

of farmers around. They made their first planting ground of the old Indian improvement, where the city of Ionia now is. Esquire Yeomans had his farm below the village, and some had settled on the other side of the river.

“At Lowell, on the left bank of the river, was Mr. Marsac, and on the right bank, on an extended plain, an old Indian planting ground, was Lewis Robinson. At Ada, were Rix and Edward Robinson.

“There was already quite a population at Grand Rapids. Many settlers followed Mr. Campau from Detroit, and others came from all parts East. The Messrs. Hinsdill, Henry and others from Vermont; James Lyman and his brother, from Connecticut and many, more than from all other states, from New York. Perhaps at this time there were 500 in all—more at times than could be well accommodated for room. It seemed to be an attractive spot, where every comer seemed to think it was the place for him to make a fortune. This was the case in the first part of the year, but before the year was through, that feeling had much abated, for it was in this year that the speculation bubble burst.

“At this time, though Canal and Kent streets were nearly impassable by reason of stumps, and mud from the water oozing from the hills above, lots were selling for \$50 per foot. There was a passable road from Fulton street to Coldbrook under the bluff on the east. Canal street was, in wet weather, little better than a quagmire.

“There were as yet few farmers in Kent county. Out on South Division street, beyond the Fair Grounds, was Alvin Wansey. Over beyond, were Joel Guild and Barney Burton. Southwest of Reeds Lake were Judge Davis and two Reeds. Going down the Grandville road, all was woods. At Plaster Creek was a small saw mill. Plaster could be seen in the bed of the stream near it. As one went on, to the right, and off from the road, near a marsh, were the salt springs, with paths deep worn by the deer coming to lick the salt water; and just below, near the river, were observed the Indian mounds, near where the railroad now crosses the river. On the left of the road, farther on, was Esquire Chubb's log cabin, and over the creek beyond were Mr. Howlett and Mr. Thompson.

“The first house in Grandville was that of Julius C. Abel; the