

DEATH OF IGNATIUS PETOSKEY

The Chippewa Chief

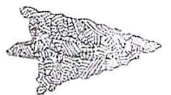
Ignatius Petoskey died Friday of last week at about four o'clock in the afternoon. The last sad rites took place at the Methodist church in Petoskey, and were conducted by Rev. G.W. Sherman the present pastor, assisted by Rev. W.S. Sly, a former pastor of this church. The house was crowded with people a long time before the appointed hour, and many were obliged to remain outside during the ceremonies over the remains of the departed chief.

The services were opened by singing one of Mr. Sankey's most beautiful hymns by the choir, "To be There." Prayer was offered by Rev. Sly. Music, "Waiting and Watching." Reading appropriate passages of scripture by the pastor. Sermon by Rev. Sherman, concluding with music by the choir, "Sweet By and By."

The words upon which the discourse was founded were from Genesis, chapter 47, verses 8 and 9: "And Jacob said unto Pharaoh, the days of the years of my pilgrimage are an hundred and thirty years; few and evil have the days of the years of my life been, and have not attained unto the days of the years of the life of my fathers in the days of their pilgrimage."

The leading thoughts presented were, life, its brevity, how looked upon by the old and the young, its fullness of disappointments, the old patriarchs its most capable philosophers. A brief history of the deceased was given by the speaker, who closed with a very appropriate and touching address to the friends and relatives.

The bearers were Jackson Ingalls, R.R. Atkins, Charles Wilson, Chas. Powell, William Atkin, & J.H. Atkin. Funeral director R.C. Smith took charge of the various details connected with the solemn occasion.



The floral contributions were remarkably fine; it being children's day the church was tastefully decorated with rare flowers and evergreens. The deceased was passionagely fond of flowers in his lifetime, and it seemed only fit and proper that the death angel should summon him away in the bloom and verdure of spring time.

He was born in the year 1787, at the mouth of a little creek where the city of Manistee now stands. His father, Nee-i-to-shing, (The Early Dawn) with others of his tribe, went down the lake shore into the south country hunting and trapping as was their custom.

On their return, well laden with skins and game, they camped at the little creek, near the mouth of the Manistee river. Here the deceased was born. Nee-i-to-shing put back the dear skin door of his rude lodge and looked up at the morning sky. Bright shafts of sunlight shot up like streaks of flame lighting the eastern woods. Just then the first cry of his new born babe came to his ear, and he named him Pe-te-se-ga, which translated is the "Rising Sun." Nearly his entire life has been spent in this vicinity. When he was 22 years old he took for his wife the daughter of a near neighbor—Keway-ka-ba-wi-kwa.

They had fourteen children, most of whom are now living. His wife died in 1881. For the foregoing biography we are indebted to the history of the Grand Traverse Region, and know from personal knowledge that the facts therein stated were derived largely from his family and friends, some of whom are older than himself.

When the village was to be named it was the desire of the early proprietors of the town to honor the old chief by giving it his name.

By his knowledge and consent, the spelling and pronounciation was slightly changed, and Petoskey has from that time been recognized by the family as their name. He was strictly temperate in his habits, and has been a professor of religion for many years. He once owned much of the land upon which the village now stands, and the name Petoskey has passed into history. He has lived to see the remnant of his tribe pass through the days of their native simplicity and enter

the world of civilization. Under his eyes have vanished his favority hunting grounds; the forests through which he roamed in his youth and manhood, have been converted into homes for the whiteman, and the ground selected by him in an early day upon which his rude house was erected is now occupied by a thriving village. He was respected and honored by his friends, foes, he had none. His illness was brief, and he died more from infirmities of age than disease. His life rolled on in a smooth unbroken current until nearly a century is marked upon the dial of his years.

"Then he gave his honors to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace."