
LANSING TOWNSHIP

AND

LANSING CITY

CHAPTER IX

LANSING TOWNSHIP AND CITY, WITH HISTORY.

Lansing in **1863**; a pioneer foundry as described by Dr. F. N. Turner; early days in Lansing; Lansing in Civil War days; pioneer architecture; Weiman's brewery; **early** day gardens; the **Cowles** property; Dryer family; old first ward **school**; sketch by Alvin **Rolle**; **G. A. Gower's** collection of **early newspapers**; Eben S. Dart; Museum relics: Wild-cat money; Indians in Lansing; **F. S. Hartshorn** and Allen **S. Shattuck**; Lansing's early industries; passing of early **landmarks**; Austin Blair monument; **Jenison** family; Butler family; early day photos and attendant history; Dr. Orville Marshall; old Booster book; poem, by Dr. **H. S. Burr**; more about early newspapers; Old Capitol Hall; pioneer business; heart flutters of early Lansing; first fire engine; story of Chief Okemos and his gang; Grand **River** boat house; hietory of Michigan Agricultural College; schools of the **'60's**; first railroad; Lansing as a trade center in '73; history of the Whitely family; **peoms** by Byron M. Brown; the Ballard family; old buildings in Lansing; **Wescott** family; B. F. Davis; **R. B. Calahan** story; John Broad.

From the Michigan State **Gazetteer** for **1863**.

Lansing, a city of Ingham county and Capital of the State, beautifully situated on the Grand river, about 100 miles north-westerly from Detroit, and as nearly as possible in the center of the settled portion of the State.

Latitude 42 deg. 43 min. north, and longitude 84 deg. **29** min. **west**. The city was commenced under the name of "Michigan," in **1847** (it having been decided by an act of Legislature passed the same year that the Capital should be here located), and on the 25th of December of that year became the permanent seat of government, being at that time surrounded by an almost unbroken wilderness.

The first settlement made upon the territory which now constitutes the city of Lansing **was** by the Hon. James Seymour, who erected a small log house and a saw mill in 1846 in what is now the fourth ward. The name "Lansing" was given the city in honor of one of its early settlers in the year 1840.

The necessarily slow process of clearing up a heavily timbered country has tended somewhat to retard the growth of the city,

but **notwithstanding** its many disadvantages it has increased with a rapidity that has satisfied its most sanguine friends. Its situation, in the center of a fine farming district, is such that it cannot fail to become a place of considerable commercial importance, and when its contemplated railroad connections are completed it will undoubtedly take rank as one of the first cities of the State.

The city is at present composed of three villages, known respectively as the "Upper," "Lower" and "Middle" towns, having a population of nearly 4,000. The act of incorporation as a city was obtained in 1858.

The State House, a large two-story frame building, was one of the first houses commenced in the town, and the first session was held in it in 1850.

The Grand river at this point furnishes an excellent water power, which has been partially improved. About one mile above the city proper is another water power, no advantage of which has yet been taken.

There are now within the city eleven churches, five hotels, two flouring mills (turning out 10,000 barrels of flour per year); three tanneries, two breweries, three saw mills, two sash and blind factories, three iron foundries and machine shops, two printing offices, several brick yards, and a large number of mechanic shops. There are 900,000 pounds of wool purchased here annually, and a heavy business is carried on in grain and other products. About a mile from the city there is an extensive quarry of **fine** building stone. The city is handsomely laid out, in a high and healthy location, on gently rolling ground, and already boasts of several elegant private residences **and** public buildings. An extensive system of grading and public improvement is being carried on by the city government, which, when completed, will add greatly to the appearance of the place.

Coal of excellent quality has been found in the vicinity, and has been worked to some extent. It is found in conjunction with fire clay and kidney iron, similar to the deposits at Jackson, Corunna and Owosso. The soil in the vicinity is fully equal, in productiveness, to that of any portion of the State, and is especially adapted to the growth of cereals.

Besides the public buildings, there are at or in the vicinity of Lansing the "State Reform School," the "Michigan Female College," and the "State Agricultural College," all elegant structures

that reflect great credit upon the city and State. The **Benton** House is one of the best conducted hotels in Michigan, and is managed in a style not inferior to that of the best hotels in the country. The State Library in the Capitol contains **16,000** volumes, and is open to the public. It contains an original portrait of the Marquis de La Fayette, painted **by Horace** Vernet, in Paris, in 1836-7. Among the rare and curious works in the library is a copy of Livy, three hundred and forty-seven years old, printed in German text, in Paris. Also a work entitled the "**Laws of Nemo**," containing "Fourteen Volumes in One, Embracing a Code of Laws that **Governed 300,000,000** of the Human Race for 1,000 years, without **alteration** or amendment," translated from the **Burmese**, and printed at an English Missionary Station in the **Burmese** Empire. The library also contains the largest and best collection of law books in the State, and one of the best in the country,

STATE REFORM SCHOOL.

Superintendent-Cephas **B.** Robinson.

Assistant Superintendent-Harmon **B.** Crosby.

Teachers-Rev, Charles Johnson, Harmon B. Crosby.

Matron-Mrs, Sarah A. Hibbard.

Physician-J. B. Hull.

Chaplain-L. **R.** Fisk.

The "State Reform School" is a beautiful structure, of brick, on the east side of Grand river, about three-fourths of a mile from the center of Lansing, but within the city limits. The institution consists of a main building four stories high, with two wings (also four stories, but of less height than the center building), and at the end of each wing a tower five stories high. The entire length of front is **238** feet. The towers are **37** feet square, the wings **34** and the main building 56 feet deep. The building is constructed in the most thorough manner and is girded and braced with iron throughout. There are **160** boys now in the institution (**1862**), **162** being the highest number at any one time within its walls. The inmates are employed principally in farming and gardening, there being **30** acres of excellent land attached to the school, and the balance in tailoring, shoemaking, chair making and the **necessary** work about the premises. Five hours out of the twenty-four are devoted to study (all the branches of a common school edu-

cation being taught by competent teachers), six to labor and the balance to sleep, eating and recreation. A chapel in which religious services are held **each Sabbath**, a reading room and a bathing room are attached to the school, and are always accessible to the boys. The Superintendent, Mr. Robinson, is a gentleman who thoroughly understands his position, and never for a moment loses sight of the great object of the institution, the reformation of the youth under his charge. His firm but kind mode of conducting the school has not only made him a favorite with the boys, but has been the means of saving many of them from the consequence of vicious training.

STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

Faculty of Instruction.

Lewis R. Fiske, A. M., professor of agricultural chemistry.
 T. C. Abbott, A. M., professor of history and English literature.
 George Thurber, M. D., professor of botany and horticulture.
 Manly Miles, M. D., professor of zoology and animal physiology
 James Bayley, superintendent of the farm.
 J. G. Ramsdell, instructor in bookkeeping.

This institution, although generally regarded as one of the public buildings of Lansing, in reality is three and one-half miles distant from the city, and within the limits of the township of Meridian. The tract was purchased by the State Agricultural Society on the 16th of June, 1855, and comprises 676.57 acres. It lies on both sides of the Cedar river, and is regarded as a judicious and admirable location, although it was nearly in a state of nature at the time of the purchase. The soil, fortunately for the institution, embraces nearly every variety known to Michigan, while the surface is sufficiently diversified to admit of all the various experiments deemed desirable.

Under the superintendence of S. M. Bartlett, of Monroe, a college building 100 x 50 feet, and a boarding house of nearly equal size, each three stories high, and of brick, have been erected, and others are in contemplation.

The object of the Agricultural College is to give to students a thorough, practical and theoretical education to fit them to enter understandingly upon that profession which the immortal Wash-

ington has characterized as the "noblest enjoyment of man," agriculture. Thus far, although contending against the most formidable obstacles, the college has proved a complete success, while the prospect for the future is as brilliant as the most ardent friends of the institution could desire. Attached to the college is an agricultural library and reading room, which, although yet in its infancy, promises to become not only one of the most useful adjuncts of the institution, but one of the best collections of the kind in the country. A museum of the models of ancient and modern agricultural implements is also in contemplation. A chemical and philosophical laboratory second to but few in the country is already obtained and is constantly receiving such additions as the necessities of the students may require. Cabinets of natural science, together with anatomical preparations and specimens of birds, fishes, reptiles and insects, have been commenced and are receiving daily additions. The herbarium of the college is one of the largest in America, and already contains upwards of 20,000 specimens from all parts of the world, being especially rich in rare American plants. The specimens collected on the various government expeditions are numerous, and it is believed that in the grasses, the family so important to the agriculturist, it is not exceeded by any collection in the country. At a convenient distance from the college buildings is the admirable botanical garden, containing a valuable and extensive collection of trees, flowers, shrubs and herbaceous plants, selected especially for the illustration of the study of botany. Several acres are also devoted to raising vegetables to supply the table of the boarding hall.

Tuition is free to all students from this State. Students from other States will be charged twenty dollars per year for tuition. Board at cost, for the present probably about two dollars a week. Washing forty-two cents per dozen. Settlement for board and washing must be made quarterly. Room rent for each student, four dollars per year, paid quarterly in advance. Rooms furnished with bedsteads and stoves. Matriculation fee, five dollars, which entitles to the privileges of the whole course. At the opening of the term each student is required to pay into the treasury ten dollars, as an advance on hoard, which is allowed in the settlement of accounts at the end of the term.

Students work on the farm or in the garden three hours a day, for which they receive adequate remuneration, the amount paid

depending on their ability and fidelity. The wages for labor are applied on their board in the quarterly settlement of accounts. Students are required to board in the college boarding hall, and are not allowed to absent themselves from the college grounds without permission. They are expected to be present during the entire college term; none are excused from such attendance except from urgent necessity. None are excused from the daily manual labor except from physical disability, and an attendance upon all stated exercises of the college is required. Students failing in punctual attendance upon all exercises, and those whose influence upon others is considered deleterious will be reprimanded, suspended or expelled, at the discretion of the faculty.

CITY OFFICERS.

Mayor-William H. Chapman,
 Recorder—D. W. Birch.
 Clerk—Joseph E. Warner.
 Treasurer-Rodney R. Gibson.
 Marshall-James P. Baker,
 Attorney-George I. Parsons.
 Auditor-J. W. Barker.

ALDERMEN.

1st Ward-James I. Mead, S. P. Newbro.
 2nd Ward—F. M. Cowles, Daniel W. Buck.
 3rd Ward-John A. Kerr, George K. Grove,
 4th Ward-S. W. Wright, John E. Barker,

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Chief Engineer--J. W. Edmonds.
 Torrent Engine Company, No. 1--Allegan street, H. Paddock, foreman.
 Rescue Hook and Ladder Conipany, No. 1-Allegan street, Charles Harrison, foreman.

BOARD OF EDUCATION.

President-George W. Peck.
 Secretary-James Somerville.
 Treasurer-Rodney R. Gibson.

The board consists of three members from each of the four wards of the city; elected one from each ward annually; term of office three years.

There are three school edifices, one in the 1st, one in the 2nd and one in the 3rd ward, the first two being large brick buildings costing about \$7,000.

NEWSPAPERS.

Lansing State Republican-(Weekly), \$1.00 per year. Published every Wednesday on Michigan Avenue, by John A. Kerr & Co. (State Printers), George I. Parsons, editor. Republican.

Michigan State Journal-(Weekly), \$1.00 per year. Published every Thursday on Washington Avenue, by the "State Journal Publishing Company," Democratic.

PUBLIC HALLS.

Masonic Hall-Dodge & Beebe's block, Washington Avenue.
 Dodge's Hall-Dodge & Beebe's Block, Washington Avenue.

CHURCHES.

First Methodist Church-Wall street, Rev. D. D. Gillett, pastor.
 Presbyterian Church-Washington Avenue, Rev. C. S. Armstrong, pastor.

Episcopal Church-Washington Avenue, Rev. H. B. Burgess, rector.

Free Will Baptist Church-Kalamazoo street. Rev. L. B. Potter, pastor.

Second Methodist Church-Washington Avenue, Rev. D. D. Gillett, pastor.

Baptist Church--Capitol Avenue, Rev. Charles Johnson, pastor.

United Brethren in Christ's Church--Capitol Avenue, no pastor.

Universalist Church--Grand street, no pastor.

Roman Catholic Church-middle town (erecting).

German Lutheran Church-Kilborn street, Rev. A. Buerkle, pastor.

German Methodist Church--Saginaw street, Rev. Adolph Hoff man, pastor.

SOCIETIES.

Capitol Lodge of **S. O.**, No. 66, F. & A. M.—Meets Wednesday on or before each full moon at Masonic Hall, Washington Avenue, Lansing Lodge, No. **33**, F. & A. M.—Meets Thursday on or before each full moon at Masonic Hall.

Capitol Chapter, No. 9, F. & A. M.—Meets on or before each full moon at Masonic Hall.

RAILROAD AND STAGE ROUTES.

Amboy, Lansing and Traverse Bay Railroad—Lansing to Owosso (on D; & M, R. R.). 28' miles. Fare \$1.25. One train per day each way.

Lansing and St. Johns stage road—(Daily). 22 miles. Fare \$1.50.

Lansing and Jackson Stage Route—(Daily via Eaton Rapids), 43 miles. Fare. \$2.00.

Distance to Eaton Rapids, 18 miles. Fare \$1.00.

Lansing and Jackson Stage Route—(Daily via Mason), 38 miles. Fare \$2.00.

Distance to Mason, 24 miles. Fare 75 cents.

Lansing and Detroit Stage Route—(Tri-weekly via Howell), 83 miles, Fare \$4.00.

Distance to Howell, 33 miles. Fare \$1.75.

Lansing and Marshall Stage Route—(Semi-weekly via Charlotte). 45 miles. Fare \$2.00: Distance to Charlotte, 18 miles, Fare 75 cents.

LIST OF PROFESSIONS, TRADES, ETC.

Allen, William **S.**, dry goods, boots, shoes, etc., middle town.
 Amerhein, John, groceries and provisions, middle town.
 Amphlett, John **W.**, crockery and glassware, middle town,
 Angel, Horace, proprietor Seymour House, lower town,
 Armstrong, **C. S.**, Rev., pastor Presbyterian Church.
 Aynes, **Philo C.**, carpenter, middle town.
 Babo, Charles, saloon, middle town.
 Bacon, John **H.**, physicaian, middle town.
 Bailey, Alfred B., groceries and provisions, middle town,
 Bailey, **J. C. & Co.** (Joseph C. Bailey and Chas. S. Hunt); bankers, middle town.

Baker, James H., chair factory, middle town.

Baker, Milo S., foundry and machine shop, middle town.

Balland, Appleton, boots, shoes and groceries, lower town.

Barret, L., Miss, millinery and dressmaking, middle town.

Berringer, Jacob, cooper, lower town.

Bartholomew, Ira H., physician, middle town.

Bauerley, Frederick and Bro. (Frederick and **Godlob**), carriage, wagon and blacksmith shop, lower town.

Beebe, Ellis **E.**, clothing, hats and caps, middle town,

Berner, Jacob, carriage, wagon and blacksmith shop, lower town.

Berry, **Langford G.**, Auditor General.

Bertch, Andrew, meat market, middle town.

Billings, Theodore D., dry goods, groceries, etc., middle town.

Breisch, Gottlieb, meat market, lower town.

Briggs, Stanley, saloon, middle town.

Bryant, Reuben R., saw mill, upper town.

Buck, Daniel W., furniture, middle town.

Buerkle, A., pastor German Lutheran Church.

Burgess, H. **B.**, Rev., rector Episocpal Church.

Burr, Allen R., postmaster, office middle town.

Burtch, Edmund D. W., lawyer, middle town.

Cannell & Edmonds (Charles Cannell and John W. Edmonds), saddle, harness and trunks, middle town.

Carr, Wm. M., books and stationery, middle town.

Causin, Henry, boots and shoes, lower town.

Chadwick, Alpheus M., blacksmith, middle town.

Chapman, William, shingle mill, middle town.

Cheney & Baker (Alonao M. Cheney and Harvey Baker), photographers, middle town.

Coryell & Jenison (Samuel S. Coryell and Orrin A. Jenison), dry goods, groceries, etc., middle town.

Cowles, Frederick M., dry goods, groceries, etc., middle town.

Cowles, J. R., justice of the peace, lower town.

Daniels, **Philo**, livery stable, middle town.

Daniels & Williams (**M.**, J. Daniels and William **K.** Williams), saloon, middle town.

Dart & Bingham (**Rollin C.** Dart and Stephen D. Bingham), lawyers, middle town.

Dart & Marvin (**Eben W.** Dart and M. P. Marvin), hardware, stoves, etc., middle town.

Dart, **Rollin C.**, justice of the peace, middle town.
 Dodge, Cyrus **C.**, carpenter, planing mill and sashes, blinds and doors, middle town.
 Downs, J. **W.**, merchant tailor, middle town.
 Ekstein, David, tanner, groceries and provisions, middle town.
 Edgar, Nelson **W.**, proprietor Edgar House, middle town.
 Edgerly, M. Miss, dressmaking, middle town.
 Elliott, John, blacksmith, middle town,
 Elliott, **Richard**, stoves and **tinware**, lower town.
 Engelhardt, Anton, groceries and provisions, lower town,
 Engelhardt, Joseph, groceries and provisions, middle town,
 Engelhardt, Philip, photographer, middle town.
 Foot, Clark, proprietor Eagle Hotel, lower town.
 Ford & Wells (**Theron** Ford and Frank Wells), dry goods and groceries, middle town.
 Francis, Thomas, jeweler, lower town,
 Gardner, **William**, wagon and carriage shop, middle town.
 Gillett, D. D., Rev., pastor First Methodist Church,
 Gillett; Israel, Jr., clocks, watches, jewelry, agent sewing machines, middle town.
 Green, Shubael R., builder, architect and furniture dealer, middle town.
 Green, Thomas W., chair factory, lower town.
 Greene, William M., lawyer, middle town.
 Grove & Whitney (George **K.** Grove and Edwin H. Whitney), hardware, stoves and **tinware**, middle town.
 Guiles, Nathan, livery stable, middle town,
 Hart, Alvin **N.**, flour mill, lower town,
 Hart, **B. E. & Co.** (Benjamin E. and Alvin N. Hart), hardware and drugs, lower town,
 Hawley, Henry T., physician (homoeopathic), middle town.
 Hewett, Cyrus, Deputy Commissioner State Land Office.
 Hinckley, Henry V., cigars and tobacco, middle town.
 Hinman, Charles T., clocks, watches and jewelry, middle town.
 'Hinmad & Co.. (William **Hinman** and Dorastus Hinman), dry goods, groceries, middle town.
 Hoffman, Adolph, Rev., pastor German Methodist Church.
 Holmes, Theodore S., groceries and provisions, middle town.
 House, George H., Deputy Secretary of State;
 Howell, Michael A., boot and shoe shop, middle town.

Hudson, Martin, proprietor of **Benton** House, upper town.
 Hull, Joseph B., physician, middle town.
 Hunter, Smith, groceries and provisions, middle town.
 Hunter, Theodore, banker and insurance agent, middle town.
 Ingersoll, Harley, dry goods, groceries, middle town.
 Jefferies, Charles, physician (homoeopathic), lower town.
 Jameison, Luther S., meat marker, middle town.
 Johns & Bailey (James Johns and Rufus Bailey), boots and shoes, middle town.
 Johnson, Charles, Rev., pastor Baptist Church,
 Johnson, William, saddle and harness, middle town.
 Jones, Ezra, Deputy State Auditor.
 Kerr, John A. & Co. (John A. Kerr and George Jerome), printers to State and publishers Lansing State **Republican**, middle town.
 Kilbourn, Samuel L., lawyer, middle town.
 Lansing and Sons (Solomon and Garrett), blacksmiths, middle town.
 Lanterman, J. L., dentist, middle town.
 Lewis, Lloyd, carriage and wagon shop, lower town.
 Lindsey, William **F.**, groceries and provisions, lower town.
 Longyear, Ephraim, lawyer, middle town.
 Longyear, John M., lawyer, middle town.
McGeorge, Kate E., Miss, milliner and dressmaker, middle town.
 Martin & Cooper (colored) (Charles H. Martin and Benjamin Cooper), barbers, middle town.
 Mead, J. I. & Co. (James I. Mead and John **Robson**), dry goods, groceries, lower town.
 Mead, **Robson** and Co. (James **I.** Mead, Robert **S. Robson** and John **Robson**), dry goods, groceries, etc., middle town.
 Merrifield, Edwin R., insurance agent, middle town.
 Morrison, Stacy A., dentist, middle town.
 Moseley, Chester, flour mill, lower town,
 Nebro, **S. D. & Brother**, (**Solomen** D. and **Eugene P.**), drugs, groceries, lower town.
 Nichols, Jason, cooper, lower town,
Parmalee, Edmund, saw mill, sash, door, blind and woolen factory, lower town.
 Peck & Merrifield (George **W.** Peck, Edwin **B.** Merrifield and Augustus F. Weller), dry goods, etc., middle town.

Parmet, M. A., Miss, millinery, middle town.

Potter, L. B., Rev., pastor of Free-Will Baptist Church.

Price, Eleazer, physician, middle town.

Schoettle, John G., proprietor city brewery, lower town,

Shearer, James M., proprietor Eagle Hotel, middle town.

Simons, Benjamin F., dry goods, groceries, middle town.

Somerville & Colby (James Somerville and **Jabez** Colby), saddle, **harness**, lower town,

Sprang, Philip G., wagon and carriage shop, middle town.

Stebbins, Cortland B., Deputy Superintendent of Public Instruction.

Straub, Christian A., groceries, boots and shoes, lower town.

Swift, George W., furniture, middle town.

Thayer, R. & Co. (Russell Thayer and Charles H. L. Harrison), druggists, middle town.

Russell, Thayer, physician, middle town.

Tompkins & Co. (John Tompkins, **Alanson** Watkins and John Tooker), iron foundry, machine shop and agricultural implements, lower town.

Trostel, Frederick, gunsmith, middle town.

Turner, James, Deputy State Treasurer.

Turner, James and Brothers (James, George and Charles), iron foundry, machine shop, agricultural implements and hot air furnaces, lower town.

Turner, Rogers and Co. (Amos Turner, Horace B. Rogers and **Daniel** L. Case), dry goods, groceries, etc., lower town.

VanAuken, Dan W., dry goods, groceries, etc., lower town.

Vedder, Henry S., sash factory, lower town.

Viele, Andrew J., books, stationery, paper hangings, piano fortes, melodeons, and agent for American Express Company, middle town.

Waits, James B., billiard room, middle town,

Waldbauer, George, baker, middle town.

Walter, Theodore, groceries and provisions, lower town.

Warner, Mary E., Mrs., millinery, lower town.

Weinman, Fred, brewer, middle town.

Westcott, David, tailor shop, middle town.

White, C. R., boot and shoe store, lower town.

Whiteley, John, groceries and provisions, middle town,

Wiley, Delos, lawyer, middle town.

Williams, Silas, stoves and **tinware**, lower town.

Wilson, Timothy (colored), barber, middle town.

Wolf, Christ, brewer, middle town,

Woodhouse and Butler (William Woodhouse and Charles W. **Butler**), land and tax agents, dealers in mnrblc, middle town.

Zcigler, Christ, **tanner**, lower town.

'LANSING INDUSTRY TN FABRICATION OF IRON IS SHOWN OF EARLY ORIGIN.

The story of iron rule in Lansing is told by a pioneer, who saw from the beginning the development of the sway of the necessary metal.

Dr. F. N. Turner's story, "A Pioneer Foundry," seems a fitting accompaniment to the historical questions for January, 1920, sent out by the Ingham County Pioneer and Historical Society, and cannot fail to be of interest to Lansing people. He says:

"Lansing is a manufacturing town or city. From 5:30 a. m. until 7 a. m. the steam whistles six days in the week tell us that it is. It is the morning call to nearly 20,000 workmen. The numerous street cars loaded with men and boys, also women, each with a dinner basket, tell us, and the observing stranger or transient sojourner, that we have large shops where these people earn their daily bread. The grocers and other merchants, with their rapid auto-delivery vehicles, are busy during the forenoon delivering food and fuel to the vast army of workers toiling in the grime and dust to earn money to pay for the same.

"Stop a moment on one of the many bridges that span the Grand river and count the tall chimneys and smokestacks, lumber yards and coal piles. Do you wish for further proof that the Capital City of the great State of Michigan is a factory city? We want more factories, for signs on all roads leading into the city announce that sites for factory plants are to be given away.

"Most of our factories make articles from iron. We are living in an 'Iron Age.' Iron is king of all metals; it holds a Kaiserlike

rule over all metals. Even gold and silver are only used to a limited extent.

"Now, considering that iron is the metal largely 'used in our manufacturing, can we not go back and trace the beginning of its manufacture here, or find the pioneer foundry? I will have to go back to my childhood days and give the public a bit of family history.

"Come with me to North Lansing, cross the bridge and turn down the alley between the postoffice and Morse's jewelry store, and a few steps will bring you to a foundry-Standard Castings Company-in full blast.

"According to the records, the site of this foundry was granted by the United States to Fred Bushnell in 1836. Bushnell went to Louisiana, where he died, and his heirs in that state deeded the property to James Seymour, of Rochester, N. Y., who in turn sold it to J. W. Burchard, who was drowned in Grand river at North Lansing in 1845-46. I have heard my father say that he was the first man that was drowned at Lansing, and relate how the accident happened near the dam.

"James Turner was appointed administrator of Burchard's estate, and the property was re-deeded to James Seymour Nov. 1, 1848, and the deed was recorded on March 10, 1850. Between these dates the framework of the mill was built and the foundry started. We can say that it was built 70 years ago, and with one or two exceptions when shut down for repairs this foundry has been in operation since that time. It would be interesting to know how many thousand tons of iron the old foundry has melted, and it would be fully as interesting to know how many workmen have earned their daily bread within its grimy walls. In its early days it did a general jobbing business, made plows, agricultural and similar implements. Some of the old castings found in the homes and other buildings in the city were made there. At M. A. C, the old College Hall-wrecked a year ago-had a water table of the foundry's cast iron -that protected the exposed layers of brick near the ground. This was cast in this foundry, and my father laid it on the college wall.

"Mr. Cady, father of William Cady, of North Lansing, was one of the workmen that worked a long time in this foundry, and when my father and his brothers, George and James, built the 'Turner

Brothers Foundry' where the offices of the Auto Body Works are today, Mr. Cady went with them into the new place. He was a pattern maker, and my ideal of a workman. His painstaking accuracy and interest in his work always attracted my boyish fancy.

"Mr. Hildreth, who owned the foundry at one time, was a son of my father's head moulder. Than Glassbrook, another owner, was a boy from the street that my father took an interest in and got him into the machine shop, where he made such rapid progress that he afterward became owner of the shop where he had worked.

"I can remember in the seventies a long-legged youth who left his father's library and worked in the old foundry. He was Prof. Tracy's son. The grime of the shop, the whir of the machinery had more attraction for him than the smell of sheepskin bindings and the printed page. A grimy pair of overalls seemed to fit better and was worn with more ease than a starched shirt and broadcloth.

"Since I have been at my present office I have watched, as I did when a boy, the flames and fumes pour out of the cupola, have stepped inside and watched the hot metal being poured into the flasks by the strong-armed workmen, and can see myself a small boy again. The dream fades when I see the workmen fishing out from the cool moulds parts of auto and gas engines instead of plow beams and plowshares. I then realize that I am in the bustling, energetic present, with its many cares and duties.

"Today, Jan. 6, 1920, workmen are tearing out the old frame work and replacing the same with brick and iron. The large oak timbers my father helped hew and frame are many of them sound, due, perhaps, to the fumes of the iron permeating their fiber and acting as a preservative. It has kept them from decay for 70 years. I hope -the renovated building will melt and mould iron until it reaches the century mark."

This story may serve to remind some reader of other industries of Lansing's early days, whose history would add to the interest of the Ingham County History the County Historical Society hopes soon to have published,

EARLY DAYS IN LANSING.

By DR. I. N. TURNER, North Lansing.

It is appropriate in meetings of this kind to present something we think will be of interest to those present. In pioneer meetings we always hear **historical** subjects-something pertaining to the past. We are apt to write or relate some of our personal history, some of our impressions-something of how certain events that transpired in the past impressed us and shaped our lives. Impressions received in our younger days are very lasting, and we like to review them and with a judgment of mature years to recall them.

This is a human trait, for even among barbarous nations and semi-civilized tribes they have their story tellers and sages. In order to tell you something about the early days of Lansing, the city of my birth, my home during my boyhood and the residence of my mature years, I will have to take you with me and try to show you what the city was fifty-five years ago.

Let us take a walk and describe some things we see, locate some spots that are now covered with buildings and factories suited to an up-to-date Capital City. We will start at Franklin street bridge, North Lansing. The time some day in May, **1864**. The bridge is built of wood and from the beams and floor extends an upright framework of 2 x 8 planks, in the form of a lattice work. Where the planks cross are wooden pins inserted to hold them together, and this lattice work extends across the top binding the whole into a firm structure. These two frames separate the foot walk on each side from the main driveway in the center, and help to brace and strengthen the beams below. This was an up-to-date bridge in those days,

On the south side, as we go west, we notice a log house and large frame barn in the rear. This house is the only log house left in this vicinity, and is occupied by Mr. Van Corder.

In the barn he keeps a mule of the masculine gender that voices his plaint for green fields and clover pasture. Some passing ladies do not recognize the voice of this animal and stop to make inquiries,

On the north side is Mr. Yauger's residence and his large garden, I have referred to this garden in my paper on Pioneer Gardens, so will not stop to describe it, only to say that it takes up the whole block.

There are no buildings on the south side on the corner, but just south on the east side is Nichols' cooper shop, and we hear Mr. Nichols and his workmen hammering at the barrels.

Crossing Washington Avenue we notice on the northeast corner they have broken ground for the new Presbyterian church. Elder Bryant, a missionary preacher, has been laboring here for the past year and has formed a society and they are going to build a brick church on this corner.

West of this corner we pass two or three small houses before we come to Dan VanAuken's large house, the best in the block. Dan is one of the principal merchants in the north end. Diagonally across the corner west is the frame house of Lewis Preston, a surveyor, who did most of the surveying in the city. West of the Preston house are two or three small houses and then comes the large house of Mr. Sommerville, the principal harness maker in North Lansing.

West of the VanAuken house, on the next block, is the home of Mr. Van Aiken, our city treasurer. West one block and we come to the home of Alfred Bigsby. The board walk here crosses Weinman's creek, and as the street has not been graded -the walk is put on stilts to cross the ravine made by the stream.

Opposite this block is a row of houses, six in number, built to rent by D. L. Case. Going on west from Bigsby's we find two or three small frame houses, but the square south is vacant, and on the north side is a grove. This square and the grove are both fenced in and used to pasture cows, hold picnics and Fourth of July celebrations. The last squares on the north and south have no houses but are fenced and planted to corn and potatoes.

The end of the street brings us to the grounds of the Lansing Female Seminary. Let us take a short walk to the north along Willow street. We find at the corner of Capitol Avenue and Willow street Mr. Narmore's large house and barns on the north. Mr. Narmore is the pottery manufacturer of Lansing and has his factory on Center street. He has to draw his clay and other material to the factory with teams, also distribute his wares

through the surrounding country in the same way, consequently **uses** a lot of horses.

West of Mr. Narmore's on the corner is a small house which in after years was the home of Mr. Root. Farther west was Deacon Calkins' farm, then the Borden and Smith farms. People in the north end used to buy milk, butter and other things there. This was convenient for the consumer as he did not have to pay any transportation or charges for cold storage. There were no milk peddlers in the city, Jacob Risley was the first milkman in the **north** end and he did not come to Lansing until 1865.

We will go back to **the** end of Franklin Avenue and before we enter the Seminary grounds notice Weiman's Brewery, on the **northwest** corner of Maple and Pine streets. We can smell the malt, so he is making beer today.

The south side of the Seminary grounds is sowed to wheat, and the north side is planted with fruit trees, and a part of the ground is used as a garden. The Misses Rodgers are not believers in co-education, but we noticed one or two boys with the girls. One of these boys is **E. B.** Ward's son from **Detroit**. Miss Rodgers has broken the rules of admission in the case of these boys, sons of **rich men** of Detroit.

After passing through the grounds we are in the country, as there are farms on both sides of the road. There is only one house for a mile and a half, or until we get to the Dryer farm. Turning to the left at the first turn and going south we come to Mr. F&d's farm, which used to be the H. H. Smith farm. I was on this road (now Logan street) a few days ago, and noticed a fragment of the old farm house was there yet, but the barns-across the road have been gone for years. West on **Warner** street nearly opposite Richard Turner's farm house was a small farm of four acres planted with fruit trees and owned by Mr. Lindsley, the post-master at North Lansing. Mr. Lindsley and his son used to have an ox team that did all the work on their farm. He told my father that he did no injury to his young fruit trees when plowing with oxen.

Mr. H. H. Smith was an eastern man and came to Mason before the Capital. was located at Lansing, and in 1847 he came with James Turner, Dan Case and my father to the city in the woods. He engaged in business with James Turner and cleared this farm.

As he had no capital he had to work with his men to cut timber, burn brush and logs, before it could be cultivated and grain sowed. He kept his own cows and used to drive them from his home on North Washington Avenue near Maple street, up to the woods to pasture. Then work all day and drive them home at night. He retained much of his pride, for he always wore good clothes to his work, then changed to his working garments and changed back before he returned home. One day when it rained he placed his good clothes in a hollow log to keep them dry, but a fire got into the log and burned them up. That night he went home after dark, for he did not want his neighbors to see him looking like a coal heaver or a charcoal burner in his working clothes. Mrs. Smith waited for him until sundown to milk the cows, for her babe and small children were hungry. Before Mr. Smith reached home she had been obliged to go to a neighbor and borrow milk. She told the neighbors the cows had come before sundown, but she had never learned to milk, to her regret. **Slrc** remarked that all her children should learn that art, and she made her word good, and that part of domestic training was not neglected in her home.

Going south from the Ford farm we come to the road running west. On the corner is the Rapp place, where Jake and George Rapp lived with their mother. Turning east we skirt -the forty acres of timber called Bennett's woods. To the south there are a few houses, but mostly commons where the Middle Town people pasture their cows. There are a few houses on North Chestnut street near the Catholic church, but -the largest house as we approach Washington Avenue is on a hill in the center of a square between North Chestnut and Seymour streets. This is Dr. Wood's house.

When we come to the avenue we find the Half Way **H**ouse kept by Mr. Mevis, on the southeast corner. Turning down the avenue north we pass the Mort Cowles house, D. L. Case house and H. H. Smith's white house, while on the east side we see the brick house of Dewitt C. Leach, State Indian Agent, also L. **Walkins'** house, the hardware merchant at North Lansing.

Glancing across the river we see Scofield's mill running, and the boom above the dam is full of logs. Hart's mill has a crowd of

teams before the door, and the old Turner, **Walkins** and Tompkins iron foundry is taking off a heat.

Our walk ends here and we hope the listener is not as tired as our walk has made us, but as our vision travels back we can see Mr. Henry Mosley whispering some business into his father's, ear across the street from where we stopped. Mr. Mosley is the deaf miller at our end of the city.

As we grow older we love more and more to recall those early days and live them again in memory.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

The display of flags and bunting, the sound of martial music, the recruiting stations on our main streets, also the patriotic public meetings, the proclamation of **President** Wilson, in fact all this bustle, this dread, this uncertainty of what the future has in store **for** us as a people, a nation, a government, brings back to my mind **buried** but not forgotten memories of the opening events of the great Civil War.

I was very young at that time, too young to comprehend all the meanings of those stirring times, too young to know a **Freesoil** Democrat from an Abolitionist or Fremont Whig, by their political talk, etc., but my young eyes saw and formed miniature pictures in my brain of events that took place and of people in this city who took part, who were the actors in this great drama of human blood and carnage. 'Can I in a few sentences tell or recall these almost forgotten war memories or pictures so that some of the older people who lived here at that time, who witnessed the same, can recognize them? I will try,

My first recollections go back to the spring of 1861 when I was a beginner in the public schools, a first grader in the First Ward Union School—now the Cedar street—with Daniel **O'Rork** as principal, and Miss **Limeback** my teacher, My **first** sight of the "Boys in Blue" was a squad under the command of an **officer**—sergeant—drilling in front of the old Butterfield Hotel on Franklin street near the school house. Some of the older boys who stood watching them drill became so enthused with the martial spirit

that they got sticks and lined up with the soldiers for instruction in the manual of arms, This did not suit another pompous officer, who stood nearby, who was too dignified to recognize the spirit in the boys, but thought they were mocking the awkward movements of the squad, so he drew his sword and drove them away, telling them in a haughty tone they were too small for such work. This rebuff did not dampen our martial spirit for we were so anxious to go to war that we made a mark on the school yard fence to measure our height every week. There was a "drummer boys' mark," and when one of us reached that mark "honest to goodness without any cheating" he was an officer, put on airs and ordered us around, He was the commanding officer and we were nothing but privates.

In a short time the picture changes to a picnic dinner in the school yard on the leaving of the company for the front. The picnic dinner interested us more than the sorrowful farewells, for we were afraid that the hungry soldiers, with the prospect of a salt pork and hardtack ration **before** them, would eat all the ice cream and good things the ladies had provided and leave nothing for us poor kids. I remember one soldier saying as he was looking over his equipment that he wished his **canteen** could always be full of Weiman's beer so he would not get homesick.

Next picture was a sad one, a soldier's funeral. Andrew Calkins was brought back to his boyhood home on Willow street to be buried with soldier honors. His body was accompanied by a sergeant and four privates in full uniform and equipment. I can recall his **coffin** covered with the flag and borne by his comrades, who acted as pallbearers, into the old Franklin **street** church, how the soldiers filed into one of the pews at the side of the pulpit and at the subdued but hoarse command of the **officer** to "Ground arms" their muskets struck the floor. I can **remember** that hollow, empty sound. It had no ring, had no sound of life, but was empty and dead. The last ceremonies at the grave the firing of the volley over it, brought us back to the present made us realize that in our country the Southland was strife and bloodshed as well as death.

Andrew was, if I remember rightly, an only son, and his **weeping**, sorrowing mother has given her only boy 'as a sacrifice in the defense of his country.

After the first year some of the soldiers were sent home as invalids. One I remember most distinctly was a captain. What his disease was that unfitted him for duty did not interest us much, but what he brought back as a trophy from the South took our fancy and was a source of amusement to us kids. What was it? A colored boy, a contraband about twelve years old named Joe Darey. His songs, dances and other capers was our movie show for years to come. Joe lived a life of single blessedness and died at a ripe old age. In after years when I had reached manhood and he was an old man he told me something of his life on a plantation in Virginia, how he never heard from his brothers and sisters until forty years had gone, then by accident he heard that a colored man—a cook in a hotel in this city—bore the same name, his visit to this man, and how he recognized, after forty years, in this man a brother. I wish I could describe Joe's quaint speech as he told me how he made himself known to his brother.

Another man I recall was Captain James Jefferies—Capt. Jim. He was an architect and builder. He designed and built the D. L. Case home on North Washington Avenue, now the home of Judge Weist. I remember his wife and four growing boys. He had everything to make a man happy, a good business, excellent wife, four sons that would in a few years help him, but his patriotism, his duty to his country had, he thought, the first claim, so he left all and went. His body long ago has crumbled into dust in an unmarked grave in the southland.

Next picture I remember was on a bright sunny morning, April 9th, 1865. What a day of rejoicing, of feasting, of display of flags and bunting, of band playing and marching of Reform School boys, etc. Why? General Lee had surrendered and the war was ended. Political foes met and rejoiced together, family quarrels and neighborhood rows; were forgotten, and everybody rejoiced.

The laboring man, who had not tasted fresh meat or drunk any coffee for six months, bought some and feasted that day. In four days our rejoicing was changed to mourning, for our beloved President had been assassinated and lay dead in the White House at Washington.

For thirty days our flags and decorations were draped with crepe and the people mourned. I will never forget the memorial

services at the old State House building. Daniel O'Rork, our principal, had all the school march in line from the school to attend it. My how it rained that day, but not even the rain could dampen our spirits nor the solemnity of the occasion quiet our laughter at the comical figure Daniel made in the rain as he trotted up and down the line to keep us kids in marching order.

As faint impressions in the past are recalled by occasions of similar things in the present, so the youthful, extreme youthful, impression of the stirring times of 1861 are recalled by the present events and a desire to put on paper some of those old Civil War pictures.

DR. F. N. TURNER.

PIONEER ARCHITECTURE.

Anyone interested in architecture who wants to find out the style of dwelling that the first settlers of this city built, what they built them of, and how they were placed in regard to streets, etc., should take a walk one of these fine spring mornings and go to the northwest corner of Capitol Avenue and Maple street.

It is an old fashioned house that shows the effects of time and the elements, the main part or upright stands with its gable facing east, the addition or one-story wing at its north side. It was built in 1851 or 1853, so it has stood and the morning sun has bathed its front with rosy light for 66 years.

As a devout Mohammedan faces the east every morning, so this old frame house has shown its front to the rising sun for over half a century. Our forebears always liked to place their homes so they would face the east, which was their former home, and some had a certain mark on the floor or walls opposite an eastern window so when the rising sun shone upon it the time or hour could be told. It took the place of a clock or timepiece.

What peculiarity or distinguishing mark has this old house? 'The first thing we notice is its shape; the main part being two stories high while the wing was only one. As a result the living and sleeping rooms are in the main part, while the kitchen and pantry or working rooms are in the wing with an attic above them

for a store room. This style of planning and building a house came with the early settlers from the New England states.

What more is peculiar about this house that tells us something about the architecture of the early fifties? The shape of the cornice. You will notice that where the side cornice meets the gable the cornice is carried out over the gable eighteen inches or two feet and then stops and we have it boxed-in cornice. Most of the dwellings built from 1840 to 1860 have this style of cornice. You will also notice that in the costly homes built during this same period the cornice is carried across the whole gable and makes the same as a pediment but in the humbler homes the builder stops and boxes it in. This might be the distinguishing mark; between the rich and poor dweller.

Those that build a home or house today lit tle realize what it was to build i n the early fifties especially here i n the woods. Material, especially wood, was not lacking, but all the material had to be worked out by hand before it was placed into a home. Two years at least before building the builder went into the woods and selected the trees to make the covering, cornice, inside finish, and window sash and doors. These trees were felled, cut into saw logs and hauled to the nearest sawmill, there sawed into rough lumber. This lumber had to be seasoned in the open air for one or two years and then during the winter months planed by hand and made into siding, flooring, cornice, door and window frames, also sash and doors. If there were no shingle mills near, shingle bolts were cut and shingles split and shaved by hand o 11 a shaving horse, to cover the roof.

A builder in those days had to be master of his trade, not a saw and hammer carpenter. The hardware, nails and glass for the windows had to be contracted for six months before it was used as it had to be brought from Detroit or some lake port by teams. Most of the builders were handicapped as there were no architects and no blue prints, so they had to make their own estimates. No wonder they served a long apprenticeship, for they were taught to use their brains as well as their hands, and these old houses show an individuality that we don't get in our modern machine made homes.

Thomas Carlyle in his reminiscences speaks o f his father as a master mason, a stone bridge builder and how his father when he

pot too old to work used to visit some of the bridges he had built. and view them with pride. They were his children, creations of his brain and hand work, so I think if the spirits of these old builders could come back and see their creations, even when built of such a perishing material as wood that has lasted after their bones have crumbled into dust, they would rejoice.

This old house is dear to me, and I cannot forget the memories associated with it, for my father built it and in one of the old rooms I was born.
DR. F. N. TURNER.

WEIMANN'S BREWERY.

In this period of temperance, when the public press and public forum are used to give publicity to the temperance movement, to extoll the blessings of temperance in public and private life and magnify the evils of rum selling and intemperate use of same, it might interest some to relate my recollections of the birth and growth of temperance sentiment in this city; how the social habit of drinking was done away with as a social feature in entertainment.

Clubs of men, when men meet for recreation and entertainment, who have tried to graft the drinking, which by the way is not original but borrowed from Europe, have failed as it has been found that the use of intoxicants lowered the standards of their social and intellectual life. I have noticed that in our progressive cosmopolitan western public life, when a foreigner or group of foreigners tries to draft upon our social or public life something they had or enjoyed in their own country they in many instances meet with disappointment and failure. The thing has to be acclimated and tested out before we will give it our hearty support.

In writing about this growth of temperance, I can illustrate it by the growth, life and death of a pioneer brewery at the north end of North Lansing. Go with me to the northeast corner of Maple and Pine streets and notice that old one-story-and-a-half wooden house with a low one-story addition along its westside. There is nothing very striking about its appearance or its location. There are many old wooden buildings in this city that look like it.

It looked better fifty years ago, when at that time it stood in the western suburb of the north end.

Well, **what** about this old building? It stands today as the ruins of an industry and two-score years ago was part of Weimann's brewery.

Sixty or sixty-five years ago there drifted into the north end a tall German. He was accompanied by his wife and baby. He showed by his movements and actions that he was full of energy and hard work. In this he was helped by his short, sturdy frau. He told the public that he was looking for a location, that he was a brewer and intended starting a brewery.

After a time, we find him clearing and building on the northeastern corner of Pine and Maple streets. Why did he locate here? At that time a small spring brook crossed Maple street near the corner of Pine and meandered down across Franklin street near Mr. Alfred Bigsby's place and emptied into Grand river, east of our present gas works.

This creek could give him plenty of fresh water and the banks could be utilized at small expense and not much digging as a cooling cellar for his brewery. A vacant square just east of his building which had a small grove of maples and other trees on its north side could, if his business was a success and needed expanding, be bought or leased as a beer garden, also the creek flats with its dark, rich soil was an ideal cabbage patch. The fenced commons south and west of his location afforded pasture, with no expense, to his cows.

My earliest recollections of this brewery was the present building with its long porch on the east side, the brew house proper set a short distance north, a young forest of hop poles along a drive on the eastern side, for German thrift and custom made him raise his own hops which he used in his business, his bustling wife waiting upon customers in the front room while her good man was busy with the brewing. Very distinct recollections come to me now of this front room with its sanded floor, the tall hop poles with their swaying vines, the smell of steaming malt, the tinkle of cow bells on the common and the harsh, guttural tones of the German customers, mingled with clouds of tobacco smoke from some large porcelain pipes. The creek with the dark forest as its background and impenetrable swamp-Bogus Swamp- that hid

the springs from which it had its source, must have stirred memories in the brewer's mind of the Black Forest in Germany.

For the first few years this industry flourished, but all this time a cloud, small at first but as years passed increased in size, overshadowed it. What was this cloud? On a large square directly west of this industry was an institution whose growth did not depend upon beer or the consumption of it, but upon its suppression. What was this institution? An educational institution, the Lansing Female Seminary, with Miss Abbie and Adelia Rodgers for owners and instructors. Why should these ladies object to the brewery and its customers as Mr. Weimann never peddled his wares on the Seminary grounds and always treated the Miss Rodgers in a polite and respectful manner when they met. No, it wasn't that, but it was the location of the brewery, for the only driveway to the Seminary grounds was a drive that entered the southeast corner of the square and that led directly past the brewery in going to and from the Middle Town and North Lansing.

This school was a select one, and all the pupils were from the first families of Lansing, Detroit and other cities. They had refined tastes, noses and hearing, and they came to this school to have the same cultivated and trained for their future stations in life. How could they do this when they had to pass this German brewery two or three times a day. They objected to the smell of the brewing, the sauer kraut making, the pig pens that contained the pigs fattening on the waste malt and their ears could not take in the beauties of "Wagner's Drinking Songs" or the "Watch on the Rhine" sung at 12 o'clock at night by a score of lusty Germans each with one or two quarts of beer under his belt, so they objected.

The Miss Rodgers carried their complaints to the brewer, and we can imagine the result. He with his broken English and she with authoritative way must have made a discussion and a scene that would tempt the pen of an author or the brush of an artist.

Miss Abbie Rodgers, as I remember her, was a woman of sterling character, resolute will and active, progressive mind. She, if living now, would make a shining light in the suffrage or any progressive movement. She was not a believer in co-education. Many striking things occurred in this woman's life and into my

youthful ears stories were told of her birth in a New England state, her migration into Missouri with her sister and their trials and failure to start a select school for girls there, their horseback ride of a thousand miles north and their founding a school here in the woods, how she went before the Legislature of State session after session for means to carry on same and how her death occurred before she could reap the fruits of her labors and life work.

Can you imagine such a woman letting a German brewer get the best of her in a deal or argument? No, he had to give way and his dream of a beer garden, on the German plan, vanished as well as his profits and customers. I can imagine that in their discussion she told him that beer was a plebian drink-her ancestors drank nothing but New England or New Bedford rum--the smell of his brewery and sauer kraut disturbed her digestion and the nights were too noisy for sleep by the drinking songs of his customers. Her way prevailed and she carried the neighborhood with her, so gradually the smoke from Weimann's brewery was a thing of the past and only by a hitch of memory from some of the old pioneers is it remembered.

Miss Rodgers was then the pioneer in this temperance movement. She showed by her work that beer making and beer drinking as a factor of entertainment and sociability was a foreign product and could not be grafted upon our American social life.

GARDENS.

For the past four years and especially at this season of 'the year we hear a lot about gardens, high school gardens, municipal gardens, gardens for workingmen, directions to plant, what soils are suitable, how to enrich the same if soil is poor, instructions in regard to fruit trees and flowers, also a word about injurious bugs and how to curb their destructive propensities.

All this talk, all these directions, all this publicity about benefits to be derived or profits made-if the season is right-are well and will awaken an interest in those who have never gardened, but it would be well to publish these directions in installments, spread them out over the whole growing season. The preparation of the

ground, planting, etc., is only a part, a small part, it is the care of the growing crop that fills the market basket, the fruit jars, or, in case of flowers, please the eye and sheds fragrance over the table and rooms of the rich manufacturer or humble workman alike, that is the part we are all interested in.

To those who are not afraid to dirty their manicured hands, or that the vulgar sun will freckle or destroy their delicate complexions, those that take an interest in seeing things grow, watching that mysterious thing life unfold in the growing things around them, there is nothing so restful to their tired brain, so healthful to their physical being as a garden, a garden they can work themselves, one they can try out experiments in regard to soils, seeds, cultivation, and climatic influences. A garden you can work, study and dream about.

Of all the plats published in our newspapers, I have a word of criticism. Most of them have corn and potatoes as well as other vegetables on their plat. Our city lots are too small for these crops, as they want space and a rich soil. They are apt to, if crowded and the soil is not right, grow to tops with no ears of corn on the stalks or potatoes on the vines, also they are sun plants and must have the sunlight or they will wither and die. A city gardener with a small plat of ground must content himself with small things, not with what are grown in the large open fields. Most of the land agents in this city that are engaged in booming garden lands in the South-Florida and the Gulf States-hold out the inducement that there you can raise two or three crops in 'the growing season. Can we do the same thing here in the North in regard to our hardy vegetables? We can, and I can say from my own personal experience that with a little judgment and a suitable soil any gardener in this city can grow two or three crops of radishes, peas, lettuce, beets, etc., if he will plant them at intervals in the months of May, June and July. He will have to cultivate and care for the second and third crops, the same as he did the first or he will meet with failure.

While on this subject, I wish to say a few words in regard to an old garden in this city, where it was and how it looked to me fifty years ago, how the size, it seemed a small farm to me then, or half a dozen flower, vegetable and fruit gardens combined into one vast, expanse of beauty, fragrance and usefulness; a place where

the sunbeams liked to linger, the birds sang their sweetest songs and the butterflies showed their multicolored wings to the drooning hum of the busy bees. It was to my youthful fancy an ideal garden, The house, with its gorgeous background, blended in with shrubs, trees and flowers, my idea of a home.

Where was it located? It was located at the west end of Franklin street bridge and on the north side of the street. It extended west to Washington Avenue, north to Willow street and the river was its eastern boundary, so you can see it was some size. Mr. Yawger was the gardener, and he raised fruits, flowers and **vegetables**. It was laid out in the old style English way with gravel walks, different shaped beds and terraces. During the growing season it was a great attraction to the passerby, for the garden was below the level of Franklin street and the greater part could be seen from the sidewalk. Mr. Yawger could be seen spading or working, for he did not use horses.

In those days, when everybody had a garden, Mr. Yawger did not receive much profit for his labor, but he showed by his work what could be done in this city in the way of raising fruits, flowers, and vegetables, also teaching the younger generation what an ideal garden should be. Old fashioned? Yes, in this day of hot house plants, but I have noticed in the past few years that even the rich are tiring of tropical plants, for borders and groups, and are using the native hardy plants for the same with better results.

The intense coloring, the large leaves and thick stems of the tropical plants, that only thrive best under the intense heat of their home, the tropics, look as much out of place in a blue grass lawn as a trailing arbutus under a banana tree. Give the home grown the same care and chance as the alien and you will be surprised at their usefulness and beauty.

THE COWLES PROPERTY.

The election last week-June 14th, 1917—closed the long drawn out business transaction between this city and the heirs of the Cowles estate and the city is the loser. In other words, the voting taxpayers decided by a small majority that our rapidly growing

city does not need a public square, a square already covered with native forest trees, trees that would cost twenty to thirty thousand dollars in time and money to grow to their present size and beauty; does not need this open air space when in the future years Washington Avenue will be built up with stores and business blocks from Franklin Avenue to Genesee street. When that time comes, when both sides of Washington Avenue is lined with skyscrapers, humming with commercial life, I can predict that the merchants and other people in the congested district will criticize our short-sighted policy and our lack of business ability. They will ask why we did not provide for them. We must acknowledge that it—Cowles Square—would be a source of enjoyment now, would aid to promote good health and would be an untold financial asset to the city in the future.

The argument of those opposed to the purchase was that Lansing has plenty of parks and the cost of keeping them up was too much of a burden on the taxpayers. This might be true, but where are our parks located? Moores, Potters and Waverly Parks are too far away to be of any benefit to our people on a working day and can only be enjoyed on Sunday or holidays and then the street car fares bar some of our extreme poor from enjoying them. East or Oak Park can be enjoyed by the workmen and families living in the immediate vicinity. Third Ward Park cannot be used, as it is too far away from the main business center, and Ferris has no shade, and for this reason it will be years before it can be utilized for general park purposes, Our city hasn't or never will have an open square, a breathing place, in her congested business district. We call our city progressive and up-to-date, Are we? In this one thing we are fifty years behind Detroit, Grand Rapids and other cities in this State. We find in most all of them a small open square or park in the congested business district, and they regard them as a necessity as well as a business asset.

Some years ago it was my good fortune to visit New York and other eastern cities, and what attracted my attention, especially in New York, was the three or four small open squares in the congested district along Broadway. Old St. Paul's church and its shaded square; Trinity church and its yard; Mulberry Bend and its sunlight space showed to me that this great city knew their

value and must have these breathing places in the midst of her skyscrapers and subways. Will Detroit ever sell or build upon her Campus Martius, her Grand Circus parks or other small parks in her business districts? No. They are too valuable an asset in health and wealth to be sold or built upon. No smooth tongued promoter or real estate dealer could ever persuade the city government or taxpayers of Detroit to ever use them in any other way than they are used today.

A HISTORY OF COWLES BLOCK,

It would be of interest to many people here to give a short history of what I know and can recall of this property. I will have to mention a small group of pioneer business men and merchants who were associated with the late Mortimer Cowles. They all invested in real estate, built homes and were in business between the years 1847 and 1880, a period of thirty-three years. They all bought land on North Washington Avenue except one who bought a small farm on North street and built across the river opposite the north end of Washington Avenue. These men were James Turner, Sr., Daniel L. Case, Hiram H. Smith and Mortimer Cowles. They bought and built on North Washington Avenue because it was the first land cleared from the primeval forest and they did business at the north end.

Hiram H. Smith built his house at or near the southeast corner of North Washington Avenue and Maple street. Dr. Nice has remodelled the house and lives there now. I can remember the old house as it was, the largest and finest house on North Washington Avenue, with its set-in porch and four large wooden pillars facing the avenue. Mr. Cowles, who had worked for and been associated with Mr. Smith in business, built next the brick house on the square that bears his name. There seemed to be some rivalry between these men as each tried to build somewhat different or better than his neighbor or business associate, for while Hiram built his house of wood in the eastern or colonial style of architecture, Mortimer built of brick in the villa or southern style of architecture, also placed a cupola on the roof of the main part while Hiram's roof was plain and unadorned. James built on the

bluff at a bend in the river. To make his house prominent, to show through the screen of foliage on the sides of the bluff, he built of red brick also to show size, built in Italian villa style of architecture, *i. e.*, square central building, wing each side lower than main part, pillared porches extending whole length of the wings.

Daniel L. Case was the last one to build and he erected the Judge Wiest house on the west side of the avenue between Madison and Jefferson streets. He had to build something different so he built a square house, with high arched windows and a high basement, as anyone will notice, as there is quite a flight of steps to climb before you will or can enter the main entrance and reach the first floor. I don't know what style of architecture Mr. Case used in designing his house or what instruction he gave his architect—James Jeffers—but I would call it the English or baronial style. If I am not misinformed, Mr. Case was Canadian born and he might have copied from some English baronial house in Canada, but anyway a glance at the high arched windows on the outside and a peep inside at the wide hall extending across the building, the open staircase, the high ceiling of the rooms, show blue blood in style and arrangement. Mr. Case boasted when he built that his house cost more than any of the others, and that was no idle talk, for my father was a builder and a good judge of work and material and he worked under James Jeffers on this house.

Of these houses and grounds I have briefly described the Cowles property is the only one left intact. All the others have passed into strange hands; the grounds surrounding them has been sold and built upon and the houses changed or remodelled.

Mr. Cowles, when clearing the land to build, left some of the trees we see grown to maturity. He also planted an evergreen hedge around the square and spent time and money in planting flowering shrubs, fruit trees and evergreens over the whole square. He was a tree lover, and some of the beautiful shade trees that line our streets today are his work and due to his efforts in interesting his neighbors to plant and care for the same.

In a conversation with one of his daughters a short time ago, I could see that she inherited the same love for trees, especially those that her father planted, trimmed and cared for, that she

played under in infancy and that as a city park those old trees would be preserved and cared for so that the children of this city now and in the future could enjoy themselves as she and her sisters enjoyed themselves in past years. The taxpayers who voted against this measure will regret their action or stand of acquiring this property for a play ground for their children, a breathing place in what in future years will be the congested business part of our city and a valuable asset,

EARLY SETTLERS OF INGHAM COUNTY.

A BRIEF CHAT WITH HON. W. A. DRYER, 1889.

(Furnished the Ingham County Historical and Pioneer Society by Mrs. W. G. Titus, of Lansing, Mich., a former neighbor of Mr. Dryer's, whom she says was born in 1813, and died in Lansing, June 1, 1896.)

In rummaging around among old relics, or in other words, in seeking out the hiding places of the old pioneers (only a few of whom are left), the news hunter ferreted out the abiding place, at the corner of Maple and Seymour streets, Lansing, of the man whose name stands at the head of this article,

Mr. Dryer is nearing his 77th birthday, which will occur on March 9th next, The hardships of pioneer life have left their imprint on many an early settler, but particularly is it noticeable in this case, as it is only by the aid of a cane and a crutch that Mr. Dryer is able to move about.

Yielding to the inevitable and resolving to shake off the care and responsibilities attendant upon the management of his various agricultural interests, he recently disposed of his comfortable home and valuable farm property near the city and moved into town, where he will enjoy a respite from toil, and have the comforts due to old age, which have been honestly earned by years of active labor.

"I came," said Mr. Dryer, "from Cazenovia, N. Y., to Michigan in October, 1836, the year that Michigan was admitted as a State, I brought my family with me, which comprised myself,

wife and one child six months old, now the wife of Ex-Mayor J. E. Warner, of this city.

"The journey was made from Cazenovia to Buffalo by canal, a distance of about 175 miles, thence by lake on the old steamer Michigan to Detroit. In those days steamboats had not reached the magnificent proportions that they present today; the genius of man had not then been taxed to provide the comforts and convenience for the traveling public that is displayed in this age of our country's progression. The Michigan was a sort of Chinese junk, nearly as broad as she was long, and judging from appearances would make just as good time stern foremost as she would if called upon to part the waters of the great lake with her prow.

"On this occasion she was crowded to at least a third more than her comfortable carrying capacity, there being not far from five hundred passengers on board. We left Buffalo early in the evening /we had been out but a short time when the wind that had been blowing freshly all the afternoon increased to a gale, and the lake soon became very rough. Such scenes as we experienced that night, I fancy, are seldom witnessed on the great oceans. Nearly everyone was terribly seasick, and the old boat seemed to be under water fully half the time. The captain headed for Dunkirk, where we arrived about daylight. After that we hugged the shore closely all the way to Cleveland. Then we set out to cross the lake direct to Detroit, but were compelled to seek shelter and safety among a group of islands where we lay to, as sailors would say, for nearly two days. Finally, after an exciting hazardous and seasick voyage of nearly five days we reached Detroit, at that time only a small village, whose inhabitants were composed principally of French, Indians and half-breeds. What a wonderful change has been made in fifty-four years! From the little begrimed and uninviting village has grown one of the most magnificent cities on this continent, while the State at large has kept pace with its proud metropolis,

"I brought the gearing of a wagon with me; went to a lumber yard and got some rough boards, out of which I made a wagon-box, loaded up my worldly effects, bought a yoke of oxen, and started out to find a home in the wild wilderness of Ingham county. A slow, tedious journey of five days brought us to Dexter. Think of the way the water came into the wagon box and the mud that

was a constant barrier to our progress. Log houses were scattered along the route, all of which were counted as wayside inns, for the accommodation of the thousands of immigrants that were working their way west.

"There was no road from Dexter. We took a trail that led us to the corner of Jackson, Livingston, Washtenaw and Ingham counties. There we left the trail, and started out to cross the plains. We were now compelled to travel by intuition, having no compass and the sun being obscured by a hazy mist. In this effort to cross the plains without any landmarks to follow we lost our way, night overtook us, and a dismal rain set in. Unprovided with camp equipments and being short of provisions it was necessary for us to keep moving. After establishing a code of signals, leaving my wife to drive the oxen, I started on ahead directing the movements of the miniature caravan to the right, left or straight forward, as the case required by the signals, which consisted of one whoop for the right, two whoops for the left and three whoops for straight ahead. At midnight I sighted a dim light, I followed its direction, which brought us to an unfinished log house, the only occupant being a woman. They had been located only a few days, and the husband was away skirmishing for provisions. The woman objected to taking us in, but we were in the majority, and finally got possession of the house where we rested until morning. This was the beginning of our eighth day from Detroit, By this time our hostess had become very friendly. We got our bearings and started for Unadilla. There was a bad slough to cross about a mile from the house, and the woman told us that our team would not be able to pull us through, and she offered to take her oxen and go with us until we reached solid ground on the opposite side of the marsh. Her cattle she said were peculiar, and they had got in the habit of turning in their yoke, and the only way to keep them from it was to tie their tails together. I yoked the oxen, she got a string and the caudal appendages of the two steers, as we supposed, were securely fastened. We hitched the teams to the wagon, the borrowed team in the lead. All went well until we were within thirty feet of hard land and right in the very worst part of the slough when the string became loosened and in an instant the oxen turned in the yoke and were facing the wheel team. The water was about a foot

deep and there seemed no bottom to the mud. I unhooked the chain and let the lead team go ashore; then cut some poles to lengthen the chains, took my oxen to hard land, hitched the combination of chain and pole to the wagon tongue, and with my team pulled through to terra firma. One of the oxen belonging to our new friend had been broken to ride, the yoke was adjusted and I assisted the lady to mount. She started back for her cabin and we continued our journey.

"I mention these incidents to show the trials and tribulations encountered and endured by the early settlers of this country. That night we reached a settlement of three or four families who had located on or near the present site of Unadilla village. Here we rested for three days, then resumed our journey and at the end of the second day reached the home of Henry Clements, a mile from the land that I had already located from the government. There were already three families quartered in the Clements mansion, and we made the fourth. This palatial residence was in a crude state. It was a structure 16 x 18 feet. No windows had yet been put in, no doors hung, no chinking between the logs, yet it offered shelter to four happy families. The women did the cooking by log fires out of doors.

"I set about immediately to build a home on my land and in about two weeks we moved into our first home in Michigan. It was a log house 16 x 24 feet. When we took possession there was only one-third of the roof on, and only eight feet space of the floor laid. The openings had been cut for doors and windows, but these necessary adjuncts to our comfort had not yet found a resting place in the niches prepared for them. Neither had the chimney been built, but we managed to keep quite comfortable by a fire built on the ground in one end of the house. Our first night in the new home was made memorable by a heavy snow storm, and it required a good share of the next forenoon to shovel the snow out of our cabin. But in due time we were comfortably housed for the winter. My land was in the town of White Oak, four miles east of Dansville, where we remained nine years, at the end of which time I had cleared fifty acres of heavy timber land, had it well fenced and under cultivation. During this nine years of pioneer life in Ingham county many hardships and privations were endured which, if our young people nowadays, who are just starting

out in life were called upon to pass through, it would weaken their matrimonial ardor and cause them to cling more closely to the old folks and their comfortable firesides.

"Leaving the farm in 1845, we moved to Pinckney, where I resumed my trade of wagon and carriage building, a trade I had thoroughly mastered before coming to Michigan. I made the first lumber wagon complete that was made in Livingston county. We remained in Pinckney three years, then came to Lansing, reaching here the first day of November, 1848. Since that time, now over forty-one years, I **have** lived on my farm one and one-half miles west of the School for the Blind,

"I have lived to see Lansing grow out of a dense forest to a city of beauty and prosperity, in which I, in common with every citizen, **have** a just pride.

"Few of our readers of today can realize what we old timers passed through to make possible the comforts of life and beautiful homes that they are now enjoying,"

Mr. Dryer was for many years one of the best known citizens of **Ingham** county and the city of Lansing. He took a lively interest in public affairs, was for several years a member of the board of supervisors, and especially took a keen interest in everything pertaining to agriculture. He was a member of the **Ingham County** Pioneer and Historical Society, and **served** as its president for several years.

OLD FIRST WARD SCHOOL, LANSING,

DR. F. N. TURNER.

My first recollection of school was in 1860, when my sister, older than I, and myself were sent to a private school on **Washington** Avenue. It was kept by an English lady. She had an ingenious but kind way of managing infants and starting them in the right way when entering the field of knowledge. After she left the city my sister and I were sent to another private school kept by Miss **Eliza** Preston. The location of this school was in a **private** house on the southeast corner of Capitol Avenue and Franklin street. Our parents did not like to have us attend the ward or public

school. They thought it too rough and boisterous for youngsters **of** five and six years of age. Miss Preston was, or thought herself an invalid, and started this school because she could **or** would not do housework. I can remember we had half holidays quite frequently when Eliza had a bad headache. Our noise made it worse. After several weeks of rather irregular attendance the school was closed and we were sent across the river to the First Ward, now Cedar street school.

I **can remember** the old red wooden bridge that spanned the river then at Franklin street. The butternut tree that stood on the east and south side of the east abutment. The First Ward school house was built of red brick, two stories high, with a basement and a belfry on the roof. It was square in shape, stood back from the street and had a large plat of ground in the rear for a play ground. This play ground had a high board fence on three sides, and the same kind of a fence divided the ground into two parts, one for the boys and the other for the girls. This fence was not so high but we could climb it for apples **and other** spoils raised on private grounds. The basement extended under the whole building and was used to store wood for the stoves, and in the winter the big boys used it for a club-on the sly-to pull off a fight or play "old sledge." A wide hall extending east and west divided the first story into two rooms, and the wide stairway with no turns connected the two floors. The second story, or floor, was one large room with a rostrum at or near the north end. There were two small rooms in the north end that were used for recitation rooms. On the walls each side of the rostrum were portable **wooden** blackboards for the advanced pupils in arithmetic and grammar. One thing I nearly forgot was the well on the north side of the school ground. The pump was always out of order, and I thought some of the boys purposely kept it so, for they then had a good excuse to search the neighborhood for drinking water. The dry facts every school boy has to get into his system naturally makes him thirsty, and it is astonishing how much water it takes to supply a school. The dry facts must be moistened before they can be assimilated,

The ward school was graded into primary, intermediate and academic departments with one teacher in each apartment, except the academic, where the principal had an assistant or recitative

teacher. The principal was most always a young man-single, just graduated from some academy or denominational college. State Normal or U. of M. graduates were few and scattering in those days.

The principal or master when I entered school was an Irishman named Daniel **O'Rork**. He had all the traits of that race in his makeup, **as he was witty, tactful and a hard worker.** He was also intensely patriotic, for every morning in chapel exercises, he had something to tell about the great Civil War, and the patriotism of the boys fighting in the Southland. What he told us interested me, a youth six years old, more than my schoolmates, as his assistant was a relative of mine, Miss Louise Turner. Her brother had left his desk in the Auditor General's Department, enlisted and gone to fight for his country. I can just remember his last visit at our home. He gave his life for his country, as he was mortally wounded in the second battle of the Wilderness. Charles Calkins, another boy from the same school, preceded him, a score of boys from that school served their country in the Civil War; the Spanish-American and the great World War. One word before I leave this subject. Could we not show our community spirit by placing a memorial tablet with their names on the walls of the present school building? It would be a reminder for the present and future scholars who will attend this school, a permanent memento of the sacrifice they made.

The primary department in which we youngsters entered public school was presided over by a Miss Limeback. When we were advanced to the intermediate department she was also advanced to the same, so my five years' attendance, with the exception of one year, was under her instruction. She was a good teacher, a firm believer in corporal punishment and an exhaustive drill in the three "**R's.**" The most noticeable thing was her wig. We kids all wondered if she had any natural hair. Vast speculations were made by the youngsters in this matter without any results.

In 1872, after an absence of six years, I returned and entered the high school. Miss **Limeback** had married Mr. Purdy and lived at the corner of Franklin street and Washington Avenue.

In 1884 or 1885 Daniel **O'Rork** came back and started a private school in the Dart home, where the Auditorium is now. After two or three years it was given up as the competition of our ward

and high school was too strong to make it a success. Among the many boys who were my school mates were Ed Tooker, John Blasius, John Sindlinger, Charles Claflin, Frank **Robson**, Charles **Allen**, **Dell Dane**, Charles Calkins, Charles Borden and **Herman** and Jake **Kiefer** from the fourth ward, Fred Mend, **Fred Shier**, Fred Brossinger, Lewis Straugh, the Englchart boys, Adams boys; who **lived near the school on Wall street, Frank Ray, who lived on North Cedar street.** The large boys from the "upper room" who attended school at that time were Russell Ostrander and his **brother** Arthur, Myron Cline, Will Sapry, Hubert Webster, J. A. Carr, Frank Lewis, brother to M. Quad of the Free Press, Dr. Richardson's boys, Frank Mead and Charles, his brother, **James Turner, Jr., J. M. Longyear, and others.**

The instruction we got in that old school house was thorough with all frills sidetracked. The physical training was given us by our schoolmates on the school grounds or in the streets. It **consisted** of wrestling matches, ball games or races, fights or **boxing matches.**

I remember two boys from the upper room were not satisfied with a sparring match, so got behind a barn **near** the rear fence of the school grounds and tried to settle their difficulties with an old horse pistol loaded with fine shot. This was during the war, and they had imbibed the war spirit. Their parents finally **settled** their difficulty in the woodshed at home.

From what I can remember of the old first ward school, and my memory goes back to 1860, I think it was the first ward school established in the city. We all know that it was the leading school in the past, and its influence, even today, is recognized. Many **have gone** out from this school, took up and made a success **of** the great battle of life. Some of the boys are dead, some still live in this city. Those living have reached their three-score **years**, and will, no doubt, recall some incidents or names that the **present** writer has mentioned,

REMINISCENCES OF ALVIN ROLFE, WRITTEN IN 1873.

I was living in Lansing at the time the first stake was driven for the State Capitol in that city, I moved to Lansing in the fall of 1844. It took us two days to move from Vevay to Lansing. We got there at sundown and found an old log house that had been used for a stable, which we had to clean out before we could find shelter for the night. My father-in-law, Noah Page, took the job of finishing the mill dam and putting up a saw mill at lower town, My wife and Louisa, the wife of Chancy Page, did the cooking for forty or fifty hands. They did the cooking in a five-pail kettle and a tin baker, before a fire in the fireplace.

In the winter of 1846-47 the Capitol was located at Lansing, and it caused much excitement. People came from a great distance in sleighs to see the Capitol and all they could see was a solitary log house that we were living in,

When the news came that the Capital had been located at Lansing, the people in Delhi and the south part of Lansing Township cut a large log some forty or fifty feet long, and with a great many yoke of oxen drew it to the mill. When they got in sight of where we lived they, got up on the log and gave three cheers, swung their hats and cried, "The Capitol has come." They gave us the log and told us to saw it up for the Capitol, and my impression is that some of it went into the old State building. The first accident that happened after the Capital was located was fatal. The commissioners wanted someone to ferry them over the river to survey for the Capitol. One of Mr. Seymour's hands undertook the job and went over the dam and was drowned.

The first frame house built in the city of Lansing I helped to build. It was a boarding house Father Page put up,

COLLECTION OF OLD WEEKLY PAPERS SHOWS ODDITIES AND HUMOR OF PAST.

C. A. Gower is Owner of Publications Antedating Old Settlers.

Cornelius A. Gower is the possessor of several old newspapers which antedate the memory of even the most aged of Lansing's pioneers. The papers are interesting from a journalistic viewpoint as well as in point of age and peculiar subject matter.

All of the papers are yellow with age and some of them are so worn and tattered that it is next to impossible to read them. They are unlike the usual type of antique newspaper which is unearthed now and then in that they are simply plain everyday papers giving the daily run of news. Usually old papers have been preserved because of their account of some historic incident, but the papers belonging to Mr. Gower deal with nothing more startling than the arrival of a packet ship from Europe or a bear hunt by some correspondent.

Most of the papers contain but four pages and have practically no headlines. Usually the news items contain detailed information as to the source of the news and told where it could be substantiated.

One of the papers, "The Downfall of Babylon," which was published in New York in 1837, is strongly anti-catholic. Its editor was one Samuel B. Smith, self-styled defender of the Protestant faith, and referred to in the paper as being "late a Polish priest." A sub-title of the paper is "The Triumph of Truth Over Papery."

Another paper, equally as radical and antagonistic in regard to Masonry, was published in Batavia, N. Y., at about the same time. Mr. Gower has several copies of both papers.

The first anti-Masonic reference is contained in the "Republican Advocate" for Oct. 2, 1832. This paper was published every Tuesday in Batavia and several columns were devoted to poetry which was given a conspicuous position on page 1. Issues of Sept. 7, 1827, and May 13, 1831, are unusually interesting.

One of the advertisements appearing in the columns of this paper was inserted by the Batavia Academy. The terms for admission seem almost ridiculous at this day. For those who wished

to study reading and writing the sum of \$3 was asked. For the course in these same subjects, but with grammar added, the price as **\$3.50**, Arithmetic and geography were taught for **\$5**, and language for \$4.50. The highest price charged was **\$5**, for which one learned rhetoric, philosophy and mathematics. In case the student wished to pay in advance a discount of 10 per cent was allowed.

The papers are filled with Revolutionary anecdotes, some of which are semi-humorous.

Among the Gower collection of papers is a copy of the "New York Baptist Register" for April 13, 1833. This paper was published in Utica, N. Y.

"The Fentonville Observer" is another interesting five-column paper printed in Fentonville, Genesee county, Mich., in 1855. At that time "rare old whisky" was selling for 25 cents per gallon.

"The People's Press" was published in New York by B. Blodgett. The copy of this paper which is most interesting is dated July 1, 1826, The "latest foreign news from Europe" is three months old at the time the paper is dated. An account of the arrival of a packet ship early in the previous May is contained in this issue. The ship brought newspaper files from London, Harve and Paris as well as Liverpool.

Among the news items is the announcement of the death of the Princess of Partauna, widow of King Ferdinand of Naples, who died April 24, 1826. The news was only four months old when it appeared in the "People's Press."

"The Temperance Recorder," published in 1835, is another smile provoker. The arid desert of prohibition is forecast in nearly every column and temperance pledge cards are distributed liberally throughout the paper. They read as follows:

"Fellow Citizens Beware!"

"Or our city' will soon be eclipsed, for the RESPECTABLE and VIRTUOUS will take refuge in our sister city, Brooklyn, and leave us to the blighting influence and curse of

" Three Thousand Grog Shops!!"

"New York, December 24."

A pledge of total abstinence follows the above warning.

The humor of the day is well revealed in the following quotations taken from the "White Pigeon Republican" and "St. Joseph County Advertiser," which was published in White Pigeon, St. Joseph county, Mich., in 1839. The issue dated Wednesday, Sept. 25, of that year, contains the following:

"A young lady in B— street came home from a ride the other evening and left her horse at the door of her father's house, walking herself to the stable, and taking the horse's place in the stall, She did not discover her mistake till the hostler began to rub her down."

Following the above account is a most curious case of absence of mind in the following "love letter" which smacks of the Dere Mabel letters :

"The following epistle from a damsel in Illinois to her 'lover' in Pennsylvania is warm enough to melt wax. Its tender, touching and transporting pathos must have so affected 'my sweet henry, my turtle dove,' that he must have exclaimed in the pathetic language of his 'dearest deary,' 'I must get married because I've let it run too long already.':

"Suspendersburg, away in the R-you-noise, Aprile the 2th.

"1,000-eight hundred and 30 nine,

"MY deer dere henry-I imbrace the present opporchoonity to let you know as how i am had a spell of the aigur, and i hope these few lines may find you enjoying the same Blessin! Why don't you onely rite i sweat line to tell your sufferin Kathrun all about her swete henry. Oh my sweet henry-my turkle duv-my piging-my deer deare henry, etc.

KATHRUN AN TILDEN.

There is nearly one column of letters similar to that above.

The advertisements in the papers are unusually interesting and are for the most part illustrated by old wood cuts,

FULLER IS TO EDIT HISTORICAL MAGAZINE.

Dr. George N. Fuller, who has been acting secretary of the State Historical Commission since February, 1916, has been appointed secretary of that commission. His new duties will make him the editor-in-chief of the Michigan History Magazine, which

will make its initial appearance with the July number. It will be printed quarterly. Fuller's salary is to be \$9,000. He has had special training in this branch of work, covering from 1902 to 1912 in continuous study of historical methods at Harvard, Yale, the U. of M., and abroad. His book recently published by the commission, "**Economic** and Social Beginnings of Michigan," has attracted the attention of historical writers throughout the country to the State of Michigan, and if the plans of Dr. Fuller develop this book will strongly stimulate the writing of the State's history. He has planned a similar book on "**The Latter** Period" and another on the history of the Upper Peninsula. Fuller was well known in college as an historical writer, having among other trophies twice won the Bowdoin prize contest in history at Harvard in 1906 and **1908**.—State Journal, 1920,

SEEK **TO** PRESERVE LANSING'S "**MANSION** OF THE WILDERNESS."

A petition to conserve the old Turner homestead, the first frame house built in Lansing, will be presented to the Council Monday night by Alderman Charles W. Reck, president of the North Side Commercial Club. The petition is backed by the club and citizens outside the organization who desire to see the landmark given a final resting place in some local park.

Alderman Reck will ask the Council to make arrangements to buy the house and move it into any public park the Council may direct; to make what few repairs are necessary to keep the house in condition and to formulate some plan for establishing a museum in the house under the **direction** of some local pioneer society.

BUILT IN **1848**.

The Turner house was built **in** 1848 by James Turner and was one of the first frame houses in the county. It is proposed to place in it relics of an earlier Lansing, such relics to be contributed by Lansing pioneers.

The original Turner came to Lansing as a representative of Governor Horatio Seymour, of the State of New York. His **pur-**

pose in settling in the wilderness here was to keep in touch with Michigan possibilities as a possible investment for Governor Seymour. Mr. Turner bought 75 acres of land in the northern part of the city and the **greater** part of it lay along the Grand river in the main section of the **north** side business district.

Having a business **here** that would **keep him in the village** of Lansing permanently, Mr. Turner decided to erect a home that would be in keeping with his standing in the State. There were no sawmills here at the time and all lumber and finish for the proposed home had to be carted overland for miles. The material for the home was assembled with great difficulty on account of the absence of roads.

STILL IN GOOD CONDITION.

When finally completed the first frame house in Lansing was considered a veritable "mansion" and one of the sights of the settlement. In the original Turner homestead were born the late James M. Turner and Mrs. C. P. Black, now residing on North street, within a short distance of her birthplace. Mr. Turner's father continued to live in the original home for years. Some of his activities while a resident here were the building of the railroad from this city to Ionia; the construction of a plank wagon road from Lansing to Howell and the laying out of the city of Lansing. Seymour street was named for Governor Seymour, whom Mr. Turner represented in Michigan. Mr. Turner took an active part in Michigan politics and was elected State Senator from this district.

The old homestead is still in fair condition and tenable regardless of its extreme age. Its imperviousness to weather and time is pointed out as an illustration of the dependability and stability with which the earlier generations built.—State Journal, **1920**.

STATE MUSEUM GETS VALUABLE ADDITIONS,

"No place is safer for keeping war relics than the State Museum," says Mrs. Ferrey, in charge of the Michigan Historical collection, as she pointed out two war helmets which recently have been added. They were presented by R. W. Cooper, reporter of the Supreme Court, who received them from his son, Lieut. Cooper. One of them has a shrapnel hole at the junction of the brim and crown in front and a dent on the top.

The Museum, "the closet of Michigan," is being given a general housecleaning.

Another recent addition to the collection is a silver bugle presented by Mrs. George Murray, whose husband, a Civil War bugler, was given the instrument because he volunteered to bring up food at a dangerous time.

Mrs. Ferrey is also proud of a yellow party dress and ostrich fan, which were given to an organization for relief of the needy. She has a Persian shawl, given by Mr. and Mrs. Sechler, 1036 Townsend street.

Mrs. Ferrey has by much work secured biographical material about 30 of the 100 former State officials, about whom there was no authentic information.-State Journal, 1020.

TABLE FROM BAGLEY HOME IS PRESENTED TO STATE,

A great mahogany library table from the home of ex-Governor Bagley was presented to the Michigan Pioneer Historical Commission today by Mrs. Charles C. Hopkins. The table was a personal possession of the governor in the time of his administration from 1872 to 1876. It stood in the family home in Detroit, where George Hopkins, brother of the late Charles C. Hopkins, acted as private secretary. After the death of the governor the table was presented to George Hopkins. Later he presented it to Charles Hopkins. Its size and historical value made it far better fitted to the needs of the Historical Commission and today it was presented by Mrs. Charles C. Hopkins. It is solid mahogany trimmed with birdseye maple.-State Journal, 1020.

REVOLUTIONARY WAR MAP IS TREASURE OF STATE MUSEUM, COLLECTION OF QUEER LAMPS.

Among the innumerable articles of historical interest and value in the Museum of the State Pioneer Society in the Capitol building is a war map drawn during the Revolutionary war.

The map, drawn on thick paper with black, red and green ink, shows the strategical moves made in a battle at Gloucester, Mass., between the Americans and French against the British.

The map was evidently drawn during the progress of the battle for it shows the path taken by American and French soldiers in an assault against a red coat redoubt, which was captured after a fierce struggle, according to data on the map.

The drawing, which is faded so as to make it indistinct, shows the Americans and French drawn up in a semicircle before the British troops, who were huddled up in a bend of a river.

The lettering on the map is very curious, being the old style stilted letters originally used.

Another exhibit in one of the cases is a queer shaped jug used in olden days by traders to carry whisky to the Indians. Firewater is painted in red letters on the outside of the jug, although this label looks like a latter day addition.

A collection of lanterns and lamps is another interesting unit of the Museum. The lanterns date back to the old Paul Revere lantern, and up through the lighting apparatus of the succeeding century and a half including the old boar's grease lamps, and the gorgeous affairs of gilt and glass, popular the latter half of the last century.

Among the collection of books is a history over 100 years old showing a map of the Great Lakes. Lake Michigan is considered narrower than on present maps, while Lake Superior arches far up into Canada, much farther than in reality.

The collection of old pewter in the Museum is considered to be very good in view of the fact that old pewter is rare, most of the "real thing" being melted up by the pioneers for bullets in time of need. The Pioneer Society has a large case filled with this rare and interesting ware.-State Journal, 1920.

WIGWAM OF OKEMOS IS REMEMBERED AS IT STOOD
ON LANSING STREET.

When Washington Avenue was only a trail, many inches deep with mud, when Indians of all kinds roamed about the country and lived in their tepees, and when Chief Okemos' wigwam stood where the Buck furniture store now stands, when wolves, bears and other animals appeared on the streets during the day and bayed and quarreled among themselves in the streets at night, are a few of the instances that are related by Eben W. Dart, 315 Bartlett street, of the early days of Lansing. Mr. Dart celebrated his ninety-third birthday Monday, As reported in The State Journal, the occasion was signally marked by the Masons of Lodge No, 88, of which Mr. Dart is a member.

Mr. Dart came to Lansing in 1854 from Potsdam, N. Y. The trip from Potsdam to Detroit was made by water. From Detroit to Lansing Mr. Dart, who was then 28 years of age, came by stage over the plank road. The stage left Detroit at 7 o'clock in the morning and arrived in Lansing at 9 o'clock at night. The horses were changed every 16 miles, and they were kept at top speed during the 16-mile period.

Lansing had 1,500 inhabitants at that time and had been the Capitol of Michigan for only seven years. Robert McClelland was governor at that time. The next year, 1855, Kingsley S. Bingham was elected governor, The Capitol, an old frame building, was located between what is now Washtenaw and Allegan streets.

At that time there was a row of log buildings near where Washington and Michigan Avenues intersect.

Mr. Dart engaged in the hardware business for many years and did a great deal of business both with the whites and with the Indians. He states that the Indians were excellent people to deal with and that he found them honest, but that in their trading they invariably called for whiskey.

Lansing was a trading point at that time, says Mr. Dart. Wood was brought here from many miles around. It was drawn by ox teams, the bells around the necks which could be heard

clanging through the streets. At night the bells could be heard under the windows of the hotels and of private houses.

There were no factories in Lansing at that time, and no railroad. The first railroad, the "Ramshorn," ran from Lansing to owasso. This was constructed somewhere about 1860. The trains ran very slowly and Mr. Dart states that people could get off the train and pick berries, then run and catch the train again. Wood was used to fire the locomotive.

Mr. Dart recalls the time when a plough was used on Washington Avenue to turnpike it. That was in 1866, The first paving that was used on Washington Avenue was cedar blocks. But the people thought that this, was a wonderful improvement over the dirt roads, says Mr. Dart,

Mr. Dart is still hale and hearty and hopes to have many more birthdays. His memory is excellent. During recent weeks he has been living over again the olden days. When he tells of those times his speech is so graphic one almost sees the State, muddy trails, the log cabins, and the Indians of which he tells.

Mr. Dart has reaped the best fruits of life, he has worked and played in the city of Lansing, and now enjoys the retrospect on useful, enjoyed years. -State Journal, 1919.

LITTLE JOURNEYS TO THE MUSEUM-WHEEL WITH
A HISTORY.

High on the shelf in the Museum of the State Pioneer Society is a wheel of the type that was used before the modern bicycle came into general use.

The wheel, pictures of which are familiar to everyone, has the enormous front wheel and miniature back wheel of the general type.

Unusual interest is attached to the bicycle because of the fact that in its youth it was owned, ridden and fallen from by the Hermann brothers, who are now staid Lansing business men. It is related that the brothers saved their money bit by bit until they had saved \$160 with which to buy the wheel, which was considered very stylish in the days of the last century.

After buying the wheel, they were the envy of the neighborhood for several years, although it is said that they had several severe quarrels over who should ride it at times.

Fifteen or twenty years ago the wheel was placed in the garret and about ten years ago it was resurrected from dusty oblivion and stationed in the Pioneer Museum.

The interest of many people is being centered on this wheel, because of the fact that the Rev. Mr. Prudden, almost the first minister of the Congregational church of Lansing, rode one exactly like it to church, on sick calls, and everywhere but to funerals, "where he drew the line." It is said that Mr. Prudden rode his high wheel, even after the more modern wheels had come into use. This was fully fifty years ago.—State Journal, 1919.

INDIAN COSTUME IS ADDED TO MUSEUM.

A complete suit as worn by a Chippewa Indian upon gala occasions was purchased this week by Mrs. Marie B. Ferrey, curator of the Michigan Historical Commission, from George Sky Eagle, an Indian, at Omena, Antrim county, for the Michigan Historical Commission. Mrs. Ferrey was able to secure the entire costume for a trifle under \$150 and it is one of the most perfect specimens to be had in Michigan.

The costume consists of a purple silk shirt and a bead jacket patterned upon a leather coat. The beads are threaded upon the leather in patterns, which according to Mrs. Ferrey, relate the history of the tribe, whether the weaver was married or single, the date and maybe a legend of the times. To be worn with the jacket are armlets and cuffs of beads in the same designs and brilliant colors. The trousers are of softest suede and beaded bands follow the line of the crease from waist to foot. Long fringe adorns the sides, The moccasins are of deer skin almost solid with bead embroidery. A necklace accompanying the costume is made from the claw of a bear, teeth of the bear and long slender, brightly polished shells and colored beads strung on rawhide. A breast plate made from shiny white bones, all of a size, and bright beads complete the costume.

The purchase of the outfit was made possible through Repre-

sentative A. H. Anderson. The suit is one of the valuable additions Mrs. Ferrey has been able to make to the Museum during the past few weeks. They are all on display in the State building.—State Journal, 1919.

MRS. FERREY.

Mrs. M. B. Ferrey, curator of the State Museum, is unearthing a deal of interesting data on pioneer days in Michigan. She is arousing much interest and enthusiasm among adults and youth concerning Michigan's pioneers and their doings. Incidentally she loses no opportunity of putting "Old Glory" to the front and appealing to our present generation to make room in their hearts for a goodly bit of intelligent and red blooded patriotism. To Mrs. Ferrey more than to any other one person is due the credit for that fine bronze bust of "Father Pierce," our first Superintendent of Public Instruction, which now stands guard over the entrance into the State Superintendent's office in our Capitol. 1916.

WILD-CAT MONEY OF EARLY DAYS INTERESTING STATE MUSEUM EXHIBIT.

Among the most interesting of the many exhibits in the Museum of the Pioneer Society at the Capitol building is the collection of wild-cat money, preserved as a reminder of the flourishing days of the wild-cat banks in the early days of Michigan's history.

Among them are notes of the old bank of Singapore, which, like the mythical city of Singapore, was reputed to have been one of the worst "confidence deals" in the history of the country. The city of Singapore was laid out on the sand dunes near Saugattuck. A wild-cat bank was established and notes were widely circulated in eastern cities where the city was being boosted. This bank failed after a sensational career.

Most of the notes were issued in the forties when the wild-cat fad was at its height. The banks started failing rapidly, however, and many were the disastrous falls from wealth in those palmy days of speculation. It is said that one man papered his

log cabin with the bank notes as a sarcastic reminder of his folly, after he had lost his fortune in investing in wild-cat bank stock.

When the banks started to fail, examiners were sent by the State to examine the accounts. When the examination of one bank was completed the directors would detain the examiners at banquets until the ready cash was transferred to the next bank, where it was examined again by the examiners. It is said that **one** bank's funds would furnish a whole string of like establishments with enough money to satisfy the examiners. The authority for this report is H. M. Utley, a Michigan historical writer. Notes from practically all these banks are displayed. Other exhibits are shinplasters, issued by private companies and corporations to their employes in lieu of real money.

Confederate money also forms an extensive part of the exhibit. The Confederate notes were **more** finely engraved than the Federal notes, and looked more like real money to many at the beginning of the Civil War.

In the South many Southerners were "buncoed" by Northern soldiers who "passed" wild-cat money. The Southerners supposed that this money was genuine **government greenbacks**.

A part of this exhibit **contains money more interesting from a historical standpoint than the wild-cat notes**. These are pieces of paper money issued by colonial governments in the days of the **Revolution**. One interesting note spelled with the old form spelling was issued in **1780** by the Bank of the State of Massachusetts Bay. The others are all dated **about the same time**.—State Journal, **1920**.

WAYSIDE PICKUPS.

It is probable that the Michigan Historical Library will be enriched in its interest by the loan of a "Netherlands" Bible, three centuries old and containing the complete **geneological** history of the progenitors of **H. B. Jones**, 918 West St. Joseph street, this city.

The ancient book, a ponderous affair of beautiful print and containing biblical maps, was authorized by the Netherlands government in 1647 and printed under governmental direction. The

book covers are tough boards covered with hog skin and the binding is neatly done with tough rope. It is evident that the original biographers of the Jones family were Hollanders as they inscribe their first family records in the book in 1637. The writing is a bit faded but still legible and William Wagenvoord and Schelto Swart, of this city, have been able to read and interpret **these** century-old records to the present day Jones'. Records are in Dutch until **1753**, when the first English entry is made. The Jones', a Welsh family, make their appearance in 1803. **II. B. Jones**, present owner, received the book from his father, **James Henry Jones**, deceased. The father had it from **his** father, Victor Jones, who married **Margaret Cratsenburg**, a Dutch woman. A number of local enthusiasts who have seen the prized volume have importuned Mr. Jones to place it in the Michigan Historical Library and he has practically assented to the plan.—State Journal, **1920**.

SLEIGHING IN LANSING WAS ONCE SOME SPORT, SAYS REVIVED MEMORY.

"It does not look much like sleighing for New Year's, still y' can never tell."

The speaker was looking meditatively at the fine snow sifting down about noon Saturday.

"Well, even if the old sky woman should start 'picking her geese' and the 'beautiful' should pile up two feet deep by morning how could there be any sleighing?" was asked of the meditative individual.

"You mean, where would the sleighs come from, don't you? Well, I'll have to admit there are not as many of them in Lansing as there once were. Still, if we should have a right good spell of sleighing I guess you would see more sleighs than you think there are in Lansing.

"Where have the sleighs gone to? Well, blessed if I know—gone the same place baby carriages go, I guess. Few of the latter are ever worn out, and yet there is not that pile of them higher than the Capitol dome one would expect. Queer where things go that never wear out, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes, we were talking about sleighs, weren't we? Say, son, I can remember when sleighing used to be an institution in this town. But that was the day before automobiles, you understand. Why, back in those days we used to have sleighing that was sleighing. It was not much of a stable that did not boast a 'swell box' cutter or a 'Portland' style of sleigh, An' bells! Gee whiz, I wonder where all the sleigh bells that this man's town used to afford have gone to? And buff alo robes, too—I don't suppose a single buffalo robe can be found in Lansing today, and yet I remember when each rig, not alone had a buffalo lap robe but a long swinging affair that hung over the back of the sleigh and went streaming out behind just to heighten the festive effect.

"And say, there used to be some hoss racin' in those days. Some hoss racing! Why, all the young blades, such as go in nowadays for automobiles minus mud-guards and seats so placed that they give the occupant the aspect of intoxication, used to have fast nags, and as soon as the snow came some pretty high stakes used to be placed,

"All of a winter afternoon our avenues would be filled with fast-flying sleighs. Every driver would have a girl along and they used to be rigged out mighty pretty in those days, 'cordmg to my notion.

"And how the nags would go! They were sharp shod and the feet of the horses would pick up the packed snow and hurl it like cannon balls. The girls used to have to hold their muffs before their faces, but they were always game for every race, no matter how fast,

"No, I dunno where all those old sleighs have gone to. The last I saw of one it was being used for a chicken roost, but even chicken raising in this town has gone out of fashion—that is, by our fashionable families. Still, I suppose there are a few sleighs." —State Journal. 1920.

TELLS REMEMBRANCES OF INDIANS IN AND ABOUT LANSING IN OLD DAYS.

DR. F. N. TURNER, North Lansing.

The Indian bands that visited Lansing, or the northern part of Ingham county 66 years ago, were few and far between. They were the remnants of the Pottawatamies, that roamed over southern Michigan 100 years ago.

Those that visited Lansing belonged to Chief Okemos' tribe, and only consisted of three or four families. Their stay was always short and their only object was to sell or barter baskets of their own manufacture, wild berries and furs. If they could not sell their wares to the local merchants they would try to dispose of them to the good housewives for flour or garden truck. Sometimes they would have small cakes of dark brown maple sugar to tempt the children.

These wanderers always camped near the river on the commons at the north end of Washington Avenue or in the woods just north of the present residence of Hon. Prank L. Dodge. They always rode Indian ponies, and used a part of their animals for pack horses. Occasionally one or two would come by way of the water route, down the Grand river in canoes from Eaton Rapids. When they left the city their ponies were headed north, or in a northwesterly direction toward Maple Rapids or the Indian reservation in Clinton and Ionia counties,

The stories of old settlers and Indian traders, as I can remember them, were to the effect that Indian tribes north of the Ohio river always made an annual trip from Ohio and Indiana into southern Michigan. After wintering in these states they would start in the spring, come north to fish, hunt duck, geese and pigeons until they came to a fertile river bottom or flat, that the squaws could clear of brush and timber. Here they would plant corn and some other crops, stay until they harvested them, then, after the fall hunt, go south again. One of these planting grounds was at Okemos, another at Red Bridge on Cedar river. If anyone going from Lansing to Williamston will stop before crossing the

bridge, look south along the west he will see a cleared field of 10 or 15 acres. This is an old planting ground. The high bank on the same side, north of the bridge, was an Indian cemetery. The late Charles F. Mullett, who came in the forties from Detroit and helped clear his father's farm, on which these places are, told me he could locate several Tudian graves on the bluff. He also said he had seen the Indians plant corn on the flat and had run races with the Indian boys, using the old wooden bridge for a race track.

Flint arrow heads were often plowed up on this old planting ground and bluff, and at one time in the seventies when a man was digging the foundation for a saw mill, the skeleton of an Indian was found. My brother found a stone pipe bowl on the eastern bank of the river opposite the planting ground. This pipe was made of stone not found in that vicinity, so was thought to have been brought from Ohio or Indiana.

In 1806 there was an Indian trail in Millett's woods, east of the school house, that went north to Pine Lake, connecting the planting ground with aforesaid lake. This trail had been used so long that no bushes grew in the track, but it was overgrown with grass.

In the southeastern part of Leroy Township there was a gravel and sand ridge, on Edward Lewis' farm near the West Branch of Cedar river that was a mine for flint arrow heads, skinning stones and stone axes, showing that it must have been in the remote past a battlefield.

From these planting grounds and trails we can, with the help of the old stories, map out the routes of these aboriginal gypsies or travelers,

They had three different ways of traveling: First, by water; second, by water with a portage or carry, and third, by land.

The Indians in Ohio along Lake Erie could coast with their canoes along the south shore, go up the Detroit river into Lake St. Clair, through St. Clair river in Lake Huron; from this lake into Saginaw river, and by the branches of the same into all parts of the Saginaw Valley.

Indians in northern Indiana could put their canoes into small branches of St. Joe river, float down that stream into Lake Michigan and coast along the east shore and reach the lake region of Grand Traverse.

By the second route they could leave Detroit river or Lake Erie at the mouth of Huron river, ascend the river to near the head waters of the Cedar river at Cedar Lake, carry across to this river and descend the east branch of Cedar to main Cedar, down this to Grand river and thence to Lake Michigan; or go up Huron river to Portage Lakes, carry across to Grand river, down to Thornapple river, up that river to the source of the Kalamazoo river, and so reach the inland territory in that part of the State; or, still another way, was to leave the Grand river at the mouth of the Maple river, then up to near a branch of the Saginaw, carry across to that river and down that into Saginaw Valley.

The land trails were always near these water routes, but followed the high ground, making some short cuts and connecting the planting grounds as did the old trails, running from Red Bridge via Pine Lake to planting ground on Maple river and in Saginaw Valley. There was one, though I cannot say positively where, that connected the planting grounds on the Grand river near Eaton Rapids with one near Kalamazoo.

My mother told the following stories of her experience with the Indians at Lansing in early pioneer days.

She and father had just commenced housekeeping in a frame dwelling on the west side of Washington Avenue near Franklin street. It was in November, 1849. One afternoon she sat sewing with her back to the door. She thought she heard the door close, and upon turning round she beheld a tall Indian, with rifle in hand inside the room. She was too frightened to move or to scream. The Indian set his gun in the corner and stepped up to the fire to warm his hands. Mother saw she was not going to be killed, so asked him in a weak voice, "What do you want?" He answered, "Indian hungry and want something to eat." She got up and with fear and trembling hustled onto the table all the food she had cooked. He ate it all but three crusts of bread which he put into his pocket, remarking "Papoose hungry," -took his gun and left.

Mother locked the door after that when alone, for an Indian never knocked before he entered a white man's house. Another time she bought some berries of an Indian, paying him in flour. He left his sack and went to "Middle Town." On his return he was full of fire-water. When he got his sack he spied some cu-

cumber pickles that mother had just made and wanted them. She gave him a few but he wanted all of them and was going to take them. This made mother angry and she grabbed the broom and drove him out of the house. Some men working near came to her assistance, and the Indian was thrown out into the street, where he stood for some time and talked about the "stingy **white** squaw, who no give poor sick Indian cucumber," but finally left.

Old Chief Okemos used to 'make James Turner's 'his visiting place when he came to Lansing. These visits became too **fre-**quent and Mrs. Turner had to scheme to stop them. **One time** he wanted to stay all 'night, but he was too dirty to sleep in a **bed**, so Mrs. Turner gave him some blankets and sent him to the **barn**. This offended him and he said to her, in a tone of wounded pride and dignity, "No sleep with horses and own wigwam." Another time when he said he was hungry Mrs. Turner gave him a "hand out" and he very promptly gave it **back**, saying, "Okemos big chief, no little boy, eat out of hand," **This was his last visit.**

These original inhabitants of our State have **vanished**, and the only reminders we have of **them** are their names that cling to the **rivers, lakes** and some towns. Their old trails are obliterated, and their planting grounds plowed by the white man. **Even their** bones are not allowed to moulder into dust, but are dug up and exhibited in museums. They are studied by the scientists and **gazed** at by the inquisitive and ignorant.

We study the works of our forefathers, their public **and** private lives, but we would object if some scientist dug up **their** bones and placed them on exhibition. Can we not be as **considerate** with the Indians?

DRUMMER BOY OF SHILOH WOULD SELL HIS PICTURES, BUY LIBERTY BONDS.

S. F. Hartshorn, **82** years of age, **who** beat the "long roll" at the battle of Shiloh, that gave the first warning to the men of the Union armies of the approach of the "**Johnnies**," would like to enlist and **help** do to the Kaiser what he **helped** to do in 1862 **to** the rebels, "They won't let me enlist **and** fight, but I am going

to help Uncle Sam by buying a \$50 Liberty Bond. To get the money to **do** this I am selling my pictures for **25** cents, I think everyone ought to help. If they can't fight they should at least buy a Liberty Bond."

Mr. Hartshorn has been in this city for the past three years, living with his daughter, Mrs. W. S. Kellogg, at East Lansing. He is well known in our city, having marched in numerous parades. He has been at nine different Grand Army encampments in as many different states, having belonged to that organization for **50** years.

Mr. Hartshorn was a member of the famous Hornets Nest Brigade, Co. C, **12th** Iowa Infantry, and **was** wounded with his brigade at Shiloh. Of the battle Mr. Hartshorn said: "Our brigade was encamped in a ravine on the second hill near the Tennessee river. I was **near** the **colonel's** tent when I **heard** the long roll from our men who were at the front three miles away. I **knew** that meant trouble, so I took my drum and beat the long roll. The colonel came out of his tent and **asked** me what **the trouble** was. I told him that I had heard the long roll from the front. He listened and heard it too, and said, 'Give her hell.' So I beat my drum as hard as I could, but in a few minutes the '**Johnnies**' were on us. I was hit in the eye with a part of a shell and my eye put out. The Rebs were trying to take Pittsburg Landing before we could get help. They killed a large number of our men and captured a lot more of them. I was wounded but they did not stop for wounded men, so I escaped. They captured almost all of the five regiments of the brigade. Later I was picked up and taken from the field of battle. I was first taken to **Smith-**land, and from there to a hospital at St. Louis. After being in the hospital for six weeks I was discharged. After I got out of the hospital the first thing that I wanted was a chew of tobacco. I bought a plug, but I was so weak that it made me sick and I was disappointed." Mr. Hartshorn still has that plug of tobacco, it being **55** years old.

Mr. Hartshorn enlisted in 1860 at Fayette, Iowa. He was at the battles of **Forts** Donaldson and Henry. He says that at Fort Donaldson he had the best meal that he ever had in his life, some meat from a mule that was found on the camp. **All** of the

men had three days' rations, but Mr. Hartshorn had eaten his, so he roasted some of the mule meat.

Mr. Hartshorn has a number of relics, Some Confederate bills that he secured while in the army, and a cane that was made by his bunk mate who was in Libbey prison, This cane is made from the bones that were picked clean of meat at the prison, There is a ramrod running through the middle of it. It was made in prison during the idle hours of the men.

Mr. Hartshorn also has five pennies that he carried during the war, One of these is 108 years old, it being a half penny with the date of 1809.—State Journal, 1917.

DRUMMER OF SHILOH PALLS, ENDS PARADE IN MOTOR CAR.

"Now I won't be able to finish the parade," said Sumner F. Hartshorn, drummer boy of Shiloh, when he collapsed in the parade given in honor of Lansing's conscripts Monday.

The cold wind and the long march proved quite a task for the drummer boy of Shiloh, as he marched along beating a merry tattoo on his old drum, his feet grew heavier and heavier. His comrades urged him to stop but he refused. In front of the Downey Red Cross head station he fell to the pavement.

Alden Thomas, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Thomas, 114 South Walnut street, one of Hartshorn's admirers, found him seated on the curb, bitterly disappointed because he couldn't drum all of the way to the station.

Alden is six years old. In two minutes he had guided Hartshorn into a big coupe and found his mother to drive and the drummer boy of Shiloh, wreathed in smiles, snug and warm, drummed his way to the station, directly following the parade.

Mr. Hartshorn is all right today.

"I wouldn't have missed marching with those young fellows for anything," he says. "They are just as I was when I went off to the Civil War. My comrades and I have a mighty lot of respect for the fine boys who left yesterday." -State Journal, 1918.

ALLAN S. SHATTUCK CLIMBED CAPITOL DOME 36 YEARS AGO.

Placed Flag at Pinnacle to Celebrate Garfield's Election, Had Painting Contract. Couldn't Cut Any of His Men to Ascend Until He Had Carried Up Wire Which Made Way Easier.

It will be just 36 years ago this coming Presidential election that Allan S. Shattuck, well known G. A. R. veteran, paid an election bet and duplicated a part of the feat of the Human Fly who climbed the State Capitol building in September.

Mr. Shattuck, who settled in Lansing April 1, 1850, took a contract to paint the dome of the Capitol as well as other exterior and interior parts. He gathered a force of seven men, among them being Captain Julius N. Baker, retired captain of the local fire department. The contract proceeded smoothly until the dome was reached, then Mr. Shattuck discovered that his painter force were land artists, not steeplejacks.

None of the men would volunteer to climb the dome and spread color. Mr. Shattuck, in fair play, refused to ask his men to do that which he refused to do. He began to write about the country for an aerial painter, but received no responses and the dome still remained a shabby color. It seemed likely to remain unpainted but for a timely political argument,

BET IS MADE.

Mr. Shattuck, while on his way to his work one morning, got into a heated argument relative to the campaign, Garfield, Republican, was running against Samuel Hancock, the only war veteran that the Dems ever attempted to run for President. Mr. Shattuck was a staunch Republican, and the Democratic arguments stirred his bile. Presidential campaigns in those days were feverish affairs and even foreign nations were interested in them.

Mr. Shattuck, in his closing argument with his Democratic enemy, declared that if Garfield was elected he would place the American flag right on the pinnacle of the Capitol dome so that

the old Stars and Stripes would flaunt their principles of **Republicanism right** in the faces of Lansing Democrats.

The count in November gave Garfield a substantial majority over General Hancock and there was general rejoicing among the Republicans all over the country. But Mr. Shattuck, while exulting in the victory of his party, was just "tickled to death" personally with his obligation. He had won his bet, but also had to pay a paradox in local political history.

"We paraded and all that," said Mr. Shattuck in relating the incident, "and I cheered with the rest of 'em, but that blamed Capitol dome and its dizzy height kept bobbing up in my mind and making me seasick. That's the worst part of a man bragging, you know, it sometimes gets him into trouble.

"TOWN WAS WAITING.

"Well, I had the debt to pay and the town knew it. There were not so many of us here in those days and a stranger was a curiosity. We were just plain 'Bill,' and 'Hank.' Everybody knew his neighbor's business and his given name, you see. The dome had to be painted and I had my obligation to meet.

"So one day I got up spunk and looked the situation over. I announced when I would climb that dome and had a pretty fair crowd to watch me in case I fell. I got out of a window, the highest one accessible by an inside ladder, and started my climb. And I was one scared man. But the further I went up the calmer I became and I took no chances. I picked my way carefully and before I knew it was right on top of the big ball which caps the dome. This looks like an apple from below, but is really two feet through, I should think.

"Just to show my defiance for my Democratic friend in the crowd who had come to see my downfall, I mounted the ball and stood upright. Here I fastened a good-sized American flag and unfurled it to the breeze. I accompanied the ceremony with several life-sized whoops for Garfield and the Republican party. Then I arranged a copper wire so that anybody from the lower windows could fasten a rope to it and draw the rope up thus making it possible for painters to fasten tackle conveniently and work to the **pinnacle**. I reckon the wire is still there.

"MOST SCARED AFTER CLIMB.

"When I got to the ground I was more scared than when I was climbing. But that wire that I had rigged in the top of the dome had solved the problem of painting it as far as I was concerned. The next day the old State Republican came out with an article to the effect that I had kept my promise and had paid my political debt. The dome is not so **difficult** to climb as one would imagine, but no unskillful person could do the stunt the Human Fly did in getting up the **walls** to the first roof. The Fly's easy climb was up the dome as there are places where one may stick on easily and find a fair footing."

There are a number of Lansing's older generation who still remember the Shattuck feat. And it was considered some stunt inasmuch as Mr. Shattuck was handicapped by a disabled arm, the bone of which was broken in the battle of the Wilderness, and a right ankle, weak from another bullet wound received Feb. 3, 1862, in the battle of Occoquum.

The Human Fly's crazy entertainment was of considerable interest to Lansing's veteran dome climber. Mr. Shattuck, who lives at 1117 Lee street, is still hale and hearty and declares if he had good "wind" he would duplicate his feat just for the fun of it.—State Journal, 1916.

RARE BOOK PRINTED IN 1727 IS ONE OF CURIOSITIES
OF STATE LIBRARY; OWNED BY LANSING MAN.

One of the most interesting exhibits in the Museum of the Michigan Pioneer Society is a book, unique both from the standpoint of its own age, and from the historical story woven about it.

The volume, which is printed in Hebrew, English and Spanish and entitled "**Kehilath Jahacob**," a vocabulary, or words printed in the Hebrew language, was written by Jacob Rodriguez Moreva prior to 1527, at a time when the Spanish language was commonly spoken in the parts of the world, and, in 1527, was published by A. Alexander in White Chapel, High street, London.

The volume, which was published before printing presses came into general use, was printed with the aid of crude type in a hand

stamp, with a quill pen, to mark the lines between the three columns on each page of the book.

The paper upon which the words were stamped is a thick, pulpy substance much different from the modern finished product, with peculiar creases in the paper which indicated some obsolete method of preparation. The book is enclosed in a massive binding of some sort of leather, which is probably morocco, although the age of the book makes this uncertain. Reading the words in the book, and noticing the queer stilted spelling and use of words, one can see the change which is taking place gradually in the method of expressing and spelling the English language. Words such as preface, mathematics and rhetoric are spelled "preaface," "mathematicks" and "rhitoric."

The historical interest which the book holds started when Colonel John Ely, a landed Englishman, ancestor of Charles J. Decker, 820 North Pennsylvania avenue, owner of the book, crossed the Atlantic prior to the Revolutionary War, bringing the volume with him. During the Revolutionary struggle Ely became a colonel in the American army under Washington, and his lands were confiscated by the English government. Ely died penniless excepting for this book, and a few other heirlooms. The volume has since been handed down from generation to generation until it reached its present owner.

Mr. Decker, whose hobby is collecting rare volumes, has many other unique books, among them an ancient Hebrew Bible with the preface starting in the back of the book, and with the pages reading forward. Another is a book on medicine entitled "Practise of Physics," written at a time when medicine was commonly called physics, -State Journal, 1916.

SOME TOWN SAID OF OLD LANSING.

Saw Mills, Grist Mills, Tanneries, Stage Coach Lines and All Listed.

A copy of the Michigan State Gazetteer for 1862, which was recently presented to the Ingham County Historical and Pioneer Society by John C. Squiers, of Mason, contains much of interest

to one gathering information of an historical nature. In it are found the following items relative to Lansing:

"Lansing-a city of Ingham county, and Capitol of the State, beautifully situated on the Grand river about 100 miles north-westerly from Detroit, and as nearly as possible in the center of the settled portion of the State. The city was commenced under the name of 'Michigan,' in 1847, and upon the 25th of December in that year became the permanent seat of government, being at that time surrounded by an almost unbroken wilderness.

"The first settlement made upon the territory which now constitutes the city of Lansing was made by Hon. James Seymour, who erected a small log house and saw mill in 1846, in what is now the fourth ward.

"The name of 'Lansing' was given the city in honor of one of its early settlers in 1849."

The article goes on to tell of the divisions into "Lower," "Upper" and "Middle" towns, and claimed at that time a population of 4,000, it not being incorporated as a city until 1859. It describes the State house and tells of the first session held in it in 1850. The excellent water power furnished by the Grand river is mentioned, and the high, healthy location of the city, with its several handsome residences and public buildings, well laid out streets and extensive grading are spoken of with pride. The coal mines in that vicinity, also the fire clay and "kidney iron" are referred to.

At that time the city boasted of eleven churches, two flouring mills, three tanneries, two breweries, three saw mills, two sash and blind shops, two printing offices, several brick yards and a large number of mechanical shops.

Mention is made of the "State Reform School," the "Michigan Female College," and the "State Agricultural College."

The "Benton House" is called one of the best conducted hotels in Michigan.

Of the "State Library" in the Capitol building, it says that it contains 18,000 volumes, and is open to the public. It contains an original portrait of the Marquis de La Fayette, painted by Horace Vernet, of Paris, in 1836-7. Among the rare and curious books is a copy of Livy, 347, printed in German text, at Paris, also a work entitled the "Laws of Nemo," containing "fourteen

volumes in one, embracing a code of laws that governed 300,000,000 of the human race for 1,000 years, without alteration or amendment, translated from the Burmese, and printed at an English missionary station in the Burmese empire." The library is also said to contain the largest and best collection of law books in the State, and one of the best in the country.

There is a description of the "Reform School," with its 100 inmates, the superintendent being Cephas B. Robinson.

Lewis R. Fiske, A. M., heads the list of the faculty at the State Agricultural College. He afterwards was president of Albion College. William H. Chapman was mayor of the city at that time. The two newspapers were the Lansing State Republican, George I. Parsons, editor, and the Michigan State Journal, put out by the "State Journal Publishing Company."

Three Masonic lodges were listed, and one railroad and five stage routes given. The railroad was the "Lansing, Amboy and Traverse Bay R. R." from Lansing to Owosso, one train each way per day, fare \$1.25. There was the Lansing and St. Johns stage route, daily, fare \$1.50; the Lansing and Jackson route (daily via Eaton Rapids), fare \$2; Lansing and Jackson route (daily via Mason), fare \$2; Lansing and Detroit route (tri-weekly via Howell), fare \$4; Lansing and Marshall route (semi-weekly via Charlotte), fare \$2.

Then followed a long list of men and the business in which they were engaged, 143 professions, trades, etc., being given.

PASSING OF TWO OLD LANDMARKS AT NORTH LANSING.

The past week has witnessed the obliteration of two old landmarks at the north end: the moving of the old James Turner house on Turner street and the tearing down of the old fashioned brick house at the corner of Clinton and Center streets.

The James Turner house was built in 1847. The sills and other parts of the frame were hewn out of hardwood, the siding, flooring and cornice was dressed by hand, also first shingles were riven with an old-fashioned hand froe by workmen in Mason, then hauled by ox teams over the hogsback road through the almost unbroken wilderness to the few months old Capitol City. Mr. Turner's brothers in July, 1847, cleared a place in the woods and erected the first frame dwelling in North Lansing. While the workmen were erecting this building they had to fight deer flies, mosquitos, snakes and other pests of the wilderness. I remember one of them told about killing two moccasin snakes that came out and sunned themselves on a log in a cat hole just north of the house. He said they were real snakes as the men had nothing to drink but spring water.

If the walls of this old house could speak they could tell of many remarkable events that took place in the early pioneer days of our city. This house was a meeting place for all the Turner families. Brother James kept open house. The Methodist ministers when they came on the circuit never neglected to call, as they were always sure of good cheer and good beds at the class lender's. Sometimes the preacher brought the whole family and the more there were the heartier the welcome. The bashful youth brought his blushing bride there to be married and to meet Brother James, who always had a word of good cheer to give them, also the good wife always had a wedding cake baked or in the oven. Chief Okemos and his band always got hungry when they arrived at "Big Chief James's" house. The Quakers from Albany, N. Y., who were investing money in Michigan lands, always stopped with James, because he was their agent as well as the agent of the Seymour's, Wadsworth's, Danforth's and other New York finan-

ciers. What a tale those old walls could tell of the conferences between these men and their agent about the future growth and development of this Capitol city in the woods and the prosperous farms that were to surround it. We can imagine a grave Quaker listening to the agent's glowing description of the future growth of the Capitol city, and finally saying, "We will leave the matter with thee, James, and trust in your good judgment," In those pioneer days the agent thought more of the trust and confidence bestowed than he did of the percentage he was to receive.'

The brick house on the corner of Clinton and Center streets was built by Richard Elliott in the late fifties or early sixties. The bricks show that they were moulded by hand and the square sills show signs of the broadax, the laths were split with an axe and nailed to studding with old fashioned cut nails. The workmen find in tearing it down that pioneer workmen put walls up to stay, as the mortar is as hard or harder than the bricks and the rough stones in the cellar walls are woven and tied together so they have to be picked apart with a pickaxe. Such stone building is a lost art with the stone mason today,

Mr. Elliott came from Ohio to Lansing and opened a small store on Center street, from this he branched out into the grain and real estate business. He operated the old North Lansing Elevator that was east across the railroad tracks from the Breisch Milling Co.s' present elevator. He was quite a builder, for I remember a row of houses he built on Center street south of Wall street.

Another old pioneer built a row of houses on West Franklin street between Walnut and Chestnut streets similar to Elliot's houses.

In one of the houses on Franklin street lived for years an Episcopal clergyman, his two daughters and son. The son went the way of a wild youth and finally ended his career with a shotgun in Mark's livery barn, this city. The father and daughters lived for years on the good will and charity of the people and finally faded and died, The last years they lived they were striking figures when they appeared on our streets both in dress and habits, and their peculiarities were best seen at a distance.

These houses on Franklin street were built on four by eight rod lots which were considered small in those times. They were

in a state as nature left them, not filled in with tin cans and other rubbish with a thin coating of earth. Most of them had timber for the house frame and wood for fuel after the house was built. The younger generation that are used to reinforced concrete buildings with all the modern conveniences of sanitary plumbing, steam heat, electric lights, etc., little realize the work and sacrifice of their forefathers in erecting these old buildings now being torn down.

DR. F. N. TURNER
Lansing, Sept. 30th, 1916.

INSCRIPTIONS.

Inscriptions that adorn the face of the monument erected in honor of Austin Blair, the War Governor of Michigan, in front of the State Capitol at Lansing, Mich. Furnished by Mrs. H. E. Moliter, of Lansing.

(East Side.)

Austin Blair,
War Governor of Michigan,
1861, 1862, 1863, 1864.

He gave the best years of his life to Michigan and his fame is inseparably linked with the glorious achievements of her citizen soldier, Erected by the people of Michigan under joint resolution of the Legislature.

Approved May 8, 1895.

(West Side.)

The true glory of the republic must consist not only in the beneficence and freedom of our institutions, but also in our ability and courage to defend and protect them.

Message to the Legislature 1863.
All the blood and courage of this terrible war, all the heart-rending casualties of battle and the sad bereavements occasioned by them, have the same cause, slavery-the greatest, vilest criminal of the world'; it must perish.

Message 1863.

Again and for the last, time I commend the Michigan troops to your continued care and support. They have never failed in their duty to the country or to the State. Upon every battle field of the war their shouts have been heard and their sturdy blows have been delivered for the Union and victory. It is my sole regret at quitting office that I part with them.

Last message Jan. 4th, 1865.

ORIEN AUSTIN JENISON.

Orien Austin Jenison was born in Watertown, N. Y., May 23, 1823. His father died before he was born, and his mother was left with eight children dependent upon her. His schooling ended when he was twelve years old. He then went away to a distant town and began to support himself as a clerk in a store and from that time was self-supporting. He remained away from home a year and then returned to work in a store. He continued to live in and about Watertown for several years. During this time he practiced artistic penmanship and became expert in the use of a pen. He then maintained himself until he was twenty-one as a writing niaster. During all this time he contributed to the extent of his power to the support of his mother.

The day after reaching his majority he started away from home with just a six-pence in his pocket, bound for St. Lawrence county, N. Y. He made his way from place to place, earning what he got to eat by "setting copies" for the farmers' children along his route. Published writing books were unknown in those days and the beautiful examples of penmanship which he wrote for children to copy when learning to write were highly prized. Reaching St. Lawrence county, he remained there two years, following his business as a teacher of writing. From thence he started west, and reached Detroit August 48, 1846. He had nine silver dollars in his pocket when he landed. The family has one of them yet.

Within three days he had secured a position in the private land office of Macey & Diggs. The Capitol was located at Lansing the next year and Mr. Jenison was sent by his firm to establish a

branch office here. This fixed his residence and he never changed it. He arrived here on Christmas day after having walked a large part of the way from Jackson on account of the miserable condition of the stage road.

As most residents of Lansing know, the town consisted then of a cluster of buildings at the foot of Main street, and another around the dam at North Lansing. Mr. Jenison spent his first three weeks in Lansing at the National Hotel on Main street. The town was so crowded that during that time there was not an available bed in the city for Mr. Jenison to sleep in. A wooden building was being built on the present site of the Baird and Hudson block. Quarters were secured there for Macey & Driggs, and after getting their business into shape he resigned his position with them and went into the Auditor General's Department, where he held a clerkship for twelve years.

After these long years, during which writing of some sort had been Mr. Jenison's means of support, he abandoned the pen and went into the mercantile business with the late S. S. Coryell. This business continued until 1868 when he began his long connection with the State Republican. John A. Kerr & Company were then State printers and proprietors of the State Republican and Mr. Jenison was bookkeeper in their office and of the other proprietors of the paper until 1886. The succeeding four years of Mr. Jenison's life were variously employed, but in 1890 Robert Smith secured the State printing contract and recalled Mr. Jenison to his old position as bookkeeper in the State printing office.

Mr. Jenison was married in Lansing, January 20, 1851, to Helen M. Butler. They had two sons, Frank H. and Orien A. Jenison.

There are men who, through a life of fidelity to principle and scrupulous exactness of dealing, even in the heart of things, gain a reputation for honesty so that no one hesitated to trust them. Mr. Jenison was one of these. He was more than this. He was a kind-hearted, genial, loving man, who sometimes concealed under an off-hand brusqueness of manner, a gentle heart. Children knew him and loved him. A generation of them years ago learned to call him "Uncle Jen," and growing to manhood and womanhood have continued to call him so until the whole city has learned to use the name.

No sketch of Mr. Jenison's life would be complete without

mentioning his remarkable instinct for collecting quaint, curious and valuable things. Indian relics at one time formed a large and valuable part of his collection. Bows and arrows, articles of apparel, stone implements, pipes, and other Indian curiosities to the number of 700 were collected by him, mostly around Lansing. These, with 3,000 coins and medals, were sold by him in New York city a number of years ago. Local history and the collection of documents and books relative to it were almost a passion with him. He has every State Manual ever published. He had the autograph of every governor of Michigan. Documents innumerable were pasted by him in scrap books and preserved. Nothing relative to the history of the city was, too trivial, and two large scrap books were devoted to the preservation of posters and handbills announcing elections, caucuses, political speeches. Public announcements of all kinds were kept by him. The Capitol books, as he called them, were a series of scrap books containing clippings relative to the building of the State Capitol. A history of the building from day to day could be made from the books. The Capitol books, the Manuals, and numerous other books and documents belonging to Mr. Jenison which refer to the history of Michigan, were bought recently by the State Librarian and will occupy a separate case in the Library and be known as the Jenison collection. He also studied the Jenison family, tracing his ancestry back to the time of the landing of the first Jenison in America off the ship *Arabella* in 1632. A pocketbook which this founder of the family brought to America is in the possession of the family. Mr. Jenison died Aug. 6th, 1895.

ORANGE BUTLER.

June 11, 1870, Orange Butler, of this city, who died very suddenly on Saturday evening, was a man of talent and distinction—one of those to whom our State was early indebted for her good start in intellectual as well as material growth. He was born in Pompey, Onondaga county, N. Y., March 5, 1794; graduated at Union College, Schenectady; studied law with the celebrated Victory Birdseye, of Pompey, and taught classical languages at about the same time. He commenced the practice of

law at Vienna, Ontario county, but removed to Gaines, Orleans county, N. Y. He was district attorney of Orleans county for several years, and had a very extensive practice, being prominent in the famous Morgan trials, during the anti-Masonic excitement. He removed from Gaines to Adrian, Michigan, about the year 1835, and was a member of the Legislature from Lenawee county while Stevens T. Mason was governor of the State. Mr. Butler came to Delta, Eaton county, in April, 1847, and to Lansing in 1849. He practiced law here, and was justice of the peace for a long period in the early days, with general acceptability. He has filled up the measure of a long and useful life, being '76 years and 3 months old when called away.

INTERESTING BITS OF EARLY HISTORY OF CITY IS GIVEN IN IDENTIFYING "PHOTO OF 1872."

Memories of the morning of life have been stirred for Mrs. Alex. McPhee, 411 South Chestnut street, by the reproduction of the old photograph, showing the preparation of the cornerstone of the Capitol, printed in the State Journal Tuesday. She has identified beyond question the man sitting atop the stone and preparing it for the copper box receptacle as Eban McPhee, her first husband, and brother of Alex. McPhee, her present husband.

Beside the identification of Eban McPhee, there was awakened in Mrs. McPhee's memory the circumstances of her coming to America and how she met, on the deck of the old Celtic, Chester A. Arthur, then collector of the port of New York, afterward President of the United States, and with him James Gordon Bennett, the elder, famous founder and publisher of the New York Herald. Of this experience more later.

Two other men, shown in the old photograph, are also identified, both now deceased. One is Joseph Glaister, Sr., deceased, and the other is Jack Smeaton, also dead. Glaister was a contractor for the cut stone work and Smeaton was one of his workmen. Others are not remembered.

Eban McPhee, the stone cutter most prominently shown in the photograph, was a young Scot&man, as perhaps need not be said

because of his name. To the casual observer of the photograph, McPhee appears as a man of middle life, because of the heavy beard and moustache; but, as to fact, he was then in the heyday of his youth and at the top of his powers as a skilled workman. He was not yet 30. Eban McPhee, although of wonderful physique and stamina, nevertheless died in 1884 of typhoid fever. Lansing and its vicinity, however, still claim five of his descendants. There is John and Will and Mrs. William Saier and Mrs. J. W. Higgs and Richard, a farmer of Eaton county. Richard was among those to view the old photograph of his father. Wednesday. In some respects, particularly in the expression across the eyes, he is very like his father as shown in the photograph.

An island of Scotland, to the north, the site of famous Inverness Castle, was the birthplace of Eban McPhee. As a youth he was early apprenticed as a stone cutter and learned the trade in all its branches. When he came to New York about 1870 he was accounted a craftsman of the highest worth. Following his advent in America, he was soon attracted to Chicago, where his services were in great demand following the devastating fire that swept that city in the early 70's. Joseph Glaister, knowing of the capabilities of Eban McPhee, brought him here by pay inducements, which, until the recent after-the-war period, would have seemed fabulous.

Mrs. McPhee, then the wife of Eban, came to America about the time he came to Lansing. It was upon her arrival in New York harbor that she met Chester A. Arthur and James Gordon Bennett. The experience lingers vividly in her memory.

Unknown to the passengers, the old Celtic of the White Star line, had been engaged in a trans-Atlantic race with another ocean liner. The Celtic won the contest and so the dignitaries of New York, accompanied by a band, had come down to Sandy Hook, with the pilot boat and other craft, to extend a welcome. "Oh, I can see those many boats coming to meet us even yet-how their sails whitened and glistened in the sunshine and the waves danced!" exclaimed Mrs. McPhee, the old memory flooding back, out of the past.

Arthur and Bennett were attracted to Mrs. McPhee because of her slight, girlish appearance-and one may well guess, looks—and the fact that they could scarcely believe she was the

mother of the three boys with her. The result of the conversation was that James Gordon Bennett gave \$5 to Will McPhee, the baby, and to Mrs. McPhee he gave sufficient funds to put her through to Goodrich, Ont., where she was going to visit relatives before joining her husband. This he did, so that Mrs. McPhee need not have English funds exchanged into American money until she was among friends. It does not appear; however, that the then young Mrs. McPhee lacked self-reliance.

Remembrances of Chester A. Arthur and James Gordon Bennett by Mrs. McPhee accords with what is understood to be the appearance of those men. Arthur, she says, was a stalwart figure with black eyes and heavy black moustache and beard. Bennett was markedly the opposite, a man of slight build and noticeably blonde.

"When I reached Lansing," says Mrs. McPhee "I remarked 'Have they brought me to the jumping off place of the world?' My notion of a Capitol city was vastly different from the aspect that Lansing then presented. It was nothing but a rambling, poorly-built, little village, seemingly set in a marsh. Why I can remember what we called Third Ward Park (Central Park-Capitol Avenue and Kalamazoo street) was a veritable swamp with a hummock of dry ground in the center. I have actually seen men go in boats along what is now Sycamore street in the spring of the year.

Mrs. McPhee went on to explain that rents in Lansing in those days were as high as now. There were no houses to be had by the veritable army of stone cutters, bricklayers, masons and carpenters that swarmed in here for the building of the Capitol. "So impossible was it to get a house that we were forced to take rooms over the Store of Fallon & Isabell, which stood on Washington Avenue opposite where is now the Hotel Downey."

Something of the difference between city prices and those prevailing here at that time is told by Mrs. McPhee. She followed her husband here via Chicago and contrasts prices there with those here. At Chicago she paid \$13 a barrel for flour but upon her arrival here bought it for \$5. Potatoes in Chicago were \$1.50 a bushel, here they were 25 cents. She bought her first potatoes of John Whiteley, now deceased.

Indicative of the fact that Lansing less than 50 years ago was on

the veritable frontier, Mrs. McPhee relates that the workmen on the Capitol used to take their guns and within a walk of a few rods used to hunt wild game, Wild turkey was plentiful. Joseph Glaister, she says, had so tamed two of the turkeys that he kept them roosting in a tree near where is now the intersection of Chestnut and Washtenaw streets.

Mrs. McPhee was born in Liverpool. She was married when only a girl. Her memory of the old home still abides. "I have always loved the sea because it enters into my earliest recollections. I was born on the banks of the Mersey river and the great sea into which it flowed was always becoming in my sight as a child. When I came to America how I loved the trip across the ocean. Yes, I can still see in memory the spirit of the great cathedral where three of my children were christened and sealed with the sign of the cross. As I look back over the years, it is a great wonder to me how Lansing could have grown from the poor little village I first beheld to the city it is today."

Mrs. McPhee is still an active woman, cheery and full of enthusiasm for life. She has experienced some dangerous illnesses of late, but in spite of all appears possessed of bodily vigor. Her memory of the events of her life are particularly vivid and she tells of the circumstances of her youth as if they were but yesterday.—State Journal, 1916.

"PHOTO OF '72" IS CUE FOR NEW REMINISCENCES OF OLD-TIME DAYS.

The style in feminine dress of 1873, which raises a smile today when brought to memory by a photograph, was indeed an eyeful in their time, declares Charles Emery, who writes to the State Journal further concerning the old photograph which has so much interested the "old settlers" in recent days. In his communication he says:

"State Journal Editor:

"You cannot imagine how glad I am that I broke the glass in the storm house. I did not feel that way while handling over that punk glass, but it would seem that 'curses, not loud but deep,

have induced vibrations in Lansing's circumambient ether which are productive of many interesting recollections.

"With apologies to Orah Glaister Emery I beg to differ as to the stylishness of Miss Moody. Please bear in mind that the so-called photo of '72 was taken in September, 1873, and that styles changed even in those days. That slender waist, those Sis Hopkins braids, that Dolly Vnrdcn dress, all proclaim their era, and if that hat is not of 1373 I will cat it,

"The other day a gang of boys on their way home from school went through the basement of the Capitol. They were into everything as they went, running about and yelling, regardless of the work that was going on. Another gang going through on the first floor slyly filled some paper drinking cups with water and were out on the front porch ready to duck the first gang when they came out of the basement. I wondered if any of them had ever heard or could imagine what the Capitol grounds looked like fifty years ago. Could they imagine that their grandfathers or great uncles, prodding around there fifty years ago, had nearly been scared out of their wits by stumbling over human bodies and severed arms, and legs and heads. I know two little boys living today in Lansing whose grandfather was in that gang, and Auditor General Fuller vouches for the truth of the statement that the whole gang went down a ladder at the same time. The boys of 1920 are after all not so very different from those of 1870. And I wonder if any young lady in Lansing high school today can imagine her grandmother sliding down the bnnnister of the old frame high school of fifty years ago. But that is another story.

"Picture to yourself a field containing 11 acres. Near the center on a slight elevation, an enlargement of Lansing's new comfort station, and you have the Capitol grounds as they looked to me 50 years ago. The building, composed of red brick, which now makes the Butler block, had been the State offices, but was temporarily occupied as a medical college and was soon afterward torn down to make way for the present Capitol building. The dissecting room of the College was one from which a safe had been removed by way of a hole through the floor. One bunch of school kids put a ladder up through this hole and another bunch gained entrance through the door by picking the lock. The first ones in were scared nearly as stiff as the 'stiffs' on the tables, but those

behind crowded them on until they too had one look, and then it was a case of devil take the hindmost.

"Then in 1872 the present building was begun. I was very much interested in it as Willie Appleyard, the superintendent, was a schoolmate, and was my pass to any part of the job at all times. The most wonderful thing about the building is the part that cannot now be seen, the foundation. Especially is this true of the deep, ~~head~~ foundations of the rotunda. There is a story below the basement, and at the bottom of that story the foundation of solid masonry is broad enough so that the biggest trucks that travels our streets could be driven round and round on it. The steel framework of the dome before it was covered was a beautiful sight.

"The tops of the rib work before the frame of the lantern was erected were riveted to a broad circle of steel. One noon some of us from the school climbed up there and were chasing one another around on that circle to the horror of the people on the ground, who were afraid to call us down for fear we would get scared and fall.

"But when the first bell rang we hurried down in safety. And when my father heard about it, take it from me, he handed me what was coming to me. It is hard to realize the height of the dome as you see it from the ground. If the steeple of the Congregational church were standing out away from the church the dome of the Capitol might be sliced off close to the roof and set right over the steeple without touching it nnywhere. I haven't tried it myself, but I had it straight from X—Y- (Prof. Carpenter), when I took engineering under him at M. A. C. in 1876.

"That other story, of more interest to the girls, will come some other time."—State Journal, 1916.

DAUGHTER GIVES INTERESTING SKETCH OF DR. MARSHALL, LOCAL PIONEER.

2720 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley, Calif.,

October 20, 1921.

Editor of Lansing State Journal, Lansing, Michigan.

Dear Sir:

A Lansing friend has sent me an article clipped from your publication of Sept. 22. This article was supposed to be a sketch of the life of the late Dr. Marshall, written by Dr. F. N. Turner. The inaccuracies and glaring misstatements are a great injustice to the memory of a man whose life and service played such a prominent part of the lives of the citizens of North Lansing thirty years ago.

I am therefore enclosing a corrected sketch of the life of my father, with the earnest hope that you will publish it, that your readers may know that truth may be as interesting as fiction and a more perfect tribute to the memory of a useful citizen.

Yours very truly,

LAURA E. MARSHALL.

The physician who carried on the practice of medicine and surgery for 24 years prior to 1890 was Dr. Orville Marshall, and not Thomas, that being the name of his son.

Dr. Marshall graduated from the University of Michigan in 1865. He had not been drafted for service in the Civil War because of his delicate health; But in the last year of the war, he, with four other medical students, went to Washington as volunteer surgeons. He was stationed at City Point and within a week was put in charge of the hospital at that place. After three months of unceasing work he became ill and was sent home. He only reached Rochester when he became so ill that he sought the home of an aunt where he remained several months. The effect of this illness followed him through life.

After graduation Dr. Marshall shared the office of Dr. Chapin, of Chelsca, for one year. During that year he visited his aunt, Mrs. Elisha Turner, in North Lansing and decided that the

Capitol City should be the scene of his future labors. He returned in the fall of 1866. Elisha Turner and his brother, James Turner (who were doubtless relatives of the Dr Turner, who wrote the article referred to) befriended the young physician as much as his independent spirit would allow.

WORKED WITH FATHER.

Before taking up the study of medicine the doctor had assisted his father as contractor and builder. In the early months when patients were scarce he made use of this early training by building himself a little office on Franklin Avenue between the bridge and Washington Avenue. He boarded with other young men with a widow who kept a boarding house on Turner street. The doctor's mother had been dead for many years, therefore, the socks of her knitting mentioned in the previous article were as much a myth as Dr. Turner's enumeration of other articles of Dr. Marshall's early equipment for practice.

The skill of the energetic little doctor soon brought him a thriving practice. As little attention was paid to road building in those days, roads were often impassable; he spent many hours on horseback visiting the sick on the outlying farms.

The buck-board of those early days' was later replaced by a buggy of his own invention; a skeleton affair with side springs and a swinging seat, which saved his delicate back from the jars of, rutty roads. The mud-spattered buggy with the small black horse and the doctor's musical whistle were familiar sights and sounds by day or night for many years as he answered the call of his fellow man for help.

On Dec. 1, 1870, Dr. Marshall married Sarah Metlin after a year of courtship. Maggie Metlin, whom Dr. Turner credits the doctor with marrying, was an older sister. The statement that a wife was selected for him by his lady patients is also fiction. The suggestion was doubtless made but the doctor's fearless and determined character would never allow anyone to make his choices or decisions for him.

BUILT HOME.

The doctor and his bride made their home for one year in a house at the southeast corner of Seymour and Maple streets

while they were building their future office and home at the southeast corner of Franklin and Capitol avenues. In this home their two children were born and it was here the doctor died. After his death the home was sold to Hiram Rikerd but within the last few years it has passed into other hands and has been remodeled.

In the beautiful flower gardens at the west side of the house the doctor reserved a bed for the cultivation of pansies. He bought choice seeds and crossed the varieties until perfect black and perfect white flowers without even a yellow center were obtained. This striving for the unusual and perfection was also demonstrated when the doctor made his fruit farm his avocation. His strawberries were noted for their size and flavor. At this time he studied horticultural journals as faithfully as his medical journals and became a useful member of the Lansing Grange. In his leisure hours the doctor indulged his fondness for poetry and history. He had an untrained talent for drawing, evidences of which were found in clever sketches in his note books and visiting lists.

CLOSE OBSERVER.

Dr. Turner's statement is correct that Dr. Marshall was a close observer, a diligent student and greatly interested in the civic life of the community. He was the first doctor in the city to buy a microscope and to make a thorough study of germ diseases. When the public sewer dumped its refuse into the river at the foot of Washington Avenue and epidemic of contagious diseases followed. The doctor's attempts to quarantine his patients were not upheld by the civic authorities. This so enraged him that at the next election he ran for city physician. He held the office for two terms, during which time the sewer was extended below the city, the open wells were condemned and quarantine was permanently established. It was during his second term as city physician that he was sued for malpractice by an eccentric old woman who was a city charge. She had broken her arm and had refused to submit to the doctor's treatment. At the sensational trial, which the doctor won, the court was three days selecting a jury. Finally, when it seemed impossible to select the twelfth man, the weary judge ordered the bailiff to go out on the street

and not return until he had found a man who did not employ Dr. Marshall as a physician,

Danger to the health of the children of the city through poor lighting, bad ventilation and sanitation of school buildings again forced the doctor into political life; this time as member of the board of education.

The immoral, the untruthful or the penurious man dreaded a glance from the doctor's piercing grey eyes or words from his satirical tongue.

AMUSING STORY.

The story is told of a wealthy but penurious man who had a sick daughter. For several mornings when the doctor came to the drug store, where he often received patients, he found this man waiting to casually ask him what home remedies he might suggest for the daughter. After several days the doctor heard that the child was very ill. The next morning when the father appeared with the usual questions, the doctor replied that he would suggest calling a physician and paying him for his services. The man, not enjoying the smiles of the bystanders, asked him to attend his daughter. The doctor remained at the child's bedside for 24 hours. After midnight he heard continuous voices in the neighborhood. On investigation he found the family and neighbors holding a session of prayer for the recovery of the child. Later the father attributed the child's recovery to the intercession of the Lord. When he received the doctor's bill he protested against its size. He was informed that the extra charge was for the assistance of the Almighty.

The doctor's lack of reverence for conventional religion was a constant source of grief to his religious friends and a tool in the hands of his enemies. He was not irreligious but had a creed of his own, which was service to humanity. He answered the call of rich and poor alike and gave so freely of his slender strength that when illness came he had no physical resistance. After an illness of four days he passed away on December 5, 1889, at the age of 51 years, respected and loved by the community for which he had laid down his life.

Perhaps the following may be of interest also:

Mrs. Marshall passed away in July, 1911, and was laid to rest beside her husband in the family lot in Hope Cemetery.

The doctor's love of poetry and history and a talent for drawing he has passed on to his children. The son, Thomas M. Marshall, Ph.D., is at the head of the history department in the University of Washington at St. Louis, and is the author of several volumes of his story. The daughter is in the art department of the Berkeley high School, Berkeley, Calif.—State Journal.

WALNUT FINISHINGS AT CAPITOL NOW REPRESENT
VALUE OF \$60,000.

And now, people of Michigan, after nearly 50 years, what will you take for the inside woodwork of your Capitol?

How about that black walnut finishing upstairs and downstairs and in the governor's chambers, not to mention the fittings where the supreme court holds forth, the 100 desks in representative hall 32 similar desks in the senate chamber, and all the other fitting; of the hard, dark wood 'once so characteristic of the State?

It may be that you, the people, have been losing money on too many executive boards, but, look!—here are some other old boards worth while.

Conservative estimate puts the number of board feet necessary to replace the present black walnut finishing at 200,000 board feet. Black walnut is not carried in stock these days, but it can be had at between \$200 and \$300 a thousand board feet. This means that to replace the black walnut in the Capitol would cost the tidy sum of \$40,000 at the, lowest figure. To work up this lumber into a duplicate of the Capitol finishings would probably cost at conservative estimate \$50 a thousand, so here is to be added another \$10,000. After being completed at the mill it is estimated the work of putting the finishings in place in the building would cost on the basis of another \$50 a thousand, and so there would be another \$10,000 to add. Here then is a total of \$60,000 for the interior woodwork on three floors of the Capitol.

But the old wood involved is held as more 'precious than its' worth in dollars and cents. It is emblematic of the day in which the Capitol was built. Blatava was a highly esteemed wood then, but more plentiful and less costly than hard pine of today.

Its significance lies largely in the fact that when in was put in, it was a typical Michigan hard wood. Its cost, then, is estimated at from \$75 to \$100 a thousand.

Today, if the Capitol were to be rebuilt, it is not likely there would be any thought of using black walnut. More likely marble would be used. The use of black walnut for interior finishing is scarcely known today,

Furniture factories are taking black walnut wherever and in whatever shape it can be found. Not a crumb of the wood is 'wasted in these places. Little blocks no larger, perhaps, than an inch square or so, are preserved and used later as a delicate inlay, perhaps, in some choice bit of cabinet work.

The inquiry probably will arise with some, how does black walnut compare with mahogany? The answer is that while mahogany is in considerable better supply-is, in short, a commercial 'commodity and regularly carried in stock-it is nevertheless quoted considerably above black walnut, at \$500 or more a thousand. The law of supply and demand, however, still holds. While the supply of black walnut is very limited, much more so than mahogany, nevertheless the fact remains that there is scarcely any call for black walnut today. Black walnut seems to be more of an honored relic than otherwise.

Black walnut, for the most part, seems to have fallen on an evil time, so far as present day demand for it is concerned. For the most part, nothing like the artistry was put into its use, when plentiful, that was put into colonial mahogany, "Early Grand Rapids," the product of the great furniture city when it was striving for ornateness rather than for lines that would make its creations of eternal worth, is that into which all too much of the valuable wood went and so is not likely to be redeemed except as it is worked over,

While there is some black walnut still to be had, nevertheless as a commercial wood it appears to be gone forever and the interior finishings of the Capitol will grow in value, both in dollars and in sentiment, as the years go by.

The estimates used in the foregoing were elicited from. Wm. Burgess, of the Rickerd Lumber Company, from Harry Conrad and Martin Lechlitner, of the H. G. Christman Company, and from Harold J. Reniger, of the Reniger Construction Company.

OLD BOOSTER BOOK OF LANSING TELLS WHEN FUEL WAS CHEAP.

Advantages of Early City are Set Forth in Full in Effort to Stimulate Manufacturing and Jobbing Business Here in Large Way.

In 1873 the advantages of Lansing other than those known us natural advantages were much different than those of today.

A book published by the Lansing Improvement Association in that year under the title of "Lansing, the Capital of Michigan, Its Advantages, Natural and Acquired, As a Center of Trade and Manufacture," had for its purpose to show "how Lansing had become the commercial and financial, as well as the political Capitol of a great State."

The pamphlet was issued as booster material for the city by the association, whose officers were J. J. Bush, president; A. N. Hart, vice-president, and E. W. Sparrow, secretary and treasurer. The purpose of the organization was to promote the building up of manufacturing and jobbing interests of the city.

The book covered every phase of civic activity and reviewed all the industries and business projects of the city.

A good idea of the size of the city at the time of the publication of the book may be gained by perusal of a map of Lansing in the front of the book which shows the Grand Trunk depot to be far south of the city limits of that time, which were located at the present Washington Avenue bridge. The territory immediately west of the State Capitol building between Allegan street and Michigan Avenue was not even platted at that time. The old I. O. O. F. Institute, which is now the School for the Blind, was on the edge of the territory bounding the city on the west and was outside the city limits, while the Industrial School or "Reform School," as then called, was on the eastern boundary.

CITY IS AMPLY PLANNED.

The city, as first platted, was two miles in length north and south, by one mile east and west. It was laid out on a liberal scale, the main avenues being seven, and the other streets five rods in width. Eleven acres were reserved for the grounds upon which

to build the present State Capitol building and seven and one-half squares besides the Capitol grounds were reserved for other public purposes.

A paragraph in the book describing the business location of that time as follows: "In the horseshoe formation made by the Grand river is located section 16, upon which stands the State Capitol and the main business center of the city. **hinqther business center is located in the** northern section of the city, upon the east bank of **the Grand** river known as North **Lansing**, where a number of manufacturing establishments are located, as well as many stores."

The **growth** of the city was stated as follows: "The population of the **city** and township of Lnnsing in 1845 was 88; in 1850, 1,229; and in 1855, 1,556. **The city was organized** in 1859 and its population by the census of 1880 was 8,085, and of the township, 497. **The population of the city in 1864 was** 9,673, that of the township remaining **nearly** the same, **having fallen off 28** from the census of 1860. In 1870 the populntion of the **city was** 5,243, and of the township 898-a total of 6,066. By that census **the township contained 183** voters and the city 1,230. **At thnt time the city** was divided into only four wards. Of the total number of people in the city, 4,403 were native born; 888 were foreign bom; 77 col-ored, and there was one native born Chmaman. **1,065** dwellings and 1,091 families. **The land** about Lnnsmg was **heavily** timbered and anything but inviting to settlers. **The first** railroad was built from Owosso to Lansing **in 1862**. **The growth** of the city from the time of the location of the Capitol up to 1871 was slow and did not come up to the expectations. **Many of the** residents feared that the city would lose the Capitol buildings and it was not until the years of 1871 when the Legislature voted \$1,200,000 to be raised by taxation in six years for the building of **the State house**, that the question of Lansing's retaining that **posi-**tion permanently was regarded as finally settled. **Since that time** the population has steadily increased until nt the present time, **April, 1873**, the count is 8,556. **The future of the city may be regarded as secure.**"

TELLS OF NATURAL ADVANTAGES.

In mentioning the natural advantages of the city, the book

commented at length on the favorable **climate** showing in what ways the temperature was favorable to all modes of life and industry.

Relative to the water power of Lansing the pamphlet went on to say: "The water power at Upper and Lower Lansing is excellent. That at North Lansing has been utilized, and has become the nucleus of a large manufacturing interest; **that** at the Upper Town ii equally good and is only waiting for the right men to avail themselves of it. The fall obtained at each of these privileges is nine feet, and the amount of water is limited only by the Grand river."

Quotation's from the book go to show that there was no shortage of lumber at a low price in the good old days when the ground for the Capital City of Michigan was being broken. The article went on to say: "We are situated in the midst of the finest variety of hardwood **timber** of the following sorts: **Beech, maple, ash, white-oak, basswood, black walnut, cherry, etc.** The finest. **beech and hard maple, which** exists in great abundance within **the** immediate vicinity of our city, is now available for wood, 'at \$2.50 per cord, a price rendering it of little or no value, at a greater distance than four miles from our city, yet this lumber would be a mine of wenth if properly utilized. Any amount of it could be furnished for years to come at from \$10 to \$12 per thousand feet, delivered in the city, manufactured into lumber **of any shape**. Large quantities of onk, ash, walnut, cherry, hickory, and rock-elm are **being shipped** from our city and the country adjacent thereto to eastern and western markets."

The fact that the timber lands of Michigan had not even been as much as scratched by the woodman's axe is shown in the following: "Another great advantage we possess is our easy access to the extensive pineries of northern Michigan. We have direct connection with this great **lumber** region by means of two railroads diverging from our city to the northeast and northwest penetrating the pineries for over 100 miles each, which afford freight for said roads for at least a quarter of a century to their utmost **capacity**. The average number of cars laden with lumber passing through our city at the present time will exceed 100 per day and **must** increase very rapidly as the roads are extended northerly."

MAKES URGENT APPEAL FOR INDUSTRIES.

An urgent appeal for the establishment of manufacturing industries in our city was made in the following paragraph of the book: "A much more extended reference might be made to the advantages of our timber lands in connection with the manufacture of articles composed largely of wood, and especially such as are in constant demand in our own and adjacent states, such as agricultural implements, furniture, railroad cars and other products. It is very questionable economy for our railroads to wear out thousands of cars in hauling from and through our city to distant points the raw materials for the building of other cars to take their place. These are considerations worthy of some note at least by manufacturers."

That there was no need for government control of fuel conditions back in the happy days of 1879 is shown in the paragraph which reads: "A question of first importance to any manufacturing city is that of fuel. In this respect Lansing again comes up to the front with a wealth of wood and coal accessible and cheap. Being situated in the midst of heavy forests of hard timber, wood, being the most easily and cheaply obtained, has been hitherto the staple article of fuel and for some years to come it will continue to be plenty at low prices; but in all cases, when it becomes necessary to use coal it can be obtained in good quantities and quality within 12 miles of the city at the rate of \$4 to \$5 a ton."

Building stone was abundant in the vicinity of Lansing in the early seventies and the brick situation was described as follows: "Mr. George B. Hall, who is supplying the brick for the new State Capitol, is also shipping large quantities to Jackson and other towns, and there is no good reason why, with our abundant and cheap fuel, our direct and competing lines of railroads to Chicago, we may not send to that extensive and growing city millions of brick every year at remunerative prices. They are now being furnished at the yards at from \$5 to \$0 a thousand. The demand for drain tile is just commencing and must increase rapidly."

Much space was given to the fine farm land adjacent to the city and the advantages in crop growing near the city of Lansing as a market for the products,

The scale of prices for farm lands is shown in the book as follows: "Lands within 15 miles of the city range in value from \$15

to \$40 per acre for timbered and from \$25 to \$75 for improved farms."

The author of the book evidently had a "hunch" as to a profitable investment as is shown when he said: "There is no better chance to realize fortunes from the advancement of real estate than is now offered in farming lands about Lansing. Any advancement must be commensurate with the growth of the city."

POETIC TRIBUTE TO LANSING OAK, WRITTEN IN 1847,
COMES TO LIGHT.

Tree Once Shaded Site of Old Capitol; Poem in Old Scrap Book.

Sentiments, expressed in the days of Lansing's far past today cause realization that its citizens are now living in a day of realized prophecy. A poem written here in June, 1847, by Dr. H. S. Burr, a resident here at that time, has just come to light.

This poem comes to The State Journal from Mrs. J. N. Bush, the woman who is credited with having lived longer in Lansing than any other person here. Mrs. Bush, who came here as Eliza Powell, taught the first school ever conducted in Lansing. She knew Dr. Burr, the author of the poem. Mrs. Bush, in looking through an old scrapbook recently, made in her girlhood days, found the verses.

The poem was printed in a Detroit paper, for that was before any publication had been started in Lansing. Accompanying the lines was a note of explanation stating the lines were written concerning a great oak, standing about on the site where the first Capitol was soon to arise. Reference is of course intended to the site of the old Capitol, not the present one. The effusion to the oak was dated at "Michigan," Ingham county, as Lansing was then designated. The poem follows:

THE OAK OF THE CAPITAL.

Alas for Time! what changes hath he wrought
In this wild realm! The race that once came here,
To pitch their tents, to light the calumet
And talk of peace, laden with trophies from

The vanquish'd foe, are scattered o'er the earth
 Like wither'd leaves, that **float** along our path
 In Autumn's blast. The dark-hair'd maid, no more,
 Shall meet her sire, the **Sachem, crown'd** with plumes
 Of age; and rank, and listen to his tale of war,
 And blood. Nor shall her lover pipe his reed
 In wildly solemn, strangely mournful notes,
 To serenade the Day-god, as he folds
 The sombre curtains of the dusky night
 Around his weary limbs, and sinks beneath
 The bosom of the western waves, in calm,
 And quiet rest. Where in thy book, O Time!
 Hast thou **the** record kept? Where the rude seed
 Was planted in the earth, and from its heart
 The tender germ uprose, to tower, ere long
 High o'er the forest ground, and reign the **king**
 Of all the tuneful woods.
 And those, old oak, **whose** limbs are **sered** with age,
 Speaks out, and give us hist'ry of the past.
 How many years has this bright river roll'd
 With glassy bosom, at thy earthbound feet?
 Hath she **passed** on, in the same beaten track,
 Age after age? or hath she not, full oft,
 Turn'd far aside, to tread some untried path,
 When frowning clouds have **drench'd** her sloping banks
 And **fill'd** her gentle breasts with heaving rage!
 Hath she not, sometimes, groaned **beneath** the weight
 Of 'the fierce red-man's fleet of **blacken'd** troughs,
 And felt her sides transfix'd, when warfare rag'd
 With flinty missiles from the whizzing dart?
 Hath not her mirror cheek turn'd hectic
 When the crimson tide hath **pour'd**, in combats,
 From the red-man's veins? O, yes! I answer
 For thee, since thy lips are sealed, and utter
 More than thou couldst ever speak, but meeting
 Thy assent, at every word, Fix'd like a
 Faithful sentinel upon his tower
 Those must have seen such service as the rest
 Can never boast. Clad in the gaudy robe

Of youthful spring, thou oft didst lift thy head
 Towards heaven, and frown upon the less luxuriant,
 'Neath thy shade, and spurn the feeble art
 By which they clung, with slender root, to this
 Cold earth. When summer hung her richer garb
 Around thy form: and life was coursing free
 Through every vein, how didst thou glory in
Thine own majestic strength and court, e'en court
 The warfare of the storm. But when the dark
 Fierce tempest **press'd** upon thy leafy crown,
 And scathing lightnings **lick'd**, with forked tongues,
 Thy pompous robe, then thou wast glad to lean
 Thy quaking form, against the arms of those
That scarce could see thy tow'ring **height**

And

Thus it is with man. If thrift attend him
 In his earthly course, he towers aloft, in
 Vain, and selfish thought, scarce deigning, in his
 Height to view a common man; but when his
 Breast is wrung with racking pain, and riches
 Cease to prop his sinking heart, the least is
 Worthy to afford him aid.

Yes, thou, old

Oak hast seen full many a change. Spring, doubtless,
 Hast renew'd these twice an hundred times, and
Fill'd thy heart with the rich joy of hope; and
 Sweetest incense from the aromatic bower
 Has mingl'd with the carol of wild birds,
 And sent thee up an offering that a king
 Might prize. If Summer made thy verdant robe
 More full and fann'd thee with the zephyr's wing,
 Autumn breathed mildew on its gorgeous folds,
 And left thy limbs in all the nakedness
 Of beggary, But thou hast gain'd thy full
 Appointed strength. The wintry winds have dash'd
 Against thy form, the fiery bolts fell at
 Thy giant feet, and thou through time, hast brav'd
 Them all unhurt; but soon the poison axe
 Shall pierce thy side, and thou shalt prostrate lie

Among the weak; and from thy heart, pillars
 Shall soon be cut to stud the Capitol.
 But thou shalt not be lone in thy proud fall;
 A plague shall hang upon thy neighbors, too,
 For death is on the woodman's greedy blade,
 And it is bound to desolate thy fair
 Domain. And where the sturdy forresters
 For ages stood, a throng of active forms
 With busy minds shall come, and rear huge halls,
 And domes, and churches high, and porticos;
 From out whose chambers iron tongues shall
 Speak through brazen lips, and congregate proudmen
 To worship God, discuss affairs of nation,
 And of state. The soil where thou
 Hast strewn thy
 Yearly fruit, shall now be plotted by the
 Just hand of art; and dwellings where strange
 Passions of the human heart will ebb and
 Flow, shall rise to vie with thy magnificence,
 And strength, and round their base the blushing rose
 Will cling, and lend her fragrance to the streets,
 In which a busy throng will move in all
 The gayety of fashionable life.
 Thou who hast witness'd long the warring strife
 Of winds, and waters, driving storms, and frosts,
 Must listen, now, to wars of fiercer kind.
 The hostile mind of parties politic
 Will soon be gathered from this thriving state,
 And join in conflict on contending plans,
 Where mighty public int'rests are at stake
 In secret rooms where portions of thy trunk
 May chance to be, a knot of party-color'd
 Men will often slip, by artful remedies
 Adjust the pulse, and o'er a glass of wine,
 Control the destinies of this great state.

-State Journal, 1920.

FINDS FIRST PAPER WAS PUBLISHED HERE IN '40;
 "JOURNAL" HERE, 1850.

Dr. F. N. Turner Digs Out Interesting Data on Early Newspaper
 History.

Dr. F. N. Turner, 200½ East Franklin Avenue, has submitted a manuscript of unusual interest on the pioneer history of newspaperdom in Lansing. It is printed here in full:

Looking over some old papers recently, I came across a bill for printer's supplies and a wage sheet that informs me the same was for the first newspaper published in our city. In 1849 Rev. J. H. Sanford, an evangelist of the Universalist church, came to this city in the woods, bringing with him a small printing outfit. He immediately set this up in a small frame building that had been used as a jewelry shop. This building was located in the first block on South Washington Avenue. To aid in his evangelistic work Mr. Sanford published a small newspaper called the "Expounder." The first number of this paper was published in the same year, 1849. The circulation increased so that in 1855—(date of bills)-he, Sanford, was compelled to enlarge his office, purchase more type, etc., and employ more help.

In consulting an old history of Ingham county, I find that in 1848 a firm of two men, Bagg and Harmon, of Detroit, Mich., started a newspaper, "Free Press," to give the people of the State news about the new Capitol in the woods of Ingham county. After a few numbers had been issued or printed this paper was sold and the name was changed to "State Journal." This must have taken place in the latter part of 1848 or first part of the year '49. This paper must have been published in Detroit as we have no record of its being moved to Lansing prior to 1850. We know that there were no buildings erected at that date that could house anything but a small or one-horse printing office and outfit.

The workmen here at that time had to work overtime in 1847 and 1848 to complete the Capitol building and Seymour Hotel at the north end to get them ready for the first session of the Legislature in the winter of 1849.

Another reason for want of buildings was the instability of its

(Capitol's) new location. The old pioneers will tell you how they lived in fear during subsequent sessions of Legislature as its members wanted to move or change the location to Ann Arbor, Jackson or some town where there was a railroad and other conveniences other than the Grand river, Indian trails and muddy roads through the dense woods that at that time surrounded our city. From above facts we can say that The Journal was the second and not the first newspaper published here. The third newspaper was the State Republican. Henry Barnes was the first publisher, and its first number appeared April 28, 1855. In a few weeks Barnes sold his interests to Herman E. Haskill. Shortly after Haskill made this purchase he met with a great disappointment. He was not appointed State Printer. Two men, Fitch and Hosmer, got the appointment, and Haskill sold his interests to them, and they published the paper in connection with the State printing. In 1857 Fitch sold his interests to John A. Kerr, and the firm's name was changed to Kerr & Hosmer. I can remember the two men and the old red building on West Michigan Avenue where the State printing and binding was done, and this paper was published. It had a long sign on the roof that informed the passerby that it was the State Bindery and Republican Office. This building was wrecked a few years ago to make room for the present Y. M. C. A. building. One word about the name-Republican. There was no Republican party in 1855. History tells us that this party had its birth under the Oaks at Jackson, Mich., in 1856. It was formed out of the Old Whig, Freesoil Democrat and Abolition parties. The paper must have borne another name until after the party was formed and then rechristened in honor of this new party.

These old bills are a record of the cost of printers' supplies, also establishing the fact that the workmen had a union 66 years ago called "American Printers' Association." From what I can learn, without a copy of this old paper, it was in favor of a communistic or close communion form of government in religion, education, social and industrial life. This form of government died. Representative democracy and progress made it a back number and the only record we have of its propaganda is these old scraps of State history.

Some of my readers would like to see these old bills and the following is a true copy:

"New York, April 14, '55.

"Mr. E. V. Sanford.

"Bought of Geo. Bruce

Dr.

50 lbs. Double Gt. Primer No. 3, " 3%	\$16.00
34 lbs. 12 oz. Double Small Pica No. 2, 32c.	11.12
22 lbs. 8 oz. Pica No. 6, 32c.	7.20
33 lbs. Five-line Pica Extra Con., 44c.	14.52
19 lbs. 2 oz. Double Paragon Con., 36c.	6.89
32 lbs. Double Gt. Primer Ant. Ex., 38c.	12.16
3 lbs. 9 oz. Two-line Brevier No. 4, 44c.	1.57
4 lbs. Two-line Nonpareil No. 1, 90c.	3.60
5 lbs. 9 oz. Two-line Nonpareil No. 6, 90c.	5.01
3 lbs. 8 oz. Long Pr. Hairline, \$1.00.	3.50
9 lbs. 10 oz. Brevier Title, 74c.	7.12
10 lbs. Leads, 27c.	2.70
Ornaments.	8.80
Brassrule	1.04
2 Brass Galleys, \$3.00.	6.00
1 Mahogany Stick	2.00
5 pair Cases, \$2, 3 Job Cases, \$1.12½	13.37
156 Letter 16 line Pica Condensed, 10c.	10.60
225 Letter 12 line Pica Condensed, 7c.	15.75
225 Letter 8 line Pica, 5c.	11.25
3 Boxes Battening & Carting	2.20
	<hr/>
	\$162.40

"The Am. Printing Association.

To G. V. Sanford.

Dr.

May 21, To balance due on Settlement	\$93.00
To 9 weeks' work since.	90.00
To Cash paid John Gould for work same times	10.00
To Cash paid Wm. T. Merritt.75
To Cash paid for Candles & Sundries.	2.00
To Cash paid for Ink.	12.00
To Cash paid for freight on same.	2.25

To Cash paid Ink and pail.	1.25
	<hr/>
	4211.25
	40.00
	<hr/>
	\$172.25
Credit by cash on Probate Notices.	\$20.40
Credit by cash on Chancery Sale.	3.00
Credit by cash of Masons.	12.00
Credit by cash of A. Knight.	3.00
Credit by cash of T. Treat	3.00
Credit by cash of Vaughan.50
Credit by cash of Abby50
	<hr/>
	\$49.00 "

LANSING'S FIRST DAILY PAPER WAS FOUR PAGES,
NEARLY ALL POLITICS.

State Republican, First Issued in 1872, Handed Jolts to Austin Blair.

"See that black flag-has Lansing gone in for piracy? "

"Well, well-sure enough, but didn't you read in the State Republican yesterday how Fire Chief Cottrell had devised a new set of signals for his fire department. That black flag means that members of the volunteer force are needed between 'Middle Town' and North Lansing. At night, in case of need, fire balls will be thrown aloft."

Maybe this conversation did not actually occur on the streets of Lansing in August, 1872, but it well might have occurred. Indeed, as the second speaker is here made to explain, the chief of the fire department did announce the "black flag" and the "fire balls" in one of the earliest issues of the new daily edition of the Lansing State Republican, a sort of journalistic grandfather of the present State Journal. Lansing, on July 30, 1872, saw its first daily paper, It was four columns wide and about 14 inches long.

It was constituted of four pages, well printed and typographically neat, It was hand set.

The publisher was W. S. George & Company. The staff was stated to be S. D. Bingham, political editor; J. W. King, local editor, and D. F. Woodcock, local agent.

EDITOR A "VERSATILE CUSS."

As his contemporary, Artemus Ward, might have described Editor Bingham, so it may now be said, "He was a versatile cuss." That is to say, Bingham was promiscuously active. He was postmaster and chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, in addition to his editorial position. What the Civil Service Commission would do to Editor Bingham in the present day on the score of "pernicious partisian activity " would be a plenty.

"Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" quoted one from what is said to be Lincoln's favorite poem, looking over the shoulder of the explorer of this old paper, as its leaves were turned. Sure enough-the aspirations and the activities of those old-timers, of nearly 50 years ago, do seem highly inconsequential as one sees them now, in old-fashioned type and on pages that have too far gone for the sustenance of mice. Really, whatever was consequential about those early Lansing folks, we of the present, and not they, are reaping.

The first little mouse-eaten file of the Lansing State Republican tells us that this city was then in the heat of the "Greeley campaign." How earnestly the old-timers did take their politics. Not an issue of the "Republican" misses a whack at the Liberal Republican and Democratic coalition, led by Horace Greeley, against Grant and Wilson.

CALLED BLAIR POOR G. O. P. MAN.

We of the present generation, as we daily pass and repass the bronze statue of Gov. Blair, think of him as altogether a stalwart Republican, but the old Lansing daily tells us unmistakably that Blair was "off the reservation" at that time, and how they were abusing him. Well, he was in good company. Here we find Editor Bingham "taking the hide off" Senator Charles Sumner, the

distinguished Massachusetts leader. But the editor had his **cue** from a strong source. No less a person than James G. Blaine **led** in the matter of denouncing Sumner. What, ho! here we find Blaine quoted as denouncing Sumner as an ally of Jeff Davis. Evidently the old boys overshot their mark in those days. Among our local celebrities, O. M. Barnes was also "off the Republican reservation," and we find him announced to make a Greeley speech at the Allegan street fire engine house.

The Republican State Convention which nominated John J. Bagley, of Detroit, was held here, in Representative Hall, July 31, the day after the new paper was started. There was a contest between Bagley and Francis B. Stockbridge, of Kalamazoo, and Bagley beat the latter 164 to 44. Inasmuch as Stockbridge went later to the Senate, it may be that the outcome represents a "deal" instead of a contest. Oh, well—the old boys were just as human if not a little more so than the present ones.

It is amusing to read of the activities of that fiery **rising** young orator, Capt. Burrows (Julius Caesar Burrows).

But Lansing was not all politics in those days, even though Editor Bingham seemed to try to give **that** notion. Improvements **were afoot**. Of course politics was discussed **column** length and the industrial matters in "local items," but one gets the picture of the **past**, nevertheless.

NEW GAS WORKS.

The new gas works was stated to be well under way and promised to be in readiness by Nov. 1. Its retort house was to be a **substantial** brick structure and its storage tank of steel was to have a capacity of 24,000 cubic feet. Oh, yes, Lansing was coming along.

There appears to be **considerable** doing in other building activity. The contract has been let to C. W. Butler for this part of the job, and the excavation for the new Capitol is progressing. The old Hinman block has just been sold and renamed the "Union" block, and is having a new front put in. Thayer & Cottrell have their building about completed and Bush & Hinman have the walls up for their new building just south of the old American House. C. W. Butler has another **project afoot**, other than the excavation for the Capitol. The paper states that this new block,

with **three** stores, is about ready. Evidently "Middle Town" is getting the edge on North Lansing. But even over there, **business** is **good**. D. I. Case has begun his new store and B. E. Hart is making an addition to his **flour** mill.

The new daily edition of the Lansing State Republican apparently did not greatly appeal to **the** merchants at the very outset, as a medium for getting business. The first few issues are without any advertising. But soon D. W. Buck, furniture dealer, and I. M. Simon, grocer, led the procession into the columns of the new paper.

CIRCUS IN TOWN.

Heigh, ho! Dan Rice's circus is in town. Dan is described as **the** world's foremost comedian—it is likely Editor Bingham and **his** local staff were already in possession of tickets calling for reserved seats. But Dan did not get off **scott** free. He offered \$20 as a prize to whatever Lansing youth could ride his trick mule, and after several had failed, James Harris, a youth of 18—**gee!** he is **62** now—from North Lansing, did ride that mule. Then, according to **the** testimony, which convicted **Rice** of assault, **he** struck Harris with his whip.

Circuses were not **the** only fun they had in those days. **Here** we find the daily trips of the "Sea Bird" and the "Minnie Cass," advertised by Capt. A. P. Loomis to make daily excursions trip on the Grand river between North Lansing and the Miner Springs Hotel, with stops at the Michigan Avenue bridge.

By the way, the Mineral Springs Hotel (situated near the confluence of the Cedar with the Grand river) was no inconsiderable **institution** in those days.

The State Republican made a practice of printing the names of the guests at all three hotels in the city. At the Mineral Springs are listed a number of guests from New York and Chicago and other places of importance. Among the guests is listed Mrs. Bayard F. Taylor, the wife of the distinguished poet and leading prose writer of those days.

Up at the Chapman House George M. Huntington and wife are recorded as registered from Mason. Also at the Chapman House are "J. L. Lair and lady, of Dewitt." Also at the Springs Hotel, "Dr. L. C. Rose and lady" are registered.

Whew! In these days the city editor would say to the reporter, "Whatcha mean!-and lady?" " -State Journal.

TELLS OF OLD CAPITOL HALL, FIRST OF LANSING'S BRICK TRADE BLOCKS.

Another Interesting Chapter of Pioneer History Given by Robt. Edmonds.

With old Capitol Hall, hull down as the snilers would say, behind memory's horizon, there is little wonder that some of its former aspects are slightly at variance in the memories of Lansing's old-timers.

Now here comes Robert G. Edmonds, of the J. W. Edmonds' Sons store, on Washington Avenue, saying that he thinks O. H. Loyd is mistaken with respect to what he terms "Chapman's Hall." Mr. Edmonds thinks he has confused it with old Capitol Hall which stood (and still stands in part) near where Mr. Loyd ascribes the site of what he terms the "Chapman Hall."

Old Capitol Hall, which long antedated Mead's Hall, later the Star Theater, recently told of by John Crotty, was within the walls which now inclose the business places at 109 and 111 South Washington Avenue.

This building, according to Mr. Edmonds, was the first brick business block in what is now the down town part of Lansing. Indeed, he thinks it the second for Lansing in general, ascribing first place in this respect to the old Benton House, afterward known as the Everett House, the old brick tavern of territorial days, which stood approximately where the residence of Ransom E. Olds now stands,

BEFORE HIS DAY.

Mr. Edmonds is willing to admit that he did not live in the heyday of Capitol Hall, but was born of parents who were here then. He seems to regard those who came here some time during the '70's as late comers to Lansing. Capitol Hall, he says, was the great rallying place for the patriotic in Civil War days. Its stage was at the east end of the room and there was a gallery

at the opposite end, under which were some small rooms that served as offices.

The Edmonds store, as is told in a legend of copper letters on a brass background, was founded here in 1854. It first was a harness shop which stood further up the block. The present site was first occupied with a general merchandise store, painted with a checkered blue front. A fire about 1878 swept the frame buildings out where the Edmonds store and the bank building now stand. The Edmonds business was the second of business houses still existing here. The first of the concerns still in existence is the Buck furniture store, the founding of which antedates the Edmonds store by about, seven years.

Mr. Edmonds relates that he was born in the same block where his business is now located. Grand street, in those days, was the fine and fashionable thoroughfare of the city. At the corner of Michigan and Grand Avenues, where the VanDervoort hardware store now stands, was the old Chapman House, conducted in its later years by a Mr. Wentworth, who later transferred his hotel business diagonally across Michigan Avenue, to where the Wentworth portion of Wentworth-Kerns now stands.

Grand Avenue was first called Grand street, but it became so pretentious that it was changed to avenue. The east side was particularly attractive, according to Mr. Edmonds. The river bank was sightly in those days and numerous families had terraces that overhung the river or else landing places for boats at the water's edge. Those sites are now occupied by industrial plants and no trace of the former glories of the river bank are even suggested, save one. A trace of the old steamboat landing can still be found under the Michigan Avenue bridge.

OLD BOAT LINES.

In the "25 Years Ago Today" department of the State Journal, conducted on the editorial page, some reference is made from time to time to the old steamboat that ran from somewhere near the Logan street bridge to what was called Leadley's Park, now Waverly Park, but that steamboating was a modern instance as compared to the trips of the "Pickwick" and the "Mary" from a landing place just above the dam at North Lansing up to the old Mineral Springs Hotel. This stood near the confluence of the

Cedar and Grand rivers. That old institution, now long since burned and nearly forgotten, is a story in itself.

The Grand river in the days when boating was popular upon it was not the thick, green, scum-encrusted affair it is to day, ^{Then} it did not receive the filth of a big city or scarcely any at all.

REAL WINTERS.

The boating was not the only feature of attractiveness then. In winter (winters were winters then, they say) skating was a pastime that engaged the attention of practically the whole city. There perhaps are quite a number of Lansing residents with thinning or graying hair who might not be with us today had not their grandfather put on their grandmothers' skates, down on the banks of the Grand.

Ice skating was not the only pastime either. Harness racing of as good nags as ever leaned against a breast strap went up and down the ice at a 40-clip while fur robes sailed out behind, in the breeze, from "swell box" cutters. Lansing got its liking for fast horses in those days which did not entirely die out until after the advent of the automobile. Mr. Edmonds says that if anyone wishes to talk of harness racing in the old days to take W. K. Prudden aside for a quiet little chat, when in a reminiscent mood.—State Journal.

INTERESTING CHAPTER OF PIONEER BUSINESS HISTORY,

"My father sold ox yokes to your grandfather."

This bit of information which gives one an idea of the business history of a single Lansing family, is imparted on the show windows of the Robson Auto Sales Company, 408 North Washington Avenue. Old-timers who read it turn back the pages of memory and on these dusty pages read something of the business history of the John Robson family.

Mr. Robson, who died four years ago at a ripe old age, was the father of Dwight Robson, owner and manager of the Robson Auto Sales Company, and also of A. M. Robson, owner of the Peninsular

Cafeteria, Lansing State Savings Bank, The elder Robson was a genuine pioneer in Lansing's business history. The building, which saw his first efforts as a business man, is still standing in the north side business district at Center street and Franklin Avenue, and is occupied by a tobacconist.

The elder Robson came to Lansing in 1851, at the age of 18 years, and began business in his north side location with James I. Meade, a man somewhat Mr. Robson's senior in point of age. The firm sold everything for the pioneer and this included everything from molasses and clay pipes to ox yokes and spinning wheel accessories.

The favorite mode of travel in 1851 was by team, for the patient ox with his snail like gait was the only motive power that could negotiate the deep mud of the early roads around Lansing. ^{so} ox yokes were in somewhat of demand and Mr. Robson and partner kept them constantly in stock. The elder Robson saw the modes of transportation evolve with the generation.

From the ox to the horse and from the horse to the automobile. It was a long step. The son, D. J. Robson, is now engaged in a line of business that the father couldn't have imagined even in the days of dreaming youth. The father from retailer became wholesaler and was almost continuously in business in Lansing from 1851 to the day of his death. And he left a most interesting business history whose leaves are unblemished and whose life as a citizen and booster for Lansing reflects the clean, honorable record of the real man.—State Journal,

PIONEER TELLS OF FIRST-HAND HOLDINGS AND HEART FLUTTERS OF EARLY LANSING.

Walk Through Woods From Benton House to Capitol in '40 Has Romance.

Sarah Thomas was 17 and in love.

Maybe she did not quite admit it to herself, but let us imagine her skipping out the back door of her father's house, which used to stand down where East Main and River streets now interest,

and taking to the wild, flower-bordered footpath that ran through the woods from the old Benton House to the new State Capitol. They called it Washington Avenue, deep mud though it was.

That Sarah was in love that day in the spring woods is now historically proven; but that she came out in the clearing to meet quite by accident the young sergeant-at-arms at the new Capitol, as he should leave the task of keeping a majority lot of Democrats and a handful of Whigs in order, and return to the Benton House, is something we will have to imagine. Lovers in the woods about Lansing in the spring of 1840 were, we may well guess, not different than lovers in the parks will be in the spring of 1921.

Edward Randolph Merrifield, history now relates, was in love, too, that spring day. Some years later he was to lose his job in the Auditor General's office because of party reasons and with a young wife and a small boy, Robert Thomas Merrifield, on his hands, he was to be very distressed in mind and not know which way to turn. What the Republican party would do to his love dream a few years later he could not suspect—the party had not arisen.

"Oh, phsaw l-why need those old-timers have worried?" said someone to whom this little story was related just before the typewriter began relating it to the linotype.

"Looking back to their time, a worry seems so incongruous—those pioneer folks were in the hands of a kind Providence."

So, in the woods of Michigan in '49, they recklessly loved and married and then worried and their worries changed to good fortune quite magically and life went on about as today. The young clerk by losing his job got into merchandising and made a fortune here.

But we must get back to our love story we just picked up on the edge of the woods. Love story, yes; but the young people were not admitting the fact, not even to themselves—oh, mercy no!—the game had only begun. Still there were some things young Edward Randolph Merrifield, hero of the Mexican War and then sergeant-at-arms of the house, wanted to say and yet appear very casual in the saying.

"Clerk Hovey told me today that Speaker Leander Chapman had told him that the Legislature is going to adjourn in a day or two—April 2 is the day set. More than MO bills have been made

law and only seven more are likely to get through," he asserted by way of leading up to his news.

"Oh, that is too bad—I suppose you will be going back to the store of Jacob Sumner. I hear the girls over at Utica, in Macomb county, are very attractive," replied Sarah. That is we can guess she did.

"Huh!—girls in Utica—why they are that homely I was always glad when they kept their faces far back in their sunbonnets. I had a tough time driving old Sumner through the woods from Macomb county for the Legislature last winter, but now I am glad I came," continued Edward.

"Why are you glad you came?" This from Sarah. Then there ensued a panic in her heart for fear he would tell. Probably he was on the point of telling the truth, but he explained as follows:

"Well, you see, I have got a job in the Auditor General's office. Auditor General John J. Adam is going to take me in. He is sure John Swiggles, Jr., is to succeed him—the politicians have been fixing it up the last few days—and I will stand all right with him, too, and so remain here."

By this time the young folks, let us guess again, had reached the Benton House. They paused and looked down the hill toward the wooden bridge across the Grand on the Jackson road. The old stage, with six mud-bespattered horses, straining under the long lash wielded from the driver's seat, were just coming up the hill.

It was a warm day in March and seemingly the whole hotel full of men swarmed out to get the papers and the news.

"My, how pa and Mr. Bush did drive to get this tavern ready for the opening of the Legislature—everyone said they couldn't do it, but they did," continued Sarah in the way of safe conversation. "Ann Cochran, who came over here with her brother, Henry, from Woodhull, to do the cooking, told ma the other day that if it were not for so much cheap whiskey helping out as filling that they never could fill all these men with food. How Ann does hate the black waiters pa and Mr. Bush hired from a lake boat at Detroit to come up here during the session."

By this time the spring-enchanted pair had turned down East Main street, and, because of instinct they did not realize, they

paused at the little new jewelry store. (It stood where the house at 112 East Main street now stands, occupied until recently by Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Kilbourne). So they stopped at the little pioneer jewelry store where the sight of plain gold rings set Sarah off saying:

"Have you heard that Sarah Bush and Will Hinman are going to be married soon? I am going to stand up with Miss Bush and Secretary of State George W. Peck is to attend Will. There is to be big doings at the Benton House. Will Hinman is going to run the Benton House for Mr. Bush." Edward Randolph Merrified, Mexican War hero, took a conversational plunge.

"Member the night I met you?" began Edward, not exactly knowing where he was going conversationally, but feeling he must be on the way.

"No; when was it?" evaded Sarah, knowing full well when it was.

"Don't you remember how after I took Jacob Sumner's horse back to Utica I came back here by way of Detroit and the new railroad that runs to Jackson? From there I came here by stage. The night I arrived I was awful homesick and I wished I had not come.

"I was moping around that night, and Rep. Thomas-your father-I didn't know it then-came along and he said, 'Say, young feller, come in here and meet some of the girls and shake a foot.' He would not take 'no' for an answer. I went with him inside the door and stopped there-and then-and then-I saw you * * *"

"Yes, I was there with my sister, Eugenia, and her beau," admitted Sarah by way of helping on the story, just a trifle. Perhaps she thought it well for Edward to get into conversational high gear while they were yet in comparative solitude.

"Your father asked me if there was any girl there I would especially like to meet, I looked again, and I told him that girl right over there-and it was you." Here Edward Randolph Merrified must have paused to take a long breath.

"How your father laughed. "Come right over; that is my girl," he said.

Maybe this was not quite the way of it; but there is some such picture of the long ago; the time when halting conversations and

deep sighs and hand holdings and heart flutters began in Lansing. Yes, it must be some such picture, for today, in her 89th year, Mrs. Sarah Merrifield, at her home, 301 Seymour street, giggles like a girl when she tells the old story. Probably she remembers still how the tongue of Edward Randolph Merrifield was loosened and how he told why, of all the girls present that night at the pioneer ball, he wanted to know only her. Anyway, the story, in one way or another, was told.

On Dec. 11, 1851, there was a marriage at the home of Rep. John Thomas. Assessor "Bill" Hinman's grandparents were there, and his newly married parents were there and probably a lot of those Torrent Engine Company firemen. Anyway, whoever were present as guests, Sarah was married to Edward and they lived happily ever after.-State Journal.

LANSING, BACK IN '57, CLOSED SHOP WHEN NEW FIRE "MACHINE" ARRIVED.

"To turn out in uniform and exercise with the machine on Tuesdays."

So runs the minutes of old Torrent Fire Engine Company No. 1, told of along with other circumstances of Lansing's first engine company, back in 1857, in the State Journal Friday.

Search the old record as one will, no more enlightening reference to the engine of those early firemen can be found than occasionally the word "machine." However; the old "machine" has a story all its own, rather romantic, too, in the ramifications of all circumstances concerning it, and the story deserves to be told. A lead to the story comes through James P. Edmunds, president of the Bates & Edmonds Engine Company, whose father, J. W. Edmonds, was an assistant foreman of the old Torrent Company in 1857 and afterwards a chief of the volunteer department.

Triumphal entry to the city, over a flower-strewn way, honorable and exciting service through a period of perhaps two years; then sold far up north for service much as "Uncle Tom" was sold down South to ignominious slavery; then rescue and restoration to an honored place back at its old home in Lansing is, in brief, the history of Lansing's first fire engine.

The old minutes, told of in Friday's State Journal, refer now and then to negotiation with the concern of Button & Blake, and it was from this firm, says Mr. Edmonds, from other evidence he possesses, that the first engine was bought. The minutes seem to reveal that the money for its purchase was obtained by subscription of the citizens. Nothing, however, is revealed as to how much money was obtained nor how much was paid for the old "tub."

Perhaps further investigation will reveal where Button & Blake, the manufacturers, were located. Some surmise Buffalo, others New York, perhaps it was Elmira, N. Y., inasmuch as a big concern for the manufacture of fire apparatus has long been located there. However it may be, certain it is the old engine came up the lake to Detroit and was sent from there over the Michigan Central, then completed as far as Jackson.

BROUGHT OVERLAND.

From Jackson the new fire fighting machine was brought "on hoof," so to speak. It was a great day for Lansing when the old tub arrived.

Mrs. Sarah T. Merrifield, one of Lansing's oldest residents, was in the heyday of her young womanhood when the engine was brought triumphantly into town and she remembers the circumstance well.

Those in charge brought the engine up through Leslie and Mason. Then they halted just outside of Lansing while word was sent into town warning that the engine was prepared to enter and be received in due form.

What a furore there must have been. Great doings were afoot. There must have been a hurried donning of red shirts by the firemen, and deft and fetching placing of poke bonnets atop bewitching curls, and still more deft managing of wide hoop-skirts, and oh, yes, to be sure—fresh pantalettes put on by the young maids who were to strew the street with flowers, through which the firemen and their new charge should pass. One may guess that there were plenty of old-fashioned pink and yellow roses to be had from every dooryard.

Anyway, Lansing's first fire engine came to town amid a great hurrah. Too bad that early scene, as the "tub" was halted down

town and men, women and children began to gather round and push and shove and crane their necks for a look at its resplendent brass work and inlaid rosewood sides could not have been filmed and today thrown on the screen to be glimpsed anew, in our day.

Time went on, Lansing grew and began to take on airs and bigger fires. Somewhere about 1870 steam fire engines, then which, with their highly polished brass or nickled boilers and smoke stacks, nothing in the fire-fighting line more impressive has ever been produced, were purchased. Then came the day of the beginning of tragedy for the first old "tub." It was sold to the village of Cheboygan, and apparently its history was closed forever, so far as Lansing might be concerned.

FIND "OLD TUB."

Six or seven years ago James I. ("Jim") Edmonds and Oscar L. McKinley were hay fever victims at Mullett Lake. From there they went into Cheboygan one morning, hearing of a big fire at that place. Mr. Edmonds was talking with a barber there and one thing led to another and finally the barber told of the most curious old contraption in the way of fire fighting apparatus stored away in a shed down at the pumping station. The connection came to the mind of Mr. Edmonds in a flash. The old "tub" standing hub deep in mud was found and in due time dug out and photographed. Later negotiations led to its purchase, for old-times sake, and the former pride of the old Torrent Engine Company was shipped to Chief Delfs at Lansing. Again the old "tub" came back triumphantly.

At the present time the old engine is stored in the loft at Engine house No. 3, in the southwestern section of the city. It has been taken apart because there does not seem to be room to display the old relic adequately; but some day—perhaps when the collection of the State Pioneer and Historical Society is adequately housed—the old engine may be taken out, placed upon its wheels and displayed to stir the imagination of those who find pleasure in revivifying the old days and living them over again with the ghostly folks who once materially trod the ways and byways of this city of ours.

It deserves to be said in this connection that there was at one time Torrent Engine Company No. 2. It was at North Lansing.

Its engine was also sold when the steamers came and is now owned at Jamaica Plains, Long Island, not so far from Oyster Bay, where Roosevelt lived. It, too, is said to be carefully preserved.

PAY IN BONDS.

Another incident in connection with the first engine is that of what became of the money when it was sold. The sale of the old "tub" to **Cheboygan** was engineered by Watts **S. Humphrey**, a lawyer, once here but later of Cheboygan. Payment was made in bonds of Cheboygan; bearing 10 per cent. When it was discovered that there was "something in it" for the old boys, members of old Torrent Company were called **together** again. The minutes were scanned and those who had not paid **their** dues were declared to have forfeited their membership, as the by-laws provided. So, with the circle thus reduced, there was a nice little fund to distribute among the few faithful.

The disposal of these bonds connects the story up with Orlando M. Barnes, Mayor of Lansing in 18'71, and the city's foremost financial **figure** in his time. The residence built by him, still occupied by the widow, Mrs. Amanda F. **Barnes**, is still considered one of the remarkable show places of the city. Mr. Barnes sold the Cheboygan bonds in the Wall Street market, with which, as a railroad financier, he was familiar.

So the story of the first old fire engine in one way or another runs through practically three generations. The old relic is worthy **in** itself, but, considered as to the memories that may be clustered about it, it is priceless. It deserves a glass case right now, without waiting for the pioneer museum which may be a long way in the distance.-State Journal.



CHIEF OKEMOS

CHIEF OKEMOS AND "GANG" SWOOP DOWN ON BIG "FEED" BACK IN 1855.

Old Timer, Who Bought Old State House, Tells of City's First Days.

Old Okemos and a hundred or more of his hungry braves, their squaws and papooses swarming into Lansing, July 4, 1855, and consuming the profits that had been hoped by two of our enterprising citizens from a big patriotic feast they had provided here on that date, was a circumstance of only yesterday.

Only yesterday when we pause to consider that Myron Green, still living right here in Lansing, was one of the promoters of that Fourth of July feast; yet centuries ago was that occasion, if we measure not by actual time, but measure, rather by the changed aspect of Lansing and life in Lansing. Never before has so great a change been. We are living right in view of that miracle of change, and yet we scarcely ever pause to be impressed by it. Massachusetts a hundred years after the Pilgrims landed was not impressively different than it was the day they came; but Lansing, within a lifetime, presents a change that is nothing short of a miracle. Woods and Indians yesterday; a big, modern city today.

Of an almost identical time and of a quite identical circumstance in Kansas, William Alden White, in a paragraph of his best fiction writes :

"Either the canvas-covered wagon was coming from the ford of Sycamore Creek, or disappearing over the hill beyond the town, or passing in front of the boys as they stopped their play. Being a boy, he (John Barkley) could not know, nor would he care if he did know, that he was seeing one of God's miracles—the migration of a people, blind but as instinctive as that of birds or buffalo, from old pastures into new. All over the plains in those days, on a hundred roads like that which ran through Sycamore Ridge, men and women were moving from East to West, and, as had often happened since the beginning of time, when men have migrated, a great ethical principle was stirring in them. The pioneers do not go to the wilderness always in lust of land, but sometimes they go

to satisfy their souls. The spirit of God moves in the hearts of men as it moves on the face of the waters."

The two southern tiers of Michigan counties had thought of themselves as settled quite a while before 1855, but as for Ingham and as for Lansing in particular, the great trek was on into this region in '55 as markedly as it was into Kansas in the way White describes. So, in the Fourth of July feast and in the old Torrent Fire Company, the miracle of Lansing was then stirring and the participants knew it not.

"Enterprise" seems to be the characteristic word of the early comers here, no less than "piety" seems to have been the characteristic word of the Pilgrims. Myron Green came to Lansing in '54 and yet it was only next year that, joined with John C. Darling, they spread a great feast on tables set in the old Capitol yard, extending across from the north to the south gate. For this celebration feast they charged 50 cents a plate. Quite a price for those days, but one must remember that they had brought oranges, a rare novelty here in those days, and almonds and similar nuts. With the roast wild turkey it was indeed some layout. All went well with the big dinner and the enterprising young men had already begun to count their profits, when lo, and behold! Old Okemos and his following loomed up just outside the paling fence of the Capitol yard and demanded to be fed. "We couldn't do a thing but feed 'em," related Mr. Green, and so, when they had finished, we found ourselves \$100 in the hole on our undertaking that had begun so auspiciously."

WAS TOP-NOTCH AFFAIR.

But when one pictures in his mind such an occasion as that dinner was, when one realizes that it must have been the top event on the way of entertainment for Lansing, one gets a picture of those old days.

The J. C. Darling joined with Mr. Green in the dinner enterprise was the Darling who was recently mentioned in these columns as one of the officers of the Torrent Engine Company, Mr. Green's name is also listed in the roster of that pioneer fire-fighting organization.

The name of Mr. Darling also deserves to be remembered in another particular, according to Mr. Green. Darling was the

proprietor of the old, Columbus House. It stood where the Hudson House later stood, which burned last winter, and is now being replaced by the new arcade and theater. Darling's middle name was Columbus and by that name he called his hotel. It was the first building ever put up on that site. Instead of a basement and foundation of masonry, the Columbus House was built on a foundation of beech stumps. They were sawn off square, a short distance above the ground, and the building built on them as supports. In after years, when the Hudson House succeeded the older Columbus House, the old stumps were found.

Mr. Green has always been public-spirited as well as aggressive in his private affairs. He was one of the commissioners to remove the cemetery from its site, now known as Oak, or East Side, Park, to its present location. He was one of the committee of three to locate the fair grounds of the old Central Michigan Agricultural Society. The site of the old grounds is now occupied by the Oldsmobile plant. The fair grounds were laid out and the track built in 1867, but even as late as that oxen were used to plow for the race track buildings.

Mr. Green was city treasurer in 1866 and 1867 and held other public offices. He expects to be present at the annual meeting of the Chamber of Commerce.-State Journal.

SEARCH FOR STRAIGHTEST BACK UNCOVERS BIT OF LOCAL HISTORY.

Grand River Boat Club, Back in Seventies, Met All Comers on Water.

Ah, the old Grand River Boat Club-what a flood of memories is conjured up for those who remembered the days and activities of that organization.

The straightest back in Lansing-ii; was the clue which put the State Journal upon the trail of perhaps the best of the series of "Old Timers" stories.

"See that straight man over there?" said one old-timer, calling attention to another, across the street. "Well, that straight back of his goes back to his boating days on -the Grand river."

The straight back is that of **Mayton J. Buck**, and so, through him comes the story of the old boating days on the Grand. Mr. Buck is president of the M. J. and B. M. Buck Furniture Co., the oldest business concern in Lansing. His residence is at 526 South Capitol Avenue.

Pleasurable memories of the Grand River Boat Club are held by Mr. Buck, but these are supplemented by a fine old scrap book in which is contained many newspaper clippings and other mementoes of the time when the barge crew of the old boat club was champion of Michigan.

The Grand River Boat Club was organized in June, 1873, and duly incorporated. Mr. Buck still has the original constitution and by-laws of the organization and the articles of incorporation. These articles disclose that **Daniel Striker** was then Secretary of State, a name at present as unknown at the Capitol and elsewhere in Michigan, for the most part, as that of **Tiglathpeleaser**.

FIRST OFFICERS.

The original roster of the club contained 45 names. The first officers were **B. H. Berry**, president; **William A. Barnard**, vice president; **William C. Teneyek**, secretary; **T. Carpenter**, treasurer; **E. C. Chapin**, coxswain, and **F. W. Westcott** and **R. J. Shank**, assistant and second assistant coxswains, respectively.

Though their names do not appear among the first officials, **L. S. Hudson** and **M. J. Buck** were active in bringing about the organization.

Probably the only remaining clew to Hudson is that the new Arcade theater, now rising on South Washington Avenue, is on the site of the old Hudson House, once the premier hotel of central Michigan. **L. S. Hudson** was the son of the landlord of that hotel. He was active as a promoter of good times among the youths of Lansing in his day. **E. C. Chapin**, the first coxswain of the club, was none other than the late **Edward C. Chapin**, who died at his home here this fall. In the eyes of the younger generation **Mr. Chapin**, although long a lawyer here and for 40 years vestryman of St. Paul's church, was merely father of **Roy C. Chapin**, Detroit, of Hudson Motor Car Company fame.

The boat house of the club was at the foot of Ottawa street just beyond the State Journal building, where the municipal power

plant now stands. There was but one dam in the river in those days—the one at North Lansing. It was a foot higher than it is today and the river presented a different aspect than it does now. But even then the course for rowing was so crooked that it would have discouraged less enthusiastic boatmen. Still, the bends in the course served in their way. The crew of the club became so expert in turning that in a famous regatta at Detroit the Lansing crew turned the far stake so quickly that a contesting crew protested to the judges, claiming the Grand river crew did not turn the stake at all. Judges, however, knew different.

ONE OF GREAT RACES.

Probably one of the greatest races in which the Grand River Boat Club ever participated was that at Detroit, July 4, 1876. That must have been a great day—July Fourth of centennial year. On that occasion the Lansing boys were matched against two Detroit crews. In one of these crews was **George M. Savage** and **Alex. I. McLeod**. Mr. Savage is today one of the oldest and most widely known advertising experts and agents in the country. **McLeod**, nearly a generation ago, was one of the most prominent names in Detroit and Michigan politics. The Detroit race on that memorable occasion was a spirited one and the boys from the Grand river won by only a second.

Detroit, as a whole, not merely the boatmen, took that defeat hard. Mr. Buck's scrap book has a clipping from the Detroit Evening News which makes a more strident "holler" than any paper would today in behalf of its defeated young sportsmen. The complaint was that the Lansing boys had a very special shell boat, costing fully \$700, with special devices for quick turning. As a matter of fact the Lansing crew rowed in their usual barge, which was even heavier and some wider than those of their competitors. At one time in its career the club here did have a six-oared shell, similar to the boats in which college races are pulled today, but the club was not highly successful with it. In connection with the famous Detroit race it deserves to be related that there were only eight in the Lansing barge as against ten in the Detroit boats, and the latter were slightly handicapped to compensate.

GRAND RAPIDS RACE.

Another famous race was that on Reed Lake, near Grand Rapids, in 1886. This was the junior pair race rowed by M. J. Buck and Fred J. Blair. Blair went into the boat the morning of the race, taking the place of the then, as now, husky J. Edward Roe. Buck and Roe had trained hard for this race through the spring and so far as Mr. Roe was concerned the training reached the point of overtraining for he collapsed in the final practice pull here at Lansing. Mr. Roe went into the boat that spring at 198 pounds, but lost flesh to such a degree during the summer that he could not stand the pace. Mr. Buck rowed the Grand Rapids race at 158, Blair weighed in at 146.

According to clippings from Grand Rapids papers of that time, the race was a most exciting one. The Lansing pair won narrowly and suffered an upset as they crossed the line. This gave rise to the report that Mr. Buck had collapsed in the boat, but this later was found to be untrue. Mr. Buck, in exultation, threw up his oar at the finish and this is what caused the upset.

Among the most cherished of his possessions are the trophies of his boat racing days now held by Mr. Buck. In the Grand Rapids race the first prize was a gold medal of a design particularly suggesting aquatic sport. Another memento is a certificate which attests premier honors for the Lansing crew in a race in 1875. At one time Mr. Buck had a trophy in the form of a miniature barge executed in solid gold, This was stolen some years ago by a sneak thief who entered the Buck home while everyone was out viewing a circus parade. The certificate, just mentioned, is now framed and has a proud place in the Buck residence.

But the athletic prowess of the old boat club should not be emphasized unduly. There was another important aspect—they were the social lions of their day. It is doubtful if the present generation has ever known quite the eclat with which matters social were carried through in those times. At the outset the boat club gave frequent dancing parties, but after a time there developed an annual ball that was acknowledged the chief social event of central Michigan. Not only would Lansing merrymakers be out in force, but large delegations would come from Jackson, Battle Creek, Grand Rapids, Flint, Saginaw and elsewhere.

SUCH DECORATIONS.

And such preparations were made! Mr. Buck tells of using 1,000 lace curtains as part of the material of decoration for the old rink, where now is the armory. The event was looked forward to for weeks and months and of wonderful brilliance was the culmination.

The fifth annual ball of the Grand River Boat Club is described in a clipping from a newspaper of that time as the "most brilliant." The large orchestra was brought here for that occasion from afar. It were futile to attempt a full description of this affair at this time—as Kipling would say, this is another story.

There is one other affair that centers around the old boat club. Reference is intended to the farewell tendered by the club to Charles A. Towne, at the old Hudson House, Feb. 18, 1886. Mr. Towne went out from here to win a name known nation-wide. He was for a time senator from Minnesota, and was second only to Bryan as a silver-tongued advocate of bi-metalism in 1896. He served several terms in Congress and was known as one of its foremost orators. Mr. Buck relates of him, "Charlie was one of the smoothest talkers, even as a young fellow, as I ever knew; he had the gift."

Another occasion of the boat club was the annual banquet. Dec. 28, 1887. Hon. Samuel L. Kilbourne, still a resident of Lansing and probably oldest member of the Ingham County bar, presided as toastmaster. A sharp contrast between then and now resides in the quantity of food set forth. At the club banquet in 1886 there were 25 articles of food on the bill of fare not including the vegetables, which were probably held of too little account to mention. Mr. Buck says the banquet committee was not trying to show off either in point of lavishness of food. But 25 articles of food were more than the number supplied the other evening at the dinner in compliment to President Burton, concerning which a number are still questioning whether or not there was anything to eat.

Still another occasion was a farewell tendered by the club to Mr. Buck himself, on the occasion of his leaving for a period of residence in California. The same Charles A. Towne, referred to above, was present and delivered a poem suitable to the occasion. Its first stanza ran:

“Fair Michigan’s Capitol City,
 The pride of the Wolverine State,
 Sends greetings to far Sacramento
 And her sister beside the Golden Gate.
 And the billows of music prolific,
 That love Californin’s strand,
 Shall speak for the mighty Pacific
 And answer the voice of the Grand.”

There were more verses equally **highfaluting** and one cannot but conclude with Mr. Buck that Charlie Towne was a smooth word artist. The poet concludes,

“For the happy reunion shnll yearn
 And the signals shall blaze at the boat house
 Until our last cruiser’s return.”

M. A. C. BIRTHDAY IS CELEBRATED.

College Founded 64 Years Ago; First President’s Address Significant.

Michigan Agricultural College, through its alumni and students, celebrated the sixty-fourth anniversary of its dedication Friday.

Sixty-four years ago after a corps of professors had been selected it was dedicated by the Board of Education in the presence of Governor Bingham and representative citizens from various parts of the State. The Hon. Joseph R. Williams was made president of the institution, and his address delivered on May 13, **1857**, holds many thoughts that, considering the history of the college: are of much interest now.

“I will,” said the president, “at the outset deal with some of the objections to the institution. Men will brand it as an experiment, They will demand results before they give aid or sympathy, Even legislators pause in maturing the plan, which in its design and nature must be comprehensive or prove abortive. They propose to allow us the range of waters when we have learned to swim on dry land.

“We have no guides, no precedents. We **have** to mark out the

course of studies and the whole discipline and policy to be followed in the administration of the institution. There are numerous agricultural schools in Europe, but while an inspection would afford important vital suggestions, they would afford no models for us.

“Again, the institution commences here, almost in a virgin forest, to be subdued and subverted, before it becomes an instrument to maintain the self-sustaining character of the institution, or a means of ample illustration. The labor and the appropriation must be largely bestowed in creating what it is desirable that we should have at ready command.

“The want of a permanent endowment will act as a **discouragement**. In its infancy, the institution must rely on the **caprice** of successive Legislatures. The adoption of a permanent policy requires a stable and reliant support that will carry it through adversity, regardless alike of the frowns or smiles of indifference, ignorance or malice.

“Friends and enemies will demand too much, and that too early. The acorn we bury today will not branch into a majestic oak tomorrow. The orchard we plant this year will not afford a harvest of fruit the next,

“It is proposed to do for the farmer what West Point does for the soldier; what the recently established scientific schools of our country do for the machinist or engineer, or the medical course of studies does for the physician.

“A great advantage of such colleges as this will be, that the farmer will learn to observe, learn to think, learn to learn. The farmer, isolated and engrossed with labor, feels not the advantage of constant discussion and observation, That discouragement will be partially neutralized here. Every man who acquires thoroughly even all the information attainable in a college like ours should become a perpetual teacher and example in his vicinity. Thus one of the grand results should be a far wider dissemination of vital agricultural knowledge.

“As to this youthful State belongs the honor of establishing the pioneer State institution of the kind and initiating what may prove one of the significant movements of the age, may she enjoy the glory of its complete and ultimate triumph,”

“For **64** years Michigan Agricultural College has been known

throughout the world as the foremost agricultural school," said President Frank S. Kedzie in his Founders' Day address to the student body this morning. "Of late there has been some **agitation** concerning a new name for M. A. C. I hope that it will never be found necessary to change the name which this college has so proudly borne for close to three-quarters of a century."

From 11 to 12 o'clock this morning all classes were dismissed and the students joined in a huge mass meeting on the campus. President Kedzie was followed by Clarence E. Holmes, '95, superintendent of the State School for the Blind, who spoke briefly in praise of his alma mater. Led by the college band, the mass meeting closed with an impromptu parade **around** the campus.-*State Journal, 1921.*

LIST OF PUPILS OF SCHOOL OF '60'S WIDELY CIRCULATED,

Old-time school days in Lansing have been made to live again because of the memories called up in the minds of those once here, now scattered far and wide.

The list of names of some of the high school and grammar school pupils of **the late '60's**, which was published in the State Journal fairly recently, after having been preserved through half a century, by Charles S. Emery, has aroused interest in various sections of the country.

A copy of the paper, containing the list of the boys and girls of the old times, was sent to W. D. Bagley, of Old Mission, and he was moved to subscribe for the State Journal and because of the news it carried moved later to come to attend Farmer's Week at Michigan Agricultural College. It was his first visit here in 11 years.

Another interested person is Miss Delia **M.** Howe, M.D., who is at present in Riverside, **Calif.** Some extracts from her letter to a friend follows:

"The **names** of the high school pupils of 51 years ago carried me back to those days so completely that I re-lived them again. It **was** really vastly entertaining.

"Colonel Burr and I were the babies of our class; and when we met at 12 years of age, in high school, it was the first time that

either of us had ever had a classmate as young as ourselves. We became great chums and he lent me my first and last dime novel. He also instructed me as to the method of reading it in school hours-a method in which he had been very successful and had never been detected. But I, alas! (being always inexpert in concealing anything) was detected in the most blood-curdling part of the story, and the book was confiscated by a scandalized teacher, and after being held up to the execration of the school, while I wore an air of bravado, although I was inwardly wondering what would be the best way to commit suicide, the dime novel was burned.

"As I had a debt of honor to pay, I couldn't suicide until I had collected 10 cents to pay Colonel for that book. Germany thinks herself hard pressed, but if she knew the difficulties I encountered in getting together the indemnity she would be heartened, I know. I finally succeeded, thanks to Angia, who always seemed somehow to be 'in funds' and had a penchant for buying of us children four-leaved clovers at 2 cents a **head**.

"So, one happy morning, I triumphantly placed those 10 hard-earned pennies on Colonel's desk, inwardly hoping that he would not accept **them** since he had read the book and really had no further use for it. Alas! He protested-I insisted-he protested more faintly-I insisted with great vigor and at last-he fell! There was nothing left for me but to live up to my reputation as a bad girl. I went from bad to worse and one day reached a climax and said, 'darn it!'

"Oh, what a commotion was there. I never understood why the heavens did not **fall**. There was a special session with my teacher, to whom I was adamant. I think no one dared to tell my father. My mother looked deeply grieved and quoted the Bible at me. She really had her quotations quite straight and this I knew for I was more **critical** of her performance, as **I** had Bible by heart, than I was submissive to her talk,

"As for my little friends, they stood by me. We lived with our heads in the clouds, steeped in Emerson, **Carlyle** and **Ruskin**. **Not** one of the little band was so tactless as to make the most distant allusion to my fall **from** grace. And this I will say for us all: No word ever passed our lips that the whole world might not have listened to.

"Life now resolved itself into a struggle with Miss _____, who, for some incomprehensible reason, felt it her **bounden** duty to break up this party. I fought like a tigress for her young. I think I felt that amidst surroundings not altogether elevating that little company of girls gave the one hope of reaching lofty ideals. That we were silly and sentimental is doubtless **true**—that we were developing our very highest selves seems to me now incontrovertible.

"Poor Miss _____, She made a lamentable failure with us according to her own views, According to mine, we achieved a brilliant triumph over her.

"Long live such 'creditable friendships!' —State Journal.

FIRST RAIL STATION AT LANSING WAS TWO MILES "NOR,' BY EAST" OF CITY.

"Ram's Horn" Road Began Train Service Here in 1862.

"All aboard!—Owosso and Detroit train, over the Ram's Horn, leaves station in 65 minutes—bus going right down. All aboard!"

This is the cry of the bus driver, opening the office door of the old **Benton** House, up on the hill, at 10 o'clock of the forenoon of a morning in Lansing back in 1862. Let the cry of the old bus driver come back to you through almost 60 years.

Here they go—Landlord **Hindman** stands at the door and waves them off and perhaps young "Bob" Merrifield (Robert T.) springs out, **boy-like**, and hops up by the driver for the ride to the station.

These folks leaving the **Benton** House have a long, hard ride before them before they reach the station. According to "Bill" Hinman, the veteran city assessor, Lansing's first railroad station stood just at the edge of the "big marsh," about two miles north, or, north by east, as the sailors would say, from Lansing. Go over the high, dry bridge out that way today and then down to the edge of the marsh and there you will be approximately on the site of Lansing's **first** station. It was called the station at Ballard road.

PLENTY OF MUD.

No wonder, taking account of the mud, mud, mud, that was **everywhere** in Lansing in those days, that it required fully 55 minutes from the **Benton** House. The bus was very necessary. Like the "Toonerville trolley," it met all trains. But all the trains were not many. The train left in the morning at 10:55 for Owosso, where connection was made with trains of the old Detroit & Milwaukee road, east and west.

In the afternoon, the train for Lansing, according to an official announcement printed in the State Republican of Jan. 1, 1861, was to leave **Owosso** at 2:15 p. m., or as soon as the mail from Detroit was in, and arrive at Lansing at 5 o'clock. These were the two trains a day, one out and one in, the bus was required to meet.

The first railroad into Lansing was known as the **Amboy, Lansing & Traverse Bay Railroad**, but so far as everyday reference to it is concerned, both in the newspaper and by word of mouth, it was always the "**Ram's Horn**." The notion we get and the testimony we get from the old-timers is that the road was just as crooked as that.

But that name-Amboy, Lansing & Traverse Bay **Railroad**—there is a story just in that, but it is so much a story of itself that it will have to wait until another time. In the name is bound up a whole chapter—now wholly forgotten except to the **archivist**—of early Michigan railroad policy. But let that story wait for the present.

Here is a human interest story of "great expectations" told in the dry formula of the records of the circuit court of the United **States** for the eastern district, file No. 1,259. Let your imagination run a little and you can make this old record live again in terms of human ambitions, expectations and disappointments in Lansing over half a century ago. The State Journal is indebted to Edmund O. Calkins, statistician of the Public Utilities **Commission**. The old court record says:

BATH GETS PRESENT.

"Deposition of David Gould, managing agent of the **Amboy, Lansing & Traverse Railroad**.

"The railroad was begun at Owosso and completed to **Laings-**

burg, 12 miles, Nov., 1860, and later to Bath, a distance of 20 miles, Dec. 25, the same year. (Some **Christmas** present for Bath.) In January, 1862, the road was completed to within two miles of Lansing; to Lansing, November, 1862, and to Michigan ave., Lansing, August 25, 1868, a distance of 28 miles."

The deposition goes on to state that practically nothing had been done to extend the road north of Owosso except to cut some brush on the right of way, South of Lansing (for the **Amboy, Lansing & Traverse Bay** from Owosso to Lansing was only part of a big plan), a little grading was done, a very little, toward Eaton Rapids, 19 miles away.

The rolling stock, according to the deposition, was first that belonging to Amos Gould and H. O. Williams and later the cars of the **Detroit & Milwaukee**.

Now let the story be told by the old State Republican. William I. Innes, who used to be designated as engineer and superintendent, used to give out the news to the press in those days.

Under the heading, "Progress on the Ram's Horn," the State Republican, Jan. 8, 1862, says: "The cars are now running across the big marsh to the deep cut, some four miles from town."

FREIGHT RATES LIVE ISSUE.

Feb. 19, 1862, there was some reference in the paper to the discussion of freight rates, indicating that the subject was a live one here.

March 5, 1862, the State Republican says: "The track is now laid within a mile and a half of the first ward, and the company having placed a powerful locomotive on the road the past week, our eastern mail gets in by 5 o'clock. The connections will undoubtedly be-made with regularity hereafter and the road become what it has only promised, a convenience and a great public benefit."

Would that we had a picture of that "powerful locomotive"—oh, the newspaper tribe "flossed up" their story, even in those days. Somehow, reading between the lines, one gets the notion of hopes long deferred in that phrase, "and the road become what it has hitherto only promised."

The State Republican continues through the, spring and summer. It says, April 2: "Ram's Horn Railroad: It is stated for

the twentieth time that the iron has been procured for laying the track on the Ram's Horn to Michigan Avenue. We admonish our citizens to give aid in the work of grading."

Imagine, if you can, a newspaper 60 years later, asking the citizenry to turn out and bend their backs as a public spirited endeavor in behalf of a railroad.

On May 7, 1862, the following freight rate schedule was published in the State Republican, as follows:

Class.	1st	2nd	3rd	4th
Detroit to Owosso..	30	28	21	17
Owosso to Lansing..	15	12	9	8
	—	—	—	—
	45	40	30	25

Flour and wheat appear to have had a 'special classification. Flour per barrel from Detroit to Lansing was 40 cents; wheat per 100 pounds was a total of 21 cents.

SINK-HOLE MAKES TROUBLE.

May 21, 1862, slow progress on the "sink hole" is reported. This "sink hole" it appears was in the "big marsh" just north of Lansing. The editor later tells of visiting the bridge over the "sink hole" and assures the public that the bridge is all right, but that he gravely doubts if the foundation of the bridge over the "sink hole" is sufficiently broad and has had enough logs clumped into it. Editors did not shy from, engineering opinions even in those days.

Aug. 6: "The contractors have surrendered the job of filling 'the 'sink hole' to the enterprise of the city,"

There must have been giants in Lansing in those days, for on, Aug. 27 the State Republican states that the "sink hole" has been overcome.

Oct. 8, '62: "The management of the Ram's Horn says that the iron will be down in two weeks to Franklin ave."

Oct. 29, '62: "Trains will be run to Ballard road tomorrow,"

Nov. 5, '62: "Iron laid into the city,"

Nov. 19, '62: "The cars are now running to Franklin st."

"Cars running to Franklin st. !"

Lansing gets its railroad and yet the paper of that day contents

itself with as inconsequential a little notice as a birth item. Indeed it was a birth item—the belated birth of the nineteenth century in Lansing.—Sate Journal.

LANSING SEEN AS TRADE CENTER BY INDUSTRIAL WRITER IN '73.

Following the same lines as in a former story regarding the booster book published in this city in 1875, this second article tells more of the early advantages of the city and of the predictions of the early settlers.

The previous account dwelt at length on the natural advantages of Lansing while the following tells more of the acquired advantages. Previously it was told how in Lansing in 1878 coal was plentiful at \$5 a ton, while the article to follow explains how \$15,000 worth of business in 1873 was considered to be an enormous volume for one firm.

The book explained that manufacturing was beginning to spring into its own in the early part of the seventies.

Several pages were devoted to 'the topic, "Lansing as a Trade Center," in which the book elaborated on the advantages of the city for trading and the means by which Lansing might become a great trade center. The author or authors of the book must have been sages for the contents went to show that every prediction made by them has come true to a certain degree or promises to come true in the coming few years. Growth of the city along industrial lines was predicted in the same manner in which it has taken place, so that the city now ranks as a great center of trade and industry.

The jobbing business was pronounced in the book as a promising field for future activity. Special attention was given the wooden manufacturing industry and the following was said of this branch of industry: "All establishments that have started here, using wood, have been more than successful, owing to the abundance of all kinds of timber and its cheapness. There are several establishments in this line, among them being three manufacturing sash, doors and blinds. They have on the average of 100 men con-

stantly employed and in fact there is no limit to this business as the goods may be shipped to any part of the country. The manufacture of chairs is getting to be one of the important industries of the city owing to the abundance of maple, beech and oak in the surrounding territory. One chair factory has been operating in Lansing for a period of four years."

"Iron manufacturing," said the book in commenting on other industry, "is still in its infancy, but little as yet having been accomplished in this line. Messrs. Cady, Glassbrook and Company, at the north part of the city, who succeed 'Metlin and Company, manufacture agricultural implements, sawing machines, and do a general jobbing and machine business. They are the leaders of Lansing's iron workers. They employ about 10 men and will turn out about \$15,000 worth of business this year. The Lansing Iron Works does an extensive business in steam engines and railroad work. E. Bement and Sons are making a specialty of agricultural implements. They have been located in Lansing for nearly four years and are steadily increasing their business each year. They are employing on an average of 15 men and will turn out about \$18,000 worth of business this year. They are rated as Lansing's leading manufacturers."

In the seventies the leather business was one of the chief industries and Lansing had a number of tanneries.

At that time Lansing had four banks: The Second National Bank, capital \$100,000; the Lansing National Bank, capital \$75,000, and two private banks, C. Hewitt & Co. and Eugene Angell. The book described the situation as follows: "There is about \$250,000 invested in the banking business. There is also some money besides invested in brokerage business and other financial enterprises. All of our banks and capitalists passed through the late money crisis without suspension and have continued to do business as usual with good prospects for the future."

The State Insurance Company of Lansing was mentioned in the book as one of Lansing's foremost business enterprises.

Under the chapter on public institutions, the book dwelt for some time on the many State offices and institutions in this city.

That the city was justly proud of the Michigan Agricultural College was shown in the space devoted to the institution in the book. The paragraph which started, "The buildings stand upon

a slight **eminence** among the forest trees" goes to prove that the country around Lansing was not very thickly settled and the timber for which Michigan was famous was still standing. That money went considerably farther in the early days is shown in the fact that only the interest on a \$207,500.74 fund was needed to support the school.

The old Odd Fellows Insitute, which was converted into the present School for the Blind, was one of the civic prides in the early days of the city. The description and account in the book of 1873 was as follows: "The citizens of Lansing donated 45 acres of land and the north end of the Misses Rogers' female college to the grand. lodge for the purposes of an Odd Fellows Institute. Miss Delia Rogers generously donates a large portion of the land purchased, a library of 1,500 volumes, and a fine philosophical apparatus. The land and buildings are located in the northwest portion of the city and valued at \$70,000. The whole, when completed, will cost about \$300,000. During the years of 1871-2 an addition of 57 feet square, constituting the main front, was put up at a cost of \$30,000. The entire structure is to be completed as fast as the demands of the order may require."

In 1873 Lansing had 15 churches, of which the congregations were constituted of people of practically every denomination.

The city had two newspapers, the Republican and the Journal. At that time both papers were weeklies. The book described them as follows: "The Lansing State Republican, now in its nineteenth year, and the oldest paper in the city or county of **Ingham**, has an extensive circulation and first-class reputation. It is published every Friday morning by the firm of **W. S. George and Company**. It is a nine-column paper, on a large sheet, handsomely printed, and its editorial force is strong. This" company also does the State printing and conducts a printing and bookbinding business. The company employs about 40 or 50 men and the operations are carried on in a three-story building on **Michigan Avenue** near the new State **Capitol** building. The Lansing Journal is an excellent weekly newspaper, published every Thursday by George P. Sandford, editor and proprietor. It is liberal in politics, has a large and growing circulation, and is well sustained with advertising patronage. It has a fine job office and turns out excellent work."

In the closing paragraphs of the book the editor went on to explain Lansing's fine mineral wells and magnetic springs in such manner that could be termed nothing less than boastful. The editor was like all other Lansingites of that time and believed the springs to be Lansing's greatest asset, which was indeed true, as the springs had attracted worldwide attention, **Persons** were known to have come from Europe in the early days to visit these springs,, which were touted for properties said to cure diseases of all natures. The Lansing Mineral Spring House was a handsome three-story hotel for patients and patrons of the springs that was situated in a beautiful park and was surrounded with spacious verandas. Boating on the beautiful Grand river was one of the chief recreations of the patrons of the hotel, and pleasant rides on steamers plying up and down the river for long distances could be enjoyed.-State Journal.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF ELIZABETH WHITELEY, THE MOTHER OF JOHN WHITELEY, OF LANSING.

Elizabeth Dean Service was born on September 21, 1800, in Salem, Massachusetts. Her mother died when she was only five years of age. She and her father went to live with her grandmother, Mrs. Williams, on St. Peter's street, Salem. The house is still standing in a good state of preservation,

Her Grandfather Williams died in the Revolutionary War. He was one of the bravest and most daring of soldiers. He participated in many of its hard fought battles and his vigorous action, stubborn pluck and brilliant dash: gained for him an enviable reputation throughout his regiment,

He helped the men of Salem defend the North Bridge.

Numbered among her ancestors were the noted families of Williams', Woodberry's and Millett's. Joseph Millett, her great uncle, was one of the brave and fearless soldiers of the Revolutionary War. He carried dispatches for his general in the end of his musket, so if he was surprised by the enemy he would shoot the document into fragments. Her forefathers were noted for their bravery, courage and unfaltering faithfulness in all they undertook.

Her Grandmother Williams was a Puritan of the old school,

intensely religious, very precise and eccentric. She was a devout Presbyterian and thought it a sin to do any work on the Sabbath day, or even to have a fire built in the kitchen. So little Elizabeth was sent early each Saturday morning with the brown bean pot and one quart of beans carefully measured out to the public bake house where they would be prepared for Sunday. (This old bakery was built in 1663 and still stands on Washington street and is well preserved.) Early Sunday morning the baker boy would drive up with a pot, of steaming hot beans and a loaf of brown bread, which constituted their Sunday menu. If it was winter the old lady would fill her little foot stove with hot coals from the sitting room fire and they would start for church.

The meeting house, as they were called in those days, was very large, cold and desolate, often without fire. The minister had a large hour glass, filled with red sand, that took an hour to run through. The elders of the church required their minister to preach a sermon one hour in length, whether he had anything to say or not. It was very hard for little children to sit and watch the sand run through, and the time seemed very long.

Another very hard proposition the little girl had was concerning her mother's grave clothes. They were made of the finest linen, kept in the spare bedroom upstairs, in the upper bureau drawer, with lavender laid between their folds. Once or twice a year they were taken out, washed, bleached and carefully ironed and again packed away, ready for the time when they would be needed.

Elizabeth lived to be ninety-three years old, but to her dying day she never forgot the terror and awe with which she used to gaze on those grave clothes of her grandmother.

The child had some very happy experiences. Her Uncle Abraham Millett owned boats that sailed to the West Indies, Central and South America.

Once when he returned from a trip he brought her a monkey, much to the horror and disgust of her grandmother, but he was kept in his cage the most of the time. Once each year her grandmother invited the minister and the elders of the church, with their wives, to tea. That year there were twelve in the party invited. The best table cloth and the finest china and silver were taken out and the table set. She had three kinds of sauce at each

plate, sweet pickles, sour pickles, jelly and everything on the table ready to serve. The four kinds of cake were on their high glass standards; the tall caster set in the center of the table, the glass candelabra on either side, with the candles in place ready to be lighted, and everything in readiness.

Then the grandmother had a happy thought; before sitting down to partake of this elaborate meal she would take her guests out in the yard to see her old fashioned garden and fruit trees.

In some unaccountable way Jocko got out of his cage, went into the dining room and turned every dish on the table bottom-side up. The old lady brought her guests back into the dining room, and what a sight met their view! The one grand occasion of the whole year was a mass of ruins.

This grandmother attended the grand ball given in honor of General George Washington in Salem in 1779, one of the most brilliant affairs which ever occurred in that city. In after years Elizabeth's daughter-in-law, Mrs. John Whiteley, of Lansing, was granted the opportunity of seeing in the Salem Museum a dress worn by Mrs. William Gray at this grand festivity given in Washington's honor, and also of seeing the old historical colonial mansion where he was entertained on this memorable visit.

Mrs. Williams numbered among her intimate friends the Pickering family, Timothy Pickering being Washington's Secretary of State. The Pickering house was built in 1660, and is one of the most picturesque of the early Salem houses. The beautiful old colonial building with its beautifully laid out grounds is still well preserved.

Elizabeth's father was private secretary to William Gray, who was lieutenant governor of Massachusetts in 1810-1811. He was considered one of the wealthiest men in the State, owning one of the largest lines of sailing vessels in the country at that time. These vessels sailed to the West Indies and all parts of Central and South America. His office was located on the Crowninshield wharf. At the office where Elizabeth often went to accompany her father home she used to watch William Gray and her father count the gold that the sea captains brought in from their voyages, and her father would place it in wooden kegs and then head them up. Sometimes she was allowed to accompany these men in the private yacht of William Gray to Boston, where the gold

was placed in the banks. It was considered safer to carry the precious metal by water than overland by stage.

William **Gray** built the first American yacht. He, accompanied by Elizabeth's father and a picked crew of men, sailed for France. On their return trip they visited St. Helena, the island home of the deposed Napoleon Bonaparte, whom they secretly hoped to secure and bring with them to America, but they failed in their undertaking. They visited with the Emperor, and on the whole it was a very eventful trip. Elizabeth often told of the **beauties** of this boat, It was **upholstered** in rich, light blue brocaded satin, with beautiful hangings, The silverware, used in the dining room was very rare and costly.

Elizabeth was visiting her aunt in Boston, a Mrs. **Millett**, on the occasion of General Lafayette's second visit to this country. She was chosen as one of the young ladies to **head** the procession and to strew flowers before the General's carriage, She never tired of telling of this grand event, describing the triumphal arch built for the occasion, brilliant with flags and flowers, with ladies standing at the four corners holding flags, The men were in colonial dress, with powdered wigs, and the ladies wore light brocaded satin gowns, with short sleeves and, fancy bags hanging from their arms.

She described Lafayette as a gentleman with a charming personality, tall and slender and **exquisitely** dressed. She remembered especially the beautiful, jewelled sword which hung at his side, and gleamed in the sun as he **stood in** his carriage bowing graciously to the multitude. The carriage was drawn by twelve white horses. At a certain point in the procession the carriage was detached from these horses, and drawn the remainder of the distance by prominent Boston citizens,

It was on this eventful visit that Elizabeth met her future husband, Mr. William Whiteley, of Leeds, Yorkshire county, England, who had lately arrived in this country after a three months journey in a **sailing vessel**. They were shortly after married in the famous old South Church in Boston.

Mr. Whiteley had been a shoe merchant in England, and learning of a good opening in Richmond, Virginia, he took his bride and they went by sailing vessel to that place, arriving in ten days, after a very stormy passage. While living in Richmond

they became acquainted with the old body servant of George Washington, and learned from that source many interesting anecdotes of the **Father** of our Country.

After a time they moved to Charlottesville, Virginia, going up the James river. While there they often attended the Episcopal church that Jefferson helped build and many times visited the old Jefferson home.

The old historic college was just outside the town. It would seem that college pranks were worse then than now. The southern kitchens were detached from the houses, Mrs. Whiteley had a famous old colored cook, Aunt Judy, who was noted for her beaten biscuit, always beating them thirty minutes. **Oftentimes** the students coming into town from the college in the late afternoon for their mail would surround the kitchen, hold up the old colored woman, take her hot biscuits from the oven, also any other eatables in sight, and as they devoured them would laugh at her funny remarks.

One of the worst college escapades happened during the time the Whiteley's lived in **Charlottesville**, when the students captured the old village doctor. He was very venerable and dearly loved by the entire **community**. He drove a very large, old white horse, and old fashioned one-horse shay. One dark stormy night he drove out into the country to see a patient. When coming back on a lonely road through the woods he was suddenly held up by a band of students. The doctor was bound and gagged, the horse killed and disemboweled, and the doctor placed inside with just his head and shoulders out, then the carcass was sewed up. The shay was hung in the top of the highest **tree**. The aged doctor was rescued in the morning more dead than alive. The whole community was highly indignant and many students were suspended.

The story is that at one time Edgar Allen Poe attended this college and was suspended for his pranks.

About **1828** Mr. and Mrs. Whiteley moved from Charlottesville to **Palmyra**, N. Y., and soon after Mr. Whiteley commenced the erection of the Whiteley block. That was ninety-six years ago, and the building is standing today well preserved, showing what care and pains he took in its erection. He was a long time in completing the building, for workmen were hard to find, and the

lumber had to be hewn by hand. All the interior finish was hand made, even to the nails. When the building was completed he established a boot and shoe store in one part. He was an expert shoemaker, and was seven years learning the trade before he left England. All boots and shoes were at that time made by hand.

Mr. and Mrs. Whiteley occupied the upper floor of the building for their residence, and their son John was born there on January 21, 1828. While living in Palmyra, Mr. Whiteley's mother in England was ill and he went to pay her a visit, spending six months on the ocean, three going over and three coming back, in a small sailing vessel. He was well repaid, however, as his mother improved after his arrival and lived to be one hundred years old. She came to America at the age of ninety-five, and resided with her son Joseph Whiteley in Lowell, Massachusetts, until her death.

One Sunday morning during their residence in Palmyra there was great excitement in the town. Joseph Smith came rushing into the village calling out that he had gone out back of his barn early that morning and had dug up a wonderful gold plate and a pair of gold spectacles. He said that he had put on the spectacles and had been able to read the remarkable message engraved on the gold plate, which no one could read without the spectacles. Mr. and Mrs. Whiteley with a crowd from the town went out to the Smith farm. They put on the spectacles and could read the words engraved on the metal.

(Another version of the Joseph Smith miracles.)

After leaving Palmyra Mr. and Mrs. Whiteley resided for a time in Philadelphia. Mrs. Whiteley often related how the watchmen would walk the streets at night, wearing continental hats and long black coats. They carried candles in tin lanterns, the sides of which were perforated with many holes, through which a dim light was shed. These men would call the hour of the night, adding "and all is well."

In every front hall people were compelled to keep a leather fire bucket filled with water and when these night officers were heard to give a fire cry every man hurriedly dressed, took his bucket and ran to assist the firemen.

While on a visit to New York city with her husband, Mrs. Whiteley saw the Clermont, the first American steamboat, on her

maiden trip, and witnessed the fear and anxiety of the people gathered on the river bank as they looked every minute for the bont to be blown up.

A few years later the family moved to Wheeling, West Virginia, and were living there when General Andrew Jackson was elected President of the United States. They often told of the overwhelming ovation he received when he entered that city in a stage coach drawn by six horses. He went overland all the way from Nashville to Washington. The crowd following him increased as it reached Washington until there was a vast multitude of people gathered to do him honor.

Mr. and Mrs. Whiteley were possessed of ample means, and the luxury of travel was extensively indulged in, though the mode of conveyance at that time was the stage coach, the canal boat sailing packets and on horseback.

From Wheeling, West Virginia, they moved to Toledo, Ohio going from there to Lansing, Michigan, in 1850, where Mr. Whiteley was engaged in the boot and shoe business until his death on May 30, 1859.

Their removal from Toledo to Lansing was accomplished by means of a large prairie schooner, drawn by the largest span of horses ever seen in Lansing up to that time. It was a journey requiring twenty-eight days, the railroad era in Michigan having hardly begun. They were accompanied on this trip by their two sons, James and John.

John Whiteley was a man of energetic character, marvelously clear business judgment, great determination, and a business man to whom much of the prosperity of Lansing is due. His friendship when secured never failed; he was charitable, benevolent, and ever ready to assist the needy. In his home he was a kind, indulgent husband and father.

James Whiteley was a splendid student, realizing great success in later life as a farmer.

Mrs. Elizabeth Whiteley's ninety-first birthday was charmingly celebrated at the home of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. John Whiteley, seventeen guests being entertained whose average age was eighty-four years. The evening was an enjoyable one and it was certainly an entertainment seldom equalled. The remainder of Mrs. Whiteley's life was spent in Lansing and vicinity, and she

died at the home of her son James, in Lansing Township, in 1803, at the ripe old age of ninety-three. Mrs. Whiteley was in many ways a remarkable woman, both through the strength and sweetness of her character and her varied experiences. Her life's recollections will be intensely interesting to the children of later generations, and a publication of her reminiscences that could be added thereto would be priceless to history.

JOHN WHITELEY.

John Whiteley was born in Palmyra, Wayne county, N. Y., January 28, 1838. When he was fourteen years of age he emigrated with his parents by the way of the Erie Canal and by wagon to Newark, Ohio. After a few years residence there the family removed to Wheeling, West Virginia, and in 1848 came back to Ohio, settling in Toledo, where they remained until 1850. His father, William Whiteley, carried on a prosperous boot and shoe business in this place.

The star of the empire was moving westward and John's father caught the fever to emigrate. Quite a little excitement had been caused in northern Ohio about the Capital of Michigan being removed from Detroit into the wilderness of Michigan and the wonderful land values one could obtain near the new Capital City. During that year the family came to Lansing from Toledo.

Their transit through the wilderness was a most painful, tedious and laborious process, a matter of hardship and endurance. The pioneer life was, in fact, in all its aspects and experiences, fraught with sufferings and privations. Many trees and brush had to be cut down and roads cleared before they could get through. Young Whiteley was of great assistance to his parents on the journey. No railroads connected Lansing with the outside world at that time, only the old fashioned stage coaches. They were twenty-eight days coming from Toledo to Lansing, camping out at night when they could not reach a village or a farm house. They met many pleasant people en route, some traveling by wagon and ox-teams. Often they stayed in old log houses built, by earlier pioneers who had come in and cleared the way for those who were to follow.

Mr. Whiteley brought the largest span of horses that had ever been in Lansing at that time and an immense Prairie Schooner which he had brought from Virginia. When they arrived at Main street east on Cedar street they did not dare to cross the bridge at that point so came down to Michigan Avenue. Word traveled fast in a new pioneer town and when they reached the Michigan Avenue bridge nearly the whole town was there to welcome them, also to see the big horses and wagon.

John was in his early twenties when he arrived in Lansing, but he already showed signs of his great business qualities. From his father he learned the habits and methods of a business man. Early in life he manifested prudence, economy and the strong business characteristics which made him so successful in after years.

Soon after their arrival his father purchased the land where the Oakland Building now stands, also the present site of the post office. These fine corner lots were bought for three hundred dollars apiece. On the Oakland site he built a large double frame house. It was called the twin house.

In 1857 John and his father leased some land midway between Allegan street and Michigan Avenue on the east side of Washington Avenue and erected five wooden store buildings. John took one of these buildings and embarked in the grocery business, one was leased to Peter Smith for a bakery and restaurant, another to Mr. Haynes for a jewelry store, one to his sister as a millinery store, and Mr. William Whiteley carried on a boot and shoe business in the other. These stores with nearly all their contents were burned down in April, 1862, with but very little insurance. The old Tarrant hand engine did valiant work in saving Capitol Hall, just north, and other property in the vicinity.

The following names of men and women are a partial list of Mr. Whiteley's business associates in those early pioneer days: Mr. Viele, of the noted old book store, corner of Michigan and Washington avenues; Mr. Elliott, of the checkered store; Mr. Hitchcock, who had a jewelry store; Mr. Truesdale had a small wooden store where the Capitol National Bank now stands; next north was Nichols and Hinckley, grocers; Thomas Westcott, merchant tailor; Merrifield and Weller, dry goods; then four one-story wooden buildings occupied by Coryell and Jensen, dry goods;

, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, millinery; Bouthroyd and Van Kuren, boots and shoes, and on the corner where the Prudden Building now stands, Grove and Whitney hardware store.

The following men were among Mr. Whiteley's business associates in the early fifties and sixties:

Christopher Columbus Darling, John Billings, Henry Rodney Gibson, James Bascom, J. H. Beebe, Stanley Briggs, W. M. Clapsadle, Jacob Gibbs, Elder Greene, Charles Butler, F. M. Cowles, David Eckstine, John N. Bagley, Ebbin Dart, A. V. Dearin; John J. Bush, Andrew Birch, Henry Leader, Cyrus Hewitt, Daniel W. Buck, George W. Peck, Thomas Westcott, Harley Ingersol, John A. Kerr, James I. Mead, Judge W. H. Pinckney, Johns and Bailey, Ephraim Longyear, John Robson, Peter Wiswold, Mr. Quackenbush, Smith Hunter, Samuel R. Coryell, A. W. Williams, Daniel Parker, Washington Wiley, Hiram H. Smith, E. H. Davies, Frank Weller, H. H. Lee, William Hinnen, James Seymour, Thomas Bell, Orange Butler, George I. Parson, Thomas J. Ramsdell, Camell and Edwards, W. W. Upton, George I. Parsons.

Among the early physicians were Dr. H. B. Shank, Dr. I. H. Bartholomew, Dr. Daniel Johnson, Dr. John Goucher, Dr. J. W. Holmes, Dr. H. S. Burr, Dr. David E. McClure, Dr. Russel Thayer, Dr. Price, Dr. B. F. Bailey, Dr. S. W. Wright and Dr. Jeff ries.

The arrival of the old fashioned stage coach in the early evening was the event of the day to the Lansingites, to see the stage arrive and who had come to town. The stage could be heard a number of miles out on the plank road which led to Detroit. The coach was built with massive wheels and the body hung in leather braces. The driver's seat was in the front with the trunk rack in the rear. In these old fashioned stage coaches the passengers soon became well acquainted. as the roads were often so full of ruts and deep holes they would all be in a heap in the bottom of the coach. The driver with the reins in his hands and his long whip cracking over the four prancing horses and often blowing a long tin horn would suddenly come to a stop with a great flourish in front of the Veile book store, where the American State Savings Bank is now located.

, During the Civil War Stephen Bingham or some other promi-

nent citizen would mount a barrel or box and read aloud from the Detroit paper the latest war news to a large crowd of both men and women. Newspapers were scarce in those days, almost worth their weight in gold, and everyone was so anxious to hear about the boys at the front, and especially as a great many Lansing men and boys had gone to the war.

Mr. Whiteley was very much interested in the Ramshorn Railroad, our first railroad. When the first prospects of a railroad coming into the city was agitated which meant so much to the little slow growing town, Mr. Whiteley gave much of his time and money to help the project along. He went 'over to Owosso soon after the road was completed and often told of the shaking up the passengers received. When they came to one of the high sand hills all the people had to get off and walk so the locomotive could pull the empty cars up.

Mr. Whiteley built the first brick house in the third ward, which is still standing. All the windows and doors and finishing lumber was brought overland from Owosso, the lime came from Bellevue. The house was built with three rows of brick on the outside, being called a solid brick house. White oak beams one and a half foot through were used in the frame work, no heat or cold could penetrate through the solid brick.

On September 6th, 1857, Mr. Whiteley was united in marriage to Elizabeth Briggs. She was a young lady of rare qualities of mind and heart, amply qualified not only to assist him in the consummation of his business projects 'but also to make his life and home happy.

The members of the Legislature were always saying there was no hotel accommodation in Lansing and the best thing that could be done was to remove the Capitol back to Detroit, out of the wilderness of Ingham county. They used to say there was nothing in Lansing but wild cats, wolves and Indians. The citizens of Lansing had to exert every effort to save the Capitol from being removed. Prominent Lansing men made a house to house canvass: to have citizens who had large comfortable homes take in the members of the Legislature to room and board. Mr. Whiteley exerted every effort to have a good hotel built.

Dr. Goucher lived in a story and a half house where the Downey now stands. The land was very low and the house stood wa;

down below the street level in a hole. The boys used the land around the house for a skating pond in the winter. This spot was **finally** selected as a site for a hotel and Mr. Whiteley headed the list and was very active in soliciting other business associates to raise funds to buy the site. A Mr. Baker was willing to build the hotel but he wanted the citizens to buy the site. The new hotel **meant a great deal to the citizens of** Lansing and there was very **much** rejoicing when it was completed. In early days, it **was as** it is now, everyone wanted the new hotel on their **particular corner**, but it was finally settled to be build on the corner of Washington Avenue and **Washtenaw** street, where the Hotel **Downey** now stands.

In 1860 Mr. Whiteley erected a store just south of the Hotel **Downey** where he conducted a very successful grocery business for over thirty years.

Mr. Whiteley was a staunch Democrat of the old **Jeffersonian** type. His friendship when secured never failed. He was charitable and benevolent and ever ready to help the deserving. His fund of information was large and he understood and conversed eloquently on all important questions rendering himself a delightful and entertaining companion. He was a man of energetic character with a great determination and a **business** man to whom much of Lansing's prosperity is due. He was a kind and indulgent husband and father,

In later years he traveled extensively, generally spending his winters in the South accompanied by his wife and daughter. Mr. Whiteley died of heart paralysis **May 1, 1891.**

In the door yard at the Whiteley home, 414 S. Washington Avenue, Lansing, is a highly treasured relic preserved by the daughter of the Whiteley's, Mrs. Nellie Zimmerman, who owns and occupies this old homestead.

This consists of a wagon tire from one of the wheels of the huge wagon mentioned in the story of Mr. Whiteley, which is used as the rim of a flower bed. One can judge something of the unusual size of the wagon when looking on this massive iron tire, **about** four feet in diameter, and which forms a lasting link between the early days of Lansing and the present time.

MRS. ELIZABETH WHITELEY.

Mrs. Elizabeth Whiteley came to Lansing with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Briggs, from their country home in **DeWitt** in 1849. Mr. Briggs in his early life was a millwright and he helped to frame the old State Capitol building which was **erected** on **Washington Avenue**. At that time Lansing was almost a dense wilderness, with trees, stumps and woods as thick as they could be. Her father built one of the first frame houses in Lansing, on Washington Avenue south near **Lenawee** street.

Mrs. Whiteley often lost her way in the woods going to the Townsend street school from her home. Sometimes deers and fawns would dart out in front of her on her way there. She remembered very well a member of the Legislature stepping off the narrow board walk which extended from the **Benton** House to the Capitol, killing a wild turkey and taking it to his broeding house, Partridge and quails were very plentiful, and in the outskirts of the new Capitol City the wolves often used to howl at night.

There were a great many Indians who used to camp in the woods near the city, coming to town in great numbers. Among these was Chief Okemos. He **used** to come to town very often and usually had two of his braves come with him. They always walked back of him in single file. They sometimes would walk right into her father's house without knocking, sit down to the table and tell her **mother** "Indians was very hungry. **Give** Indians something to eat. Put it into a great big pan," and it was "some eat;" the amount they could store away was remarkable.

Mrs. Whiteley often described Chief Okemos as a short, thick-set man, very straight and erect, a man of great strength, and very quick and cat-like in his movements. He had a deep saber cut at one time which left a great scar in his head. If he happened to **be** good natured he would let you put your hand into the hole. At times the old warrior was very talkative and interesting and at other times was very morose and sullen. His face was deeply furrowed with many scars. His usual dress consisted of a blanket coat with belt in which he carried a long peace pipe, tomahawk, and a heavy scalping knife. He always wore buckskin leggings and **moccasions** and looked very fierce.

In 1852 Mrs. Whiteley's father built a large three-story brick building opposite the old Capitol where he carried on a very successful general store selling all kinds of dry goods and groceries. One of the first lodges in Lansing rented the third floor of this building for lodge purposes. This store was burned down in 1867.

Nearly all the merchants in the early fifties went once a year to New York City to buy goods. They used to make up a party and go together. Often Detroit merchants would join them. On one of these visits to New York City Mr. Briggs heard Jennie Lind and never tired of telling of her wonderful voice and stage presence.

He often entertained Zachariah Chandler when he came to the Capitol City. Mrs. Whiteley often recalled how interesting and entertaining he was.

The planting of the elm trees around the present Capitol building was directed by Mr. Briggs, many of these young trees being brought from his farm in DeWitt.

He was one of the early members of the Masonic lodge of this city, doing much to help in its organization. Mr. Briggs was noted far and wide for his ready wit, his kindness to the unfortunate, and his wide and deep sympathy endeared him to all who were privileged to know him. He died in May, 1867. His wife, Ann, died of pneumonia just six weeks before his death. If they could have been spared a few weeks longer they would have celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary.

Mrs. Whiteley was married to Mr. John Whiteley in 1857. To this union two children were born, Isabella, who died of diphtheria when five years of age, and Nellie, who always resided with her parents.

Mrs. Whiteley helped to get four of her husband's clerks ready for the Civil War. Three of them were killed in battle and the other one had his leg shot off. During the war she went nearly every day to the old Capitol building with other faithful women and under the able direction of the late Dr. H. B. Shank used to help make bandages and scrap lint. There were no sewing machines in those days and everything had to be done by hand. The ladies often took their fine linen table cloths as the linen lint was much better than the cotton. She also helped cut cabbage for

sauer kraut. Many barrels of this was made for the soldiers, as they had to have something sour.

Mrs. Whiteley was one of the charter members of St. Paul's Episcopal church when the new church was started in 1859. The church was erected on the southwest corner of Washington and Ionia streets. She was a constant and faithful worker in this church for over sixty-three years. Nothing was dearer to her heart than her church and everything pertaining to the church life. Any effort, great or small, enlisted her ready sympathy and support, and she was never any happier than when she could do something to help in church work.

Mrs. Whiteley died December 30, 1921, of heart trouble.

Her radiant cheerfulness shed sunshine around her and her kindness was a benediction to all about her; a faithful friend abandoned in tender affection for her family and cherishing to the end old friends. To know her was to trust and to love her. This strong and beautiful womanly character, true in all the relations of life, her unselfish and thoughtful service for others, ever kind, very charitable and hospitable. Her friends always enjoyed being entertained by her in her beautiful home which she loved so much. She was admired and respected by all and her memory will be cherished with grateful affection by all who knew her. Her very presence was evidence of cheerful Christian faith, and we who are left offer the fervent prayer that we, too, in our pilgrimage here on earth, may radiate such an atmosphere of serenity, faith, and hope, and we thank God for permitting us the friendship of such a woman. Her influence will long be felt as a power and her memory as a sweet benediction.

Written by her daughter, Nellie M. Zimmerman.

A TRIBUTE BY A LIFE-LONG FRIEND TO ELIZABETH WHITELEY.

The days of the aged are precious,
And we sorrowfully note day by day
The sure, burning low of life's candle,
As the life slowly passes away.

And now sitting alone in the darkness,
 All alone in our hours of grief,
 We turn back o'er the pages of memory,
 Seeking there for some hope of relief.

There we learn of the long years of service
 Of devotion to those she'held dear,
 Of **that patience that** marked hours of suffering
 Ever striving to cheerful appear.

Of her love for her church and its teachings
 How it helped her along life's rude way,
 Of her unailing trust in the "Master"
 As he guided her steps day by day.

But the light of that life has departed,
 And 'tis only the memory that's left,
 Of the years we have journeyed together
 That can comfort the heart now bereft.

Yet, in the new life that awaits us,
 We'll meet the "Dear Mother" again,
 And in the few years intervening
 Memories sweet of that life will remain.

PIONEER LOCAL WOMAN PAYS TRIBUTE TO HER
 GIRLHOOD FRIEND, NOW DEAD.

Mrs. Elizabeth Whiteley Commemorates Mrs. Maria Sanford's
 Memory in Verse.

By MRS. ELIZABETH WHITELEY.

Memory, running back to the days when Lansing was in the woods, and life was young, has stirred in the heart of Mrs. Elizabeth Whiteley, one of Lansing's residents who has been here almost from the city's beginnings, the following tribute to a girlhood friend of those early days and a companion here, down through the days and changing experiences since,

The tribute is to Mrs. Maria Sanford, recently deceased, at the age of 84, whose passing was noticed in these columns some weeks ago.

Elizabeth Briggs and Maria Balch were scarcely more than little girls when back in 1848 and 1840 they came to Lansing and found it a bleak little place, very much in the mud and Indian infested. But girlhood friendships flourished then as now, and then the friendship began which has lasted through the years, even though the scene of it has changed almost passing knowledge,

Girlhood past, Miss Balch became Mrs. Sanford, marrying the son of an early Universalist preacher here, while Miss Briggs became the wife of John Whiteley, one of Lansing's earliest merchants.

Into the early experience of both these women came the Civil War. Mrs. Whiteley to this day vividly remembers Maria Balch going almost daily to the old, big white Capitol building, now gone, to work for the "boys in blue." One of her tasks was the aiding of her brother Myron, age 18, to get ready to go off to the war. He went and, described as a "bright handsome youth," war claimed him and he now lies buried in the national cemetery at Chattanooga. Mrs. Sanford, says her surviving friend of her never forgot her patriotism, and so it was, in the days of the World War, though past 80, she went almost as often as in the days of the early 60's to work for the soldiers, at the Elks' Home, where the Red Cross workers expended their efforts. Her last photographic likeness was taken with a gray soldier sweater in her lap knitting the while.

In verse Mrs. Whiteley pays the following tribute to the fallen friend of a lifetime here. The verses say:

"The days of the aged are precious,
 And the past memories of years long since past,
 Will be to me ever a treasure,
 While life and while reason shall last.

"And so, to the friend of my childhood,
 Through all the long years of life's way,
 For the sweet blessed charm of her friendship,
 One last loving tribute I'd pay.

"In the long ago days of our girlhood,
 'Twas together we walked hand in hand,
 To and fro, to the school, through the forest,
 Not far from the banks of the Grand.

"Life had brought her at times much of sorrow,
 Yet, though bowed 'neath the chastening rod,
 Had kept firm in her faith, never wavering,
 Never doubted the goodness of God.

"When the war clouds hung over our nation,
 And brave men left their family and homes,
 It was hers, then, to care for the suffering,
 To bring cheer to the hearts sad and lone.

"And no doubt many brave lads now resting
 Where the poppies bloom over their graves,
 And above, like a sentinel faithful,
 The flag of their country e'er waves,—

"Would attest to the comfort and pleasure,
 That the work of her willing hands brought,
 When they donned those most welcome of garments,
 That her hands had so cleverly wrought.

"Thus her life was a life of true service,
 And of loving companionship, too,
 And though sadly I'll miss her, yet ever,
 To her memory, be loyal and true.

"And then, when to me comes the message,
 Bidding me to my last welcome home.
 May it be just one sweet, glad reunion,
 With the friend I have long loved and known."

TURNING MOTHER OUT-DOORS.

Written by BYRON M. BROWNE, for the "Lansing Republic"
 May 2, 1870.

You say you had a forewarning
 That soon there would be a fuss,
 From the very day that mother
 Came here to reside with us;
 And from the severest of trials
 The wise conclusion you draw
 No house in the world's large enough
 For a wife and her mother-in-law!

You say you have suffered in silence
 The deepest grief of your life,
 And patiently tried to bear it
 And be a devoted wife;
 And that you'll suffer no longer—
 Not even a single day;
 And you've made up your mind in earnest
 That mother must go away!

I have, silently heard your scolding,
 While my heart was full of pain;
 But now I will do some talking—
 It is **better** for both to be plain,
 I earned this home for you, Nellie,
 And blessed it with labor's stores;
 And now you want to be turning
 My poor old **mother** out-doors!

I'm sorry there's been any trouble,
 And sorry you can't agree;
 God knows my heart is in anguish;
 You're both very dear to me.

And you can rely upon it
 There's nothing truer in life,
 That a man who don't love his mother
 Isn't fit to have a wife!

My mother gave me my being,
 And guarded me kind and true;
 From her fair, beautiful bosom
 The sweet draughts of life I drew.
 And I think there's nothing purer,
 On **earth** or in heaven above,
 Than the earnest, tender yearning
 Of a **mother's** care and love.

With her hands she made my clothing,
Fed me, soothed me and blest;
 Tenderly nursed me in sickness,
 And pillowed my head on her breast.
 And once, when thought to be dying,
 The pulse but a fitful start,
 She pressed me close to her bosom
 And a new life came from her heart.

O God! that was love. to sigh for,
 That clings to the latest breath!
 To dream of, and hope for, and die for;
 That will conquer even death!
 It is holy, sacred and potent,
 Given to man from above,
 And only the loving Father
 Knows the mighty power of LOVE!

The deep, strong love of my mother
 Guarded me when a boy;
 God only can know her trouble,
 God only can know her joy!
 She taught me true Christian lessons,
 She taught me to **kneel and** pray,
 And counseled me wisely, and guided
 Lest I should be led astray.

When ill, devoted and loving,
 In manhood's later years,
 She's watched all night by my bedside,
 And bathed my face with **her** tears.
 And if I needed her labor
 To "keep the wolf from the door,"
 She'd work with her dear old fingers
 Till she couldn't work any more.

Should I **fall** as low as the **drunkard**—
 E'en down to the gutter's slime,
 Or were I confined in prison
For a life of sin and crime,
 Though the whole world **hated**, reviled **me**—
 Deserted by every one,
 She would come to me, **cling** to me, love me,
 And call me her own dear son,

She's weary and old and feeble,
 'Tis but a short time at best
 Ere all her cares will be ended,
 Her dear old heart will find rest.
 She's marched with the Christian heroes
 'Neath the banner of truth unfurled
 Till she totters upon the borders
 Of the unseen spirit world.

And peaceful, hopeful and faithful,
 Ready she seems to stand
 Awaiting the angels to summon
 Her home to the summerland.
 And when they shall welcome dear mother
 To her home on heav'nly shores,
 I know that the loving angels
 Will **never** turn her out-doors!

And should I ungratefully do so,
 And turn her out, and forsake,
 My father's bones in his coffin
 Would tremble and shudder and shake.

You're weeping, and you have repented,
 Your **bosom** with sorrow is rife.
 And mother shall live with us, Nellie,
 And you are my darling, just wife.

(Taken from Mrs. Elizabeth Whiteley's scrap book and presented by her daughter, Mrs. Nellie Zimmerman, 414 South Washington Avenue, Lansing, Mich.)

FARMER JONES AND THE PARSON.

Written by **BYRON M. BROWNE**, for the "Lansing Republican,"
 May 2, 1870.

I am glad to see you parson,
 Your visits are few and rare.
 And this **is** my wife, sir. Polly,
 Please give the parson a **chair**.

You're troubled 'bout me in spirit?
 You're full of pious groans?
 You've come to labor with me
 And convert old Farmer Jones?

And you say I'm going to hell, sir,
 And I must ever burn,
 And suffer the greatest torments
 In that infernal concern?

And there's my better half, Polly—
 A good old soul in her **way**—
 And we're going to hell together?
 Now, Parson, that's rough to say.

And to church we ought to be **goin'**,
 And my, ways are dark as sin—
 I'm a stranger to that "blessed fold,"
 And you want to "take me in?"

As to that, you may be right, parson;
 I'm sure I cannot say;
 'Bout those things I am uncertain
 And I walk the "worldly way."

Yet I hold if a man is honest,
 Don't leave his friends in the lurch,
 He's just as good as the hypocrite
 Who's regular at the church.

He's just as good as the preacher
 Who shows the way to bliss
 To a loving, trusting sister
 With a "paroxysmal kiss,"

He's as good as the pious brother
 Who weeps with you, and prays
 As long as the shrewd, investment
 Of his tender brotherhood pays,

Though a little preaching is wholesome,
 And, certain, it's right to pray,
 My spirit don't hanker for either,
 Though my debts I always pay,

And I never have wronged a person
 Out of a cent in my life,
 Or robbed the widow and orphan,
 Or parted man and wife,

And I hold if a man' **don't** do so,
 Striving' for truth and right,
 He's as good as the praying miser
 Who covets "the widow's mite."

And thinking the matter **over**—
 Though I know I'm full of **sin**—
 I'll not enter the shining fold
 And you needn't "take me in,"

You **think** I'm lost sure, parson?
Well, you needn't frown or scold,
For I have no money to give you
And Polly is homely and old.

And she is the oddest woman
That any old fellow owns;
For she don't **CARE A CENT** for kisses
Only from Farmer Jones.

And-we're trudging along together,
As loving as we begun;
And we hope the Lord will receive us
When our life's journey is done.

So you're going, are you, parson?
Maybe I've talked too plain;
You think I'm a tough old **sinner**
And warning's all in vain;

And though you may not be willing,
It is not wrong to say
That I hope the Lord will judge us
In a loving, tender way.

(From Mrs. Elizabeth Whiteley's scrap book. Presented by her daughter, Mrs. Nellie Zimmerman, Lansing, Mich.)

APPLETON BALLARD AND FAMILY.

By L. ANNA BALLARD, M. D.

Most pioneer history is preserved through personal recollection or family tradition. This record is a mixture of both methods.

The heads of the Ballard family of Ingham county originally came from far east, Appleton Ballard having been born in Hanover, New Hampshire, and his wife, Epiphene Ellenwood, was born in Liverpool, Nova Scotia. The Ellenwoods drifted into Vermont, where the families met and Epiphene and Appleton

were married in 1830. The call of the west brought them to Sparta, Ohio, in 1836.

In April, 1848, the family journeyed from southern Ohio to Lansing, Michigan. Mr. Ballard, with some other Ohio men, having scouted the country in the previous February. The family travelled by special train of two canvas covered wagons driven by Mr. Ballard and the three older boys, followed by a carriage driven by Mrs. Ballard, and with her the two girls and two small boys, the youngest two years old. They were two weeks on the road. For a few months they were housed in a plank house on the east bank of Grand river, a block or two north of the bridge that once crossed from Main street to Cedar street. The east side of that bend of the river was for a time the prominent business center of the new city. The first post office was located in Bush & Thomas' store at the corner of Main and Cedar streets. Later business moved across the river, up Main street toward what became Washington Avenue. The Ballards moved also. The writer of these reminiscences was born in that plank house on the east bank of Grand river in July, 1848. The novel move that was made is not within her own recollection, but is, however, well attested by family history. My father had bought some lots on the south side of Main street not far from the present terminus of Grand street, and he had to exercise his ingenuity to get that plank house with the mother and baby over on the new lots, for carpenters and lumber were hard to get because settlers were coming in so fast. So the plank house and contents were lifted onto a raft and propelled up stream to the desired point. There the balance of the year 1848 and first months of 1849 were spent, then a farm was purchased south of Okemos and the next summer was passed in the woods where the family took turns shaking hands with "Mr. Ague." Some days they did not alternate, for I have heard the boys tell that frequently they all had the "shakes" together and the only way they could get the cows home was to send the dog after them. Another horror of that summer, particularly to my mother, was the wolves. I have heard her tell of their howling around the house at night, even scratching on the doors. Then the men of the neighborhood would have wolf hunts, and for a time there would be peace at night. The domestic animals had to be as safely housed as the families at night, and all

pens for pigs, calves, sheep and chickens were built with high strong wall of logs.

Because of the danger of extinguishing the family if we remained near the swamps, we moved into town again, and my father and brother David conducted the big store of the town, on Washington Avenue about where the Capitol National Bank now stands, where they sold everything under one roof, from silks to buffalo robes, from codfish to pitchforks, without the dignity of the modern department store. I have in my possession some bills of invoice preserved from father's papers. South of Allegan street was the Capitol block where the State House was built. On the northwest corner of this block was the house where the Auditor General lived, His name was Swegles. North of Ottawa street **some cottages** had been built and we lived in **one** of them. Those houses stood until the Tussing building was **erected**. Later, about 1852, we lived in the Bennett House, which for many years stood in the middle of the block between Ionia and Shiawassee streets, east side of Washington Avenue. This block dropped down from the street and some steps led down to the walk to the house. One of the principal hostleries of those years was the Ohio House, on Washtenaw street facing the south side of the Capitol block. When it was sold out father purchased some of the dishes. One large blue and white platter, decorated with pastoral scenes, is now a prized possession of Sister Alice (Mrs. W. O. Crosby).

One winter night the store burned, father had a few months before purchased a tract of land north of town, just within the present city limits. I have the government deed by which Uncle Sam transferred the land to Appleton Ballard. Before spring the house was enclosed and the family moved in, and the boys were clearing **off** the forest of heavy timber to make place for spring crops. We did not see many horses in those days, but the sturdy oxen did valiant service in starting Lansing's prosperity. For a time the family continued to attend the Free Baptist church on Kalamazoo street between Washington and **Capitol** avenues. I can remember riding on Sunday mornings behind the ox team up Washington Avenue in a **not** very straight path, as we had to dodge the stumps, oftentimes with mud half way to the hubs. Later the First Methodist church at North Lansing became the church of the family, and through the remainder of his life my

father was an official member and class leader. His honesty and integrity was unimpeachable, a man of large sympathies and **generous** impulses, he was charitable, both in his opinions **of** others and his conduct toward them. In **his** political preferences he was a Republican and a strong advocate of temperance, even radical on the subject. He spent the last ten years of his life as a vegetable gardener, paying unusual attention to the propagation of choice new varieties of vegetables. **He** died October **26**, 1885, aged 76 years. Mother died March 31, 1888, aged 70. She had not only brought up her own ten children but also three grandchildren who had become motherless. Not one of **the** thirteen brought sorrow to that home, or failed to receive the **respect** of their contemporaries. We pay homage, and justly, to great statesmen' and heroes, but the home is the center of all noble impulses and **influence**. If there is anyone in the wide **world** who deserves the **plaudits of humanity** it is such a mother, wise, tender, patient and faithful, not only to her own but all about her as well. The entire family of ten children, three of them born in Lansing, lived to adult age and most of them to old age. James Allen, the eldest, enlisted in **1861** in the Third Michigan Infantry, serving his country in the Civil War until he dropped from heart disease on the march into the wilderness in Virginia. Sindenia A., after teaching school several years, married Dr. **G. W.** Topping, of Dewitt, Michigan. She died **at** the home of her son in Columbus, Ohio, at the age **of** 66. David E., in' his early twenties (1867) became a pioneer of Kansas, where he served the State under General Jim Lane through the border **slavery troubles**, while the historic John Brown was shipping wagon loads of escaped negroes from Missouri into freedom. In 1880 Brother David was elected to the First Kansas Legislature. Immediately at close of the session he organized Co. H **2d** Kansas Cavalry, of which he was commissioned captain. In 1865 he was appointed Quartermaster General of the State, and in 1878 again elected to the State Legislature. Now at the age of 86 he is making Miami, Florida, his home. **Henry D.** also enlisted in 1861, in **the Second** Regiment of Michigan Sharpshooters, serving in the ranks until badly wounded in the shoulder, **when** he was transferred to hospital service. He died at his home in **Oshkosh**, Wisconsin, at the age of 78 years. Eunice, who was possessed of an adventurous spirit and **mission-**

ary zeal, for some years taught government Indian schools at **Sault Ste. Marie** and **Mt. Pleasant**. At one time there was only one white family within one hundred miles. She became the wife of **Albert Bowker**, of **Mt. Pleasant**, and **died at** the age of **32** years. **Alonzo** enlisted in 1861 at the age of seventeen in the First Regiment of Michigan Sharpshooters, In that summer of '61, when the drums were beating for the volunteers and squads of patriots were daily testing their marksmanship, young **Ballard** hovered around watching for a chance to show his skill with the rifle and prove to his father that he ought to join the **Sharpshooters**. **Appleton Ballard** already had three sons in the field and **Alonzo** was a slender lad, too young he thought for army life, but his chance came and he stood the test of rifle practice; however, it was only when his father was convinced by nightly watching that if he did not give his consent the boy would run away and find his way into the army that he won the privilege he was seeking. At the **Battle of Gettysburg** he received a severe bullet wound in his side but served in hospital duties to the close of the war. He later adopted **Kansas** for his home, where he died at the age of **74**. **Benjamin Everett**, though too young to go into the army, was a host of help to his father during those war years. He died at the residence of his son, **Henry E. Ballard**, at **Nampa, Idaho**, December **17, 1917**, aged **71** years. **L. Anna**, the next in order of age, is living in **Lansing**. **Sarah M.**, wife of **W. E. West**, is living on their farm northeast of the city. **Alice**, the youngest, after graduating from **Lansing high school**, took a select course in **Boston University** and married **W. O. Crosby**, Professor of Geology in the **Massachusetts Institute of Technology**, Their home is at **Jamaica Plains, Massachusetts**.

One of my childhood memories is of the yearly visits of **Chief Okemos**, who always came in time for dinner. We children looked forward to these visits as one of the incidents of our lives. Once, I remember, he had a young Indian lad with him who was, no doubt, later the young **Chief John**. This vicinity would appear to have been a favorite camping ground of the Indians for a long time. past. At the southwest corner of, our farm, what is now **East and McKinley streets**, was a considerable hill, which the boys worked at for years to level down to the portion where the house was built. In the process of grading they came upon

an Indian skeleton in a sitting posture. The skeleton was given to a doctor. It is my impression it was **Dr. S. D. Newbro**, who practiced in **North Lansing** about that time.

The building of the **Ramshorn** Railroad was an important event in the life of our city. We had our share in it as its track was diagonally across the farm. Great was the day when the first train went through, and long to be remembered was the first train load of soldier boys bound for southerh camps in 1861. Our own hearts were burning with excitement for out from our home three boys were bound on the same mission. The fourth enlisted in **Kansas**.

Much of the old place is still in the **Ballard name**, the farm house with its great hewn timbers still stands on its original foundations, and there too is the big black walnut tree in front that **Brother Henry** transplanted from the woods before he went into the army. For a time between the years 1855 and 1861 eight boys and girls went from this home with dinner baskets to school. Two of them to the **Michigan Female College** and six to the **Cedar street school**. When I first went to school **Mr. Taylor** was the principal and **Mrs. Taylor** taught the primary, This **Mr. and Mrs. Taylor** were teachers of large influence in **Lansing** in the years from 1850 to 1860. They first conducted a popular private school uptown. While we lived up there **Sister Sindenia** attended that school. I have a vivid remembrance of one day going 'to school with her' It is the first event I really do remember. Doubtless the reason it made such a lasting impression upon my mind is because the occurrence struck terror to my young heart, At close of school we started home in the rain when a cyclonic wind struck us. I was clinging to her hand as hard as I could, she was trying to keep the umbrella over us, but the umbrella was blown into space, and we were tumbled into the corner of a rail fence, somewhere about the three hundred block on **South Capitol Avenue**, and we were well drenched before we were able to pick ourselves up and proceed those few blocks home. No doubt my discomforture over a ruined hat and dress had no small part in my distress.

One of the enjoyable memories of our **Cedar street school** years was the spelling contests. When we were about fourteen years old I remember standing with two boys after the rest of the school had dropped out of the long line around the room. The two boys

were Dwight Smith and Charlie Wood. I wonder if they would enjoy a spelling contest today. A little later there were the famous mental arithmetic drills under that prince of teachers, Martin V. Rork, in which we tried hard to compete with Russel Ostrander, the late Judge Ostrander.

The Michigan Female College, which was established in 1856 and conducted by the Misses Abigail and Delia Rogers, was the educational mecca for young people around Lansing. It was built in the midst of a square of four blocks at the west end of Franklin Avenue, where is now the School for the Blind. Sister Sindenia was in the first class that graduated, Miss Emma Haze, sister of Dr. H. A. Haze, was also in that class. My brother Henry was a student there, for although it was primarily a girls school, a few boys were admitted. I spent two years in the school, and after teaching a few years, and later studying medicine and graduating at the Woman's Medical College of Chicago (now under the Northwestern University), I filled the position of resident physician in the Dr. Mary Thompson Hospital for Women and Children for a year and returned to Lansing in the spring of 1879 and entered the ranks of the physicians of the city. Among my never fading memories is the courteous way I was received by my brother physicians and the kindly help of those veterans of the profession, Dr. H. B. Shank and Dr. W. J. Hagadorn. They have passed on to their reward for their good deeds, not only for their kindness to a pioneer woman physician, but also for their genial helpfulness to humanity.

ONE OF CITY'S FIRST STORE BUILDINGS STILL SHELTERS NORTH END BUSINESS.

Gray with age, pathetically obsolete, the old Meade store building on the northwest corner of East Franklin Avenue and Center street, stands aloof from its fellows, dreaming of the past, no doubt, as a grandsire among his descendants.

The old building, now occupied by a retail tobacco business, was one of Lansing's first store buildings. It has arrived at nearly the allotted time of man, having been built in 1854, but is still

sturdy and sound and an expression in wood and beam of what our forefathers wrought so substantially in the days of pride of workmanship and conscience of craft.

Dr. Frank N. Turner, who has become Lansing's official historian, and whose childhood days were spent in Lansing's first settlement, has a most distinct recollection of the early life in and around the old Meade building.

When Lansing was designated as the Capital of the State in 1847, James and Horatio Seymour, New Yorkers, selected Lansing as a prospect for business. They settled in the northern part of the city and surveyed and platted out a good share of the north side. The block on which the business relic now stands was then and is now known as Block 8.

MEADE OPENS STORE.

The Seymour's sold the site and other property to James I. Meade, a character even in that day of characters and Mr. Meade built the present building upon the site of Block 8. Mr. Meade, described by Dr. Turner as a tall, always well-dressed man, opened a general store in the building.

Meade was a tailor and made his own clothes and own shoes. He handled everything for the early settlers from ox yokes to "Meade's Pills." Dr. Turner says the building has changed in no way since the time it was erected with the one exception that it has been lowered. Steps formerly led to the first floor.

Only a few scattered shacks surrounded the building at the time Dr. Turner played around the Meade store as a barefoot boy. Where the Auto Body plant now stands and much of the other business section of the north side was a quagmire in which lived black snakes and "blue racers." Every boy was cautioned to keep clear of the quagmire as it was a menace.

Meade, says Dr. Turner, did a flourishing business until 1863 when he believed that the Confederate states, then at war with the North, would win. In this eventuality, Meade believed that the Confederacy would compel the northern states to pay such reparation money that northern business would be completely confiscated. So Meade sold to his three clerks, John, Charles, and Robert Robson.

ROBSONS "CLEAN UP."

The North won the war, however, and the Robsons, who had bought the Meade store and business at a low figure, made a financial cleaning. Meade remained in the city, however, and later engaged in other business and bought local real estate extensively.

The old Meade store derived a lucrative business from transients who arrived on the stage from Detroit. Dr. Turner says the country around Lansing began to settle rapidly following the establishment of the capital here. Business grew and the town prospered. The Robsons continued the business in the old store until the seventies when they moved "down town."

Since the Robson tenancy the old building has witnessed many new owners and tenants. The relic is now owned by J. G. Reutter, former mayor, who plans in time to raze it and erect a new brick block on the site. When this plan materializes the ancient of ancients in local business history will have vanished with its first owners and builders.—From the State Journal, Lansing, 1921.

CITY'S FIRST HOTEL, WHERE SOLONS MET IS OLDEN DAYS, STILL STANDING.

Pranilin Terrace Has Important Niche in Lansing's Pioneer History.

Who was Lansing's first landlord and when and where was the city's first hotel built?

It is probable that few traveling salesmen, and there are 500 of them making their headquarters in this city ever give the question a thought as they roll up to local hotels in metered taxis and kick if they can't get room and bath. If the hell is out of order or the boy is slow of foot, there is another chance to kick, and if the telephone doesn't work or the electric lighting system is on the blink, still another chance to protest is offered.

Dr. Frank N. Turner, Lansing's own historian, has located not only the spot and the first hotel, but can also give a list of landlords together with their various regimes. And Lansing's first hotel is still standing, although now so camouflaged that none of those pioneer landlords would recognize it.

The city's very first hotel, and in fact one of the first buildings to be erected in the town, is located on the southwest corner of Franklin Avenue and Center street and now serves the very modern purpose of housing a score or more of families. The building is known now as Franklin Terrace. Seventy-five years ago, when only a trail led to the door, "The Seymour Tavern," was the name by which it was known to early members of the Legislature and to the few settlers about Lansing.

SEYMOUR BROTHERS.

According to Dr. Turner's historic record of the building, James and Horatio Seymour, two brothers, speculated as to Lansing being the Capital of the State and eventually amounting to something. The Seymours were New Yorkers but owned saw mills at Flushing. In 1847 Lansing was named the Capital and the Legislature was assured.

So the Seymours started the first hotel. The building originally was 48 x 128 feet with cellars and two stories. Lumber and interior finish for the new hostelry were hauled from the Seymour mills at Flushing by oxen over mere trails. Some of the hardware, hinges for doors, etc., was brought from Eaton Rapids by boat as much of the traffic then was on the Grand River.

The hotel was built on the city's first clearing. Dr. Turner's father, Richard Turner, a then unmarried young man, came up from Mason where his uncle kept store and started to work on the hotel for the Seymours. He often, previous to his death, told his son, Dr. Turner, of taking a Sunday ride one June up river with "Mort" Cole. Mr. Cole was also working for the Seymours but later went into business when the town became larger.

The west bank of the Grand, when the hotel was building, showed not a sign of the white man except occasional marks of surveyors who had been sent here by the government to locate the Capital site and survey the town. For miles upon miles west was unbroken timber.

Lansing's first hotel had few conveniences, but was shelter and served good meals. It had one convenience not known to modernity, however, and that was a bar. Its lighting system was candles. If guests were sick in the night or wanted anything they

"hollered." If the landlord was awake he heard them and responded. If asleep, the guest "hollered" until tired.

Dr. Turner's mother often related how the first legislators cursed the town, Dr. Turner's father married here and settled on North Washington Avenue in a little clearing past which run what was the city's main street. It was a cow patch at the time, full of stumps and roots and bog holes.

SOLONS GO IN MUD.

Planks were laid down here and there for the accommodation of Michigan's early statesmen who lived at the Hotel Seymour, a mile or more from the place where the early legislative sessions were held. When a legislator who had forgotten his candle lighted lantern lost his way and fell off the planks into the mud Dr. Turner's mother heard what they thought of the town,

"In front of our home," says Dr. Turner, "my mother used to tell that she has heard the mud-engulfed legislators threaten time and again to change the capital to some other town. But the mud holes on the 'avenue' made business for the boys at the hotel who either greased or shined the legislative boots. Legislators generally arrived at the hotel very dry inwardly, but outwardly wet and mud bedraggled. They all wore boots in those days."

The first landlord was Jesse F. Turner. He held forth as host from 1848 to 1849. A man named McGlovey succeeded Landlord Turner and listened to legislative complaints for four years. Then in 1858 John Powell bought the property and catered to an early public until 1861 when Horace Angell, then sheriff of Ingham county, bought Powell's business and the hotel.

Dr. Israel Richardson succeeded Angell and was landlord until 1863. Louis Daman succeeded Dr. Richardson. Finally the property, which was not a very paying investment at the time because of new hotels in the growing settlement near the Capitol, passed into the hands of J. W. Hinchey. The name was changed to the "Hinchey House." Thirty years ago George Lovely took charge of the property and conducted it as a hotel for a number of years. Lovely was the last landlord and during his regime was the last period the old building was used as a hotel.

Some years ago E. S. Porter, owner of the Porter, bought the property and entirely remodeled it. He "veneered" the sides

with brick and converted the building into an apartment house. The name was again changed to Franklin Terraces and this name still clings. The original frame work of the building, however, is still intact and much of the lumber formerly cut from virgin forests about Flushing is still intact and in good state of repair.

The hotel in an earlier day became popular as a stopping place for stages, which plied between Lansing and Detroit and Lansing and northern points. Horses were changed at the old hotel which had a barn of huge proportions in the rear. With the coming of the railroads the stage business became a dead issue. From that period the hotel's patronage began to decline.-Lansing State Jour al, 1921.

LANSING'S FIRST CHURCH BUILDING WAS OLD STABLE, PIONEER DECLARES.

Initial Denomination Established Here Was Methodist Dr. F. N. Turner Says.

How Lansing's first church was organized in '1846 by four devout women is told by Dr. F. N. Turner in a paper he has recently prepared giving the facts in relation to this first religious movement in the community. In compiling the data he spent much time in consulting old records to refresh his memory.

The paper follows:

"The first church organization in our city was Methodist. In 1846 a small band of Methodists met and formed a society with four members, Joab Page, Abigail Page, Orcella Pease, and Eliza Lester.

"Lansing was a village and three women and one man, realizing the need of religious interest to their families and the difficulties of getting it from the outside world through lack of roads and other means of communication, resolved to help each other, hence the formation of this first church society.

"After the Capital was located, and immigration to the north end commenced this society increased in numbers. Many of the new members were Presbyterians, so when the trustees and minister decided upon a site for church and, church build-

ing the members, other than Methodists, wanted the building part of the time for their own particular service. This was agreed upon and a frame building that had been used by James Seymour for a horse barn, located on lot 6, block 14, facing south, was purchased in 1848. This building was remodeled and was used for church purposes until 1865 by both denominations.

"In 1865 the Presbyterians withdrew and formed a church society of their own that built the Franklin Presbyterian church on the corner of Washington and Franklin avenues, according to records in the abstract office the Presbyterian society sold its interests in property in 1858 as we find the formation of first recorded board of Methodist trustees.

"The names of James Turner, William Dryer, A. U. Hart, Mr. Parmalee, and others prominent in North Lansing business affairs appears on this record. The Presbyterians continued to use the building for religious services until they moved into their new church.

BUY PRESENT SITE.

"After the Presbyterians left the Methodists continued to use the old building for their services until they bought a site on the corner of Franklin Avenue and Cedar street, the present church ground, and in 1868 built a wooden building that was wrecked a few years ago to make room for the present brick structure.

"In the early seventies the old first church was sold to Henry Southward, who moved it to North Center street back of the old Mead store, where he used it for a stable to house his delivery horses. A stable it was first and last, and finally it was wrecked and used for fuel. This is the beginning and the end of the first Christian church in one city.

"RECOLLECTIONS OF OLD CHURCH.

"This old building was a long, wooden, one-story structure with windows on the east and west sides and a brick chimney on or near the north gable. It had been painted white but the paint had faded or worn off in spots so that it had a mottled gray color. There were two entrances on the south or Wall street side. I cannot remember any shade trees near the building.

"On entering the building a double row of wooden pillars extended to the north end. These were used, not for ornaments, but to support the ceiling and roof. A broad, raised platform extended across the north side and on it was the pulpit and chairs for the ministers and choir-when they did not, have congregational singing.

"The walls were plastered and destitute of any decoration. The pews were high back, home made affairs that extended across from the center aisle. Sometimes the pillars cut off our small boys' view from the pulpit and gave us a chance to nap or play tricks on the minister or deacon in the pew in front.

"BOASTED OF LONG SERVICE.

"I went to Sunday school in this building and old James Turner was our superintendent, Members of this church used to boast of his length of service and no absent or tardy marks against his record. He was a great lover of children and never a youngster walked the streets of North Lansing but he formed his acquaintance and invited him to come to Sunday school.

"I cannot find from records who was the first minister that preached in this church, but in 1864 old Elder Bryant, who was sent as a missionary minister by the Presbyterian Synod to get the Presbyterian members to form a society, preached a series of sermons on the 'Prophecies of Daniel.' Elder Bryant had a good congregation out to hear him and made many converts in these meetings.

FUNERALS DRAW CROWDS.

"This church was great on funeral services. A public funeral always drew a crowd. It was a great, public attraction and divided its honors of attendance with a public political meeting. Those that attended funerals outside of mourners and friends went more out of idle curiosity to hear the funeral sermon and comment upon the amount of grief shown by the mourners. Even the departed came into his share of comment as poor, haggard, worn, or peaceful and happy.

"The sermon was usually a short biography of the life of the dead person with a word of praise for his services to God and his fellow man, with an admonition to the unconverted, warning them

of the great punishment awaiting them if they died in their sins or without due preparation. This was the Methodist doctrine and that of other 'denominations 50 years ago. It had to be strong and full of penalties if the sinner transgressed. The ministers, deacons and members in their experience meeting would openly confess their sins or sinful life and then tell how they were forgiven and regenerated. This was the method used by the early Methodists to get a corresponding confession from a case-hardened sinner.

"NEED STRONG DOCTRINE.

"Methodism in 1840 to 1870 was going through a pioneer experience itself and had to use methods suitable for the times and the people. The pioneers of this church in the first ward were at that period passing through deep waters of affliction. They did not know whether their experiment of founding a Capitol City in the woods was going to be a success or a failure. If the legislature moved it, or changed the location to some other city, all their work and expense of building houses and clearing lots was a dead loss.

"Diseases of new climate, as intermittent fever and ague, chills were making them weak and discouraged so they needed a religion full of strong doctrine, a belief that a loud appeal delivered in public for help and guidance would be heard and answered. Some of the other denominations at that time and since have criticised the way the Methodists conducted their worship. Did these scoffers ever stop to think or analyze this way and its purposes? It is to attract the attention, set the public mind to thinking and by so doing create in the indifferent, immoral and criminal classes a desire for something better, more moral, more patriotic and a desire to prepare the mind or soul for its higher plane when the separation from the body should take place,

"These pioneer Methodists did this work 60 years ago. They now rest from their labors. The churches they established are rich and powerful, so well organized that they have discontinued their appeals about the sins of commission and dwell more on the sins of omission.

"From 1870 to 1885 a band of teachers and preachers went out from our Methodist churches and denunciation to do this old

pioneer work again. They reorganized the creed of it and they used the same methods that the pioneers did and were equally successful-Free Methodists.

"All Christian churches employ the same methods in their pioneer or reform work. All social, civil and moral reforms use the same methods to further or advocate their cause, bring it before the people, to attract their attention and set people thinking about themselves and their fellow men. Those who do not want to enter the reform ranks or act as reformers give financial support when they see success crowning their reformers' efforts.

"The first church performed its mission and is gone but in my opinion the ground on which it stood was consecrated and a suitable marker should be placed to mark the spot where it stood so that future generations will know where this little band of four met and worshipped God."—State Journal, Lansing, 1921.

MR. AND MRS. THOMAS WESLEY WESTCOTT.

By Their Daughter, MRS. CLARA WESTCOTT STEELE.

Thomas Welsey Westcott was born in Philadelphia, Pa., July 27, 1834. When he was five years old his parents moved west to Beaver, Pa., where his father engaged in cotton spinning.

In 1844 Thomas Welsey was sent to Warren, Ohio, where a half brother of his father lived, with whom he lived while learning the trade of a merchant tailor. After living in Warren a few years he became discontented with his surroundings and concluded to visit another uncle who was living in Lansing, Mich. The way was long and the journey a hard one in those days, but he finally reached Jackson, where he took the stage for Lansing, arriving there on October 1, 1849. He often said that the first man to speak to him in his new home was the late "Gus" Weller, who stood in front of the old Lansing House when the stage coach arrived. Mr. Weller's greeting was so kind and cheerful that it put new life into the homesick boy, and when 38 years after, on October 1, 1887, he helped carry Mr. Weller to his last resting place, he felt as if a good friend had gone.

In May, 1854, "Wes," as he was called, married Miss Ellen L.

Rice; and they went to housekeeping in a little cottage, which stood on the corner north of the present Woman's Club House. There were no sidewalks and only a path through the woods from the hotel to the cottage, so on dark and foggy nights a lantern was placed on the gate post, and the few travelers going farther on toward the Benton House and houses in that part of the town were greatly benefited by the single light.

His uncle, Charles Wescott, was a leading tailor in Lansing in those days, and "Wes" stayed with him until the fall of 1861 he returned to Ohio to an old employer who had a large tailoring establishment.

While there he became interested in several societies, and among other things he joined a company of Zouaves and the Ohio Home Guards, called the "Squirrel Hunters." These companies were full of the excitement of the times and had many daily drills in the court house square. Later on when Morgan was threatening to cross the Ohio and wipe Cincinnati off the earth, Gov. Todd called for all able-bodied men to go down and save the city and perhaps the State., "Wes" went with his company, on a hot summer day, his knapsack filled with all needful provisions made ready by loving hands. He was gone from home almost a week and returned bringing the knapsack still filled with the food he had carried away. He said the soldiers were so feted at every town on the way by the ladies they could not eat what had been cooked for them at home. It was always a matter of regret to him that his company of Home Guards had not been sworn into the U. S. service, but his discharge from service was given him in the winter of 1865 and it with his knapsack are still in the possession of his daughter.

He returned with his family to Lansing in the spring of 1864, and engaged in the tailoring business in a small wooden building at the corner of Washtenaw and Washington Avenue; this building was later on laid low by a tornado, and some time later he opened a store in a small wooden building where Mills Dry Goods Store now stands.

At one time he was a partner of the late Geo. R. Murray, the old sign reading "Westcott and Murray, Merchant Tailors." He was a member of the Lansing fire department in the old days of the hand engine, and in later years when horses and a modern

engine came into use. He served some time as city alderman. Was a member of the State Pioneer and Historical Society; he was always interested in the growth of Lansing, and had the greatest faith in its future.

He died after a lingering illness Aug. 7, 1898, in the same neighborhood where he had lived so many years. He left a widow and two children, Harry, who died in Birmingham, Ala., in 1905, and Clara L., of Detroit.

Ellen L. Rice was born in Fairview, Cattaraugus county, N. Y., Feb. 10, 1834. Her mother moved to Howell, Mich., when her brother, Lucius Mills, was pastor of the Presbyterian church there, when Ella was eighteen years old, but they only remained there a few weeks, coming to the young city of Lansing in November, 1852, where a son, Cinn Rice, had obtained a position as type-setter on a Lansing paper.

They lived at the corner of Main and Cherry streets, the house that some years later was owned by the late John H. Stephenson.

It soon became known that a new family had come to town and that one of the young ladies could do plain and family sewing, and she was not left long with time hanging heavily on her hands.

The State Legislature was to convene in January, 1853, and for weeks Miss Rice was at the old Lansing House, a hostelry conducted by H. Jipson, making bed and table linen before the State solons should arrive. As this was long before the days of sewing machines and wide sheeting, it was considered a good days work when she could sew over-and-over the long seams and hem the ends of six sheets, or make twelve pillow cases in a day.

There was good society of young people and plenty of sports to entertain them. I have heard her tell many stories of early days of trials and joys. Her family went through the regular siege of "chills and fever," and having come from among the hills of western New York, did not realize what a trial that disease was, and when given a dose of the usual medicine, calomel, by their attending physician who thought, probably, that everyone knew the effects of that medicine, so did not explain the results of taking cold; consequently when on one cold rainy day Miss Rice exposed herself to the elements, there came more "trials" and no "joy" in sight.

In those days the sick and those in trouble were promptly called

upon, and comfort and sympathy freely given. I remember hearing my grandmother, Emily Rice, tell the story of when the news reached them that good Father Knickerbocker's daughter was quite seriously ill, she with her daughter Ellen went at once to call and offer their assistance if necessary. The good pastor lived in the Union Block near the Hudson House. The paths were not of the best at any time, and when the snow was deep it was hard walking, but at last they arrived at their destination and were greeted with more than usual pleasure and kindness by the good man and his wife. After they had warmed and rested themselves they went into the room to see the sick girl.

My grandmother said she did not care to stay long in there, and soon found a good excuse to leave. On reaching the street she hurried her daughter over on to what is now Capitol Avenue, not stopping for explanations. They almost ran in spite of the deep snow, and when she was far enough away so there was no chance of meeting anyone, she turned to her wondering daughter and said, "Adah Knickerbocker has a bad case of smallpox." When they reached home they went into the basement and changed their clothing and threw it out into the deep snow, where it remained all winter, and not a word of their trip was said until months afterward, when the danger was all over.

In May, 1854, Ella was married to Thos. W. Westcott, and together for nearly fifty years they watched the growth of their chosen home. Her sister, Maryette, early in the year 1854, married Lieut. J. J. Whitman, who was a member of Berdan Sharpshooters in the Civil War and lost his life at Antietam.

In 1859, Mr. and Mrs. Westcott were living at the corner of South Washington Avenue and Elm street. There were only two or three houses on that side of Grand river, but dense woods clear out to the road that is now Mt. Hope Avenue, except the block between Elm and South streets, which for some reason had been partially cleared. The Indians often came along selling their baskets and bead work, and in the summer time when there were electrical storms they would run out of the woods into the open and stand huddled together until the storm was over. One beautiful moonlight night in the early fall when my mother and a young sister were alone, my father having gone east to buy goods, they were awakened from a sound sleep by a loud knocking at the

door. Without a thought of fear, my mother, thinking my father had returned as the Jackson stage passed by the house, opened the door. Instead of my father, there stood a middle-aged man who calmly asked her "if she had a good sharp butcher knife handy, and would she let him take it for a few minutes." When she handed it to him he took it with a "thank you" and a smile that in the moonlight looked rather leary, and went away round the house to the front gate.

She and her sister went to the window, cautiously lifted the window shade, trying to see where their visitor had gone, but the moon had hidden under a passing cloud, and they could see nothing. In a half hour they heard the man coming to the door again. When my mother answered his knock a second time, he handed her the knife with a "thank you, ma'am," and an explanation that he was going to St. Johns to market and his harness had broken, "so I jest tinkered it up a bit."

Ella Rice Westcott was one of the first members of the Universalist church, a charter member of the Lansing Woman's Club, and of the Daughters of the American Revolution; a member of the State Pioneer and Historical Society, and for twenty years was secretary of the Lansing Industrial Aid Society, when Mrs. Irma G. Jones was its president.

In the winter of 1903 she removed to Birmingham, Ala., to be with her son Harry W. Here she lived again in the past, and never thought of claiming a home in the southland; it was always "Lansing, my home." She passed away at the home of her daughter in Birmingham Oct. 31, 1914.

B. F. DAVIS

B. F. Davis, of Lansing, is of English extraction, his great-great grand parents having come from England at a very early day. William Davis was born in London, England, in 1764, and died in his 45th year in the city of New York, and his wife was born in London in 1769, and she died in New York of cholera in the 05th year of her life. Mr. Davis had their pictures in a good state of preservation.

Nothing is told of his grandparents or greatgrandparents, but

the father of Mr. Davis settled in Elba, N. Y., where B. F. Davis was born. When he was still a small boy his parents came to Lansing, and here his father, William F. Davis, built a home in 1853 at the corner of Cedar and Baker streets. The family drove from Elba to Lansing, where they soon were in possession of 160 acres of land;

The present site of the Reo automobile plant is a part of the Davis farm. The Reo plant has a worldwide reputation for the autos that are sent out from there, and it was not only the home of the first autos manufactured in Lansing, but is still a leader in production.

The present home of the Davis family is on South Washington Avenue, and it was here that little Bennie, the grandson of B. F. Davis, rounded out a busy life at the age of ten years.

He was an exceedingly patriotic little chap, and from the time he was three years old until the end of his life he superintended or helped in raising and lowering the large flag which floated on the breeze on the Davis lawn. He would never allow the flag to touch the ground.

When the World War broke out he was only six years old, but he was the first child to join the Red Cross, and was the first to buy a Liberty Bond. He alone raised seventy dollars in the school drive to give assistance to the Belgians.

He worked so hard in the Canteen that the soldiers called him little K. P. (Kitchen Police).

When he was eight years old he with his mother spent the summer at White Lake, eight miles from a store, and here he spent some time in "overcoming the old law of gravity," as he told his mother. He wanted a sail on his boat, that was a hired one, so he rigged up a pail with sand and stones to hold his mast, and took a partly worn dress of his mother's and contrived him a sail, and really did "overcome" his difficulties.

LOCAL MAN, 88, TELLS HOW, WHEN 13, HE CAME TO NEW HOME IN MICHIGAN.

R. B. Calahan Describes Trip to Okemos Through Forbidding Forest.

There was a boy of 13 and a dog. Both were of a little party identified with the covered wagon that had lumbered up the hill and had paused for a bit at the town of Mason. Mason was then a very crude and small dot in the Michigan wilderness.

The man of the party cracked his long whip, the horses strained in their harness, the big covered wagon creaked and moved, the woman within the wagon grasped her precious belongings to shield them so far as she might from the jolting, and again the party was off.

The dog and the boy, perhaps with instincts sensitive beyond those of the others, somehow divined the situation. It meant a final and last plunge into the somber, almost trackless depths that lay just ahead.

DOG PROTESTS.

The dog ran toward the woods, then paused and looking back towards the oncoming wagon, lifted his nose, and howled.

"Oh, how he howled! I have heard wolves howl many a time since, but never has a howl struck so inwardly as did that howl of our dog. It seemed to me that he was making a protest, giving his last warning as best he could against plunging into those woods. Oh, how dark they were. It was like driving into the shadows of night."

So related Russell B. Calahan, now in his eighty-eighth year, speaking one day this week of his recollections when as a boy with his parents he came into this county. The Calahan party had emigrated from Knox county, Ohio, to the wilds of Michigan to make for themselves a new home. Mr. Calahan, once the boy who looked with such dread upon the dark forest surrounding Mason, now lives with his son and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Hoyt Woodman, 1026 East Main street, Mr. Woodman is deputy

state, treasurer. Few, indeed, are those who have lived longer in Ingham than Mr. Calahan.

"We had come by way of Jackson," continued Mr. Calahan. "My father had been able to send his belongings that far by rail, I do not remember anything of Jackson except that it was there that I first saw an Indian in full Indian panoply. That brave must have been in full native rig for I distinctly remember the feathers-in his hair and that I was struck with the marked difference in his appearance from the white men. I was soon destined to see other Indians, but never afterward did I see any not already under the influence of the whites as to dress.

"MASON CLEARING IN WOODS.

"One today can have little conception of how close up, completely surrounding, dark and forbidding the woods were about Mason. The town set in just a little opening that had been hewn out of the primeval forest.

"When our wagon plunged into those depths, the little frontier town was lost to view almost at once. There was no road as we think of a road now. We followed the trail of other wagons that had gone before us. Not a tree, so far as I remember, had been felled to provide for the trail. We simply wound in and out among the trees as the space between them made it possible.

"We were in the beech and maple timber. How high those trees were and how they shut down our vision to the immediate spot in which we were, and the sun was so excluded that we seemed as if in deep twilight.

"My father knew that we were nearing our destination and so he pressed on eagerly. After a time we came to a place where a tree had fallen across the trail. I remember that as father took an ax and hewed it away, so we could pass, he remarked, 'Well, we are at last on our land.'

"PLANS UPSET.

"We pressed on toward Okemos. Father believed that he had arranged shelter for his family there. But our disappointment goes to show how unsettled life was in those days. My father had arranged a stopping place for us but when we arrived we found all

his arrangements upset and there was no place for us. We were a new family, however, that had just come into the woods and so were the center of everybody's interest, and it was not long before one family offered to take us in. So we were provided for temporarily. It was not long after that that father found an abandoned log house into which we could move, and so we fortified ourselves there for the winter, which was almost upon us.

"The farm my folks had selected was about two and a half miles southwest of Okemos. There was sort of a trail that led out to it. I was early set to cutting brush and I well remember cutting the brush in one particular place because my father said that was where our house was to stand.

"We had not been so long in our new home when, with a party of others, we went on horseback through the woods to Lansing. I think we must have followed a trail that is substantially where the road is now, but we came out at the settlement about the dam at North Lansing. On the way to this settlement we passed one cleared farm, but I do not remember whose it was. It gave evidence of having been cleared for some years.

"I do not recall whether the Bush & Thomas store, which for a time stood at East Main and River streets, was there when I first knew Lansing, but I remember it distinctly at that location in after years.

"TALKED WITH CHIEF OKEMOS.

"Yes," said Mr. Calahan, "I often saw and talked with Okemos. The village of his people was right at the spot we now call Okemos. Okemos was a man of character, Indian fashion. He was generally liked and, I feel, respected according to the lights of those crude days. My remembrance of him was that he was neither large nor small, but, as we say, well-built. The last time I remember of seeing him he was seated at the roadside. My friend and I spoke with him. He was asked how old he was; as always, he answered 'Heventy-poi.' He meant he was seventy-four, but that did not signify, for so long as I knew of him he was always 'heventy-poi.' He never said differently. I remember vividly the terrible scars he carried. They were received in the battle of Sandusky, in the War of 1812."

It is related that the son of "Old Okemos," who, like his father,

borrow a gun from a sick comrade and by the time I got in line with my company business was beginning to pick up with them.

"I had hardly been in line two minutes before Charley Foster, the colorbearer, staggered and fell as did a dozen others shot dead. That was the last I saw or knew. The ground on which we were fighting was low and covered with brush and fallen trees. Behind one of the stumps some comrade dragged me until they had time after the battle to pick up the dead and the wounded. My left arm was shot through and through and the bones broken and a ball had passed under my left eye through the bridge of my nose and then back of my right eye which it has entirely destroyed the sight of. The bullet was never taken from my head and bothers me a great deal now at times.

"Well, I lay behind the stump unconscious until someone came along and piled me on a brush pile near a railroad track where it was higher and out of the mud and so that I could be found by the 'sexton,' Here on the brush pile I came to life Sunday night, so that I could hear voices. One of them said, using the endearing term according to custom, 'Is the _____ dead? Wonder whose old carcass that is?' Someone said, 'He breathes,' and then they hurried on, as there was no time for anyone to 'fool away' making investigations.

"So I lay in the hot sun exposed to mosquito bites, my throat aching for a drink of water, and blind. My head was swollen as large as a pail and my broken arm curled under me while the maggots began their feast of the dead, as they always did in the South shortly after finding a body.

"Finally 'Steve' Longyear, an army friend, came along and discovering who I was, washed out my mouth with some 'cold' water from the swamp and straightened me around until he could send someone to care for me. The water revived me and I began to feel the process of resurrection, but consciousness did not last, and when I came to life a second time, on Wednesday, I was at Fortress Monroe.

"At the fort I received what little attention they could spare me, for they worked on those who were livelier first, as every surgeon was worked to death and saved his time on the one who looked as if he could be patched up for service.

"Then I became unconscious again and when I came out of

that I was packed in ice near Hell's Gate in the New York harbor hospital on David's Island. Here I finally began to mend and was able on December 18 to fall in with my company at the battle of Fredericksburg, as I did not wish to go into the invalid's corps.

"When I was 'killed' there were a lot of Lansing men fell, and while there may be others of the company still alive somewhere in the world, the only ones I know are Allan Shattuck, of this city, who is the witness on my 'death' certificate, and three others. John Bissell and Dewitt Foreman of Grand Ledge and Henry Patterson, of St. Johns. There were four of us left in Lansing until within the last few months when 'Al' Croy and 'Art' Newman died, and in a short time there will not be two of us left, for the next time with their new and up-to-date kinds of embalming fluid, I'll probably stay dead until all of those other 'honest' dead ones back in the Fair Oaks swamp are resurrected and the order given to fall in under one flag or the other."

He represented one of the pioneer families which have made Michigan the sturdy commonwealth it is, he and his wife Charlotte and her daughter, Mary Sherman.

Charlotte Holcomb had an unassuming, refined, lovable personality. She was born in Auburn, N. Y., in 1839. When she was four years of age her parents moved to Ruffalo, where she received her education. In 1849 she came to Michigan, settling in Dewitt, where she married Samuel Sherman. He died in 1856, leaving her with one daughter, and the next year she moved to Lansing, where in 1859 she married John Broad, and they lived for over fifty years in the home on Cedar street.

When Mr. Broad went to join the army in 1861 his wife was one of a party who traveled the length of the "Ram's Horn Railroad" to give the boys a cheery farewell. She spent her time during her husband's absence in helping make and send supplies to wounded soldiers, and was the leader in a society engaged in making articles for the soldiers confined in southern hospitals.

She was an active member of the Central Methodist church, becoming a member when the services were held in the representative hall of the old State House, at the corner of Allegan street and Washington Avenue. She was a charter member of Charles T. Foster Woman's Relief Corps, and belonged to the W. C. T. U. She died in 1907 at the Cedar street home, Mr. Broad surviving her several years, he dying on Sept. 4, 1915.

bore the name John, was last seen in Lansing in 1879. It is Mr. Calahan's impression that that was the last time that he, too, saw any of the Indians of the Okemos tribe. The son, Johnny, came to see the new Capitol.

Mr. Calahan relates that the agricultural methods of the old days were crude **in the** extreme. "We planted corn by striking the ground with an ax and dropping the seed in the opening made by the blow and then crowding the earth over with our foot. It is surprising how well corn grew under those methods. As for **raising** wheat, we took a heavy drag which was drawn in and out about the stumps. This tore up the surface and then the seed was sown broadcast. If we succeeded in making the seed catch, a pretty good crop often resulted. It had to be reaped by methods that would permit us to get about the slumps."

DRYER Now, SAYS.

There is considerable dispute in these days as to just how "dry" the country is, but Mr. Calahan is of the distinct impression that it is a good deal "drier" than it was when he first came to Michigan. He remembers the old hotel at Okemos kept by Freeman Bray. "The post office was in the hotel," relates Mr. Calahan, "and I remember never having gone for the mail as a lad that the old bar room was not filled with men, some dead drunk, some noisy drunk, and all more or less under the influence of liquor. On one occasion some of the men seized me and tried to make me drink, but I wiggled away from them. The hotel at Okemos was no worse than the rest. It was merely typical of the taverns of those days, which abounded along every road."

Mr. Calahan remembers **Kingsley S. Bingham**, the first **Republican** governor, and also remembers Austin Blair, who followed next after him. He has a host of other memories, some thin and shadowy and others that remain very vivid. It is to him a miracle how Lansing has come from a little group of wilderness houses about the power site at North Lansing to the city it is today, all within his lifetime.

Mr. Calahan will be 88 years old April 21, 1923.—Lansing State Journal.

JOHN BROAD,

One of nature's real noblemen, John Broad, was born in Cornwall, England, May 15, 1833. At the age of twenty he came to America and lived in New York City one year, when he came to Michigan and settled in Van Buren county. He looked out his naturalization papers in Paw Paw, 1855. He lived with an English family whom he had met while on the boat coming to America.

Porter Township was new and sparsely settled, and the pioneers depended upon each other when in sickness or trouble. Mr. Broad, though working by the day or month, could always be relied upon to care for the sick, look after their household wants and procure for them medical aid. Once when he was looking after the affairs of a man who had been called back east, he stayed there through a long hard winter, vaccinated the entire family during a smallpox epidemic, cleared five acres of ground and had a flourishing field of corn when the owner returned. Such deed gained for him the title of "Good Samaritan."

In 1858 he came to Lansing, where for the rest of his days he lived on Cedar street. In 1859 he married Mrs. Charlotte Sherman. He worked in the State Capitol until failing health, the result of service in the Civil War, forced him to stop. He was an active member of Lansing Lodge, No. 33, F. & A. M., a life member. He was also a member of Charles T. Foster Post G. A. R.

He fought valiantly for his adopted country. In 1861 he enlisted in Company G, Third Michigan Infantry, and assigned to the second division of the Army of the Potomac.

At the battle of Fair Oaks, where Mr. Broad was killed, the company lost its color bearer, Charles T. Foster, brother of Postmaster Seymour Foster, and after whom the local post was named, and around his dead body were piled the bodies of a score of dead and wounded of Company G, among them being that of Mr. Broad. He tells the story as follows:

"Our quartermaster sergeant was sick and I had been helping in his department when the call to fall in was given. It was about noon and the rest had all hurried to the front before me. I had to

MARY L. SHERMAN.

Energy, unselfishness, constant service to others, and great musical ability are some of the things remembered about Mary L. Sherman, known to her friends as "Minnie." She was born June 22, 1851, on a farm four miles east of Dewitt.

Fatherless at four, in 1857 she came with her mother to Lansing, where she spent the rest of her life. She attended Cedar and Townsend street schools, the Lansing high school, and the Lansing Academy, conducted by C. C. Olds, on the site of the present R. E. Olds home.

Miss Sherman was one of the pioneer music teachers of this part of the State, having classes in Williamston, Okemos, and up to the time of her death a very large class in Lansing. She studied piano and organ in Detroit. When thirteen years old she began her career as organist at the Central Methodist church, continuing for nine years. During six of these years she was also organist at the Michigan Industrial School for Boys, and for over three years never missed a service at either place. Then for six years she was organist at St. Paul's Episcopal church, and for two years at the First Baptist church.

The first money raised for the Pilgrim Congregational church was \$500, and of this Miss Sherman raised one-half. For seven years she was organist for the "Pilgrim Branch" on North Larch street, and worked untiringly for the organization. She was a member of Lansing Rebekah Lodge, and of the Unity Club. So well she kept the spirit of youth that death seemed premature when it came January 7, 1921.

In the midst of her busy life she found time always to lend a helping hand to others, among other things bringing up an orphan cousin from babyhood.