

A MEMOIR

OF

325

The Late William Hodge, Sen.

AND

ILLUSTRATIVE MISCELLANIES.

By His Son,

*WILLIAM HODGE.*

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WITH PORTRAIT.

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BUFFALO:  
BIGELOW BROTHERS, PRINTERS,  
60, 62 AND 64 PEARL ST., COR. SENECA.  
1885.

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pearance of the plastered and papered wall of the house if in those times there had been such a thing. But when I was a boy we had no plastered walls in our houses; the plastering was done only between the logs, outside and inside,—the inside being whitewashed every year. The next piece I used was what is usually called a cross-bow, or cross-gun. I need not describe it, as it is so well known among boys. This was quite an instrument of warfare against birds and chipmucks. They suffered considerably at the hands of the boys; yet the suffering was generally more through fright than any very serious harm.

The third kind of weapon I used was a more formidable one for killing game; it was the Indian bow and arrow. If I had been an Indian, I might have been a greater hunter than I have been, and I might even have been a great warrior. I always liked the Indians and their ways and habits, that is, so far as hunting is concerned; and I used to love to be with them, shooting squirrels with bows and arrows in summer and fall, and playing with them with the snow-snake in winter. This is quite a lively game, peculiar to the Indians, and not much practiced by the white people. The Indians were active, and could endure fatigue in walking or running, and were always pleasant and honest in their playing. By the bow and arrow the birds and squirrels suffered most. I frequently killed chipmucks and sometimes birds. The Indians used to kill very many squirrels as well as birds with their bows and arrows. In shooting at birds I would always make the feathers fly. I once killed a woodchuck with a bow and arrow. It was a fair, open shot, at a distance of about four rods, and was effective and fatal. The arrow hit him on the side of his head, and he keeled over and sprawled out immediately,—dead.

At this time I sometimes borrowed my uncle's shot-gun, which was of the sort called a "Chief's piece," from its having on the stock, back of the lock, a silver plate representing an