

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 beep made the day before, it was still the "old oaken bucket."

PHELPSTOWN, 1863.

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

CHAPTER XIX.

WILLIAMSTON TOWNSHIP.

Williamston in 1863; early events; "Africa" 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.
 Grattan, Crary-grocer.
 Gratton, Egbert-general store.
 Hale, Philip-merchant tailor,
 Hartwe, August-blacksmith.
 Hartwe, William-blacksmith.
 Hewson, Thomas-grocer.
 Horton, Hiram-cooper.
 Horton, Hiram A.-saloon.
 King, Israel-boot, and shoe maker.
 Krumbeck, John F.-harness maker.
 Leasia, James A.-physician.
 Lindner, John-carriage maker.
 Loranger, Brown and Co. (Eli P, Loranger, John F. Brown, Nelson Loranger)-general store.
 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. B. and J. W.-general store.
 White, Clark-carpenter.

EARLY EVENTS IN WILLIAMSTON.

From Willimston 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 1884, 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 1889, 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. Louns-

bury, now Mrs. **Leeman Case**, her birth at this place occurring in 1841.

Some records indicate that **Amaziah Stoughton**, son of **Dillicene** and **Sophonria 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, Wash-tenaw 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 **Williams-**

ton 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 H. 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 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 1866, by **Richard W. Owens**, and by **Hugh H. 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 other 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, **H. H. Spaulding**; trustees, **George W. Shane, Nathan Leighton, William Simons, Joshua H. Kirkland** and **D. L. Crossman**.

I. B. and H. 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

postmaster. He held the office until about **1850, when he was** succeeded by Jonathan B. Taylor. The first mails were brought from Detroit once a week on a pony. Letters from a long distance then cost **25** cents. The first daily mail was received by stage over the plank road in 1854. The plank road was built from Detroit to Lansing in **1852**. 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** Grnttn, 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 **1868**, at the corner of Putnam and High streets. The mill was in operation about ten years. The second planing mill was erected by Egbert Grnttan 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. Hurvey 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** coopers 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 **1876** 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 **1876**.

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. O. 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 **30**, 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 1876.

The attorneys that I remember before 1880 were Horatio Pratt, E. 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, consist 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 Q7, the southwest quarter of Q4, and the southeast quarter of Q3, 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 26th 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 10, 1847; Miss Jane Watson, November 19, 1847; Miss Armena 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. Kinross, 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 Murn. The first district school building was also on the north side of the river and erected in 1846 or 1847. Mr. Vanneter 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 Habershan 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 not **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. Peiro was called to the pastoral charge. At a **council** composed of delegates from churches of Ingham, Mason, Howell, Unadilla 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 **1808** 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**.

SUMMIT CEMETERY.

This ground belongs to a company incorporated under a state law of 1856. Among the incorporators were **J. M. Williams**, Nelson Loranger, J. B. Taylor, George B. Fuller, Horatio **Pratt** and John S. Vanneter.

The incorporators organized February 7, **1800**, and on the first day of May of that year purchased of Webster Harvey and wife a little over three acres of **land** (a few years ago more land was purchased **from** the same party).

The lot is eligibly situated on rolling ground, with a soil composed mainly of sand and gravel, and admirably adapted for burial purposes. Hundreds of dollars have been expended in laying out ornamenting and improving it and it is kept in good condition.

There was another burial ground situated on Church street southeast of Williams' Corners, that was used before **the** incorporation **of** the Summit Cemetery Association. Only a limited number of burials were made there, and they were removed to Summit Cemetery. This was also true of a small burial place **just** on the west end of town.

I have spoken little of the pioneer men, women, their trails and their triumphs. No pioneer people can escape the trials and loneliness of a pioneer life. There are many here at present that are called pioneers, but they came when times were more prosperous and roads were built and railroads had found a way here, and although the country was **compartmentively** new it was not **like** the first few who broke their way into the forest.

My parents came here and settled in **1854**. They came with a

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. ABBIE J. VANNETER.

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 to O. B. 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
	<hr/>
	\$21.00

O. B. Williams,
Dear Sir,

Your letter of 28th came to hand yesterday (Sunday) and this 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.

The next is a list of lands in the town of Phelpstown, Ingham county, for sale by J. L. Whiling and Adams, Land Agents of Detroit, and dated January 10, 1846.

The following is the most curious of all. In the upper left hand corner is the picture of a stage coach with four prancing horses, the driver sitting in front of the enclosed part of the coach, and the boot for baggage at the back. In line with this picture are these words :

Way-bill, from Howell to Michigan, August 23, 1847.

Beneath this is the following schedule:

Passenger's Names	Number of seats	Extra Baggage	Where from	Where to	Doll's Cents	By whom Received	Doll's Cents
M. Forden	1		Howell	Michigan,	\$1.50	Jobe Page Collector	\$1.50

Lansing was at that time called "Michigan."

AFRICA—WILLIAMSTON TOWNSHIP.

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

This is not the continent in the Eastern Hemisphere, but a school district 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 Rctd 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 who 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 **wide-spread** 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, **320** 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 **as** he handed it over to his son, saying, "You be boss, **Jake** 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 "**Shocky**" 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 he 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** peers or 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.

WILLIAMSTON TOWNSHIP.

By DR. F. N. TURNER, 1910.

My **first** acquaintance, or first visit to this village, was in April, 1886. The earlier history of this settlement and **its** pioneer days before 1860 has been written by members and friends of the Williams family, the founders of the village. My father was repairing his farm house, and for shingles he had to cut shingle bolts, draw them to Williamston to be cut into shingles. My first visit was with my father to get a load of **shingles** at **Wm. Steele's** shingle mill.

The mill was situated in the west part of the village on the ground now occupied by Frank **Glazier's** residence. Mr. Steele had a small foundry in connection with his shingle mill, where he cast plows and their accessories for the surrounding farming country. We approached the village by a turn in the plank road half a mile west, crossing a small creek east of the J. B. **Haynes** farm. On both sides of the road were woods, with the exception of one or two small clearings on the north side, until we got to Deer Creek bridge. The road angled, **as** it does today, toward the east; we crossed the bridge and continued for a distance on a plank causeway until we reached the higher ground near the mill and foundry. This long causeway **was** built on piles across **the** flats of the Cedar river and Deer Creek. In after years this low ground **was** filled with earth, the road today being on that embankment. The **older** inhabitants said they could tell by the sound of the vehicles crossing this causeway whether it was the stage, a loaded wagon or a fellow out for a lark.

East of **the** mill was the old Western Hotel. This building was a long two-storied building, its aide to the street and its gables pointing east and west. Across the street was the hotel **barn** built so its gables pointed north and south. In the eastern part of the village was another hotel, the Lombard House, with a long two-storied porch extending across the entire front, In the rear **was** the barn on the banks of the river, Beyond this 'hotel the plank road **angled** southward and you left the village and entered the country to the east. The length of the village in those days

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 **dis-**turbod. 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 B. Wnren. 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 his 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 Williamston and he went to California. When I was finishing my senior year at Ypsilanti in 1881 he unexpectedly returned to Williamston and we renewed our friendship. This continued until he returned to California in 1883. He again visited Williamston in 1893.

The first church built in Williamston was St. Mary's. There were a few Catholics in and around Williamston, 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 Williamston 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 Williamston 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 suspender, 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 break, 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 a well 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 Telemac 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. Another story the doctor told about **the Colonel**. I had been living 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 n grent germicide, but I have found that **you** must use it on germs outside the body to be **eff** ectual.

Dr. **Leasia** was a Frenchman, the only son in n large fmily, a graduate of Oberlin College, who **came** to Willinmston after graduation, married and built **up** n large practice in **pioneer days**.

He had the happy faculty of adapting himself and **his language** to all classes of society. He wns original in expressing **himself 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 pneumonia**. On a visit, he **wns 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 n feather in your cap." **"Feather,** feather," the doctor repeated, then, looking the womn **n in the** eye, he said, "Madam, I want you to understand I am **doctoring** this man for cash not feathers. Good night." He was **a great** stickler for politeness, and none of his rough acquaintance **s 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 **e at my** **supper** at home. If I should be seen eating with you I wo **uld be** under obligations to **ask** you to dine with me, and that I **will** never do."

Daniel Crossmnn 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 prrt 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. **Herald** came from Dnnsville with the Crossmans. **He had** **been** in the manufacturing business, but bought a farm and started a store, changing his occupation to **merchant** and farmer. He **has** written several articles for the **Lansing** State Journal and other papers about his early pioneer life in Dnnsville.

Besides Dr. **Leasia** there is another **medical** man who **came** to Williamston **in** the sixties and is living **now**.

For over fifty years he has looked after the sick in **Williamston** and the surrounding country. **Many** doctors have come, stayed awhile, and drifted away during his professional life. My **ac-**quintance of half a century gives me **the** liberty of **writing** n few **sentences** about his work and its influence on the social and **intel-**lectual life of **Williamston**. **Mathias** Coad **was** born in Massachusetts, **and graduated** from **the old Berkshire Medical College**. Just before, or just after, grntluntion he enlisted as assistant surgeon in the army during the Civil War. **He** wns 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, n student **who was** up-to-date in **every** great ntlvnncement 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 hail **the benefit** of his experience and counsel, **which** was always cheerfully and courteously given. Besides his work in medicine he has done n great work in music. He **was** always ready to sing and help with his beautiful tenor 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 n **lasting memorial** 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 con-}versing with him about things in medicine I noticed his diagnosis was 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 Lan-**sing 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 **tama-**

rack 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 by them to 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. In a letter to

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 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, 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 $3\frac{1}{2}$ 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 feud 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 **fire**-place 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**. **Droves** of deer, wild turkeys, pigeons, partridge, 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 **McCloy** 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. Roth families had children. One **mile west lived L. F. 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 troughs. 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 a 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 less than fourteen years old with a slight 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? 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 Battese 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 ynrdr 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 **\$9** for **100** pounds of flour, **\$1.50** for a gallon of kerosene oil, \$2 for a pound of Japan tea, **30** 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 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 **peek-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 $\frac{1}{2}$ inch, inch and $1\frac{1}{2}$ 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 $2\frac{1}{2}$ 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 small 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 in 1810 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. Four 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.

Williamston, Feb., 1920. Aged 83.

W. W. HEALD.

[THE END.]