

The
John G. Berry
Family History



Mary Elder Clapp

FOREWORD

A large part of this family history is taken from notes that John G. Berry made when he was preparing to write his autobiography. He had the autobiography finished and wanted to get it typed before taking it to the printer. He had written it all in longhand. He wasn't able to get it typed before his death, and afterward the manuscript was apparently destroyed with some other papers.

The notes that I have used are from a ledger marked Book E. that the children found at the back of a shelf in a closet in the Berry House in Vanderbilt. There was also a diary of his trip to New Zealand in 1905-1906. I have also received a great deal of helpful information from family and friends and many other sources. Grandfather and I used to visit when I was small, and I was always interested in hearing of his experiences. He liked to recite the poem about Annabel Lee and usually recited it before our visit was over.

I happened to be at Uncle John's when Grandfather was working on his autobiography, and he offered to let me read it. However, I was called away and only got to scan the first page. I remember he told of his father starting to look up their family history but stopped when he came to where one ancestor was a pirate. Not true to my knowledge, but Grandfather's droll way of starting his book. It probably occurred to him because his father was an English seaman in his youth.

I have tried to keep the family names and dates accurate, but there are many gaps and, I am sure, some inaccuracies for which I am sorry. I sincerely thank my family and friends for all their help, as well as the visits we enjoyed.

His loving Granddaughter,

Mary Elder Clapp

THE WILLIAM H. BERRY FAMILY

William H. Berry was born in 1788 in Yarmouth, England. He died in Vanderbilt, Michigan, in 1881 at the age of ninety-three years. We don't know too much about him. The initial H. in his name may stand for Hamilton because one of his grandsons had the same name and initial. I am quite sure that I was told it stood for Hamilton.

When William's son John wrote to his daughter Lettie in 1905 he told her that his father had been a sailor in his youth. He was a member of the crew on an English ship when it was seized by the French. The crew was taken to the Island of Martinique in the West Indies, where they were kept prisoners for a year and a half. They escaped in a small boat and were recaptured by a French Man O' War. They were returned to the Island.

William married Mary Gayfer, the daughter of a fisherman. I think she may have come from Liverpool. The family emigrated to New York City, where they lived for several years.

The children of William Berry:

William	Rosa
Elizabeth	Mary
Martha	John
James	Charles

In 1845 the family returned to England and stayed for six years. By this time the eldest son William was a young man, and he chose to stay in England. William married there and later went to Australia where his daughter Louisa was born in the Colony of New South Wales. When Louisa was two years old they all went to New Zealand. William left England as a Methodist missionary and followed his calling the rest of his life.

I have no record of Mary or Rosa. I found a note among other data that Rosa had gotten married and had gone to Oregon. However,

since Rosa was a family name I had no way of knowing if she was a daughter or granddaughter.

Martha married John Scheck from the Ontonagon area. There were four children. They lived on a farm outside Sidnaw, Michigan.*

James' homestead was east of Vanderbilt. He sold it to James Yuill later.

*Further information on William Berry's family is found in the section entitled "Life in the Copper Country."

THE JOHN G. BERRY FAMILY

John Gayfer Berry was born December 13, 1837 in New York City, the son of William and Mary Berry. When John was about nine years old the family returned to England to lay claim to a share in an Estate. Their claim was denied, and it was six years before they were able to return to America.

John had several brothers and sisters. One brother named John died; and when the next son was born, he was named John. John's second name was Gayfer after his mother's maiden name.

While the family was in England, they stayed at least part of the time with the Gayfer grandparents. I have only two scraps of knowledge of that period. John used to say he had only six months of formal schooling and that was during the time they were in England. The other item was something he had told my sister. I think she said they lived in Liverpool. Grandfather Gayfer was a fisherman, and the fishermen took their boats out very early in the morning. When they came back with their catch, they would clean the fish down on the wharf. The children liked to go down there and play while the men worked; then the children had to go home, and the men would take the fish to the market to sell. One day, after several warnings about being too boisterous, Grandfather Gayfer threw John in the dirty water where they threw the fish entrails. John spluttered his way out, and the boys didn't play there anymore.

John must have learned to read and write somewhere, because he had an insatiable curiosity and read on many subjects. He had a large library, and I don't think he ever bought a book that he didn't read. There were histories, novels, a complete set of Dickens, Milton, Burns, and many travel books, as well as detailed accounts of battles fought in the Civil War. The last subject was a natural because he fought in many of them. General Grant was his hero, and he had a Memorial Edition of The Life and Deeds of U. S. Grant that he bought for his son for Christmas in 1886. The book was published in 1885 by Wilson Brothers, 81 Kilby Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

John didn't stay home very long after they returned from England. He picked up work wherever he could and in the course of events got a job on the Erie Canal as a roustabout.

The Canal was a very busy and interesting place at that time. There were few overland roads, and they were impassable much of the year. The Canal was the best and, really, only method of transportation. The barges carried anything that could be gotten on board. That included people, lumber, chickens, cows, horses, pigs, or machinery. John's work was to do whatever he was set to, from driving the mules on the tow path to peeling potatoes in the galley.

He stayed with the Canal for awhile and then decided to go West. He got through and past Cleveland as far as Harrison's Roadhouse. There he was very ill for several weeks, and they took care of him. As soon as he was able he went to stay with a farm family named Colton. The Coltons lived near Eaton's Corners, which was twelve or fourteen miles west of Harrison's Roadhouse. As he gained strength, he helped around the farm and became one of the family. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Colton, a son, Hiram, a little younger than John, and a daughter, Marian, who taught school nearby. They had many good times that winter and one in particular came to mind as he was making up his notes. I will let him tell it himself--

"It was a stormy winter day and we were tired of hanging around the house. Ma Colton wasn't feeling well and was in her room. We decided to make a big supper with beefsteak and onions as the main dish. A neighbor came by and we invited him to share the feast. The kitchen was all ours. The supper destroyed any reputation we might have had as cooks. We tried to cover up and eat the food, but it tasted terrible, and Neighbor Willets left as soon as possible. Thus ended the steak and onions feast with good old Mocha Java coffee.

"Pa Colton couldn't stop laughing and when Ma Colton came out to fix herself a cup of tea he happened to be standing behind the door where she couldn't see him. She said, 'What was all the terrible noise about, Hiram? Did an officer of the law come and arrest your Pa?' This started Pa all over again, and she gave him a dis-

gusted look and went back in the bedroom and slammed the door. Pa Colton went to bed on the settee and later she came out and fixed some tea and something to eat. Then we all, except Mr. Colton, went to bed. Perchance to dream of beefsteak, onions, and codfish coffee.

"In the morning Mr. and Mrs. Colton had made up, and we all agreed not to mention outside the house the 'unnoly time', as Hiram called the experience of the night before. So matters went smoothly, except that for several days Pa Colton would say, 'Poor Willets! How he must have suffered, and him a dealer in pumps. Worse than being seasick.' Then he would laugh and have to be pounded on the back.

"Next morning some neighbors came by and no doubt were surprised to find us up and about and acting in the even tenor of our ways. We heard later that Mr. Willets told Neighbor Brown 'That Colton was crazy drunk. He had those fool boys cook the beefsteak and the potatoes with the skins on. They made the gravy out of soft soap, and I've no idea what they put in the coffee.' He said it smelled like guano (fertilizer) and tasted horrible--it nearly poisoned him. He didn't see nothing of the women folks, said that we might have murdered them for all he knew in the 'crazy state they were in.'"

John was strong again by March and knew that he must find work. He felt deeply indebted to the kind people who had made him feel so welcome and wanted to pay them to some extent as soon as possible. Mr. Colton was talking of renting the farm, and they were quite hard up. Work was hard to get, and wages were low.

One day a Mr. Harrington came by and offered John a job helping to cut oak stavebolts at ten dollars a month. It was about two miles away, and John went home with him at once. There was another young man named Joe, and he helped John get the hang of it. Mr. Harrington helped, too. They felled the beautiful oaks which they butted and sawed up into stave lengths, then with frow, wedge and maul rived the cuts into bolts. It was very hard work because

the crosscut saw of those days was made with teeth all even and uniform without rakers. The tuttle tooth saw came into use in the 1860's. Every two weeks a man came to inspect and pay for the bolts. In two months the job was finished.

Mr. Harrington told John that he was going away to work for the summer and suggested that John find out if he could go, too. There was a Mr. Day a few miles away that took crews up to the fishing grounds in Lake Superior. Mr. Harrington had gone last year, but this year he would go on his own and thought he would do a little better. The fishing grounds were at Pointe Au Barques and Siskquowit Bay in Lake Superior in Wisconsin waters. The fishermen caught whitefish, trout and sisquowit with gill nets. The fish were salted, barreled, and shipped to Chicago, Cleveland, and Buffalo. Harrington worked for another man and earned \$25 a month. His wife cooked and got \$20. Both found "board and keep." He said, "Don't you want to go? There is no work around here, everybody is too poor to pay any kind of wages." John asked him how much it would cost and found it cost just about what he had. John needed clothes and shoes, so Mr. Day arranged to pay the passage, which was \$25 for cabin and \$15 to \$20 steerage. The wages would be \$12.50 a month, and he would take the fare out of his wages. Mr. Harrington thought it was a good deal and urged him to go. In about a week John moved over to the Days' and they started packing for the trip.

When Harrington started talking about the Lake, he planned to go alone. His brother lived on an adjoining farm, and both places were only partly cleared. The brother was single and they worked out the farms together. They still owed money on their land. Harrington thought he would leave his family, and his brother and his wife could take care of the crops while he was gone.

"Mr. Day's oldest daughter was 19 or 20 and away teaching school. Mr. Day was taking his wife and two younger children with him. He was a tall, thin man and the boy looked like his Dad. He was very mischievous, but the little girl was plump like her mother and very good natured. Several days we spent packing up and getting ready

to start on our trip. They were taking their cow with them, and it was arranged that I would drive the cow to Harrison's Roadhouse where I had previously lived and was so ill. It was 12 or 14 miles, and I spent the night there. A neighbor with a team took them and their goods through to Cleveland. The next day with the cow I walked into Cleveland and joined them at their boarding house where we waited for the next boat north.

"I had bid goodbye to the Coltons' two days before. Mr. Colton had said very dramatically, 'Go and make your fortune, John.' Hiram and Marian cried as I left, and I felt a good deal that way myself, for some of the days there had been very pleasant. I promised to write to them, which I did at intervals. Marian and Hiram also wrote to me, but after awhile our letters ceased. I never heard from them again, except years after when a soldier during the Civil War. I met a man in an Ohio Regiment that came from Eaton Centre. He knew the Coltons' and said that Hiram had gone to college in Berea and afterward graduated from some medical college as a physician. When the war broke out, he enlisted as Assistant Surgeon in an Ohio Regiment that went west. I was in the Eastern Army, so I didn't run into him. He also said that Marian had married a Captain in an Ohio regiment, and since most of them were sent west I never saw any of them. Later I heard that the Captain was killed, and that is all I ever heard of them."

THROUGH THE GREAT LAKES

In his notes John tells it as though it were yesterday--

"We stayed in Cleveland about a week before our boat arrived. It was a large sidewheel steamer named the 'Illinois' and commanded by a Captain Wilson. We embarked and were soon on our way to Lake Superior. We carried passengers and freight as well as animals to be used in the copper mines and iron mines. The Illinois was one of the largest and best boats on the lakes at this time. The weather was fine and we had an interesting and delightful trip. One fellow remarked, 'We have lots of water, too.'

"We stayed a day at Detroit, unloading and loading freight and taking on passengers. Soon after leaving Detroit we went aground on the flats in Lake St. Claire. After trying several ways to get afloat they unloaded the horses and cattle. The animals swam around in the water for hours. Finally, men in small boats from the steamer and men from the shore with ropes freed the ship and got it into deeper water. Then the animals were reloaded and we were on our way again. We entered Lake Huron and made our way through the Georgian Islands to the Bruce Mines in Canada. There we locked through what was then a world wonder. The Locks at this point had been completed by the United States quite recently. Previous to this there had been only one steam vessel on Lake Superior, a propeller named the 'Napoleon.' She was built on the lower lakes and steamed up the Lake as far as the St. Mary's River Rapids. They took her apart there, and men on shore with ropes hauled the sections through the Rapids into Lake Superior. She was reassembled and was still in service at this time.

"There was quite a picturesque little town at the Sault or Soo (jump) as it is now called. There were five hundred or so inhabitants--Whites, Halfbreeds, and Indians. The Traders, mostly Americans, with a small stock of goods did very little business in winter except for furs. In summer they reaped a harvest by buying and shipping salted fish, maple sugar, many things made by the Indians. They paid for them in goods, making enormous profits. Even at that

early date, the tourists came up in summer to buy beads, amethyst shells, copper and silver specimens and other souvenirs that the traders mostly bought from the Indians. At the Rapids the French and Indians did quite a business taking tourists over the Falls and between the rocks in their canoes. It was something to tell about when they returned East of how they had run the Rapids.

"The Sault at this time was an army post, and a regiment of U. S. soldiers was stationed there. As we passed through the Canal a brass band was playing, and they were having a full dress parade. I noticed the soldiers' uniforms. They wore grey coats and white trousers. The usual uniform was all grey. It was changed at the time of the Civil War on account of most of our supplies falling into the hands of the Rebels at the beginning of the hostilities. One of the evidences that the rebellion had been planned for many years was that nearly all our quartermaster ordinance commissary stores in the army depots and forts were located in the South, so as the rebels were in possession they confiscated and wore the grey uniforms at the outbreak of the War. Our government decided to change our uniforms to blue, the most handsome uniform a soldier ever wore. Grey and khaki could never equal it in color. Perhaps I am prejudiced, as I wore it for four years. However, I am wandering from that long ago morning and the dress parade. The soldiers made a thrilling sight in their full dress uniforms with caps and white gloves and bright brass plates on their belts, and officers with gilt epaulettes and brass buttons shining in the sunlight. At some distance the green grass and foliage and white buildings and the pallisades made a lovely sight.

"Then we were in Lake Superior. I became very familiar with this area in later years, but at this time it was all new and thrilling. I remember the Pictured Rocks, but many things I have forgotten. We stopped at Marquette, and it was a very busy place. The iron mines were then in their infancy, and it was a growing city. I think the only other industry was gill net fishing. They were taking up the wooden rails that ran out to the mines and replacing them

with iron. Steel rails had not come into use yet. The locomotive that hauled each car of iron ore was one or two span of mules and they found the empty cars harder to haul back because of the grade. The iron ore was loaded into vessels and shipped to eastern lake ports. We stayed overnight, and early morning found us on our way again. We stopped at several places, fishing stations mostly, and then we arrived at Portage Lake and stopped at both the Houghton and Hancock docks. The day after we arrived Captain Wilson informed us that he would not be going any further. The steamer had sprung a leak, which he thought was caused by going aground on the St. Claire Flats. The propeller Napoleon would pick us up and take us the rest of the way. In two days the Napoleon came, and it took part of a day and night to transfer cargoes. There wasn't room for the stock, but Mr. Day managed to take his cow. We next stopped at Eagle River and Eagle Harbor and later arrived at Ontonagon. We were unable to dock there as the weather was very stormy. We anchored, and the passengers for Ontonagon were taken ashore in rowboats. The freight was handled on barges.

"The U.S. Government was building a long pier out into deep water, also dredging the harbor and the mouth of the Ontonagon River, which filled with silt. The fierce winds and storms that came across from the Northwest even churned up the bottom and sometimes a boat couldn't get in at all. Then they ran up to the Apostle Islands and waited out the storm. For many years the government had expended a great deal of money (pork barreling) on this harbor, yet it never was a success. Storm after storm came, and the silt quickly built up a bar in the harbor so it was too dangerous for boats to enter.

"Harrington and self went ashore and looked around. The town was having a boom. Except for the main street the buildings were somewhat scattered. The larger portion of them were hotels, boarding houses and saloons. The saloons seemed to be doing an extra good business. A stage ran out about two miles to a village named Greenland, and a Cornish miner from there said it was rightly named. From its vicinity there was a fine view of the Porcupine Mountain Range which reminded you of the hymn where it told of Greenland's

icy mountains.

"There were thousands of men employed in this area. The Adventure mine was there and close by were the Toltec, the Evergreen, the Nonesuch, the Ogima and others. The Rockland was four to six miles to the west, a mining town of about two thousand people. These were the most famous mines in the world at that time, except perhaps those in Cornwall, England. The lode in the three Rockland mines was spread very wide and rich with some silver. The largest amount of copper was being taken from the Minnesota and National, some in masses so large they had to be cut to haul to the surface. The copper was then hauled by team to the Minnesota Landing on the Ontonagon River. There it was loaded on flat boats and boated down to Ontonagon where it was unloaded on the pier for shipment. The largest pieces of copper were shipped as they came, the smaller masses were packed in barrels and labeled 'Barrel Work.' The fine copper or that crushed and stamped out from the copper loaded rock was then separated from the rock in the stamp mill by water, then barreled and labeled 'Stamp Work.' That part of the dock at Ontonagon was piled high with the different kinds of copper that had accumulated during the winter. Most of it had been hauled out on the snow; the roads in summer were very poor. At this time they were building a plank road from Ontonagon to Greenland to use for hauling supplies.

"The storm eased and we went on our way. We passed the Forcupine Mountains, the highest point in Michigan. As we got some distance from them they were a grand sight indeed. It was a beautiful day overhead, with the green foliage on shore and the clear light blue water of the lake making an incomparable scene. We all stood and watched as long as we could see.

"The old Napoleon made slow time, but toward sunset we neared to Apostle Islands in Wisconsin waters."

THE APOSTLE ISLANDS

John wrote in his notes of their arrival at the town of La Pointe on Madeline Island. I will quote the first three paragraphs as he wrote them.

"The Apostle Islands are in Wisconsin waters. We approached Michigan Island just as the sun went down, and the last thing I saw that night was the opening about ten miles wide between Madeline Island and the south side of Michigan Island.

GOOD NIGHT MICHIGAN - GOOD MORNING, WISCONSIN

"When the French explorers discovered the group of Islands, they counted twelve; and, although more were discovered later, the name of the 'Apostles' stayed and is still on the map today. I do not remember all of them, but the ones I have been on myself were Madeline, Oak, Hermit, Michigan and Outer Islands. Madeline is the largest, about twelve miles long and four miles wide. Except for Madeline Island, these are not the names the French gave them. Michigan Island was so named because of its proximity to Michigan.

"The Napoleon had arrived at its destination at the town of La Pointe on a beautiful landlocked bay. Three miles to the west was the Wisconsin mainland, and three miles to the south was the north end of Chewomagin (Hummingbird) Point. Chewomagin Bay was some thirty miles from its base on the mainland and formed the east side of Chewomagin Bay. At the bottom of the Bay on the mainland was the White River, and two towns were laid out there--one on each side of the River. They were Ashland and Bay City. Ashland later absorbed Bay City, and at the time there were few people living there."

The men ate their last breakfast on board The Napoleon and went ashore to explore the Island. There was a population of about 500 in La Pointe, mostly French, Halfbreeds, and Chippewa Indians. The buildings, except one, were all one-story and built of cedar logs, hewed on two, sometimes four sides. They were covered very

neatly with cedar bark, although some of the new ones had hand-made pine shingles. There was one large, two-story building that was painted instead of whitewashed and was said to be over 200 years old. It was the Catholic Church, and it was plain that it had cost much labor and money. The windows were large, with many diamond-shaped panes of colored glass, each depicting a scene from the Bible. They had been imported from Belgium, and the beautiful oil paintings were gifts from France.

The Church had a large congregation, especially on special occasions when the Indians would come from miles around. The French missionaries had converted many Chippewa and Ojibwa Indians, and they contributed generously when they came.

Julius Austrian was the main land holder and had a finger in most businesses in the community. He and his two brothers ran stock on the Island. They furnished fresh dairy products to the ships that docked at La Pointe and all kinds of boat and fishing supplies as well as cord wood.

There was a loosely-organized government run by three men. Judge Bell seemed to be the head, but often the Priest became involved, and also Julius Austrian on occasion. They had some interesting experiences, from some of the stories that were told. There was a very solidly built building, the County Jail. It had had only one prisoner in ten years. One Indian had gotten too much fire-water and paraded back and forth in front of the Judge's house singing insulting songs. The Judge gave him a talking to, and the Indian promised not to do it again. However, as time went on, he did get drunk again and went to the Judge to be locked up. He asked for, and was given, the big brass key so that he could sit outside and visit when the ships came in. He was proud of the fact that he had to go to jail just like a white man. It turned out that it was more of an honor than a punishment. His friends brought him food and shiniash (money) for killikanick (tobacco), so he was quite disappointed when the Priest found out about it and he and the Judge decided Manito should be released.

Mr. Day rented a house at La Pointe while he looked around. He and Harrington had come to go to the fishing grounds, but now they had changed their minds. A new settlement was being formed some three miles west of La Pointe on the mainland. Some colonists had arrived on the steamer previous to the Napoleon. They had laid out a town and named it Bayfield. They were clearing up the town site and putting up temporary log houses to eat and sleep in. There would be a sawmill and other necessary buildings, and they were also organizing village and county governments. It was being organized by a rich company in Washington, D.C. They had a large grant of land from the United States as a bonus to build a railroad from Superior. Superior was a booming town at the head of the Lake, and the railroad would go to Bayfield and other points south. They had brought necessary help with them to build up the city of Bayfield. Day, Harrington and others rode across in a Mackinaw boat to look it over. Harrington didn't come back, as he hired out to the new company on the spot. Day came back and talked to his wife about the prospects for the new town. They decided to go to Bayfield and build a large log building and open a hotel or boarding house. The Company had offered him the lots to build on and would assist in other ways with lumber and labor.

John didn't care much about carpenter work, especially when it started from scratch with cutting down the trees. He wrote in his notes about the operation, "Three days later Day and self crossed over equipped with axe, broadaxe, crosscut saw, and other implements of torture to help build the new city of Bayfield."

The City plat was laid out on a large flat area of sandy soil with a small stream of clear water meandering through it. A few miles away was Pike's Creek, which was full of brook trout. La Pointe and Bayfield and the surrounding area were John's home for several years. It was grand and beautiful. The description makes one want to go there, but one person's experiences can never be repeated by another--and in this case it is changed by time in this year of 1985.

A Mr. Hanley was staking out the lots which had been surveyed. A gang of men were cutting down trees and burning brush, being care-

ful to leave plenty of trees for landscaping purposes. A Mr. Kaho, who was to build and manage the sawmill, had begun the building situated at the south end of the town site. A number of men were deciding where they would locate their businesses, and several frame buildings were already started. A propeller loaded with lumber and one with the mill machinery were on their way. The place was humming with workers and planners. The prospects were very bright. A pier was being built so that the freight could be taken off at Bayfield instead of La Pointe to be loaded on a scow for Bayfield. The sidewheel steamers The North Star, The Lady Elgin, and the Illinois would also use the new pier as soon as it was available.

Mr. Day found a lot and started building at once. John was his helper. John was green, but he soon learned to score the Norway pine logs for Mr. Day to hew them on two sides with the broadaxe. They also hewed joists and rafters from smaller trees. When the boat came with the lumber, they got enough material for the floor, window frames, and doors.

They covered the roof boards with two thicknesses of cedar bark. Mr. Hanley let Day have several of his men so that the work went rapidly. Mr. Day showed John how to fill the spaces between the logs with split pieces of wood and then caulk them with moss from the woods. Across the street Mr. Hanley worked with two carpenters. One was a German named Wagner that John met 40 years later in Lansing when Wagner was a member of the House and John was in the Senate.

Mrs. Day taught her children at home, so with boarders she was plenty busy. John was her helper and learned many useful things. Mrs. Day recruited John to help her cover the walls of the house inside with old newspapers, tacking and pasting them down. John also took several degrees in housekeeping, such as washing dishes, baking pancakes, cleaning and frying fish, sweeping and dusting or, as he expressed it, "any part of the work to promote so good and glorious a cause as to helping fill their stomachs and keep them good natured." When there was nothing else to do, he cut cordwood which he later cut into stove lengths with a bucksaw.

The town was a beehive of industry, with all kinds of buildings going up. So many interesting people were coming and going. A German named Roehm was putting up a boarding house with a lager beer saloon attached. Then there was Pete O'Conner who used big words and when asked what they meant answered, "Young man, you will find that word fully explained in last year's Almanac." Or maybe he would give Andrew Jackson's dictionary as his authority. Pete had the idea, or pretended to have the idea, that Jackson was still alive and had composed the dictionary and put out an Almanac each year. Pete worked around Bonti's hotel, where they also had an Irish woman working there. They came from different parts of the "ould sod" and thought nothing good of the other. Then there was Kaho's housekeeper who John often thought winked at him. On later due inquiry he found that she had one glass eye that glittered. "But all is not gold that glitters."

A Mr. Watrous was a paymaster to the Indians, and he came to town once a year from Washington. There was a Reservation on the Bad River about twenty miles east of Ashland. The payments were in gold and goods. The Indians flocked from as far as 200 miles, and it was a great holiday for them. They brought their families-- the women carrying big loads and the men carrying their rifles, powder horns and shot bags. They played all kinds of games, held pow wows, and danced. Woe to anyone that sold or gave them spirits (skidawaboo), yet in spite of everything the white man would meet the Indians a few miles away and sell it to them anyway. In spite of all that is written about the Indians and alcohol it was noted that they didn't quarrel and fight as much as the white men did under the same circumstances.

John worked for Mr. Day until early fall, when the Company discharged most of the help working on the town site. Bayfield had not become as successful as expected. The city of Superior at the head of the Lake had started to boom, and many people went there. It became quite a place, and the Company withdrew their support from the Bayfield project.

John began to worry about his work and talked to Mr. Harrington about it. Mr. Harrington allowed that matters did not look very promising, either there or in Ohio. He was going back to Ohio for the winter and advised John to stick it out until spring when he would come back and they would find something to work at together, probably fishing. So John stayed while many people left so as not to be caught there for the winter after the snow came. Others began to stock up provisions for the long winter months. John didn't know he could have walked across country a hundred miles and gotten work with good pay in the copper mines. He talked to Mr. Day who admitted he was getting very short of money because the Company hadn't paid him for a long time. They could always cut cordwood, but there would be no money until spring. So John got a job cutting cordwood for Mr. Hanley and was free to take any other jobs that turned up. He did all kinds of work and got more experience. He helped build a house, cut and hewed the house and barn logs, drove a team of horses, was a boatman, and helped sail a batteaux to the fishing grounds and back. He usually kept busy at something.

THE SURVEYORS

Some time later a party of surveyors came by. They were short a man, and John went with them. They were to resurvey, verify a correction line and meander several streams in Wisconsin, emptying into Lake Superior. He was with them about four months and found it to be a hard life, but healthy and interesting. Besides the survey crew there were two woodsmen, a cook, a Frenchman and two Halfbreeds. One they called Captain Joe; he bossed the other two, and they attended to the packing. Sometimes they packed the supplies in on their backs, sometimes walking, sometimes by canoe. They also moved and built new camps when the work got too far from their base. Sometimes there was fresh meat, but they had to pack in staples such as flour, fat salt pork, beans, dried apples, sugar and tea. Usually the carriers brought the food in a large birch-bark canoe from La Pointe to the mouth of the nearest river or creek on the mainland. Then they rearranged their loads, perhaps had to make two loads, and then ascend the river to the nearest point to camp in smaller canoes and pack it in on foot. These men were very strong and hardy. They carried very heavy loads with the packstrap either across the shoulders or the forehead. They had good appetites and young bear steaks tasted as good as the chef's at Delmonico's. At one time and another they had partridge, rabbits, deer, muskrat, porcupine, beaver and owl. Some were surprisingly good, and some were pretty hard to get down.

The work was very hard. John's job was sort of filling in where needed. He carried one end of the surveyor's chain and followed the surveyors with a hand axe to blaze the trees as they made their lines. They worked about half a day because it took the rest of the time going from and to camp.

One man they called Polly. It wasn't his name, but he answered to it. He was a good fellow--if anyone was not feeling well or got hurt, he knew just what to do. He had a bottle each of arnica and camphor, and some pills and salts and other medicine. He was as good as a doctor to put a bandage on a cut or bruise. He had a

speech in praise of his talents and ended it with the admonition that he'd do the doctoring, but they must pray for themselves. Sometimes a band of Indians came straggling along across the south range from the Fox River Reservation and an Indian mission. One time a family camped close by. They were hunting and trapping and cooked some venison. A man came over to the camp and told Polly, "Squaw much sick. White folks say Polly much good medicine man." Polly told him to bring the squaw over, and she did seem very miserable. Polly touched various parts of her body and asked her if they hurt. Each time she said, "Yes, very much." Polly went to the cook tent and brought back a big tin cup full of some foaming liquid which he told her to drink. He had found out they had killed a deer and hadn't had anything to eat for a long time, so they had really stuffed themselves. He had mixed up a big spoonful each of salts, soda and cream of tartar. He told her to go back and lie down all day and night. The next day she was around smiling and happy. The gorging hadn't bothered the rest of them, but this one woman couldn't take it.

One day there was a great treat. The carriers found a deep hole in the waters of the White River that seemed to be full of trout. They took them out with a dip net. The carriers brought fresh fish and meat whenever they could, but sometimes it wasn't too plentiful. Often the Indians brought fish and meat to trade, but Captain Joe didn't like to trade much with them. They usually wanted pork (cocoosh) and flour. He preferred to trade them lighter things because the carriers had brought them in from far away. Captain Joe kept a supply of gilt and brass rings and trinkets that the squaws liked, so he usually paid them that way. He gave them so many red bandanas and handkerchiefs that it got so the other packers would exclaim, "Ah, ah Captain Joe's squaw or papoose" in Ojibway-- and the squaws would giggle and laugh and act pleased.

Captain Joe and the other two Halfbreeds would often sing to the others in the evening. They had good voices and sang French hymns and other songs. After awhile, tired and sleepy, the others would draw up their blankets and soon be asleep, with the pleasant sound of the voices in their ears. It would seem like no time at all that they would wake to the sound of Polly pounding on a tin pan and yelling to the others to get moving.

The four months of survey life were a new way of life for John and, although they were hard, he wouldn't have wanted to miss them. It was fall, and the nights were quite cold--snow would come soon. It was great weather for their work because the leaves were off the trees--it was easier to travel, and they could see better. However, as soon as any of the rivers froze, that would be the end of the work until spring. It would be too hard for Captain Joe to get the supplies in unless he used dogs, and that wasn't feasible for that kind of work. They hurried, but they could only do so much and finally got caught in a blizzard. The weather changed suddenly with snow and a high bitter wind. It was quite far from the base of supplies. Supplies were low because the carriers had gone to get some from their base and were expected back directly. Each day the storm seemed to get worse and provisions less, with no sign of the carriers. They weren't really afraid that the men had gotten lost, but it was scary. They couldn't work either, and the storm lasted about six days.

Folly and two of the survey men went hunting without much success, although they did bring in a few rabbits, partridge, and two porcupines. They didn't dress out to a lot of food for so many hungry men. Folly set some traps in the creek close by, and one morning he brought up two beavers. He skinned and cooked them, but the meat was very pungent and dry except for the tail. The tail was large and flat, about a quarter of the length of the animal. When boiled it was like calve's foot jelly, only meatier. It made real good eating.

On the sixth day the weather cleared and a warm spell set in. It was Indian Summer, the men said. In the afternoon they heard the report of a gun, and soon the carriers arrived with rather small packs. The bad weather had pinned them down at their base at the river. On their way back they had met an Indian with a young bear that he had killed. They made a bargain with him for the bear, and he agreed to help deliver it to their camp.

The next day the men, except for Polly and John, went back after the rest of the supplies. Alan hired two Indians to stay with the crew and hunt until the surveying was done. One day one of the Indians brought in an owl. The Indians ate them, so the men thought they would try it. However, they decided the owls were safe from them. The young bear meat was as good as a Chicago steer, but the old ones weren't fit food.

THE ACCIDENT

For some time the work went on really well, and the boss, Mr. Robinson, said if the weather held good the job would be finished except for a section near the Brule River, and that could be left until spring. However, he said he would like to finish up in the vicinity they were in, which was at the head of the White, Bad and Montreal Rivers.

However, the work wasn't to be finished without a sad episode. One afternoon one of the Allan brothers said "I am going over to the Montreal River and see how the land lies. I want to take the canoe down the river a way." They were going to survey there in a few days. To one of the Halfbreeds he said, "Want to come me, Dick?" Polly shouted as they went, "Don't go very far. Don't try to run the rapids--it is late, and they are treacherous." Allan shouted, "All right--if we can't make it back, we'll tie up the canoe and walk back." Supper time came and went, but still they didn't come, and even Polly was anxious. When it got dark they built up big fires and shot off a gun at intervals in case the men had lost their bearings. Near midnight, Dick stumbled in. He was wet, exhausted and frightened. He said they had gone over the rapids. Before they knew it, the canoe upset and they both went into the water. At a bend in the river he had managed to climb out, and he had called and shouted to Allan for a long time. When Allan didn't answer, he finally decided that, being a good swimmer, he had probably landed somewhere below the rapids.

All night they kept up the fires and fired the gun to let him know where the camp was. In the morning, as soon as it was light, they divided into parties and started to search for him. They found him caught on a dead tree, and he had probably drowned before reaching there. His brother was very broken up, as were the rest of the party. He said, "When William didn't come back with Dick last night, I somehow knew I would never see him alive again."

They carried the body to a spot where there was not too much timber and then talked about what was best to do. In this out-of-the-way place there was no way to get a coffin or even to make a rough box. The next day a spot was picked out by a big yellow birch, and there they dug a deep grave. They wrapped him in some blankets and a piece of canvas ten that Folly had. Folly sewed it up and it was lowered into the grave. They all knelt around the grave as Mr. Robinson said a touching prayer.

The next day after the burial the remaining Allan brother came and said goodbye. Captain Joe and his two men went away with him. Each man carried a pack and they had two paddles. When they found the canoe they paddled it down to the mouth of the river and along the lake shore to the north of the Bad River. From there they paddled on across the lake to La Pointe on Madeline Island. Two days later the last boat came out from Superior and Allan took it from there to Cleveland and went on to his parents, somewhere in Ohio. He was to come and get his brother's body the next summer. Captain Joe returned to the Montreal River and thence back to camp with supplies. This sad event cast a gloom over the group, and it was never the same again.

About two weeks later the work was finished and everything packed up. With the aid of three Mackinaw fishing boats they went down the Montreal River to the Lake and crossed over to La Pointe, where Mr. Robinson paid off the crew and they dispersed.

THE LONG WINTER

John sent part of his earnings from the survey to the Coltons. Prices for clothes were very high, but he bought a few clothes, as well as some footwear. He went over to Bayfield at the same time as Mr. Robinson, but he didn't stay at the Days' this time. Mr. Robinson and the two surveyors stayed at the Days' while they checked up and made plats and descriptions pertaining to the survey. John never saw them again. After they finished they went out by a trail through the woods.

John went to a German boarding house run by Mr. Roehm. There were about a dozen men living there and working in the mill. When the mill shut down because of the cold weather there was very little to do. One could always cut cordwood or steamboat wood and saw logs to be sawed into the milled lumber in the spring. However, there was no cash money involved. It was pay in the spring or swap. John got some work with the Germans, getting out some flat timber of Norway pine to build some houses in the spring. When there was nothing else, he cut cordwood for Mr. Hanley. He didn't have the knack of woodcutting like the French, but he made the best of it.

Two brothers by the name of McLeod, Scotchmen from St. Paul, opened a hardware store. Business was dull during the winter, so they had time to be involved in community life. One brother was very quiet, but brother Joe was really jolly and the life of the party. They both had a good education, and Joe was known as Joe, Judge McLeod, or Mac. He played real music on his trombone. Joe wore a heavy, long beard while the other brother was clean shaven. Joe was full of fun, but not industrious like his brother. They made Joe head of the Committee for Amusement, and he did a good job. He kept the Community in good humor and no one worried, which was necessary under the conditions that they lived under. He got up all kinds of entertainment in the way of games, dancing, concerts, mock trials, plays, and boxing. There were many outdoor amusements as well, such as snowshoeing, dogsledding, and sometimes a horse race with sleighs. There wasn't any gambling because there was no money, but they played cards.

Joe's brother took no part in the nonsense except to laugh at his brother. He was something of a bookworm and had a good-sized library where he read law and took care of their business. Joe took care of the community during the long, cold winter--and no one complained of homesickness or boredom.

No one seemed to get sick, which was fortunate since there was no doctor. There was an old German woman who claimed to know something about medicine, and Kaho, the millman, claimed to know about surgery, but no one was about to test their skills.

There was no Church and no preacher, but after awhile the women organized a Sunday School. Mr. McAvoy read a chapter from the Bible. There were some excellent singers, and they sang hymns. A few men attended the services, as did nearly all of the women. The other men mostly played cards or went hunting.

A community building was built of rough lumber donated by Mr. Kaho. It was about 30' x 40', and the roof and sides were covered with cedar bark. There was a wide fireplace built of stone and red clay about halfway on each side of the building. There was a stage built up at one end, and long pine benches ran along the wall. The floor and seats were planed a little, but the lumber was not very dry; as it dried, the grain raised, and often someone would jump up suddenly and have to remove a splinter. The floor was covered with about six inches of sawdust from the mill. The cedar bark used on the roof and walls were bought from the Indians. They peeled the bark in the spring when the sap was running and the bark came off in one piece for their many uses. They also made pails to catch the maple sap for their sugar. Then when they made the syrup or sugar. They let it freeze each night until it was just right for their various needs. For the canoes they slipped the bark off in one piece for the proper length and shaped it while it was still pliable.

The building looked like a big barn, but it certainly served the community well that winter. Joe quoted the poet who said "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," but in this case it was a joy for the winter. And that was the truth. The lumber and labor cost nothing, there were many volunteers, and it was possible that there was as much pleasure in the building as there was in the using. All in all, it was a pleasant, comfortable winter, and spring was greeted in good health. Everyone was ready for whatever the new season had in store.

WINTER WAYS

The snow was on the ground, and it was getting cold. The steamboats running on the lakes, sailing from Buffalo to Superior at the head of Lake Superior had stopped for the winter. Soon the lakes would freeze over. Already there was no regular communication with the outside world. To reach there one would have to travel 200 miles, and it would be a cold, rough trip. One would wear shoepacs and use snowshoes to travel through the bush. Usually the men bought soo wool pants in the fall, stagged them with their jackknife so they could be folded into the shoe paccs to keep out the snow, and wore them all winter. Underneath was long wool underwear and heavy wool socks. They wore heavy wool shirts and plaid wool mackinaws. The French wore stocking caps and the men from the States usually wore heavy wool caps with earflaps that could be drawn down over the ears. The mittens had wool liners with leather outside mitts. The Indians and some of the others used moccasins for outside work. They were made by the Indians of buckskin, durable and were sometimes very beautiful. The shoepacs were made of heavy leather with canvas tops and had to be shipped in. Boots and shoes weren't used outdoors because the feet would freeze, especially if they became wet.

There was a rough route laid out to the outside that was used to carry the mail. They tried to manage one round trip two weeks a month. There was a nearer route laid out that would have been much shorter that went from Bayfield westward to the Amacaugon River, and then to St. Croix on the St. Croix River. It would have been 50 miles shorter, but in the 1850's they were still using the old route starting at La Pointe by boat, then continuing on the Bad River through the wilderness to the settlements on the Fox River, crossing other rivers on what they called the South Range.

The hardy Halfbreeds usually carried the mail--usually on foot even when they had dogs--because the trail was rough and the dogs had all they could do to haul the loaded sled. They couldn't use the dogs until after New Year's when there was a thick crust to hold them up. Before that they carried the pack on their back. It took a week each way to complete the round trip if all went well. Everyone was eager to see them and get news of the outside world.

There were stations along the way, usually kept by a Halfbreed and his family or by a Frenchman married to an Indian woman. The men usually hunted and trapped on the side and sometimes were hired as guides.

At these stations you could usually get a rough bed, maybe a blanket on the dirt floor by the fire. They were very good cooks when they had anything to cook, so it was policy for travelers to take food along. Many times, most in fact, they were nearly out of food. Usually all they had was fish and game. There were usually fish until after Christmas. They made a bread they called kallek. It was made with saleratus to raise it and was baked in a frying pan. Hot coals were drawn from the fire, and the dough was placed in a pan facing the blazing fire, with the coals heaped behind the pan. The pan was placed as nearly upright as possible, and the bread was tastiest when eaten warm. Once in awhile a family would have a little fat salt pork (cokoosh), which was a real treat because it furnished fat to cook with and burnt flour gravy, too. Very few people had stoves. They built a long log house and covered it with cedar bark. And then where the ridgepole should be they left an opening the length of the house for the smoke to drift out. The fire was built on the earthen floor.

I am sure that many of John's experiences and other details that he tell out were gleaned during the number of years that he spent in the area. It was a very different life for him, and I'm sure that first year must have been very exciting.

LIFE IN THE COPPER COUNTRY

John lived on Madeline Island several years and then went across the Lake to Western Upper Michigan where Ontonagon was the main port for the copper mining industry. Some of the mines were very rich, and John became familiar with them all. He worked in the Ozima and Toltec mines. Then his surveyor's experience stood him in good stead; he helped explore for copper on the Porcupine Range under Captain Dan Beaser. There were the remains of many mines the Indians had opened. They were shallow because in many cases the copper showed on the surface and could be dug out very easily. This was especially true on the Keewenaw Peninsula; however, those mines hadn't been discovered yet for commercial purposes. Some enormous boulders were discovered underground and had to be broken up to bring up the shaft. One enormous boulder was lying on the bank of one of the branches of the Ontonagon River. It took twenty-one men several weeks to move it to where they could get it to the dock to send it south. It was loaded and unloaded many times and on many kinds of boats before it reached Detroit. Finally, the government claimed it and it was placed on view in the Smithsonian Institute. Some of the outcroppings were so pure that the Indians just chipped off the size they wanted and hammered it to suit the form they needed.

It was during this period that some of John's family joined him. I don't know how many came, but his sister Martha came and his brother Charles.

Martha Berry married John Scheck from the Ontonagon area, and they raised their family of four children, Elizabeth, Martha, John, and Charles, on their farm outside the village of Sidnaw.

The oldest daughter, Elizabeth (Lizzie), stayed on the farm after the parents were gone and kept house for the two brothers, who never married. John worked the farm and Charles (Charley) was a section hand on the railroad. Lizzie married John Charnley in later years. He had a daughter, May, from his first marriage who married Mr. Heard.

Martha Berry's second daughter was also named Martha, and they called her Mattie. She was a talented person and a fine artist. Mattie married a Mr. Johnston, and they had a daughter names Lulu. They lived in Sidnaw. Lulu married Gene Gazely who was the DNR Director for a number of years.

When Martha Berry's brother, John Berry, visited up there in 1912 he took his granddaughter, Dorothy Winters, with him. The girls were near enough the same age that Dorothy spent most of her time at mattie's. Dorothy also spent some time with Lizzie when her grandfather went across the lake to Green Bay, Wisconsin, to visit a niece. I don't know who the niece was.

William Berry's son Charles married an Englishwoman named Maryann. There were four children: Ellen, Elizabeth, Charles, and Rosa.

Elizabeth (Lizzie) married Mr. Riegler, and they lived in Fetoskey. They had two daughters, Friscilla and Beatrice. Rosa lived in Fetoskey, too, but I don't know any more about that. I don't know anything about Charles, either.

Ellen (Nellie) was born when they lived in Greenland, Ontonagon County. It was a mining town with several copper mines in the vicinity. Ellen married Thomas Yuill, and they lived in Vanderbilt. They had four sons--Walter, Ervin, Stanley, and John.

William Berry's son John married Mary Elder, and they had four children: William, James, Leticia (Lettie) and John.

William married Ruth Eddy and James married Frances Lewis. Neither couple had children.

John married Ella Underhill, and they had three children: John, William, and June.

Letitia (Lettie) married Leon Winters and their daughters were Leonie, Letitia (Lettie), Dorothy, and Mary.

THE CIVIL WAR

When the Civil War broke out, a regiment was formed from Ontonagon County and John joined on September 7, 1861. It was Company A, 16th Michigan infantry. John was very active in the Service and took great pride in his record of the four years he was in the Army. He was made Corporal on June 27th, 1862, Sergeant on September 1, 1862, and Lieutenant on May 8, 1865. He was also commissioned Captain, but it was so close to the end of the war that it didn't show on his G.A.R. record.

The Regiment was in the thick of the fighting, as one can see from the battles they engaged in. He was present at the siege of Yorktown, Virginia, and in the battles of Hanover Courthouse, Gaines Mill, Malvern Hill and Harrison's Landing.

The regiment went home to Saginaw in December of 1863 on Veteran's furlough. They re-enlisted and returned to the Army of the Potomac in February of 1864, under General Meade. They participated in the Battles of the Wilderness and in front of Petersburg until the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox on April 9, 1865. Their Regiment won outstanding mention at Gettysburg and Little Roundtop. They were reviewed by President Lincoln.

John was honorably mustered out with his Regiment on July 27, 1865 and returned to Ontonagon. He stayed in Ontonagon a short time and then went to Detroit where he had made many friends from his army days.

The following account is from a diary that John kept during the Civil War. The regiment seems to have been in Washington D.C. before reenlisting. They still had some duties, but also had free time to explore the area.

Sunday, November 1st 1863
Washington, D.C.

Fine weather--A.M.--Studying Tactics--F.M.--
Walk about the Capitol

Mon. Nov. 2nd Report at Gen Caseys--meet Lt Beard & Sergt
Kent. Have another good time.

Tue Nov 3rd Visit the Capitol--The rotunda--The Senate--The
house of Representatives--P M Visit the Patent Office.

Wed Nov 4th Report. at Gen Careys--Go to Georgetown & return by
stage--Go to Grovers Theatre. Another good time.

Thur Nov 5th Weather cloudy--Studying Tactics.

Fri Nov 6th Fine weather--Studying Tactics.

Sat Nov 7th Studying Tactics--Go to the Canterbury Theatre.

Sun Nov 8th Cloudy weather--Study Tactics. Go to church--Hear
a returned Army Chaplain from Richmond preach.

Mon Nov 9th Study Tactics.

Tues Nov 10th Fine weather. Study Tactics. Expecting to be
examined before the board.

Wed Nov 11th Examined before Gen Casey and Board--Ordered to
report to the Regiment.

Thurs Nov 12th Report to the Provost Martial & get transportation.
At 11 o'clock we leave by boat for Alexandria--At 3 o'clock we
leave for Warrenton Junction--We reach the Junction about 9 o'clock.
P.M. We sleep at Dr Burrs with the embalmed dead.

Fri Nov 13th Walk to Bealtons Station & from thence to within 1 mile of Kellys Ford where we find the Regiment encamped. F.M. Move camp half mile.

Sat Nov 14 Cloudy & rainy weather.--A Brigade review.--Not being armed and equipped I do not attend.

Sun Nov 15th Rainy--Encamped near Kellys Ford.--Sunday inspection.

Mon Nov 16th Fine weather. Nothing at all.

Tue Nov 17th Cloudy. Get gun & equipments. Battallion Inspection by Capt Nash.

Wed Nov 18th Fine weather--Company Inspection.--Under marching orders.

Thur Nov 19th Cloudy--We march crossing the Rappanhanock. Halt at mountain Ck (3 miles march) where we encamp.

Fri Nov 20th Encamped at Mountain Run. Under marching orders. Detailed to act as Regt Commissary Sergt. Rainy night.

Sat Nov 21 Rainy weather. Act 'Com' Sergt'. Get payed up to Oct 21st.

Tue Nov 24th Rainy weather. Act 'Com' Sergt'. At 3 o'clock A.M. we pack up & at 7 we march, we get about half a mile with the train when we get stuck in the mud & we are ordered to return & camp which we do. Stormy. Snow & frost.

Wed Nov 25 Fine weather. Act 'Com' Sergt'.

Thur Nov 26 Fine but cold weather. We march crossing Mountain Run and passing Stevensburg, we halt and park our train 3 miles from Stevensburg, Cannonadeing in front. Hard frosty night.

Fri Nov 27th Cold weather. Frosty night. We march & halt in the afternoon & park at Elys Ford on the Rapidan, where we crossed previous to the battle of Chancellorsville. Today Mosebys Guerillas attack our Ordinance train and destroy part of it. Ordinance Sergt Tupper of our Regiment is captured. This is the 3rd time he has been captured.

Sat Nov 28th Cloudy, cold & rainy. In the afternoon the supply train is ordered to the front & I accompany the train on horseback. We make very slow progress for the roads are very bad with the mud & rains, at night it leaves off raining. We cross the Rapidan & at 12 o'clock P.M. we reach Roberts Tavern & cross-roads, where our Brigade is, but our Regt has been sent to the Ford to escort the train but have taken a wrong road.

Sun Nov 29th Cold freezing weather. During the day our Regt returns to the train & I issue 3 days rations to them & towards night we start for Ely's Ford. We go about half a mile & halt & then we go back, the road being blocked. In about an hour the road is cleared and we start again. We reach the Rapidan about 10 P.M. Very cold riding. We cross and park on the same ground we left yesterday.

Mon Nov 30th Cold freezing weather. We change, park about half a mile back from the river.

Tuesday December 1st 1863 Elys Ford on the Rapidan, Virginia. Cold freezing weather. The Army prepares to fall back.

Wed Dec 2nd Cold cloudy weather. March with the teams within 8 miles of Rappahannock Station & near Stevensburg, where we park.

Thur Dec 3rd Cold freezing weather. On horse with the train. Cross the Rappahannock on the pontoons. Park near Rapp Station.

Fri Dec 4th Cold freezing weather. Recross the River & camp at the Fort (Fort Vincent) on the bank of the river & comd'g the Railroad.

Sat Dec 5th Encamped at Fort Vincent.

Sun Dec 6th to Dec 10th Cold freezing weather. Act Com Sergt.

Fri Dec 11th Rainy Stormy weather. Act 'Com' Sergt'.

Sat Dec 12th Rainy muddy weather. Act 'Com' Sergt'.

Sun Dec 13th to Wed Dec 16th Hard freezing weather. Act Com Sergt.

Thur Dec 17th Rainy & very stormy. Gale of wind. A great rise in the river Rappahannock.

Fri Dec 18th Cloudy. Gale of wind. Act Com Sergt.

Sat Dec 19th Hard freezing windy weather A.C.S.

Sun Dec 20th & Mon Dec 21 Hard freezing weather. Great reinlistment excitement in the Regt.

Tue Dec 22nd to Thur Dec 24th Hard freezing weather. The majority of the Regiment reinlists.

Fri Dec 25th Hard freezing weather. We spend a merry christmas.

Sat Dec 26th I reinlist in the U S Service for a term of 3 years if the war does not end before.

Sun Dec 27th Rainy & muddy. Helping to make out the Pay, Muster-out Rolls of Co A.

Mon Dec 28th & Tue Dec 29th Rainy & muddy Act C S.

Wed Dec 30th Clouds & mud unfaomable. We get payed up to
Jan 21st 1864

Thurs Dec 31st As muddy as ever. In expectation of leaving
for Mich on a furlough & so ends-----

1863

Near Fredericksburg, Va.

January 1864

Journal No 9

Thurs. Jan 1 - Frosty morning--at daylight we march back to the Brick Church, take a short rest & then march back to camp. We commence the New Year rather tough, a hard day, mostly our rations hard bread, salt pork, and coffee & not too much of that. It is a very fine day, frosty night.

Fri. Jan. 2 - Cold frosty morning.--we fire up everything & clean up & at 10 o'clock we have the paymuster inspection. We are mustered for 6 months pay up to the 31st of December.

Sat. Jan 3 - Frosty but fine weather. Cleaning up & washing day.

Sun. Jan 4 - A very fine day. Usual Sunday inspection.

Mon. Jan 5 - Frosty nights but very fine weather. Company drill--P.M. Battallion drill.

Tue. Jan 6 - A very fine day.--Company drill.--P.M. Battallion drill.

Wed. Jan 7 - Cold frosty but fine weather. Today we fire up & clean up & at 9 o'clock A.M. have a very particular & minute Division inspection.

Thurs. Jan 8 - Hard frosty weather. We have a grand review, the reviewing ground is about 3 miles but by some mistake we march about 3 miles in the wrong direction, we then correct our mistake & counter-march, & finally reach the reviewing ground. We are reviewed by Gen. Burnside & return during the afternoon. A hard frosty night.

Fri. Jan 9 - Hard frosty weather. Usual camp duties but no drill.

Sat. Jan 10 - A change in the weather. Cloudy morning & about noon it commences to rain and we have a wet time of it. In the morning we prepare our little snelter tents to protect us as much as possible against the coming storm. In the afternoon we curl ourselves away, glad to think we are encamped during such weather & not on the march or on the battlefield. It rains & storms most all night.

Sun. Jan 11 - Another change in the weather, it leaves off raining & we have a sharp frosty morning & a cold cloudy day. Sunday inspection. Hard frosty night.

Mon. Jan 12 - Hard frosty but fine weather. Good Company drill.

Tues. Jan 13 - Hard frosty but fine weather. Company drill. P.M. Battallion drill.

Wed. Jan 14 - Cold cloudy weather. Company drill.

Thur. Jan 15 - Cloudy. Heavy wind blowing a gale from the S.W. Inspection of quarters and accoutrements. Rain & wind storm at night.

Fri. Jan. 16 - Rain & wind from the S W, it leaves off raining during the morning but the wind does not abate. We have a Company inspection. P.M., under marching orders. Towards night the wind shifts around to the N W, and we get cold frosty weather again.

Sat. Jan 17 - Hard frosty weather.--Under marching orders.

Sun. Jan 18 - Very hard frosty weather.--Under marching orders, we get ready but do not march.

Mon. Jan 19 - Very hard frosty weather. The coldest weather this winter. Under marching orders. P.M. Non Commissioned officers drill.

Tue. Jan 20 Not quite so cold weather.--Under marching orders, we packup & get into line but it is afternoon before we start, we then march about 4 miles, when night overtakes us, & we camp in a brush thicket near our last Reviewing ground for the night. At dark it commenced to rain and we have a very unpleasant wet cold night. Our blankets & clothes get deluged with water.

Wed. Jan 21 Rains all day. At daylight we strike tents & get into line and march. We move very slow for the roads are cut up with the artillery and the mud is very deep, & we have to wait and help the artillery out of every mudhole they get into. We make about 3 miles & during the afternoon we encamp in a very handsome grove of white oak timber.

Thur. Jan 22 Cold rainy weather. The roads being in such a bad condition we remain today encamped in the woods. We have a good camp for such weather, plenty of good wood & water, and the shelter of the forest.

Fri. Jan 23 Our Generals finding it an impossibility to advance on account of the badness of the road, give orders to fall back to the old camping ground. We go out today and work on the roads. We make a charge on the rail fences and corduroy the roads with them so as our artillery can get back. Siegals artillery, which is in the advance, then falls back, and we have orders to march back to camp on the morrow. Today it has not rained but in the place of it a heavy Scotch mist.

Sat. Jan 24 Clouds and sunshine. Encamped in the woods. During the morning the artillery and troops that are in the advance return to camp, in the afternoon we pull stakes also and move to the rear. We have a very hard march back to camp through the deep deep mud. We reach our old camp about sundown. Painy night.

Sunday Jan 25 Cloudy weather.--Sergant of the Guard.--Today Lt Colonel Welch lays out a new camp and the men are all busy

building all kinds of log and mud structures. Rainy night.

Mon. Jan 26 - Clouds & sunsnine. Relieved from Guard duty during the morning. Fay day. We get payed 4 months pay, up to the last of October.

Tues. Jan 27 - Rainy weather. A day in the tents. A large amount of letter writing and reading done today.

Wed. Jan 28 - Another miserable wet day, which we spend as yesterday in the tents. Towards night the rain turns to snow, it blows and snows from the N E.

Thur. Jan 29 - Over a foot of snow on the ground this morning, at sunrise the storm ceased & get a cold but clear sunshiney day. Our little snelter tents are allmost buried in the snow & we are obliged to dig ourselves out. Hard frosty night.

Fri. Jan 30 - Hard freezing but fine weatner. Fixing up our wuarters & turnpikeing our Company Street.

Sat Jan 31 - Hard freezing but fine weather. Still at work on our quarters & the Street.

DETROIT, MARRIAGE AND BERRYVILLE

John returned to Detroit and found a position with the Ducharme-Prentiss Wholesale Company. He soon branched out into real estate and construction. He built some houses in the vicinity of Myrtle and Trumble.

While John had been busy with the business, he hadn't neglected his social life. He met and fell in love with Mary Elder, whose parents had a home and truck garden at the corner of Russell and Canfield. They were married June 19, 1867. I don't know where they started their home, but the eldest son used to tell of watching the farmers driving their cattle to pasture down 14th street when he was a little boy. The street was very muddy, or dusty--according to the weather.

John had good business sense and got along very well in Detroit. However, after the last child was born, Mary wasn't too well and it was decided that she would be better away from the city. There were four children: William, James, Letitia and John.

The government made tracts of land available to the Veterans as mustering out pay, and John decided to go and look them over. He went north to Otsego County and found what he wanted. A Veteran could have a certain number of acres by building a one-room house and living there a certain length of time. More land could be had at a dollar an acre. John invested in quite a large tract with a lake on it. He fulfilled the conditions and was ready to clear away the woods and build a house for his family. His land was five miles southwest of Vanderbilt. By 1876 he was ready to bring his family up from Detroit. The railroad came as far as Otsego Lake, and the rest of the trip had to be completed in a lumber wagon. It must have been a very rough, long ride over the road, no more than a trail.

The settlement grew fast, and soon there was a thriving settlement

there on the shore of Berryville Lake. In the meantime, farms were being settled in the vicinity and there was a need for the facilities the town soon had to offer. Several relatives had come with the Berrys, and soon they were all involved in one business or another. There was a saw mill and a gristmill. Berry and Gagnier had a Mercantile Store. They were also in the lumber business. Over the store there was a large room used for the Masonic Lodge. The school served as a Church and community building. All in all, it was quite a self-supporting community.

John was instrumental in getting the Masonic Lodge organized in 1878. It was the first one north of Bay City.

They worked hard, but they had many good times, too. I have a clipping of an account of a Christmas Eve party that sounds very ambitious and was lots of fun. I don't know what paper it was printed in, but both Vanderbilt and Gaylord printed papers at one time or another. The year was 1878, and the party was held in the Lodge rooms. It was a large affair, with a Christmas tree and gifts for everyone. It started at three o'clock in the afternoon with a prayer from the Reverend Van Auken and was followed by a program of songs, readings, recitations, plays, charades, and pantomimes. When it became dark everyone was startled by the clattering of hoofs and squeaking of runners on the roof. It was good old St. Nick with presents for the children of Berryville. For lack of a fireplace, St. Nick had to come in by the door; but no one noticed, because just then a curtain was pulled back and a beautiful tree loaded with gifts came into view. It was lit with many twinkling candles.

After the distribution of gifts came supper, and it was a bounteous feast with no lack of good cheer. After supper an hour or so was taken up with watching the wonders thrown on the screen by the magic lantern. Then there was a closing song, and it was time to go home.

However, there were some additional notes of interest by the correspondent. The makeup and acting by the "Old Maid" in one of plays couldn't have been done better by a professional actress. Also, Santa Claus with his offhand jokes, witticisms and humorous remarks was very laughable and amusing. Among the presents on the tree was an order for a barrel of flour for Reverend Van Auken from Berry and Gagnier's store. Each child received a book and a box of candy and nuts. The employees of the store each received a good supply of oysters for the holidays.

The operator of the magic lantern found it difficult to get bright and clear pictures because the moisture in the room fogged up the slides, but he promised to try again soon under more favorable conditions.

"Your Correspondent is of the unanimous opinion that Berryville has the most snow in proportion to its population of any city in the United States. However, there are several Counties to be heard from that might change the result."

THE JAMES ELDER FAMILY

Letitia Campbell was born in Scotland of Scottish parents. The family left Scotland because of poverty and went to Ireland. They soon left Ireland because of strife and emigrated to America. I don't know if they landed in Canada or the United States. They settled in Lehigh County, Pennsylvania, for some time and it was here that Letitia and James Elder fell in love and were married.

Letitia and James were married in Northwhitehall Township, Lehigh County, Pennsylvania, on the third of October, 1841. They were married by a German Reformed minister, Joseph S. Dubs. The witnesses were Letitia's brother John and James' brother John, and a James Wilson.

The James Elders' had eight children. At the end of the Civil War they were living in Detroit where they had a home and truck garden at the corner of Russell and Canfield. I understand they lived in Ada, Michigan, for several years while the children were growing up.

These were the eight Elder sons and daughters:

Margaret	Gertrude
Elizabeth	John
Charlotte	James
Martha	Mary

Margaret married Barney Gagnier. There were two children, Edward and Elizabeth. Edward didn't stay around his family after he grew up. He married and had two boys. His wife's name was Laura, and she taught school.

Elizabeth lived in the Berry house most of her growing up years. She was a spirited girl and liked to ride horseback, as

well as joining in the fun of her crowd. Arthritis set in while she was still a young woman, and eventually she was very crippled. However, she made the best of it and got around as best she could. I don't remember her complaining, ever. Later when her Uncle John wasn't keeping up such a large household, she spent most of her time in Redford at her Uncle Lou Gagnier's. Three cousins from different families lived at Uncle Lou's. Julia was the youngest and still worked in Detroit. She had a little black Ford coupe and was quite independent. Elizabeth and Carrie kept up the house, and all went smoothly. This was in the early twenties, and I spent quite a bit of time out there. Uncle Lou always made me welcome.

Elizabeth Elder married George Skelton. They had two sons, but one died in infancy of diptheria. The other son's name was George, and he had a son named Ross. Ross was a broker.

Charlotte married a Mr. Keane, and they had two daughters, Charlotte and Gertrude. Charlotte taught school in Detroit and never married. Gertrude married a Mr. Bittner, and they had one son. They lived abroad much of the time because Mr. Bittner was connected with the Mayfield Foundation--something to do with McCall's. They spent several years in Romania; when the boy was nine, they had an audience with Queen Marie. She was very gracious and was especially kind to the boy, talking to him quite awhile.

John Elder married a young Englishwoman named Margaret Slater. They had two children, Harry and Fannie. Harry had diptheria and died in infancy. Fannie grew up in the Berry house where she and her mother lived after John's death. Margaret worked in the Berry General Store and had charge when Mr. Berry was away. Otherwise, she worked on the drygoods side. I remember her with her little black apron, with shears fastened to the belt with a narrow black ribbon.

Fannie married James Carberry, and we seldom saw her after that. Jamie was the first teacher in the Red School north of Gaylord on what is now Old 27. Later they moved to Detroit, and he worked in the YMCA for many years.

Mary Elder married John Berry. They had four children, all born in Detroit.