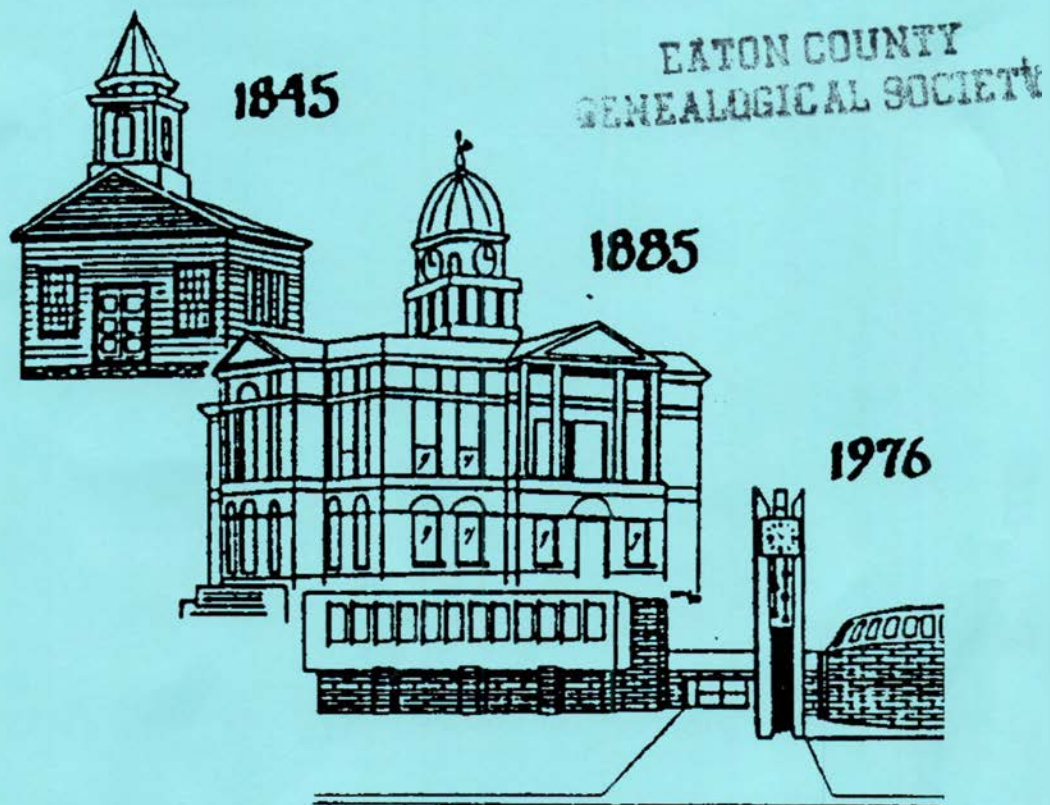


Eaton County Quest



Newsletter
Eaton County Genealogical Society
Eaton County, Michigan

Issue #75
May thru August 2012

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Eaton County Quest
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EATON COUNTY
GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY

Material for Publication

Mail to: Eaton County Quest Editor
PO Box 337
Charlotte, MI 48813-0337
Or contact: Sher Brown
sbrownsf2@gmail.com

The Eaton County Quest welcomes manuscripts regarding Eaton County and written articles that would be of interest to our membership for proposed publication. The manuscript or article should be typed on standard-sized paper and have the author's name on each page and numbered. A cover letter, giving permission from the author to publish the material in the Quest, should accompany the material submitted. Restrictions of any kind may not be placed on material to be published.

When sending photocopies of original old manuscripts, such as handwritten Bible records, send a typed transcript from which we can work from. Writing is much clearer on the original in your possession than on a photocopy.

The Editor welcomes manuscripts on CD disks using Microsoft Word. Written articles may be submitted by email to: sbrownsf2@gmail.com
Please give permission for the article to be reprinted in the Quest.

Every effort is made to present authentic material; the Eaton County Genealogical Society cannot be held responsible for the accuracy or the publishing rights of the material furnished by contributors. All material is published with the permission of the contributor.

The Editorial staff will make the final decision on material to be published.

Due dates for material to be included in the next Quest are:

March 1st
July 1st
November 1st

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A Note from our Librarian:

The Society is always in need of books, periodicals, photographs, personal articles that you have written on your family, or any genealogical research material you would like to find a good home.

Please contact Sharlene Thuma for more information at:
ECGSOC@Juno.com

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1885 Historical Courthouse
100 West Lawrence Avenue
Charlotte, Michigan 48813-0337

Phone 517.543.8792 Fax: 517.543.6999

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2012-2013 Officers

President	Sher Brown
Vice President	Bill Haines
Treasurer	Stephen F. Smith
Corresponding Secretary	Marcy Cousino
Membership Secretary	Barbara Smith
Recording Secretary	Jan Shepler
Librarian	Sharlene Thuma
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Publicity	Ed Dunning
Quest Editor	Sher Brown
Webmaster	Sherry Copenhagen
Michigan Genealogical Council Delegates	Jim Collins and Jo Glasgow
MGC Alternate	Betty Polhamus
Federation of Genealogical Societies Delegate	Gary Copenhagen
Trustees: 3 year term 2012/2013 CY	Shirley Hodges
2 year term 2012/2013 CY	Bill Atkinson
1 year term 2012/2013 CY	Sherry Copenhagen

Eaton County Genealogical Society Library Research Rooms

Location: ground floor of the 1885 Historical Courthouse – corner of Lawrence Avenue and Cochran Avenue in downtown Charlotte, Michigan. Handicap accessible from back parking lot.

Membership Meetings: 7:00 pm

3rd Wednesday of March thru October and 2nd Wednesday of November

No membership meetings December, January or February

Research Room Hours:

Monday – Thursday 10 am to 2 pm

(Please call ahead if coming from a long distance to ensure the room is open.)

Visit our Web Site: www.miegs.org



Letter from the Editor!

I am so sorry this issue of the Quest is late. This summer I broke my leg in more than one place, tore ligaments and tendons! I was a hot mess. I have recently come out of the cast. I still have some tendon pain, but I am thankful the accident wasn't any worse. Pure and simple I need to watch where I am going more closely! I've been reminded more than once that the healing process is slower as we age. I'm on the mend now so let me tell you the society news!



Sheila Mott, our Corresponding Secretary and Room Volunteer passed away in June. We are all saddened at losing such a great friend and officer who has been volunteering at the society for 20 years.

I am happy to announce that Marcy Cousino, who is a Past President, is now the Corresponding Secretary! Please contact her at ecgs@iuno.com if you have questions or need research help. If you are interested in helping out with research requests, please contact Marcy by email, she will be glad to have any help that is offered.



A big thank you goes out to Shirley Hodges for doing such a fantastic job at being in charge of the Frontier Days Bake Sale! About \$1,000 was made this year in selling all the yummy baked goods that our ECGS folks donated. Shirley put in many hours of prep, planning, fetching, selling and clean up! Thanks Shirley for a job well done!

Our Volunteer Groups Work Bee Sessions

We have two Work Bee Groups – Indexing and Probate Packets

The indexing Group has been meeting for about 15 years now each Monday night at 6:30 pm. Come a little earlier and bring your dinner. There's a lot of chatting, indexing and great camaraderie on Monday nights. There are also indexing work bees every Wednesday from 10 am to 2 pm if you cannot make a Monday night group.

The Probate Packet group started this summer and meets each Tuesday from 3 pm to 5 pm in the Resource Room. We have over 17,000 probate packets to scan, one file at a time, so come and join the fun!

Upcoming Event – Our Annual ECGS Bus Trip to Ft. Wayne is Saturday, November 3rd. You will find a flyer in your Quest if you would like to sign – seats are filling up fast – come and join us!

Michigan Historical Collection – Volume 3 of 39

PIONEER COLLECTIONS REPORT

PIONEER SOCIETY STATE OF MICHIGAN - 1881

Together with

Reports of County, Town, and District Pioneer Societies

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1881, by the "PIONEER SOCIETY OF THE STATE OF MICHIGAN," in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

These volumes can be googled via the internet

Eaton County

Bones of the Mammoth (*Mastodon Giganteus*) have been found on the farm of Charles Cummings, in this town, and have been exhibited in many parts of the State. These bones being near the surface, and in low ground, were easily and safely exhumed. When first exposed to the air, being exceedingly friable, they crumbled some, but upon being dried, oiled, and varnished, they acquired so much solidity that they can now be handled and put in juxtaposition with entire safety. Although there are many missing bones, yet enough are found to establish the fact beyond controversy that these bones were once wielded by the largest animal of its species yet discovered. Occasional discoveries of immense bones were made as early as 1705, but no skeleton approximating completeness, until, 1801, when a nearly perfect skeleton was found on the bank of the Hudson River, Orange County, New York. In 1826 the writer saw it, neatly wired, and nearly complete, in Peale's museum, Philadelphia. From the base of the skull to the roots of the tail was seventeen feet; circumference of the body about sixteen and a half feet; the tusks were eleven feet long. The bones of this animal have been discovered in all latitudes, and invariably on the borders of streams or upon marshy grounds, as in this instance. Taking this circumstance into consideration, together with the configuration of the teeth, it is inferred that the animal subsisted on vegetables, largely perhaps on aquatic plants. Mr. Cummings writes me as follows: "The length of the femur, or thigh bone, is three feet ten inches; circumference of the head of the femur is two feet; three feet around the largest part of this bone, just below the neck of the femur; two feet ten inches around the lower end, and one foot nine inches around the middle of the femur. The weight was fifty-eight pounds before it was oiled or varnished. The shoulder-blade is two feet ten inches long. The longest rib measures four feet seven inches. All I can say about the tusks is, we found the remains of one over twelve feet long, and at least three feet in circumference at the largest end, but was so far decayed that it could not be preserved. It is supposed that the length of the hind foot was two feet six inches. Judging from the length and curve of the ribs this animal must have measured about twenty-four feet around, for the ribs curve on an arch of about seven feet. I think it would be safe to say that the length of the animal from the base of the head to the roots of the tail was fourteen feet. I have four teeth belonging to the upper jaw; the largest one weighs six pounds.

COURT HOUSE SQUARE

The gift of Horatio A. Lawrence, Esq., contains some two or three acres of beautiful level ground in the center of the city. Mr. Lawrence is not a resident of this State but of the city of New York, spending more or less of each summer at Charlotte. The jail and sheriff's house, so called, is a very substantial brick edifice, ornate and spacious, and is the forerunner of a court-house which shall be its equal, and worthy the intelligence and liberality of the tax payers of the county. The sheriff's residence, and jail before mentioned occupy the northwest corner of Court-house square.

Eaton County Historic Trivia

1. Who was the first Eaton County lawman to die at the hands of a gunman?
2. What three rivers are located in Eaton County?
3. Who created the current Eaton County flag?
4. What means of transportation did Austin Blair use to get to the Eaton County Courthouse?
5. What facility did the "County Poor Farm become?
6. How many historical organizations exist in Eaton County?
7. What is the oldest settlement in Eaton County? What is the youngest?
8. What was one main guiding principle to guide Olivet College admissions?
9. Which female doctor hand carved the woodwork in Burkhead-Green Funeral Home?
10. What doctor has the largest quantity of artifacts on display in the Courthouse Square Museum?

Answers:

1. Officer Cleo Platt, December 16, 1927, killed by "Bugs" Morehouse.
2. Thornapple, Battle Creek and the Grand.
3. Girl Scout Troop No. 81, in 1969.
4. He was the Eaton County Clerk in 1843 and he walked nine miles from Eaton Rapids.
5. The Eaton County Medical Care Facility.
6. Twenty-one formally organized groups exist to promote history in Eaton County.
7. Bellevue in 1835 and Mulliken in 1869.
8. Following Oberlin College, the Olivet College became the second college in the nation to open its doors to everyone regardless of race or sex.
9. Dr. Mary Green.
10. Dr. Knight.

DEATH OF ISAAC E. C. HICKOK, ESQ.
NOTES BY A BROTHER ATTORNEY

On the morning of January 30, 1879, Isaac E. C. Hickok, Esq., died after a lingering illness, from disease of the brain. His death had been expected by his medical attendants for nearly two months. He had premonitions of his approaching fate several days before the stroke, which shivered one of the finest minds in the State. The son of James W. and Eliza (Wood) Hickok, he was born at Bellevue, in this county, September 7, 1836, the first white boy born in the county. He pursued the usual routine of farmer's boy life until the age of seventeen when, being disabled for manual labor by a disease of the bone of his right arm, he commenced attending school, then hardly able to read and write. But his mental energy soon gave him a good position among his fellow students. He was close, thorough, and retentive. He spent five years at the Olivet institute, now Olivet College, and two years at the Ann Arbor University. He taught school for several years, and in 1863 was chosen principal of the Charlotte Union school, and taught in the old academy building, now used as the Peninsular house. In 1864 he was elected county clerk, and reelected three times, holding the office eight years to the entire satisfaction of all who were acquainted with the affairs of the office. While in this position he commenced the study of the law with the same conscientious thoroughness that always characterized him as a student. In 1869 he was admitted to the bar after a very creditable examination. For some years he would only take such cases as lay in the path of his studies. He avoided general practice, and still worked at laying deep and

strong foundations for future professional success. Everything that tended to throw light upon the elementary legal principles he studied with avidity, making it a rule to follow every rule or maxim to its reason or origin. No one ever studied, compared, and annotated the thirty-seven volumes of Michigan Reports, and our State constitution and laws with more care. The neat, precise annotations on the margins of his books are a marvel of industry and the envy of lawyers. He had commenced training his memory so that he could not only give the volume where the authority was to be found, but the name of the case and of the judge giving the opinion, and also the page. Often as points of law unexpectedly arose in court, he would at once quietly give a brother attorney a note of the book and page where the whole matter was settled. And yet with all this devotion to his mistress, the law, he avoided dryness. He fairly studied some of Scott's and Dickens' best works, and loved, with kindred minds, to spend whole evenings in the fields of literature. There is not space here to tell what ought to be told of him as a man of the purest integrity, and of his exalted estimate of professional honor. Every client who ever consulted him can bear testimony to this, and so can any attorney ever associated with him or engaged against him in a case. What he clearly saw to be for the interest of his clients led him to settle more cases than he tried. By his death our bar loses its most promising member. Much yet remains to be said by those who knew him. He is taken from us while on the threshold of the temple, and the general public had not yet so fully appreciated his legal ability and acquirements as it certainly would have done had he lived.

THE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF EATON COUNTY

was organized January 3, 1855. Its earlier promoters were Messrs. Greene, Foote, Reed, Williams, Davis, Corbin, Spence, Saunders, Shaw, and others. The following persons constituted its first board of officers: President, W. U. Benedict; treasurer, Harvey Williams; recording secretary, J. H. Corbin. Corresponding secretaries were appointed, one in each town, to wit: R. Fitzgerald, Bellevue; F. L. Reed, Walton; Jesse Hart, Brookfield; H. A. Shaw, Eaton Rapids; J. P. Hall, Eaton; E. A. Foote, Carmel; T. T. Stebbins, Kalama; D. Griswold, Vermontville; R. M. Wheaton, Chester; B. Saunders, Benton; A. T. Cunningham, Windsor; E. S. Ingersoll, Delta; Reuben Wood, Oneida; G. S. Allen, Roxand; G. W. Andrews, Sunfield. These gentlemen gave to this enterprise their cordial and prompt attention, and the society became, from its inception, a power in the county. Like all kindred societies its usefulness is felt not only by the agriculturist, but by all intelligent persons of every calling. Its present officers are: President, Peter Horn; treasurer, A. E. Chappel; secretary, Seth Ketchum. Executive committee: James T. Grist, Chester; J. H. Shearman, Carmel; T. H. Brown, Benton; F. L. Reed, Walton; Aldro Atwood, Brookfield; B. L. Bentley, Eaton Rapids. At the last meeting of the society, about twelve hundred dollars was awarded in premiums. The competition was spirited, and the attendance very large. "Its usefulness is acknowledged, especially in the stock department, as the show of good stock is increasing, and was more especially noticeable the past year, as there was a great increase in good cattle, hogs, and horses over any previous year, and the show, as to quality, was generally remarked." The spacious and handsome grounds are owned by the society. The buildings thereon are ample for their accommodation, and the whole aspect gives the impression that the agricultural society is a cherished institution of intelligent patrons. The secretary remarked to the writer that "there seems to be a desire for a change in the requisites of a good horse. Heretofore speed has been the controlling qualification; now the demand is for draft horses. The committee have this year reduced the speed premiums, and increased the premiums for good roadsters; offering first, second, and third premiums for the teams that will draw a heavy load on wagons one mile in the shortest space of time, the teams driven on a walk. An effort was made to do away with speed premiums entirely, but this was over-ruled by the committee." The annual membership is about one thousand. The society owe upon their grounds, three thousand dollars, which they hope soon to wipe out.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE
EATON COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY"

On making a report of the doings of the Eaton County Agricultural Society for the year 1878, I hardly know where to begin, inasmuch as no previous report of record has ever been made to the State Agricultural Society of its doings in former years. I will therefore, before proceeding with the report for the current year, give a brief outline of its organization and history up to the 31st of December, A. D. 1877. day of January, A. D. 1855, pursuant to notice, a meeting of citizens of the county met at the court-house in the village of Charlotte for the purpose of organizing a county agricultural society. Willard Davis of Vermontville, was elected chairman of the meeting, and L. H. Ion of Charlotte, secretary. A resolution was adopted to organize the Eaton County Agricultural Society, whereupon a committee of three, consisting of Harvey Williams, J. C. Spencer, and L. H. Ion, were appointed to draft a constitution and by-laws for the society, and then adjourned to meet February 12th following. Pursuant to adjournment a meeting was held, the committee reported, and the report was accepted and adopted. The first officers of the society (who were elected at this meeting) were W. U. Benedict of Vermontville, president, L. H. Ion of Charlotte, secretary, and Harvey Williams of Charlotte, treasurer. The first fair was held in the village of Charlotte, October 11 and 12, A. D. 1855, the citizens of the village furnishing the grounds, buildings, and fences the first year free of cost to the society. The total amount of premiums awarded was \$194. In May of the following year the society - purchased eight acres of ground at a cost of seven hundred dollars, which was enclosed with a suitable fence, and buildings for the accommodation of exhibitors erected. The cost of buildings and fence does not appear on the records. Amount of premiums awarded for the year 1856 were \$230.25. Annual fairs have been held every year since with increasing success, showing by the increasing number and quality of articles and animals exhibited, the interest taken by farmers and mechanics in the success of the society, and its influence in encouraging and developing the agricultural resources of the county. In the year 1868 it became apparent that the needs of the society demanded more room, whereupon the necessary arrangements were made to sell the old grounds and purchase others and in a more suitable location. The old grounds- were sold on the 19th day of June, A. D. 1869, for \$3,000, and the new, containing thirty-five acres, were purchased at a cost of \$3,875, upon which there have been expended in a half-mile track, buildings and fences, about \$5,500. The new grounds are located in the south part of the late village, now city, of Charlotte, well planned and laid out with walks and drive-ways to and through a splendid natural grove of about ten acres, which occupies the eastern portion of the grounds, and through which runs Battle Creek, supplying water for all. At the time the new grounds were purchased, the society assumed obligations on the same, amounting to \$3,285, with interest at the rate of ten per cent per annum, using all available means at that time and the following few years in improvements on the grounds. Since that time the change in values and consequent stringency in all monetary affairs have made it a heavy load for the society to meet its obligations. The indebtedness, however, has been steadily reduced each year for the past five years, until on the 31st day of December, 1878, the total indebtedness, including interest, was \$2,700, with a balance of cash on hand, \$658, leaving net indebtedness, \$2,042. The twenty-fourth annual fair was held on the society's grounds September 24th, 25th, 26th, and 27th, 1878, and although the fairs of previous years

had been proverbially successful, the officers and managers of the present fair had many misgivings as to its success, owing to some changes in rules in regard to tickets of admission to which very many objected, and the prospect of bad weather. The weather the first day was not pleasant, but before night the entries were in excess of any former year. The second day, from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M., the rain fell most of the time in torrents, and yet the attendance was good. The third day was bright and clear, and although the roads were very bad, the Eaton County Agricultural Society's grounds never had so many visitors before, and the fourth day was equal to any previous day in the history of the society. All the departments were full and overflowing with the choicest exhibits in their several classes, and the fair which, at the beginning, promised to be a failure, proved a triumphant success; and I feel that I should be derelict in my duty in this connection if I failed to mention the fact that very much of our success was due to the ladies who took a special interest in the fair, those of the country and city vying with each other in seeing who should do the most in helping on the good work and make the best exhibits. The amount of premiums offered for the fair of 1878 was \$1,458.50, distributed as follows: horses, \$326.50; cattle, \$391.50; sheep, \$154.50; swine, \$132.00; poultry, \$32.25; fruit, \$40.25; vegetables, \$38.50; grain, \$35.25; farm implements and mechanic arts, \$109.25; household domestic manufactures, \$69.50; household dairy products, \$45.50; fine arts, \$52.00; plants and flowers, \$30.50. There were 162 entries of horses, 91 of cattle, 94 of sheep, 35 of swine, 57 of poultry. Total stock entries, 439; and 1,235 miscellaneous entries. Total, 1,674; besides entries for the special premiums. Total amount of premiums awarded, \$900.50; besides the special premiums offered by different individuals. The financial statement of receipts and expenditures for the year ending December 28, 1878, are as follows: Balance on hand December 27, 1877 \$188 76 Loaned at bank 90 00 Sale of logs 11 38 Membership tickets sold 1,239 00 Admit-one tickets sold 774 00 Vehicle tickets sold .742 50 Grand stand tickets sold 93 60 Rent of stands and grounds 331 00 Pasturage 30 10 \$3,100 34 Expenditures. Paid interest on mortgage \$246 54 Paid insurance 14 40 Paid drawing and sawing logs 21 48 Paid loan and interest at bank 95 54 Paid permanent improvements 505 57 Paid contingent expenses 668 42 Paid premiums 889 50 Cash on hand 658 89 \$3,100 34

All of which is respectfully submitted. SETH KETCHAM, Secy Eaton Co. Agricultural Society.
Dated at Charlotte, January 1, 1879.

Quest Deeds – Grantor/Grantee Index

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1846	Auditor General		McQueen	James	6	426, 427, 428
	Allen, Wm.		Stetson	Minor	6	464
	Austin, Julius A.		Tinkham	Joseph K.	6	478
	Auditor General		Brackett	M. S.	6	520, 609
	Auditor General		White	F. F.	6	522
	Adams, John N.		Jolls	Thomas	6	524
	Auditor General		Brundige	Levi	6	537
	Anderson, Wm. A.		Benedict	Elem	6	540
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1847	Auditor General		Hart	Jesse	7	62
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	Allen, Washington		Gould, Erastus		7	317
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	Auditor General		Hart, John		7	368-370
1848	Austin, Harvey		Austin, Silas		7	400
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	Alldrich, Amadon		Parmenter, Philander		7	427
1848	Auditor General		Merrill, Levi		7	464
	Auditor General		Davey, Edward		7	502
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	Auditor General		Frink, John B.		8	44, 45
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1848/ 1847	Auditor General		Davenport, Ira		8	
						239,241-247,138,140,195,142,144,197
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1848	Auditor General		Cushing & Shaw		8	165
1849	Auditor General		Scovill, S. D.		8	343
	Austin, Julius A.		Haine, James		8	371
	Allyn, Israel M.		Bentley, Orson		8	408
	Austin, Thos. H.		Ferguson, Levi		8	481
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	Ailport, Aaron		Babcock, Ford		10	94

Grandma Chapman A Pioneer Woman

Submitted by Larry Randall

At the southern most end of South Cochran Roan plus one mile one finds the farm on which the log cabin in the photo once stood. It was the pioneer home of Charles and Lovina (Benham) Chapman. Lovina started her life in 1829 in Ontario county, New York where she lived her first 10 years. We can only guess that there hers was a life of hardships in the then new lands. By 1839, Her parents, Lewis and Mary Benham were carving a living in the wilds of Calhoun County, Michigan near Clarenton. Some few miles west of Homer, Lovina's father wore many hats; log splitter, home builder, postmaster and preacher.



At the age of 19 Lovina married Charles Chapman and soon after moved to the log cabin in the photo. There they reared their 10 children. She made one more move in her life, into a new modern home that still stands (her new modern home to the left). Many of her descendants are found in nearby Hunt Cemetery. A good number of her family can be found in Eaton County. Cox, Willis, Easy, King, Nickerson and Butler to name a few. Despite the hardships of pioneer life,

Grandma Chapman lived to a ripe old age of 95.

A Road Named Hooper

Submitted by Larry Randall

In Brookfield Township's Section 31 near Eaton County's south Central border is an angling road that follows an old stagecoach trail from Albion, MI to parts Northwest. When the county decided to rename the roads, they normally used the name of a prominent family. The largest farm and brick house near the section center was that of Miles and Mina Hooper. Miles had worked that farm as a young lad when he lived there with the Gene Scott family. When the Scotts grew old, He bought the farm. Mina was the daughter of Sanford Lamb of The Duck Lake area. The Hoopers were parents of six children, One son, Roland that died as a young Teenager, he left five sisters that all married local men. Their descendants are still to be found in and around Charlotte. Names like Mitchell, Sherman, Carpenter, Shrontz and Imes.

Recalls Events in Charlotte at the Turn of the Century
Scrapbook #63, page 27

I am Carrie Lee Kelsey of Santa Ana, California. I was a friend of Professor Clark's mother and one of his piano students. Professor Clark's mother sent him to Berlin where he took piano under one of the famous Masters. She paid \$25 for thirty minutes instruction.

My instructions started before he built the big house. The old J. P. Clark home, I believe, was on Seminary, possibly Clinton, but it was South of Lovett I feel sure. As I recall my father loaned him the money toward the big stone house, but he told my father he wanted to earn all he put into it, so he would to give me lessons and work it out in that manner; (my dad loaned lots of money out those days). I do not think there were any papers made out except a contract which I recall reading. Then Prof. Clark, my mother, father, and myself went to Lansing and selected my piano, an Albrecht of Paris, Mahogany, all hand carved front. It is here with a friend of mine in Santa Ana.

I recall when we all had dinner in Lansing, he drank a glass of milk and I said, "Why don't you eat like my father and get strong?" He looked so sort of frail. Anyway I thought he was an angel because I loved music and had played a little accordion when I was four years old.

I took lessons at the old Clark home. Then when he moved to the big stone house I started in higher work.

Naturally I had the run of the house; his mother and mine were close friends as had been her sister-in-law (Dr. Mary Green) who was a very close friends of mother's.

The big house "Holly Hurst" as he name it, had hand-carved maple of Holly in many of the doors. The side pieces were all carved. This theme was carried out in everything of his mother's; tablecloths embroidered in holly; napkins, etc., pillows; linens with hand-embroidered slips.

His stationery was pink, bordered with soft green and gold; the top engraved with gold holly berries and the words "Holly Hurst" in gold at the top. He wrote in pretty green ink a beautiful hand. Somewhere in a scrap album I have the last letter he ever wrote me on that stationery, but I just cannot put my hands on it now.

He took trips to Chicago and the he went I spent with Grandma Clark in the Conservatory where the steam heated flowers were. I did what I wished, and when he came home he always brought me some gift and also new music.

I kept asking his mother what that padlocked door was. Everything else I could go in, but kid like that bothered me. One day she said "Lea" (they both called me as though pronounced like the English which sounded like Lay-ay) – some day you may know." I wondered what that gold padlock and chain cots.

IT WAS GOLD. When I grew older one day he went to Boston. She told or sent word that I would skip a week, but come up there to her and stay, so my folks let me stay nights with her. (Mr. Clark, the father, would not go with them). It was a rift when they moved into the big house, but in later life before he died he moved with them and died there.

She said Frank says I may show you the gold room while he is gone. She then told me some of the history. The lady he was to marry and come to this big home, married someone else and sent him back the engagement ring. It broke his heart. The room no one else could describe. Gold and pink paper, gold sides, heavy embossed and roses. The bed of GOLD sheets, heavy silk embroidered with the holly, also slips; bed lamp gold shade; the door knobs were solid 18K gold and the hinges. The door hand carved holly and

all the woodwork. In the center of the room hung a huge chandelier of cut glass prisms. It shone like a rainbow. There was a wardrobe such as I have never seen and probably never will again; all pink negligees, housecoats, fancy fluffy night clothes, etc.

It was a fairy land, like a dream, the small dressing table, or whatever they called them in those days, were all birdseye maple. In after years I remember the chair he used for me to sit beside him while he played to demonstrate musical numbers; no human mind could describe, and its best maybe I cannot.

He told me he dismantled and sold the carved wood, the gold and all the things to some dealer in Detroit who came and stripped the room. It was to the northeast corner upstairs and called the "Bridal Chamber".

Michigan Historical Collection – 1892
Obituaries for Eaton County by David B. Hale

Samuel Arnold died at his home in Chester, Thursday forenoon, January 28, 1892, after a long illness of gangrene, aged seventy-six years and eight days.

In the death of Mr. Arnold the county has lost one of its oldest pioneers and most honored residents, and the republican party one of its staunchest supporters. He was born near Harrisburg, PA., Jan. 20, 1816, but moved directly from Ontario county, NY, where he lived for some time, to this county in 1853. He was one of the founders of the republican party "under the oaks at Jackson" and during all these many years has never swerved from the line of devotion to the party which he helped to organize. He was possessed of great strength of death will be sincerely mourned the county over. He was married twice and is survived by his wife, and six children by his first wife, all of whom, with the exception of Edward Arnold, of Denver, being present at his death.

Henry Baughman died at his home in Charlotte on Saturday, August 1, 1891, after a painful illness of four weeks, aged seventy-six years, five months and eighteen days. He was born in Cumberland County, PA, Feb 13, 1815, and was married to Miss Catharine C. Armstrong, April 1, 1836, in Richland County, Ohio. In June, 1854, himself and family settled in Eaton County on what is known as the Ames farm just south of Charlotte. He kept the old Eagle Hotel for a time, and for many year drove a team between there and Battle Creek, carrying the mail until the railroad was built. For about thirty years past he has held for the greater part of the time the office of justice of the peace and been best known as Esquire Baughman. The funeral was held Monday afternoon from the residence, Rev. Geo. D. Lee, officiating. Mr. Baughman was an Odd Fellow and the brethren of the order attended in a body and took charge of the burial services. During a long acquaintance with the deceased we never heard a word lispd against him and it is safe to say that he was universally beloved and esteemed. His widow and seven children survive him.

News from the 1930's

ECGS Scrapbook

Will Issue Warrants - 14-Sep - 1932

Prosecutor Watson stated Tuesday afternoon that he would issue warrants this week for the arrest of Eddie Messmer and Lisle McIlvain as participants in the robbery of the Farmers State Bank of Bellevue in January of 1927. This action is being taken to bring at least partial justice to Forest Shepherd, Harold Lee and Joe Gratkowski, who allegedly innocent of the crime were convicted have served five years and eight months for it, and are still being held in Jackson state prison. Messmer and McIlvain are also inmates of Jackson prison and have just about completed their minimum term for an armed robbery in Kalamazoo. They are implicated in the Bellevue bank job by the confessions of two men, one of them Edward G. Dawson, the only one of the real Bellevue robbers, who was sentenced to Jackson prison this year. Two others of the gang of five who robbed the Bellevue bank are Eddie Coon and Slim Dayton, whose whereabouts are unknown. Prosecutor Watson said that the parole department promised to release Shepherd, Lee and Gratkowski upon the conviction and sentencing of Messmer and McIlvain.

Transfers are Listed - 24-May-1933

Real estate transfers in the county filed with the Register of Deeds are as follows: Rose P. Halifax to Daisy V. and Jessie A. Bryan, and the latter to Edwin O. Vanderbeck, Section 36, Windsor; Fern E. Townsend to Julius P. Hassler, Mapplewood subdivision; Farms State Bank to Arthur Clay, Section 14, Kalamo; S. Frederick Realty Co., one parcel each to Mary R. Bascom, Orlo S. Baker and Clyde O. Bender, all in Castle Hills subdivision; Lenora E. Terrill to Helmi L. Samilahti, Potterville; James Ruel, attorney-in-fact, to Capital Savings and Loan Co. Bretton Woods subdivision; Orrin Lewis to Jesse B. Wood, Section 21, Kalamo; Goldie Pritchard to Jack E. Anthony, Section 12, Eaton Rapids Township; Jack E. Anthony to Goldie Pritchard, Charlotte; William Dr. Lackey to Walter W. Briggs, Vermontville.

Youths Were Arrested - 24-May-1933

Three Eaton Rapids youths, Arthur Baum, Nevel Lescher and Leon French were arrested recently by Sheriff Cribb and readily admitted that they had been guilty of the theft of gasoline from a number of parked cars in Eaton Rapids and Charlotte. Justice C. A. MacKey of Eaton Rapids imposed a five-day jail term and \$4 costs or additional three days. French paid and the others did eight days each.

EATON COUNTY
GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY

What's New At The ECGS Library

By Sharlene Thuma, librarian, tsthuma@juno.com

Note: call numbers are subject to change.

Thanks to everyone who generously donated the following material to our library.
It is very much appreciated by the Eaton County Genealogical Society and our researchers.

Branch County-

- calling card- J.B. MONTGOMERY of Coldwater, MI, a gift from Jackie AdamsP.671

Calhoun County-

- 1 page map- Oakridge Cemetery, shows section 1-17 & Potter's Field, does not show lot numbers, a gift from unknown.....313.29
- directory- 1946 Battle Creek Directory, a gift from Janet L. Skipper.....Vault #3

Eaton County-

- folder- *Hayes Green Beach Hospital 1933-1988*, a gift from a private individual's collection.....Charlotte.51
- directory- 1966 Eaton County Rural Directory, a gift from Janet L. SkipperStorage (copy 2)
- directory- 1970 Eaton County Rural Directory, a gift from unknownStorage (copy 2)
- directory- 1983 Charlotte & Eaton Rapids City Directory, a gift from unknownStorage (copy 2)
- directory- 1988 Charlotte & Eaton Rapids City Directory, a gift from unknownStorage (copy 2)
- yearbook- 1939 Charhian, Charlotte High School, a gift from Diana TownsendSC.504.CH.1
- book- *Charlotte High School 50th Class Reunion: Class of 1955*, a gift from Eaton County Furniture & Clothing.....SC.504.13
- yearbook- 1921 Mascot, Eaton Rapids High School, a gift from David DossSC.508.EH.1
- large scrapbook- Lois Bisel's scrapbook, contains obituaries from the Eaton Co. area, a gift from Barbara BrowningScrapbook.93

- 17 digital picture postcards- Eaton Rapids area, a gift from an ECGS MemberVF.701

SURNAMES:

- notebook- Jacob (born 1776) LAKE and Hannah (born 1778) Lake, Descendancy, 123 pp., a gift from Helen E. Brieske900.LA.09
- folder- *Descendants of Asahel W. PRATT & Mary Jane STRINGHAM*, 21 pp., a gift from Tom Rexrode.....900.PR.05
- notebook- *Ethel ROSIER's Memories*, approx. 45 pp., Ethel's other surnames were BENJAMIN & KING, a gift from Julie Meyer.....900.RO.10
- folder- *Gregory STONE Genealogy: Ancestry And Descendants Of Dea. Gregory Stone of Cambridge, Mass. 1320-1917* by J. Gardner Bartlett, publ. 1918 & Stone family Bible copies, 15 pp. total, a gift from Pat Stone.....900.ST.13
- 2 b&w photos- portrait of Homer FRAGER of VFW & Ernie SIMPSON of Vermontville, a gift from Jackie AdamsP.671
- 2 old photo albums- MILBOURN Family, a gift from Jill Brenke.....P.672
- photocopies from 5 Bibles – The Bibles were once owned by Mary BOYER, a gift from Marjorie Southworth.....VF.702
- file- contains the following items of the GREEN Family: 2 b&w photos of Henry H. HAYES & R. Ellen Green, *Howard L. & Alice A. Green: Their Story*, *The Howard L. & Alice A. Green Family Cookbook*, *Address List For Descendants Of Howard L. & Alice A. Green*, *Descendants Of Howard Leslie Green And Alice Angeline (Egleston) Green*, a gift from Nadine (Dassance) StoltVF.703

Brief History of D. E. Wertz Park - 2003
(Formerly which included some of the Park land)
Charlotte Girl Scout 70 Research done for Girl Scout Silver Award – 2003
Charlotte .41 ECGS

In the year of 1855 the Horn Family owned a Centennial Farm which included some of the park land.

On September 25, 1926, Paul and Minnie Horn sold 1.444 acres to the State of Michigan for \$72.20 to be used as a roadside park.

On September 28, 1936, and additional 0.7 acres were added to the park for \$25000 and the State of Michigan granted permission to place a concrete water trough at the park. The park was known as "Little Springs" at that time.

In May of 1977, the park changed names and was dedicated to and named after Duane E. Wertz. Mr. Wertz was the founder of D. E. Wertz Implement Company. He served as Mayor of Charlotte from 1956 to 1959. He was elected to the City of Charter Commission in 1961 and served on the Eaton County Road Commission from 1966 to 1975, including four years as board chairman.

On October 8, 1976, the State of Michigan sold the land to Eaton County for \$1.00 for a public Roadside Park purpose only.

In 1960 (at least) the park was used as a bus/rest stop on the way into Charlotte.

On January 12, 1993, D. E. Wertz Roadside Park was transferred from the Eaton County Road Commission to Eaton County Parks because it was better equipped to maintain the park.

In 2002, the operation of the roadside park was transferred from Eaton County parks to Carmel Township on a two-year agreement.

Currently, the roadside park is named the Duane Tirrell Roadside Park whose ancestors have resided in the area since the mid-1800's.

Letters and News from our Boys In Blue during the Civil War In the Eaton County Newspaper

The Republican – Friday Aug 29 1862

Letters have been received from Chas. Aldrich (Co. H, 6th Mich. Inf.) and L. S. Butler, confirming the deaths of Chas. Vickery & Edw. Dwight at Baton Rouge. Mr. Aldrich had two fingers shot from his left hand and Chas. Hollenbeck was wounded in the neck.

A poem, "The Dying Soldier" is published here by request upon the death of Corp. Levi Dunn, Co. B, 2nd Mich. Cav., who died at Hamburg, Tenn., on his way home.

Deaths at home - Mr. Wheeler of Eaton Rapids was killed by lightening during the storm of 14 Aug. as he was lying on a sofa, the current passing down the chimney and stovepipe, over his body, leaving slight marks on his head and chest.

The Republican – Fri 5 Sep 1862

An ad signed by G. A. Armstrong, Capt., and J. Q. A. Sessions, 1st Lieut., asking for forty volunteers for Col. Kellogg's Regt. of Mounted Riflemen.

Died – Chris Barringer, Corp. of Co. D, 3rd Mich. Inf. He was in the first Bull Run fight, in the battles at Yorktown, Williamsburg & Seven Pines. He was killed while fighting again at the old Bull Run field. (This is extracted from a lengthy obituary. *)

The Republican – Fri 12 Sep 1862

Chris Barringer writes (not published*) that he is still alive and was only struck senseless while fighting, was taken prisoner and been paroled and is now in Washington.

Lieut. W. S. Trask presented us with two vols. Of books which were "captured at Grand Gulf, Miss. On 26 May 1862."

Swords were presented to Capt. Willis and Lieut. Kauffman by Co. G, 20th Regt., just before their departure for Washington.

Maj. Spaulding and Privates Mosher, Lampman and Loomis have been discharged and arrived home a few days ago.

Letters and News from our Boys In Blue during the Civil War In the Eaton County Newspaper

Soldier's letter – From Lieut. Montgomery to his father. Extracts: Montgomery and Lieut. Trask had been on the sick list but marched to battle anyway, Lieut. Montgomery leading the company. Chas. Vickery was shot lying close to Montgomery's side. (Gives more detail. *)

A letter from Lieut H. H. Hatch. Extracts: They arrived at Detroit on 9 Sept. Jas. H. Webber was exhausted and hospitalized for the night but is alright now. A list of my men mustered in this morning (10-Sept): Chas. Sowles, Jas. Barager, Henry Barager, Jas. H. Webber, H. Maycumber, Harvey Smith, Isaac W. Moor, Dan'l Vickery, Jas. W. Nichols, John Edgington, Nathan B. Clark, Edwin F. Whitcomb, Asa W. Swantz, Franklin Pierce, John F. Bottomley, Sidney W. Harmon, Henry J. Dunton, John Ling, Jos. Wells, Jacob Miller, A. K. Gunn, Jas H. Bottomley, Robert Filloon, Morris B. Williams, Walter E. Buckley, John Armstrong, Justin S. Rose, Chauncey A. Barber, Albert F. Claflin, Thos. D. Davenport, Marquis E. Olin, Geo. C. Buckley, Van R. Davis, Henry H. Hatch.

The Republican – Fri 19-Sep 1862

An ad from J. H. Kimball says due to his impaired health, he will lay down his sword and resume his law office. He will be at the office of J. Q. A. Sessions, who has turned warrior and is about to go off to serve.

John Armstrong wishes us to publicly thank Robt. M. Wheaton for a valuable Mackinac blanket given him on the morning of his departure.

Lieut. J. M. Lacey received, while in Detroit, a splendid Sword and Belt from his brother, Edw. S. Lacey.

Capt. Fowler is slowly improving after a relapse of the disease contracted in the South and with proper care should soon be around.

The Republican Thu 25 Sep 1862

Capt. T. E. Potter, brother of Geo. N. Potter, Esq., of Eaton Co., let his men during the battle with the Indians at New Ulm, Minn. He received two wounds (one ball struck him on the side of the face and the other near the ear) and had a horse shot out from under him, but he continued to lead the men.

Letters and News from our Boys In Blue during the Civil War In the Eaton County Newspaper

Lieut. Kauffman writes home of the food needs of our soldiers. A box will be placed at Mr. Leiter's store, and when full with donations, will be sent out.

Lieuts. Lacey and Hatch and their company left N.Y. on the St. Mary to join the 6th at New Orleans.

The Republican – Thu 2 Oct 1862

Maj. H. A. Shaw, 2nd Mich. Cav., is home and will be joining Col. Kellogg's Regt. at Grand Rapids. Soldier's letters – Extracts: Lieut. Kauffman is very popular. Edwin Grant of Kalamo was fatigued and fell out of ranks and is now held at Alexandria as a deserter. (gives more detail). From Lieut. H. H. Hatch Extracts: I left Whitcomb, Edgington and Armstrong in a Philadelphia hospital for a few days as they were ill. Lieut. Lacey and I saw some interesting sites in NY, as my brother put aside business and gave us a tour.

Died – 20-Aug-at the Marine Hospital in New Orleans, Set Conklin of Co. H., 6th Mich. Inf.

The Republican – Thu 9 Oct 1862

Soldier's letter – From "Once in a while", Rev. Jos. Jones. Extracts: Men injured and hospitalized are Daniel Ball, R. McComber, W. W. Isodore, L. W. Jones, D. G. Hopkins, Jos. Dysey and Mm. H. Kinston. S. Bissel is ill. (letters are published).

Died – 18-July, in a skirmish with guerillas, at Price's Mills near Memphis, Mo., Nathaniel Rolfe, Co. A, Merrill's Horse, enlisted from Carmel Twp.

The Republican – Thu 16 Oct 1862

A letter to prospective volunteers and soldiers, signed Lieut. J.Q.A. Sessions advising them they must meet at the camp in Grand Rapids on 20 Oct., where Capt. Armstrong's Regt. will be mustered in.

Died – 12 Oct – at Camp Kellogg, Grand Rapids, of typhoid fever, Lewis Estelle of Brookfield, member of Capt. G. A. Armstrong's Co.

The Republican – Thu 23 Oct 1862

Letters and News from our Boys In Blue during the Civil War In the Eaton County Newspaper

Died – 2 Oct., in New Orleans Hospital, Henry R. Finch, Corp. of Co. H, 6th Mich. Inf., age 44.
Buried 3 Oct. with military honors.

Died – In New Orleans Hospital, the last part of Sept., Samuel S. Rogers, who leaves a large family in Eaton Co.

The Republican – Thu 30 Oct 1862

Soldier's letters – From Dr. R. C. Kedzie. Mentions Rev. Eldred, Hospital Steward Ells, General Ross, Lt. Col. Graves, General Ord, General Hulburt. From Rev. Jos. Jones, mentions Col. Williams, Maj. W. Huntington Smith and sick officers Capt. Wilksie and Lts. Calkins and Dewey. (Letters published)

A. H. Proctor is authorized to raise a Cavalry Company.

The Republican – Thu 6 Nov 1862

A. H. Proctor, proprietor of the New England House in Vermontville, is raising a company of Mounted Rifles for Col. Stocktons' new regiments. (gives details)

Soldier's letter – From Newell Thurstin of Bellevue (letter published)

Died – 4 Nov., in Charlotte, of typhoid pneumonia, Edw. D. Lacey, age 54. (extracted from a lengthy obit). The son of Maj. Samuel Lacey, late of Marshall, dec'd., and brother of the Comr. Of State Land Office, Samuel S. Lacey. He was a native of Bennington, Vt., moving to Chili, Monroe Co., NY at a young age and came to Mich. In 1842. He has been a resident of Eaton County nearly 20 years.

The Republican – Thu 13 Nov 1862

A sword and sash costing \$275 was presented to Col. Clark by the soldiers of the Michigan 6th.

Died – At Marshall, 8 Nov., of chronic diarrhea, James Mann, age 19. He was one of the first to volunteer into the war and served with Co. H., 6th Mich. Inf. He traveled about 3,000 miles coming home and made it as near as Marshall. He was a noble boy, a brave soldier and faithful friend.

Letters and News from our Boys In Blue during the Civil War In the Eaton County Newspaper

The Republican – Thu 20 Nov 1862

A paragraph questioning the military practice of holding sick soldiers so long they die on the way home or upon arrival. Case example given are Jas. Mann and Levi C. Sprague of Vermontville.

Soldier's letter – From G.H.W. (perhaps Geo. H. Wade) their ex-Col. Merrill.

Died – At his home in Vermontville, 16-Nov., of chronic diarrhea, Levi C. Sprague, Co. H., 6th Mich. Inf. A promising young man and faithful soldier.

Died – Suddenly, at Olivet, Mon. 10 Nov., Allison A. Bell, age 44. He appeared to have died at 10 am and the bell was tolled, but after 15 minutes he revived and lived until about 4 pm. He was a kind father and a generous citizen.

The Republican – Thu 27-Nov 1862

Twenty more men are needed for Capt. Armstrong's Co. of the 7th Cav.

Soldier's letter – from Rev. Jos. Jones. Speaks of Col. Williams – (letter published)

Married – In Chelsea, by Rev. Wm. H. Shier, Lieut. Jas. H. Wheaton of Mich. 1st Inf. And Miss Eleanor Francisco, dau. Of Judge Francisco of Bristol, Illinois.

Died – 12 Nov., at the M. E. Church (South), Cliff, near Waterloo, VA., Austin F. Perry, Pvt. Co. G, 20th Mich. Vol. He was a good man, and an excellent soldier. We buried him with soldier's honors.

The Republican – Thu 4 Dec 1862

Capt. Mason is recruiting at Battle Creek for Merrill's Company

The Republican – Thu 18 Dec 1862

An ad showing the number of enlistments still needed in each Eaton Co., Township, in order to avoid the draft.

Letters and News from our Boys In Blue during the Civil War In the Eaton County Newspaper

Lieut. Sessions says six more men are needed for Capt. Armstrong's Company.

Soldier's letter – from Rev. Jos. Jones. Extracts: Lieut. Pete Kauffman is very popular, as are Capt. Willis and Lieut. Montgomery. Alonzo H. Perry died and we buried him in the Methodist Church yard near Waterloo. The following soldiers have been noticed by high authorities for their good qualities – Geo Trusler, Merton Bell, Corp. Irons, Nelson Merritt, Henry F. Higgins, Henry Luscomb. p.s. I stood today on the Washington Farm, on the identical spot where Geo. Washington cut the "cherry tree". Letter published.

The Republican -- Thu 25 Dec 1862

Amos Berry of Eaton Rapids was wounded on Sat. night while on picket duty.

Charlotte Frontier Days and ECGS



Bake Sale

For many years ECGS has had a bake sale that is held in the basement of the 1885 Courthouse during Frontier Days. This gives us a wonderful opportunity to talk to those in the community about genealogy and our society. The sale of the baked goods also helps our coffers. We are so grateful to all of those who have helped in any way to make this such a great success! Also several of our members manned a table where we could assist those who had genealogy questions. The old saying "many hands make light work" really does count at a time like this.

Those who helped me on the pre-planning are Sher Brown, Phyllis Whidden, and Betty Polhamus. Please consider this a big thank you to all of you who helped us.

Shirley Gage Hodges

This is the article regarding Indian Removal in Eaton County.
This essay appears in the Michigan Historical Collection – Volume 21.
I chose this essay as it is a very interesting in-depth account of Indian removal in 1840.
I hope you enjoy it as much as I did.

INDIAN REMINISCENCES.

BY MRS. HELEN NICHOLS CALDWELL.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I presume some of you remember my dear father, John Nichols. If there are any here from Eaton county, I am quite sure they will remember his stepfather, Richard Hughes. Some years ago our friend, Reed Stewart, desired me to write this little story, saying to me: "The time will come when you will be very glad you had it as your father told it to you." That time has come and I am glad I have it, and I am glad that through the courtesy of your society I am permitted to read it to you this morning.

There is a bit of history connected with the removal of the Pottawattomie Indians from their village (now Olivet, Eaton county, Mich.) that has never been made public. The story, as told by my father, John Nichols, and his stepfather, Richard Hughes, was of interest to me as a child, and I find as the years come and go the story still remains with me. I feel that a story that has gone with me from my earliest remembrance, and always excited such lively interest, cannot fail to be enjoyable to those who have never had the pleasure of hearing it. I cannot give this the life and force that characterized it as told by actual participants, neither can I give it in detail; I can only relate some of the incidents as they have been told me. I only wish I could invest it with one-half the charm it would have if well told.

In the spring of the year 1838, a party consisting of Grandfather Hughes, his wife, Charles Nichols (my father's brother, then a boy of 16), and a man by the name of Chandler, had been following an Indian trail for several days. Just as the sun was sinking below the horizon, they came to a halt in the heart of this unbroken forest,

and Grandfather said they had reached home. They had bought a tract of land, and Grandfather had logs ready for a house, but the building was in the future. Grandmother had a good deal of the Gypsy element in her make-up, and the novelty of the situation was pleasing. In telling me, she said, "I clambered out of the wagon as quickly as possible, and seeing a brook a little way off, I took my little brass kettle out, filled it with water, and built up a fire, and by the time 'father' and the boys had the team taken care of, I had supper ready, and a good supper it was, too. After I had my dishes washed, I sat down on a log to watch the men get the camp fire ready. It was twilight, the frogs were beginning to croak, the whip-poor-wills to sing, and I began to feel a little homesick. My attention was attracted, and upon looking up, I had my first introduction to my nearest neighbors, the Indians. Four big Indians, wrapped in their blankets were looking me over. With folded arms and stealthy tread they moved about inspecting things generally. I tell you I wasn't long in getting where the men were. Finally, Charlie spoke to a big dog he had, who flew at them and they took to their heels lively, leaving behind a blanket which the dog pulled off an Indian." (This dog was so ugly Uncle' Charlie named him "Pharaoh.") Grandmother slept in the wagon, the men outside, to keep away the wolves and Indians. When night finally settled down, her trouble began. She said, "The first thing added to the noise of the frogs and whip-poor-wills was the hooting of the owls and then later the terrible howling of the wolves. We were surrounded with them, and they seemed so near I felt as if they must be ready to spring upon me any moment; but with the first ray of morning light the sounds grew fainter and farther and all was still. Then began the morning song of the birds, the woods resounded with their music." She often told me, "Helen, you never heard the music birds can make; each tree and bush was filled with them, each singing their own song, yet there was no discord. I have never, before or since, heard such music as came to my ears in those early mornings. We don't have now-a-days the birds we had then." Their nearest neighbors were two miles away, and Grandmother would rather stay and help build the house and cook out of doors than to visit. Very soon, however, the new house was ready for occupancy. (I would say here that this house was within forty feet of the site of Olivet college).

The Indian village was only a half mile off, so the Indians were frequent visitors. Grandfather was a very large, powerful man, and while very kind to them he was decided, and never yielded a point

if right. They called him "Big Che-mo-ko-man." They soon began to regard him with a sort of superstitious awe, and to invest him with a power from the "Great Spirit," a feeling he took care to impress upon them every opportunity. He settled all their difficulties; they brought him all their armor, tomahawks, etc., when they went on their pow-wow, and he helped them in all possible ways. He never dared under any circumstances break his word to them. He told me this: "I noticed when my cattle came home at night their sides would be bleeding and there were marks of arrows on them; those pesky little Indians were trying their skill at shooting. I became so annoyed that I finally decided to stop it. I went over to the village, called out Si-mas, one of the head Indians; told him their pappoosees were hurting my cattle, and if I found any more signs of their being shot at, I would kill a pony belonging to some of them. I thought afterwards perhaps I had undertaken a good deal, for I would have been obliged to have kept my exact word with them or lost at once and forever all power over them. Fortunately I had no further trouble."

The Indians had a keen sense of the ludicrous, and would appreciate a joke thoroughly. Uncle Charles was a great favorite with them, and one morning he stole one of their ponies and went to Bellevue, four miles away. In telling me Grandmother said: "I was at work, and looking out I saw an Indian coming along with a bridle in his hand. He came in, looked around, and finally said: 'Pony, seen 'em?' 'No,' Grandmother said. 'No seen 'em ting-a-ling?' To which she replied: 'No.' After standing a moment he asks, 'Where's pappoose?' 'Pappoose Menchee?' Grandmother told him she did not know where he had gone. The Indian went out saying, 'Me find 'em pappoose.' She saw him following the trail. 'Some time after,' she said, 'I saw Charles coming on the pony, the Indian walking along by his side. Charlie rushed into the house and he threw himself down on the bed groaning, but the Indian passed on so Charlie thought he was safe, and he suddenly grew better, and sat down to the table to eat his dinner. I felt rather than heard a sound, and upon looking up I saw the Indian close by Charlie's side. He turned to me with, 'Pappoose plenty sick, muchee medicine.' Then he would double himself up and groan, laughing and talking Indian; even after he had gone they could hear him saying, 'Pappoose plenty sick, Ugh!'" When Uncle Charlie saw the old fellow coming he doubled up on the pony and told him he was so sick he was obliged to go to Bellevue in great haste for

medicine. Grandmother said it was all lost on the Indian, however, for he was too smart for Charlie.

Pete-Na-Wan, a chief had a girl six years old who had consumption. She came every day for a long time to see Grandmother, who would prepare little delicacies for her. Even after she could not sit up the Indian would bring her in his arms and let her stay there as long as she liked. I have often heard her speak of their great affection for this child, and how tender and gentle they were with her. Failing to come for several days, she decided one Sunday afternoon to go over to the village. Grandmother said, "I told 'father' I was afraid Pete-Na-Wan's girl was worse, and we had better go over and see. When we reached the place we found them way off by themselves with the girl in a sort of hammock. He came to meet us, saying: 'Pappoose plenty sick, going to Great Spirit.' The squaw sat there crying bitterly. The next morning just at daybreak I heard some one come in and sit down by the fire. I said: 'Hughes, I guess Pete-Na-Wan's girl is dead. I think he is out there.' Sure enough, there he sat; would not speak, but marked on the floor, with a stick he had, the shape of a coffin; finally said: 'Fix 'em pappoose like Che-mo-ko-man's pappoose.' So father went out and nailed together a rough box, and the Indian took it under his arm and disappeared."

I have often heard Grandmother tell of looking into the pens where they buried their dead. They built a fence around them and left them sitting up. They tried sometimes to have their way with Grandfather, but he always conquered them. He said: "I was fencing in some land one day and their trail went through it. I looked up and saw four Indians on their ponies coming across. They had taken down the fence and were coming towards me. I picked up a long stick I had cut in the marsh that morning. I yelled to them, 'Marchee back.' Indian said, 'No marchee,' and on they came. I told them I should whip them, and as they came near enough, if didn't lay that whip on their bare legs then I don't know! I said, 'Marchee now? Understand?' They yelled, 'Plenty understand, marchee quick,' and I never had any more trouble with them." At one time when the Indians were away, someone set fire to the village and burned their wigwams. They were inclined to charge it to Grandfather, and called a council to decide what to do. They gathered around a big tree, and Grandfather and Uncle Charles were not far away. Finally they heard one Indian say, "Dam-em, Che-mo-ko-man, kill 'em, burn 'em wigwam, kill 'em!" Grandfather went to them and said, "What you say, you rascal? Kill 'em, will you?"

and he gave him a terrible whipping, until he was glad enough to cry out, "No kill 'em."

There were two strange Indians came to stay all night. Grandfather said, "Sally, those Indians mean mischief, we'll have to watch them." So he brought in his ax and put it beside his rifle, at the head of his bed which stood in a recess where they could see all that was going on. The Indians spread their blankets before the fire and laid down. Grandfather had taken the precaution to set their guns away, and their tomahawks stood in the corner. In telling me of it Grandmother said: "I told 'father' to get in bed and I would sleep in front, as I could watch better than he, and I was afraid he would go to sleep. Sure enough, he was soon snoring, and then I watched. Pretty soon I saw one of the Indians rise up, listen, then without a noise crawl on the floor, get his tomahawk and creep along towards the bed. I tell you I jumped clear over father pretty quick. He got up took his ax and drove him back. Three times that night he repeated that. I was glad when daylight came, for then he opened the door and marched them out, and told them he would shoot them if they ever came there again."

One day some squaws came to Grandmother's after some bread. She was sick and told them to go off. They persisted, and she told them to go or she would call "*big che-mo-ko-man*." They were very angry, came to the bed, shook their fists at her saying, "Me speak 'em, hope 'em die." And as far as she could hear them they were muttering and scolding.

I also remember her telling of a chief who had murdered three squaws, and for punishment they took away all the trappings representing power. He was not allowed a seat in the council, could have no arms, wear no feathers or paint, and was held in disgrace always. He died while they were there. They buried him off alone, gave him nothing belonging to him, and would not furnish him with provisions so he could reach the "happy hunting grounds," but his spirit would roam alone always.

In the spring of 1840 my father moved there with his family. He had been there a portion of the time each year, but we remained in Clinton. I have often heard my mother tell how perfectly beautiful the country was. She said it was like riding through an elegant park full of grand old trees, the birds singing from every bush, and the air was full of music and fragrance, for as far as the eye could reach the ground was carpeted with flowers of every hue. There was no underbrush; one could drive anywhere. Every day was a surprise and a

delight to her. I remember very little connected with this, but one thing stands out very clear. The first time I heard a whip-poor-will, I was sitting with my brother in a big rocking chair, and I heard that peculiar sound. Upon asking what it was, uncle Charlie told me it was a big bird that came around every night to see if children were good; he said, "Don't you hear it say, 'Whip-er-I-will, whip-er-I-will?'" And if you are not good he will whip you with his wings." From that day to this I don't like to hear this bird, and I always associate it with that story.

Father's house was of logs, and blankets served as doors, and the windows were of cloth, but he has said many times that he would not exchange that summer's experience and pleasure for any six months of his life before or since. They brought a good deal of furniture with them, and they hung up all they could on the rafters. It was a very funny looking house, but quite the envy of many of the neighbors; they were accused of putting on a good deal of style.

The fruit was perfectly delicious; strawberries were in such abundance that a few minutes would suffice to pick all they could possibly use for the day. They had desserts fit for a king all summer long. Father said the strawberries were so plenty that the ground would be stained with the juice as the oxen would trample the vines down when plowing. Whortleberries, raspberries, blackberries, wild plums, all were there in great abundance. It was one continuous feast of fruit all through the season. Nothing made Grandmother quite so happy as picking berries, sugar-making, bee-hunting, anything out of doors. She was always ready and would inveigle Mother into going, and she said after a little she would see Grandmother kindling a fire, fill her brass kettle with water, put it on to boil, and from some unknown quarter produce some eggs to cook, or something good to eat. One day the men were going bee-hunting; she wanted to go but they did not take her. She came over and said she was going anyhow. She saw some bees going a certain direction one day, and she was going to find the tree. So she yoked up the oxen (the men had the horses), and proceeded to get ready. She had a cousin with her who had a baby. They fixed up a sled with pillows, blankets, etc., packed up their dinner, and off they went in fine style. Soon after reaching their destination Grandmother, as usual, was hungry; so she built up her fire and cooked their dinner, put the baby to sleep on the sled and started in search of bees. Chancing to look back it was found the sled was on fire—all made a rush, the baby was all right, but the pillows, blankets, etc., were burned, together with the sled. They "wended their home-

ward way" on foot, Grandmother driving the oxen, and hanging on to that same brass kettle. (I think that must have been her "Mascot.")

When the men returned there were no allusions made to the "outing" of the women. Sometime after Grandfather began making inquiries about the sled. Nobody knew, and it was a long time before the mystery was solved. Hunting in the woods one day, he came across the remains of it. He went home, accosted Grandmother with: "Sally, I know about that sled business now. How in the name of common sense did you burn that up? What were you doing out there anyhow?" Grandmother owned up, and told him that the fire she, kindled ran along the dry leaves and caught the sled. He told her it "was a regular woman's trick." He wondered they didn't "burn the woods up, they were so blamed careless." Grandmother would often go and examine the traps for the men; anything to be out of doors. Domestic cares and responsibilities were not as complicated as now, and social demands were few, so she had ample time to indulge in any out-of-door pleasure that offered.

Uncle Charles told me this: "Our sugar camp was three miles away from our house, and I wondered why Mother didn't want to go over with us, as she was ready usually for sugar making, but one afternoon I had occasion to cross the creek a little ways from the house, and I discovered why she was so contented. There was a little grove of maple trees over there, and I found they had been tapped, and there were all sorts of utensils there for catching sap—old basins, coffee-pots, and the worst lot of traps you ever saw. I knew that was some of Mother's work. She couldn't be 'boss' in our camp and she didn't like it, so she had gone in business on her 'own hook.' I said nothing, but I did not hear anything about any sugar, so I finally said, "Mother, how did you come out sugar making? I found you had a camp of your own.' She looked puzzled for a minute and then said, 'I never meant to say anything about that, but I may as well tell now. Well, I boiled the sap down until I had my big brass kettle full of lovely syrup. I then thought I would bring it home to "sugar off." I started to cross the creek (there was only a log to cross on), and somehow I lost my balance, and in I went, and I don't know but I would have drowned if old Burr hadn't pulled me out. I didn't care about getting wet, but I was awfully sorry to lose all my syrup.'" This dog was one they traded off Pharaoh for, and Grandmother had never liked him. But Charlie said when he went home that night he found they were pretty good friends, and ever after Burr would keep close to Grandmother's heels, and would always try to prevent her going across the creek.

My father's sister, a girl of fourteen, would sometimes come up, but the Indians so terrified her that she would not stay. She told me that one day a young Indian stopped at the house, and after looking her over, turned to Grandfather saying: "Nice pappoose, marchee wigwam?" Grandfather told him he could have her; he turned to Auntie and said: "Three moons, sun so (pointing to the west), me come again, pappoose marchee wigwam." The third day at sunset he put in an appearance. Auntie ran behind the door frightened nearly to death. He hunted her up and told her, "Pappoose marchee wigwam now." With a scream she bounded to her father, begging him to send him away. The Indian was so pleased because she was afraid. "Pappoose scare, no brave, ugh!" and then he would point his finger at her and laugh. She said they were all welcome to live with the Indians if they liked, but she begged to be excused. Grandmother left her alone one day for a while, and the squaws knew how afraid she was, and four of them came in, pulled all the pins out of her clothes, took her hair down, examined her clothing, talking Indian and laughing among themselves. She did not dare move but let them do as they pleased. Grandfather was near fortunately, and saw a squaw going in the house, and fearing Auntie might be frightened he went to the rescue. He found the squaws having a gay time, but Auntie was almost in hysterics. They scattered lively when he put in an appearance.

The nearest neighbor was Captain Hickok and family. Grandfather said, one morning as the captain was coming over to his house, he met an Indian who accosted him with, "Buy 'em honey?" (giving it the Indian name which I do not remember.) He had been very desirous to find a bee tree, so was very glad to answer, "Yes, how much?" The Indian told him, "One dollar," and they walked until they came to the tree, when the Indian, after looking up, turned to the captain, saying, "*Cho-in-bees! Cho-in-bees!*" The captain saw the tree, it seemed swarming with bees, and felt he had struck a bonanza, consequently offered the Indian the money at once. He refused it and still kept looking up, saying "*Cho-in-bees!*" The captain thought the old fellow was getting sick of his bargain and was trying to have him give up the tree. So he told him, "That's all right, I see them, here's your money," and insisted that he should take it. He kept saying as he went off, "*Cho-in-bees!*" but he could not persuade the captain to give up the tree, and he went to work to cut it at once. As it fell with a crash he found himself literally and truly in a hornet's nest, and he was nearly stung to death. The old Indian discovered it was a wasp's nest, and tried in every possible way to explain, but the captain said

he was too anxious to drive a sharp bargain to heed it, and it took about ten thousand stings and a dollar in cash to teach him that *Cho-in-bees* meant no bees. The captain enjoyed the joke and always told it on all occasions.

About this time an Englishman moved in, and he immediately set to work to teach the people there how to do things properly. Grandfather said he was very pompous, and evidently thought he had struck people who were not far removed from savages. They had a good deal of fun at his expense. Among other things I have heard them tell of his sugar making. He had a good many maple trees on his land and made a large amount of sugar. In speaking of it to Grandfather, he asked him how long he should continue making sugar. He told him only a short time. The old Englishman looked disgusted with him, and said the Americans were so fickle they never accomplished anything. For his part he had just commenced, and if he could see any profit in it at all, he should continue on all through the summer, as he believed in sticking to a thing you undertake. Grandfather was so convulsed with laughter that he could not answer, and the Englishman was very indignant for a time. Finally he explained to him that the sugar season did not depend on the inclination of the individual, but he would be obliged to conform to the habits of the maple trees. Grandfather thought that nature usually carried out her program, regardless even of Englishmen.

In 1838 General Harrison (afterwards president), made a treaty with the Indians of the State to remove them west of the Mississippi river. The Pottawatomie tribe was to go in the fall of 1840. About this time Uncle Charles came home one day and said, "Father, I wonder where the Indians are. I was down to the village this morning and I did not see any signs of them." Grandfather said he presumed they had gone on the cranberry marsh. He went over, came back and said, "Well, Mother, I've been down to the village, and I vum, I believe those pesky rascals have run away." The next day my father started for Marshall. In talking with some men they said, "Nichols, where have your Indians gone? we met a whole string of them the other day." Still later on he met another party who had seen them. It flashed through father's mind in a moment what the trouble was.

Upon reaching Marshall he found General Brady there, with four companies of soldiers to capture the Indians and send them on. Instead of going as agreed, they all ran away and were scattered in all directions. Some had been taken by Lieutenant Galt (among them an old Indian, McMoot, who escaped), and all the Pottawatomies in the State

were on the move hiding from the soldiers. They were trying to escape to Canada. As soon as General Brady heard that Father was there and had been among the Indians, he engaged him to go with him, and he was mustered into the United States service with a captain's commission.

I have heard my mother tell how frightened she was when General Brady came there. "I was standing in the door in the twilight," she said, "and I saw a posse of soldiers coming at full speed, and your father with them. My heart stood still for a minute, for I thought something dreadful must have happened to him. They drew rein at the door, and I soon found out what they were after." General Brady and staff slept at my father's and grandfather's, the soldiers built their campfire and slept outside.

Father said, "The next morning we went six miles north of Charlotte to Wheaton's. Left there for Ingersoll's Mill that afternoon, reached there the morning of the third day. I then started out to reconnoiter a little, and found the Indians had left the road and gone down the Grand River valley until intersected by the Looking Glass river. From there they went up the river to Clark's Mill, a distance of forty miles. I then returned to Ingersoll's where I had left the troops, and the next day we started on. I learned that the Indians had crossed the Grand River road about six miles south of Scott's tavern and had taken to the woods. At this point I told General Brady I would go on a scouting expedition and report later. I followed them that afternoon, and the next night I brought up to a place called Rochester Colony (now DeWitt). The town consisted of a blacksmith shop, a saw mill and a preacher. After much persuasion I induced the preacher to take a letter to General Brady at Scott's tavern, stating I had taken to the woods after the Indians, and should follow them until I found them, and he could do as he saw fit about coming on. I reached this colony Thursday and found the Indians had left there the previous Sunday. They had been carrying a sick squaw all this time, and she died and they stopped there long enough to bury her. I struck a man here who said he would go with me, so we started into the woods following the trail. We had not gone very far when I discovered my man was frightened nearly out of his wits, and was getting pretty sick of his bargain. After traveling a while we stopped at a spring to get a drink and look around a little, and when I was ready to go on, my man was not in sight, neither did he put in an appearance. I felt equal to 'going it alone,' however, and was not disturbed in the least by his desertion. I devoted my attention to the Indian trail. In the low land I had no difficulty, it was distinct then, but as soon as the Indians would reach high ground

they would scatter each way making so many trails it was impossible to tell which one to follow, I would sometimes think I was all right when suddenly I would lose it. After looking the ground over very carefully, I noticed the print of a pony's foot with only half a shoe on, so after that I followed that trail, it belonged to the squaw who led the march. After making this circuit around they would come together again and go on for a while. As soon as I found they were in line again I would retrace my steps. Sometimes I would have to go back a mile and bridge over the gap by blazing and writing on the trees, so in case the troops came after me, they would have no difficulty in following me.

"I traveled all that day, and when night came I built up a big camp fire and lay down beside my horse for the night. This horse had been in the Florida war and seemed to understand the situation. He would follow me like a dog and I could only keep him quiet by being near him. I was like Robinson Crusoe, 'monarch of all I surveyed,' and I thought, 'my rights there are none to dispute,' but after the wolves began their unearthly din, I was not quite so certain on that point. They circled round and round. Their cries grew nearer and more hideous, and when these became unbearable and their proximity was a little too close for comfort, I would throw a huge fire brand among them, and away they would scatter only to return with renewed energy. So passed that night. I was glad to avail myself of the first light of dawn to move on. By this time I began to realize that I was a good ways from home, and had little to eat. I did not kill any game for fear of alarming the Indians, but I felt, surely, I will overtake them soon; so on I went, deeper and deeper into the forest. Another night; still no Indians. I then thought, in the morning I would go back. This night was a repetition of the first one, but I had less to eat than on the morning previous. After holding a council (with myself), I decided I could manage one day longer, so on I went again. The third day I had dismounted, tied my horse to a sappling and was reconnoitering to see if I could find any possible trace of them, when, upon looking up, I saw an old Indian, See-Bas, coming directly towards me, with a coon on his back. I got out of sight as quickly as possible, and scarcely breathed for fear he would see me. He came on until within about four rods of me, then turned a little one side and passed on in happy unconsciousness of any danger. I lost no time in mounting a big stump where I could watch him. In the distance was an old tree, half blown down. Right there the old Indian disappeared. I waited a little and then made for the tree. I had to cross an old windfall, and many

times I would go staving along and down I would go, 'head, neck and heels.' Logs were of no account, however, my eye was fixed on that old tree, which I found was on the edge of a high bluff and reached over a ravine. I climbed along the tree very cautiously and upon getting so I could see over, I looked directly down upon the Indian camp. I could have thrown my hat among them. I didn't lose any time in getting to where I had left my horse, and I started back.

"I met the troops the afternoon of my fifth day in the woods. We traveled until the afternoon of the following day before we struck the windfall. We followed along the edge until I could point out the exact location of the camp. The Lieutenant then gave orders to move on as quietly and cautiously as possible. We had not gone far when we heard an unearthly war-whoop. At that every horse started on a keen run. We could not manage them at all. General Brady lost his blankets, watch and scabbard. The Lieutenant was the only man not unhorsed. We went helter-skelter over the logs and in much less time than I can tell I went clear over my horse's head. I left him (or he left me), and I started on a run and was the first man in camp. I looked around and all told I found one old Indian, a sick squaw and two papposes. We took them up the bluff and went in search of more. We found them hid in the tall weeds that grew in the bottom lands of the Shiawassee river. We captured sixty that night. We camped on this bluff, the Indians putting up blankets for protection. I felt I knew more about their tricks than the soldiers, so I decided to guard them myself. I sat where I could see along the line, and I sat bolt upright on a log. The huge camp-fire threw a weird light over everything; the soldiers sleeping, the Indians, the hooting of the owls, the neighing of a horse as the cries of the wolves came too near, altogether made an impression I shall never forget and can never describe. I waited and watched. Presently I saw a slight movement under a blanket, then without a sound an Indian (McMoot's son) slid down a little, then all was quiet. Presently another one wriggled down a few inches. It was wonderful how those fellows would, without raising their bodies in the least, and with scarcely any perceptible movement, slip down. I waited as long as I thought best and then I would touch them up with a whip, and back they would go. They did not, however, stay put, and they tried that scheme many times. Had they been able to have slidden down until they reached the foot of the hill, they would have been up and off in an instant. That was the way those Indians escaped from Lieutenant Galt. In the morning we tried to move them on, but they would not stir. They would lie on their faces

on the ground, talking Indian, but we could make no impression on them in any way. Finally I became disgusted and told General Brady I was going out. Besides, I was half starved. The General was as hungry as I, but he said, We want to get the Indians somehow. I told him if he would give me authority I would move them. He told me to go ahead. I had all the ponies brought up and began putting a saddle on one. These are made of wood, and unless there are blankets on first, will hurt the pony's back. I was not very particular as to details; I wanted to move out. I had not proceeded far when a vicious looking old squaw jerked the saddle away from me and began fixing it to suit herself, scolding meanwhile in Indian. She had no sooner finished than I put a squaw and as many papposes as I thought could possibly belong to her on the pony, gave one soldier the bridle, put one on each side of her to hold her down, and gave orders to lead them down the other side of the bluff. I thought that scheme would work well. Judge of my surprise, after having started off two or three loads, to see the first old squaw coming back again. I decided that was 'no go,' so I started them off again with the same escort, with orders to lead them half a mile, to the river, and then shove them in, and to stay there until they went across. As we were leaving I noticed one squaw who seemed to be in great distress; as we went along she would call out in such a pitiful way. I finally discovered that she had lost two papposes; they ran and hid, and she had not seen them since; so I told her to wait until we reached Owosso, then I would go back with her for them. We were there that night, and we put the Indians in the log cabin the Whigs had erected there. I had to keep my word with the squaw, so back we went. As we neared the old camp she began that same moan again. She jumped from her horse, walked along the bluff for half a mile, all the while calling in that pitiful way. I began to feel afraid she could not find them, when I heard her scream. She had found them hid away in a little crevice or wash-out in the side of the bluff. It seems they were playing on the bluff and saw the soldiers and gave the alarm, and then ran directly away from the camp and hid. They were nearly starved, but the old squaw had something for them to eat, and she put them up on her pony and went on, the happiest squaw I ever saw.

"Near Owosso was a camp of Ta-was, and this same squaw had a boy who had gone after cranberries with them. Of course if she had to go she wanted her boy. It was a long time before I found out the trouble, but finally she made me understand, so we started over to their camp.

She talked a long time with them, and then each Indian went and brought out his bag of cranberries, and took out just such a proportion and put in a heap; sometimes after a little talk they would all put in a few more; they were very exact about it and the boy gathered them up and came back with us. The old squaw had, after much tribulation, succeeded in getting her family together."

I have often heard Father say there was no event of his life which stood out more forcibly than his experience with this squaw. It proved to him conclusively that mother love was not a product of civilization. The dividing of the cranberries was significant as well, and represented a principle of justice underlying the Indian character that was of special interest to him.

Among the Ta-was was an old Indian busily engaged making a pack saddle. Father said: "I went up to him and said, 'Pottawatomie?' He replied, 'No Pottawatomie, Ta-was; Pottawatomie bad Injun, marchee so (pointing to the west), good.' I said, 'Squaw Ta-was?' The Indian waited a moment and then nodded yes. I knew better, so I told him, 'Squaw no Ta-was, Pottawatomie, squaw marchee;' but I also told him he could stay. He dropped his work, looked pretty sober, and with eyes fixed on the ground, seemed to be studying the situation. I watched his face. After a time he jumped up, came to me, saying, 'Me be Pottawatomie, me marchee too,' and began packing up his worldly goods; seemed to feel all right.

"I wanted to get one more Indian before I resigned, and that was the old war chief McMoot, who escaped from Lieutenant Galt. We had his pappoose and squaw and wanted him. He had been at Owosso, and I felt pretty certain he had gone over to an Indian trader's, a Frenchman who had plenty of whiskey. I took Corporal Clark, and started after him, and found my surmise was correct, and the old Frenchman directed us on. We traveled that afternoon and the next day we saw him and an Indian with him drinking at a spring. I rode up, drew rein and said, 'McMoot?' He answered, 'Yes, me big chief, see 'em face.' His face was terribly scarred. I told him we had his squaw and pappoose, and wanted him to go with us. He said, 'Dam lie, no gpt 'em.' I said, 'Pappoose so high' (showing his height), 'white pony,' 'pappoose play so' (making a motion like playing on a violin). McMoot studied a moment then said, 'Me marchee, see 'em pappoose.' When they camped for the night the old fellow tried the sliding scheme again, but it didn't work I was watching him too closely. Upon starting next morning, I told Corporal Clark to take hold of McMoot's bridle, but he felt insulted, and absolutely refused to be led,

saying, 'Me no pappoose, me big chief; no run away; marchee quick; see pappoose.' We had no further trouble with him, and landed him safely in Owosso."

Here Father's duties ended and he said: "When I handed in the last Indian I made for home, as I didn't have clothes enough left on me to make a respectable gun wad."

Mother said the whole country was aroused, and all sorts of rumors were afloat, and fear began to be expressed that the whole party had been killed. One morning she arose very early and went to the door. The first thing she saw was a horse drinking in the river. She wasn't long in discovering Father on his back. He went to Marshall that night to report the safety of the troops. After they brought the Indians to Marshall, McMoot told them he would go alone to Canada and bring back more of the tribe. They took the old fellow at his word. Sure enough he did just as he promised.

Ackley, Henry	12	Atheran, Belcher	12
Adam, John J.	12	Atkinson, Bill	2
Adams, Jackie	18	Atwood, Aldro	12
Adams, John N.	10	Atwood, Aldro	7
Aiken, Edwin L.	11	Auditor General	10
Ailport, Aaron	12	Auditor General	11
Aldrich, Banajah	10	Austin, Harvey	10
Aldrich, Chas.	20	Austin, Julius A.	10
Aldrich, Seth	10	Austin, Julius A.	11
Aldridge, Robert	12	Austin, Sabrina	12
Alldrich, Amadon	10	Austin, Silas	10
Alldrich, Amadon	10	Austin, Thos. H.	11
Allen, G. S.	7	Babcock, Ford	12
Allen, James T.	10	Bailey, B. F.	10
Allen, Levi	10	Baker, Orlo S.	17
Allen, Rodney	10	Ball, Daniel	22
Allen, Sidney	12	Barager, Henry	21
Allen, Washington	10	Barager, Jas.	21
Allen, Wm.	10	Barber, Chauncey A.	21
Allyn, Israel M.	11	Barker, Moses W.	10,11
Anderson, Wm. A.	10	Barringer, Chris	20
Andrews, Elias	10	Bartlett, J. Gardner	18
Andrews, Elias	11	Bascom, Mary R.	17
Andrews, G. W.	7	Bates, Isaac	11
Andrews, Oren	11	Baughman, Esq.	16
Andrus, Sylvester M.	12	Baughman, Henry	16
Annis, Morris	11	Baum, Arthur	17
Anthony, Jack E.	17	Bell, Allison A.	24
Aries, Jonathan	12	Bell, Merton	25
Armstrong	22	Bender, Clyde O.	17
Armstrong, Catharine C.	16	Benedict, Elem	10
Armstrong, G. A.	20	Benedict, W. U.	8
Armstrong, John	21	Benham, Lewis	13
Armstrong, John	21	Benham, Lovina	13
Armstrong's Capt.	25	Benham, Mary	13
Armstrong's, Capt.	22	Benjamin	18
Armstrong's, Capt.	24	Bentley, B. L.	7
Arnold, Edward	16	Bentley, Orson	11
Arnold, Green	11	Berry, Amos	25
Arnold, Oren	11	Bisel, Lois	18
Arnold, Oren	12	Bissel, S.	22
Arnold, Samuel	16	Bottomly, John F.	21
Atheran, Belcher	12	Boyer, Mary	18

Brackett, M. S.	10	Corbin, J. H.	7
Bradley, James D.	10	Corbin, Messrs.	7
Brady, General	34,35,37	Cousino, Marcy	2,3
Brenke, Jill	18	Cox	13
Brieske, Helen E.	18	Crane, Albert	12
Briggs, Walter W.	17	Crane, Walter	12
Brown, Sher	1,2,25	Cribb, Sheriff	17
Brown, T. H.	7	Cummings, Charles	4
Browning, Barbara	18	Cunningham, A. T.	7
Brundige, Levi	10	Cushing & Shaw	11
Bryan, Daisy V.	17	Cushing & Shaw	11
Bryan, Jessie	17	Cushing & Shaw	11
Buckley, Geo. C.	21	Cushing, Rolla T.	11
Buckley, Walter E.	21	Darling, C. C.	12
Butler	13	Davenport, Ira	11
Butler, L. S.	20	Davenport, Thos. D.	21
Caldwell, Mrs. Helen Nichols	26	Davey, Edward	10
Calkins, Lt.	23	Davis, Messrs.	7
Carpenter	13	Davis, Van R.	21
Chandler, ?	26	Davis, Willard	8
Chapman, Charles	13	Dawson, Edward G.	17
Chapman, Grandma	13	Dayton, Slim	17
Chapman, Lovina	13	Deville, Jedediah	10
Chappel, A. E.	7	Dewey, Lt.	23
Chase, Joseph M.	10	Doss, David	18
Chemokoman, Big	28	Dunn, Levi	20
Chrissey, Ann	12	Dunning, Ed	2
Claflin, Albert F.	21	Dunton, Henry J.	21
Clark, Col.	23	Dwight, Edw.	20
Clark, Corporal	39	Dysey, Jos.	22
Clark, Grandma	14	Easy,	13
Clark, J. P.	14	Edgington, John	21,33
Clark, Nathan B.	21	Egleston, Alice Angeline	18
Clark, Professor	14	Ells,	23
Clark, Spencer	10	Estell, Lewis	22
Clay, Arthur	17	Farnham, Stephen	11
Coates, Reuben A.	12	Ferguson, Levi	11
Collins, Jim	2	Ferris, Caleb D.	11
Conklin, Seth	22	Filloon, Robert	21
Coon, Eddie	17	Finch, Henry R.	23
Cooper, David	12	Fitzgerald, R.	7
Copenhaver, Gary	2	Foote E. A.	7
Copenhaver, Sherry	2	Foote, Messrs.	7

Fordham, Silas	11,12	Hart, John	10
Fowler, Capt.	21	Hassler, Julius P.	17
Frager, Homer	18	Hatch, H. H.	21
Francisco, Judge	24	Hatch, Lieut	22
Frederick, S.	17	Hayes, Henry H.	18
French, Leon	17	Hickok, Captain	33
Frink, John B.	10	Hickok, Eliza	6
Galt, Lieut.	34	Hickok, Isaac E. C.	6
Galt, Lieut.	37	Hickok, James W.	6
Geer, Asa	11	Higgins, Henry F.	25
Giles, Abel	12	Hinman, B.F.&.F.	11
Glasgow, Jo	2	Hodges, Shirley	2
Goostrey, Betty L.	2	Hodges, Shirley Gage	25
Gordley, Joseph	12	Hollenbeck, Chas.	20
Gorham, Chas. T.	10	Hooper, Miles	13
Gould, Erastus	10	Hooper, Mina	13
Grant, Edwin	22	Hoopers, Roland	13
Gratkewski, Joe	17	Hopkins, D. G.	22
Graves, Lt. Col.	23	Horn, Minnie	19
Green	18	Horn, Paul	19
Green, Alice A.	18	Horn, Peter	7
Green, Alice Angeline	18	Hoyt, Samuel	10
Green, Dr. Mary	5	Hubbard, James	10
Green, Howard L.	18	Hughes, Grandfather	26
Green, Howard Leslie	18	Hughes, Richard	26
Green, Messrs.	7	Hulburt, General	23
Green, R. Ellen	18	Imes	13
Griffin, Luther	11	Ingersoll, E. S.	7
Grist, James T.	7	Ion, L. H.	8
Griswold, D.	7	Irons, Corp.	25
Gunn, A. K.	21	Isodore, W. W.	22
Haine, James	11	Jolls, Thomas	10
Haines, Bill	2	Jones, George	10
Hale, David B.	16	Jones, Joes.	22,23,24,25
Halifax, Rose P.	17	Jones, L. W.	22
Hall, J. P.	7	Kauffman, Lieut.	20
Hanney, Christian	11	Kauffman, Pete	25
Hargin, Michael	10	Kedzie, R. C.	23
Harmond, Sidney W.	21	Kellogg's Col.	20,22
Harrison, General	34	Kelsey, Carrie Lee	14
Hart & Hinman	12	Kent, H. E.	11
Hart, Jesse	10	Ketchum, Seth	7
Hart, Jesse	7	Kimball, J. H.	21

King,	13	Millett & Reznor	10
King,	18	Mitchell, Sherman	13
Kinston, Mm. H.	22	Montgomery, J. B.	18
Kinzer, E. B.	10	Montgomery, Lieut.	21,25
Knight, Dr.	5	Moor, Isaac W.	21
Labar, J. D.	12	Morris, John	11
Lacey Lieut	22	Mosher, Private	20
Lacey, Edw. D.	23	Mott, Sheila	3
Lacey, Edw. S.	21	Munson & Williams	12
Lacey, J. M.	21	Munson, Ann	12
Lacey, Maj. Samuel	23	Munson, Henry M.	11
Lacey, Samuel S.	23	Nichols, Charles	26
Lackey, William Dr.	17	Nichols, Geo. W.	11
Lake, Hannah	18	Nichols, Jas. W.	21
Lake, Jacob	18	Nichols, John	26
Lamb, Mina	13	Nickerson	13
Lamb, Sanford	13	O'Bryon, William	11
Lampman, Private	20	Olin, Marquis E.	21
Lawrence, Horatio A.	5	Ord, General	23
Lee, Geo. D.	16	Parmenter, Philander	10
Lee, Harold	17	Perry, Alonzo H.	25
Leiter, Mr.	22	Perry, Austin F.	24
Lescher, Nevel	17	Pete-Na-Wan	29
Lewis, Orrin	17	Petty, Benjamin	11
Ling, John	21	Pierce, Franklin	21
Loomis, Private	20	Platt, Cleo	5
Luscomb, Henry	25	Polhamus, Betty	2,25
MacKey, C. A.	17	Polly Roswell F.	11
Mann, James	23	Potter, Geo. N.	21
Mann, James	24	Potter, T. E.	21
Maycumber, H.	21	Pratt, Asahel W.	18
McComber, R.	22	Pritchard, Goldie	17
McIlvain, Lisle	17	Proctor, H.	23
McMoot	40	Randall, Larry	13
McMoot's Son	37,39	Reed, F. L.	7
McQueen, James	10	Reed, Messrs.	7
Merrill, Col.	24	Reed, William	12
Merrill, Levi	10	Rexrod, Tom	18
Merritt, Nelson	25	Rogers, Samuel S.	23
Messmer, Eddie	17	Rolfe, Nathaniel	22
Meyer, Julie	18	Rose, Ujustin S.	21
Milbourn	18	Rosier, Ethel	18
Miller, Jacob	21	Ross, General	23

Ruel, James	17	Stone, Gregory	18
Samilahti, Helmi L.	17	Stone, Pat	18
Saunders, B.	7	Stringham, Mary Jane	18
Saunders, Messrs.	7	Swantz, Asa W.	21
Scott, Gene	13	Terrill, Lenora E.	17
Scovill, S. D.	11	Thuma, Sharlene	1,2
See-Bas	36	Thurstin, Newell	23
Seelye, N. J.	12	Tinkham, Joseph K.	10
Sessions, J.Q.A.	20	Tirrell, Duane	19
Sessions, J.Q.A.	21	Townley, Nicholas	12
Sessions, J.Q.A.	22	Townsend, Diana	18
Sessions, Lieut.	25	Townsend, Fern E.	17
Seymour, Sellick	11	Trusler, Geo	25
Shapley, Uri	12	VanAlstine, Geo. W.	10
Shaw, Alvan D.	11	Vanderbeck, Edwin O.	17
Shaw, H. A.	7,22	Vickery, Chas.	20,21
Shaw, Messrs.	7	Vickery, Dan'I	21
Shearman, J. H.	7	Vickery, John	10
Shelton, George	12	Wade, Geo. H.	24
Shepherd, Forest	17	Wade, Gilbert A.	10
Shepler, Jan	2	Ward, Jane A.	12
Shier, Wm. H.	24	Washington, Geo.	25
Shrontz	13	Watson, Prosecutor	17
Si-mas	28	Webber, Jas. H.	21
Simpson, Ernie	18	Webber, Jas. H.	21
Skipper, Janet L.	18	Wells, Jos.	21
Smith, Barbara	2	Wertz, D. E.	19
Smith, Harvey	21	Wheaton, Jas. H.	24
Smith, Huntington	23	Wheaton, R. M.	7
Smith, Stephen F.	2	Wheaton, Robt. M.	21
Southworth, Marjorie	18	Wheeler, Mr.	20
Sowles, Chas.	21	Whidden, Phyllis	25
Spaulding, Maj.	20	Whitcomb,	22
Spence, Messrs.	7	Whitcomb, Edwin F.	21
Spencer, J.C.	8	White & Morrow	11
Sprague, Levi C.	24	White, F. F.	10
Squier, Manley W.	10	Wilksie, Capt.	23
Stebbins, T. T.	7	Williams, Abernarle	10
Stetson, Minor	10	Williams, Col.	23,24
Stewart, Reed	26	Williams, Harvey	7,8,11
Stiles, Emeline	12	Williams, Messrs.	7
Stoddard, Lewis	11	Williams, Morris B.	21
Stolt, Nadine	18	Willis,	13

Willis, Capt.	20,25
Winslow, Benj.	11
Wood, Eliza	6
Wood, Jesse B.	17
Wood, Reuben	7
Woods, Bretton	17