

Hunting expeditions of Oliver Hazard Perry, of Cleveland, verbatim from his diaries

Perry, Oliver Hazard, 1817-1864.

Cleveland, For private distribution, 1899.

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HUNTING EXPEDITIONS OF O. H. PERRY.

One hundred copies printed.

No. 87



OLIVER HAZARD PERRY.

From an oil painting.

HUNTING EXPEDITIONS OF
OLIVER HAZARD PERRY
OF CLEVELAND

VERBATIM FROM HIS DIARIES

EMBELLISHED WITH TAILPIECES ENGRAVED
ABOUT 1800 BY DR. ALEXANDER ANDERSON AND OTHERS
AND PRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL WOOD



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1899

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PROEM.

MR. OLIVER HAZARD PERRY, the author of the journals of early hunting expeditions embraced in this volume, was an extraordinary and interesting man; and this publication, which is a limited one, is now made for distribution among his personal friends.

0 3-15-46 RA

He was born at Cleveland, O., April 12th, 1817. Mr. Perry grew to manhood at a period, in a region of country, and with every other accompanying circumstance highly favorable to a vigorous and manly physical culture. Endowed with a robust constitution, and his native tastes and liberal studies inclining him to pursuits of natural history, he early became familiar with the haunts of every species of game with which the wilds of Ohio and Michigan then abounded; and as he possessed ample means for the gratification of these inclinations, he enjoyed nothing so much as a protracted encampment with one or two friends in the depths of our boundless and trackless woods, making the camp the center and rendezvous for extensive expeditions in all directions: and as the company of friends was not always available for efforts long sustained, such company was, fortunately for Mr. Perry, by no means indispensable. It was not an uncommon occurrence for him to start out solitary and alone upon one of his great hunts, occupying several months, relying for "society where none intrudes" only upon nature as she always appeared to him in her multitudinous charms.

It was the practice of Mr. Perry during the greater portion of his life to preserve a careful and detailed account of his observations and experiences on these expeditions; and it is not too much to say they are a valuable contribution to the literature of the period to which they relate.

Although these records are replete with delightful and marvelous descriptions of the hunter's recreations and triumphs, as well as primeval scenery long since marred or obliterated by the tramp of civilization and the demands of human necessities, they were obviously prepared not with any ambitious purpose of publication, but rather with the single view of enabling the actual participants to more distinctly recall and reënjoy in after life the thrilling adventures and pleasures so graphically recounted.

Mr. Perry was killed in a railroad accident on the Cleveland & Pittsburgh Railroad, December 23d, 1864.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, May 1st, 1899.

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THIS BOOK CONTAINS AN ACCOUNT
OF THE HUNTING EXPEDITIONS OF
O. H. PERRY, COMMENCING WITH
DECEMBER, 1836.

a



HUNTING EXPEDITIONS OF O. H. PERRY

HIS FIRST DEER.

IN December [3d] 1836 †Peter Perry, a New York Gentleman, and Myself started from Cleveland in Peter,^s Sleigh to [12 miles] Avon on a Deer Hunt. We found the Sleighing good, and fetched up about 3 P M. at *Kinny,^s Tavern, on French Creek in Avon, 18 miles from Cleveland, where we made preparations for our Hunt. The morning of the next day was clear, and the tracking in the snow excellent. I started into the woods and soon found some fresh tracks which I followed, but being inexperienced in hunting Deer, I got no shots although I saw quite a number. towards night I saw a Possum which I shot, and brought in to the Tavern. At night a Serenading Band of some twenty persons, came to the Tavern to drink, and prepare themselves for the purpose of greeting and doing honor to a Mr Cahoon, an Old Bear Hunter, who had just returned from the Columbus State Prison, where he had been serving the State for some time to make amends for pass-

† Died in December 1843.

* Killed by being thrown from his waggon in 1843.

ing Counterfeit money. A kind of half fool that was among them, came back to the Tavern about 10 O'clock, and I made a bargain with him for 25 cts, to watch all night with the Opossum I killed. he said he had watched with dead folks, but he had never done such a thing as watch with dead animals; but still he undertook the task and performed it faithfully.

The next morning was clear and much warmer than the day before, and the snow thawed very rapidly. I started into the woods by the break of day, in company with an Old Hunter. we came to a place in the woods where he said an Old Buck lived, and if we worked it cunning we might get him. he told me to go to a certain place on a ridge and stand, and make as much noise as I liked in going there, and he would go to another place and stand.

I went to the place designated, but made as little noise as possible, and taking my station behind a large Chesnut tree, waited to see what would happen. A short time after being there I discovered an Old Buck bounding along to the very spot where I stood. After coming within about six rods of me, he stopped and looked back on his back track. I took advantage of the opportunity and fired. he immediately wheeled and ran off into the woods again. I loaded my Rifle, and went to where he stood, found blood, and following his track on for about half a mile I found him between two logs dead. The old Hunter having heard me fire, came up, and assisting me we soon hung up the Old Buck, and started off again after others.

During the day we saw two Bucks as we supposed fighting, but could'nt get near enough to shoot at them. In the afternoon it commenced raining, and we hurried back through the woods to the Tavern. I took Peter,^s Horse and getting a waggon, and a person to accompany me, I went in the rain after my deer and brought him back to the Tavern. The next day being very cold, and the snow all gone, I started back a foot to Cleveland, leaving Peter at French Creek and with the promise that when

he returned he would fetch my deer. I got home about 2 P M, and the next morning getting up quite early, I went to the Kitchen door, and upon opening it, the first thing I saw was my Old Buck standing up as straight, and natural as life. I took the old fellow to the shop, thawed him out, skinned him, prepared his hams for drying, and sent portions of his fore shoulders to Uncle Weddell, Mr Baldwin, Wilson, and several others.

This was the first deer I ever shot, and I felt much elated at my success in killing him.



STAG.

A HUNT IN AVON, OHIO.

THE last of December 1836, there being a good snow I took my black Mare and Cutter, and in company with D. W. Cross, and with all my stock of funds in my pocket (viz one dollar and a half) started for Avon on a Deer Hunt. We stopped at Fuller,^s Tavern, in Avon Centre, 17 miles from Cleveland. Nex day there being a good tracking snow we started out together, and after getting into the woods, parted company. Soon after, I struck the tracks of ten deer all in one drove, and following them up a short time, started them.

After following them an hour or two, I discovered a small deer (a doe fawn) crossing their tracks in front of me. I immediately drew up my Rifle and fired. the deer fell, and upon going up to it, I found that I had broke its back. I cut its throat, took out its entrails, and cutting a stick with a crotch in it, hooked it into its jaw and drew it on the snow some four miles to the Tavern.

Towards night Cross came in feeling quite discouraged, having seen no deer and but few tracks.

The second day I saw several deer, got two or three shots, but owing to my Rifle being very fine sighted, killed none. I however killed this day five Hedgehogs. I found them on the tops of the trees eating the bark, and they made a very tempting and beautiful mark.

The third day I saw quite a number of deer, got several shots, but owing to my bad sights killed none. Cross more lucky, killed this day a large fine Doe. He hunted with a long large bored Rifle which he borrowed from Peter Perry.

The 4th day, the snow being still good, I went out again,

and struck the track of a monstous Buck. I followed him five or six hours, saw him several times but always with his flag hoisted, until luckily I discovered him very carefully coming towards me on his back track. I let him come within eight rods of me when I fired. at the report of my gun he suddenly stopped, looked around a moment, and then bounded off.

I had the Buck-fever when I shot at him, and my arms and legs trembled violently, and that no doubt was the reason I missed him. I felt so vexed and mortified at not hitting him, I went home the next day. The sleighing was first rate.



ANTELOPE.

ANOTHER HUNTING EXPEDITION TO AVON.

THE latter part of January 1837 in company with Mr Curtiss (a Law Student in Mr Payne,^s office) and Mr Cross I again started to Avon on another Deer Hunting Expedition. The sleighing was good, and we all three went in my Cutter. We stopped at Fuller,^s Tavern in Avon Centre. The next day after getting there, we all three went into the woods together, I hunting next to the clearing,^s and Cross and Curtiss hunting parallel with me in the woods some 40 rods distant.

Shortly after hunting in this manner I started two deer out of a tree-top and fired at them, and they running down to where Cross and Curtiss were, they both fired at them, but none of us hit them. we followed their tracks untill other deer joining them we had a drove of 12, or 15. when following the tracks we put up a large covey of Partridges, and spent some time in shooting at them. We fired at the head of one several times, and not hitting him to end it, I shot him through the body.

We took turns about following ahead on the tracks of the deer. during one of my turns of being ahead, I saw the whole drove only some twenty rods in front of me. getting down on the snow and resting my Rifle on my knee, I singled out one of them, and fired. Cross a moment afterwards also fired.

Going to the spot where the deer stood that I shot at, I found hair and blood. following the track up, I at last saw the deer lying down, and as I supposed dead. I placed my Rifle beside a tree and was going towards him to cut his throat, when he jumped up and ran off. I took his track and followed it a mile or two, when I again discovered him lying down. I took good sight, fired, and this time finished him. Upon examining him I found that I had shot him the first time through the paunch.

After I had gutted him, I cut a hole in his throat and putting my hankerchief through it, looked at my compass and then commenced dragging him in the direction of the Tavern. A violent snow storm coming on, I got bewildered, and wandered about in the woods till just at night, when I came out to a road One mile from Beebee,^s Tavern on the South Ridge, Eight miles from where I started from in the morning. I stopped with Beebee over night and made an agreement with him to send my deer to P. M. Weddell,^s Store Cleveland. The deer was a Doe-fawn of large size.

Next day I started back through the woods to Fuller,^s saw several deer and a flock of Turkeys but killed none.

The 3^d day Cross and myself went into the North woods and hunted in Company. we started four deer near a meadow, when being very frightened they jumped into the meadow, and when some forty rods off, Cross fired and broke the leg of one a large Doe. they then jumped over a fence into a man,^s barn-yard, from there into the North Ridge road, then into an Orchard, and finally made their way through the clearing,^s into the South woods.

We followed their tracks till they parted, when Cross and Myself divided—he taking the track of the wounded one, and I the tracks of the others. I got five or six shots at them during the day, but only made out to wound one and he slightly. Cross had better success, for he killed the Doe he followed, and only about fifty rods distant from the Tavern, and within twenty rods of a collection of some thirty people who were burying a Merchant of French Creek who had accidentally got killed a few days before.

The 4th day hunted by myself. Started a fawn out of a chopping in the South woods early in the morning, and followed him till 2 P M, without getting a shot, when giving him up and hunting towards the Tavern I saw an Old Doe and her Fawn feeding. I fired at them as they were very slowly walking, and missed them. They not being frightened or discovering me, I

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loaded and fired at the Fawn, when down he fell, my ball having broke his back.

Upon going up to him he made a most terrible bleating, and I had some little difficulty in cutting his throat. It was a fine large Buck Fawn and quite fat. I gutted him and fastening a hooked stick into his jaw, drew him along to the Tavern and got there an hour or two after dark. Cross also killed this day a deer, a very fine large Doe.

The 5th day I went into the woods alone, and finding the tracks of 14 Deer all in one drove, I followed them untill night, without getting a shot, although I saw them often. I left them within half a mile of a Clearing, and five miles from the Tavern where I stopped.

Next morning Cross & Myself got up two hours before day and started for the place where I had left them. Getting there before daylight, we went into a Log House to stay until we could see to follow the tracks. The Owner of the house showed us a Fawn that he had in a Tub of water, and which he said his dog killed the evening before. we had our suspicions that the dog had been chasing the flock of Deer I had followed, and upon going out and finding the tracks we found that it was so, and that the dog had scattered them in every direction.

We finanly found where four or five of them had united again, and after following them up very rapidly for two or three hours, we came in sight of them and kept them in sight almost constantly, but being ourselves very fatigued from over exertion, and being in the woods nearly opposite the Tavern, we seated ourselves on a log and held a Consultation, the deer then being in sight of us. The result of our consultation, was, that we gave up following the deer any farther that day, and went back to the Tavern to recuit for the next day,^s hunt.

Next day I started into the South woods very early in the morning, and after hunting an hour or two I came across the fresh tracks of five or six deer. following them a mile or more, I at last discovered them standing some thirty five rods off, and

there being a crust on the snow I was afraid to approach them nearer, and consequently fired from where I stood when I first saw them. On the report of my Rifle they bounded off, and running up to where they stood to see what execution I had done, I found that I had missed them entirely, not even cutting a hair.

Loading up as soon as possible I started in pursuit of them, and when the deer were going past a Clearing a dog ran out and scattered them in all directions.

After hunting in various directions to strike their tracks, I at last found where two had joined Company together. following them a short distance, I discovered one of them standing some twenty rods off in the thick brush. I immediately drew up my Rifle and fired at it. it never moved.

Loading as soon as possible, I took aim lower down it's side as I supposed, and again fired. this time it jumped and ran off like lightning.

Going up to where it stood, I found plenty of hair, and following the track a short distance found blood. from the way it tracked in the snow I saw that I had broken its hip. it ran pretty smart for a mile or two, when getting exhausted from loss of blood it laid down very often. jumping up at last very near me, I fired at it and missed, when being vexed at my ill success, I took after it without stopping to load my gun and outrunning it caught it by the head and ears and cut its throat with my knife. It proved to be an Old Doe in middling order.

After dressing it I drew it to a Clearing some half a mile distant and hung it up on the fence. Going to the House in the Clearing to enquire who lived there, a beautiful young Girl of some 18 years of age answered all my enquiries, and seeing how fatigued I was, also gave me a glass of first rate Cider to drink.

Getting back to the Tavern about 4 O'clock in the afternoon, I harnessed up my horse and putting her into the Cutter and getting a person to accompany me I went through the woods after my deer, which I got and returned back by moonlight to the Tavern which we reached about 8 P. M.

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The next morning the sleighing being very poor I put the 4 deer Cross & Myself had killed into my Cutter and started for Cleveland Curtiss and Myself walking while Cross improving an opportunity to ride went to Cleveland with Robert Parks in his Buggy. Parks then lived at Rocky River.

I got to Cleveland about 2 P. M. and leaving Cross,^s deer at his Boarding House and making Mr Dudley Baldwin a present of one of my deer I took the other and went home when I found that our folks had been feasting for a week past on the one that I had first shott.



BEAVER.

A HUNTING CAMP IN RUSSIA TOWNSHIP.

NOV. 24th 1837 Cross and Myself having received an invitation to join a Hunting Party from Cleveland who had Camped in Russia Township Lorrain Co. Ohio, we concluded to accept the invitation, and consequently started off at 8 A. M. in the stage and arrived at Amherst at 4 P. M. taking it a foot from Amherst we went to Burgesses House four miles where we stopped for the night. Getting next morning one of Burgesses Boy,^s for a Guide we went some three and a half miles through the woods to the Camp of the Hunting Party.

None of the Hunters were at Camp when we got there, all being out hunting. but toward,^s night they began to string in, like bees to a hive, and we found the Party were composed of John R. St John, Merchant Lewis, John Wills, Van Voast, and James Williamson. they had hunted but one day and killed nothing but a Turkey.

Suffering some from cold in sleeping in the Tent the first night, it was proposed that the whole party should devote the next day to backing in straw from Hitchcock,^s Farm, (the nearest Clearing, One and a half miles distant,) and try and make our sleeping department more comfortable.

After getting the straw, we went to work and cut down a large tree for Back Logs, fixed up the puncheons around our Camp, and extended our blazings. For Bed clothes we had several Blankets & Coverlids, and One large Coon Skin Robe. We took turns about cooking, each one alternately cooking a day.

A few days after Cross and Myself joined the Party, Col. Williams and William Case also came and joined it, bringing with

them a box of Cigars, a basket of Hard Bread and a Jug of brandy. With the addition of Col. Williams and W^m Case to our numbers, we had nine persons in our little Tent.

Our Fire Arms consisted of Nine Rifles, and Six Pistols, two of them Rifle barreled. Game was not very plenty, but having a good stock of Tobacco, Cigars, Hard Bread, Rum, Brandy, Sugar, Codfish &c, we passed the time away very merrily.

At the end of a week our party having killed five deer, and the weather getting warm, we went to work and jerked them. The Snow having all gone, and rainy weather setting in, we had no success for several days in hunting, but with our jerked venison, and occasionally a Partridge, and fresh bread twice a week from Hitchcock,^s we fared very well.

St John, Cross & Myself coming into the Camp together one day, we found that John Will,^s Hound had gone in to our Tent and eat up a large portion of our Jerked meat. the aforesaid Hound also being in the habit of chasing the deer, and spoiling our hunting, we after a short consultation decided that he should die, and drew cuts which of us should kill him. the lot fell on Cross. he took the Hound and led him off alone into the woods. Shortly we heard the report of his Rifle, and the loud yelping of the Hound. A few minutes afterwards the Hound all covered with blood came rushing into the Tent. St John and Myself both sprung for our Rifles, but getting mine first I shott him through the heart. we then carried him off into the woods, and secreted him in a large fallen Hickory tree-top. Cross said than when he raised his Rifle to shoot, his heart failed him, and he made a bad Shott. We kept the shooting of the dog an inviolable secret from the rest of our party.

One Morning W^m Case, James Williamson and Myself started in to the woods together. we had not been out long before we came across the fresh tracks of four deer. stopping a short time for consultation, we agreed that we would follow the deer at least two days, before coming back to our Camp. After we had followed them about five miles, we put up in a Thicket

that we were passing through, a flock of Partridges, and stopping to fire at them Williamson,^s Gun gave out when he and Case turned back. I continued to follow the deer two days, during which time I passed on logs the East and West Branch of Black River, twice, saw one large flock of Turkeys, and occasionally got sight of the deer I was following. A hard Crust on the snow prevented me from getting a Shott at them. I stopped over night at the House of Mr Parson,^s Cousin to Levi Parson,^s who Graduated at Andover College the same time with my Uncle Philanthropos Perry.

It continueing rainy weather for a week or more, and no prospects for snow, our Hunting Party all left for Cleveland except St John, Cross, and Myself. We passed away our time very pleasantly sitting by our Camp-fire at night Smoking our Cigars, discoursing about the past, present, and future, and telling all the little incidents in each others history.

Our Camp was so far in the woods, that we could hear no noise from the settlements, and the dead silence that reigned around at Night, was only broken by the hooting of Owls, the nasal twang of Crosse,^s Singing, and the loud Indian Yells of St John. St John having resided several years among the Seneca tribe of Indians near Buffalo, told us many interesting incidents about them, and gave us a considerable knowledge of the Indian Character.

Hunters from Henrietta, Camden, and Wellington, occasionally visited our Camp, and we invariably treated them with the greatest hospitality, always giving them Brandy, Cigars, &c. After we had remained some three weeks in our Camp by Our-selves, occasionally killing a deer, James Williamson came and joined us again.

The weather was very rainy and as warm as September. Lake Erie remained open, and Steam Boats run the principal part of the winter. Waiting patiently for snow some three weeks, our hopes were one morning realized by finding on the ground some twelve inches of snow. we immediately gave three

cheer,^s, Yelped, halloed and made all manner of sign,^s at our good fortune. We hastily prepared ourselves to start out into the woods, expecting now we had snow, to make great destruction among the deer; but alas, all our fond hopes and bright anticipations were blasted, by the dark and portentous heavens sending down a perfect deluge of rain, carrying away with the snow, all our bright hopes and prospects.

Fate seeming to be against us in regard to Snow this winter, and having already Camped out Myself five weeks, and feeling very seriously the bad effects of an injury to my hand, I finanly concluded to give it up, and in Company with James Williamson I started a foot for Cleveland. We travvelled as far as Ridgeville, when we stopped for the night, and took Stage next morning for Cleveland.

When we had finished our Hunt, we found that our Party had killed Nine Deer, three Coon, One Turkey, Seven or eight Partridges, and as many Hedge-Hogs. Having no property, or money, I was only enabled to go on this Hunt by borrowing Five dollars from Dudley Baldwin. When I left the Camp, I was indebted to Cross for borrowed money, and to the Company for my part of the expenses incurred for Provision,^s &c, ten dollars, which sum I liquidated in May 1838.



HEDGEHOG.

ELK HUNTING IN NORTHERN MICHIGAN.

DECEMBER 11th 1838, Started on the St^m Boat "Gen Wayne" in company with T. N. Graves, and a Canadian, on an Elk Hunting Expedition to the Northern part of Michigan. We arrived at Port Huron on Black River, One mile this side of Lake Huron, Oct. 13th, and providing ourselves with a barrel of Hard-bread, 25 lbs of Pork, an Indian Axe, Frying Pan, three tin Cups, and a wooden Pail, we engaged a Team to take these Articles, together with our Baggage, to the Forks of Black River, Seventeen miles from its mouth, where we stopped for the night at a House situated at the forks of the river.

Shortly after eating our supper the Man with whom we stopped, asked me if my Father,^s name was not Nathan Perry. I answered him it was. he then said that his Wife had seen a resemblance in me to my Father, and said that when I was a child some One Year and a half old, his wife then 12 years of age, came from Painsville with my Father, and resided in his family a year or more.

Passing this day through a woods on the Black River some five miles in extent, we came to a Cluster of Log-Houses occupied by a Mr Waddam, (a Batcheldor who owns a large tract of land lying some five miles in extent on the banks of the River) who was very largely engaged in the Lumber Business. He treated us very hospitably, and took us to the edge of his woods, where he showed us some five Acres of land enclosed with a high and strong fence, and in which enclosure were a large Buck Elk that the Indians had given him, and also several Deer of various ages. The Elk was very fierce and attempted to get at us. He placed his horns against the fence, and pushed

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with all his force, when not succeeding in throwing the fence down, he reared up on his hind legs and attempted to jump it. He was very fat and sleek, and decidedly a very beautiful animal. The large Buck Deer beside him, looked like Fawns in comparison with him.

The next day after we arrived at the Forks, we engaged the man with whom we stopped, to take his Ox team, and a Sled made out of a crotched tree and take our provision and baggage one days drive into the woods. We traveled over logs, and through swails, and Swamps, till nearly night, when we stopped for the night.

We made a large fire out of old dry Pine logs, which lit up the forest around, and made things look wild and cheerful. About midnight it commenced raining, when we hustled around and cut four crotched sticks, placed them in the ground, laid poles across them, and then spread a Camlet Hair Cloak over them. we all of us got under this Shelter, and saved ourselves from getting wet. Our Amunition we protected as securely as possible, and had the satisfaction of not having it injured.

The next day was clear and pleasant, and after changing our location to a Pine Grove near a swail, we commenced falling trees to make our Camp. We spent two days in making it, and the third day commenced blazing our lines, when the rest of our Party suggested that I should go out and try to kill a deer.

I started, and after hunting several hours, and seeing a number of deer without being able to get a shott at them, I started back for the Camp, when travelling till night and not finding it, I built a large fire, made a kind of shelter out of spruce brush, and Camped for the night. The night was clear and frosty, which with the novelty of my situation prevented me from sleeping.

I started early the next morning, and after travelling some two hours, I came to a Creek, the banks of which I followed down till nearly noon, when getting fatigued I laid down to rest myself in an Old Indian Camp. After being there a short time

I heard the brush crack, when carefully getting up and looking out of the Camp, I discovered a large Doe Elk feeding only some four rods off among the thick spruce bushes. I immediately put down another ball in my Rifle, and resting it across the side Pole of the Camp was just on the point of shooting, when a motion in the bushes attracted my attention, and looking I discovered a large Buck Elk right in front of me, and only some two rods off. being so very near, my heart beat terribly, and my body shook violently. but steadying my nerves as much as possible, I took aim and fired at his head. he immediately fell, but before I could get to him, he got up and ran off. from the noise that he and the other Elk made crashing through the brush, I supposed that there was quite a drove of them. Having aimed low for fear of overshooting, I supposed I shott the Elk in his jaw, and consequently gave up following him, and pursued my course again down the Creek till night, when I built a fire and Camped.

During the day I had seen a good many Bear Signs, several deer, a good many Partridges, and quite a number of deserted Indian Camps. In some of the Indian Camps that I saw this day, I found Birch Bark Mococks with the bottoms burnt out, also I saw plenty of Elk Horns hung up in them, and Elk hair scattered all around the Camps, where they had been dressing the skins. I opened a number of rag-bags that I found hanging up in the Indian Camps, and found that they contained seeds of various kinds.

There are no squirrels in these woods, and I did not succeed in killing any kind of game. The night was very cold, and I suffered considerably. Nesting pretty close to the fire during the night, the sparks snapped out and burnt numerous holes through my Coat.

The next morning I started very early and continued my way down the Creek. About 10 A. M I saw some ducks, and succeeded in killing one. shortly after, I also killed two Partridges, when feeling that I would have something to eat that night, I

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felt in quite good spirits. At 2 P M I came to where some trees had been cut down, and looking around I found a Dead-fall baited with a dead Horse for wolves. I followed a kind of trail that led from it and came to a log-house. the folks in it received me very hospitably, and gave me a good supper. I eat till I nearly killed myself. they told me that the nearest house was some ten miles off on the Black River.

On my giving them an account of where we Camped, they said it must be near the Great Indian trail, and not more than three or four miles off.

Next day one of them started with me, and I reached our Camp about Noon, when I found Graves and the Canadian making preparations to leave as they supposed I was killed. I prevailed on them to stay, and after taking a days rest I commenced hunting again. Graves in a day or two afterwards getting sick, became frighened and very hastily left us.

The Canadian and Myself were then alone, our only company being the Owls that lived on the trees around us, and a large Yellow Dog that we brought with us. Although Game was plenty, the woods were so very dry and thick that we had very little success in hunting. we lived very comfortably however, and enjoyed ourselves very much. with our Pork and Bread, and the addition of the little Game we killed, we fared very well.

Indians were not numerous, but occasionally a band of them would go by, in sight of our Camp. Their Wigwams were scattered all through the woods and the Chippewas from Canada were in the habit of hunting on these grounds every fall. We found great numbers of Elk Horns hung up in their Camps.

Peter-non-e-quit a Saginaw Indian killed while we were hunting, two Elk in one day some three miles from our Camp, but the fall being too dry for good hunting, the Indians all left for Belle River where the hunting was better.

Hunting one day about two miles from our Camp, I found the remains of an Elk which the wolves had killed. I took his

horns, brought them to our Camp, and when I started back to Cleveland took them with me. we found in the woods and brought in to our Camp, two pair of Deer Horns that were fastened together. The Deer evidently had been fighting, got their horns fastened and died in that situation.

A large Bear one night came within two rods of our Camp, and we could plainly see his tracks in the swail next morning.

Four miles West of our Camp was the Great Indian Trail of the Saginaws which passed near a large Cranberry Marsh of several thousand acres, where the Indians go every summer, make boxes of Birch Bark, fill them with Cranberries, put them into their Canoes and go down to the Mouth of Black River where they sell them at a dollar a bushel.

Having very nearly eat up our provision, and feeling quite satisfied with our Expedition, we packed our blankets &c, on our backs, and left our Camp for Port Huron. After passing the forks of Black River about two miles, we came to where a man lived by the name of Beard. he gave us something to eat, and some first rate whiskey to drink. He showed us an extraordinary large pair of Elk-Horns that the Indians had given him.

Leaving his house late in the Afternoon, we arrived at Waddams about 10 Oclock at night. Mr Waddam,^s House-keeper had a large fire made up in one of the log-houses, and some blankets spread on the floor for our benefit. She afterwards came in to see that we were comfortably situated. After thanking and complimenting her for her hospitality, I asked her how the Old Buck Elk flourished? She said that a few days after we left going up the River, it broke out of the enclosure, and seeing her through the window, it dashed right through it after her, and she barely escaped by springing up a ladder into the Garret of the log-house. while there she screamed and halloed most lustily, when Mr Waddam finding out the trouble, got his Rifle and shott the Elk in the House.

Leaving Waddams in the morning, we arrived at Port-Huron

about noon the same day. After remaining at Port-Huron for a few days to get some half barrels of fish put up, I started in a St^m Boat for Cleveland, leaving the Canadian at Port-Huron. I arrived at Cleveland safe and sound, with blankets, Rifle and Elk Horns.



ELK.

DEER HUNT IN LORAIN COUNTY.

JANUARY 29th 1839 there being a good Hunting-Snow, Charles Baldwin borrowed a Horse of Peter Perry and putting it into his Brother,^s (Edward Baldwin) Cutter, William Case and himself started to Russia, Lorain Co. Ohio, on a Deer-Hunt, and stopped with Axtell on the old Boynton Farm.

After being there a few days W^m Case wrote me such a flattering account of the fine times he was having there Deer Hunting, and urged me so strong to join him, that I immediately run some balls, put on my hunting Clothes, and with my dog Sport took the stage and in less than twenty four hours from the receival of his letter, was with him.

A crust coming on the snow and remaining as long as the snow lasted, prevented us from killing any deer, but was very favourable to trapping Turkeys. We made and repaired three Turkey-Pen,^s, and made trails of straw all through the woods leading to them. The Squirrels and Blue-Jays sprung our traps so often that we caught no turkey,^s the first week, but I had the good luck to shoot three very fine ones.

W^m Case getting discouraged went back to Cleveland. The day before he left he proposed to me to go and visit the spot where Himself, Cross, St John, and Myself and others had camped out two winters before. The day was very cold and we put on thick Over Coats, and there being a very hard crust on the snow, we didn't expect to see any Game; but after going through the woods some two miles, talking and making considerable noise, I all at once discovered a Doe standing about ten rods off to our left looking at us. My Over-Coat troubling me I had great difficulty to get a good sight on my Rifle, but finally succeeding as well as I could, I fired. the deer jumped,

and William then seeing her fired a heavy single barreled Shot Gun loaded with Buck-shot at her, but upon going to the place where she stood and following the track a short distance we discovered no hair or other signs of her being hit.

Leaving the track of the deer, we bore on in the direction of our Old Camp, and succeeded in finding it about 2 P. M. The Puncheons and poles that helped to make it were all down, and a deep snow covered them as well as the brands of our Camp-fire that we had left two years before. The tracks of three Wild-Turkey,^s were plainly to be seen in the snow right over the fallen Puncheons.

Sad and gloomy thoughts came into my mind, when I viewed the well known trees, and other objects, and witnessed the wild desolation that a deep and solemn silence reigned around. Here two years before a happy party of us, in the spring tide of our existence, spent a portion of the most pleasant period of our lives. All was life and animation. the noise of singing, laughing, talking and hooting made the woods resound. but now how different! The great changer Time had intervened, and a part of that merry Company were scattered to all portions of the earth, while two of them were then gazing in melancholly silence on the ruins of their old deserted Camp before them.

The next day after William left, Baldwin and Myself went some three miles into the woods near the Henrietta Road and made a large Turkey-Pen. The following day we carried straw and made the trails to it. The third day in the afternoon we went to our Turkey-pen and coming across one of the trails leading to it, we found the tracks of fifteen turkies following it. Going to the pen, we found the door down and that all the Turkey,^s had gone into it and been caught, but the poles over the top of the pen being rather light, the Turkey,^s by constantly jumping against them, had finally parted them and escaped.

The next day the crust on the snow having thawed some, I took the tracks of four deer and followed them nearly all day, but only got one opportunity to shoot and then missed.

At night telling Axtell about the deer I had followed, he concluded to go into the woods with me next day. Getting an early start in the morning, we in a short time came across the tracks of seven deer and followed them till 2 P. M. getting several shots, but missing, the deer being a long distance off.

In returning back through the woods we parted company, and when within about a mile of the house, I saw two Coon walking around the foot of a large tree. before I could shoot, they crawled into a hole in the tree and disappeared.

On returning to the House, I told Baldwin about the Coons, when he immediately took an axe and my dog Sport and went after them. He cut into the hollow of the tree and succeeded in killing one of the Coons, the other escaped.

Early the next morning I took my dog Sport and hunted in the East woods, towards Oberlin. while following the track of a deer I saw a Mink walking along with a mouse in its mouth. Sport taking after it, run it into a hollow tree, and I went to work cutting it out with my Hatchet. after hacking a couple hours into the tree, (the Mink all the time making a terrible squalling) I finally made a hole into it, when the Mink jumped out, and Sport being near, it caught him by the lip, but he shaking it off succeeded in killing it.

On getting back to Axtell,^s I found Baldwin there with five Turkey,^s. He in the morning had gone out to one of the Turkey Pens and found twelve turkey,^s in it, but on seeing him they fluttered around so that they commenced breaking out, when he began shooting at them in the Pen, and succeeded in killing five.

Having now Eight Turkey,^s we concluded to go home, but finally thought we would hunt one day more before we started. The next morning I took Sport and went into a thicket where there were Partridges, and after a long tramp made out to kill three. these with some squirrels was all the game I killed this day. Baldwin killed some thirty squirrels.

The next morning we settled with M^r Axtell (and after bid-

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ding himself and wife good-bye, as likewise Miss Axtell a young lady some twenty years of age, who belonged to the Babtist Church, and who amused us very much evenings by her interesting conversation) and started for Cleveland. The snow being all thawed out of the road, we were compelled to walk the whole distance, the horse only being able to draw the Turkey,^s and Cutter. We arrived at Cleveland about noon of the second day.



BEAGLE.

HUNTING EXCURSION IN RUSSIA,
LORAIN CO. OHIO.

NOV. 24th 1841, I put my long maned Sorrel Mare into a Buggy and in Company with Bushnell White left Cleveland at 8 A. M. for Russia, Lorain Co. on a Deer-Hunt. Soon after starting, a Sleet storm came on which finally settled down into a hard rain. Getting thoroughly wet, we stopped at 12 A. M. at Dover, got our dinner and dried ourselves. At $\frac{1}{2}$ past 3 P. M we started again and got to Elyria just at dark. Enquiring the road to Oberlin we started on in that direction, when a most terrible thunder storm came on. The rain fell in torrents and the thunder and lightning was truly awful.

We got completely drenched. the night was horribly dark; the houses were far between; the road was very muddy; we were constantly getting off of it, and could hardly make our Horse go even on a walk. White was very anxious to stop at the first house we came to, but I insisted on keeping on. White walked ahead of the horse feeling the way, and when he came to a cross road went ahead till he came to a house and inquired which of the roads to take. In this way we kept on till 11 in the evening when we got to Oberlin.

Tracy keeping a kind of a Tavern we stopped with him. Finding a man I gave him half a dollar to thoroughly clean and rub down my horse.

Tracy made up for us a large fire in the Kitchen and while we were drying by it got our supper prepared. Two Oclock at night having got thoroughly dried we went to bed.

Getting up in the morning we found the ground covered with snow. After eating our breakfast we took our Rifle,^s and Car-

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pet Bags and started west, intending to stop at the first house that would keep us.

The first house we applied at, the folks were sick, but at the second one (Mr Smith,^s) no objections were made and we stopped.

Smith,^s house was made of logs, and was very old. It had two small rooms partially partitioned off below, and an upper loft which you entered by a ladder. His family were composed of himself wife and nine children. He was dreadfully poor and the accommodations we got corresponded with his poverty.

Leaving our Carpet-Bags at the house, and loading our Rifles, we started into the woods, and in a very short time came across the tracks of a large flock of Turkey,^s. Following the Turkey,^s I got sight of them in a swail, and firing at them shot one through the body but lost it. I saw no deer this day.

2^d day started three Deer in the morning and followed them till three in the afternoon, when I saw one of them standing up beside a tree and the two others lying down. Being off some distance I aimed high and fired, but I had the mortification of seeing my ball strike the snow this side of them.

Going back to the house White soon came in dragging on the Ground the fore-quarters of a Fawn which he said he had killed. Expressing to him my surprise that he should have left the skin in the woods and dragged in that part of the deer, "he wanted to know what part he should have brought in"? I told him of course the saddle. "Well," says he "I'll know better next time when I kill a deer."

3^d day hunted in West towards Henrietta, and at dusk had got within three quarters of a mile of Smith,^s without having seen any deer, when passing along on the banks of a swail I noticed something walking along some eight rods in front of me. Very soon I made them out to be three deer, a Doe and two Fawns. It being too dark to take sight on my rifle, I pointed it towards the Doe and fired. She ran off and I distinctly heard her fall making a loud cracking in the brush. Hurrying in to

Smith,^s I got my supper, and when the Moon rose, took two of Smith^s boys and young Disbroe of Amherst, and went after my deer. We found her about 20 rods from where I had shot her. My ball had gone through her lights. Drawing her to the house I dressed and hung her up.

Our Log-House was well cramed with occupants this evening, Mrs Smith Sister having come on a visit together with her whole family. One of the visitors, Miss Disbrow, a young damoiselle of seventeen summers was quite pretty and intelligent. White and Myself being very dry from eating a great many Hickory-nuts during the evening kept Miss Disbrow and Catherine quite busy in handing us tea-cups of water.

4th day, hunted in a South-west direction and about noon I saw Seven deer coming towards me. When they came within about 15 rods of me, I fired and shot one through the paunch.

Two men shortly afterwards coming up on their tracks I joined them and followed on after the deer till the one I had shot left the others, when I parted company with the two men and followed after it.

The sun having come out very warm, and the snow thawing off very rapidly, I followed the wounded deer very fast, and having on a thick Over-Coat sweat very profusely. Becoming fatigued and the snow going off fast I gave up following the deer, and went back to Smith^s.

White this day had killed a fine lot of squirrels, which Mrs. Smith served up for our supper.

After Supper, feeling rested, I walked $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles to Oberlin, got my Horse and Buggy, drove back to Smith^s, settled with him, put my deer in the Buggy, and with White drove that night four miles to Amherst. Reddington the Landlord having no licquor White would'nt stop with him, when we drove three miles farther to a Tavern where they had plenty of it, and also where they prepared us a good supper.

Next day we made a very comfortable ride of it into Cleveland.

Smith was born in the Catskill Mountains, was very slim and tall, some 50 years of age and wore a very long beard. He was an industrious man working hard on his Clearing all day, and making Boots & Shoes at night for his neighbors and family. He showed me a vest and other clothes that he was married in thirty years before. One of his daughters Catherine (nearly 17 years old) was an interesting Girl, and cooked venison to our entire satisfaction. Smith Charged us Seventy five cents a week for our board and longing.

White on this expedition killed some squirrels but no Deer or Turkeys.



SQUIRREL.

ANOTHER HUNT IN RUSSIA.

DECEMBER 17th 1841 James Williamson and Myself providing ourselves with half a Gallon of Old Jamaica Rum, 3 Papers of Cocoa, 3 pounds of Sugar and a loaf of Brown Bread, took our Rifle^s and with my Sorrel Mare and Buggy started for Smith,^s in Russia, Lorain Co, Ohio, on a Deer-Hunt. On arriving at Smith,^s, we found all our traps safe with the exception of the loaf of Brown Bread; that we had lost somewhere on our route.

A good snow being on the ground, the tracking was excellent. The first day we saw no deer. The next day Saturday we hunted Turkeys pretty much all of the day but killed none. At night we went with Smith,^s daughter Catherine some two miles to a Spelling School.

Sunday we took my Buggy and went four miles to Podunk (Amherst) to Church. After Church took dinner at Reddington,^s.

Monday Catherine wanting to go and see her Sister who resided some five or six miles off, I told her that if "Dad" would saddle my Mare she might have her to ride. She telling "Dad" of my offer, he went out with her to the Barn, and with the assistance of Catherine he finally succeeded in getting on my Mare a saddle and Bridle, and helping Catherine on her back she started off to her Sisters, after which "Dad" and Myself took our rifles and went into the woods. We saw one or two flocks of Turkey,^s and several Deer but got no shots.

Tuesday I struck the tracks of two Deer and followed them some distance when some person came on the tracks in front of me and cut me out. Shortly after, finding some more fresh tracks, I followed them an hour or two, when some Hunter

came in ahead of me and cut me out also on these. feeling very much vexed I stood still not knowing exactly what to do, whether to continue to follow on the tracks, or give them up, when suddenly off to my right I heard the report of a gun. running over in that direction I very soon came across the track of a Deer on a keen jump. noticing blood on its track, and knowing that it had just been shot, and feeling mad that I had been cut out in following my Deer, I sprung in on the track and followed it some four miles in as rapid a gait as I could go, when getting tired and thinking the Hunter whoever he was would give it up by this time, I went along more moderately seeing the Deer often but afraid to fire at it, for fear of the Hunter hearing the report of my rifle. At last towards night I tried to get a shot at it but failed, and when it got too dark to follow the track any longer, I gave it up and went back to Smith,^s.

Telling him about my Deer Chase, the next morning he took a strap and went out with me to where I had left the track. following it on a short distance we found the Deer dead.

It was a very fat Doe, and shot in the hip, the ball a very small one glancing into the body. I told Smith he might have the Deer, but kept the circumstance of another Hunter having shot it, a secret from him.

Wednesday, saw several Deer and a flock of Turkey,^s. Shot one of the Turkey,^s through the body, and followed it a mile or more, when the track got so mixed up with others I lost it.

Coming back to Smith,^s, I found that Catherine had returned and was vainly endeavouring to put a large pot (containing our supper) over the fire, "Dad" standing by without offering to assist her.

Thursday we devoted to repairing several old Turkey-Pens, and making trails of straw to them. but our labour was all in vain, as Shack was so abundant the Turkey,^s paid no attention to our trails.

Friday there being a crust on the snow we hunted parallel with each other keeping some 30 rods apart. After going over

to the Henrietta Road some three miles we turned around and hunted back walking parallel to each other some 50 rods apart. When about a mile from the Henrietta Road, I heard a crackling noise, and looking in the direction where "Dad" was hunting I discovered a flock of "Deer" trotting along directly towards me. when within 15 or 18 rods of me I fired at one of them and knocked it down, but it soon jumped up and running off joined the others. On going to the spot where it stood I found that I had cut off a great abundance of hair, but could discover no blood on the track.

Going back to Smith^s I related to him the circumstances of my shooting the Deer, when he took his Dog, Rifle and Strap, and Dad joining us we all went to the place where I had shot the Deer. After following the tracks of the deer a short distance, we found where one had separated from the others, also one drop of blood on the track, and that it went on three legs. following this track on for a couple of miles, all at once I saw Smith raising his Rifle to shoot. looking in the direction that he pointed his gun, I saw the Deer and told Smith not to shoot, as it was dead. but just at that moment seeing its ears move, I drew up my Rifle and shot it through the neck. After dressing it Smith hitched his strap to it, when we drew it on the crust to his house. It was a large fine Doe, and my ball had just grazed the Shoulder passing along the body and breaking one of the hind legs.

Saturday hunted North in the wind-fall by Myself and started three deer. After following them some two hours, two Hunters joined me, and while with me we saw another Deer, when they left me and took after it.

About the middle of the afternoon another Hunter joined me and kept on following the Deer in company with me till night. This Hunter told me that some few weeks before he killed a Fawn, when a Hunter from Cleveland, by the name of White, a Lawjer, came up to him and bought the fore-shoulders of him for fifty cents. These were the fore-shoulders that White had

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dragged in when we were hunting together at Smith,^s a few weeks before.

Sunday, French came over to Smith,^s and asked me to go with him hunting, but I declined preferring to remain in the house and rest.

Monday Dad and Myself following two different flocks of Deer, they finally came together, when we followed the tracks in company. The Deer steered directly South, (after following them till 3 P. M.) I proposed to Dad to turn around and go back as it would take us till night to get to Smith,^s.

Getting out my Compass I told Dad the course to take, when I branched off from him, having thereby a better chance to see Game. I travelled very fast, and ran a portion of the way, but notwithstanding I did not get in to Smith,^s till dark. We waited some time for Dad before eating our Supper.

After Supper one of the Neighbors came in, who asked me where Dad was. I told him that I had left him some six miles in the woods, and I rather thought he had gone over to the Henrietta road and stopped.

"Well" says he "it is such a cold and cloudy night if he don't get out of the woods by 10 O'clock, he is a dead man." Feeling quite confident that he had stopped over at the Henrietta Road, I felt very little alarmed about him.

Between Nine and Ten in the evening hearing a noise at the door I went to it and opened it, when in tottered Dad, his Clothes all torn to pieces, and himself looking the very picture of despair. In a faint voice he eagerly asked for some rum, "quick some rum." I got the jug and poured him out nearly half a glass full, which he drank off at once; then setting a chair for him back from the fire he sank into it almost exhausted.

Mrs Smith went to work and prepared him some supper which he eat with a most ravenous appetite. After supper he gave us a short account of himself.

He said after leaving me he kept on his course towards Smith,^s, when he came across a large flock of Turkey,^s, which

he followed till nearly dark. Coming to the Turkey Pen that I had made two years before, and which he knew, he was in a quandary, whether to go out to the Henrietta Road (which was half a mile) and stay at the first house he came to, or try to go through the woods at night three miles to Smith,^s. Deciding on Smith,^s, he started, when getting as he supposed about half way, he fell down and broke the glass of his Compass. He then continued on in the direction he thought right till he came back to a spot that he had started from an hour before. Getting frightened, he took another direction and travelled on with all the speed he could make. Soon he became very tired, fell down often in the snow, sat down every few minutes on the logs, and could hardly draw his legs after him. The Clouds having broken away a little, and it becoming more light, he thought he could see an opening in the woods which he steered for, and which luckily proved to be Smith,^s Clearing.

Next day "Dads" face, feet, and legs swelled up, and he could hardly walk. I took his track and out of curiosity followed it a mile or more. the steps were very short, and the spots where he had sat down very frequent. he had taken several complete circles, each one gaining ground towards the East, which finally was the reason of his seeing Smith,^s Clearing.

I continued to hunt four or five days longer, till "Dad" got recruited so as to stand our journey home, when I harnessed up my Mare and drove the first day as far as Elyria where we stopped for the night.

After supper the Landlord asked us if we didn't miss some of our luggage when we arrived at Smith,^s. Said that he found a loaf of Graham Bread in our room after we left. I told him that very probably the Bread belonged to my friend "Dad," as he was in the habit of taking his luncheon with him when he went hunting. Next day without any thing remarkable taking place, we drove safely to Cleveland.

I had a very pleasant time of it on this Hunt. In the evenings Smith would set before us large quantities of Hickory nuts,

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and while we were cracking and eating them, and he pounding away on his leather, he would relate to us many interesting incidents of his early life when residing among the Catskill Mountains. Catherine occasionally had young female friends visit her in the evening from Podunck, and they presented to "Dad" a good opportunity to study female human nature.



WOLF.

HUNTING EXCURSION IN RUSSIA,
LORAIN CO. OHIO.

NOV. 24th 1842, a good hunting snow having fallen, I started early in the morning with my Sorrel Mare and Buggy for Russia on a Deer Hunt. I arrived safe at Smiths just at dark, and found the family all well. I hunted three days (the snow remaining on the ground that length of time when it thawed off) seeing several flocks of Turkeys, and quite a number of Deer, but did not succeed in killing any.

The 2^d day, early in the morning, I started out of their beds a Buck, Doe, and two Fawns, and followed them on a fast walk till 3 P, M, when passing through the wind-fall I discovered some thirty rods off the Buck standing up, and the Doe and fawns lying down near him. A Sleet Snow Storm raging violently at the time, and the snow on the ground from being wet squeaking very bad, I got down on my belly and crawled some fifteen rods to a large log which lay between me and the deer, when I took my Cap and carefully placed it on the top of the log for my rifle to rest on. Getting all prepared I slowly raised my head to look for the deer, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing them all lying down unconscious of any enemy being near. Resting my rifle across my Cap, I took aim at the Buck and pulled the trigger when the Cap snapped. hastily putting on another Cap, I pulled trigger again, but without any other report saving the second snap of the Cap. This time the deer jumped up and looked around, seemingly much frightened. I snapped two more Caps at them, when they gave a whistling snort, and with their Colours raised started off on a keen jump.

After many useless endeavours to get my Gun off, I reluc-

tantly left the tracks of the deer, and started back for Smiths. I was completely wet through with sleet, and rain, and after arriving at the house had great difficulty in getting the charge out of my gun.

The 3^d day when following a flock of deer through a Clearing, I discovered one of them (a small fawn) fastened in the fence; but on seeing me it struggled so violently to get loose, that before I could get my rifle from my shoulder and shoot, it escaped.

In driving home when passing through the Township of Ridgeville, I saw a doe and fawn run across the road just in front of my buggy, and some half a mile farther on also saw five wild Turkey,^s in a Corn field joining the woods. The moment I saw the latter, I instantly stopped my horse, and loaded my rifle as speedily as possible.

Two Irishmen coming along at the time who offered to hold my horse, I left it in charge of them and crept along towards the Turkey,^s. Taking sight at an Old Gobbler, I fired away at him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him tumble over. The remainder of the turkey,^s flew into the woods.

Upon getting home, thinking my turkey was an uncommon large one, I weighed it, and found that it weighed just twenty eight pounds. It was very fat, and so large, that in order to cook it in the stove, we were obliged to cut it in two. Notwithstanding it was roasted very well, it tasted so rank, and strong, that none of our family could eat it.



HUNTING EXCURSION IN THE
BLACK SWAMP, 1842.

HEARING a great deal said about a celebrated wolf hunter by the name of Snyder, who Cabined in the "Black Swamp," I determined to go and see him, and also spend a few days in hunting with him. Accordingly Dec. 14th 1842, equipped with my rifle, and a two Gallon jug filled with whiskey, I took my Sorrel Mare and buggy, and in company with John Williamson, started on the expedition.

The first day we drove to Amherst, and stopped at Redington's Tavern over night. After supper John accompanied me on a visit to Smiths, with whom I often stopped with, when deer hunting, and who lived four miles from Amherst. Finding Smith and his family well, and learning of them all the strange things that had happened in the neighborhood since I was there last, we bade them good night, and footed it back to Amherst.

The 3^d day from the time we left Cleveland, when driving along through the "Black Swamp," we all at once heard Martial Music, and stopping our horse a few minutes, soon saw emerging from the woods a company of men marching in Indian file to the tune of the "dead march in Saul." Behind them, came a waggon containing the dead body of an Old Revolutionary Soldier, who after having fought successfully the battles of his Country, emigrated into this wild and lonely region, where the keen old Hunter "*Death*" met him in the "*war path*" and sent him to the home of his fathers. The echoing solemn music, as it broke upon our ears from the surrounding woods, together with the solemn mien of the men and their regular tread, made quite an interesting and imposing scene.

When near Woodville, while driving along, we saw a large

flock of turkeys in the woods near the road. At 2 P M, on the 3^d day we arrived at Woodville in the "Black Swamp." This being the nearest place that we could get to Snyders with our horse and buggy, we left them here, till we should return.

Having got our dinner and enquired the direction to Snyder,^s, we buckled on our belts, and shouldering our rifles, started off at precisely 3 P, M, from Woodville. The day was cold and blustering with occasionally Snow Squalls. A snow but a few inches deep, with a hard crust on it, lay on the ground, and the road being rough made the walking very hard.

Just at dark we found that our road which before had been quite plain, was now nothing more than blazed out, and extremely difficult to follow at night. We judged that we were yet some four Miles from Snyder,^s, and consequently made as rapid headway on our difficult road as possible.

At about 8 in the evening, we lost our road entirely, and when looking for it, seeing some timbers laid across an arm of the Portage River, John proposed to go across them and look for the road on that side, while I should search for it on this, and if either of us found it, the signal was to be the firing of our rifles. John went across the timbers, and some half hour had elapsed without hearing any thing of him, when all at once I heard the report of his gun. Hurrying over the timbers, I went in the direction of the sound, and in a short time found him. I enquired of him, if he had found the road? He replied, "No!" "that he fired off his gun because he had got lost."

Holding a short council, we concluded to return on our back track about a mile, and strike for a light that we saw there through the woods when coming along.

About an hour after this, we fetched up at the door of a miserable dilapidated old log house, and knocking, it was soon opened by a long, lank, forlorn looking woman, whom we told our unsucccess in looking for the Cabin of Old Snyder. Says she, "this is Snyder,^s house," and sure enough, in a moment more, we stepped into the august presence of the rough Old Wolf

Hunter himself. He spoke to us very kindly—gave us in his rough way, a cordial reception—bade his wife prepare supper for us, and seemed mightily pleased that his fame as a Wolf-hunter had extended so far as Cleveland.

His house was situated near the Portage River, and besides never having been chinked, possessed no floor, save a few loose puncheons. The house had but one room, and that contained all the plunder that Snyder possessed in the world; viz a few Traps, Deer Skins, Cooking Utensils, and two beds (six feet square) that he had made himself out of white-ash and Bass-wood bark.

His family that he had living with him, consisted of his Wife, a daughter of Eighteen, and five boys from four years of age, up to Nineteen. Snyder, his Wife, and the youngest boy (whom we nicknamed "*Puking Jake*" slept) slept in one bed, and the Girl, and three of the boys, slept in the other, while the eldest boy, John, and Myself, camped down by the fire, and without any covering to protect us from the cold.

During the night, "*Jake*" who had the "*Ring's-Evil*" on his neck so bad that he could'nt move his head, had several violent fits of coughing and puking. In one of these fits, he unluckily puked on the bed-clothes, when his mother got up and slapt him most to death, telling him that "he was a nasty little brute to puke so all over the bed."

Just before day, John and Myself heard a scratching noise under our heads, and immediately afterwards the lusty crowing of an old veteran rooster. In a short time after this, the whole Snyder family were out of their beds, and we learned afterwards that on account of having no *Clock*, this *Crowing* of the old "*Game-Cock* of the *wilderness*," was the "*morning reveille*" for all hands to muster for duty.

After our breakfast, which consisted of some fried venison and a tin cup of Spice-bush tea, Snyder, John, and Myself, with our rifles started into the woods. After proceeding about half a mile, Snyder stopped and pointed out to us the different courses

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we were to take, and said that when we heard the hooting of an owl, to go in the direction of the sound, and we would find him. Snyder possessed the faculty of imitating perfectly the noise that the wild animals made, and before we left his house to return home, he gave us specimens of his skill in that respect.

Shortly after parting from Snyder, I saw a fine doe running along ahead of me. Bleating at her, she stopped, when, I took aim at her fore-Shoulders, and fired, but being deceived in the distance I missed her. A few minutes afterwards, I heard the report of a gun off to my left, and immediately thereafter the "hooting of an owl." Going in the direction of the sound, I soon found Old Snyder, who had shot a fine young doe.

He quickly stripped off some bass-wood bark, and tying it around the neck of the deer, turned to me and said, "that as I was a young man, and he an old man, he would carry my Rifle, while I might drag the deer." From the nature of the case, I could do nought else but comply with his wishes, and after a hard tug through the woods, and upon the ice in following down the river, finally reached the house with his deer, firmly resolved however in my own mind, that for the future I would pay no further attention to the "hooting of owls."

I saw five deer during the day after this, but the crust on the snow made such a noise, that I could get no shots. John saw several deer this day, but got no opportunity to shoot.

Our supper this night was the same as our breakfast in the morning, viz Venison and Spice-bush tea.

In the evening, Snyder told one of his ragged urchins to get his fife and play us some tunes, and to our surprise he did so, performing remarkably well. As a finale, Old Snyder took the fife and made the old Cabin ring again with its sharp and piercing notes. After this, we all retired to roost—John, and Myself, with our feet in the ashes, and no clothes to cover us, while "Puking Jake" lying between his father and mother, was half smothered with a feathered bed which covered them.

Nothing disturbed our rest this night, save our extreme suffer-

ing from Cold, the soreness of our backs, and ribs, from coming in contact with the hard puncheons, and the unearthly groaning of poor Jake, who afflicted with the "Rings Evil," and a sick stomach, occasionally during the night gave us specimens of his "Turkey Buzzard" vomiting, which made the old folks grunt, and John and Myself groan in madness and despair, at the stinking effluvia that rose from old Snyders bed.

The Rooster beating the morning tattoo, by a lusty crow, soon made all activity again in old Snyders Cabin.

Snyder the night before telling us that he should have to leave us for a few days, for the purpose of visiting his traps, and carrying the Wolf Scalps to Lower Sandusky to prove them and get the bounty, gave us an early shake of the hand this morning, bidding us at the same time to make ourselves contented till his return; then turning away from us, he shouldered his rifle, and a quarter of Venizon, and was soon lost from our sight in the dark bosom of the forest.

Partaking of my breakfast of Venizon, and Spice bush tea, I took my rifle and sallied out into the woods, leaving John at the Cabin, who was suffering considerably from the "blues," arising probably from "Black Swamp" board, or from an incipient affection that had sprung up in his bosom for old Snyders daughter.

After hunting two or three hours without having seen any game, I struck an old turkey trail, and as the turkeys had scratched the snow from the leaves, I could walk along in it quite still. While carefully following this trail, and keeping a sharp eye out for game, I thought I saw the motion of something in the woods to my left. looking intently in that direction for some time, I at last detected the movement of a white object some 40 rods off behind a log. In a moment more, I discovered that it was the antlers of a "buck," who was lying down, the log preventing me from seeing any thing more of his body.

I immediately determined to crawl to a large Cotton-wood tree which was some ten rods nearer the buck, and then getting

all ready, make a bleating sound, when the old buck would rise up out of his bed, and I would then have a fair opportunity of shooting at him.

As resolved, I crawled to the tree, and peeping from behind it, saw the old fellow standing up with his ears in full play trying to detect some strange sounds he had heard, probably the noise of my footsteps in the cronching snow. As the buck the moment I got sight of him from behind the tree, was looking towards the spot where I stood, I did not dare make a motion to shoot. At last, turning his head in a different direction, I drew up my rifle to fire at him, when just at that moment, he lay down.

Thinking that I was still too far off from the buck to make a sure thing of hitting him, I carefully crawled towards him some six rods nearer to a tree, when cocking my rifle, I rested it on the side of the tree and looked in the direction of the buck, who to my surprise, I again saw standing up and quickly moving his head around, seemingly somewhat frightened at some noise he had heard, but not satisfied in what direction it came from. His head being turned sideways, I took aim at his neck on a line with his body, and fired. The very moment I shot, he made several tremendous jumps, and was soon out of sight.

It appeared to me that this was the largest buck I ever saw, and both before and after I had shot at him, I felt very much excited. On going to the spot where the buck stood, I found that instead of its being directly behind the log, it was in fact, some four rods distant from it. I found no blood, but saw on the snow a small tuft of hair that looked as if it was cut off by a ball. In pacing the distance from the tree that I fired from, to where the buck stood, I found it to be just 28 rods.

I took the track of the buck and followed it some thirty rods, when finding no blood, and that he made such tremendous jumps, gave up pursuing him. In measuring some of his jumps, I found several of them that spanned nine paces (27 feet).

Taking a look at my Compass, I shaped my course towards

Snyder,^s (which was also in the direction that the buck went) and had gone about three quarters of a mile, when I started up a noble large buck in front of me. I fired at him when on a keen run, and going towards him found that my ball had struck the top of a large log, (that lay between Myself and him), and had glanced up.

Knowing of course that I had not hit him, I had very little curiosity to go and look at his track, but finally doing so, was greatly surprised to find spots of blood in it. Instantly it flashed across my mind that this was the same "old buck" that I had first shot at, and going back on his back track a short distance, found that such indeed was the case.

Loading my rifle so as to be certain of its not missing fire, I went to the place where I saw the buck last, and carefully followed up his track. After running about half a mile, he slacked up and went on a walk. One single drop of blood fell on the snow at every step he took.

About an hour after I had shot him the second time, while following on his track and keeping a sharp look out ahead, but more particularly to the right and left of me, I all at once discovered him within a few rods of me, wheeled around facing me, with his hair bristled up, his head depressed, and just in the attitude of making a dash at me.

I instantly fired, when he partially fell, but immediately recovering himself plunged on directly towards me. I sprung sideways a rod or two and got behind a tree, when I heard a loud cracking noise, and a hoarse, guttural, bellowing sound near me, at the same moment looking from behind the tree, I saw the old buck lying square on his back, with his horns fastened in the earth, and with his legs pointing towards the heavens kicking very violently. Struggling thus for a few seconds, he at last recovered his feet, and running a few rods, again tumbled down.

Being much excited it took me longer than usual to load my rifle, but finally having done so, I took aim at the old fel-

low^s neck, and fired, when he dropped his head over on the ground, stretched out his legs, and after a few faint struggles, lay still.

Going up to him, I drew my hunting knife from its sheath, and cut his throat. I found him to be a remarkably large buck, and possessing horns of remarkable whiteness and polish. On examination, I found that my first ball had hit him in the neck, going through the thick part of it, but without cutting any of the arteries, or breaking a bone. My Second shot striking the top of the log, had missed him. My third shot had struck him in the briscuit, and passing into the shoulder had glanced on the bone, when it penetrated the body. My fourth shot broke his neck.

Without stopping to hang up the buck, I dressed him on the ground, and then leaving him took a direct course for Snyders, where reaching, I got John, and two of Snyders boys to go back with me and help drag him in.

Next day (John not being able to stand Snyder,^s board any longer) we went back to Woodville, I at the same time having engaged a Frenchman to take my deer there.

Before leaving Snyder,^s, we wished to compensate Mrs Snyder for our board, but she refusing to receive any remuneration, we placed some money in the hands of one of her children, and bidding the family good bye, started off.

Arriving at Woodville, I found that I could'nt possibly get the whole of my buck in any manner into my buggy, consequently I skinned off the fore shoulders, and only brought home the head and saddle. We had a very pleasant drive home, which we reached in three days. The skin of the buck I took out to the Shakers, and had it oil dressed.



ONE DAY'S DEER HUNT IN PARMA.

JANUARY 28th 1843, a fine snow having fallen the day before, I proposed late in the afternoon of this day to E. G. Williams, to go to Parma on a deer hunt. He acceded to my proposition, and at 8 o'clock in the evening, all equipped, we started with my Sorrel Mare and buggy for Walkers at the Stone Tavern. We arrived there about 10 in the evening, and after arranging things for an early start in the morning, retired to bed.

The next morning we had our breakfast and was in the woods before daylight. After going into the woods about one mile directly west from Walker's, I found the fresh tracks of two deer, and after following them a mile or two, started them. The day was warm and clear, the sun shone very brightly, and the snow was thawing rapidly. On account of the dazzling effect of the snow, I failed for some time in getting a sight of the deer, but at last they changing their course which brought the sun more on my back, I succeeded in getting a sight of one of them. It was off to my right side about twenty rods, and was looking back on its back track. As it was almost wholly concealed by trees, in order to shoot it in a vital part, I was forced to shoot between the range of two trees, only leaving a clear space of about the width of my hand to shoot through. Resting my Rifle on the side of a Beech tree, I took cool and deliberate aim at the deer, and fired. immediately on the crack of my rifle, it bounded into the air and darted away like lightning from my sight.

After loading my rifle, and looking at my watch and finding it just 10 A M, I went to the spot where the deer stood, and found hair and blood. following up the track (the snow being

sprinkled with frothy blood on each side of it) for some forty rods, I found the deer lying down, and dead. My ball had struck it rather high on the body and passed through the upper part of its lights. It was about a two year old doe, of middling size, and in tolerable condition.

After dressing it, I cut a crotched stick and hooking it in the lower jaw of the deer, dragged it about a mile and a half through the woods to a clearing, where I left it, and then bent my course through the fields and woods for Walkers Tavern. Before reaching the Tavern, I discovered a fine large turkey in a Corn field, and resting my rifle across the fence, shot at it, but missed it.

At Walkers, I got a Horse & Cutter and a man to go with me after my deer. by taking a round about way, we were enabled to drive quite near it, when having helped the man to get it to the Cutter, I started back again into the woods.

Very soon I came on to the tracks of three deer, and followed them but a short distance, when I got a shot at the smallest one and slightly wounded it. the two others separated from it, and I followed it two or three hours before I again got sight of it. It bled but very little, and kept constantly on the move, going principally on a kind of trot, and walking but seldom. I had a very fatiguing march in pursuing it, and the warmth of the day added to the rapid gait at which I traveled, made me sweat very profusely. During the afternoon I discovered it standing still, and firing, shot it through its hips. this made it run quite smart for a short time, when it finally settled down into a fast walk.

When following the track across a wet swail, with its sides lined with thick underbrush, I suddenly came on a large flock of turkies, and fired at them, but killed none. Loading my rifle, I paid no further attention to the turkies, but put on again after my deer.

It getting to be nearly night, I begun to have apprehensions about finally being able to kill it, and consequently followed the track at a very rapid rate. The sun had set behind the trees, and darkness was beginning to pervade the forest, when I saw

for the last time, my deer standing on his legs, about thirty rods off, and looking back in the direction where I stood.

Poor fellow, he no doubt was in hopes than when the shades of evening come on, his pursuer would leave him, and that then free from danger, wounded, fatigued and hungry, he might seek refreshment and repose during the night. But the worshipper of the God Bow-waw-nee, was on his track, and his fate was sealed. he had coursed for the last time the dark forests of Middleburgh, and his eyes were soon to forever close on his favorite "stamping grounds." I took aim high on his fore-shoulders and fired. he instantly fell, and on going up to it, struggling in death, its soft, black, and innocent eyes, were reproachfully cast upon me. My ball had passed through its heart.

Being off several miles in the woods, and some six miles or more from the Stone Tavern, I hastily skinned off the fore-shoulders, and taking the saddle on my back, took the nearest course to get out of the woods. It becoming dark, the saddle getting heavy, and I from my rapid travelling being very fatigued, I took the saddle from my back and cut off all the sir-loin, or roasting piece, then started on again.

It having become dark, and seeing a light through the woods, I went to it, and found a dutch shanty occupied by four dutchmen, who were keeping batcheldor hall while they were clearing the land. Being very tired, I made a bargain with one of the dutchman to carry my deer-hams to the Stone Tavern.

After travelling some three miles, we came to Fays Tavern, when the dutchman stopped and said this was the place. I could'nt make him understand to the contrary, and consequently was obliged to hire him over again to go to the Stone Tavern, —which we reached at nine in the evening. I found Williams there, but he had not seen, or killed any game.

Being a witness in the Bank Case of Hayward vs Mr Payne, I was compelled to be in Cleveland the next day, therefore in the morning I put my deer in my Buggy, and in company with Williams drove home.

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A HUNT IN THE COUNTRY WEST OF TOLEDO.



CT. 29th, 1843, never having been back in the country west of Toledo, and having a desire to see it, and also if an opportunity presented to hunt a little, I took a Steam-Boat this day and left Cleveland for Toledo. Arrived at Toledo next morning, Oct. 30th.

Oct. 31st, took the Rail Road Cars for Adrian, and arrived there about noon. found Adrian a very thriving little village, and a great trade going on in wheat. some thirty teams loaded with wheat, were before the Grain Ware-Houses waiting for their turn to unload.

Making enquiries about Game, and learning that Deer were scarce in the vicinity of Adrian, I took the Cars and returned to Blissfield. Saw on the road for the first time in my life, a flock of Prairie Hens.

Stopping at the log house of a person who resided near the edge of the Cotton Wood Swamp, I hunted two days and saw eight or ten deer, but the bushes being thick, and the swamp a dead level, the chances to shoot deer were very small.

Nov. 3^d, I left the swamp and took the morning train of Cars for Toledo. A snow fell this day of sufficient depth to make good tracking.

Nov. 4th, after breakfast, I took my rifle and started into the woods. hunted in a north west direction from the Burying Ground, and saw no game in the forenoon, but when following in the afternoon a crooked Cow-path in the thick red bushes, I suddenly saw moving towards me a little above the tops of the bushes, the horns of a buck. A moment afterwards, the old Buck with a head of horns like a Rocking Chair, met me full in the face in the Cow path, and being greatly excited at so sud-

denly meeting him and his near proximity to me, I too hastily fired at him, and missed him. It being useless to follow him in the thick red bushes, I turned around and tramped back to Toledo, chagrined enough at my bad luck.

Next day Nov. 5th, a large party went out hunting from Toledo on horseback, and sent me an invitation with the offer of a horse to accompany them. I declined the horse, preferring to foot it.

I struck into the woods back of Manhattan, and hunted in a zigzag manner through the woods to the Turn-pike, but saw no deer, or fresh signs. Coming to Ten-Mile-Creek, I hunted about a mile along its banks, and saw vast numbers of Ducks, and some few flocks of Geese.

About 2 P. M. leaving the Creek I bore in a Northerly direction, and had gone about half a mile from the Creek, when I saw three deer (a doe and two fawns) running along in front of me about 20 rods off. I bleated when they stopped, and taking aim at the Doe fired. Loading my rifle and going to the spot where the deer stood, I found hair and blood. following the track,^s of the deer some sixty rods, I discovered the doe lying down, and the two fawns standing beside her. Supposing the doe dead, I was more careless than I otherwise would have been in trying to get a shot at the fawns, and the result was, that the old doe jumped up and ran off, the fawns parting from her and running in a different direction. I took the doe,^s track and followed it to Ten-Mile-Creek, when I could see signs sufficient to convince me that she had gone in and swam across the Creek, which was some sixty rods wide, and filled with flags and rushes.

Coming across two Hunters in the woods, I told them of the circumstances, when one of them started up the Creek intending to cross the bridge and try and head her off, the other went with me to a house on the banks of the creek about half a mile off, and got a Canoe. The Creek being froze about four rods out from the edge, we cut with an axe a passage for our Canoe

through the ice, and paddled over to the other side, and got there about the same time with the other Hunter. hunting around, we at last saw the doe lying down between two logs, when one of the men shot her through the head. On examining her, I found that my ball had paunched her, going square through the body. She was a good sized deer, and in good condition.

I offered the two Hunters, fifty cents and their suppers, if they would take her to Toledo for me. they accepted my offer, and tying the deer,^s legs together, they cut a pole and passing it through them, then resting the ends of the pole on their shoulders, they carried it in this manner to Toledo, and arrived there about an hour after dark. None of the party that went out on Horse-back, killed any deer this day.

Nov. 6th, left this morning at 10 A. M. in the St^m Boat Indiana for Cleveland, and arrived there 12 oclock at night, when I took my Carpet-bag and deer to my room, where I staid till morning.



GRAY SQUIRREL.

A HUNT NEAR MONROE.

NOV. 22^d 1843, Horace Weddell requesting me to go with him to Detroit, and aid him in recovering his Guitar that Martinez a Spanish Music Teacher had carried off, I agreed to do so, provided he would take his Rifle along and return by the way of Monroe, and have a short Deer Hunt. He agreeing to my proposal, we took our rifles and started for Detroit.

Shortly after getting there, we went to Martinez House, and found his wife an interesting French woman at home, but Martinez was absent. Having a State Warrant for him, we put it into the hands of an Officer, who soon found him, and brought him before Esq Williams, a Justice of the Peace. Horace settled with him at the Justices Office, Martinez restoring to him his Guitar, defraying his expenses in coming to Detroit, and also paying the Costs of Court.

Taking a Steam Boat the next morning after settling with Martinez, we started for Monroe, which place we arrived at, about Noon. Having some acquaintances there, we devoted the afternoon to calling on them.

In the evening Charles Taylor, Sterling, and others of our acquaintances coming in to the Tavern, we talked over with them in regard to the best place to go and hunt, and as they all recommended us to go out West on the Rail Road 22 miles, we finally agreed upon that, as being the best course. during the evening, among those that we were introduced to was a Mr Clark, son of the Mayor of the City.

Next day, Horace and Myself concluded to take a stroll in the woods, near Monroe, and try our Rifles. Going to our Carpet Bags to get our Hunting Coats, Horace made the discovery

that he had left his on board of the Steam Boat. but putting on his ordinary Coat, we took a short walk into the woods, shot our rifles at a mark till we were satisfied, and then returned.

In the evening we received an invitation to visit Mr Clark,^s, and form part of an Eucre party. Going there, we found a small party of four, or five, assembled, among them, two young ladies. One of them, Miss Abby Clark, a daughter of the Mayor,^s, was a very handsome and interesting young lady. Horace had her for his partner in our Eucre playing. A table was spread in the room, well supplied with fruit Cake, and Wine, and the evening passed off so pleasantly, that it became very late before we left.

Taking the Cars next morning we arrived at our destination about 10 A, M, and stopped at the log house of Esq Halls, a Justice of the Peace. We immediately commenced preparing ourselves for a tramp in the woods, but on coming to load our Rifles, Horace had lost all his balls, and also his Bullet Moulds. Hall rolled out three or four of my balls for him, and John Woods an old Hunter went with him into the woods. They saw several Deer, but got no shots. I took quite a long turn in the South woods, saw plenty signs of game, but no game itself.

Next day went into the South woods and hunted till late in the afternoon. saw five Deer, but was unable to get a shot at them. When I returned to Halls, I found Horace gone, he having taken the Cars for Monroe.

There being no snow, I hunted next day in the North woods towards Tecumseh, and after travelling some five miles through the woods, I came to a low wet prairie, some Eight Miles across. In hunting along the borders of this prairie, I saw numerous signs of Bear. Deer signs were scarce, and I saw but one deer this day. I saw in many places the remains of old Indian Camps. Hunted three or four days after this, without any thing worth noticing, taking place, seeing but a few deer, and those at too great a distance to shoot.

A light snow having fallen, I got an early start into the woods

the morning after, and while hunting at a distance of about a mile and a half in the South woods, I discovered a large Buck browsing on the hill side. he was about forty rods off, and the woods so open there was a poor prospect of getting nearer, but watching the opportunity when his head was down, I gradually approached till within twenty eight rods of him, (his head being towards me) when I fired. immediately after my firing, he kicked out with one of his hind legs, wheeled, and run up the hill, then turning around he violently shook his head, and finally got out of my sight.

Loading my rifle as soon as possible, I ran down the hill, and having gone up on the other side, looked very carefully in the direction I saw him last. Very soon I discovered him getting up, when walking a few rods, he laid down again, constantly shaking his head. Getting up within fifteen or eighteen rods of him, I could plainly see the blood running down his neck and out of this mouth. He was constantly getting up on his hind legs, and kneeling on his fore legs. finally having a good chance to shoot at his neck, I fired, when he stretched himself out. On going up to him, I found that my first shot had gone through his neck, cutting the jugular vein. He was a very thick, short, heavy bodied buck, and had horns of rather dark colour, and flat. his hair instead of being gray, as Deer,^s are usually at this season of the year, was of a dark brownish colour.

After hanging him up, I bore on in the direction of the Bear Swamp, when a Fawn jumped up within a few rods of me. bleating at it, it stopped when about ten rods off, the fore part of its body being behind a tree, when I fired at its hind quarters, and broke its back. I found it to be a buck fawn, fat, and of good size. hanging it up, I immediately went back to Halls to get assistance in getting my deer in. Clark also having killed a deer this day, he took a yoke of Oxen and we succeeded in getting all three of the deer in during the afternoon.

Next day I started into the woods in the same direction, and came to the head of the Bear Swamp, when I saw something

move in the thick brush. not being able to make out what it was, I went a little nearer, when out rushed two deer. taking their tracks, I followed them a short distance, when I struck a fresh Bear track. I followed it a considerable distance in the Swamp, and started it out of its bed, without seeing it however. I continued to follow it all day through swamps, Swails, and Marshes, but got no sight of it. At one time, when following the track very slowly and carefully through a thick brush Swamp, I heard directly in front of me, a great cracking of the brush. Supposing of course it was the Bear, I cocked my rifle to make ready for him, but was disappointed in seeing that it was nothing but a large buck, who had heard me and was bounding away in the brush.

The third day of the snow while hunting in the Cotton Wood Swamp, I saw something move in the thick bushes, and not being able to see it distinctly, I fired at it, at random, when a deer raised its tail and loped off.

In the afternoon of this day, I came across a dead Ox covered with logs, and with a great gash cut in his hind legs. supposing that Indians or some white men had accidentally killed him, and thus tried to hide him, I threwed off some of the logs and examined the marks on his ears, the colour of his skin, &c, then going off just as far as I could see him, made a blazing out to the Indian Shanties.

At night when I came out to the Clearings, I told of the circumstance, when two days afterwards three men called on me and made particular enquiries about the Ox, and how they might find him. I told them all I knew about him, and of my blazing from the Indian Shanties to him.

They went to the Shanties, took my blazing, and following it, found the Ox. Knowing as soon as they saw it that it was a Wolf bait, they cut a stick and poking around, soon found a large Wolf Trap, then throwing off all the logs off the Ox, they discovered it to be *Old Brown*, a well known Ox belonging to one of them, named Munson.

Searching among the bushes, they found where some person had cut its throat, and after driving it to a suitable place had then shot it in the head. Making enquiries to whom the Trap belonged, they had the owner of it arrested, who telling the mans name to whom he had lent it, they served a writ on him, when he compounded with them, by paying fifty dollars for the Ox.

Just as I had finished blazing out to the Indian Shanties this day, a most drenching rain come on, when finding the Shantee that I took shelter in, leaked very bad, I took down part of one of the others and patched it, and made a fire out of one of the remaining ones.

The rain holding up a little just at night, I started for Halls, and had gone but a short distance, when I discovered a large buck standing beside a tree. I took good aim at his shoulders, and attempted to fire at him, but my Rifle from getting wet, snapped. the Buck gave a snort out of compliment to me, and then bounded away.

The snow all disappearing a few days after it fell, and a poor prospect of more soon coming, I took the Cars and went back to Monroe. From Monroe I took the Stage for Maumee City, but the roads being very bad, I walked the most of the way. Stopping at Maumee one day, I again took the Stage for Lower Sandusky, at which place hearing of the awful state of the roads, and having an opportunity of sending my Carpet bag to Cleveland, I shouldered my Rifle and started on a foot.

I walked the whole distance from Lower Sandusky to Cleveland, and at the time I left Sandusky had a bad cold, and no appetite, but before I arrived at Cleveland, my cold had taken its departure, and my appetite was excellent.

After getting home, making enquiries about Horace, I found that he had had a most miserable time of it in getting back to Cleveland, having got very fatigued on the journey, and taken a most severe cold, which held on to him some three weeks.

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DEER HUNT IN PARMA IN 1844.



DEC. 13th 1844, in the afternoon of this day, (there being a fine tracking snow on the ground), I took my horse (Sorrel Mare) and Buggy, and drove out to Harris,^s Tavern in Parma, for the purpose of having a short Deer Hunt.

Early next morning started into the woods and hunted south of the Podunk Swamp near Lake Abram. during the forenoon, and when some two miles in the woods, I heard a hound bay. hurrying over in the direction of the sound, I soon discovered a fine buck gently loping along. happening to stop on a runway, he came within six rods of me, when I bleated, but he paying no attention to it, I fired at him running, and missed him. the Hound (a black one) soon came along on the track. I endeavoured to stop him and get him off, but could not succeed in doing so, consequently I gave up all idea of farther following the buck. Saw no more deer this day.

2^d day hunted through the Podunk Swamp, and while following the track of a deer, with my head down closely observing which way the track went, all at once a large Doe with her tongue out came rushing right on to me. I jerked up my rifle, and instantly fired at her when not more than ten steps off, but owing to the suddenness of her appearance, missed her. She paid no attention to me, or my shot, and from her distressed looks, and blind zig zag manner in which she ran, I am convinced she was then pursued by Wolves, as they were plenty in those woods.

I saw the day before the tracks of where three of them, all in one pack, were following on a keen jump four deer. I also saw where the snow was sprinkled with blood, for thirty, or forty

rods, the wolves evidently having caught one of the deer, and it effecting its escape again for the moment.

3^d day, the snow being in fine condition for hunting, accompanied by *Hunter*, (my Gibraltar Spaniel Dog that I purchased at Malden Canada of a British Officer) I started by the break of day and bore North of the Podunk Swamp.

Soon I crossed the tracks of two deer, and following them up, discovered one of the deer browsing. taking aim at its shoulders, I fired, when it sprung into the air and bounded off, being joined by its partner. Loading my rifle and going to where it stood when I fired, I discovered both hair, and blood.

After following the track along for a mile or two, the snow being pretty well sprinkled with its blood, I discovered the two deer slowly walking along some twenty rods in front of me. not wishing to shoot the wounded one, I took aim at what I considered the well one, and fired. it instantly fell, on running up to it I found that I had shot it through the back part of the neck, and also that it was the wounded deer. I had shot him the first time through the briscuit, an inch back of the forelegs, and very low down, slightly breaking the bone, but not penetrating its belly.

Two Hunters (one of them Fays son) coming along soon after I had hung it up, I got them to assist me in dragging it to the Tavern. As soon as they took hold of the deer, my dog Hunter seized it by the hind legs, and jerking back with all his might, tried to prevent them from dragging it along. After they had dragged it on the snow some fifty rods, with Hunter hanging to it, I succeeded in coaxing him off, but still he would occasionally seize it by the legs in spite of all I could do.

Getting my deer to the tavern, and giving each of my Hunter friends a glass of Whiskey, some Pie, and Cheese, and my thanks, I put my deer into my Buggy and drove home.

DEER HUNT IN LENAWEE COUNTY MICHIGAN.

HAVING received a letter from Esq. Hall stating that both Bear and Deer were plenty in his vicinity, I packed up my traps and Oct. 22^d, 1844, left Cleveland for his house. Arriving there, I found after several days hunting that there were neither Bear, or Deer, the Bear having emigrated North, and the deer gone to the openings and the Cotton wood Swamp.

Leaving Halls, I took my Carpet bag and went to the log house of Munsons, situated on the edge of the openings, and distant about one mile from the great swamp.

This was one of the most pleasant places at which I had ever stopt, both Mr and Mrs Munson being the cleverest kind of people. I had a good bed made up every night on the floor before the fire, and my breakfast was always ready an hour before daylight. The fare was plain, and good, with plenty of wild honey.

The second day after I came to Munsons I shot and badly wounded a large buck, but after following him a long distance was forced to give him up, he having gone into the bear swamp. When I returned to Munsons and had told him of the circumstance, he immediately proposed to take his dog Cub (a small black dog) and go after him. Acceeding to his proposal, we started off, and when we arrived at the swamp, stopped and put a rope round the dog,^s neck, and then followed the bloody trail of the deer until we started him, when we let the dog loose.

In a few moments we heard him barking very earnestly, and working our way through the Swamp as fast as we could, soon came up to both the dog and buck. The buck was standing still, with his hair all bristled forward, and his eyes green with

rage, while the dog kept off about a rod from him keeping up a continual bark. Occasionally the buck would make a dart at the dog, who would turn and run as fast as he could through the bushes, but who would as soon as the buck ceased chasing him, wheel round again and pursue the buck, biting him on the hind legs until he stopped.

After seeing them manovre thus for a short time, and in the mean time regained my breath, I walked up to within four rods of the buck and shot him through the heart, he falling down the instant my rifle cracked.

It was a four pronged buck and very large and fat. I had shot him in the first place through behind, in a quartering manner, crippling him considerably, and preventing him from running fast.

As there was no trees in the swamp large enough to hang him up on, we skinned him on the ground, after which I backed in the hide, and horns, while Munson Carried the Hind quarters, leaving the ballance of the buck on the ground. We got out of the swamp a little after dark, and in a fatigued state arrived at Munson's house.

This venizon proving very fine flavored, we had portions of it on the table every day afterwards that I remained at Munsons.

A few days after killing the buck, I killed and hung up a fine fawn One Mile east of Munson's house. In the evening of the same day, I was awakened by the noise of some wild animal, and upon getting up and going to the door, I could distinctly hear it scream, or bark, in the vicinity of my deer. Munson upon getting up and coming to the door, said it was a bear.

Next morning on going to my deer, I found it safe, but its entrails were all eaten up. A few days before I had come to Munsons, a pack of Wolves came into a field of his (next to the house) bordered by woods, and killed and almost entirely eat up a Yearling Calf.

During my further stay at Munsons, I killed One Prairie Hen, and two more very fat deer. One of the deer, was a

small fawn who had lost its mother when very young, consequently it had become stunted, but was very fat and the finest kind of venizon.

I took with me from Cleveland several papers of Turkish Tobacco, and in the evenings when seated before the fine large wood fires, we all three of us, Munson, his Wife, and Myself, enjoyed the luxury of smoking our pipes.

Several squads of Indians were camped in and around Munsons. I met them several times, and one day showed two of them my three deer that I had got brought in to Munsons house. I occasionally saw in the woods a Venizon that they had killed and hung up. One young Indian and his Sister had their Camp near Munsons. the young Indian had great success in hunting Coons, but his rifle being poor, he had miserable luck in killing deer.

After I had finished my hunting, I engaged Munson to take my deer to Blissfield in his Ox waggon, from there I took them on the Cars to Toledo, and from Toledo, on the Steam Boat to Cleveland, where I arrived with them safe and sound. The very moment I threw them off the Dray on to the grass at home, my old dog "*Sport*" tore the entire tallow, and kidneys, out of one of them, and that particular deer, was rather dry eating for want of that portion of it that old "*Sport*" stuffed his belly with.



RACCOON.

DEER HUNT IN LENAWEЕ, PAULDING,
AND HENRY CO.

OCTOBER 30th, 1845, having received from Morgan James of Utica New York, the double barreled Casteel Rifle that I ordered him to make for me, and having remained very closely on the Farm all Summer, my Father having been absent to the Virginia Springs, I had on this account more than my usual fall fever for a Deer Hunt, and in consequence (in company with D. W. Cross) started West on a Hunting Excursion with the most sanguine expectation of enjoying an extra amount of excitement and pleasure.

We left Cleveland for Monroe by the way of Toledo, and after a tedious voyage in a slow Boat, we reached Monroe in the afternoon of the second day. Remaining there but a short time, we took the Cars for Clarks Mills in Lenawee Co. and arrived there about noon. Shortly after the Cars had left Monroe, in passing a buck wheat field, we noticed some wild Turkeys fly over the fence, which excited us considerably and which we regarded as a happy omen.

Taking our Carpet bags on our backs, we left Clarks Mills for the log house of Munsons, some one and a half miles distant. Upon reaching the house, we noticed on the gate posts in front of the door a pair of large Buck horns which we examined and found had but recently been taken off. This raised our spirits to the highest pitch, and with the most elastic step we approached the door of Munsons house, and rapped. Our rap being answered by the welcome sound of "Come in" we pulled the latch string and I immediately had the satisfaction of greeting my friends Mr, and Mrs. Munson. Introducing to them Mr Cross,

we sat down and had a long talk about divers things, principally however in regard to game.

Next morning, rising early, Cross and Myself started into the woods, taking different directions, and hunted till night. During the day while standing on a log, I saw at a great distance among the low oak bushes, a buck and doe feeding, but upon getting down from the log and going towards them, I failed in finding them. The woods were very noisy on account of the leaves being thick and dry, and the deer no doubt heard me. I looked very sharp to day for deer signs, and felt disappointed in finding so few.

Cross this day, saw but one deer, a large buck. It was feeding when he first saw it, but a moment afterwards it walked along through the oak bushes and stood still about four rods from him. being so near, Cross concluded to shoot at his head, and accordingly he took aim at it, and fired. At the report of his Rifle, the *Old Lenawee Ranger* threw up his head and very dignifiedly looked around, when seeing nothing before him but an Ohio Democrat with a green pair of spectacles on his nose, very coolly walked off, and before Cross could load again, disappeared from his sight. Cross mourned for several days afterwards, at the kind of farewell he was forced to take of the old fellow.

2^d day hunted South in the Cotton Wood Swamp, and East towards the River Raisen, and returned to Munsons by the Oak Openings. Saw in my long tramp of this day but two deer, and those on the run. Cross saw no deer this day.

3^d day Cross, Munson, and Myself started into the woods before daylight and got to where we supposed was a runway for deer. Holding a consultation, it was agreed that Cross should stand where we were; Munson go North about thirty rods and stand, and I go the same distance South.

Just as I was starting to my place, a large Turkey came flying past and lit down where I intended standing. I went along quite carefully and when within about ten rods of where the

turkey lit, I discovered two deer running past. I immediately without taking any particular aim, fired both of my barrels at them, and which I could plainly see, without doing any execution. In fact they were too far off to expect to kill them.

Shortly after I fired, Cross and Munson came to me and enquired what I had shot at. I told them, and just at that moment we discovered a Hunter (by the name of John Woods) following the trail of the deer. We then knew the cause of the Turkey flying past us, and the deer I had shot at, being on the run. Separating, we hunted in different directions during the rest of the day without any of us seeing any more game.

Being satisfied that on account of there being no Shack, or from some other cause, that the deer had pretty much all left, I talked the matter over with Cross, and we too concluded to leave.

Next morning after breakfast, I carrying the two Rifles, Cross carrying his Carpet bag, and Munson carrying mine, we started off through the woods Seven Miles to Blissfield, which we reached just in time to take the Cars for Toledo. We went on a "dog trot" nearly all the way from Munsons, to Blissfield, I leading the way, and Cross constantly swearing at my rapid gait.

Just as we arrived in sight of Blissfield and were descending the banks of the river Raisin to cross the river, with our tongues out, and panting and blowing like tired hounds, we heard the shrill whistle of the Cars, when adding a little more speed to our gait, we in our Hunting dress, with our Tomahawks and Knives belted to our sides, our faces red, sweating, and begrimed with dust, rushed into the Cars to the gawking wonder of the men, and great consternation of several Wolverine Maids.

We arrived at Toledo during the forenoon, and at Seven P, M, took the Canal Packet and started for, we didn't know where.

Next day, several of the passengers informing us that Game

was very abundant near the Junction, we continued on there, and stopped. The village at the Junction, has perhaps 100, to 150, inhabitants—is built on low wet land, and has twenty or thirty mean, miserable, dirty log houses, and two equally as mean log Taverns.

In the evening calling on Mr Bumberger the Canal Collector, we made enquiries of him about the game around the Junction, when he informed us that it was scarce, but that at Section 10, twenty three miles from the Junction on the Cincinnati Canal, it was represented as being plenty.

Next day in the afternoon, we took a Canal Boat and reached Section 10. in the evening, one of the passengers taking a lantern and pilotting us to the Tavern.

When putting away our things, Cross discovered that he had left his Tomahawk and Knife in Toledo. Not having any chance to look around, we made a few enquiries about game, and then retired to bed.

Next day after looking at the Town of Section 10. which was built in the woods (most of the trees still standing) and composed of three dwelling houses, one Tavern, and a small 10 by 14 store, we started into the woods, which we found were very extensive, and very low, and level.

The frost had cut off all the Shack, and deer were very scarce, they having emigrated to some place where shack was more abundant. During the forenoon I came across a flock of Turkeys, and firing at them, killed one. After peeling some bark and tying its head and legs together, and throwing it over my Shoulders, I heard some turkeys gobbling off in the woods some 50 or 60 rods from me.

Going in the direction of the sound, I very soon came up to them, and found them very busy scratching in the dry leaves, making a great noise.

While creaping up to get a shot at them, (with the Turkey I had killed still on my back) I saw what I supposed to be a Colt, walking along in the thick bushes. but paying no attention to

him, I was just raising up my rifle to shoot at the turkies, when there walked out in plain sight before me, about eight rods off, this supposed Colt, which I now saw to be a most noble buck, with large and Magnificent Antlers.

The buck fever seizing me, in a moment I was all shakes, and made two foolish shots at the Old Patriarch, who hearing a noise, and smelling gunpowder, threw up his head, hoisted his flag, gave a snort and bounded away forever from my sight, leaving me to suffer from chagrin, and mortification, at the results of my two shots. Returning to the Tavern, I found Cross, who had seen a few deer, but got no shots.

Stopping at the Tavern, was only one other boarder besides ourselves, a Canal Engineer, who together with us drinking pretty freely of brandy and water, we played the Game of Eucre in the evening to see who should pay for it.

2^d day saw no deer, or turkies. Cross saw three deer and slightly wounded one.

3^d day I saw two or three deer, but the woods being dry, and the brush thick, I could get no shot at them. C. this day got no shots.

Shooting my rifle at a mark to day after I came in from hunting, and making a very wild shot, I requested Cross and the Landlord to go out with me and also shoot it. We put up a mark some 20 rods off, and fired 20, or 30 times at it, and made most miserable shooting. My Rifle having double sights on it made it very difficult to shoot it accurately.

4th day, Cross and Myself having accidentally met on the banks of the Canal some two miles from Section 10 came in together. having seen no deer, and being satisfied that there were but few in the woods, we concluded to leave, and return back towards Toledo, thinking that perhaps something might turn up yet in the way of good deer hunting. Settling with the Landlord, we next day took a Canal Boat and started.

When within forty miles of Toledo, Cross and Myself being afoot on the tow path, we passed a house close to the Canal, in

front of which, was a man chopping wood. We enquired of him if there were any deer in that vicinity, and he replying that there was, we concluded to stop at the first house we came to. following along the tow path some three miles farther, we finally saw a large white house at which we concluded to stop.

Cross having jumped aboard of the boat, I went to the side of it and made a spring to also jump aboard, when I missed the deck, and fell back into the Canal. Crawling out half choaked with the foulest of Canal water, I quickly run on a head to a bridge, when Cross handed me up our Rifles and Carpet Bags, after which taking off my Coat, Vest, and socks, and wringing them as dry as possible, directed my steps to the house.

Entering, I found a woman and her two daughters (young ladies grown) occupying a room with a fine cheerful wood fire blazing before them. Hastily telling them of my misfortune, and also our wish to abide with them a few days for the purpose of hunting, they very generously acceded to my request, and immediately thereafter retired from the room, leaving me in "batcheldoric solitude" to enjoy myself in the pleasant occupation of evaporating the moisture from my clothes.

Cross in the mean time (being a married man, and not wishing to lose any time by conversing with the old lady, or young "damoiselles,") put a goodly quantity of his favorite "bald eye" in his stomach, a few bullets in his pocket, shouldered his rifle, and turning over with extatic delight an old "chaw" of Tobacco in his mouth, started into the woods, the last sound of his footsteps reverberating back the exhilarated state of his mind and body.

During the afternoon my services being no longer required in drying my clothes, I devoted the rest of the day to cultivating an acquaintance with the young "Buckeye damsels," whom I found to be perfect originals; their conversation being unique and interesting, and having about it such a peculiar charm, that at that happy hour when the evening twilight had thrown its shades around I felt myself almost in a "Mohammedan para-

dise," but was soon doomed to be routed away from it by the return of that most zealous disciple of "Nimrod," Cross, who suddenly made his appearance singing in his original nasal style the doleful song of the "Mistletoe Bough." He had seen no deer himself, but had returned just in time to frighten away the two graceful "young does," who, with their black bright eyelashes and beautiful arched necks, were, but a moment before, so lightly stepping around me perfectly regardless of danger.

The next morning I took my rifle and hunted faithfully in the North woods all day, but with the exception of a few Partridges, saw no game, and but little signs.

In the evening after supper, Cross and Myself being seated before the fire relating to each other the incidents of the days hunt, he remarked, "that if we were only provided with a few cigars, we would be perfectly happy," when our worthy host, John Patrick, stepped into an adjoining room, and in a few moments returned with half a box of most excellent ones. With the Cigars, a pack of Cards, and the two young "feminines," Mary, and Asseneth Patrick, as partners in the game of Euchre, we passed away a very pleasant evening.

Hunting for several days after this in the North woods without seeing any deer, (having however in the evenings some amends for it, by the pleasure we experienced in smoking our Cigars, and playing Euchre with the young ladies,) and hearing that game was abundant across the river, we determined to hunt no more in the North woods, and consequently made our arrangements for an early start next morning across the river.

Jane Patrick, a bright young lass of fourteen (a daughter of P—'s) volunteered to get up before daylight and prepare us some warm coffee. Morning came and with it the smiling face of our young friend, whose hot coffee, and other "et ceteras," warmed our hearts and strengthened our limbs for the days campaign.

Arraying ourselves in our hunting garbs, we shouldered our rifles and followed up the banks of the Maumee one and a half

miles, when just at the break of day, we procured a Canoe of a boy and crossed the river.

As soon as we had stepped out of our Canoe into this large and to us then unexplored forest, a strange feeling of solitude came over our minds, and wishing to commune alone with our feelings while penetrating the wilderness before us, we parted, and in our course slightly diverged from each other.

A most destructive fire had raged on that side of the river for two or three weeks, and had burnt over an extent of Country some fifty miles in length, and varying from six to twenty miles in breadth, totally destroying all the underbrush and small trees, and in many instances the larger ones.

About the time we first came to Patricks, a heavy shower had fallen and quenched the fire, leaving a strip of land about half a mile in width bordering on the Maumee, untouched by it. During the time the fire lasted, all the deer and turkeys in that whole region had congregated in this belt, and a hunter informed us that going through it when the fire was raging and the smoke enveloping the whole woods, he saw deer and other game at every step he took.

After leaving Cross, having gone through this belt of land and got some distance into the burnt district, I came to a large log (which afforded an elevation of about four feet above the dead level of the surrounding forest) and stepping up on it, then stopped to look at the dark, burnt, and blackened surface of the land that was spread out before me.

A deep silence pervaded the woods, for the destroying fire in its course had driven away all the large animals, and, the smaller ones, unable to escape, were wrapt up in the devouring flames, and with the leaves and logs, nought of them remained but their blackened ashes.

While surveying the scene before me, a black array of moving darkness seemed to be approaching me resembling the dark storm-clouds that slowly and gradually rise from the lakes. Casting my eye through the forest, as far as I could see, this same

omnious moving darkness extended. Occasionally the woods would roar with sounds strange, discordant, and somewhat frightful to my ears. The day itself had gradually grown dark, and lowering, and the thick black clouds that now enveloped the heavens, hung low and threatening.

Gradually this moving phenomenon of darkness approached, which I felt would soon encircle me in its fearful folds, as I seemed by some mysterious and potent power to be rivited to the spot where I stood, and with no disposition to make the slightest effort to escape. A thick rolling cloud of blackened ashes rising some five feet high, and seemingly borne on the dark backs of some strange animate creation, had already begun to shed over me its fearful shadow, when all at once my eyes were opened, and a sight presented to my vision, perhaps unparalleled, and which produced on my hunter heart such bewildering feelings of pleasure, that it bordered on felicity itself. The dark black mass that extended itself in the woods before me as far as my eyes could see, and rolled up in its front those fearful looking clouds of blackened ashes in its onward march, was formed of more than five hundred black and noble turkeys, who with flowing beards, and *turkish* dignity, were roaming over these ancient hunting grounds of the noted Ottaways.

Considering myself an enemy to these black proud inhabitants of the forest, I stepped into the "war path" before them, and deliberately taking aim with my rifle, poured two rounds into the front of their advancing columns. This somewhat staggered them, and two old veteran Gobblers, reeled, faltered, and fell, the blackened ashes forming their shrouds, and the dark shadows of the forest their mantles. Quickly loading again, I gave them two more rounds, and the sharp, clear, ringing sound of my steel rifle, had hardly ceased in my ears, when the report of Cross rifle, came over with a cheering booming sound from my right.

Some of the younger *Toms* not having the courage to stand my fire, broke their ranks and flew off, but the main body, com-

posed of old veteran Gobblers, disdaining to fly, kept on their feet, and in an unbroken line slowly receded. I followed them up, pouring in on them in quick succession five or six more shots, the sharp sound of each one of them, being quickly answered by the "death knell" report of Cross,^s more sure and deadly "fire arm."

Gradually the old "*black beards*" retired into the bosom of the forest, and Cross and Myself having united, we held a short council of war, when considering how actively we had been engaged, the empty state of our "*bread-baskets*," the total exhaustion of our "pistol amunition," and the small supply of powder and ball that we had left for our rifles, decided to cease all farther pursuit, and return over the hostile woods of our engagement, and gather up the trophies of our victorious battle.

This immense number of turkies extending in a line through the woods for at least a mile, were no doubt gathered together in one body, by the fire driving flock after flock into the narrow strip of unburnt woods lying on the banks of the Maumee. After the rain had quenched the fire, they commenced returning to their old haunts, and when Cross and Myself came upon them, they had not yet got divided. We must have wounded a large number out of this immense flock, as we often came across wounded turkeys for several days afterwards.

The woods we hunted over to day, were entirely unsettled, and were the hunting Grounds of the Ottaway Indians, and from which they were removed West of the Mississippi (via Cleveland) in the Years 1838, and '39. A few years before they left, they numbered some 1,200 individuals, but by intemperance and diseases acquired from the whites, they became reduced at the time of their removal to 700 souls.

Cross and Myself returned early in the afternoon to Patricks, and after passing the evening very pleasantly, and making arrangements for an early start next morning, we retired to our Camping room, when undressing ourselves, we found to our horror that we were all over as black as "niggers," the effect of

walking through the burnt woods, the light blackened ashes having worked up the legs of our pantaloons. Not having any water in our room wherewith to whiten our "Ethiopian" skins, we tumbled into bed just as we were, and upon arising next morning, found a perfect imprint of our bodies in the clean white sheets.

We made a very early start this morning, getting to the place where our Canoe lay before daylight. Having crossed the Maumee, and having but one Canoe, we agreed that neither of us should cross the river before 5 P, M, and if either one of us came to the river before that hour, he should wait till that time for the other.

Separating we took different courses into the woods. I hunted in South to the Prairie, followed its outlet down for about three quarters of a mile, then bore North East for the Maumee, which I reached about 4 P, M. Cross coming shortly after, we crossed the river together. I saw but one deer this day, although I noticed great numbers of their tracks in the ashes.

3^d day, we hunted again across the Maumee river, and as usual parted when we got into the woods. Taking a South west course, I hunted about three miles to an oak ridge, covered pretty densely with the standing naked bodys and limbs of a large size underbrush, when suddenly I heard a noise behind me. turning around and looking in the direction of the sound, I saw in the thick brush some kind of an animal approaching me. When within about six rods of me, I discovered that it was a deer, and immediately fired at it, when it wheeled, made a few jumps, stopped and looked back. At that instant I fired at it my second barrel, when it closely hugged its tail and leaped away from my sight among the bushes.

Hastily loading my rifle, I went to the place where it stood, when being afraid of losing the spot, I took my Tomahawk and commenced blazing a tree, when six other deer which were following on in the trail of the one I had shot at, discovering me, raised their tails and run past me about ten rods to my right.

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Finding the track of the one I had shot at, and tracing it in the leaves a short distance, I found blood, when, following the track along some fifty rods farther to a large log, I carefully stepped upon it, and looking ahead, saw the deer lying down about twelve rods off, with its tongue protruded, and seemingly in great distress. Cooly taking aim at its neck, I fired, when it sprung up and after running a short distance, its wounds proving a too serious obstacle at any further effort at escape, it tumbled down. Rushing up to it, it imploringly cast upon me its green glassy eyes, but regardless of its life pleadings, I drew from its sheath the dreaded steel of "*Sa-con-da-ga*," and plunging it into the throat of the struggling victim, let out the crimson current of its body, as a propitious offering to "*Bow-waw-nee*," the hunters god.

It was a fine yearling doe, and having stood quartering to me, my first shot had struck her in the belly on the left side, and come out on the right fore shoulder, giving her what would be termed a "paunch shot." Hanging her up and dressing her, I skinned off the fore shoulders and hung them on the side of a tree about three feet from the ground.

Hunting till about three in the afternoon without seeing any more game, and noticing indications of a storm brewing, I bent my course directly towards our Canoe, and had reached within one hundred rods of it, when the sky suddenly became dark, and I could hear at a distance that peculiar rushing sound that indicated an approaching tempest of wind and rain. In a few minutes more, the sound appeared much nearer, and I could distinctly hear the crashing of the falling trees, as the storm was sweeping through the burnt district. The vivid flashes of lightning, succeeded by the most awful thunder—the horrid roar of the wind, added to the loud crashing noise of the falling trees and limbs, made me tremble for my safety.

Hastily placing my powder flask and rifle under a large log, I went and took refuge behind a stout oak, and had hardly hugged up close to its body, when the head of the terrible roar-

ing blast came sweeping by. The air was completely filled with leaves, ashes, sticks, and limbs, and when the full force of the storm reached the spot where I stood, many around me of the old veteran trees of the forest, yielded to its fearful power, bidding their companions a last farewell in the roaring crashing sound of their fall. But amid this fearful blast, this horrible noise of elements, and crash of falling trees and limbs, the noble old oak under whose protecting arms I had placed myself, stood firm and unscathed, its sturdy and majestic frame, bidding proud defiance to the storm. Several branches of trees fell close to my feet, but the body of the Oak being large, fully protected me from falling limbs.

The storm of wind lasted but a minute or two, and was succeeded by a heavy shower of rain. Keeping my position behind the oak until the rain had subsided, I then took my rifle and flask from beneath the log and bent my steps towards our Canoe, when seating Myself in one end of it anxiously waited for Cross. Remaining thus situated till the mantle of night was obscuring the heavens, and a gloomy darkness beginning to pervade the forest, and Cross not coming, I cast off the rope and with considerable difficulty, on account of the high winds, and waves, crossed the Maumee and returned to Patricks.

Bed-time came and Cross not making his appearance, I had great fears that the storm had overtaken him in some part of the woods where he could find no large oaks to shelter him, and that there alone in the wild woods, amid the crashing sound of that terrific blast, he had perished by some falling tree, or limb, which in the noise of its approach, and death dealing power, had struck upon his ear like the deadly crack of the rifle upon the noble buck, the ball at the same moment having pierced his heart. But happily in the morning, my fears were "dispelled like mist before a summers sun," by hearing from a traveller of Cross,^s safe arrival the evening before at Napoleon, three miles up the river from Patricks.

4th day, Cross very early in the morning yesterday, saw and

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shot at a deer, and while loading his rifle to shoot again, the deer not having run, he suddenly heard a whistling behind him. Looking around, he saw a dark swarthy looking man, dressed in Hunter Costume with a rifle on his shoulder, and accompanied by a dog, approaching him. As soon as he came up to Cross, he asked him "what he shot at"? Cross replied, "a deer," and then questioned him, "where he lived, and where he came from"? The man replied, "that he lived in Napoleon, and that being out hunting the day before, he had got off a long distance in the woods, had made a fire some three miles from where he then was, and camped down by it all night." Cross noticing that his eyes were very red, his face pinched up and otherwise looking very hard, "asked him, "if it was not rather cold lying out in the woods all night"? He replied, "No, that he slept warm and like a top all night."

Cross had doubts about the accuracy of his story, and shortly after leaving him, he came across the very place where he had camped, the fire still burning. The truth was, the hunter had got lost, was obliged to lay in the woods all night, and was ashamed to own it.

While hunting to day, I came across the deer I killed yesterday, and noticed that some wild animals had eaten up all its entrails and a portion of the foreshoulders which I had hung up but a few feet high on a tree. Neither Cross, or Myself, saw any deer this day.

In the evening telling Cross of the wild animals eating my deer, he borrowed a large steel trap, and early the next morning (5th day) we started for the place in the woods where I had hung up my deer. Digging a hole in the ground under where the fore shoulders hung, we put the trap in it and carefully covered it up with leaves, after which we parted, and took different courses.

After hunting some two or three hours without seeing any game, I bent my course towards the outlet of the Prairie, and when nearly there, and while walking along very carefully on

the top of a log, I saw something white shake in a dense thicket some twenty five rods ahead of me. Looking very earnestly in the direction I discovered the form of a deer in the thicket, and fired at it. It made no particular movement when I fired, but a moment afterwards came more plainly into view, when I discovered it to be a monstrous large buck, and fired at it my second barrel, to which it paid no more attention than to the first. I then hastily loaded my right hand barrel, and waiting till my nerves were more settled, took deliberate aim at its fore shoulders, aiming high, and fired. The moment my rifle went off this time, the old fellow mounted the brush and made every thing crash in the thicket, as he bounded out of it and away from my sight in the dense woods.

Going to the thicket, I could discover no blood or hair, and as the leaves were very dry, and thick, I made slow progress in following him. After an hour, or so, I had followed him some twenty five rods near to a large log, at which place I completely lost the track, and was just on the point of giving him up, when stepping upon the log I happened to look towards the extreme end of it when I discovered the old buck stretched out dead on the leaves close to the log.

My ball had hit him in the fore shoulder and gone through his heart, and the skin drawing over the bullet hole, had prevented the blood from spiriting out. I found him to be a very large buck, but run down in flesh, carrying on his head a large pair of horns, and having his ears slit out from fighting, and injured in the hoof of one of his hind legs.

As it required some hard labour to hang him up whole in the swail where he fell, I skinned him on the ground, and after hanging upon a Sapling his Skin and hind quarters, (leaving the foreshoulders on the leaves), I took his horns upon my back and started back to Patricks.

When within some sixty rods of the Maumee River, Cross seeing me at a distance through the woods with the horns on my back, hallooed out to me, "where did you find them"? I

answering, "on the head of a buck," he came to me and we proceeded together to Patrick's.

Next morning Cross started early over to the trap to see what had occurred, and upon getting there found the trap gone. Searching around, he found in the vicinity of where we had set the trap, hair and blood, the leaves tore up, and Sapplings with their bark eaten off, the trap having evidently got hitched to them. Cross after a long search found the trap, the jaws of it being covered with hair, but the animal that got into it, had escaped.

Next day going to the spot where I had killed the buck, we found that the wild animals had completely covered up its fore-shoulders with leaves, after having eat what they could of it. Seeing that our trap was not strong enough to hold these animals, whatever they were, we give up trying to catch them.

Finding the old buck,^s saddle to look rather hard, and it being some five miles in the woods across the river from Patrick,^s, I thought it would be too much labour to get it out, and consequently cut it down from the staddle on which I had hung it, giving the wild animals a still farther supply for their future feasts. I carried out of the woods this day, the skins of the two deer I had killed.

The next day while following the tracks of some deer in the burnt woods, a violent rain storm coming up, I sat down for an hour or two under a leaning stub that protected me from the rain, taking off at the same time my belt that contained my Tomahawk and Knife, and laying it down by my side. After the rain had subsided, I started up and after hunting some three miles from the spot where I had sat down, I saw three deer-ahead of me.

Feeling by my side to see if all was right, I found to my surprise that my belt was gone. turning around immediately, I endeavoured to retrace my steps back to the Stub, but after many hours of fruitless endeavours was forced to give it up. Having thus parted with all hope of ever refinding it, I became sad, and

dejected. I felt as if I had lost an old, true, and tried friend. The Tomahawk was the gift of an acquaintance, had seen much service before my time, and was associated with all my deer hunting expeditions to the present time. The first blazing I ever made in the woods, was done by this tomahawk, and at the hanging up of the first deer I killed, its assistance was brought into requisition. It had been my silent hunting companion when ranging the forests of the Cotton Wood Swamp, Black Swamp, Parma, Toledo, Avon, Russia, and Lenawee. I had used it when under all the ardor and excitement of youth. I had used it when my excitement was tempered with maturer years. But it was gone, its memory alone remained, and its requiem to be chaunted.

Silently, and sadly, I wended my way through the woods to the spot where I had killed my first deer on this excursion, and putting the Saddle on my back, shaped my course directly to Patricks. Arriving on the banks of the Maumee, I turned and bid the old echoing woods farewell, determined that the wild denizens that roamed in them, should no more that fall be alarmed by the Cuyahogian Hunter stalking through their forests.

Arriving at Patricks, Cross and Myself agreed that we would leave the next day. The following morning after having settled with Patrick, Cross proposed to the Girls Mary, and Asseneth, to join in a game of Cards during the time we were waiting for the Boat. they willingly assented, but chairs being scarce, Cross proposed that we all set down on the floor. this they demurred to, and a boat shortly afterwards heaving in sight, we with a "good bye," and a "God bless them," took our departure, and next day arrived at Toledo. No boat being ready to leave, we took in the afternoon a short hunt up the Canal, back of Toledo, accompanied by a man and his two hounds, but neither we or the hounds succeeded in starting any deer. A Boat finally being up for Cleveland (the last one for the season) we went aboard, and after a tedious voyage of two days arrived safely there.

DEER HUNT IN HENRY COUNTY, OHIO.

LEFT Cleveland October 25th 1846 in Company with E. W. Andrews for Napoleon, Henry County, Ohio, on a Deer Hunting Excursion, and arriving at Napoleon we stopt at the Old Log Tavern, (the only Tavern then in the place, situated between the Canal and the Maumee River) Mr Funk being the Landlord, but Daniel Yarnell managing its affairs, which principally consisted of buying every week several bushells of potatoes, and every day dealing out by the pint and glass a few gallons of whiskey to the degraded and pauper population of the Town. The boarders consisted of but two individuals, viz. Old Yarnell, and a young intelligent lawyer by the name of Story, who was formerly a Ware House Clerk in Huron Ohio, but had come to Napoleon, studied Law, been elected Prosecuting Attorney, and not having half business enough to support him, nor money sufficient to get him out of the place, had become dispirited, and imbibing the bad habits of the drunken loafers of the town, was seized in the winter of 1846 with the consumption, brought on by an attack of Delirium Tremens, and before Spring was an inhabitant of one of the Indian Mounds of Napoleon.

Story was always by the inhabitants called *Judge*, from his name being the same as Judge Story^s. He was quite talented, and a very interesting person to converse with, and I passed many a pleasant evening in listening to his narrative of events that had taken place in Henry County since he had settled there. He was very polite and gentlemanly, and perfectly honourable in all his actions, and when in the presence of ladies showed them the greatest respect, which continued till the latest hour of his life. A lady a few hours before he died signifying her inten-

tion of visiting him, he requested that his room and person might be put in such order, as not to in the least degree offend her modesty.

Ferguson an old friend of his who was keeping School some 12 miles from Napoleon on the ridge, called to see him, and when leaving told him that he would call again in four weeks. "Ferguson," says the Judge "I am not good for four weeks, but I think I am good for three weeks." The Judge predicted right about the length of time he would live, for Ferguson returned at the expiration of three weeks, and just in time to bid him farewell before he died.

On this Hunt I took with me my Spaniel dog Hunter (the second one I owned of that name). He was good at following the track of deer, giving tongue like a hound, but on coming up with them, he was so timid that he would immediately wheel around and run back. The first six or seven days of this hunt I shot and wounded several deer, two of them quite badly, but having some difficulty in following them, I put Hunter on their tracks, when giving a few sharp barks as he came in sight of them, turned around and left them, and the only thing I could do was to grin and bear it.

Mr Andrews hunted some seven or eight days, when having killed two very large Bucks, and wishing to save them fresh, he started back to Cleveland.

Feeling determined to kill some deer, the next morning after Andrews left, I came down into the Bar Room and seeing a number of the Town,^s people present, I requested them to bid on each other the lowest price for which they would bring in all the deer I would kill for the next six days. They made different bids, but I accepted Daniel Yarnell,^s bid of \$2.50, as he had a horse that was accustomed to carrying deer, was himself a good backwoodsman, and by making slight blazings from my deer, he could go and get them without my accompanying him.

After taking a stiff drink with Yarnell of "Old Bald eye" to bind the bargain, I shouldered my rifle and started into the

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woods. Crossing over West the second Creek, I went into the woods about forty rods and hunted parallel with the river. The underbrush was very thick, being composed of Spice bush, and Oak with their red leaves on. Being necessitated I hunted very slow and carefully, and soon had my vision greeted by the faint outlines of a Doe standing in the bushes. Remaining perfectly still a few moments, all at once I discovered a few feet from the Doe, the horns and neck of a magnificent Buck. taking rest by the side of a tree, I took as cool aim as possible, and fired at the Buck.

All remained still, and when the smoke from my rifle cleared away, I could neither hear or see any thing. A moment longer, and the Doe came rushing by me through the bushes like the speed of lightning. Then carefully going to the spot where the buck stood, I found him sprawled out on the ground, and as dead as a "door nail," my ball having broke his neck.

Hunter mustered up courage enough to pinch his throat a little, but at the same time seemed rather shy and suspicious of him. He had five prongs on his horns, was very large and fat, and with all the strength I could muster, I was not able to swing his body clear from the ground without his head touching.

Fearful that the hogs in the woods might tear him down, I immediately went back to the log Tavern and informed Yarnell that I had work for him. Yarnell taking his horse and another man with him, we went after the Old Pioneer of the forest, and after a good deal of exertion, we finally got him on to the horse, when we cleared with our axes the way through the bushes to the road.

Glass having assisted Yarnell in getting in my Buck, Yarnell when we returned to the Tavern gave him as compensation for his services, a double dose of "eye opener," which operating on his hunting spirit, he proposed to me to go into the woods and kill another deer. I agreeing to his proposal he came over to the Tavern about 2 P. M., when we started off.

Going to the second Creek we followed it up as far as Beales

Clearing, when we went on top of the hill and commenced hunting. When about half a mile from Beales we saw two deer running, and going a short distance farther we saw three more on a keen jump.

Glass being a little "corned" made considerable noise when walking along, and feeling confident I should kill no deer when in his company, I proposed to him to separate. While talking with him about it, we discovered a flock of Turkeys very busily engaged in scratching for Beach nuts some thirty rods off. While making endeavours to get a shot at them, they discovered us and run down a large wide Gulley that was near them and went up on the banks of the opposite side. Glass going after them, I remained on the South side of the Gulley, and thus got separated from him.

About half an hour after Glass left me, hunting along very still and slow within twenty rods of the brow of the Gulley, I heard a stick crack and looking in the direction of the sound I saw a deer on the jump. making a few more bounds it stopped by the side of a tree top and looked back, and just at that moment I fired when he fell. running up to where he was, I saw that he was alive and getting up, and before I could give him another shot, he run with great speed down the hill when he again fell. Approaching him very carefully I saw that he was shot through the jugular vein and was fast bleeding to death. Allowing him to remain undisturbed a few minutes, I then without any difficulty went up and cut his throat. He was a fine fat Spike Horn Buck with a thin neck like a doe.

Glass hearing the report of my rifle came to me and assisted me in hanging him up. being right on the bank of the Creek, I had but a slight blazing to make to mark the spot. It having got dark, Glass and Myself took the track of the old Stone road and followed it to Napoleon.

2^d morning, I took this day the same course as yesterday, and when within forty or fifty rods of the spot where I shot the big Buck, I saw a doe on a gentlelope with her tail down. bleat-

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ing at her and she not stopping, I continued on my course, when all at once I saw a large Buck bounding along on the track of the Doe. He discovering me, suddenly came to a halt, when I fired both barrels at him, and he not liking the reception of Gunpowder and rifle bullets, cocked up his tail and scooted off. As I could find neither hair or blood on his track, I suppose I missed him.

Loading up my rifle I proceeded on a short distance when I saw the white horns of a deer moving gently along through the woods. Stepping to where I could see an open place in the woods, I waited till he made his appearance in it, when aiming at his foreshoulders, I fired. He immediately wheeled and made every thing crack again with the rapidity and force with which he jumped. Taking his track I followed it but a few rods before I found frothy blood. I then knew that I had shot him through the lights, and that he would not run but a short distance. Going on some forty rods I found him lying on his side stone dead, and the ground near him entirely bare of leaves, he having kicked them all away in his dying struggles. He was a two pronged buck and I had shot him through the lights high in the shoulders.

I returned to the Tavern and got there about 10 A. M. keeping my having killed a deer a secret. After getting my dinner at 12 A. M., I came into the Bar room, buckled on my Tomahawk, and shouldering my rifle, I asked Yarnell if he dare bet the "Scubald" for the whole company, that I would not get a deer that day. He replied, "Yes, he would bet both the licquor and Cigars." I accepted the bet in the presence of some half a dozen vagabond witnesses that were interested.

Starting into the woods I hunted all the afternoon without seeing any deer, and returned to the Tavern just at night. After supper the witnesses to my bet congregated in the Tavern, and desired to know how it had terminated. I informed them that I had shot that day a very fine two pronged buck, when Yarnell seeing where I had come it over him, told them to come up and

take their licquor and Cigars, and say nothing farther about the bet.

Mr Funk intending next day to go East as far as Cleveland, Yarnell next morning got in my buck, when taking my two small bucks, and the Saddle of the large one, I sent them home to Cleveland by Mr Funk.

3^d day hunted North four or five miles to the heads of the Creeks that empty into the Maumee River near Napoleon, and about three in the afternoon came out at Prices Clearing, without having seen any deer. Feeling tired I took the partially cleared road that leads along the high banks that border, the Maumee, the Canal lying between the banks and river. The woods that border on this road on its North side, from Prices Creek, to the next Creek East, one mile, are very dense, and the underbrush of oak bushes very thick.

Having trudged along (with "Hunter" by my side) about three quarters of a mile on this road, I saw but a few rods ahead of me in an oak bush the head and horns of a large buck. from the thickness of the bushes, not being able to see his body I fired at his head. Not seeing him run, and hearing no noise, I supposed I had killed him, but on going up to where he stood, I could neither find Deer, track, or blood. putting Hunter on the track, I soon heard him giving tongue when turning into the woods in the direction of the sound, all at once a large Buck and Doe came rushing almost on to me and stopped some few rods off behind some large trees. Stepping very softly a few feet sideways in order to get a shot at them, and then seeing them quite plain, I was just in the act of raising my rifle to shoot, when the sharp bark of Hunter burst on my ears, which the deer hearing they immediately hoisted their flags as a signal of courtesy and bounded away into the forest. Feeling in no good humour with Myself I hastily walked on to Napoleon.

4th day Glass and Myself went into the woods together. After crossing the first Creek, we parted and bore into the woods directly North. Having gone down a Gulley I was cross-

ing over a little knoll in the flats where two or three gulleys terminated at its base, when I discovered directly in front of me, some ten rods off, four deer all in a huddle with their heads erected and seemingly somewhat frightened. instantly drawing up my rifle I fired at them when one tumbled over, the other run off some thirty rods and then commenced walking. following them up, I saw two of them standing, when I pulled trigger on them, but my gun snapped. putting on a fresh cap I was about shooting when they took fright and bounding off in the thick woods that surrounded them were soon hid from my sight.

A hard shower of rain came on a few minutes before I first shot at the deer which wetting my caps was the cause of my rifle snapping. I turned back to find the deer I had shot, but there being so many gullies, and the general features of the woods were so much alike, it was not until after a long search I found the knoll from which I had shot. Going to the deer, I found it dead, my ball having gone directly through its heart. it was an old Doe, of good size, and in good order. After hanging her up, I went back to the Tavern and on account of the rain hunted no more this day. Glass killed no deer this day, although he had a shot at the head of an old buck lying down.

5th day hunted up to the heads of the Creeks, and during the forenoon while following along on the bank of a Creek I saw a large buck coming towards me, when stepping beside a tree I waited for him to come in shooting distance, but when he had approached within some thirty rods of me, he suddenly wheeled around and ran back on his back track. Not knowing what had frightened him I followed on in the same direction he went, and when I had gone about twenty rods another old buck came up the hill in front of me and trotted off in the same direction the first one took. The first one no doubt hearing the second one under the hill, got frightened on that account and ran off.

Turning around and hunting towards Napoleon, I saw two

deer running through the woods as far as I could see. In a few minutes they took a circle and ran in about ten rods of me, when I fired at the front one (an old doe on a keen jump) and shot her down in her tracks. the other one a fawn jumped off a few rods and stopped, when I fired at it and missed. being behind a tree I quickly loaded my rifle again, and shot at its hips that being the only exposed part of it. As soon as I fired, it fell, but before I could get to it, it got up and staggered off. I loaded and put on after it, but after following it a short distance, fearing that I might loose the Doe I had shot, I went back hung her up and made a blazing from her three quarters of a mile to Beales Clearing.

Not having Hunter with me I asked Beals if he had a dog that would follow deer? He replied, "he did'nt know, I might take his dog and try him," but preferring a little more certainty about it, I turned around and was leaving him, when he begged of me a charge of powder. I gave it to him and then returned to Napoleon. A short time after I left, Beales took my blazing and putting his dog on the track of my wounded fawn, he soon caught and killed him.

The wolves howled most terribly across the Maumee River almost every night, and the dogs on my side of the river, in answer to them, kept up during the night a continual barking. W^m Case wishing me to catch him a Wild Cat or two, to prepare as Specimens for his Museum, I devoted the Sixth day of my hunting after Andrews departure, to exploring the woods across the river, and finding the most suitable place to set my trap for Wild Cats. The Wolves had driven all the deer out of the woods on that side of the river, and the Wild Cats and Wolves were confined to that side.

1st day of trapping I hired Glass for fifty cents to carry (two miles across the Maumee river into the South woods) the fore Shoulders of the large Buck I had killed, I at the same time carrying my trap and gun. Hanging up the bucks foreshoulders about four feet high on a tree on a small island in the outlet of

a Cat Marsh, I cut a whole in the ground beside the tree and set my trap in it, attaching to the end of the chain a wooden clog, and carefully covering up both chain and trap with dirt and leaves. After I had set my trap Glass and Myself hunted the remainder of the day on that side of the river, but we saw no game nor any signs of any.

Next morning long before daylight, I took a Canoe crossed the river and went through the woods in the direction of my trap, and when I had approached within about thirty rods of the place where I had set it, I suddenly heard a grum muttering sound and a moment afterwards a most terrible ratling of the trap chain. A cold shudder for a moment came over me, for I knew not whether the animal that was caught was a Wolf, Bear, or Wild Cat, and I was two miles away from any clearing, and night, and nought but a deep dark forest around me. Seating Myself on a log I waited for daylight to come, and as soon as I could perceive the sights on my Rifle I started forward to the spot where I had set my trap. hearing the chain clank I went in the direction of the sound, when I soon discovered a large reddish coloured Wild Cat struggling in the trap. As soon as he saw me he made two or three tremendous springs, and finally broke out and ran off, leaving one of his legs in the trap. He had dragged the trap some twenty rods from where it was first set, and getting fastened to a Sappling, he had scratched and knawed the bark all off it.

Setting the trap again in the same place, I returned back to Napoleon carrying the Wild Cat leg with me. A number of persons being in the Bar Room I showed them the leg and asked them what kind of an animal it belonged to. Some said it was a young "Painters Paw," some a "Wolverine," and some a Wild Cat, and after it was pretty generally agreed among them to be a Wild Cat, a dispute arose among them in regard to its being a fore, or hind leg, which was not decided, the company being divided in opinion about half and half. It was the hind leg of the Wild Cat. I devoted the rest of the day to skinning the

two does I had killed and preserving their hams by rubbing on them dry salt.

About ten next morning I took my gun and went over to my trap. Going to where I had set it I found it gone. Looking around I found the ground bare where the clog had scraped the leaves off, but could get on no trail of the animal. Searching among a clump of bushes near the outlet of the Marsh, and not far distant from where I had set my trap, I saw all at once two fiery glary eye balls looking at me, the animal at the same time scrouching on the ground. I raised my rifle and shot it through the foreshoulders, and then getting it out of the bushes found it to be a good sized Wild Cat of a bluish grey colour and slightly spotted. It was caught in the trap by its fore leg and had got tangled in the bushes.

Setting my trap again, I took the Wild Cat to Napoleon, and removing its entrails, rubbed the inside of it with arsenic to preserve it from spoiling, as I designed it for W^m Case,^s Museum.

Next morning in company with another person I went over to my trap again, and when within thirty rods of it I saw a black animal of some kind struggling in it. At first I thought it was a Bear, on coming nearer I thought it a Fisher, on coming still nearer I was totally unable to make out what it was, but on coming close up to it I found it to be a large Raven caught by the leg. I took a stick and killed it, and with my trap started back to Napoleon.

Packing up my things, next day I took the Packet for Toledo. Having my Venizon hams placed inside of my Deer Skins, I put them on deck and chained Hunter near them. Next morning on getting up I found that Hunter had got the hams out, and made his breakfast on one of them.

Arriving at Toledo I found the Indiana there and advertized to start at 3 P. M. Being acquainted with Capt. Pheatt, he took my Game and had it placed in the Steward,^s Room, and which when arrived at Cleveland was delivered me in "good order and condition."

DEER HUNT IN KENTON HARDING CO. OHIO.

FRIDAY Dec. 11th 1846, D. W. Cross and Myself took the Stage and started West on a Deer Hunting Excursion. Saurday Dec 12th we arrived at Bellevue and remained there over Sunday. Sun. Dec 13th Cross procuring a Novel from the Landlord, we retired to a room and devoted this day to the aforesaid Novel Cross reading it aloud.

Monday Dec 14th learning that there was fair prospects of good hunting in Kenton Harding County, some Sixty Miles South of Bellevue, we took this day the Rail Road Cars for that place, and arrived there in the afternoon, and made our head quarters at Furney,^s Tavern.

Dec 15th, hunted all of this day on the South side of the Sciota River. killed One Partridge, but saw no deer. Dec. 16th hunted on both sides of the river across the Rail Road. saw a flock of Wild Turkies, shot at them three times and killed two. took my turkies, brought them in to Kenton and hung them up in Furney,^s back Stoop. Dec 17th, saw no game this day.

Dec 18th, hunted through the woods to Old Fort McArthur on the Sciota river. followed the river down, and when near Kenton started a deer. shot at him twice on the run but missed him.

There being no snow and prospects rather poor of killing any deer in the immediate vicinity of Kenton, Cross & Myself engaged this day (Dec 19th) a person by the name of Plum to take us in his waggon to Hutchinson,^s in Allen County Eighteen miles distant from Kenton. The day was cold, and the road bad, but we got there about an hour before sun down. As we

had the waggon box filled with hay, I laid down in it and slept most of the way.

Dec. 20th not liking Hutchingson,^s I left Cross there, and started back with Plum to Kenton. It commenced snowing shortly after we started, and when about half way to Kenton I got out of the waggon and hunted in to Kenton through the woods. during the afternoon I saw five deer, and had several fair chances to shoot. Once the snow from a bush fell on to my rifle just as I was drawing it up to shoot at three deer that were standing in front of me not ten rods off. An hour or two afterwards up jumped a deer close to me. I bleated, when it stopped behind an old root. however I fired both barrels at it and missed. Just at night when returning to Kenton by the road, I met a man on horseback by the name of Carden, who discovering that I was very tired, stopped and pulling a bottle of whiskey out of his pocket offered me a drink. after partaking of his hospitality he invited me to come to his house and stay a few days as there was good hunting all around him. After learning from him where he lived, I promised that I would the next day come and stop with him.

Dec. 21st started this day at 2 P. M. for Carden,^s (who lived Eight miles from Kenton) and arrived there just at sun down. Mrs Carden a fine old lady, (born in "*Old Tuckaho*" as she said) cooked for my supper some corn cakes in a spider, which with some Maple Molasses made me a good supper. Carden,^s house was an old log one, with but one room, and was entirely surrounded by woods. His family was composed of himself, Wife, and a boy some ten years old. The main body of the woods lay West of Carden,^s house towards the Sciota. they were very thick, low, level, and wet.

Dec. 22^d hunted all of this day, saw an abundance of fresh tracks, but no deer. Come across a hunter this day in the woods who had just killed a fine fawn. bought of him the saddle for fifty cents, and putting it on to my back brought it in to Carden,^s and had my supper prepared from a portion of it.

In the evening I was diverted by hearing Carden and an old friend of his relate their adventures during the last war with Great Britain.

Dec 23^d hunted most of this day, saw a flock of Turkies, but no deer, killed two Partridges. Dec: 24th hunted this day through the woods to Kenton, and arrived there in the afternoon. Crossed Sixty three deer tracks on my route, and saw eleven deer, but owing to my careless hunting killed none. Dec 25th not finding Cross at Kenton, started back early this morning for Carden,^s. during the day, started out of his bed a fine buck but a few rods in front of me. Shot at him running but missed him. followed him three or four miles when finding that he was bearing off too much in an Easterly direction, I gave him up. saw two other deer also this day.

Dec 25th, the Sun shone out bright and clear this morning, and the snow commenced thawing quite early in the day. About 9 A. M. came very suddenly on to a Doe and two fawns, and they being badly frightened separated from each other, the doe going in one direction and the fawns in another. I took the tracks of the fawns and followed them about a mile, when just as I was going over a small rise of land I discovered them standing about eighteen rods off in a thick clump of underbrush. While endeavouring to see them more plainly, one stepped out into an open space. I immediately took aim at his foreshoulders and fired. After the smoke had cleared away, I saw the head of another one in the thick bushes, and fired at it. instantly loading up both barrels, I looked in the direction where I had just shot, and perceived the ears move of a deer. making a calculation where the head should be I fired.

Soon afterwards I saw the head and neck of a deer in the bushes, and fired at its head, when not seeing any more movements I supposed I had killed them all, and started towards the bushes to find them. After searching awhile I found where one had tracked around in the bushes considerably and finally gone off on a keen jump.

Going back to the spot from where I had first shot, I then went to the place where I supposed the first deer that I fired at, stood, and after searching a short time I found lying dead in the snow a fine, large, fat fawn. I had shot him directly through the heart. I hung him up and then started for a clearing, and while going along very carelessly, saw a large buck running through the woods very rapidly. Thinking that either a hunter or wolves were in pursuit of him, I remained perfectly still for some twenty minutes, when nothing making its appearance I trudged on.

Presently I saw ahead of me a whole squad of hunters, very earnestly following the track of something. Going up to them, I found one hunter on horseback, and three or four a foot with some six or seven dogs. One of the hunters in the morning had shot a bear and slightly wounding him, had gone to the Settlements and got other hunters and their dogs to assist him in the pursuit.

Coming out to a clearing I made an agreement with the owner (Sheldon who married Philo Taylor,^s daughter of Cleveland) for fifty cents to take his horse and carry my deer to Carden,^s.

Dec 26th hunted all of this day and saw no deer till the afternoon, when passing over a knoll in a dense thicket I saw a fresh deer track, and following it through the thicket I looked ahead on the track and saw some fifteen rods off, a fine doe standing, with her head turned around towards me. I made a motion to raise my rifle when she bounded off. The sights on my rifle were altogether too fine to hunt deer with, and made it impossible for me to take quick sight.

Dec 27th Started for Kenton, Carden carrying my deer on horseback. saw three deer on the way but got no shot. Cross having killed a turkey a few days after we first came to Kenton, and leaving it there when he went to Allen County, Furney cooked it this day for dinner, and I arrived at Kenton just in time to make a good meal out of it.

Not hearing any tidings from Cross, and not knowing when I should, I wrote him a letter enclosing in it Twelve dollars, and with my Game, One Deer, two Turkeys, three Partridges, and One Quail, took the rail road Cars and Started for Bellevue.

Dec 28th put my game on the top of the Stage and left Bellevue for Cleveland. At Norwalk Jail the Stage stopped, when a man heavily ironed was put aboard who had committed a murder in Pittsburg.

Cross hunted several weeks after I left, and killed several Turkeys, Owls, and Partridges but no deer.



WILD-CAT.

DEER HUNT IN HENRY CO. OHIO.

THEFT Cleveland Oct. 26th 1847 in company with E. W. Andrews and arrived at the Log Tavern in Napoleon, on the morning of Oct. 28th. hunted all of this day on the North Side of the river. Saw three deer, and shot at one of them twice, but without hitting it.

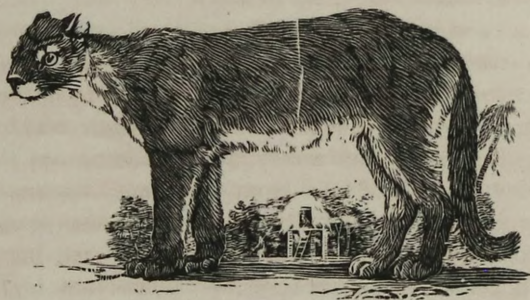
Oct. 29th hunted on both sides of the river. Saw fifteen deer, got two shots, but killed none. Oct. 30th hunted in North Woods. Saw Eight deer, shot at them twice, and wounded One. killed One Partridge. Nov. 1st saw Seventeen deer, got a fair shot at one of them but missed it.

Nov. 2^d saw two deer running, shot at them both, but without doing any execution. Feeling confident I should kill no deer with my rifle sighted as it was, I informed Mr Andrews that I intended to start for home in the morning, and he having killed no deer, and feeling somewhat discouraged said he would accompany me. We accordingly next morning started for Cleveland, and arrived at Toledo the same day, stopping at the Indiana House. During the night my Trunk was stolen, and in the morning procuring some Officers to search for it, they at last found it under a waggon in the Street, it having been broken open and robbed of all its contents, saving my Wolf Trap.

Arriving at Cleveland Mr Andrews put new sights on my rifle, and having purchased Myself a new Hunting Apparatus I took Steam Boat and started back again for Napoleon. Arriving there about daylight in the morning, after eating my breakfast, I started into the South woods and hunted all day till night, and succeeded in killing three deer (2 Does and One very large Buck.

After hunting some three days longer and killing One three Pronged Buck, and a large Doe, I hired a man by the name of Robinson to assist me in getting my deer in to Napoleon, after which I placed them on board of a Canal Boat and started for Cleveland.

After arriving at Toledo, I was detained there six days before a Boat was ready to leave for Cleveland, and then on making an examination of my Deer I found them all spoiled.



PAINTER, OR COUGAR.

THIRD HUNT IN PARMA.



GOOD snow having fallen yesterday, Cross and Myself determined on having a short Deer Hunt in Parma, and consequently with our rifles on our Shoulders started a foot this afternoon at 4 o'clock for the Stone Tavern, and arrived there at 7 P. M. where we found a band of Six or seven other hunters assembled.

Getting our breakfast very early next morning, we started into the woods. After hunting until 11 A. M. without having seen any Game, I struck some fresh Turkey tracks, when following them some distance I came to where they had flown, when looking around among the trees I discovered one about 25 rods off on a limb of a large Oak. resting my rifle on the side of a tree I took aim at the body of the turkey and fired. the turkey dropped. I went to it and found that my ball had broke its neck. peeling some bark and tying its head and legs together, I threw it over my back and again commenced hunting.

Going through a swailly piece of ground I discovered a Doe walking along some 25 rods in front of me, when stepping to a tree to get a better chance to shoot, I lost sight of her, but shortly seeing her again, I fired, when discovering that I had missed her, tried my other barrel on her, the ball of which struck her in the hip. She hobbled off on three legs, and loading as soon as I could, with my turkey on my back, pursued on after her.

The weight and heat of the turkey on my back making me sweat dreadfully, I struck out of the woods for a clearing to leave it, but the clearing I came to being Dutch, and they not understanding English, and fearing I should not find the place again, I put back into the woods again and commenced follow-

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ing the track of my wounded deer. Every rod or two I saw spots of blood in the snow, but as the snow thawed very rapidly the ground in many places had become quite bare and the tracking on that account quite difficult.

The Turkey on my back bothering me very much, I was just on the point of quitting the track, when I saw through the woods a Hunter approaching me. I called to him, when coming up I found him to be a Mulatto from the Negro Settlement on on Rocky River. I told him that here was the track of a deer that I had wounded, and that I would surrender it him. leaving him to follow the deer I started back for the Stone Tavern which I reached at 4 P, M.

When night came and our Hunters had assembled, we found that two of them had succeeded in killing deer. One of them had killed a doe and dragged her in to the Tavern. Another had killed two fawns, skinned them and brought their skins in, but had hung up their Carcasses in the woods.

2^d day the snow being nearly gone, there was no chance to follow tracks and I saw no deer. Cross started off with the hunter that had killed the two fawns to assist him in finding them, but after hunting a long time without being successful gave it up.

3^d day Cross & Myself took the Stage at about 9 A, M, and started for Cleveland, telling jokes and anecdotes about each other all the way to the great amusement of a young damsel of about 18 who was in company with us in the Stage.



DEER HUNT IN HENRY CO. OHIO, 1848.

THURSDAY evening Oct 19th 1848, in company with D. W. Cross of Cleveland, and Potter and Wakefield of Painesville Ohio, I left in the Steam Boat Rochester on my Annual Deer Hunting Excursion in Henry Co. Ohio. Our Boat being detained in Sandusky Bay until after 12 A. M. Friday, we arrived at Toledo too late for the Packet going West, and consequently were obliged to remain over till Saturday evening when we went aboard of the Packet and started for Napoleon, which place we reached very early Sunday Morning.

The evening that we left Toledo was clear and comfortably cool, and Potter and Wakefield being good Singers, and on this evening having imbibed just enough stimulating fluid to lighten their hearts, and make them contented with the world, went out upon the deck of the Packet and for an hour or two gave vent to their exuberant feelings in most melodious strains of music. The "Death of Napoleon" was their last song, and they sung it with great effect, and as the Packet noiselessly sped along, the tall trees disrobed of their foliage casting their shadows over it, and the echoing Music sounding on all sides of us, and finally as the words, "and no sound shall awake him to glory again," were borne on the night winds through the forest until they almost imperceptibly died away from our ears, created in our hearts that curious combination of sad and happy feelings that no language can describe.

On arriving at Napoleon we learned that the log Tavern had closed its doors, but that Judge Powell had opened his private house for the entertainment of travelers. Going over to the Judge,^s he recognized me and very hospitably received us.

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After breakfast not wishing to hunt it being Sunday, I took a stroll through the woods, and after an hour or so, came to a large black walnut log upon which I sat down. While cogitating for a short time upon the events that had taken place during the former years that I had visited Napoleon, I discovered Cross with his rifle on his shoulders making his course through the woods near to where I was seated. bleating to him, he approached me, and in a short time persuaded me to accompany him through the woods, and from my better knowledge show him the runways and haunts of the deer.

After proceeding together a mile or more, I saw three deer running past us in front, and endeavoured to show them to him but without avail, however in a few minutes afterwards I discovered a large buck walking toward us, and tapping Cross on the shoulder drew his attention to him, when he immediately drew up his rifle to shoot. I requested him to hold on, as the buck was coming nearer us, and he would get a much fairer shot. Cross having lowered his rifle, the buck approached within about Eight rods of us, when Cross levelled his Gun and spanged away at him. The old fellow after this salute, quickly tossed up his head, and somewhat surprised, gazed around, showing us his splendid Antlers and his fine large symmetrical frame. I whispered to Cross to load quick, but before he could charge his rifle again, the old fellow walked off. Cross felt certain that he had hit him, and while I remained at the spot from where he fired, he diligently searched for hair and blood but was sadly disappointed in finding neither.

Feeling certain that I could go to the exact spot where the buck stood, I requested Cross to come and stand where I was, while I made a search. he doing so, I went directly to the place where the buck had stood, and there in the center of a tree, on a line with the Shoulders of the buck, and about two feet above from where his back must have been, I discovered the marks of his ball. Showing it to Cross, he very reluctantly confessed that it must have been his shot.

We continued on together during the remainder of the day, but saw no more deer. When within about a mile of Napoleon, and all farther hunting had ceased for the day, I noticed that Cross was remarkably silent and dejected. Asking him the reason of the same, and how he felt after having missed so fair a shot at so magnificent a buck, he replied, "I will tell you how I feel, I feel as though I would have been under a lasting obligation to you, if you had stepped up to me immediately after I shot at that buck and kicked me all the way back to Napoleon." Returning to Napoleon we found that Potter and Wakefield had also been out hunting, but had met with no success.

Next day Monday Oct 23^d I hunted on the North side of the river, and at 10 A. M. in some thick bushes some two miles from Napoleon, on the left bank of a small stream, I discovered a deer slowly poking his way through the bushes. bringing my rifle to bear on him, I blazed away, when down he tumbled. It was a fine fat spike-horn buck, but of the smallest size. My ball had completely passed through its shoulders. Hastily dressing it I swung it up on a sapling and continued on hunting but saw no other deer that day, I however killed a Partridge.

On returning back to Napoleon, I found that Mr E. W. Andrews of Cleveland had come to join our Hunting party, he having agreed to do so before our leaving Cleveland.

Tues. Oct. 24th. A clear, bright, and pleasant day. hunted on North side of river. Going west until I struck the Second Creek above Napoleon, I followed it up a Mile or more, when wishing to cross it, I jumped onto a small log which lay in the middle of the Stream, and which immediately after I jumped onto it rolled over and precipitated me nearly up to my neck in the water. After getting out I fired off my rifle, rubbed it dry, cleaned and loaded it again, and feeling chilly from my cold bath traveled on very rapidly.

Coming to quite a steep hill and noticing a well traveled deer trail going up its sides, I stepped into the trail and had followed

it nearly to the brow of the hill, when a deer on a lope met me square in the face. before I could fire, it turned and fled over the hill, when I quickly made a few steps more and reached the top of the hill, and the deer at the same moment having stopped its flight to look back, In a second I fired at it when it fell and struggled very violently. running up to it, I sat my gun beside a tree and endeavoured to cut its throat, but it bounded around in such a manner as to prevent me from doing so. taking up my rifle I was about to shoot it again, when I discovered a four pronged buck coming along on the same trail. Stepping behind a tree I allowed it to approach within 18 or 20 rods of me, when I fired. Simultaneously with the explosion of my rifle it rushed through the bushes out of my sight. The deer that I had first shot (and which was a fine spike horn buck) still making exertions to get away, I turned around and shot it dead so as to make a sure thing of that one, when I started after the other, but after a search of an hour or two and finding neither track, hair, nor blood, I give it up. returning to the Spike horn I had killed, I drew him partly down the hill, when I hung him up and dressed him. Saw no more deer this day.

Wed. Oct 25th. Hunted on North Side of river and followed up the left bank of the Stone Road Creek to its forks when I discovered a fine doe standing on the brow of the hill, but before I could draw sight on her she started off down the hill. I immediately took a circle in West to head her off, and when making the circle coming to what appeared like a crossing place for deer, I stopped behind a tree and thought I would watch awhile and see if any deer would cross. In a short time a doe came ambling along, and not stopping at my bleating, I shot at her on the run, after which she made a few quick jumps and struck against a large tree killing her instantly.

When going up to her I thought I discovered some object move in the woods and looking intently a few moments, I made out quite distinctly the form of a buck which no doubt had been following on the track of the doe, but hearing my shot, had

jumped sideways from the track a few rods and stopped. One barrel of my rifle being loaded, I drew sight on him and fired, he immediately on the explosion dashed away from my sight in the woods.

Going to the doe, I found that I had shot her directly through the heart, and that in striking against the tree she had broken all of her ribs on one side. There being plenty of saplings near, I hung her up on the spot where she fell, and then went in search of the buck. After hunting for at least an hour and finding neither track, hair, nor blood, I gave him up and with my tomahawk made a blazing to a small Creek, so as to enable me to find again the doe I had killed, when I started back to Napoleon.

After proceeding about half a mile, and not feeling satisfied about the buck, I turned back and commenced another search for him. Going to the spot from where I had shot at him, I took out my compass and made a bee-line to the spot where I thought he had stood, then continuing on in the same direction some eight rods further I crossed a small creek, and on its slightly elevated bank I found the track of the buck, and the spot where he stood when I fired at him. Following the track with some difficulty some twenty rods, I found blood, and then had no farther difficulty in tracking him until I found him dead with his head firmly fastened between two trees. I had shot him through the lights, and running with great speed and jumping high he had endeavoured to pass between the body,^s of two trees that were joined together within a foot or two of the surface of the ground, and the trees being not further enough apart to admit his body through, he had struck against them, and falling had got his neck wedged in between the two trees which held him fast, and from which I could not pull him out from until I had cut off his head. He was a three pronged buck and of large size.

Thurs. Oct 26th. Hunted in West on North Side of river and saw nothing until about 10 A. M. when crossing the Second

Creek about three miles from its mouth I discovered a two pronged buck walking slowly about in a kind of second growth thicket and smelling on the ground. Approaching him as near as I dare without frightening him, and then watching him, in a short time he turned in a manner so as to present his side to me, when I fired at him, when he quickly sped away from my sight in the woods. Soon finding his track I found that I had wounded him, and that he was bleeding quite freely, but on account of the dryness of the leaves and the great quantity of them on the ground, I made slow progress in tracking him. After an hour,^s labour in following him I lost his track when within about eight rods of the brow of the hill bordering the creek. While searching very carefully for the track, I all at once saw the head of a deer peeping over the brow of the hill. taken somewhat by surprise, and just in the attitude of stepping, I could not controll my nerves so as to hold my rifle still, and seeing nothing but the head of the deer, the rest of its body being beneath the brow of the hill, I had a small mark to shoot at, and as I expected, when I did fire, missed the deer. After I shot, I ran to the brow of the hill, when I saw at the bottom of it the doe that I had fired at and a large buck running off together.

After hunting around some time I at last found again the track of my wounded deer, and following it down the hill into the flats, I at last beside a large log found it dead. It was a good sized two pronged buck, and I had shot it directly through the lights, but too far behind.

Hanging it up, I returned to Napoleon in time for dinner where I found Potter engaged in reading. He said he couldn't find any deer, and had got sick of hunting. After dinner Potter said he wanted to see some deer, and proposed to go with me and bring in some of those I had killed. Potter filling his Canteen with whiskey, I got John Stout with his two horse waggon and went after some of them. Following up the Stone road as far as it went in the direction of my deer, we then left it and

cut a way for the wagon through the bushes to within about half a mile of four of the deer, when we peeled some bass-wood bark and going to each one of the deer tied it around their necks and dragged them to the waggon, after which we loaded them up and started back for Napoleon.

The Afternoon was very warm, and the exertion I made in cutting the bushes and dragging the deer made me sweat profusely, and being compelled to walk all the way on account of the roughness of the road, and having already before had a hard days hunt of it during the forenoon I felt completely tired out when we arrived at Napoleon.

Friday Oct 27th. Owing to my having over exerted myself yesterday, and drinking very freely of poor water I felt sick all of this day and remained in the house.

Sat Oct 28th. Feeling quite well this morning, I sallied out with my rifle very early and followed up the banks of the Maumee to the Second Creek, when I struck into the woods keeping back some twenty five rods from the banks of the Creek. When I had followed up the banks of the creek a mile or more, I discovered a doe skipping lightly over the brow of a small hill some forty rods distant from me, and immediately afterwards a buck came darting along on her track. They rushed by me like shadows and I had no time to shoot, but directing my steps towards the hill in a few minutes I saw the doe again running in her old track and immediately behind her the buck in full chase. I bleated at him when he stopped, and taking good aim at his shoulders, fired, when he wheeled around and ran off. proceeding to the spot where he stood, I found that my ball had struck a large Staddle and diminished the force of it so much as not to have done the deer any damage. While very intently examining the Staddle the doe came back on her back track and presented herself before me face to face and gazing at me with great surprise. My surprise was equal to hers at our so unexpectedly becoming confronted to each other, but she recovering her senses before Myself, took advantage of it and made her escape.

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I returned to Napoleon and in the afternoon took a short hunt across the Maumee in the South woods. During the afternoon I saw two deer a buck and doe, who were engaged in chasing each other. the buck would chase the doe for a minute or two when he would stop, and a minute or two afterwards the doe would return to him when he would renew the chase after her. Several times they came within a few rods of me, but I hesitated to shoot at them as I wished to see their actions.

Finally I made up my mind to kill one of them, when the buck took after the doe as before, but she instead of running a few rods and stopping as before she had done, made a strait wake down the hill over the small creek and up on the opposite side and ran into the thick woods out of my sight and the buck after her and I never saw them more.

Sunday 29th remained in house all of this day. Monday Potter, Wakefield and Andrews left for Cleveland. Andrews took with him home two fine deer that he had killed, but Potter and Wakefield took their departure without any trophies to show of their Hunting Expedition.

Cross remained some three days longer and having killed near Gillson,^s two days before he left a fine fat doe, he had her and the saddles of two other deer that he had killed to take home with him.

Oct. 31st hunted in the South woods, and during the forenoon saw in the thick brush two deer ambling along. bleating they stopped when I discharged at them one of my barrels but without effect. immediately firing my other barrel I brought one of them down, but soon recovering himself he hobbled off. loading up my rifle I pursued on after him firing five or six times at him but seemingly with no effect. The deer would run some thirty rods, when he would fall down, and when I would get within shooting distance of him, he would jump up and run till he fell again.

Not being able to load quick with slug ball I loaded with round ball and seeing his horns project over a log, I sided round

- a little until I got a view of his neck, when I fired and straitened him out. On coming up to him I found him to be a large deer, but was surprised at the smallness of his horns, they being but two pronged but very white. Hanging him up I hunted no more this day but returned to Napoleon.

The following sunday without my gun I took a walk through the woods to where I had hung him up, and while standing beside him two does and a fawn came feeding along to within two rods of me. I stood perfectly still till they fed out of my sight.

During the week that Cross left I killed a fine barren doe three miles North of Napoleon and hung her up. A few days afterwards, going after her, I found her tore down and nothing of her left but the bones and skin.

Stopping with Gillson two days I hunted very faithfully to repair my loss, but without success, seeing quite a number of deer but killing none.

While at Gillson,^s I struck through the woods to the Wigwam of *Old Hutch* a celebrated Wolf and Bear hunter. I found him in a poor miserable hut that he had occupied for the last twenty years, and with him were two of his children some Nine to Eleven years of age. their mother had run away years before. In his hut over the fire place were hanging several paws of Bear, and the top of the Shanty and its sides were covered with innumerable quantities of deer horns. He talked in such an incoherent manner that I could not get interested in his conversation, and as he was then suffering with inflamed eyes, he was cross and surly. He was a powerful built man, being at least six feet high, and well proportioned. He came to this region from the wilds of the Alleghany Mountains.

As it was getting late in the season, a few days after I visited Old Hutch I packed up my Venizon and left for Cleveland.

DEER HUNT IN HENRY COUNTY OHIO 1849.

DEFT Cleveland Oct 18th 1849 in company with E. W. Andrews on board the Steam Boat Rochester at 6 P. M. and arrived at Huron about midnight. from there went to Kelley,^s Island, where we remained till morning, when finding a too heavy sea running to get into Sandusky, we returned back to Huron and landed there our Sandusky passengers.

Oct 19th. 9 A. M. just opposite Sandusky. day clear and pleasant, with a light wind and considerable dead swell. Arrived at Toledo $\frac{1}{2}$ past 3 P. M. At Seven P. M. went on board of the Packet, and arrived at Napoleon next morning at daylight.

Making enquiries of Judge Powell about the health of the people, I learnt from him that with the exception of some ague, he, and his family, together with all the other good folks of Napoleon were quite well.

Oct 20th. Hunted on North side of river, and during the day saw two does. I shot at the neck of One, and at the side of the other, but owing to my taking a too coarse sight, and being suddenly struck with Buck fever, I missed both. the woods were very thick, the leaves just commencing falling. day very clear and pleasant.

Oct 21st. Devoted day to rest and receiving visits from my friends, from whom I had been absent a year. two of them John Glass, and Uncle Yarnell celebrated my arrival among them again by indulging very freely in *Native Ohio* (Ohio whiskey).

Oct 22^d Monday. Spent this day in exploring the woods to find the haunts and runways of the deer. Walked very fast,

blundering along without making any effort to see deer, but notwithstanding I saw eleven who had unfurled their white flags to the breeze, and were making off from me at a speed of not less than ten knots an hour.

Oct 23^d. Troubled this morning with a very sore throat. did not go into the woods till after breakfast, and then remained but a short time.

Oct 24th. Throat worse. hardly able to swallow. went into the woods a short time, saw some few deer, and shot at a buck but missed him.

Oct 25th Thursday. Throat no better. Cut a crooked stick and with a piece of sponge, made a swab, and with a solution of nitrate of silver (made out of all of that article that Dr Patrick had on hand) I swabbed my throat. weather very warm and dry.

Oct 26th Friday. day very warm. throat continues bad. took my rifle and went into the woods for an hour or two.

Oct 27th Saturday. Went into the woods a short time this day. saw five deer, and a flock of Turkies, but got no shot. day very warm like summer. All of this week has been exceedingly warm. throat no better. not able to eat meat, or any other tough substance. In fact the effort of swallowing any article of food, has been so painful, that I have nearly starved Myself during the week past.

Oct 28th Sunday. My throat being very much better, I feel in quite good spirits again. Rambled in the woods a little this day.

Oct 29th Monday. Having nearly recovered from my sore throat, my "hunting fever" has returned, and I hunted this day with some pleasure and spirit. I struck in the woods this morning on the North side of Napoleon, and hunted through nearly all the swails, hills, and Gulley,^s that lye near and border on the Second Creek west of Napoleon. during this route I saw but two deer, and late in the afternoon I was returning to Napoleon without having killed any thing, when I came across Mr An-

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draws also returning to Napoleon. I held a short parly with him, when he told me that he had that day hung up One fine doe, and had also shot at other deer. As we were still two and a half miles from Napoleon, I proposed to him to separate from each other and hunt in.

After we had separated, I had not hunted more than ten minutes, when I discovered a noble great buck with magnificent antlers magestically walking along within fifteen rods of me. I bleated, when he stopped broadside to me, and as I was standing on a log he was a little below a level from me, enabling me from the slight dropping of the muzzle of my rifle, to take excellent sight. I pointed a little back of his shoulders, and fired. In an instant afterwards, like an Avalanche he went crashing through the thick brush out of my sight.

Proceeding to load my rifle, I had hardly commenced doing so, when I heard the report of Andrews rifle not more than forty rods off, and immediately afterwards in quick succession two more reports. By the time I had got loaded, Andrews came to me, when he informed me that he had fired three times at the largest kind of a buck, but had missed him. He said he did'nt know what had got into him that he should miss such fair shots.

Feeling much afraid that the buck I had fired at, was the same one he had shot at, together with M^r Andrews we went to the spot where he stood when I fired at him, and following his track a few rods found great quantities of blood. In a short time we trailed him up and found him dead, my ball having gone through his lights. M^r Andrews assisting me, we got him hung up before it became very dark, and were enabled to find familiar land marks, to mark the spot, before we left. When dressing this buck, I felt something hard on his neck, and cutting into it, I found it to be a rifle ball flattened out like a cent, and encased in skin in the muscle of the neck. As there was no mark on the skin, and the ball being encased in a white skin, there is no doubt but what he was shot with that ball years before.

Oct 30th. Tuesday. Hunted on South side of River. saw several deer and a flock of Turkies. Got no shot at the deer, but fired once at the turkies.

Oct 31st Wednesday. Hunted on South side of Maumee river, and followed up some three miles the old blazed Kalida road. the road being grown up to underbrush, and but few of the large trees having been cut out of it, makes it quite a resort for deer, and has many deer crossings on it. While following this road I saw a fine doe leisurely walking along, and fired both barrels at her but without effect. I probably in my excitement over-shot her. I saw four other deer this day but had no chance to shoot. Mr Andrews left this evening (in the Packet) for Cleveland, taking home with him three fine does that he had killed.

Nov. 1st. Thursday. Hunted on South side of river and took the same route as of yesterday, following up the Kalida road. When I had followed it up some three miles near to the Great Oak blown across it, I saw a buck walking along quite rapidly. bleating, and stopping him, I fired, when he ran some twenty rods and fell. He proved to be a two pronged buck, and very fat. Hanging him up, I bore in East through the Prickly Ash swails, to the Oak ridges and swails, and while going through saw two other deer, and a flock of Turkies. I got no shot at the deer, but killed a 20 lb gobbler. I peeled some Bass-wood bark, and tying the head and legs of the turkey together, strung him on my back and brought him into Napoleon.

Nov. 2^d. Friday. Hunted over same grounds as yesterday, and when going through quite an open swail, a little East of the Kalida road, I saw a Doe and her fawn feeding. When I first discovered them they were too far off to shoot, and as the swail was open, and the deer very watchful, it was difficult without being discovered to approach them. Finally after a long time spent in sneaking and crawling I approached to within gun shot of them, when I fired and missed, but the fawn coming out

more fair, I fired my second barrel at him, when like a comet he made a tangent straight from the doe, and rushing along pell mell fell dead in a tree top. The old doe with consternation in her countenance, gazed a few moments at the singular performance of her buck fawn, and then raising her white flag of alarm, bounded away out of my sight.

After hanging up the fawn, which was a very large one and fat, I took my course through to the Oak ridges. when passing along the swail that borders the Oak ridge, I thought I saw some coons walk behind a log. Proceeding to the spot very carefully, I discovered two large tom turkies, and fired at one of them, when he turned, and reeling, and staggering came within a few feet of me, when he fell dead. The other turkey missing his companion was gazing around, when I shot him, but succeeding before I could catch him in rising off his feet from the ground, he flew some twenty rods and fell. Going to the spot, I almost grabbed him before he rose again, but finally he made clear off. I shot him too far behind. Taking some bass-wood bark I tied up the head and legs of the Turkey I had killed, and carried him into Napoleon. This was a very warm day, and the Gobbler I carried on my back weighing 18 lbs, made me perspire profusely. I vowed to myself that I would kill no more turkies on this hunt.

Napoleon being the County Seat of Henry Co. Ohio, Courts are held there, and the present week was Court week. Two of the Judges Powell & Craig reside at Napoleon, and besides the Napoleon lawyers, there are lawyers from Maumee, and Perrysburg, that attend Court there. The lawyers from abroad generally stopped with Judge Powell, and many of them for years in succession, have been indebted to my success in hunting, for the many Venison and Roast Turkey feasts, that they indulged in, when attending Court at Napoleon.

Lawyer Spink from Perrysburg was considered one of the most able Lawyers that plead at the bar of Napoleon. He, in his day, had been a good deer hunter, had camped out often

in the woods, and had a faculty of relating in a very interesting manner all the little incidents that took place during his hunting campaigns.

Court was held in an old log building South side of Canal. I attended Court several times. the last day I attended, there were three cases tried, two on application for divorce, and one for breach of promise. In the latter case, the parties had been legally married at a Corn husking, but one of the parties, *the Man*, said that he thought it was all in fun, and had no idea of the thing being done in earnest.

Quite a number of murder cases have been brought before this Court. In one case, two young men were tried for the murder of three Wyandot Indians. After killing the Indians, they dressed themselves in the garments of the murdered Indians, and taking the Indian horses and dogs travelled through three or four Counties before they were detected.

My turkey that I brought in to day, was served up for the members of the hon. Court.

Nov. 3^d Saturday. As the woods were very dry, and noisy, and consequently the hunting poor, I devoted this day to getting in to Napoleon the deer I had killed. On coming to the spot where I had hung up the buck fawn that I killed yesterday, I found it gone, and no trace of it to be found. some unprincipled hunter no doubt carried it off. like a Jackall he had prowled around, and when he heard me fire, had approached the spot, and stealthily carried off, what his own knavish skill could not honestly and honorably acquire.

Went to the two pronged buck, and cutting out his hams slung them on my back and started for Napoleon. Left the ballance of the deer to the Wild Cats and ravens.

Nov. 4th Sunday. Remained in the house all of this day.

Nov. 5th Monday. Very warm and sultry. Hunted South of the Maumee, and followed the old Kalida blazing some three miles, when I bore in East. After having left the road nearly a Mile, I came to a large log and getting upon it I carefully

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looked around for game. While looking I heard the *Bluejays* making a great squalling in a thick copt of bushes some twenty rods east, and south of me, to my right. Keeping perfectly quiet several minutes, at last I discovered a deer walking out of the copt of bushes towards me. It looked unusually blue for this season of the year, and besides having a large belly it looked plump and round like a very fat weather.

Allowing it to approach within about twelve rods of me, I then drew sight a little back of its Shoulders, and fired. It then ran off some twenty rods and fell. Following her up, I discovered that her mouth was open and that she was in great pain. I again fired at her, and hit her, but she ran off again some twenty rods and laid down. Loading my rifle, I again approached her, and when I saw her blue glossy skin, bright and beautiful black eyes, and the great degree of agony she was in from her wounds, together with the sad and painful expression so well portrayed in her face, I felt a sickning remorse in my heart, for having been the instrument of wounding, and causing thereby so much pain and agony to so beautiful a creature.

Hardly having the heart to shoot at her again, and still not wishing to have her suffer, I drew up my rifle with all the feelings of one condemned to slay the innocent, and fired in quick succession both barrels at her. At their discharge, she gently fell over on her side, and after quivering a few moments lay still.

After gazing on her for a few minutes, as she lay among the red leaves of the forest, the blood gurgling out from her wounds, and upbraiding myself for my inhumanity in destroying so innocent and beautiful a creature of Gods creation, I proceeded to dress and hang her up.

Although prepared to see a very fat deer, I was however surprised to see how very extraordinary fat she was. The skin when I took it off, was covered with fat. In shooting her all of my four shots had passed directly through her, making eight ball holes in her hide.

In returning to Napoleon I saw two other deer. they were chasing each other, and made a great noise in the dry leaves.

Nov. 6th. Tuesday. Hunted none this day, the weather being too warm and sultry.

Nov. 7th Wed. The weather still continueing very warm, did not go into the woods. Attended Court all of this day.

Nov. 8th Thursday. Hunted in South, and when near the Kalida Road, saw a strange hunter poking along very slow through the woods. After he had passed out of sight, I went partly in the direction where he came from, and noticing a smoke went to it, when I found a few live embers burning, and scattered around at the foot of the trees, were a bag, a loaf of bread, a Coffee pot, an Axe, and a deer skin.

Thinking immediately that the miserable owner of these miserable outfits of a Hunter,^s Camp, was the purloiner of my deer, I examined the deer skin that lay rolled up by the roots of a tree, and found a ball hole in the skin exactly in the spot where I had shot mine, likewise it was a buck fawn deer skin. As the skin was not valuable, I left it, but returning to Napoleon I told the circumstances to the Hunters, when three of them one (Joseph Stout,^s Brother in Law) McMahon from Wood County, and John Glass, volunteered to go after the fellow and bring him into Napoleon dead or alive. As two of these Volunteer Hunters, were fierce and determined characters, I was afraid they might kill the poor devil, and some trouble cause me, so I said no more about it.

Nov. 9th. Friday. Having made an agreement last night to go hunting with Joseph Stout to day, I got up this morning very early and called at Stouts house. I found him eating his breakfast, and all prepared to start. We hunted on the North side of Napoleon, and followed up the Maumee river some three miles before we struck into the woods.

As soon as day began to break we separated from each other, and shortly afterwards while carefully walking on a log, I saw some forty rods from me, five or six deer feeding. As the

ground was covered with leaves, and very frosty, consequently very noisy, it seemed like a poor show of my being enabled to approach any nearer to the deer without disturbing them. Fortunately however, a buck in chasing one of the does run her up to within twenty rods of where I stood, when I fired at her, when she together with the rest of the gang ran off together.

Following them up, I found by the blood on the leaves I had hit the doe, and in a short time I started her, only one other deer then being in her company. that deer soon finding out her condition also deserted her. Tracking her along an hour or two with a great deal of patience, and trouble, I at last in a large hollow or flat lost her track, when I went some mile and a half after a dog. Failing in getting one, I commenced search again for the track and finally after a long search found it. following it along some time, I heard some Geese Cackling, when thinking there might possibly be a dog where the Geese were, I left the track and started for the Geese. In about three quarters of a mile from where I left the track, I found the Geese and a log house near by, but as bad luck would have it, the Owner of the Cabin with his dog had gone over to a Neighbor,^s some three miles off.

Hastily returning to my deer track, I was determined to dog it out Myself, and finally with great care and noticing the slightest indentation in the leaves, I was enabled to track her to a tree top from which she jump^t out from, and ran off, but laid down again in another tree top within sight. Crawling some of the way on my hands, and knees, and removing the leaves in other spots so I could step without making a noise, I at last reached the tree top when searching it all over with my eye,^s I at last discovered her head and part of her neck projecting over a log. Firing at her neck, I missed her, but she immediately getting up, I fired my other barrel at her body and dropped her in her tracks. My first shot that I fired at her in the morning had paunched her, and my last shot had passed through her heart. I killed her exactly a quarter to One P, M, having followed her

track in the dry leaves since daylight in the morning. She was rather thin in flesh, and meeting two men shortly after I had hung her up, I gave them her fore shoulders and three shillings besides to carry her saddle to Napoleon for me. the distance was some five miles.

Nov. 10th Saturday. Spent the greater portion of this day in visiting Elijah Gun, who resides five miles up the Maumee river from Napoleon. M^r Gun, was one of the Original white Settlers of Cleveland, having settled there I think in 1794. Upon entering the house I was greatly surprised at being addressed by my name by a female whom I did not recognize, but who soon informed me that she was formerly a Mrs Waterman of Cleveland, but now the wife of M^r Gun, Son of Elijah Gun. M^r Waterman the first husband of the present Mrs Gun, was the keeper of the old log Jail on the Public Square, and died some twenty years ago.

I found Mrs Gun greatly changed in her personal appearance since I saw her last. She then being quite corpulent and healthy looking, while now, she is thin, and gaunt, has an unhealthy look, and wears spectacles. Her present husband is a mild, and inoffensive looking man. dresses very miserably. Pantaloon with large patches on them. Coat with holes in the elbows and under the arm pits. hat, an old fur one, with a white tape around it. A man judging from his dress and personal appearance to be either miserably poor, or very miserly. The people at Napoleon say that he is a very good citizen, although an extremely close calculator.

The farm that they own, is known as Girty,^s point, and was cleared and cultivated by the Indians hundreds of years ago. Mrs Gun showed me many little articles seemingly of French, and Indian manufacture, that they had found on their farm when ploughing it. The land since the Indians left it, had grown up entirely to Grape Vines and brush wood. Old M^r Gun bought this farm twenty one years ago, and has One hundred acres of it under improvement, and One hundred acres un-

improved. The farm lies on the Maumee river, and the Canal now passes through it. The land is what is called 1st and 2^d bottom lands, and the soil is of the first quality.

Mrs Gun made many enquiries of me about different individuals in Cleveland, and asked very particularly about her *boy Nathan* (Nathan Perry Payne). She was one of the female counsellors, and principal adviser at Nathan,^s Grandfather,^s mansion at that period of the world when Nathan,^s bewildered eyes first dawned on Earth. She has the name of being a very clever and industrious woman, makes Woolen Cloth,^s Carpets &c, and besides weaving them, she also colours them, and she says they are fast colours too.

Wishing to see Old Mr Gun they brought him in and introduced him to me. He remarked to me that I had some of my father,^s looks. that Cleveland had changed a great deal since he first emigrated there, having learnt that it now contained 14,000 persons. He is very deaf and it is difficult to make him understand any thing you say to him. His eye sight is dim and poor. His memory and other mental faculties are good, and he has a very venerable appearance. While I was in the house, he filled his pipe, and then went outside and smoked it. Afterwards he came in and taking his station by the side of the fire, looked at me constantly, and seemed as if he was listening to our conversation. It filled me with pain and melancholly to see the poor old man gazing at me so intently, his mind filled probably with past events that took place in Cleveland when he was there.

After I had bid them all good bye, the Old Man followed me out, and said to me, "that he wished me to give his respects to my Father, to tell him that if he lived till next Christmas, he would be Ninety years old, and tell him I hope he may live as long as I have." I remarked to him that he had been blessed with an unusual long life, and had seen a great deal of the world. "Yes," he said, "I am nearly Ninety years old. it has been a long journey, and still a short one." Upon leaving him, he

said, "farewell," a very affecting adieu from him, indeed in all probability, it was a last farewell.

Nov. 11th Sunday. Remained in house a portion of the day, and occupied the remainder in visiting Mary & Asseneth Patrick, who reside three miles East of Napoleon. They seemed quite glad to see me, and placed before me good cider, cake, and apples.

Nov. 12th Monday. Hunted on South side of river. Saw Seven deer, and shot at, and wounded a large buck. I saw him coming in the thick Oak bushes, and when he was in ten or fifteen rods of me, I bleated at him, but he payed no attention to it. finally yelling at him, he stopped when some twenty five rods off from me, and cast his head around. He stood in such a manner I was forced to shoot at his hind quarters. My ball cut off from him great quantities of hair, but the Oak leaves being very thick and dry I could not track him.

Nov. 13th Tuesday. Took my rifle and went into the South woods to a spot where I had peeled some bass-wood bark yesterday to find my Hunting Knife that I had probably lost there. Finding it in a short time, and intending to leave for Cleveland in the evening, I thought I would hunt a short time for the buck I wounded yesterday. While proceeding to the place where I had shot him, I discovered some fifteen rods ahead of me, two fawns feeding. Quickly drawing up my rifle, I fired at one of them, when it instantly fell. the other, running off a few rods further, I fired at three times, but failed in hitting it.

Going to the one I had shot, I found that my ball had broken its back. whenever I took hold of its ears and tried to cut its throat, it struck my hand away with its fore feet. finally giving a jab at its neck with my knife I severed the jugular vein when it soon bled to death. Hanging it up, I went back to Napoleon, and getting Samuel Powell he came with me and assisted me in dragging it in to Napoleon. These two fawns I had often seen, but they were so wild and wary, I had never before been able to get a shot at them.

My Napoleon friends assisted me in getting my Venison and other luggage down to the banks of the Canal, and John Glass, and Tempe bringing along their musical Instruments the Violin, and Clarionett, played for my amusement and gratification till half past ten P. M. when the Packet came along. Soon seeing my plunder all safe aboard, I bid farewell to as hospitable a set of people in their way as the sun ever shone upon. Nov. 14th arrived at Toledo at 8 A. M. and left for Cleveland in the Steam Boat Troy at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 2 P, M, and arrived at Cleveland Nov. 15th at 3 A. M.

The following is a list of names of those individuals residing in and near Napoleon with whom I became well acquainted with.

Judge Powell. Merchant.
 Esquire Craig. Landlord.
 W^m Sheffield. Lawyer formerly from Painesville Ohio.
 Edward Sheffield. do " " " "
 J. Heaton. Lawyer and Merchant.
 John Glass. Mason and Hunter.
 Dan. Yarnell. Trader.
 Uncle Yarnell. Shoemaker.
 Joseph Stout. Merchant.
 John Patrick. Wealthy Farmer.
 Dr Patrick. Physician.
 Dr Tyler. Do.
 W^m Strong. County Clerk.
 Old Stout. Formerly Hotel keeper in the old log tavern.
 Ferguson. A Scotchman. A Cabinet Maker and an educated man.
 Tempe. Blacksmith.
 Robinson. Farmer, formerly from Newburg near Cleveland.
 Gilson. Farmer, from Canton Ohio.
 Spafford. Farmer.
 Dod. County Treasurer, and Merchant.

ELK AND DEER HUNTING EXCURSION IN SANILAC COUNTY MICHIGAN, AND HENRY COUNTY OHIO, 1850.

FEELING weak and debilitated this fall, and my friend Leonard Case Jun, being also in a poor condition of health, we finally by talking the matter over, came to the conclusion that we might become greatly invigorated, by Camping out a month or two among the evergreen forests of the North of Michigan. Accordingly having agreed upon making the Expedition, I made preparations for it, by getting my Tent put in good order, packing up three half barrels of hard bread, Seventy pounds of bacon, 30 lbs Sugar, an Axe, Tea, Blankets, cooking utensils, such as a Camp Kettle, Frying pans, Tin plates and Cups, Knives forks &c, and all the other essentials necessary for a Camp-out in the Woods. Having fully completed our preparations, on the evening of October 1st 1850, we left Cleveland in the Steam Boat Southerner, Capt. Pearce, and arrived at Detroit at 8 A. M. the next morning. The fore part of the evening was cool, and pleasant, and we remained on deck till quite late. During the after part of the night, the wind sprung up and produced a considerable sea.

Getting our plunder removed by a Dray from the Southerner to the small Steamer Telegraph, we went aboard, and at 9 A, M, she started and landed us safely at Port Huron at 8 P, M the same day. The weather was cold and very windy, and a heavy sea rolling on Lake St Clair, and our boat being small, she pitched dreadfully, making most of our passengers sick. I felt quite squamish in my stomach but could not vomit. We took up our quarters at the Port Huron Hotel.

Oct 3^d Thursday. Arose at $\frac{1}{2}$ past Six this morning, and

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found a white frost on the ground. The morning was clear and cold, not a cloud to be seen. Made many enquiries this day about Elk, and all represented them as being plenty around the head waters of the Cass and Black rivers. We concluded to day that we would go to Hurds Mills, some Sixty miles above Port Huron, on the Lake Shore, and then strike in from there through the woods to the head of Black river. After tea this evening we strolled across the Black river, and visited several of the Saw Mills. Leonard exercised himself quite violently by swinging, and raising himself up by one arm on the limb of a tree that overhung a bank. During this night he was taken very sick with a violent diarrhea, and suffered considerably.

Oct. 4th Friday. Clear, and cool, with a pleasant south wind that blew all day. Leonard feeling no better this morning, I started after a Physician, and tramped the town all over two or three times, before I could procure one. Dr Traverse, the physician I got, prescribed for Leonard and also recommended him not to expose himself in the woods, but to return home. Owing to Leonard's illness, we almost concluded to change our route, and go to Elk Creek Sixteen to Eighteen miles back of Lexington.

I saw to day Mr Hurd, owner of Hurds Mills. He informed me that Elk were numerous back of his Mills, and that a few days since, several Moose tracks had been seen there. He also informed me that Deer were plenty, and that a short time since he was at an Elk Lick back of his place, and found it all cut up with Elk tracks.

Horace Weddell, Dudley Baldwin, and Lilly, arrived this evening at Port Huron bound on a duck hunt. Baldwin & Lilly were quite anxious to accompany us on our Elk Hunt.

Oct. 5th Saturday. We made an Agreement this day with Benjamin Waterman to go with us on our Hunting Excursion in the capacity of a hired man, and remain with us, and in our employ, till we return again to Port Huron. It is agreed between us, that we are to give him at the rate of Thirteen dollars

per month for his services, and to pay all necessary expenses while absent with us. He is to pack our things into the woods, cut wood, make fires, and attend to keeping the Camp &c.

No Steam Boat to arrive to day, I went into the woods a short time with Mr Baldwin, but saw no game. Horace and Lilly also went out, but saw nothing with the exception of a few Partridges. Lilly went into the Kitchen to day and got some toast prepared for Leonard, which he seemed to relish.

Oct. 6th Sunday. Spent the whole of this day in reading Cummings South Africa Hunting Expedition. Baldwin and Lilly attended church. Leonard recruited up fast to day.

Oct. 7th. Monday. Leonard, Myself, and our Man Ben started in an open waggon for Lexington twenty two miles up the Lake. The road most of the way was through woods, and was so horribly rough, that when we arrived at Lexington I felt completely knocked to pieces. Leonard looked deadly pale and sick. during the journey he wrapped around himself a heavy Mackinaw blanket, while Ben carried his rifle. We stopped at a little low log house purporting to be a tavern kept by a widow woman by the name of Buel.

Oct 8th Tuesday. This was a delightful Indian Summer day. A gentle south wind stirring up a little the smoky atmosphere. Leonard recruited up considerably to day, and we took together quite a stroll in the woods. We both of us looked so much like invalids, that I felt quite ashamed in making enquiries of the inhabitants about Elk.

As we completely failed in our endeavours this day in procuring teams to draw our things through the woods to Elk Creek, we were forced to abandon all idea of going there, consequently we looked around to find a sail boat to take us to Hurds Mill. The reason that persons gave, to whom we applied for aid, in not assisting us to get out to Elk Creek, were, that the woods between Lexington and Elk Creek are very low, and level, and at the time were submerged with water, and they considered it an impossibility to get there with a team. Lexington,

we found to be the "jumping off place," no roads going from it either North or West.

The evening of this day was quite cool, and our Landlady had a cheerful wood fire blazing in her wigwam. The pleasure that we might have derived from it, was sadly marred however by a cross-eyed Scotchman who hugged up close to it and with the most horrid looks and unearthly groans gave us a specimen of Sanilac Ague fits. Our spirits were not revived much by this sight of our Scotch friend, but still we consoled ourselves with the idea that "Jack frost" was a pretty safe barricade to rely on for protecting us against that cursed enemy of the Western Settlers. I slept quite well this night and upon the whole think I have recruited up some.

Oct. 9th Wed. A Sail-boat fortunately having come to Lexington this morning, we made a bargain with the two young men who had it in charge to take us to Hurds Mill some thirty miles up the Lake shore from Lexington. A strong South wind blowing we made rapid headway through the water and at 3 P, M, landed at a point on the lake one and a half miles distant from the Mill. Leaving Leonard and the rest of the party I walked through the woods in a fine meandering road to the house and getting an old man by the name of Wells and Hurds team we returned to the lake and brought up to the house all of our baggage and Camp equipage.

Buel, who lived in the house and had charge of the Mill was absent in the woods hunting for his Oxen when we arrived but his wife received us very hospitably. There was about two acres of land cleared around the house, which was planted with potatoes.

Buel returning late in the afternoon we were pleased to find him a good natured whole souled person and immediately felt quite at home in his house. He excited us very much by relating to us the numerous signs of Elk that he had seen within the past week, and showed us a large pair of Elk horns that he had cut off from an Elk that he had killed within sight of his house

the past winter. He had nothing in the shape of fire arms but a kind of Horse pistol rifle totally unfit for hunting yet still he had managed to kill the Elk with it.

His family consisted of himself, Wife, two young daughters, and two hired men. The mill that he run, was a most miserable, worthless affair, and could not by any possibility aid him in his worldly advancement. Mrs Buel was a kind and agreeable woman, prepared us a good bed, and did all she could to make us comfortable.

Oct 10th. Thursday. It raining hard all of this day, we could do nothing towards preparing for a start into the woods. A board covered shed being near the house, with its sides all open, in order to releive Mrs Buel a portion of the day of our presence, we got under that, and by Smoking, Chewing, eating and talking with each other and Buel the day slowly waxed away.

Mrs Buel informed us to day that for the two years past that she has been here, she has not seen a white woman, and regrets very much on account of her daughters, two very interesting little girls, that she is obliged to reside so far distant from the Settlements. Leonard Gave the children a Pen and Pocket Inkstand and made for them several writing copyys.

The Old Man Wells put on an Oil Cloth Coat this morning and taking his gun started off on a hunt after Elk and deer, but after he was gone Buel told us that he hadn't the least doubt in his mind, but that instead of going after Elk and deer as he had stated, he had gone to Cherry Creek, Nine miles off down the lake to get a horn of whiskey.

Buel agreed with us to day that as his Oxen are gone and he wishes to find them, that he will to morrow pilot us out to the Elk Lick as it lies at the head of a small stream around which is abundance of good feed and where he thought possibly his Cattle might be.

Oct. 11th. It continued to rain nearly all of this forenoon but clearing off at 12 A, M, we made our preparations, and at One P, M Buel, Ben, and Myself, started for the Elk Lick. I

carried my Rifle and Tent, while Ben carried the Blankets and some of the cooking utensils together with a small supply of provisions. Leonard accompanied us about a mile carrying the Tent when he turned back to Buel,^s house as it was not designed he should go with us to day to the Lick, but that to morrow Ben should return and pilot him out.

This afternoon was very close, and warm in the woods, and our course taking us over hills, and Creeks, and through Cedar Swamps, made the travelling with the Tent on my back very laborious and caused me to sweat profusely.

Owing to Buel,^s getting off of the right course, and consequently our travelling an hour or two in Cedar Swamps in an opposite direction from that which we should have taken, we did not arrive at the Lick until after dark, and having not yet recovered entirely from my late sickness I was completely exhausted with fatigue. We made a fire, fried a few potatoes, pitched the Fly, and then laid down. I could not eat any thing. During the forepart of the Night, feeling very thirsty Ben made me a torch out of Pine sticks which I took and finding the Elk Lick dranked very freely of the water which greatly helped me. It rained gently all of the night but did us no particular damage.

Oct. 12th. Buel started off very early this morning in search of his Oxen and said he would return to the Lick by evening. Ben shortly afterwards also left for Buels house, intending to return by night and piloting out Leonard.

Night came, but neither of them returned, when feeling quite unwell this evening I wrapt myself up in the India rubber cloth and laid down thinking I should be able to keep warm without a fire. but a cold rain coming on in the night, I soon began to shiver, and before the morning light dawned upon me I had suffered severely from the cold. This was a long and dreary night to me, and the monotonous sound of the rain falling from the trees was only in a few instances broken by the dismal screechings and hooting,^s of the large eared Owls.

Oct 13th. After having made a fire this morning, I went to work and pitched my tent, and after having got every thing about it arranged to my satisfaction, sat down to rest Myself, when quite unexpectedly I heard a whoop in the woods, and a few minutes afterwards Leonard and Ben accompanied by the Old Man Wells as a pilot made their appearance before me. this was about 12 A. M.

Making enquiries of Leonard the reason why Ben did not return yesterday, he related as follows, viz. that Nine O clock last evening he was seated before the fire when Ben came bolting into the house and without saying a word seated himself by the fire and bending down his head a little, placed both hands to each side of it and then ejaculated "dam the hunting." After waiting some time, and Ben making no further remarks, Leonard enquired of him, where he had been, when he turned a little and quickly answered in a very mad tone of voice, "God knows."

Ben enlightend me a little on the subject by stating that after he left me he followed an Elk trail some distance when feeling some misgivings about its leading him in the right direction, he left it and took another course, when getting completely turned around he had no idea which way to go, but travelled on very rapidly through all manner of mean woods and swamps till night, when he came to the Lake. When there, he was in quite a quandary, not knowing whether to go up, or down the lake, but finanlly choosing the former course he at Nine P. M. fetched up at Buels house completely exhausted and having traveled as he sincerely beleived some forty miles.

After we had eaten our dinner to day all hands went to work and cut a large quantity of Hemlock brush for our bed. I began this evening to feel better and slept quite well through the night. During the fore part of the night I heard some animal running near our Camp.

Oct 14th. The Old Man Wells left us this morning. On going to the Lick we saw the fresh tracks of two Elk that had

come in during the night. Devoted this day to blazing our lines and while doing so I heard a deer snort several times.

Oct 15th. Took my rifle and started off on an Elk trail leading directly west, and had proceeded on it some three miles walking very slow and carefully, when I spied an object some eight rods from me moving along in the thick evergreen bushes; drawing sight upon it I pulled the trigger when my gun snapped, but hastily cocking my other barrel I fired that when immediately a bouncing big buck crashed away through the bushes. I felt very confident I had killed him, and was not disappointed, for following up his track some twenty rods I found him dead. He was remarkably fat and large and had five prongs on his horns.

I hung him up and cutting off his horns brought them and his heart into Camp. Hiding his horns on the outside of the Tent I brought the heart to the Camp fire and told Leonard that I had killed and skinned a Partridge and that we would cook it for our supper. I fried it and he eat heartily of it supposing it to be a Partridge. We enjoyed ourselves very much this evening around our Camp fire.

Oct 16th. To the great surprise of Leonard, I told Ben this morning that I wished him to accompany me and help get in a large buck that I killed yesterday. We skinned him and brought back to Camp with us only his saddle leaving the fore shoulders on the ground. We fried some of this Venison for our supper, and also stewed a kettle half full for our next day meals. This Venison was remarkably fat and tender and we indulged our appetites quite freely in eating a goodly quantity of it. I saw two deer when going out after the buck, but got no shot.

Oct. 17. Ben started of this day for Buels to bring in to Camp more of our articles. Feeling fatigued I did not go into the woods untill about 9 A. M. and then not feeling like hunting soon returned. Saw nothing but a couple of Partridges.

Oct 18th. It raining this day, and finding that our Camp that we occupied during the day, and for cooking purposes,

leaked very badly, we went to work and constructed one in another place, and before night had the satisfaction of seating ourselves within it before a large wood fire and perfectly protected from the rain which continued to fall all day. In our work we got completely wet through. The Camp that we erected to day we built in the form of a shed, the front of it open, while its roof and sides were enclosed. to make the roof shed rain, we got a large quantity of dry Cedar bark from the swamps near us, and cutting it in suitable lengths lapped each piece over the other in the same way that they lay Oak shingles roof,^s in the Country. Over the bark roof we placed a large quantity of Hemlock brush and kept it in its place by laying poles across it. In front of our Camp and around it we drove crotched stakes in the ground and laying poles on them we placed against the poles Pine and Hemlock brush which kept the wind away from our fire and saved us from smoke.

A few rods from our Camp was a very dark and deep ravine, thickly studded with Cedar, and other evergreen trees. At the uper end of it we procured our water, several large springs there uniting together making quite a stream. Our Venizon we hung up in one corner of our Camp, and where protected from damp, and feeling continually the drying effect of a large fire, it preserved wonderfully.

The large hemlock trees so obscured the light, that when going from one of our Camps to the other at night, we were compelled to grope our way along in a very slow and careful manner, the darkness being so intense.

Oct. 19th. Explored the country North of our Camp to day. Saw no game. Noticed great quantities of old signs of Elk, but no new signs. We are all of us feeling well, and happy. Leonard indulges himself very freely in both eating and smoking.

Sunday Oct. 20th. It rained very gently nearly all of this day. Buel and another man came to our Camp, and brought us as a present from Mrs. Buel, 2 apple pies, a Short Cake, some pickle,^s and potatoes. We fried for our Visitors some Venizon,

and potatoes, which together with some Hard bread, Tea, and what remained of our Venizon stew, we placed before them. They eat very heartily, and said that if they could only camp out in the woods a few months they would get as fat as Bears.

Oct 21st. Explored in a South direction to day, found a few fresh signs of deer, and numerous old Elk signs. Elk trails are every where to be found in the woods. The woods around our Camp are very unpleasant ones to hunt in, being composed of thick Cedar swamps, and dense Beach and Hemlock.

Oct 22^d, 23^d, 24th & 25th. Nothing of unusual interest transpired in our Camp during these days. We felt well, eat hearty, and enjoyed ourselves very much. During one of these days I got lost, and at night was preparing a temporary shelter, when I discovered a blaze on a tree that I knew, and which was the means of my finding our camp. Deer we found to be very scarce, and difficult to be seen.

Oct. 26th. Our Venizon being all gone, we started out very early this morning to kill another. I hunted in South West, and about 10 A, M, came to a small Creek called Elk Creek. While standing on its banks I heard a noise behind me and looking around I discovered a deer coming down the hill to the banks of the Creek. Stepping beside a beach tree I watched him till he made his appearance from behind a large log, when I fired at him. he run some twenty rods and fell dead. I had shot him directly through the heart. He was a three pronged buck, middling fat but very slim and long legged. I hung him up and then returned to camp.

To night and every night for a week past, some animal has come to our camp and made a very peculiar kind of noise. A few nights since some animal run so near to our tent and made so much noise among the leaves and brush that it awoke us.

Oct. 27th. We all of us very early this morning went out after the deer that I shot yesterday, but on coming to it, Ben saying that he could carry it in alone, we left him with it, and

continued on hunting. About three in the afternoon hearing several guns fired, I answered them, and bent my course through the woods in the direction of the sound. After travelling a long distance, and firing many guns, I at last came up to Leonard, and Ben, and soon learnt from them the cause of the firing. Leonard had come into the Camp about 12 A. M., and not finding Ben there, immediately thought that he must be lost, and fired off his rifle several times from the Camp, thinking that he might hear it. Afterwards he took the West Elk trail, and after he had followed it some three miles, stopped and fired his rifle two or three times again. These were the Shots I heard, and Ben fortunately also heard them, and approaching in the direction of the sound and hallooing he at last reached Leonard. He was very much exhausted, but had stuck to the deer, fearing he said, "that if he dropped that, he might starve to death."

This Venison was not so tender as the first one I killed, although much younger. We sent in by Ben, and the Old Man Wells, who visited us, a good portion of it to Buel,^s.

Oct. 28th & 29th. This does not seem to be the season of the year, when game abounds in this region. Numberless signs indicates that during the summer season both Elk and deer frequent here in great numbers. the paths that approach the Deer, and Elk licks, are well beaten, and show that during the summer months they are well frequented.

Oct. 30th. There being no kind of prospect of killing any Elk in this region, yesterday Leonard and Myself decided to pull up stakes here this morning and start for Henry County Ohio, when after killing a few deer there we would return to Cleveland. Accordingly struck tent this morning, and after packing our things, each one of us took a load on our backs, and started in for Buels, which we reached at 2 P. M. This was a very warm day, and we sweat dreadfully under our loads before we reached Buel,^s. Many of the creeks that were quite dry when we first went into the woods, were now swollen into quite large streams.

Oct. 31st. Started back for our Camp at 8 A. M. this morning and reached it at 10 A. M. Cooked some Venison on a stick for our dinner, and then taking the remainder of our things on our backs, and giving our Camp a last farewell, started for Buel,^s which we reached a little before 2 P. M.

Nov. 1st. This day was very calm, pleasant, and warm. we are anxiously waiting for some opportunity to get away.

Nov. 2^d. No chance offering to get away, we finally thought we would risk our lives in Buel,^s old Boat, and making a bargain with him, we put our things aboard and at 10 A. M. shoved off. there was considerable swell on the lake and as the wind was not fair we made slow progress.

At 2 P. M. we run ashore near the Blue Ledge and eat our dinner of Pork, hard bread, and tea. We lost here in the woods two Hound puppies that we had on board, and were delayed a long time in finding them. Getting all aboard again we started, but a stiff wind having sprung up, and a rain storm coming on we just at dark reached the mouth of Cherry Creek where we landed.

Hastily preparing as good a shelter as possible to protect our things from the rain, we made a torch and felt our way along up the Creek to a log house where we stopped for the night. This place was just nine miles from where we started from in the morning. It continued to rain hard all night and our prospects seemed gloomy enough.

Nov. 3^d. Packed our things in the boat, and started quite early in the morning, but owing to there being but little wind we made slow progress during the fore part of the day. The wind having sprung up considerably by noon, at 2 P. M. we reached Lexington, and on going ashore there, our boat filled with water, a considerable swell breaking on the shore.

After remaining some half hour at Lexington, we again launched our boat, and wading out some distance from shore among the breakers, shoved off, and committed ourselves once more in our rotten boat to the mercy of the winds and waves.

The wind having during the afternoon increased very much, we were compelled on account of the heavy swells near shore, to stand out Seven or Eight miles in the Lake. Our Boat was heavily loaded, and leaked badly, keeping Leonard and Myself constantly engaged in bailing her out. Ben became very sea sick and vomited frequently.

At night the wind subsided and the sea ran down, but it was so dark that we could hardly perceive each other. Luckily however we discovered just above the water the lights of the Port Huron Light House, and steering for it at last reached safe and sound the mouth of Black River, having rowed on the Lake more than ten miles after dark.

After we had all eaten a 10 o'clock supper, Leonard & Myself settled with Buel, and Ben, and retired to bed. During the night the wind came on to blow most dreadfully and we congratulated ourselves on our good luck.

Nov. 4th. Saw Ben this morning, but hardly knew him, his beard and locks having undergone a most thorough trimming. Leonard has changed very much since he has been in the woods, having grown strong and fat. His face is very round and he sports a moustache grown in the woods. We left Port-Huron at ½ past 8 A. M. this morning, and arrived at Detroit at ½ past 5 P. M. Stopped at the Michigan Exchange.

Nov. 5th. Devoted this day in looking around Detroit. In the evening we visited many of the Cigar Manufactories, and bought many samples of their stock.

Nov. 6th. Left Detroit this morning for Toledo. Arriving at Toledo stopped at Thayer's Exchange. Leonard met here an old acquaintance, who asked many questions of me, but did not recognize him for some time.

Nov. 7th. Left Toledo this evening at ½ past 7 P. M. on the Canal Packet for Napoleon Ohio.

Nov. 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, & 12th, hunted more or less during these days, but saw very few deer, the woods being too noisy to meet with any success. On the 9th hunting on the North side

of the river, I saw 5 deer, and wounded one a fine doe. following her track up by the blood, I got two more shots at her, but missed both times, finally I left her track and went after Joseph Stout,^s dog, but after getting the dog, he unfortunately got on the track of a well deer and ran off. In searching for the Doe next day, I found her dead, my ball having paunched her.

Nov. 13th. John Glass, Leonard, and Myself, got up very early this morning, and crossed the Maumee river in a Canoe an hour before daylight. After striking the shore, Glass, and Leonard took one direction, and Myself another.

After proceeding quite rapidly about one and a half miles on the old Kalida blazed road, I went along more cautiously, and just as day was breaking, I heard a noise on the frosty leaves quite near me. Looking around I soon discovered a large dark object standing within four rods of me. Drawing a line on it with my rifle, I fired, when it crashed away through the bushes. Waiting a short time for it to grow lighter, I then searched for the track, and soon found it with plenty of blood on each side of it. I followed but a short distance the bloody trail, when I came up to a large fine 4 Pronged Buck, lying on the ground dead. I had shot him through the heart.

Hanging him up, I then went for assistance to get him to the river, and after having procured the aid of a man, and got the buck half way to the river, I saw Glass and Leonard walking along, some forty rods ahead of me. Hailing them, they came to me, and aided in getting my buck to Napoleon. Neither Glass, or Leonard saw any deer this day.

Nov. 14th. Leonard intending to leave to day at 9 A, M, in the Packet for Cleveland, I got up very early and went into the woods, hoping I might kill a deer for him, and get it in before he left. I saw a drove of five, but got no shot, but as some compensation for my misfortune, I came across a flock of Turkeys, and succeeded in killing three of them at one shot. Peeling some Bass-wood bark, I tied the legs and necks of the turkeys together, strung them on my back, hurried in for Napoleon

and had the satisfaction of getting there before the Packet came along. After removing the entrails from the turkeys, and washing the blood from the feathers, I gave them to L——d who about 10 A, M, left in the Packet for Cleveland.

Nov. 15th. Hunted on North side of river. Shot two turkeys and wounded a Deer. Saw but two deer this day.

Sat Nov. 16th Hunted on North side. Saw 5 deer, got two standing shots at long distance. Missed both shots, probably owing to my running and being out of breath.

Monday 18th, went this day to the spot where I fired at the deer Saturday, and following up the tracks discovered some blood.

Tuesday Nov. 19th. Hunted on North side. Saw during this day, 8 hunt, 13 deer. When returning to Napoleon and going up the side of a hill, I discovered a Doe feeding. Crawling around the brow of the hill, I succeeded in getting within range of her when I fired. She made a jump or two and stopped, when I discovered three more deer near her. I fired at her my other barrel, when they all scampered off. Going to the spot I found a staddle lapped over that my ball had cut, and also a large quantity of hair and a little blood, but failed in tracking up the deer.

Nov. 20th. Started home this day on the Packet Ohio, at 10 A. M.



WEASEL.

DEER HUNT IN TUSCOLA COUNTY, AND HILLS-
DALE COUNTY MICHIGAN 1851.

DEFT Cleveland at $\frac{1}{2}$ past Six P. M. on Steamer Baltimore for Detroit. For an hour after starting, the Lake was quite calm, when a strong West wind sprung up, and at 10 P. M., the Lake became very rough, which increased in roughness all night. The Boat pitched, and rolled dreadfully, the paddles often being entirely out of water. two thirds of the passengers became sick, and vomited up the Contents of their stomachs.

Owing to the Cars having left, before I reached Detroit, in company with five others we engaged a Spring Wagon to go to Pontiac. The day was clear and warm, and I had a pleasant ride to Pontiac. The Country for the first ten miles, was a dead level, and wet, but after that distance, it became more rolling, and presented a very pleasant appearance. We arrived at Pontiac at 3 P. M. and stopped at the Hodge Hotel.

We had among our passengers an eccentric character, who added very much to our amusement by his anecdotes and conversation. One of our horses happening to stumble a little, the driver cracked him up very severely, and disabled him by so doing so much that just as we arrived at Pontiac he completely broke down.

As the Stage for Flint was not to start till 11 A. M. we walked around Pontiac. The town is very pleasantly situated, and seems to be a stirring place for business. Went into one Flour Mill that used Steam and water power in conjunction. The wheat that I saw was very plump and fine and commanded in the market 57 cents. Went to see a $2\frac{1}{2}$ story Frame House that was struck by lightning some three months since. The

House presented a very ruinous spectacle, being entirely tore to pieces. two persons were killed in it a man and his wife. I noticed that all the houses near were protected with lightning rods.

Started at 11 A, M, for Flint. The day was very cold. It snowed nearly all day yesterday, and the greater part of this day. The roads were very bad and we made slow progress. however at 11 P, M we arrived in the night half froze at Flint. The Vehicle that we went in, was a miserable old wagon completely stowed full of Boxes and Trunks.

Oct. 26th 1851. Hired a Buggy this morning and started for Cass river. At 10 A. M. arrived at Pine Run, and at 1/2 past One P, M, after going through the woods Eight miles over the worst roads ever cut out, I arrived at Simeon Newton,^s log tavern, three miles from Tuscola and Cass river. Here I met a large number of Ohio Hunter,^s (some 14 in all) who represented game as being very scarce on the head waters of the Cass, and one party of five who had been hunting a week, had not killed a single deer.

Went into the woods some three miles this afternoon, saw plenty of Deer signs, and considerable Bear signs, but the woods are too close and thick to meet with any success deer hunting. Bear are seen almost every day, and one was shot the day before I came. The Indians killed quite a number of Elk this fall on Cass River, and among those killed were two large Bulls.

Oct. 27th. A man with a team coming along, I made a bargain with him to take myself and baggage to Pontiac. He started, taking my baggage, some two hours before me, and I overhauled him two miles beyond Pine Run a distance of 12 miles from Newtons. I walked Eight miles through the woods, some three miles of it along a beautiful Pine ridge. Went this day 13 miles beyond Flint. The day was very cold, and it was difficult for me to keep warm. The Landlord having no bed unless I slept with a hard looking case of a traveller, I preferred

staying up all night, and as the night was cold I had rather a tough time of it.

Oct. 28th. Started early this morning for Pontiac, and arrived there at 12 A. M. day cold as winter, and wind very cutting. Took the Cars for Detroit, and arrived there at 4 P. M. Stopped at the Exchange. //

Oct. 29th. Owing to my not having slept any the night before, I over slept myself last night, and was chagrined enough this morning on getting up to find that the Steam Boat had left for Toledo. Taking my Carpet Bag on my back, I started for the Stage Office, and took seat in a two horse Carriage for Monroe, at which place I arrived at 5 P. M. The road was bad, and it rained in torrents all day. I got one side of me well saturated with rain.

Oct. 30th. Left Monroe this day in the Cars for Hillsdale, and when at Deerfield got off the Cars took my Carpet Bag on my back, and went a mile or more to Munson,^s House. found it unoccupied, Munson having left the Country. Returned back to the Rail Road and stayed all night at the widow McKee,^s. The people here, told me that all kinds of game were much more numerous now, than when I was last here. The Country has not settled any, since I was last here in 1845.

Oct. 31st. Left Deerfield in the Cars this day for Hillsdale, and arrived there at 4 P. M. saw a large flock of Turkeys on the road.

Nov. 1st. Left Hillsdale this day at 10 P. M, for Corslet,^s Log Tavern on the Indiana Road, 20 Miles from Hillsdale, and arrived there at 4 P. M.

Nov. 2^d took a short walk in the woods, deer signs scarce. Saw however 4 deer. Mrs Corslet, my landlady, I found to be a fine motherly woman. Set a most excellent table, and had every thing in her house as neat as a pin. The house which was a log one, had but two rooms in it, but it was a comfortable House notwithstanding.

Nov. 3^d hunted south two miles into Ohio, and West a mile

or two into Indiana. Saw 2 Deer. During this Evening, Mrs. Corslet gave me a history of herself and family, and I became so interested with the history of one of her daughters that married John Canada, that when she farther stated that she lived some 12 miles from her in the woods, and that game was very abundant there, I determined on the morrow to start for her house. Mrs. Corslet, besides her husband (a shiftless coot) had in her family a widowed daughter some 20 years of age, a Son 18, and a daughter some 14 years old. This last was a sweet singer, and one of her songs called Sophronia,^s Farewell, she wrote off for me, and gave me.

Nov. 4th. Started this day with my Carpet Bag on my back for John Canada,^s 12 miles from Corslet,^s. The most of the way was through woods, with occasionally a clearing. Having a bad cold, my walk with the weight of a Carpet Bag, heavy Over Coat, and Rifle, made me quite fatigued. I arrived at Canada,^s about the middle of the afternoon, and found him at work dressing a large Buck, that a man named Durban stopping with him for a few days, had just killed.

Canada,^s house was a small log one, and surrounded entirely by woods, a few acres being cleared around it. Canada,^s wife I found not only pretty, but smart and interesting. She had three fine children, all young. Canada I found a very sociable man, and it is seldom that on my hunting Excursions I got into such good and comfortable quarters. As where I slept was next the roof and very airy, I discovered before morning from sure indications on my bed clothes, that there was a Snow Storm going on both on the outside and inside of the House.

Nov. 5th. The snow this morning covered the bushes so much, and squeaked so when walking on it, that I saw no deer. I however saw a flock of Turkeys in a field and shot at them, but missed them.

Nov. 6th. Hunted all day, saw 10 deer, but got no shots.

Nov. 7th saw two deer this day, a Doe and a Spike horn buck. Shot at the Doe and wounded her, but failed in getting her.

Canada this night, lit his Lantern, and with his axe, and dog, started into the woods on a Coon Hunt. Coming home about 2 in the morning, he awoke me to tell of his success. He had killed 3 fine Coons, and was coming home, when he heard his dog barking most furiously. going to the spot, he found he had got something in a fallen tree top, and looking soon discovered gazing on him, a pair of large and fiery eyes. instantly raising his axe he made a blow at the unknown animal, and happening to hit it on the head, killed it. On examination it proved to be a deer, and the very one I had during the day wounded.

Nov. 8th. Hunted all day. Saw 2 Deer, a large Buck, and a small Doe. Fired at the Doe twice, but missed her.

Nov. 9th. Saw 3 deer to day, a Buck and 2 Does. Shot the Buck through the body, and badly wounded him, but not being able to kill him alone, I went back to the house, got Canada, Durban, and a dog, and then pursued after him. The dog soon run him into the little St Joseph,^s river, and the Buck crossing it several times, the dog soon lost his track. The Deer bleeding very freely, we were enabled to follow him, by some of us taking opposite sides of the river. The Buck in one instance took his back track and bothered us considerably. About Noon we were joined by two more hunters, and at last, late in the afternoon the dog drove him into the river again, where we succeeded in killing him. I skinned off the fore shoulders and gave them to the 2 hunters. Canada took the saddle and carried it on his back to the house, while I satisfied myself with carrying the horns.

Nov. 10th. Hunted all day, but saw no deer. Mrs Canada cooks well, and I live well. we have pork and venison, potatoes, turnips & pumbkin pies, wheat bread, Buck-wheat cakes, sugar and honey. Opossums are very numerous in the woods, and I kill numbers of them for Canada, who on account of their skin and oil, considers them quite a prize.

Nov. 11th. Hunted all day. Saw 3 deer. shot twice at one, but missed it.

Nov. 12th. Saw 8 deer, and 2 flocks of Turkeys this day. the deer were too far off to shoot at. Shot twice at the turkeys but killed none.

Nov. 13th. Rained all day. Went into the woods a short time. Saw 7 deer, got no shots.

Nov. 14th. Hunted all day. Saw no deer. Made arrangements to leave to morrow. Canada having killed a Calf and wishing to sell the meat in Hillsdale, I agreed with him to also carry my Venison and Carpet Bag to Hillsdale.

Nov. 15th Left Canada,^s on foot at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 9 A, M, for Hillsdale 21 miles distant, and arrived there 7 minutes after 5 P. M. The travelling was very bad, the ground being wet, and the roads very muddy. Canada got in about $\frac{1}{2}$ past Nine at night, and said his team had a hard days travel of it.



OPOSSUMS.

DEER HUNT IN HARDING COUNTY OHIO 1851.

LEFT Cleveland in company with Capt Benjamin Stanard, Jan. Monday 6th 1851 for Patterson Ohio. Arrived at Shelby 20 minutes before 2 P. M. and left Shelby by the Mansfield road at 6 P. M. and arrived at Sandusky City 5 minutes before 9 P. M. Left Sandusky at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 5 A. M. next morning and arrived at Patterson at 10 A. M.

It being early in the day and a good snow on the ground, I loaded my rifle and at 11 A. M. started into the woods. In a short time I put up a number of Partridges, shot at them three times but killed none.

Leaving the partridges, I hunted for deer and in an hour or two, discovered two walking. Edging around so as to get in their front, I at last saw the leader of the two, a fine doe, approaching directly towards me. When within fair shooting distance, I shot at her breast, when she immediately wheeled and ran off some 20 rods in a contrary direction from me, when she struck a tree and bounding backwards, reared up on her hind legs and giving one spring into the air fell back dead. Going to her, I found that my ball had struck her between the fore legs and passed through her heart. The snow for ten feet in front of where she fell was sprinkled with blood. While dressing her a hunter came along whom I hired for the foreshoulders and fifty cents to carry her in to Patterson.

Hunting the rest of the day I saw another deer walking but failed in getting a shot. Capt Stannard hunted with a Shot-Gun, but found no game this day.

Wed. Jan. 8th. Capt B—— and Myself started into the woods together at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7 A. M. Coming across some par-

tridges, he stopped to shoot them, while I went in pursuit of deer. Finding very soon the fresh tracks of 5 deer, I went back to the Captain and tried to enlist him to go with me after them, but he preferring the Partridges I went alone after the deer.

A hard crust being on the snow which made the walking very noisy, I followed the deer on a fast walk until $\frac{1}{2}$ past 11 A. M. before I had the satisfaction of seeing them. They were then on a keen run, an old buck leading some 10 rods ahead with his flag hoisted, while the others followed with their tails down.

At $\frac{1}{2}$ past One P. M. I discovered the old buck some 30 rods from me walking. Presently he stopped before a tree, when I drew a coarse sight for the top of his back and fired. Going up to where he stood when I fired at him, I found a considerable quantity of hair, some with the skin attached, but finding no blood on his track I felt convinced that I had only grazed him.

Continuing to follow them, at 2 P. M. I discovered them some 25 or 30 rods from me slowly walking along behind a large log. Taking good aim at the hindmost one, I fired, when they all ran off again. Going to the spot where they stood when I fired at them, I found blood, and following the tracks a short distance farther, found blood. Very soon afterwards when following very carefully on the track I discovered the wounded deer lying down, his ears in motion, and seemingly on a sharp look-out. I made quickly two shots at it, but missed both times. Hastily loading up both barrels of my rifle, I again went on track of the deer, which when I fired, had ran off. I soon overhauled him again, when I made a shot at him which struck a staddle and glanced. immediately firing my other barrel, the ball struck him in the neck and tumbled him over. Running up to him I cut his throat, and found that I had killed a large fine fat Buck Fawn. My first ball had struck it in the belly and paunched it.

After hanging him up, I went some two miles to a house, where I got a boy and horse, and just at dark with their assis-

tance got my deer in to Patterson. Capt. B—— killed 5 Partridges and several quail this day.

Thursday Jan. 9th It having thawed during the night, this was a most excellent morning for hunting, but I roamed the woods two or three hours without seeing any fresh deer signs. At last meeting with some fresh turkey tracks, I followed them awhile, when it began to rain.

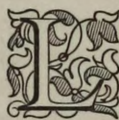
Knowing that the rain would finish my hunting after to day, I concluded to give the turkies an all day chase, and protecting my gun as well as possible put on after them. About One P. M. I saw them standing still under some trees some 25 rods off. Getting three of them in a range I fired, when as none tumbled over I suppose I missed them. A violent wind springing up, which made the woods unsafe to remain in, I left the turkies and hastened back to Patterson. On my way out to Paterson, I saw three deer and several partridges, but as I was wet through and afraid of the falling trees I paid no attention to game. Capt B. killed this day one Partridge and 4 or 5 quail.

Jan. 10th Left Patterson in the Cars for Sandusky, where we remained all night. In the evening, Capt and Myself visited an Oyster Saloon, and stuffed ourselves with that delicious Shell fish, and shortly after leaving the saloon it took fire and burnt completely up, together with several more adjoining buildings. On account of the fire, we remained up the greater part of the night.

Capt B. found in the Cars a female acquaintance whom he took charge of and saw safely home in Cleveland. Getting my deer safely home to Cleveland, I took the saddle of the largest one and sent it as a present to the Captain.



ELK AND DEER HUNT IN SANILAC AND TUS-
COLA COUNTY MICHIGAN 1852.

 LEFT Cleveland at 7 P. M, this day, Monday Sep. 6th 1852 in company with Frederic Deming on the Steam Boat Forest City for Detroit and arrived there at 4 A. M, next morning. The Lake was calm and the night moderately cool. I went to my berth early in the evening, feeling weak and very tired. My health having been very poor for the two weeks past, I felt too indisposed to enjoy the trip.

Sep. 7th. Left Detroit this morning at 9 A. M. in the Steam Boat Ruby for Port Huron, and arrived there at 4 P. M. Felt sick and feeble all day, although my Appetite has much improved. Stopped at the Port Huron House, and early in the evening went to bed. Was rather restless in the fore part of the night, but in the afterpart slept some.

Sep. 8th. Left Port Huron at 4 P. M, in the Steam Boat Pearl for Lexington, and arrived there at 6 P. M. After placing things in Store House, went to Mrs. Buels Log Tavern. Felt bad all this day. had considerable fever. went to bed early, and it raining hard all night, the patting of the rain on the roof had a soothing effect on me, and I rested some.

Sep. 9th. The weather being very stormy and rainy, I made no preparation to move from Lexington this day. I felt tired when night came, but on the whole was considerably improved in my feelings. It rained pretty much all the afternoon and night.

Sep. 10th. A strong North wind blowing, it prevented us from making any endeavours to go up the Lake. Talking with several individuals who represented Elk as being somewhat

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numerous on the head waters of Elk Creek, I concluded to send Frederick there on a prospecting Expedition, and providing him with some provision, at $\frac{1}{2}$ past One P, M, he started for Elk Creek.

/// Sep. 11th. Going out some three miles towards Black River, I met Fred at 2 P, M, returning from his Exploring Expedition to Elk Creek. He made so good a report of the Elk, Deer, and Bear signs he saw, that I at once determined to go there, and made a bargain this afternoon with Mr Meddaw to take our things through the woods to Elk Creek on Monday next. Mr Meddaw came to Lexington this afternoon and took our things to his house, so as to be in readiness to get an early start Monday morning. Fred saw yesterday when on his way to Elk Creek, One Bear and two deer. ///

Sunday Sep. 12th. It being pleasantly cool, I walked around considerably with Fred in the paths of the woods this day. On the whole I think I feel much better, and am certainly improved much in strength.

Sep. 13th. Started at 5 A, M, for Meddaws, and arrived at his house a little before daylight. The woods between Meddaws and Davis Mills on Black River, 5 miles from Lexington, are very wet, and covered in many places a foot deep with water. Meddaw carried our things in an Ox Waggon to that place, when he sent back home the Ox team by his boy, and tying our things with ropes to a kind of sled made of a crotch, he hitched to it an active pair of Indian Ponies he had brought along with him, and started for Elk Creek 13 miles off through a dense woods. Meddaw from the time he started, till he reached Elk Creek, never varied from his course, going strait forward through water and over logs. He and his Ponies both were great travellers, and I had to make considerable exertion to keep up with them. The Sled repeatedly turned over, and several times our things broke loose, but by peeling some bass-wood bark, we soon tied them on again. Going over a large log my Camp Chest got burst open, but the ingenuity of Fred

and Meddaw repaired it. Going through a swail Fred showed me the track of the Bear he saw Saturday, but to my surprise and regret I saw but very little signs of game on the rout.

Just as we reached Elk Creek, I saw three deer in a drove, and on a sand bar of the Creek, saw several fresh signs of Elk. The Creek we found almost completely dried up. What little water there was in it, being from Springs.

I felt somewhat tired this night, but no feeling of sickness. I slept cold and a sharp frost was on the ground in the morning.

Sep. 14th. Spent all of this day in making our Camp, clearing away the rubbish around it, and sticking up Pine & Hemlock brush to keep the wind off. Slept cold this night.

// Sep. 15th. Got breakfast very early this morning, after which went into the woods. I hunted down the Creek some two miles saw some fresh Elk tracks in the Licks, but no Elk. Saw two deer, but had no chance to shoot. The Banks of the Creek were lined with old Indian Camps, several of which had Elk legs hanging up in them, and large Turtle Shells lying on the ground around them. Shot two Wood Ducks in the Creek this day, and stewed them for our supper. //

Sep. 16th. Hunted in a Northerly direction from the Camp. Saw five deer, but from the thickness of the woods, and the great quantity of leaves and sticks on the ground, I made so much noise I could get no chance to shoot. The woods are principally composed of Black Ash Swamps, a few ridges of hard timber, and numerous small ridges or elevations of land covered with Pine and Hemlock. In some places the timber is so thick as to entirely obscure the Sun. Saw numerous old signs of Bear and Elk this day, and some well beaten trails of Elk and Deer.

Sep. 17th. Hunted up the Creek some three miles, and about the same distance in West. Found three large Elk licks, and some fresh signs of Elk, but saw no game with the exception of One deer. Went through some meadows which had in them

great abundance of old Elk Signs. In the meadows I found two licks, and the bones of several Elk that had got mired in them. These meadows contain from 50 to 100 acres of land, are low, have in them a growth of long, thick, coarse grass, and are surrounded with a thick woods of Pine & Hemlock. Portions of these meadows are quaggy and miry, shaking for rods around where you are walking, and oozing out a saltish water. A short wiry grass grows on these portions of the meadows, and these spots are where the Elk resort, to lick the saltish water, and wallow in the muck.

Fred hunted a short time this day, and saw three deer feeding. Shot at one of them, but only slightly crippled it. He brought into Camp a very large Hedge Hog that he had killed.

Sep. 18th. Hunted down the Creek this day. Saw two deer feeding on the banks, and made efforts to get a shot at them by creeping behind the trees and logs, but before I could get in fair shooting distance of them, they moved their position and became so hid by the bushes, that I could not find them afterwards.

Sunday Sep. 19th. Remained in Camp all day. It rained some this day.

Sep. 20th. It rained hard all day and night, and penetrated our Cooking Camp to such a degree that we were forced to abandon it, and keep within our Tent all day.

Sep. 21st. Clearing off this morning, we determined the first thing we would do, would be to bring from the Indian Wiggams bark enough to make a water proof roof to our Cooking Camp.

When going after bark met two Hunters on the Creek. One of them a hard looking Case, lived in Cleveland with Samuel Irwin in the year 1836, and together with Samuel Irwin cradled a field of Oats that year for my Father. His face was familiar to me the first time I saw him, but it was some minutes before I could make out who he was. The Hunters belonged to a

Camp on Black River, four miles from the Junction of Elk Creek. I was very much surprised to meet them, little dreaming of seeing any White Hunters in this region. I told them the direction of my Camp, and invited them to it, telling them that I would return before night.

The rain having raised the Creek it had now considerable current, and noticing a flopping on a riffle I fired both barrels of my Rifle at the spot, when immediately the white bellies of two fine fish showed themselves on the surface of the water.

The Hunters did not come to our Camp. Probably they could not find it. Our Camp is located about fifteen rods from the banks of the Creek in a dense growth of evergreen trees, and surrounded by the tops of young hemlocks which we cut off and stuck up to keep the wind off.

Sep. 22^d. Devoted the first half of this day to pitching over our Tent, and cutting hemlock brush for our bed. The two hunters succeeded this morning in finding our Camp. They came along about 10 A, M, and said that they had had a long hunt for it. We gave them for their dinner, fresh fish, Pork Hardbread and tea. They had numerous hunting stories to tell us about the deer, bear, wolf and Elk, that they had killed, also of their tricks that they had played off on the Indians. At 2 P. M they shouldered their Rifles, and after giving us an earnest invitation to visit their Camp, bade us adieu and started off.

Going out hunting in the afternoon three miles through the woods to the big meadow, I saw where a drove of Seven or Eight Elk had just passed along. It being late I followed their tracks but a short distance, but saw in a small Alder Swamp where they had tramped and tore the brush all to pieces. After leaving the Elk tracks, I scared up a number of Partridges, and killed two of them.

Sep. 23^d. Started off early this morning into the woods, but saw no fresh deer or Elk tracks. Devoted the afternoon to cooking Partridges, repairing Camp, and examining Map. Fred

went out a short time this day. He shot one Duck, and reported seeing a number of Partridges. Held council this evening about making a campaign over to the head waters of Cass River, and finally decided to do so.

Sep. 24th. Weather cloudy, and a portion of the day rainy. I remained in Camp all day making preparation for our Cass River expedition. Fred went hunting a short time but met with no success. We cooked the duck for our dinner and had a good meal. Boiled a piece of pork for our journey, and fully agreed to start for Cass River to morrow morning. After examining our Map, we determined that our course should be North west about three miles, and then bear directly west, expecting thus to avoid some of the Swamps indicated on the map as lying between our Camp and the head of the South fork of Cass River.

Sep. 25th. This morning rainy and continued so the most of the forenoon, but it subsiding some, we packed into our Knapsacks a small sack of Salt, the Indian rubber Cloth, a portion of boiled pork, and six days scant rations of hard bread for each of us, and tying up our Tent sallied forth at 20 minutes past One P, M, with our Rifles, Knapsacks, Tomahawks, and Axe for Cass River.

After travelling some three miles to the Great Meadow Lick, we bore off in a West direction, when striking a well beaten Elk trail that bore very near West, we concluded to follow it, and continued on in it till half past 3 P, M, when it commenced raining so hard we were compelled to stop and Camp. After kindling up a large fire, we placed our Indian Rubber Cloth over some poles, and cutting some hemlock brush put them on the ground under the Cloth, and then deposited on them our Guns, knapsacks, and Coats, and then went to work preparing wood for the night, after which we eat heartily of Pork and hard bread, and then dried ourselves, we being nearly soaked through with rain.

Our Camp this night was by the side of a Swail filled with

water, and the woods which were very dense, were mostly hemlock. It rained very hard a portion of the night, but cleared off before morning. The fore part of the night was warm, but the after part cold. With the exception of the hooting of some Owls, we heard no noises of wild animals this night.

Camping a dark and rainy night without a tent so far from Settlements in a dismal forest, brought up in my mind strange thoughts and feelings, and reminiscences of old times, with a melancholly sorrow that they had forever passed away.

I lost my pencil this night and was fearful I should not be able to make any farther record of our expedition, but Fred soon relieved me on that score by handing me a black lead pencil that he happened to have in his vest pocket.

Sep. 26th. Left our Camp of last night 10 minutes past Six this morning and very shortly after came to a low hemlock ridge which gradually descended down to a thick Cedar Swamp, piled up with old fallen trees. This Swamp was of considerable extent, and very difficult to pass through. The wind had at some time prostrated all the timber, which now lay cross ways on the ground, and piled up in many places seven or eight feet high, and covered nearly a foot thick with moss, which like a sponge was full of water. The second growth Cedar some twenty feet high, grew very thick, and it was with great difficulty we could get through it with our Knapsacks on. Fred in crawling over the tops of some slimy logs, slipped off and sprained his knee joint. It made him quite faint, pained him a great deal, and greatly impeded his travel.

After forcing through this Swamp which was some three miles wide, we passed through several Black Ash, Tamarack, Cedar, and Hemlock Swamps of small extent, and then came to the border of a large dark dismal looking Tamarack Swamp which we dreaded to enter, but our course lying through it, we plunged into it, and found it very wet, mucky, and miry, we frequently sinking in above our knees, and compelled much of the way to jump from the roots of one tree to those of another,

and often in stepping on what we supposed a little hillock of earth, we would break through and go in to our middle.

We had hard work of it in our progress, and the day being dark, cloudy, and rainy, we felt much depressed, but as there were no dry land to Camp on, we were forced to keep on. At last we came in to a thick Black Alder Swamp of great width, which so used us up that I proposed to Fred to climb a tree and see if he could discover an opening anywhere. Throwing off his pack, Fred mounted a tree and took a survey, but could see nothing but a dense Alder Swamp. Going higher up the tree he saw an opening which crooked around in the Swamp, and pointing the direction of it, I took the point of Compass, and when he came down, we headed for it, and soon reached a little Creek, some three feet wide, which we knew was one of the heads of Cass river. We followed down the Creek, going in the Elk trails that wound around through the Alders near the Creek, stooping and almost crawling in some places, while in others it was quite good walking, until 2 P. M, when being completely fagged out and wet through, we Camped for the night in a wet Elm bottom.

We scraped up some leaves and threw on the ground for our bed, but the ground being too wet to lay on, we sat up the most of the night on a log by our Camp fire.

In our travels this day, we noticed a few deer and bear signs, and bordering the Creek plenty of old Elk tracks. We heard continually through the night some animals make a loud gnarling noise, sounding as if there were a number of them together and quarrelling over some Carcase. Afterwards for some time one of them kept up a loud moaning noise.

Sep. 27th. While making preparations to start from our Camp this morning, we heard in a clump of grass and thick bushes near our Camp a loud snarling and growling noise. Taking our guns with us, we very cautiously approached the spot where the sounds proceeded from but could see nothing.

Going back to our Camp fire we put on our packs and

started down the Creek 20 minutes to 8 A. M. We continued travelling down the Creek till $\frac{1}{2}$ past One P, M, when coming to some hemlock woods, the first we had seen to day, and feeling quite tired, we Camped for the night.

That portion of the Creek that we followed by the side of to day, seemingly had no current, & was bordered by a broad Elm flat, sparsely covered with trees. The banks of the Creek were very low, and the Creek itself in many places was but a few feet wide, while in others it widened out several rods, making little ponds. It rained a little to day.

We saw during this days travel, three deer, numerous signs of bear and wolf, and a few Elk signs. I killed one snipe and two fish ducks, but lost one of the ducks having killed it in a miry hole I could not wade in. In going down the creek to day, we heard a noise similar to the bawling of a Calf, but did not see the animal that made it. The banks of the Creek in many places are covered with thick Alder brush, almost impenetrable, and also in many places are wild grass and weeds some four feet high covering several acres. We found numerous trails of wild animals in the grass.

Where we Camped we found a fresh bear track, and a few rods from us was a tree with the bark some Seven feet high all raked off by Elk. We cut a large quantity of hemlock brush for our bed, and made ourselves rather a comfortable camping place for the night. Before our large Camp fire we dried our Socks, Boots, & Clothes, and roasted our duck and Snipe, which we eat with a hunters appetite. Shortened our allowance of hard bread to day. Eat up our pork yesterday.

Notwithstanding it rained hard nearly all night, making our prospects very poor of being able to return back to Elk Creek by the Swamps, still we gave ourselves no anxiety on that account, and slept as sound and well as our peculiar circumstances would permit of. We heard no noise of Owls, bears or other animals this night.

Sep. 28th. So much rain having fallen since we left our Camp

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on Elk Creek, I became convinced this morning that it would be impossible for us return back to our Camp the way we came, the Swamps that we passed through being undoubtedly filled with water; and now determined to follow down the Creek until we reached the North fork of Cass river, then follow up that fork till we reached its forks, when taking its Southern fork, follow that up to its head, then strike across for the head of Black River, and follow down that stream to Elk Creek, and then follow Elk Creek up to our Camp, requiring a period of time of at least seven or eight days.

Fred had the Blues considerable this morning, expressing fears that we would not kill any game and consequently starve to death. He said if we could only kill a deer so as to have plenty to eat, he did not care how long we were in the woods before we got out.

It raining this morning, we did not leave Camp till 20 minutes to 10 A, M, when we started and had a sorry time of it going through the thick second growth hemlocks that bordered the Creek and which showered down on us oceans of water. After traveling a mile or two, we came to some Thorn Apple flats, and the trees being loaded with fruit, we stopped and eat what we wanted, and then filled our pockets with it.

At 12 A. M. we came to a Thorn Apple flat that was completely tramped all over with fresh Elk tracks, and looking carefully around we found where the Elk had left the flat and gone down the Creek. Fred spirits now revived, and he proposed that I should go ahead, while he would follow on behind, and possibly by that means I might get a shot at them.

Examining very carefully my Rifle to see if all was right, I then took a lead some ten rods in advance of Fred, and very carefully followed the trail, when in a short time I heard the shrill whistling and loud bugling noise of the Elk, which seemingly were not a very great distance ahead of me. Increasing my speed, I put along after them as fast as I could, and soon came to where they had gone down the steep bank of the Creek

to a Salt Lick, from which place they had struck off back into the woods.

Continuing to follow down the Creek, sometimes following on the trail of the Elk, and sometimes not, till $\frac{1}{2}$ past One P, M, and having followed them an hour, or more, without overtaking, or hearing them for some time, I slackened my speed, and Fred coming up to me we commenced talking, when suddenly we heard the Elk bugle in the woods but a short distance from us, directly in East from where we were standing. Quickly throwing off my pack and leaving it with Fred, I cautiously went in the direction of the sound, and did not proceed over a hundred rods before I saw eight or ten Elk walking very leisurely along Indian file on an Elk trail. Creeping along after them, I soon got within gun shot of them, and singling out a large Cow, the rear one of the herd, and the fairest shot, I fired, when they all immediately broke into a jump and were soon out of sight.

Blazing back to Fred, he came with me, and we searched for hair and blood, but could find neither. Searching around, we found a Staddle cut, that stood directly in front of the Elk I shot at, and presuming that my ball from cutting the staddle had lost so much of its force as not to seriously wound the Elk, we very much grieved and disappointed at our mishap, gave up all farther idea of following the Elk, and went back to our trail on the Creek.

Putting on our Packs, we were about starting again, when in the very same direction that we had just come from, we heard the loud bugling of an Elk. Throwing off my pack, I started for him, and soon heard him raking the brush with his horns as he advanced along, making at the same time a loud whistling and bugling noise. Coming to a thick sapling Pine, he stopped and commenced raking down the limbs with his horns, when getting within about twenty rods of him and having a fair broad side shot, I took cool and deliberate aim back of his fore shoulders, and fired. The moment I shot, he ran some Six rods in a

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direction towards me, and stopped. I then took aim at him a little farther back of the shoulders, and fired my second barrel. He did not flinch or move a particle. I loaded both of my barrels as quickly as possible, and drew up to shoot him again, when he suddenly reeled over backwards, and making a loud bellowing noise, kicked and struggled a few minutes and then lay still.

Before going up to him, I blazed my way back to Fred, when we put on our Knapsacks and started for him. He made such a loud bellowing noise when he fell, that Fred plainly heard him where he was, and asked me if it was the Elk I shot that made the noise.

On coming up to him we found him to be entirely dead, and a Bull Elk of the largest size, with tremendous horns. Fred having never seen an Elk, expected to see an animal about the size of a large deer, and consequently was greatly surprised when he first saw him.

There being no water near, we concluded to skin the Elk, and cut off what meat we wanted to cook for our supper, and then got back and camp by the side of the Creek.

Taking off our Coats, we stood our guns up against two different trees near us, and then commenced skinning the Elk, when happening to look up, I discovered a large Cow Elk only some twenty rods off coming directly towards us. I crept to a tree where I supposed my Rifle stood, and taking it up found that it was Fred's Shot-Gun, and as the Elk had then got within Eight rods of me while creeping to my Rifle, it saw me and whirling around ran off.

I then went back and commenced skinning again, when shortly I heard another Elk bugle near us to the South. I paid no attention to him remarking to Fred, that it was too bad to kill so large an animal when we had no means of preserving the meat. Fred replied "I want a pair of Elk Horns. Go and kill him for his horns. I'll carry them out of the woods if it takes me a month to do so."

I then started after him in my red flannel Shirt, and soon came up within fair Rifle range of him, when taking careful aim a little back of the fore shoulders, I pulled trigger. At the explosion of the gun he immediately jumped and ran some four rods, when he stopped. I quickly fired at him my second barrel hitting him quartering through the hips, when he partly fell, after which recovering himself, he stood still a few moments and then slowly walked hobbling away. I didn't follow him but a few rods, as I found that he had gone into a dense thicket, and it was getting near night. He was a very large Bull Elk and had large horns.

I hurried back to aid Fred in his skinning labor,^s and after this neither saw or heard any more Elk to day. We got our Elk skinned about 6 P. M. when we cut off the head and hung it up on a tree, also hung up the Skin, then cutting out the Tenderloins we started for our trail near the Creek. We reached it just at dark, too late to make a hard wood fire, or a Camp save sticking up a few Evergreens. We staid up all night and was busy in trying to keep warm, and keep up our fire. We were camped among thick hemlock and had nothing but green hemlock to make our fire with.

It rained some during the night, and being tired, and wet, we were rendered quite uncomfortable. We cooked Elk meat for our supper on a stick toasting it before the fire. We heard no wild animals this night.

Wednesday Sep. 29th. After making a breakfast on Elk meat, we then went to work and made ourselves a more comfortable Camp, and got up a quantity of hard wood for our fire, after which we went and brought in the Elk Skin, it requiring both of us to carry it, Fred saying that it weighed more than 80 lbs. We went to work and stretched the skin Indian fashion on poles, cutting small holes in the edges of the skin, running bass-wood bark through them and tying it to the poles. This being a new operation to us, it required nearly all day to accomplish it.

We neither saw or heard any Elk to day or any other game save a flock of Wild Geese. Fred and Myself hunted a short time this day after the Elk I wounded yesterday, but owing to the track going into a Thorn Apple thicket which was completely covered with Elk tracks, we failed in tracing it up.

We stinted ourselves on hard bread to day, making our meals almost entirely on Elk meat. Our Elk meat is rather strong scented, but it is tender and juicy. We made ourselves wooden plates, by taking two large chips and scooping them out a little with our Tomahawks. Roasting our Elk meat on a stick without any application of salt, until done, we find makes it more juicy and palatable.

Thursday Sep. 30th. Having slept very comfortably last night, we felt quite invigorated this morning, and eat a hearty meal of Elk. I went during the forenoon and fetched in to our Camp the Elk horns.

Fred made a trough to jerk our Elk meat in, after which he brought into Camp a hind quarter of Elk which we cut up and filled the trough with, making a brine in our cups with a portion of the small quantity of salt that we had left. I trimmed off this afternoon the skull attached to the Elk horns. Fred reported that while washing himself he saw some kind of an animal swimming in the Creek. This day was clear and pleasant, the only pleasant day we have seen since leaving our Camp on Elk Creek.

Taking the Elk meat out of the trough, we hung it up to jerk before the fire, and then filled the trough with meat again. We eat very hearty of meat to day. We cut off large portions of meat to Jerk on poles to serve as provisions for us when we shall return after our Elk Hide and Horns. This night was clear and warm. We heard some animal making a great splashing in the water during the night.

Friday Oct. 1st. Got up a little after 7 this morning, and after eating a hearty breakfast of Elk meat, we took out of the trough the Elk meat we had salted, and hung it upon Poles be-

fore the fire to jerk, after which I tied up with bark the skull of the Elk, and spent an hour or two in rubbing the rust off my Rifle. Put my Rifle up without any load in it. This night was clear, warm, and pleasant, and the Wolves howled around us considerably.

Saturday Oct. 2^d. About 7 this morning after my breakfast of Elk meat, I thought I would go to the place where I had killed my Elk and see if the Wolves had eaten any of the carcase. I went in my red flannel Shirt and without my Rifle. When I had gone about one third of the distance I heard a slight noise in the leaves, when standing perfectly still, a jet black Wolf soon made his appearance and trotted along directly in front of, and within eight rods of me, when he stopped. In a moment more two other black Wolves came trotting along and joined the first one, when snuffing the air in the direction of the Carcase of the Elk I had killed, they slowly trotted off.

I immediately returned back to Camp for my Rifle, and went in pursuit of the Wolves but failed in again seeing them.

Packed up the Elk Skin this afternoon and put it up on a scaffold supported by stakes and a tree. Also put the Elk horns on the scaffold and made a roof over them of old bark, to shed rain, after which made a blazing to the Elk trail on the Creek, and fell two or three trees across the Creek to serve as a land mark. Made our préparations for a start to morrow, and cooked meat for to morrow,^s dinner. This night was very comfortable.

Sunday Oct. 3^d. On awaking this morning found it raining gently, but notwithstanding we determined on a start. Our hard bread amounting to about two whole pieces, we divided equally, relying on our jerked meat entirely for sustenance. We left Camp 10 minutes to 7 A. M. and traveled till $\frac{1}{2}$ past 9 A. M. when we struck quite a good sized stream emptying into the Cass on the right bank of the river going down.

We saw this forenoon two Magnificent Bull Elk, either one of which I could easily have shot, but being wet through, and

in a hurry and anxious to get out to a Settlement, having already been eight days in the woods without either Tent or Blanket, I had no desire to shoot them.

At $\frac{1}{2}$ past 10 A. M. we halted, made a fire, hung our Coats up before it, and eat our dinner of Elk meat that we cooked yesterday. It had rained so far all day, and we were completely wet through.

At 12 A. M. started again on our march, but at half past three P. M., being weighed down with our wet clothes, we halted and Camped for the night, and it was 10 P. M. before we could make ourselves in any way comfortable. The bows were all wet and we had to dry them before the fire before we could use them for our bed. Our boots, socks, & Coats had to be dried, our Guns cleaned, and our Elk meat had to be strung up again before the fire and undergo a second Jerking.

We saw more signs of Elk to day than any day yet, and were anxious that they might disappear, as we are desirous to get out to some civilized land. We made our supper this night on jerked Elk meat with a very small piece of hard bread.

Eat this day large quantities of Thorn Apples that we found on the flats of the Creek, and filled our pockets with them. It rained some in the early part of the evening, but before midnight it cleared off and the Moon and Stars shone out quite bright.

Monday Oct. 4th. Sky clear and bright this morning. Hung up our meat on a pole to dry. Eat our breakfast on jerked meat with a very small piece of hard bread. Elk signs yet to be seen near our Camp.

Crossed this day two large streams emptying into the Cass, besides several smaller ones. A great deal of Cedar Swamp traveling to day, and one wind fall almost impenetrable. Passed several places where lumbering in getting saw logs in the river had been carried on last winter, but not now occupied. Traveled all of this day till $\frac{1}{2}$ past 5 P M, when we Camped.

Saw one Elk to day on the brow of a hill near the banks of

the river. Found some frost grapes and eat them which refreshed us considerably. We made our dinner, also our supper exclusively on dried Elk meat.

One of Freds legs gave out to day, and pained him very much in traveling. He very anxiously wishes to get out somewhere. No signs of a Clearing, or a road yet to be seen.

We were so tired that we made no Camp this night, but built our fire beside a large log and lay down before it. The night was clear, cold and very frosty, and as we had no covering either under us, or over us, we suffered severely with cold.

Tuesday Oct 5th. This morning clear and pleasant. Having rested very uncomfortably during the night from cold, one side of us being warm, and the other freezing, we arose very early and renewed our tramp without eating any thing. For the first few miles we encountered what we considered the worst traveling that we had yet seen. At 9 A. M. stopped and rested a short time, and eat our sumptous breakfast of dried Elk.

Saw during our march this morning, many signs of Elk, also large numbers of deer signs. Shortly after leaving our Camp fire this morning saw a fine Cow Elk some ten rods off quietly trotting along, seemingly not being frightened by us. Found on a high knoll this forenoon a quantity of Pigeon berries when we stopped and picked them.

Could hardly stand a portion of this day from extreme exhaustion caused by so long an exposure to wet and cold, poor diet, and the labor of walking through Cedar Swamps, Wind falls and thickets, through muck and mud, and climbing over heaps of fallen timber, carrying in my hands a Rifle of 11 lbs weight, and on my back the amunition for said Rifle, together with a pack containing One heavy Under Shirt, pair of socks &c, and some 25 lbs of jerked Elk meat. Fred besides his pack of Elk meat &c, carried a Shot-Gun and an Axe.

At 12 A. M. I proposed to Fred to wade the river and see what kind of travelling there was on the opposite side of it. He did so, and after walking down the river a quarter of a mile or so,

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reported quite good traveling, but as there was no riffle where I could ford, we continued traveling on opposite sides of the river, occasionally hallooing to each other to keep within hearing distance, until 3 P. M. when I halloed to him to recross the river and come to me, as I was in sight of a small Clearing on the Banks of the Cass. After searching awhile Fred found a place in the river that he thought he could wade, and going in succeeded in crossing over without wetting his Cravat.

Now at 3 P. M. we are seated on a log enjoying a luxurious rest by gazing at our discovered Clearing, looking upon it as a haven of rest where we shall receive a hospitable reception.

I am so entirely used up that I must of course stop with them, or die. Hope that they have got some wheat or corn flour, as I am most terribly hungry for bread.

Arriving at the Log House, we found it to be the remotest house on the river, and the spot where it was built called the Indian fields, the Garden and former burying ground of the Indians, distant 25 Miles from the small town of Tuscola, and no other house being built on the river until you go 19 miles farther down the river.

Mrs. Bigelow the woman at the house received us very hospitably, giving us two bowls of milk to drink and plenty of bread to eat. She very kindly gave us permission to remain all night, or longer if we desired, stating however that she and her daughter (a girl of 17) was all alone, her husband having gone to Saginaw whom she expected home to morrow.

Shortly after dark, Fred and Myself having cleaned our Guns, hung up our knapsacks, and got our stomachs well filled with potatoes and bread, seated ourselves before the fire and were taking solid comfort, when we heard a wild hoop outside, and in a moment afterwards a ferocious looking Indian, dressed in full Indian Costume, blankets, leggins &c, came walking into the house. He could speak but very little English, came to see Mrs. Bigelow on some business, and after remaining an hour or two departed.

Mrs. Bigelow told us that his name was "Kinnee-Woop," that his Wigwam was on the opposite side of the river from her house, and that he was a most celebrated Chief and hunter, having but a few days before killed three bears. He was greatly feared by some white men for his bad disposition, and some few years before he had shot his Father-in-law for some insult offered him.

I find that I am almost as ragged as a beggar, my thick strong pantaloons being very badly torn. Mrs. Bigelow supplying me with needle and thread, I used up a portion of the evening in repairing damages. Slept in a bed this night and got well rested.

Wed. Oct. 6th. Gave Fred some money and started him off by the way of East Saginaw for Lexington on Lake Huron, to go from there to my Camp on Elk Creek, and pack up my Tent and Camp Utensils and bring them to Tuscola.

Made a bargain yesterday with two men to go after my Elk Skin and horns. One of them lived some two miles from Bigelows. They started early this morning taking with them my Axe and Pack-Bag. This day was fine and clear. Went into the woods and hunted a short time but saw no fresh signs of Game. Eat very heartily to day but still feel weak.

As there was no wood for the fire worked an hour or two in dragging in from the woods to the house some dry poles and chopping them up.

A man came into the house just at dusk this evening and stated that he had just seen two wolves but a few rods from the house, and that hallooming at them and they not running off, he threw his Cap at them.

Mr Bigelow came home with his ox team a little after dark. It rained some during the night.

Thursday Oct. 7th. Got up at 7 this morning. heard it thundering. At 8 A. M. a violent rain storm came on, which I fear will give the men I sent after my Elk horns a most wretched drenching.

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Friday Oct. 8th. The two men I hired to go after the Elk horns returned this afternoon. They reported that they saw no Elk, but heard the Wolves howl most terribly. One of the men said "that traveling through the woods, he would as live carry the devil as those horns on his back. He said he would not be tempted again for One hundred dollars to do the same job. Their faces were scratched terribly and their clothing torn bad. The Indians showed them an Indian trail that struck the Cass River at the 2^d forks some thirty miles from the Indian fields. By this route the distance was much shortened, and they avoided most all the bad places I had to pass through. They said it would have been impossible to have brought the horns by the way of the river as I came. They had some eighteen miles of the distance to go without having any Indian trail to travel in.

Sat. Oct. 9th. It rained hard all of this day. No other way but to remain in the house. A long tedious day.

Sun. Oct. 10th. Cloudy but no rain with the exception of a Shower in the morning. Went into the woods taking the See-bee-wane trail for some two miles, then bore East on a line parallel with the Cass some three miles farther, when in passing through a fire deadning I saw a large Buck jump up out of a clump of Briar bushes. I fired at him on the run, and shot him through the paunch. He bled profusely and laid down after running some fifty rods, but coming upon him very suddenly, he jumped up again and I was forced to shoot at him on the run and this time missing him.

I followed him by his blood until he entered a dense Cedar Swamp, when it getting late I gave him up. I felt quite disappointed at the loss of my deer, as Mr Bigelow had no pork or meat of any kind in his family, and this Buck would have been to him quite a treasure.

✓ In returning to the Indian Fields saw a man in the woods setting down on a log, with five or six sawed boards forming a roof over him. I approached him when he told me that he had

purchased a tract of land where he was sitting, and intended this fall and winter to clear an acre or two, build a log house, and in the Spring fetch into the Country his wife and Seven old maids.

Monday Oct. 11th. Bright fair day. Hunted a short time but saw no game. On account of the Wolves, or from some other unknown cause, there seems to be no deer in the vicinity of the Indian fields. Old Settlers of two years in the Country informed me that at some seasons of the year, deer are very plenty and that they often very suddenly disappear for months.

Hung out in the sun to day my Elk Skin. The moist weather has nearly ruined it together with the scalp on the horns.

The Squaw that the Indians sent down the river thirty one miles to Dutch-town for Whiskey, arrived yesterday with five gallons, and the Indians with this new supply were enabled to keep up their Pow-wow of Drum beating, screeching & yelling all night. This is the great Hunting Pow-wow that annually takes place with this heathen band at this season of the year for success in their fall hunts.

They have now been at it for three days and nights, and the Pow wow is held in "Kinnee-Woop",^s Camp, and besides "Kinnee-Woop," "Camp Sattan," "Cock-a-Cheece," Indian William, and their families, all of whom are located at the Indian fields, there are other heathen Indians in attendance from See-bee-wane, and Qua-na-cussee.

One of the White Settlers near the Indian fields, who has no ear for Pow-wow music, told me to day that he had become so disgusted with the infernal din, that he was almost tempted to go and get a whole barrel of whiskey and take over to the Indian Camp, and thereby kill every Red Skin assembled there.

The woods bordering both banks of the Cass River near the Indian fields, are mostly composed of Evergreens, Hemlock greatly predominating. It rained again this night—the most abominable weather.

Tuesday Oct. 12th. Dark cloudy day with some rain. At 9

o'clock in the evening went out of the Shanty a few steps, when some animal growled quite savagely at me. Two men immediately came to the door and wanted to know of me what kind of an animal made that noise. I was unable to inform them. The night was too dark to make out any object.

Wed. Oct. 13th. A hard white frost last night. A sad and sorrowful day for poor Bigelow and his family. Bigelow is a poor man, his whole wealth consisting of a Yoke of Oxen, for whose labor and that of himself during the winter months in the Lumber Country, he is entirely dependent on for the support of his family.

Bigelow,^s family consists of Mrs. Bigelow, (who has a very appropriate name, as she is *big and low*) and two children, one a Girl of 17 and the other a smart boy of about ten years of age.

Bigelow tied up one of his Oxen to a stump last night to prevent it wandering off, and on going out to it this morning found it dead. Loud lamentations were soon heard in Bigelow,^s family. Mrs. Bigelow started out for the log shed in order to give louder utterance to her grief, but as she approached it, she thought she heard a human voice, and listening, she perceived that it was her boy, and that he was engaged in prayer. His prayer she heard and repeated to me. It was this, "Oh God, Old Brown was a good old Ox. I loved him very much. I want him to be happy. I pray thee Oh God take Old Brown,^s Soul to heaven."

Thursday Oct 14th. Cloudy and rainy. Bigelow got his Ox hauled off into the woods to day, and then sent word over the river to the Indians that they might have the Carcass. During the day the Indians came over the river with their dogs, and after examining the dead Carcass of the Ox, and finding it very purulent, they decided that it was not good food for Indians.

The Indians had a long private talk with Bigelow to day, and told him very seriously that the reason why his Ox died, was that he had got a bad "Je-moke-o-mon" in his house, and that

if he did not immediately send me away, some other great misfortune would befall him.

Fred returned this afternoon, having brought my Tent, Provisions, and all our hunting Equipage as far as Tuscola, where he left them.

Friday Oct. 15th. Bought a Canoe this morning of Kinnee-Woop, and Cock-a-Chees, and at half past 9 A. M, Fred and Myself stepped into it and paddled Sixteen miles down the river to the small settlement called Vasser. With the exception of one solitary log house, in process of erection, with a few trees cut down around it, it was one unbroken wilderness all the way from the Fields to Vasser.

One large flock of Geese, and some ducks were all the Game we saw going down the river. We passed over many rapids, and feeling considerably tired with paddling, when we arrived at Vassar I hired a Young Man, who was going up to the Fields, to help Fred with the Canoe down to Tuscola, and from there up the river to the Fields. I walked from Vassar to Tuscola, and arrived there about the same time that Fred did.

Sat. Oct. 16th. Started the Boys off this morning from Tuscola for the Indian Fields in my Canoe loaded with Tent, Camp Utensils, Provisions &c. Day clear and pleasant. They arrived at the Fields at 4 P. M. I started a foot, the distance being 25 miles, and at 3 P. M had got within four miles of the Fields, when unluckily I took a Marsh hay road which led me deep into the woods, so that I was unable to get to Bigelow,^s before 7 at night, being in the woods after dark nearly two hours. I travelled on a keen jump when I found I was lost, and striking a small Creek I followed it down stream to the Cass, about a mile above Bigelows.

Sunday Oct. 17th. Started this morning at ½ past 8 A. M. in our Canoe for the first forks of the Cass, and after a hard days work paddling and poleing we went ashore at ½ past 3 P, M and Camped. We had a great many rapids to go up to day, and Fred got out of the Canoe and pulled it over quite a

number of them. This was a real Indian summer day, being delightfully warm and pleasant. The scenery along the Cass to day was very wild and gloomy. We saw one deer standing on the bank of the Cass, some four rods from us, and Fred made an effort to shoot it, but his gun snapped. During the night we heard Deer, Elk, or some other animals make repeated loud splashings in the water.

Monday Oct. 18th. Got breakfast before daylight, and started from Camp at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7 A M, and arrived at the Forks of the Cass at 2 P. M where we Camped. After going some three miles this morning, the river became so shallow, and the ripples so numerous, that both Fred and Myself had to be in the water above our knees half the time in pushing and lifting our Canoe. The hardest work I ever did in my life, I done to day. The weather was most charming, being a warm, still, and a little smoky Indian summer day.

We saw no game to day with the exception of a Mink or two, and the entrails of some animal, that the wolves had killed, lying by the side of the river. A short distance from where we camped to day, we saw the Carcass of a large Buck that the wolves had killed.

We boiled Pork, Potatoes, & Coffee for our meals to day, and I think I never before eat so much in my life in any one day, as I have to day. Fred went to work and is making a log Camp in front of the Tent, so that we can have fire in the inside.

Tuesday Oct. 19th. This was another beautiful Indian Summer day. We were both busy this day in making Camp. I spent most of the day in cutting hemlock brush for the inside of the Tent, and in cooking for Fred and Myself. In driving a stake I struck my hand with the back of the axe and bruised it quite bad.

Wed. Oct. 20th. Another fine Indian Summer day. Devoted entire day to fixing Camp, and cleaning Gun, and getting every thing ready to be able to commence hunting to morrow. Shot



CAMP OF O. H. PERRY, CASS RIVER, MICHIGAN.

Drawn by Dr. E. Sterling.

at a Partridge close to Camp, but it got off. Fred worked all day making roof for Camp.

Thursday Oct. 21st. Got up and had breakfast before day. Started into the woods at 7 A, M, and hunted up the river some Six miles. Saw no fresh signs of Elk, and but few signs of deer. Shot twice at a mink in the river but missed it. On coming back to Camp, found that Fred had got it entirely roofed, with a space left just large enough to allow the smoke to escape. It is the most comfortable Camp I ever saw, and if we can only kill a Deer, or Elk, we are fixed out.

Friday Oct. 22th. Fred & Myself, both hunted to day. He went up the North Fork of Cass River, and I went down the Cass. I saw no Elk or deer, and but one fresh Elk sign. Fred saw a 3 Pronged Bull Elk, and said that when he first saw it, it made a few jumps, then stood still a moment, and walked off. Made preparations this evening for a Campaign 18 miles up the South fork of the Cass, to start to morrow.

Sat Oct. 23^d. Left our Camp at 7 A M for the head waters of Cass River. We put into a Haversack three days provisions, and equipped with our Guns, Axe, &c, we started. We travelled together up the Cass river some eight miles, when I shot at a Mink, and wading across the river to find it, and not succeeding, I told Fred that I would remain on that side of the river, and meet him at the forks.

After leaving Fred I came to a Thorn Apple Grove, and found that Six Elk had just been there, and from the way the ground was ploughed up by their jumping, I suppose I started them. I saw two or three more fresh Elk signs, but no fresh deer signs.

I arrived at the Forks 10 minutes after 12 A, M, where I waited for Fred till 20 minutes to 2 P. M. when he arrived. He reported seeing no Elk, and but few fresh signs. After our luncheon, we held a consultation, and concluded to return back. We travelled down the river on our return till 4 P, M when we Camped.

Sunday Oct. 24th. Started this morning at daylight for our Camp and arrived there a little after Nine. Shot one Partridge on the way. The remaining portion of this day staid in Camp, and the weather being mild, and comfortable, we rolled up ourselves in our blankets and took a Sunday snooze. Cooked Partridge in the afternoon and had a most excellent meal. Concluded this day that we would give up Elk hunting, and start down the river to morrow. Made preparations for doing so.

Monday Oct. 26th. Packed up and left our Camp at 7 A, M, this morning, and after a hard days push with the Oars and wading some thirty rapids, some of them 40 rods long, we camped for the Night. We saw some ducks and a Wild Goose, and Fred shot the Goose with buck shot.

We met three Elk hunters hard to work to day poleing up the river, who very anxiously enquired of us how far it was to the Forks. They were very much discouraged from the fatigue that they had already undergone, and two of them were inclined to turn back. I encouraged them all I could to go ahead, as I wanted them like myself to see the Elephant.

After picking our Goose we made preparations to explore to morrow the woods in the Vicinity of our Camp. This was a cloudy and rather cold day.

Tuesday Oct. 26th. Started into the woods at daylight this morning. Walked some eight miles in an Eastern direction and back again to Camp which I reached at One P. M. Saw no fresh signs of Elk, and but few of deer. Woods very Noisy.

Fred having boiled the Goose 2½ hours, I put into the pot with it some pork, Potatoes, and hard bread, and stewed it down, and had the satisfaction of finding it a most palatable and excellent dish. After Dinner, Fred hunted some three hours, but saw no game, or signs.

Wed. Oct. 27th. Struck Tent at ½ past 8 A, M, and started again up the river, and after proceeding some Eight miles, a good portion of the distance being up the meanest kind of rapids, we went ashore, and agreed that this should be our last

Camping Place, Game, or no Game. While fixing our Camp this day, we heard a splashing in the water, and looking around we saw a fine Buck trotting along in the middle of the river. I run to the Tent for my Rifle, and chased the Buck down the river about half a mile when I gave him up. It rained a little this night, but the weather being warm we slept very comfortably.

Thursday Oct. 28th. Very rainy this morning. Went into the woods a short time, got wet through, and returned to Camp. It rained constantly all day.

At $\frac{1}{2}$ past 3 P, M, we saw wading down the river, drawing their flat Boat, the three Elk hunters that we had met when coming down from the Forks. When opposite our Camp, they stopped, and warmed themselves an hour by our fire. They were drenched through to the skin with rain, and looked cold and chilly. One of them was used up. They swore about the Swamps they got into above the forks, and said they saw nothing else. They had in the short space of three days seen the Elephant. These Elk hunters said that when they went Elk hunting again, they would know enough to take a good stock of provisions with them. They also said that the Swamps were so thick and bushy near the Forks, and a man made so much noise in ripping through them, that an Elk must be a fool to let a man get near enough to him to shoot him.

Friday Oct. 29th. It rained all last night. This morning dark and rainy. I remained in Camp all day. Fred went into the woods a few hours, and came back wet through to the skin. He reported seeing no game, or signs. It rained hard all day.

Sat. Oct. 30th. Dark, foggy, & misty. I hunted half of the day and saw two deer. Three weeks ago when we were here, Elk, and deer signs were numerous, but now none are to be seen. Fred worked all day to day and completed our Camp. It rained all of this night, but still we slept very comfortable. We have a large wood fire in our Camp right before the mouth of our Tent.

Sun. Oct. 31st. This day, dark, foggy, and misty. We spent the most of this day in Camp, and besides eating very heartily, we also slept very soundly. Some animal made a loud screeching and moaning noise around our Camp in the night, and also in the morning made a loud moaning noise.

Monday Nov. 1st. Eat Breakfast at 9 A. M. this morning, and made preparations for a start down the River. Left Camp at 1 P. M. and the river being high from the heavy rains, our Canoe darted down the river like lightning, going over all the rocks and rapids without any difficulty. We saw a large Buck rubbing his horns against some willow bushes on the banks of the river. We also saw a few Mink, & shot at one of them, but he finally got away. We arrived at the Indian fields at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 4 P. M.

Tuesday Nov. 2^d. Left the fields at 8 A. M. and arrived with our Canoe at Vassar at $\frac{1}{2}$ past One P. M. After getting our dinner, we got a Yoke of Oxen and drew our Canoe over the dam and started for Tuscola, which place we reached 20 minutes after 4 P. M. It rained hard all of the afternoon, and we got completely wet through.

Wed. Nov. 3^d. It raining this day, we stopped in Tuscola. Fred & Myself went out hunting in the afternoon. He saw 5 deer, I saw one, but neither of us got any shots.

Thursday Nov. 4th. A drizzly rainy day. We hunted all day. Fred saw 3 deer, I saw one. Got no shots. It rained all of this night.

Friday Nov. 5th. This was also a rainy day. Started early into the woods, and saw several deer early in the morning but got no shot. At 11 A. M. discovered a long distance ahead of me an Old Buck slowly walking along. Following him up, he soon disappeared among some old tree tops, but proceeding along very carefully and cautiously, I at last got sight of him again standing broadside towards me. Taking aim at him a little back of the foreshoulders, I fired, when in an instant afterwards he was making most fearful plunges in the brush and old

tree tops. I pursued after him and had not gone ten rods when a fine Doe jumped up right before me and ran off without my getting a shot. I found the Buck dead some thirty rods from the spot where I had shot him. My ball had gone directly through his heart.

After hanging him up, I made my way through the woods to a solitary log house, called the Buck horn Tavern, a Pair of buck horns answering for a sign. I got here a good dinner of Venison, potatoes, and bread. The Landlord was a portly fine looking man, and an expert hunter. He said his two boys were good shots with a Rifle, but that his daughter excelled them both in that respect.

Saturday Nov. 6th. A rainy day. Got a stiff neck, and a severe pain across my shoulders. Was in the woods a short time but saw no deer.

Sunday Nov. 7th. A rainy day. Had a bad night of it last night. Pain in my shoulders continues.

Monday Nov. 8th. Slept very poorly last night. The pain in my shoulders continues. Fred went after my Buck this morning, and returning about Noon, we got dinner, when getting our Canoe over the Tuscola Dam, some three men assisting us to carry our Articles to the Canoe, we at $\frac{1}{2}$ past One P, M, bid adieu to our Tuscola friends, and started for Bridgeport, a place of One House, which place we reached half an hour after dark. The river was high, very beautiful, and we had a delightful trip of it. We saw no game, save a Mink and some ducks.

During the day we passed the Dutch Dam, two of their men assisting us over it. We put all our articles, with the exception of our Guns and Elk horns, in an old deserted log house that stood near the banks of the river, and then went up to the solitary One house in Bridgeport, and stopped over night. They got us a most excellent supper, and my Elk horns excited much curiosity.

Tuesday Nov. 9th. Left Bridgeport at 8 A, M, and after a very pleasant run down the river arrived at Saginaw at 2 P. M.

We saw to day One large Buck, and great quantities of ducks. The distance from Bridgeport to Saginaw by water is called 15 miles, by land 9 miles. This bend of the river is called the great bend of the Cass. The river from Bridgeport to Saginaw being broad and deep, and a dense forest lining its banks, the Canoeing was very pleasant. We passed several Indian hunting Camps. At one of them I stopped and enquired En-u-e-taw-way waw-wash-kish, and received in reply the answer, Cowin-shin-Cago.

Wed. Nov. 10th. After storing my Camp Chest and Canoe in Mr Lyttle,^s Ware-House, and finding no Steam Boat in port, went to see a Mr Johnson who formerly resided in Cleveland at an early date, and got him to take Frederick,^s daguerotype in full hunting rig.

Remaining at East Saginaw (a miserable place) several days without any Steam Boat arriving, I hired a team and started for Pontiac some sixty miles or more from Saginaw. At Pontiac I took the Cars for Detroit, and from the latter place got aboard a Steam Boat and arrived safely at Cleveland with my Venizon, Elk-Horns &c.

DISTANCE FROM THE SPOT WHERE I KILLED THE ELK

To the 2 ^d forks of the Cass River	8 Miles
From 2 ^d forks to 1 st forks of the Cass	12
From 1 st forks to Indian Fields	30
“ Indian Fields to Tuscola	22
“ Tuscola to Saginaw	18
Estimated distance by land	90 Miles
Increased distance by water	20 “
	110 Miles

SCHEDULE OF PROVISIONS, HUNTING APPARATUS, TENT EQUIPAGE &c TAKEN WITH ME ON MY LAKE HURON HUNTING EXCURSION FOR YEAR 1852.

- One Cloth Tent & Fly for Same.
4 Blankets, & India Rubber Cloth to roll same up in.
One Double barrelled Steel Rifle.
One do do Shot-Gun.
2 lbs Buck Shot, 4 lbs No. 4 Common Shot.
1 Indian Axe, 1 Tomahawk, 1 Tin Camp Kettle.
1 Tin Tea Pot, 5 Tin Cups, 3 Iron Spoons.
2 Knives & Forks, 1 Frying Pan, 6 Tin Plates.
1 Coil Cord, 16 Small Wax Candles.
1 lb Powder in Canister for Rifle, 1 lb Powder for Shot-Gun.
2 Powder Flasks for Rifle & Shot-Gun, 1 Bag Bullets of 124 balls.
2 Wooden Starters, 1 Cone Driver, 1 Screw Driver.
2 Wooden Wipers, 1 Charger, 1 Priming Wire.
3 Boxes Heavy Caps, 1 Box Patches, 2 Compasses.
2 Hunting Knives, 1 Whetstone, 1 Ivory Hunting Comb.
72 Lbs Bacon, 150 lbs Hard Bread.
20 Lbs Sugar, 2 Lbs Black Tea.
1 Small Sack Salt, 3 Papes Pepper.
3 lbs Soap, One Camp Chest, 1 Carpet Bag.
1 Stout Bag to Carry Fred,^s Articles in.



MINK.

SAGINAW INDIAN METHOD OF TANNING OR DRESSING DEER SKINS.

Put the skin in water until the hair slips off easily. Then with a dull edged instrument scrape the hair and grain off. Then let it dry, after which, take the brains of a deer and squeeze it through a coarse cloth, then put it into a Vessel of some kind and add a quart or so of Soap Suds. Then take the skin and soak it in this preparation about an hour wringing it and working it as much as possible, after which take it out and put it in a frame rubbing it dry, or pull it dry before a fire. To smoke it, dig a small hole in the ground and make in it a fire of dry rotten wood. Then put the skin on hoops over the smoke, and let it smoke an hour or two, or until the skin shall become the same color of the rotten wood.



MUSKRAT.

DIARY OF MY DEER HUNTING EXCURSION ON
THE CASS RIVER, TUSCOLA COUNTY, MICHIGAN,
IN THE YEAR 1853.

EP. 1st 1853. Left Cleveland this day in company with Frederick Deming at half past 7 P. M. in the Steam Boat Cleveland for Detroit. The night was clear and comfortably cool, and the Lake was calm, save a light dead swell. I slept very comfortable this night.

Sep. 2^d. Arrived at Detroit at 5 A. M. this morning, and left Detroit on the Steam Boat Huron at 8 A. M. for Saginaw. The day was warm and the voyage up St Clair River very pleasant. Arrived at the mouth of Lake Huron just at night.

Frederick was taken with a fit to day when upon the deck of the Boat, and fell suddenly backward on his head. Gentlemen that were present and assisted him told me that they thought he was dead, but by friction and rubbing him, they brought him to. He frothed at the mouth, was wild and delirious, and probably had an attack of Delirium Tremens, although some thought it was an apoplectic fit. This evening was delightful. Slept sound this night and felt well.

Sep. 3^d. Arose this morning at daylight and found that we were crossing Saginaw Bay on our way to the Sauble river, where we were to unload some 280 barrels of salt for the fisherman there.

Arriving at the Sauble at 8 A. M. we spent some four hours in unloding our Salt into small boats, after which we made for Saginaw Bay and river, and at Sun down arrived at East Saginaw, where we landed, and after getting our things stored in Ware House, went to the Tavern. Fred recruited up some this

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day. Found my Canoe & Camp Chest left in Ware House last fall, all right.

Sunday Sep. 4th. Clear and warm, with a light wind from the South. Remained at the Tavern all day—reading the papers.

Sep. 5th. This day was very warm, with a strong South wind in the afternoon. Got down our Canoe in the morning and made preparations for a start. Fred planed the bottom and sides of the Canoe, after which I purchased half a gallon of oil and a brush, and oiled its sides and bottom. Our paddles having been purloined, we went over to Saginaw City and purchased a couple of Indian paddles to supply their place.

Having loaded our Canoe and got all things ready, after dinner, $\frac{1}{2}$ past 2 P. M. we left the dock of East Saginaw on our Excursion up Cass River. The wind blowing very hard dead ahead, we had a hard pull of it until we reached the Cass, when it went a little easier. We continued on till $\frac{1}{2}$ past 6 P. M. when we Camped. Fred was very much fatigued and exhausted, and complained of feeling very weak.

Having pitched our tent, and started a fire, we made some strong Tea, which with some Hard Bread made our Supper. We suffered this day much from thirst, not wishing to drink the Cass river water, as it was covered with a green scum, and was black and warm.

The banks of the Cass as far as we went to day, were very low and Swampy, and we could not sleep at night on account of the multitude of Mosquitoes. Saw this day great numbers of Wood duck,^s and Pigeons. The Musk-rats were swimming around all night.

Sep. 6th. Not having been able to sleep last night on account of Mosquitoes, we built up a larger Camp fire in the after part of the night, and boiled a piece of ham which we intend to have last us two or three days. After breakfast we loaded our Canoe, and at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7 A. M. we started.

It thundering considerably, and the sky having an appearance

of rain, at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 8 A. M. we stopped and Camped. We had just got our Tent pitched and our Articles stowed in it, when the rain came on, which proved a very hard one. It continued to rain hard all day.

At 3 P. M. an Indian, voyaging down the river in his Canoe, stopped at our Camp and complained of being very buck-a-tay. I gave him some boiled ham, hard bread &c. He eat a tremendous quantity, and at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 4 P. M. he left us, first enquiring of me how far to Saginaw.

We pitched our fly and placing our luggage under it, we reserved the whole of our small Tent this night for our Sleeping Quarters. The Mosquitoes troubled us some during the fore part of the night, but towards morning they left us.

Our Camp this day was by the side of an Indian Hunting Camp of last winter. The deer horns, with the hair still on the skulls, hanging up in the trees. Great numbers of ducks were swimming in the river near our Camp, and flying past us to day.

Sep. 7th. Got up very early this morning, eat our breakfast, packed our boat, and started 15 minutes to 7 A. M. The fog was so dense on the river we could hardly see our way, and as we proceeded we found the river very low, and had to get out into the water and draw our Canoe over bars of sand and shallow places a great many times.

We went ashore at $\frac{1}{2}$ past One P. M. and eat our dinner, and at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 2 P. M. we again started, and during the afternoon passed the Dutch dam, and proceeding on some three or four miles farther, at 7 P. M. we Camped in a most beautiful Maple Woods where the banks of the river were high.

We were in the water so much this day, and labored so hard, that we felt very fatigued, but it was $\frac{1}{2}$ past 9 P. M. before we went to bed. We made a fine Camp fire to enjoy the evening with, and to eat our supper by. No Mosquitoes at this Camping ground.

We saw to day great numbers of Pigeons, and a good many

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ducks. Fred stopped at the Dutch Settlement and got a plug of Tobacco for his use.

Sep. 8th. Struck tent at 8 A. M. and after passing, pulling, and lifting our Canoe over innumerable shallows, we arrived at Tuscola at 10 A. M. Stopping there some two hours, and learning to our sorrow that there was no water above, we lifted our Canoe over the dam, and by super human exertion went some three miles up the river, when we concluded to Camp and wait till the river raises. We pitched our Tent in a beautiful Maple and beech Woods, and where the banks of the river were quite high.

Sep. 9th. Leaving Fred to fix things around Camp, and make two good stout paddles, I took my Rifle and at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 9 A. M. took a stroll into the woods on the south side of the river. Saw four deer, and had one good chance to shoot, but being too slow, the deer started off before I could pull trigger on him. On my way back to Camp shot one fine fat Wood duck in the river. The woods are very dry, and I found the deer in the Swails.

Sep. 10th. This day was clear and pleasant. Started into the woods at 6 A. M. and returned to Camp at 12 A. M. Saw Seven deer, and once came near getting a shot. After cooking duck and a Squirrel that Fred killed, went to work making a front to our tent out of slabs. Felt very tired this night, but slept middling well.

Sep. 11th. The river has fell one inch since we camped here, I find by examining our water mark board to day. This day was delightfully cool and pleasant. I find that the woods are completely parched up. Wanting some fresh Venison, hunted a short time to day. Saw no deer, but shot a Wood duck.

Sep. 12th. This morning smoky, and very similar to Indian summer weather. Hunted part of the day. Saw one deer, a large Doe. Shot at her twice, and missed both times. Cooked Duck for dinner. The woods within a mile, on the south side of the river, being Hemlock, with a thick growth of under

brush, with their summer foliage still on, makes it very difficult to get a fair sight at game.

Sep. 13th. This was a beautiful day, too clear and pleasant for good hunting, and feeling fatigued from Yesterday's tramp in the woods, I busied Myself about the Camp to day. Fred went out hunting early in the morning, and remained out till after 2 P. M, but saw nothing.

Sep. 14th. A very rainy day. Sent Fred to Tuscola with a letter for Van Voast. Wrote said letter on a paddle. It rained hard all this day and most of the night. River raised about one inch.

Sep. 15th. The rain having made the woods in good hunting condition, Fred & Myself took our Rifles and went out to try our luck, but finding the woods very foggy, and not feeling like hunting, I soon came back to Camp. I saw nothing. Fred remained out till 3 P. M. He reported as having seen four deer, but got no shot. After he returned, he took a bag and went to a clearing on the North side of the river and got half a bushel of potatoes. It rained a little this day.

Sep. 16th. We got our breakfast before day this morning, and crossed the river into the South woods by daylight. After hunting an hour or so, I discovered a four pronged buck feeding in a Swail, and immediately hauling up, I fired at him and had the good luck of shooting him down in his tracks. After hanging him up and dressing him, returned back to Camp which I reached at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 9 A M.

This day was terribly warm, and the Mosquitoes swarmed in innumerable numbers in the woods. After returning to Camp took a bath in the river, and also washed my shirts.

At 12 A. M Fred returned, and after dinner he went to the Clearing to get Mr Slafter to aid him in bringing the Buck into Camp. The weather was so warm, and the Mosquitoes so numerous, that Fred and Slafter had a hard time of it in carrying the Buck into Camp, which they did, slung to a pole, they tying up Moss in their hankerchiefs and putting on their shoul-

ders to prevent the pole from cutting in too hard. I gave Slafter for his trouble the fore quarters of the Buck, which was a very fat one. We cooked some of the Venizon for our supper and found it Nish-she-shin.

Sep. 17th. This was another very warm and sultry day, and I perspired very profusely. Remained in and around Camp all day. Cooked Venizon twice for our meals, and Fred busied himself in making a trough and Shelf for Camp. It thundered and lightened a great deal during the night, and rained considerably, with a high wind. Hearing a Gun fired off during the night, I took my Rifle down and answered it, supposing that some Hunter had got lost.

Sep. 18th. It rained and stormed the most of this day, raining and thundering very hard during the fore part of the day. The weather which has been excessively warm for a few days past, has cooled considerably to day. Finding that the most of our Venizon was spoiled, we took the remaining sweet part of it and salted for jerking. It stormed most terribly during the night, the rain falling in torrents, and the wind howling in the tree tops in a most hideous manner.

Sep. 19th. This day was cool and pleasant, and I remained the whole day in and around Camp. The river has raised so much, I think of pulling up stakes and starting day after to morrow, if the water continues up. Made a Venizon stew to day and eat of it very heartily. Fred went up to Vassar to day.

Sep. 20th. This was a rainy and stormy day. Went hunting an hour or two in the morning. Saw one deer and some Wolf signs. Intending to make a start for the Indian fields to morrow, made preparations to day. Stewed up a quantity of Venizon, and took Deer Skin, some bacon, and other articles that we shall not need till our return, and left them with our Neighbor Slafter.

The weather has been so warm that the deer skin, and the Horns, (the Horns being in the Velvet) are nearly spoiled, smelling very bad. The Owls last night roosted in a tree next

to our Tent, and frequently gave us a serenad during the night. We have so far since we have been in this Camp been treated nearly every night with the plaintive notes of the Whippoorwill. It rained the greater part of this night.

Sep. 21st. Eat our breakfast early this morning, but on account of a rain coming on and continuing all the morning, made no particular preparation for a start. I chopped down a large beach tree for exercise. On looking at my water mark, I find that the river has fell two inches since yesterday.

It clearing off some about Noon, we struck Tent, packed our Canoe, and at $\frac{1}{2}$ past One P. M. started. At $\frac{1}{2}$ past 3 P. M, arrived at Vassar, where I got some Cigars and 3 lbs of sugar. Lifting our Canoe over the Vassar dam and reloading it, we at 4 P. M, again started.

Going along some two miles, we discovered ahead of us some kind of animals running along the banks of the river, when I got out of the Canoe and went after them, and finding them to be a couple of Coons, I killed them. Going along a short distance farther, we saw another Coon, when I put the Canoe ashore, and sent Fred after it. He soon ran it down and killed it, after which we again started, determined to pay no more attention to Coons, and at 6 P. M shoved our Canoe ashore & Camped. Boiled some water, and had tea and stewed Venison for Supper. The night was clear and cold and I slept very comfortably.

Sep. 22^d. This being a clear and pleasant morning we made preparations for an early start, but having considerable to attend to, we did not begin to load our Canoe till about 9 A M, and had barely commenced doing so when I heard a splash in the water, and looking up the river I saw a fine doe standing in the water, about 25 rods off. Going to my Tent and loading my Rifle as soon as possible, I was just starting for the side of the river when I discovered three deer, some 25 rods off, walking along in the woods in front of my Camp.

I stood by the side of my Tent and shot at two of them.

The first one that I fired at, I hit. Following their tracks about a quarter of a mile, I found plenty of blood, when returning to Camp, I got Fred, and putting on my Coat & Boots, we went after them. We tracked them by the blood into a Marsh when we left them. The river being very low, and the day far spent, we concluded to stay where we were.

Frederick got stung twice to day by Yellow Jackets. The tree in which they lived being close to our Camp, we burnt them out at night. There was an immense Colony of them, Comb enough almost to fill a small Bee Hive. It rained a little during the night. Night warm and comfortable.

Sep. 23^d. Went hunting a short time to day, but saw no game and but little signs. After Fred came in (he reported seeing one deer) we struck tent, packed our Canoe, and at 2 P M started up the river. Proceeding some two miles and finding it impossible to go any farther on account of the low water, we concluded to stop and Camp, and remain until there is an abundance of water to go up the river with, or turn back. We pitched our tent, got supper, and then retired to sleep, and had a very comfortable rest.

Sep. 24th. This was a clear and pleasant day. Fred worked all day making our Camp. I went into the woods and spent the greater part of the day exploring. Saw one deer, and some fresh signs. Deer however rather scarce, too much Hemlock and Pine. Slept cold this night, first cold night since we started. Heard a deer snort in the night close to our Camp.

Sep. 25th. Clear, cool, and pleasant. On account of having no meat, tried my luck a hunting a short time this forenoon. Saw two deer but could get no shot at them. Shot twice at Partridges and killed one. Pigeons we yet continue to see in great abundance.

In the afternoon at 4 P. M. when hunting, I heard a loud squalling noise in a Swamp near me, and the noise continuing I went in the direction of it, and as the woods were very noisy I went very slow and carefully, and had got within some ten or

twelve rods of where I supposed the animals were, when one of them made such a loud squalling noise, that my ears fairly tingled. I remained perfectly still to get the right direction of the sound, but heard them no more, with the exception of two subdued moans. It getting dark, I carefully drew away from the place, and returned back to Camp.

Fred finished the roof over our log Camp to day, and we are now fixed very comfortably. Our appetites are tremendous, and we eat great quantities of Pork, Hard bread, Meat and potatoes.

The way our Camp is fixed, is this—first we pitched our Tent, with the Fly over it, covering the bottom of the tent with a thick layer of Hemlock brush. Then built up in front of the tent, and joined to it a three sided enclosed of logs, 12 feet long, by 10 feet wide, with a door next to the tent on one side. In the space left for the door we hang a blanket to keep the wind & cold air out. We drive down two large stakes at the back end of the log Camp, to hold up the back logs, then build up a fire inside of our log Camp, and cook in it. Slept this night very comfortable.

Sep. 26th. This was a delightful day, being pleasantly warm with a fine breeze. Hunted a short time. Saw four deer, and two Partridges, but could get no shot. Fixed and blazed out a place where I think by a little manouvering I think I shall be able to snab a fine Buck that lives near our Camp. Fred saw no deer and but little signs. Cooked Partridge and the last of one Ham.

Sep. 27th. A warm and pleasant day. Felt sick at my stomach all day. Had slight chills and pain in my joints, all of which I attribute to my eating too plentifully of cold unripe potatoes. Fred went hunting a short time, and saw three deer but got no shot. Deer are scarce in these woods, and if the river would only rise, we would soon be off.

Our Camp is the most pleasant one I ever saw, being situated amid thick Hemlocks on a high piece of land, with the Cass

river on one side, and a Creek on the other. It looks very comfortable and in fact is far more comfortable than a great many houses. I was quite sick during the night, but rested some. It rained all of this night.

Sep. 28th. A rainy morning. Felt so much better that I went out to my runway this morning but met with no success. Found another spot where the deer pass in returning from the flats of the river to the thick hemlock woods, and after making an evergreen screen, blazed the way back to Camp. With this latter runway, and the one heretofore fixed, I think that I certainly shall be able to trap a deer.

3 P. M. feel quite hearty and strong again. Fred went hunting a short time but saw no game. Chopped wood and otherwise worked hard nearly all of this day. The night being cold, and my bed damp, slept but little, and was up most of the Night.

Sep. 29th. This was a clear and frosty morning. Went out early to runway and after being there a short time four fine deer came along. I shot at two of them, and missed both, my ball in once instance striking a staddle. This was very provoking as we are very much in want of the Venison, and these deer I may not be able to trap again.

Fred went hunting all the forenoon, and saw one deer, but got no shot. Spread bark on the bottom of our tent to keep the damp out. Slept on bark this night, and found that it answered well in keeping the dampness of the ground off of us, we both sleeping warm and sound.

Sep. 30th. Arose at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 4 this morning and got breakfast by firelight, and at 6 A. M., started for runways, and while going blundering along saw 4 Deer with their white flags hoisted, and bounding rapidly away from my sight. Hunted till 12 A. M., and saw one more deer running. Fred saw no deer. I did not feel strong to day. Water in the river continues to fall. poor prospect of getting any farther up the Cass.

Oct. 1st. This was a cloudy morning. Went out early to run-

way, and when going there, saw four deer on a run. Hunted till 11 A M and saw another deer, but getting no chance to shoot returned to Camp. Fred returned at 12 A M, he saw no deer. Cooked Ham, and stewed dried Venison for dinner and supper. Rained some during the night. Slept finely. Bed dry since we put bark on the bottom.

Oct. 2^d. Got our breakfast before daylight, and went to runway, but saw no deer. Afterwards hunting in South saw five deer in one drove, one of them a large buck which I was just drawing up my rifle to shoot, when I accidentally touched the trigger and it discharged. The Buck ran off some six rods and stopped, when I fired at him my Second barrel and wounded him. I followed him by his blood till 11 A M, when he went into a wet windfall, when I left him. Fred returned to Camp without having seen any game. Cooked Ham and potatoes for dinner. Sharp frost this night. Slept well.

Oct. 3^d. Clear and pleasant. Went out and stood on runway a short time this morning. Three deer came past me, but out of gun shot. Saw two other deer this day, and shot twice at them, but the brush being thick, and the Hemlock woods dark, I could not see my sights plain when aiming at them, & consequently missed them. Fred returned about Noon and reported having seen three deer and heard several others snort, but could get no shot. Cooked Ham & potatoes for dinner. Hunted in the afternoon, but saw no deer. I feel well now, eat heartily, sleep well, and if I only had a Venison would enjoy life.

My Wigwam is the most pleasant, and the most romantic looking one I ever saw. An Indian Hunter visited my Camp this afternoon. He says he shot one deer through to day, but lost it. He and another Indian with their families are camped a little below Vassar. Slept first rate this night.

Oct. 4th. Got our breakfast this morning before daylight, and just at the break of day started for our runway. Several deer came running past me, two of them in gun shot distance.

I fired at them both, and wounded one, a large doe, which separating from the other one ran across the river, up the bank, and into the swamp when I lost her. This is luck bad enough to try the patience of Job. I found on search that one of my balls had struck a saddle that stood directly in line with the first deer that I fired at.

Hunting in South, about 9 A, M, I discovered a large Buck standing behind a tree with no part of his body exposed so as to make a dead shot. Waiting till he walked out from behind the tree, I then took aim at him a little back of the fore shoulders and fired, when he ran off some 20 rds and fell dead. On going up and examining him, I found him to be the sam buck that I had shot at and wounded Oct. 2^d.

I hung him up, and in the afternoon Fred & Myself went with our Canoe about a mile down the river, and then striking through the woods to where he was, took his Hide & Horns, 4 or 5 lbs of tallow, and one hind quarter, and carried them to the Canoe, when we returned up the river back to Camp. He was very fat, and we felt sorry to see him so wasted, but I felt spleeny about eating him.

Oct. 5th. Morning dark and stormy, with sharp lightning & terrific thunder. Went out late in the morning to runway but saw no deer. Hunted in South and walked very fast to spy out some new hunting grounds. Saw 6 deer, but got no shot. Fred was out all the forenoon, and saw one deer, and shot one Partridge.

Oct. 6th. Clear and pleasant. One deer came through the runway. I shot at and missed him. Having shot so many times at deer in the morning and missed them, I am convinced that it is owing to the darkness of the woods so early in the morning preventing me from seeing through my back sight. During the forenoon I saw one other deer but got no shot. Returned to Camp at Noon.

Fred made to day 13 steps down the bank to the river. This with a wooden railing, makes it easy and safe to go from our

Camp to the river either in the day or night time. Wild animals having eat the Venizon that we placed in different spots through the woods, I set my trap to day by the side of one piece that they had partially covered up with leaves. This was a delightful evening and I slept sound. I go out of the Camp still evenings just before going to bed and listen for ten, or fifteen minutes, to the different noises that the wild animals make in the woods.

Oct. 7th. Got up very early, eat breakfast, and went to trap before daylight. Found it sprung and a black rat in it. Went to runway and saw four deer but got no shot. Hunted all the forenoon, saw four more deer but no chance to shoot.

Fred started with the Canoe this morning for Vassar to procure potatoes and Sugar. The people told him at Vassar that Van Voast had gone past there some two weeks ago on his way to the Indian Fields, and that his things had only to day been sent to him. Just at night a Hunter in his Canoe stopped opposite our Camp and enquired how far it was to Vassar. He said that Van Voast had been with his party up to the forks of Cass river on an Elk Hunt.

Oct. 8th. Arose early and hunted till 10 A. M. Saw but one deer. Woods too dry and noisy to hunt with any success. At 11 A. M. Fred & Myself took our Canoe and went down to Vassar to see Van Voast. We got there at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 12 A. M., but found that he had gone down the river leaving me a letter stating that he was pretty well used up, having been to the forks of the Cass, and up White Creek, and had neither seen deer or Elk.

On our return up the river to Camp, stopped and got another piece of the Old Buck for bait. This has been a mild and pleasant day, a real Indian summer day.

Oct. 9th. A most delightful Indian Summer day. Hunted till after One P. M and had a long tramp of it. Saw three single deer and shot twice at one of them, but as I stood upon a small log when I shot, I could not take steady sight and

missed. Fred saw two deer this day. Washed my shirts in the afternoon.

Oct. 10th. Dark, sleety, and stormy. In going to runway this morning I starte three deer, and one of them running near Fred & stopping, he fired at it twice & missed. I saw three other deer this day, and shot twice at one of them and missed. The woods are so thick in places that it is almost impossible to shoot a ball through the brush so as to hit a deer.

Kin-nee-woop, a celebrated Indian Hunter stopped at my Camp to day. When he saw my Canoe, he laughfed, and pointing to himself said, *Me, Me*, meaning that he made it. He came into my Camp, poked the fire, asked for Tobacco, and Whiskey, and said that he and Cock-a-cheesh were camped three miles above me, and were hunting Elk. He said he had got three Elk jerked for Winter & next summer. He said that the fire in the woods had driven the Elk away from their usual haunts. When he was coming up our stairway from the river to our Camp, he stopped, looked, and then laughfed out aloud. We were also visited to day by a Je-moke-o-mon hunter. Some animal having eat the bait that we put in the woods South of our Camp, we went to the spot and set our trap. Night clear and cold.

Oct. 11th. Clear, cold, and frosty. While on the way to runway I started three deer, but got no shot. Hunted till One P. M. and saw four more deer, but had no chance to shoot. Went with Fred to our trap, and found a large Wild Cat caught in it. I shot him, took him out of the trap, and then again set it.

Oct. 12th. Clear, cold, and frosty. Went hunting, but found the woods too noisy to have any hopes of success. Saw no deer, but shot one Partridge, and one Pidgeon, which I cooked for dinner. Fred while hunting to day, saw a very large Wolf some eight rods from him, and shot at it, and missed it, his ball having struck a large staddle and nearly cut it in two. He cut down the staddle, and made a Cane of it. Slept sound and well this night.

Oct. 13th. Feeling fatigued from yesterday's tramp, I hunted but a short time to day. Saw four deer, but had no chance to shoot. The woods are too thick and noisy to see deer before they run. There not having been rain enough to raise the river, I shall give up my Elk Hunt & return down the river to where the woods are more favorable for deer hunting. Fred was out all of the forenoon and saw five deer, but as usual got no shot. In the afternoon sent him off down the river to explore, to be absent till to morrow night. This night was clear & cold and I slept sound and well.

Oct. 14th. Hunted a part of this day and saw one deer. Killed one Partridge and a Squirrel. Got quite fatigued in making a new path to runway. Fred returned just at night and made a poor report of deer signs down the river. Slept well this night.

Oct. 15th. This morning clear and cold. Went out to runway by a back track, got lost, and did not get around in time before five deer had run out. Some large animal having been to our bait in the Swamp on the North side of the river, I sent Fred after the trap and set it there.

A party of Six Surveyors visited our Camp to day, and borrowed some of our Articles to cook with. Three of them returned at night, having left their Packs at our Camp, and remained with us till 9 P M in the evening, when they pitched their small tent under the bank of the Creek near us. They had travelled a great deal through the woods, and said the best place for Elk was on the head waters of Sucker Creek. According to their directions, follow the Creek up to its forks, then take the left hand fork and go in a North East direction a mile, or two, and you get into rolling beech land where the Elk come out from the bordering Swamps and feed.

Oct. 16th. Clear & pleasant. Went to runway but saw no deer. returning to Camp crossed the river and visited trap and found it not disturbed. Saw unmistakable signs this morning that the animal that visits our bait, is a large Bear. One of the Sur-

veying party remained with me at my Camp till One P. M. At 2 P. M. the whole of them put on their packs and bade us adieu. This night was warm, and no frost.

Oct. 17th. Fred & Myself crossed the river before daylight this morning and went to our trap and found it gone. Following the trail of it a few rods, we found it sprung but no animal in it. The bait was knawed and eaten considerably, and one large piece of meat that the bear had torn off the bait, lay on the ground near the spot where we had set the trap. The bait itself was a foreshoulder of the Buck I killed and was tied securely to a small tree, and hung within about two feet of the ground.

Set trap again, but have no hopes of the Bear again visiting it since he has sprung it. After returning to Camp, went out to runway, and started one large Buck on the way, but saw no other deer. Sent Fred this day to Vassar to get flour & potatoes. This has been a clear, warm and pleasant day.

Oct. 18th. Clear & pleasant. Went out to runway, but saw no deer. Returning to Camp sent Fred to Tuscola after rising pouders, after which, hunted till 12 A M. Saw four deer, all in one drove. Shot at one of them a fine doe, and from her actions felt convinced that I had mortally wounded her. Going to the spot where she stood when I fired at her, I soon found blood, and following her track along by the blood some Sixty rods, found her dead. I had shot her through the Lights, my ball going entirely through her body. After hanging her up and dressing her returned to Camp.

I am well convinced that there are but very few deer in the woods in the vicinity of my Camp. The woods are on fire, and the fire & smoke have driven them away. Two of the Surveying party, Smith and Baldwin returned to my Camp to day on their way up the Cass river bound on an Elk Hunt. One of them took dinner with me to day. Fred returned just at night. Night clear & warm.

Oct. 19th. Clear & pleasant. Saw no game at runway.

Brought Doe into Camp, and took a portion of her and made bait of it. Finding to day that the Wild Cats had been working at my bait on the South side of the river, removed my trap from the Bear bait, and set it for the Wild Cats. In the afternoon Fred and Myself took the Canoe, Blankets, & some provision, and went down the river and camped.

Oct. 20th. An hour before daylight this morning we took the Canoe and paddled very carefully down the river a mile, or so, to a spot where a day or two since I had seen plenty of deer signs. Going ashore, we took our station in the middle of a narrow flat, and watched there till half past Seven A, M, for deer, but were disappointed in seeing any. Went to our trap and found it just as we had left it, after which returned up the river back to our Camp and cooked ourselves a good Venison breakfast and dinner all in one meal. A very strong smell this day of the burning woods. The Deer have all left.

Oct. 21st. Warm and dark, with a mild gentle rain. Went out to runway, but met with no success. There are now no deer in the woods. The fire, smoke, or other causes, have driven them all away.

Oct. 22^d. Cold & rainy. Remained in Camp all day. Salted some Venison for jerking. Fred went to the trap this morning, and in an hour or two returned to Camp bringing on his back an uncommonly large Wild Cat. It had grawed one of its feet nearly off in its exertion to get out of the trap. Our roof leaked some this day causing us some trouble. Slept sound and warm this night.

Oct. 23^d. Dark & Snowy. Went out to runways. Saw this time two deer, but could get no shot at them.

Oct. 24th. Cold, cloudy & freezing, with some hail. Went Hunting a short time, but saw no deer. Sent Fred to Vassar and he returned in time to assist me in setting trap for Bear. A Bear last night had come to some bait that we had set, and besides eating and carrying off nearly a whole shoulder, had covered up a neck piece with leaves.

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Oct. 25th. Cold & frosty. Went on our scraped path very carefully to Runways, but saw no deer. After returning to Camp went to bait, and found that it had not been disturbed. Took a turn South through the great Swamp, and got back to Camp at 3 P M. Saw nothing. Fred succeeded in getting a shot at a deer to day, and wounding it,—but failed in getting it.

Oct. 26th. Warm and cloudy. Sent Fred to the Indian fields to see if we can get there with our large Canoe, and also to make enquiries about Elk. Went to runway but saw no deer. Went to trap and found the bait nearly eat up, but the trap not sprung. It commenced raining this afternoon and continued to rain all night.

Oct. 27th. Comfortably warm. Went to trap, but found it not sprung. Worked all day in making preparations to leave Camp to morrow. Fred returned about noon and made a poor report in regard to our being able to reach the Indian fields with our Canoe. In the afternoon he made a visit to our baits in the South woods and found them all very much eaten, some of them eat up entirely.

Oct. 28th. Clear & cool. Struck tent, loaded our Canoe, and left Camp at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 8 A. M. to go down the river to one of our former camping grounds some two miles and a half this side of Tuscola, which place we reached at 12 A. M. On our way down the river met an Indian spearing fish, and shortly after arriving at our Camping Ground, and while eating dinner, the same Indian came to our camp. I gave him some dinner, after which he said he had a large Buck in his Canoe which he shot a few minutes after we left him. The Buck he said was in pursuit of a doe and followed her across the river only a few rods distant from where he was spearing fish. In the afternoon fixed our Camp, and made things as comfortable as we could.

Oct. 29th. Clear & cool. Hunted to day through the woods to Vassar, and saw Seven deer, but got no shot. Bought at Vassar a pair of Shoes to Hunt in. Fred took the Canoe and

went back to our old Camp after boards. I met him on his return at Vassar and we both took dinner there.

Oct. 30th. Clear & cool. Hunted a short time in the forenoon but saw no deer. Baldwin and his Companion came to our Camp this evening, and remained till 10 P. M, and the night being very dark, and he having to go some distance through the woods before he would strike the road to Smith,^s House, where he had left his things, Fred took some fat pine and made a good torch to light him through the woods. Baldwin told us that he had been absent on a Elk hunt ten days, and during that whole time had neither seen an Elk, or any fresh signs of Elk. He also informed us that great numbers of Elk Hunters had been up the Cass this fall, and that the fire in the woods had driven the Elk over to the Bay, where the Indians had already killed some thirty of them.

Baldwin also told us that he Camped one night in one of our Camps Eight miles down the river from the first forks of the Cass, and that he had a good supper there of young potatoes that he pulled up near the roots of a tree, and that had grown from some potatoes that we had covered up with leaves and left there last fall. He also said that five Hunters were building a log House Hunting Camp at the forks, and intend wintering there. When he was there, they had already been there four weeks, and had killed two deer and one Elk.

He also saw *Kinne-woop*, who looked very sad, and told him that *Chay-way*, and *Snaw-ba* too, will soon be Cock-ca-go.

Oct. 31st. Hunted in South through the Hemlocks to the hard timber, and saw three deer, but got no shot. Day warm with considerable wind.

Nov. 1st. Hunted in South, but saw no deer. The deer I think are farther East of us on Gooden,^s Creek. The Hemlocks there are very thick, and I understand that it is a favorite resort for deer in rutting time. Shot a Hare to day.

Nov. 2^d. It rained during the night, and finally turned into snow this morning. Went into the South woods and got com-

pletely drenched through with the wet snow falling off the trees. Hurried back to Camp, and saw four deer on my way back, but made no exertions to get a shot at them, as my Compass had failed me, and I had great difficulty in finding my way through the dark Hemlocks to Camp. On reaching Camp threw my Compass into the fire. Fred went this day after Turnips, and returned with half a bushel.

Nov. 3^d. Found the snow frozen this morning. Went into the woods, but I made such a noise in walking on the frozen snow and leaves, that there was no use in trying to hunt, and consequently returned back to Camp.

Nov. 4th. Remained at Camp all day, and spent the time in Chopping wood, Cooking, Eating, mending, and doing many other little Camp duties. Sent Fred to Tuscola after Sugar and flour, and as the river is frozen over, he went afoot.

An Indian brought me this day an hind quarter of Venizon. There are about forty Indians, including squaws and children, camped within half a mile of me on the same side of the Cass.

Baldwin & Smith came to our Camp after dinner and remained nearly all of the afternoon. They reported W^m Case being at Saginaw.

Nov. 5th. Cold. Snowed all day. Early this morning crossed the river in Canoe and hunted in South woods. Just as I had crossed the river, a large Buck came bounding down the bank and breaking the ice on the edge of the river, ran across it at the riffles, where the water was about two or three feet deep. Not being prepared, I made no shot at him.

After going some two miles through the hemlocks up the river, and finding the woods too noisy to expect any success in hunting, I went to an old deserted lumber Camp, built up a large fire in it, dried my Clothes, and made myself very comfortable. Leaving the Lumber Camp at 3 P. M. I returned back to Camp, the woods presenting a most beautiful appearance, the boughs of the thick hemlocks being covered and loaded with snow, and joined so close together as to make

almost a complete canopy. The river is now so frozen below us, that we could not leave our Camp, if we felt so disposed. Took paddle and shovelled the snow off the fly of our tent, the snow having pressed the fly against the sides of the Tent itself.

Two Indians came to our Camp just at night and brought us some venison. This night was clear and very cold. Water, Meat, &c froze in our tent, but we slept however warm and comfortable.

Nov. 6th. Morning clear & cold, and the middle of the day a little thawy. Left Camp at 2 P. M. and hunted in South to the hard timbered land, and saw three deer, 2 Bucks and a doe. One of the Bucks and the Doe I saw together some 25 rods off from me, slowly walking along and feeding. Having the best chance to shoot at the Doe, I fired at her first, when she ran sideways & partly towards me into a tree top, some 20 rods distant from me, and stopped.

Knowing that I had given the doe a death shot, I turned my attention to the Buck, who after my firing at the doe, had jumped off a few rods, stopped, and was looking back to the spot where the doe had gone. I fired my second barrel at him, but being in too great a hurry missed him.

Loading up as quickly as possible, and seeing the doe still standing in the tree top, I fired at her again, when she moved a little farther into the tree top, and was hid from my sight.

Remaining perfectly still, in a short time the Buck approached very slowly and cautiously the tree top where the doe was, and getting a fair chance to shoot, I fired and broke his fore-shoulder, wounding him badly. He ran off a few rods and then settled down into a slow walk.

It getting to be night, I first hung up the doe, whom I found that I had twice shot through, once however through the paunch, and then went after the Buck. After following his track a short time, I started him out of his bed, and following him along a short distance, I saw him some thirty rods ahead of me slowly hobbling along, but it getting dark & the snow

having frozen, making a cronching noise when walking, I had no hopes of getting near enough to shoot and left him for to-morrow.

It became quite dark by the time I reached the hemlocks, and if I had not been well acquainted with the woods, I should not have been able to have found my way back to Camp.

Nov. 7th. Fred, and Myself started this morning very early into the woods after my wounded Buck, but after finding the track & following it a short time, it got so mixed up with other deer tracks that we finally lost it. While following the track, we found where the Buck had laid down three times in a distance of 80 rods. He bled quite profusely at first, but before we lost the track, we could only now and then find a drop of blood.

Returning back to Camp, Fred & Myself separated, and just as I had struck the edge of the hemlocks on my return, I discovered directly ahead of me, some 30 rods off, a fine buck walking. About the moment I saw him, he heard me, or some other noise, and quickly tossing up his head, stood still, and gazed in my direction. Drawing a fine aim on him a little back of the shoulders, I fired, when he suddenly dropped his tail, squinched, and with great rapidity darted away through the hemlocks.

Loading my Rifle, I went to the spot where he stood when I fired at him, and following his track a few rods, I found by the blood, hair, & other unmistakeable signs, that I had shot him through, but a little too far back from the shoulders, and that it would probably require something of a tramp before I could get him. Considering it over I thought it best to return to Camp and get Fred to assist me.

Hastily eating some dinner after arriving at Camp, and Fred in the mean time having returned, we at $\frac{1}{4}$ past 3 P. M. went in pursuit of our game. Striking his track and following it a short distance, we found that he had come down to a walk and was bleeding considerably, and consequently expecting to see

him very soon, proceeded along very still and cautiously. After following the track about half a mile, to our great surprise we came to the spot where a Mogasin foot had cut in ahead of us on the track.

Counselling together a moment, we finally agreed to pursue on as fast as we could, and overtake the Indian if possible to do so. When near sun down, and while walking along as fast as we could on the Mogasin & deer track, we heard two rifle shots fired in quick succession about half a mile ahead of us, which spurred us on more rapidly than ever.

Following on, we at last came to the end of the track, and near was a pile of snow & leaves. I told Fred that the Indian had shot our deer, and that it lay under that pile of snow & leaves, and that I thought the Indian was near by to see if any hunter was following up the track of the wounded deer, and if no Hunter came along before dark, he the Indian would take the deer & carry it to his Wigwam.

On opening the pile of snow and leaves, as I expected, we found my buck. The Indian had neither cut his throat, or dressed him. We soon dragged him out, hung him up, and was dressing him when an Indian Hunter came walking up to where we were. Finding that he could talk no English, I asked him in Indian if he shot the Buck. He replied Yes, and pointed to his bullet hole in him. I then showed him where I had shot him, my ball having went through its hip & belly. He was perfectly satisfied, and wanted me to go with him a little distance. Following him he went to another pile of leaves and showed me a fine buck that he had covered up there, and then going a little farther, he showed me where he stood when he shot at the two Bucks. He killed mine first, and immediately after shooting discovered the other.

Knowing that it would be impossible for Fred and Myself without the aid of the Indian to get back to our Camp through the dark hemlocks after dark, I made the Indian an offer of the foreshoulders of my deer, and One dollar for the saddle of his

deer, if he would pilot us through the woods to our Camp. Accepting my offer, he quickly stripped the skin from his deer, and taking the shoulders of his buck, and my buck, he hung them on a tree. Then peeling some basswood bark, he tied up the Saddle in the skin, and strapping it on his back, started through the woods for my Camp. Fred carried on his back, the Saddle of the Buck I shot, and I carried our two rifles and the Buck Horns. The Indian traveled very fast, and only stopped three times to adjust his pack. Fred & Myself sweat most profusely, and we wanted to rest, but the Indian would'n't understand, and if we let him get ten ft ahead of us we could'n't see him in the dark.

After travelling about an hour in the dark hemlocks, the Indian came to a halt, threw off his pack on the ground, and wanted me to go with him. We went a few rods down a bank to the river, when he looked up and down the stream, and finally pointing to some object, I looked & could quite plainly see my cloth Tent across the river.

Going to the spot where I had left my Canoe, we all three of us crossed over to my Camp. making up a fire, I gave the Indian a Supper of bread and pork, after which paying him One dollar for his Saddle of Venison, he took his deer skin and started off for his own Camp half a mile down the river.

Nov. 8th. A rainy day. The Indian that killed my buck in company with two other Indians came to my Camp to day to be ferried over the river. The rain slaking up a little, at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 3 P. M. I went into the woods and saw two Bucks, and when just on the point of shooting at one of them, my gun went off. The other buck I fired at twice, but missed him.

One of my locks bothers me very much. The woods were very dark to day, and I could hardly see through my back sights. Fred went out but saw no deer. It rained hard all of this night.

Nov. 9th. A poor day for hunting. Travelled in South and East, but saw no deer, and but one fresh track. Fred reported seeing one deer.

Nov. 10th. Cold, cloudy, and the woods cronchy, a most miserable day for hunting. Indians brought me a saddle of Venizon, and told me that the deer had migrated East of us.

Nov. 11th. Very early this morning, Six Indian Hunters with Rifles and packs on their backs came to my Camp to be ferried over the river. After stopping a few minutes, I told them all to get into the Canoe at once; this they demurred to at first, but after talking together they finally marched down to the Canoe in Indian file, each squatting down and crossing his rifle across the Canoe as they took their position in it.

Finding that my large cargo of Indians loaded my Canoe almost down to the water,^s edge, I first paddled up the river close to the bank, to get a little accustomed to my load, and then shoved off into the current, when the Indians laughed and were quite merry. I finally landed them safe across the river, but if they had been White men instead of Indians they would certainly have turned the Canoe over.

After ferrying over the Indians, took Canoe and went down the river to Tuscola. When passing the Indian Lodges saw the Squaws engaged in dressing deer skins. They had a large number stretched on poles with the hair and grain off.

Saw Sherman at Tuscola who told me that he had shot two Bear this summer. He also told me that when the last snow storm came on, the Hemlock woods at the Indian fields were filled with deer, and that in September the Indians killed four Bull Elk. Saw my name to day on a dry good,^s box in Harrison,^s store written yesterday by W^m Case, who left Tuscola yesterday.

Nov. 12th. Commenced making preparations this morning to leave Camp, but a hard rain coming on which lasted all day and night, I made no headway. Cooked the last of our flour yesterday. The Indian Hunters that went off yesterday came straggling back to day. As they came opposite my Camp, they gave a shrill whistle, when I took the Canoe and brought them across. The whole party had killed two deer, the saddle of one

I bought of them, giving for it 2 Iron Spoons, some pork, lead & powder. One Indian that I ferried across, was pretty well used up. He was wet as a rat, very hungry, and remained in my Camp some two hours. I could talk with him quite well. I gave him some Venison, fried pork, and a small piece of bread to eat.

Fred & Myself brought into Camp the Doe that I killed, and as she had been out in the rain so long, we were afraid she would spoil, and consequently after dark we skinned her. This rain is making us a great deal of trouble, and I don't know when we shall be able to leave Camp.

Nov. 13th. Cloudy, and cold, but no rain. Continued our preparations for making a start. During the forenoon saw a Canoe with a man and woman in it coming down the river. They had been up at the Forks intending to stay all winter, but getting discouraged, had made a Canoe and left. The woman was about 30 years old, slim, and very keen eyed, said that she had for several years past Camped out and hunted in different parts of the West, and generally with good success. She, and her husband had with them three rifles. She told me that when at the forks she got a shot at a Wolf but unfortunately missed it.

Having eaten up all our provisions we took our Canoe and went down to Tuscola to Supper, and returned back to Camp by moonlight. Not feeling satisfied with our Tuscola Supper, we made up a fire cut the tenderloin from a deer and cooked it on a stick. About 9 P. M. four men having got benighted in the dark hemlock woods across the river, and making a great hooting noise, Fred & Myself took our Canoe and went to their aid. It was so dark in the hemlocks, that we couldn't see a foot ahead of us, but we finally got the party into our Canoe and brought them across the river, and piloted them a short distance towards the road to Tuscola.

Nov. 14th. Got up early this morning, and after making some Coffee, struck tent, dried the fly and tent, loaded our boat, and then bidding our Old Camping Ground adieu, started

down the river. Arriving at the Indian Camps, I halloosed, when some of the Indians came to me, to whom I gave such articles that we didn't need, then bidding them good bye, we shoved off arriving at Tuscola at 9 A. M. Going ashore we ordered breakfast and while this was preparing we worked in getting our Canoe and things over the dam.

Leaving Tuscola we arrived at Bridgeport 12 miles at One P. M., having had to pass the Dutch Dam on the way which caused us some trouble. We also stopped and assisted some Squaws in dragging their Canoe around the dam.

Going to the Tavern at Bridgeport, I purchased some provisions, when running down the river about a mile we stopped and rested about an hour, eating our dinner.

We then started again passing on our way down quite a number of Indian Camps. Proceeding on till after dark, we stopped, made a large fire out of drift wood, eat our supper by the light of it when we again at 7 P. M. got into our Canoe and by moonlight paddled down the river.

After reaching the Saginaw river, having a favorable wind we continued our course to East Saginaw, arriving there at 9 P. M., where we found the Steam Boat Huron.

Tying our Canoe under the Dock, and leaving our articles in it, with the exception of our Rifles and Carpet Bags, we went up to the Tavern, where for the first time since the 5th of September last, we slept in a bed.

Nov. 15th. Morning clear and pleasant. On going to our Canoe, found it and all the articles in it safe. After packing away some of our Articles in the Camp Chest, and receiving from Mr Lytle a Ware House receipt for it, and our Canoe, the Steam Boat Huron came over from Saginaw City, and getting ourselves and traps on board, she started down the river, and after visiting the Sauble, and lying one whole night in Taw-wass Bay, where she got aground, we at last safely reached Detroit, where finding a Steamer bound for Cleveland, we went aboard and next morning awoke in Cleveland.

DIARY OF MY ELK HUNT ON THE FORKS OF
THE CASS RIVER, & DEER HUNT IN TUSCOLA
COUNTY, MICHIGAN, IN THE YEAR 1854.

EP. 7th. Left Cleveland in company with Addison Alderman on the May Queen for Detroit, and owing to one of the boilers failing, arrived too late at Detroit to take the Saginaw Steamer. Not wishing to remain in Detroit until next tuesday morning which I would be obliged to do, if I waited for the Saginaw Steamer, I took the Cars Sep. 8th for Pontiac, and arrived there at 7 P M.

Sep. 9th. It having rained yesterday, and a considerable portion of to day, was obliged to remain in Pontiac all of this day. Made a bargain to day with the Landlord to take us to Tuscola.

Sep. 10th. Started this morning in a two Seated light two horse wagon for Tuscola, and as the day was cool, and the roads quite good, we got along quite comfortably, arriving at Pine Creek 48 miles from Pontiac at 7 P. M, where we stopped for the night.

Sep. 11th. Started at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7 this morning and went 12 miles to Tuscola. The roads were perfectly awful, the most of it being Corduroy, and the ballance over roots of trees and black deep mud. Stopped on the way at the Buck-horn and saw Mr & Mrs. Newton.

Found at Tuscola a young English Officer who had just returned from an Elk Hunt. He had an excellent outfit, his whole rig being water proof, and was accompanied by a half breed Indian. He stated to me that he had been two weeks at the Forks, but found so many Indians there that he could see no Elk. He went from the Forks to the Lake South of White

Creek, and when going there shot a large Bear. He took a great fancy to my Rifle, and was anxious to get one like it.

Sep. 12th. After having engaged, this morning, a team to go to the Forks, I took my Rifle and Carpet Bag, leaving Alderman to follow with the team, and started on foot for Vassar.

Visited my old Camp on the river and found portions of it still standing. The Tent stakes were all sticking in the ground just as I left them. Bones, deer feet, portions of Hard bread barrels, trough,^s poles, and many other things that I had used, lay just as I had left them. Even the wood that I had chopped, laid there undisturbed. Arrived at Vassar at 4 P M, and stopped at Pennells.

Sep. 13th. A clear, cool, and pleasant day. Not being able to wear one of my shoes, got a piece of buck skin and made myself a Mogasin. In the afternoon took my rifle and went up the river some four miles to visit my old Camp. Found it changed some, one end of it being closed up with brush, and many of the trees having been chopped down around it. On the opposite side of my Camp across the River I found the banks all tracked up with deer. On my return through the woods back to Vassar I saw four deer but got no shot at them.

Sep. 14th. A very rainy day. Remained in house nearly all day. No news from my team, or Alderman to day.

Sep. 15th. Cloudy and a little drizzly. North brought me word to day that Alderman was sick and wanted me to come to Tuscola. Started for Tuscola, and met Alderman on the road coming to Vassar. He was weak and feeble and could hardly totter along. About 5 P. M. the Ox team having my things aboard arrived at Vassar.

At 5 P. M, in company with another person, started for Kinne-woop,^s Camp up the river. Found some Venizon hanging up in it, took one Ham, and left stuck in a crotched stick a quarter of a dollar for it. Arrived back at Vassar an hour after dark.

I have now been at Vassar nearly three days, & have had most miserable board. The water also is very poor.

Sep. 16th. Morning clear and frosty. Started off early for the Indian Fields. Alderman is very sick and seems hardly able to walk. At 12 A. M. we arrived at Mrs. Glones and took dinner. Alderman is hardly able to stand up, and all advise him to stop, but as he hates to be left here in the woods, he got on to the Wagon and went along.

We were out in the woods on a blazed road this night till 11 P. M. when we came to a log House where we stopped. The woods were so dark, I could only get along by following directly behind the wagon for four hours this night, and got wet and muddy up to my knees. At the house, the woman got up and cooked us some supper. I eat quite hearty, but Alderman could eat nothing.

Sep. 17th. Clear and fine. After eating a hearty breakfast, and procuring a New Wagon in the place of the old one which we we broke, at 11 A. M. we started and travelled till dark when we stopped for the night in thick hemlock woods. We made very fair progress to day, and had few logs and trees to cut to make road for wagon. We made a fire this night by the side of a large hemlock tree, and pitching no tent, we took out of the wagon a piece of bacon and some hard bread on which we made our supper.

Being all of us very thirsty, and having no water, we suffered considerable and could eat but little. Making a torch, I took the Teamster and started South through the woods in search of water. We found the bed of a dry Creek and dug down in it, in several places but got no water. Our Teamster is a very in-temperate man, and being now deprived of water he is feverish, and on returning to Camp from our search after water he was taken very sick & vomited several times.

The poor Oxen having neither water to drink, or any think to eat, I chopped down all the small trees within the light of our Camp fire, and allowed them to browse on them till 11 P. M.

when I took the Oxen and chained them to a tree for the night.

Alderman was sick all day, eat nothing, and seems entirely used up. He was advised last night not to go any farther. I had all the hard work to do, providing wood and keeping the fire up all night. This night was cool, with a sprinkling of rain in the afterpart of the night, and I fared badly.

Sep. 18th. After eating a little pork and Hard bread, all of us being sick and used up, we hitched the Oxen to our wagon and started. We travelled through the worst kind of woods during a portion of this day, having to cut logs and trees every little distance. I walked on ahead of the team, pointing out the way.

About 11 A. M, when going through a beautiful rolling piece of woods I saw to one side of us a large party of Indians, with their packs on, and going in a western direction. I went over & held a short parley with them, enquiring of them how far to water, and where they had been hunting. Water was 2½ miles farther on in advance of me, and they had been on an Elk Hunt to the Forks, but had met with no success.

Coming to the water, which was a very small creek running through a narrow Cedar Swamp, we stopped, built a fire, unyoked and browsed our Oxen, and eat some dinner. We, Oxen and all, were so dry, it seemed as though we could not quench our thirst.

Starting again, at Sundown we fetched up on Cass river, one mile below the forks, where we camped for the night. After cutting some wood, and making a fire, I waded across the river, and followed up the bank to the forks, where I found my Old Camp that Fred and Myself had made two years ago. As the rest of the party were sick, the labor devolved on me of keeping the fire up all night.

Sep. 19th. After eating a little, we drove across the river and went to my old Camp, where we arrived at 11 A. M. In crossing the river, our wagon got fastened in some way to an old log

in the river, and we for hours, with the water up to our middle, were trying various expedients to get it off. Finally by unhitching the Oxen from the tongue and hitching them to the back part of the wagon, we got off.

The wind blew dreadfully this night, and the roar of the woods from the mixed sounds of screeching tree tops, breaking limbs, and falling trees, was perfectly awful. Many trees during the night fell with a loud crashing sound very near to our Camp. I ran out of Camp and remained on a shallow riffle in the middle of the Cass river for an hour or two, during the worst of the storm. During the afternoon our Teamster started back on his return to the Settlements.

Sep. 20th. It rained some this day. Being afraid to make fire in my old Camp on account of its being so dry, went to work tearing down old Camp and making a new Camp, and worked hard all day. Not much appetite, but still I eat considerable. Slept cold this night in my new Camp. Alderman is very sick, and suffering horribly with the blues. Killed one Partridge to day that came close to Camp.

Sep. 21st. Clear & cold. Having slept very cold last night, I tore down my new Camp and made another one to day. Worked very hard all day making Camp, cutting hemlock brush, Cooking, chopping wood &c. Alderman still sick and anxious to get away. It rained during the night, and my Camp fire having gone out I slept rather poorly.

Sep. 22^d. Clear & warm. After eating a little Hard bread & pork this morning, took my rifle & started up the South fork on a little Exploring expedition. When about one and a half miles from Camp, and about $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile from the river, while I was passing through a small Cedar Swamp, I very suddenly heard a loud cracking noise, and looking around saw immediately ahead of me in the Swamp a large Bull Elk slowly walking along. I immediately cocked and drew up my rifle to shoot, but at that moment the Elk stopped walking, and I could not distinguish his form in the thick brush. Remaining

perfectly still I tried for five minutes, or longer, to get a sight of him, but without success, when carefully moving forward a few paces, in a moment a whole drove of Elk started up, almost petrifying me with astonishment at their sudden appearance, and the loud crashing sound that they made in rushing through the thick evergreens of the Cedar Swamp.

Following up the river some three miles farther, I heard an Elk bugle, and started in the direction of the sound, and soon came to his track, together with other smaller tracks, and while following them along heard the Elk bugle several times, but finally I gave up following their tracks any farther, and struck across to the North fork, and following it up several miles, saw quite a number of fresh Elk tracks made to day.

Sep. 23^d. Clear & warm. Hunted up on the west side of the river some five miles, and returned back on the East side. Saw one large Coon wading the river, and a little back from the river saw two deer running. Woods are very noisy, and it will be next to impossible to get near enough to a deer to shoot. Saw to day large numbers of fresh Elk signs, but no Elk. Shot two Partridges on my return to Camp, and made a stew of them together with the one I killed a few days since.

Sep. 24th. Cloudy & warm. Remained in Camp all day. Heard an Elk bugle across the river. Alderman boiled roots for medicine. A terrible thunder storm came on during the night accompanied with a heavy rain. Our Camp leaked badly.

Sep. 25th. Tore down Camp, and spent the whole day in making it over anew. Towards night two Land Hunters came to Camp and remained with us all night.

Sep. 26th. Warm and foggy. The Land Hunters got their breakfast in our Camp, and leaving their packs with me started off. Hunted for three or four hours to day. Saw three deer, but no fresh Elk signs.

Sep. 27th. Warm & cloudy. Hunted up the South fork till 2 P M, and started two deer out of their beds, but saw no signs

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of Elk. The Land Hunters Camped with me to night, and I supplied them with provisions. Alderman remains sick & also has the "blue,s" very bad. I am obliged to work hard, and feel very fatigued this night.

Sep. 28th. Clear & warm. After breakfast the Land Hunters packed up and started for the Indian fields. I sent Alderman with them, they agreeing to carry his pack, and also assist him in getting to the fields. Just as they started I gave Alderman a dose of 17 drops of laudanum. I sent two letters by the Land Hunters, one home, and one to Van Voast.

Hunted up the river and returned to Camp One P. M. Saw two deer but no fresh Elk signs. Chopped wood in the afternoon and arranged things about Camp. Slept very comfortably this night.

Sep. 29th. Clear & warm. Hunted up the North fork to the flats, and started one large Bull Elk, but got no shot. Returned on the North side and found it a terrible swampy country. Saw two deer.

Soon after dinner, Baldwin and Slafter with their packs on their backs came to my Camp. They chopped up a quantity of wood, baked some bread, and we had a fine supper together. When Night came, they made up a large fire and kept it agoing all night. I slept very comfortably.

Sep. 30th. Clear & warm. After breakfast, Slafter took my shot-gun, & Baldwin & Myself our Rifles, and crossing the River started over North West to the Big Marsh, some Seven miles the way we went, to hunt for Elk. When on the way we met a large Gray Wolf some five rods ahead of us, who discovering us, wheeled and ran into the thick brush. Baldwin snapped at him, but Slafter & Myself had no chance to shoot, both of us being behind Baldwin.

Arriving at the Marsh, we crossed it, and hunted round its border but saw no Elk or fresh signs of Elk. Returning, we separated about fifty rods from each other, and hunted on a line parallel with each other towards the river.

When within about a mile of the river, I discovered a magnificent great Buck poking along in the evergreen brush about twenty rods distant from me. Bleating, he instantly threw up his head, making with his thick neck a fine mark. Drawing a fine aim for the center of his neck, I fired, when he instantly fell. Running up to him and finding him struggling on the ground, I shot him again with my second barrel and stretched him out.

Hallooing Baldwin soon came to me, and after firing our rifles several times, Slafter also came, when we Skinned the Buck and carried his saddle back to Camp with us. I carried Baldwin Rifle and blazed the way to Camp, so that if we wanted more of the Buck we could find him. This was the largest and fattest Buck I ever saw, and Baldwin, who is a good judge of the weight of deer, says that it will weigh two hundred pounds.

Oct 1st. It rained all night last night, but clearing off in the morning, the day was pleasant. Slafter & Myself spent the whole day in preparing, and cooking a great Venison stew, picking Leeks for the same, and making things comfortable around Camp.

Baldwin took his famous dog "Lead," and started to hunt up to the Indian Grave some Seven miles up the South fork. While on his way he shot at a deer and missed it. When near the Indian Grave, Baldwin saw across the Creek, walking along a fine Spike horned Bull Elk. Firing at, and wounding it, he put "Lead" on his track, who soon brought him at bay, but upon Baldwin coming up, he broke and run, but finally after a long and hard chase Baldwin succeeded in killing him, having shot him in four places. Baldwin didn't return till nearly dark, but was in first rate condition to enjoy with Slafter and Myself our great Venison Stew.

I am so overrun with deer mice that I can hardly live in the woods. They eat the Strings of my Tent, my Shoes, Pork, Hard bread, Gloves, leather strings, Bags &c, and commenced last night working in my hair, and planting their cold noses on the

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scalp of my head. I have tried one experiment in trapping them, but it did not succeed. I must devise some way of killing them, or leave the woods.

Oct. 2^d. Clear and comfortably warm. After breakfast, Baldwin and Slafter went up the river to cut trough,^s and salt down the Elk meat. I gave them my sack of salt to use. Taking my pack strap I went after the Hide and Horns of the Buck I killed Saturday, and had some difficulty in finding them. When going through the swamp I started an Elk, but did not get sight of him. He made a large track.

On returning to Camp stretched the Buck Skin Indian fashion, and then after sharpening my Knives & Axes, Cooking & eating my supper, I went to work at my mouse trap, and just before going to bed set it in my tent. It rained nearly all night.

Oct. 3^d. Cloudy and rainy. After breakfast went to my tent to see what my Mouse trap had done during the night, and to my great surprise and happiness I found that it had killed twelve of the little rascals. I eat very hearty of Venison and feel strong. Laid new brush in Camp to day, cleaned Rifle &c.

About 5 P. M. I began to prepare Supper, when Baldwin and Slafter returned wet through to the skin. They brought me a large piece of Elk meat, and also brought back with them the Head & Horns of the Elk. I caught four mice in my trap this night.

Oct. 4th. Baldwin and Slafter started off this morning to hunt for Pine lands. I hunted up the North fork after Elk, and returned at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 4 P. M. Saw three fresh tracks of Elk. The deer mice still continue to be very troublesome, eating my shoe strings, and committing all sorts of depredations. Baldwin & Slafter returning early to Camp, cut up a $\frac{1}{2}$ cord of wood & piled it up. I eat hearty of Venison. Slept well this night. Caught three mice.

Oct 5th. After breakfast Baldwin & Slafter left for Tuscola. I made an arrangement with them to employ some Indians to

come to my Camp two weeks from to day and take my things down the river to Tuscola. Made preparations to day for a start up to the 2^d forks of the Cass, by frying 3 lbs of Venison, putting in papers an allowance of from 3 to 5 days of Tea, sugar, salt &c, and putting into a bag an allowance of Hard bread for five days. Getting, before Bed time, my Pack all arranged which consisted of one heavy Mackinaw Blanket, 1 small cloth Tent, 1 Axe, 1 Tin Cup, and five days provisions of Bread, Meat, Tea, Sugar & Salt, I retired to bed, wishing and hoping that to morrow morning may be clear & pleasant. Caught three mice this night.

Oct. 6th. Clear and very warm. After breakfast at 8 A, M with my Pack on my back, my Rifle in one hand, and my Axe in the other, I started off for the 2^d forks. The travelling was very bad a great portion of the way, the woods being swampy and the under brush very thick, and my pack being heavy, and the day warm, I perspired very freely, wetting through my woolen Hunting Coat.

Arrived at the forks at 3 P, M, but loitered about an hour on the way. I immediately went to work & pitched my tent, made a fire, and cut wood for the night; after which I made tea, and with some Venison & Hard bread made a good supper. I saw great numbers of Elk tracks to day, but no Elk. Being over fatigued, I did not rest well this night, although warm. Going to the river after a cup of water I saw a large Coon hunting among the stones.

Oct. 7th. Clear and warm. It being very noisy, and I feeling a great degree of lassitude, I explored the woods but little to day. I went nearly up to the forks of the North fork, and saw plenty of Elk signs but no Elk. Having a slight head ache, and not feeling remarkably strong, and being here all alone in this Wild Wilderness, I have decided to return back to morrow to my Camp at the first forks of the Cass, 12 miles down the Creek from this spot.

My Camp is near two Elk Licks, and but a short distance

from three crossing places of Elk. Going to the river to night, I saw 2 Snipe. This night was clear and warm. Near morning, I heard a thrashing in the bushes, and expect that it was an Elk frightened by my Camp. During the afternoon, cut Frederick Deming,^s name and my own on several Beech trees.

Oct. 8th. An Indian summer day, clear & warm. Arose early, eat my breakfast and at 7 A M put on my pack and started down the river for my Camp at the 1st Forks of the Cass. It was so dry and noisy, and I stumbled so with my heavy pack on my back, that I did not expect to see any game, but nevertheless I did see 3 deer, heard several others snort, and also saw quite a number of Partridges. It being very warm I packed my Coat in my Pack & travelled in my Shirt Sleeves.

I went up to the forks on the West side, and returned back to day on the East side. Most of the way was poor travelling, the under brush being thick and a good many logs to go over. I got back to my old Camp at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 12 A, M, and found every thing just as I had left it. After Tea, made up a large fire and burnt up in it the Elk meat and Venison that I had in Camp and which had become fly blown. I found 3 mice in my trap, making 25 that I have caught so far in all.

Oct. 9th. Clear and warm. Washed my clothes this morning, after which, went in bathing. Van not coming and it being no object for me to kill deer in this far away woods, I think some of leaving.

Commenced making preparations for leaving, when at 4 P, M I heard a shout in the woods, and in a few minutes more, Van Voast with his Rifle and Carpet Bag came into Camp. Taking a little Skiedam with him, and hastily asking him many questions, I went to work getting supper, after which making a good fire, we laid down before it and enjoyed ourselves. It rained considerably during the night. Killed one mouse, but set no trap. Van Voast, at Sherman,^s where he stopped last night, had all the buttons of his Vest eaten off by the mice.

Oct. 10th. Cloudy and rainy. About 9 A. M. Van and my-

self took our Rifles, crossed the river, went through the Swamp, and then separating, hunted in North. Shortly after our separation, I discovered a large Bear about 20 rods off from me, walking along in the thick bushes. I made considerable exertion to get a fair shot at him, but the woods being very noisy, and I being very careful and cautious, stepping along very slow, the Bear gained on me so much that I could only occasionally get a glimpse of him. Leaving him, I went after Van who was to the right of me, and we tried to head the Bear, but I saw no more of him.

Van & Myself concluded to night that to morrow we would hunt up to the 2^d forks after Elk. Set trap to night and caught Seven deer mice.

Oct. 11th. Clear and warm. At 8 A. M. with our packs on our backs we left Camp for the 2^d forks. After travelling in company a mile and a half, we parted taking opposite sides of the river. I took the West side and struck in back from the river about a mile, and when about half a mile from the river I saw a Buck rubbing his horns against a small staddle, and when at the moment of drawing up to shoot, another buck nearer to me, winding me, run up to the first buck, and they trotted off together. I shot twice at them, but they seemingly did not mind it.

I arrived at the Forks at 3 P M, and shortly afterwards heard a gun fire up the South branch of the 2^d forks, and an hour afterwards Van came to the forks, he having in the first place gone past them. We saw no fresh signs of Elk to day.

It was star light when we laid down in our Camp to night, but about 12 at night it commenced raining, and rained hard all night. We rested comfortably, and on the whole had a very good night.

Oct. 12th. It rained very hard this morning until 10 A M. At 20 minutes past 10 A. M. we started back down the river, arriving at our old Camp at 4 P. M. It raining some, and the bushes being saturated with water, we were completely wet

through. I packed my Coat and Cap into my pack and travelled in my Shirt Sleeves. With the exception of a few Coons, we saw no game. From the Elk tracks we saw, we judged that the Elk had migrated to the North East.

Arriving at Camp we made a large fire and soon were comfortable enough. I had difficulty in getting my Rifle off, and could not draw the ram rod. Found on examining mouse trap that nine had been caught in my absence, making 42 in all that I have caught up to this time. Slept very comfortably this night.

Oct. 13th. Cool & cloudy. Examined mouse trap this morning and found 12 in it, making 54 that I have caught in all. After breakfast went to work at my gun, and tried every expedient that I could think off, for two hours, to draw the ramrod but without success. At $\frac{1}{2}$ past 10 A M having succeeded in drawing my ram rod went into the woods on the North side of the river, and hunted till 4 P. M. Saw three deer in the thick Cedars, got no shot. Found signs of game scarce. Killed one Partridge.

It rained hard all night, but the night was comfortably warm. Several times since I have been in this Camp, I have heard the Bears bawling in the night, and also the Elk bugling.

Oct. 14th. Windy & cloudy. Caught Seven Mice this morning making 61 up to this date. Went into woods a short time, but not feeling well, hunted with no spirit. The Elk have left the woods in the vicinity of our Camp for the present and there is no knowing when they may return.

I caught a bad cold last night, by standing in my shirt sleeves when very warm in a draft of cold air. My bones ached considerably this night, but on the whole I slept well.

Oct. 15th. Cold & cloudy. Caught 4 mice last night, making 65 up to this time. Remained in Camp all day. I am very weak and my bones ache considerably.

Oct. 16th. Clear and cold. Feeling a little better, went into the woods a short distance, but saw nothing. After returning to

Camp made some Hemlock tea, and drank it, but feeling no better took at 11 P M at night 3 of McKenzie,^s pills. The Camp smoked so bad last night that I could not remain in it, and consequently sat up the most of the night. Caught 3 mice last night making 68 in all.

Oct. 17th. Variety of weather this day. Remained in Camp all day. Bones ached a good deal. Feel weak, and hardly able to stand up. Van Hunted till 3 P, M, and saw one deer, but got no shot. It rained some during the day, and during the night a kind of hail fell that covered the ground. Heard the deer snort last night.

Oct. 18th. Clear-& cold. Feel a little better, but still am very weak. Made some preparations to leave Camp, but I feel as though it is almost impossible for me to drag myself along 22 miles out through the woods to the settlements.

Oct. 19th. A very hard white frost on the ground this morning. About 9 A, M, having every thing packed, we started for the settlements. I felt uncommonly weak and miserable.

Not being able to find the underbrushed road, after leaving the Marsh Road, we travelled some five miles through the woods when we struck the old lumber road which was about 2 P M. I was hardly able to drag myself along, and felt as though it would be the death of me if I had to remain in the woods during the night. I had some considerable fever, and my knee joints seemed as though they could not hold out during the days travel.

Just at night we arrived at the Millet fields, and at dark, two miles farther on from the Millet fields, we came across a log Shanty erected during the past week, but there was no kind of a chance for us, the Man having a Wife and four Children, and not room enough for his own family. He told us that two miles farther on, on a very blind partly underbrushed road, we would come to a Clearing. We started on, and by good luck in the dark reached it, but the family had just moved in, the log House was unfinished, and they had no provisions, or accomadation,^s

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for us, aside from a mere shelter, which even that they were very loth to grant us.

It being a cold, rainy night, and having neither fire, bed, or bed clothes, and being sick and very tired, I never in my life suffered more than I did this night, from pain, cold, and extreme exhaustion. I had a bad head ache, my knees pained me severely, and I was obliged to move my legs every moment. Van suffered nearly as much as myself.

Oct 20th. A rainy morning, but notwithstanding, at daylight we took up our line of march, and at 8 A. M stopped and eat our remaining one hard bread. Continueing on at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 10 A. M, we arrived at Sherman,^s, where we halted to recruit up. Engaged Belmer to day, to go to the forks after my things, he agreeing to start to morrow afternoon. I feel some better this day, but am still weak.

Oct. 21st. Pleasantly cool. Feel better this morning. Went out with Sherman to runway but saw no deer. Remained all the rest of the day in the house. During the afternoon had a kind of dumb ague, and felt bad. Deer mice are very numerous and destructive in the woods here this fall. They have destroyed all the Corn that the few Settlers have raised, and at night pour into their log houses in such numbers that they destroy every thing before them. The only way the inhabitants save any thing is, by placing the legs of table,^s in pans of water, and then placing on the table at night every thing that they possess that can be destroyed. We found the mice very numerous in Sherman,^s house. After dark they were hopping around on the puncheon floor as thick as Crickets. Sherman caught this night 25 of them in one pail. He says that he has caught in his House this fall over 2.000 of them. It rained all of this night.

Oct. 22^d. It continued to rain all day. Had a stiff neck, a bad Cold, and another attack of dumb ague. Felt miserable all day.

Oct. 23^d. A drizzling rain this day. At 9 A. M. we started for Vassar 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Sherman,^s. Took dinner at One

P M at McGlone,^s 11 miles from Sherman,^s. Passed a large Indian Encampment, the Indians having just killed 2 Bear and wounded another one as we came along. Arrived at Vassar during the afternoon and without feeling much fatigued. Eat a hearty supper of potatoes this night.

Oct 24th. Cloudy & warm. Remained at Tavern all day. Eat hearty, but during the afternoon had another turn of dumb ague. Rested rather poorly, and had some head ache.

Oct. 25th. Clear & warm. Left Vassar this morning a little after daylight, and crossing the river, hunted all the way to Tuscola, which place I reached about One P. M. Saw three deer but got no shot. Came across several different Camps of Indians, and stopping, held a short parley with each of them. Van arrived at Tuscola before me. He saw no deer.

Oct. 26th. Hunted South across the river from Tuscola, but saw no deer, and but few signs.

Oct. 27th. Hunted North from Tuscola to the Sheboygan River. Saw 3 deer, and but very few signs.

Oct. 28th. Hunted in South four miles to the Buck Horn Tavern, and got there in time for dinner. Saw no deer, and but little signs. Hunted in the afternoon but saw nothing.

Oct. 29th. Sunday.

Oct. 30th. Hunted in East from the Buck Horn. Saw 3 deer, but failed in getting a shot.

Oct. 31st. Hunted in West. Saw 3 deer lying down, and shot at the largest one, a fine doe, and wounded her. The leaves being very thick and dry, I was troubled to keep the track, and finally gave her up.

Nov. 1st. Hunted in East, and saw 3 deer, one of them a large Buck. Shot at him on the run, and badly wounded him. Following up his track by the blood, I soon saw him standing in a thick copse of bushes, some 25 rods from me, and firing at him cut him across the neck, only slightly wounding him.

Leaving him, I went back to the Buckhorn, and getting the 2 Boys Samuel, & Simeon, and their dog, returned to the spot

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where I had left the Bucks track. The dog taking his track soon started him, and in a few minutes more brought him to bay, and violently commenced barking at him. After running up, and watching the dog manouvering around him a while, I shot him. He was an extraordinary large, and fat Buck, although his horns were small.

Getting a horse and bringing my buck in to the tavern, I soon skinned him, and devoted his meat to the table. My first ball had hit him in the hip, and glanced into the paunch. I also shot at a doe this day, but probably missed her.

Nov. 2^d. Hunted in East. Saw 2 deer, but got no shot. Also saw 2 gray foxes.

Nov. 3^d. Went out early to runway. While standing on it, two gray foxes came along. I shot at both of them, but the brush being thick, I missed them. On my return to Buck Horn saw 2 deer, but no chance to shoot.

This Buck Horn Tavern is a very pleasant and comfortable place for a Hunter to stop at. It is located on a road with a vast body of woods East and South of it, & West of it a strip of woods some 3 to 4 miles wide. The Buck Horn is a low log building, having two rooms, a Bar Room, and a Kitchen, and a sleeping department directly under the roof, and over the Bar room & Kitchen. The Landlord,^s family consists of his Wife, daughter, and 2 Sons, the youngest being 14 years of age, and his House can accommodate very well a party of Six or Eight persons. The Landlady Mrs. Newton is a very good Cook.

Nov. 4th. Hunted in East and saw four deer during the day. At 11 A. M when passing over a burnt ridge where the Pine had been cut off for lumber, I saw a Doe and her fawn walking along behind a log just on the edge of the burnt woods. Taking a rest over a stump, the moment the doe came out from behind the log, I fired at her, and tumbled her down in her tracks. The fawn ran off without my being able to get a shot at him. Cutting some crotches, I dragged the doe to a good sized sapling, and hung her up.

Hunting South from the place where I killed the Doe, and when within about a mile and a half of the Buck Horn I came to a spot that looked like a crossing place for deer. The woods in the afternoon having become very noisy by the leaves getting frosty, and no chance for still hunting by travelling, I stopped at this crossing place and watched for deer till 5 P. M. when I heard one walking and presently a fine Buck came in sight some 20 rods off. It was already getting duskish, and I found it difficult to draw a good sight on the Buck, but doing the best I could, I fired, when the Buck without seeming to be frightened in the least slowly trotted off.

I commenced loading my discharged barrel when I again heard a loud rustling in the leaves and looking in the direction of the sound I saw a large Buck following along the track of the Buck I had fired at. Bleating, I stopped him, when aiming very low, I fired, when he partially fell down, recovered himself and hobbled off. It being too dark to shoot, or even to follow him, I blazed the spot and returned back to the Buck Horn.

After eating my supper and getting rested, at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7 at night, accompanied by Van Voast, Sam and his dog, and taking with us a Lantern to see by until the Moon rose, I started after my wounded Buck. Arriving at the spot where I left him and finding it impossible to follow his track by the light of the Lantern, we unloosed our dog and put him on the track.

In a minute or so he started him, and soon run him out of hearing. The night was still & cold and any sound be heard a long distance in the woods. Going on in the direction where we last heard the dog, and stopping to listen, we thought we heard him bark, when we started and ran about a mile towards the sound, when we could plainly hear him growl, together with now and then a great splashing in the water.

Coming up, we could see the dark form of the Buck standing in the middle of a Creek, its banks lined with tall Hemlocks. When the dog swam near the Buck, he would make a rush for him and drive him out of the Creek. The moment we came to

the border of the Creek, the Buck rushed out of the water into the woods, and the dog after him, and we in pursuit had just waded across the Creek and were raising the banks, when we heard a crashing noise in the bushes directly in front of us, and in a moment afterwards the Buck was right among us. Sam ran for a tree and tumbled down, I ran across the Creek, the Buck jumping into the water within ten feet of me, I barely escaping. The dog commenced barking at him, and we lit the lantern to shoot him by, but could not see him with it.

Finally the Moon arose and carefully crawling along towards him behind the hemlocks, I could see his dark form standing in the middle of the Creek right under the limbs of a huge hemlock. Levelling my Rifle but without bringing it to my shoulder, I pointed it at him and fired, when he immediately fell and struggled violently in the water, the dog also seizing him.

Wading across the Creek I cut a staddle with a hook on it, and fastening it on to the Buck drew him ashore; then making up a fire to warm our wet feet, and make a light, we cut some crotches and dressed and hung up our Buck, and then started through the woods for the Buck Horn, arriving there 20 minutes after 11 P. M. The night was so frosty, that the part of our clothes that got wet in the Creek froze hard and stiff.

Nov. 5th. Sunday. Remained at Buck Horn all day.

Nov. 6th. Hunted a few days after this date, Van having gone home, when a man with a team coming along, I made a bargain with him to take me to Pontiac. Arriving there all right, I took the Cars for Detroit, and in 24 hours time was safely home.

During the time I hunted at the Buck Horn, Van Voast killed one deer, a doe. Newton, our landlord, killed three, and his sons killed two. I took home with me to Cleveland a fine fat fawn that Newton sent to Van Voast.

Post Office address of Buck Horn Landlord

J. M. Baldwin

S. Newton

David Slafter

Worth Post Office

Tuscola County, Michigan.

DIARY OF MY DEER HUNTING EXCURSION ON
THE CASS RIVER, IN TUSCOLA COUNTY, MICH-
IGAN, IN THE YEAR 1855.

LEFT Cleveland Thursday evening Sep. 20th 1855, in company with my Nephew Nathan P. Payne on the Steam Boat Ocean for Detroit, and arrived there Friday morning at 6 A. M. The Lake was smooth, and occupying a good State Room, we had a pleasant voyage. The Saginaw Steamer not being in port, we took the Cars for Pontiac, and arrived there at 12 A. M. Hiring a team for Vassar, we started after dinner and travelled 15 miles, suffering a little from a drizzling rain.

Sep. 22^d being cool, and cloudy, we travelled all day, and at sun down arrived at Tuscola. Visited Baldwin, and Slafter, and made arrangements with them for a Canoe.

Sep. 23^d. Engaged a man this morning to take our Canoe to Vassar, after which we started and arrived at Vassar at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 9 A. M.

Sep. 24th. Stopped at Pennels till 9 A M this morning, when having engaged Pennels boy with his Canoe, we started up the river. Having divided our load between the 2 Canoes, I went in one, and Nathan and the boy in the other. After hard paddling until 4 P. M. the river being very high, we arrived at one of Kinne-Woops Camps Eight miles up the river, where we stopped and Camped, the boy remaining with us all night. We felt very tired this night, and it thundered and rained hard, but Kinne-woop^s Lodge perfectly protected us.

Tues. Sep. 25th. The boy leaving us quite early this morning, I gave Nathan some instructions how to use the Compass, make blazing,^s &c, when taking opposite sides of a Creek that

emptied into the river near our Camp, we at 9 A. M., in good health and spirits, started off into this great hemlock forest to try our luck and skill in deer hunting.

Nathan was 18 years old last Aug. was never before on a deer hunt, and was not practiced in the use of a Rifle. He carried with him on this Excursion my Single barrelled Swinerton Rifle carrying 50 to the pound. I carried my double barrelled cast steel Rifle carrying 45 to the lb.

To resume, I traveled along about a mile, near the banks of the Creek, when I struck 2 Elk tracks, and on examining them I was satisfied that the Elk had just passed along, and as the woods were very dry and noisy, I followed up their tracks very carefully, and had proceeded about a mile, when I heard about half a mile to the West of me, 2 Rifle shots fired in tolerable quick succession.

Going on a short distance farther, I discovered a Doe standing about 8 rods off and drew up my rifle to shoot, when another deer came bounding along right in front of me. Stopping with its body hid behind a tree, with nothing but its head and neck exposed, I fired at its neck when it tumbled down, but soon gathering itself, it ran off, and the woods being very dry, I was unable to follow it.

Returning back to Camp about One P M, I found that Nathan had not come in, but shortly afterwards I heard him singing in the woods, and in a few minutes more he arrived at Camp. He seemed very joyous, and proceeded to state that he saw an animal in the woods that he at first supposed was a sheep, but then reflecting that a sheep wouldn't be way off here in the woods, he drew up and fired at it, breaking its back, when it commenced crawling off on its fore feet and making an awful bawling. Loading up he fired at it again, but being excited missed it, when he drew his tomahawk and running up to it finanly succeeded in killing it. He pronounced it a very large doe, too large for him to hang up, and having left it and made a blazing to the Creek, he wanted me to go with him and aid

him in bringing it into Camp. After dinner started off with Nathan to go to his deer, and upon arriving at the spot where he expected to strike his blazing, and not finding it, he got separated from me, and getting no answer to my loud halloo,^s for him, I turned around and went back to Camp.

About dark he returned, bringing with him about five pounds of the hind quarter of his deer. He made many apologies for leaving me, and said that it had learnt him a lesson not to run away from a person again under similar circumstances.

This was a very warm day, and we were almost melted. Nathan from excitement & his long tramp, sweat profusely, the perspiration running off of him like rain. The night was warm, with a little rain, and we slept very comfortably.

Wed. Sep. 26th. Worked a little around Camp, and then went with Nathan to the place where he killed his deer, and such a mangled mass of flesh I never saw before. Part of 2 fore legs, and one hind leg, and neck, rump, and back, together with the heart, lights, & liver, were by some ingenious process of carving, notwithstanding each piece was separated from the other, all attached to the skin, which was cut in 40 places—and this curiosity was swung up on a sappling, making a scare crow that in two weeks time would have frightened all the animals out of the forest. We found it already possessing an odour that would turn the stomach of a Camanche Indian, and removing the skin as quickly as possible from its attachments, returned to Camp.

Two men running Shingle bolts down the river, stopped with us in our Camp to night, and besides making us much trouble in providing them with supper, they caused us to sleep quite uncomfortably. It rained a little during the night.

Thurs. Sep. 27th. Arose early this morning, and after breakfast started into the woods, hunting on the easterly side of the Creek a distance of about 5 miles. Saw one deer on the run, also many recent signs of Elk, and returned back to Camp at

3 P. M.

Nathan cut wood to day, fixed up the Camp, and stretched

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his deer skin Indian fashion. Slept well this night, although the night was cold.

Friday Sep. 28th. Remained in Camp all day, and spent a portion of the time in making paddle, cutting wood &c.

Sat. Sep. 29th. Clear & pleasant. Took our Canoe to day and run down the river some two miles and visited my old Camp, where finding numerous deer signs, we concluded to come back here and make this spot our "Stamping Ground." Saw 2 deer in our rambles, and coming back to the river, we made a large fire and burnt up all the rubbish around my old Camp, and made other preparations preparatory to moving there. At 3 P. M. started up the river for our Camp, and arrived there at 5 P. M. On our Voyage, we got sprinkled a little with a shower of rain, and later in the evening it commenced raining, and rained hard all night. Cooked the last of our Venison this evening.

Sunday Sep. 30th. Cloudy, rainy, and moderately cool.

Monday Oct. 1st. Morning clear and pleasant. Packed up our things, and finding our Canoe very deeply laden, Nathan took it afoot through the woods, while I paddled the Canoe down the river 4 miles to my old Camp, and arrived there a little after 9 A. M. and Nathan a short time afterwards. We went to work pitching our tent, and a little time after dinner it commenced raining, and rained all the afternoon and night. Not having cut any hemlock brush, slept on the bare ground this night.

Tuesday Oct. 2^d. Cloudy. Both Nathan and myself went into the woods about daylight this morning, and returned back to Camp at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 9 A. M. Nathan saw one deer, and I saw Six and shot at one of them and missed it. Shortly after returning to Camp it commenced raining and rained hard all day. Having cut no hemlock bough,^s slept on the bare ground.

Wed. Oct. 3^d. Cloudy. Hunted until 9 A. M. and saw one large Buck slowly walking along in the thick hemlocks about 20 rods from me. Halting for a moment, I fired at and badly

wounded him, and followed his track by the blood across the Creek in a south easterly direction some two miles to a large swamp, when I left him. During my tramp to day saw some fresh Elk signs. Nathan also saw one deer to day, but got no shot.

Took the Canoe and went to Vassar to day, and besides receiving a letter from Cross, & sundry papers from Cleveland, and getting my hair cut, and Nathan,^s pantaloons,^s repaired, we also got some potatoes, and sundry other things. Before we got back to our Camp it commenced raining and rained all night.

Oct. 4th Thursday. Morning clear and pleasant. Hunted part of this day and saw one deer, but got no chance to shoot. Nathan reported seeing two deer, and having shot at one of them, a large doe, about 5 rods off. It commenced raining again this afternoon, and rained hard all night. We eat very hearty to day of potatoes and Ham.

Friday Oct. 5th. It commenced raining this morning, and rained hard all day and night. No hunting.

Sat. Oct. 6th. Continued to rain all day. Hunted in the rain a short time, and saw one deer, but got no shot.

Sunday Oct. 7th. Cloudy & cool. Remained in Camp all day and enjoyed the charms of a Sabbath stillness in the woods.

Monday Oct. 8th. Warm and cloudy. Nathan remained in Camp. I hunted a part of this day, and when rising the Ridge at its Western end in sight of the river, near the old lumber shanty,^s I saw four deer feeding in the swail across the small Creek, and firing at them my first barrel, I missed, but immediately drawing sight on a fine doe with my second barrel, I fired again, when three of the deer ran off, and one remained behind kicking, jumping & smashing around as though she had suddenly been struck with a crazy fit. Running up, I soon quieted, hung up, and dressed her. In the afternoon took Canoe and brought my deer to Camp. We had Venison for supper. It rained a little to day.

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Tuesday Oct 9th. Hunted a short time this day, but saw nothing. Nathan hunting on the flats, and when near the banks of a small Creek near the old lumber Shanty,^s saw three deer, and killed one of them, a fine doe. Making a loud whistling, and hallooing, I came to him, when we hung up and dressed his deer. He had shot her directly through the paunch, but she ran but a few rods when she fell and soon bled to death. Nathan said that if he had been careful, he might have shot her companion, as after he shot, it ran off but a few rods, stopped & looked back.

After hanging up the Doe, we concluded to return to Camp after our Canoe and take the foreshoulders of Nathan,^s deer to Vassar & distribute to friends. At Vassar we got some Sugar, Potatoes, & Turnips, and also brought back with us to Camp a half barrel of our Hard bread. I suffered awfully with tooth ache this day, and could sleep none during the night.

Oct. 10th Thursday. Remained in Camp all day sick with tooth ache.

Friday Oct. 11th. Hunted a short time and saw 2 deer but got no shot. Made a nice Basswood trough to salt deer meat in for jerking.

Sat. Oct. 12th. Hunted a part of this day but saw no game. Nathan had better luck; for he saw several deer, and one of them a fawn within 5 rods of our Camp eating browse. Suffered all this week with a violent tooth ache and enjoyed nothing. Nathan has become tough and strong, eats hearty, chop,^s wood like a backwoodsman, and tramps the forest like an old Hunter.

Sunday Oct. 13th. Clear & cool, a most beautiful day. While Nathan and myself were this forenoon inside of our Camp and enjoying by our Camp fire this pleasant Sunday, we heard the noise of a paddle as it struck on the side of a Canoe, and going out of our Camp to the bank of the river, to our great surprise we saw my old friend W^m Case in a Canoe passing by our Camp up the river. He had employed a man named Woodcock to pilot him to our Camp, but as our Camp was located

some two rods back from the banks of the river, and we had taken care not to cut away any trees between us and the river, and the bank being some 25 feet in height, it was almost impossible to find us, without a person knew exactly where we were located.

William brought with him his double barreled Rifle, and wishing to leave at our Camp a memento of his visit, made a mark on the side of a large Hemlock tree, and standing in our Camp fired 10 or 12 shots at it, making very good shooting.

After giving us all the news, and taking a survey of the surroundings of our Camp, and making a sketch of same, and eating with us a good Venison dinner that we got up in our best camp style for the occasion, he bade us good bye and returned back to Vassar. He was on his way to Pigeon River.

Monday Oct 14th. Somewhat cloudy. Hunted till 9 A. M, and saw 5 deer, and shot at one, and think I wounded it, but not certain.

Tuesday Oct. 15th. Clear & cool. Hunted directly in South to the Hemlock ridge, and stopping a few moments behind a tree, a doe fawn came trotting along. Taking aim at its fore-shoulders I fired, but as it was moving, I shot too far back and paunched it. It wheeled and after running half a mile on the high lands, made down for the Creek bottoms. I shot at it at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7 A. M. and after following its track with great difficulty till 10 A. M. I gave it up and returned back to Camp.

Finding Nathan in Camp, I told him of my bad luck, when he volunteered to go with me and make another effort to track it up. Hastily eating some dinner we started, and finding the track where I left it, Nathan took one side of the Creek, and myself the other. The banks of the Creek were covered with high weeds and grass, and the Creek crooked around in every conceivable manner, and the deer walking in the Creek sometimes for $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile without coming out, made the trailing of it a very difficult matter.

We both of us got almost discouraged when at 3 P. M. we

tracked it to a small flat densely covered with high weeds, and finding here several pools of blood, we very carefully hunted around, when suddenly we came right on to the object of our search lying dead before us. Being a long distance from Camp, we skinned off the foreshoulders and putting the saddle on my back, we returned to Camp.

Nathan saw to day a large Buck and Doe, and snapped three times at the broadside of the Doe, but the spirit of evil had got into his gun, and it refused to thunder forth.

Wed. Oct. 16th. Saw this day 5 deer, one a large buck, and the other four, smaller deer, but failed in getting a shot at them. Nathan in the afternoon saw two deer, but got no shot. This was a very clear and pleasant day.

Thursday Oct. 17th. Nathan and myself hunted a part of the forenoon. I saw but one deer and failed in getting a shot at him. Nathan saw 4 deer and also failed in getting a shot.

Went to Vassar in the afternoon and had a delightful time of it going down the river, it being a beautiful Indian summer day. Getting at Vassar our papers, some sugar, and other little things, we started back on our return to Camp, a little before sundown, and shortly afterwards met Mr Stuck and a boy Canoeing it down the river. Mr Stuck told us that he had come from the Indian fields, and that a short distance above our Camp, he saw a large Bull Elk cross the river.

It was very dark when we arrived at the Willow rapids, and as we could not see to pole up the rapids, Nathan caught hold of the willows, that lined the waters edge, and held on till I could give the Canoe a push. He would then grab for the willows again, and I would give the Canoe another push. At last he missed the willows and the Canoe swung around, and it became my turn to hang on and pull by the willows, as my end of the Canoe was now up stream.

When we had just got over the head of the rapids, I missed the willows and the Canoe swung around so rapidly that I was tumbled out of it into the river, but immediately grabbing the

Canoe, and finding the water but waist deep, although very rapid, I waded along pulling the Canoe to the opposite side of the river, and then up stream till out of the current, when I got in and poled it to Camp. Besides getting chilled and completely drenched in the water, I bruised my knee in falling out of the Canoe, which lamed me considerably. Wet many of our articles, but with the exception of our sugar, none were spoiled.

After arriving at Camp, we made up a large fire, and changing my clothes, I hung up the wet ones to dry. Notwithstanding our mishap, and my cold bath, we slept well this night.

Friday Oct. 19th. A fine Indian Summer day. Nathan went Hunting but saw no deer. On account of injury to my knee I remained in Camp all day and busied myself in fixing up things around Camp, making Jerking poles, &c.

Sat. Oct. 20th. Another fine Indian Summer day, with a little sprinkling of rain. We hunted a short time in the forenoon, but shot nothing. I saw 2 deer. It rained hard all night, and we slept well, enjoying the soothing sound of the rain as it patted against the sides of our tent.

Sunday Oct. 21st. A very windy and rainy day. In the afternoon took a walk to my trap, and finding a Wild Cat caught in it, returned to Camp after my rifle and went back and shot it. Bringing it to Camp I skinned it and sprinkled salt and alum on the skin.

Monday Oct. 22^d. I hunted till 10 A. M. and saw two deer, and shot at one of them which came running past me and stopped in a thick clump of bushes. Missed it. Nathan went to Vassar after the papers. He saw no deer.

Tuesday Oct. 23^d. Snowy and rainy. Visited our bait and found it gone, some animal having dragged it off. Remained in Camp all day reading the papers &c.

Wed. Oct. 24th. We started out early this morning, Nathan hunting on the flats parallel with the river, and myself South to the ridge. Arriving at the lumber Shanty,^s I stood behind some trees and waited for Nathan to come. While waiting a large

Buck came slowly feeding along, and aiming a little back of the shoulders, I fired at him.

By the time I got my Rifle reloaded, Nathan came, when we went to the spot where the Buck stood and following his track a short distance, we found that he was bleeding very freely, and expected soon to come up to him, but after following him till 10 A. M. we lost his trail in a wet windfall.

Retuned to Camp at 12 A. M., and at 2 P. M. we went back into the woods again and made further search for the Buck, but failed in finding him.

Thursday Oct. 25th. Hunted a few hours this morning and saw 4 deer, but got no shot. Went to Vassar to day and got provisions, also went to Smith,^s and borrowed his dog "Lead."

Friday Oct. 26th. Windy and haily. Hunted up the river to the burnt woods, and the flats beyond. Saw no deer, but plenty of signs. Also saw a few fresh Elk signs. Nathan saw one large Buck.

Sat. Oct. 27th. Hunted down the river and saw one Buck, but got no shot. Nathan saw 3 deer, and shot at one, a fawn, and missed it. In the afternoon we went up the river with our Canoe, and saw fresh signs of both Elk and deer. There came up in the night a furious wind which made a terrible shrieking in the tree tops, and the alarming noise of falling crashing trees, sounded all around us. I got up in the night and tightened the ropes of the fly, and fastened the door of our Camp.

Sunday Oct. 28th. Clear & cool. Remained at Camp all day enjoying a real pleasure of a Sabbath,^s day rest in the woods.

Monday Oct. 29th. Clear & pleasant. Hunted on the South side of the river. Nathan saw one deer, a large Buck, but got no shot. I saw nothing. Nathan to day went to Vassar & Tuscola, and bought a pair of Boots, some Coffee, sugar &c, and returned to Camp just at dark. The Village of Tuscola is on the Cass River, and nine miles down the river from our Camp. Our dog ran away from us to day.

Tuesday Oct. 30th. Started early this morning and hunted up

on the North side of the river to the burnt woods; then crossed the river at Kinne-woop,^s wigwam, and hunted some two hours on that side of the river. Nathan saw one deer, but I had the poor luck of seeing nothing. During our long tramp we saw some fresh Elk signs.

Wed. Oct. 31st. Hunted in South to the Hemlock ridge, and following the ridge along West about half a mile I discovered a Buck feeding in the Swail on the Northerly side of the ridge. The brush being thick, I was troubled in drawing a fine sight on him, but finally doing the best I could, blazed away. The Buck jumped and ran a few rods and stopped, and immediately firing at him my second barrel, he staggered along a few rods and fell.

Nathan coming along, he aided me in hanging up and dressing him. We found him to be a very large 4 Pronged Buck, and extraordinarily fat, and had the scars of an old gun shot wound on one hind leg. His ears were slit and he was otherwise mutilated. We also found a bullet about 80 to the lb. embedded in the muscle of his heart about three inches above its lower end. The bullet was flattened and incased in a thin white skin. There was no inflammation of the heart, neither could we find any mark or scar on the side that the ball must have struck him. The Indians were probably the marksmen that had made these loud calls for him, and besides the wounds that he bore marks of, he very probably had other narrow escapes.

Nov. 1st. Cloudy & cool. We crossed the river and hunted down the river towards Vassar. On arriving at the flats, I took the ridge, and Nathan the flats. In about half an hour from parting from Nathan, I shot at and wounded a buck, and while endeavouring to follow his track, I heard Nathan shoot, and shortly afterwards make also a loud halloeing, but being busily engaged in trying to trail up my buck I did not immediately go to him, and when finally I gave up my buck and tried to find Nathan, he was no where to be found.

Returning back up the river I took the Canoe and crossed

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over to Camp. In the afternoon Nathan returned to Camp, bringing with him Smith,^s dog. He had shot and wounded a fawn, and not being able to trail it up, started off to Tuscola for Smiths dog, but when he arrived at the spot where he shot the fawn, the blood had so dried up, and the track was so old, that the dog would not follow it.

We brought into Camp this afternoon the saddle of the Buck I killed yesterday. Smith coming to our Camp just at night, we cooked some of the Buck for supper and found the meat most excellent.

Nov. 2^d. Clear & cool. Nathan & Smith started off very early this morning, taking the dog with them, and went up the river to the Island, and hunted in the burnt woods. In going through a small Cedar swamp Nathan shot at a Wild Cat setting on a log, but missed it.

Smith shot a large Buck and broke his back, and the dog seizing him, the Buck flopped his head around and pinned the dog with his horns to the ground. Smith being alarmed for his dog, cried out to Nathan, Shoot him! shoot him! Nathan instantly shot the buck in the head and relieved the dog. Skinning off the foreshoulders of the buck, Smith put the Saddle on his back, and brought it in to our Camp. The buck was very fat, and had fine antlers. These latter Nathan took as his portion.

Nathan & Smith had a hard tramp of it to day, and were pretty well used up by the time they arrived at Camp. I hunted a short time to day and saw one Buck. Smith being anxious to return home to night, we made him some strong tea, which after drinking, we took him across the river.

Sat. Nov. 3^d. Clear & cold with a sharp frost. We hunted a short time this morning on the North side of the river, going down as far as the large flats, Nathan keeping the flats, and I striking up to the ridge. Nathan started a fine 4 Pronged Buck which coming within Rifle range of me I fired at and tumbled down in his tracks. Running up to him I gave him a second

shot through the head to make sure of him. Nathan coming to me, we hung up and dressed the buck, and then returned to Camp.

At 11 A. M. we put Smith,^s Saddle of Venizon in our Canoe, and Nathan started with it down the river, while I went into the woods after some foreshoulders of Venizon for Pennell, agreeing to meet Nathan at the Banking ground. Arriving at the Banking ground all right with my Venizon, and finding Nathan there, I got into the Canoe, and the river being high, we ran down to Vasser very quickly with very moderate paddling. Arriving at the landing, we found Smith there with his team, and had brought us two bushels of fine potatoes. Gave Firman a side of Venizon, and to Pennell a quarter of Venizon.

After getting dinner at Pennell,^s and purchasing some Sugar, Pepper, and Turnips, we at 4 P. M. started back for Camp. Arriving at the first Banking ground, we hauled our Canoe ashore, and went back into the woods after the Buck I killed in the morning, and brought it to the Canoe. Starting on again we arrived at the Willow rapids, when Nathan got out of the Canoe and wading in the river near the shore, pulled the Canoe over the rapids, and soon afterwards, just at dark, we reached our Camp.

Sunday Nov. 4th. Clear & pleasant. At 11 A. M. while setting down to breakfast, Nathan took the Camp Kettle and stepped outside of the Camp to pour the water off the potatoes that were boiled in it, and while doing so, he heard a deer snort, and looking up he saw at the edge of the river immediately opposite our Camp a Magnificent great Buck. Hurriedly telling me I loaded my Rifle quick as possible, but before I got ready he walked up the bank, and I could get no chance to shoot him, although I could see him slowly walking along in the woods and occasionally hear him make a loud snorting noise. He was the largest Buck I have yet seen this fall, and carried on his head a perfect "brush heap."

Monday Nov. 5th. Cloudy, with some rain and wind. Did

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not hunt to day. The Lock of Nathan's rifle not working well, I took it off and boiled it, and then oiled it. He hunted some four hours but saw no game.

Tuesday Nov. 6th. Hunted on North side of river, but saw no game. Nathan went to Vassar to day.

Wed. Nov. 7th. Morning rainy. Our trap we had set in the edge of a Swamp on the South side of the river about one and a half miles from Camp, and at 9 A. M. this morning Nathan & Myself took our rifles and went to visit it.

We proceeded through the woods and got within six rods of the trap when I discovered a movement in the thick brush. Instantly stopping, I stood perfectly still for fifteen minutes or longer, trying to see the object, but with the exception of seeing its ears move once, or twice, I could see nothing.

Slowly walking up a little nearer, suddenly a buck jumped up and bounded away making almost a constant snorting. A Doe also jumped up out of her bed and ran off in a different direction. I told Nathan to go between them and he might get a shot at one of them.

After Nathan left me I commenced setting my trap, when I heard the buck snorting again, and in a few minutes having come within fifteen rods of me, I picked up my rifle and blazed away at him.

Nathan coming up said that he saw him several times and came near getting a shot at him. We went together to the spot where he stood when I fired at him and after searching awhile found both hair and blood.

Nathan went ahead following the track while I walked behind him looking out for the deer. He bled very freely and we followed him to the burnt woods, when coming to a large knoll, the buck instead of going over it, followed around its base, and leaving Nathan to follow up his track, I started to go around the knoll on the other side, when I met the old fellow coming directly towards me, with his ears lopped, his tail and head down, and the blood streaming down his sides.

I pitied the old Hemlock Ranger, but as he was within two rods of me, and slowly walking directly towards me, I had no time for reflection, and consequently immediately fired at him, when the ball struck him in the shoulders, and almost immediately thereafter the poor fellow sank down in his tracks. We hung him up and dressed him, when Nathan continued on hunting, while I returned to Camp.

Thursday Nov. 8th. Hunted on the south side of the river, and met Nathan at the old Lumber Shanties. We then separated, and during the forenoon I saw 3 deer, 2 of them does, and one a buck. I fired twice at a small doe and missed her, and being in plain sight of her I stood perfectly still, when she walked partly around me, gazing at me, and frequently stamping her feet. I also shot at the Buck I saw, and wounded him, but after following him about half a mile, finally lost his track in a wet swail. Nathan saw Six deer to day but got no shot. Carried in to Camp the saddle of the Buck I killed yesterday.

Friday Nov. 9th. Hunted in South, and during the days tramp saw 2 does and 3 Bucks. Fired at a very large Buck that was in pursuit of a doe, and shot him through the fore-shoulders. I followed him across the Creek a mile or so, by his blood, to a large swamp where I lost his trail. There has been so much rain this fall that the woods are full of water, and it is next to impossible to follow the track of a deer. I also got two shots at a doe to day some distance off, and missed her.

In the afternoon, when on my way back to Camp, and about two miles off, a large five pronged Buck suddenly started up before me. With his white flag flying, he very majestically bounded off a few rods, when he halted and proudly tossed his head around to look for the cause of his alarm. The instant he stopped, I fired at his neck and shot him dead in his tracks. After hanging him up and dressing him, I cut off his horns and brought them with me to Camp. Nathan saw 3 deer to day, and got two shots, but missed.

Sat. Nov. 10th. During my days hunt to day I saw 5 deer,

2 of which were does, and 3 Bucks. I pulled trigger on one fine buck, and my gun snapped, afterwards I shot at a buck, and also at a doe, but finding no blood, expect I missed them. Nathan saw 2 deer, but got no shot.

Sunday Nov. 11th. Very rainy all day. A man, named Joseph Otto, came in a Canoe to our Camp. As he was hunting and had no success, we told him that we would give him the fore-shoulders of 2 Bucks that we had hung up in the woods. We went with him and showed him the Venizon, then returned to Camp.

Otto in trying to get back to our Camp with one of the fore-shoulders on his back, got turned around and came out on the river one and a half miles below our Camp. Nathan went with him after the other foreshoulder, and he then got back all right.

Monday Nov. 12th. It rained hard last night, and continued to rain hard all of this day, and we were forced to remain in Camp. The river has risen very high, has a fearful current, and we are afraid to cross it. Our trap which we put in the edge of the river to remove the skunk smell from it, is now some three rods from shore, and four or five feet deep under water.

Tuesday Nov. 13th. Clear & cool. River still rising, and great quantities of trees and logs come floating down. Hunted a short time and found the woods very wet. Shot a large Buck and followed him some twenty rods to a large wet Cat Swamp, where I lost him. He bled quite freely, and ran blindly against trees and stadlings, and I have no doubt that he fell dead after running a short distance in the swamp. The brush being thick in the swamp, and the water over my boots I could not follow him. Nathan also saw one deer to day, but got no shot.

Wed. Nov. 14th. Cool & cloudy. Hunted in South some four miles from Camp, and at 12 A. M. when passing over a ridge, I saw directly ahead of me Eight deer in one drove, 2 of the deer were bucks, and six of them does. They were at the foot of the ridge and some fifty rods off, and as the ridge was very open with no underbrush, there was no chance for me to

approach them any nearer. After watching them some time, one of the bucks took after a doe, and she fleeing away from him ran some twenty rods, when the buck left her and returned to the drove. The doe being some fifteen rods nearer me than the drove, I took a coarse high aim at her and fired, when she immediately fell, my ball having broke her back.

The other deer were not frightened and continued on feeding and gamboling as before. Finally the buck that had chased the doe towards me, again left the drove and slowly and cautiously approached her, occasionally stopping and stamping his feet. As the doe I had shot was alive and trying to move along on her fore feet drawing her hind legs, the buck kept away from her about a rod and walked in a circle around her. When he got at about the nearest point to me, my Rifle belched out its thunder notes, when the buck quick as lightning dashed away among the other deer and all ran off together.

Feeling certain that I had finished the buck, I went up to the wounded doe and shot her through the head, and hung up, and dressed her. Then taking the tracks of the drove, I followed them about half a mile, when finding no blood, I turned about and following the tracks back, looked carefully to see if I could find any place where the buck had left the drove. Making out nothing, I took my course back to Camp, and saw one deer when coming in, but got no shot at it. Nathan saw one deer to day. It commenced raining again this evening and rained hard all night.

Thursday Nov. 15th. Very rainy till 9 A. M. River very high, and our little Creek is now some fifteen rods in width. Our Camp is situated at the confluence of the Creek with the river, on an elevated piece of land, the banks of both the Creek and river fronting our camp, being from 15 to 20 feet in height. We are now surrounded on two sides with a perfect sea of water, but have no fears of being flooded.

Hunted in South about 3 miles, and when returning towards Camp, saw 3 deer feeding in the swail at the foot of the ridge,

North East about a quarter of a mile from the old lumber shanties. Shot at one of them a fine doe, when sank down dead in her tracks. Hung up, and dressed her, and got in to Camp at 5 P. M.

Friday Nov. 16th. Hunted down and back from the river, and took a long turn, coming to several wet swails that I had to go a long ways around. Saw one deer and some considerable signs. Got no shot at the deer.

Sat. Nov. 17th. Cloudy and towards night some snow. Hunted a long distance up the Creek, and West of the Creek, and during my tramp saw Six deer. Shot at a doe, but she whirling at the moment I pulled trigger, I missed her. Eat our last Hard bread to day. We have been on short allowance of bread for several days past on account of not being able to cross the river to go to Vassar.

Sunday Nov. 18th. Took my Rifle and started off to bring to Camp the Saddle of the doe I killed last Wednesday. Passing by the doe I killed in the swail last thursday, I found that the Ravens had commenced eating her. Setting my rifle against a tree, I cut some boughs and fixed them over the doe to protect her from any farther injury by the Ravens.

Then starting on, I traveled some three miles farther, when I come to the doe hanging up all right just as I had left. Cutting the staddle and letting her down, I skinned off the foreshoulders, and then putting the Saddle on my back shaped my course back to Camp.

When I had arrived in about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile from Camp, and had got into a wet swamp, with the Saddle of Venizon on my back, I raised up my head to see the nearest way out of the swamp, when I saw in a fallen tree top about ten rods off, a deer gazing directly at me.

Having my rifle resting on the deer legs crossways to help ballance the saddle, I bent my back, and slowly turning a little sideways, crouched down so as to bring my rifle on a level with the deer, when taking as good aim as I could in my awkward



RESIDENCE OF NATHAN PERRY, ESQ.

Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, 1875.

position, fired away. Seeing no deer run away, nor hearing any noise in the bushes, I threw off the saddle from my back, and having reloaded my Rifle, approached very cautiously a few rods towards the spot where the deer stood that I shot at, when I discovered the outlines of a deer standing in the brush about 15 rods off. Drawing up my rifle I fired at it, but no stir, and the smoke blowing away, there the form of the deer still stood. Resting my rifle against a tree, I blazed away with my second barrel, and the moment my rifle cracked this time, there was also a great cracking in the bushes where the deer stood.

Going to the spot where the deer stood, I found both hair and blood, and following the track a short distance I found the ground well sprinkled with blood, but fearing that if I followed up the track any farther, that I would loose the saddle of Venizon that I had left on the ground, I turned off the track and after considerable hunting found my saddle.

Then blazing several trees to mark the spot, I went to the tree top where the first deer stood that I shot at, and to my great surprise found a fine doe lying there dead, I having shot her directly through the heart. Without stopping to dress or hang her up, I shouldered my saddle of Venizon and proceeded directly to Camp.

After taking a little bite, Nathan strapped around him his tomahawk and going with me to the deer I had killed, we hung it up and dressed it, and then taking the track of the wounded doe we followed her through several little swamps and swails, and finally started her up in a little swamp getting within three rods of her. We followed her about a mile farther, when she went into another swamp where we lost the track, and gave her up. These swails and swamps are covered with six inches to a foot of water, and it is very difficult to follow a deer in them.

Monday Nov. 19th. Cold, freezing, and very noisy under foot. Not feeling satisfied about the loss of the doe I wounded yesterday, I took my Pack strap and again started off in search of her. Arriving at the spot where Nathan and myself lost her

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track, I took a little circle around, and not 20 rods from where we lost her track, I found her dead. She was a very fat barren doe, but was already spoiled, and stripping her skin off, I left her carcass for the Ravens, and returned to Camp.

Tuesday Nov. 20th. Cool, and woods very noisy. Did no hunting to day. Nathan went afoot down to Vassar after bread, Sugar &c, and to engage a person to help us out of the woods, and also to make enquiries in regard to hiring a team to take us from Vassar to the Plank Road. He returned just at night with a loaf of bread, papers &c, and reported that the roads were so bad, that there were no teams on the roads, and no prospect of there being any until it freezes up. It snowed some this afternoon, but turned into rain during the night.

Wed Nov. 21st. Cold, and woods very noisy. Went to the Ridge to bring in to Camp a portion of the doe I had hung up there, and when on the way saw Eight deer, but got no shot.

In the afternoon tried runaway. 3 deer came out, but not within gun shot. Nathan saw 4 deer to day, and shot at them 4 times. During the forenoon when he was hunting down the river, he saw across the river a doe and fawn feeding on the flats. He fired at them three times without disturbing them, when they finally fed along out of sight.

Just before Sundown we crossed the river and went to two different places to watch for deer, Nathan taking the farthest place down the river. It being cold & frosty, after remaining a short time, I started back towards the Canoe, when I heard Nathan shoot. Walking along a few rods in the direction of where Nathan was standing, I saw under some large hemlock trees, a doe and fawn feeding. It had now become so dark, that when I raised up my rifle to shoot, I could not see my block sight, and therefore fired at the deer by looking along the barrel.

After firing my first barrel, the doe stamped her feet, and commenced slowly to walk around, but the fawn continued to busy itself feeding. Firing my second barrel at the doe and

missing her, she approached towards me stamping her feet. All at once the fawn with its flag hoisted came running up to the doe, when they bounded off together, and just at that moment Nathan came along, which accounted for the sudden disappearing of the deer. He had likewise seen two deer and shot at them with the same success as myself. We took the Canoe and crossed over the river back to Camp.

Thursday Nov. 22^d. Very high wind during the night, but dying down, it came on cold. Went to run-way in the morning, and saw one deer, but it went by out of gun shot. Nathan saw 2 deer this morning but too far off to shoot at.

Prepared things to day for a start home. After getting our things all packed up, took our Rifles and walked down to Vassar, arriving there a little after dark.

Friday Nov. 23^d. Finding no team coming, or going from Vassar, and it impossible to get any person to go after our things, we returned back to our Camp. Having our Cooking Utensils all packed up, we for our supper roasted some Venison on a Stick, and some potatoes in the ashes. Very cold during the night, and snowed some.

Sat. Nov. 24th. Went out to Run-way before daylight this morning. The rain and snow having froze, the woods were terrible noisy. Just as day was breaking, I heard a cronching sound approaching the runway where I was standing, and presently a large Buck came in sight. Becoming suspicious when in about thirty rods of the runway, he stopped and after reflecting awhile, turned around and walked off in an Easterly direction.

Shortly afterwards a 3 Pronged Buck came along, but noticing 2 fine sleek does, as I thought, also coming along about ten rods behind the buck, I allowed the buck to pass by, and when the does came in range, fired at one of them. They immediately wheeled and run back in the direction where they came from.

In a moment more, I heard Nathan shoot, and shortly after

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he came up to me and said that I had hit one of the deer, as he could see the blood in his track on the snow. Nathan said that he fired at a small Buck.

After reloading my Rifle, Nathan followed the track of the wounded deer, and I followed behind him, and we proceeded about half a mile when we saw the deer ahead of us slowly reeling along. Drawing up my rifle I shot him down, when on going up to it we to our surprise found it to be a Spike horn buck instead of a doe. It was a miserable little runt, and as my ball had struck him in the paunch and passed through one hind quarter, we skinned him and took the good hind quarter and left the ballance of the Carcass for the Ravens, and Wild Cats.

Newton the Landlord of the Buck Horn in company with another man came to our camp this afternoon. They had heavy packs, each of them carrying a Buffalo Robe, had laid out in the woods three nights, had nothing to eat, and were pretty well used up. Newton complaining of a terrible headache, I steeped some tea in a tin cup and gave him to drink, which greatly relieved him. Having a few potatoes roasted in the ashes, I offered them to eat.

Newton had been hunting Pine lands and was now on his way back to the Buck Horn. He promised us, that by day after to morrow, there should be a team at Vassar to take our things to his house. Started for Vassar this afternoon, and arrived there after dark.

Sunday Nov. 25th. Hiring a man in Vassar this morning, we went back to our Camp and spent almost the entire day in making a raft. It being cold, and raining at intervals all day, wetting our things, and also giving us wet feet, we had a most miserable time of it in performing our labors.

Finally completing our raft, we placed on it One Roll Tent, Fly &c, One Roll Blankets, one bundle Deer Skins, 2 Whole Deer, One Saddle Venison, & Half a barrel of Jerked Venison, and our hired man then getting aboard, we shoved the Raft off

into the current of the river. It lacked now but half an hour to sun down, & having no time to spare, Nathan took his rifle and I set him across the river to go a foot through the woods to Vassar. Hastily loading the Canoe with One Bag Sundries, one bundle Deer Horns, our Carpet Bags, and our Cooking Utensils, I bade adieu to our Camp just at dark, and proceeded down the river. The night was cold, and rainy, and very dark.

After going about a mile and a half, I heard at a distance ahead of me a loud hallooing in the woods. On arriving opposite to the sound and near enough to speak, I called out, Who is there? and to my great surprise received the reply, "its me Uncle." It was so dark that I could see no object whatever, and was guided by Nathan,^s voice to the spot where he stood.

In trying to avoid a wet place, he got turned around, and instead of going towards Vassar as he expected, he had gone over a mile in an opposite direction. The flats being overflowed, so that he could not follow down the river, and the woods being so dark that he could not see a foot ahead of him, he was completely hemmed in, and having no matches and the night cold and rainy, he was in a most deplorable condition.

My Canoe being very small & completely filled with articles, and the night being very dark, and the river deep and rapid, it was very dangerous to both of us, to take Nathan into the Canoe. But there was no alternative, and getting in at the bow end, he was cramped up in a very small space.

We went along very carefully, feeling certain that the least rock of our Canoe would prove the end of us. Becoming almost froze in our cramped condition, we went ashore and spent a quarter of an hour in slapping our hands and stamping our feet to get warm.

The moon rising, although clouded, made the darkness less intense, and we went along the remainder of our distance comparatively quite comfortably. We once more went ashore and

stamped our feet, after which we did not stop until we arrived at Vassar.

On our way, about half a mile from Vassar, we passed our hired man in the middle of the river stuck on a snag. He told us that he had been there about an hour and was almost froze. As we were situated, we could then render him no assistance, but promised him that when we arrived at Vassar we would unload our Canoe and return to his aid.

Arriving at Vassar, we unloaded our Canoe and were about starting to the aid of our Raftsman, when we saw him coming floating down, he having succeeded in clearing the Raft from the Snag.

The Tavern being some Sixty rods from the landing, and it raining quite hard, I got several persons at the Tavern to aid us in unloading our raft and carrying things up to the Tavern.

Monday Nov. 26th. A man, by the name of Van Gleeson, having come for us yesterday from the Buck Horn, after breakfast we loaded our things into his wagon, & then taking our rifles and getting into our Canoe we paddled down to Tuscola. The wind blew hard, was very cold and piercing, and our voyage was any thing but a pleasant one.

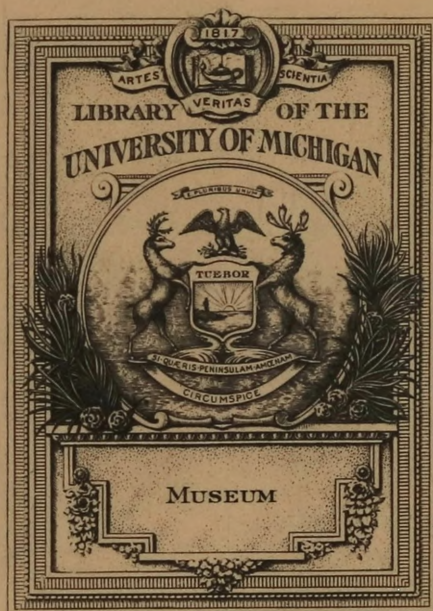
Arriving at Tuscola, we drew the Canoe up on the bank, took the Paddles to Baldwin,^s House, and then started on foot for the Buck Horn, arriving there at One P. M., Van Gleeson having got there before us. We found Newton and his family well, and all of them seemed glad to see us.

Tuesday Nov. 27th. Left the Buck Horn this morning with Van Gleeson for Fentonville, and went four miles beyond Flint. The day was cold & windy, and the roads horrible.

Wednesday Nov. 28th. Arriving at Fentonville during the forenoon, we took the Cars for Detroit and arriving there, took Steam Boat for Cleveland and arrived safely home with all our traps and plunder.



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