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In each of the circles, list characteristics that are unique to each time period. In the middle, where the circles overlap, write the characteristics they have in common.
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DE 1.2: Map: Michigan in 2010

MICHIGAN POPULATION KEY
- HIGHEST POPULATION
- HIGH POPULATION
- MIDDLE POPULATION
- LOW POPULATION
- LOWEST POPULATION
DE 1.3: Detroit Descriptions

Detroit River Description
“The islands are the finest in the world. They are covered with forest of the nut and fruit trees, and with wild vines loaded with grapes. From these we made a large quantity of wine. The banks of the Strait [Detroit River] are vast meadows, and the prospect is terminated with some hills covered with vineyards, trees bearing good fruit; and the groves and forests so well arranged that one would think that Nature alone could not have laid out the grounds so effectively without the help of man, so charming was the prospect.

“The country is well stocked with stags, wild goat, and bears, all of which furnish excellent food, and they are not at all fierce as in other countries. There are herds of buffaloes that trample down the flowers and grass as they rush around in their clumsy motion. There are great numbers of moose and elk, which in the size of their horns almost rival the branches of the great trees. Turkey cocks sweep along like clouds overhead.”

Father Hennepin
From The Ambassador Bridge: A Monument to Progress by Philip P. Mason, Wayne State University Press.

Mishomis Excerpt
“From here, the people move to a place identified by one of the earlier prophets as “a place where two great bodies of water are connected by a thin, narrow river.” This river was described as a “deep and fat ribbon of water that slices through the land like a knife.” Many lives were lost crossing this river. This third stopping place was very likely the shores of the Detroit River that connects Lake St. Clair and Lake Huron in the North to Lake Erie in the South.”

-From Mishomis: The Voice of the Ojibway by Edward Benton Benai, Indian Country Communications, Inc.
DE 1.4: Photo: Detroit Skyline, 2010
DE 1.5: Artifacts: Birch Bark Baskets with Quill Work

Photographed by Melissa Pflug
DE 1.6: Artifacts: Snowshoes and Wampum Belt

DE 1.7: Artifacts: Birch Bark Container, Tomahawks, Bone Horsehead Awl and Moccasins
DE 1.8: Story: The Origin of the Robin

Spiritual gifts are sought by the Chippewas through fasting. An old man had an only son, a fine promising lad, who had come to that age which is thought by the Chippewas to be the most proper to make the long and final fast, that is to secure through life a guardian spirit, on whom future prosperity or adversity is to depend, and who forms and establishes the character of the faster to great or ignoble deeds.

This old man was ambitious that his son should surpass all others in whatever was deemed most wise and great amongst his tribe. And to fulfill his wishes, he thought it necessary that his son must fast a much longer time than any of those persons known for their great power or wisdom, whose fame he envied.

He therefore directed his son to prepare with great ceremony, for the important event. After he had been in the sweating lodge and bath several times, he ordered him to lie down upon a clean mat, in a little lodge expressly prepared for him, telling him at the same time to bear himself like a man, and that at the expiration of twelve days, he should receive food, and the blessing of his father.

The lad carefully observed this injunction, laying with his face covered with perfect composure, awaiting those happy visitations which were to seal his good or ill fortune. His father visited him every morning regularly to encourage him to perseverance, expatiating at full length on the renown and honor that attend him through life, if he accomplished the full term proscribed. To these admonitions the boy never answered, but lay without the least sign of unwillingness till the ninth day, when he addresses his father – “My father, my dreams are ominous of evil! May I break my fast now, and at a more propitious time, make a new fast?” The father answered – “My son, you know not what you ask! If you get up now, all your glory will depart. Wait patiently a little longer. You have but three days yet to accomplish what I desire. You know, it is for your own good.”

The son assented, and covering himself closer, he lay until the eleventh day, when he repeated his request to his father. The same answer was given him, by the old man, adding, that the next day he would himself prepare his first meal, and bring it to him. The boy remained silent, but lay like a skeleton. No one would have known he was living but by the gentle heaving of his breast.

The next morning the father, elated at having gained his end, prepared a repast for his son, and hastened to set it before him. On coming to the door, he was surprised to hear his son talking to himself. He stopped to listen, and looking through a small aperture, was more astonished when he beheld his son painted with vermillion on his breast, in the act of finishing his work by laying on the paint as far as his hand could reach on his shoulders, saying at the same time: - “My father has ruined me, as a man; he would not listen to my request; he will now be the loser. I shall be forever happy in my new state, for I have been obedient to my parent; he alone will be the sufferer; for the Spirit is a just one, though not propitious to me. He has shown me pity, and now I must go.”

At that moment the old man broke in, exclaiming, “My son! My son! Do not leave me!” But his son with the quickness of a bird had flown up to the top of the lodge, and perched on the highest pole, a beautiful robin red-breast. He looked down on his father with pity beaming in his eyes, and told him, that he should always be seen happy and contented by the constant cheerfulness and pleasure he would display, that he would still cheer his father by his songs, which would be some consolation for the loss of the glory he had expected; and that, although no longer a man, he should ever be the harbinger of peace and joy to the human race.

From Schoolcraft’s Ojibwa Lodge Stories, edited by Philip P. Mason.
DE 1.9: Story: The Three Cranberries
Three Cranberries were living in a lodge together. One was green, one white, and one red. They were sisters. There was snow on the ground; and as the men were absent, they felt afraid, and began to say to each other, “What shall we do if the wolf comes?”

“I,” said the green one, “will climb up a shingoub tree.”

“I,” said the white one, “will hide myself in the kettle of boiled hominy.”

“And I,” said the red one, “will conceal myself under the snow.”

Presently, the wolves came, and each one did as she had said. But only one of the three had judged wisely. The wolves immediately ran to the kettle and ate up the corn, and with it, the white cranberry. The red one was tramped to pieces by their feet, and her blood spotted the snow. But she who had climbed the thick spruce tree escaped unnoticed, and was saved.

From Schoolcraft’s Ojibwa Lodge Stories, edited by Philip P. Mason.

DE 1.10: Story: Allegory of the Seasons
An old man was sitting alone in his lodge, by the side of a frozen stream. It was the close of winter, and his fire was almost out. He appeared very old and very desolate. His locks were white with age, and he trembled in every joint. Day after day passed in solitude, and he heard nothing but the sounds of the tempest, sweeping before it the new-fallen snow.

One day, as his fire was just dying, a handsome young man approached and entered his dwelling. “You shall do the same, and we will amuse ourselves.”

He then drew from his sack a curiously-wrought antique pipe, and having filled it with tobacco, rendered mild by an admixture of certain leaves, handed it to his guest. When this ceremony was concluded they began to speak.

“I blow my breath,” said the old man, “and the streams stand still. The water becomes stiff and hard as clear stone.”

“I breathe,” said the young man, “and flowers spring up all over the plains.”

“I shake my locks,” retorted the old man, “and snow covers the land. The leaves fall from the trees at my command, and my breath blows them away. The birds get up from the water, and fly to a distant land. The animals hide themselves from my breath, and the very ground becomes as hard as flint.”

“I shake my ringlets,” rejoined the young man, “and warm showers of soft rain fall upon the earth. The plants lift up their heads out of the earth, like the eyes of children glistening with delight. My voice recalls the birds. The warmth of my breath unlocks the streams. Music fills the groves wherever I walk, and all nature rejoices.”

At length the sun began to rise. A gentle warmth came over the place. The tongue of the old man became silent. The robin and bluebird began to sing on the top of the lodge. The stream began to murmur by the door, and the fragrance of growing herbs and flowers came softly on the vernal breeze.
DE 1.11: Story: Disappearance of the Rose

Roses were once the most numerous and brilliantly colored of all the flowers. Such were their number and such were the variety and richness of their shades that they were common. No one paid much attention to them; their beauty went unnoticed, their glory unsung.

Even when their numbers declined and their colors faded, no one appeared to care. Cycles of scarcity and plenty has occurred. There was no cause for alarm. There is degeneration and regeneration. Plenty always follows scarcity.

But year after year, roses became fewer in number. As the numbers and richness of the flowers diminished, the fatness of the rabbits increased. Only the bear, and the bee, and the humming-bird were aware that something was wrong.

The Anishinabeg felt that something was not quite right but they couldn’t explain it. They only know that the bear was thinner and that the bear’s flesh was less sweet that formerly. The bears found smaller quantities of honey and what they found was less delectable. The bees and humming-birds found fewer roses. The Anishinabeg were bewildered; the bears blamed the bees; the bees were alarmed. But no one could do anything.

Eventually, one summer there were no roses. Bees hungered; humming-birds grew thin; the bears raged. In later years, that summer was known as the Sommer of the Disappearance of the Rose. At last, everyone was alarmed. In desperation, a great meeting was called. Everyone was invited.

There were many days of discussion before the meeting decided to dispatch all the swift to search the world for a single rose; and, if they found one, to bring it back. Months went by before a humming-bird chanced to discover a solitary rose growing and clinging to a mountainside in a far off land.

The humming-bird lifted the faint and pallid rose from its bed and brought it back. On arrival, medicine men and women immediately tended the rose and in a few days restored the rose to life. When he was well enough the rose was able to give an account of the destruction of the roses.

In a voice quivering with weakness, the rose said, “The rabbits ate all the roses.”

The assembly raised an angry uproar. At the word, the bears and wolves and lynxes seized the rabbits by the ears and cuffed them around. During the assault the rabbits’ ears were stretched and their mouths split open. The outraged animals might have killed all the rabbits that day had the rose interceded on their behalf saying, “Had you cared and watched us, we might have survived. But you were unconcerned. Our destruction was partly your fault. Leave the rabbits be.”

Reluctantly the angry animals released the rabbits. While the rabbits wounds eventually healed, they did not lose their scars which remained as marks of their
intemperance. Nor did the roses ever attain their former brilliance or abundance. Instead the rose received thorns to protect them from the avarice of the hungry and the intemperate.
I would like to tell you a story about how man was created on this earth. This story was handed down to me by my Grandfathers. They recorded their stories on rows of wee-gwas (birch bark). This way our sacred teachings will never be lost.

When Aki (the earth) was young, it was said that the earth had a family. Neebegeesis [Nokomis] (the moon) is called grandmother. The earth is said to be a woman. She is called Mother Earth because from her come all living things. Water is her lifeblood. On her surface everything is given four sacred directions – north, south, east, and west. When she was young, this earth was filled with beauty.

The creator, Gitchie Monito, took four parts of Mother Earth and blew into them using this mégis or sacred shell. From this man was created. To this day the mégis or cowrie shell is worn by Indians to symbolize and remember this event.

From this original man came Anishinabe. In Ojibway language, if you break down the word, this is what it means: Ani (from whence), Nishina (lowered) Abe (the male of the species).

It is said that the Great Spirit lowered man to the earth.

This man was created in the image of Gitchie Monito. He is natural man. He is part of Mother Earth. He lives in brotherhood with all that is around him.

All tribes come from this original man.

We believe that we are Nee-kon-nis (brothers) with all tribes. We are separated only by our tongue or language.

The Ojibway are a tribe because of the way they speak.

So it is in this way that the Ojibway teachings tell us how life developed for the Anishinabe.

Way back when just Indians lived in this country a religious prophet told us of a people who would come and try to destroy our sacred teachings. To keep this from happening, the Ojibways took a log from the manone (ironwood tree). They hollowed it out and put inside all the birch bark scrolls on which the teachings and ceremonies were recorded. Men were lowered over a cliff by long ropes. They dug a hole in the cliff and buried the log where no one could find it.

It is said that the time will come again when Indian people can practice their religion without fearing any man. When this time comes, the prophets say that a little boy will dream where the ironwood log full of the sacred scrolls is buried. He will lead his people to the place. From that time on, all of us will be able to live in religious freedom again. That time is not yet come today. Maybe, those of you who hear this story will see all these things come about.

From Mishomis: The Voice of the Ojibway by Edward Benton Benai, Indian Country Communications, Inc.
The Tree of Life

A tree images life
It grow
Unwell, it heals itself
Spent, it dies.

A tree reflects being
It changes
Altered, it restores itself
Ever to remain the same.

A tree gives life
It abides
It lends existence yet
Endures undiminished

Trees give me everything
Serve all my needs
To the tree I can give nothing
Except my song of praise.
When I look upon a tree
I remember that
The apple tree can
Allay my hunger
The maple can
Slake my thirst
The pine can
Heal my wounds and cuts
The bark of birch can
Form my home, can
Mould my canoe and vessels
The tissue of birch can
Keep the images that I draw
The balsam groves can
Shield me from the winds
Fruit of the grape vine can
Bend as my bow, while
The cherrywood provides
An arrow shaft.
The cedar ferns can
Cushion my body in sleep
The basswood can
Become my daughter’s doll
The ash, as snowshoe, can
Carry me across the snows
The tobacco can
Transport my prayers to God
The sweetgrass can
Aromate my lodge
The roots of evergreen can
Bind my sleigh and craft
The stump and twig can
Move the soul of woman
The leaves wind-blown can
Open my spirit.

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PS 1.14: Map: The Migration of the Anishinabe

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