

Hunting Expeditions of Oliver H. Perry

With an Introduction by Raymond Darwin Burroughs

AUTHENTIC DIARIES OF HUNTING EXPEDITIONS IN MICHIGAN during the nineteenth century are scarce. This is unfortunate because such records would provide both biologists and the sportsmen of this generation with more accurate ideas relating to the distribution and abundance of game species under primitive conditions. Besides, such diaries would serve to apprise them of the fact that hunting in the primitive wilderness of Michigan was frequently as unrewarding with respect to meat in the haversack as it is today.

The following account of a hunting trip in the Black River valley, north of Port Huron, in 1838 is taken verbatim from O. H. Perry's diaries which were privately published in 1899. Only one hundred copies of this book, entitled "Hunting Expeditions of Oliver Hazard Perry of Cleveland," were printed. Fortunately copy No. 87 was preserved in the library of the University of Michigan. It contains accounts of twenty-five hunting excursions made by Perry between 1836 and 1855 in Ohio and Michigan. In addition to his Michigan trip in 1838, he hunted in Lenawee County in 1843, 1844, and 1845; in Sanilac County in 1850; in Tuscola and Hillsdale counties in 1851; in Sanilac and Tuscola counties in 1852; and in Tuscola County, again, in 1853, 1854, and 1855.

Oliver Hazard Perry was born in Cleveland, Ohio, on April 12, 1817. He had been reported to have been the son of Commodore Perry who achieved fame as a naval hero in the battle of Lake Erie.¹ On the contrary, however, records in Cleveland indicate that he probably was not related to Commodore Perry. In support of this conclusion we have information provided by Mrs. Alene Lowe White of The Western Reserve Historical Society of Cleveland.

The only O. H. Perry listed in the Cleveland City Directory at that period is Oliver Hazard Perry, son of Nathan Perry, Jr. and grandson of Nathan Perry, Sr., who was with the original surveying party which laid out and named Cleveland. The Perrys were a prominent pioneer family in Cleveland and originally came from Connecticut. In spite of

¹David H. Jenkins, "Hunting 1852 Style," in *Michigan Conservation*, 3-4, 19-21 (November-December, 1951).

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the fact that the man in whom you are interested was named "Oliver Hazard" there is no proof of any connection between his family and the Rhode Island Perrys.²

O. H. Perry of Cleveland was an educated man whose tastes inclined to natural history. Evidently he possessed ample means for the gratification of his taste for hunting in wilderness country. Generally he induced one or two friends to accompany him; but, if no one was available for a protracted trip of one to two months' duration, he was not averse to spending several weeks in some remote wilderness camp alone. It was his practice to keep a detailed account of his daily activities and of his observations relating to the character of the country which he explored.

Perry's diaries are more than an account of his hunting successes and failures; they are replete with descriptions of the wilderness areas which he frequented, and with comments on travel and living conditions in these frontiers of civilization more than a century ago.

ELK HUNTING IN NORTHERN MICHIGAN

Oliver Hazard Perry

DECEMBER 11TH 1838, STARTED ON THE STM 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

²Personal letter to Lewis Beeson, executive secretary of the Michigan Historical Commission, October 14, 1955.

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 Batchelder 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 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

feeling that I would have something to eat that night, I 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 frightened 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 extra-ordinary 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 Stm Boat for Cleveland, leaving the Canadian at Port-Huron. I arrived at Cleveland safe and sound, with blankets, Rifle and Elk Horns.

1850
HUNTING EXPEDITIONS OF

OF OLIVER HAZARD PERRY; OF CLEVELAND.

VERBATUM FROM HIS DIARIES

Born at Cleveland, Ohio, April 12, 1817. He was killed in a R.R. Accident on the Cleveland & Pittsburgh Railroad, December 23rd year of 1864.

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

Feeling weak and debilitated this fall, and my friend Leonard Case, jr, 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, 30lbs Sugar, An axe, Tea, Blankets, Cooking utensils, such as a Camp Kettle, Frying Pans, Tin plates and Cups, Knives, Forks &c, And all 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 Steamboat Southerner, Capt' Pearce, and arrived in Detroit, at 8 A.M. the next morning. The fore part of the evening was cool, and pleasant, and we, 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 not vomit.

We took our quarters at the Port Huron, Hotel.

Oct '3rd Thursday- Arose at $\frac{1}{2}$ past six this morning, and found 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 Hurd's Mills, some sixty miles North of 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~~ ^{around} 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 the bank. During this night, He was taken very sick with ~~diarrhea~~, and suffered considerably.

Oct' 4 th 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 Hurd 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 the Elk Lick back of his place, and found it all out up with Elk tracks.

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

October 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 steamboat to arrive to-day. I went to the woods a short time with Mr. Baldwin, but saw no game. Horave, 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 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 wagon for Lexington, twenty miles up the Lake. The road most of the way was through the 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.

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 sailboat to take us to Hurds Mill, The reasons 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 this time ~~at this time~~ were submerged with water, and they considered it and impossibility to get there with a team. Lexington, we found was 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 the cross-eyed Scotchman, who huddled 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 we consoled ourselves with the idea that "Jack Frost" was a pretty safe barricade to rely on for protecting us against that accursed enemy of the western settlers. I slept quite well this night, and upon the whole think I have recruited up some.

Oct'9th - Wednesday, A sailboat 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 Hurd's Mill, some thirty miles up the the lake shore from Lexington,. A strong South wind was blowing, so we made rapid headway through the water, and at 3 p.m. landed at a point on the lake, one and one half miles distant from the mill. Leaving Leonard, and the rest of the party, I walked through the woods trying to find a meandering road to the house, and getting an old man by the name of Wells, and Hurd's team, we returned to the lake, and brought up to the house all of our baggage and camp equipage.

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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 recieved us very hospitably. There was about two acres of land cleared around the house, which was planted with potatoes.

Buel, returned late in the afternoon, We 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 in the past week, and showed us a 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 arma but a kind of Horse pistol rifle, totally unfit for hunting,, Yet still ha 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 ran, 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 bed, and did all, she could to make us comfortable.

Oct '10th Thursday, It rained hard all this day, We could do nothing towards preparing for a start into the woods. A board covered shed being near the house, with it's sides all open, In order to releive Mrs. Buel, of our presence for a portion of the day, We got under that shed, and by smoking, Chewing, Eating and talking with each other and Buel, the day slowly waned 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, which she regrets very much on account of her daughters, Two very interesting little girls, and that she she is obliged to live so far distant from the settlements,. Leonard gave the children A Pen and Pocket ink stand, made for them several writing copys

The old Man Wells, put on an old oilcloth coat this morning, and was gone.

Buel, told us that he hadn't the least doubt in his mind, but that instead of going for 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 his Oxen are gone, and he wishes to find them, That he will tomorrow pilot us out to the Elk Lick, as it lies at the head of a small stream, around which is an abundance of good feed, where he thought his cattle might be.

Oct'11th, It continued to rain nearly all of this forenoon, but clearing off at 12 noon, 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 that he should go with us to-day to the Lick, but tomorrow, Ben, should return and pilot me 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 traveling with the tent on my back very laborious, and caused me to sweat profusely.

Owing to Buel's getting off the right course, and consequently our traveling 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 anything. During the fore part of the night, Feeling very thirsty, Ben, made me a torch out of pine sticks, which I took, and finding the Elk Lick, drank very freely of the water, which greatly helped me. It rained gently all the night, but did us no particular damage.

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

Night came, but neither of them returned,.Feeling quite un well this evening, I wrapped 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 night, I soon began to shiver, and before the morning light dawned on me I had suffered severely from the cold. This was a long and dreary night for me, and the monotonous sound of the rain dripping from the trees was only in a few instances broken by the dismal screechings, and hootings of large eared Owls.

Oct '13th. After having made a fire this morning , I went to work and pitched my tent, and after having got everything about it arranged to my satisfaction, I 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, as to 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 without saying a word, seated himself by the fire, and bending down his head a little, He placed his hands on both sides of it, and then ejaculated "Damn the Hunting" After waiting some time, and Ben, making no further remarks, Leonard , enquired of him where he had been, Ben, turned quickly, and in a very mad tone of voice said "God knows". Ben, enlightened me a little on the subject by stating that after he left me he followed the trail some distance, when feeling some misgivings about it's leading him in the right direction, He left it and took another course, then, getting completely turned around, He had no idea which way to go,

but traveled on 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 wether to go up or down the lake, but finally choosing the former course, He -at nine P.M.- fetched up at Buel's house completely exhausted, and having traveled- As he sincerely believed- some forty miles.

After we had eaten our dinner to-day, All hands went to work, and cut large quantities 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 directly West, walking very slow and carefully, When I spied an object some eight rods from me, moving along in the thick evergreen bushes. Drawing sight on it I pulled the trigger when my gun snapped, but hastily cocking the other barrel I fired that; 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 for 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, I had killed and skinned a partridge, and that we would cook it for our supper. I fried it and he ate heartily of it supposing it was partridge. We enjoyed ourselves very much this evening around our Camp fire.

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

Oct' 17th. Ben, started off this day for Buels, to bring into camp more of our articles. Feeling fatigued I did not go into the woods until about 9 A.M. and then not feeling like hunting I soon returned. Saw nothing but a couple of partridges.

Oct' 18th. It is raining all this day, and finding that our camp 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 we had the satisfaction of seeing 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 today, we built in the form of a shed, The front of it is open, while it's 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 floors in the country. Over the bark roof we placed a large quantity of hemlock boughs, and kept in 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 & 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 upper end of it we procured our water, several large springs there uniting together, making quite a stream. Our venison 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 Hemlock Trees are so large they obscured the light, so when going from one of our Camps to another at night, that 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.

Oct'20th. Sunday. It rained very gently nearly all of this day. Buel, and another man came to our Camp, and brought us a present from Mrs. Buel, 2 apple pies, A shortcake, and some pickles, and potatoes. We fried for our visitors some venison and potatoes, which together with some hard bread, Tea, and what remained of our venison stew, We placed before them. They ate very heartily, and said that if they could only camp out in the woods a few months, They would be 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 Beech and Hemlock.

Oct'22nd, 23rd, 24th, & 25th. Nothing of unusual interest transpired in our Camp during these days, We felt well, eat hearty, and enjoyed our selves 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, Dear we found to be very scarce, and difficult to be seen.

Oct'26th. Our venison being all gone, we started out very early this morning to kill another. I houted in South West, and about 10 A.M. came to a small creek called Elk Creek. While standing on it's banks I heard a noise behind me, and looking around I discovered a deer coming down the hill to the banks of the creek. Standing beside a beech tree I watched him till he made his appearance from behind a large log, when I fired at him. He ran 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 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 ran so near our tent, and made so much noise among the leaves and brush that it awoke us.

Oct'27th. We all of us went out very early early this morning after the deer that I shot yesterday, out on coming to it Ben, said he could carry it in alone, so we left him with it, and continued on hunting. About three in the afternoon, hearing several guns fired, I answered them, and bending my course through the woods in the direction of the sound. After traveling a long distance, and firing many guns, I at last came upon Leonard, and Ben, and soon learned from them the cause of the firing. Leonard, had come into the camp about 12.AM. and not finding Ben, there, immediately thought that he was lost, and fired 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, also fortunately heard them, and approaching in the direction of the sound, and hallowing, he at last last located Leonard,

He was very much exhausted, but he stuck to the deer, Fearing, he said, "that if he dropped it, he might starve to death."

This venison was not so tender as the first one I killed, although much younger. We sent it in by Ben, and the old man Wells, who visited us, and a good portion of it to Buels,

Oct' 28th & 29th. This does not seem to be the season of the year, when game abounds in this region. Numberless signs indicate that during the summer season both Elk and Deer, frequent here in great numbers. The paths that approach the Deer and Elk, licks, are all 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 we 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 Buels. 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, we started for Buels, 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' 2nd No chance offering to get away, we finally thought we would risk our lives in Buels, 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 the wind was not fair, we made slow progress. At 2 P.M. we run ashore near the Blue Ledge (Richmondville) 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 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 the creek to a Log House, where we stopped for the night. (NOTE) His place is just nine miles from where we started from in the morning (via Buel's) It continued to rain hard all night, and our prospects seemed gloomy enough.

Nov' 3rd. Packed our things in the boat, and started out quite early in the morning, but owing to there being 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 from a considerable swell breaking along the shore.

Nov' 3rd. After remaining some half hour at Lexington, we again launched our boat, after 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 wind, and waves. The wind, having during the afternoon, increased very much, we were compelled, on account of the heavy swells, compelled 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 sick, and vomited frequently.

At night the wind subsided, and the sea ran down, but it was so dark

that that we could hardly perceive each other. Luckily however, we discovered- just above the water-the lights of 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 eaten a ten o'clock supper, Leonard, and 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 half past 8 this morning, and arrived in Detroit, At half past 5P .M. Stopped at the Michigan Exchange.

Nov' 5th. Devoted this day 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, Stopped at Thayers Exchange. Leonard, met here an old acquaintance, who asked many questions of me, but But did not recognize him for some time.

Note-Portion of the chapter dealing with
with Henry County, Ohio. Was Ommited.

Elk and deer hunting expedition of O. H. Perry of Cleveland, Ohio in the year 1852.

Left Cleveland at 7 P.M. this day, Monday Sept 6th, 1852, in company with Frederick Deming on the Steamboat "Forest City" for Detroit and arrived there at 4 A.M. next morning. 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.

Sept. 7th. Left Detroit this morning at 9 A.M. on Steamboat "Ruby" for Port Huron and arrived there at 4 P.M. Felt sick all day tho my appetite has improved some. Stopped at the Port Huron House and early in the evening went to bed.

Sept. 8th. Left Port Huron at 4 P.M. on the Steamboat "Pearl" for Lexington and arrived there at 6 P.M. After placing things in store house went to Mrs. Buels log tavern. Went to bed early and it rained all night.

Sept. 9th. The weather being stormy and rainy I made no preparations to move from Lexington this day. I felt tired when night came but on the whole was considerably improved in my feelings.

Sept. 10th. A strong north wind blowing, it prevented us from making any endeavors to go up the lake. Talking with several individuals who represented elk as being somewhat numerous on the headwaters of Elk Creek I concluded to send Frederick on a prospecting expedition, and provided him with some provision, at 1 P.M. he started for Elk Creek.

Sept. 11th. Going out some three miles towards Black River, I met Fred at 2 P.M. returning from his 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. Made a bargain with Mr. Meddow to take out things through the woods to Elk Creek on Monday next. Mr. Meddow came to Lexington this afternoon and took our things to his house so as to be ready to get an early start Monday morning. Fred saw yesterday on his way to Elk Creek one bear and two deer.

Sept. 12th. It being pleasantly cool I walked around considerably with Fred in the woods. On the whole I think I feel much better and am certainly improved in strength.

Sept 13th. Started at 5 A.M. for Maddaws and arrived at his house a little before daylight. The woods between Maddaws and Davis Millson Black River 5 miles from Lexington are very wet and covered in some places with a foot deep of water. Maddaw carried our things in a ox wagon to that place when he sent back home the ox team by his boy. Tying our things with ropes to a kind of a sled made of scotch he hitched to it an active pair of Indian ponies he brought along with him and started off for Elk Creek thirteen miles through the woods. Meddow from the time he started never varied his course going straight forward through water and over logs. He and his ponies were great travelers 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 basswood bark we soon tied them on again. Going over a large log my camp chest got burst open but the ingenuity of Fred and Maddaw repaired it. Going through a swale 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 route. 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 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.

Sept. 14th. Spent all of this day in making our camp, clearing away the rubbish around it and sticking up pins and hemlock brush to keep the wind off. Slept cold this night.

Sept. 15th. Got breakfast very early this morning, after which we 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. Shot two wood ducks in the creek and stewed them for our supper.

Sept. 16. 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 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 and some well beaten trails of deer and elk.

Sept. 17th. Hunted up the creek some three miles and 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 a great abundance of old elk signs. In the meadows ~~which I found~~ 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 and have in them a growth of long thick, coarse grass and are surrounded by a thick growth of pine and 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 kick the saltish water and wallow in the mud.

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 hedgehog which he had killed.

Sept. 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 logs and trees but before I could get in fair shooting distance they moved into the brush.

Sundat Sept. 19th. Remained in camp all day. It rained some this day.

Sept. 20th. It rained hard all day and night and penetrated our cooking camp to such a degree that we were forced to keep in our tent all day.

Sept. 21st. Clearing off this morning, we determined the first thing we would do would be to bring from the Indian wigwams bark enough to make a waterproof roof to our cooking camp. When going after bark we met two hunters on the creek. One of them a hard looking caw lived in Cleveland with Samuel Irwin in 1836 and together they cradled a field of oats that year for my father. His face was familiar to me 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 see them little dreaming of seeing any white hunters in this region. I told them the direction of my camp and invited them to it. The rain having raised the creek it now had 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 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.

Sept. 22nd. 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 they had a long hunt for it. We gave them their dinner, fresh fish, salt pork, hard bread and tea. They had numerous hunting stories to tell about the deer, bear, wolf, and elk that they had killed also of the tricks that they had played on the Indians. At 2:00 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 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. After leaving the elk tracks I scared up a number of partridges and killed two of them.

Sept. 23rd. 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 headwaters of the Cass River and finally decided to do so.

Sept. 24th. Weather cloudy and a portion of the day rainy. I remained in camp all day making preparations for our Cass River expedition.

Fred went hunting for a short time but met with no success. We cooked the duck for our dinner and had a good meal. Foiled a piece of pork for our journey and fully agreed to start for Cass River tomorrow morning.

After examining our map we determined that our course should be northwest about three miles and then bear directly west, expecting thus to avoid some of the swamps indicated on our map as lying between our camp and the head of the south fork of the Cass River.

Sept. 25th. This morning rainy and continued so most of the forenoon, but 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 for each of us, and tying up our tent we sallied forth at twenty minutes past one p.m. with our rifles, knapsacks, tomahawks and axe for the Cass River.

After traveling some three miles to the salt meadow lick we bore off in a westerly direction, when striking a well beaten elk trail that bore very near west we concluded to follow it and continued on it till half past three 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 it on the ground under the cloth, and then deposited on them our knapsacks, guns, and coats, and then went to work preparing wood for the night. After which we ate heartily of pork and hard bread, then dried ourselves, being nearly soaked through with rain.

Our camp was by the side of a swale filled with water and the woods which were very dense were mostly hemlock. It rained very hard a portion of the night but cleared before morning. With the exception of the hooting of some owls we heard no noises of wild animals.

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 melancholy sorrow that they had forever passed away. I lost my pencil this night was fearful that I should not be able to make any further 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.

At twelve we started again on our march but at half past three p.m., being weighed down with wet clothes, we halted and camped for the night, and it was ten p.m. before we were in any way comfortable. The boughs were all wet and we had to dry them before the fire before we could use them for our bed. Our boots, socks and coats had to be dried, our guns cleaned, and our elk meat had to be strung up again before the fire and under go a second jerking.

We saw more signs of elk this day than any day yet and were anxious that they might disappear as we were 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.

Lat this day large quantities of thorn apples that we found on the flats of the creek and filled our pockets with them. It cleared off before midnight 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. Lat our breakfast on jerked meat and a very small portion of hard bread. Elk signs yet to be seen around our camp.

Crossed this day two large streams emptying into the Cass River besides several smaller ones. A great deal of cedar swamp traveling today, and in getting out saw logs was carried on last winter, but not now occupied. Traveled all of this day till half past five p.m., and then we camped.

Saw one elk today on the brow of a hill near the banks of the river. Found some frost grapes today and eat them which refreshed us considerably. We made our dinner, also our supper exclusively of elk meat.

One of Fred's legs gave out today 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 the cold.

Tues. Oct. 5th. This morning clear and pleasant. Having rested very comfortable during the night, one side of us being warm, the other side freezing, we arose very early and renewed our tramp without eating anything. For the first few miles we encountered what we considered the worst traveling we had yet seen. At 9 a.m. we stopped and rested and ate a sumptuous breakfast of dried elk.

Saw during the morning many signs of deer and elk. Shortly after leaving our camp fire saw a fine cow elk some ten rods off quietly trotting along, seemingly not being frightened by us. Found on a high knoll this morning a quantity of pigeon berries and we stopped and picked some.

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, windfalls and thickets, through muck and mud and climbing over heaps of fallen timber, carrying in my rifle, a rifle of 11 pounds weight, and on my back ammunition for said rifle, together with a pack containing one heavy undershirt, pair of socks etc. and some 25 lbs. of jerked elk meat. Fred besides his pack and elk meat carried a shotgun and axe.

At twelve a.m. I proposed to Fred to wade the river and see what kind of traveling there was on the other side. He did so and after walking down the river a quarter mile or so, reported quite good traveling, but as there was no rifle where I could ford, we continued traveling on opposite sides of the river, occasionally hallooming to each other, to keep within hearing distance, until 8 p.m. when I called to him to cross the river and come to me, as I was in sight of a small clearing on the banks of the Cass. Fred found a place where he thought he could wade and going in succeeded in crossing over.

Now at 3p.m. we are seated on a log enjoying a luxurious rest, by gazing at our discovered clearing, looking upon it as a heaven 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 not some wheat or corn flour, as I am terrible 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 Indianfields 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 nineteen miles further down.

Mrs. Bigelow, the woman of the house, received us very hospitable, 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) were all alone, her husband having gone to Saginaw but expecting him home tomorrow.

Shortly after dark, Fred and myself having cleaned our guns, hung up our knapsacks and got our stomachs filled with potatoes and bread, settled ourselves before the fire and were taking solid comfort, when we heard a wild whoop outside, and in a moment afterwards a verocious looking Indian, dressed in full Indian costume, blanket, leggings and etc. 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 his name was Kinnee-woop and his wigwam was across the river and that he was a most celebrated chief and hunter, having but a few days before killing three bears.

I find I am almost as ragged as a beggar, my thick strong pantaloons being 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. Made a bargain 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. Sat very heartily today but a still quite weak. Mr. Bigelow came home with his ox team just a little after dark.

Thurs. 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.

Friday Oct. 8th. The men I sent after the elk horns returned this afternoon. They reported they saw no elk but heard the wolves howl most terrible. One of the men said that traveling through the woods he would as leave 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 terrible and their clothing torn bad. The Indians showed them an Indian trail that struck the Cass river at the second forks. 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.

Saturday Oct. 9th. Left Indianfields at 8 a.m. in canoe we had got from one of the men who carried the elk horns. Arrived at Vassar at half past one. After getting our dinner, we got a yoke of oxen to draw our canoe over the dam and started for Tuscola which place we arrived at twenty minutes past 4 p.m. It rained hard all of the afternoon and we got completely wet through.

Sunday Oct. 10th. It rained this day so we stopped in Tuscola. Fred and I went hunting the afternoon. He saw 5 deer, and I saw 1 but neither of us got any shots.

Monday Oct. 11th. This was also a rainy day. Started early in 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 shoulders, I fired, when in an instance 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 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 Buckhorn Tavern, a pair of buck horns answering for a sign. Here I got a good dinner of vanison, potatoes and bread. Newton, the landlord was a portly, fine looking man and an expert hunter. He said his two boys were good shots with the rifle and his daughter excelled them both in that respect.

Tuesday Oct. 12th. A rainy day. Got a stiff neck and a severe pain across my shoulders. was in woods a short time but saw no deer.

Wednesday Oct. 13th. Slept very poorly last night, the pain in my shoulders continues. Fred went after my buck this morning and returned about noon, we got dinner, when getting our canoe over the Tuscola dam, some three men assisting us to carry our things to the canoe, we at half past one bid adieu to our Tuscola friends.

Coming to Dutchtown two of their men assisted us in getting our canoe over the dam. Reached Bridgeport, a place of one house one half hour after dar,. The river was high, very beautiful and we had a delightful trip of it.

We put all of our articles, with the exception of our guns and elk, horns in a deserted log building 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 caused much curiosity.

Thnnsday Oct. 14th. Left Bridgeport at 8 a.m. after a very pleasant run down the river arrived at Saginaw at 2 p.m. We saw today one large buck and great quantities of wild ducks. The river from Bridgeport to Saginaw being broad and deep, and a dense forest lining its banks, the canoeing is very pleasant. We passed several Indian hunting camps. At one of them I stopped and inquired En-u-e-taw-way waw-wash-kish and received in reply the answer, Cowinshin-cago.

Friday Oct. 15th. After storing my camp chest and canoe at Mr. Lyttle's warehouse, and finding no steamboat 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 steamboat arriving, I hired a team and started for Pontiac some sixty miles from Saginaw. At Pontiac I took the cars for Destroit, and from the latter place got aboard a steamboat and we arrived safely at Cleveland with the venison, elk horns, and everything.