

and Leslie in Ingham county called a meeting and appointed a committee to confer with the Legislature and see what could be done. There were two forces met in the Capitol where a spirited controversy took place, Hon. Austin Blair represented the new committee, and Judge Gridley appeared for the plank road company.

Judge Gridley temporarily won the day, on the claim that the work done the previous summer would compel them to collect toll longer or face financial loss. The committee report showed that the collection of tolls was to cease in a little over a year, but when the time came tolls continued to be collected, until the people arose in their wrath and took matters into their own hands. Toll gates were broken down, toll men fought until they refused to stay in the houses with their families, and two husky men were placed in each toll house. Later one of the toll houses was burned, after the inmates had been removed to a place of safety, and the perpetrators were never discovered. Soon after the other toll gate was sold and moved away, and quiet reigned. Since that time the road through Onondaga has been kept up as a gravel road.

CHAPTER XV.

STOCKBRIDGE TOWNSHIP.

MICHIGAN STATE GAZETTEER.

Stockbridge in 1868; Lowe family; sketch by Axie Gorton James; early day notes by Henry M. Whaton.

Stockbridge—a township and postoffice of Ingham county, on the Mason and Dexter stage route, 67 miles northwest of Detroit. Fare \$2.40. Receives a daily mail. Has a Presbyterian church, a masonic lodge, hotel and two stores. Postmaster, Edy Baker.

TOWNSHIP OFFICERS.

Supervisor-David Rogers.
Clerk-Ira Wood.
Treasurer-George W. Gibbs.

TRADES AND PROFESSIONS.

Ackley, J. L.—physician.
Baker, Edy-general store.
Branch and Forbes (Jerome C. Branch and Horatio N. Forbes)—general store.
Ewing, George H.-blacksmith.
Farmer, John-mason.
Holliday, S.-mason.
Laner, F.-blacksmith.
Lawson, Thomas-blacksmith.
Ludwickoski, John-carriage maker.
Phillips, John-shoemaker.
Reeves, James D.-justice of the peace.
Reide, Hantz-blacksmith.
Rogers, Joseph D.-justice of the peace.
Sawyer, Fred-blacksmith.
Smith, Gustavus A.-carpenter.

Titus, Malvin-justice of the peace.

VanEttery, Jacob-hotel.

Wallace, Joseph B.-cooper.

Wallace, Russell-cooper.

Winslow, E. M.-physician.

LOWE FAMILY.

By **GERTRUDE** Low **CHAPPELL**, Mother of Mrs. L. A. Randall,
Dansville.

My father, **Heman** Lowe. came to Michigan in the spring of **1834** and located land on the plains in Ingham county near Low Lake. On August **20** of the same year the family started for Michigan and arrived in Detroit the first day of September. We rode in the stage to Ann Arbor, where we arrived at **10:00** o'clock at night, and put up at the Clark House. We wintered at Honey Creek in Mr. Sawhill's little log house, about **12 x 14** feet in size.

In the spring of **1835** my father and his brother Peter came to Ingham county and built a log house and in April moved his family there in the wilderness, six miles from any house except a shanty built in the south part of Stockbridge by David and Thomas Rogers. Ours was the first house built in Ingham county, then a territory; no one but Indians for neighbors and the rest unbroken wilderness. **The** next fall John **Dutcher** came, and others soon followed so that we had quite a settlement around the Lake.

Sister Rachel married Hiram Stocking the following year, and that was the first wedding in the county. Her babe, born the next year, was the first white child born in the county. Its little life was short-lived as it lived only a few weeks.

The circuit preacher came once in four weeks and held services in our home until a log school house was built. **The** first school was taught by Melissa **Stephens**, who received **75** cents a week. Abigail Bullock was the next teacher.

The first town meeting was held at Hiram Stocking's, where the voters from three towns gathered, and I helped get dinner for the board.

Peter Lowe was the first justice of the peace in Stockbridge, and Richard Lowe the first sheriff of the county, and later was again elected.

Teachers received 76 cents per week and boarded round, teaching every other Saturday.

Mrs. **Axie** Gorton James, of Pine Lake (post office East Lansing), gives some interesting items regarding her family.

Her parents, Jacob Bevier and his wife, Rhoda Phillips Bevier, came into Ingham county from Waterloo, Seneca county, New York, in 1868, and settled in Stockbridge. Her father was a blacksmith and followed his trade in the village where he settled, and continued it for forty years. Both he and his wife are buried in Stockbridge.

Mrs. James takes pride in the fact that she is a direct descendant of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Her grandmother on maternal side was Rhoda Hopkins (Phillips), daughter of Stephen Hopkins, of Rhode Island, who, as he was a Quaker, wears a hat in all the pictures, one sees of the original signers of the Declaration. Stephen **Hopkin's** wife **was** a daughter of John Brown of Revolutionary fame, the man who donated forty acres of land to the city of Providence, R. I., on which to found a university, and there Brown University was built. She has pictures of the whole Hopkins line and plans to have them framed and hung in the historical rooms at the Capitol.

Among the souvenirs in Mrs. **James'** possession is a beautiful shawl that once belonged in the family of Commodore Perry of Lake Erie fame.

Mrs. James remembers seeing the **first** mail sack in which mail was brought over the government road from Dexter, and she was told that David Rogers was the carrier, and traveled on horseback. After a stage coach was put on the road he drove it for a while, and her father did all the blacksmith work for the road. The others who drove stage, as far as her **remembrance** goes, **were** **Thed Owon, Bon Ferry and Lucius Bowdish, a** Civil War veteran, **wholived** to a ripe old age and wns burned to death while burning a marsh in **1010**.

Her mother, Mrs. Bevier, used to go on the stage to Dexter with her wool to get it carded for spinning, and would always take one of her little girls with her, a wonderful trip for them. After the

rolls were spun and colored, the mother would give each girl her knitting stint to do, and in order to prevent her cheating would mark the work with a white thread so the number of rounds could be easily counted. The girls would race to see who could be done first, and often dropped stitches were the result, and this always brought punishment.

Mrs. James' parents lived next door to David Rodgers, and she remembers hearing him tell about the Indians that were in that section when he settled there.

TRIP MADE IN 1846 TO NORTHERN MICHIGAN.

Notebook of Henry Wheaton Tells of Incidents Reminiscent of Very Beginning of Civilization in Northern Portion of Michigan.

Mrs. Bertha Bravender, of Stockbridge, has handed us an article telling of a trip to the northern part of Michigan, made in 1846, by her father, Henry Milton Wheaton. In the old days Mr. Wheaton, who for many years, lived on a farm near Pleasant Lake, which he took up from the government, was surveyor. He died June 30, 1873. His parents were natives of Genesee county and moved to Michigan with the fleet of pioneers who settled the territory from New York.

It is sometimes hard to realize the character of the wilderness which confronted the pioneers who came to Michigan sixty years ago. The cleared farms, the well-cultivated country, are far removed from the dense forests which then covered the country. When one stops to consider the day's work which have been put on the land to reclaim it from the wilderness, the sight of an old-time rail fence gives one the backache--and the mere making of miles upon miles of these, which have since been supplanted by their unpicturesque predecessors, the wire fences, was but the edge of the work.

Henry was born in Canada, while his parents were making their way to Michigan. AS a young man he followed the occupation of surveyor, and it was as a member of a party surveying the lands along the south shore of Lake Superior that this memoir was written. It is a little leather-bound pocket book, convenient for carrying in the pack of the pioneer surveyor, and the entries were

painfully inscribed, by the light of a camp fire, at the end of a hard day's tramp of perhaps miles. The little three by four-inch volume is reminiscent of the very beginnings of civilization in the northern portion of Michigan--the country which, when the notes which will be partially reproduced below were written, was densely covered with magnificent pine forests. It probably never occurred to Mr. Wheaton that he passed through the country which but a few years later was to be sacrificed to make a few lumber kings, and then abandoned as waste land, not worth the payment of the taxes.

A sort of foreword to his journal of pioneer travel is dated July 4, 1846, and is appropriately independent. "May the enemies of this state never be permitted to eat the bread thereof, nor drink the pure water thereof, nor visit the Lake of Independence thereof. Written by Henry M. Wheaton, on the evening of the third day of July, after a heavy shower of rain, and almost dark, and the mosquitoes thick as h-11," is the introduction to the story.

Following is a sort of narrative of the surveying trip to the northern country, then nearly the same as when Pere Marquette lived and converted the Indians. While some of the names are hard to identify, probably having been changed by later surveys, in general terms the trip seems to have been up Lake Huron, through St. Mary's river and into Superior, and along the south shore of that magnificent body, past the "Pictured Rocks," and into the primeval wilderness.

"Had you followed me through all my travels," says the narrative, "you might have seen me leave my family at Detroit on the 12th of May, 1846, and embark on board the steamer Detroit, for the mineral lands of the south shore of Lake Superior, as a hand in a surveying party under the direction of W. M. Ives. After a heavy storm you might have seen me land at Sault Ste. Marie falls; then, under an open tent at night, lying on the ground, our bedclothes consisting of one blanket apiece. Then on board the schooner Merchant; then on Lake Superior, in the hold among the Dutch, with some cord wood and some barrels to lie on, staying there six days, watching for a wind to carry us out on the wide lake, and many were sick around me."

Mr. Wheaton apparently left the boat at "Huron river," and his first duty was the distribution of supplies for the maintenance of

the surveying parties which were to follow. After a wait at Presque Isle and Porcupine bay, the party landed and began the real work of the laborious trip.

"You might have seen us," says the narrative, "first on the lake shore, then on the top of a rocky mountain, then seven or eight hundred feet below in a cedar swamp, wading through and climbing over logs (and the mosketers as thick as h-l). At night we sat down on the ground to eat our bean soup, and then, each one of us took his blanket and laid down on the ground to rest his weary limbs. For pillows, one takes his boots, another a sandstone, the third a chunk of rotten wood, and I a frying pan—some one thing and some another.

"Again we resume our labor among the rocks, and first we know we run against a small lake, when we take out our axes, cut some old dry trees, build a raft and launch out for the other side. Then commence climbing again—sometimes 'chaining,' sometimes carrying a heavy pack, then making bean soup and mixing bread, and other times running in search of water or digging a hole in the swamp in search of it.

"Again you would have seen us take our boat and launch out for the middle islands; then land and climb huge rocks, as barren as the desert of Arabia. Again we take another start and go out to Huron islands, and survey them. Coming back, we are nearly cast away, but we finally reach the shore in safety, take our suppers and retire to rest. In the night comes a thunder storm, with heavy rain and knocks our tent into a cocked hat. We gather up our things and retreat to an old leaky storehouse, and stay till morning, but not to sleep, for the danger of the old trees around."

After such a night as this, in the morning the party loaded on heavy packs, and started for the woods. "We done seven miles a day," says the record, "and sometimes eight." Trouble was experienced with a heavier lake or pond, full of mire holes.

"The most of the country is not worth five dollars a section, except the slate rock section, and that is good land, covered with sugar timber; no white oak, no beach, no walnut—long rolling and undulating, but not broken. The game is scarce—few bears and a few deer, partridges and grouse."

On a trip, apparently to the Pictured Rocks, the homesick surveyors saw a mirage. "The weather was calm and the lake

smooth," says the narrative. "The rocks looked beautiful at a distance. We thought we saw a sail. Then we fancied we saw a whole city. At length we turned a point and all was hid from our view."

The story of an Independence Day celebration in the wilderness is told in a matter of fact manner. "On the 3d of July it rained all night, and the mosquitoes were very troublesome. On the 4th, held independence at the same place, and I climbed and trimmed the tallest tree that I could find near the lake for a liberty pole, and had an independent dinner of bread, pork, bean soup with some roasted clams." The latter constituted the luxury of the trip. A few days later, in a camp by Independence Lake, whatever that may be, the dinner consisted of a "a bean soup with a duck and 500 clams; it was good." And, it is said, the party ate all the clams and presumably wanted more. A few days later the routine of bean soup for dinner was modified by the addition of a porcupine, cooked with the beans. This was called "porcupine soup."

The narrative gives a description of the troubles incident to the trip—besides the rains, which seemed to be interminable, it cut in the foot of one of the party necessitated carrying him out of the wilderness. Sometimes the provisions ran short, and sometimes the surveyors caught sixty speckled trout and feasted; sometimes there was no water, sometimes bad water in the hemlocks, and sometimes the pioneers were nearly drowned. There were always heavy packs to carry, and sometimes the men gave out under the strain, as shown by such an entry as this:

"Carried pack four miles, and camped on Huron river; a quarrel arose in the camp, and the Frenchman got whipped by J. L. Browne."

The record continues until November 5, when the start down the lake, in the steamer Detroit, for home was made.

Francis M. Wheaton, the youngest of eleven children of Henry hf., now resides at 605 West North street, in Jackson, and the curious log of the notable trip of his father is a family heirloom.—*Ingham County News*, 1919.