

Nelson Smith-Died of sickness.
 ——— Chandler-Killed.
 Rufus Hitchcock-Died in rebel prison.
 Andrew J. Chapin-Died in rebel prison.
 Guy Scofield-Died of sickness.
 Stephen L. Price-Died of sickness.
 William Spinks-Died of sickness.
 George Truman-Wounded, died from hardships in rebel prison.
 John Stevenson-Died of sickness.
 James Fisher-Died of sickness.
 James Wilder-Killed.
 Joseph Countryman-Died of sickness.
 William Mallory-Died of sickness.
 Daniel Selfridge-Died of sickness.
James Avis-Died of sickness.
 James Russell-Died of sickness.
 Edward Chamerlain-Killed.
 Plympton Hill-Died of sickness.
 Whitney Britton-Died of sickness.
 George Fisher—Killed by accident.

—Ingham County News.

CHAPTER XIII.

MERIDIAN IN 1863.

Meridian in 1863; Okemos; history of the township; Red Bridge P. O.; Darius Green, a hermit; Mullett school.

MICHIGAN STATE GAZETTEER.

Meridian—a township in the northern tier of towns in Ingham county, next east of Lansing. Watered by the Red Cedar river. Population, 900.

Red Bridge—a post office in the township of Meridian, county of Ingham, 75 miles west of Detroit, having three mails per week. Postmaster, S. Doyle.

OKEMOS.

A. post village of Ingham county, situated on the Detroit, Howell and Lansing plank road and stage route, 78 miles from Detroit. Fare, \$3.00.

It has a Presbyterian and Methodist society, two hotels, a saw and grist mill, a rake manufactory, three stores and several mechanics. Goods are shipped from Detroit by the Detroit and Milwaukee and the Lansing, Amboy and Traverse Bay railroads. The soil is a sandy loam, particularly adapted to the cultivation of wheat. The village has a fine water power, as yet little developed, while its healthy location, its proximity to the State Agricultural College (but three miles distant), and its situation in the center of a fine farming district, renders it one of the most promising villages in the state. Population, 200. Mail daily. Postmaster, Ebenezer Walker.

TOWNSHIP OFFICERS.

Supervisor—Charles H. Darrow.
 Clerk—Ezekiel F. Barnes.
 Treasurer—Mason D. Chatterton.

PROFESSIONS AND TRADES.

Almost, Charles-boots and shoes.
 Armitage, R.-hotel.
 Chatterton, Mason D.-lawyer.
 Chick, Charles, Rev.-Methodist.
 Cory, Eber M. L.-carpenter.
 Cory, Hiram-carpenter.
 Darrow, Charles H.-physician.
Dingman, Eber-mason.
 Edgerly, Americus W.—cabinet maker.
 Elliot, Jesse S.-blacksmith.
 Fry, George W.-livery stable.
 Hammond, Samuel-physician.
Herre, Frederick—blacksmith.
 Hewett, Jephtha-boots and shoes.
 Hudson, Marale-daguerrotypist.
 Kay, Richard, Rev.-Presbyterian.
 Kelly, William-stave dealer.
 Northrop, James-justice of the peace.
 Piper, George W.-justice of the peace.
 Potter, Mary G., Mrs.-milliner.
 Shively, Thomas-machinist.
 Stevens, George-hardware.
 Thompson, Philander-cooper.
 Thurber, Collins-grocer.
 Vandeford, Caleb-carriage maker.
 Walker, Ebenezer-flouring mills.
 Walker, George N.-general store.
 Williams, Ralph-saloon.

MERIDIAN TOWNSHIP.

In August, 1874, I. H. Kilbourne, one of the earliest settlers of Meridian Township, wrote the following for 'the Ingham County Pioneer Society, and it was published in the Ingham County News :

Meridian, town four north, range one west, was originally a part of Alaedon. It was organized in 1841. George Matthews was the first supervisor. At the time of its organization there were fifty inhabitants. The first settlement was made in 1835 by two brothers named Marshall, who broke ground and built a

house on section three, southwest of Pine Lake, which at that time was timbered on the north by yellow pine; fringed on the east by red cedar, while its other surroundings were distinguished by majestic oaks.

Pine Lake is about three miles in circumference. Its clear waters are well stocked with various kinds of fish found in other inland lakes of the state. This spring ten thousand white fish have been introduced. Its banks were long the red man's favorite abode, while sepulchral mounds antedating his knowledge and overgrown by primeval forests bring conviction of a race unknown, who felt the charm that lures to shady groves at noontide heat, and a camp by the side of waters teeming with fish. To those early dwellers it was the gate which opened on Elysian fields. It is now a place much frequented by parties in pursuit of pleasure.

In 1837 the lands were sold to Pearly Davis, who harvested the first wheat, and in 1838 built the first frame barn. This year Chauncey Davis, Daniel Matthews, George Matthews, Lyman Bayard, Samuel Moe, Ira Harkins and families arrived, settling in the northeast part of the town. In 1839 Sanford Marsh located on section 21, on the south bank of the Cedar river, a durable stream entering the town on the northeast quarter of section 25, passing out on section 18, in its course furnishing several valuable water powers.

In December, 1839, J. H. Kilbourne built the first house in what is now the village of Okemos, where he was joined by his brother-in-law, Freeman Bray, the following January. Soon after a post office was established with J. H. Kilbourne, postmaster. The mail bag was carried on horseback from Howell to Grand Rapids. At this time travelers followed an Indian trail from Howell to Portland, a distance of fifty miles. The Grand river turnpike was not yet opened west of Howell, the solitude being broken by only one family residing in town four north, range two east. From Sanford to Delta, Eaton county, there was but one family.

In 1841 Freeman Bray laid out the present village of Okemos. In 1842 he built the first saw mill. This town is well timbered; north of the Red Cedar it is mostly oak, while on the south is beech and maple. The soil is unsurpassed in fertility, and well watered by brooks and springs. The Lansing and Howell plank road, which is now graveled, was built upon the Grand river

turnpike, and that and the Detroit, Lansing and Lake Michigan Railroad are the principal routes of travel through the town.

The State Agricultural College, located on section 18, has a farm of 676 acres, valued at \$47,320; buildings for instruction valued at \$27,800; farm buildings valued at \$18,300; dormitories and dwellings valued at \$76,400; and other property valued at \$249,075. It gives instruction to some two hundred students.

There are nine school districts with commodious school houses; one graded school at Okemos. The number of children between the ages of five and twenty years in the township is 378.

The places of worship, all in Okemos, are one Baptist, one Presbyterian and one Methodist Episcopal church.

The business establishments comprise one variety store, including hardware, one dry goods store, one grocery, one millinery shop, two taverns, one custom and flouring mill, run by water power, two steam saw mills, two blacksmith shops, one wagon shop and two shoe shops.

Our professionals are two physicians and one clergyman. Population in 1874 is 1,436. Number of bushels of wheat raised in 1873, 30,485.

RED BRIDGE POSTOFFICE—MERIDIAN.

You might search the postoffice directory of Ingham county in vain to find this postoffice. It is a thing of the past; a relic of pioneer days before the Pere Marquette Railroad was built. Few of the old pioneers of Meridian Township are left to tell you anything about it. The stirring scenes of everyday life have blotted out of their minds any recollections which the younger generations may have had of it.

I will try in this article to give my recollections of it and the patrons it served. Those old rural post offices in pioneer days were social centers, a meeting place where neighbors gathered to discuss the weather, crops, social events and the more serious questions of politics and religion.

Where was this post office located? Going east on the plank road ten miles from Lansing you passed through toll gate number three. A few rods east of the gate was a long one-story and a half white house, on the south side of the road. This was the home of the Mullett family, and here was also the Red Bridge postoffice.

This house was originally built for a hotel, but was used as a family residence and post office. When the railroad was built in 1871 the post office was moved south on the Meridian road to the railroad crossing into a hastily erected building owned by J. S. Carr and the name Red Bridge was changed to Meridian. So the name was lost and only lives in the memory of those young then, now gray-haired and the heads of families.

Why was it called "Red Bridge?" A few rods east of the post office the Red Cedar river was crossed by an old-fashioned wooden bridge painted red. In the pioneer days the establishing and naming a new post office was not so much a political feature as it is today. The Postmaster General did not have as big a list of political names as he does today, so the rural post office was named by the people it served. They nearly always named it from some natural object as Big Spring, Red Bridge, etc.

My first acquaintance with this post office and its postmaster, J. H. Mullett, was in March, 1866. My father had purchased a farm across the river and we had moved from Lansing to reside in an old log house north of the post office, as our future-home was occupied by a tenant of the former owner. This tenant's name was Robert Pancost, a district school teacher, who peddled "Dr. Chase's Family Receipt Book" during vacations.

I can remember my first meeting with J. H. Mullett, and how he impressed me. His erect figure was clad, in a new suit of sheep's gray homespun. This was the popular cloth of pioneer days. The farmers raised their own wool, their good wives manufactured it into cloth and then tailored it into suits. Mr. Mullett's two brothers, R. D. and Marshall, lived with him and worked the farm of 640 acres.

J. H. Mullett's father had been a government surveyor and did a vast amount of state and government work. I have heard his son tell of his battles with the Indians in early times, one skirmish in which he had a part took place near Battle Creek, and that city was so named because of that battle. John Mullett followed his father's profession and was county surveyor for years. He was more at home in the woods with his compass and chain than tending stock and raising crops. When I was a young man just from college I had the pleasure of accompanying him on two or three surveying trips. The first was in the month of August, 1882, to run a line across a cranberry marsh south of Bunkerhill

Center. We were gone two days and the practical knowledge of surveying and finding section corners was a great help to me. He was an expert in **that** work. My second experience was in staking out the new Okemos cemetery, Marshall, his brother, who was a great joker, had the laugh on me for I was an undergraduate in medicine at that time.

Marshall was a character, who all his friends will remember with pleasant memories. Certain traits stood out and stamped him above the ordinary man. His memory was so strongly developed that he could in ordinary conversation tell you where he was, what he was doing, what the weather if he was asked after the lapse of ten or fifteen years. He was the historical Encyclopedia of the neighborhood. Another trait was his artistic temperament. He was a natural artist and carried his good taste into his everyday work. His furrows were always straight, his headlands square, his cord wood was cut and piled true to the mark. He was an adept at house painting and sign writing, and did credible work in oil on canvas, in shape of landscapes and portraits. The third trait was his humor. The minstrel stage lost an artist when he turned it down. Some of his criticism regarding architecture were extremely original. I remember a neighbor had built a porch with a high railing around it which he described as "Bull high and hog tight."

Associated with J. H. Mullett's family was his brother-in-law, Hon. J. H. Forster. Mr. Forster was a mining engineer and came from Houghton, near Lake Superior, in the early seventies. His coming was a great benefit to the social life around the post office. Building his house and St. Katherine's Chapel, with the work he did in the Okemos Grange, gave the Red Bridge neighborhood a higher moral and intellectual standing. The dead monotony of rural life was broken up and a higher form of religious life replaced the primitive pioneer form.

My brothers and I can never forget his kind, neighborly interest in us and our family. He was an idea! reformer and the quiet, kindly way he used brought lasting results. I can speak personally for myself, a bashful country boy, whose only delight was a book after a hard day's work in the fields. How he found this out and loaned me books from his library, books of history and travel, and by so doing directed my reading into and an in-

terest for the solid things in literature, instead of the frothy fiction that so often tempts a young reader.

I was not the only one he started in life with the right idea of what life should be. He had no children of his own, so the children and young people of the community were his, or he claimed them, and thought and lived for them.

South of the post office on the Meridian road lived Charles Povey. He was an Englishman, born and raised in **Cambridgeshire**, near London, but came to Michigan when he was about twenty-five years old. He always retained some of his English habits of dress and speech. His smock frock, ruddy complexion and mutton-chop whiskers stamped his nationality. In speech there were a few words and expressions he **anglicized**. He always said "**sumat**" for something, and "thirtways across" for diagonally across. He was an accomplished plowman, and many times I have tried to plow as straight a furrow as he did, but always failed. It grieved him that he could not make a plowman of his **son**, but the **son's** taste ran to violins instead of plows. He was a man of some **education** and told me something of his boyhood life on a farm six miles from London.

He **was** a carter and started out every **morning** at 4 o'clock with his **team**, two **horses** hitched **tandem** to a two-wheeled cart loaded with produce from the **farm** for the London market. **He** had to walk, for no carter was allowed to ride on his loaded cart. And drive his team with reins? No, by word of mouth and a whip. **The** farmer he worked for was a renter and had to keep up the fertility of the soil by carting fertilizer from London, so the carter was given a **sixpence** every time he started out and told to bring back a load of fertilizer, and if he failed he suffered the penalty of having the **sixpence** taken out of his **wages**, which was the large sum of **\$50** per year.

Mr. Povey's pastime was trading horses, and I can recall how, in a conversation he had with father, he explained the principle of such business transactions: "**You** have a horse that has some blemish or habit you don't like, and you want to get rid of him; **another** man has a horse that has some hidden defect and he wants to change ownership. **You** trade and then **somebody** gets **hat**."

East of Mr. Povey's on a cross road running east lived another Englishman, Christopher Howarth, with his three tall sons, George, Eli and Mildred. These boys, especially the oldest, led

in athletics. No social gathering was complete unless the Howarth boys were there to show what could be done in running, jumping or wrestling. A relative in Ohio won national fame in athletics, so these boys, if they had been exploited, might have made a record.

West of the post office in the gate house lived Mr. Doyle, the gatekeeper. He was a Canadian by birth, a Douglas Democrat in politics, and father of a family of girls, who, when they were all at home, were never without an escort to the social functions of the neighborhood. Mr. Doyle was humorist in spite of his age and gray hair. Many were the jokes he cracked with his neighbors and the traveling public, I recall two of these. One day in making a change he gave a man all Canadian pennies, and told him he paid him in common sense (cents). Another time when a traveler had to ford an overflowed piece of road east of the bridge he asked him if he was an antedeluvian, and when the traveler asked why, he told him "because he came front the other side of the flood."

When the railroad was completed the Plank Road Company surrendered its charter and the gate houses were closed, so Mr. Doyle, with the other gatekeepers, lost his job. He had been there for years, and was so used to the routine that he could not accustom himself to the new order. He lived with his married daughter for a few years and finally died of inertia, just the want of something to do.

There are others that I might mention, who come to my mind as I review those early days. The R. F. D. has taken, with its daily mail, the place of the rural post office and the social center that it made is gone with the old pioneers. Other social centers will try to fill its place, but never can do it. The pioneers of that community are laid away in the Okemos cemetery. Their headstones bear their names, but their deeds and the impressions they left on their neighborhoods can be written as a memorial of them.

What more appropriate than these words of the poet Gray to close the story of these pioneers:

"Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?"

FRANK NEAL TURNER, M. D.,
North Lansing, August 1, 1919.

QUERY,

Can anyone tell anything about the man mentioned in the following article, which was recently found in an Ingham county paper published in 1874?

"A few days ago Sergeant Bachmann, of the Detroit police, had leave of absence, and went to Lansing to visit friends and have a hunt. One day while hunting on the Cedar river, about five miles east of Lansing, the Sergeant came upon a little log hut, erected on the bank of the river. The curious architecture of the hut attracted his attention and drew him nearer than he would have otherwise gone. The builder had cut poles, slanted them up in the shape of an Indian lodge, with an opening at the top for the smoke to pass out, and then plastered mud over the poles, making a snug, warm house. Supposing that he had come across the house of a lone Indian family the Sergeant looked in, and great was his surprise to discover that there was but one occupant, and he an old gray-haired man. When the occupant became aware of his visitor's presence he shrank back, as if inclined to hide, and the Sergeant invited himself in to see what sort of a den it was anyway.

"The old man would not speak when first questioned, but when Bachmann threatened to arrest him as a suspicious character he found his tongue. He said he had lived in seclusion in St. Clair county for several years, but having been greatly annoyed by parties who wanted to drive him back to the world he had changed quarters and had been on the Cedar river about two months. He gave his name as Darius Green, and his age as 59. He said he would rather drown himself than mingle with the 'world again, believing all men liars and all women hypocrites.

"When he was about 23 years old he became engaged to a young lady at Medina, Ohio, and in due time all preparations were made for the wedding. At the last minute his fiancée ran away with another lover, leaving Green feeling about as flat as a defeated candidate. He tried his fortune again in a year or two, and the girl of his heart died a few days before the time appointed for their nuptials. These affairs, together with the loss of some property, turned the young man's disposition, and he went from the active world into the woods and built himself a home. Driven out after several years he came to Michigan, and had changed locations four or five times. He has several times been sick, but is his own physician. He lives mostly on corn meal cakes and