MARY L. SHERMAN.

Energy, unselfishness, constant service to others, and great musical ability are some of the things remembered about Mary L. Sherman, known to her friends as "Minnie." She was born June 22, 1851, on a farm four miles east of Dewitt.

Fatherless at four, in 1857 she came with her mother to Lansing, where she spent the rest of her life. She attended Cedar and Townsend street schools, the Lansing high school, and the Lansing Academy, conducted by C. C. Olds, on the site of the present R. E. Olds home.

Miss Sherman was one of the pioneer music teachers of this part of the State, having classes in Williamston, Okemos, and up to the time of her death a very large class in Lansing. She studied piano and organ in Detroit. When thirteen years old she began her career as organist at the Central Methodist church, continuing for nine years. During six of these years she was also organist at the Michigan Industrial School for Boys, and for over three years never missed a service at either place. Then for six years she was organist at St. Paul's Episcopal church, and for two years at the First Baptist church.

The first money raised for the Pilgrim Congregational church was $500, and of this Miss Sherman raised one-half. For seven years she was organist for the "Pilgrim Branch" on North Larch street, and worked untiringly for the organization. She was a member of Lansing Rebekah Lodge, and of the Unity Club. So well she kept the spirit of youth that death seemed premature when it came January 7, 1921.

In the midst of her busy life she found time always to lend a helping hand to others, among other things bringing up an orphan cousin from babyhood.

CHAPTER X.

LEROY TOWNSHIP.

History by Dr. F. N. Turner; Gillett Jones; Dana family; Rix family; story by Mrs. Nancy Meach; Webberville.

One of the old settlers told me the following story about the name of this township. A friend or relative of his who had emigrated to this section of Ingham county when Michigan was a territory, wrote his address Brutus, Ingham county, Territory of Michigan. This post office was located at Podunk. Locke and Leroy were combined and this post office served both. After Michigan became a state this territory was divided, the north half named Locke Township and the south half Leroy Township after Daniel LeRoy, the first Attorney General of the new state. Hon. Lawton T. Hemans once when visiting the village and school in Webberville, told the board, of which I was a member, that he would present the school with a picture of the above official, the godfather of the township.

The first settler in the township was Ephraim Meech, who moved into the township in 1838. His farm was in the southwestern part of the township, at that time a wilderness inhabited by deer, wolves and other wild animals. Today you will find a school house in that section that bears his name.

The farm was just east of this school house.

In 1838 James Rosencrans, from Ohio, Orren Dana, from Genesee county, Michigan, and Henry Lee settled in the western part of the township. In one or two years David Wilcox, Leo and George Rouse, Richard Putman, Oliver Geer, Daniel Knapp, A. F. Horton, Harley Bement, Calvin Wilson and Hiram Rix had also settled in the western section. This part was settled first because the Kalamink Creek, the outlet of Mud Lake in White Oak, traversed the middle of the township emptying into Red Cedar river on the north township line.

This stream topographically divided the township into two parts. The course of the creek was through a low tamarack

swamp, nearly a mile wide on the south of the township, but diminishing in width toward the Cedar river, and two miles from its mouth the timber changed from tamarack to black oak and elm. This creek and swamp formed a great bugbear in pioneer days, and was a breeder of chills and fever. Within the last thirty-five years Supervisor J. H. Huston used this swamp and creek in a political way to keep down the valuation of the township property, by reporting to the county board of supervisors that Leroy Township was one-third swamp and not fit for cultivation.

He was always telling his political opponents that he was a friend to them, because he had lowered their county taxes. I cannot remember how many times he served by means of this political scheme. Today you can travel over this township where the swamp has disappeared, the creek had been ditched and the worthless land made into dairy farms profitable to their owners. These farms furnish most of the milk for the milk factory at Webberville.

In the forties Edmund Alchin, David Herrick, Nathan Pament, Alex. Monroe, Albert Gunsolly, Levi Dean, Sidney Murray and Robert Cole braved the dangers of ague and fever and settled in the eastern part of the township. They crossed the Rubicon—swamp and creek—and changed the virgin forest into fine farms.

The southern and southeastern part of the township remained undeveloped for years. It was the abode of wild animals and malaria. The southeastern corner was crossed by a range of sand hills and the west branch of Cedar river.

In the seventies they sold a farm in this section to a German farmer named John Risch. This man had worked for the McPherson's of Howell. After purchasing this farm, Mr. Risch sent word to Germany that he was a land owner, and in two or three years Charles Risch, his brother, Fred Foreman, and Fred Meindorph, his brother-in-law, were loacted near him on this apparently worthless land. Herman and John Mattheisen, neighbors of these men, came and settled in this section.

By hard work, energy backed by German frugality, these men have changed this almost worthless section into good farms. They were helped in their work of clearing the land of timber by having a market for their logs at Dart's mill and for their wood at the charcoal kilns at Webberville. The sand hills unfit for culti-

vation have proven mines of wealth since we have expanded our highway system. They find a market at home for their sand and gravel. John Risch, Sr., for many years was the business and financial director of this colony, but when the younger generation got old enough to be educated into the mysteries of business, he was told that his services were no longer required, and they could save the fees he had charged them. The descendents of these sturdy farmers are all prosperous. Some have taken unto themselves Yankee wives and are located on farms near the paternal farms.

Across the swamp from the Risch farm is another German, Jacob Strobel, who has carved out a farm and made a fortune for his children.

In the northern section along the line of the old Plank Road we find the Kinney homestead, the York and Charles Turrell farms and the large 640 acre farm of Silas Alger and his son-in-law, Hugh Webber. Farther east the old Smith farm, now occupied by Lucian B. Smith, son of the original owner. North of the Smith farm was a large tract of land owned in an early day by the Gamby family. In my time it used to be called the "Gamby Tract," when speaking of the extreme northeastern corner.

These different sections or neighborhoods were handicapped by having no market or grist mill in the vicinity until 1872 when the railroad was built, and they had direct communication with Detroit and other cities. From this date the growth and development of the township was linked with the growth and development of Webberville.

In describing the farmers, their sterling qualities, and their influence upon the development of this interesting section of Ingham county, I will have to begin with the settlers in the western section.

Orren Dana was a farmer and justice of the peace. He served several times in this office and was the legal authority for the pioneers. He had three sons, Hiram, Edwin and James. Hiram was a prosperous farmer, inherited his father's farm, and added to the paternal acres until he had 550 acres of rich land. Since his death his sons have sought other fields of labor and their father's farms have passed into the hands of strangers. James was a soldier in the Civil War, and left his good right arm in the south-

land, so was unfitted to follow his brother's occupation. Edwin was the historian of the family. At social and pioneer meetings he always spoke of or wrote a paper on the events of early days. He always claimed to be the first white child born in Leroy Township, but John Rosencrans maintained that he was born two or three days before Edwin.

He—Rosencrans—said that his mother marked the dates in Ayers Almanac and he had presrved the book. I never knew how they settled the matter.

A. F. Horton and his wife came from Ohio. Both worked hard to clear a farm of 240 acres of heavy timber and make it fit for the plow. He was a horticulturist and his orchards were the best in that section. He also served several times as supervisor.

Hiram Rix, who lived west of the Dana homestead, had a son named Hiram who was elected supervisor in 1890. His sister was a literary woman and has written several articles and poems of pioneer days.

Mr. Putman had three sons, Gilbert, and twins named Daniel and David. I never knew Gilbert, but Dan and Dave were prosperous farmers. David's son—Judge—has a forest nursery in Lansing, and Ferris Park and other places show his taste and good judgment.

East and south of A. F. Horton's, on a cross road, lived Warren Haskill, a Civil War veteran. He and his son William worked in the pineries near Tawas. His son never forgot the habits of life in the lumber woods, for they clung to him all during life. In habits, dress and quaintness of speech he was the Diogenese of Leroy Township. Mrs. Haskill, his mother, was noted for her fine bread and her energy in behalf of the Woman's Relief Corps.

Edmund Alchin and his wife were English. He was a successful farmer and always worked his land with all the thoughtful details you will find on a farm in England. He taught his sons to love the soil, and they all were farmers, while his daughters all married farmers, and most of his grandsons have been successful tillers of the soil. When the railroad was building a timber contractor came into the Alchin neighborhood to buy timber. He got acquainted with the teacher in that district and married her, bought a farm and became a permanent resident of the township.

It was my good fortune to become intimately acquainted with this family, William Beazan's. They were both of English descent.

A Yankee is apt to call the English cold, hard to get acquainted with and undemonstrative. They are, to an inquisitive stranger, but to their friends they show a depth of feeling, admirable tact, quiet humor and a capacity to endure suffering and affliction that is astonishing. William Beazan and his wife were of this type. Our soldier boys who were welcomed, when on leave, by English mothers whose hearts were full of sorrow, who had lost all on the Plains of Flanders, will tell you that these brave women never paraded their secret sorrow before strangers.

Mr. Beazan was an ideal farmer, an artist with a plow and a noted breeder of Ramboulette sheep. His flocks were the apple of his eye, and every county fair had a pen of his prize winners on exhibition.

Mr. McWithey lived on the opposite corner from Mr. Alchin. There was a rivalry between them as each strove to raise the biggest crops of wheat, etc.

One mile east of Alchin's corner was the Herrick settlement. Daniel Herrick was born near Plymouth, Michigan, and came into the woods of Leroy Township to carve out a farm, raise his family according to the rules of the Methodist church, and get as much enjoyment as he could out of a farmer's life. His home was the social center of the neighborhood. All church socials, singing schools and societies of all kinds were held at Uncle Dan's. In entertaining large crowds he was helped by his neighbor and brother-in-law, Nathan Pament. Uncle Nat was a musician and played the bass viol. No musical entertainment was complete without Uncle Nat and his music box to play solos and accompaniments. Nathan Pament was born and raised in England, and learned the plasterers and stone mason trade before he emmigrated. When he could get away from his farm he was busy working at the above trades. Many a wall he laid in Leroy and adjoining townships, and hundreds of rooms were made snug and warm with his deft handling of the trowel. His buddy or helper for a number of years was Daniel Kingsbury, an Ohio man. This pair of workmen were as full of practical jokes as a couple of school kids. Many stories were told of their pranks. I will have to relate one as a sample. They were building a wall under a barn for Hugh

Webber, and his hound bothered them by getting in the way. Mr. Webber was informed that if he didn't take care of his dog they were liable to get him walled in under the barn. Webber told them the dog could care for himself. The wall was finished and the workmen were leaving when the dog commenced to howl, and the owner found he was shut under the barn. He was mad, for the dog was his pet, and he wanted the men to tear down the wall and release the animal, but they told him they built walls that could not be taken apart, and he would have to get his hound out some other way; suggesting that the dog be starved until he got thin enough to come through a crack in the floor.

Uncle Nat told me something about how hard he worked to learn music and to play on his favorite instrument. His father objected to his night study and to discourage him said that "ringers and singers are little house bringers."

Alexander Monroe, who lived in the Herrick neighborhood, was a New England type of farmer, rugged and with a slight twang in his speech. His wife was a hopeless invalid for many years. His father was a Revolutionary soldier, and through the efforts of his friends Uncle Alex was elected an honorary member, or original son, of the Detroit Chapter Sons of the American Revolution. He was the only one from Ingham county.

Sidney Murray's family consisted of six daughters and one son. Mr. Murray was a model farmer. His fences, fields and stocks were always in apple pie order. No weeds or brush grew in his fence rows or by his road sides. His wife was an ideal housewife, good mother and nurse for the whole neighborhood. I always thought a rivalry existed between Mr. and Mrs. Herrick as to who could do the most in caring for the sick, comforting the sorrowing or helping the destitute.

Mr. Murray's son was not interested in farming. For several years he tried various occupations and finally found the life of a rural auctioneer filled the bill, as it gave him opportunities for travel, to see and study the different types of people in rural communities and to display his eloquence and oratorical powers. Today he is a peer among auctioneers in this part of the state. I have known men who attended his sales, with no intention of purchasing, become so hypnotized that they bought an ordinary cow under the impression that she was a great butter maker and had a long pedigree in the Holsteinic records.

George Fear, who lived in the south part of this neighborhood, was English born, but came to Leroy in the sixties. He and his son Thomas were carpenters and farmers. His daughter Mary married George Jacobs, and another daughter, Frances, married Joel Briggs, of Handy Township.

The farmers that located and settled in the center of the township on the western border of the swamp were: Seth Stow, J. M. Christian, Mr. Nelson, Mr. Baker, David Stoddard and James Catlin. Mr. Catlin's son, Ashmund, has been supervisor and treasurer of the township, also Representative in the State Legislature from the second district of Ingham county.

In the seventies, three German families, Rudolph Huschke, August Keil and Edward Bierley, bought farms from the Gamby tract and became prosperous farmers. Four of Mr. Huschke's boys are farmers in Leroy and adjacent townships.

In the eighties a tall, raw-boned, awkward farmer boy, who had no home, worked for the farmers of Handy and Leroy. His employers always found him willing to work, with a happy disposition, careful of his earnings and honest in all his dealings. During the winter, or a slack time, he found some job so that he was never idle. While in his teens he bought an almost worthless piece of land, improved it, sold it and bought a better piece, and by so doing in a short time had a good farm. Today we find him on a good farm, well stocked, and a good bank account. Edward Lewis has improved his opportunities, and by hard work, careful saving and shrewd investment in farm land, made good. By his example he has shown the farmer boys that there is money in farming.

The history of this township since 1872 is so interwoven or united with the development of their township village, Webberville, that it will have to be given in the paper on the aforesaid village.

Le Roy, in 1863, according to Micigan State Gazetteer, is a postoffice of Ingham county, 19 miles south from Lansing.

GILLETT JONES.

Told by MRS. ALICE CHAPMAN, Daughter of Gillett Jones.

In 1848 Gillett Jones, of Cato, Cayuga county, N. Y., contracted for 80 acres of school lands on section 14, in what is now Leroy Township. He was to pay about $1.25 per acre, and remained in Cato working on a farm at $11 a month, until he had paid for his land. Each year he paid the taxes, coming occasionally to Michigan to view his holdings; in time he married and raised a family, still living in the east on rented farms. In 1865 he again visited his land in Ingham county to decide whether he should keep it or trade it for property in New York.

The township of Leroy was still at that time an unbroken forest, but as he made his way through the undergrowth to a small hill in the middle of his land, and considered the outlook and the possibilities for making a fertile farm and a comfortable home, he decided to go back east and try and persuade his family to come back with him. That he was successful is shown by the fact that a little later they started for their new home in the wilderness. For some reason their household goods were sent from Oswego to Saginaw by boat, then brought overland by ox team to Leroy. On July 3, 1865, the family reached their new home, where Mr. Jones had felled trees and made a clearing sufficiently large for the house he intended to build. He first put up some poles and made a tent of a carpet, and put up their one bedstead under this. The cook stove was set up out of doors, and here they lived until fall. Mrs. Jones had strong objections to living in a log house, so under great difficulties logs were taken to the nearest mill and the lumber brought back by way of a winding trail through the woods and underbrush, and a house 12x12 feet in size erected, with a flat shanty roof of boards. They were able to move into this in November, though it had no doors or windows, only carpets and blankets at the openings. Over the stove set in the open Mrs. Jones had done her preserving and pickling, putting up wild plums, wild grapes and cucumbers from four hills which she planted on the Fourth of July. Their mode

of living during the summer caused the report to go out that Indians were living there, and visitors from the surrounding country frequently called on them to learn the truth of the report.

By the next year the house had been made snug and warm, ceiled on the inside and battened on the outside, and rooms were added to the original structure until the hilltop was crowned with a nest of one-storied buildings all connected together, with the granary at the far end. The one bedstead filled the post of honor in the best room, while four bed-sinks ranged along one side of the house with built in beds.

Alice Jones, now Mrs. Alice Chapman, of Mason, was a young girl at that time, and tells of her great fear of snakes, which were very plentiful in the woods and swamps. In the afternoons, when sewing or knitting, she always placed her chair on the top of a large, white wood stump which stood near the door and where she felt safe, as she could keep an eye out for hated serpents. Great tree black snakes, known as "sleepy johns," very harmless but frightful to meet, were often seen hanging by their tails from the limbs of trees.

Like all newcomers into the Michigan swamp lands, the Jones family had its siege of fever and chills. They had no well, but two of their neighbors did have, and from those places one-half mile away they procured all their drinking water. One of these homes was across a swampy place, and there a wind-fall had been made for a path. Trees were cut in such away that the top of one overlapped the butt of the other, then the limbs trimmed off so people could walk on the trunks. All these hardships were undergone after the Civil War, and it was some years after that before the now thriving village of Webberville was located.

The Jones children in those days took their sleigh rides in a "gopher," or what is better known as a "pung." a home-made sleigh where roots or limbs of trees with the right bend were used for runners. Who will dispute the survivors when they say those were as happy days as they ever saw?

EARLY PIONEER HISTORY OF DANA FAMILY.

By E. L. DANA.

Dear Readers:

Perhaps you will not clearly understand pioneer history or life after reading this unless you lived at that time. I will do the best I can to tell you some things that I hope will interest you.

My grandfather, Captain James Dana, was born near Cambridge, Mass., about the year 1755. He served as a soldier during the Revolutionary War. After the war was closed he settled in Genesee county, state of New York, and married a young widow who was the mother of two children, Orren and Hiram Dana. Hiram Dana, my uncle, went to the West Indian Islands for his health in 1833 and died soon after his arrival there. My father, Orren Dana, lived in Genesee county until the autumn of 1837. September 5th of this year he and my mother, a young woman twenty-four years old, started with a yoke of oxen, one cow, and their two little boys for Michigan, a country unknown to them, to make a home in the wilderness. When they arrived at the village of Detroit they had five dollars in wild cat currency left. This proved to be good. After traveling five days in a western direction, they came to the town of Lyndon, Washtenaw county. My mother stayed here and father followed the section lines north and west into what is now Leroy Township, Ingham county, to locate the land he had bought from the United States Government. He found two other families in the township but not near enough to be neighbors. He made their acquaintance and they helped him build a small shanty on his land and cover the roof with bark in place of shingles. There was a place for a door and window, but no door or window nor a floor except one of earth. When he got his shanty finished, he went back to Lyndon for his wife and two boys. After fording two or three streams and cutting his road wide enough for his wagon, he arrived at his shanty October 20, 1837. The first winter the cow and one ox died of starvation. They missed the cow most as it was their only means of support. I was born May 25, 1838, and mother did not have any cow for milk. My birth

makes me the first white child born in Leroy Township. Here I have always lived by chance or choice ever since. I have always lived in the same school district. The first two years of my life I had no playmates outside of the family but Indian boys. My father had a family of eight children but at the present writing, December 26, 1906, I am the only one living. I have no cousins, uncles or aunts living. I am the only survivor of the Dana family who were pioneers.

The townships of Leroy, Wheatfield, Locke and Williamston were all together in 1838 and known as Phelpstown. In 1839 Leroy and Wheatfield were one township called Brutus and had an election. Henry Lee was elected supervisor. In 1840 this township was divided and the two parts were called Leroy and Wheatfield. They elected township officers as follows:

LEROY TOWNSHIP TICKET, 1840.

Whole number of votes cast in election, eleven.

Supervisor—Levi Rowley.
Clerk—Orren Dana.
Treasurer—Isaac Coleman.
Justice of the Peace—Orren Dana.
Assessors—Ephraim Meech, Daniel Wilcox.
Commissioners of Highways—Daniel Tobias, Daniel Wilcox.
School Inspectors—Henry Lee, Levi Rowley.
Director of Poor—Orren Dana.

Twenty-five dollars was raised for the support of the school for one year.

My first remembrance was that wolves, bears and deer were very common. There were no roads, only trails cut wide enough for a sled or wagon. These roads followed no surveyed lines but went from one settler's clearing to another's. When any traveling was done people went on foot rather than be jostled in an ox wagon or bounced around in a sled. In hitching up an ox team they had to find the oxen in the woods, so it was a half day before they could get ready to start.

One day my two brothers went across the woods to Mr. Rowley's about a mile away. In making the trip they ran across a she bear and two cubs. The mother bear was ugly and started

after the boys. The only thing that saved them was one of the cubs squealed and the mother turned around and the boys got away. Another time Mr. Meech came to our place and having to make the trip home through the woods after dark, got lost and had to camp in the woods. Mrs. Meech, at home in the shanty, was besieged by wolves and had to climb up in the loft to escape as there was no door except a blanket one. My grandmother, who came to our home in 1839, went through the woods to Mr. Rosencrans, got lost and had to lie out all night in the woods. When found the next day by my father, the fright and exposure—it was in the month of November—had unsettled her mind and she never fully recovered the same. When I was about six years old I had a tame deer. It stayed close to the shanty at night, but one night a band of wolves chased it away and killed it. One day at the noon hour a black bear came to the hog pen and stole a hog and carried it off in the woods where it killed and ate it.

Indians were quite numerous in the township and camped near us in the summer months. They did not remain long in one place but, like the gypsies, roved from one place to another. I never was afraid of them or considered them dangerous. They were in my opinion a lazy, shiftless people. If they could swap (wascos) deer meat for (napanee) flour or (scuda waboo) whiskey they were satisfied. I may say more about them in my next paper.

When the Grand river turnpike was cut through from Detroit to Lansing in the winter of 1842-3 it gave the pioneers more of an outlook in the outside world.

The nearest post office in 1837 for my people was Ann Arbor, forty miles away. My father heard that he had a letter there in the winter of 1839, but it was not delivered until spring. When he went after his letter he carried a cake of maple sugar that he sold to pay the postage (twenty-five cents) on the same. The post office had no stamps in those days and the postage was written on the outside of the letter as follows:

Mrs. Orren Dana. (New York)
Ann Arbor, 25 cents postage.
Mich.

On the back of the envelope was a red wafer or seal to seal it together.

Our first school in 1848 was taught by a girl for seventy-five

cents a week payable in township orders. It might be interesting to know what books we studied at that time. I can truthfully say our supply was limited. I had a spelling book, Warren Coleman had a law book, Sylvester Starks had an old English reader, my brother had a history of the Bible, and William Rowley had an arithmetic.

I will close and write you more about this in the near future.

EDWIN L. DANA,
Leroy, Ingham Co., Mich.,
December 26, 1906.

(This was compiled from original notes by Dr. F. N. Turner, 200½ E. Franklin St., Lansing, Mich.)

HIRAM RIX.

Hiram Rix, Sr., was born in Canada December 16, 1811, and his wife, Emily Osborne Rix, was born in New York December 15, 1818. They were married in Genesee county, New York, December 23, 1836. They came to Michigan in 1837 and settled on 80 acres of unimproved land in Livingston county, where they lived three years. In 1842 they came into Ingham county, buying 80 acres on section 8, in Leroy Township, which had a small clearing and log house. They lived in Washtenaw county for a while, then came back to Leroy, where they spent the rest of their days. Ten children were born to them, a son, Hiram Jr., serving in the Civil War, in Co. D, 6th Michigan Cavalry. He was taken prisoner in July, 1863, and kept in Libby Prison until September of the same year, when he was paroled, rejoined his regiment and served until the end of the war.

In the spring of 1843, I being a babe of three months, my parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Rix, Sr., moved from their farm in Leroy Township to the town of Manchester, Washtenaw county, in which vicinity they lived seven years, returning in April, 1850. At that time the country had lost some of its primeval newness, but was still well covered with forests, with great tracts of swamp, quite covered with water in the spring, and even most of the year, in wet seasons, and at all times incapable of cultivation. Indian trails had been replaced by rough roads with log causeways

through the swampy places. But then, and for several years after, these were in many places almost impassable in times of prevailing high waters. I recall as late as the sixties of some roads being scarcely passable for pedestrians, and when hardly a team or vehicle would be seen for perhaps weeks in succession.

At the time of our return Williamston, still called "The Cedar," by some old settlers, was a small village containing, as I remember, a grist mill, tavern, blacksmith shop, and I think only one store, that of J. B. Taylor, and doubtless the post office. Probably there were some other business places which I, being so young, did not know of. The roads leading to the place were, much of the way, lined with trees and thick bushes. Later, uncertain of the date, but I think probably in '52 or '53, a saw mill was erected about two and one-half miles east of Williamston, a few buildings clustered at the place, and it was called "The Burg," afterward christened Podunk. Presently a plank road was laid from Lansing to Howell, by what company or where organized this historian knoweth not. This could hardly have been later than '53 or '54.

I well remember the laying of our local section. Small movable buildings on wheels were constructed, equipped with a primitive housekeeping outfit, and managed perhaps by a man and his wife, for the accommodation, boarding, etc., of the workmen, and were moved from point to point as the work progressed. Some of the men were fed at various houses along the road. Toll gates were established some seven or eight miles apart. The toll was something more than two and one-half cents a mile for one horse, and double for a team. Later the road was renewed by graveling. My father has recorded that he paid in all $300 in toll.

The Podunk saw mill was for years a busy place, as the woods yielded an almost unlimited supply of sawing timbers. The mill yard and adjoining grounds were crowded with hundreds and hundreds of fine large saw logs. There were considerable tracts of non-resident land in the vicinity, and some unscrupulous persons reaped a harvest of gain from the fine timber. This was afterward peremptorily stopped by the owners.

My first recollection of a post office is when Mr. Rowley was postmaster. Some member of our family used to go for the mail usually once a week. I think the name of the office was Phelpstown. Earlier, when my father and mother lived on that farm,

that being the first owned by my father in Ingham county, my mother was postmistress. Later the name of the office was changed to Leroy, and was kept at different places in this township. Afterward our mail came to Williamston, and since the existence of Webberville we have a post office at that place.

Schools were a primitive sort in the very early days. A log school house was built on the corner east of father's and I have heard my husband speak of attending school there when it was taught by Lodema Tobias, a young girl of fifteen or sixteen. I suppose she was slightly more advanced in the three Rs than her mates. Mrs. Ephraim Meech, Aunt Nancy, as she was called, was one of the early teachers. The log school house mentioned was afterwards occupied by Hiram Dana as a dwelling house. A tavern building was erected at Podunk about the time the saw mill was built or soon after, and in an unfinished room of this building was kept the first school which I attended in Podunk, although there had been at least one term before taught in a shanty, which was afterward occupied for a short time as a dwelling by Edwin Stanton. Miss Margaret Dryer was teacher in the tavern building. This structure being in the edge of the woods we were wont to play and eat our lunches in its shade. One of our favorite amusements was to pull down saplings and swing or teeter on them; another was to play on the saw logs. "Our school in the green woods" was a rather frequent opening sentence to the compositions which some of us were required to write. Miss Dryer was a good teacher and the school made a fair progress both that summer and the next, when she taught in the new school house which had then been built. My father was director of the school district at that time. Teachers were then paid in part by "rate bill" and boarded around.

Right here I wish to make a grateful and well deserved acknowledgment to my parents. For though we went to school more or less regularly after this time, yet the beginning and ground work of such education as we possess is due to them; and they grounded us well in the essentials, and also taught us habits of industry and application.

Time passed—farms were cleared, roads improved, bridges built, swamps and marshes drained, the face of the country transformed, and in 1871 the railroad was put through.

In the political world the never resting question of southern slavery was becoming more and more a burning issue. Early in 1856 the Republican party was organized, a Presidential campaign of unusual excitement and bitterness ended in the election of James Buchanan. Then came four years of shameful truckling to the slave power, followed by the election to the Presidency in 1860 of the great and good Abraham Lincoln. Now the threatened cloud of war broke upon us in fury. Many, many of the best of our young manhood were sacrificed, but our brother, after three years of severe service, partly spent in the dreadful experience of a southern prison, came home to us safe and unwounded. With the people at home those were times of hard labor and gruelling anxiety, and my poor mother grew worn and aged, though the safe return of her dear son was as cordial to her soul and my father's also. They were climbing toward old age, but still capable of efficient work. My mother always loved and raised flowers and always her garden was a mass of lovely bloom from spring to the late autumn. Father was a reader and thinker and his memory was well stored with facts relating to the history of our country, the fluctuations of politics, the characters and careers of our prominent men and their influence on the country and its progress.

The old home, log house, must have been built some sixty or sixty-one years ago, and though so humble and small scarcely could any home be pleasanter, and many of my fondest recollections are clustered around it and its surroundings. It is a lovely memory now.

MARY RIX DIETZ,
Daughter of Hiram and Emily Rix.

We moved into this log house in November, 1858. Father and mother were married in New York, December 23, 1836, and the following spring moved to Michigan, coming across Lake Erie. I do not remember anything I may have been told of the trip, except of a foreign woman with several children who were passengers, and mother said she gave each child a bath beginning by washing their feet and so on up ending with their faces, but mother said they looked very clean when she finished.

John Conghran and wife, who were relation by marriage, came with them and both settled in the same house. It was a log

house with shake roof and puncheon floor. Shakes were made in a hand machine and were said to be rived. Puncheon floors were made of logs hewn on the upper side as smoothly as possible. Father, with Mr. Conghran's help, soon began putting up a building for his own home. It was about a mile from where they lived. Mother was only eighteen years old and did not understand big woods, and one day she started to go to the place where father was working. So thinking to shorten the way she started into the woods to cut across a corner of it but was soon lost in the vast timber. She wandered all day trying to find her way out, and near night heard an Indian pony's bell. She went in the direction of the sound and came to an Indian's wigwam. The Indian knew she was lost. He went into the wigwam and brought out a dish with some honey and a piece of meat on it which he offered her, but mother could not eat. He then led the way until he could point to a clearing which she reached and found a house where a family lived by the name of Preston. They took her home, where they arrived just midnight. This was in the town then called Tuscola, but now Cohoctah, county of Livingston.

It was in this town our little two-year-old brother George died of scarlet fever. They did not quarantine in those days nor take any measures to prevent disease from spreading and mother had been sitting up with a neighbor family who had it and becoming sick with it herself gave it to George.

One time an Indian came to my father's home. Mother was alone with the oldest children, then little ones. The Indian asked for something to eat. There was nothing baked but bread was in the oven. Mother told him so, and at once he took his knife and a whetstone and began sharpening it. After whetting it a spell he paused and looked at mother. If she felt fear she did not show it and he began again. But after trying it a few times he gave up and went away.

In their early pioneer days my father and mother moved twenty times, and my mother always raised flowers, so the neighbors told her they could tell where she had lived by the flowers she left behind. When they moved into a house they would begin by whitewashing and cleaning thoroughly, and one time she and father sat up and cleaned all night the first night.

All of this was before my birth, which was in Manchester, and

the day I was one year old they moved to the farm of the picture into a very bad old log house with an old leaky shake roof and a stick chimney big enough for a good fat Santa Claus to come down. There was a stone hearth all around the fireplace and one andiron, a stone serving for the other. Father used to put on a great back log, then a fore log with small wood filled in and the fire was fine, but we had often to turn with faces then our backs to the fire for alternate warmth.

In those days people made holes for the cats to go in and out close to the floor. One time four or five Indians, one a little girl, came to the house for something to eat. Mother gave them each a plate and they sat down in the grass to eat. After eating the little girl came and peeked through the cat hole, perhaps wanting more. They were very shy in their ways, and would always come quietly to the door and open without knocking, and I can remember looking up at an Indian inside the door as the first we heard of him. The last I will mention was a girl, perhaps seventeen, who came in and sat down in a chair near the door, never speaking a word. She had on a red dress which for trimming had white shirt buttons sewed about an inch apart all round the bottom of it.

In those days of pioneer poverty Santa Claus never came down our chimney but once that I can recollect, but, Oh! the joy of that day when we each found a primer which cost one penny, a handful of raisins and two sticks of candy in our several stockings. Hiram's sock was stretched very wide at the top and he found besides the things already mentioned a school book, a philosophy.

One of my birthday presents was a third reader which gave me as great pleasure as though not something we must have anyway. At another time a necessary school dinner basket served as a present, and of this I am certain, the present day child surfeited with toys does not know the happiness we did with our few.

All I have written was prior to our moving into the house in the picture. I do not know how many years we lived in it, but we lived in a new frame house when the picture was taken and the chimney and window shows the unoccupied state. But I am glad the flowers show so beautifully. Father, mother and five of the ten children are gone, and those remaining getting so old that "the western hills half hide the sun, and evening bells ring memory's song."

HATTIE E. RIX SIMS,
Daughter of Hiram and Emily Rix.

LEROY HISTORY.

Written in July, 1874, by NANCY MEACH, a Pioneer.

It may not be uninteresting to know some of the incidents of our pioneer life in Michigan. We moved from the town of Brutus, Cayuga county, N. Y., in the year 1832, a year memorable for the scourge of Asiatic cholera and the Black Hawk War. We landed in Detroit on the 17th of June. Detroit was at that time a poor looking place, with clay walled houses with steep roofs. Many of the inhabitants were French and Indian.

The first night after leaving Detroit we stayed on the Rouge, and were very much annoyed by mosquitos. The lady of the house was sick and did not give us a very flattering account of the country. We came with our ox team and wagon. I got tired of riding over rough roads and got out of the wagon and walked for some time. While walking along alone I saw something cross the road some distance ahead of me. Soon after I met two men traveling and they asked me if I were alone. I replied that our team was but a few rods behind. They said it was dangerous for me to travel alone for a bear had just crossed the road.

Nothing further worthy of notice occurred until we reached Cooper's Corners, a small place. Here some of the people had packed up their goods ready for starting away if the Indians invaded the territory, as there were rumors that the Indians were coming, killing the people and burning their houses. It turned out that the rumor was false.

We lived in Plymouth the first year. Then we bought a farm in Green Oak, Livingston county. The country was new and there were but few settlers. It was in the oak openings.

The first year my husband trapped and caught five wolves not over sixty rods from the house. My husband's brother lived with us, and one time when my husband was gone, a wolf got into the trap. I took an ax and my brother-in-law his gun, and we went to the swamp where the wolf was. He shot but did not wound the wolf. It was his last bullet. He then left me to watch the animal while he went to the house to cast more bullets. I kept my eye on the wolf with ax in my hand, but he re-

mained quiet until my companion returned and soon dispatched him. There was scarcely a night that we did not hear wolves around the house.

We sold our farm in Plymouth and bought in the township of Leroy, in Ingham county, in 1836. We built a house and moved into it in January, 1837. The snow was then eighteen inches deep, and we had to cut and break our road for eight miles through a wilderness, with not a house to be seen. We stayed the first night at Knickerbocker's. We started at eight o'clock the next morning and were until sundown going eight miles.

About midway on this day's journey we crossed a creek when the ice broke and I got my feet completely wet. I was forced to walk in order to keep my feet from freezing, for my stockings froze stiff. I suffered very much with the cold and was glad to reach our home where I could get warm and rest my weary feet, even if it was in the midst of a forest. The next morning I looked out on a wilderness inhabited only by Indians and wild beasts.

It was not long before I saw two Indians, one standing on a stump and looking in the door. They wanted to know if we had any whiskey, but I told them we did not keep the vile stuff. They often came and traded with us. Among them would come Okemos, their chief. I traded once with him. He was then an old man. He looked fierce and savage, and had deep scars on his face. I was not much afraid of the Indians, they never did us any harm.

We brought some hogs to our farm the first summer, and a bear caught one of the best of them as we sat at dinner one day. The men heard the hog squeal, and went with a gun in the direction of the noise, but the bear had killed it. They shot the bear though, which was a large one and yielded five gallons of bear's oil. The other hogs ran away, and we got no trace of them until fall. They had strayed miles away onto a man's premises, and he had fattened them. He gave us one.

We had a neighbor one mile away, the only one within six miles of us. He came into the woods soon after we did. I remember one time our cows strayed away, and the men folks started after them and did not return that night. I had prepared wood for the morning and gone to bed. I had been in bed but a short time when the wolves began to howl and came nearer and nearer to

the house, finally so near that they made the glass rattle in the window. (We had one six-light window in our house.) I got up and made a good fire, as I had heard that wolves were afraid of the light from a fire. I then took some quilts and spread them out on some boards that served as a chamber floor, only a few feet above our heads. We had a girl eight years old that we had adopted. I helped her get up on the boards, which were about four feet in width, and then climbed up myself. I was afraid the wolves would break through the window from which two panes of glass were gone. The brutes kept up a constant howling until near morning, then it grew fainter as they went farther away. I was glad to see daylight again. The horrors of that night I shall never forget while I live.

The next year settlers began to come in. I hailed them with joy, for I had not seen a woman in eight months, except the one that came in with us, and I had had no communication with the outside world in that time. After a few families had come and settled here the Methodist preachers found their way into the wilderness and preached the gospel to us. They were sent by the Board of Home Missions, I suppose, as they claimed no pay for preaching.

Mr. Meach raised the first crop of grain raised by a white man in Leroy. It was very favorable to us that we were healthy, as there were no doctors to be found nearer than Dexter. Mr. Meach used to carry grain to mill for the other dwellers in our vicinity, as many of them had no teams. The roads were so bad, and as the streams had to be forded it took nearly a week to make the journey to mill and back. I could tell of much suffering among the pioneers, but what would it avail? Some were forced to live on bread with a little maple sugar.

We came to this place before the township had a name or was organized. When they held the first township meeting it was held in Ingham. The inhabitants of four townships met, the few there were of them. The next year they held their meeting in Leroy, at our house. The first time Mr. Meach was in Mason there were three log houses and one frame house partly enclosed. Also a saw mill owned by Danforth and Co. Those were all of the buildings of which Mason could boast in 1838. There were none at Dansville at that time.

There were many incidents in our pioneer life I can remember, but shall have to omit them for it would make my story too long.

In 1843 we left our farm and moved to Mason. Mr. Meach and another man took the job of building a barn for John Rayner. While making one of the numerous trips found necessary back to the farm in Leroy Mr. Meech saw two young bears about a rod from him rooting in the leaves. This was only a few miles from Mason. He jumped toward the little cubs hoping to capture them. One of them ran away but the other laid down and cried, when the mother bear came charging out of the bushes with vengeance in her looks. After facing her a few minutes Mr. Meach thought "discretion the better part of valor" and climbed a sapling that stood near. He didn't stop until he was about twelve feet from the ground, but the bear climbed after him and was five feet up the tree before Mr. Meach thought to throw his coat in her face. Then hearing one of her cubs near by she turned and left the tree, and Mr. Meach lost no time in getting out of that vicinity.

Among the pioneers that came into Leroy at the same time we did there are none left except ourselves. Some came a year or two later, and of those Mr. and Mrs. Dana, and Mrs. Daniel Tobias are left. Nancy Tobias, daughter of Mrs. Daniel Tobias, was the first white child born in the township. She was born under our roof and received my name. She is now Mrs. Gordon and lives in Leroy. These incidents are written as nearly correct as my memory serves me. Through all life's checkered scenes I recognize God's unseen hand, that has kept me through these years, and with gratitude I acknowledge His goodness and humbly trust His mercies.

NANCY MEACH.

WEBBERVILLE.

DR. F. N. TURNER, North Lansing.

In 1871 the present Pere Marquette Railroad was built from Lansing to Detroit, making a direct route from the Capitol City and the Metropolis of Michigan. Before this date the only direct route was via the Detroit, Lansing and Howell Plank Road. Between Williamston and Fowlerville, a distance of eleven miles, there was no village on the line of road that could be used as the nucleus for a town or market, except Podunk, two miles east of Williamston.

The farmers of Locke, Leroy and White Oak wanted a market for their timber, grain and stock. The railroad company informed them that they would build a depot, grain elevator, also a stockyard if some farmer along the line would donate land for a site. Hugh Webber, one of the largest land owners in the section, offered to donate a narrow strip of land between the Plank Road and the railroad track, but its shape and size prevented its being platted for a village. However, George H. Galusha, a builder and contractor, bought land of Mr. Webber, platted a few lots and built a house on the proposed village site. Mr. Webber owned a hotel or road house, and there was also a school house and saw mill on the site. For a time it looked favorable, and Mr. Webber was ready to plat a village and sell lots, when a competitor stopped him, and McPherson Brothers of Howell, larger land owners than Mr. Webber, who owned land in the east, became interested in the project.

They saw their opportunities to sell their timber and land, so offered the company a better site and more land to plat a village, and this accounts for the station being one-half mile east of the first plat laid out.

Part of the ground at that time was virgin forest, but the McPherson's cut streets through the brush and timber, laid out the site for the public buildings and platted one hundred and forty-three lots. They also built a store on the corner of Main and Grand River streets. This store was afterwards burned, but was rebuilt with brick instead of wood, and is standing today.

The plat was recorded in 1872 as "McPherson's Plat of the Village of Leroy." It was called by this name but a short time, for there was another village by that name in the state. The mail, express and freight for this village was sent to the other town, and wandered around from two to three weeks before it was delivered to its owners. This caused so much confusion that the name was changed to Webberville, as a compliment to Mr. Webber.

The village will retain its name, and will be the only thing to