lone traveler on Illina's plains,  
 Or where Iowa spreads her broad domains,  
 Benighted, weary, dubious of his way,  
 That endless seemed, and trackless, e'en by day ;  
 Nought but the prairie wilderness around,  
 No cheerful tree, and no familiar sound ;  
 Nought but the curlew's wild and wailing cry,  
 Or the marsh bittern's dismal melody ;  
 Or, as thick darkness settles on the plain,  
 The wolf's long howl is answered back again ;  
 Of the lone cabin, like a setting star,  
 Descries the light, dull glimmering from afar,  
 How, with a lightened heart, and quickened pace,  
 He hastens toward that welcome resting-place ;  
 For well he knows that woman's hand is there  
 To lay the couch and spread the humble fare ;  
 And, though without, all cheerless seems, and mean,  
 Order, and joy, and comfort reign within.  
 Such are the homes, the nurseries of a race  
 That stand unrivalled on the earth's broad face ;  
 Such were the homes that lined thy sounding shore,  
 O, bleak New England ! in the days of yore.  
 Such homes, such mothers nurtured these strong arms  
 And stronger hearts that, when wild war's alarms  
 Had paled the cheek, and quailed the heart of all  
 The sons of fear whom tyrants can enthral.  
 At the armed despot stern defiance hurled,  
 And Freedom's flag, on the free air unfurled !  
 Such were the mothers, and such homes were they,----  
 The natal homes of Webster and of Clay,  
 Why have these names, and many scarce less great,  
 Sprung from so low a source, so rude a state ?  
 Ye titled lordlings ! it were well to know  
 Fair Freedom's children may be poor, not low :  
 Her poorest son may fix on fame's bright star ; --  
 No laws oppress him, and no titles bar :  
 And the clear voice that in rude cabin rings,  
 May charm grave senates, and may humble kings :  
 Up toward the good, the great, the right, the high,  
 The way is clear for all, as toward the sky ;  
 Which only wrong, law's stern restraints may know,  
 As earth's foundations bar the depths below.  
 'Tis this, my country ! makes thy glorious name  
 A watchword to the nations ; -- a bright flame

With living fire to wither and consume  
 Old giant tyrannies ; and to illumine,  
 O'er all the earth, with Liberty's clear light,  
 Oppression's gloomy realms, her long and dreary night !  
 'Tis this that leads the exile to thy shore,  
 Pleased to remain, an exile now no more ;  
 Or in far nations shields him ; — and how well,  
 Kozsta can answer -- or let Austria tell.  
 'Tis this that gives to serve the countless sons  
 A slave far better than all human ones —  
 Bright-eyed and many-handed, that ere long  
 Shall purge that foul hereditary wrong  
 Wherewith thy young limbs fester ; for in vain  
 The galling fetter and the clanking chain,  
 To serve our needs or feed our luxury,  
 Facile Invention ! shall compete with thee,  
 'Tis this that moulds, with utmost skill, the form  
 Of the winged ships to brave the ocean-storm ;  
 With least resistance part the yielding tide,  
 And dash the billows from her shapely side :  
 With nicest art that forms the spreading sail  
 To catch the utmost of the favoring gale ;  
 Until the boasted mistress of the sea  
 Reluctant yields, and leaves the palm with thee.  
 'Tis that sends careering fast and far,  
 In thousand mazy lines, the rapid car ;  
 That, fire-impelled, its flaming course is driven,  
 Like the red meteor o'er the face of heaven !  
 'Tis this that o'er earth's cold and torpid breast,  
 That since creation lay in lifeless rest,  
 Spreads finest nerves, that permeate the whole,  
 And with electric fire makes it a living soul.  
 Lands far removed, by mountain, lake, and sea,  
 Are joined in bonds of mutual sympathy ;  
 The quivering nerves the distant impulse feel,  
 And swift as light the far off thought reveal.  
 'Tis this that scatters with unfettered hand,  
 In countless thousands, wide throughout the land,  
 With all their power to instruct, to improve, to bless,  
 The unnumbered offspring of liberal press :  
 Those airy spirits that, on untiring wing,  
 To every hearth their various tidings bring ;  
 Each outrage new of hoary wrong proclaim,  
 Each noble action consecrate to fame ;

With prompt alarm warn of each threatened right,  
And drag corruption's darkest deeds to light.

O, Holy Freedom ! these are but the sign  
And visible out-croppings of the mine  
Of countless wealth that lies concealed in thee : —  
Wherever settler fells the forest tree,  
Turns the fresh soil and builds his little home,  
Thou, guardian spirit ! with him there dost come ;  
'Twas thou that led'st him to the forest wi'd,  
Cheer'd all his toils, and on his labors smiled.  
Wherever Learning's first rude temples stand,  
There they were planted by thy careful hand ;  
And all above, of whatsoever degree,  
From thee are sprung and dedicate to thee.  
Where'er Religion lifts her heavenward spire  
Her lights were dim without thy holy fire ;  
And scarce a hamlet where thy foot has trod  
But has its temple pointing up to God.  
Virtue and Truth from old oppression flee,  
And find congenial home alone with thee ;  
And maiden purity and manly pride  
Dwell where thou dwell'st, and flourish by thy side,  
O, can it be ! and shall thy sons confess.  
Natured by thee, they learned to love thee less ;  
And for a pottage but less vile than they,  
Cast half thy glorious heritage away !  
Say, shall thy beams that light our northern sky  
Grow sickly pale, and fitful flickering, die,  
Quenched by the baleful breath of slavery ?  
No, Freedom, no ! the hideous monster's power  
Is rushing headlong to its fated hour :  
I see thy sons in countless numbers rise,  
And on the wind I hear their vengeful cries ; —  
• Back, demon ! back ! back to thy noisome den :  
The soil of Freedom rears, not slaves — but men !  
Humbled, abased, I see the fiend retire,  
Appalled with fear before thy children's ire !

And thou, O, Kala ! happy thrice art thou  
That Freedom's gems adorn thy shining brow ;  
And happy, too, not thus alone to stand ;  
But many a sister fair, throughout the land,  
Like thee adorned, lifts her proud head on high,  
In youthful grace and glorious majesty ;

Sprung from one source, to the same goal ye tend,  
 One common parent and one common end :  
 A Sister band, by Freedom linked in love, }  
 Through the long course of future years ye move ;—  
 Prophetic eye, through the dim mists afar,  
 May note each brilliant, although differing star :  
 In varied constellations see them shine  
 With light and harmony almost divine ;  
 'Till, gazing long, on the fair scene intent,  
 Dazzled and blinded turns from Freedom's firmament.

So brief, so bright thy past : thy coming years  
 So fraught with hopes, so all undimmed with fears ;  
 And on thy natal day, with garlands crowned,  
 Thy own glad presence scattereth joy around :  
 Yet in thy joy a sadness shades thy brow  
 For many a noble heart all pulseless now  
 That were of thee, the glory ; many an eye  
 Whose kindling glance beamed on thy infancy  
 Is closed forever ; many a voice is stilled  
 Whose tones of love through all thy being thrilled :  
 And these are gone, O, Kala, like a dream  
 Whose empty visions are not what they seem :  
 And in our turn, ere long, we too, shall pass,  
 Like inane shadows in the silvered glass,  
 And who have made and make thee what thou art,  
 As fate decrees, shall one by one depart ;  
 But thou wilt still remain ; for thee appears  
 A long-drawn vista of un-numbered years :  
 I see thee far adown the centuries,  
 The light and joy of myriad loving eyes ;  
 Kala, the beautiful ! thy Indian name  
 And the Greek liquid epithet the same ;  
 Kala, *e kals* ; be thou ever so  
 While in thy gentle stream its silvery waters flow.



## Early Settlement of Kalamazoo.

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The first settler who pitched his tent on the present site of Kalamazoo or Bronson, as it was originally called, seems to have been Titus Bronson; whose character is described by Col. Curtenius in his address found in this volume. This was in the summer of 1829, during which, and the following season, several families settled in the vicinity.

But so slow had been the progress of emigration, or so fluctuating had been its character, that in the spring of 1833, only three log houses, four framed ones and two shanties or "*chentes*," composed the village of Bronson. During that summer, however, three or four more houses were erected, and as a Land office was established in that year, settlers and speculators began to make their appearance. In Oct. 1835, a newspaper was established under the name of "The Michigan Statesman," published by H. Gilbert, Esq. From an April number of 1836, we make the following extracts:

"By a recent act of the Legislature, the name of our village has been changed from Bronson to Kalamazoo. This is as it should be, our County, township and village have now the same name. Kalamazoo was the name given our noble river, and a beautiful prairie which it laves, by the aborigines of the country. Less than two short years since our village contained but one or two framed houses, and as many log cabins, to which the rude wigwams of the Indians had then but just given place. We have now about sixty framed dwelling houses, many of them large and well finished, and tenanted with a population of many hundreds." But in all early histories, testimony is found to be conflicting. From a letter received from an early resident, we are permitted to make the following extracts. "I arrived in Kalamazoo on the 4th of April 1836, and resided there until 1840. At the time of my coming, Kalamazoo had been just incorporated by the Territorial Council, as Kalamazoo; the original name, Bronson, having been abrogated. The inhabitants on the village plat could not have exceeded fifty in number, and

every house seemed to be in the woods. The U. S. Land office being located there, a number of land dealers were always fluctuating about the place, which might have induced the casual observer to rate the population at a higher figure. But counting only those attached by home interests, to the spot, I think my estimate correct." Not only was the village of Kalamazoo called Bronson, but the township was called Arcadia, from a beautiful clear stream, which runs through the northern part of the village. In the early settlement of the town and village, bears and panthers were very common, but wolves were much more numerous and destructive.— They were a constant annoyance to the inhabitants, so that those who had cattle or sheep, were obliged to confine them in pens close to their dwellings; and even then they were not always safe.

Among the early records of Arcadia, we find the following notices: — "At a town meeting of the electors of the town of Arcadia, held on the first Monday in April in 1834, it was voted to raise one hundred dollars for the destruction of wolves; and that four dollars be paid for every scalp taken in said town, until the hundred dollars be expended; and after that time no person shall receive any compensation for wolf scalps, the remainder of the year." "Voted that the first certificate presented to the Supervisors shall draw the first money, and so on, until all the \$100 shall be expended." Like notices are found in 1835 and 1836. At a similar meeting "on Monday, April 1838, it was voted to raise \$100, for the support of the township poor; and \$100 for bounty on wolf scalps at \$4.00 each."

In 1836 a loan was authorized for the purpose of erecting a Court House and Jail, which were completed during the year 1837 or 1838.

The earliest settlements in Kalamazoo County, were made upon "Prairie Ronde," which has been imperfectly described by Cooper, in his "Oak Openings." In Nov. 1828 Bazel Harrison, afterwards a Judge of the County Court, Henry Whipple, and Abram Davidson, arrived at the Prairie with their families and teams. The first furrow was plowed by Erastus Gudford, who arrived soon after the persons before named. During the next year a grist mill was put into operation by John Vickers, which proved a great convenience to the inhabitants, as they were before obliged to travel seventy

miles over bad roads, to get their grain ground at the nearest mill.

Mr. Vickers' mill, situated near the West side of Prairie Ronde, would now be considered a curiosity, as "it was built of logs, and had a pair of mill stones 14 inches in diameter, which ran up edgewise." "It was built for the purpose of cracking corn, in preference of breaking with a mortar,"

The first deed upon record in Kalamazoo Co., Territory of Michigan, was given by William Harris to Hiram Moor and Erastus ct. Jackson; by which the W. 1-2, of S. W. 1-4, of Section 17, in Township 2, South Range, 10 West, was sold for the sum of \$300. This deed is dated the 8th July 1831.

The first mortgage recorded was dated May 16th, 1831 and was between John Knight and James Knight of the 1st party, and Henry Stevens of the second party. "At a session of the County Court, of Kalamazoo County, held Oct. 17th, 1831, Cyrus Lovell, Esq., presented to the Court, a petition from the proprietors of the village of Bronson, and its citizens, requesting an alteration in part of the plat of said village.—The Court then adjourned to meet *to-morrow* morning at 8 o'clock."

(Signed,) BAZEL HARRISON, } JUSTICES OF  
STEPHEN HOYT, } COUNTY COURT.

"At a session of the same Court held May 22d, 1834, the petition of Nathan Harrison was presented, for license to keep a ferry across the Kalamazoo River, opposite the village of Bronson. On reading and filing the petition in this matter, it is ordered by the Court, that the said petitioner be authorized and licensed to keep a ferry across the said river, at the place aforesaid, for the term of one year from this date; on his entering into a recognisance pursuant to the Statue, with one surety. And it is further ordered that the said Harrison do pay a Territorial tax of three dollars."

In the "Michigan Statesman" of May 5th, 1838, is found a notice that "the village of Kalamaxoo has just been incorporated."

## The Indians.

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The "Bur-Oak Plain," upon which Kalamazoo is built, and the neighboring prairie known by the name of "Prairie Ronde," were favorite resorts of the Indians of the Pottawattamie and Ottawa Tribes, at the time of the settlement by the whites. Like all the other American tribes, they led a wandering life, remaining by the river for months, and then suddenly packing up their few conveniences for living, and departing, as it seemed, to their white neighbors, without any other object than that of change. Portions of our beautiful village are yet pointed out to the curious inquirer, which were used as gardens by the Indians. Here the women cultivated the corn, with no implement of husbandry but a hoe. The present strength and fertility of these grounds, show how judiciously they made their selections. The corn was planted in hills, raised one or two feet above the surface, and at the proper season, was harvested and buried in deep holes lined with bark. Corn so secured, often remained for months unmolested, either by man, or the more insidious ravages of rats and squirrels. After the corn was secured, the Indians generally prepared for their winter hunting quarters. They then removed to the dense forest, where deer and other game were more abundant, and where no rivals could be found in their hunting grounds. They had no domestic animals, except horses and dogs, and the cow was an object of so much curiosity, that they often came a long distance to look at one. Butter and milk they could not be prevailed upon to use.— Their houses were formed of mats, woven by the women, from flags, and supported by poles. These mats and poles were transported from place to place, and it was a labor of only a few hours, to erect a whole village of these temporary and yet durable habitations. The fire was built in the centre of the dwelling, and the smoke after freely circulating through the apartment, found its way out as best it might.

A few kettles, a few skins, and a few baskets for carrying burdens, composed the household conveniences of the child

of the forest. His food was as simple as his habits of life.— Corn was the only article of cultivation, and this was cooked in only two ways. The first manner of preparation was to boil the corn with ashes and water, until the husks separated; then it was taken in baskets to a stream of running water, where it was shaken about and thoroughly cleansed. Another manner of its preparation was this:—The corn was pounded in logs, by the tomahawk, till it was well broken, and then boiled. This, with the venison and other game, formed the bill of fare of the simple Indian, and was without doubt, one cause of the few diseases by which he was annoyed.— His system of cure was contained in a few roots, and the free use of cold water.

Still, the Indians had their doctors, who were esteemed and venerated, and after death were honored by a distinguished burial. The funeral ceremonies of the Indians were conducted without priest, or form of service, but the howling and mourning of relatives, evinced the same ardent love of kindred and friend, as is found in more civilized life. Most of the dead were buried in shallow graves, dug by the hoe, but persons who were distinguished either by their talents, their virtues, or their vices, were honored by remaining above ground, and having a house built over them. Thus on one occasion a murder had been committed, and not only the murdered man was thus distinguished, but also the assassin. Whenever a murder was detected, a council was held, and he who was nearest of kin to the murdered man, was appointed the executioner of the criminal.

Their canoes were made of birch bark, and were much employed at certain seasons of the year in fishing. They were also so light as to be easily transported from stream to stream. The Kekalamazoo river, as the name was originally called, was then abundantly supplied with fish of immense size, of which the Indians availed themselves, and not only supplied their own wants, but often sold them to the whites in the vicinity.

The dress of the Indians, consisted of leggins of skin wrought with beads and porcupine quills, a calico shirt, a belt of skin ornamented like the leggins, and containing his knife, tomahawk, and such other conveniences as he chose to employ about his person. Over this dress, a blanket was thrown, and the son of the forest with his mocassins on, and his head

protected by a turban formed from a shawl of the brightest colors, and ornamented with feathers, was ready for any emergency. The dress of the women differed but little from what we have described, except that they wore their hair long and tied behind with gay ribbons of all the colors of the rainbow. Ornaments were worn by both sexes, including necklaces of many strings of beads, bracelets, and ornaments for the ancles, formed of *brass thimbles*, made to jingle like bells.

We who have been educated under the glare of civilization, and the meridian light of christianity, may pride ourselves upon our lofty position, and in comparing ourselves with our Indian brother upon our more exemplary conduct. We may think of him, as a debased, dishonest, ungrateful, and treacherous being, whom it is no shame to defame, and no sin to destroy. But it may moderate our self-glorification to know that in his unsophisticated state, before "his untutored mind" had learned from white men the use of "fire-water" he was honest, temperate, and contented; chaste, noble-spirited, and scrupulously exact in remembering and rewarding a favor, or fulfilling a promise.

From an interesting letter from the Hon. Elisha Ely, of Allegan, I am allowed to make the following extracts:—

"In the year 1836, Ogewa, then the head chief of the Ottawa tribe of Indians, exerted himself to have his tribe christianized as well as civilized. I was in Detroit with him two or three weeks. Gov. Mason, and Henry R. Schoolcraft, Esq. the then Indian Agents, took a deep interest and engaged to do all in their power to further the views of the old Chief. In June, 1839, quite a number of their families, purchased considerable land from the United States, and settled in this County, and made some little progress in civilization; but their early habits were such, that they did not improve very rapidly; and although the Rev. Mr. Smith was with them, and paid by the United States, he never from some cause, had their confidence, and the settlement retrograded. After a few years the Hollanders settled near them and eventually bought their lands and the improvements they had made. They have now all removed to Grand Traverse Bay. They were without much improvement in dress and manner of living, when they first came into this vicinity, except Ogewa the old chief, who copied in his dress from the whites. Quite

recently, forty-three, called here with the declaration, a copy of which, I enclose to you. They were principally from Grand Traverse Bay, and every one very decently clad, in our costume. not an Indian blanket was worn by any of them. The paper I send you, speaks for itself. I do not know where the project originated. Every one of them behaved with great propriety and not one of them had been drinking spirits. They were about here three or four days with their women and children; and won the admiration of all by their good conduct. They informed me that several hundred Indians about Lakes Michigan and Superior, were ready to join them, and sign the instrument which is here annexed."

We the undersigned descendants of the Chippewa and Ottawa tribes of Indians, having been born in the State of Michigan, and always resided therein—being attached to the soil, where the bones of our Fathers are laid — and being desirous of abandoning our own system of laws and government, and of adopting the laws, habits of life, and Government of the white people of the United States and of the State of Michigan, that we may enjoy the benefits of civilization and christianity, and the privileges and civil rights of citizens and voters: do hereby with our Chiefs, solemnly declare that we yield our laws and Government up for laws of the United States and of Michigan; that we mean to adopt the habits of civilized life, to clear land and cultivate the soil, to build houses to live in, and to have our children educated in the habits, customs, language and mode of living of the white men, our neighbors, and that in all things we mean to claim the protection of the laws of the Government, and submit ourselves to the jurisdiction and control of the laws both in civil and criminal matters.

Tabaschapichig	George Shashawonipise	George Wozzhe
Lewis McSauby	Peter Wawangabo	William Chingnah
Joseph Visawagwat	Paul Shoshaquashe	Mutebe Sakendouinm
Kiweiasang	Poneit Wouatchonotin	Michael Akibauzi
Joseph Macksauba	Joseph Oshawoshquar	Lewis Akibemose
William Bewitebigabaw	Louis Matchikishig	William Keshewose
Joseph Armiguan	Joseph Chawegeshgun	John Akibemose
Francis Macksauba	Paul Wankazoo	Joseph Shashaquashe
Winsor Animiquum	Daniel Wedegowish	Agent Okinotsgo
Potor Shoshaguase	James Prickett	Atoin Matchikishig
Paul Nisawaquat	James Shashaquase	Peminawa Magatemini
Francis Wowangobo	John Oshawashquar	Joseph Shasharuase
Peter Oshoswashquar	Nenoiquar Oshawashquar	Montowe Oshawoshquar
John Oshamoshquar	Wassa Zunby	Roberts Apishabe
Kishigobinase Akiwendjigetose		Awasekishig Akiwenkijigetose

State of Michigan, }  
 Allegan County, ss: } On this 16th day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-three, personally came before the undersigned, a Notary Public, in and for the county aforesaid, Paul Wakazoo, Lewis Macksauba, Tabaschapichig, Joseph Visawagwat, James Prickett, Chiefs of the Ottawa and Chippewa tribes: and Daniel Wedegowish, Wassa Zunby, George Wozzhe, William Chingnah, Mutebe Salmdoin, Michael Akibauzise, Lewis Akibauze, William Hithwase, John Atermase, Joseph Shashaquatae, Agent Okinotsgo, Atin Matchkishig, Penawa Mayateaine, Joseph Sharaqashe,

Awasikithig Akiandjitose, Menita Oscawaskqua, Robert Apiskabe, Joseph Maskauba, William Bonwitaglawn, Joseph Armiguan, Francis Macsauba, Winsor Animiquan, Peter Shashagum, Paul Nisawaquit, Francis Waangoba, Peter Oshawshqua, John Oshawshque, George Washawanipi, Peter Wawagaba, Paul Shashaquashe, Ponit Warnithenatin, Joseph Ashawashgua, Louis Mathekishy, Joseph Chawigo-kigm, James Shashaqude, Kishigobanie Akindjiabe, John Asnawashaques Ninuqua Otho-hawga.—Who by the oath of James Pricket, who acted as Interpreter for them, were made known to me and who all severally acknowledged that they had executed the same freely, and for the purposes above expressed.

ELISHA ELY, Notary Public.



## Kalamazoo in 1835 and 1855.

MRS. HENRIETTA S. T. TAYLOR,

*Secretary Ladies' Library Association, Kal. Michigan.*

MY DEAR MADAM :— I take advantage of my first leisure moments from the duties of my office to redeem the promise I made you, of writing out for publication some of my experience in the history and settlement of this lovely "Bur-Oak City,"—which has risen to perfection and beauty from comparative crudeness and obscurity; and now reposes, smilingly, as a queen amid her courtiers, luxuriating in the rich and regal charms by which she is surrounded.

To those of us who came here at an early day in the history and settlement of Kalamazoo, the genial influences of *this* hour are most welcome and delightful. Others, who have settled within the past few years, cannot understand, in its full force and reality, the saddening power of those silent memories of home and kindred that then beset us, "strangers in a strange land"—the sense of utter desolation, and sickness of the heart, that follows upon the rapid transition from the old and loved, into the new and unfamiliar world around; no tried friend near to rejoice in our prosperity, to comfort in affliction, and to wipe away the falling tear :

—— They who sit calm

And happy, 'mid the pleasant joys of earth,  
Throng'd with the thousand dear delights of Home ;  
The blandishments of Wealth ; the song of hope ;  
And Pleasure's gorg'ous, fascinating train ;—  
Know not the meaning of that word,— *Alone !*  
They may rejoice, and strike the harp, and dance ;  
And strew their pathway with the choicest flow'rs ;—  
*They know not how to weep, with those who mourn,*

At least, such is the testimony I have *borrowed* from one of my own manuscript heroes ; whom I strongly suspect was a little homesick, and lovesick, at that time !

Let us contrast the "BRONSON" of 1835, with the populous and busy "KALAMAZOO" which we now inhabit. To ~~me~~ this

wonderful transformation seems like the creation of some fair and fabulous dream, when the soul, unfettered by its bond of clay, triumphs in its mastery, and rejoices in the realization of hopes more gorgeous and dazzling than were ever unveiled to its vision in the broad and sultry day.

Many of the pioneers of 1835, and of an earlier date, are yet vigorous and active in our midst; and many more have laid by their pilgrim staffs, and well worn sandals, and gone down into the "dark valley of the shadow of death."— Among these, I recall to memory one, noble and commanding in stature, whose snow-white hair, frosted by five and seventy winters, fell over a brow on which God had fixed his seal of adoption, "to give the world assurance of a man."—He was the venerable prototype and sire of sons who have not disgraced their parentage; but who have lived on, in respectability and usefulness, a credit and honor to those who now "sweetly sleep in Jesus," and an ornament to the community in which they dwell. It is but simple justice to pass the same meed of praise upon the surviving family of GEN'L. BURDICK, one of the earliest proprietors of Kalamazoo, and who ever cherished a warm and lively interest in its prosperity and progress. To him we are mainly indebted for the preservation of our beautiful Bur-Oaks: and I take both pride and pleasure in bearing this public testimony to the refined taste and noble forethought of those who, like him, were thus mindful of the comfort of those who should come after them; and who have guarded with so constant a care, one of the chief characteristics and beauties of this far-famed settlement.— It is one of the best evidences of an enlarged and cultivated mind, and of a heart moved by the choicest impulses of our better nature. We should regard the elegant shade-trees about our residences, and streets, with the same delight and solicitude that a tender mother watches over the fair beings to whom she hath given birth,— who look up to her for nurture and protection from rude storms and adversities of life,— until, matured in strength and beauty, they group themselves, lovingly to shelter the home of her declining years, and hallow the spot where her dear form reposes.— I repeat, it was a commendable trait of character; and one that the busy multitude who now walk to and fro beneath their cool and ample shade, in the hot and sultry summer, should remember with feelings of sincere admiration and gratitude.— Without

doubt, our native Oaks are one of the most desirable attractions and excellencies of Kalamazoo—for which we are justly famed and complimented at home and abroad. Let us cherish them with unabated care. They are nature's 'choice legion,' to shield us from disease and death; and are robed in a drapery of green and gold more gorgeous and beautiful than ever decked the conquering hosts of Napoleon. *They shall live, when we are dust*; and their shadows will linger peacefully and silently upon our graves, long after the places that now know us, and the friends who now love us, know us no more forever!

I never visit our beautiful MOUNTAIN HOME OF THE DEAD, so calmly overlooking the strife and tumult of the living, without being charmed by the extended and enchanting view spread out like a map of Eden before me; and as I retrace my steps, and see the funeral train wending its way slowly along the winding walks and lovely groves, the words of Elric, the Saxon, came to me with peculiar emphasis and meaning:

Here, sorrowing friends, beneath this antique shade,  
Where earliest incense of the virgin morn  
Ascends the smiling heav'ns — here let us pause  
Great nature hath a balm for ev'ry wound:  
Our bleeding hearts, pierc'd to the core by grief,  
May medicine their torn and trembling strings  
On the dear bosom of her boundless love.

Associated with Gen'l Burdick in the proprietorship of Kalamazoo, were the late THOMAS C. SHELDON and LUCIUS LYON; the former, Receiver of Public Moneys here during the Land Office times of 1835, 1836 and 1837, (in connection with MAJOR EDWARDS, the Registrar,) and the latter, one of the first Senators who represented Michigan in the National Legislature, and who also subsequently held the responsible office of Surveyor General. But whatever honor may be accorded to these gentlemen, "UNCLE TITUS" BRONSON and his good wife "AUNT SALLY" BRONSON, were undoubtedly the original locators and proprietors of this famous forest city, and, hard in their wake, came NAT HARRISON and CI LOVELL; the first *ycleped* "Uncle," and the last, "Squire."— I believe Mr. Harrison is now dead; but the Hon. Mr. Lovell is still living, at Ionia, in this State, clever and large and lively as ever, a good citizen and gentleman of note — not *notes*! He's

a 'hard money man,' and 'plumb on the square!' — Speaker of the House, at the late session of our State Legislature.— May he live long and his shadow never be less.

The Ladies of the Library Association may remember that I had the honor of *toasting* him, at their late "Quarter Century Celebration," and that he "turned up *brown!*" His response, like Ex-Governor Ransom's, was replete with incidents and accidents of pioneer life — particularly his narration of the wagon *trip* of the Governor and family, from Detroit to Kalamazoo. On reflection, I am not positive whether it was Mr. Lovell or the Governor himself who told the story: but I remember that there was a 'trip of the tongue,' at the time, that set a number of us near the speaker, into a hearty laugh.

The late COL. HUSTON and AMOS BROWNSON, were also intimately connected with the early history and settlement, and after prosperity of this place. I remember them as early as 1835 and 1836, as the principal "Business Firms." Mr. and Mrs. Brownson (the latter, then Miss Case.) were among the first acquaintances I made, out of Major Edwards' immediate family; and some of my happiest moments (always saving and excepting my *courting* ones!) have been passed in their company.

It requires an effort, at this late day, to recall the names of all our early settlers of 1835 and 1836: but as I desire, so far as in my power, to place them on record, I subjoin the following alphabetical list. In this list are included a number of transient persons who came and left in 1835 and 1836: for we had but a few resident families here in 1835. To avoid personality and partiality, I begin with myself,—the poetical, prosy, perennial, and pungent, MAJOR RED PEPPER!— then follows of course, under A., my Father and Mother, Brothers and Sisters, Uncles and Aunts, Nephews and Nieces, Cousins and dozens, from the first to the last generation.— Amen inclusive! — then:

Doctor Abbott, and wife and daughter,	Ben Jones and family
Moses Austin and family,	David G. Kendall
Ross Allard	Israel Kellogg, of the <i>Kalamazoo House</i>
Hiram Arnold and family	Levi Krause
Gen'l Burdick " "	Amos Knerr
Deacon Barrows " "	Russo King
Squire Belcher " "	Mr. Liephart, the old 'Indian Trader.'
Ira Burdick " "	Horatio Lawrance } now of N. Y. city
Frederick Booher " "	Richard Lawrance }
Doctor Barritt " "	Edmund LaGrave
Warren Burrill " "	Hiram D. Loveland

- Amos Brownson and wife**  
**Henry Booher** " "  
**William G. Butler**, 'early settler'  
**William Booher**  
**Samuel W. Bryan**  
**Ira Bird**  
**William Birch**  
**Alexander Buell and brother Austin**  
**"Uncle Titus" and "Aunt Sally,"**  
 the original proprietors of *Bronson*, heretofore mentioned,  
**Chauncey Burrell**  
**Doctor Beardsley**  
**Philander Bishop**  
**Col. John E. Brackett**  
**E. R. Ball**  
**N. A. Balch**  
**Doctor Browning,**  
 Druggist; "Richard the 3rd!" &c.,  
**O. S. Case**  
 "Typo;" now of the *State Journal*, Lansing,  
**Horace H. Comstock and family**  
 who, although hailing from "Comstock Hall," made this a business place and headquarters,  
**Mott Cooper**, nephew of the Novelist  
**Anthony Cooley and family**  
**William Carley** " "  
**James Coleman** " "  
**Lewis A. Crane** " "  
**Roswell Crane** " "  
**Geo. Thos. Clark and wife,**  
 her Parents and their family,  
**A. & D. Cahill**  
**Alexander Cameron**  
**Almirin Lake Cotton,**  
 He and Wm. G. Butler, were the first of the early settlers,  
**Walter Clark**  
**Ami Carpenter and wife**  
**Lewis R. Davis**  
**David S. Dille and family**  
**Joseph B. Daniels**, and his brother, T. J.  
**Oliver Davenport and Wife**  
**William G. Dewing**, and brother Fred,  
**Ebenezer Darkee and family**  
**Major Abraham Edwards and family**  
**Renselaer Evits and family**  
**Asa Fitch and family**  
**George A. Fitch,**  
 now Ed. and Publisher of *Mich. Telegraph*  
**Francis Fitts and wife**  
**Nathaniel Foster and family,**  
 now of Otsego, Allegan Co., Mich.  
**Daniel Fisher**  
**Ethan French**  
**Henry Gilbert and family**  
**Nelson Gibbs** " "  
**Andrew B. Gray** " "  
**Silas Gregg** " "
- Cyrus Lovell and family**  
**Daniel Lathrop and wife**  
**Joseph Miller jr.**  
**Clement March**  
**Robert McIntosh, Merchant;**  
 Dep'ty P. M. under Doct. Abbott! &c.  
**O. C. McCracken**  
**Jay R. Monroe & Horatio N. Monroe**  
**L. H. Moore, alias "Little Moore;"**  
 in contradistinction of  
**Henry Mower,**  
 Big Land Looker, Hunter, &c.  
**Gen'l Isaac Moffatt**  
**Mr. Meacham, Tailor,**  
 worked for J. R. Davis  
**Simeon Newman**  
**Lot M. North,**  
 Constable, and *Chief Baker of the Staff* &c.  
**Deacon Northrop and family**  
**Capt. George A. O'Brien and family**  
**Richard O'Brien and wife**  
**Hiram Owen**  
**Moses O'Brien**  
**Zephaniah Platt and family**  
 now of New York City  
**Surveyor Pettibone, now of Ann Arbor**  
**"Bank" Porter and family, now of Det.**  
**Johnson Patrick and family**  
**Mrs Porter, (widow of Doct. Porter**  
 and her sons, Ned and Jim  
**John Parker**  
**A. T. Prouty and family**  
**Deacon Porter and wife**  
**Uncle James Parker and family**  
**Judge Ransom and family,**  
 his Parents and Brothers  
**Edmund Rice** } Both in honorable and  
 & } official positions, now  
**Henry M Rice** } married, and hailing from  
 } Minnesota.  
**R. J. Rosecrantz**  
**Artemas W. Richardson**  
**Walter Russell**  
**Henry Reynolds and family**  
**Old Recollet ("Reckly")**  
 French Trader  
**Hon. Chas. E. Stuart and wife**  
**William Stuart**  
**Thomas C. Sheldon**  
**Theodore P. Sheldon and family**  
**Doctor Starkweather** " "  
**Erastus Smith** " "  
**Rodney Seymour** " "  
**Nathan L. Stout** " "  
**Caleb Sherman,**  
 now doing business for "Uncle Sam," in  
 New Mexico  
**David Sergeant**  
**Albert Saxon,**  
*the man who went after another man, and never came back!*

Allen Goodridge and family  
 now Dep'ty Com'r State Land Office  
 John B. Guiteau  
 Rodney Gibson,  
 now Dep'ty Sec'y of State, Lansing,  
 Dwight C. Grimes  
 James Green,  
 now of the firm of Stuart & Green,  
 John H. Hays and family  
 Benjamin Harrison and family  
 Deacon Hydenburk " "  
 Squire Hubbard " "  
 Nat Harrison " "  
 Elisha Hall " "  
 E Hawley and family, of *Kal. House*.  
 Ccl. H. B. Huston and family  
 A. G. Hammond and wife  
 Joseph Hutchins, wife and son  
 Sheriff of Kal. Co., Merchant & c.  
 Azro Healy  
 Volney Hascall,  
 now Editor and Publisher of *Kal. Gazette*,  
 Nath'l Holman and wife, moth'r, broth'r  
 Chas. Herrington,  
 then at work for Buell & Brother  
 Isaac N. Jones,

Parson W. was the first settled Presbyterian Clergyman in Kalamazoo; and the first "do-  
 nation party" I ever attended was at his house—in the winter, I think, of 1835.—And this  
 brings me to X, Y, Z.

I do not pretend that the foregoing list is *perfect*, for in the lapse of years, and drawn up, as it has been, from memory, it would be singular if it were; but I present it as a tolerably accurate register of those living, or hailing from here in 1835 and 1836, within what is now, the *corporate limits of Kalamazoo*. What a change from those times to the present! when the Main Street of our village, from the river up to the *Tremont House*, was almost free of dwellings; and beyond that station, and around in all directions, the native bur-oaks bloomed in primeval beauty. Then it was a common sight to see bands of roving Indians, and to hear the howl of the wolf—then game was plenty, and the fleet deer bounded merrily over green pastures where *now* stand thickly together the pleasant habitations of the comfortable housekeeper, and the more pretentious mansions of the rich. Those were the good old "land-office times," when Speculators went about with plethoric purses and empty stomachs, and paid two shillings for a "smell of something good to eat!" and for the privilege of leaning against a door post to sleep, or bunking on the old Kalamazoo House floor!—The glorious days of paper cities, with "desirable water lots!"—when "*Port Sheldon*" flourished, and the proprietors flourished over the port!—when a

Silas Trowbridge  
 Luther H. Trask and family  
 Lyman Tuttle  
 James Taylor  
 Hiram Underwood,  
 "*the Street Singer of Kalamazoo*."  
 Isaac Vickery and wife  
 Stephen Vickery and wife  
 Lawrence VanDeWalker,  
 now U. S. Receiver of Public Money  
 Philo Vradenburgh  
 Alfred A. Williams  
 Isaac W. Willard  
 Judge D. B. Webster and family  
 William H. Welch " "  
 O Wilcox " "  
 Mrs. Sarah Weaver and daughter  
 George W. Winslow  
 John Winslow  
 Rollin Wood, Justice of the Peace &c.  
 William E. White  
 Jasper Wood  
 William Wingert, Gunsmith,  
 now of Detroit.  
 Rev Cylus Woodbury and family,

fraction entered for \$50 at the Land Office, in the morning, sold for 5,000 at night!— When everybody was “crazy for land,” and felt rich, and wanted to be crazier and richer!— When pork was \$20 a barrel, and too poor at that to “worry its way down!”— When pies and gingerbread were divided into “Quarter Sections,” and sold for a “short shilling a bite!”— When a man was afraid to be seen using a tooth-pick, after dinner, for fear of being mobbed and murdered for the desert!— in short, when everything and everybody was turned “topsy-turvy,” and an overwhelming torrent of speculation deluged the land. But over these “troubled elements,” there has come a calm. A glittering bow of promise has long since spanned the dark and threatening clouds— revealing by its curve of glory, a “new heavens and a new earth.” Old things are done away, and the bright sunlight of prosperity and happiness is now shining upon all. The effect of the labors of those who survived this perilous period, manifested itself in an increased regard for individual probity and usefulness, and in sounder and maturer action for the public good. Inordinate selfishness and love of gain, were purified and controlled by the dictates of a better humanity— or, at all events, the more glaring inconsistency and development, were hid under a cloak that covered the “multitude of sins.” The baser passions were curbed—held in subjection by the strong arm of the law, and that enlightened and efficient *public sentiment*, which sooner or later approves or condemns the conduct of all.

Every added year has carried forward the good work of reform, and Kalamazoo, at this auspicious hour, may truly be said to be luxuriating in beauty and plenty, amid her native vales, like some fair virgin decked with flowers. And just here, I am reminded to add a word or two in memory of the beautiful and novel appearance of our Prairies, as they looked to me some twenty years or more ago.—I can never forget the vivid impression made upon my mind (fresh as I then was from city scenes and life,) the first time I looked upon a *prairie in full bloom*—I had mounted my horse for an afternoon ride, and heading westward from our village, gave my favorite running nag LIGHTFOOT free rein until I drew up suddenly on the brow of the hill near “Uncle Parker’s,” on GRAND PRAIRIE;— for it seemed to me almost like sacrilege, to crush with my horse’s hoofs the lovely and delicate fairy children

of the woods and fields, by which I was surrounded. Beneath, about, and beyond me, as far as the eye could reach, was spread out, in undulating elegance, an emerald carpet of nature's choicest fabric, inlaid profusely with flowers of every imaginable variety of name and tint — gorgeous and fascinating as the most brilliant hues of the rainbow.— Horse and rider were alike captivated: for my pet racer, with eye and nostril wide open, literally *drank in*, with me the rich beauty and odor of that charming scene.— Never can I forget that day. There I sat, and gazed delightedly, wholly unconscious of the lapse of time, until the shadows of evening, gathering thickly over the landscape, admonished me of the “witching hour,” on love's dial, when a fairer “native flower” than any I had *then* and *there* seen, would bloom for me alone!

———. So, what time the moon,  
Her silver crescent in the orient shone,  
Lightfoot and I, in happy mood, hie'd home!

[An accomplished and genial clerical critic at my elbow, as I am concluding this additional *prairie itism* suggests *shy'd* for “hied,” in the above couplet! — The indulgent reader can therefore adopt my friend the REV. E. B. PALMER's emendation, or the original text, as seemeth best, “all things considered!”]

A few words now, before bringing this hasty article to a close, in memory of the old U. S. LAND OFFICE, and of those with whom I was associated in 1835 and 1836.

MAJOR ABRAHAM EDWARDS (then *Register*, and for several years subsequently.) kept the Office in a building immediately in the rear of O. Davenport's large frame house now standing, on the corner of Main and Edwards' streets. At that time, with the exception of the Land Office, it was all an open lot. It was *there* that I first commenced “scribbling” as a Clerk. soon after, the Major removed to the Office I *now* occupy, and in which I have the honor to “flourish” as Register. Here most of the Government lands, now constituting the Home-steads and improved farms of the country, were sold at *ten shillings an acre*, including the location of the “site” of the present “City of Kalamazoo.” The curious observer of the antique, may at this day see specimens of the *pencilings* of the “original locators,” all over the outside of the old Office, as well as *cuttings* by Yankee “blades!” In fact, the old Major, at one time, during a “great land rush,” to save his picket



fence and other property, from utter destruction, bought a load of shingles for the express use and benefit of the crowd, and had proclamation made, that every man might help himself, *gratis*, and whittle away to his heart's content! After that, every other person you passed, between this and the *Receiver's*, on both sides of the road, at the taverns, on the corners, and every where else, had a knife and shingle in hand, and was cutting away for dear life! Any "knowing one" could tell, by the way a man "whittled," what progress he was making in a trade. The skirmishing and feeling-process, was a bold and rapid succession of cuts, *outward*, but as the bargain progressed to a happy close, the knife blade was inclined *inward*,—the parings became nicer and closer, and the trade and shingle ended in the sharpest kind of a point, to the buyer who was "sold!"

The force in the Register's Office, in 1835 and 1836, consisted of MAJOR EDWARDS and his sons, ALEXANDER and "COL. TOM," Mr. JOHN B. GUTEAU, my brothers, S. YORKE and RICHARD, Mr. ALFRED A. WILLIAMS, IRA BURDICK, the "Squire," Captain GEORGE A. O'BRIEN, A. W. RICHARDSON, and *myself* besides the occasional help in the office, of Mr. THOS. C. SHELDON, the Receiver! M:—Messrs. T. P. SHELDON, GEO. THOS. CLARK, and RODNEY GIBSON. The rush of business was so great in those days, that extra clerks had often to be called in to register the Applications, Plats, &c., and bring up our Returns for Washington: and millions of dollars from this Office alone, poured into the Treasury of the United States.

In those days of "wild-cat" and "red-dog" inflated paper currency, everybody was a *Croesus*, at least in feeling. *Speculation* and *peculation* were the twin charlatans and rulers of the hour. Men of judgment and honesty, who had therefore kept unimpaired their integrity, joined in the general scramble after riches, and yielded, finally, to the fascinating rustle of bank-paper, and the righteous ring of the "almighty dollar!"

The "*Specie Circular*," killed the bastard progeny of irresponsible Bankers, while the ink upon their lying "promises to pay" was yet moist on the fair faces of their treacherous issue, and the sober second thought of the people, came at last, like rain upon the dry and barren earth, to refresh the waste places, and make the desert and solitary wilderness bloom and blossom like the rose.

One of the principal means, from first to last, in the progress of reform and of social and intellectual advancement, here and elsewhere, was unquestionably the introduction and faithful application of the **PRINTING PRESS**; that grand and irresistible lever for raising the masses, and moving the very foundations of the mental and moral world. Mr. **HENRY GILBERT**, may with propriety be called, the founder and father of the public press of Western Michigan. No man connected with it, has seen harder service, met with a greater variety of vicissitudes and experiences, had "lower downs," or "higher ups!" For some years past, he has been out, as an Editor and Printer, and is now "set up in capitals" as one of our most obliging and popular "Merchant Princes." Messrs. **HASCALL** and **FITCH**, from their respective tripods and platforms, now sit in Henry's seat, and dispense the pure milk of letters and logic (adulterated, occasionally, with a little water!) to their indulgent friends and subscribers. They have both grown up within my knowledge of their school-boy days; and I record it here with a feeling of the sincerest pride and pleasure, that as artificers of their own reputations and fortunes, they merit the confidence and support so generously awarded them by the good people of Kalamazoo.

We have now reached an epoch in our history, of great moment to us, and to those who shall come after us. Printing Offices, School Houses, Churches, Theological Institutions, and Colleges; Courts of Law, Banks, and Shaving Shops; Medical Dispensaries and Drug Stores; busy marts of Commerce and Merchandise; Factories and places for all mechanical and industrial pursuits; Literary, Benevolent, and Sewing Societies;—in short, a little of everything in general, and too much of some things in particular, are crowding upon each other, in rapid succession, to the manifest horror of lazy people, and the total extinction of men and women of "one idea!"

Finally, may we all act well our several parts in the great theatre of life, so that, as its mysterious drama is ending, we shall be able to look up joyfully, and exclaim:

—— The sky is full  
Of the starr'd banners of the heavenly host,  
Dependent from its glorious battlements,  
To lure us from these barriers of earth.—

O that we might o'erleap them, at a bound ;  
And stand, complete, at last, a Deathless Man,—  
Crown'd with immortal bays, and thron'd in Light !

Very Respectfully Yours,

T. S. ATLEE.

U. S. LAND OFFICE, Kalamazoo, Mich.

## Early Reminiscences

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MRS. HENRIETTA S. T. TAYLOR,

DEAR MADAM:—As you desired, I have thrown together, in the following pages, some remembrances of the early settlement of Kalamazoo, and its vicinity. They are very crudely and imperfectly presented, and I fear will add but little to the interest of your proposed work.

It was on the 22d day of June, 1831, that our family first saw the spot marked out for their home in the wilds of Michigan. This was on "Genesec Prairie," four miles southwest of Kalamazoo Village, whither my father, in company with Anthony Cooley and Erastus Smith, had immigrated and located their claims the fall before—I think, in October, 1830. They gave the prairie the name it bears in honor of Genesee County, N. Y., from whence they had all removed. On our arrival, in June, we found besides those above named, three or four families, which had preceded us, and pitched their "Squatter" tents on various parts of the Prairie. These were Enoch Harris, a colored man, and his family, a Mr. Wild and family, a Mr. Hunt and family, and a Mr. Stillwell and family; the former two of which still remain. The surrounding country was wild and undisturbed as it had existed, probably, for long centuries before. The numerous bands of Indians and their deeply trodden trails which traversed the prairies and forests, at this time, in all directions, abated nothing from the primeval freshness of the surrounding scenery. God and Nature reigned alone, and civilized man had not yet been permitted to mar the holy quiet and deep solemnity, which brooded over the beautiful lakes and valleys, the green prairies and deep forests, that lay so tranquilly around us. It has seemed to me that there was a nearer communion with the Creative Spirit of the Universe in those early days, than has been experienced since the necessities or cupidity of man transformed the wilderness into the fruitful field.

Among the first things that attracted attention about our homestead, was a large circle amid a grove of trees, where

he earth was trodden down much like the trails which passed near it. This we learned was a spot upon which the Indians had been accustomed to celebrate their festivities; and if report was true, sometimes to practice the war dances of their tribe. This, then, was the origin of the mysterious circle. — In another spot on my father's farm an artificial mound was discovered, about a rod in diameter at its base, and some four or five feet high. Around this there was a regularly laid out garden, the beds still standing as distinctly marked, and as regular in their order, and arrangement, apparently, as when they were first wrought out by the hands of the unknown workmen. And upon this mound, and in the midst of some of these beds, were growing large and aged trees, showing that the mysterious gardens must have had their origin in far back ages. Probably they were the work of the same people whose *tumuli*, and whose instruments of war and domestic use, are found scattered in various places throughout the entire west.

Another object of interest engaged our attention almost the first day of our arrival. It was reported that upon Grand Prairie two miles north of us, there were inexhaustible fields of strawberries, then in the very zenith of their glory. We went. The half was not told. Some deserted corn fields, left by the Indians, a year or two before, had grown over with rank and luxuriant strawberry vines, which seemed to be indigenous to the soil. These at this time, were literally loaded with fruit, and the little hillocks where the corn had stood, for acres and acres, gleamed red in the sun, as though each might be a *bona fide* heap of the luscious berries, already plucked and placed there. A more interesting sight it is difficult to conceive of; and the pioneers did not fail to make themselves practically acquainted with these spontaneous gifts of the deserted corn fields.

About this time some excitement occurred in consequence of a murder that had been committed upon an Indian by one of the tribe, over west of Grand Prairie. The criminal had been just tried and condemned, and permission granted him to visit his friends and relatives for the last time previous to his execution. No bail was required in Indian jurisprudence. He had given his word to return on the appointed day, and that was deemed sufficient by the Chief. The question among the white settlers was — "Will the condemned man

keep his word?" Various were the opinions, and not a little curiosity was felt throughout the community as the stated time drew near. The day at length came; and with it came the condemned criminal, punctual to the hour. The sentence of death was immediately carried into execution; and his body was placed sitting upright, in the midst of a rude structure of logs, where it remained, and was visited by the settlers of the surrounding country for many months afterward. His pipe and food were placed by his side, in order, as I suppose, to make his journey "to the undiscovered country" as tolerable as possible. But no one could discover that he ever condescended to make use of them.

Early in the spring of the next year, 1832, a new and more formidable cause of excitement occurred, which, for a time created a good deal of agitation and alarm among the settlers. It was reported that Black Hawk, with a large body of his warriors, was marching directly for our settlements, and there was imminent danger that all the people would be massacred. At once a draft was made upon all the male inhabitants liable to military service, and general muster was to take place upon Prairie Ronde, where means for resistance and protection were to be devised, and as far as possible, carried out. Well do I remember with what feeling I saw my father depart, and how painful was the suspense in the family, until he returned, which he did in two or three days, it having been ascertained that the report was exaggerated and the danger, at least, at that particular time, was not threatening. The community became tranquilized, and during the summer the news was received that General Atkinson had had a decisive engagement with the Indian forces, and had disastrously routed them, taking Black Hawk, his son, and many warriors prisoners. This at once restored perfect quiet to our settlement; and none were now afraid to traverse the country again at will.

The game of the country at this time, was exceedingly plentiful. Deer, bears and wolves, were seen in all directions by the settlers, and many were killed, the two former furnishing a considerable portion of the food in some of the families. Wolves, especially, were everywhere, and their dismal howl was almost sure to be heard as soon as night set in. And they were possessed of a most audacious temerity too — I well remember upon a certain occasion when one

came at midday, into our door yard and seized a sheep before the face and eyes of several of the family, and would have made short work with the timid animal, had not my father interfered to rescue it. And, again, one came just before night-fall, within two rods of the door, and laid hold of a small pig, the cries of which soon brought its long-legged, lantern-jawed, ferocious maternal ancestor to the rescue, when his lupine majesty saw fit to beat a hasty retreat, with the injured mother at his heels; and *such* a race we venture to say, was never seen on Genesee Prairie before or since.— A small dog, we had, would sometimes venture, in the night, to crawl out through a hole in the wall of the log house, left for his exit and entrance, and bark, when he scented the near approach of a wolf; and not unfrequently was he driven hurriedly in, by the swift approach of the wild beast to attack him; when the mutual growling was anything but pleasant music to the ears of the family.

It seems to me but yesterday, (although it is twenty-four years since,) that I first visited the "county seat," as the little village was then usually called by the settlers in the surrounding country. I was a mere boy then, and with a boy's curiosity, noted the various things of interest in the infant town. At the foot of Main Street, on the bank of the river, at this time, was a cabin, occupied by Nathan Harrison, who had established a ferry there, consisting of a canoe or two, and a large skiff, with which to accommodate the immigrants and settlers who desired to cross the river. "Uncle Nate" was known the country through, for he was a great hunter, and foremost at all shooting matches, and hunting parties. He was, however, one of those wandering pioneer spirits that could not long brook the advances of civilization; and he soon sought a new home, where the sound of the axe and the hammer had not yet disturbed the peaceful repose of nature. The day I visited the ferry the west shore of the river for some distance up and down, was lined with the beautiful birchen canoes of a company of Indians, who had come, bringing maple sugar, venison and peltries to trade with the whites, they generally desiring in exchange, whiskey, flour, or some gaudy articles of dress. For many years after, this was a favorite resort of the natives for purposes of barter; but alas! the face of the red man is now rarely seen here, and soon will be seen no more forever. About a mile below this

place, on the east bank of the river, was an old French trading post, kept by a half breed by the name of Liephart, where the earlier settlers found very scant supplies of dry goods and groceries; but scant and dear as they were, they supplied a want which would otherwise have been severely felt by the pioneers. But at the period of which I am now speaking, there appeared an individual among the little band of villagers, who was destined not only to eclipse the French trading post in the way of supplying the necessities of the settlers, but whose subsequent career was to have an important bearing upon the growth and prosperity of the place. He was a tall, spare, rather eccentric Yankee, with a somewhat military air, and a very *nonchalant* carriage and mode of speech. Without further circumlocution, it was Col. HOSEA B. HUSTON, who came at that early day with a stock of merchandize adapted to the wants of the settlement, and put up a hastily constructed store, on the corner of Main and Rose Streets, being the front part of the building which yet remains there. At the time of my first visit "to town," above alluded to, this little mart of the Col. was just opened, and my boyish curiosity was highly gratified with the hour or two's experience I then had there. It was *the* place of resort for the townsmen, who were fond of meeting there, and "talking over matters." Here it was that I first saw Titus Bronson—the strange, lank, half crazy, eccentric founder of the village, known the country over by his then usual cognomen—"Potato Bronson"—a name given him on account of the devotion with which he cultivated a large patch of potatoes, upon Prairie Ronde, the first year of his arrival. Here, too, it was that I first saw Cyrus Lovell—otherwise "Squire Lovell"—celebrated for the unerring certainty with which he would despatch any luckless fly that might incontinently light upon his person. At the very time of which I speak, it was my privilege to witness the terrible skill of the "Squire" upon more than thirty occasions.

But I must hurry to a close with these trivial reminiscences, lest I abuse the patience of the reader and mar the object for which they were intended.

In October 1835, I became an apprentice to Gilbert & Chandler, at the printing business, they having a short time previous commenced publishing a newspaper called the "Michigan Statesman," shortly after, the "Kalamazoo Ga-



zette." In a few weeks, however, Mr. Chandler retired from the firm, and Mr. Gilbert became sole proprietor, and so remained until 1840, when he sold to E. D. BURR, who after conducting the establishment for a few months, surrendered it to Mr. Gilbert, who, part of the time alone, and part of the time in company with others, continued to carry on the business, until 1845, when the present proprietor purchased the office, with nothing but his notes, and in three months, was obliged to sell, which he did to J. W. BREESE, Esq., who after nine months trial, was glad to resell it back to myself since which time — May 1, 1846 — it has been constantly under my control. It may be, that at some future time I may write a brief history of the early vicissitudes of the GAZETTE Office; but it would hardly be proper here, after the large space I have already occupied. I have merely given the above facts, that the early history of the press may not be entirely lost, should no fuller statement be hereafter made.

I append here, a few imperfect lines, written by me several years ago, embodying a legendary tale of the Indians, which may be true or false; but as the incidents are said to have occurred in this vicinity, the trifle may not be wholly without interest.

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## A NIGHT BATTLE SCENE ON THE KALAMAZOO;

### AN INDIAN LEGEND.

On the bank of the river, about a mile below this place, is pointed out a spot which is said to have been the scene of a battle fought near the middle of the last century, between the Sioux and Ottawa Indians. According to the tradition among the Indians, these tribes, after many years of feud and strife met on the spot above mentioned, with all their warriors, to make a final decision of their difficulties. It seems that Wacousta, the Chief of the Ottawas, had formed a plan of attack by night, in order that he might come upon the enemy unawares, and thus, taking them in an unprepared state, might more easily and more securely accomplish his purpose. But the enemy learned the design through his own son, who cherishing an affection for the daughter of the Sioux Chief, ventured to the tent of her father on the night of the intended massacre and privately warned the maiden of her danger,

and besought her to seek safety in immediate flight. But she considering her duty to her people and her kindred paramount to the affection of a lover, instantly gave the alarm. The Sioux warriors being thus put on their guard, silently awaited the approach of the enemy; who advancing secretly and cautiously within a short distance of the Sioux tents, rushed on to their work with the soul-chilling war-whoop. But the enemy, forewarned, were prepared to receive them, which so completely surprised the Ottawas, that they were compelled to retreat on the first onset; but being rallied by their Chief, they returned to the contest and after a long and bloody struggle, succeeded in defeating the Sioux; losing however, their Chieftain — a warrior deserving the first rank among the Indian heroes :

The night wind sighed, faintly, its dirge through the trees,  
 The cry of the owl was borne on the breeze—  
 And the scream of the eagle, in accents so fell,  
 Intermingled its notes with the wild panther's yell.  
 Darkly the storm-cloud was lowering around,  
 Enshrouding all nature in darkness profound,  
 More dreadful that hour, more dismal that gloom  
 Than the soul-chilling horror that reigns at the tomb.

But behold ! see, the watch-fire is kindled afar ;  
 Wacousta has lighted the beacon of war !  
 And woe to the Sioux if the darkness of night  
 Shall find him in slumber, unarmed for the fight !  
 For deep is the ire of the Ottawa Chief  
 When the hatchet is raised in revenge for his grief ;  
 And deadly his vengeance his victim shall feel  
 When the wrongs of Wacousta shall sharper the steel :

Ah ! where is the Sioux when the death-fire burns bright ?  
 Sees he not from the hill the red glare of its light ?  
 And where is the Chief, when the enemy nigh,  
 Shall rush to the carnage with the dread battle cry ?

But, hark ! there's a wail of deep grief on the air,  
 In the accents of woe breaks that cry of despair.  
 Say—why on the breeze comes that voice of lament,  
 In the frenzy of anguish, from the dark Sioux tent ?  
 Ah, list!—'tis Wahcondah who entreats in that prayer—  
 Wacousta, thy son is the suppliant there ;  
 For oft he hath sworn to the bright Sioux maid  
 The faith of the warrior, which but death shall invade.

He comes to entreat that from danger afar,  
 The maiden will fly from the tempest of war.  
 But true to her country when danger is near,  
 She heeds not the warnings of peril or fear ;  
 But quick through the camp of the slumbering Sioux,  
 On the voice of the maiden the dread signal flew.

How sudden the change of the sleeper to life !  
 Of the warrior at rest to the warrior for strife !  
 As if earth from its bosom had yielded its clay  
 All armed for the conflict in battle array.  
 Deep silence reigns there 'mid that dark warrior band,  
 All steadfast and firm with their armor they stand.

But, hark ! on the air breaks the Ottawa's yell,  
 More fierce than the shrieks of the demons of hell.  
 Like fiends of despair they come down on the foe ;  
 Destruction and Death follow fast where they go,  
 But, see ! the bold Sioux receive the dread shock—  
 All bravely they stand as the firm mountain rock.

Lo ! carnage stalks forth on that red battle field ;  
 For sooner the warrior meets death than to yield.  
 Ah ! dire is the fight when the brave meets the brave ;  
 And rich then the harvest that cumpers the grave.

But hark ! there is triumph breaks forth in that yell,  
 For deadly the Sioux' red tomahawks tell : —  
 The Ottawa shrinks from that charge of the foe,  
 For the spirit of death is abroad in each blow.  
 They turn—but the form of Wacousta stands forth,  
 And darker his frown than the clouds of the North ;  
 More fiercely his yell breaks aloud on the air  
 Than the cries of the Furies urged on by despair.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Tis done ! for the Sioux has fled far away ;  
 No longer he urges the deadly affray :  
 But a tear dims the eye of the Ottawa brave—  
 Their Chieftain sleeps cold in the warrior's red grave.  
 Wacousta ! Wacousta ! O, long will thy name  
 Stand brightly, the first on the pages of fame.  
 Thy spirit has gone to the far father land,  
 To meet with the manes of thy bright kindred band.  
 May the waves in sad cadence thy requiem roll,  
 While the soft, gentle zephyrs waft praise to thy soul.

\* \* \* \* \*

A mound marks the spot where the Chieftain reposes,  
And over his tomb blooms a bed of wild roses.

There are other traditions of an interesting character connected with our locality, which, could they be collected and preserved, might be used in some future work of local history to great advantage ; but it would swell this article to an inordinate length, to give even the outlines ; and I presume it would not comport with the object of your present undertaking, to go thus extensively into matters no better authenticated than these wild legends usually are.

Very Respectfully,

V. HASCALL.

## Kalamazoo in 1833.

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MRS. HENRIETTA S. T. TAYLOR,

*Secretary Ladies' Library Association, Kal. Michigan.*

Time in its passage through twenty-two years, hath wrought a change in the County of Kalamazoo, which to those of us, who were among the "early settlers," seems marvellous and dreamlike. I remember well, a pleasant ride I had, in the early part of November, 1833, from my humble cabin, on "Prairie Ronde," passing over the "Indian trail" which touched the margin of "Dry Prairie," thence across a somewhat broken country, until it finally passed down on the plain, near the dwelling house, on what now constitutes the "Axtell Farm;" my errand was to purchase, at what was then considered the great mart of trade for this County, a supply of Salt. The Trading House below the present village of Kalamazoo and near where now stands the Furnace, furnished the principal supply of Salt and Iron, (and that in very limited quantities) and other necessaries to the Pioneer. In the Trading House, I found a large number of Indians, bartering for their supplies of Blue Calico and Whiskey. My mission was speedily and satisfactorily accomplished, by an exchange of twelve dollars and fifty cents in silver coin, for one barrel of salt, the salt to be brought home in the course of a few days, by the ox team of a neighbor, who was jointly interested with me in the purchase. On my return, I had for companions, "Sagawaw" the village Chief of some two score of *Indian Lodges*, located on what is termed the "North West Neck" of Prairie Ronde, and his interpreter, "Durocher," a mongrel, his mother a Squaw, his father a Canadian Frenchman. The Chief was a noble specimen of his race, reserved, and with little disposition to indulge in idle talk.— Durocher, on the contrary, had many of the peculiarities of the Frenchman, a constant disposition to exaggerate, violent in his gesticulation, with a copious, and sometimes almost a *furious* flow of words. In passing a point of marsh land, distant about one mile from the present Axtell Farm house,

the Indian pointed to a mound shaped spot of land, entirely surrounded by the marsh, and explained through Durocher, that there stood, during the last war with England, a shop, in which two men, (one French, the other English,) labored in repairing the guns of the Indians. He stated that the rude shop was erected, and the men paid by the British Government, and that the repairs were made for the Indians, free of any charge; that the shop was placed on that knoll or mound surrounded by a wet marsh, as a protection to some extent, against fire. Sagawaw also stated, that many Indians were at that spot, for weeks, obtaining repairs and making their simple arrangements, in anticipation of a great battle to be fought in the month of December, A. D. 1812, in the Eastern part of what now constitutes the State of Michigan, and that their expectations were sadly realized in the bloody fight at Frenchtown, on the River Raisin, on the 22d day of January, A. D. 1813, where the very flower of the Kentucky soldiery, including the gallant company led on by Captain Hart, were butchered almost to a man. A few of the American soldiers escaped the indiscriminate slaughter of that dreadful fight, for it stands a recorded historical fact, to the eternal disgrace of Proctor, the British Commander, that he suffered and even encouraged the Indians to pursue this murderous thirst for blood after the remnant of Americans had surrendered. Among the small band that escaped the tomahawk and scalping knife, of the Indians, in that perilous fight, and who with a few others, was taken captive into Canada, was one of the pioneers of our County, and who still lives, a farmer on "Gourd Neck Prairie --- the Government has recently bestowed on him, for his services, a warrant for Bounty Land, and well might John McComsey waive his accustomed modesty and say with patriotic pride, in enumerating his military services, I was in the thickest of the fight at the "*Battle of the River Raisin.*"

The Pottawattamies — to which tribe Sagawaw was attached, were all, the allies of the British. As the old Chief described what he had witnessed at, and around the spot where we then stood, with extended arm, he directed our eyes to the circular spot where the coal was burnt and prepared for the forge of that primitive workshop, and there, within the square of ground, upon which the shop once stood, could still be seen the charred block, on which the anvil had rested.

To my enquiry, why were the Pottawattamies always the Allies of the British, and enemies of the Americans, came the ready answer, "Our Father" over the big water gave to the Indian plenty of powder, lead and blankets, and always accompanied the present with the solemn declaration that the Americans had ever intended to drive the Indian away west of the "Father of Waters."

But not to be tedious in these early reminiscences, I recur again to the marked change in the country throughout the County of Kalamazoo, within the past score of years; the face of the country is peculiar in its wild state, the cherished home of the Indian, and with *his* little labor and effort, furnishing him freely with the means of substance; its wide spread prairies and beautiful groves, before the disturbing hand of the white man had touched them, more lovely than an English landscape, and in its season embellished with a verdure and a profusion and variety of flowers, that would have pleased the eye and made happy the heart of the poet. And now, after the lapse of these few years, since this same country has been surrendered for what has been termed, the improvement of civilization, we have presented for our enjoyment, all the comfort and luxuries of life. Intelligent travelers, in their western tours, have oft times favorably noted the village of Kalamazoo, as having in its location, convenience and beauty, in intimate combination. The even plain and surrounding hills, it would almost seem, expressly prepared for the ornamental and useful efforts of the builder. Its people are mainly from the hills of New England, a land that sends its sons for energetic efforts in civilization and refinement, all over the world. Here also, we find spacious streets, and dwellings commodious, and exhibiting the skill of the architect; the merchant with enlarged capital is before us, with his rich display of fabrics, exhibiting American skill, or woven in the "old world." Churches presenting large outlay of means, have been erected, creditable to the several religious societies, who thus give evidence that they acknowledge the Supremacy of that Being who gives to us life, health, and prosperity.

But I am reminded that I occupy this page by virtue of my position, as one of the early settlers, and that brevity in the writer, hath oft times more of interest than his style or subject.

H. G. W.

## Wacousta; A Tradition of the Ottawas.

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W. C. RANSOM.

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Not altogether free of romance are the localities around our beautiful Village. Indeed, America's most distinguished novelist, the lamented Cooper, placed the scene of one of his latest tales along the shores of that beautiful stream which winding along the base of the amphiheating hills that surrounds our Village, shines like a sheen of silver in the far off distance.

About this beautiful garden spot of our State it was the delight of the red men to gather. Here were their homes; here their council fires; and here too, reposed in safety their old men and women, while their braves, on some distant expedition, carried terror to the hearts of their enemies. Upon a high bluff just below our village, repose the remains of one of the most noted Chieftains of the Ottawa Tribe. An interesting tradition of his people relates the history of his death, as follows:

Many Moons ago ere the pale face had looked upon the blue waters of the Michigan; while yet the Ottawas, the Hurons, the Chippewas and Pottawatamies held undisputed sway over that vast tract of country which is washed by the surrounding lakes; the Sioux a numerous and warlike tribe, whose domains extended from the shores of the Michigan Lake to the Mississippi, on the west, sent out a large war party, who, passing around the head of the lake, invaded the territory occupied by the Ottawas, who were gathered in large numbers at this point, celebrating the annual feast of the harvest.

At peace with their neighbors, and not suspecting danger, the Sioux party had approached to the top of the hills that overlook our valley on the west, without the slightest sus-



picion on the part of the Ottawas, of the promity of their dangerous foes. Here they paused and awaited the darkness of the night, ere they should make that attack which would send the dusky spirit of many a brave to the happy hunting grounds of the spirit land.

The feast and the dance of the harvest went merrily on around the happy fires, the young warrior wooed and won, the brave recited his deeds of daring, and the sagimunds of the nation looked grave and smiled by turns at the festive scenes around them. Among the Ottawas was one who joined not in the festivities.—“The Eagles feather” contrasted strongly with the dark hair in which it was twined, and his noble bearing proclaimed him, who sat apart from his comrades, to be a personage of no common position, for he was the son of Wacousta the Chief of his tribe. Once upon an expedition, he had wandered far away from the home of his fathers to the wigwams of the Sioux, here he had sought and obtained the promise of the hand of a Chieftain’s daughter, and returned to his home, promising that many moons should not pass, ere he would return and claim his beautiful bride.

Well did the young Ottawa know that his tribe would never consent to his taking a wife from a foreign nation, so long as many an Ottawa girl aspired to his hand, and hitherto he had found no fitting opportunity to make his stern father acquainted with his determination. In the meantime the Sioux girl tired of the long delay of her absent lover, learning from her father that they were about to visit his country, after much solicitation, was permitted to accompany the party in their excursion, and was now in their camp, and from her people, learned that a night attack was to be made on the Ottawas, with the intention of cutting them off at a blow. From the outliers she also learned that Wacousta was among them, and Omeena his Son.

To save his family from the threatened massacre was the determination of the Sioux maid, and accordingly, after night-fall, she started from the camp and threading her way noiselessly under the dark shadows of the forest, she soon reached the camp of the Ottawas.

Drawing the folds of her blanket closely around her face to conceal it from the sight of her enemies, she quickly found herself at the door of a Lodge, from the size of which, she judged the owner to be of no common rank. Glancing hastily

into the faces of the sleeping occupants as the flickering fire revealed them to view, she saw that Omeena was not there and turned away to continue the search elsewhere.

Hardly, however, had she changed her course, ere she met the young Ottawa returning to the lodge which she had but just visited. Great was the surprise of the young Chieftain at meeting his affianced there; but not less surprised was he as she revealed to him the proximity of his foes, and warned him to apprise his family, that they might flee from danger. She then retraced her steps, and her absence having been unnoted, was soon seated among the people of her nation.

Hard was the struggle in the mind of Omeena, as he pondered over the intelligence which had but just reached him.—The struggle was but brief, the glory of the brave, and the love of his nation triumphed over every other principle, and soon hundreds of grim warriors sallied forth, to form an ambuscade for the approaching enemies. Crossing the Kalamazoo, they secreted themselves in the dark thicket on its western bank, and awaited the Sioux's coming. Just as the harvest moon had risen brightly over the Eastern hills the almost silent tread of the warriors betokened their approach, and now the Ottawa war cry went up to the bending sky from hundreds of braves, and the deadly affray commenced.

Warrior with warrior grappled, and together sunk in death's embrace. First in the fight moved the stately Wacousta. Eagerly he sought the Sioux leader, and to terminate the contest with the result of a single combat. The morning came, and with it the struggle had ceased. The Sioux defeated at every point, had retreated, leaving their Chieftain among the dead of the battle field.

Upon his breast reclined the head of a young Sioux girl whose beauty had not protected her from the merciless tomahawk, as she endeavored in the fury of the fray, to shield the fallen body of her father. A little distance from the Sioux Chieftain, reposed on the dewy grass the body of another warrior, the plumes that were turned in his hair, dragged and trailing on the earth. The serenity of death had calmed the stern features, and this was all that remained here of Wacousta.

Omeena survived the fray, and when evenings shadows were again resting upon the landscape, they carried out the bodies of the noble dead, and buried them side by side.

At their graves they planted the wild rose, and with each returning spring, the Ottawa maidens came to strew with forest flowers the resting place of the young Sioux girl, and the braves to look upon the spot where reposed the noble Wacousta and his deadly foe.

## The Aborigines.

BY GEORGE TORREY.

They've pass'd away ; that ancient race,  
A thousand years ago ;  
Swept from the earth, and scarce a trace,  
Tells where their dust lies low.

These Prairies, with fair flowrets spread,  
These garden beds so green ;  
These mounds of earth, that hold their dead,  
Tel! that such men have been,

Rude, unrefined, perchance their life,  
Was spent in useful toil,  
Unskill'd in arms—averse to strife,  
They till'd the fruitful soil.

They rear'd their Temples to the Sun,  
Their shrines, to gods unknown,  
And ceremonial rites were done,  
On the " Sacrificial Stone."

Erewhile another race, more rude,  
Wild warrior Hunters came,  
From their far western solitudes,  
Pursuing here their game.

They found this peaceful, happy race,  
Spread o'er this wide domain ;  
They laid their fields and Temples waste,  
And swept them from the plain.

Far South, beyond the mighty stream  
That bore them on its tide,  
They've passed—their history is a dream.  
Their name with them has died.

No " storied urn " no sculptur'd stone,  
No written scroll of fame,

To tell their deeds, these mounds alone  
Stand here, without a name.

They're gone, their untold legions swell,  
The army of the dead ;  
Unwept, unsung, their ashes dwell.  
Unhonored, where we tread.

Perchance these Prairies, where no sign  
Of tree or shrub is seen,  
Were covered with th' Oak and Pine,  
The forest's king and queen.

The Saxon race that came from far,  
Beyond the dark blue wave,  
Hither led on by Freedom's star,  
That guides the Free and Brave.

Have reared a nation, who at length,  
Has spread its flowing tide,  
O'er the wide west, whose wealth and strength  
Fills its great heart with pride.

And what shall be our monument,  
When we have passed away :  
What " Illiad " shall the muse invent,  
Or history portray ?

Would that some bard like him of old,  
Who sung of " arts and arms,"  
Our Nation's glory would unfold,  
With the poet's fairy charms.

Muse of Columbia's favored land,  
Some native bard inspire,  
To wake with glowing heart and hand,  
Thy long neglected Lyre.

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### Indian Names.

Along Algoma's rocky shore.  
Roll the wild Northern waves;  
Chanting sad dirges as they roar,  
Around the red men's graves.  
And Michigan's dark bosom, bears  
To Huron's wilder shore,  
The mingled tide of many a stream,  
Named by those men of yore.

Muskegon, 'rolling down, 'mid groves  
 Of dark and stately pines;  
 Where the dun deer, undaunted roves,  
 Within these dark confines.  
 And Washtenong, whose vallies broad,  
 A golden harvest yields;  
 The home where once the red man trod.  
 Lord of those fertile fields.

And thy sweet sylvan, silvery tide,  
 Ke-Kalamazoo, hast seen  
 Their clustered cabins on thy side,  
 Their sports upon the green.  
 Thou hast borne along their light canoes,  
 And heard their war-whoop ring;  
 Did'st thou hear who *named* thee, Kalamazoo?  
 Was it chieftain, sage, or king?

It matters not *his* name or rank,  
 Or whence thy baptism came,  
 While thy swift waters lave their bank,  
 Shall live thine Indian name!  
 Yes: Michigan hath many a name,  
 Graven on her virgin breast,  
 To consecrate for aye, their fame,  
 Whose sleeping dust there rests,

Her Lakes, her Streams, her Forest shades,  
 Her Prairies, Plains, and Mounds,  
 Bear records of the race who made,  
 The wide West, hallowed ground.  
 Then cherish still, these Indian names,  
 Fulfill the sacred trust,  
 Bequeathed by those whose history c a ms  
 A place, where sleeps their dust.

By GEORGE TORRE







The Printing Academy  
Kalamazoo, Michigan



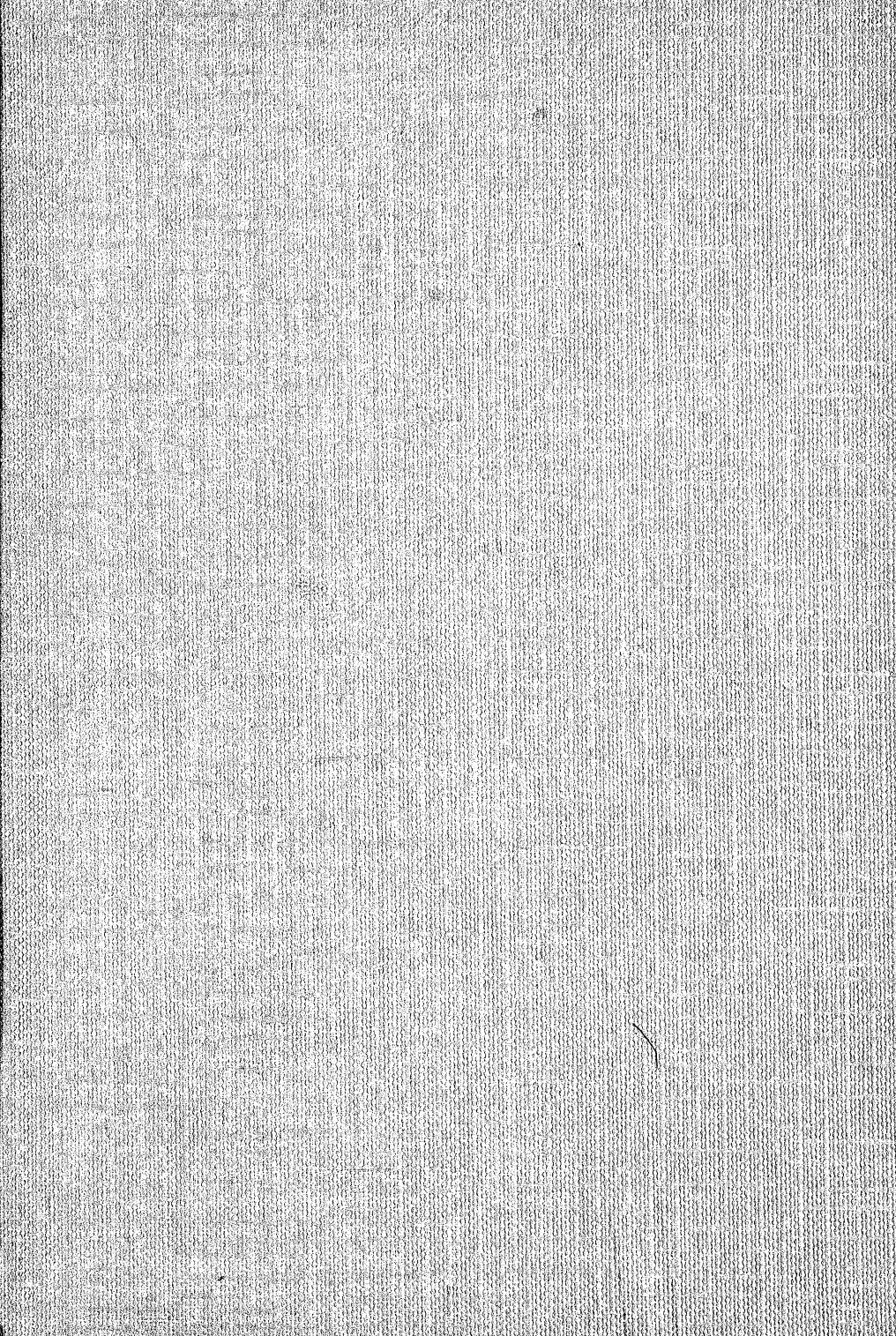


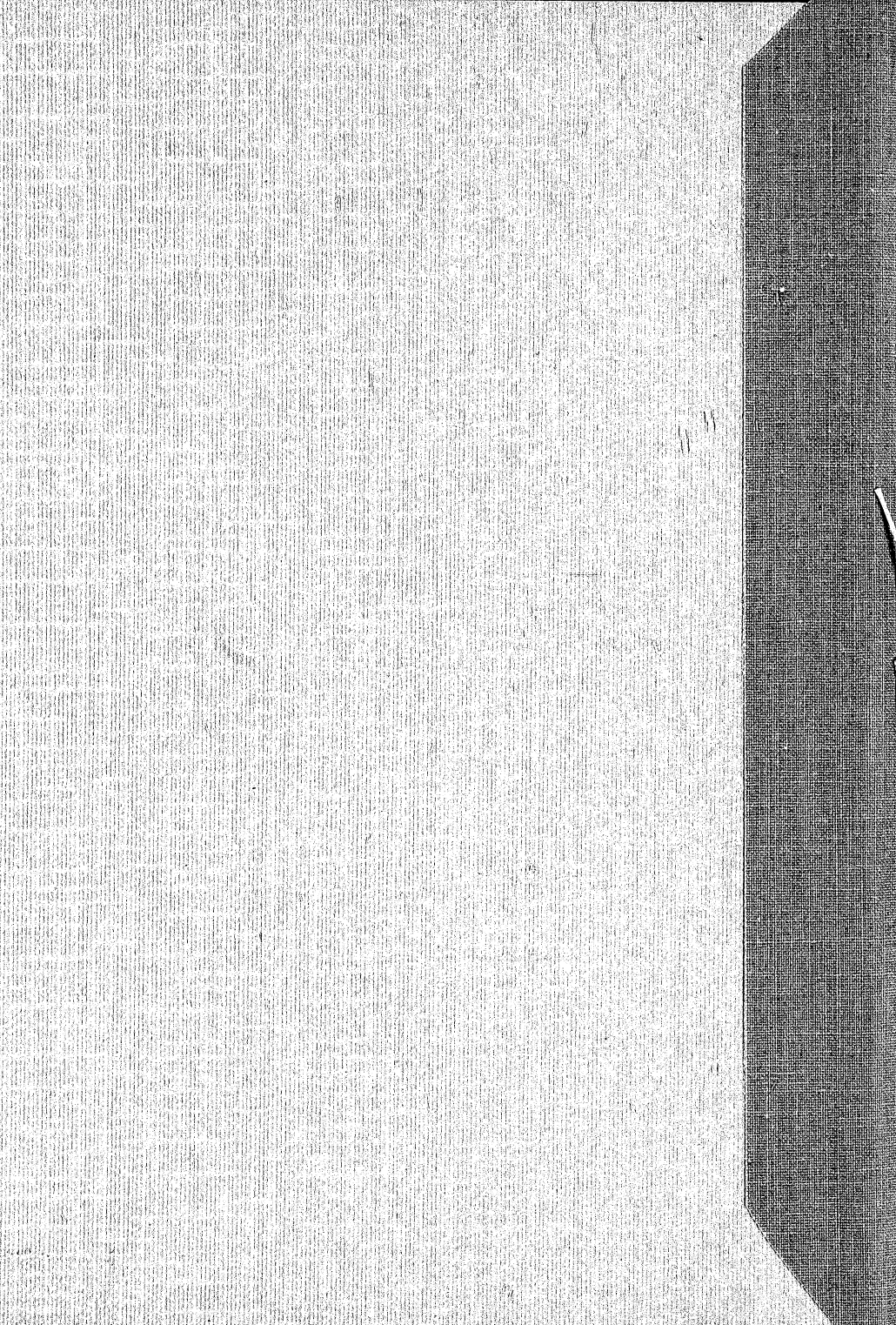


QUARTER  
CENTENNIAL  
CELEBRATION

OF THE SETTLEMENT OF

KALAMAZOO, MICH.







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