

Reminiscences of the Northwest

By B. P. H. Witherell

I.—Capt. John Grant, Wayne, Tecumseh

I called, awhile since, on my old friend, Capt. John Grant, of Grosse Pointe. Age sits lightly on the venerable, old man. The Captain is a sort of Melchisideck, on the Pointe. He knows no beginning of his days—no father, mother, kith or kin; even his true name is to him unknown, though he has some fifteen or twenty children to hand the name of Grant along down the ever rolling stream of time. The first distinct recollection that he has of his childhood, is that he was a captive boy, about three years old, among a wandering band of Chippewa warriors. Whence he came, his name or lineage, he never knew. It was rumored, in after years, that he was captured somewhere on the borders of Kentucky,—“the dark and bloody ground,”—some seventy years since. He well remembers the dress he wore, when he found himself playing with the papooses of the captors. It was a calico morning gown, gaily ornamented with ruffles. He says, “though I remember nothing of my home, my parents, or family, yet, when I think of *mother*, it seems as though a shadow passed before my eyes.”

From the form of the furrowed and time-worn features of the old veteran, he must have been a beautiful, blue-eyed boy; and it was, in some measure, owing to his personal