

rest, and the next morning after breakfast we rode to Grand Rapids. Upon our arrival our first wish was to find a hotel, but there was none in the place. We then inquired for our friend N. O. Sargeant, a gentleman in the boot and shoe business in Detroit. He had purchased a large interest in the village plat of Grand Rapids, and was then at work building a mill race, expecting to realize an immense fortune out of his speculation. We soon found him, and he very kindly directed us to the only place he knew of where we would be likely to find lodgings. In this he was not mistaken, but the house was a new one, and the doors not yet hung. Notwithstanding this, there was a very pleasant family residing there, who took us in, and took very good care of us. We also found a shed in which to place our horses, but there seemed to be a scarcity of horse feed in the place. Mr. Sargeant was running short of feed, and was unable to supply us. Mr. Morrison, then and now of Grand Rapids, went with us to Mr. Louis Campau, the only man who could spare hay and oats, but upon application to him he refused to furnish our horses with feed, because, he said, a few days previous he had permitted some Yankees to put their horses in his barn, and he had furnished hay and grain for them. The men had not only left without paying him, but they stole his halters. Therefore he would not have anything more to do with the Yankees. However, his good nature soon got the better of all that, and he sold us all the hay and grain we wanted.

“After spending a day and night there, and finding it would be impossible to visit Saranae, we left Grand Rapids over an Indian trail, through a dense forest on the west side of the Thornapple, and late in the afternoon arrived at Moran’s house in the wilderness, where we had been so well cared for a few days previous. We engaged supper and lodging, and spent a very pleasant evening with the guests of the house, several having arrived soon after ourselves. After supper a young man started up the ladder that led to the attic. The landlord, noticing him, told him to come down. He said he was sick, and wished to go to bed. Mr. Moran said: ‘There is no bed for you: they are all engaged. If you are sick, the place for you is on the floor with your feet to the fire.’ The young man remonstrated, the landlord insisted, and said: ‘You can lie here