

stands. However, by hard work and saving as much as possible out of what Mr. Collins was able to earn in those early days when real money was one of the scarcest articles on the market, they soon saw their way clear to shingle half of their cabin in order to have a dry place to sleep, and lived in this crude little pioneer home for a year or so. Then they moved to Eaton Rapids, and for some time lived in a little house at what is now the southeast corner of Main and Hamlin streets. At this time the population of Eaton Rapids consisted of the Spicer, Hamlin, Darling and Knight families, and a postoffice, general store and hotel were its only business places.

Mr. Collins enjoyed the distinction of cutting the first tree in the initial work of clearing away the forest on the east side of Grand river at Eaton Rapids, and he soon became one of the most popular men of the town. For 12 years he held the office of supervisor and justice of the peace and at the time of his death held the office of chief justice. Mr. Collins died when he was 36 years old, and following his death Mrs. Collins went to live with her parents near the Bunker school house in Aurelius township.

Within a year or so her daughter, Marie, was married, and she made her home with the daughter until 1867, when Marie died, after which she returned to the home of her parents for a short time, and then bought and moved onto the farm in Delhi, where she still resides and is cared for by Frank Everett, her grandson.

Mrs. Collins is unusually bright and active for one of her age. For the past few years she has rode to the Bunker family reunions in an automobile, and says she enjoys the rides immensely. She also says she is full of confidence that she is going to live to at least celebrate her one hundred and tenth birthday anniversary, and her general appearance at this time would indicate that she has made a good guess. Since she was a hundred years old Mrs. Collins has ridden to Eaton Rapids and back to her Delhi farm a number of times in an automobile, and on each occasion said she enjoyed the trip just as much as if she were not more than half as old. She tells some interesting stories of pioneer life in this section of Michigan, and is delighted at the fact that she has lived to see the ox team express relegated to the rear and replaced with steam cars, interurbans, automobiles and flying machines.

Died 1921.

CHAPTER VI.

BUNKERHILL

Bunkerhill in 1863: history by Ferris S. Fitch: pioneer life of Job Archer and family: history by Elliott H. Angell: stories by G. W. Holland: history of DuBois family: pioneer stories as told by Mrs. W. B. Dean: the parish of S. S. Cornelius and Cyprian and the history of the Catholic church.

A small post village of Ingham county, in Bunkerhill Township, 75 miles northwest of Detroit.

FELT'S.

A post office of Ingham county, 85 miles west of Detroit. Postmaster, J. Fuller. Morris C. Bowditch, machinist; J. C. Dubois, resident farmer; Randall (Lyman), blacksmith.

FITCHBURG.

A small post village of Ingham county, containing a population of about 100. It has a hotel, general store and saw mill, Distance from Detroit, 80 miles. Fare \$3.00, via Jackson. Excellent location for flour mills, Postmaster, William Dowden.

TRADES AND PROFESSIONS.

Clark, Albert-gunsmith.
 Dowden, William-general store.
 Dutcher, Joseph-physician.
 Fitch, Charles-lawyer.
 Fitch, Ferris P.-mason.
 Fitch, Selah B.-mason.
 Hawley, Henry-lawyer.
 Heaton, John C.—carriage maker.
 Hopkins, Richard—hotel.
 Knight, John-boot and shoe maker.

Lawrence, Thomas-cabinet maker.
 McCreary, John B.—justice of the peace.
 Miller, John—saw mill.
 Nuaffer, Fereinane—blacksmith.
 Parker, Alexander H.-livery stable.
 Peak, Peter-cooper.
 Sabin, Hannah—milliner.
 Sheer, Winslow—blacksmith.
 Smith, E. J.--carpenter.
 Tuttle, George.-Rev.

Ferris S. Fitch, in February, 1873, wrote the following history of Bunkerhill:

A glance at the map will show the geographical situation of the township of Bunkerhill, Ingham county, to be one north, range one e m .

It lies west of the summit level which divides the waters that flow east through the Huron river to Lake Eric, and the waters of Grand river which flow west into Lake Michigan, and is wholly in the water shed of the latter.

The soil is greatly diversified, being sandy-sand and gravel, sandy loam, clay loam and muck or vegetable loam in the swales and marshes. This diversity is not only characteristic of the township, but of the farms as well, almost every farm in the town possessing all these varieties of soil, which makes them peculiarly adapted to the growth and perfect production of the cereals, roots and grasses grown in this climate. For fruit, the township is unsurpassed by any other in this portion of the State.

The timber is mostly white oak mixed in with red, yellow and black oak, and hickory, with an abundant undergrowth of hazel, and occasionally willow, plum and crab-apple, There are inexhaustible beds of peat in different parts of the town, which will afford good and cheap fuel when the timber is exhausted.

The township was named by Major Johnathan Shearer, of Plymouth, Wayne county, who in an early day located a section of land in the township, in honor of his father who served as captain in the memorable battle of Bunkerhill.

The first settlers were Abram Bunker, Deacon David Fuller and son (Henry, I think), C. Eaton, Wm. B. Dean, Job Earl, Jas.

Markey, and several of his sons, Tawis Case, Parley Moore, Henry Wood, Jonathan and Charles Wood and others.

The first house built in the township was by Abram Bunker, and some suppose the town took its name from him; it is a mistake, however.

The town was organized in 1838, I think. At the time it was organized there were not men enough living in it to fill all the township offices. Some of them were completely loaded down with "blushing honors."

The first school district was organized by Deacon Fuller, father of Rev. Fuller, of Leslie, and others in the northwest part of the town, taking in a small part of Leslie.

The first church organization in the town was Presbyterian, organized by Wm. 13. Dean and others. The first church edifice built was by the Catholics in the north part of the town, They have the most numerous congregation in town, numbering their members by the hundreds. The next was built by the Episcopal Methodists at Fitchburg, in the southeastern part of the town. There are several other church organizations, but none of them have built houses of worship.

The first and only mill built in the town was by Selah B. Fitch, a steam saw mill, now owned and run by John Miller & Son, of Fitchburg. The first store was kept by Chilean Smalley, near the center of the town, now closed. There are but two stores at present in town, both at Fitchburg.

One is kept by Lewis Clark and the other by Anselmo Morris. At the same place are two blacksmith and wagon shops. Also there is a blacksmith and a shoe shop in the center of the town.

The first post office established was near the center of town, with Jonathan Poast as postmaster. The next was in the northwest part of town, and Dorman Felt (now of Grass Lake) was the first postmaster. The next was at Fitchburg, with Hubbard Fitch first postmaster.

(Hubbard Fitch was a soldier in the War of 1812, and is buried in the Fitchburg Cemetery. His grave is marked with a regulation U. S. marker for soldiers of that war.)

The politics of the town at the time of its organization were Whig, and remained so until the spring election of 1848, when

there was a tie between Henry Wood, Whig, and John B. McCreery, Democrat, candidates for supervisor.

They drew cuts for the office and **McCreery** won. The town, with one exception, remained Democratic until last fall (1872), when it went Republican.

The morals of the town are second to none in the county or State. No citizen of the township was ever arraigned in the circuit court for crime, and but one after leaving town has been arraigned for crime committed within its borders. Not that we are entirely free from rogues and knaves, but they are comparatively scarce, and the worst of them are making arrangements to move.

(It is thought that Mr. Fitch was perpetrating a little joke on himself by making that statement.)

The inhabitants are, and with few exceptions always have been, temperate. There never was but one tavern kept in town, and that was in an early day, and chiefly for the benefit of those who would get lost in the woods,

When the landlord commenced to sell **blue ruin** he woke up one fine morning to hear the last of a very effective temperance lecture, in the dripping of the last drops of whiskey running from a full barrel left in his wagon the night before on his return from Jackson. The run broke his bank. He soon after gave up tavern keeping, refurbished up his spiritual armor, laid aside some years previously, joined the Methodist church, and has been a zealous member and efficient officer thereof ever since, and, as a matter of course, and honored, honest and useful citizen.

As to anecdotes, a few have been preserved. When Job Earl moved into the State he stopped at his brother John's in Saline, Washtenaw county. In the following summer they loaded their wagon with provisions and other things, put two yoke of oxen to it and started for Bunkerhill, then an almost unbroken wilderness, not a stream bridged on most of the road west of Ann Arbor. After a long and wearisome journey they reached the "promised land," as all do who travel far enough in the right direction. They chopped and drew logs for a house, got all the men and boys within a radius of ten or fifteen miles, and rolled up the logs. They then began riving out shingles for the roof, but their provisions gave out, so they piled what shingles they had made up in **one corner** of the house body and went back to Saline for the winter. The

next spring Uncle Job started again for his home, taking with him his family. When he arrived he found that old Chief Okemos and a few of his followers had occupied his house during the winter, had used one corner as a fireplace, burned but all the logs in that corner, and used all the shingles for kindling wood.

By way of paying rent and compensation for fuel, the tenant voted the landlord "good **Ingin.**" Uncle Job built another house, improved his farm, and lived for years thereon, an honest, hospitable man, and some years ago was gathered to his fathers, mourned by all who knew him.

A large moiety of our population are Irish, and excellent citizens and neighbors they are. If any community runs short of wit, good humor or good cheer, let them draw on our Irish population.

Mr. Fitch closes his article by giving several anecdotes strongly characteristic of the type of humor found among his neighbors.

"Several years ago I let a piece of land to Uncle Stephen **O'Brian** to sow to oats. Later in the season I let a pieces of grass to cut to a wag of an English boy. The nearest way for the boy to reach the grass was through Uncle Stephen's oats. About the time the boy had finished 'haying, Uncle Stephen went over to see when his oats would be ready to harvest, and when he came to the field he **saw** a broad, well-beaten path through them. He followed the path across the meadow where he found the boy busy with his hay, and the following colloquy took place:

Uncle **Stephen.**—"Billy, me boy, what makes ye tramp through me oats when ye come to your hay?"

Billy,— "I hain't tramped through your oats, Uncle Stephen, Fitch's cattle done that."

Uncle Stephen. "Arrah, Billy me boy, do ye mind I know Mr. Fitch very well, an' **bedad** I know he never buys boots or shoes for **his** cattle."

Another time I let some corn land to Lary Plunkett, and in the fall S. Brown wanted to help husk it on shares, but Plunkett preferred to do the work himself until a snow storm led him to change his mind and he sought Brown to get him to help, and the following conversation took place:

Plunkett.—"Brown, I have concluded to let you have some of that corn to husk."

Brown—"I won't husk corn any such weather as this if I never have any,"

Plunkett.—"That's right! That's right! Take good care of yourself Brown' for good men are getting dang scarce."

In those days the following was a sample of what they considered good cheer:

When Jas. **Markey, Jr.**, was married, being the youngest of the family, Uncle James' Sr., determined to have a good "old Irish wedding night," when James brought home the bride, and a comelier or better **was** never brought into Bunkerhill. Uncle James, Sr., described the entertainment thus:

"We had a hearty time when James brought home his wife, **There** was no end to the eating and drinking, especially the drinking. We had a full barrel of whiskey set on end' with the head knocked out and little tin cups setting round convenient, so that every one that liked could help himself without one having to wait for another. Indeed, we had a *hearty* time, I haven't seen so many men gay at one time before since I left Ireland."

THE PIONEER LIFE OF JOB ARCHER AND FAMILY.

The pioneer life of Job Archer and family as told me by his daughter, Maria Archer Potter, in January of 1910, when she was 75 years old. She died in **1918**, having lived in Ingham county 81 years,

I was the fourth in a family of five children born to Mr. and Mrs. Job Archer. I was born in Carleton, **N. Y.** (Orleans county), on February 17, **1834**,

In March, 1837, my father came with ox team, his own and two other families with him, through Canada to settle in the territory of Michigan. Stevens **T.** Mason was governor at that time, and Martin **VanBuren** the President of the United States. I have heard my people say that they **were on** the road one month.

Jonathan and Abram Bunker, cousins on my mother's side, came **with** them, also David Hodges, another cousin, and all located near Bunkerhill Center, though the township was not then named, but as soon as our house was built the township was named **Bun-**kerhill in honor of Jonathan Bunker.

My father, Job Archer, was the first real settler in the township. Immediately after arriving in Bunkerhill one of the oxen was missing, and when found he was mired in a marsh, and died while **they** were trying to get him out. This was a serious handicap to a pioneer, as another ox had to be procured.

It goes without saying that the country was an unbroken wilderness, and in Jackson, twenty miles away, where they went for supplies there were but two little stores. To reach there the men had to swim the Grand river with their clothes and guns strapped to their backs, and they packed their supplies across in the same way. I heard my father, say that in Jackson once he saw a woman give sixteen pounds of butter for one of tea.

I don't remember that I ever saw my father leave the house without his gun.

After living in Bunkerhill awhile father bought a farm in Henrietta, Jackson county, with nothing but underbrush and standing trees overrun with wild animals and birds of all descriptions. Of course the **first thing** was to get a house, barn and fences, but the crops were of very inferior quality, the land not as fertile as the farm he left.

Previous to **buying this** farm father bought a field of wheat on the ground from a Mr. Slater, who soon left the country, and **the** man who bought his farm refused to let father harvest the wheat. The neighbors had no idea of letting "Uncle Job," as he was called, be cheated out of his bread, and they accordingly **turned** out en masse with teams, wagons, scythes, rakes, cradles and everything necessary, cut the wheat and drew it to our house and stacked it. Before **Mr.** Slater left the country his wife died **rather** mysteriously and **he** was arrested for murder, and during the investigation at the school house near us night came on and there were no lights. There seemed to be a dearth of candles in the neighborhood, and they asked mother to help them out. She too squares of cotton cloth and spread them with partly melted beeswax and rolled them in the shape of candles. I think it too about three dozen of them' **for they** came back two or three **times** before they could finish the inquest.

Candles at that time were made by melting a large quantity of tallow, the wicks were strung on sticks, six on a stick, then **the** were dipped, one set at a time into the melted tallow until **large**

enough to be placed in the candle stick. Then a little later when they wanted to be stylish, they used molds made of tin, but when they could do no better a broken saucer filled with grease and a rag for a wick answered every purpose.

My first school teacher was Mr. Denton, who taught summer and winter, and he must have been a good teacher, for he let us do as we liked, only insisting that we keep out of Mr. Sibert's orchard, It being the only one in the country made it hard for him and us children too. Fruit was very scarce, thornapples, crab apples, wild grapes and wild plums foimed the variety, and when Grandmother Archer sent us some dried apples from York State we children were the envy of the whole school when we could get a few pieces of these and carry them to school to eat.

Our writing at that time was done with a quill pen, made from a goose quill, and a teacher that couldn't make a pen was considered incompetent to teach. A standing joke at that time was that it took the pinion of one goose to write the o-pinion of another goose.

Teachers wages at that time wns usually 75 cents per week, and all teachers boarded around the district.

Money was scarce and one source of revenue was the making of 'black salts.' Logs were rolled together and burned, the ashes leached and then the lye boiled down into salts, and what the family didn't use in baking was taken to Dexter and exchanged for money or merchandise.

Matches were unknown, and flint and steel were used instead. Sometimes lightning would strike a tree, and every effort would be made to keep it burning a long time to supply' the neighborhood with fire.

A letter was an event in the life of the pioneers, and when our neighbor, Mr. Silent, was notified that there was one in the office for him and the postage had not been paid, his daughter and I were sent to the office to get it. The postage was 25 cents, and instead of money to pay this the girl produced a two-quart basin cake of deer's tallow, which answered every purpose. That was considered legal tender there. Our journey was through the woods two and one-half miles, and as we went we frightened up the denizens of the forest in earnest, I can assure you. We saw deer, partridges, turkeys, every kind of squirrel, snakes and one

Indian who said "Boshoo." When we got home and told mother there was a big black hog crossed the road' we learned that it was a bear. We frequently heard wolves, hut I never saw one.

Wild horses, or Indian ponies, were there in droves, and any one who wished to could catch a pony and tame it for his own use. Brother Hiram tried it and got a broken arm for his pains,

I think it was 1842 that I attended a funeral with several other girls. It was very warm so we carried our shoes and stockings, also our pantalets tied up in our handkerchiefs, and when we came near the house where the funeral was we sat down on a log and finished dressing ourselves. A miserable wag called our pantalets "shin-curtains."

Spelling schools were among the entertainments for the winter, the others were pumpkin bees, husking bees, occasionally a house or barn raising, a logging bee or quilting. These quiltings were enjoyed hy ladies old and young, and a rule was established thnt each one must sing n song or tell a story. The thread used was made from fine cotton yarn doubled and twisted on a big wheel and dyed with maple bark. The common thread of that day was made from flax raised among us, and mother divided her time between the big wheel, the small wheel and the baby in the cradle.

We carded the wool, spun and dyed it, nud then it was woven into cloth for our dresses. We also knitted all the stockings and socks for the family, all the suspenders for the men, and braided straw and sewed it into hats for the family.

It was a common thing for the Indians to lift the latch and walk in without knocking, sit down flat on the floor until ready to go. Chief Okemos frequently called and would always say, "Okemos, mc hungry," and if we fed him he would bring several hungry ones with him the next time he came,

The contrast between those days and now is quite pronounced, good roads, excellent schools, and church privileges having made the difference."

During the last year of her life Mrs. Potter knit eleven sweaters and many pairs of socks For our boys in service.

HISTORY OF THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF THE TOWNSHIP OF BUNKERHILL.

Written by ELLIOTT H. ANGELL in 1891.

The township lines for this town were first surveyed in the year 1824 by Joseph Wampler, and in 1826 were sub-divided by the same person.

The first person to locate land in this township was Luther Branch, June 19, 1835, on section 33,

The next person to locate land was Elias Thompson, August 27, on sections 34 and 35. The next was Blossom I. Efner, August 27, on sections 27-28-33, Blossom I. Efner again Sept. 2, 1835 on section 34.

Silas Holt, September 17, on section 1. Martin Allen, October 27, on section 34. These were all that located land in this town in 1835.

In 1836 locations were more frequent, and nearly half of the town was taken in that year,

The first house built in the town was erected by Abram Bunker, on the N. E. $\frac{1}{4}$ of section 33, who had the job of building it on land owned by Noah Clark. In the work of building he was assisted by James Harkness, David Hodges and William Vickary. Of these first builders William Vickary still lives (1891) on the farm he had then bought on section 32, and David Hodges lives at this writing in Stanton, Montcalm county,

Abram Bunker died a few years ago in Henrietta, Jackson county. Unfortunately for Mr. Clark, who hired this house built, he did not know where the lines of his land were, and the house was built on another man's land, consequently was never occupied by its owner, but was used as the stopping place for many of the early settlers as they came to commence improvements on land nearby.

Though the house was small it is said to have sheltered four families in one winter. This house not being occupied by its owner was frequently vacant, and had no land cleared around it except a small piece for a garden. The house was consumed by forest fires with all the fences surrounding it.

The first permanent improvement was made by David Puller on section 7, probably in 1837. Henry Wood was next to make improvement, and he also came in 1837. There were others who came in that year, among them John O'Brien and Job Earl. Of the settlers of 1837, William Vickary still lives on the farm he bought in that year on section 32, and is now 84 years old. John O'Brien died last year (1890) on the farm he bought in 1837, on section 25. George E. Wood, son of Henry Wood, lives on the old homestead on section 1. Of the family of Job Earl, who came with him in 1837 and yet living in Bunkerhill, are Mrs. Amanda Watterhouse and Charles Earl.

The first white child born in this town was Charles H. Wood, son of Henry Wood, born April 7, 1837. I am aware that other historians have said that Mary Bunker was the first white child born here. An uncle of Mary Bunker told me a short time since that Mary's father was not married until 1840, and that Mary was born in Henrietta, Jackson county. This leaves Charles H. Wood undisputed possessor of the honor of first birth. (Charles H. Wood died in 1822.)

The township was settled quite rapidly during 1838-39, so that in 1840 there were twenty voters. By an act of the Legislature, approved March 21, 1839, the township was organized. Said act also provided that a town meeting be held at the house of David Puller in said township.

The officers elected at the first town meeting were:

Supervisor-David Fuller.

Clerk-Uzziel C. Taylor.

Treasurer-David Puller.

Assessors-Henry Wood, Tristram Smith. George Taylor.

Collector-Henry Taylor.

Directors of the Poor-Ebenezer Whitmore, Brutus Hoyt.

Commissioners of Highway-Ebenezer Whitmore, Job Earl, Tristram Smith.

Justices of the Peace-Henry Wood, Tristram Smith, George Taylor.

Constable-Brutus Hoyt.

Of those who voted at the first township meeting only one is left now living in the township they helped to organize, and that is William Vickary, who yet holds the fort on section 32. John

O'Brien claimed to have attended the first township meeting and to have been the only Democrat there. He said that the Whigs thought it would be a good time to kill him so there would be no Democrat seed in the town, and said, "Faith, and I think they would, but I went home." I think he was mistaken about his being the only Democrat here then, for a number of those first votes were afterward identified with the Democratic party.

There was only one ticket nominated, and they were mostly Whigs, School District No. 1 on section 7, and District No. 2, with house on section 49, were organized in May, 1840. District No. 2 was organized first, but owing to some negligence on the part of the officers in the district first organized, and a little sharp practice with the second, No. 2 got recorded first and captured the number, and now stands as No. 1.

Louisa Ann Woodruff taught the first school in No. 1, and Mary Jane Smith was the first teacher in No. 2.

The first religious society was formed through the influence of David Fuller at his house by the Baptists about 1838. In 1848 there was a Presbyterian society organized at the Dean school house in District No. 2, and about the same time there was a Methodist Episcopal class formed at the Puller school house now called Felt's school house in District No. 1. Soon after this followed the organization of the Roman Catholic church in 1844 at the house of James Markey on section No. 10. The Catholics would never use a public school house for religious service, so held their meetings at private houses until they built their church about 1859 or 1860. This was the first church edifice built in Bunkerhill township, and stands near the middle of section 10. This church society grew very rapidly, and soon outnumbered all the other religious societies in membership. Their membership extends over an area of ten to twelve miles from the church and numbers over two hundred communicants.

The first post office was established in 1848, Chester Tuttle was postmaster on section 10. The mails were brought to this office from Henrietta, Jackson county, Mr. Prescott being postmaster there. He went to Jackson every Saturday for the mail for his office and ours. Then Mr. Tuttle would go on foot, following cattle trails a large portion of the way, often across marshes and through swamps, generally on Sunday, and bring the Bunkerhill

mail from Henrietta in his hat, pocket or handkerchief. Mr. Tuttle got tired of carrying mail for so small pay, so a scheme was devised to get "Uncle Sam" to carry the mail. In 1850 a petition was circulated to have a mail route established from Mason to Jackson and back once a week, and supply Henrietta, Bunkerhill and Felt's with mail. This arrangement led to establishing a new post office at Felt's with Dorman Felt first postmaster.

Abijah L. Clark was the first to conceive the propriety of the new mail route and was also first to carry mail over it. A few years later, I think about 1855, a new post office was established at Fitchburg, with Hubbard Fitch as postmaster. Felt's post office was discontinued after a few years. The office at Bunkerhill is yet maintained and Judson S. Sweezy is postmaster.

The post office at Fitchburg is still running, with Mrs. Frank Havens as postmistress.

These post offices are now supplied with mail three times a week by a spur or side route from Leslie.

The first blacksmith who did custom work was H. C. VanHorn, who settled here in 1840. He built a shop and commenced work on section 21, then known as the Tuttle farm, now occupied by H. Davis and son. Mr. VanHorn worked here two years, and believing that more work could be found in other locations moved with his family to Williamston. Soon after he went to California and after a year or two was never heard from again.

The first wedding in this town is believed to have been Henry Fuller and Lovina Whitmore, in 1841. Mr. Fuller lived only a few years and died, leaving his wife with two little girls. The widow never again married and now lives with her youngest daughter, the wife of C. B. Smith, at Bloomingdale, Van Buren county.

The married couple who have lived the longest married life together is Timothy Poxon and wife. Timothy Poxon married Nancy Gatchel in 1840, and came very soon after to the farm they now own on section 21.

The first death that occurred in the township was a child in a family by the name of Davis who lived in the Bunker house (the one first built) a little while and being homesick went back to the place they came from.

The first saw mill was a steam mill, with an upright muley saw,

built by Selah Fitch. This mill is yet in good condition, and is owned and run by Alonzo Miller.

The first store where general merchandise was kept for sale was at Bunkerhill Center, and owned by Ahmond Cozier. Mr. Cozier first started his store in 1854, and kept it until the winter of 1858, when he was found dead in his store, it was thought of apoplexy.

ORIGIN OF THE NAME OF THE TOWNSHIP.

When the petition was being circulated asking the Legislature to organize the township the question of the name was talked of. David Fuller being first man to make permanent improvements in the town claimed the right to furnish the name. He wanted to name it "Emma" after the town he came from. Jonathan Shearer, who owned all but one lot on section 29, opposed this, saying that our town was not always going to be a little girl, and that he would not present such a petition. Mr. Shearer was then member of the Legislature from the west district of Wayne county. He wanted to call it "Bunker" in honor of the man who built the first house. Mr. Bunker did not like so much distinction, so the matter was compromised by calling it Bunkerhill. Mr. Shearer presented the petition to the Legislature and secured the passage of the bill to organize the township. Bunkerhill is rather a level town for such a hilly name.

It has a large area of open marsh, some of these marshes extending nearly across the town from north to south, The water all runs south into Jackson county. The people of our town experienced great inconvenience by having no suitable outlet for the main ditches, and very much of the marsh on the south side of the town became flooded. When the drain laws were revised in 1881 our old drain commissioner was instrumental in getting a clause inserted (Sec. 5, Laws of 1881) to enable the people of one county to run drains across county lines into adjoining counties. Taking advantage of this act, fearing it would soon be repealed, our people had four separate drains extended far enough into Jackson county to secure good outlets.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Of the county officers elected from this town, the first was Ferris Fitch, Democrat, elected to the Legislature in 1852, when the county was all one representative district. After the county was divided, the east district elected Dorman Felt, Republican, of this town, to the Legislature in 1868.

In 1869 Elliott H. Angell, Republican, was elected drain commissioner at the spring election and re-elected in 1871. The Legislature of 1872 changed the laws so that county drain commissioners were elected by the board of supervisors, and Mr. Angell was elected to a third term by a Democratic board of supervisors.

John W. Whallon was elected county clerk by a fusion of the Democrats and Greenbacks, in 1882, re-elected in 1884, and again in 1880.

Daniel Markcy, Republican, was elected to the Legislature from Ogemaw county in 1884, and re-elected in 1880; was elected speaker of the house of sessions following his second election. He was born in Bunkerhill and lived here until quite a boy, the family being the strongest kind of Democrats in those days. His father was James Markey, Jr., and lived on section 10.

Milo Dakin, member of the Legislature of 1885, and elected from the first district of Saginaw county, was raised and educated in this town, Charles C. Fitch, elected register of deeds in 1884 and re-elected in 1886 and elected to the Legislature in 1888 and again in 1890 from the city of Mason, was a son of Ferris S. Fitch of this town, as was also Ferris S. Fitch, Jr., who was elected Superintendent of Public Instruction from Pontiac in 1890.

Prominent among the early settlers of this town, and who did much to develop its resources and its institutions, besides those already named are :

James Vicary, George W. M. Shearer, Zachariah Makeley, Parley P. Moore, Stoddard Culver, Bezaleel Archer, Bazaleel Hodge, Lewis Case, Calvin P. Eaton, Patrick Markcy, Thomas Markey, Orson O. Janes, Joseph C. Ewers, Timothy Birney, Abram A. Wilcox, Lucius Lord, William B. Dean, John B. McCreery, Hubbard McCreery, Philander Peak, Peter M. Peak, Danforth Parmalee, Henry B. Hawley, Jonathan Wood, Charles Wood, John DeCamp and Silas Holt.

The first roads were laid out from one settlement to another

without regard to section lines, crossing swamps or marshes at places where it would require the least causeway. This made much trouble in after years in getting them changed to where they should have been laid out in the first place.

The first road regularly laid out according to law was on May SO-81, 1839, by Anson Jackson, who was then county surveyor.

BUNKERHILL ANECDOTE.

G. W. HOLLAND.

Once on a time a son of the Emerald Isle crossed the Atlantic and settled, like many others of his race, in Bunkerhill. He bought a nice piece of land and started out to build a home; he was successful and soon had abundant crops. While he was plowing for summer fallow one of his oxen got into the clover and ate so much that he died. Learning that a neighbor had a good mate for his remaining ox, he went to see if he could buy it and pay when he sold his wheat, the neighbor to take his note. The bargain was made, the note made out and signed, and then Pat took it and put it into his own pocket. "Oh, I want the note," said his neighbor. "Oh, no," said Pat, "I can't pay unless I have the note to tell when it is due." He kept the note, but the day it was due he was on hand with the money and promptly paid it.

Hon. S. R. Fitch once let a man have some wheat to sow, and it was to be paid back when the man threshed in the fall, in time for Mr. Fitch to use it for seed. When threshing time came there was no machine came into the neighborhood, so this man loaded up his wagon and took it to a machine eight miles away and had enough wheat threshed to pay Mr. Fitch as he had agreed.

G. W. Holland, of White Oak, who has lived in Ingham county for sixty-six years, has written a very interesting letter to the secretary of the Ingham County Pioneer and Historical Society, giving some data that cannot fail to be of interest to the descendants of the pioneers of the county. Mr. Holland's early life was spent in the townships of Leroy, Wheatfield, White Oak and Ingham. In

1879 he settled in Bunkerhill where he lived for forty years, until his home was broken up by the death of his wife. In 1876 he became a regular correspondent for the Ingham County Democrat, and a few years later began the same work for the Ingham County News, The Leslie Local, Stockbridge Sun, The Lansing Scentiel and other newspapers. He was justice of the peace in Bunkerhill for about 22 years and can tell many very interesting tales of early days proceedings. He died in 1922. He tells the following story of Bunkerhill township :

"In the southeast part of Ingham county is a township which for a long time was known as town 1 North of Range 1 East. Two men claimed to be the first settlers, Mr. Bunker and Mr. Hill. Both arrived on the same day. At a house raising a little later a vote was taken and the name of both the men was given to the township. (Several stories have been told regarding the way the township received its name, and all claim to be authentic. Ed.)"

At the first town meeting Henry Wood was chosen as supervisor, Abram Wilcox, Treasurer, James Markey, Clerk. There were but seven legal voters in the township, and some of them held three or four different offices. Timothy Poxson was justice of the peace, highway commissioner and school inspector; Crocket Ewert was highway commissioner and school inspector, and these and Zackariah Mechley and Dorman Felt made the list of voters. Mr. Henry Wood, the supervisor, had one son, the first male white child born in Bunkerhill. He grew to manhood and married Emma Post, of White Oak Township. Charles Wood left his young wife and went to defend and uphold the flag at Lincoln's call for volunteers.

Mr. Timothy Poxson was the father of the first white female child born in the township. Her name was Sophia Poxson, and when a young woman she married Charles J. Earl.

Other settlers soon followed, and from a wilderness their perseverance, industry and frugality turned Bunkerhill into a town of fine farms and beautiful homes. Its swamps are now well drained, and in place of dense forests are found fertile, well tilled fields, commodious houses and barns, school houses and churches. She gave her sons in defense of the country in the dark days of '61 to '65; when Spain destroyed the Maine she sent help; when the

inhuman Huns were sinking our ships her boys went across the Atlantic and helped lay the German tyrant low.

There are six churches and five cemeteries in Bunkerhill-the Felt, Catholic, Reeves, Fitchburg and Bunkerhill Center.

The school districts of the township are known as the Felt, Laberteaux, Fitchburg, Bunkerhill, Birney, Reeves, Bachelor and the Catholic school. In 1545 school district No. 6, Bunkerhill, was organized, and Miss Ellen Angell taught the first term in a granary in the northwest part of section 13. This was owned by B. M. **Regnold**, and it accommodated fifteen pupils that term. The families in the district were B. M. **Regnold**, John DeCamp, Daniel H. Beers, Wm. Angell, Jerry DeCamp, Charles and **Jonathan Wood**.

The second term was taught by Miss **Louise Beers** in a log building in the northwest part of section 16. The next teacher was Miss **Amandn Hart**, followed by Miss **Hannah Lord**, the only one of those early teachers alive in 1920.

A school house was built in the northeast corner of the southeast quarter of section 16 in 1849, and the first teachers were Miss **Adda Clark** and Miss **Emma Reynolds**. That school house burned in 1860, and school was taught in a part of **G. P. Bailey's** house. Later another school house was built, and the following teachers have been associated with it: a man named **Trask**, John **May**, John **Whallon**, Rose **Schofield**, Flora **Maxson**, Miss **Cramer**, Laura **Knauf**, Hattie **Maxson**, J. E. **Titus**, Earl **Cronkite**, Hattie **Welch**, Bell **Proctor**, Sarah **McKnight**, Carrie **Haan**, Maggie **Marks**, Rosa **Winters**, May **O'Brien**, Orla **Garrison**, Frank **Murray**, Joe **Morrison**, Orson **Garrison**, Anna **McKinder**, Laura **McKinder**, Pearl **Ferris**, Bessie **Elliott**, **Lyle DeCamp**, Miss **Latter** and **Ethel Row**.

MARTIN DUBOIS.

The first grave of a Revolutionary soldier to be located and marked in Ingham county was that of **Martin Dubois**, who laid in an unmarked grave in what is known as the **Dean or Fitchburg Cemetery**, in **Bunkerhill Township**.

Elijah Grout Chapter, **Daughters of the American Revolution**, of **Leslie**, have the honor of finding this grave and placing on it a

government **D. A. R.** marker, with appropriate ceremonies; This was a part of the program at the annual meeting of the **Ingham County Pioneer and Historical Society** in **June, 1918**.

The history of the **Dubois** family is one of unusual interest, and a part of it is not out of place as an introduction to **Revolutionary records** of its members.

The "Dubois" family is one of the oldest of the noble houses of **Colentin, Duchy of Normandy, France**, and we find it spelled "**DuBois**," "**du Booy's**," "**Dewboys**," and "**Dubo**," before "**Dubois**" seemed the accepted form.

The **Heraldic records** at **Paris** begin with:

Geoffroi du Bois, a knight banneret and companion of **Duke William** in the **Conquest of England** in **1066**. 'The coat of arms is described in full' in the records at the **State Library** at **Lansing**, and among the symbols it bears is a **lion**, and the motto "**Tiens ta foy**," which means "**Keep the Faith**" or "**Keepers of the Faith**."

This seems very appropriate for a family which figured so conspicuously in the history of the **Huguenot's**, as the **Dubois** family did.

Much research would be necessary to get the direct line down to the time of **Chretien**, whose name appears soon after **1600**, though these records, too, are to found at the **State Library**.

Two sons of **Chretien** were strong in the **Huguenot faith**, and because of continued religious persecution they left their native **Normandy**, like others of that day, and sought homes in other lands. **Louis**, the elder, went to **Mannheim**, while **Jacques** took up his abode in **Leyden**.

About that time there was an effort made, by the enemies of the two brothers to destroy all evidence of their connection with the **French nobility**, because of their adherence to the **Huguenot faith**, though this proved unsuccessful.

Louis was born in **1627**, and came to **America** about **1660** with his wife **Catherine Blanchan**, whom he married in **1655**. They came on the ship "**Gilded Otter**," and soon settled in **New Paltz**, **Ulster county, N. Y.** **Catherine** and three sons were captured by the **Indians**, but soon rescued by **Louis** and his friends after a "bloody fray."

For fifty years **Louis** was known as chief of the **Huguenot settlers**

and always referred to as "Louis the Walloon." The Wnloon's were from the province of Wallachie and of Celtic origin, though they spoke the **French** of the 18th century. As Louis du Bois came to America from Germany, settled among the Dutch and spoke French it is easy to see why he was given the title "**Walloon.**"

Louis was a patentee and some of his receipts are still in existence. In **1688** he was made an elder in the Reformed Church at New **Paltz**, a strictly Huguenot church, and here again he is mentioned as the "Walloon." For the first fifty years that this church existed the records were kept in French in Louis du Bois' handwriting, then for seventy years they were kept in Dutch, and since then they have been kept entirely in English.

Copies of many Dubois wills have been found, some written in French and some in Dutch.

To Louis and Catherine **duBois** were born ten children:

Abraham, 1657, Married, **1st**, Maria Hasbrook; **2nd**, Margaret Deyo.

Isaac, **1659**, .

Jacob, 1661; married Lysbeth Varmoye,

Sarah, 1664; married Joost Janz.

David, 1667; married Cornelia Vermoye;

Solomon, 1670; married Tryntje Gernston Slaght,

Rebecca, 1671.

Ragal, 1675.

Louis, Jr., 1677; married **Racjel** Hasbrouck,

Martin, 1697; married Sara **Matthysen**.

Jacob, born 1661, died 1745, son of Louis, son of Chretien (Christian), was known as "Jacob of **Hurley**," though he also lived at New Paltz and Kingston; all of the baptisms in the Dubois family were at that time administered in the Reformed **Church** at the latter place. Jacob was a Continental colonial soldier in 1717. The children of Jacob and Lysbeth Vermoye Dubois:

Magdalen, 1691; married Gerritt Rosa.

Barent, 1698; married Jacomhetje Dubois, daughter of Solomon Dubois,

Louis **3rd**, 1695; married, **1st**, Jane Van Vliet; **2nd**, Margaret Jansen.

Grietja, 1700; married Cornelius **Newkirk**.

Isaac, 1703; married, **1st**, Nealtja Rosa; **2nd**, Janetja Rosa,

Rebecca; married Petrus Bogardus.

Gerrit, 1704; married Margeret Elmendorf.

Johannes, **1710**; married Judith Wynkeep.

Sara; married Conrad Elmendorf.

With the marriage of Gerrit, and **five** of his brothers and sisters, the line merged into that of **Anneke** Jans, a character prominent in history in those days, and a name well known in later years through its use in connection with the litigation carried on by her heirs in 'an endeavor to, prove their title to the Trinity Church property in New York City,

Trynje Jansen or Tryn Jonas (both names being used) was a professional mid-wife from Maesterlandt, **employed** by the West India Company for the colony in the New Netherlands, and it is claimed that in a way the family was connected with William IX, Prince of Orange, Her **daughter—Anne Ka Weblen—came** to America in 1680, after her marriage to Jans Roe-loffes and after his death she married Everardus Bogardus, well known in the history of New Amsterdam.

Gerrit Dubois married Margretge Elmendorf, one of the fourth generation from **Anneke** Jans. Their children:

Conrad or Coenradt, and **Tobias**.

Coenradt served in the Revolutionary army in Capt. John **Hasbrouck's** company, Col. John Cantine's regiment, the third regiment in Ulster county troops, 1778.

He married Marie **DeLameter** and among their children are found Jacob and Martin.

Martin was born Oct. **21**, 1764, baptized Nov. **25**, 1764, at Kingston Dutch Reformed church, He served in Col. Wessenfels regiment, under the levies of Ulster county from Wessenfels. Levies were drafts from inside militia to go outside the state to do service. That he was a bugler is shown by the fact that his granddaughter, Mrs. Julia Price, of Mason, has the conch shell which he used for that purpose, and within her recollection it was adorned with a metal plate with his name and the title of bugler. The shell was stolen and out of the hands of the family for awhile, and when recovered the plate with the inscription was gone and could never be found,

Clarence Cook, of Cement City, Jackson county, has 'many papers relating to the family history. The old family Bible was

loaned to a representative of the **Anneke** Jans estate to be used as proof in certain matters and was never returned, nor any trace of it found, though it would have been an invaluable record. Martin Dubois and his wife, Margerite Avery, whom he married in **1791**, came to Bunkerhill, Ingham county, Michigan, at an early day to live with their children, who were pioneers of that township, and both **died** on the same day some time in the year **1854**, and were both buried in the same grave, after a double funeral had been held. He had reached the ripe old age of 94. When the marker was placed on Martin Dubois grave commemorating his service in the Revolution, flowers and a flag were placed on the grave of his wife who for over sixty years trod life's pathway by **his** side.

Jacob Dubois married Sarah Buck, and came to Ingham county while **it was** still a wilderness, and it is to his granddaughter, Miss **Adelia** Dubois, we are indebted for the history of the Dubois family in Ingham county, and their pioneer **experiences** in both Alaiedon and Bunkerhill townships,

With the marriage of Garret Dubois and **five** of his brothers and sisters the line merged into that of **Anneke** Jans, one of the most prominent characters the history of New York has furnished.

Anne Ha **Weblen**
Jans Roeloffes
Sarah Roeloffes

Sarah Roe-loffes
De Hand **Halice** Kierstead
Roeloffes Kierstead

Sarah. Rot-loff es
De Hand **Halice** Kierstead
Roeloff es Kierstead

Roeloff es Kierstead
Eyta Rosa
Blandena Kierstead

Blandena Kierstead
Conrad Elmendorf
Margretje Elmendorf

Margretje Elmendorf
Garret Dubois
Conradt or Coenradt Dubois

Conrad Dubois (Rev, soldier)
M a r i a D e l a m e t e r
Martin Dubois
(According to Miss **Adelia** Dubois, Martin had three sons residing in Washtenaw Co., Matthew, Conrad and Jacob **D.**)

Martin Dubois (Rev, soldier, buried in Fitchburg Cemetery,
Ingham county,)
Margerite Avery
Jacob Dubois

Jacob Dubois
Eliza Van Riper
Julia Dubois

Julia Dubois
J. George Price

(A nephew of Mrs. Price, **Delmar** Dubois, **lives** in Leslie, and the conch **shell mentioned** falls to him as an heirloom.)

DUBOIS HISTORY.

MISS ADELIA DUBOIS, 1915-16.

When the president of the Ingham County Pioneer and Historical Society asked me to prepare a history of the Dubois family for the next Pioneer meeting, I was greatly surprised, to say the least. I had not been in the habit of attending the meetings, and about the most pioneering I had ever done was to go to school through a

mile stretch of woods with mosquitoes to the right of us, mosquitoes to the left of us and mosquitoes in front of us—they came in battalions—and I knew that such an experience was the common fate of all in those days, so what could I say that would be new or of interest, But he urged that I tell **something** of the Dubois family, **as** I had been a member of that family for quite a number of years, over seventy in fact. I thought I might tell how many came, where they lived and worked and died. He also mentioned schools and churches.

The first member of the family to come to Michigan from the old home in Ulster county, N. Y., was John Dubois, 'who came in 1854. I **have** been told that he came in search of health. That when he **left home** it **seemed** a doubtful question whether he would ever **see Michigan** or not, **Lake Eric** guvc a rough **passage**, but he finally reached Lodi, Washtenaw county, where he had relatives, and after a time began to improve in health. After about four **years** of single **blessedness** ho doubled his joys and divided his sorrows by taking to himself a wife, Miss **Abigail** Bullock, and they began their married life in pioneer style on a piece of land on the White Oak side of the line between White Oak and **Stock-bridge**. The first church was on his land and in the building of it he took a lending part. Only one of the family of three daughters survives, Mrs. Daniel McKenzie, and the family **lives** on the old homestead.

The next to come was grandfather, Jacob Dubois and his wife, Sarah Buck Dubois, with **their** two sons, **Martin** and Jacob Jr, Martin's family consisted of his wife and two boys and two girls, Jacob was single, but later married Miss Mary Longyear, whose family came **from Ulster** county, N. Y., and which gave to Michigan some notable men.

I have been told that Uncle Martin was very homesick and had it not been for the brave little wife would have **taken** the back trail for the Delaware river country. Grandfather and grandmother and **Martin's** little wife lie in the cemetery in the old neighborhood (the Dubois neighborhood in Alaiedon) on a **sandy** knoll on Uncle Martin's farm. From the top of it one can see all the principal buildings in Mason.

Their trip was made in 1857, the **year** Michigan be&me a State,

but I have no means of knowing the time of year or how long they were on the road.

My father, Garrett Dubois, came with his family soon after grandfather settled here and had time to write back glowing descriptions of the country.

Father's family then consisted of himself, wife and three boys, the youngest a babe in arms. Their starting point was **Equi-nunk**, Wayne county, Pennsylvania, and the time June in the year **1839**. The conveyance, I suppose, was what has since been called a "prairie schooner," and with this they traveled for nineteen days, At **Buff alo** they took a boat for Detroit. The lake was in a rough mood and kept the water spattering and hitting the horses, which so frightened them that father had to stay with them all night, **He** thought to give **them** a **rest after** such a hard night, so when he **landed** he took them to a stable, but **they** would not lie down until after he had driven them far enough to let them realize they were on solid ground.

At the new settlement in Alaiedon Uncle Martin's house came first, but the news of their arrival was soon conveyed to grandfather's home, and in a short time grandmother came hustling along wiping her eyes, and father met her with the mischievous remark, "Well, mother, if you feel as bad as **that**, we can go back,"

The promised land was now reached and the next thing was to choose and secure a piece of land, and that involved a trip to Ionia, where the nearest land office was located. I think father rode one of the horses he drove from the East on this trip. He bought six lots, a part in Alaiedon and part in Vevay.

Some time in 1840 **Asa**, the oldest of the family, came bringing his wife, son and four daughters. Steven, the **youngest** of the family, came very soon after, and with his wife, Hannah Longyear, settled just across the road from father.

Uncle Asa's children were more nearly grown than any of the rest, and while they would not now be thought of as candidates for school teachers, they were at that time, and the son Samuel taught in the home district when only fifteen years of age, and whether it was the first school in that school house deponent **saith** not.

The school house was on the corner of Uncle Steven's **farm** and faced the south. Decks and benches ran all the way round the

room except the space for the door and another one on the opposite side which was reserved for a **puplit**. Before that time all meetings had been held in Uncle' Martin's house,

Samuel taught in different places after that, and when he reached manhood he studied medicine, graduated at the U. of M., and settled in Unadilla, Livingston county, and became a trusted physician. **He** had a remarkable memory, and a brother physician once said that he always liked to have Dr. Dubois for counsel for if he once knew a thing he never forgot it. Coming down to more recent events in the family, one of Dr. Dubois' grandsons has spent four years 'teaching in the Philippines, three as superintendent of a certain number of schools which he had to visit once in two weeks, and the fourth year as a city teacher. He then came home and entered the U. of M. as a medical student.

The girls of the family all taught school more or less. Jacob D. Dubois lived for a time in Alaiedon, and his two brothers, Matthew and Conrad, also **lived** in this county. **Their** father, Martin Dubois, was a great uncle of **mine**, and found his last resting place in the Fitchburg Cemetery in Bunkerhill. Grandfather and grandmother and six sons were now in Michigan, all but one within the space of a mile,

The story of one pioneer home in the making must be very near **like all**, and I know of only one, and that only by having the story told to me. One wagon could not bring a family and very much in the way of household'furnishings. **A** small rocking chair was all the chair there was room for; the forest furnished the rest, and they were hewed and whittled out by father and the hired man by candle light, or perhaps the light of the fireplace. Bedsteads and tables were made by the same hands. After some years a carpenter came **in** and brought a turning lathe. Now was a chance to get some nice bedsteads made! Father got out some curly maple, had the posts and rails sawed four inches square, and made four bedsteads. That was before the days of castors, and I will leave the rest to your imagination, only saying that that was the smallest size they would tolerate in the city of Brotherly Love when he **went** down the Delaware with a raft load of lumber a few years before,

A shelter for the family was the first in order for newcomers, then clearing the land for crops came next with a plan for an orchard

in the near future. Part of the trees for this were brought in from Canada by a tree peddler, and part of them came from Ypsilanti, and at that time the trip must have taken a week,

Very soon after the arrival of these Dubois families a young, energetic man named Hawley came in and built a saw mill within a few miles of them. This was great help for then lumber could be obtained to put up better buildings than the log ones first used. Father built a barn in **1842**, probably the first frame barn in that township, and the new house was built three years later. I have **some** recollections of that, **especially** how the carpenter worked on my juvenile sympathy by telling me how poor he was, so poor that he had to go to bed barefoot, and get up without his breakfast.

Saying that the house was built in '45 does not mean that it was finished, as only part of the lower story was plastered. Later on the lower story was completed and after that a part of the chamber, a wing containing a kitchen and wood house finally **finished** it.

Among those who came soon after our folks was mother's brother, **Isreal** Chapman, who decided to make his home there, and married Miss Martha Kent, daughter of a pioneer, and they settled down about a quarter of a mile west of the school house. The school house now stands just across the road west from the old one. Other pioneers were Mr. **Tryon**, two families by the name of Finch, Peter Longyear, whose oldest son became a leading lawyer and represented his district in Congress, and afterward 'was judge of the eastern district of Michigan, and whose oldest son, in turn, became multi-millionaire copper mine owner. That 'region, too, had the distinction of sending a soldier to the Mexican War. John Aseltine was his name,

The first death I remember was that of David Finch, a near **neighbor** west of us, and a local preacher. Very likely I remember that because the coffin was made in our door yard; Father always kept some choice lumber on hand and Mr. **Tryon** came to our **house** and made the coffin,

The first funeral I remember attending was that of my Uncle Jacob Dubois' wife. As I stood at the grave I noticed a headstone near by and thought I could always find aunt's grave for it was near that. It was the first headstone I ever **saw**, so of course was the **first** one ever put in that cemetery.

I suppose a story of pioneer life would hardly be orthodox without some **reference** to bears, wolves or wildcats. I never saw but one, a bear, and it was dead. It had invaded one of our fields and was hugging a pig when my oldest brother took a shot at it that put an end to its depredations.

At one time my aunt, Mrs. Chapman, was going through the woods with her two little girls when just ahead of them they saw a bear. She said to them, "Don't be frightened, but let us make all the noise we can," so they began to clap their hands and yell. Mr. Bruin looked at them awhile, then turned and loped off. Her husband was a little skeptical, thought it might have been a dog, and asked how long its tail was. She said, "It didn't have any tail at all." The next day Mr. **Tryon** looked the ground over and said there were bear tracks there.

One summer there was something very unusual done in the neighborhood. Three barns were built, all in sight of the school house, and it was arranged to have them all raised the same day. We were allowed to watch the work to some extent, and when one frame was up we could see the men hustle to the next until all were completed. A few years later a barn on the farm where the school house stood, and only a few rods away, was built, and the teacher was kind enough to watch and when a bent was about ready to go up we were allowed the liberty of the windows.

We in this country have always heard much about the Pilgrim Fathers, but a few years ago a writer, who had a streak of humor in his make-up, asked what about the Pilgrim Mothers? Where were they while the Pilgrim Fathers were doing such great things?

What I have written so far has concerned the doings of the pioneer fathers mostly. Now let us look at some things the pioneer mother had to prepare in whole or in part. I wonder if any woman here thinks when she buys a spool of thread that the pioneer mother could not do just that? When my mother wanted thread to make up the family underwear she bought No. 20 cotton yarn and doubled it three **times for** sewing; if for basting she used single thread. After doubling it had to be twisted, and here **is** where the oldest girl of the family came in. She could trot back and forth at the wheel before she was big enough to do heavy work.

If, in the future, anyone should happen to read this, I hope it will not be thought that this was the only kind of thread in use at

that time, or that it looked anything like Peerless carpet warp. But perhaps Peerless carpet warp will be just as much out of date then as No. 20 cotton yarn is now. There was finer thread for **finer** uses, and linen thread, both black **and** in the natural flax color, which could be bought in skeins, also silk and cotton thread done up in the same way. I hardly think skein **thread went** out entirely until sewing machines came in. Dr. Dubois' mother brought her flax wheel with her when she came to Michigan, and she was an expert in the use of it. Some of the thread she spun was knit by her daughters into lace that was simply beautiful.

At that time a man could not go to town and buy Stark A bags all ready to use. If he had grain to sell he had to get the material, and mother and the girls made them. One of my earliest recollections is of sitting in my little chair and sewing on bags. If I remember rightly the material was narrow, so there were two over-and-over seams, an abomination to any little girl.

If sheep made a part of the farm stock the wool was made up into clothing. It was first scoured and washed, then picked out light, that is the snarls picked out, which was done by the pioneer mother and the children, with outside help if it could be got. The next step was to get it carded into rolls. The carding mill was at Dexter, and when the rolls came home the spinning and weaving was done in the house. As much of it as was needed for the women folks was sometimes colored red with madder, a color that never faded. Sometimes the yarn was colored different colors and woven into a plaid.

That intended for the men's underwear **was** sometimes colored red, and sometimes yellow, the dye for the latter being made from the leaves of peach trees. Any for the men's outer garments was sent to the fulling mill, or sometimes woven into satinette. A favorite color for men's clothes was brown, the dye made from butternut shucks or bark,

When making time comes, the pioneer mother takes her shears in hand, and **if** she is fortunate enough to have help, the job is soon done, for everything was made in the most simple way. Some of the yarn will be doubled and twisted ready for knitting, and the pioneer mother and all the girls old enough, and some of them begin very early in *life*, put in all their spare minutes knitting stockings and socks. **So** after a time the garments were all **fin-**

ished. The only style about them was pioneer style, but they answered the purpose of keeping people warm, and the boys and girls who wore them were just as likely to become reliable men and women as if their fathers had been millionaires.

Grandfather came here in 1837 and died in 1844. His sons, except Steven, the youngest, lived to be quite old. Asa, the oldest of the family, outlived all the others and died in 1885. The members of the Dubois family are quite well scattered throughout the United States, and the name is one quite frequently seen and heard. In 1855 my father moved from Alaiedon to Bunkerhill Township, on what is known as Felt's Plains. He bought 160 acres of unimproved land, and he immediately cleared a plat of ground and erected a shanty as a temporary home, and later built a substantial farm house, which is still standing and in which may be seen the four bedsteads made at an early day.

Among the early school teachers of which I know were the following: Jane Horton, Samuel Dubois, Mary Obear, Fanny Longyear, Elizabeth Miller, Miranda Spaulding, Miss Stranahan Emeline Harkness, Jane Eaton, Louise Cooper, she was supposed to be something unusual as a teacher, and commanded the sum of fifteen dollars a month, Olivia Knapp and Marianne Dubois.

One teacher in the days of big bustles found difficulty in sitting in the chair at the school house, but she invented a way to overcome this, for she quietly removed two slats or rounds from the back, and made place to let the bustle through,

A TRIBUTE TO MISS ADELIA DUBOIS,

Written by Mrs. Franc L. Adams, Secretary of the Ingham County Historical and Pioneer Society, and read at the annual meeting held in Stockbridge, 1918, by Mrs. Lowell L. Dubois, of Mason,

“When Memory opens her golden gates
And the misty past unfurls,
How gladly we hear familiar names,
Like echoes from other worlds.”

The name of Miss Adelia Dubois, whose death occurred a few

months ago, brings echoes whose reverberations have rolled from generation to generation down through the ages since the days of William the Conqueror, and the “misty past” of her own life of 75 years is not without interest, covering as it does nearly all of Ingham county's history.

In 1837 Miss Dubois' grandparents and parents came to Alaiedon and settled in the “Dubois” neighborhood, where she was born. In 1855 her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Garret Dubois, moved to Bunkerhill, and the remainder of her life was spent there.

Miss Dubois found her life work in the home, caring for her father and mother in their declining years, making life easier for an invalid sister and conducting the farm after her father's death in 1884.

She had a keen sense of humor, and both in her conversation and in her writing her quaint manner of expression and humorous touches were a delight to her friends.

She was a great reader, and took pride in having completed the Chautauqua course of study. She was a member of the M. E. church and took an active part in all its work until the time of her death.

She took great interest in her family history, and in 1915 and again in 1916 she gave the Ingham County Historical and Pioneer Society a detailed account of the pioneer life of the family and its part in the early history of the county, told in her racy and pleasing manner.

In God's acre she is at rest, awaiting the resurrection morn.

STORIES TOLD BY MRS. WM. B. DEAN (WHOSE HUSBAND WAS A SOLDIER IN THE WAR OF 1812), TO HER GRANDDAUGHTER, MRS. FRED BRENNER, OF ALAIEDON.

“Backward, turn backward, O time in your flight,
Make me a child again just for tonight.”

These words recur to me time and again, and I think of my childhood days when I sat in a little chair at my maternal grandmother's knee sewing never-ending hit-or-miss carpet rags while she

lessened, in a degree, the tiresome monotony of them by telling me tales of early days. Tales that are closely interwoven with the early history of Bunkerhill in Ingham county.

My grandfather was a soldier in the War of 1812, and grandmother was fond of telling us incidents of that war, although she was but twelve years old at that time. One story in particular was of being left at home alone one day, her parents being called to visit a sick relative, when she saw a company of soldiers coming down the road. She hastily bolted the door, ran upstairs, and crept under the bed. One of the company rode up to the door and knocked on it with his whip. On getting no response he gave the command to his men to continue their march, but it was not until the last trooper was out of sight that the little lass returned from her hiding place.

My grandparents, Wm. B. and Sarah A. Dean, came to Michigan about 1841. Grandfather and the boys came first, and put up a small log house. They later built a larger house farther up from the road and on a hill. When this was being built the boys were unable to be with the men who were helping grandfather get out the timbers, for the weather was very cold and they had no foot wear except their socks. One of the men helped them over this difficulty by drawing his mittens on their feet.

My mother's older sisters Sarah Ann, did not come to Michigan with the family, but stayed at Plymouth to complete her education. When she came two years later she hired to teach the school near Pleasant Lake. She was also shocked to find that her little five year old sister had not commenced her education, and insisted that she should go with her and attend her school, but little Lydia developed a bad case of homesickness and efforts along the educational lines were brief. However, a school was started about three and one-half miles from the Dean home the next winter, near the present site of the McCreery school house in Jackson county. The brothers attended this school, little Lydia accompanying them, being drawn back and forth by them on a home made sled.

About this time a family by the name of Hawley came to that vicinity, settling about one and one-half miles south of my grandfather's. Mrs. Hawley was an educated woman and my mother spoke of her as talented and lovely, a rare flower to be transplanted

to such surroundings; but she was the founder of the first religious class in that section and opened a Sunday school in her home, to which all were only too glad to go.

The Indians were constant visitors, having a camp on Ca-hoogan creek, east of grandfather's farm. Their chief was named Okemos, and at his death young John Okemos, as he was then called, became chief.

He was about twenty-one years of age, and grandmother said he was much looked up to by his tribe, who were quite numerous in number. They possessed quite a large camp equipment, and a number of good horses. They always entered the houses of the settlers without knocking, would take a chair and with Indian stoisicism sit for some length of time without uttering a sound. One day five large Indians walked in and sat down by the fireplace. After a while one of them told, in broken English, that they had a deer and wanted grandmother to get dinner for them. This she did and they presented her with a quarter of the venison.

Mother used to tell a story that always amused me, and was often called for. One day as grandmother was cleaning her floor, she walked backward out onto the doorstep to finish the space just beside the door. Feeling that someone was near she turned quickly about, and saw a tall Indian close behind her. She was very much startled, but trying not to show her fear walked into the house followed by the brave who sat down on a chair. After a time he threw his blanket back and produced a small puppy which he placed on the floor and asked for some milk to feed it. Grandmother hastened to get some milk for the puppy and desiring to be kind to the Indian, who was a young man, brought a bowl of milk for him and going to the fireplace dipped some hot mush from a kettle. The Indian seemingly much pleased, as well as hungry, took up a huge spoonful which he hastily put in his mouth, and as hastily spit out into the bowl. Mother, who was watching him, never told the story without laughing heartily, although she did not dare laugh at the time.

Another story was about old Scnbba-hoose. The Indians had come to the camp and were going to celebrate some event with a dance. Scnbba-hoose was sent to a tavern near Batecse Lake for whiskey. When he returned he had a jug of the liquor hung over his back by a piece of twine, and enough in his stomach to make

him sprightly. There was a very large stone in the road in front of grandfather's house, and when Scabbahoose reached it he gave a loud whoop and a great jump over it. The string broke and the jug fell onto the stone breaking it into bits, and the precious liquid was soon lost to sight in the ground. The children who had been watching him discreetly kept out of sight; then he began to call "White Schmokeman! White Schmokeman!." till grandfather went to the door and inquired what he wanted. He told of his sad loss and wanted to borrow a jug, but grandfather had none to lend, and with 'a bound into the air he gave a whoop and ran on to the camp, soon running back with another jug on his way back to the tavern for more fire-water,

The early days were full of privations, which we of today would not feel that we could meet. Eight pounds of sugar had to last a year, Pumpkin molasses was their usual sweetening. Once a year they tried to go back to Detroit for a few supplies. One of the boys would drive the team of oxen, in a chair in the wagon, would knit all the way there and back, adding to the store of socks, mittens, caps, etc., needed for winter's use,

Doctors were almost unknown; grandmother was often surgeon as well as physician. When mother was about three years old, Uncle Palmer, who was six, took her out of doors, helped her up on a log and gave her a stick to hold while he chopped it in two. At the first blow of the ax he completely severed the little sister's first finger. She ran screaming to the house; grandmother caught her up and held the stub of the finger tightly while she looked for the severed portion. Not finding it she bound up the wounded member and it soon healed. This was her first practice in surgery.

The Dean Cemetery, now known as the Fitchburg Cemetery, was laid out, and one by one these sturdy pioneers have been gathered into its bosom for the rest so well earned, But their memories will ever live in the minds of those who knew them.

The parish of S. 8. Cornelius and Cyprian, situated in Bunkerhill Township, Ingham county, is an institution worthy of more than passing note. It is situated on section 10, some distance from any other settlement out in the farming district. In riding through the country one comes upon it quite unexpectedly,

and is not prepared to see so large and flourishing a church, with commodious school buildings adjacent, a modern rectory, and a well kept cemetery across the road.

Rev. Pr. John F. Farrell, now in charge of the parish, has furnished a very comprehensive history of this parish, following it through all its vicissitudes from the time of its first inception.

HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN BUNKERHILL TOWNSHIP, INGHAM COUNTY.

The history of the Catholic Church in Bunkerhill Township begins with the coming of the first Catholic family to that place in the year 1839. This was the family of Mr. James Markcy. One of the sons, Patrick, had arrived a short time before and was followed in that year by his parents, brothers and sister. The emigration of this family from their native Ireland was typical of that of many of the families which afterwards settled about them. In many instances some courageous youth first ventured forth into this land of opportunity, and, through a hard struggle with primitive nature, earned sufficient to enable him to send for his loved ones and unite them again in America.

The Markey family lived on the farm now occupied by Mr. Timothy McCann, lying east of the church. For some years they were deprived of religious services. At that time Father Kelly, a remarkable pioneer missionary, had charge of the Catholic settlers throughout a large part of southern Michigan. He rode on horseback from one settlement to another, and on his arrival at a Catholic settlement word was sent to the neighboring families, and the next morning Mass was offered in one of the homes of the pioneers. One of his missions was White Oak. On a trip to this mission he first heard of the one Catholic family at Bunkerhill. Missionary zeal prompted him to find them; so he set out, though it was winter, accompanied by Mr. McKernan, of White Onk, and made the long journey on horseback over the primitive roads. An incident recalls his welcome. A rainstorm had overtaken them on the journey, and the white vestments, used for the services, which Father Kelly carried with him, had become soiled. That night after all had retired Mrs. Markey washed and dried

them before **the fireplace** and had them ready for the next morning. Thus the first Holy Mass was celebrated in Bunkerhill Township in the month of February, 1845. Father Kelly came as often as old age and the hardships of travel would permit until August, 1852, and that was to prepare Mrs. Markey for death.

Mr. James Birney and family came to Bunkerhill in 1848. The next year a little child of this family died, and this child was the first person to be buried in what is now the Catholic cemetery. Father Hennessy, of Ann Arbor, had taken charge of the mission at Bunkerhill in 1852. He visited it via Dexter, the nearest railroad station, some of the pioneers going to that place to meet him. Two persons had died in the settlement and the need arose of forming an enclosure sacred to their remains.

The land, the present site of the cemetery, was donated by Mr. Patrick Markey.

An interesting letter regarding this event is still in the possession of Mr. William Fleming, of Henrietta Township.

It was written by Father Hennessy from Marshall to Mr. James Markey, and is

dated Apr. 25, 1853. In it he says he encloses the deed of the cemetery which he instructed him to have recorded at once.

He ends his letter by a request for the prayers of the family for his "poor missions". The cemetery was then enclosed by a fence of tamarack poles, and each one who took part in this work received a family lot in the cemetery.

Among those present at this early date were Mr. James Markey, who came in 1839; Mr. James Birney, who came in 1838; Mr. Patrick McCann, who came in 1854, and Mr. John S. O'Brien. Other names also may have been represented in the parish. After Father Hennessy, Father Pulser attended Bunkerhill from Dexter, making his last visit to the mission in June, 1867. During these years there had been no appointed date for services. The Catholics were notified when the priest arrived, and Mass was always celebrated in the Markey home. As an example of the hospitality of those times we are told that, for many years, all who came for services remained to enjoy dinner with the Markey family.

In November, 1857, Father Moutard, of Jackson, came to Bunkerhill for the first time, and arrangements were made for holding services at more regular intervals. Mass was to be celebrated at the mission once in every three months and on a week day. Not long after this the parishioners, though still small in numbers

began to talk of building a church. It was a weighty undertaking, but finally after many sacrifices Mass was offered, to the joy of the little community, in their new church in the autumn of 1863. The church still lacked plaster and pews and the choir—three members of the Jackson choir—stood before the altar and sang without accompaniment. The following year, 1864, the church was finished and Bishop Lefever came from Detroit and dedicated it. This church, a frame structure, as was the custom in those times, stood in the middle of the cemetery. Long after it was moved across the road where it served for some years as a school. It still stands in the rear of the present church grounds.

In 1867 Father Moutard, of Jackson, received as assistant Father Hilarion Driessen. This proved to be an important event

for Bunkerhill parish, for Father Driessen came to offer Mass every second Sunday, thus establishing regular services. Many

families had moved into the settlement before this date, and a thriving parish was under way. Father Driessen came on Saturday before the Sundays when services were to be held, and remained over night with the Birney family. Arriving from Jackson one Saturday in December, 1868, he said to Mrs. Birney,

"Well, Mother, I've come to stay," thus announcing that Bunker-

hill parish was to have a resident pastor. The Bishop shortly before had given him the appointment. The following spring the

parish purchased the farm adjoining the church property. The pastor occupied the house which stood across the road from where the residence of James Egerton now stands, and a tenant was employed to work the farm. A magnificent elm tree which stood before the house is all that now marks the site of the former rectory.

Father Driessen was a native of Belgium, and was a scholar of unusual attainments. Being the first resident pastor of the

church we have the records from his hands, beginning with January, 1869, and the language and penmanship of these records are witness of his abilities. Father Driessen remained as pastor until

the fall of 1871, and Father Slattery took charge of the parish on the 23d of December of that year. A few years later after that

Father Slattery was moved to Pinckney; the church farm was sold and the parish became a mission of Pinckney.

For many years after this Bunkerhill remained a mission,

being attended successively from Pinckney, Jackson, and Williamston. Although their pastors no longer resided among them, the members of the parish remained loyal and faithful. Some names have come down in hallowed remembrance from that long period during which Bunkerhill existed as a mission. One is that of Father Buyse, who attended from Jackson, and who is remembered kindly in the community. Father Comerford is another whose memory will never **perish** among the Catholics of Bunkerhill. His fortitude under the long drives with horse and buggy from Pinckney, his love for the people, are still topics of conversation.

In the summer of 1898 Father Connelly, pastor of Williamston, assumed charge of the parish, and under his energetic guidance, great improvements were made. The old church had become overcrowded and on the feast of the Virgin **Mary, Dec. 8, 1898**, Father Connelly launched the project of a new church, to be built on what are now the church grounds, opposite the cemetery. So generous was the response that ground was broken **for the** new and handsome edifice on May 1, **1899**, and on Dec. 1, 1899, only one year from the beginning of the undertaking the completed building was dedicated by Bishop Foley, of Detroit; To the credit of the pastor and the members of the congregation it is recorded that 'the building was paid for as it progressed, and when finished was free from debt. Father Connelly continued to care for the people from Williamston for **seven** years, **and in** 1905 began new projects which meant more for the people than those which he had already accomplished. In that year, having decided to live among his people in Bunkerhill, he began the construction of a rectory east of the new church, He also erected a convent on **the** grounds and arranged for the Sisters of St. Joseph, of Kalamazoo, to come **that** fall and open a school. But that very summer he was forced to leave these undertakings to take charge of a new parish on **Woodward** avenue, Detroit.

After having been a mission church for thirty-two years Bunkerhill again became a parish with a resident pastor in the summer of 1905, when Father James E. O'Brien came to take charge. **Then** came the most progressive period in the history of the parish, Father O'Brien was an exemplary pastor and an excellent man. Under **him**, **Bunkerhill** became one of the important parishes of the diocese. He completed the rectory and convent begun **by**

Father Connelly, but his work was not finished, for during his time the parish suffered two serious disasters. These were the destruction of **the** new church by fire in the winter of 1906, and the similar destruction of the rectory in 1910. Though the people had but recently made great sacrifices to erect these buildings, they nevertheless began anew and under the undaunted leadership of their **pastor** reconstructed both, better and more substantially than before. Their courage under these calamities is well worth being recorded.

Shortly after **his** arrival in the parish Father O'Brien opened the school, and during all his years as pastor took a deep personal interest in the welfare of its students. A new school, up-to-date in all respects and possessing an auditorium unequalled in the neighborhood, was constructed in the year **1912**. Today a group of buildings adorn the church grounds, the size and beauty of **which** attract the attention of **all who pass**. They stand **as a** monument to the courage of the people and the leadership of their pastor. In the minds of the parishioners they are a more cherished monument to the memory of those years when Father O'Brien lived and worked among them. This **account** of the Catholic parish of **Bunkerhill** closes with his departure to new fields of labor, amidst the regrets of his people, on the first day of October, 1919.