

**DORUS M. FOX DEAD**

**Came to this County in 1825 and Lived in Milford from 1836 to 1840. Visited Here in 1891. Died at Des Moines, Iowa, aged 84 years.**

Col. Dorus M. Fox, one of the fast disappearing number who remembered Milford in the very early days, is dead at Des Moines, Iowa, where had been his home since the civil war. His death occurred Wednesday, Nov. 20 [1901] and he was 84 years of age, having been born in Jefferson county, N.Y., in 1817.

Of the early life of Col. Fox and his connection with Milford, the following, written by himself to the TIMES under date of July 19, 1891, is of interest:

“Sixty-six years ago (1825) my father, Truman Fox, emigrated from Western New York to the town of Pontiac, Oakland county. The writer was then in his eighth, now in his seventy-fourth, year of age; but the scenes and incidents of those early times are as vivid as those of the last five years. It is not my purpose, however, in this hastily written letter, to notice them as specifically as I might. Oakland county pioneers would perhaps be interested, but very few, if any, remain, and should I visit Pontiac, Rochester and other considerable towns of eastern Oakland and inquire for the residents then in middle life – for John Hamilton, Johnson Niles, Benjamin and William Phelps, Isaac L., John K. and Aaron Smith, Harvey and Dr. Parke, the Comstocks, Poppletons, Todds, Thompsons and many others, I should be directed to the “city of silence” and to the marble monuments for answer.

“Fifty-one years ago I left Milford where I had resided four years, going there with my father in 1836, first settling on a farm three miles down the river in the neighborhood of John N. Clark, Jas. Middaugh and old Mr. Morgan. The winter of 1836-7 I taught school in a district west of the river, occupying a small log schoolhouse near the residence of Isaac Dennison, with about twenty-five scholars from the families of Samuel Hubbard, Isaiah Hudson, John Kesby, Robert Rutherford James Burns and Isaac Dennison.

“In the spring of 1838, I removed into the little village, containing at that time perhaps 200 inhabitants; one store kept by Mead & Arms, one grist mill, owned by Luman Fuller, one saw mill, Aaron Phelps, proprietor, a small chair factory built by Isaac [Calvin] Eaton. I think of no other manufacturing establishments at that time. The name of every family in the village and vicinity I could give on a few moments reflection, although half a century and more has passed. Once within that time (1862) when home on a brief furlough from the army, I visited your village and was entertained by my steadfast friend, Judge Harry C. Andrews, since passed to a higher life, and should I inquire for Drs. Foote and Mowry, Ansley Arms and other early residents, again I should be referred to the silent city and its white monuments.

I am tempted to refer to the year 1832 when I left my father’s home in Pontiac and traveled on foot to Detroit seeking employment; of my experiences as a clerk in a grocery store in that then little French town; of seeing Black Hawk pass through under guard on his way to Washington after the close of the Black Hawk war, etc., but old people are apt to be garrulous, and I forbear.”

Col. Fox was one of the few living men who could remember back to the time when Hull’s army stockade was still standing in Detroit. He was present in Detroit during the cholera scare of ‘32-34, when both his employer and Gov. Porter died from the dread disease.

He worked in the city as a clerk for several years, and was present at the inauguration of Wm. Woodbridge, the first Whig governor of the state.

When war broke out, Col. Fox enlisted. He was colonel of the Twenty-seventh Michigan Infantry, and with his regiment participated in the work of quelling the Detroit riots of 1863, when, as the result of an assault committed by a colored man, the toughs of the city rose up and set fire to 20 buildings, burning 35 in all, and beating and driving back into the flames the colored people who lived in the houses.

Soon after the war Col. Fox located at Des Moines and lived on his pension, eked out by returns from works, written and published by himself. He wrote a “history of political parties and national reminiscences.” He also wrote a book on Detroit. As an author he was not celebrated, but his accounts and records were excellent.