THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

A well was dug and walled up with stones. A box was made with a spout fitted into one side, then this was set over the top of the well on a plank platform. 'About ten feet from the well a pole was set that had a crotch at the top. A long pole was fastened into this crotch with a long wooden pin or bolt. A long slender pole was attached to this sweep, and a bucket was fastened to the end of the pole. The bucket was pushed down into the water and drawn up full of clear sparkling water, and the older and more moss grown the bucket the better the water tasted. No matter if the bucket had been made the day before, it was still the "old oaken bucket."

PELPS, 1863.

A postoffice of Ingham county, 12 miles east of Lansing.

CHAPTER XIX.

WILLIAMSTON TOWNSHIP.

Williamston in 1863; early events; "African" school district; township notes; "Pioneer Life" by W. W. Heald.

A township and post village of Ingham county, situated on the Lansing and Howell plank road. 70 miles from Detroit. Fare $3.50. The village contains several general stores, grocers, harness makers, etc. It has six mails per week. Postmaster, Egbert Gratton.

TRADES AND PROFESSIONS.

Bishly, John-blacksmith.
Brown, John F.-insurance agent.
Brown, Mrs. John F.-milliner.
Carr, Charles S-justice of the peace.
Carr, Charles W.-hotel.
Fairbanks, James-boot and shoe maker.
Gratton, Egbert-general store.
Hale, Philip-merchant tailor.
Hartwe, August-blacksmith.
Hartwe, William-blacksmith.
Hewson, Thomas-grocer.
Horton, Hiram-cooper.
King, Israel-boot, and shoe maker.
Krumbeck, John F.-harness maker.
Leasia, James A.-physician.
Lindner, John-carriage maker.
Randall, C. L.-physician.
Scott, S.-James-lawyer.
Shuert, Daniel-hotel.
Steele, Joseph H.-iron founder.
Taylor, Ira-blacksmith.
Taylor, Jonathan B.-flouring mill.
Tompkins, Charles W.-carpenter.
Wagner, John-carriage maker.
Waldo, J. J., and J. W.-general store.
White, Clark-carpenter.

EARLY EVENTS IN WILLIAMSTON.

From Williamston Enterprise, 1914.

The township lines of Williamston were run by Joseph Wample in 1824, and the subdivision lines by him in 1826.

The township is designated in the survey as town four, north of range one east of the principal meridian.

The territory now included in the township was without a white inhabitant until the spring of 1824, when Hiram and Joseph Putnam left their home in Jackson county for the purpose of making a settlement on the banks of the Cedar river.

In passing through Stockbridge Township they found David building the first house in Ingham county.

From there the Putnams cut a road some twenty miles, most of the way through heavily timbered land to the Cedar river, on section 35; this track was known for years as the Putnam trail, and now the Putnam road.

The Putnams took possession of an Indian plantation ground of some fifteen acres, lying on the north banks of the river, that tract now being in the incorporated limits of the village of Williamston. There the Putnams built a small log shanty, 12x16 feet, and covered it with shakes.

This was the second white man's roof in Ingham county.

They fenced, plowed and sowed the Indian clearing to oats, meeting with many privations, difficulties, and losses, one of which was the loss of their team, a fine yoke of oxen, which strayed away in the yoke, and when they were found, after many days of search through dense forest, into which they had gone, one was dead, and the other was reduced to a mere skeleton in his efforts to drag his mate in search of food.

The Putnams also imagined the Indians were quite too numerous, wild and uncivilized to make good neighbors. These difficulties were somewhat magnified by their desire to mingle again with wives, friends and civilization at home, and also being disheartened by the prospects before them, they went back to Jackson county until harvest. They then came back, cut, stacked and fenced their oats and left not to return, leaving the grain to be fed to the Indian ponies and the land lookers' horses.

The second improvement in Williamston was made late in the fall of 1829, when Simeon Clay built a log house. He then returned to Dearborn to spend the winter and while he was gone the land formerly owned by the Putnams was purchased by three brothers-O. B., J. M. and H. V. Williams. They built a log house. Neighbors soon came in-Dillicene Stoughton, James Tyler and the Lounsbury's.

Okemos was the nearest settlement west, and the nearest house east was eleven miles distant.

In the fall of 1840 the Williams brothers had a dam and saw mill in operation on the Cedar river. A dozen or more Indian wigwams could be seen from the mills as the "Tawas Tribe" to the number of 80 to 160 occupied and planted the farms later owned by J. M. Williams. They were considered very friendly and acceptable neighbors, supplying the settlers plentifully with many articles of food, which today would be considered luxuries, such as venison, fish and fowl.

It was the custom of the Indians for some years to return to this locality and indulge in a feast at a certain full moon in the spring, not forgetting to give a portion of the food to the departed.

In 1842 the Williams brothers erected a grist mill, known as the Red Cedar Mill. Until that time I think the nearest mill was at Dexter. The mill here was afterward operated by Stephen and Hiram Siegfried, later by Mead & Fleming, and others.

The first couple married in Williamston, the event occurring in 1840 and the ceremony being performed by Caleb Carr, a justice of the peace, were Simeon Clay and Sophronia Stoughton, daughter of Dillicene Stoughton.

The first white child born in the township was Lucy A. Loun-
burb, now Mrs. Leeman Case, her birth at this place occurring in 1841.

Some records indicate that Amaziah Stoughton, son of Dilllicene and Sophronia Stoughton, was the one to enjoy this distinction, but this is an error as Mrs. Case was born three days prior to the birth of Amaziah Stoughton.

The first death was that of Oswald Williams, father of the Williams brothers, who died in 1842, while on a visit from New York. At that time the nearest physician was at Dexter, Washtenaw county, and the nearest post office ten miles away. Goods were packed from Detroit, Ann Arbor or Dexter on the backs of Indian ponies.

George B. Fuller came to Williamston from Lconi, Jackson county, December, 1844. No improvements what ever had been made upon his place about two miles north of the Cedar river and there was no traveled road by it.

The township of Williamston was originally organized as Phelpstown, March 22, 1839, and included what are now the townships of Williamston and Locke. The first town meeting was held at the house of David Phelps, after whom the town was named, on the 15th day of April, 1839.

David Phelps was a resident of that part, of the township now constituting the township of Locke. The name of the township was changed to Williamston by the act of the Legislature, February 17, 1857.

At that first town meeting Moses Park acted as moderator, and David Phelps as clerk. Caleb Carr, Jefferson Pearce and Moses Park were chosen as inspectors of election.

The total number of votes polled were 11, and as there were 22 offices to fill, it follows that the most of the offices were impartially distributed, each person having two. The first ballot box used at the town election in 1840 was a stand drawer covered with a newspaper, which was lifted up and the ballots deposited underneath. There was no ballot box stuffing in those days. At the general election in the fall of 1840 the box used was one made by David J. Tower, from split basswood and divided into five compartments for the different votes. This box is still in a good state of preservation and is the property of the Williams family.

I will here just mention the names of the supervisors of Williamston from the first election, 1840 to 1880: Caleb Carr, Lewis Lounsbury, J. M. Williams, he was supervisor from 1844 to 1849, and other times afterwards; then Alfred B. Kinne, William Tompkins, Hugh T. Spaulding, D. L. Crossman, Sam W. Taylor, George Porter. Many of these held the office of supervisor a number of different years.

There are other items from the early records that perhaps might be interesting, such as the highways, war hounties, railway subscription, etc., but I must hasten on or I shall weary you all. There were two post offices in the town, one at Williamston, hearing its name, and the other in the north part of town, known as the Alverson post office.

We will now confine our remarks mostly to the village of Williamston.

The original village plat of Williamston was laid out on the southeast quarter of section 35, town 4 north, range 1 east, in 1845, by the Williams brothers, for whom it was named. Additions have since been made by J. B. and J. W. Waldo, in 1868, by Richard W. Owens, and by Hugh W. Spaulding. These additions were made before 1880. (There have been others.)

The village was incorporated April 5, 1871. The charter was amended, conferring additional powers upon the common council April 3, 1873. The officers elected by ballot annually were a president, recorder, five trustees, an assessor and a treasurer. The marshal and of his necessary officers are appointed by the council. The first election under the charter was held April 10, 1871, with the following result:

President, J. M. Williams; recorder, E. D. Lewis; treasurer, Thomas Horton; assessor, I. H. Spaulding; trustees, George W. Shane, Nathan Leighton, William Simons, Joshua H. Kirkland and D. L. Crossman.

J. B. and II. B. Williams removed to other states several years ago. J. M. remained here until his death, which occurred September 18, 1886. His children are well known and are among our worthy citizens.

The first fire department was a hook and ladder and bucket company. A calaboose or lockup, and a public pound were constructed in the summer of 1871. A post office was first established at Williamston on the 10th of May, 1842, and J. M. Williams was
The earliest establishment of a foundry and machine shop was opened by a company of whom Dillicene Stoughton was one, about 1850, but the business was abandoned and J. H. Steele purchased most of the stock and removed it to Fowlerville, where he was located. He came to Williamston in 1860, and carried on a general foundry and repairing business until 1870. In 1867 Grinnell, Wilson & Clark started a foundry and repair shop in the east part of town.

In 1871 J. H. Crostick commenced business as a general blacksmith, adding thereto the manufacture of a few cutters. In 1879 he erected a two-story shop on the corner of Putnam and High streets. D. F. P. Burnett commenced business on the southeast corner of Grand River and Cedar streets in 1874. In 1875 he moved to a larger building on the northwest corner of the same streets. The business was the manufacture of fine carriages and cutters, etc., and every department of the work was carried on in the shop. An average of eight hands were employed.

The first planing mill in the village was built by J. B. and J. W. Waldo, about 1808, at the corner of Putnam and High streets. The mill was in operation about ten years. The second planing mill was erected by Egbert Grinnell about 1870, and was operated about two years when he was killed in the mill.

Two other men were killed while working around machinery in early Williamston-William Hartwig in the saw mill north of the river, and a man named Davis in the same mill, about 1874.

A building on Putnam street near South street was erected by Baldwin, Hooker & Company for a planing mill. A year later Hooker sold his interest to Daniel Miller. Sirvey Hammond bought out Baldwin & Green in 1875. Hammond & Miller operated the mill about two years, when Hammond became sole proprietor.

The Williamston Stave Company was begun by Henning & Schultz in 1873. The business consisted in the manufacture of staves, heading and packing barrels. From 16 to 25 cooperers were employed. In 1880 the manufacture of barrels reached 25,000, and the shipment of staves aggregated as many as 6,000,000 in a year. These shipments were mostly sent to Chicago. This firm was also the largest apple buying and shipping one in the state. W. P. Ainsley was superintendent of the works.

There were marble works established by C. W. Hill, in 1877, but only lasted a few months and the stock was taken to Jackson. G. T. Davis and G. W. Bliss opened a marble shop here in 1880. I do not know how long that continued. The first banking institution was opened by Hugh Spaulding & Company in 1871. It carried on business until 1870 when it was closed. The Crossman Bank was opened in 1872 by D. L. Crossman and George W. Whipple. The National Block was erected in 1874 by D. L. Crossman, J. B. and J. W. Waldo. A loan office was opened by John Dakin in 1870. Mr. Dakin was afterwards instrumental in organizing the Williamston State Bank, which became the first chartered banking institution in town.

The first coal mined in the neighborhood of Williamston was taken out by J. M. Williams on the south bank of the Cedar river, in about 1846-1847, for blacksmithing purposes. Mining it for market was begun as early as 1853. The coal mines have been worked quite extensively at different times since 1870.

Williamston Lodge, No. 163, F. & A. M., was organized in the spring of 1804, with about ten charter members. Rev. J. H. Cornalia was the first worshipful master.

Williamston Lodge, No. 205, I. 0. 0. F. was instituted by T. E. Doughty, Grand Master, April 28, 1873.

The Eastern Star Chapter was organized in the spring of 1880, with about twenty members. The Ancient Order of United Workmen was organized in May, 1870. There was also in early days a flourishing lodge of I. O. G. T. and a Red Ribbon Club.

The first newspaper published in Williamston was The Williamston Enterprise, by William S. Humphrey and Company, the first number appearing June 5, 1873. August 8, 1873, Messrs. Campbell & Phelps became the owners and publishers and issued the paper until June 30, 1874, when Bush & Adams became proprietors and continued it until January 1Q, 1876, when E. S. Andrews purchased the property. His interests were later purchased by H. A. Thompson, the present publisher.
Among the earliest physicians who practiced in Williamston were Dr. Joseph Watkins, Dr. Wells and Dr. Cobb, who lived about one and one-half miles north of the village, none of whom were regularly educated for the profession. They were attempting to practice here when Dr. Leasia located here about 1840. Dr. Gray and Dr. Davis about 1860; there were also some others. Dr. Coad came in 1868 and has been in practice here since that time; Dr. Defendorf came in 1873; Dr. Campbell in 1879.

The attorneys that I remember before 1880 were Horatio Pratt, J. D. Lewis, Quincy A. Smith and B. D. York.

The first action concerning public schools appears on record in 1840 when it was voted to raise a fund of $160 for their support. The first items entered in the regular school record were in 1844, February 10, when the first school district was formed; District No. 1, consisting of sections 34, 35, 36, the west half of the southeast quarter of 25, the east half of the southeast quarter of 26, the southeast quarter of 27, the southwest quarter of 24, and the southeast quarter of 3, to be called District No. 1 of the township of Phelpstown.

At that time Jesse P. Hall, O. B. Williams and L. H. Lounsbury were inspectors of schools. On the 20th of April following District No. 2 was formed. On the 3d of May, 1845, District No. 3 was formed. These took away some of District No. 1. In the spring of 1845 the inspectors purchased 185 volumes of books, established a library, and appointed H. B. Williams librarian.

**EARLY TEACHERS.**

On the 8th of April, 1835, the inspectors certify that they have examined Miss Mary Farrand in respect to her moral character, learning and ability to teach a primary school, and consider her well qualified for the discharge of that duty. A certificate was issued her to teach in District No. 1, then comprising the nucleus of the present village of Williamston.

Among others who were examined and licensed to teach from 1845 to 1850, we find the names of the following: Gilman Warren, October 15, 1845; Miss Elizabeth L. Alverson, May 1, 1847; Miss M. Demerry, June 19, 1847; Miss Jane Watson, November 19, 1847; Miss Arminta Pitts, May 1, 1848; Miss Lovina P. Alverson, June 7, 1848; Miss Sarah Jean Macomber, September 23, 1848; Jesse P. Hall, December 30, 1848; Cathrine C. Cornwell, May QQ, 1849; Edward P. Alverson, November 7, 1840; Alfred B. Kinzie, January 48, 1850; Emeline Epley, May Q7, 1850; Sarah Ann Fletcher, June 20, 1850; Lodema Tobias, September 16, 1885; Henry Lane, November Q, 1850, and Clorinda J. George, December 27, 1850.

In April, 1850, James A. Leasia, Harry Gleason and S. R. V. Church were school inspectors. The first school in what is now the village was taught in a building situated on the land of J. M. Williams and erected by private subscription in 1844. The earliest teachers were the Misses Farrand and Munn. The first district school building was also on the north side of the river and erected in 1846 or 1847. Mr. Vannatter attended school in the first little log school house. This was subsequently sold, and a building which had formerly been an addition to the Lombard house purchased and used for several years. It was afterwards used for a dwelling house, then as a wagon shop and other purposes. The Baptist people held meetings there.

A fine new building was erected in 1874 at a cost of $15,000. The building burned January 3, 1887. Other buildings were soon erected, but that is not “early Williamston.” The lot on which the present school buildings stand was presented to the district by Col. R. W. Owen. The father of Col. Owens was formerly a member of Congress from the state of Georgia, and owned an extensive plantation in Habersham county. He was one of a company which purchased lands in Michigan at an early date and subsequently became owner of the tract at Williamston.

The colonel fell heir to this property and visited it occasionally, but his ownership was no advantage to the village, for the land remained vacant and stood as a barrier in the way of improvements. During the War of the Rebellion he was an outspoken rebel, and served with distinction in the Confederate army.

This fact was very nearly the cause of the confiscation of all his property in the North. The matter was carried before the United States court at Detroit and after considerable delay was finally dismissed. The Colonel married the daughter of one of Williamston’s early settlers, J. B. Taylor. I think his wife died just before the Civil War. The Colonel visited Williamston fre-
quently, and during one of these visits made a present of the land for the school buildings to the district.

It is finely situated and the building erected upon it was an honor to the village and a commentary upon the conditions of schools in the state where the Colonel resided. But the apparently generous act of the wealthy Southerner was without sufficient cause. Parties on the north side of the river had offered to give a site and $800 in money if the buildings were erected on that side, and the prospect of rapid improvement in that direction, and the loss of a corresponding growth on the south side 'tis thought touched a sympathetic chord in the Colonel's bosom and resulted in the gift.

Religious Societies.

The First Baptist Society, which is the oldest in the village, was organized in Wheatfield Township June 4, 1841, with ten members. H. T. Feiro, William Tompkins and Elijah Hammond were appointed to draft articles and covenant. Henry Lee acted as clerk. In the same month Rev. H. T. Feiro was called to the pastoral charge. At a council composed of delegates from churches of Ingham, Mason, Howell, Undailla and Leslie, held January 26, 1842, the society was received into fellowship, and Rev. H. T. Feiro was ordained over it as pastor.

The meetings were held half the time at the Martin school house and half the time at the usual place, and from that time until January, 1848, there appears to have been no settled pastor. At that date a resolution was passed to change the name of the church to First Baptist Church of Williamston; at that time they began to hold their regular meetings in the village, though there was no church edifice until 1807-1808. Meetings were held previous to that time in dwellings, school houses and various places, mostly in school houses.

On the 23d of March, 1848, Elder Alfred B. Kinne was ordained pastor. Elder Kinne seems to have continued off and on as pastor until December, 1863, at a very meager salary and donation. Elder William White followed Elder Kinne and in 1867 Elder Kinne was once more engaged, as pastor at $200 a year.

In 1868 Rev. J. C. Armstrong was hired and paid $804.00. The church building, still occupied was erected in 1867-1868 at a cost of about $3,000, and it was dedicated the 8th of May, 1888.

In 1880 a chapel was built in the rear of the church edifice.

The M. E. church has a large membership and supports a flourishing Sunday School. The first church was built in 1867-1868 at a probable cost of $2,000.

St. Mary's Catholic church was erected in 1869, upon a lot on High street, donated by the Waldo brothers. After the fire a new building was erected and extensive improvements have been made to the church building within the past few years.

The first Congregational church was organized in October, 1878, the church building, a fine brick edifice, was erected in 1880.
family of children. The country was new and there was a plenty of Indians, but it was not like when the pioneers of 1840 came.

There is just one little item and I will close. Who planted the beautiful lilies in Cedar river? So far as I know, my father did, Nathan Leighton, Sr. In the fall of 1876 he and my stepmother visited at our old home in the state of New York. They went to Great Sodus Bay, about three miles from Lake Ontario. While there my father gathered about a dozen plants of the water lily and brought them home and planted them in Cedar river, part of them just back of where he then lived, east on High street, and the rest up somewhere on the flats. Now I wonder if the lilies are not of that planting in the fall of 1876?

MRS. ABRIE J. VANNEITER.

WILLIAMSTON NOTES.

J. M. Williams, of Williamston, a pioneer of that township, has sent some interesting documents to the Ingham County Pioneer and Historical Society which show some of the business methods of early days.

The first is a letter from Detroit, O. O. 1%. Williams, of Williamston, concerning materials for the first grist mill in Williamston, and is as follows:

   Detroit, July 31, 1843.

Mr. O. B. Williams
   Bot, of John Webster
1 spindle 1 step and Cap and crop tree.................. $19.00
1 Bash ............................................ 2.00

   $21.00

O. B. Williams,
Dear Sir,

Your letter of 28' came to hand yesterday (Sunday) and the morning sent by Central rail road the articles, as in the above bill marked O. B. Williams, Dexter, and requested the agent to keep them in the Rail Road Ware House until you called for them. Your farther orders will be promptly attended to.

Your Humble Serv't,
John Webster.

Detroit, July 31, 1843.

AFRICA—WILLIAMSTON TOWNSHIP.

Written by Dr. F. N. Turner, North Lansing.

This is not the continent in the Eastern Hemisphere, but in the township of Williamston. The inhabitants told me that during the Civil War most of the people or voters in this district were "black Abolitionists," so they named the district Africa.

It is located on the north bank of the Red Cedar river, one and one-half miles north and east of Red Bridge. It stands in an open plat or ground without shade trees and faces the south. The building is of the usual type and built of wood. West of the school house is the Branch Cemetery, where most of the pioneers of fifty years ago are buried. When this school house was built and was the first teacher, I have been unable to find out.

I remember a Miss Pyper from Okemos taught the summer term in 1866, and at the end of the term married George Wells, a young farmer in that neighborhood.

Frank Kedzie, now president of M. A. C., in the winter of 1876-7 commenced a term, but did not finish it and the writer of this succeeded him. It was a large unruly school, but I finished it with
only one knockdown. The scholars that attended school are all gone, some dead and those that are alive are scattered.

I cannot recall any of the thirty-five that are today living on their father's farms or tilling the parental acres.

The numerous families that settled in the district and around the school house we will divide into groups. The largest group was the Webb family, consisting of the brothers John, James, George and William, and one sister, Mrs. Winslow. These brothers came from Washtenaw county, Michigan, and two other brothers that came into Ingham county were doctors and located in Dansville.

They practiced medicine there for a number of years. These brothers were thrifty, prosperous, up-to-date farmers, but with the exception of John and Mrs. Winslow had no children. Their children, Wm. Webb and Tra Winslow, of Williamston, attended my school.

The next group were the Branch and Mead families. M. N. Mead being a brother-in-law of Mr. Branch. They came from Ohio and settled here, cleared up the forest and had fine farms. Mr. Mead lived just west of the school house and Mr. Branch's house and farm was the first one east. Both had large families, but death entered Mr. Branch's home during the early sixties, and out of eight children only three were left to grow up, one to manhood and two to womanhood. I can remember how the sorrowing parents related this sad event. An epidemic of blood dysentery swept them away in forty-eight hours. The grandmother died of shock the next day, and one funeral with six coffins took place in this stricken household.

I can see Mr. Branch as I am writing today, a short, thick-set man with whiskers, sharp black eyes that always looked into yours with an honest, fearless gaze. His movements were quick and he made no false motions. He was a good up-to-date farmer, always took a great interest in his farm and stock, especially his horses. His weakness for fine horses led to his financial downfall. A son-in-law persuaded him to breed and raise trotting horses. In a short time his grain fields were made into pastures and meadows, a half-mile racing track was built, and his stables turned into loose boxes for brood mares, etc. The social aspects of the home were changed. Instead of the farmers and their wives, horsemen from

Kentucky, breeders of trotters, track touts, and the general riff-raff of the breeding and training stables predominated. All this cost money, and in order to save himself from total ruin Mr. Branch and his son-in-law dissolved partnership, and the younger man moved away. The old track is left as a reminder that the dust from behind a fast trotter is not golden, but hides a bad dream and financial ruin. His love for a good horse and his delight in driving one finally led to his death. His favorite horse ran away with him and he was killed by a passing train on a crossing near the county farm. I will always remember Mrs. Branch as a mother to the whole district. Her domestic sorrows and trials never seemed to mar her cheerful disposition or shatter her Christian fortitude. She was always ready to nurse the sick, cheer the sorrowing, help in every social and church meeting, or write an article for the newspapers to explain the good qualities of every new social or moral uplift. Her influence for good was widespread and left a lasting impression.

Mr. Mead had a large family. Five stalwart boys, Nathan, Charles, Edward, Newton and Myron. Three fine girls, Emma, Alma and Lois. His farm was large, 820 acres, and in working this his sons were a great help. Three of his sons were farmers and followed his occupation for a livelihood. Edward entered the service of the government and was for years an inspector in the Detroit Custom House. Newton, who had literary tastes, graduated from the Normal College at Ypsilanti, and is now a teacher and professor in the Detroit schools.

North and west of the school house were two men who were quite prominent in pioneer times, the Hall and Stone families. They were enemies and were always fighting each other. The milk of human kindness was soured by the thunder and lightning of legal battles over a line fence. They never met but each gave, or tried to give, the other a lick with the rough side of the tongue.

Mr. Stone, "Little Jake Stone," as he was best known, was a short, sawed-off Dutchman. He was a good farmer. He had to work hard and save to pay for his forty acre farm and raise his large family, and is one of those who should be commended, though some of his habits overshadowed energy and thrift. He was quick-tempered, liked his beer too well, and was a tyrant in his family. He always used oxen on his farm, and his symbol of
authority and rod of punishment was his ox whip. When under the influence of beer he would always take occasion to correct some of the family and say, "Jake be boss." This Kaiser rule led to his downfall. His eldest son, upon advice of a neighbor, one day snatched the whip and gave his father a severe chastisement. When he stopped his howling he found his whip, made a polite bow and handed it over to his son, saying, "You be boss, Jaky be boss no more." His Kaiser rule was gone never to return.

Of the many boys that attended my school there is one who I have watched with interest. I noticed him the first week. His figure and appearance made me think of "Shacky" in the Hoosier Schoolmaster. He was tall for his age, very slender, light-haired, quiet in his ways, studious, drawled his words when he talked, never got angry when jostled by the stronger boys, nor was boisterous in his games. His early manhood was a struggle, but patience and an earnest endeavor always won. He married, and his wife were appointed superintendent and matron of our county farm. This was a trying position for a young couple, but patience, perseverance and hard work has won fame for them, and they stand before the public today as experts in this kind of social reform and charitable work. Many a poor wreck in the financial and social battle of life has been encouraged by them to renew the fight and take up the battle again. Scores have been cared for and their last days made easier and happier by the kind administrations of these good people.

Without any exploiting he and his wife have done a great work for the poor and unfortunate of Ingham county. Although done on a small scale his work will compare favorably with some of the great social reformers in our large cities. Many bless the day when Elmer Fuller looked after their wants and administered to their ailments, and he was the rock on which others leaned before they crossed the dark waters.

North Lansing, August 12, 1919.
was from Bill Steele’s mill to the Lombard Hotel. South one block on Putnam street was a long two-storied building that faced the east. It stood flush with the street, had no ground surrounding it except a small plat in the rear. It was painted brown, looked like a factory, and a visitor glancing at it would say it was a furniture or chair shop, but instead it was a temple of learning, the Williamston public school. In those days it was also used for a church. Williamston had no church building in 1866. I remember a Unitarian minister, Rev. Olds, residing in Lansing, held services there once or twice a month. His wife was a sister of Charles Lewis-M. Quad, of the Detroit Free Press. My father and mother were acquainted with Rev. Olds, and they used to visit us in their journeys to and from Lansing. He had a small congregation, but his pastoral work was too hard, his health failed and he stopped preaching in Williamston.

On the south side of Grand River street was a large two-story wooden building with an imposing cornice, the Waldo Brothers’ store, while on the north side of the street was the store of Mr. Horton. Mr. Horton was a retired farmer and started in the mercantile business with his son-in-law, Charles Beardsley, who succeeded him in after years. In Waldo’s store I remember a good-looking young man, a relative of the proprietor, named Shuble Olmstead.

On the bank of the mill pond north and west of the Lombard House stood the grist mill—it is there now—where the farmers had their flour and feed ground. My first impressions of the streets of the village were that the buildings were stuck in the mud on the flats of the river. The streets were always muddy in wet weather and dusty in a dry time. This condition of the streets and buildings was not changed until they built additions on the higher ground east and west, north and south, I think from what I can remember of the original village, for convenience to hotels and mills it was built in a hollow, on a mud flat on the low south bank of the river. On the east, west and southwest during ordinary times, in the fall and winter, the flats were covered with water. When the railroad was built in 1871, the volume of traffic and travel changed from the old plank road to the higher ground south near the station, and business commenced to get away from the mud and dust.

Of the many people I became acquainted with, the lasting friendships I have made during the past fifty-three years, I have a keen remembrance. I regret that I cannot mention them all. I can only sketch from memory a few that I think are the most striking, made the greatest impression on me, and left, or will leave, good results on the entire village. I will divide the people I came in contact with into two clans, and in that way describe them.

The largest clan in the sixties was the Waldo, Beeman, Taylor clan. These families were rich and influential, had endured all the privations and hardships of pioneer days until they had money enough to enjoy the pleasures of life. And they did enjoy themselves. Their life was purely social, and the sober, serious things were cast in the background. No churches, no schools or debating societies entered into their scheme of enjoyment. The convivial habits of pioneer days were not forgotten, nor were they carried to excess. No socials, dances, political meetings or Fourth of July celebrations were complete without them, as they put the pep into these gatherings. Their sway continued until 1871, when the building of the railroad brought the Crossmans, Dakins, Healds, Whipples and Jessopps from Dansville. Another clan was formed by the newcomers, who believed in schools, churches, newspapers, etc., in their scheme of enjoyment. So the old clan was broken up and its members scattered.

The next clan was the Williams’ and Cases. Their leader was Miles Williams, one of the founders of the village, who looked after the credit and financial growth of their infant city. This clan formed the granite foundation which financial storms never disturbed. Many a business man went to them for counsel and aid, and if deserving always received it.

During the later development period, 1871 to 1885, they gave freely for the building of churches, schools, etc., and were glad of the opportunity to invest their money in something that would lift the village out from the entanglement of social life and pleasure into the solid and more lasting things.

The clan that led the musical talent was the Loranger family. Every member was a musician and for years, or until the death of Eli, the oldest, the Loranger band furnished the instrumental music for all the dances and entertainments. I can see Eli with
his violin tucked under his chin, his rapt countenance, eyes looking far away into the dream land of chords and cadences producing sweet harmony from his drawing bow.

Capt. John A. Elder, in his own estimation, was a clan-by himself. He taught the school and tried to drill his rough pupils with a rod instead of a musket. Some of his pupils informed me that Mr. Hilliard, who succeeded him, took the shine off the Captain’s reputation in regard to government and discipline.

When the new school building was completed a young man who had worked on a farm for John B. Haynes was hired to as principal. It was my good fortune to become acquainted with and receive instruction from George J. Wnrren. He was an ideal teacher, a self-made man and loyal friend. He told me some of the trials and hardships of his early life. His father was English, born in Canada, a ship carpenter by trade, and his mother was Scotch-Irish. She died in infancy, but an older sister brought up the family. He was forced to work on a farm when very young to help furnish funds for the family expenses. His father was uneducated but had taught himself to figure accurately so that no problem in arithmetic frightened him or prevented him from giving the correct solution. George was ambitious and determined to get an education, and the lack of funds did not stop him.

There was one time in his college life that his funds got so low that he was forced to board himself, and all he had to eat for three weeks was potatoes. His health failed before he left Williamson and he went to California. When I was finishing my senior year at Ypsilanti in 1881 he unexpectedly returned to Williamson and we renewed our friendship. This continued until he returned to California in 1883. He again visited Williamson in 1889.

The first church built in Williamson was St. Mary’s. There were a few Catholics in and around Williamson, who, under the leadership of Father Driss of Lansing parish, got together and built the church. This thought comes to me as I write, did the Catholics lead in church building in pioneer times? History reveals the fact that in all their explorations and pioneer home building the church was the first thing built.

There was a man who made Williamson his summer residence and Georgia his winter home for a number of years, in fact until he died. He excited my boyish curiosity and attention. He had been a colonel in the Confederate army, but did not lose all his property when he surrendered his sword. He had a large tract of land bordering on the south side of the old plat of Williamson and extending into Wheatfield. He always boarded with Uncle Dan Stuart, landlord of the Western Hotel. He was convivial in his habits, a keen sportsman, loved a good horse and fox hound. In appearance he was short and smooth-faced, wore his hair long, never wore a vest or suspenders, and with his soft collar and Byronic cravat and slouch hat was a typical Southerner in appearance.

He was very polite and well educated. I recall a conversation between him and a merchant when he was buying some writing paper. He remarked that his son in college had written him about attending chapel. His son thought chapel encroached upon his hours of recreation and pleasure, but his father had written him to observe the rules, for in college as in the army discipline must be maintained. He did not love the Stars and Stripes, and on one occasion when the Republican Club raised a flag pole in the village the top splice broke and the flag could only be raised to the halyard, he remarked that it was a signal of distress, as it was only at half-mast. His friend and boon companion was Dr. Leasia. They were always together. I think from the enjoyment they took in each other’s society that it was a play of French wit against Southern satire, French politeness against Southern chivalry.

I recall a conversation I had with Dr. Leasia once when home on vacation. I was in the store and he was questioning me about my work in college, when in his abrupt French way he said, “Did you know Col. Owen?” I was slightly acquainted with him, I replied. “Did you know he was an educated man?” “No, I did not,” I answered. “Well, he is, and I found it out in this way.

Some time ago when I was reading the works of Telemachus in the original French he came along, stopped and chatted with me. Noticing the book, he asked, ‘Doctor, what are you reading?’ I told him. He asked for the book, and I gave it to him and he read aloud the English translation better than I could the French. I asked him, ‘Colonel, where were you educated?’ Paris, he answered. To think, the doctor continued, that old drunken Owen was educated in Paris!” I think Dr. Leasia wanted to impress on me that all collegiate learning must be completed by a
knowledge of French, and to obtain it I must go to Paris. I was
too poor in pocket to take this advice seriously, however. An-
other story the doctor told about the Colonel. I had been liv-
ing in the Saginaw Valley, and the doctor was asking me about the
drinking water there. He remarked that he and the Colonel were
visiting Saginaw and the Colonel early in the morning took a
drink from the water pitcher instead of his pocket flask. The
doctor looked at him in astonishment and said, “Colonel, it is not
dangerous to drink that water full of germs of disease?” The
Colonel promptly replied that he could drink enough whiskey
before night to drown or kill all the germs. The doctor wanted
to impress on me the fact that alcohol was a great germicide, but I
have found that you must use it on germs outside the body to be
effective.

Dr. Leasia was a Frenchman, the only son in a large family, a
graduate of Oberlin College, who came to Williamston after
school, married, and built a large practice in pioneer days.
He had the happy faculty of adapting himself and his language
to all classes of society. He was inexpressible and possessed a satire
characteristic of the French people. He hated an inquisitive person and his replies to their questions were
original. "A patient of his in Leroy Township was sick with pneu-
omia. On a visit, he was questioned by the neighborhood gossip
and the following conversation took place: “Doctor, that man is
awful sick.” “Yes,” the doctor replied. “Do you think you
can pull him through?” “Hope so,” the doctor answered.
“Well, if you do it will be a feather in your cap.” “Feather,
feather,” the doctor repeated, then, looking the woman in the
eye, he said, “Madam, I want you to understand I am d
octoring this man for cash not feathers. Good night.” He was a great
stickler for politeness, and none of his rough acquaintance dared
to take liberties with him, a fact of which I was witness on one
occasion. A slightly intoxicated person came by, locked arms
with the doctor, who was standing in front of his office, and said,
“Doctor, come with me to the hotel and have some supper.”
The doctor gave him a stern look as he said, “I always eat my
supper at home. If I should be seen eating with you I would be
under obligations to ask you to dine with me, and that I will
never do.”

Daniel Crossman was clerk in the State Legislature when he
moved from Dansville to Williamston, and he continued in that
office until his health failed and he was forced to resign. He
and his relatives took an active part in the business life of the village.
He started the Exchange Bank, built a brick grist mill east of the
station and a fine residence near the new school buildings.

Wm. Mathias Coad was a graduate of Oberlin College, who
was stationed for a short time in Louisiana as surgeon of a colored regiment. After
the close of the war he married and came to Williamston, where
he has since remained. In the practice of medicine he made a
success, for he was a reader, a student who was up-to-date in every
great invention or new discovery. A sure diagnostician he
was always called as counsel in difficult cases by his fellow prac-
titioners, a careful surgeon who for years did all that kind of work
for Williamston and adjoining communities. Many young prac-
titioners have hailing for his experience and counsel, which
was always cheerfully and courteously given. Besides his work
in medicine he has done great work in music. He was always ready to sing and help with his beautiful tenor voice in social
and church circles. Outside of the two things already mentioned, his
greatest interest, his hobby, was education. He was always a
member of the school board. Williamston school and school
buildings are lasting memorials to his untiring work for years.
The high grade they have attained is due to his lifelong efforts.
I visited him a few weeks ago and noticed his physical weakness. He said he was suffering from the infirmities of old age, but his mind was as strong, his reasoning powers as keen, as ever. In conversing with him about things in medicine I noticed his diagnosis as logical and analytical as in the years gone by. He does not practice now, but is patiently waiting for the summons to come that will call him home. I can say, his long life has been full of labor, and his efforts were always to make his fellow men better, to enjoy the serious and uplifting things of this life or endure sorrow and trials with fortitude and hopefulness.

Although not a pioneer, I must mention another man who I became acquainted with in the last twenty years. He was a Catholic priest and I a Calvinist, but we formed a friendship I will always remember with pleasure. He was broadminded, and had a happy faculty of adapting himself to all walks in life. He was always ready to give his services at every political or social gathering; a true patriot, who preached and lived those great principles that are the foundation of our democracy, viz., "The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man." This was Father Sharp, the priest of St. Mary's parish.

What will be the future of Williamston? For the last ten years the rapidly growing industrial and commercial activities of Lansing has had a depressing influence on Williamston. Workmen, under the stimulus of higher wages, have flocked to the city, and after working some time in the factories have moved their families there. Some of the younger merchants have grown restless, dreamed of a larger and more profitable business and gone with the workmen, only to find in a few years their dream shattered, their profits gone in the war of competition, high rents, ten cent stores and basket groceries. Some of the disappointed ones are now drifting back to their home town to commence anew their mercantile career. A few years ago efforts were made to revive the coal industry, and utilize the fire clay deposits, but the younger men have looked more to the big profits than to the slower development that brings lasting profits.

In criticizing their efforts, I would say they are afraid of hard work, have no confidence in their friends and neighbors, do not possess the foresight and pep of their fathers, the early pioneers. I hope in the future some of the younger men will develop some of the idle resources, and in so doing give Williamston, with its fertile farms surrounding it, a revival similar to that of 1871 to 1885.

Williamston Locals.

The steam saw mill belonging to Bowerman & Rockwell at White Dog Corners, in Wheatfield, was destroyed by fire on the night of May 24, 1869. Loss $2,500. Believed to be incendiary.

INDIAN DANCE.

Because of the fact that an Indian village and Indian farms were once located near Williamston, it seems reasonable to think the event described in the following story might have occurred in that vicinity. The article is taken from the Ingham County News for August 5, 1875, and signed "Pioneer," not even the location being named.

The representation of an Indian dance in Barnum's show in Lansing on July 5 was quite a tame affair compared with one I witnessed in this county (Ingham) in the fall of 1837. There were about 200 of the redskins present, Our Indians, that is those encamped in our vicinity for the winter, numbering about 50 persons, commenced preparations for a two day feast several days previous to the appointed festive time, by clearing a piece of ground about 40 by 200 feet of every obstruction, cutting the few small trees that grew on the otherwise smooth and level plat of ground, close to the surface of the earth. Then crotched sticks were driven into the ground lengthwise of the cleared plat, leaving them about 15 inches above the ground, and on these poles were placed. White ash wood cut about two feet long and split fine was then placed with one end on the ground and the other leaning against the poles. The meats for the feast had already been prepared. On the day preceding the dance the Indians came in squads from every direction and pitched their tents in a very different manner from that of Barnum's showmen.

In the forenoon of the first day of the feast two squaws received all the guns, tomahawks, axes, knives, in fact every implement of any such character, and carried and stacked them up in a tame-
rake swamp close by. These squaws kept themselves aloof from the festivities of the day. About two o'clock the feast commenced and lasted until dark. Then the long line of wood was set on fire and the dance, or hop, jump and whoop began, the Indians chasing one another round and round the fire making as great a variety of sounds expressive of glee as the human tongue can utter. And such antics! I will not attempt a description, for words would fail me. Some that became weak-kneed from the use of too much firewater fell down and were run over by the others until they were able to crawl away. This continued until the fire burned down and out. Those that were able then went to their wigwams.

The next morning the two squaws that had taken care of the weapons the previous day delivered them on the dance grounds. Two other squaws removed them to the swamp again, hiding them in a different place, and like their predecessors took no part in the play of that day, which was simply a repetition of the previous one. In a few days the visiting parties returned to their own hunting grounds and the powwow came to an end.

Can anyone tell where this feast and dance was held?

What did the Indians raise on their farms, and what was their mode of cultivation?

Who will tell of some of the social joys of pioneer days?

Who can tell a bear or wolf story? Of a deer hunt?

Who will describe in detail the building of a log house, kind of logs selected, etc.?

It is gratifying to see the interest evinced by the people of Williamston regarding the early history of the county, and the data furnished them by Mrs. Franc L. Adams, Mason, Secretary of the Ingham County Pioneer and Historical Society, adds greatly to the value of the material already in her hands, and she earnestly solicits replies to the above questions.

PIONEER LIFE.

In the Williamston Enterprise for January 7, 1920, appeared the following sketch written by W. W. Heald, a Michigan pioneer, who for many years has lived in Ingham county.

Williamston Township and Its History

the secretary of the Ingham County Pioneer and Historical Society Mr. Heald says that in 1843 he settled just over the line in Jackson county near where the townships of Henrietta and Waterloo in that county and the townships of Stockbridge and Bunkerhill corner on to each other.

For sixty-two years Mr. Heald has voted in Ingham county, and while he appears to have some doubt about his being acknowledged as a pioneer of this county in all probability no one else will look at it that way.

The sketch referred to above is this:

Early history as I remember it is from hearing my father and mother relate during my early life: My father, an English Yankee, born in Maine, and my mother, pure blood Irish, born four weeks after her folks landed in Maine from the old country. With two children, Frances, three years old, born in Bangor, Me., and Charlotte, one year old, born in Woodstock, Province of New Brunswick, they emigrated from Maine and traveled five weeks on the fastest conveyance known at that time, the Erie canal being a part, and landed in Dexter, Washtenaw county, Michigan, May 18, 1836. There my father conducted a blacksmith shop.

The Michigan Central Railroad did not extend much farther west than Jackson at that time. The rails were wood and strips of iron 3 1/2 inches wide and one-half inch thick, spiked on top for the wheels to run on. Occasionally the iron would get loose at the end and the wheels run under (car wheels were made very small in those days) and the iron would break through the bottom of the car, and people were frequently hurt.

I was born in Dexter, Michigan, May 20, 1837.

The first woman I remember, except my mother, was Mrs. Mooney, a kind-hearted Irish woman, whose place joined ours. A. D. Crane, a lawyer, lived the other side of us and had two children, Martin and Harriet.

May 1841, myself then four years old, we moved four miles west to Phelps Corners. My father conducted a blacksmith shop there. I remember the names of some of the people. On the south Uncle Isaiah and Aunt Clara Phelps (as all the children in the neighborhood called them). They had no small children, but two young men, DeForest and Philo. While we were living there DeForest was shot and killed in some field over a mill dam in Dexter.
There I received my first schooling in a log house on the south side of the road, Adaline Pearce teacher.

They built a new frame school house on the north side of the road while we lived there, and the children of Newman Phelps, Mr. Howell, Mr. Sprague, Enos Carr, Patrick and Michael Lavey all attended school there. I have seen but two of them since that time, Curtis Clark was the first teacher.

I also remember two physicians, Dr. Nichols and Dr. Gray.

In 1843, myself then six years of age, we moved 10 miles west and settled in the northwestern corner of Waterloo Township, Jackson county. Father preceded the family and built a log house, or rather had the sides rolled up, shake roof on, and rough board floor laid, but no doors, windows or fireplace; no sash and glass for windows or boards for doors, no material for fireplace and chimney, and none to be had, as father wanted brick.

Mother hung up blankets for doors and cooked by log heaps, and other outdoor fires, all summer. After some time father got boards for two doors, sash and glass for two windows, and brick for fireplace and chimney, the first and only chimney of the kind in that vicinity. All others were built in primitive, pioneer style, the fire back made of field stone, laid up rough and filled with clay. The chimneys were made of split sticks, laid up with clay between them, plastered with clay on the inside to prevent their catching fire. Sometimes the clay would come off, the sticks catch fire, and the whole family would be on its nerve throwing water; occasionally the fire would be so far up it could not be reached by the water and then the shanty would burn. In this case the neighbors (and that meant all within five miles or more) would come to their relief, house and feed them, and all join in building another house as quickly as possible, by working from daylight till dark, and all free. People had not forgotten the meaning of the word "friendship." Some people had a big squirt gun that would hold a pint or more of water, and this they kept in readiness to be used in case of fire high in the chimney.

I do not know as there were any cook stoves at that time. The first one I remember was known as a "rotary." The fire box was long enough to take two kettles, the top was round with three places for kettles. There were cogs on the under side all the way around the edge; these formed a regular wheel with a small cog wheel under, which had a crank attached, so when the two kettles over the fire got hot you turned the crank and that brought the cold griddle over the fire, and by changing occasionally one could cook in all three kettles. It had no oven, but the housewife used the outdoor brick oven, or a tin reflector that set before the fireplace for baking. The next cook stove was the elevated oven.

We located one mile north of where the village of Munith now stands. The country at that time was a comparative wilderness. Drovers of deer, wild turkeys, pigeons, parri ridge, quail, wild geese, ducks, and prairie chickens.

The fur bearing animals were otter, mink, muskrat and fox. A few bears and wolves. There was an old beaver dam on the creek, but the beavers were gone. There were thousands of skunks, but their fur was not used at that time. There were wild cats and lynx, an animal of the cat species but much larger, and the most ferocious found in this section.

Also porcupine, a harmless animal when not molested, and thousands of squirrels of all kinds.

Cyril Adams lived 80 rods east of us in a log house, and the next nearest neighbor was four miles distant, but during the next three years Solomon Dewey, Mr. Preston and Joseph McCoy settled on that line. The roads were not on the lines, but, such as they were, they followed the Indian trails where they had forded streams and crossed swamps. About a mile northeast lived Patrick and Michael Ryan and their families in log shanties. The one Patrick lived in was roofed with bark.

One-half mile south was Richard and Benoni Pixley. One in log and the other in a rough board house. Both families had children. One mile west lived L. I. Brown, with two children, Mary and Pat. Mary, nearly as old as myself, called on me a few weeks ago. One mile north was Slocum Sayles, with his wife and seven or eight children, in a shanty just high enough on the low side to clear a man's head when he was standing erect, and this was roofed with turrets. Sometimes they would be made of basswood logs about ten inches in diameter, which were split in the center, hollowed out and laid close together with the hollow side up, and an equal number laid over them with rounding side up and edges in the hollows beneath, then poles laid across and pinned at the ends to hold them in place.
Doors were made from large hasswood logs, split about three inches thick and hewed as smooth as possible with a common axe and pinned to wooden hinges. There was a large wooden latch with a string attached and put through a hole in the door to open the latch from the outside and to secure the door at night. The latchstring was drawn to the inside. The floor was of the same material as the doors.

In those days the cattle in summer time were turned out with one in each bunch wearing a bell. They roamed at will in the woods and marshes during the day, but were hunted up and yarded over night. It was usually the smaller children that looked after the cattle which would sometimes roam so far away that the bell could not be heard. Then the seeker would look for some elevation of ground and lie down with his ear to the earth and listen for the tones of the bell. One could hear the bell much farther in this way than when standing, though it was often difficult to locate the direction of the sound.

In the winter the cattle were all fed on marsh hay, with no grain, and many of them would be so poor and weak when turned out in the spring they would get mired in swampy places and sometimes die. For a month or more in the spring there would not be a day that there was not a call to help someone who had a cow or ox mired, while sometimes they would be missed and not found until summer and the carcass had begun to decay.

Sayles folks had two of their boys follow the cattle in the spring to keep them out of the low places. You could buy a cow for $10 and a pair of oxen for $40, but that meant more at that time than $100 for a cow and $400 for a team does at present.

The people built a little school house in the fall out of rough boards and had school in the winter. Job Earl lived four miles northwest and had three boys, Oscar, Robert and Charlie, the latter considerably younger than the others, and the older boys carried him to school on their backs when the snow was deep. Now children use carriages and automobiles when living from one to three miles from school and think they are having a hard struggle to get an education.

At that time people seemed to think the only way to govern a school was by brute force, consequently every well regulated school had a bundle of blue beech whips in the corner and a ruler twenty inches long and two inches wide on the desk, and the main qualification for a teacher was to be an expert in their use. Book knowledge was a secondary consideration.

A school year consisted of three months in the winter and three months in the summer. It was seldom that any boy went to school in the summer after he was twelve or thirteen years old; he was expected to work in the summer after that. That is the reason that as a rule girls were better scholars than boys.

In those days schools were supported by a rate bill, not by the assessment on property in the district. One of the officers canvassed the district and ascertained the number of scholars each family would send, and the expense of the school prorated. Those sending five paid five times as much as those sending one. Often in very large families it would be impossible for them to send all the children. Many times they would select one boy and one girl and send them and let the rest grow up in total ignorance of books, while in some instances they would be too poor to send any. That is the reason there were so many in those days who could not read or write. I graduated from that school near my home when there was less than fourteen years old with this knowledge of reading, writing, spelling and arithmetic, as far as common fractions. Nothing more, and I have struggled through a life of over eighty-two years of ignorance and regret. You ask me why? I ask why? In 1851 my father developed the California gold fever. In his imagination he saw flakes in the air and nuggets on the ground, and if he could get there he could gather a nice lot. He went and left mother with ten acres of land, a pair of oxen, two cows, a flock of hens and six children, myself the oldest by nearly five years. There was something to be done. Father returned in October, 1854, but in the gold hunt the "other fellow" had preceded him and gathered the nuggets.

The first five years we lived there we saw more Indians than whites, as four miles west was the Battle Lake Indian settlement. I have seen fifty "wigwams" there at one time. Less than twenty years ago there were yet remaining apple trees planted by the Indians. We were on the trail leading from the settlement (and that was a stopping place for all coming from farther west) to Detroit, where all the Indians went to receive their annuity from the government, which consisted of blankets.
and a small amount of money. We often saw bands of from ten to forty, or more, passing single file, and if there was but one pony the largest Indian in the band would be riding, and perhaps his squaw walking and carrying a little papoose in her blanket and a larger papoose strapped to a board and slung on her back.

We were never molested but once. Father and mother went away for the day, taking the two younger children with them, leaving my two sisters and myself at home. During the day about a dozen Indians camped a few rods from the house, and one came for something to eat. They seldom came more than one at a time to ask for food. My sister gave food to the Indian that came, and as she opened the cupboard door he looked in and saw that it was well filled with food, and they kept coming until all was gone but a custard pie. She had offered this to them several times but they refused it. At last a squaw came with a blanket over her head and she had doubled one corner of this into the form of a pocket. When my sister threw the pie into this the band moved on.

When my parents came home after dark they found the cupboard like "Old Mother Hubbard’s," bare, and every "dog" in the house hungry. Mother had to commence at the bottom to get supper.

I could have had a barrel full of flint arrows and spear heads, but after they began to cultivate the land where the Indians had their camp they were so plentiful that they ceased to be a curiosity and we did not pick them up.

Our first experience in raising wheat. Father girdled seven acres of heavy oak timber and hired a "breaking-up" team (which means six or seven pairs of oxen matched in size) to plow the ground. The grain was harvested by hand with cradle and rake, threshed with an open machine, which means a frame and cylinder that simply shells the grain. Wheat, chaff and straw all came through together, and a man with a hand rake removed the straw leaving the chaff and wheat to be run through a hand fanning mill to separate the wheat. It was a four sweep horsepower, but all the teams we had were two old "crowbait" horses owned by the threshers and our oxen. No more horses were to be had. Our wheat yielded seven bushels to the acre. Father hauled twenty bushels to Dexter with our oxen and was gone two days and until midnight the second night. He sold his wheat for fifty cents a bushel and paid twenty-five cents a yard for nine yards of calico for mother a dress.

There were nine of us children and we never went to bed hungry or cold, and my good Irish mother comes in right here for a lot of praise, but I have lain in bed in the daytime to have my pants washed and mended, the patch covering nearly the whole front of one leg and of lighter color than the original cloth. I can say truthfully I never had a pair of pants since that I have been as proud of as I was of those.

The first coat I ever had, except what my mother made, was when I was about eleven years of age, and I earned the money by driving two pairs of oxen for a man to plow and received twenty-five cents per day and boarded myself. The coat was tweed cloth and cost me $3. After paying for the coat I had a five franc silver piece left, about ninety-four cents in American money, and I gave that for a cotton roll turban cap.

When I was a lad my grandmother, on mother’s side, came to Michigan and stayed with us about three months. She was a typical Irish grandmother, wore a lace cap, and had the map of Ireland plainly stamped on her face and a brogue so strong that when she spoke it would nearly start the peeling on a "pratie," but I could plainly see where my mother got her goodness.

This is the life that came to me up to my seventeenth year, 1854. Since then my life has been variable, yet I have always tried to have a purpose other than frivolity. Some phases were illuminated to a dazzling brilliancy and others darkened almost beyond human endurance, but I have never allowed the dark side to control. Experience and observation have taught me that when we see people passing, with perhaps a handshake and a smile for those they meet, we little know the trouble they are carrying or its causes.”

An article written by Mr. Heald in 1916 throws still further light on what life meant in Ingham county in early days.

"I was married in Dansville, Ingham county, in 1864 (a poor blacksmith) and settled to housekeeping. I paid $50 for 100 pounds of flour, $1.50 for a gallon of kerosene oil, $2 for a pound of Japan tea, 80 cents a pound for coffee and sugar, 44 cents a yard for 40 yards of unbleached cotton, 50 cents a yard for hemp car-
pet, $90 for a four-griddle plain square cook stove, no reservoir, no warming oven or furniture; $1.50 for a dish pan, 12 quart, $0 for a common fall-leaf table, and have it yet as a relic; $10 for a pair of pegged and $14 for a pair of sewed calf boots; $32 for a broadcloth coat (today you can buy two full suits of better cloth and better made for the same amount) ; print 40 cents; denim 50 cents, and other dry goods accordingly. A neighbor bought 10 yards of common sheeting and crash for two towels and it took a $10 greenback (called “Lincoln skin” by the “copperheads,” rabid Democrats of the North,) to pay for them.

Meats were no higher and some kinds of vegetables not as high as today. At that time a common mechanics wages were $1.60 to $1.75 per day. Best farm laborers received $18 to $23 per month for seven months in summer.

I am often asked how young people got a start in life. Easily answered. There were not so many articles in the schedule of necessities of life as at present. The mothers cooked, washed, sewed and made everything the family needed. They dried corn, lima beans, all kinds of fruit for winter use, also pumpkin for pies, made all kinds of pickles (for we did not buy cucumbers at 25 cents each and strawberries at 40 cents a quart in winter) and taught their girls to do the same.

The girls developed into good, strong, robust, red-cheeked young women (no need for complexion beautifiers) and let me say to you, that style of young woman would be mighty nice to look upon today. The boys were taught some useful occupation, and assisted the father in caring for the family, and not many of them laid the foundation for an education that qualified them to fill the highest positions in social and official life.

When young people were married they stepped into the “double harness,” pulled together, and stayed married. They went to the grocery, made the their selections and carried the goods home with them, coffee in the green state, which the wives roasted and ground themselves. Spices and pepper were all bought in berry form and prepared at home. Wives also made the rag carpets, nearly every house having its loom.

We kept house for seven or eight years before we had better, and no one ever shunned our home because we did not have Brussels or velvet carpets on the floors. Every family raised all the vegetables needed.

In case of sickness there was no trained nurse at $15 to $25 per week. The neighbors performed that task and did it cheerfully. Those were the days of industry, economy and contentment.

This 1916 is in the age of short skirts, high heels, high topped shoes, hats of every conceivable shape, furs in summer and peck-a-boo waists in winter. Joy-rides, divorces, white slavery, peg-leg pants, cigarettes, forgery, bank defalcations, holdups and penitentiaries.

Today we step to the telephone, order our groceries and they are delivered to us at our homes in paper cartons, tin cans and glass bottles, and when we have paid for the containers and delivery we have very little to eat for the money invested, and this is termed progression. I have not been a drone in the hive of industry, but have been active through my 80 years of life and kept reasonably up with the procession, but have never been a fad chaser.

I saw the following statement in one of the Detroit papers purporting to have been made by the general manager of one of the leading mercantile houses in that city: “Clothing and shoes highest ever in Detroit.” This general manager’s birth does not date back far enough or he has a very poor memory. But this statement was passed on from one to another who knew no more about facts than did this general manager, and it had a demoralizing effect.

There are very few people in active business today that were old enough in 1864 to realize business conditions at that time. Many of the people of today remind me of the wolves in Michigan. Seventy-five years ago you could sit out in the summer evening and very soon you would hear a lone wolf howl, then one in another direction, and soon every wolf in the woods would be in the howl, and not one of them knew why. It is the get-rich-quick scheme and reckless extravagance that the people have indulged in, not the high cost of living, but the cost of high living, that has created the present spirit of unrest in America.

A home with the earth for foundation, be it ever so humble, is safer than a castle in the air, and the sooner the people awake to a realization of the fact the better for all.
LOG HOUSE BUILDING.

By W. W. Heald, Williamston.

One of the questions sent to the Williamston Enterprise by the Secretary of the Ingham County Historical and Pioneer Society in an endeavor to procure material for a county history was this: “Who can describe in detail the building of a log house? Kind of logs used, etc.?”. In reply W. W. Heald, of Williamston, gives the following interesting description.

This is a difficult matter, as there were so many different types of log houses, and just as much pride, and more ingenuity displayed (from lack of tools and materials) than there were in building frame houses later.

The first consideration was straight logs with smooth bark, as near the same length and uniform size from end to end as possible.

When near a tamarack swamp they selected trees from there, as they were quite straight and of more uniform size than other timber. When compelled to use other trees they used almost any kind that would fill requirements.

In the early stages of house building they usually rolled these logs up in their natural state and notched the corners so they would come together. There were various ways of notching corners.

If the “V” shaped notch were used the logs were all hewed to a three square at the ends, and a notch cut crosswise, deep enough to let the logs come together. That would necessitate logs projecting about one foot at the ends.

When dropped together forms a joint and the three square end projects one foot the same as the notched end.

If a square notch is used the logs are simply flattened to one-half their size and the ends cut off even.

Some of the first that were built, shanties just high enough for a tall man to stand erect on the low side, were roofed with bark. But usually with shakes that means split out in the form of shingles but not shaved.

I saw one shanty in which there was not a nail used, only wooden pins, and the only tools the builder had were a common axe, a 3/2 inch, inch and 1 1/2 inch augers. Where doors and holes used as windows came the ends of the logs were squared, or “butted” as it was termed in those days with a common axe. The pieces used for doors and door jams were split about 2 1/2 inches thick, from basswood, smoothed with the axe and the door jams pinned to the ends of the logs.

The pieces that formed the doors were pinned to heavy wooden hinges. The floor was made of logs split and smoothed on one side. The roof was made of stnll basswood logs, about ten inches in diameter, split in the center and hollowed out in the form of a trough, laid close together with the round side down, and an equal number laid round side up over the joints, with poles pinned across the top to hold them on. Here is where ingenuity counted.

Later when there were more men, more tools and materials they hewed the logs on two sides, inside and out, and still later 1.110 fashion was to square the logs before laying them up. As the family increased in size, as it usually did to the number of eight to fifteen, they built the house two stories high, with a ladder in the corner to go up and down on.

Now comes the raising and jollification. The ground was the foundation and the first log was laid on that. A man at each corner of the building with an axe fitted the corners of each log as it came to him, and there was always a strife to see who could do his the quickest and best.

The logs were rolled up on skids until these were too steep, then there were two tools in use which were made on purpose to put the logs up. One was used to push and the other to pull.

There was an early day name for these tools.

There was one each of these at either end of the log. Pour men used the one for pushing, and the man up on the wall looped the other over the end of the log and pulled. There was always a strife as to which end would be up first.

The men would seemingly get crazy with excitement with aid of a little “speerits” as the old-timers called it. Sides up: to make it warm they split pieces called “chinks” and drove them between the logs, and then filled all the crevices on the outside with blue clay mortar. Many times they mixed fine, short marsh grass with this mortar to prevent its coming off...
should it crack. They used this the same as masons do hair in lime mortar.

The chimneys were often works of art. First firebacks were made of field stone filled in with clay, then the chimney of split sticks plastered well with clay. Sometimes the chimneys were built inside the house and again on the outside, but the fireplace at its base was always of liberal size, with a stone hearth in front of it.


[THE END]