Leland

An Historical Sketch

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I have nibbed a quill from a sea-gull's wing
To catch the stories which the wild waves sing
'Mong the waving pines on the Leland shore
Of an inland sea—

DEDICATION

WITH most delightful recollections of those early days as a resorter,—when there were but few of us and those few became *such* friends, so informal as to times and places of meeting, so careless as to dress and so unreserved in manner—for there were no strangers; when there were no trails and almost no roads in the woods and we were sometimes lost—and that was such a delightful experience to tell about; when we announced our approach to camp or cottage with a "Whoop" or a "Hoo-hoo"!; when the children, who outnumbered the adults two to one, ended the day's glad liberty in woods and water by piling drift-wood and brush on the shore of the big lake for a beach fire, and when the sun had gone down behind Great Manitou and the shadows of evening had gathered in the forest and upon the water the flaming flags and towering torch of sparks signaled everybody to meet there with popcorn and marshmallows to pop and roast as we gossiped, sang songs and lied and laughed while we sat around the fire on drift logs or lay upon the sand,—and the wavelets lapped the shore quietly so as not to disturb us,—till the air from the lake grew chilly and we climbed the bank and

finished the evening beside the fireplace of somebody's camp or cottage,—and the Maros just dropped in, they had seen the signal —and the logs and pine brush in the fireplace crackled and sparkled throwing fitful lights and shadows upon faces set in the wide circle of shadowy background, while we sang more songs and told more stories and the smoke went up the chimney just the same, until—nobody knew what time and we didn't much care—but, until the 'old folks' decided that it was bedtime for the 'young folks'—and we never knew where the next beach fire would be, but we'd be there,—then all would scatter off to find their camps and snuggle down to sleep and rest in the perfume of the pines;—with such pictures as these and the faces that fill them—most of them look older now, but some of them are only memories which do not change—this sketch is written and affectionately dedicated to the good old fashioned happiness of those early days at Leland.

JOSEPH LITTELL.

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PERSPECTIVE

THE history of Leland lies in the mist and shadows of legend and tradition until well within the last three-quarters of a century. The peculiarly isolated position of Lelaneau County, Michigan, and especially that part of it lying west of Lake Lelaneau accounts for this fact as it was practically unknown until long after trading posts and settlements had been established on the west shore of Traverse Bay. Northport, Omena, Suttons Bay, and Traverse City were well known centers of trade to writers of the history of the Grand Traverse Region, Northern Michigan and the lower peninsula prior to 1880. But the Leland district was practically unknown to them because, being out of the way of commercial development it did not enter into any account to be rendered of human affairs. Not until the incoming settlers had discovered and were utilizing the great lumber forests on the shores of Traverse Bay, where water transportation and harbors were protected from the storms which made the shore of Lake Michigan unsuitable for their business, did they seek out other fields of labor—or forests rather—and extend their enterprise into every corner of that part of Michigan.

That part of what is now Lelaneau County lying between Lake Michigan and the present Lake Lelaneau was most inaccessible, and practically unknown to white men as late as 1850. It's secluded position made it a natural Indian reservation. There were three small lakes, connected by shallow streams flowing northeastward and from the most northern lake a stream, not so large in volume as Boardman River at Traverse City, was the outlet of this lake—and therefore of all three to Lake Michigan. The land down to the water's edge of these lakes and streams was one dense forest of almost every variety of the pine; White Pine, Hemlock, Norway or Yellow Pine, Fir, Cedar and Arbor Vita, with Maple—often in large numbers in certain locations, Birch and Poplar scattered through the forest. Game of many kinds was plentiful, except the larger game, deer, elk and moose, which were found further south because they had to come south in their winter migration east of Traverse Bay. But there were fur bearing animals, wolf, fox, mink, otter, skunk and black bear, while ducks, geese, turkey and wild pigeons were in abundance in season.

And now we come upon the crowning fact of all this—the abundance and availability and constant supply of fish. This is

the chief fact—the picture in the frame—which, surrounded as it was by the natural seclusion of the location, the unbroken forests with their ideal hunting grounds, and the landlocked little lakes with the inexhaustible supply of fish right at hand accounts for the thrillingly interesting history of the aborigines at Leland, most of which however, as has been said, lies in the misty realm of tradition or has faded from view in the unrecorded past.

The particular spot now occupied by the village of Leland and its immediate vicinity has been the home of the Indian from time immemorial. Roam where they would on their hunting expeditions they could return to the seclusion of their almost inaccessible camp grounds where their supply of daily fish—if not daily bread—never failed. This fact is so important as to demand that we dwell upon it and examine it more in detail.

The river which formed the outlet to the northern lake—and therefore to all three—is perhaps eight hundred yards long. It was a stream ten to fifteen feet wide and six to eight inches deep, and had a fall of about fifteen feet from its source to its mouth at Lake Michigan. Its waters were rapid in flow but with no precipitous falls. It was densely bordered with forest and overhung by swamp Cedars and Arbor Vita, with

many a fallen tree-top or trunk breaking the rapid current of its waters or forming natural bridges across the stream and casting deeper shadows into the water where lurked the speckled trout and bass—those game fish of fresh waters. This little river, with its open mouth in Lake Michigan and leading up to the little lakes, was one of the greatest, if not the greatest natural fish ladder on the shore of the Great Lakes. It was the open door for all kinds of fish which inhabit Lake Michigan with a short and easy passage for all kinds of fish, such as trout, bass and others which seek fresh spring waters in quiet shoals for their spawning ground where the gravel is not washed hither and yon by the storms which toss the sands of the Great Lakes.

So great was the travel of this highway of the finny tribe that fish could be taken at any season of the year by a spear from the shore—even in winter, for the rapid running waters did not freeze over, and so great was the inrush of fish from Lake Michigan to the little lake in the Springtime, when the warmth of the sun called them to the spawning grounds, that they filled the waters of the little river from shore to shore and as they struggled up that fish ladder many were crowded out upon the shore all along the stream where they

died,—and stank. And so when the first white men came to Leland they found that the river had a name. From the distant past, the Indians had called that stream "Chi-mak-a-ping," which means a bad odor, a stink. We have no account that the white men ever attempted to give it any other name.

By a natural process, however, it did acquire another name. When the first dam was built near the mouth of the river an effectual barrier was erected gainst the fish seeking access to the little lake, so that they no longer crowded each other out upon the shore to die and stink.

And just then another thing took place—the fish known as "carp" crowded up the river from Lake Michigan to the dam in great numbers. Some of the early white settlers relate that anyone could, and anyone who wished to do so did, go to the water's edge below the dam and with a spear or fork toss out upon the shore as many carp as he wished. And so the little river lost its ancient Indian name "Chi-mak-a-ping" and acquired the white man's title of "Carp" River; and, because the little lake had no other name, by association, it became "Carp Lake,"—a name to which neither of them are justly entitled, for the oldest white settlers unanimously assert

that they have never known carp fish to be taken in the river above the dam or in Lake Lelaneau.

The name "Chi-mak-a-ping" is now a tradition, and "Carp Lake" and "Carp River" are fading into the past to be preserved only in the early white man's geography. Names are of great historic value when attached to geographical locations and natural things. In demonstration of this fact another very important event must be considered here.

There appears to be no historic evidence, or even a tradition, that the lake now known as Lelaneau ever had a name back in Indian times. We have not been able to find a tradition that it was ever called by the Indians "Chi-mak-a-ping." The lake did not stink,—only the river was entitled to that name, and that only until the building of the first dam. But from an indefinite time, probably about the time Manseau came to Leland, the lake began to be called "Lelaneau." There is a very remarkable reason for this name, which gathers into itself much of the early history, and—we may almost say—romance of this locality.

EVOLUTION

THE early vessels which navigated the water of the great lakes were sailing ships. Indeed the sailing vessels maintained their supremacy as against steamers in the commerce of these inland seas until well toward the close of the nineteenth century. They were peculiarly adapted to the lumber carrying trade. As they plied between the southern ports of Lake Michigan and the ports of Traverse Bay or the strait of Mackinaw it was necessary for them to sail not far from the land after they passed between Sleeping Bear Point and Little Manitou. They must beware of the shore in that district of strong and frequent and at times very sudden storms of northwest wind. They were safe enough where they had plenty of sea room to tack and change their course until the wind abated; but there was scant sea room between the Manitous, Beaver and Fox Island to windward and the mainland to leward for such a task in a storm. They had to look out for that "Lee Land," and many a shipwreck upon that Lee Land shore attested the danger they incurred. That "Lee Land" became a mighty fact in the thoughts and plans of sailors and ship and cargo owners. The Lee land was well known to them before 1850.

They called it by its proper English, "Leeland" as they were English men, and Americans, French, Swedes, Danes, and other sailors adopted it. "Lee,—the quarter toward which the wind blows"—hence Leeland.

Just a short distance within the shore of that land so well known as Leeland there lay a three linked chain of small lakes. They were not connected with any bay or other body of water except by that outlet, Chimak-a-ping, which was right in the midst of that Leeland shore so well known and guarded against. Those lakes were thus peculiarly inclosed in the Leeland. The first white men who had knowledge of that locality from the Indians or by exploration were Frenchmen and when they spoke of the little lakes they spoke of them as the Leeland waters, adding to the "Leeland" their word "Eau,"—Leelandeau. Thus they distinguished the Michigan Lac from the body of waters which was held in the embrace of the Leeland. That name Leelandeau by the laws of orthography in the English language became Lelaneau just as it had grown out of natural and human conditions, the process and result of evolution. The birth and development of that word Lelaneau—not Leelanaw—is one of the most unique and beautiful romances in the history of names. And it is most fittingly ap-

plied to that rarely beautiful body of water whose volume is wholly supplied by springs of pure water, small brooks and streams whose fountain heads are hid among the pines back in the hills a short distance from the shore.

The facts which accumulate around this gathering of the waters embraced by the Lee land; the stories which they suggest but which never will be told point to the great value of Lelaneau to the prehistoric peoples, whose wigwams and teepes nestled within the pines along the shore, whose bark canoes shot back and forth across its waters, who lived and loved and died beside those little lakes which bred and fed and supplied in such abundance nature's pure food for nature's children.

And so we find Lelaneau and Chi-mak-a-ping the seat of a Tribal home, and that their chief camp was on the shore of the little river where the Chief of the tribe called together the braves in tribal counsel for years unnumbered under the wide spreading branches of the Counsel Tree. And that tree was to them the sacred alter of their tribal union. That Counsel Tree still stands, about one hundred feet south of the Leland dam, a massive old oak now dying at the top. Those who honored it, whose voices it heard in counsel are gone; another race of

men has come who do not know it—do not honor it. Children play beneath the shade of its wide spreading branches and dig for arrow heads—and find them there. What stories it could tell! But now forsaken by its companions, and neglected by passers-by—perhaps it is lonesome—it is time for it to die.

When we consider the factors which make up the situation and character of the vicinity of Leland, so perfectly adapted to the simple life of the Indians, we cannot wonder that they loved it all, clustered about it, clung to it, and fought for it, filled tradition with the stories of their battles and mark their battle grounds with their graves.

A DEAD LANGUAGE

IT cannot be doubted that for many generations the region of Leland was the home of the Indians. Tradition with one voice affirms it. The Indian relics and flint arrowheads and stone battle axes found there point back even beyond tradition to a race of whom we have no tradition —nothing but the signs of their having been there. Copper instruments of war and domestic use, which belong to a period earlier than that at which they came in contact with the white race, have been found in and near the village of Leland. Could these be collected, as should be done, they would constitute a museum worthy of careful study by any one who is interested in the prehistoric dwellers there. These things are more than curiosities. They are the dead language of a branch of the human family who lived according to the light of nature and by its necessities and have left no other records.

There was a race who preceded the Indians in Michigan and of whom they have given no account. But of the existence of the Mound-Builders there is abundant evidence at Manistee and Traverse City where their relics have been found. Much research has been made which has established certain

distinguishing characteristics and which mark them all along their route from British Columbia and Canada south across America, Mexico and Central America. They worshipped the sun and offered human sacrifices, usually on high mounds. Their highest mounds were constructed at strategic points for signals by fire and smoke, and far vision. The exploration of the Traverse City mounds, which were not large and one of which stood within the present city limits, revealed evidence of the mound builders and their human sacrifice.

It is probable that one of the most interesting monuments of that pre historic race in the United States stands in the village of Leland. With all the silent dignity of the Egyptian's Sphynx it challenges the attention of very one approaching Leland from any direction, but gives no answer—not even the echo of a tradition—to the questions it forces upon the mind of the thoughtful observer. It is known as Round Top, so called by Mr. Luther Conant who bought it and built upon its summit his handsome summer home.

There are several emphatic evidences in favor of Round Top as the work of the Mound Builders. Its location is of first importance. The same reason which made Leland so desirable as a dwelling place for

the Indians, the great lake for navigation, the convenient location on the main land for communication with the island; the near-by quiet inland waters; the abundant supply of fish and game for food and clothing, were as potent reasons for its locations then as they were to the Indian in later years in his choice of a dwelling place.

The Mound was always located at the center of camp life. This has been determined by research in other parts of the United States, in Mexico and Central America. The value and fitness of Round Top as to size and location as a lookout in the center of camp life it is beyond question. It is visible at long distance on Lake Michigan, from all four of the islands, and from far south on Lelaneau, an ideal lookout for smoke signals by day and fire signals by night. For the mound builders had their enemies and needed to watch and give their warnings of attack, and rally their forces for self defense. They built forts as well as mounds in Ohio and other places, and finally disappeared before a stronger race of men—doubtless the Indian.

The size of Round Top is not against the theory that it is the work of the Mound Builders, while its distinctly conical shape is emphatically in its favor. It is doubtless one of the largest in the United States but

not so large as some found in Mexico and Central America, which are known to be the work of men's hands. The pyramid of the Sun and Moon, about twenty-five miles east of Mexico City, are much larger than Round Top. The Builders of Round Top may have taken advantage of a sand dune as the base upon which to build, but no sand dune has been found approaching it in size or symetrical or conical shape. It cannot be the product of the winds, which, although they have made wonderful piles and banks of sand in Northern Michigan in that region of high northwest winds, do not preserve the forms of cones. Round Top stands upon a level base, is almost a perfect circle where it rests upon the base, except that part next to the lake—less than one-fourth of its circumference. Its sides rise from the level base as abruptly as though the sand had been poured upon the top and had run down to the angle of rest. This fact is emphatically in favor of its artificial construction.

Some of the foregoing facts are applicable to another mound known as Sugar Loaf about twelve miles south of Leland, located in the midst of a number of small lakes, which means a supply of food; for neither the Mound Builders nor the Indians were deep water fishermen.

These mounds may have been begun as tombs for chiefs or altars for Sun worship, and later enlarged to their greater dimensions as the importance of their location demanded. It is known that human sacrifice was a part of that worship, probably the sacrifice of captives. Evidence of this has been found in small mounds no further away than Traverse City and Manistee. And there stands Round Top, with all these marks of a prehistoric character; too great for us to build, too mysterious for us to understand, looking out in dignified silence upon a race, who not being able to account for it, finds comfort in denying that it was ever built by men.

Some of these doubts, however, are silenced in the mind of the writer, who a few years ago stood upon the top of the mound built by the Indian women of the Jalpitan tribe on the Isthmus of Tehuantipec, Mexico, in honor of the daughter of their chief who had been captured by Cortez and who became his wife and chief adviser in his dealings with the Mexican Indians. It is named after her—the Mound of Malinchi. When built it was sixty feet high—though it is now much less—and about one hundred and twenty feet square at the base. History records that the women of the tribes carried the earth with

which the mound was builded to the top of the mound in the garments which formed their skirts, working three years in its construction.

These facts are strong evidences in favor of the theory that Leland probably possesses the finest specimen of the work of the Mound Builders to be found in Michigan, if not in the United States, in what Mr. Luther Conant has named Round Top. It has stood there and watched generations come and go, and Captain Ver Snyder, the pilot of Lelaneau, now uses it as a land mark by day and beacon by night.

TRADITIONS

THERE were many traditions lingering in the memory of the old residents in and about Leland in 1900, many of them vague and all of them indefinite as to time. But all of them were in perfect harmony with the combination of natural advantages to be found there and the life and events which left their marks there.

Considerations already set forth furnish a most fitting background for the traditions which filled the memory of the oldest white settlers but which are being lost as one by one they pass away. When we learn from the concurrent testimony of the earliest written records of Northern Michigan that three distinct tribes and parts of three others contended for possession of the lower peninsula, and that the most highly prized hunting grounds were in the grand Traverse region, we are not surprised that the fiercest battles waged for their possession occurred west of Traverse Bay, some of them in the immediate vicinity of Leland. Perhaps the bloodiest battle of all was fought at Sleeping Bear Point or rather at its base where the Ottowas almost completely annihilated the tribe of Prairie Indians. The results of this battle in the

form of skeletons and camp equipment were to be seen until the middle of the last century.

It is not intended to set forth in order here even the known history of the movements of the various tribes who occupied the land in the vicinity of Chi-mak-a-ping at various times. Let him who would study this subject in detail consult the history of the "Grand Traverse Region," by Dr. M. L. Leech, 1883, published by the Grand Traverse Herald, Traverse City, Michigan. It is important, however, to know that the Chippiwas, Hurons and Ottawas in turn, and probably in the order mentioned, occupied the Leland Region, and that as a result of a kind of peace league, the Indian inhabitants who are found there by white settlers and whose descendants received lands in severalty and remain about Omena and Northport to this day were a mixture of two or more of these tribes. Speaking of the Ottawas Dr. Leech says: "Their principal and most prominent settlements, were at Cross Village, Middle Village, Seven Mile Point and Little Traverse. * * * West of the Bay a small band had their home on the point afterward known as the New Mission, and another on the shore of Lake Michigan at or near the present site of the village of Leland."

While the Ottawas seems to have been the latest distinct tribe to occupy the western side of Traverse Bay they were but a fragment of that tribe which migrated from the main home of the tribe on the Ottawa River in the east after Pontiac's war. They had first settled at Mackinac where they had been joined by the Huron tribe which had been defeated by the Iroquois and expelled from its native country on the south eastern part of Georgian Bay of Lake Huron. They also were joined by some Algonquins who had been doing something somewhere and were compelled to seek other hunting grounds. These all lived together in apparent peace, but always with a keen eye open for a better location. Their hunters and warriors explored the shores of the bay on the east side, then crossed over to the west side landing at Northport; then in their excursions southwest they discovered the most desirable spot of all they had seen. It was the Chi-mak-a-ping and the little lakes with their adjacent forest. They found this part of the country in possession of the Chippawas who had settled long before, and immediately trouble began. The intense hunger for the possession of that location developed the old tribal spirit in each of the factions, and the various groups set themselves to acquire pos-

session of this spot in the only way known to uncivilized selfishness—just take it—drive off or kill the present possessors who had undoubtedly acquired their title in the same way. These movements and battles took place around Leland between 1750 and 1820.

The traditions of the conflicts which took place in those stirring years for possession of the Leland district still linger in the minds of the old generation of white settlers, but are fast fading and becoming indistinct in the minds of their children. So dim and indefinite have they become that it seems impossible to obtain anything like names or dates. The location of some of the battles is still pointed out with the remark "A battle was fought here; many graves have been found here; we do not know who fought, nor when, nor why."

Tradition locates one of these battles on the shore of Joe Neddo's Bay near the present country club golf ground where scattered graves have been found. It was the custom of the Indians to bury their dead braves where they fell. Another and more deadly battle was fought on the hillside just north east of the village, and graves have been found scattered over that hillside and even on top of the hill. But they are more numerous near the foot of the hill by the

shore of Lake Michigan. However, this spot was used as an Indian burial ground until about 1880, which may account for the more numerous graves. About this time this land became private property prior to which it had been included in lumber grants but having passed into private ownership it was divided into small tracts for summer cottages. While digging foundations and wells and other preparations for residences there many very interesting relics have been found. A portion of what appears to have been a crown of copper was found in one place, probably belonging to a buried chief. At another place near the grave of a supposed chief, a disc said to be of silver, much the shape of a saucer, was found. It was found upon the top of a skull. In another grave was found about a quart of beads, and in other places cooking utensils, axes, and other instruments were found, arrow-heads, pipes and parts of what must have been the warrior's armament.

Tradition is very clear in the minds of the few remaining old settlers as to some things. Since the year 1900, they have related what they heard in the early days of Leland, and also what some of them had seen. The shores of Lake Lelaneau, especially that part of the lake north of the narrows at Provmont, were dotted with te-

pees and wigwams, singly and in more or less large groups. The tract of land lying between the village of Leland and the present location of the Swiss Inn on Lelaneau, and southwest to the mountain which rises so abruptly, now known as the "Indiana Woods" was a "favorite Indian camping ground, and the shore of Lake Michigan from Leland to the mountain was lined with their wigwams and the beach covered with their canoes. There were many camps in cleared spots back in the woods, in fact the woods seemed full of them." This is related by Mrs. Bluhardt now living in Leland, who adds, that, when she was a little girl, she saw many Indian maidens gliding over the waters in their canoes along the Michigan shore south of the docks, and thinking she could do it too, she took a canoe, without the knowledge or consent of her parents, and paddled down quite a distance and back again; but just before she got to the dock, the canoe turned over and she would have been drowned but for the timely aid of some lumber men who were at the dock. She also relates that among the laborers employed in the handling of lumber, there were many Indians at that time; and at night, after the day's work was done, there was much drinking and brawling among the laborers around the company's store and the trad-

ing post which stood south of Round Top, and very frequently someone was killed. It was not considered safe by the parents for children to go about these places at night.

Another tradition, somewhat dim in detail but distinct in outline, and of course without date, and which gives the cause of one of the battles fought at Leland is of unusual interest. It was related by Napoleon Paulus, one of the early settlers there, now deceased, and may be related as follows:

A certain tribe, probably the Chippewas, occupied the forests about Leland living in peace and plenty. The old chief held his councils at the Council Tree. He had two children, a son and a daughter. The son was not a rugged warrior nor a great hunter, and therefore not very popular among the warriors. The daughter was a beautiful maiden, sought after by many of the young braves. One of them was accepted by her. He was a stalwart, manly, athletic young brave, a courageous and successful hunter, and a leader among the young men of the tribe. The wedding was celebrated in a manner befitting a daughter of the chief according to the Indian customs. Not a great while after this event, the old chief passed to the happy hunting grounds of the Great Spirit. It became necessary then to choose a new chief.

Part of the tribe desired to have as their chief the son of the old chief, but the other part chose to confer that honor upon the husband of the daughter of the old chief who was more fitted as a warrior to be a chief and lead the tribe to battle when occasion demanded. Then, too, was he not the husband of the princess of the tribe? and was she not entitled to be the wife of the Chief of the tribe? The dispute became bitter and the two factions drew apart. The conservatives adhered to the son of the old chief as their choice, and to the old oak Council tree as their headquarters. The new faction, with their chief and his bride, withdrew across the river to the northeast, and chose as their council tree a cherry tree on the slope of the hill above Leland. This tree, still standing, was the headquarters of a flintmaker and is still a feature of that location. The strife became bitter and resulted in an appeal to weapons, and a fierce civil war. A battle was fought, probably on that hillside, which resulted in the death of many warriors, and among them the chief of the conservatives—the son of the old chief. This may have been the battle previously mentioned which strewed that hillside with graves, a few of which have been found in very recent years while making roads. Peace was then arranged between the two

factions, and the chief with the princess of the tribe, his wife, assumed the honors of the headship of the tribe undisputed, and the old oak council tree once more became the visible headquarters of the tribe.

Here is a story in outline which awaits the pen of a Fenimore Cooper. Will he arrive to fill out the details of tribal, domestic, and political life and quarrels? Or must it pass into oblivion with the many now-forgotten stories of important events in the history of Indian life at Leland? That wonderful combination of natural, attractive features which held the heart of the Indian so devoutly to that Lee Land and its waters, had its romances, its feasts of rejoicing, and its tragedies. But they were not recorded. They were only told and told again by the campfires. And they who told and they who heard and told again are gone; but the wind still sighs through the branches of the old Council trees which watch over their graves but will not tell.

ENVIRONMENT

BEFORE considering the settlement of Leland by white men, it is important that we take a general view of conditions in the lower peninsula in which the white settlements were closing in around Lelaneau County.

In his centennial address, July 4, 1876, Judge Hatch gave a comprehensive statement of historic facts of great interest as to that territory, and which have been preserved in a compilation made by A. H. Johnson and printed in Traverse City in 1880,—a valuable publication and all too rare. Mr. Johnson says: "Other items in this sketch, we have gleaned from various sources, mostly from the participants themselves." Then, quoting Judge Hatch—"The Grand Traverse region, embracing all the territory north of Manistee and bordering on Lake Michigan and Traverse Bay, had been, for many centuries prior to its settlement by the whites, inhabited by Indians. The deep and well worn trails leading in various directions through the country, the old clearings at Little Traverse, Wagoshense or Fox Point, Old Mission, Cat Head Point and other places,—the old scars on maple trees, deeply embedded in the wood and nearly grown over where they had

been tapped for sugar generations ago,—all these things observed by the earliest white settlers corroberated the statements of the oldest Indians that this country, both on account of the abundance of fish in the lakes and bay and of game in the forest had been from a very remote period a favorite resort of aborigines. According to the most reliable traditions, the Indians which still remain here acquired possession of the country about two hundred and fifty years ago." He tells of the visit of Reverend George N. Smith of Northport to the battleground at Sleeping Bear where the Ottawas almost annihilated the tribe of Prairie Indians and where he found the abandoned camp equipment of the latter, such as kettles set on stones, which were almost covered by the drifting sand.

This compilation of Mr. Johnson is probably the most important document bearing upon the Leland district which has been published, as it shows the closing in around it of the first white settlements. Up to 1839 when Reverend George N. Smith, under the auspices of the Presbyterian Board of Missions, located a mission at Northport, there had been no white settlers in Leelanau County, if indeed he could be called a settler. On one of his explorations about 1842, he visited the Indian village of Che-

mak-a-ping, but merely visited it. The bare mention of that fact in one of his letters is the first recorded account we have that a white man had ever set his foot in the district of Leland. Pierre Marquette is said to have sailed from Mackinac down the coast southward on Lake Michigan, but there is no record or tradition of his having stopper at Leland. This was the beginning of what developed into an important Indian trading post at Glen Arbor.

Says Dr. M. L. Leach, "In 1847, John Lerue came from Chicago to the Manitou Islands in search of health. At that time there were no white men in Lelaneau County. Finding the climate favorable to his health, Mr. Lerue commenced trading with the Indians. The next year, 1848, he moved over to the mainland, to what was then called Sleeping Bear Bay, but now Glen Arbor, thus becoming the first white settler in Leanleau County."

ANTOINE MANSEAU

PRIOR to 1850, there had been established white settlements along the southeast shore of Lake Michigan as far north as Manistee,—lumber camps. The industry of ship building became an important feature of the business at Manistee on account of the large supply of timber in that vicinity suitable for masts, spars and other parts of sailing ships which followed the coast trade—almost wholly lumber and camp supplies. The ship carpenters and lumber workmen were mostly Frenchmen from Quebec and east Canada ports. At Portage, near Manistee, there lived and labored one of these Frenchmen who had sailed up the coast of the Lee Land around to Traverse Bay and Mackinac, and who had seen and probably heard something on his way concerning the Chi-mak-a-ping and its suitableness for a new lumber camp and mill. He determined to undertake an enterprise of his own, and accordingly set to work and constructed a small sailing boat suitable for his own purpose. In the spring of 1853, he launched his boat upon Lake Michigan, put on board his household effects, among which was a cooking stove and a chicken coop full of chickens. Then placing on board his wife and seven children, five of them being girls,

and two or three of them young ladies, he set sail northward along the shore of the Lee Land for the spot which he had for some time in mind. It was after dark when he arrived at the place where he wished to land, and a stiff wind was blowing. But land he must and did—just a few rods north of the mouth of Chi-mak-a-ping, where he carried his family ashore, and then his household goods, and placed them among the dense growths of cedars and arbor vita on the bank, just a few rods south of where Mr. Woodbridge's cottage now stands. He built a tent of cedar boughs to shelter his family and set free his chickens to find their roost among the pines. That night the wind rose to a gale and rain fell in torrents. The next morning all the family were drenched and the cookstove was full of water. What became of the chickens, or how fared the boat in that storm upon that shore, tradition does not report. The name of this man, the first white man who ever arrived and settled in Leland, was Antoine Manseau.

The Indians were very friendly to the French in those early days, and they gave a kindly welcome to Manseau and his family. They came at once to his assistance and soon had constructed a comfortable house of hemlock bark for Manseau and his family; and thus established, the family soon

became contented citizens. How interesting would be the story of that first year of their life alone among the Indians at Leland could it have been written! It was not until a year later that Manseau was joined by other white settlers and during that year came J. I. Miller, John Porter, S. Buckman, John Bryant and Fredrick Cook. These men joined with Manseau in the building of the first dam near the mouth of the Chimak-a-ping, which was destined to change the name of that stream. This dam was at or very near the site of the present dam. To get the required fall and tail race, he cut a ditch below the mill which washed the present channel below the dam where the water flows to the lake, thus changing the course of the stream at that point and making its entrance into the lake about one hundred yards south of its former exit, which was a little distance north of the dock afterwards erected there. At this dam Manseau built and operated the first sawmill in this region.

Antoine Manseau and his family lived on most amicable terms with their dusky fellow dwellers on Chi-mak-a-ping. His daughters grew into healthy and beautiful young ladies and his sons into stalwart young men. The young ladies felt secure in their frontier life and had no fear of the In-

dians who treated them with that friendly respect which reflected the spirit of honor, and which, with some other traits of character possessed by them and displayed when treated kindly and fairly, entitled them to be called the "noble red men." The only cause of fear which the Manseau family ever had was on account of the Mormons who had set up a kingdom on Beaver Island, under one James J. Strang who claimed to be the successor of Joseph Smith as head of the Mormon Church, and who had been crowned king of the Mormons on Beaver Island on the 8th of July, 1850. The chief doctrine of that so-called religious sect was the divine duty of every true disciple to annex as many wives as he could support. The young ladies of the Manseau family were carefully guarded against any attempts which might be made by members of that sect who found no sympathy for their doctrine or methods of putting it into practice among the Indians. The young ladies were safe under the protection of the Indians from raids, and were carefully guarded against abduction which had on occasion been practiced by the Mormons.

These young ladies later became the wives of young men who came to Leland and their names became Catherine Miller, Julie Dean, Emily Grant, Odelia Mosier and Philomena

Paulus—wife of Napoleon Paulus, both of whom spent their lives at Leland. Antoine, Jr., the eldest son died at Sutton's Bay, and the youngest son, Joseph Manseau still lives at Manistee. The daughter of Philomena and Napoleon Paulus, who were known to the early resorters, became the wife of William Stander, at Leland, to whom the writer is indebted for most of the information concerning her grandfather. Antoine Manseau did not live to see the full development of the enterprise which he had begun but died in 1856. He was the first white man to be buried where the cemetery now is, up over the hill from Leland where his grave may be seen. It should be marked, and inscribed "THE PIONEER."

FIRESIDE TALES

AMONG the very early settlers at Leland was Alexander Mason, Sr., born in Scotland, a chief carpenter, who constructed a grist mill which was operated in connection with the sawmill which had been erected at the dam; for those first white men began at once to raise corn and later other grain, for food. They built a bridge across the river close to the site of the present one. Alexander Mason, Sr., lived just south of the dam—the sand has blown over its foundation and that of some other houses there. One of his sons, Alexander Mason, Jr., now of Traverse City and his youngest brother are the only survivors of the Mason family. James Mason, deceased, spent his life and reared his family at Leland. The present scribe, here, wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness to James Mason, whose friendship he enjoyed from 1901 until his death, for much information concerning the early times, and for the remnants of some traditions which were too indefinite to be recorded here, as we sat by a large blazing fireplace or on a log in the woods and whose stories of those early days awakened a keen interest in the history and traditions of that locality; of the lumber camps in and around Leland and the hunt-

ing expeditions, the abundance of fish so easily taken; of the camps of Indians along the shores and especially the little villages of tepees back in the Indiana Woods in the cleared spots of ground where they were sheltered from the wind of Lake Michigan and in fact all along the shores of Lelaneau; and the experiences of that day when he carried his oldest son—about four years of age—on his back "all the way from Leland to Traverse City to a doctor—the little fellow was tongue-tied," and that trip was made by paths and log roads through the woods; and with his ever present sense of humor he added, "I didn't take a gun, I had all the game I wanted to carry." He loved the simple, informal life of the old times and told their stories, of which he had a great store, with much pleasure, always seeing the humorous side of things. But there was always a note of regret at the coming of the new state of things, which he clearly foresaw.

One day while we were shooting at a mark, he said, "We didn't pay much attention to dressing up or painting houses in those days, but I suppose we'll have to spruce up some now—owing to those damn resorters"—with that insuppressible smile of his. He may have referred to the resorters living near the dam.

He aided in the construction of the first launch ever built in Leland. It was built in his shop on the bank of the river which now constitutes part of Mr. Stander's boat repair shop. This was the second launch on the lake and was christened at his suggestion the "Norman." He seemed greatly pleased and almost surprised when the boat started up the river and exclaimed, "She runs like a scared hound!"

The cheerful spirit and willing helpfulness of Jim Mason will abide in the memory of those early resorters.

Between 1860-70 there was great development in the lumber industry around Leland. A new dam was built—higher than the first dam—which raised the water level, not only of the river but also of the lakes at its source. This enabled the lumbermen to float rafts of logs to the mills along the shores of Chi-mak-a-ping. But a result obtained by raising the dam which was of even greater value was that the shallow streams connecting the southern lake with the middle lake and it with the northern lake, at what was called the Narrows at Provmont, were converted into waters deep enough for boats and lumber rafts. The three lakes became one body of water, and the docks already erected near the mouth of the river in Lake Michigan became available

to mills south of Provmont. This greater facility for transportation greatly increased the lumber mills and the lumber business, until the banks of the river were lined with mills and lumber yards. The population of the village increased accordingly, being variously estimated at from 1500 to 2500 people.

Alexander Mason, Jr., states that in 1865, the Huron Indians still occupied the Indiana Woods; that much firewood for lake steamers was rafted down the river and marketed at Leland; that hunting and fishing were excellent; deer were plentful and wild pigeons so numerous as to darken the sky when they rose for fight; that he had killed as many as sixteen at one shot, that one could kill them with a fishing pole; that wild ducks were abundant, and that he had killed as many as seven at one shot on Lelaneau.

The iron furnaces were built on the shore of Lake Michigan, just north of the remains of the dock which are still to be seen north of the river, in 1872. Furnaces for making charcoal of hard wood for use in smelting iron ore were located on the right bank of the river a few rods east of the end of the present bridge in the village of Leland. Ore was brought from Escanaba, Michigan, to

Leland where it was smelted by charcoal and the iron shipped to southern markets.

Great activity in the cutting and sawing of lumber occupied the years from 1870-80. It was about the year 1875 that the land now commonly known as the Indiana Woods was cut. This land was heavily timbered, except the little cleared spots scattered through the forest which had been occupied by Indian camps. One of the most beautiful camp sites in this forest and which was always occupied by a village of tepees was a level bench of land looking out upon Lake Lelaneau protected by the forest and the hills and said to have been a comfortable spot even in winter. Upon this spot F. C. Ball erected his first wigwam. It is now on the land of E. B. Ball.

About this time occurred a tragedy of the forest the marks of which are still very visible. A fierce cyclone from Lake Michigan struck the shore at or near Duck Lake, a half mile southwest of the present home of John Robinson, and swept a path through the forest eastward just south of Robinson's Bay laying flat every tree of that great forest, making a path about one hundred yards wide. The holes and mounds made by the upturned roots of those trees still make the land almost impassible, even on foot.

The lumbering industry extended south along the shores of both lakes: to Provmont, Cedar City and Bingham after the building of the second dam which raised the waters of Lelaneau; and to Good Harbor on Lake Michigan, which, next to Leland, became the largest lumber port in Lelaneau county. This port, once so busy a lumber market, with acres of piled lumber, with its many inhabitants and dwellings, is now a deserted village, whose empty dwellings, large stores, saloon and hotel, with doors ajar, empty shelves, broken windows and the wrecks and foundations of other buildings tell a silent story of a busy life which has passed and gone. No ships lie in the quiet harbor with sails furled awaiting their cargoes, or spread their white sails to bear their loads of lumber to the southern markets. The sea gulls find a quiet resting place upon the piles of the old dock, and sometimes into the brooding silence a few fishermen come and spread their nets upon the sands.

DECLINE OF LELAND

WITH the exhaustion of the timber in reach of water transportation, the lumber industry began to wane and die on Lelaneau and the river until about 1900, when only the remnants of a few mills lay idle and abandoned beside their empty lumber yards, and the silence was broken only by the whistle of the incoming Tiger from Fouch, and the shrill whistle of John Peter's portable sawmill which lingered along the river to saw the last log at Leland. The old black piles still stood above the lashing waves of Lake Michigan where once the docks had been, each well worn stump providing a perch for a sea gull. Many houses had wholly disappeared from the village with the vanishing population, and those that remained looked old and very paintless. There were but two stores, the Cordes Brothers' and Pickards, with very scanty stocks of merchandise,—they made no deliveries. Julius Prousa had the germ of a livery stable which later—like the stores—grew and thrived, and may yet bloom into a garage. There was not a saloon in Leland to furnish artificial stimulant to the almost deserted village, or where the old inhabitants would meet to drink to the health of the new-born summer resort.

A few fishermen, the Cooks, the Prices, and the Clauses, put out from the mouth of the river below the dam and its abandoned sawmill to their fishing grounds in Lake Michigan in sailboats. There was not a power boat among the fishing fleet. And when the nets had yelded their haul and the boats had returned to the fish houses in the river, the campers could and did obtain a supply of fresh white fish and lake trout—at five cents a pound.

But a new day was dawning on Leland. The ages-old lure of natural attraction in a quiet retreat was about to draw new devotees to do them honor where the old campfire had grown dim and almost gone out.

LELAND REDISCOVERED

ABOUT the year 1890, the lumber interests of Chicago, which had projected a railway into the lumber regions northeast from Manestee, extended the road to Traverse City by way of Fouch, —named after a Frenchman whose lumber camp was located there. This was an outlet for lumber from the Traverse region to the shipping port of Manistee which shortened the shipping haul to the south and avoided the hazardous winds and shores of the Lee Land. Reports of the Great hunting and especially fine fishing grounds to be found in that lumber region began to be told by the lumber men in Chicago, and was heard by gentlemen who were listening for just such tales and seeking a good place to cast a fly. The next June, a few of them came by lumber boats to Manistee and thence by rail to Fouch—the head of Lelaneau—where they stayed at the lumber camps and fought bass and trout by day and mosquitos at night. Returning to Chicago they regaled their friends with stories of the delights of the sport of fishing in the newly discovered country and the abundance of that game of the waters,—not to mention mosquitos. Then more men came, and their arrival in ever-increasing numbers occasioned the

building of a hotel at Fouch for their accommodation. They explored the lake northward in their search for better fishing grounds and found the waters deeper and the fishing better the further northward they went. The most northern part—the largest of the three original lakes—was very deep and in addition to having better fishing grounds was surrounded by more picturesque scenery with abrupt shores and without bordering marshlands. In 1896 Professor Bridgeman of the Lake Forest University, in search of rest—and fish—camped near Porter's Landing on the northeast side of the upper lake, and later built a bungalow about a mile further north on that shore to which he returned each succeeding summer. He was the morning star of the new day about to dawn on Leland.

In the summer of 1900, Mr. Walter T. Best of Chicago, came to Fouch in quest of recreation and fishing bringing with him his young wife. Mr. Best became a national celebrity as an entertainer under the management of the Lyceum Bureaus, and was known to the public as "Maro." They returned the next summer, made their headquarters at Fouch, and were so delighted with the new scenery and refreshing climate that they determined to establish a summer home in that region. Mr. Best

hired a small steamboat, the Tiger, Captain Harting, the only boat then on Lelaneau, and explored the shores of the lake for a home site. The shores of the northern part of the lake attracted their especial attention, and the point of land standing out into the lake just east of the source of the river, known to the Indians as Misha-ma-coping, an old Indian camp ground—a beautiful open forest of pines, was chosen and purchased, upon which later they built their beautiful home well known as "Maro Nook," so named by Mrs. Best. They also placed upon Lelaneau the first gas launch which had ever glided over its limpid waters. That same summer, 1901, Mr. Luther Conant bought the cone-shaped hill just south of the dam, on the top of which later he built his summer home, and named the hill Round Top. That same year also, the Chandler and Dunshe families and Mrs. Cushman arrived and decided to build cottages on Lelaneau just north of Maro Nook.

In 1900 Mrs. August Detzer and Mrs. Mahuran, of Ft. Wayne, Indiana, after searching the map of Michigan to find a secluded spot for a summer outing and writing to the postmaster at Leland as to the possibility of securing lodgings, came to Traverse City, thence to Fouch by rail, thence by the Tiger to Leland and "put up at Old Man Brown's,"

the only lodgings obtainable in Leland. They started on their exploring expeditions and soon discovered the unbroken, roadless, pathless forests south of the village—The Indiana Woods. Their report of their discovery of the wild camping ground, where they had established their camp, and the fine fishing nearby, to H. W. Ninde of Ft. Wayne brought him at once to revel in his chief delight, fishing and camping. He immediately set about the purchase of that tract of land. The next winter, beside the prosaic hot-air register of a town house he told his brother-in-law, Joseph Littell of Indianapolis, and the next summer, he arrived and pitched his tent. Then he told Frank Blackledge and he put in an appearance. Then Mrs. Detzer told the McPhails, and Miss Colerick of Ft. Wayne, and they arrived. Then F. C. Ball of Muncie heard a rumor and came to see and stayed to camp; and he promptly told his brothers, Dr. Lucius Ball and E. B. Ball and they, with Arthur Brady and J. Otis Adams came to see what it was all about, and they all staked out claims. And the woods rang with the glad voices of children and the shores glowed with beach fires. Everyone was filled with delight and enthusiasm. Everybody told everybody else, and in this way Leland began its new day as a summer resort.

This brief and imperfect sketch of the first settlement of Leland by resorters in the Indiana Woods is but typical of other settlements all around Leland. Each newcomer imparted his glad tidings of discovery of natural attractions, secluded from the busy social life and throng of summer resorts on the highways of travel, to his friends, and became the nucleus of a circle which grew up somewhere near Leland. There was no booming of Leland by hotels —there were none; nor by realestate agents —they have not yet discovered Leland; nor by railroad—they did not reach it; nor by steamship companies—there was no dock. The settlements upon the hillsides above Leland and the cottages nestling among the trees all around the shores of Lelaneau could tell a similar story with only a change of names and dates, while the tall flagstaffs on Conant's Round Top and Maro's Point fling out a cheerful welcome by day to newcomers, and the lighthouse built by Horace C. Starr near his home on the bar at the source of the river is a beaconlight of welcome to many a launch at night in search of port.

Leland as it is today "just growed" like Topsy. It was not "brought up." The enthusiastic attachment of those who have experienced its delights in summer is the

product of natural conditions. It is exhaled like a miasma and is contageous. It cannot be paralleled by artificial attractions. It holds us—we love it. And in just that indefinable bond we are linked to the past—to our predecessors there who have left the evidences of their devotion to it in the dead language of their mounds and graves. They too were men and loved it.

Then, too, Antoine Manseau's kindly welcome was repeated when we arrived at Leland. The few citizens of the small village made us welcome and gave every possible assistance to the newcomer. Who can forget the cheerful greetings and willing help of Jim Mason or Dad Price, Old Man Brown and Charlie Ribble, Junior and Senior, Charlie and Leo Miller, Jim Reynolds and John Robinson, Mr. Dalton and DeLong who built our chimneys, and Mr. Swartz and the Lederlys—all so well known to us; or the county officials, Mr. Hinshaw, Carson Warner, Martin Brown, and the then young attorney L. C. Dayton and the editor of the Enterprise, W. C. Nelson,—all so ready and willing to aid us with information and advice when we were strangers there and all things were new.

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And so the summers there pass all too swiftly, until Aurora waves her most brilliant signals in the northern night to proclaim the coming of the cold north winds. Then with reluctant backward looks, we prepare for our migration southward—but with the firm resolve to come again. And when the sunsets on the Big Lake have swung southward until that drama, with its procenium arch of clouds tinted with golden glory and its curtains of indescribable beauty, is enacted on the deep green waters south of Great Manitou, and the colors of the sea and sky have been caught by the forest foliage in blended hues which challenge and allure our artists, Otto Stark and J. Ottis Adams, and seem to mock their efforts to catch and transfer them to canvas —then it is that we stroll once more through the carpeted trails and feel most keenly the solemn quiet of the evening of the year—

When the autumn winds are sighing
Through the treetops gold and brown,
And the summer flowers are dying
While the leaves come sifting down.