



# The Northville Record.

SAMUEL H. LITTLE Editor.

SATURDAY SEPT. 27, 1873.

## THE PIONEERS OF PLYMOUTH.

Reminiscences of Old Times—Northville 45 years ago—On teams the Express of those days—Three days for a trip to Detroit—Old Settlers now living—A healthy climate and good habits the cause of their longevity—Organization of the Presbyterian Society etc.

In the Lansing Republican is a column headed "House, Farm and Garden," said to be conducted by a farmer's wife. In last week's issue we find in that column the following interesting history of our town:

We are indebted for the following facts in regard to the early settlement of Northville and vicinity, to the reminiscences of some of the settlers herein mentioned. It is understood that Plymouth and Northville are villages within the township of Plymouth.

The first house erected in the township was built by Erastus Starkweather, April, 1825. The first night "cut out" was in the same year. The first house in Northville was built by John Miller, who later erected a grist-mill. In 1831 he sold the grist-mill to Mr. Dunlap, who, with his wife and part of his family, are still living in Northville. In relating their early experience Mrs. D. says

that they at first occupied a log shanty, and having a large acquaintance in New York State, where most of the immigrants came from, they frequently had to entertain whole families for a longer or shorter period, as was necessary, and after they built a house, with one room and bed-room, they boarded and lodged strangers and acquaintances without remuneration; and when people came to the mill with their ox-teams from 10 to 20, or sometimes 30 miles distant, they kept both man and beast. Mr. D. bought land for \$5 per acre, under six years' improvement. The government price was then \$1.50 per acre. They lived and prospered, giving to the world a family of ten sons and daughters, and educating them for usefulness. One of the sons is now a Presbyterian minister in Sturgis, Mich.

Through no fault of Northville to Detroit it took three days to go and transact business and return. The first store in Northville was opened by J. Marshall Mead, in 1825. It is thought a shanty was erected about this time by Mr. Hickock, who was a wheelwright, and set up a turning lathe, etc., for manufacturing wheels of various kinds. His establishment furnished the old-fashioned spinning-wheels to the country round about.

Closely connected with these were settlers of adjoining towns—among them, John G. Welch, a wealthy farmer now living upon the same farm upon which he settled in 1825. Mr. Welch is a great fruit-grower, bold and hearty in his ripe old age, himself and wife among the most worthy and enterprising in this vicinity. Among those in the more immediate neighborhood we would name William, John, and Joseph Yerkes, all old and full of days. Of this name there were 15 persons of different ages that settled here May 12th, 1826.

Many of the offshoots of these families settled hereabouts, constituting a long list of those to whom the world accords influence, position, and wealth. We might also add the names of C. A. Griswold, Dexter Briggs, Joshua Simmons, and N. B. Markham, who came to their present homes in 1826. There may be something in the location, the beautiful rolling country, or in the habits of the people, that tends to longevity. The fact is prominent that there is seldom seen in a village congregation in Michigan so many old people as come together on the Sabbath in any one of the three churches in Northville. At a party given in that place not long since, there met seven couples, all over 70 years of age.

We must not omit to mention Mr. Thos. Pinkerton, or "Uncle Tommy," as he is familiarly called, he being a standing reference, as he possesses a remarkably acute memory of dates and events, besides having kept a diary for a considerable portion of the time since 1825, when he came here. Though he lives just over the line in Novi, he is still a Northville man, as his church and office are here, and he lives on the farm he bought at that time.

The Presbyterian Church, a part of which is now the Presbyterian Church of Northville, was organized in Farmington, by Rev. Mr. Ruggles. The first meetings of this society were held at the house of Joseph Yerkes, Senior. Mr. Pinkerton says the Methodist Church was organized before the Presbyterian. To Rev. Mr. Hickock, and Rev. Marcus Swift, the pioneer Methodists of this region, we are largely indebted for the foundation on which rests much of the religious sentiment of this fair and prosperous portion of the State. These two men organized a Methodist Church at the house of Paul W. Hazen in Novi. Mr. Hazen and his

on the same farm he then occupied, "old and full of years, still true to his profession."

The labors, trials, and self-sacrifice of 40 years will long remain a crown of glory and keep the memory of Marcus Swift fresh in a wide circle of friends, embracing a large portion of Eastern Michigan.

Elder Swift was a man of great mental power, accompanied by philanthropy and a reformatory heresim that placed him in antagonism with some of his pro-slavery brethren in the Methodist Church. He left two sons living, Geo. W. and J. M. Swift, both well known in this community. He died at the house of the latter in Northville, in 1863, aged 73 years, while the brothers were both members of the Legislature. Elder Swift held some ideas that would in these days be considered very ultra, particularly in respect to keeping the Sabbath As a case in point we have heard the following, which will likewise illustrate some of the hardships of the time:

One Sunday morning, while he was meditating what he should say to the people, his wife rushed in exulting and exclaiming, "Marcus, do come quick and shoot this deer?" She probably saw his hesitancy, but continued, "You know we have had nothing but potatoes and salt for more than a week." But he looked up quite unmoved, and replied, "Anna, I have trusted God these many years, and will trust him to give us food in his own way; but I dare not break his holy Sabbath." The poor woman went out and wept. The next morning, about the same hour, there came three deer instead of one, to feed near the house, all of which he succeeded in killing. This was to his mind "confirmation enough" half way that God was mindful of their needs.

Nor was the lack of provisions all these early settlers had to encounter. This part of Michigan was literally a "howling wilderness." Elder Swift sometimes preached in Pontiac, riding his horse as far as he could do so, then tying him to a tree till he should return, if the wolves should spare him for the further use of his master. The wolves sometimes became quite familiar for the comfort of these hardy people.

Mrs. Swift's brother William—the father of our luminary, M. D. and E. R. Osborn,—settled here near the Swifts. One morning Mrs. Swift took her baby in her arms and started for her brother's cabin. Just before reaching the house she met directly in her path a wolf that showed evident signs that he was already for a breakfast. She did not dare to turn, and so she hugged her baby and eyed the wolf with her most intimidating frown, at the same time screaming to William, who, being in the house and comprehending the situation, seized his gun and ran shouting, "Face him, Anna; face him, Anna!" which she effectually did, till he was brought down by her brother's shot. We of this day can little realize how these people supported and raised families who are now enjoying life on some of the finest and best cultivated farms in the country.

Geo. A. Starkweather, son of William, was the first child born in the township, and is now living in Plymouth. Esquire Root, John Miller, Dexter Briggs, N. B. Markham, Joseph Kingley, Timothy Lyon, father of T. T. Lyon, John Tibbits, father of J. S. Tibbits, Wayne County Auditor, and many others, are still living, or have left families who are worthy citizens.

The first company "training" occurred on the farm of Esquire Tibbits, in the same part of Plymouth, Sept. 1826. The company consisted of about 30 men, under command of Capt. Pack. This was a great occasion:

"Most of the early settlers were from Seneca, Ontario, and Wayne Counties, N. Y. Gen. John Swift, the father of Marcus, located the township of Palmyra, Wayne County, at Government purchase for 15. 6d. per acre.

While those are still living who were partakers in the struggles which always beset the settlers of a new country, it is well to gather up these facts, that those who come after them may realize in a measure what has been done for the country which now teems with abundance and prosperity.

While on the Peninsula, during the war, I came across a private belonging to one of the most predatory companies of the Irish Brigade, with the lifeless bodies of a goose and a hen, tied together by the legs, dangling from his musket. "Where did you steal those, you rascal?" "Faith, I was marching along with Colonel Sergeant Maguire, and the goose—bad as to—came out and hissed at the American flag." "But the hen, sir—how about the hen?" "The hen, bless ye, was in bad company, and laying eggs for the ribble's."

An old lady from the country, with six unmarried daughters, went into Augusta, Ga., the other day, hunting for the Patrons of Husbandry. She meant business.

A Detroit boy stood an umbrella with a cord tied to it, in public door way. Eleven persons thought the umbrella was theirs, and carried it with them the length of the string. They then suddenly dropped it and went off without once looking back or stopping to pick it up again.

They call Mrs. Wray, of Georgia, unfeeling because she chewed gum while her husband was being laid away in the silent tomb.

A Pennsylvania girl went blackberrying five weeks ago, and when heard from the other day was keeping house with her husband in Georgia.

There is a livery stable keeper in Albany who won't let his horses to anybody without exacting a promise that they will drive slow.

"One day a youth who wanted to go to a funeral applied to the livery man for a horse.

"My friend, you can have one if you'll agree to drive slow."

"Well, see here, I'm going to a funeral, and I'm bound to keep up with the procession if it kills the horse."

Some one tells a story of a steam boat passenger watching the revolving light of a light-house on the coast

and exclaiming, "Gosh! the wind

blows that light out as fast as the man

can strike it."

A young man of Cincinnati who had heard that Cleveland girls always reply "You bet" when tendered an offer of marriage, tried the experiment with one of them, and the only answer he got was, "You get!"

The editor of an Illinois paper

thinks fishing, as a general rule don't pay. "We stood it all day in the river last week," he says, "but caught nothing—until we got home."

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While the sweet flowers of summer

There perfume the balmy air,

Yet above our darling's wait us,

In a land desolate far.

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**SUM KARACTERS.****THE GAY MAN.**

The gassy man is a kind of humorist; a soda fountain, a sort of refreshment reservoir or scrap-suds who spouts bubbles and foam whenever he opens his mouth.

These junks in the small beer line have but pithy brains, but their brains are like trees that kast rise without running over everything.

I have known them few argy a point three hours and a half, and never offer one good reason in the whole time.

Their mouths words for lies, and their tongues travel west just about as much purpose as a boy's wind mill can, in the teeth or a sun nor wester.

They are the yamen of all human beings that havn't bin discovered, and think because people kant escape their jinxes effervescence, they are pleased and convinced.

I never knud one or thens windmills yet, but what thought Solomon was almost an idiot kompared to them, and I never knud one to ever discover his mistake.

You might as well undertake tew get the pride out o' a peacock's tail, bi holling at it az to coarsen these phelows that what they say and either wit or wisdom.

The gassy man is not bi emy means a bad man at heart, he is oftez as good natured as he is foolish, but his friendship ain't worth much more tew you than the fur on a lost puppy who is ready to phollow emy one-off who will pat him on the back.

**THE SHARP MAN.**

The sharp man is mistaken for the wise one, but he is just as diff'rent from a wise one as he is from an honest one.

He trusts tew his cunning for success, and this is the next thing to being a rogue.

The sharp man is like a razor—generally too sharp for emy thing but a shave.

These men are not very be trusted—they are so constituted that they must cheat sumbody, and, rather than be idle or lose a good job, they will pick onto their best friends.

They are not exactly outwits, but in class on the borders ov criminality, and are liable ter step over at any time.

It is but a step from running ter rascals, and it is a short step that is within tew take.

Sharp men have but pithy friends, and seldom a confident. They hav learned fear treachery by studying their own na-tur.

They are alway fizzy, but like the honest, want a sharp up sharp watching.

The sharp man is alway a vain one. He prides himself upon his cunning, and had rather do a shrewd thing than a kind one.

**THE LAZY MAN.**

Next tew the weak man is the lazy man is the wost one I kno or, without necessarly being a vicious one.

He is too indolent tew practise his virtews, if he has got any, and therefore his enemies are for torture tickling of the hot

brother lev laffness.

It is hard work for a blind laffness and virtue mint, but there is stillt a thing. Indolence is one ov the wost qualities I kno or—it is the grade lead that has let thousands ov men drizzle away.

Laziness is not positively a crime, but they look and act wonderfully alike.

Laziness is not ornamental even tew an old man, but tew a young one it is a sin disgrace.

I have seen lazy men that I thought was innocent, but I never felt like warrenting one of them for more than 90 days.

**THE NERVOUS MAN.**

One of the most unfortunate critters in this world is the nervous man. He discaunts all his friends and suffers much from troubles that do cum.

His care are like a rabbit's, always on end for sum disaster, and his nostrils are like the ass's snuffing misfortune out in the east wind.

He steps, as though he was walking on eggs, and lays down like a cat in front o' a rat hole, ready for a spring.

These poor phelows suffer without sympathy, and enjoy without satisfaction.

The nervous man is a long lived bird, though his nerves are always strung, he lasts like an old phidle.

Altho I kant help but pity the nervous man I am aware that he has moments or pleasure that are equal to two hours, they are so ungenius.

Whatever he does enjoy he enjoys the whole by, passing the bounds ov reality, he revels in the illimitable fields ov imagination and fancy.

I think i would rather have more nerves than i could manage than not to have emy, and moe on thir life az sum men do, with nothing about me so excretable az mi rosh for pork and beans.

**THE DUXURIOUS MAN.**

It is often the kase that the dignified man is nothing more than an owl among humans.

He dont always kro bet little, but when he doz he has to be careful ov the little and look wise even if he don't prove tew es.

One good hoss lass would spill him for life, if he lets go o' his dignity, his kaptial is all gone and he is ruined forever.

The dignified man that i am talking about never takes easy chances, he weighs every word before it is uttered, and neazures every kickshew before it is expressed, and is generally az free from blunders, or hits, as a tad stool is. If he ever duz kick up and frolic he is like the elastic elephant, gay and kussid like the hippocampus or wild sea horse.

Dignity is often substituted for wisdom, and is quite often mistaken for it, but ther is az much difference between them as there is between a putter 10 cent piece and a genuine half dollar.

I decided long ago not tew give easy man kredit for being wise, just because he wondn't head his back or luff when he has a right tew bi.

Sum or the most unsuccessul phelows i hav' ever met were az grave az a gun stone, and most all the truly wise that i hav had the honor tew be introduced to, were alway a hunting for a good place tew roll on the grass.

Extreme gravity, in my opinion stands for an extreme phool—Jest Billings, in N. Y. Weedy.

**Picking and Curing Hops.**

This following article, written some years ago by R. Van Horn, Pierstown, N. Y., is timely now, and may be of great service to inexperienced hop-growers:

In the first place, no grower should raise more hops than he has kilns with capacity to dry within eight or twelve hours after picking; for instance, hops picked to day should be cured or taken off the vine as soon as possible. In the morning, for the kiln to cool off, and the hops picked in the forenoon, tomorrow, if not sufficient for kilns, should be spread on kilns and lay until night, when the balance should be put on and a fire started immediately, and a good strong heat kept up.

It is estimated that the number of German men who have emigrated to this country during the last decade will reach 1,000,000. It is also thought that this number will be increased during the present decade.

from twelve to fifteen inches. The longer the hops hang on the poles, and the nearer they come to maturity, the less heat and time it takes to cure them. The kiln should have plenty of air below, but one-half of them having one-half enough; also draft enough above to let the steam escape.

Hops never should be turned on the kiln. Some time, or any time when they are dried, so the hops on the top open and the steam has all escaped, it will do to go through them with a scrapper or the feet and mix them. One great trouble is, most of the hops are dried, which injures the flavor. This is done by keeping the heat up after the hops are nearly dried through.

A sack or bag of hops, if ten bushel boxes, weighs from forty-five to fifty-five pounds, which depends on the length of time the picker is picking—the same, and something on the weather, as hops will settle more in warm days than cool ones, and weigh from fourteen to seventeen pounds, when cured, and sometimes, if picked clean, twenty pounds to the box after being cured. This is to show you what moisture has to be taken out of a box of green hops, which I suppose must escape in the steam.

Diseased or moldy hops require more heat and more close attention than a sound hop; and after hops diseased will be very bad at the bottom of the poles, and some at tops of poles sound, as was my friend Don Russell, in 1827. I found by taking them out of the kiln hot that the diseased hops, which had begun decomposing when picked, almost all break up, leaving scald hops to show as when examined by dealers they always open a whole hop.

To Preserve Green Grapes.—Take the largest grapes before they commence to turn ripe, scald and scald them. Take three-quarters of a pound of sugar, clarify it as for apricots, then boil the grapes in it until soft, but not to a juice; skim them out and put into jars with the syrup.

**SAMPLE CURE FOR DISSENTERY.**—Take Indian corn, toasted and ground in the manner of coffee or coarse meal browned, add boil in a sufficient quantity of water to produce a strong liquid like coffee, and drink a teaspooful warm, two or three times a day. Oat day's practice will considerably effect a cure, it is said.

How to Catch a Rat.—A person who has tried and succeeded tells us how to catch a rat which may have intruded into a room where it is an undesired guest. The plan is to take off one boot and lay it flat upon the floor close to the skirting board. The rat runs into the boot for protection, and is easily captured.

To Preserve FRUIT.—Take pears not quite ripe, and peel off the skins. Prepare a syrup with three-quarters of a pound of sugar to each-pound of fruit. Melt it and boil for half an hour, removing all the scum which rises. Put in the pears and let them boil for ten minutes, or just long enough to soften a little; then take out and cover tightly with paper wet in whisky or alcohol, and cover with another paper placed over the neck of the jar.

To Color BLACK.—One ounce extract of logwood, one ounce of copperas, half-ounce of verigilite; tie the vials in a cloth and boil. Dissolve the copperas in an iron kettle and as the wood is boiling heat three-quarters of an hour, stirring frequently. Dissolve the logwood and add the water in which the redgill is boiled. Up the goods three-quarters of an hour, stirring frequently. Thus make a beautiful black. Always use water sufficient to cover the goods, and use it thoroughly.

Vinegar that Will Keep Pickles.

Put 1/2 lb. Wiss Vinegar, Water, and a pint of white wine, and boil for 10 minutes, then take out.

At the time of pickling, add 1/2 lb. of pickling salt to each quart of vinegar.

I would strongly advise under no circumstances to pickles in their leather cases, as they are for torture tickling of the hot

grainy dangers. And when you have picked, do not let the pickled slides filling a box, nor should it be on the side of the case, but lay it flat, and are damaged.

I will give you the principle why hops should be treated as I do.

They should be spread on the kiln soon after being picked, for the reason they will heat in the kiln within three to five hours after being picked. The green or hop, or the first picked, if the day is warm will heat within three hours, if it is diseased or moldy, they will heat sooner, and after being heated in the sun, may be broiled back to the original flavor they would possess if dried as soon as picked or spread on the kiln, where they will keep until cured in a few days.

There should be a fire started as soon as possible after they are on the kiln, and keep a good strong heat from 6 or 7 hours, and then a slow, gradual heat until they are seen to open on the top of the kiln.

The result would be, if the fire was allowed to go down after the heat has been up, say two hours, the hops would be full of steam, which would stick back, and the hops would be a horrid, dull color, and also affect the flavor.

3. There cannot be more than from twelve to fifteen inches thick, it requires a strong current of cold air to drive the hot air over them, and the result is, if you do not have it, the hops will have a dull, wiled color, and also affect the flavor.

4. A kiln of hops never should be started. The result of turning them when about one-half or two-thirds dried is, that is, the damp hops, which are on the top, are, of course, full of steam, and heavier than when put on the kiln, are either mixed with the dry ones, or if turned with a shovel are put directly under the dry ones—consequently the steam having to pass through the dry hops to escape, gives them a bad, dull color.

5. I will add they should be spread on the kilns evenly as possible, so they will dry about the same time; and as I have mentioned, after these are seen to open on the top of the kiln, then make a slow fire and go through them with the fire, and they will dry enough, or three-fourths of the stems will be cured dry, and the remaining one-fourth will cure in the pile and be fully cured. I will add that they should lay from fifteen to twenty days before being pressed. But if it should be necessary to press immediately, two slow fires should be made after mixing with heat, with care not to overheat them, as the heat passes through the dry hops rapidly.

The Best Thing for Harness is the celebrated Frank Miller's Harness Oil.

POSITION IN SLEEPING.—Sleeping rooms should always be so arranged, as to allow the head of the sleeper to be toward the north. Frequent in cases of sickness, a person will find it impossible to obtain rest if the head is in any other direction, and often a cure is retarded for a long time. A Vienna physician had a patient who was suffering for a long time from acute rheumatism with painful cramps running from the shoulder to the fingers; and while his head was toward the south he could do nothing toward his relief. On turning the bed however, so that the head was toward the north, the patient entered a quiet sleep, and the cure was rapid.

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**USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.**

One would think that the larger the company is in which we are engaged, the greater variety of thoughts and subjects would be started into discourse; but instead of this, we find that conversation never is so much strained and confined as in numerous assemblies—addition.

We ask for long life, but it is difficult to find moments that signify. Let the measure of time be spiritual, not mechanical. Life is unnecessarily long. Moments of insight, of personal relation, a smile, a glance—what ample borrowers of rest they are!—E. B. T.

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grainy dangers. And when you have picked, do not let the pickled slides filling a box, nor should it be on the side of the case, but lay it flat, and are damaged.

I will give you the principle why hops should be treated as I do.

They should be spread on the kiln soon after being picked, for the reason they will heat in the kiln within three to five hours after being picked. The green or hop, or the first picked, if the day is warm will heat within three hours, if it is diseased or moldy, they will heat sooner, and after being heated in the sun, may be broiled back to the original flavor they would possess if dried as soon as picked or spread on the kiln, where they will keep until cured in a few days.

There should be a fire started as soon as possible after they are on the kiln, and keep a good strong heat from 6 or 7 hours, and then a slow, gradual heat until they are seen to open on the top of the kiln.

The result would be, if the fire was allowed to go down after the heat has been up, say two hours, the hops would be full of steam, which would stick back, and the hops would be a horrid, dull color, and also affect the flavor.

3. There cannot be more than from twelve to fifteen inches thick, it requires a strong current of cold air to drive the hot air over them, and the result is, if you do not have it, the hops will have a dull, wiled color, and also affect the flavor.

4. A kiln of hops never should be started. The result of turning them when about one-half or two-thirds dried is, that is, the damp hops, which are on the top, are, of course, full of steam, and heavier than when put on the kiln, are either mixed with the dry ones, or if turned with a shovel are put directly under the dry ones—consequently the steam having to pass through the dry hops to escape, gives them a bad, dull color.

5. I will add they should be spread on the kilns evenly as possible, so they will dry about the same time; and as I have mentioned, after these are seen to open on the top of the kiln, then make a slow fire and go through them with the fire, and they will dry enough, or three-fourths of the stems will be cured dry, and the remaining one-fourth will cure in the pile and be fully cured. I will add that they should lay from fifteen to twenty days before being pressed. But if it should be necessary to press immediately, two slow fires should be made after mixing with heat, with care not to overheat them, as the heat passes through the dry hops rapidly.

The Best Thing for Harness is the celebrated Frank Miller's Harness Oil.

POSITION IN SLEEPING.—Sleeping rooms should always be so arranged, as to allow the head of the sleeper to be toward the north. Frequent in cases of sickness, a person will find it impossible to obtain rest if the head is in any other direction, and often a cure is retarded for a long time. A Vienna physician had a patient who was suffering for a long time from acute rheumatism with painful cramps running from the shoulder to the fingers; and while his head was toward the south he could do nothing toward his relief. On turning the bed however, so that the head was toward the north, the patient entered a quiet sleep, and the cure was rapid.

It is estimated that the number of German men who have emigrated to this country during the last decade will reach 1,000,000. It is also thought that this number will be increased during the present decade.

**PICKING and CURING HOPS.**

This following article, written some years ago by R. Van Horn, Pierstown, N. Y., is timely now, and may be of great service to inexperienced hop-grow