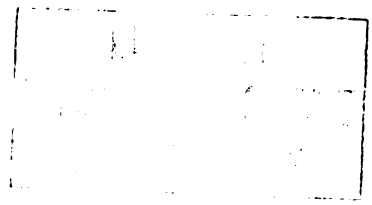

CAROLINE KIRKLAND, PIONEER

Thesis for degree of M. A.

Louise M. Knudsen

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PREFACE

Half a century of literary oblivion has been the fate of Caroline Matilda Kirkland, one of the most successful and distinguished literary figures of her day. She was a recognized authority on frontier life, and, as such, an honored member of the brilliant New York "Literati", a group so characterized by Poe, which included William Cullen Bryant, Margaret Fuller, Frances Osgood, William Kirkland, and others. A New Home, the book which won fame for her in America and abroad, was published in 1839; from that time until her death in 1864 she enjoyed not only a great measure of popular approval, but the high praise of literary critics such as Poe and Bryant.

From the time of her death to the renascence of interest in the Frontier, Caroline Kirkland was apparently consigned to a place among worthy minor authors. The realization that the Frontier had vanished brought about a recognition of the fact that it had had an important influence on the literary, economic and political history of the United States. From this perception grew some appreciation of the contribution Caroline Kirkland had made by writing with illuminating clarity of life on the Frontier.

It has recently become clear that a printer's mistake has long been responsible for a misconception regarding Caroline Kirkland's pioneer life. In the Cyclopedia of American Literature, a friend and contemporary of Mrs. Kirkland,

Evart Duyckinck, states that she spent two years in Detroit and six months in the interior, sixty miles west of Detroit. Actually, she spent six years in the wilderness. If the mistaken record were true, it would, obviously, cast serious doubt on the accuracy of her pictures of life in the early Michigan settlements - those striking pictures which in her day aroused as much discussion as Sinclair Lewis' Main Street in recent years.

Mrs. Kirkland's work was so unusual, so courageous, so far in advance of her day, that only a study of her early life and environment can explain much of it. Unfortunately, in the published accounts of Caroline Kirkland, little has been said of her training and family background. This may be due to the fact that a great deal of source material has been unknown or unavailable. Through the kindness of Louise Kirkland Sanborn, Mrs. Kirkland's granddaughter, I have had access to many sources: family records, old letters, books long out of print, and so forth, which I have used in an effort to reconstruct the family traditions, training and environment which made Caroline Kirkland the cultured, exquisitely witty, vivacious woman she was when she took up her residence far beyond the outposts of civilization in what was then the mysterious far western country - the great Michigan forest.

JOSEPH STANSBURY

Caroline Matilda Kirkland was a descendant of the Stansbury family, distinguished in Colonial America for wit, for culture, and for independence of thought. Their wit was scholarly; their culture was worldly rather than Puritan; their independence was decidedly unpopular during the troubled Revolutionary years.

The Stansburys were English.[1] The family tree traces back to John Stansbury[2] of Leominster, Herefordshire, whose second son, Samuel Stansbury, went to London and became a retail merchant there. His son Joseph, born in 1742, married Sarah Ogier, a French Huguenot, in 1765. Two years later Joseph and Sarah Stansbury embarked for America on the Jane and Henry, landing in Philadelphia October 11,1767.[3]

Joseph Stansbury[4] became a china merchant and importer. His business prospered, and the vivacious, cultured

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1. Fred H. Wines, Descendants of John Stansbury of Leominster, p.1. The family is believed to have descended from William, a younger brother of the John Stanberie who was Confessor to King Henry the Sixth, and one of the most learned men in England.
2. Ibid., p.2. John Stansbury was a mercer, and his freehold, in Draper's Lane, Leominster, is still held by the English Stansburys.
3. Ibid., p.2.
4. Joseph Stansbury, the poet laureate of a lost cause, has nearly been forgotten. In Appleton's Cyclopedia of American Biography there is a short, inaccurate account of his life. M.K. Jackson, in The Literary History of Colonial Pennsylvania, mentions Stansbury and quotes from his work. M.C.Tyler, in The Literary History of the American Revolution, devotes a chapter to Stansbury based on The Loyal Verses of Joseph Stansbury and Doctor Jonathan Odell, which were edited in 1860 by Winthrop Sargent, with notes on the writers and the verses. This volume was privately printed. Mrs. Sanborn, a descendant of Joseph Stansbury, has a copy. From this, from letters of Joseph Stansbury and his son Samuel, and from a booklet by F.H.Wines, Mrs. Sanborn's cousin, I have endeavored to present the chief events of Stansbury's life and to quote from his verses in such manner as to illustrate, as far as possible, the personality of this genial but caustic Tory.

Stansburys were welcome in the literary and social activities of Philadelphia, which was then the largest American city. This success in the new world did not cause Stansbury to forget his beloved England; in dignified verses he declared appreciation of his adopted country, but "reverence" for his native land.

"Borne by Eolus o'er the Atlantic waves,
To Indian lands unknown I wayward stray,
Whose verdant bosom silver Schuylkill laves;
Stately and silent as the close of day
Where rears the lofty spire its gilded crest,
And thriving Commerce drives the busy Car,
In solemn pomp, by liberal Nature drest,
Majestic rolls the mighty Delaware.

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Tho' Wealth, the lordly power by all ador'd,
Seems kindly to increase my little store;
And hardy Temperance with a frugal hoard
Forbids pale dreary Want to haunt my door;
Yet will a gentle race of kindred dear,
Like airy shades, conjur'd by magic wand,
Arise in view, and force a briny tear,
A tear of reverence for my native land." [5]

In the political unrest and dissension preceding the war, Stansbury, although he did not condone injustice, felt that redress could be secured within the traditional Allegiance to King and Country.[6] From the first he aligned

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5. Winthrop Sargent, The Loyal Verses, pp. 95-6.
6. Ibid., p. 98.

himself with the Loyalists, and, as a member of the Loyalist society, the Sons of St. George, contributed for their meetings many patriotic songs which declared again his allegiance in unmistakable terms.

"Tho' plac'd at a distance from Britain's bold Shore,
From thence either We or our Fathers came o'er;
And in Will, Word and Deed, We are Englishmen all;
Still true to her Cause and awake to her Call."[7]

When, under the command of Sir William Howe, British forces arrived off the coast of New York in 1776, Loyalist hearts were rejoiced and Stansbury wrote a poem of welcome to Howe:

"He comes, he comes, the Hero comes:
Sound, sound your Trumpets, beat your Drums:
From port to port let Cannon roar
Howe's welcome to the Western Shore!"[8]

Howe's command in Philadelphia was welcome to Loyalists, at least, and Stansbury was rewarded for his devotion to the cause by several appointments. He was a director of the Library Company, a Manager of Howe's Lottery for the relief of the poor, and one of a commission for governing the city watch.[9] From the autumn of 1777 to June, 1778, Philadelphia remained in British hands; business and social affairs went on much as usual, as the merchants enjoyed a profitable trade with the army which was quartered there.

The fortunes of war changed suddenly and those of Joseph Stansbury changed with them. His property and his life were placed in jeopardy because of his beliefs. When

7. Ibid., p. 1.
8. Ibid., p. 10.
9. Ibid., p.98-9.

the British left Philadelphia, Stansbury, well known to be a Loyalist, was forced to leave Philadelphia and to take refuge behind the British lines in New York. For the remainder of the war Joseph Stansbury was an exile. His wife and children remained at Moorestown, New Jersey until 1781, when they joined him in the city of New York.

Stansbury, in New York with other Loyalist exiles, anxiously awaited the conclusion of the war and the resumption of normal living. The inaction of the British bitterly disappointed the Loyalists, and Joseph Stansbury, writing in Rivington's Royal Gazette[10] under the name of "Roderick Random", frequently pointed his wit at his own party. In a pasquinade which appeared in New York in 1780, he wrote:

"Has the Marquis La Fayette
Taken off all our hay yet?
Says Clinton[11] to the wise heads about him:
Yes, faith, great Sir Harry,
Each stack he did carry,
And likewise the cattle -- confound him!

Besides he now goes
Just under your nose,
To burn all the houses to cinder.
If that be his project,
It is not an object
Worth a great man's attempting to hinder.

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10. Wines, op. cit., p. 41. This was called Rivington's Lying Gazette by the Yankees.
11. Sir Henry Clinton had succeeded Howe as commander-in-chief.

"For forage and house
I care not a louse;
For revenge let the loyalists bellow.
I swear I'll not do more,
To keep them in humour,
Than play on my violoncello.

Since Charlestown is taken,
'Twill sure save my bacon:
I can live a whole year on that fame, Sir.
Ride about all the day;
At night, concert or play;
So a fig for the men that dare blame, Sir.

If growlers complain
I inactive remain,
Will do nothing, not let any others;
'Tis sure no new thing
To serve thus our King;
Witness Burgoyne and two famous brothers!"[12]

Late in 1780, Joseph Stansbury visited Philadelphia, probably to get his family, for a pass was granted to his wife, their six children and a servant, on January 8, 1781.[13] At this time he was imprisoned for a few days, but was released on condition that he leave the city.

As the war continued, Stansbury became more philosophical:

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12. Sargent, op. cit., p. 67-8.
13. Wines, op. cit., p. 4.

"I've heard in old times that a Sage us'd to say
The seasons were nothing - December or May -
The Heat or the Cold never entered his Play;
That all should be happy whenever they can.

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

Time serving I hate yet I see no good reason
A leaf from their book should be thought out of season.
When kick'd like a foot-ball from Sheba to Dan,
Egad, let's be happy as long as we can."[14]

The end of the war found Joseph Stansbury reconciled to the inevitable:

"Now this War at length is O'er;
Let us think of it no more.
Every Party Lie or Name
Cancel as our mutual Shame
Bid each wound of faction close
Blush that we were ever foes."[15]

This attitude, unfortunately, was not reciprocated by the successful Yankees. Loyalist property was confiscated indiscriminately, and there was little attempt to render justice.

At the close of the war Joseph Stansbury was again a refugee.[16] In 1783 he made a voyage to England, but he must have discovered that new loyalties had, to some extent, superseded the old, for he returned to America and to Philadelphia in 1785.

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14. Sargent, op. cit., p. 86-7.
15. Sargent, op. cit., p. 88.
16. He had been ordered to leave the state of New Jersey within nine days, having returned there from New York at the close of the war. Letter from F.H.Wines, July 28, 1884, to Jos.Kirkland.

If Joseph Stansbury was willing to forget the late unpleasantness, many good citizens of Philadelphia were not. A contemporary, a lady of Philadelphia, wrote in 1795: "Joseph Stansbury called on us the other day: his spirits and vivacity are still the same. He proposes living in this city in the spring: at present his family are at Moorestown in the Jerseys, where he ways anybody may live."[17]

From another letter, written December 22 of the same year, it appears that conditions in Philadelphia still did not warrant Stansbury's remaining there:

"Joseph Stansbury lives at Moorestown; but intended to have taken a store here and gone into the same line of business as before. But a fortnight since, when he was in town, a letter directed to him was thrown into a house where he was supposed to lodge. The purport of it was that he must immediately leave the city as he would not be permitted to live in it; and signed Mulberry Ward. His friend R. Wells[18] advises him to give up the idea of coming here at present, and to go to Wilmington as a place of trade. Some warm people met the evening before the letter was sent and had set in judgment on Joseph's works; his Town-Meeting and some other performances were read and did not tend to cool, but rather to warm; and produced the hint to depart. I should not have mentioned this affair but that I know such reports often go abroad with additions, and that it would be best to relate it as it is. He is a very obnoxious character with some people."[19]

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17. Sargent, op. cit., p.101.
18. To Richard Wells was attributed the authorship of A Few Political Reflections. Tyler, op.cit.,Vol.I.,p.274.
19. Sargent, op.cit., p.101.

The verses referred to, The Town-Meeting, had been printed in Rivington's Gazette,[20] and were based upon incidents which occurred during a militia parade and a town meeting in Philadelphia when popular excitement was stimulated to a fever-heat. With his gift of satire, Joseph Stansbury depicts the scene as ridiculous; personal comments as shrewdly aimed as Indian arrows transfixed notables of the day with shafts of ridicule not easily forgiven. People limned by the Stansburys seem to have had no trouble in recognizing themselves!

The opening verses of the first Canto run thus:

"'Twas on the twenty-fourth of May,
A pleasant, warm, sun-shiny day,
Militia folks paraded
With colors spread, with cannon too;
Such loud huzzas, such martial show;
I thought the town invaded.

But when, on closer look, I spied
The Speaker march with gallant stride,
I knew myself mistaken;
For he, on Trenton's well-fought day,
To Burlington mistook his way,
And fairly sav'd his bacon."[21]

The Speaker referred to was John Bayard,[22] Speaker of the Pennsylvania Assembly and a Major in the Militia. He was an active Whig, and after the Revolution, a member of Congress. Many other prominent Militia men,[23] including Robert

20. Ibid., p. 151.
21. Ibid., p. 39.
22. Ibid., p. 156.
23. Ibid., p. 158.

Morris and Benedict Arnold, were thus described and satirized. It is perhaps no wonder that in a city which regarded itself very seriously as the cradle of American liberty, the iconoclastic Joseph Stansbury should not be welcome.

SAMUEL STANSBURY

Samuel Stansbury, the eldest son of Joseph and Sarah Ogier Stansbury, was born in Philadelphia November 8, 1771. The long course of the Revolution marked bitter years for the Stansbury family. Samuel was only seven when his father started on his long exile.

In the vicissitudes of the years following the war, when Joseph Stansbury was attempting to establish himself again in America, Samuel Stansbury was often separated from his family, at school and at work. It is from his letters, written during these periods of separation, that the trying circumstances of the once prosperous Stansbury family can be reconstructed.[24]

In 1783, when Joseph Stansbury went to England, he had intended to take Samuel with him. An accident changed his plans, however, and probably the course of Samuel's life. As father and son were on their way to New York to take ship, the stage, driven by a drunken driver, tipped over. Samuel was badly injured and was carried to the house of Richard Morris at Burlington, New Jersey. He recovered and, instead of going to England with his father remained in Burlington at school.[25]

Joseph Stansbury was in England and Sarah and the younger children were in Moorestown when the first letters were written in 1783.

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24. There are nearly a hundred of these letters, most of them written to his mother. They are time-yellowed, with brown curled edges, but in most cases quite legible. I have chosen and quoted those I believe to be most characteristic of Samuel Stansbury and most informative as to the circumstances of the Stansbury family. These letters have never been published.
25. Letter of F.H.Wines, July 22, 1884.

Burlington July 28th 1783

Dear Mamy

I take this opportunity to inform you that I am well and hope this will find you enjoying the same, Give my love to Aunt, and Polly, and Sally, and Lydia, and Abraham,[26] and Isabella, and David, and tell him I am very much obliged to him for lending me his books, Joseph is well and will come home on Sunday, Mrs and Mr Stiles sends their love to you, and all the rest. all our family are well, I am very much obliged to you for the money you sent for I was all out to two Coppers.

I remain

your affectionate Son

Saml. Stansbury

Mrs. Stansbury

at

Moorestown

- -

Burlington, April 30th 1784

Honoured Father.

I now take this opportunity of informing you that I am very well at present, and hope you are the same. Give my love to Sister Matilda,[27] and duty to Grand Papa, and Mama,[28] and Uncles and Aunts.

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26. Polly, Sally, Lydia, Abraham and Joseph were his brothers and sisters. Isabella and David were probably playmates.
27. Matilda, the oldest daughter of Joseph Stansbury, was in school at Clapton, England.
28. Abraham Ogier and his third wife, Sarah Stansbury's father.

My head is quite well, and I hope your Arm is the same.[29] Mama and all the family are well and Arthur[30] grows finely and sends his love to you. You must excuse bad writing[31] for master is gone out and I can't get my Pen mended; I am very glad to inform you that I have got on again in my Cyphering, and my large Hand is praised very much by Master, who says he has very strong hopes of my writing a good Hand in a little Time.

Mr. Morris and Debby and Willy, are well, and give their respects to you and Grand Mama and Papa. Mr. Thomas Hulings is in Town and is well.

I remain your Dutiful and affectionate Son

Saml. Stansbury

Mr. Joseph Stansbury[32]

at Mr. Thos. Collins

St. Pauls Chyard London

recd at 14th 9th June 1784

- -

In this same year, 1784, Samuel left Burlington for Princeton, where he entered school to prepare himself for college.

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29. Injuries from coach accident described on p.12.
30. Arthur was the youngest brother, born in 1781, while the Stansburys were in New York.
31. The letter is beautifully written, with copper-plate precision.
32. Joseph Stansbury was in London at his sister's, Mrs. Thos. Collins.

Princeton

Dear Papa and Mama[33]

I arrived safe, but am in such want of my Surtuit & Books that I shall be forced to stay from school a great part of my time for it is such bad weather. Give my love to Mama Aunt and all the children not to forget David & Bell. I want some stockings, & a pair Shirts but could not speak at Mr. Well's.[34]

I remain your affect^te Son

S. Stansbury

P.S. There is a French Master here who is said to be a very good one, & Writing & Cyphering are taught in School, I have cleared all my Accompts, & must make new ones for the want of a little money, for the Magemaster asked me 12/6 instead of 10/s and I cant buy even a Quire of Paper for less than 2/ - a Woman Cut off both her Ears in a drunken fitt -

Mr. Stansbury

Moorestown 1785

- -

In the next letter, Samuel is a little homesick and lonely.

Princeton December 13 1785

Honoured Mother

By my not hearing from you so long it makes me suspect you are sick or dead I am continually thinking of you which makes me not study so well as if I was to hear from you oftener.

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33. In 1785 Joseph Stansbury was again in Moorestown, see above, p. 6 and 7.
34. Mr. Wells was a Loyalist friend of the Stansburys in Philadelphia.

I am in great want of my Shirts Mrs. Scott Mrs and Mr Morgan Mr Knox and all my Schoolmates are well, the hooping cough is very bad about here, but I have not got it yet. you must write to me oftener or I shall get quite homesick. give my love to all the Family except Aunt and Polly[35] and my Compts to all the folks in Moorestown - goodbye

Sam Stanbury

- -

In the following letter, addressed to "Mr. Richard Wells, third street opposite the bunch of Grapes Philadelphia," Samuel was writing to his father who was staying with Mr. Wells; in this letter Samuel shows that he was afflicted grievously.

Princeton Jan 29[36]

rec'd 13 feby

Dear Papa

I am very sorry to be under the disagreeable necessity of telling you what a bad master we have got now, Doctor Witherspoon owns that he is a bad master, he is incorrible, malicious, deceitful, partial, & too hasty, the Boys throw marbles at him, & throw down the benches, & when he can't find out who it is, he whips us all, & calls us Blackguards, & I know I did not come here to be used ill & spend my time doing nothing for he does not know how to teach us & when we ask him anything he says "El sae about at praesently" & thats the way it passes, I am spending my money for nothing at all & don't know half so much as when I first came. I had rather cut wood always than live continually under the lash as I do,

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35. Samuel never got along with Polly (his sister Mary).
36. Probably 1786.

I never was used to it, I should be glad, and wish you would send me word tomorrow, he's a new Master but does not do as the old saying is for all he's a new Broom he does not sweep clean. O Papa do let me come away for my Back is sore tho innocent -

Do Pray Papa,

Sam

My love to all

- -

Not as a result of this pathetic plea, but as a result of another turn in the family fortunes, Samuel Stansbury was withdrawn from school and put to work. Joseph Stansbury, who had found himself not welcome in Philadelphia, resolved upon another course, and in the spring of 1786 went to Nova Scotia, where the British were attempting to establish colonies of American Loyalists. He was unhappy there[37] and returned to Philadelphia in the autumn.

Samuel was placed first with Mr. Rogers, a Quaker friend of the Stansburys, as a clerk, and then apprenticed to a hatter. It seems that Joseph Stansbury attempted to restore his business in Philadelphia soon after 1786; at any rate, in 1787 the family was once again united in Philadelphia, and between the years 1788 and 1793 there are no letters.

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37. From Joseph Stansbury's verses, "To Cordelia":
"Believe me, Love, this vagrant life
O'er Nova Scotia's wilds to roam,
While far from children, friends, or wife,
Or place that I can call a home
Delights not me; another way
My treasures, pleasures, wishes lay." Sargent, Op.Cit.,p.90

One letter from Samuel Stansbury, clerking in Philadelphia as a boy of fifteen, to his youngest brother, six years old, is interesting, as it shows something of the affectionate regard existing in the family.

To Arthur Stansbury Esq.
Captain of the Pack. Regt.
laying in Mocrestown.

January 15, 1787

Honor'd Captain

Believe me when I tell you that it is not disaffection to the service, or disrespect to our gallant Captain that keeps me so long from my station in our Regiment, but indispensable Business which has detain'd me hitherto, & will I fear some time longer but I am very well assur'd that your goodness will forgive me Especially when I tell you that I shall very likely be of some service in buying Cloth for the Men as I have a Friend here who buys chiefly at Vendue & I believe will supply you on the best Terms.

That or any other Command you may please to honor me with, shall be executed with the utmost fidelity of dispatch by

Honor'd Sir your most obet.
humble servant.
Samuel Stansbury
Lieut. of the Pac. Regt.

Joseph Stansbury's return to business in Philadelphia evidently did not meet with success, for in 1793 we find the family separated once more. Joseph Stansbury, his wife and the younger children were in New York; Matilda was in England; Sarah (Sally) was married to John Stille[38] and living in Philadelphia; Joseph,[39] aged thirteen, seems to have remained there with Sally; and Samuel, who had finished his apprenticeship as a hatter, remained in Philadelphia in a store of his own.

However, 1793 was a black year for that city. The dreaded and virulent yellow fever raged and put Philadelphia into fear and mourning. Stores were closed, tar and turpentine were burned on street corners, people held cloths wet with vinegar to their nostrils as they walked along the streets, and all the remedies of London plague years were tried,[40] without avail, in an attempt to break the deadly course of the epidemic.

Samuel, discouraged, gave up his store and in 1794 went to Alexandria, Virginia, to engage in business. He had little success, for his letters from there are gloomy and worried. The following excerpt from one of them indicates that the Stansbury financial outlook was dark indeed.

Alexandria October 28th 1795

Dear Mother Tho I have written frequently to the family since I have been here, I believe I have not address'd a letter particularly to you. the reason has been & I may say

38. The Stillés were the family of the Swedish consul in Philadelphia. They were prosperous, substantial people but not congenial to the Stansburys.
39. Joseph, Samuel's young brother, died of the fever in the summer of 1793.
40. Letters written in August, 1793.

now is, that I have had no very agreeable communications to make, & I thought that a tedious recital of my disagreeables would not have a tendency to raise your spirits, under the many misfortunes through which you have to pass, & which I think from present appearances, are likely to descent from generation to generation, There is no possibility of determining, but I should think, that the last drop of Gaul is almost drain'd from your cup, & I hope still to see it flow with Milk & Honey, when this season of adversity shall be remember'd as a Dream, & when from the Brow of the Hill of Prosperity you shall look back with pity, & an inclination to assist, those disponding travellers, who are passing the dark vale. Often do I think of you & wish I could take a peek at you, & have a little conversation, but that cannot be, we are now far separated, & whether we shall ever again meet, remains uncertain, you are surrounded by contagion,[41] & may be removed to a better state; I am in a maze of uncertainty & know not what may happen to me, tho if I had a friend on Earth, who had the ability & could place sufficient confidence in me to assist me at the present juncture I have not a shadow of doubt of doing well, but that is not the case, I cannot make it the interest of anyone, & therefore must give up the idea, the more I become acquainted with Mankind, the plainer I discover, that independent of that Principle, Friendship is really but a name, a mere creature of the imagination . . .

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41. The fever was prevalent in New York at that time.

In the same letter there is an item of interest about the new city going up across the Potomac:

"I dont think it probable that the Federal City will soon rival it (Alexandria), few except public buildings are going on there, & the idea that Congress will go there, at the time appointed, is made a jest of here. . ."

In 1796, after a long and disheartening struggle - nearly twenty years of exile, suspicion and injustice - the tide turned for Joseph Stansbury and he was placed in the office of the United States Insurance Company.[42] Samuel struggled along in his business at Alexandria for two more years, but in the fall of 1798 he left Virginia and went to New York, where he obtained a position in a bank.[43] He suffered an attack of the fever in September, 1799.

On November 23, 1799, he married Elizabeth Alexander of Bloomington, New Jersey. The first letter written after his marriage is dated only 1800, probably soon after the first of the year, because he speaks of weakness left from the yellow fever.

Brunswick, Thursday
Night 8 oClock

Dear Papa

We have this moment arrived here after an agreeable journey with Mrs McLean in her Coachee, Uncle & Aunt Wood[44] & co. are all well, & our Company in good spirits & full of conversation, which is pretty good proof in favour of their Health, Mary's[45] toothache better & her appearance better than

42. Letter of Feb. 10, 1796.
43. Letter from J. H. Wines.
44. Elizabeth Stansbury's Aunt.
45. Mary Stansbury.

before the Fever, & as for Eliza she is beyond description, all fun & frolic, sparkling eyes & rosy cheeks &c&c&c. as for myself I begin to think my having had the Fever is a Dream when I move quick tho, a little rust & weakness puts me in mind, but I have a good appetite & that with good Company and plenty of Food will soon wind me up to the old established pitch -- we are here for a day or two nominally, from here Mary goes to Trenton, & Eliza and myself return with Mrs McLean & from there to Brooklyn & then my Lordship solus will appear in NYork the Girls Aunt & Uncle&c desire their love & with a full portion from your affectionate Son must close this hasty scrawl

Love to Aunt Sam Stansbury

Mama's letter to her children was received last night & very agreeable. Marys Trenton frolic uncertain

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From 1800 Samuel Stansbury and his wife "Betsey" made their home in New York. To them were born twelve children, of whom three died in infancy. The eldest of this goodly pre-Victorian family was Caroline Matilda, born January 18, 1801. She makes her first appearance in Samuel's letters in November, 1801. He was writing to his mother, who was in Philadelphia at Sarah Stille's.

New York 16 November 1801

My Dear Mother

I expect you will receive a mere flood of letters by Mr. Stille, & tho I have nothing material to say

I must increase the torrent, it will prove remembrance if nothing more. We removed to town the day after you left it, & agreeable to your advice opened, aired & clarified so effectually that no one of the family took cold or was in the least incommoded, & we are now in status quo. Betsey is not very well at present, she has a bad cold & sore throat, but does not complain, I wish you was here to advise with her and doctor her, & to see our dear little poppet, she walked across the room yesterday & today goes about without fear, tho not without a becoming degree of caution & attention to the mighty balance, she is certainly much improved by the jaunt in the country tho so short, Betsey says she talks, but to me she requires an interpreter to everything except when anything is given to her. . .

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From a letter written June 1, 1804, to Sarah Stansbury, we find that "Miss Caroline is hearty as usual and quite as full of what some people would call mischief but what a parent stiles life & spirits, she asks fifty questions in a breath & is in twenty places in as many minutes. . ."

In the same letter, Samuel Stansbury records that "I my noble self am as hearty as possible and as busy as I wish, and I believe a little busier, I speak cautiously you observe, because I should be puzzled to say what part I would willingly relinquish, everything as yet succeeds to my wish & to suppose it will not continue, would be taking trouble on interest, which as I do not admire usury I shake my hands of and consider myself as happy as this changing turmoiling,

up & down scene of things will admit, I feel quite old when I survey three children, & quite in the cumbers when I go to market for fourteen & find work under my roof for twenty --

Betsey has just turnd the paper hanger out of the Parlor, which looks I can assure you quite scrumptious, a yellow ground with an Oak leaf, & a neat border with nearly the same leaf on a bluish green ground - Glass, Pictures and Blinds hung, curtains in operation, furniture, hearth, andirons &cdc as bright as the spurs of the Spanish knight. . ."

At this time, 1804, Samuel Stansbury had ventured into business for himself in a stationery and book store in Greenwich.[46] The trouble he had mentioned was not slow in coming, for in letters in the years 1805 to 1809 Samuel often refers to pressing creditors,[47] and in January, 1809, he was put on "Limits" whence he was discharged August 15 of that year.[48] From a letter written during that period we see the Stansbury family at what was certainly a low point of their fortunes.

New York 2 Apl 1809

My Dear Mother

Having understood from some of the Family that you was disappointed in not receiving a letter from me I am set down to give you a shillings worth, with this advantage over common dealers, that you must pay beforehand however dear you may consider your bargain.

I should have written sooner but for the hope renewed from day to day that I should be able to inform you

46. F.H.Wines letter, p.3.
47. Letter of Samuel Stansbury's, 19th Oct.1805, particularly.
48. F.H.Wines letter, p.3.

that the term of my confinement could be ascertained, but I am sorry to say that is yet undetermined; all my creditors here are willing to sign & have by their conduct given the most flattering proof of their satisfaction with mine from Mrs. A. a letter was yesterday received which I am in hopes will settle the business.

We are all well & as contented as can be expected, my Castle consisting of two small rooms over Mrs. Goodeve's kitchen is my home & a more agreeable one than you would imagine, the company of my Betsy & children beguile the time & when I dont think that the street is my boundary I can feel comparatively happy.

I was fearful that the change from the free air & wide range of Greenwich would have affected my blossoms unfavorably, but it has not, Joe[49] remains as usual, not fat, but in very good spirits, good color & appetite & as mischievous as might be expected on a remove from a house where there was no other near his age to one fill'd with three as complete at all the sports of his age as need be. Robert[50] grows fat and hearty, full of spirits & good humour & bids fair to be the handsomest of my flock.

Dear little James[51] - is a nonsuch has five teeth, is in short Clothes, eats like a farmer, sleeps like a Top & grows like a mushroom.

Caroline continues to do herself honor & of course gladdens the hearts of her parents, is rosy, cheerful, & improved in behaviour. Aunt Martha keeps a tight hand over her

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49. Joseph, born Aug. 3, 1803.
50. Robert, born Dec. 15, 1807.
51. James, born Sept. 6, 1809.

affronts (Aunt) Wood sometimes - but she improves fast.

The last but not least my Rib carries herself with her usual equanimity, feels much but shows little - We have formed an agreeable chitchat acquaintance with the two other families in the house & pass some of our evenings together.

By Letters from Lydia received yesterday we hear that our boys[52] are well & happy not troublesome & dont want to come home today or tomorrow.

I believe I have now gone through my strings, with respect to the rest I believe they are all in status quo. Papa was here on Friday looks well but not in spirits. Betsey was down on Saturday found Aunt in her corner Mary at her little Table, Uncle & Aunt Wood in their little parlour where she drank tea with Mr.. . . Mrs. Whittlesey all sent a great deal. . . Love.

As my paper, so are my ideas. . . . .herefore I must come to conclusion. . . . [52a] sending my respects & those of my Wife to all our friends if we have any and if not we will add to them our best Love to you and assuring you how anxiously we await your return I remain Your loving Son

Samuel

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Samuel Stansbury was released on August 15, 1803; Joseph Stansbury, Loyalist wit and poet, died November 9,1809. The following spring Samuel succeeded his father as Secretary of the Ocean Insurance Company at an annual salary of $1500, which was increased to $2000 the following November.

52. George, born 1805, and Samuel, born in 1806, were evidently at their Aunt Matt's.
52a. Manuscript is torn.

From 1810, Samuel Stansbury's letters have a different tone; financial problems do not appear; the letters deal with members of the family and the city and Samuel's convictions about things in general. A few scattered quotations from letters of these years may do justice to the genial, witty Samuel, whose talent for description is not unlike that of his daughter.

Monday 28 Feby 1811

" . . Mary[33] has just returned from a Weeks visit at the Grange to Mrs. Hamilton, she has visited Governeur Morris & is filling Betsy's imagination with Arbelin Tapestry, Persian Carpets, most superb urns, inimitable paintings, elegant busts, diamond cut glass & massy services of Plate, each plate a load to lift (& I suppose the Dishes enough for a horse to draw--!!!) golden andirons, Doors made of Looking Glass, and looking Glasses from the floor to the Ceiling!!! rich Soups, Ragouts, Soullis, Bread lap'd in a napkin, first, second & third course & desert, & the deer knows what else all owned by an old man with a wooden leg, a disappointed politician, & not a whit happier than myself."

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Again, in July of the same year, Samuel Stansbury mentions that the whole tribe of Tammany, dressed as panthers, wolves and jackals, went by their door. Also: "Mr. Griscom gives a vacation in August when if Caroline behave to please her mama she is to take her jaunt & accompany Aunt Wood to the Springs, she is now head of most of the classes in the School & in French so far superior as to study alone, if her perse-

33. Mary, his school-teacher sister, always managed to irritate Samuel by her affectations.

verance & industry were equal to her ability she would have few superiors, but in every thing sublunary there is an <u>if</u> between it & perfection."

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Here is a "Gazette" with which Samuel headed a letter to his mother on the first of the year, 1813: "New York January 1813, 5 o'clock, P.M. a Gale at N.W. Snow a foot deep on an average, Thermometer 12, North & East Rivers Impassable, southern mail not over, a House & outhouses at Hoboken smoking in ruins, a man in Greenwich street sitting bolt upright frozen to Death, an inward bound deep laden Ship on her beam end., cant assist her, the Streets full of beggars & Sleighs, (NB Interest stronger than Jack Norwest). New York returned to savage Taste, every man you meet has a Jewel at his nose; Congress red hot with war, the people generally laughing at them, the British & American Ministers at Washington logracizing each other, News papers full of earthquakes, fires, Moonstones, Bankrupts, learned animals & Quack Doctors, Bookstores crowded with warring pamphlets, between contending Clergy, Speculators creating twenty million of paper money to be turn'd into Wheat & Hogs & butter if the <u>Farmers are Willing;</u> the King of England still living tho incurable, the prince of Wales to be King 18th February. Wellington still prosperous on the Peninsula, the Spanish colonies in America declaring themselves independent, one after the other, the Orders in Council still in force, the nonintercourse law teaching Americans every species of deceit in cheating the Revenue, Goods seized in water tight casks tied to fish cans,

under loads of hay, & in waggons with double bottoms, women coming from Canada with chemises petticoats, &c&c, made of fine lace cambric &c&c carrying bundles of Jewelry at their Breast as a Paly! here endeth the Gazette."

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New York was growing and Samuel Stansbury makes a prediction for its future.

2 October 1811

"The long talked of opening from the Fair to Pearl Street is commenced about a Dozen good brick houses are down including Van Wycks the Watch Maker & the one next door both large three story houses as you may recollect - the improvement is very much admired & will be followed I have no doubt by the opening of Peckman Street to the River & Ferry Street to the Hall - in fact the spirit of improvement & the increase of business will astonish you - this is destined to be the London of America & eventually to compete with if not rival every city in the world! remember I say <u>finally</u> or <u>eventually</u> - why not prophecy - dont let the remaining seeds of Johnny Bulliam lurking about your heart make you doubt, but reflect one hundred years back, mark the present time & then look forward & declare! - - -"

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These letters were written to Sarah Stansbury as she traveled from one family to another. Wherever there was need of her, Sarah Stansbury went, to comfort and care for the the sick and those in distress. Sarah Stille had died in 1810: for some time her mother remained with the children, but heeding the earnest pleas of her own family, she had at last re-

turned to New York. Arthur, the youngest of her children, now married and a struggling clergyman, had decided to turn to teaching, and it was while Sarah was with Arthur and his wife that she received the following encouraging letter from Samuel, addressed in care of Reverend Arthur Stansbury, Montgomery, Orange County, New York.

New York 29th July 1814

Dear Mother

I this day received your welcome letter informing of your safe arrival after a very pleasant journey & that you found them all asleep, no better sign could be given that they were well. As to the Montgomery arrangement, the more I think of it the better I like it, in a literary institution I think Arthur will take firm root & be estimated according to his value, there no hypercritical godly wise miraculously gifted nincompoops will undertake to scan him, & judge of his fitness! but with respect to the Church, I speak as matters are conducted in this wise city of Gotham, every quarter turned aside, every timid great villain who to shut the door of investigation and to still conscience turns devoted, every wooden headed thick sticky hearted misanthrope who wishes to impose the want of feeling for the depth of Judgment, & who for ought substitute insolence! all congregated in one self sanctified pharisaical conclave, to decide on the merits & fitness of a <u>gospel minister</u> examining him (the poor candidate) anatomically, mentally & scientifically! One thinks him too short and one too tall, another suspects him of socinianism, a fourth of arianism, a fifth fears his constitution weak & that the church will not get their pennyworth out of him, a sixth thinks he wants solem-

nity in prayer, modestly hinting that he could teach him! At length Mr Usher and Mr Woodbridge are appointed to see him & cautioned against false delicacy in questioning! how old are you? - who did you study with? did you feel an absolute internal call to the Ministry, are you married? - how many children have you? is your wife godly? will you submit to advice from the elders (that is as far as you are right) will you preach three times every Sunday, five times in the week, visit every member of your congregation once in twenty-four hours, baptize, bury, & marry & all the little extra services required? In fine will you think us the wisest, most holy men living, the only true interpreters of the scriptures & receive us in all points as your spiritual guides? if so, come with us & we will watch, catechize & pay you well. from this fiery ordeal Arthur is now freed, and I wish him health & happiness & all the children he has or may have. . .

The Diamond pin is well & lively as usual, I think gradually acquiring that steadiness. . . . .alone is wanting to make her a fine girl; the Boys are all well, & last week we had a letter from Newtown from Alexander himself & they are well.[54] Johny Bull threatens hard & our folks are talking a great deal & doing a little to give him a true Yankee welcome, plenty of dumplings & sulphur sauce & some thousands of pointed arguments are prepared - God send us peace & quietness & hearts to praise them & thank him is the sincere wish of your Son

Samuel

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Samuel Stansbury was seldom so vehement as in this letter. Most of his letters reflect only the affectionate,

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54. The boys were at school at Newtown, Conn.

considerate son and the proud, tender father that he was; it is apparent, however, that he was quite equal to expressing himself when the occasion arose.

It is evident also from this letter that Samuel had little, if any, lingering fondness for England. In fact, he never took possession of the entailed English inheritance which came to him, as the eldest son, from his grandfather, the English Samuel Stansbury.[55]

There was one flaw in their chosen land of liberty which Samuel Stansbury, as well as his father, found it hard to endure. The divine right of free people to dictate to others what they should think did not suit the character of the Stansburys. They had had bitter experience with it. Joseph Stansbury was never accused of anything more than Tory sentiments, openly expressed, and of singing God Save the King in his own house, but he was imprisoned, exiled and impoverished. Independence of thought and expression was a cherished part of Stansbury tradition.

The children of Joseph Stansbury who had settled in New York ventured into different fields of faith and activity with that restless energy which was also characteristic of the family. Arthur, Samuel's favorite brother, a graduate of Columbia in 1799, was a Presbyterian clergyman, later a teacher, then a Congressional reporter. A writer and artist as well, talented, erratic and impulsive, Arthur Stansbury was widely acquainted in literary and political circles of the day.

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55. Joseph, Samuel's oldest son, went to England and claimed this property. He became a British subject and lived in England.

Abraham Stansbury, who was also a Presbyterian clergyman and teacher, was quite a different type and far less congenial to his brother Samuel. Abraham and his sister Mary, however, did noteworthy pioneer work as teachers in the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

Lydia Philadelphia Stansbury, Samuel's favorite sister, married Robert Mott, of Mamaroneck, New York, of the prominent Quaker family. Their marriage was at first opposed by Robert's father, James Mott, because of the worldliness of the fashionable Stansbury family. Lydia joined the Quaker society and became well known as a teacher, establishing Quaker schools at Poughkeepsie, Utica, and Skaneateles, New York.

CAROLINE STANSBURY

Caroline Matilda, born January 12, 1801, was the first child of Samuel and Elizabeth Stansbury and the first Stansbury grandchild in New York. She was a brilliant lively child who gained much from the companionship of those surrounding her, who, as a group, were decidedly stimulating to the intelligence. Grandfather Joseph Stansbury, scholar, classicist, wit and poet in the 18th century tradition, kindly French Sarah Stansbury, who was always in demand by her adoring children; Arthur, just graduated from Columbia and started on an intense, somewhat stormy career; Lydia Mott, whose Quaker meekness did not prevent spirited arguments with her brother, Abraham, and Mary, intellectual and religious - all these were frequently at Samuel Stansbury's comfortable home.

There was much about New York in the early 1800's to stir the imagination of a sensitive child. A great commercial future was promised for the old Dutch town, but shadows of the past hung around it still. Great men of the Revolution were alive and Revolutionary hatreds were easily stirred. Duels were yet in order - climaxed of course by that fatal meeting of Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton.

Not far from New York was the Frontier. Enormous patroon estates, extending for many miles beyond the city, discouraged settlement close to the city, except under the paternal auspices of the proprietors. For many years isolated settlements in the territory west of New York and its surrounding estates were in very grave danger from the savage Indians

of the Six Nations; these intelligent Indians had accurately estimated the extent and source of the "white peril" which threatened their hunting grounds; they recognized that it was to their advantage to ally themselves with the British to the north against the ever encroaching Americans; only the influence of Samuel Kirkland, a courageous missionary, had delayed to such an extent their participation in the Revolution that New York state was saved to the colonial cause. Since the war, with Kirkland, whose good faith was as unquestioned as his courage, acting as emissary, Congress had reached some degree of accord with the Indians, so that pioneer communities were beginning to dot the wild Genesee country" of western New York.

This territory, beyond the confines of colonial civilization, seems not to have appealed to the Stansburys at all. They were city people, keenly alive to modern, liberal trends in education and culture, but conservative in politics and distrustful of the radical, revolutionary elements in the new country.

The small city of New York, in Caroline Kirkland's youth, did not look upon education as a civic affair. There were no public schools. Caroline's first schooling - beyond the very liberal education she received from contact with those about her at home - was probably at her Aunt Lydia Mott's school in Mamaroneck, New York. Following is a letter, written when she was eight and a student at that school.

Address: Eliza Stansbury, No.103 Lombard Street, New York.

Mamaroneck, 7th mo. 26 1809

Dear Father and Mother

I received your letter by cousin Edward Mott and derived much pleasure from it. I am very much obliged to my mother for her kind advice and hope I shall endeavor to follow it. Aunt Mott desires her love to you. Please to present my love to Aunt Wood and ask her for the little waiter she promised me. I learn a few phrases of French every day and as Maria Merritt, one of my schoolfellows, is beginning to study it I think it will be pleasant when we can talk to each other.

I will thank mother to send my English reader when there is an opportunity. Give my love to Aunt Mary, when she returns from Philadelphia, to grandfather and grandmother, Uncle Wood, Uncle Arthur and Aunt Susan, and take a large share for yourselves.

I remain your affectionate daughter

C. M. Stansbury

I hope the ease and confidence my dear Brother and Sister felt in placing their treasure with us does not lessen, I also hope it will not be disappointed, it is no trifling one for we are of the opinion that it may be called a double one, when compared to the general run ofour scholars as we think she has about twice as much in her as any we have got & needs about double the care, she is indeed as S.S.says, "no common child". I am glad to find I have an ascendancy over her.

With love to all, I am affectionately,

C.M.S.

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36. Lydia Philadelphia Mott, Caroline's Aunt.

As Caroline grew older, she went to other boarding schools: our picture of her, gained from glimpses afforded by her father's letters, is that of a lively, vivacious girl, easily outstripping her classmates in school, and, perhaps as a consequence, more brilliant than industrious. She was a favorite with her aunt Wood, who took her to fashionable watering-places in vacations, and saw that she was proficient in "drawing-room" arts of the day, particularly in dancing and music. Probably more from extensive reading and her home surroundings than from boarding school, Caroline Stansbury obtained an unusually fine and comprehensive knowledge of Latin, French, German and English literature.

From 1814 to 1819 Caroline's aunt Lydia Hatt was in charge of a boarding school near Utica; it was probably while a student or an assistant there that Caroline met a young student at nearby Hamilton college -- William Kirkland, whose home was in Utica.

William Kirkland was a scholarly young man of a definitely religious turn of mind. He had studied for the ministry, but some unsolved spiritual problem had caused him to turn from it as a career. A descendant of Governor Bradford of Plymouth, and of a long line of New England Calvinist clergymen and deacons,[37] William Kirkland was one of those spiritual adventurers who left New England orthodoxy for the intellectual realms of Unitarianism.

In many ways, William Kirkland's early environment was quite different from that of Caroline Stansbury. The

37. His mother, Sarah Backus, was fifth in descent from Governor Bradford; the Kirklands, probably of Scotch descent, were from Massachusetts and Connecticut.

Stansburys, worldly, witty, cosmopolitan, would have been quite at home in the drawing-rooms of 18th century England; the Kirklands were earnest, sincere, constructive people - and New Englanders. The Stansburys had been Loyalists; the Kirklands were prominent in colonial affairs on the Revolutionary side, for Samuel Kirkland not only had accomplished a remarkable feat in keeping the New York Indians neutral, but had been a Continental Brigade Chaplain, a friend of Washington, Hamilton, Schuyler, Knox and Pickering; and General Joseph Kirkland, William's father, was a Militia-man. The Stansburys were city people, fashionable and sophisticated; the Kirklands had left New England to make their homes on the Frontier.

It was in New Hartford, New York, a Frontier village, that William Kirkland was born, March 4th, 1800. Utica, two miles from New Hartford, was then but "a pretty village containing fifty houses."[58] Clinton, another neighboring village, was the seat of the Hamilton Oneida Academy, which had been founded by Samuel Kirkland on land granted him by Congress for his services in the Revolution.[59] When, in 1812, the Academy was chartered as Hamilton College, Aaron Hackley, William Kirkland's maternal grandfather, was its first President; General Joseph Kirkland, his father, was President of the Board of Trustees for many years.

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58. In 1794 there were but two houses in Utica. [illegible] tion by President Timothy Dwight, as quoted by Gen. William Kent in a Centennial Address, June 18, 1913. The Utica Observer, July 1913, Vol. XI, p.195.
59. The Academy was named for Alexander Hamilton, one of the Trustees. The corner-stone was laid in 1794 by Baron Von Steuben. Ibid., p. 193.

William Kirkland attended Hamilton College, from which he graduated at the age of eighteen. Two years later he returned to take a place as tutor in the department of Latin Language and Literature. This department was, at this time, headed by the Reverend John Pentcith from the University of Michigania at Detroit.

William Kirkland remained at Hamilton as a tutor until 1805; it was during his years there that an unfortunate student escapade[fn] cost him his learning. Some students set up a small cannon outside the door of the sleeping instructor's room. The cannon, when fired, exploded. William Kirkland narrowly escaped death and was permanently deafened.

In 1805 William Kirkland was appointed Professor of Latin at Hamilton College; he never filled the position, for he studied in Europe at Gottingen University from 1805 to 1807 and while he was in Europe he resigned from the college faculty.

Caroline Stansbury and William Kirkland were engaged before he went abroad. Fortunately, an exchange of letters has survived the century when these two somewhat anxiously scanned the future. The engaging, vivacious personality of Caroline Stansbury is reflected in the letters, no less than is the character of that other, earnest Christian scholar, William Kirkland.

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fn. In the _____ [illegible] _____, there is a description of the incident. The name of the tutor is not given, however.

Boise, December 27, 1864.

"This is not to be read until after the one written in November. If you have not read my November letter my dear Will, you must put this by and peruse that first. I feel very differently now - for I have received your letter of August 9thu and what is dearer to me than anything in this world, but yourself - your picture - as good a likeness, we think, as ever was taken. We have kissed it again and again, and Mother and I cried over it à l'ordinaire. Your father said after looking at it for half an hour, "how natural the little rascal looks" - which from him showed more feeling than a long sentimental speech from anybody else. To tell you the truth, before the arrival of the picture my affection for you was in some degree deadened - the coldness which is almost unavoidable in a correspondence by letter, has in the lapse of 18 months, effaced many of those litt'le tender recollections which are the very life of love. I still preferred you to all the world and felt willing to sacrifice anything for your sake, but there was a chill came over me whenever I thought of the change which two years absence <u>might</u> make in your person - in your habits and manners - but above all in your feelings towards me. You perceive by my last letter that I thought it possible my change of opinion on a certain subject might even induce you to separate yourself from one whom you have so often promised to love always. But your August letter, so full of love and sympathy, and the sight of the very fac-simile of that dear face which has so often

turned towards me in tenderness, these have renewed in my heart a conviction that nothing but death can or ought to separate us. I cannot express to you what I have felt since the arrival of the portrait. It has been my companion during every moment of my waking hours, and your mother joined with me in gazing at it till our very hearts ached to think it was not in reality the living man it seemed to be. One thing we find fault with. The painter has not made you look at the spectator. The eyes which I was wont to see fixed upon me with looks of love are turned away. But for this it would be perfect, and perhaps it should be as it is, for the illusion is strong enough already. Everyone who has seen it joins with us in exclamations of the excellence of the resemblance. Frank and Thorn[61] knew it instantly and even William in the kitchen who had scarcely seen you, exclaimed "That's Mr. William!" Your father has carried it to get framed, and says I need not think of carrying it out to Clinton for he does not mean to part with it, but he is willing I should come here and look at it as often as I choose. This would be a pretty arrangement truly! I tell him he must expect to board me till you come home if he keeps the picture. He is as kind as a dear father can be, and I have had a delightful fortnight here. I am paying so long a visitation now because I have not spent any time here before since you left me (which will on Wednesday be sixteen months)! Mr. Dunham and the rest in New York were much struck with the likeness, which they had an opportunity of seeing as

61. Francis and Thornton were younger brothers of William, born in 1813 and 1816 respectively.

the box was opened at the Custom House.

I thank you, my love, for your August letter - it was all I could wish, and soothed my feelings most delightfully. I have been suffering much from an apprehension that your affection for me was declining - that you had made reputation your idol - and that your engagement was in fact a burthen to you - but the expressions you use, coming as they do from one who never speaks falsely or even hyperbolically, have comforted me, and I feel once more assured of your enduring affection. My health is much improved (and your mother says she really believes she could cure me if she had me here all the time.) Be this as it may, I am better now at any rate, and shall take all reasonable pains to keep so. Remember my injunctions to let nothing prevent your return at the appointed time. I hope you will leave England the first of August if possible. We shall be all impatience. WE, did I say? Who will know what impatience is but your

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In William Kirkland's letter, in marked contrast to that from his vivacious fiancee and her charming style, there is some concern with dignity. The letter is somewhat didactic; although he was only a year Caroline's senior, he calls her "my dear child." His concern over spiritual matters is apparent.

London, [illegible], 1833

another large stride I have taken towards you, my dearest dear, since the last letter I wrote you. Instead of Paris, it is now London. I am on English ground and feel all set among friends - almost at home, that is in comparison, & so much more resemblance do I find to America. Your letters, too, my dearest child,[62] how much delight they have given me - & to hear of your health, and at only two months distance - I have had in reading them almost unmixed pleasure; & I have at no time since I have been away experienced a more cordial affection for the dear girl whose hand can pen words of so much love, or a more ardent desire to be again in her presence & to be united to her by newer and more indissoluble ties. You still love me as much as ever. I know it - & if my kindest and most devoted attentions can make you happy in future life, your lot will never be one of affliction.

You speak much of the college; I have written my father fully on the subject, & given him full powers to tender my resignation, which he seems to think indispensable, & in which opinion I coincide with him under present appearances. But you will say & I too say to myself, where does that place us? In a worse state, it is true, than having a good situation, but not worse than a place in the college as at present constituted. But I will not despond - & tho I do not see at the present moment exactly what is to be done, yet I shall not cease hoping that something may be done - something that shall enable us to join hands, as well as hearts, & no longer

62. William Kirkland was a year older than Caroline.

to defer our hopes. I shall not wait, my dear child, for an assurance of a handsome support - a reasonable prospect of a comfortable subsistence will satisfy me & I doubt not will satisfy you, & what we lack of the elegancies & splendors of life, will be made up by our devoted affection & the moderation of our wishes. All I ask is Turn my way, & I am sure my exertions will not be wanting to combat the obstacles it presents. Let us hope, my dear Love, for the best, nor be discouraged by the circumstances of the college, which may after all prove in the end a happy deliverance. With the men at present there I can never harmonize, & it is better, even at some personal sacrifice, to be elsewhere.

I see that your spirits have improved with your health (notwithstanding what you say of melancholy) & I hail this as a delightful presage, & can bid you with the utmost sincerity, be of good cheer, always remembering in whose hands your destinies are placed, & endeavoring with sturdy resolution to conform yourself to his will as well in regard to your situation as your duties. My own Caroline, let us strive after this dependence on a Higher Power, who orders all things for the best for them that love him, and with heartfelt love to one another, let us regard Him as the kind author of our Mercies, & by a holy life consecrated to his will, fit ourselves for the enjoyment of him hereafter.

I wish I could tell you how happy I feel at this moment in thinking of you and of all my own friends at home, whom, if Providence spares me, I shall see in four months at the farthest, & I hope, somewhat sooner. I like vastly your

plan, my own girl, of meeting me at Utica, I shall not fail to do my best to let you know the day & hour of my arrival, which however you must anticipate by being there some days sooner, that you may not disappoint me in case favoring gales should waft me home sooner.

I cannot, with decency, however, avoid staying a day or two in N. Y. and perhaps one more on the road, so that I shall write you from New York the first moment after I get there, & also write home with directions to take you prisoner and to guard you well in our mansion (for fear of your running away) till I have you secure in my own possession. See what a good girl you can be till I come, when we shall both be happier than tongue can tell.

But I have told you nothing of my journey, the pleasure of which, & in a great degree the profit was greatly impaired by a violent cold which I had on leaving Paris, & which exposure and bad weather caused to hang about me for nearly a fortnight. I shall write to some other person & give the most interesting particulars of it, of which you will of course have the benefit, as if written to yourself.

I called this morning on Joseph[63] who received me kindly & promised me all the assistance in his power in seeing

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63. Joseph Stansbury, born in 1802, graduated at Yale in 1821. He went to England to claim his great-grandfather's estate which was entailed to his grandfather, Joseph, and then to his father, Samuel, as eldest sons. He became a naturalized British subject, and ran a school for boys. His daughter still lives in England, in Oxford; she is most ninety. At his death, a London paper described Joseph as "an upright man, indefatigable, of sound judgment, and a letter writer of rare excellence."

London. He had a delightful room and the air of the whole was one of great comfort & even gentility. My visit to him was very satisfactory & I promise myself the greatest pleasure in his society during my stay here. This is to tell and it is perfectly true; he was entirely cordial, & I fully believe, glad to see me; but his manner is, & I think constitutionally cold, & had I never seen him before I should not probably have felt fully satisfied. I had however seen him in his own family & felt that it was something inherent in the character, consistent at the same time with kindliness and affection, & even a willingness to make sacrifices to others' good. We must not, my dear, expect everything from anyone; & tho' he has but little under of feeling, we must content ourselves with his real worth, & with a generosity & elevation of sentiment which I think him to possess in a high degree. He will call on me tomorrow, when I shall take his advice on the subject of my lodgings on visiting the city &c. in which points he will be of the greatest assistance to me.

You do right, Caroline, to scold me about my handwriting, it is a shame to me to be so bad a letter, & particularly that my letters are so badly directed. I will try to do better. I warn you, my child, against expecting too much from me (your mentioning this brings it to my mind) Two years at my age cannot produce any so great alteration. Improvement I hope I have made - improvement fully equal to the cost - but do not look for any wonderful change & so prepare for yourself disappointment.

May 29.

I have seen Joseph two or 3 hours this morning, & feel great satisfaction in telling you that all that was disagreeable in my first impression has been strengthened, & all that was otherwise lessened or entirely removed. More cordiality or friendliness I could not desire, and I believe we felt at the close of his long, but not too long visit, a very considerable interest and sympathy. We have a visit for tomorrow to St. Paul's in Contemplation, & mentioned several others to places which he had not been or was disposed to see a second time. On the whole, there could be no meeting more opportune or welcome to me. He seems much interested in religion, & his warmth on this subject is a great reproach to me, who have been so much longer nominally a member of the church of Christ.

I am in Peterborough now, he thought I might as well stay for a week, to make trial, as it had suited me for a day. It is not more than a minute's walk from St. Paul's & this is a great recommendation, as I shall be able to familiarise myself perfectly with that noble structure. Good bye for the present. I write immediately by another conveyance to some one of the family.

Yours ever

William

There is one more letter; it is from Caroline to William Kirkland after his return. It is rather a journal or travel sketch than a letter; the vivid, conversational style of Caroline Stansbury is shown to good advantage in these informal notes to her lover.

Nov. 15 1827

My dear William-

I was going to write you by mail immediately supposing you might be anxious about us; but on coming home I found your Father still here and concluded to make him play postman. We had a very comfortable ride - stopt once, but not on account of the cold - only to give our Pegasus a feed of oats to keep up her courage. found Mama quite in good spirits - took supper at Mr. White's and then returned here. I stopt at Keese's and got the note for which you must thank your mother - 'grandma' seems very glad to have me back again - I wish you would tell Mary Anne that the pond is really excellent as far as Manhattanville from there only rough - no holes. I hope John and Cordelia have gone - if not give my love to the latter, as well as to your girls. Do make Mary Anne come out.

I remain &c

C

I gave Alexander two books to return to your father's library.

Amsterdam, Nov. 20, 1827

You will probably wonder, even more that I should address you already and from this little Dutch village far from the end of our journey-- but comment faire? If I feel like writing, I can do it quite as well when I have nothing to say as when I

have something of the greatest importance, and it seems impossible to control the impatience with which I know my dear wife will be startled with whatever I send him. I had to fill up my letter with [illegible], but I must give you some account of our journey thus far. We reached Frankfort on a little hills on Sunday evening. There we found [illegible] full of stage passengers, and among the rest Mr. [illegible] of New York - a blunder of three and forty, rollicking in mirth, and one of the most singular beings in existence. [illegible] age, when he had almost taken up his mind to accept matrimony, he whispered tenderly in the ear of a pretty young Miss Linn with whom he [illegible] and [illegible], "Love me, Maria". The young lady laughed in his face, and from that time he has never held up his head in the presence of the "fair sex". We left Little Falls the next morning and reached Buchanan's, a tavern about 3 miles west of Dryden N.Y., just at nightfall. The landlord was a most curious old German and his wife and daughters as primitive creatures as you ever saw. We were favored with the company of the landlord's 'two gals' in our lodging room, and after the noisy barroom became silent for the night, an outrageous cat, which was shut up in the chamber above us, commenced howling most horribly, as well as jumping and scratching in every direction. This serenade continued throughout the night, so that when lights were brought for us to dress by in the morning, we were but little refreshed by our broken slumbers. We had hardly made a mile before our carriage went over - the hind wheel having come off, in consequence of the breaking of the axle tree. Mr. V. immediately

sprang to the horses' heads, [illegible] might. After a little consultation we [illegible] to the next house leaving Mr. W. to take care of the sheep.- The house proved to be a large one about [illegible] miles.- The first room I put my head into was entirely filled by a company-tion of boxes of eight and eight that I was fain to shut the door as speedily as possible. In the room we found a young woman, apparently not more than eighteen years of age, with a boy of nine months, who walked at least as well as poor Julia did at two years. I felt mortified by the contrast but still the baby interested me - especially as it took such a fancy to me that it would insist on putting its little greasy pads all over the lap of my dress, and making me play with it whether I would or not.- Finding our carriage would be some time in mending, I took a pair of stockings from my sack and very philosophically sat down and darned them completely, while Aunt Jane read the newspaper to me. When I got [illegible] down to the [illegible] (I [illegible]) to see how the [illegible] came on. Finding there was still much to do, I hurried back to the house, and seeing that Aunt Jane was much engaged in talking, I sat down and helped her until everything was ready for [illegible]. This was about [illegible] o'clock. At last we stopped to dine, some [illegible] miles [illegible] and [illegible] a good cup of coffee, flavored by [illegible] milk, and some fine potatoes, were not bad for this place which we reached before dark, and where we are to have our supper of eggs, which we meant to have a few [illegible]. We have not accomplished any great adventure but I have enjoyed the ride very highly, and if I never only [illegible]

and could fill the [illegible] of my mind, should have nothing to wish for. Aunt Matt is kind & [illegible] can be, and seems pleased to have us with her. She bade me tell you that when you were comfortably settled in [illegible] of your own, she would not pass within seven miles of you without paying you a visit - & that she only forgives you a great piece of neglect, on consideration of your having consented to lend your Joy to her for a little while. These are her own words. Mr. M. is the most attentive of hosts, and leaves nothing undone which can contribute to our comfort. My dear love, I never thought of you oftener or with more tenderness than during these three days, and I comfort myself by thinking that the image of your absent Caroline has been not unfrequently the picture of your silent hours. Tu sera ingrat si tu ne l'aimais pas.

Nov. 21 Schenectady Wednesday noon-- We left Amsterdam after breakfast this morning and reached this place just now. We have found the roads generally very good and especially since we left the Germon flats. Nothing could be pleasanter than our ride thus far. I have not felt cold a single hour. The road is full of travellers.- At the house where we slept last night there arrived in the course of the night nine stages, containing something like 60 passengers. The sudden closing of the canal occasions this great rush.

I don't want you to write to me, dear, before Monday or Tuesday next for we may not reach the city before the middle of the week. After we leave Albany Aunt M. and her beau will be stopping at every friend's house along the road. I shall

write from Albany to Mamma-- probably this evening, giving her a minute account of our adventures.

Nov. 23 1837

I hope you won't forget, dear love to practice reading aloud - <u>daily</u> and faithfully too. And have all your ears and eyes open in every direction.

I have been talking about you incessantly all the morning - telling Aunt Mott all I could remember of your European experiences. When you write, don't forget to tell me particularly how Cornelia and the young Miss K. and my Julia are. Give my love to all who love me. You say I dont care for anybody else. Dear love why are we not enjoying this ride together? It is wrong for us to be separated. The sun shines most brilliantly and it is beginning to be excessively dusty. I find my cold rather troublesome but am otherwise very well.

Adieu!

C.

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January 10, 1838, Caroline Stansbury became the wife of William Kirkland. Caroline was then twenty-seven; portraits show her with dark, neat hair; hazel eyes, lively and intelligent in expression; her features were strong; lips rather full; about the mouth there is more than a suggestion of determination, as well as of humour. William Kirkland, a year older than his bride, was small in stature, of a scholarly appearance, intensified by the thick spectacles made necessary by his extreme near-sightedness.

The young couple were not in the best financial condition at the time of their marriage; Caroline's father was dead[64] and her mother and the younger children were dependent upon his small estate. William's father was a man of some property, but there were several smaller children at home. The professorship at Hamilton seemed undesirable to William Kirkland; perhaps his extreme deafness made it difficult to secure a teaching position suitable to his undoubted scholastic attainments.

Soon after their marriage, Caroline and William Kirkland opened a school, a seminary for young ladies, at Geneva, New York. Geneva at that time was a thriving community, honored by visits of dignitaries of the country and abroad, and, in general, displaying an active and vigorous social and cultural life.

During theseven years in Geneva, four children were born to the Kirklands: Elizabeth, born October 27, 1828; Joseph, January 7, 1830; Lydia Philadelphia, born September 19, 1831, who died February 27, 1833; and Sarah, born January 11, 1834.

Whether the seminary at Geneva met with success or not, it seems certain that the Kirklands, if they had remained in the east, would eventually have found profitable return for their work in education. At least their charm and learning, their unquestioned social status, (through marriage and descent they were related to many other distinguished eastern families),

64. Samuel Stansbury died May 24, 1822.

would have led their lives into pleasant ways and congenial pursuits.

The Kirklands left their home, influenced by two factors: one was the tremendous movement of New York and New England people west to the peninsula of Michigan. This was bound to be reflected on a couple as receptive, as adventurous, as idealistic as the Kirklands. The other was an opportune offer, through Mrs. Willard, of Troy Seminary, New York, to take charge of a new seminary in Detroit.[65]

In 1835 Caroline and William Kirkland and their three children left New York for the Michigan Frontier; they took their place in a land rush to Michigan which reached unprecedented proportions in the years 1835 and 1836.

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65. Sister Mary Rosalita, Education in Detroit before 1850, p. 229.

THE MICHIGAN FRONTIER

There were a few years in the 1830's when the end of the rainbow rested in Michigan, coloring the dreams and lives of thousands. For those years, Michigan was the epitome of western advance. The virtues and the vices, the glamour and the squalor, the ideals and the crudities of the Frontier were brought into sharp relief in Michigan by the same circumstances which brought about its settlement.

When thousands of settlers followed wilderness trails beyond the Alleghenies in the great wave of national expansion after the Revolution, the way to Michigan was blocked by natural barriers, such as the great lakes and swamps and forests at the landward approach of the peninsula. Settlement of Michigan was also impeded by the fact that Western New York State, the natural source of supplies for settlers of the Peninsular state, was an Indian-infested wilderness which was not to be brought under cultivation for many years. Since the only safe approach to Michigan at that time was by water from Western New York, it is obvious why this lack of available supplies should slow up the process of settlement.

The British and Indian alliance, which continued after the Revolution, was a definite threat to American advance in Western New York. There was purpose in the slowness with which British representatives turned over forts in that territory. A letter from the English secretary of state, Lord Sydney, to Lord Dorchester, who was the governor of Quebec and the head of British interests in America, is evidence upon this point.

"With regard to the posts, to which no. 10, marked secret, particularly relates, it was, I believe, intimated to your lordship, previous to your departure, that it was the firm opinion of the king's servants that the retaining the possession of the posts was a measure perfectly justifiable, and, from the conduct observed since that time on the part of the American statesmen they have no reason to alter their sentiments upon that point. It therefore becomes necessary that steps should be taken by putting them into a temporary state of defence, to resist any attack which the citizens of the states may meditate, and the sooner it can be done the better."[1]

This threatening attitude on the part of the British, and the proximity of Canada, the distance from the American seaboard, and indecision among the states - these seemed to indicate that Michigan would eventually fall to Canada. As late as 1792, an election was held in Detroit for the Canadian Parliament although the boundary line fixed by the treaty of 1783 was the same then as now.[2]

In the war of 1812, through the humiliating surrender of Detroit, national attention was drawn to the insecure position of Michigan. At the conclusion of the war, when Michigan was again an American outpost, the necessity for a closer connection between the territory and the United States was recognized. The National government made an attempt to

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1. A.B.Hart, ed. American History Told by Contemporaries, vol. III, p. 158.
2. C. M. Burton, "Amusements in Detroit in Colonial Days," Michigan Pioneer and Historical Collections, XXXVIII, p. 338.

encourage settlement in Michigan and to discharge its obligations to war veterans by giving them land grants in Michigan. This plan resulted in a discouraging report from the surveyor general of the North West. His report, in 1815, stated that the country, between lakes and swamps, consisted of barren, sandy soil which was covered with scrubby oak trees, with scarcely one acre in a thousand fit for cultivation.[3]

This report delayed settlement still further. The soldiers were given bounty lands in Illinois and Indiana; "Interminable Swamp"[4] was printed across the map of Michigan in school geographies; the interior of the peninsula, so beautiful that de Tocqueville compared it to Milton's Paradise,[5] remained a hunting ground for the Indians.

There were parklike openings in the great forests, which spring fires, set by Indians, kept clear of underbrush. this left only the large timber standing. Great oaks, tall and massive, centuries old, elms, whitewood, linden, beech, giant sycamores, stood in beautiful green turf which was watered by many springs and spread with a profusion of wild flowers. Countless small lakes mirrored the sky from forest depths; exquisitely graceful ferns and luxuriant vines flourished in the moist forest soil.

An old historian of the state wrote: "The streams rolled their liquid silver to the lake, broken only by the fish that flashed in their current, or the swan that floated upon their surface. Vegetation flourished alone. Roses

3. G. Fuller, Economic and Social Beginnings of Michigan, p.51.
4. Ibid., p. 51.
5. de Tocqueville made the journey from Detroit to Saginaw in 1837. R.L.Rusk, The Literature of the Middle Western Frontier, vol. I, p.3.

bloomed and died, only to be trampled by the deer or savage; and strawberries studded the ground like rubies, where the green and sunny hillsides reposed amid the silence, like sleeping infants in the lap of the forest."[6]

The little settlement around the fort at Detroit entered upon its second century as thoroughly French in appearance and language as when Cadillac was its commandant in 1701. The changing political fortunes of the French in Michigan apparently had affected them little; traditions of the Grand Monarch flourished in a charming social life which British and American rule did not disturb.

Detroit was a center for the fur trade, and fine beaver skins were generally used as units of exchange in the barter system made necessary by lack of currency.[7] There was little manufacture and little trade, for the wants of the community were simple. The habitants in their village of small whitewashed cabins, palisaded with cedar pickets against marauding wolves and Indians, remained content with the isolation of the settlement.[8]

From the outside world came the forces which resulted in the settlement of the peninsula. A national consciousness of the Frontier, a new realization of its power and possibilities, reached a high point with the election of Andrew Jackson to the Presidency. This, combined with great improvements in water transportation, effected a sudden shift in population from eastern states to the new territory.

6. Lanman, Charles, Summer in the Wilderness.
7. Fuller, op. cit., pp. 128-9.
8. "All the people here are generally poor wretches, a lazy idle people, dependent chiefly upon the savages for their subsistence; though the land, with little labor, produces plenty of grain they scarcely raise as much as will satisfy their wants, in imitation of the Indians, whose manners and customs they have adopted and cannot subsist without them." Ibid., p.109-109.

THE LAND RUSH

When steam transportation began, the great lakes lost their effectiveness as a barrier. In 1818 the "Walk-in-the Water" made the first steam voyage on Lake Erie. The little wood-burning steamer was wrecked shortly after its maiden voyage, but its successors grew steadily in numbers. By 1836 there were fifty steamboats on the lake.[9]

In 1825 the Erie Canal was completed, largely through the efforts of DeWitt Clinton,[10] and a waterway was available from eastern New York state to Detroit. At last the New Englander had an outlet! In many cases it was his second or third move. Massachusetts - Vermont - "York State" - had been the direction of travel. Now that a way was open to Michigan, and thousands of acres of richly timbered cheap land were placed on the market by the government, one of the greatest migrations of history was on. It was estimated that in 1836, during the months that the lake was open to navigation, about 200,000 people passed through the port of Detroit to the western lands.[11]

Freight rates were low in the lake and canal boats, and so the traveler was not, like the overland immigrant, limited by the size of his wagon. Boats were crowded with the new settlers and their possessions; they were warned to bring implements and tools, furniture and cabinet work of all kinds, "for these are dearer in the west than in the east, and if such are sold in the east by the immigrant, they are generally sold

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9. Blois, Gazetteer of Michigan, p. 415.
10. Clinton's name appears frequently in Michigan of the '30's: Clinton county, DeWitt village in that county, Clinton river and the village of Clinton.
11. Blois, op. cit., p. 416.

at a great sacrifice."[12]

Gazettes and maps of Michigan found a ready sale in the East. There were difficulties to overcome in the case of the careful writer, however. John Blois, whose Gazetteer of Michigan was popular in the late '30's, attempted to rest his authority upon carefully collected facts. In correspondence with authorities in different sections of Michigan he found that there was "an apparent misapprehension of the object of correspondence." The answers were occupied with "matter entirely extraneous, -- in descanting upon the 'admirable location,' 'Proposed improvements' of some village or 'city' in contemplation, which was represented as about to become the great emporium - the centre of travel, - of the manufacturing and commercial interests of the State."[13]

Colorful posters, displayed prominently in eastern cities and in taverns on the way of travel, pictured the glories of life in Michigan. That those glories belonged to the future dismayed the artist and the promoter not a bit.

"When lots were to be sold, the whole fair dream was splendidly emblazoned on a sheet of super-royal size; things which only floated before the mind's eye of the most sanguine, were portrayed with bewitching minuteness for the delectation of the ordinary observer. Majestic steamers plied their paddles to and fro upon the river; ladies crowding their decks and streamers floating upon the wind. Sloops dotted the harbors, while noble ships were seen in the offing. Mills, factories,

12. Blois, op. cit., p.416.
13. Ibid., Int., p.v.

and lighthouses - canals, railroads and bridges, all took their appropriate positions. Then came the advertisments, choicely worded, and carefully vague, never setting forth anything which might not come true at some time or other, yet leaving the buyer without excuse if he chose to be taken in."[14]

Typical of the many cities which never did exist, was "White Rock City," Magnificent harbors, with steamboats entering the river, sawmills busily converting forests into houses, a populous town of many buildings, all with a decided air of prosperity, were painted in glowing colors on the posters which advertised the phantom city. The purchaser of this valuable location found no buildings at all and a river so small as barely to afford passage for a canoe. The land was not even surveyed. The buyer named one of the trees the "White Rock City Hotel" and carved his name thereon as the first guest.[15]

Detroit was the center of this activity, the port[16] where the immigrants landed and the gateway to the El Dorado beyond. The narrow streets of old Detroit, so deep in mud at most seasons of the year that only the high two-wheeled French carts could get through, were crowded far beyond their capacity. The blanketed Indians, woodsmen, furtraders, the coureur du bois, the French of the village, found themselves elbowed off the narrow wooden sidewalks by acquisitive Yankee traders. The trade in furs became insignificant compared with this sudden craze for land.

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14. Kirkland, A New Home, p. 50.
15. Michigan Pioneer Collections, Vol.III, p. 200.
16. Immigrants could also enter Michigan at Monroe.

Taverns were full; sleeping space on floors sold at a premium;[17] food was poor and expensive, but those with the craze for land could spare little time to sleep and eat. In a city surrounded by forests, firewood was from five to seven dollars a card,[18] as no one could spare the time to cut and haul it. Men suddenly lost interest in their normal trades and occupations when the land fever gripped them, -- "The tradesman forsook his shop; the farmer his plough; the merchant his counter; the lawyer his office; the minister his desk, to join the general chase."[19]

It was estimated that bona fide settlers left Detroit every five minutes during the daylight hours in hired wagons drawn by horses or oxen.[20] Land-looking expeditions set out with a great deal of excitement and carefully stimulated enthusiasm under the interested guidance of land speculators. These expeditions, which were composed of well-to-do men, went into the interior to inspect and purchase town sites of great potential value.[21]

The equipment provided for such a journey was most elaborate; horses, knapsacks, stimulants, compasses, matches, blankets, rubber boots, coats and hats were but a part of the necessary outfit.[22] Indian trails were followed through forests and marshes to some spot which was solemnly pointed out as possessing unlimited commercial possibilities. Rivers were especially important in the light of enthusiasm over steam

17. Kirkland, op. cit., p.47. "Fifty cents was the price of 6 feet by ten of the bar-room floor."
18. Fuller, op. cit., p.7
19. Kirkland, Western Clearings, p.4.
20. Fuller, op. cit., p.335.
21. These same methods, a little more elaborate, were used in florida, Texas, and Detroit boom days of recent memory.
22. Kirkland, A New Home, p.50.

boats, and also because they provided the power for the mill so necessary to a pioneer community.

One of these river sites in its primitive state is thus described:

"The morning sun showed the river and its adjunct bright and beautiful, though a leetle marshy at the sides. The dead silence, the utter loneliness, the impenetrable shade, which covered the site of the future city, might well call to mind the desolation which has settled on Balbec and Palmyra; the anticipation of future life and splendor contrasting no less forcibly with the actual scene than would the retrospect of departed grandeur. The guide, who had been much employed in these matters, showed in the course of the day six different points, each of which, the owners were fully satisfied, would one day echo the busy tread of thousands, and see reflected in the now glassy wave the towers and masts of a great commercial town."[23]

Under the instruction of speculators, it was easy to see how marshes could be drained, rivers deepened, roads, railroads and canals built which would contribute to the growth of a great city and the wealth and fame of the buyer. Sales of large tracts of land were concluded rapidly, to the satisfaction of all concerned; the purchaser found his in dreams of the golden future, the speculator in the more concrete realization of a huge profit.[24]

Lands which were sold by the government at $1.25 an acre were transferred again and again with no apparent

23. Ibid., p. 55
24. Ibid., p. 59

limit to the rise in price. Public auctions stimulated the feverish excitement, and many a man staked the savings of years upon a blind purchase which might prove to be absolutely worthless.

Unlimited speculation was encouraged by government financial policy. In 1832, President Andrew Jackson had ordered public money to be withdrawn from the Bank of the United States. In an effort to prove that banking functions could be performed better by private banks, one state bank in each of the principal cities of the Union was appointed a depository for public revenue and disburser of public funds. These banks were required to pay interest at two per cent and to be ready to pay at sight the whole sum due to the government.

Two banks in Michigan were appointed as depositories: the Farmers and Mechanics Bank and the Bank of Michigan. When government land sales were on in Michigan the sums deposited were very large, and on recommendation of the Secretary of the Treasury, this public money was lent to the people. This policy, directed by banks who were in the center of the feverish excitement over land and involved in it, mounted steadily to the most reckless height.[25]

No less affected by this speculative fever than their more prosperous fellow citizens, were the immigrants of every trade and calling who came in a steady stream to Michigan through the years of '35, '36 and '37. Their aim was not so much the profit to be made from speculation as the ownership of land itself, in quantities impossible to them in

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25. Farmer, History of Detroit, p. 716.

the East. Most of them were farmers, and most of them were from New England, either directly or by way of New York State.[26]

The pioneer song, quoted below, is one of many which set the feet tingling with its swinging rhythms and cheered the spirits of those who had undertaken to make new homes in the forests of Michigan. There might be any number of verses to one of these songs; this particular one compares the respective merits of New England and Michigan in some detail. "Mich-i-gan-i-a" was in common use at the time, with the same accent as that given to the "Californiay" songs of '49.

A Pioneer Song

-1-

Come, all you Yankee farmers who would like to change your lot,
Who have spunk enough to travel beyond your native spot,
And leave behind the country where pa and ma doth stay,
Then come and make your fortune in Michigania.

-2-

'Tis you that talk of Vermont; why, what a place is that?
Be sure the girls are pretty and the cattle very fat;
But who would like on mountains among the clouds and snow to stay,
When you can buy parairies in Michigania?

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26. New York state county and town names appear frequently in Michigan; most of the "old settlers" whose deaths are recorded in county papers were born in New York state or came from there at an early age; many small towns in the lower peninsula which have not been affected by industrialism are still almost entirely of Yankee or "York state" ancestry.

-3-

Then there is your Penobscot, way down in parts of Main,
Where timber grows in plenty, but darn the bit of grain;
And there is your Schoodic and your Piscataquay;
But these can't hold a candle to Michigania.

-4-

There is your land of blue laws, where deacons cut the hair,
For fear your locks and tenets will not exactly square;
For he that works on Sunday a penalty must pay,
While all is free and easy in Michigania.

-5-

Then there isMassachusetts, and good enough be sure,
But now she's good for nothing but taxes and manure;
She costs you pecks of trouble, but de'il the peck in pay;
O, what is such a country to Michigania?

-6-

O, who would ever thought it, not many months is gone,
That just as nothing of these back parts were known;
That such a sight of cities should rise in as nice array
As now appears all over this Michigania?

-7-

Upon the river Huron, just through the country back,
You will find the shire of Oakland, the town of Pontiac,
Which passing up thus sudden, hath scared the wolves away
That used to roam all over this Michigania.

-8-

And if you follow onward, McDonald's town is there,
And further, shire Mount Clemens looks out upon St. Clair.
These and other places within McCombia,
Which promise population to Michigania.

-9-

Then down along to Detroit, more wonders rise to view;
'Tis Michigan's metropolis; I think you'll say 'twill do.
Then Ypsi and Ann Arbor you'll see if west you stray,
Are pretty sample villages of Michigania.

-10-

Here is the city of Jackson, upon a rising hill,
And for to grind your wheat and corn there is a noble mill,
It has as fine a prospect I can with safety say,
As any other city in Michigania.

-11-

If you only follow the compass of your nose
It will lead you to a shire town, no matter where you go,
If it be up or down, or whichever be your way,
You will see them nicely laid out in Michigania.

-12-

The land about those villages is of a productive kind,
And if you travel far or near no better can you find;
Then come and pick your lots, and down the shiners pay,
You will soon have an interest in Michigania.

-13-

The blood-thirsty Indians you never need to fear,
If soldiers live upon your land they never will come near;
The memory of Harrison and Jackson stands array;
How bitterly they blasted them in Michigania.

-14-

This land is quite productive and everything for use,
A plenty of good cider and also maple juice;
The grape, the plum, the cherry, and apples grow this way.
And quite delicious peaches in Michigania.

-15-

The rivers, creeks and lakes abound with excellent fish,
And in the woods wild turkeys, which make a dainty dish;
The bear, the elk, the buffalo, buck, doe and fawn doth stray,
And many other kinds of game in Michigania.

-16-

Come, all you Yankee farmers, who have muckle hearts like me,
And elbow grease in plenty, to bow the forest tree;
Come, take a quarter section, and I'll be bound to say,
You never'll regret your coming to Michigania.[27]

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27. Michigan Pioneer Collection, Vol. VII., p. 355.

DETROIT

If Detroit was, in the minds of the majority of immigrants, only a gateway to the promised land, it was also the center to which settlers looked for supplies. The commercial possibilities of this port were not overlooked, and its population increased steadily, but out of all proportion to the supposedly richer possibilities of inland settlements. In 1800, Detroit had but 770 inhabitants; by 1830 it had 2,222; in 1840, after the peak of the land rush, Detroit was a small city of some 9,192 residents.

As population and prosperity increased, attention was drawn to the uncertain state of education in Detroit. There were no public schools. Church schools had been established for the French inhabitants; those who desired advanced learning were sent to Montreal or Quebec.[1] Other students were at the mercy of itinerant private teachers.

Violence and disorder were not uncommon in these private schools. One teacher, Isaac Danforth, received an hour's notice to leave the Territory because he mistreated his pupils;[2] another, John Goff, who kept a "regular" school in Detroit for some years, was nearly killed by older pupils on what proved to be his last day as a teacher in Michigan.[3]

In even the briefest resume of early education in Detroit, mention must be made of two distinguished men of different faiths who did much for education in the city. Father

1. Cadillac, in 1701, had attempted to found a school for Indian and French children to strengthen foundations of friendship between the races. Education in Detroit before 1850 by Sr. Mary Rosalita, p.17.
2. Ibid., p.48.
3. Ibid., p.47.

Richard Gabriel, priest, educator, delegate to Congress, whose picturesque career was closed with a tragic death in the cholera epidemic of 1832; and Reverend John Monteith, President of the University of Michigania, who left Detroit in 1820 to take charge of the Department of Latin and Greek Languages at Hamilton college.[4]

Among the developments in education fostered by prominent private citizens was the Detroit Female Seminary. A lot on Griswold Street which had been set aside for educational purposes in 1829 was granted to a Protestant religious society formed for the advancement of female education.[5] In 1834 the following notice appeared:

"The stockholders of the Association for promoting female education in the City of Detroit are requested to meet at the building recently erected for the Seminary, on Thursday, December 2nd, inst., at two o'clock, P.M., for the purpose of considering the constitution to be proposed for the government of the Association, and for the transaction of other important business to all concerned in this object. The importance of the subject to be submitted induces the undersigned to hope for a very general and punctual attendance of those whose munificence has enabled them to progress thus far, and of all who may be willing to contribute further aid to the undertaking.

John Biddle, E.P.Hastings, B.F.H.Witherell, Thomas Palmer, DeG. Jones, H.M.C.Campbell, E. Brooke, W.L.Newberry, J. Dean, C. C. Trowbridge."[6]

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4. Rev. Monteith was on the faculty at Hamilton College from 1820 to 1828. William Kirkland was a tutor in his department from 1820-1825 and a professor from 1825-1827.
5. The site was part of that now occupied by the City Hall.
6. Sister Mary Rosalita. op. cit., pp.222-224.

The Articles of Agreement under which the new school was established provided that the Baptist, Methodist, Episcopal and Protestant denominations should be equally represented in the twelve directors.[7]

"The teacher who wished to retain his position had to steer between a veritable Scylla and Charybdis on the religious question, for while instruction in religion was made a part of the curriculum, nothing could be introduced that would give offence to any of the denominations represented on the board. One historian sees in this a repetition of 'putting the spark and powder together and then making an effort to prevent the explosion.'"[8]

The school was ready for occupancy in June, 1835. The eight-thousand-dollar building, according to the circular, was a substantial brick edifice, fifty-six by forty feet, situated in a pleasant part of the city. It had three stories above the basement. There were eighteen rooms in the building, besides an ample hall in each story. The philosophical room was furnished with a handsome apparatus, both Chemical and Philosophical."

William Kirkland was to be the first Principal of this school, which opened June 5, 1835. The arrival of the Kirklands, who came to Detroit by the newly opened water route, is noted in a Detroit paper of June 10, 1835.

"FEMALE ACADEMY-- The arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Kirkland to take charge of this institution has been immediately

7. Sr. Mary Rosalita, op. cit., p. 226.
8. Ibid., p. 226.

followed by the reception of a large number of pupils, and the prospects for the academy are cheering. The expense and effort to establish this school have been great, and it is hoped that a full and ample support will be found in this city. The gentleman and lady at the head of it will be enabled by their own experience and talents, together with the assistance of the assistant teachers, to afford instruction to a very large number of pupils, and the accommodations of the beautiful and spacious edifice erected for their use will be amply sufficient for the comfort and health of all who may avail themselves of this institution. We doubt not that the advantages of the Frmale Seminary in this city will be equal to those of any similar institution in the west; and we hope and believe they will be fully appreciated."[9]

The other teachers, the assistants referred to, were Miss Euphemia Dudgeon, teacher of music, and Professor Louis Fasquelle, the teacher of modern languages.[10]

The Kirklands' first summer in Detroit was shadowed by the fatal illness of Mrs. Kirkland's only and beloved sister, Cordelia Agnes, who died August 29 in Sodus Bay, New York. Ten days before this sad event, a daughter was born to the Kirklands. She was named Cordelia for the young aunt she would never see.

Caroline Kirkland and her mother, Elizabeth Stansbury, wrote the inscription for Cordelia's tomb:

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9. Detroit Journal and Courier.
10. Sr. Mary Rosalita, op. cit., p. 230.

"Here what of late was youth and beauty lies,
Inspired in life with all that angels prize,
Fond human love strove long to keep her here,
But love divine prepared a brighter sphere;
And beaming on her spirit, ere its flight,
A foretaste of the pure and perfect light,
Gave peace which passeth thought and grace to own,
Kind are thy chastenings, Lord; Thy will be done."[11]

After Cordelia's death, Mrs. Stansbury joined her other daughter in Detroit.

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The following statement, published in the newspaper, announced the opening of the second quarter at the Seminary:

"DETROIT FEMALE SEMINARY -- The second quarter of the Detroit Seminary for female education will commence Thursday, the 3d of September. It is the design of the principal to furnish the means for a thorough and liberal education, and thus to fulfill every reasonable expectation of the citizens who have contributed with such rare liberality to the noble purpose ofadvancing female education. Selecting the best models, procuring extensive and efficient aid and uniting to those the results of fifteen years experience, he hopes to establish an institution which shall rank with the first in our country."[12]

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11. Wines, The Stansbury Family, p. 15.
12. Detroit Journal and Courier, Sept. 1, 1835.

The course of study presented at the Female Seminary under the Kirklands appears in the Detroit Free Press of February 17, 1836.

"First Grade of Studies: Algebra, Geometry, Philosophy of the Mind, Latin, and popular Astronomy with the use of the Globes. (This last branch is included for the present year in the Second Class.)

"Second Grade of Studies: Natural Philosophy including the elements of Chemistry, Moral Philosophy, Watts on the Mind, Botany, Ancient History, Ancient Geography, National and State Constitutions, Paley's Natural Theology.

"Third Grade of Studies: Spelling, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, English, Grammar, Modern Geography, Modern History, and Composition.

"Terms. Ten Dollars per quarter entitles the pupil to instruction in any part of the course. Seven Dollars and Fifty cents, includes tuition in the second and third of the above grades. Six dollars in those of the third. Parents are requested to specify at the commencement of each Quarter, the class of Studies into which the pupil is to be entered.

"Extra Branches: French, per quarter, four dollars. Music, ten dollars.

"Use of the Piano, two dollars. Drawing and Ornamental Needlework, six dollars."

"A few young ladies not under fourteen years of age received as boarders.

"Payments to be made at the expiration of half a quarter, and no pupil admitted for less than one quarter. For further particulars, see circular.

Detroit, November 16, 1835. William Kirkland"[13]

Further description of the course appears in the seminary circular:

"In all the branches the inductive method is pursued; and every facility given by familiar and extended illustrations, recitations, and other exercises is made the occasion for conveying various useful and entertaining instruction. Correct pronunciation, and grammatical language are attended to on all occasions, and a taste for English literature carefully cultivated.

"The Bible is daily read with explanatory observations, appeals to conscience, and a sense of duty are the means chiefly relied on for moral improvement. Controversial topics on religion, politics and morals are strictly excluded."[14]

An impression of the Kirklands as teachers in Detroit may be gained from the Recollections and Reminiscences of Sarah Alexandrine Sibley.

"The Seminary building, erected in 1834, was first opened June 4, 1835. I was one of the first pupils in the upper class, and was under the personal supervision of Mrs. Kirkland.

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13. Sister Mary Rosalita, op. cit., p. 227-228.
14. Sister Mary Rosalita, op. cit., p. 228.

"Mr. an d Mrs. Kirkland must have lived in Detroit all of three years, but the school was not a financial success. They had a child about three years of age that fell out of the academy window and was killed. This had a very bad effect on Mrs. Kirkland. . . . Mrs. Kirkland was a very good teacher and was especially successful in teaching the art of reading. Mr. Kirkland was a good teacher, but he was very deaf and the girls used to take advantage of that when they recited to him in Algebra. . ."[15]

It was in the spring of 1837, Wednesday, March 8 at 4:30 in the afternoon, that little Sarah Kirkland was killed. She was just past her third birthday. It was a terrible experience, andCaroline Kirkland's mother, Elizabeth Stansbury, did not long survive this blow. She died May 24, the same year, fifteen years to the day from the death of Samuel Stansbury.

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15. Sarah Alexandrine Sibley was interviewed in 1916 as to her recollections of early Detroit. These reminiscences are from the Burton Historical Collection, Detroit.

THE VILLAGE SITE

The Kirklands had consented to take charge of the Seminary in Detroit for one year only, as their main purpose in coming to Michigan was to found a settlement in the great forest. Probably conditions at the school were such as to encourage them in their plan; fortune to be gained in the romantic depths of the forest was far more attractive than the few dollars laboriously earned by teaching under the suspicious gaze of twelve trustees of four different denominations.

The land chosen for this purpose was in Livingston County, sixty miles west of Detroit. Land records there show that William Kirkland, or Kirtland, as the first entry is spelled, bought land there first in January 1836. In that month he bought 360 acres, all in Putnam township, but scattered through different sections. In February of the same year, he acquired eighty acres, and in May, two pieces of eighty and forty acres respectively.

Joseph Kirkland, William's father, began buying land in the same county and township in June. He bought two pieces, one of 160 acres, the other of 240 acres. In August, William Kirkland acquired three lots, of eighty, forty, and one hundred twenty acres; on the same date, Elizabeth Stansbury bought forty acres. In September, Joseph Kirkland again purchased land - this time an improved farm.

In a letter from Joseph Kirkland to his son in Detroit something of the circumstances surrounding the new venture may be ascertained.

Letter from Gen. Joseph Kirkland of Utica to his Son William:
Addressed "Mr. William Kirkland
Detroit, Michigan" endorsed, "My Father"
"August 29 1836"

Utica August 24th 1836

My Son

Yours of the 18th was received last evening. I have concluded to purchase another farm of 200, I do not, as a general rule for Investments, think improved farms are so likely to turn out profitable as wild lands, but from your statement, as to this farm, and considering it in connection with your other objects, it may be well to make the purchase, and for this purpose I send you a Draft on New York for $600 being for the first payment. In relation to the loan you speak of, it is not now in my power, it may be soon. I have had to pay, or rather advance money in consequence of borrowing for other use. This I may or may not soon receive back. There is no money to be borrowed here. I have not known such a state of things since the removal of the deposites. Gentlemen in N.Y. who have wished to make Loans have applied at Hartford, and also have made application to the U. S. Bank at Philadelphia - but without success. There has been such a desire to obtain money for the purpose of speculation in Stocks & Bonds that money has brought in New York from 12 to 14 percent-- and this has induced the Lenders to furnish it to Brokers instead of lending at the usual interest and on

this account no money can be borrowed at the legal rate of interest. I am sorry that Mr. D. was not able to go on with you in the Mill Concern - and I am of opinion that if you can dispose of your privilege to someone who is able to build, and who will engage, I mean become legally obligated, to build, it will by all means be best for you to do it. I have had experience and you may rest assured that, if you undertake to build mills by the means of agents, you being at 60 miles distant, that all will not go right. You had better dispose of the privilege at a very low price, than attempt to build anyone a mill yourself. I would have said much more to you on this subject, if I had not supposed your friend D. was going on the ground and to make his part of the advances and, to take the whole charge. My paper is covered, and I can write no more, I may enlarge another time. In the meanwhile I wish you would give a particular account of the intended Mill opperations, that is, how much the Mill is to cost; now, and who is to build it, and where are your funds to go on with the concern- indeed your whole plan.

N.B. As to the ware and glass you can do as you please, if you do not want them or only a part, dispose of the residue on the best terms you can. I think they may be sold on a credit without loss.

All are well. Your brother C. (Charles Pinckney) will go South in about a month. Mary is now with us- your mother has written fully by Miss D. who I understand, leaves

tomorrow, but I send this by mail that it may reach you sooner.

You will please give me further information about the money concerns in your Banks and Town offices. Love to all

Yours affectionately

J. Kirkland (signature is very like that of his grandson Joseph Kirkland)

Addressed: Mr. William Kirkland
Detroit, Michigan

The land purchased by William Kirkland is just south of the Grand River Road, eleven miles from Howell. The country there is decidedly rolling; oak trees cover the hill and small reed-fringed lakes dot the valleys. In a valley on Portage Creek, two miles from Portage Lake, the village itself was to be located. The site was regarded as particularly promising because of the water power to be obtained from the stream.

Mrs. Kirkland describes her first view of the site for her new home:

"The morning passed in viewing and reviewing the village site and the 'mill privilege' under the condescending guidance of a regular land speculator, into whose clutches- - - but I anticipate.

"The public square, the water lots, the value <u>per foot</u> of this undulating surface, clothed as it then was with burr oak, and haunted by the red deer: these were almost too

much for my gravity. I gave my views, however, as to the location of the grand esplanade, and particularly requested that the fine oaks which now graced it might be spared when the clearing process commenced.

"Oh, certainly, mem! said our Dousterswivel, 'a place that's designed for a public promenade must not be divested of shade trees!' Yet I believe these very trees were the first 'Banquos' at Montacute.[1] The water lots, which were too valuable to sell save by the foot, are still in the market, and will probably remain there for the present."[2]

The land speculator, the "Dousterswivel" mentioned, was perhaps a man named Davidson who is mentioned in the Livingston County History as having been with Mr. Kirkland when he first came there in 1836. The convincing manner of "Mr. Mazard", whoever he was, and his persuasiveness, were to prove expensive to the Kirklands later on.

"His words sometimes flowed in measured softness, and sometimes tumbled over each other, in his anxiety to convince, to persuade, to inspire. His air of earnest conviction, of sincere anxiety for your interest, and above all, of entire forgetfulness of his own, was irresistible. People who did not know him always believed every word he said; at least so I have been informed."[3]

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1. "Montacute" was the name used in A New Home for the village of Pinckney.
2. Mrs. Kirkland was right. The village has, nearly a century later, moved quite away from the water front. There are no buildings along the "water lots". C.M.Kirkland, A New Home, p.24.
3. Ibid., p. 25.

This agent was kindness itself. He would lay out the village for the Kirklands and build a mill, a tavern, a blacksmith's shop, a store and the necessary houses. He would purchase the land which would be required for the mill pond. With his experience in buying land and building he could save them money. The mill itself could be built for twenty-five hundred dollars at the most.[4]

The village was planned; it needed a name. The story behind the naming of Pinckney has been obscured by time and circumstance. One of the first landholders in the vicinity was John D. Pinckney, who is recorded as buying land in the township in 1833. His descendants claimed the honor of the name. On the other hand, Mrs. Kirkland describes the way she named the village. In an attempt to choose a name "at once simple and dignified -- striking and euphonious -- recherche and yet unpretending"[5] she chose several names, wrote them on slips of paper, and drew one from a hat.

A recent article in The Pinckney Dispatch for Jan.17, 1934,appears to settle the point, and to declare in favor of the Kirklands. The village was named after Charles Pinckney Kirkland, the older brother of William Kirkland, who was at that time a lawyer of great distinction in New York City.[6]

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4. Ibid., p. 25.
5. Ibid., p. 26.
6. Gene Mann, "A History of Early Pinckney",Vol.49, Jan.17,1934, p.4.
7. Charles Pinckney Kirkland was no doubt named for Charles Pinckney who was prominent in Constitution and treaty making, and who may have been a friend of the Kirklands.

In any case, "Pinckney" would seem to have been a good choice; it was a family name and it made a concession to the claim of the oldest resident.

The village planned and the name chosen, the next step was to plat the site. Lithographs of the village were to be circulated through the country, particularly in Detroit, to encourage settlement on that promising place.

William Kirkland and his family probably moved to Pinckney in the summer of 1837. This date is not certain, but from the fact that Joseph Kirkland, in his letter, speaks of the "ware and glass," it would seem that their household goods, which had been left behind in New York, were being prepared for shipment in August, 1836. This was rather late in the summer for the best lake transportation. From Duyckinck's statement, that two years were spent in Detroit, and also from a notation by Cordelia Kirkland in 1915, that her mother was in Detroit for two and a half years, it appears that it must have been 1837 before the Kirklands finally moved from Detroit.

William Kirkland bought land for himself and relatives from January, 1836, through the following summer, so that he owned, or had under his control, over 1300 acres. The many business affairs to be arranged for the new settlement and the beginning of construction there no doubt required his undivided attention, for in November, 1836, he

was succeeded as Principal of the Seminary by George Wilson. To what extent he retained his connection with the school is not known, but a tuition bill signed by William Kirkland appears as late as 1839. Mr. and Mrs. George Wilson bought land from William Kirkland and spent much time in Pinckney, while teaching at the seminary, as did Professor Fasquelle and Euphemia Dudgeon.[6a.]

It was in the spring of 1837, March 8th, that the child, Sarah Kirkland, fell from a window of the seminary. It was also that spring, May 24th, that Elizabeth Stansbury died in Detroit. So it seems that the Kirklands must still have been making their home in Detroit at the time. In A New Home, Mrs. Kirkland describes their removal as taking place in the summer.

Their furniture had been shipped to them, and William and Caroline Kirkland, their three children, Joseph, Elizabeth, and baby Cordelia, left Detroit for their new home in the Michigan forest.

6a. Pinckney letters of Joseph Kirkland, see below pp. 164-167.

ROADS AND INNS

At the time William and Caroline Kirkland left Detroit for the wilderness there were five principal roads to the interior.[7] These territorial roads had been put through the forest by the Federal government as possible military routes and were marked as highways by a blazed "H" at intervals on tree trunks. The marks were necessary, for the roads, in most cases, were little better than Indian trails hastily widened to permit wagon travel.

Two of these highways offered possible routes to the southern part of Livingston county. The Chicago road passed within twelve miles of the holdings of the Kirklands and had been followed by them on an earlier journey when the site of the village was located. A new road, called the Grand River road, led to Howell through the settlements at Redford, Farmington and Kensington.[8] The Kirklands chose the latter:

"We had taken a newly opened and somewhat lonely route this time, in deference to the opinion of those who ought to have known better, that this road from having been less traveled would not be quite so deep as the other."[9]

The "depth" of the road was a matter of grave concern. Heavily loaded wagons, piled high with possessions essential to the settler's lonely state, cut ever deepening ruts in the soft forest floor. The ground, shaded for centuries, stored in its depths water which seeped through into the ruts to form

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7. Blois, op. cit., p. 96.
8. Ibid., p. 96
9. Kirkland, A New Home, p. 67

great pools of mud.

When the Kirklands moved to their new home a large wagon was loaded with a toppling pile of furniture and trunks, plants, and a basket of live fowls. The three children and a dog were lively occupants and Mrs. Kirkland was made as comfortable as possible in a rocking-chair. A driver who was familiar with Michigan roads was hired for the wagon. Mr. Kirkland accompanied the caravan on horseback.

Other early accounts substantiate the following description by Mrs. Kirkland:

"The roads near Detroit were inexpressibly bad. Many were the chances against our toppling load's preserving its equilibrium. To our inexperience, the risks seemed nothing less than tremendous -- but the driver so often reiterated, 'that a'n't nothing',' in reply to our despairing exclamation, and, what was better, so constantly proved his words by passing the most frightful inequalities (Michiganice, 'sidlings') in safety, that we soon became more confident, and ventured to think of something else besides the ruts and mud-holes."[10]

As the newly opened Grand River road wound into the forest it abounded in mudholes of great size and depth, the description of which should not be lost to posterity. Mrs. Kirkland writes of it as follows:

"Since I have casually alluded to a Michigan Mud-

10. Ibid., p. 64-5.

hole, I may as well enter into a detailed memoir on the subject, for the benefit of future travellers, who, flying over the soil on railroads, may look slightingly back upon the achievements of their predecessors. In the 'settlements', a mud-hole is considered as apt to occasion an unpleasant jolt -- a breaking of the thread of one's reverie -- or in extreme cases, a temporary stand-still, or even an overturn of the rash and unwary. Here, on approaching one of these characteristic features of the 'West' --(how much does that expression mean to include? I have never been able to discover its limits)-- the driver stops-- alights -- walks up to the dark gulf -- and around it if he can get around it. He then seeks a long pole and sounds it, measures it across to ascertain whether its sides are perpendicular, as is usually the case if the road is much used. If he finds it not more than three feet deep, he remounts cheerfully, encourages his team, and in they go, with a plunge and a shock, rather apt to damp the courage of the inexperienced. If the hole be narrow, the hinder wheels will be quite lifted off the ground by the depression of their precedents, and so remain until by unwearied chirruping and some judicious touches of 'the string' the horses are induced to struggle as for their lives; and if the Fates are propitious they generally emerge on the opposite side, dragging the vehicle, or, at least, the forewheels, after them."[11]

The mudholes, which were all too frequent in forest roads were unpleasant enough; extensive marshes, bridged not

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11. Ibid., pp. 13-14

at all, or by rolling, slippery logs which formed what is commonly known as a corduroy road, presented more difficulties. Often the road wound so close to the edge of a marsh that the two wheels of a wagon would begin sinking in the long grass while the other two jolted along over irregularities which threatened at any moment to upset the entire outfit. The "live lumber",[12] in such a case, would have to dismount to spare the horses.

After they left the Grand River road, all trace of a road disappeared. The driver became confused in a swampy stretch of country and had come to a halt when one of the horses unfortunately swerved aside into the marsh and was mired. The horse, cut loose, extricated himself and ran away. The occupants of the wagon were forced to remain in the steamy swamp atmosphere under a broiling sun for three hours while Mr. Kirkland rode on to find a farmer who could spare some oxen to get the load to solid ground.

The children became restless and thirsty. From cautious attempts it was established that the surrounding grass simply would not bear any weight but sank beneath the lightest pressure. However, by carefully creeping down the wagon tongue, a clear stream could be reached. Napkins were dipped into the water by holding them by one corner, and by this means the children were refreshed and amused -- until one reached too far, fell in and received a thorough wetting.[12a]

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12. Ibid., p. 67.
12a. Ibid., p. 69.

The journey was slow and laborious, accompanied by many discomforts. Sudden showers came up from which there was no shelter, and there was little rest at night in the rude accommodations offered by inns deep in the timbered lands. In the older settlements, close to Detroit, such as Wayne, Dearborn, and Ypsilanti, there were well known taverns, which, though not exactly palatial, at least afforded the tired traveler a meal, a bed, and rest for himself and his horses. Along a new road, such as the one the Kirklands took when they moved to their new home, there were, after the first night's stop, only log cabins which would share their tiny space with night-bound travelers. Such quarters were not for the overly delicate.

Numbers apparently far beyond the capacity of a one-room cabin were granted sleeping space. In one where the Kirklands stopped, a part of the room, six feet wide, was partitioned off opposite the fireplace. In this space was fitted a bed at either end, with a trundle bed for the children. Mrs. Kirkland admired this ingenious arrangement, but it presented a question to her mind.

"Here was my grand problem still unsolved! If 'me and the old man', and the girls, and Sally and Jane, slept in this strip, there certainly could not be room for more, and I thought with dismay of the low-browed roof, which had seemed to me to rest on the tops of the window-frames. And, to make a long story short, though manifold were the runnings up and down, and close the whisperings, before all was ready,

I was at length ushered up a steep and narrow stick ladder into the sleeping apartment. Here, surrounded by beds of all sizes spread on the floor, was a bedstead, placed under the peak of the roof in order to gain space for its height; and round the state-bed, for such it evidently was, although not supplied with pillows at each end, all the men and boys I had seen below stairs were to repose. Sundry old quilts were fastened by forks to the refters in such a way as to serve as a partial screen, and with this I was obliged to be content. Excessive fatigue is not fastidious. I called to mind some canal-boat experiences, and resigned myself to the 'honey-heavy dew of slumber.'"[13]

Upon their arrival at the site which was to be their village, the Kirklands were offered hospitality at the cabin home of an earlier settler. This cabin, occupied by a thrifty farmer who had settled in Michigan before the land-rush, was typical of the home which contented the substantial pioneer family.

Large broadsides, circus sheets with gaudy pictures, were pasted on the log walls of a small room. At one end of the room were two large beds, curtained in with cotton sheets which were pinned to the rafters. A chest stood between the beds, and over it hung the Sunday wardrobe of the whole family.

At the other end of the room, a great open hearth was flanked on one side by a cupboard, and on the other by the stick ladder which led to the loft.

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13. Ibid., pp. 20-21

The loft, which was occupied by the Kirklands and their children for a few days, was, Mrs. Kirkland says, "rather portentous."[14] Bedsteads with the bark yet on them were provided for the Kirklands, while on the floor other beds were spread. These were tenanted by men who had been ploughing, breaking up forest soil, all day, and who snored "incredibly."[15] Sheets partitioned off the bedsteads, and Mrs. Kirkland, who feared the night air, which seemed to her "likely to bring death on its dewy wing",[16] covered with a quilt the opening which passed for a window. The resultant airless atmosphere in the thickly tenanted loft must have been anything but stimulating! No wonder the Kirklands felt decidedly low in spirits in the morning.

The three Kirkland children probably resented the change from comparative comfort in Detroit to the cramped quarters of a cabin loft. Difficulties arising from the situation may be imagined from Mrs. Kirkland's description.

".....my troubles, when the children were to be washed and dressed, became real and tangible enough; for, however philosophical grown people may sometimes be under disagreeables consequent upon a change of habits, children are very epicures, and will put up with nothing that is unpleasant to them, without at least making a noise, which I do detest and dread; although I know that mothers ought to

14. Ibid., p. 71.
15. Ibid., p. 72.
16. Ibid., p. 72.

'get used to such things.' I have heard that eels get used to being skinned, but I doubt that fact."[17]

Only once did Mrs. Kirkland attempt to carry out the ordinary nursery routine, with an iron skillet for a wash basin. The children had dirty faces and hands more than half the time, but Mrs. Kirkland was glad to encourage the closest intimacy between them and the calves and chickens, in order to gain peace within doors.

The Kirkland children and the children of their host at times threatened a "Kilkenny-cat battle, ending in mutual extermination." To settle these battles, Mrs. Kirkland resorted to "an humble imitation of the plan of the celestials in ancient times; to snatch away the combatant in whom I was most interested, and then to secrete him for awhile, using as a desert island one of the beds in the loft, where the unfortunate had to dree a weary penance, and generally came down quite tame."[18]

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17. Ibid., p. 73.
18. Ibid., p. 77.

THE LOG HOUSE

Even a log house which would be a temporary home until a framed one could be built seemed eminently desirable to Caroline Kirkland after her sojourn in a cabin loft.

The log house made after the usual pioneer pattern was twelve by fifteen, or fifteen by twenty feet, though occasionally larger.[19] Logs were piled up to the desired height on four sides. Poles were then put across for the loft floor and the roof was made of oak or elm splints, usually with the bark left on.

In the simplest form of this pioneer shelter, the fire was made on the ground, or on a few stones, with a hole in the roof to let the smoke out, Indian fashion. A door was cut in the side, and a window; these openings were covered with whatever came to hand.

The settler with any enterprise at all added various conveniences to his forest home. A door, with the latchstring always out, when the family was at home, and window glass, were the signs of backwoods affluence. Crevices between the logs were chinked with sticks and clay; a stick chimney, also plastered with clay, was provided for the fire. A slab of stone split from a native boulder was the hearth, and a floor of sorts was contrived from oak planks, which warped and offered an uneven surface to the careless foot.[20]

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19. That occupied by the Kirklands was 24 by 18. "Western Sketches", The Union Magazine, p. 274, Vol.II, June 1848.
20. Ibid., p. 275.

The loose floor boards offered interesting possibilities. Toads hopped around at twilight; these, of course, were not dangerous, but were unpleasant to step on. Rattlesnakes, perhaps attracted by the warmth, frequently chose the space under the boards in which to hibernate, and wound up between the planks in the spring time.[21]

Insect life was loath to desert the logs which composed the walls and beams of the settler's home; the unplastered wood beams and rafters soon became worm eaten to such an extent that it was wise not to have anyone walk in the loft when the table was spread for a meal.[22] Clay between the logs dried and crumbled into a fine white dust which sifted into the room until it was quite gone, when a new coat had to be applied to keep out the wind.[23]

Fire was a perpetual hazard in the log cabin. The stick chimney was chinked and lined with clay which crumbled and fell so that constant watchfulness was required, particularly in the evening. All too often the log cabin provided a blazing pyre for its inhabitants.[24]

Cooking was managed by means of a crotched post at one side of the fireplace which supported a wooden crane. The hot breads so pupular in pioneer days were baked by a reflector in front of the fireplace.

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21. Ibid., p. 275.
22. " " "
23 " " "
24. " p. 274.

The end of the room opposite the fire was partitioned off, usually by sheets or quilts, into tiny spaces for the beds; trundle beds, for the children were extremely useful in the limited space. In many communities, the warm place in front of the fire was accorded to Indian visitors who stalked in after the family was asleep, and rolled up in their blankets for the night. The loft, which was reached by a stick ladder, afforded room for one bedstead under the ridgepole and floor space for others.

Wooden pegs in the log walls supported a few rough shelves; a very limited storage space, as the Kirklands found when they attempted to transfer their wagon load of furniture and "indispensables" to their log house. All out of proportion to the size of the one room, twenty-four by eighteen, which must do for cooking, eating, sleeping and living, part of their belongings had to be returned to Detroit.

While Mr. Kirkland was gone to Detroit to arrange storage for their furniture, Mrs. Kirkland, unable to endure the close quarters of the loft for another night, moved into the cabin which was to be their home until a more suitable one could be built for the "Proprietor" of the new settlement.

It was in the summer, and the blazing fire on the hearth soon made the cabin too hot for comfort so that Mrs. Kirkland and the children were forced to open the door in order to sleep at all. A storm came up and beat through the open door, drenching everything within reach, and affording a most dismal spectable for the morning.

After two days of struggle with the limited space and possibilities of the cabin, Caroline Kirkland found herself, with some surprise, conforming to the ideas of the settlements:

"My ideas of comfort were by this time narrowed down to a well-swept room with a bed in one corner, and cooking apparatus in another -- and this in some fourteen days from the city."[25]

Their residence in the log house was intended to be temporary, but the scarcity of workmen lengthened the time by months. Mrs. Kirkland remarks ruefully that she had never happened to see any allusion, in romantic sketches of forest life, to the circumstances attendant upon living all summer in the same room with the cooking fire.

"I had. . . dwelt with delight on Chateaubriand's Atala, where no such vulgar inconvenience is once hinted at; and my floating visions of a home in the woods were full of important omissions, and always in a Floridian clime, where fruits serve for vivers.

"The inexorable dinner hour, which is always passed sub silentio in imaginary forest, always recurs, in real woods, with distressing iteration, once in twenty-four hours, as I found to my cost. And the provoking people for whom I had undertaken to provide seemed to me to get hungry oftener than ever before. There was no end to the bread that the children ate from morning till night -- at least it seemed so, while a tin reflector was my only oven, and the fire required for baking drove us all out of doors."[26]

25. Ibid., p. 85.
26. " p. 93.

SERVANTS

Upon arriving at the settlement, Mrs. Kirkland's first care while still living in a loft had been to inquire for a good domestic servant. Her friends had dissuaded her from bringing a maid with her, pointing out that the girl would inevitably be discontented and not apt to remain in the wilderness, and had painted the advantages of the sturdy farmer's daughter, whom, presumably, Mrs. Kirkland would be able to hire for very little. Caroline Kirkland found that this view of the situation was quite mistaken:

"Good souls! How little did they know of Michigan! I have since that day seen the interior of many a wretched dwelling, with almost literally nothing in it but a bed, a chest, and a table; children ragged to the last degree, and potatoes the only fare; but never yet saw I one where the daughter was willing to own herself obliged to live out at service. She would 'hire out' long enough to buy some article of dress perhaps, or 'because our folks have been sick and want a little money to pay the doctor,' or for some such special reason; but never as a regular calling, or with an acknowledgement of inferior station."[27]

When Mrs. Kirkland moved into the cabin she found considerable difficulty in hiring a woman to clean the place. No doubt this undermined Mrs. Kirkland's reputation in the

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27. Ibid., p. 74-75.

community immediately, for hiring "help" on the frontier, unless one were absolutely helpless and ill, was regarded as an affectation. A "Mrs. Jennings" was finally obtained, and Mrs. Kirkland describes the situation thus:

"Behold me then seated on a box, in the midst of as anomalous a congregation of household goods as ever met under one roof in the backwoods, engaged in the seemingly hopeless task of calling order out of chaos, attempting occasionally to throw out a hint for the instruction of Mrs. Jennings, who uniformly replied by requesting me not to fret, as she knew what she was about"[28]

This situation, asdescribed, was also a violation of backwoods "etiquette". If Mrs. Kirkland had worked with "Mrs. Jennings", rather than directed her labors from a box, it would have been more suitable according to good democratic standards.

Neighborhood "girls" came and went; they worked out for a few days for some special reason, but their fiery spirit would not endure any assumption of superiority or even of authority. Mrs. Kirkland was obliged to depend on "Mrs. Jennings", who "chored around." Her table manners, as well as the fact that her husband and two children came sociably to enjoy the meals she prepared, were inflictions which Mrs. Kirkland learned to bear with fortitude. She drank tea from the spout of the tea-pot between meals; she dipped with her own spoon into every dish; she grasped a boiled ham by the

28. Ibid., p. 81.

Hock and sliced it off in mouthfuls with her knife, declining all waiting on as a matter of pride.[29]

Regarding Mrs. Jennings, Caroline Kirkland says: "If 'grandeur hear with a disdainful smile' -- thinking it would be far better to starve than to eat under such circumstances, I can only say that such was not my hungry view of the case; and that I often found rather amusing exercise for my ingenuity in contriving excuses and plans to get the old lady to enjoy her meals alone. To have offered her outright a separate table, though the board should groan with all the delicacies of the city, would have been to secure for myself the unenviable privilege of doing my own 'chores', at least till I could procure a 'help' from some distance beyond the reach of my friend, Mrs. Jennings's tongue."[30]

The following description given by Mrs. Kirkland of an applicant for the position of "help" in her kitchen is characteristic of both the time and place.

"She was tastefully attired in a blue gingham dress, with broad cuffs of black morocco, and a black cambric apron edged with orange worsted lace. Her oily black locks were cut quite short round the ears, and confined close to her head by a black ribbon, from one side of which depended, almost in her eye, two very long tassels of black silk, intended to do duty as curls. Prunelle slippers with high heels, and a cotton handkerchief tied under the chin, finished the costume, which I have been thus particular in describing, because I have observed so many that were nearly similar.

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29. Ibid., p.96.
30. Ibid., p. 97.

"The lady greeted me in the usual style, with a familiar nod, and seated herself at once in a chair near the door.

"'Well, how do you like Michigan?'

"This question received the most polite answer which my conscience afforded; andI asked the lady in my turn, if she was one of my neighbors?

"'Why, massy, yet!' she replied; 'don't you know me? I tho't everybody know'd me. Why, I'm the schoolma'am, Simeon Jenkins's sister, Cleory Jenkins.'

"Thus introduced, I put all my civility in requisition to entertain my guest, but she seemed quite independent, finding amusement for herself, and asking questions on every possible theme.

"'You're doing your own work now, a'n't ye,'

"This might not be denied; and I asked if she did not know of a girl whom I might be likely to get.

"'Well, I don't know, I'm looking for a place where I can board and do chores myself. I have a good deal of time before school, and after I get back; and I didn't know but I might suit ye for awhile.'

"I was pondering on this proffer, when the sallow damsel arose from her seat, took a short pipe from her bosom, (not Pan's reedy pipe, reader) filled it with tobacco, which she carried in her work pocket, and reseating herself, began to smoke with the greatest gusto, turning ever and anon to spit at the hearth.

"Incredible again? alas, I would it were not true! I have since known a girl of seventeen, who was attending a neighbor's sick infant, smoke the livelong day, and take snuff besides; and I can vouch for it, that a large proportion of the married women in the interior of Michigan use tobacco in some form, usually that of the odious pipe.

"I took the earliest decent opportunity to decline the offered help, telling the schoolma'am plainly, that an inmate who smoked would make the house uncomfortable for me.

"'Why, law!' said she, laughing; 'that's nothing but pride now; folks is often too proud to take comfort. For my part I couldn't do without my pipe to please nobody.'"[31]

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31. Ibid., pp. 103-105.

BUILDING A VILLAGE

Caroline and William Kirkland faced not only the problem of making a home in the wilderness; they were to build a town. A great deal of land belonged to them and on it should arise a village which would do the Kirkland family credit. To attract people to the site to buy lots from William Kirkland and Company, there must be certain improvements and of these, a mill was the most expensive and the most essential to the new settlement.

Building in the wilderness was attended by many difficulties. Good workmen were few. Carpenters were apparently numerous, but a "plane, a chisel, and two dollars a day"[32] made a carpenter in Michigan during the days of the land fever. Experience and skill were usually wanting.

The millwright, whom Mrs. Kirkland names "Puffer," is described as follows:

"Our millwright was a little round-headed fellow with a button nose, a very Adonis in his own eyes, and most aptly named Puffer, since never did a more consequential dignitary condescend to follow a base mechanical calling. His statements, when he condescended to make any, were always given with a most magisterial air; and no suggestion, however skilfully insinuated or gently offered, was ever received without an air of insulted dignity, and a reiteration of his own conviction that it was probable he understood his business."[33]

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32. Ibid., p. 88.
33. Ibid., p. 89.

According to the Livingston County History, the millwright employed by Mr. Kirkland was actually named Seth A. Petteys. It seems probable that this was one of Mrs. Kirkland's easily recognized characterizations not enjoyed by those whom it concerned.

Mrs. Kirkland goes on to say:

"It is to be ascribed to this gentleman's care and accuracy that Mr. Clavers has since had the satisfaction of appearing as defendant in several suits at law, brought by those of his neighbors whose property has been doubled in value by the erection of the mill, and who therefore thought they might as well see what else they could get, to recover the value of sundry acres of wet marsh made wetter by the flowing back of the pond, while Mr. Puffer's calculations and levels prove most satisfactory (on paper) that the pond had no business to flow back so far, and that malice itself could ascribe no fault to his management."[34]

From the records of Livingston county, it is apparent that Mr. Kirkland's troubles with the mill and the rights of "flowing properties adjacent" were widespread. Many entries similar to the following are recorded:

"In consideration of fifty Dollars received of William Kirkland I bargain Tew asign release and quitclaim to him his heirs and asigns forever the right and privilege of flowing a certain tract of land now owned and occupied by me in the township of Putnam County of Livingston State of Michigan

34. Ibid., p. 84.

as related to the privilege now acquired for the mill constructed by William Kirkland and for the full use on his premises of the water power acquired by flowing said land. Signed sealed and delivered the twenty ninth day of August Eighteen Hundred and thirty Eight.

In presence of		William White
William	his x mark White	Mary White "

A mill, a tavern, and many smaller buildings were planned, and the construction begun with building materials which must of necessity be carried over most uncertain roads for many miles. Delays and disappointments inevitably arose.

"'No brick come yet, sir! Dibble coultn't get no white wood lumber at I----(thirty miles off,) so he stopt and got what lime there was at Jones's; but they hadn't only four bushels, and they wouldn't burn again till week after next; and that 'ere sash that came from ----- is all of three inches too large for the window frames; and them doors was made of such green stuff that they won't go together nowhow!'"[35]

Mrs. Kirkland says that she dreamed of the "pyramids of Egypt and the great wall of China". She thought often of the "'tower on Shinar's plain'", and employed herself in "conjectural comparisons between the confusion which punished the projectors of that edifice and the difficulties which beset the builders of Montacute."[36]

The difficulty of keeping the independent, patriotic American citizen at work was fully appreciated by the Kirklands,

35. C. M. Kirkland, A New Home, p. 90.
36. Ibid., p. 90.

who found that in spite of bonuses offered for haste, the workmen let their work go while they exercised their rights as voters. Voting at a distance and the ensuing celebration required at least two days.

The many minor vexations which beset the Kirklands in their endeavors were climaxed by the disappearance of "Mr. Mazard", the speculator. Mr. Kirkland found himself involved for a large amount, as "Mr. Mazard" had acted as his agent for land, and partner in some of the building projects. According to the Livingston County History, Mr. Kirkland took over the mill from "Davidson", and finished it in 1837.

From the History, also, we find that besides the mill Mr. Kirkland built a store, a hotel, and a cooper shop. From the same source we learn that he sold lots rapidly for a time. James W. Stansbury, Mrs. Kirkland's brother, replaced Davidson, as agent for William Kirkland and Company in Pinckney.

August 9, 1837, the plat of the village of Pinckney was recorded by William Kirkland, Proprietor. In this plat the situation of the village, and the progress of building, are described; and its future prospects are suggested:

"The village of Pinckney is situated in the southern part of Livingston County on Portage Creek, 2 miles from its entrance into Portage Lake. It is in the midst of one of the finest and best settled agricultural districts in the State, and is already the natural center of business for not less than 200 or 300 families. A Flouring-Mill is now in operation, which has just been constructed at a cost of from $7-8000, and

there is no mill nearer than 10 miles, and in some directions it will command the business for 20 miles. A good Temperance Tavern and store have also been erected, and other buildings are in progress. A healthier spot is not to be found in Michigan. The State road from Saginaw to the Chicago road at Clinton passes through this place; and the Grand River and Allegan State Road is expected to intersect the former at this point. The lots are 66 front by 132 feet deep. The streets are 4 rods in width, and the Public Square is 16 rods square."[37]

The little settlement in the depths of the great forest was very active with building and with clearing the soil to provide a means of subsistence for the community. Trees were felled -- those giants of the forest which sometimes measured thirty feet around. Many others, countless thousands of others, were girdled and left to die as leafless ghosts. Miles of fine hardwood timber were burned over, leaving acres of blackened stumps.

The forest was seemingly inexhaustible. The settler regarded it as his enemy and attacked it viciously. In the little settlements in the clearings, trees were not allowed to remain, even to spread their shade on the streets or over low-ceilinged cabins which broiled under a summer sun.

Caroline Kirkland, who loved the great oak trees which were native to the settlement, fought a losing battle. Her protests were of no avail in saving trees for the public

37. The Livingston County History, p. 274-275.

square which the Kirklands provided for the village. Even the trees in their own yard were a source of irritation to the neighbors.

"So inveterate was the prejudice that an angry battle must be fought for every tree. Pretended blunders -- accidents -- all stratagems will be resorted to in order to get rid of those marked for preservation; and the few that one may succeed in retaining by dint of watching and scolding, become the frequent subject of wondering remark: 'Well! I should think there was oak-trees enough without keeping 'em in a body's door-yard.' Just like the woods!'"[38]

When the timber was gone it was still necessary to break the land for the plow. A "breaking up team" usually consisted of three or four yoke of oxen hitched to a great plow. This was used to break up the matted roots of trees and shrubs with which the forest soil had been laced for centuries. Heaps of burning logs and flaming brush heaps testified to the settlers' desire to rid the earth of all traces of the forest.

It took usually two years of hard, unremitting toil to clear the ground for crops, and many more to grub out all reminder of its forest origin except for the stump or rail fences, but the true settler never rested, or allowed his family to rest, until that was accomplished.

The desire for land - as much land as he could use, or more -- was also an obsession with the pioneer, who often stretched his means to the breaking point or beyond to buy it,

38. Kirkland, Forest Life, Vol. I, p. 44.

leaving nothing for improvements, tools, conveniences, or the comfort of his household. Caroline Kirkland, who saw much of this among her contemporaries, observed: "I have sometimes thought that our neighbors forget that 'the days of man's life are three score years and ten,' since they spend all their lives in getting ready to begin."[39]

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39. C. M. Kirkland, A New Home, p. 39.

THE AGUE

The stout little cabin which sheltered the pioneer family against wolves and weather offered no refuge from a more insidious enemy. That mysterious menace of the new land, the ague, was an unwelcome guest returning every autumn.

Blois, in his Gazetteer, remarks hopefully that the disease most prevalent in Michigan, the malaria or ague and fever, being governed by a general law which increased their virulence in proportion to their nearness to the tropics, necessarily must be less severe in Michigan than in states farther south. It was true that the Michigan ague was not, as a rule, deadly, but the rank marsh growth surrounding lakes, rivers and swamps made "the shakes" a factor long to be reckoned with in early settlements.[41]

As the ague seemed inevitably associated with new lands, for a long time it was regarded as the result of vapor springing from newly broken soil, and the night air, rather than the mosquitoes, was feared as the carrier. During their first summer in the forest settlement, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkland walked out at night while the cabin cooled from the day's great cooking fire, and it was to this "imprudent indulgence" that they traced their agues.[42]

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41. This extended to all sorts of activities. The first wedding in Calhoun county very nearly had to be postponed, as it was set for the pastor's "ague day." The justice who was to perform the ceremony attempted to fortify himself by taking large quantities of quinine. When the wedding party arrived he was delirious. The day was saved by his wife, who drenched the judge with cold well water and brought him to long enough to repeat the service. Michigan Pioneer Collections, Vol. II, p. 219.
42. Kirkland, A New Home, p. 95.

Mrs. Kirkland's ague came on with a violent fever and delirium. Her husband shook and shivered with his chills until he "confidently asserted, several times, that the upper half of his head was taking leave of the lower". The extreme prostration which was a part of the disease left them thoroughly miserable while an unfortunate attendant circumstance reduced them indeed to a pitiable state.[43]

Ths Kirklands had been misunderstood in the neighborhood, and as a result had been left to themselves except for business dealings. The other settlers felt that Caroline Kirkland, particularly, considered herself above them. She was the wife of the Proprietor; she had attempted to hire servants; she taught her children at home rather than send them to the village school; she was unfamiliar with such backwoods expedients as soap-making; she had more furniture than she could use - these, and similar sources of irritation, had resulted in misunderstanding most unfortunate for the Kirklands when they were stricken with ague.

A landowner in a neighboring village came to call while they were in this situation:

"It was on one of our superlatively doleful ague days, when a cold drizzling rain had sent mildew into our unfortunate bones; and I lay in bed burning with fever while my stronger half sat by the fire, taking his chill with his great-coat, hat, and boots on, that Mr. Rivers came to intro-

43. Ibid., p. 112-115.

duce his young daughter-in-law. I shall never forget the utterly disconsolate air, which, in spite of the fair lady's politeness, would make itself visible in the pauses of our conversation. She did try not to cast a curious glance round the room. She fixed her eyes on the fireplace -- but there were the clay-filled sticks, instead of a chimney-piece -- the half-consumed wooden crane, which had, more than once, let our dinner fall -- the Rocky Mountain hearth, and the reflector baking biscuits for tea -- so she thought it hardly polite to dwell too long there. She turned towards the window: there were the shelves with our remaining crockery, a grotesque assortment, and, just beneath, the unnameable iron and tin affairs, that are reckoned among the indispensables, even of the half-civilized state. She tried the other side, but there was the ladder, the flour-barrel, and a host of other things -- rather odd parlor furniture -- and she cast her eyes on the floor, with its gaping cracks, wide enough to admit a massassauga[44] from below, and its inequalities, which might trip any but a sylph."[45]

There was a capable physician available who obtained help for the Kirklands from some distance, and when their ague reached the intermittent stage they were quickly cured by a judicious use of quinine. Even then, the ague was in the system and was sure to return with complete prostration after any slight exertion.

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44. Pioneer term for rattlesnake.
45. Kirkland, A New Home, pp. 117-118.

A great many of the early settlers, probably a majority of them, preferred their recurring agues, enduring them with stoic fortitude, to the quinine treatment. They were stubbornly attached to some superstitions regarding ague. It was held unlucky to "break" an ague; "Doctor's physic" was regarded with suspicion, and the notion prevailed that each region produced the medicines its diseases required, so that native plants and herbs were used with reckless abandon.[46]

The ague was certainly anything but pleasant; it was, however, something the whole settlement had in common. It played no favorites, and those who had once felt its withering touch were bound to sympathize with other victims.

Philosophizing somewhat about the ague, Caroline Kirkland says:

"Moonlight and the ague are, however, the same everywhere. At least I meet with no description in any of the poets of my acquaintance which might not be applied, without reservation, to Michigan moonlight; and as for the ague, did not great Caesar shake when the fit was on him?

"'Tis true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their color fly - -'"[47]

A boy whom Mrs. Kirkland calls "Lorenzo Titmouse" came to the Kirklands for help for his family. "Mrs. Rivers" and Caroline Kirkland accompanied him through a half mile of forest to the cabin, carrying some frontier delicacies.

"And what does the gentle reader think we carried?

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46. Forest Life, Vol. I, p. 67.
47. Ibid., p. 208.

A custard or a glass of jelly each perhaps, and a nice spongecake, or something equally delicate and likely to tempt the faint appetite of an invalid. No such thing! We had learned better than to offer such nick-nacks to people who 'an't used to sweetnin'. My companion was doubly arm'd; a small tin pail of cranberry sauce in one hand, a bottle of vinegar in the other. I carried a modicum of 'hop 'east', and a little bag of crackers; a scrap of hyson, and a box of quinine pills. Odd enough, but we had been at such places before."[48]

It was the "well day" of the boy who had come to ask their aid, but even so, he was forced to stop and rest often as a fit of ague came upon him. When they reached the old dilapidated log house they found its occupants quite prostrated. In one bed were the father and the eldest son; in the other, the mother and two little girls. The "untameable tongue" of Mrs. Titmouse was too much even for the ague.

"Mrs. Titmouse is one of those fortunate beings who can talk all day without saying anything. She is the only person whom I have met in these regions who appears to have paid her devoirs to the Castle Blarney.

"'How d'ye do, ladies, -- how d'ye do? Bless my soul! If ever I thought to be catched in sitch a condition, and by sitch grand ladies too! Not a chair for you to sit down on. I often tell Titmouse that we live jest like the pigs; but he ha'n't no ambition. I'm sure I'm under a thousand compliments to ye for coming to see me. We're expecting

48. Ibid., p. 208-209.

a mother of his'n to come and stay with us, but she ha'n't come yet -- and I in sitch a condition; can't show ye no civility. Do set down, ladies, if ye can set upon a chest -- ladies like you. I'm sure I'm under a thousand compliments'-- and so the poor soul ran on till she was fairly out of breath, in spite of our efforts to out-talk her with our assurances that we could accommodate ourselves very well, and could stay but a few minutes.

"'And now, Mrs. Titmouse,' said Mrs. Rivers, in her sweet, pleasant voice, 'tell us what we can do for you."

"'Do for me! O, massy! O, nothing, I thank ye. There a'n't nothing that ladies like you can do for me. We make out very well, and--'

"'What do you say so for!' growled her hustand from the other bed. 'You know we ha'n't tasted a mouthful since morning, nor hadn't it, and I sent Lorenzo myself- - -'

"'Well, I never!' responded his help-mate; 'you're always doing just so: troubling people. You never had no ambition, Titmouse; you know I always said so. To be sure, we ha'n't had no tea this good while, and tea does taste dreadful good when a body's got the agur; and my bread is gone, and I ha'n't been able to set no emptins; but---'

"Here we told what we had brought, and prepared at once to make some bread; but Mrs. Titmouse seemed quite horrified and insisted upon getting out of bed, though she staggered, and would have fallen, if we had not supported her to a seat.

"'Now tell me where the water is, and I will get it myself,' said Mrs. Rivers, 'and do you sit still and see how soon I will make a loaf.'

"'Water!' said the poor soul; 'I'm afraid we have not water enough to make a loaf. Mr. Grimes brought us a barrel day before yesterday, and we've been dreadful careful of it, but the agur is so dreadful thirsty -- I'm afraid there a'n't none.'

"'Have you no spring?'

"'No ma'am; but we have always got plenty of water down by the mash till this dry summer.'

"'I should think that was enough to give you the ague. Don't you think the marsh water unwholesome?'

"'Well, I don't know but it is; but you see he was always a-going to dig a well; but he ha'n't no ambition, nor never had, and I always told him so. And as to the agur, if you've got to have it, why you can't get clear of it.'"[49]

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49. Ibid., pp. 210-11.

NEIGHBORS

On the Michigan Frontier, as in many rural communities today, the ordinary civilities of neighborliness were simply not for sale, as Mrs. Kirkland had found to her dismay when she attempted to hire a servant. Money lost much of its power under Frontier conditions. Those who had sacrificed eastern homes for the independence of owned land; who had cut down trees and broken up the thickly matted soil to make it ready for the plow; who had left friends and family to come to the forest; those were not people to sell their time or labor.

An exchange of "neighboring" was quite a different matter. The settlements in the great forest were isolated during much of the year; as much so as if they had been surrounded by the sea. Life in the forest clearings was based upon certain dependencies different from those of the city.

Shelter and food were hard to get and easy to lose. A fire in a stick chimney, all too frequent an occurrence, and the settler's cabin was a charred ruin. A bad season, or even an unusually long winter, and the food supply was gone. Be it said to the credit of the pioneer, that the latchstring was always out, and that from his small stores he was willing to share.

Building, in large part, depended upon neighbors. Men who would not leave their own work for hire could be depended upon to come many miles to help "raise" a barn or a house. These became occasions of boisterous jollity and were accepted as standard forms of entertainment, as were the

husking-bees, the wood-sawing bees and the feminine quilting-bees.

An interesting, often amusing corollary to the neighborliness of the pioneer was the borrowing habit, caused by the general poverty and the genuine scarcity of all manufactured articles. No one, in a pioneer community, was exempt, but probably the Kirklands, being rather better supplied with worldly goods than their neighbors, were honored by many requests as acquaintance progressed. Caroline Kirkland says, "This excellent reason, 'cause you've got plenty,' is conclusive as to sharing with your neighbors."[50]

The extent to which the exchange of courtesy reached is evidenced by this list:

"Not only are all kitchen utensils as much your neighbor's as your own, but bedsteads, beds, blankets, sheets, travel from house to house, a pleasant and effectual mode of securing the perpetuity of certain efflorescent peculiarities of the skin, for which Michigan is becoming almost as famous as the land ''twixt Maidenkirk and John o'Groat's.'

"For my own part, I have lent my broom, my thread, my tape, my spoons, my cat, my thimble, my scissors, my shawl, my shoes, and have been asked for my combs and brushes: and my husband for his shaving apparatus and his pantaloons."[51]

"A girl came in to borrow a 'wash-dish', 'because we've got company'." Presently she returned. "Mother says you've forgot to send a towel.'"[52]

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50. Ibid., p. 124.
51. Ibid., p. 125.
52. Ibid., p. 126.

These, and many similar stories, Mrs. Kirkland brings to a climax with that of "Philo Doubleday" and his wife, "Polly", who was possessed with a devil of neatness. Her floor was always scrubbed and clean, and her sharp tongue was the terror of those who inadvertently disturbed any of the shining surfaces of her spotless house.

Her first child, "sole object of her thoughts and dreams", was, of course, scrupulously cared for. One day a very dirty and unkempt little girl arrived to borrow Mrs. Doubleday's baby for awhile, "'cause Benny's mouth's so sore that- - -" but she had not time to finish her sentence.[53]

"'LEND MY BABY!!! '" and Mrs. Doubleday's utterance failed, luckily for the girl, who disappeared before the power of speech returned. Mrs. Kirkland concludes:

"The identical glass tube which I offered Mrs. Howard as a substitute for Mrs. Doubleday's baby, and which had already, frail as it is, threaded the country for miles in all directions, is, even as I write, in demand; a man on horseback comes from somewhere near Danforth's, and asks in mysterious whispers for - - - but I shall not tell what he calls it. The reader must come to Michigan."[54]

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53. Ibid., p. 132.
54. Ibid., p. 132.

So occupied were the thousands who came to Michigan, in the first fever of the land rush, with speculation in the advancing prices of land, that little attention was paid to food. A long arduous process of land clearing was necessary before the forest land was ready for crops; the roads leading from Detroit to the interior were frequently all but impassable; Detroit itself was icebound for much of the year. The result was that, during the years of 1835 and 1836, food was very scarce and very expensive, and,usually, very ppor in quality.

"Neither milk, eggs, nor vegetables were to be had, and those who could not live on hard salt ham, stewed dried apples, and bread raised with 'salt risin', would necessarily run some risk of starvation."[55]

Salt ham, of course, has always been a pioneer staple because it will remain edible in all weather. Salt rising bread was also suited to the needs of the pioneer, but its crumbly consistency, its fine grain, excellent toasting qualities and peculiar odor are not always appreciated by those unacquainted with its virtues. It was Mrs. Kirkland's opinion that "the sin of bewitching snow-white flour by means of either of these abominations, 'salt risin', 'milk emptins,' 'bran east', or any of their odious compounds ought to be classed with the turning of grain into whiskey, and both made indictable offenses."[56]

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55. Ibid., p. 65.
56. Ibid., p. 65.

These breads, made without yeast, were so important to the pioneer in Michigan that perhaps the directions given by Mrs. Kirkland, as well as her warnings, may be of interest here:

"To make milk emptins. Takequantum suf. of good sweet milk -- add a teaspoonful ofsalt, and some water, and set the mexture in a warm place till it ferments, then mix your bread with it; and if you are lucky enough to catch it just in the right moment before the fermentation reaches the putrescent stage, you make tolerably good rolls, but if you are five minutes too late, you will have to open your doors and windows while your bread is baking.-- Verbum sap.

"'Salt risin' is made with water slightly salted and fermented like the other; and becomes putrid rather sooner, and 'bran east' is on the same plan. The consequences of letting these mixtures stand too long will become known to those whom it may concern, when they shall travel through the remoter parts of Michigan; so I shall not dwell upon them here -- but I offer my counsel to such of my friends as may be removing westward, to bring with them some form of portable yeast (the old fashioned dried cakes which mothers and aunts can furnish, are as good as any) -- and also full instructions for perpetuating the same; and to plant hops as soon as they get a corner to plant them in."[57]

The tin reflector in front of the fireplace was used for baking bread, and as the diet was limited and hot

57. Ibid., pp. 65-66.

breads were extremely popular, the reflector was generally in use.

Tea was at once the luxury, the delight, and the solace of the settlements. Light in weight and not bulky, it could be transported overland rather easily and only the very poorest settlers were without it.

Pork was, however, truly the crowning glory of the settler's table. Salt pork, fresh pork, boiled pork, fried pork appeared until Mrs. Kirkland entertained some fear that the "Michigander" might take on a porcine appearance. It was regarded as a preventative of the ague and of most fleshly ills, and as long as the "pork-barrel" was full, the long winter could be resisted with good cheer.[58]

Johnny cake, transported by the settlers from their New England origin, was a standby after crops were in, and the golden Indian pudding and mush, fried or plain, were savory additions to the diet. Potatoes could usually be depended on after the first year or two, and many a family subsisted for weeks upon Indian meal and potatoes.

Sweets, other than maple sugar, were very scarce and a decided luxury, even an extravagant one. Maple sugar was not very much esteemed for some time; elaborate home bleaching processes were sometimes employed to give it the appearance of white sugar. It was usually obtained from

58. There is little mention of beef in pioneer annals. Cattle were probably harder to transport overland than pigs; milk was decidedly a luxury for many years. Sheep seem to have been brought to Michigan somewhat later. "Flocks are but newly introduced among us, and all that pertains to them is in high vogue." Western Clearings, 1843, p. 38.

Indian sellers, and a persistent rumor that papooses were washed in the maple sap tended to discourage sales.[59] White sugar was almost unknown, and brown sugar and molasses were expensive. An old settler recalls that in Detroit, before going into the interior, his family purchased three pounds of brown sugar for a dollar, and that this was their sole supply for several years.[60]

The Michigan Indians were friendly and well-disposed towards the settlers and sometimes literally saved them from starvation; at all times they were ready to trade, and the earliest settlers were dependent upon them for much of their food. The Indians had a virtual monopoly of the hunting and fishing, berrying and basket making.

Game was plentiful; deer, wild turkey, wild ducks, pheasants, prairie hens. Rivers and lakes were teeming with fish; sturgeon, weighing over a hundred pounds, were caught in Michigan rivers. Many kinds of berries grew in Michigan -- the ground was covered with wild strawberries in the summer; huckleberries, cranberries, and elderberries were also plentiful. Mrs. Kirkland tells of Indians bringing great quantities of berries slung in panniers of bark on the sides of their ponies:

"'Schwap? Nappanee?'" is the question of the queen of the forest; which means, 'will you exchange, or swap, for flour?'; and you take the whortleberries in whatever vessel you choose, returning the same measured quantity of flour.

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59. Michigan Pioneer Collections, Vol. III, p. 392.
60. Ibid., p. 597.

"The spirit in which the Indians buy and sell is much the same now as in the days of the renowned Wouter Van Twiller, when the 'hand of a Dutchman weighed a pound, and his foot two pounds!' The largest haunch of venison goes for two fingers, viz., twenty-five cents, and an entire deer for one hand, one dollar. Wild strawberries of rare size and flavor, 'schwap-nappanee,' which always means equal quantities."[61]

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61. C. M. Kirkland, A New Home, pp. 148-149.

THE SQUATTERS

Among the thousands of settlers whose chosen weapon was the axe, and whose ambition was the destruction of the forest, the clearing of the soil, the founding of new homes, there were a despised few "white Indians." These were men driven from the East by the encroachment of civilization which followed hard upon the conversoion of forests into frame houses, mills, and stores.

The "white Indian" belonged, usually, to the loyal order of Rip van Winkle, and when the countryside no longer afforded him a living, he shouldered his gun, packed his few worldly possessions and his numerous family into a wagon, and set off on the westward trail. Money was not the object of his search, nor was the ownership of land. He did not desire either for himself, and resented, particularly, the ownership of land by others. Rivers were not potential mill sites to him; he did not see the forest as an excrescence cumbering good farming land. To him the river promised long days of reflective fishing under a summer sun; the great forest held infinite possibilities of "coon", "possum", and "b'ar".

The backbreaking, grubbing, endless work of clearing land was not for him, yet his life was more improvident than indolent. Days spent in hunting to provide food for his family left little time for work; a "coon" hunt at night, and it was necessary to sleep the next day; wading through cold swamps in search of cranberries was apt to cripple him with

rheumatism; fishing took a great deal of time.[62]

When Michigan was but newly settled the woodsman of this type did not fare too poorly; venison was so common that it presented no problem; there were plenty of fish in the rivers and lakes, and wild duck, quail, partridge and wild turkey afforded a variety of fowl. The discovery of a bee-tree, with its hundred pounds or so of honey was a great occasion. Berries of many kinds were available for the picking, as were wild grapes and plums for "sass".

With respect to living quarters, however, the "white Indian" was little better situated than his redskinned brother, hardly going beyond the most primitive requirements for shelter. Mrs. Kirkland describes the place occupied by one such family:

"They had been living through the summer in a shanty, built in a sloping bank, with a fireplace dug in the hillside, and a hole pierced through the turf by way of chimney. In this den of some twelve feet square, the whole family had burrowed since April; but in October, a log-house of the ordinary size was roofed in, and though it had neither door nor window, nor chimney, nor hearth, they removed, and felt much elated with the change."[63]

Most of these people harmed only themselves; there were a few, however, whose resentment of their neighbors' superior condition was bound to be carried into action. There were stories of gypsyish prowling at night with savage dogs,

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62. C. M. Kirkland, Western Clearings, pp. 87-93.
63. Ibid, p. 194.

stealing chickens and melons, and of revenge for fancied wrongs by putting dead pigs in wells, hanging dogs to gates, and other savage tricks. The sober hardworking pioneer communities felt it a matter for congratulation that these people did not stay long in one place, but were ever moving on to the free lands beyond the demands of civilization.

SOCIETY IN THE SETTLEMENTS

In the summer of 1837, when the plat was recorded, Pinckney took its place among the promising villages of the new state of Michigan. The dam, built under the direction and with the money of William Kirkland, had transformed Portage Creek first into a placid millpond in the green valley, then a tumbling source of power for the mill with its two stones and great rumbling waterwheel.[64] There were frame, unpainted stores, and a "temperance" tavern (Mrs. Kirkland hated liquor and its attendant evils) and even a park, on land provided by the Kirklands, which was graced only by the stumps of departed forest giants. The building which served for school, for church, and occasionally for evening entertainments, was on land contributed for that purpose by William Kirkland.

For some time William Kirkland and Company continued to sell land in and around Pinckney; almost every summer day saw a loaded wagon jolting over the deep-rutted roads (roads) to the new settlement. The village grew rapidly in population. People of different trades and professions; idealistic people, practical people, people who were used to leisure as the result of wealth, and people who managed to live without work by the simple expedient of going without everything but the most primitive accommodations - all, for some purpose or some vague hope, sought this isolated western clearing.

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64. Henry Ford bought the mill built by William Kirkland and moved it to his early American village.

As the village grew, no longer was each family a self-sustaining unit, as in the first days of settlement. Life was becoming more complex, and the demands of older social orders were slowly, very slowly, invading the community. Work came to be parceled out to those tradesmen who claimed to be qualified; rough Frontier practice in law and medicine was slowly superseded by professional activity in those fields. During the land fever, in 1835 and 1836, the trades and professions were incidental to the craze for land, but by 1837, when people were beginning to live on the lands they had bought, as they were in the settlement at Pinckney, there was a steadily increasing demand for the conveniently exchangeable services of civilization.

Says Mrs. Kirkland: "Besides the blacksmith, the cooper, the chair maker, the collar maker, and sundry carpenters and masons, and three stores, there is the mantua-maker for your dresses, the milliner for your bonnets, not mine, the 'hen-tailor' for your little boy's pantaloons; the plain seamstress, plain enough sometimes, for all the sewing you can't possibly get time for, and

'The spinners, and the knitters in the sun,'

or in the chimney-corner, for all your needs in the winter hosiery line."[65]

Feminine influence in the community, which had been temporarily eclipsed by the masculine craze for buying and clearing land, began to make itself apparent in many ways.

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65. Kirkland, A New Home, p. 146.

Log cabins were replaced by "framed houses", which might have only one room and a lean-to kitchen, but at least provided for the addition of future rooms in thrifty Yankee fashion. Soon, only newcomers or the hopelessly thriftless settlers occupied log houses.

In the second summer, gardens began to appear. The soil had been cleared for planting, by much hard work; the trees were cut, and stumps hauled out, but there still remained the "grubs", or roots of small trees and shrubs which formed an almost solid mass in the rich soil. When these were loosened by the great "breaking up" plough, they were piled in heaps and burned, but even so, for the first few years, the ground appeared to be full of grubs, "troublesome proofs of the fertility of your soil."[66] The rich, newly cleared land amply repaid any effort, and fresh garden vegetables were a welcome addition to the restricted menu of the forest settlement.

Not only the strictly useful was allowed to flourish; sturdy flowers blossomed in the dooryards, Sweet William, Marigolds, Four o'clocks, and Poppies. Eglantine and wood-vine, transplanted from the forest, shaded cottage windows, and lilacs, berry-bushes and fruit trees promised future delight.

William and Caroline Kirkland, after some months spent in a log cabin, moved into their new home, a "palace of some twenty by thirty feet, flanked by a shanty kitchen, and thatched with oak shingles."[67] The little girls were

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66. Ibid., p. 144.
67. Ibid., p. 260.

thrilled with a "real" pantry and kitchen; a tiny bedroom was to be used as a study and schoolroom for the older children.[68]

Soon after the Kirklands moved, a neighbor took them to task for introducing luxury to the settlement, in the form of a worn parlor carpet. From this "bad example", several of the neighbor women began to see that carpets were excusable because they "saved trouble".[69] These, and other additions to simple households began to be made at the insistence of the women. Looking-glasses, tables, and lamps were bought with money from the sale of butter and eggs or earned by sewing. It was even noticed that tea from a silver tea-pot tasted better! There were two pianofortes in the settlement, one of them owned by the Kirklands. Mrs. Kirkland, as "dame de la seigneurie", had secret thoughts of an astral lamp, but was resolved to be properly modest about it in the presence of those who still dipped candles.[70]

After Caroline Kirkland had overcome her first surprise and strangeness in a state of society where the custom allowed "the maid and her mistress to do the honors in complete equality, and to make the social tea visit in loving conjunction",[71] her common sense and native humor enabled her to call upon a comfortable philosophy and to live down the impression that she "felt above" her neighbors.

"In fact, however we may justify certain exclusive

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68. Ibid., p. 120.
69. Ibid., p. 260.
70. Ibid., p. 332.
71. Ibid., p. 10.

habits in populous places, they are strikingly and confessedly ridiculous in the wilderness. What can be more absurd than a feeling of proud distinction, where a stray spark of fire, a sudden illness, or a day's contre-temps, may throw you entirely upon the kindness of your humblest neighbor? If I treat Mrs. Timson with neglect today, can I with any face borrow her broom tomorrow? And what should become of me, if in revenge for my declining her invitation to tea this afternoon, she should decline coming to do my washing on Monday?"[72]

As more settlers, including some well-to-do English people, came to the settlement, Caroline Kirkland watched with interest the struggle between those used to accommodations quite different from those afforded by Frontier conditions, and the sturdy backwoodsman, whose pride was as great as their poverty. The unfortunate situation of the former aroused one's sympathy. Caroline Kirkland remembered well the miserable state in which they found themselves when they were helpless with the ague and were left alone by the neighbors whom they had inadvertently offended. Concerning this situation, Mrs. Kirkland writes:

"No settlers are so uncomfortable as those, who, coming with abundant means as they suppose, to be comfortable, set out with a determination to live as they have been accustomed to live. They soon find that there are places where the 'almighty dollar' is almost powerless; or rather, powerful as it is, it meets with its conqueror in

72. Ibid., p. 121.

the jealous pride of those whose services must be had in order to live at all."[73]

The touchy pride of the Frontiersman was a matter for concern, and as Mrs. Kirkland became familiar with conditions on the Frontier, she accorded this pride enough respect to avoid criticism. To one accustomed, as Caroline Kirkland was, to the cultivated society of eastern cities, rigid, conventional, somewhat artificial as that society was,[74] in the early nineteenth century, the manners and customs of Frontier society were apt to be shocking, irritating, or amusing, as the case might be.

To Mrs. Kirkland, the whiskey drinking and tobacco chewing of the Frontier were shocking; the table manners of her neighbors, their inquisitiveness and narrow minds, were sources of irritation; in most cases, however, of conflict between eastern standards and those of the Frontier, she was able to summon humor to her aid.

"Calling" customs were in great contrast to those solemnly observed in the east, where "hours" were solemnly observed for social calls, cards were carefully circulated, social debts paid, and far more attention was given to the "elegance" so admired by the time than to genuine hospitality. On the Frontier, however, a neighbor might drop in after breakfast to stay for three hours, and in the afternoon, the invariable rule was to ask callers to stay for tea or supper, no matter what the hour. The "help", who was distinctly not

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73. Ibid., p. 98.
74. Caroline Kirkland found it so when she returned to civilization. See "The Mystery of Visiting," The Evening Book, p.36-47.

a "maid" or "servant", went calling with her employer and received with her when there were guests.

One of the points of Frontier pride was that of dress. When Mrs. Kirkland and a friend, new to the settlements, attended a country wedding, Mrs. Kirkland warned her companion that they must go dressed in their best, absurd as it might seem, and even though they might run the risk of outshining the simple clothes of the other guests, because it was much worse to be accused of "dressing down" to the company and giving rise to the complaint, "I s'pose they didn't think it worth while to put on their best gowns for country-folks.'"[75]

So, dressed in their gayest dresses, with appropriate ornaments, Mrs. Kirkland and her friend reclined "a la Lalla Rookh and Lady Mary Wortley Montague" in an ox-cart, on a cushion of straw over which a buffalo robe had been spread, on their way to the wedding.

The bride, attired in the height of Frontier fashion, wore a white cambric dress over pink glazed muslin, which was corded and stiffened to make it stand out and to make her waist, tightly bound with a blue sash, appear smaller. Large puffs of hair over her ears were set off by gilt combs, and a cap was set high on her head, behind her ears. High-heeled prunella shoes and the aroma of a liberal amount of lemon extract completed the bridal array. After a very short ceremony, tea was served, and great platters of cake were handed around, of which "each piece would

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75. C. M. Kirkland, A New Home, p. 122.

have furnished a meal for a hungry school-boy."[76]

It was a fortunate couple indeed who escaped the "charivari" or "shivaree" ordained by Frontier custom for those newly married.[77] The night was made hideous by all the noise-producing devices which ingenuity could provide - bells, drums, tin pans, horns, whistles, guns, tortured pigs, howling dogs. This frightful medley was kept up all night or until the doors were opened and the couple treated the crowd to food and drink.

Frontier celebrations of special occasions were characterized by vigor and exuberance, rather than by any attempt at restraint or decorum. The Glorious Fourth was among those events so celebrated. The Revolution was not yet beyond the memory of living man, and on the Frontier vigorously barbaric celebrations were the custom. There was a liberal use of gunpowder in all the noisy ways known, much drinking and shouting, and perhaps a turkey tied to a post to have his head shot off. A ball, held usually the night before Independence Day, was a grand occasion. The hot weather and stuffy surroundings of the tavern were endured with good will as the boisterous country square dances shook the floor;[78] great heaps of food - turkey, pork, doughnuts, cakes and pies were consumed as party "refreshments." Those whose taste ran to quieter entertainment found picnics, usually at one of the many lakes, to their taste.

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76. This was of French origin from old Detroit. It was usually reserved for those whose wedding attracted some attention - a widower, or widow, or an old maid or bachelor particularly - but the custom remains in some Michigan towns.
77. Ibid., p. 123.
78. "The Ball at Thram's Huddle," Western Clearings, pp. 15-26.

Teams, borrowed for the occasion and decked with colored ribbons, conveyed the party to the chosen spot. The Declaration of Independence was solemnly read and a large dinner was enjoyed in which a few of the minor inconveniences to be expected on picnics, mattered little.[79]

Often on New Year's Day, a grand hunt took place. Two parties, under capable leaders, set out at break of day in different directions to bring down as much game as possible. At the place and time appointed for the return, the game, according to rules and rates agreed upon, was evaluated, and the victory was awarded. The game secured was then the foundation for a huge supper and a dance in the evening. And then, in the country winter, the sleigh rides should not be forgotten! Up hill and down, through the great dark forest, black against the snow in the bright moonlight, with as many strings of sleigh bells as could be found for the occasion, runners slid smoothly over the snow which remedied the road's deficiencies.[80]

Perhaps the most significant mark of the progress of the village toward civilization was the founding of the "Female Beneficent Society." Mrs. Kirkland was probably its founder,[81] and in the story of the aims, accomplishments, and meetings of the society there is much to mark "Montacute" as the ancestor of all the "Gopher Prairies" in the country.

To begin with, there was the unassailable social prestige of the "Society".

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79. "A Forest Fete", Ibid., pp. 27-36.
80. "Old Thoughts on the New Year", Ibid., pp. 150-151.
81. Gene Mann, op. cit., p. 4.

Mrs. Kirkland writes thus of the organization:

"This Association is the prime dissipation of our village, the magic circle within which lies all our cherished exclusiveness, the stronghold of caste, the test of gentility, the temple of emulation, the hive of industry, the mart of fashion, and I must add, though reluctantly, the fountain of village scandal, the hot-bed from which springs every root of bitterness among the petticoated denizens of Montacute."[82]

Then there was one of its principal members and moving spirits, "Mrs. Campaspe Nippers":

"Mrs. Campaspe Nippers is a widow lady of some thirty-five, or thereabouts, who lives with her niece alone in a small house, in the midst of a small garden, in the heart of the village. I have never noticed anything peculiar in the construction of the house. There are not, that I can discover, any contrivances resembling ears; or those ingenious funnels of sail cloth which are employed on board ship to coax fresh air down between decks. Nor are there large mirrors, nor a telescope within doors, nor yet a camera obscura. I have never yet detected any telegraphic signals from without. Yet no man sneezes at opening his front door in the morning; no woman sweeps her steps after breakfast; no child goes late to school; no damsel slips into the store; no bottle out of it; no family has fried onions for dinner; no hen lays an egg in the afternoon; no horse slips his bridle; no cow is missing at milking-time, and no young couple after tea; but Mrs. Nippers, and

82. Kirkland, A New Home, p. 239.

her niece, Miss Artemisia Clinch, know all about it and tell it to everybody who will listen to them."[83]

It is interesting to note that "Mrs. Nippers", disappointed in her ambition to be elected President of the Society, attempted to create dissension in the village by spreading the report that Mrs. Kirkland and some of the other women "despised" the villagers who still lived in log houses.

The first meeting was to take place at Mrs. Kirkland's, and an hour before the appointed time, "Mrs. Nippers" and her niece arrived, finding Mrs. Kirkland, who was still in her gingham dress and kitchen apron, somewhat discomfited. The rest of the "Society" quickly gathered - nineteen women and thirteen babies and small children, who were kept quiet by chunks of gingerbread of pieces of maple sugar tied in rags. The company was in most festive attire.

"Mrs. Flyter was 'slicked up' for the occasion in the snuff-colored silk she was married in, curiously enlarged in the neck and not as voluminous in the floating part as is the wasteful custom of the present day. Her three immense children, white-haired and blubber-lipped like their amiable parent, were in pink ginghams and blue glass beads. Mrs. Nippers wore her unfailing brown merino, and black apron; Miss Clinch her inevitable scarlet calico; Mrs. Skinner her red merino with baby of the same; Mrs. Daker shone out in her very choicest city finery,(where else

83. Ibid., p. 237-238.

could she show it, poor thing?) and a dozen other Mistresses shone in their ''tother gowns', and their tamboured collars."[84]

Annual dues for the society were set at twenty five cents, although "Mrs. Nippers" was sure that a shilling was all she had paid "at the East". The worthy widow also interposed some objections to the plan of making shirts, but she was overruled in this case also and was forced to confine her activities to sibillant whispers and discomfiting remarks.

Tea was served in due season; the toddling children were sorted and distributed, and much grabbing ensued: "Cake flew about at a great rate, and the milk and water which ought to have gone quietly down sundry juvenile throats was spirited without mercy into various wry faces."[85] Those who had, either from choice or necessity, worn simple washable dresses were not disturbed by such incidents, but those who had worn silks had much cause to regret their gesture of magnificence.

"Talk ran high upon all Montacutian themes. 'Do you have any butter now?' 'When are you going to raise your barn?' 'Is your man agoing to kill, this week?' 'I ha'n't seen a bit of meat these six weeks.' 'Was you to meetin' last Sabbath?' 'Has Miss White got any wool to sell?' 'Do tell if you've been to Detroit!' 'Are you out o' candles?' 'Well I should think Sarah Teal wanted a new gown!' 'I hope

84. Ibid., p. 243.
85. Ibid., p. 246.

we shall have milk in a week or two,' and so on; for, be it known, that in a state of society like ours, the bare necessities of life are subjects of sufficient interest for a good deal of conversation. More than one truly respectable woman of our neighborhood has told me, that it is not very many years since a moderate allowance of Indian meal and potatoes was literally all that fell to their share of this rich world for weeks together."[86]

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86. Ibid., p. 247.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH

The Pinckney temple of learning was small, a shell of a school, built of unplaned oak boards with no sort of plaster. The stove pipe leaned out of one window, there were cracks through which the drifting snow might sift unhindered, benches were formed by laying rough boards on blocks; this was the building which served for church and school in the new settlement.

During the summer months, from April to October, the school was under the sway of a "schoolma'am." At that time, the older, more troublesome pupils were supposed to be in the fields and forests, helping to break the land and making themselves generally useful. The loss of a summer term was probably not a grievous one, for it is to be feared that all too many of the schoolma'ams were much like the "Cleory Jenkins" described elsewhere in this thesis. Teachers might be in their early 'teens, of no particular qualifications, and of ignorance surpassed only by those worthies of the community who hired them.

There was, in truth, little to attract anyone to the teaching profession; salaries were decidedly low -- about a dollar a week was usual. Of course, board and room were provided, but under such uncertain circumstances as to afford little hope of comfort. The practice of "boarding around", common enough in poverty-stricken rural communities, meant that the teacher wound an unhappy course from week to week and house to house through the community. Under any circum-

stances, this would be bad enough, but in a community of one-room cabins and cottages, where large families were huddled together in noise and confusion, the lot of the teacher was far from a pleasant one.

The schoolmaster was by no means an honored guest; he had evidently lost his New England prestige -- if the story in"Snowbound" be true -- and occupied a position in the household somewhat above that of the occasional Indian who was permitted to sleep in front of the fire, but below that of the wandering shoemaker or other craftsman, who might bring news of the outside world. In crowded households, he was, of course, in the way, and was usually forced to ingratiate himself with his hostess by making himself useful, or at least as inconspicuous as possible.

With this in mind, let a certain amount of sympathy be spared for poor "Cyrus Whicher", whose fate is related by Mrs. Kirkland.

"During the snowy, blowy, wheezy, and freezy months, the chair has been taken -- not filled -- by Mr. Cyrus Whicher, -- not Switcher, -- a dignitary who had 'boarded round' till there was very little of him left. I have been told, that when he first bore the birch, -- in his own hand, I mean, -- he was of a portly and rather solid exterior; had good teeth and flowing locks; but he was, when I knew him, a mere cuticle -- a 'skellinton', as Mr. Weller would say -- shaped like a starved greyhound in the collapsed stage, his very eyes faded to the color of the skim-milk, which has doubtless

constituted his richest potation since he attained the empty honors of a district school.

"When he came under my care, in the course of his unhappy gyrations, I did my best to fatten him; and to do him justice, his efforts were not lacking; but one cannot make much progress in one week, even in cramming a turkey poult, and he went as ethereal as he came."[87]

The poor schoolmaster, unfortunate enough in his choice of a profession, had the further misfortune to attract a moronic girl of nineteen, who had a child two years old. She demanded admission to the school, and as her father was a fierce and troublesome man, feared by the community, she was admitted. The schoolmaster's life was made a torment by her obvious devotion. When it became all too apparent that she was to provide the village with another scandal, the unhappy schoolmaster fled the village in dismay. Later events cleared him entirely, but he had gone across the river to Canada, where he became involved in their "Patriot" uprising and had the honor of being hanged in that lost cause.

The school building sufficed also for such church services as were conducted when wandering preachers and missionaries came their way. These preachers, usually of some Protestant denomination, were extremely jealous. If a representative of one denomination arrived and the schoolhouse had been appointed to him, and if another preacher happened to arrive the same Sunday, there must be no attempt to hold

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87. Ibid., p. 319.

meetings at the same hour or trouble would arise.

Meetings, held in the uncomfortable building, were informal to an extreme. People wandered in and out, particularly the young men of the village, as the spirit moved them. Small children toddled around everywhere; babies cried; deaf old men sat literally at the feet of the preacher, almost on his toes.

Not infrequently, the congregation when assembled, suffered from a preacher "with the dress and air of a horse jockey,"[88] whose ranting and screaming lashed him and the more excitable of his hearers into hysterics. Others provided plain and practical discourses, carefully avoiding any danger of personal offense to the touchy price of the settlers.

If the preacher wishes to show the evils of breaking the Sabbath, of profanity, of falsehood, of dishonesty, of gossip or slander, he began by observing carefully that he was an entire stranger to the community; once that point was made clear he steered a cautious course between the moral of his sermon and the tender sensibilities of his audience.

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88. Ibid., p. 231.

"DEPRESSION"

By 1837 the village of Pinckney seemed in a fair way to fulfill expectations. A home for the Kirklands, a comfortable future for their family, and a good return for those who had invested with them seemed assured. But in 1837, the prosperous years in which the settlement of Michigan had flourished were coming to an end. Now lean days were at hand; the rainbow had faded, and thousands who had come to Michigan to find wealth in western lands, found disappointment and disillusion there instead.

As early as the spring of 1836, financial conditions had tightened in the East. An uncertain currency was flooding the country; merchants, as well as banks, had been allowed to issue due bills or "shin plasters" to the extent of their capital and beyond the relatively narrow boundaries of the communities where these were issued; their value and the credit behind them were, of course, dubious. A Presidential order in 1836 directed all public officers to receive and pay out coin only, and government funds were drawn from depositories, in coin. Business in the East came to a standstill. On May 10, 1837, the banks of New York City refused to redeem their notes, and a week later the Detroit banks suspended specie payment.

In Michigan the reaction was fearful. Confidence was lost, values were unsettled. The streets were crowded with unemployed, and land, the object of the immigrant's dreams, was valueless.

It was said that a man would no sooner buy real estate with its attendant taxes than he would fondle a rattlesnake. The majority of the population were in debt with no prospect of ever getting out; interest and taxes mounted, unpaid.

In an effort to afford some relief from what seemed an unbearable situation and to establish a value for Michigan lands, the legislature passed a law in 1837 which provided for a banking and currency system based on land.[89] This Act, the General Banking Law of 1837, in brief, provided that ten or more freeholders of any county might organize themselves into a corporation for the transaction of banking, on furnishing the required securities. The securities, which had to pass the appraisal of three county officers, were to be bonds and mortgages on real estate, and thirty per cent of the stock was to be paid in specie. On this capital, each bank was allowed to issue circulating notes to the extent of two and a half times its capital stock, which notes should be paid on demand or within sixty days of such demand.

Under these conditions, the opportunity for fraud was only too quickly realized, and millions of dollars were thus put into circulation in the state with most uncertain security. Mrs. Kirkland's story of the rise and fall of the "Tinkerville Bank" was based upon extraordinary conditions, and her description of it, excusably bitter, is not exaggerated.

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89. Blois, Gazetteer of Michigan, pp. 399-402.

"When our speculators in land found that the glamour had departed, that the community had seen the ridicule of the delusion which had so long made

'The cobwebs on a cottage wall
Seem tapestry in lordly hall;
A nutshell seem a gilded barge,
A sheeling seem a palace large,
And youth seem age, and age seem youth.'

And poverty seem riches, and idleness industry, and fraud enterprise; some of these cunning magicians set themselves about concocting a new species of gramarye, by means of which the millions of acres of wild land which were left on their hands might be turned into bona fide cash - paper cash at least, to meet certain times of payment of certain moneys borrowed at certain rates of interest during the fervor of the speculating mania. The 'General Banking Law' of enviable notoriety, which allowed any dozen of men who could pledge real estate to a nominal amount, to assume the power of making money of rags; this was the magic cauldron, whose powers were destined to transmute these acres of wood and meadow into splendid metropolitan residences, with equipages of corresponding elegance. It was only 'bubble-bubble,' and burr-oaks were turned into marble tables, tall tamaracks into draperied bedsteads, lakes into looking-glasses, and huge expanses of wet marsh into velvet couches, and carpets from the looms of Agra and of Ind."[90]

90. A New Home, pp. 218-219.

The banks established after this law increased rapidly in numbers, and as long as they were not called upon to redeem their notes, they flourished. To avoid requests for specie, these banks much preferred to be inaccessible, and retreated far into the forest. Because of this predilection for concealment, they were termed "wildcat" banks, and it was said that any hollow stump would do for one.[91]

The scattered and secluded locations of the "wildcat" banks gave them opportunity to outwit the bank examiners. The bank commissioners appointed by the state were carefully watched and the specie required by law generally reached the bank to be examined just before them. Gold was transported at night, by short cuts through the woods, and sometimes was handed in the back door of a bank as the examiners came in at the front. As the "wild cats" grew bolder, boxes and kegs of broken glass and nails, which offered a convincing clink, were covered at the top with a thin layer of coins and solemnly offered for inspection. Some banks which seem to have relied entirely upon their location for protection, had no coin of any kind on hand. Two notorious cases were the Bank of Sandstone, which had no assets of any kind and liabilities exceeding $38,000.00, and the Exchange Bank of Shiawassee, which had seven coppers and a small amount of paper money against which it had circulated bills to the amount of $22,261.00.[92]

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91. There was a law passed which legalized the temporary suspension of specie payments until May,1838. Cooley, Michigan, pp. 266-269.

92. Michigan Pioneer Collections, Vol. XXI, pp. 118-123. The General public was apparently far more honest than the bankers, as gold seems to have been carried with no particular precautions, and there are no accounts of robbery.

No wonder Mrs. Kirkland exclaimed: "Here the celebrated term, 'Wild Cat,' is justified fully by the course of these cunning and stealthy bloodsuckers; more fatal in their treacherous spring than ever was their forest prototype. A stout farmer might hope to 'whip' a wild cat or two; but once in the grasp of a 'wild cat' bank, his struggles were unavailing. Hopeless ruin has been the consequence in innumerable cases, and every day adds new names to the list."[93]

In 1839 the collapse of the "wild cat" banks completed the financial ruin of the state. The banks of Detroit were forced to suspend again; the few strong banks went down with the weak like cardboard structures. There was an acute shortage of coin in the state, a condition which was to last for several years, but a great amount of the beautifully lithographed paper money was in circulation. Everyone who received any of this was, of course, justly dubious as to its value; as a consequence it circulated with the greatest rapidity.[94]

When the General Banking Law was declared unconstitutional, the stockholders and bankers were released from liability and their debts and obligations were declared void.[95] This was cold comfort indeed to those who were reduced to bitter hunger and want by the abuses which had existed under the Law of 1837.

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93. Kirkland, A New Home, p. 220.
94. Cooley, Michigan, p. 276.
95. Ibid., p. 272.

Mrs. Kirkland writes further in regard to the situation:

"How many settlers who came in from the deep woods many miles distant where no grain had yet grown, after traveling perhaps two or three days and nights, with a half-starved ox-team, and living on a few crusts by the way, were told when they offered their splendid-looking bank-notes, their hard-earned all, for the flour which was to be the sole food of wife and babes through the long winter, that these hoarded treasures were valueless as the ragged paper which wrapped them?"[96]

Famine, never far from winter forests, came uncomfortably close to small cabin homes. Seed corn and potatoes, on which the next year's crop depended, were cooked and eaten, as were acorns; fish speared from frozen rivers were cooked and eaten without salt or fat of any kind.[97] Distress and suffering were widespread; the poverty and hardships which had been endured bravely and cheerfully as long as there was hope for the future were bitter indeed in the light of disillusion.

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96. Kirkland, A New Home, p. 228.
97. Wm. A. Clark, Address to Livingston County Pioneers, Michigan Pioneer Collections, Vol. I, 1874-1876.

A NEW HOME

The period, 1835 and 1836, had been one of land fever, of high prices and even higher hopes; 1837 saw artificial stimulation and frantic efforts to avert the impending calamity. For several years to come, the all too familiar phenomena of "hard times" were to prevail in Michigan; unemployment, low prices and few buyers, uncertain currency, starvation, fear and gloom. The alarming state of commercial credit and the concern felt by the Kirkland family over the heavy investment in Pinckney are shown in the following letter written in 1838 by General Joseph Kirkland to his son, William:

"Mr. William Kirkland

Pinckney

Livingston County

Michigan

endorsed 'My Father Apr.16 1838"

Utica April 16 1838

My dear Son

I should have written you before this, but have been waiting to hear from Mr. Dwight in regard to the Bank debts. He has not however yet made any communication. I shall write him soon if I don't receive something from him. You have ere this got my letter in answer to yours, upon the subject of the sale of the mill, and in relation to money concerns, The latter remain much as when I wrote, we are all waiting to see what the great Bank Convention now sitting in New York will do, and what our Legislature will do in aid of

our Banks which are doing little or nothing, as they will have in a few days, to resume payment in specie, or forfeit their Charters.

There is a project before our Legislature, to allow the Banks to issue Post Notes, payable in a year, bearing an interest of three per cent. The Governor has sent a message recommending, that a Law should be passed directing The Stock, which is to be created by the State in aid of Internal Improvements, to be sold to the Banks, or rather loaned to them - to be paid for as the money may be wanted for the public objects. This may amount to $8,000,000 or $10,000,000. It is supposed this will give essential relief.

Some suppose, if the United States Bank and the Banks in the neighboring States do not resume Specie payments, it will be very difficult for the Banks of this State to do any business - if so, money will be more scarce than ever - a few weeks will let us know more, as to our monetary concerns, I fear however it will be hard enough at best.

Your Banks seem most of them, if we are to judge from the newspapers, to be entirely out of Credit, how you manage to do anything I dont see, confidence must be destroyed - you must be under the necessity of giving your own notes, or Bartering in all commercial transactions, you must depend for your currency, upon the money brought in by emigrants and travellers. You have nothing to send abroad from which to receive much, if any cash. The monies paid

for Bublic Lands must all be returned to the Treasury, it can not circulate among the people and I presume there will be but few sales by individuals, except on credit.

You shall hear from me again, as soon as I learn anything of interest to communicate in relation to money, in the meantime you must manage as you think best in regard to sales, should an opportunity offer. I have no doubt a Loan on time would be preferable, to any sale you could at this time make. If our Banks do not discount more than they have done the payment of debts will stop -- as there will be no money in circulation -- indeed I don't know that we can get sufficient to pay travelling expenses -- this may prevent our coming to Michigan. But we intend coming, and you may look for us between the 5th and 10th of June, if our health permits - which is now good, your mother's better than it has been since last July.

You have not answered my questions, how we were to get from Ypsilanti to Pinckney; whether by stage or by waggons, and if there would be any difficulty in procuring the latter. I also in one of my letters inquired if you could procure me a good Saddle horse which I would either hire, or buy, for the purpose of going to view our lands; these questions you will please, when you write again.

I shall probably send on in the course of next week a Box & some articles for you, directed to the care of C. Newberry & Co. at Detroit. The ware will be forwarded to the same direction pretty early in May. You can write

to Doctor Porter, or some other of your friends in Detroit, to make inquiry and give you information, if anything arrives for you. I will send the Invoice to Dr. Porter for you, that he or you may have them to call and see if all is right. You may want to get the things on as soon as may be after they are at Detroit.

Tell Carry Sarah got her letter yesterday, which gave us information of the health of you all -- we were glad to know that you were all well, and hope Carry will not have any thing more of the ague.

All are well and send much love, nothing new to interest you, our weather, on some days has been very cold for April.

You will please accept of our best Love for yourself and all

Yours affectionately

Mr. Wm. Kirkland J. Kirkland"

Caroline and William Kirkland were particularly hard hit by the sudden decline in land values, for not only had they bought heavily of land, but through their company as agents, their relatives and friends had also invested in Michigan lands. Also, theirs was the unenviable position of living in a community among people to whom they had sold the land, in good faith, under conditions and at prices quite different from those which now prevailed.

In 1839 the future must have looked dark indeed to the Kirklands. Their new home in the wilderness, upon

which so much money, so much thought, and so many years had been expended, was no longer prosperous, no longer promising. But it was in 1839 that the book appeared which was to change the course of their lives -- A New Home, Who'll Follow? or, Glimpses of Western Life.

Just how Mrs. Kirkland came to write A New Home, we do not know. Writing, of course, was a tradition in her family. Through the poems from Joseph Stansbury's vivid pen, we see his vivacious and cynical personality as well as, from his point of view, Revolutionary times. Samuel Stansbury, in his charming letters, also had the faculty of presenting clear, intimate pictures of himself no less than of the life around him. In Caroline Stansbury's letters to her fiance, one finds the same easy, conversational style. An exuberance of feeling, of conveying vivid impressions, a genius for self-expression, was Caroline Kirkland's by inheritance.

That she was in the habit of jotting down ideas and incidents that interested her, we know from an old notebook which has been preserved since Pinckney days.[98] From her explanation in the preface to A New Home, we get the impression that she kept a journal:

"I felt somewhat tempted to set forth my little book as being entirely, what it is very nearly - a veritable history; an unimpeachable transcript of reality; a rough

98. This notebook is in the possession of Louise Kirkland Sanborn.

picture, in detached parts, but pentagraphed from the life; a sort of "Emigrant's Guide": - considering with myself that these adventurous journeyings and tarryings beyond the confines of civilization might fairly be held to confer the traveler's privilege. But conscience prevailed, and I must honestly confess, that there be glosses, and colorings, and lights, if not shadows, for which the author is alone accountable. Journals published entire and unaltered, should be Parthian darts, sent abroad only when one's back is turned. To throw them in the teeth of one's every-day associates might diminish one's popularity rather inconveniently."

The last statement gives one a picture of the impetuous Caroline Kirkland, witty, and with a decided bent for satire, finding it safer to confide her whims and fancies, criticism and amusement, to paper than to conversation. In the narrow limits of the society such as that of a backwoods community, Caroline Kirkland must have been often lonely, and being a woman of discretion, she found it best to confine her comments within the limits appreciated by her neighbors. In the topics of conversation recorded in her account of the meeting of the Female Beneficent Society, there would not be much to interest Caroline Kirkland.

She also found opportunity for expression in her letters to friends in the east, and it was perhaps from the east that the suggestion came to put her experience into a book. The opening sentences of A New Home would suggest as much.

"Our friends in the 'settlement' have expressed so much interest in such of our letters to them, as happened to convey an account of the peculiar features of western life, and have asked so many curious questions, touching particulars which we had not thought worthy of mention, that I have been for some time past contemplating the possibility of something like a detailed account of our experiences. And I have determined to give them to the world, in a form not very different from that in which they were originally recorded for our private delectation; nothing doubting, that a veracious history of actual occurrences, an unvarnished transcript of real characters, and an impartial record of every-day forms of speech (taken down in many cases from the lips of the speaker) will be pronounced 'graphic', by at least a fair proportion of the journalists of the day."

The form of A New Home, as Mrs. Kirkland says in the preface, is directly suggested by "Miss Mitford's charming sketches of village life." Even more informal and rambling in style than Our Village, A New Home is a series of sketches, of impressions and incidents such as might be contained in letters from one traveling in a strange new country to a friend totally unacquainted with conditions there. In the book a few life stories of settlers are embodied, but these appear to be concessions to sentiment, and are quite apart from the main trend of the book.

Financial returns from the publication of A New Home, which went through five editions in ten years, must

have been most acceptable to the Kirklands. In that black year, 1839, the acceptance and popularity of her book undoubtedly meant a great deal to Caroline Kirkland.

The reception accorded A New Home in the east, where it "wrought an undoubted sensation",[99] was understandable from its interesting style and fresh subject matter, and from the fact that the East was avid for all information pertaining to the great western country. The wilderness of the great continent appealed to imaginations which had been stimulated by Rousseau, Chateaubriand, and more recently by Emerson.[100]

Enthusiastic comments appeared in journals of the day:[101]

"This is a work of striking merit, such as we do not often meet with in these days of repetition and imitation. The real enjoyments of forest life are set forth in their true colors; but the real inconveniences, and annoyances, and sacrifices which belong to it, are not extenuated. . . . . .It is one of the most spirited and original works which have yet been produced in this country." - North American Review.

"This work shows evidence of a genius for description very uncommon, even in these days of clever narrative. Done with a verve, an elegance of quotation and allusion,

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99. Poe, Literati, p. 518.
100. Emerson's volume Nature appeared in 1836.
101. These journalistic praises are given in an advertisement for the third edition of A New Home, appearing in Vol.II of Forest Life. These quotations not only praise A New Home; they form an interesting sidelight on criticism of the time.

a playfulness of style, and a pure and Christian-like spirit of resignation and good humour, which warrant us in pronouncing it one of the first productions of the day. More eminently readable matter has not fallen under our notice for a long time." - Grant's London Journal.

Here are two slightly condescending notices from London periodicals:

"Mrs. Clavers's sketches are lively, fresh-colored, and characteristic. We recommend the book to all who have any appetite for what is humorous and graphic in the light literature of America." - London Atheneum.

"This book is agreeable as a whole; valuable as a picture of daily household life, and of village society in a new Western settlement, and curious for its glimpses of love and marriage, of a more sentimental kind, in the United States." - London Spectator.

A New Home was the subject of much discussion and dissension which contributed to its fame. It presented an opposing side to romantic pictures of forest life which had been fostered by the rush of enthusiasm for the "perfectibility of man," stimulated by the opening to immigration of a great wilderness territory, and fanned by speculative interests. Religious colonies, socialist colonies, experimental Communities, idealistic individuals, thought of the Frontier as a place where the dross would inevitably disappear from human nature. Away from worldly temptations, all things good were possible. Now Mrs. Kirkland's book appeared -

with the authority of six years' actual residence on the Frontier -- and not only were the actual everyday unavoidable discomforts of pioneer life described, but the pioneers, many of them, were pictured as stupid, malicious, shiftless and even vicious.

Mrs. Kirkland, in her book, did not emphasize unduly the unpleasant side of pioneer life. She did, however, claim the truthfulness of these portrayals.

"I would desire the courteous reader to bear in mind, however, that whatever is quite unnatural, or absolutely incredible, in the few incidents which diversity the following pages is to be received as literally true. It is only in the most common-place parts (if there be comparisons) that I have any leasing-making to answer for."[102]

After all, the east was now well into the swing of an age of elegance, of codes in manners and morals, of elaboration in ornamentation, decoration and architecture. Caroline Kirkland's book afforded to those in the east a pleasantly shocking contrast; a feeling of superiority. And if, as in Joseph Stansbury's verses, the barbed wit rather than the good humor and philosophy was remembered, this was appreciated and enjoyed - in the east.

The western country in general, at the time A New Home was published, had little time to spend on books of any kind. To Pinckney in particular, however, this one book was bound to be important. Published under the pseudonym of "Mrs.

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102. A New Home, Preface, p. iv.

Mary Clavers, An Actual Settler," places, events, and characters were jumbled and disguised in A New Home, and unfortunately there is no record as to how and when Pinckney found out that it had attained the dignity of a history. The village did find out, however, and there are a few indications of the manner in which it was received.

Here is one from a speech made by an early settler in Livingston County:

"Pinckney then I knew not, but it had a printed history shortly after called 'A Home in the West, Who'll Follow,' written by a former resident, Mrs. Kirkland. But as her contemporaries called it a lie, and never owned the corn as to lending babies, I will not quote from the book."[103]

The Livingston County History assumes an impartial attitude:

"Mr. Kirkland's wife was a lady possessed of much literary ability, and is well-remembered by those acquainted with her during her residence here. Under the 'nom de plume' of 'Mary Clavers' she at one time wrote a volume entitled 'A New Home - Who'll Follow? or a History of Montacute.' The book has been both commended and severely criticized."[104]

In a series of articles on the early history of Pinckney appearing in the Pinckney Dispatch is the following:

"The Kirkland family, accustomed to city life and the society of educated people, found the radical change to

103. Address of the Hon.Wm.A.Clark of Saginaw at the annual meeting of the Livingston County Pioneers, January 19,1876. Michigan Pioneer Collections, Vol.I, 1874-1876.
104. Livingston County History, p. 275.

the hardships of a pioneer's life rather irksome, but they soon adjusted their lives so as to live in harmony with their neighbors, and for three years were very popular. Mr. Kirkland was the good Samaritan to the new settlers. 'Mrs. Kirkland was also prominent in charitable work among her own sex and was the founder of the Ladies Beneficent Society.' In 1839 she wrote a book under the nom de plume of Mary Clavers, entitled 'A New Home - Who'll Follow? or a History of Montacute,' One chapter was devoted to a meeting of the Ladies Beneficent Society and the pen picture of some of the members was not very flattering. Mrs. Kirkland was mistaken in her belief that the book would not be read by anyone in Pinckney. Indignation meetings were held and one woman even asked that Mrs. Kirkland be put under bonds.

"So great was the ill feeling caused by the novel, they decided to dispose of their holdings and return to New York City, which they did in 1843."[105]

The reasons why A New Home might cause some dissension in Pinckney are obvious. That touchy pride which was so much a part of the early settler, would be quick to take offence at both general and particular characterizations. The quotations given above concerning the Female Beneficent Society, the visit to the ague-stricken Titmouse family, and the schoolma'am, Cleory Jenkins, would not please or flatter those portrayed.

105. Gene Mann, "A History of Early Pinckney," Pinckney Dispatch, Vol. 49, January 17, 1934.

Clarence Burton, in The City of Detroit, says that many of the neighbors recognized themselves.[106] A century later, it is of course impossible to identify those described in A New Home, with the possible exception of "Puffer" the millwright, who was "most aptly named"; this certainly might apply to the Seth Petteys who was the millwright on the Kirkland building.

In 1842, when Forest Life appeared, Mrs. Kirkland explained in the preface that she had intended to relieve the tediousness of mere narrative by the introduction of characters who were to act as illustrations of her subject; these characters, however, seem to have taken on an "angry reality."

"I am credibly informed that ingenious malice has been busy in finding substance for the shadows which were called up to give variety to the pages of 'A New Home' - in short, that I have been accused of substituting personality for impersonation. This I utterly deny; and I am sincerely sorry that any one has been persuaded to regard as unkind what was announced merely as a playful sketch, and not as a serious history."[107]

In the pages of Forest Life Caroline Kirkland says:

"....I take this opportunity to declare that all the naughty and unpleasant people - all the tattlers and mischief makers, - all the litigious, - all the quarrelsome, - all the unneat, - all the unhandsome, - have emigrated to

106. C.M.Burton, The City of Detroit, p. 1497. "Characters were so faithfully painted that they were easily discerned and neighborhood gossip laid bare."
107. Kirkland, Forest Life, pp. 3-4.

Iowa, Wiskonsan, or Texas, or some other far distant land, fo this deponent unknown; and that there is not - meo periculo - one single specimen of any of these classes remaining in this wide peninsula."[108]

The position of the Kirklands in Pinckney, following the publication of A New Home, is probably best left to the imaginations of those who have had experience with the fury of a small town scorned. There is, however, little doubt that they still made their home there, although John Farmer, in his History of Detroit, says that Mrs. Kirkland lived in Detroit from 1840 to 1843.[109] It is probable that with increasing literary activity and success she spent more time in Detroit; in Forest Life there is an indication that the publication of A New Home was followed by an eastern visit:

"One solitary incident - a momentary glimpse of the busy world, where I was so much out of place, so rustic, so brusque, so oblivious of the bienseances, that I had the satisfaction of being called 'Mrs. Rip Van Winkle' more than once - this and this alone gave a ripple to 'life's dull stream'"[110]

There are four letters dating from the latter part of their residence in Pinckney - two from Joseph Kirkland, the seven-year-old son of Caroline and William Kirkland, and two from his mother to Elizabeth, the oldest girl, who was then in Utica. It is to these letters that we must turn for

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108. Ibid., p. 34.
109. Farmer, History of Detroit, p. 704.
110. Forest Life, p. 60.

a final glimpse into the Pinckney years.

Joseph, who came to Pinckney at the age of seven, had been educated chiefly at home, and these two letters which he wrote when he was twelve, not only give promise of the literary figure he was to become, but show the high standards of study insisted upon by his parents.

Pinckney, November, 1842

"My dear Lizzy:

How glad I should be to see you at home again, and I think it very probable that, although you have very pleasant times in Utica, you would'kinder like' to see home yourself. At least I judge so from your letter; which we received on Friday last. The new wagon arrived about an hour ago, and a very nice wagon it is, the box is green with large black figures on it. The wheels and under part are red. John thinks it a very good one. John has had the ague a good deal lately, and pretty hard too, but we hope he will not have it any more. Mamma is at Detroit at present, she has been gone two weeks tomorrow. We expect Mamma on Thurs-
111
day. Our school began today. It is taught by Mr. Wilson who is going to move into the house Mr. Cook lived in, and Mr. C. is going into the house Mr. Stephens lived in.

I should like to come to Utica very much, but I do not know when I can come again. I do not wish to have this letter shown, Lizzie, because it is a very bad one. I have had no time to write a first copy because Olive is going

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111. Mr. George Wilson, a teacher in the Female Seminary in Detroit.

away early in the morning and she is to carry the letter. But I must bid you good night for it is far past my bed hour.

Believe me forever your affectionate brother,

Joseph Kirkland"

Pinckney, Feb. 24, 1843

"My dear Lizzy:

I have so many times endeavored in vain to write a letter to you in earnest, having filled the sheet that I took for a first copy about the last of Jan. which I began the last day of Dec., having written at it at four different periods. The second was begun about one week after the first copy was ended, and one page finished at the same sitting; and then it was allowed to remain unfinished until now; and I thought it would be better to take a new sheet, as the first began with 'I received your letter yesterday' and the second with 'I received your letter about one month ago' and this should have begun with 'I received your letter about two months ago'. All I think being taken into consideration I thought it most expedient to take a fresh sheet; and now I will begin my letter.

We are all well at present except Mamma's leg which I believe is better than it used to be. I believe the country all around is uncommonly healthy as I hope it is around Utica. Hay is getting so scarce around here with the long winter that there is much danger of many cattle starving if spring does not come on soon, indeed Mr. Fasquelle[112] says

112. A teacher in the Female Seminary.

that many have almost starved up north. Meat and flour are still extremely cheap and are likely to be so, Papa says. Mrs. Wilson had a present of a barrel of flour, since Mr. W. went to Detroit, from Mr. John Porter.

Papa got up a wood-bee for Mrs. W. and got thereby seven loads of wood; which William and I are trying how long it will take us to cut it up. I am going after I have learnt my Latin lesson, for Papa always makes me learn my lesson first and I have two lessons to learn in the day, so I make them into one long one; and what with bringing in wood making fires eating my meals and many other things I do not generally get off till half after two o'clock and then I 'put in' till sundown.

Mr. W. I believe is 'gitting along' pretty well in Detroit, having when he wrote his letter before the last, seven class scholars, at six dollars a quarter, each; one private scholar (poor Eddie Larned, who they are afraid is a cripple for life.) for ten dollars a quarter; and three writing scholars at three dollars a quarter. In his last letter he did not mention how many scholars he had, but said that he had a good many promises. We made out most miserably with our school this winter chiefly through the influence of one bad boy (George Judd) who argued with Mr. Wilson about the pronunciation of the french word 'Fort due quence'; and at another time Mr. Wilson said he wrote a'miserable stick' and then when Mr. Wilson corrected him or rather tried to make him write properly, he said very coolly 'everybuddy's got a way of their own, I han't got

your way nor you han't mine.' As he was too old for Mr. W. to think of chastising (being a young gentleman of five feet altitude and 'stumpy' entirely out of proportion) so Mr. Wilson gave him a 'talkin' to' and he 'got mad' and went off and persuaded all the other 'big scholars' to. We had a ball here not long since, and I heard the same young gentleman asking another young gentleman of the same stamp if he had 'sent for his pumps yet', to which the aforesaid young gentleman replied that he had not but he was 'agwine to.'

As I think I shall try to write a little to my other cousins I shall conclude, but not without telling you how Papa and Mamma, but I have not time, were in great danger about the time I received your last letter -- when I read to them about your telling Edd that the horses were brown, for they nearly split their sides; but as to that tell Edd that the horses are sorrel.

I hope to receive another letter soon from you.

Please give bushels of love to all (keeping always a few for your own special use.)

Your affectionate brother,

Joseph Kirkland"

The two letters which follow -- written by Caroline Kirkland from Pinckney in the last winter there -- are full of maternal admonitions in quite a professional style. Only in the postscript to the second letter is there a touch of the vivacious Caroline Kirkland of earlier letters and of A New Home.

Pinckney, Feb. 25, '43

"My dear Daughter:

Yours of Jan 28 received a fortnight ago via Washington, gave us much pleasure - being written with a freedom and amplitude which your letters do not always evince. I hope you will cultivate a habit of expressing your thoughts frankly and gracefully on paper - few things will be more improving to yourself or more agreeable to your friends. To be a really good and satisfactory correspondent requires not only a warm heart and a well-stored head, but a considerable amount of effort and self-command - since a good correspondent does not only write by fits and starts, but whenever the time comes and as much as the occasion requires. This is not always pleasant in itself - but the habit on the whole is one which contributes in no small degree to the general happiness, sympathy and good will. My health is much better than when I wrote you last. My leg being rather better, I have ventured on more exercise, and feel the benefit of it. From what you say of your own condition and especially of the diminution of your waist, Pa and I have been led to fear that you may have fallen into the prevalent error of dressing tight. Now I shall not waste a line in declaiming against a practice which your own good sense as well as our incessant cautions must have taught you to avoid. But I must caution you that the power of habit and example are greater than you may be aware. '<u>Tight</u>' is a relative term. What is really quite tight enough to be injurious,

may not be called so in Utica - yet you must none the less avoid it, even at the sacrifice of having a waist some inches larger than your neighbors. Do not deceive yourself into the belief that pride will be any consolation for loss of health and strength. If you can remember how little interest dress and company possessed in your eyes during the long year you suffered from ague, you may judge whether they would atone for a weak chest - an aching side - an acid stomach - failing limbs, and that dull heaviness of heart and head which are the unfailing indications of consumption, so frequently brought on by the contemptible effort to squeeze the ribs into a shape for which nature never intended them. The practice of the Flat-Head Indians, who tie their infants' heads between two boards to produce the admired pyramidal form, is neither more absurd nor more ungraceful. Let me beg of you not to allow yourself to speak as if a mere <u>slender</u> <u>waist</u> were an object of ambition and effort. You cannot prize more highly than I do that vigorous elasticity of figure which is the result of exercise, proper diet, and a well-balanced system of mental and bodily effort. But tightening yourself, whether with a silk string or a row of hooks and eyes, is not the way to acquire this; but the contrary, as witness the poor, dull, stiff, constrained, red-handed, pale-faced things who sacrifice themselves in this way. I do not object to a flushed face because it does not look well, but because it is not a sign of good health. I use

means to reduce it because it is to be treated as a symptom. - like a coated tongue or a quick pulse. I wish you to take medicine that you may be better - not that you may only look prettier. I should not dare tamper with your constitution for any such purpose. I think your peculiar constitution, being scrofulous in its tendency, requires a generous but not a heavy diet - and then, to avoid accumulations, laxative medicines repeated more frequently than would be necessary for a spare and pale habit. That lump remaining there is a symptom - and requires great care on your part. It would be well to wash it daily with very strong salt and water - and to put on at bed-time a flannel bandage into which salt has been quilted - and never to expose the part to the immediate action of cold air, but have your bonnet or cap always cover it - or your hair perhaps, when in the street - and always put on a hood or something when you step out of doors in cold or damp weather. Do not neglect these precautions. They may save you very serious trouble - such things are no trifles, though they may be a long time dormant. They are always liable to increase and break out in running sores. I trust you take good care of your teeth - not violent but regular cleaning, and frequent rinsing of the mouth is necessary to preserve them. Your hair also requires constant attention - not only for outward appearances but for cleansing, preservation and cultivation. More may be done in this way than most persons imagine - and though you need not make these subjects themes of discussion and conversation, I wish you to attend constantly to them. Neglect nothing which may be necessary

to improve you in these minor particulars. To make a young lady all she should be, she must watch her air, her gait, her mode of sitting, of speaking, of entering a room, of addressing persons of different ages and stations - all are necessary to perfect good breeding, and manners which will speak for her in any company. You remember I told you at Cleveland that you were lacking in tact in your manner of addressing people older than yourself. You were apt to be rather familiar and vulgar in your attempts to be friendly - not that you did not feel proper respect, but that you had not studied the true art of making your manner express your real feelings. This was to be expected as the consequence of associating so long with people whose manners are very incorrect -- but I hope you have amended this long ago. A flippant and forward air is one of the most disgusting to well bred people. Too much reserve is far preferable. You must not set down these things as trifles. They are all worthy of attention and effort; and far from detracting from the solid excellence which must be your highest aim, they aid in recommending worth, and increasing its influence. It has been said that 'whoever makes goodness disagreeable commits high treason against virtue.' Agreeable manners with a pious and benevolent heart, make the perfection of human nature. Indeed, the full and true influence of enlightened religious feeling produces the only truly consistent grace of manner - for it includes everything that can add to the happiness of mankind.

We all sympathize most truly with poor Aunt Fanny in the loss of the piano - such a blow would almost un-woman me. Tell Aunt Mary Ann to give my best love to Fanny when she writes - and give mine to Aunties all - and Uncles too - and cousins - and pray be a good kind girl to them - and don't be sharp upon your cousins as I fear you are a little inclined to be. A sharp, satirical tongue! Oh what a blemish in the character of a young woman whose gentle influences should contribute only to peace and good will!

Give our love to Mrs. Lothrop and tell her we felt truly sorry to hear of her fall. I hope she is better by this time, - knowing too well how to feel for her lame back and jarred frame. I have suffered enough of that sort this winter.

Willie sends love - he insists upon having your letters read again and again to him. He says now 'Read me Lizzie's new letter! Not that one that had about Uncle Sam's sending Aunt Fanny that piano that got lost in the water, but that other one just as big but not so much in it,' -- meaning yours of - I can't find it - but it came last week - by Washington - giving an account of a day with you. Uncle and Aunt mean to write you. They are well and so are the babies. I write to-day to Aunt Bacon, direct; so I have not thought it necessary to repeat family matters in this as you will have had later intelligence of us. On Thursday we had a sleigh load from A.A. Caroline Cuming and Mrs. Doct. Den-

ton, with Reverend Mr. Curtis and Mr. Backer. They arrived about noon, and Matthew laid violent hands upon a fat turkey and Mary put a spare rib in the oven, and with the aid of tea and sweetmeats we got up a tolerable dinner. They returned about 5. C.Cuming has recovered after having been very ill this winter. She is scrofulous and her spine is very much affected. She lookspale and bloated and is quite feeble and susceptible of the least cold.

I must refer you to Josy's letter for news.

We are going in the sleigh to Dexter to carry the mail to-day. Aunt Phemie, Sam, Mrs. Wilson, Pa and myself, with Willie and Mary Considine who has an aunt living at Dexter.

Your affectionate mother

C. M. Kirkland"

For

Miss Elizabeth S Kirkland

Utica

New York

Pinckney, March 17, 1843

"My dear Daughter:

Papa being rather sleepy this evening, I take the pen again, though I wrote you a three page scrawl only last week. We all continue much in the old way. The weather is still wintry cold - more like January than the middle of March. On the 15th we went to Dexter, and found the road so drifted between our corner and Sykes that we had

some difficulty in getting through. The drifts are in many places as high as the fences - a thing not recollected in Michigan. Within these few evenings we have been startled by the appearance of a splendid comet which shows itself just after sunset, like a brilliant dart, extending from the horizon just where the sun sets, almost to the zenith. When the boys called our attention to it first, Papa thought it was only a streak of cloud, illuminated by the sun's rays. We cannot see the nucleus, though I understand Judd says he has seen it. This will doubtless be hailed by the Millerites as a confirmation of their theory; and when we consider the stupendous nature of comets and the irregularity of their movements, it hardly becomes us to feel confident that this very one is not destined to produce great changes in our earth. We need not, however, be solicitous about it, or seek to pry into the designs of Omnipotence. We are in the hands of a God of infinite love, and He has made the path of duty plain before us in whatever circumstances He shall see fit to place us. To render ourselves unfit for the business of to-day through undue anxiety about the events of tomorrow, cannot be acceptable service to Him.

Since I last wrote you I have had a letter from my brother Joseph.[113] The letter has been some time in New York. He was well - and is married again - to the sister of his

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113. Joseph Stansbury, who went to England to oppose the "Deceased Wife's Sister bill".

first wife - and has a little daughter who is called Catherine Elizabeth.[114] He sends nine newspapers containing notices of Forest Life, and mentions as many more - but a little cash would be more acceptable than a great deal of praise. I am busy penning some very dull stories for several publications. My money comes but slowly, and is wanted long before I get it. Nevertheless, when it <u>does</u> come, it is most acceptable, and I know not what we should do without this resource.

To-day we were to have a plain calve's head soup, and I asked Uncle and Aunt S to come over and partake with us as there are few calves' heads cooked in Pinckney. In the midst of our preparations, Mr. Fasquelle dropped in - then Mr. Cornell - then Mr. Wilson - so we sat down a jolly company, to the soup and a piece of cold roast pork and some potatoes.

The remaining page is for Aunt and Uncle Tracy.[115]

Write often and very fully. I want to know what you wear to school and what for dress - that I may know how to imagine you - and what pieces you are practising - and whether you sing. Pa's love and mine.

Your affectionate

Mother

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114. Now Mrs. Kate Millett - still living in 1933.
115. Charles and Louisa Kirkland Tracy, parents of Mrs. Pierpont Morgan, Frances Tracy. Louisa was sister-in-law of Mrs. Kirkland.

"Dear Charles and Lois:

Your very welcome joint epistle came duly to hand - via Washington. I shall not attempt to reply to it properly on this remnant of paper - but only notice a few points. First - as of primary importance - the said shawl - I begin to be frightened at the thought of asking anybody to buy a shawl for me - delighted to hear a shawl may be bought for less than $10 - a shawl which costs $5 will be the shawl for me probably. The magnitude of the difficulty inherent in the commission never struck me until I read the question 'Do you like the embroidered Thibets?' This was a poser - and from the circumstances that I did not know what an embroidered Thibet was, I began to reflect how next to impossible it would be to put on paper in intelligible language my idea of a shawl. The shawl which some old lady (probably a Michiganian) sent to New York for - which was to be 'warm for winter - cool for summer, and suitable for spring and fall' - would just answer my purpose - and if said shawl could be bought for 10/, so much the better. But the gist of this lecture on shawls, dear L - is that if they have become so cheap, I had better wait till the Detroit merchants get their spring supplies, and buy one for myself - not being able to describe to you precisely what I want. I shall probably pay my spring visit there in about a month if all things should prove favorable. <u>If</u> this comet should come as near us as did that of 1680 - and <u>if</u> the earth should run against it - as she came so very near doing then - why, I really think we shall want but little in the way of perishable

gear afterwards. But if the Miller theory be true I cannot the more perceive what can be the advantage of keeping one's mind in that most painful attitude of suspense. I should be completely useless if I allowed my mind to wander in conjectures, or to dwell on ideas which after all must partake largely of delusion - in particular at least, I do not wonder that so many people are becoming maniacs under such impressions. Our weather is most remarkable. This 17th March is cold as January - and deeper snow than is usually seen at any season, is still locking up the earth. Cattle are dying about us for want of fodder - a great number of kids have been brought in even in our little centre. The distress is still greater toward the north.

Give my love to Father and Mother - and to each and every member of the circle and kiss the little folks for Aunt Cary. We hear that Dilly is well - all others too I believe.

For Elizabeth S. Kirkland

Hon. Jno. G. Floyd M.C.

Utica

N. Y. "

Forest Life, mentioned by Mrs. Kirkland in her letter as being favorably reviewed in England, was a continuation of A New Home in style and subject. Western Clearings, first published in 1843, was simply a collection of essays and stories of Michigan life; in style it differs from her earlier books much as the letters of 1843 from those of 1826. The spontaneity is gone; impressions are no longer fresh and vivid and new. Not only has Caroline Kirkland changes; that portion of the "Great West" had become "Middle West". The Frontier had moved on and away from Pinckney.

In 1843 the Kirklands left the western country forever. Their dreams of success in the new home were gone; the west had brought them sorrow, disappointment, and struggle - and fame. Now a well known literary name, success in her chosen profession awaited Caroline Kirkland in the east; William Kirkland shared in the reflected glory of his wife and found his carefully prepared, scholarly articles, chiefly on western subjects, in demand for magazines.

It is from an old notebook, in William Kirkland's handwriting, that a final glimpse into Pinckney days is given us.

"Jacob Sigler, a fair representative of the Penn. German (Dutchman, our countrymen will say) lingered about the door for some minutes, but finally plucked up courage to tell his errand, tho' seemingly half ashamed of it. He heard I was going, & felt as if he must come & say Good Bye, and wish me well, which he did very cordially, & I doubt not sincerely..... The old man is a shrewd barganiner, and coming

to Michigan long enough before the extravagant times of '35 &'36 to buy good land & get a part of it under cultivation to reap the prices of the two following years, he is better off than most of his neighbors. He has built the best house in the town, but the gudewife says she don't take nigh so much comfort there as she used to in the log cottage. The old people were much displeased at the accurate description of this in A New Home, considering some parts as defamatory which the author considered complimentary. 'The book' was not the thing at all, said the old man to me. 'I mean to talk to Mrs. Kirkland about it, she hasn't done the fair thing.'"

Whether Caroline Kirkland was fair to Pinckney or not, it is certain that she was honest in presenting her view of the Frontier village as she saw it with the merciless clarity which was her heritage as a Stansbury.

Time has revenged Pinckney, however. The "new home" of the Kirklands is gone - their mill is gone. Nothing that was theirs remains. Pinckney has forgotten them; it has forgotten even to be angry at the exposure of its peculiarities as a pioneer settlement. For the winds of ninety years, blowing unhindered the crumbling clay from cabin walls, have left only a few heaps of weathered logs and scattered hearthstones, or dust, where cabins stood; the men and women who figured in the pages of A New Home are, with its author and the great Michigan forest, one with the elements.

RETURN TO NEW YORK

It was some time in 1843, after March and before November,[1] that the Kirklands returned to New York. Eight years had been spent in Michigan: two in Detroit at the very height of the great land fever, when the old French settlement was in the throes of change; and six years in the wilderness, where they had seen the primeval forest, the refuge of romantic dreams, become an ugly stretch of charred and ragged stumps, log cabins give way to framed houses, and trades and professions follow the cleared lands to make each forest settlement a newer, cruder replica of eastern villages.

The great West, its meaning and possibilities, was still of interest to the east. Horace Greeley, in determined opposition to the greedy paternalistic exploiters of the public domain, was urging every man to vote himself a farm. The West, now definitely a political factor to be reckoned with, was not yet come to its greatest power as a deciding factor in the struggle between north and south. The westerner, made conspicuous by the comments of English sightseers, Dickens, Mrs. Trollope, Harriet Martineau, and others, began to take his place as a type beside the Yankee and the southerner.

Caroline Kirkland, when she returned to the east in 1843, was a recognized authority on western life, and as

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1. Caroline Kirkland's letter, dated March 1843, and written from Pinckney, makes no mention of an impending move. The old notebook in which the Kirklands, both William and Caroline, jotted down thoughts and impressions, has a page headed "New York, Nov. 1843" on which William Kirkland has begun a few reminiscences of Michigan.

such, found a ready market for her sketches in periodicals of the day. The careful, scholarly articles of William Kirkland won additional renown for the family, and the Kirklands became definitely established in a literary and professional way. Financial returns from these endeavors did not set the Kirklands beyond the reach of financial cares. Caroline Kirkland established a select school for young ladies in her home at 145 Greene Street, and William Kirkland, with his friend, Reverend C. H. Bellows, edited a Unitarian Weekly, The Christian Enquirer.[2]

The three years from 1843 to 1846 must have been busy and happy ones for the Kirklands. Certainly their surroundings were far more congenial than in the west; their interests in liberal education and religion brought them into contact with brilliant leaders and thinkers of the day, such as William Cullen Bryant, Horace Greeley, and Evart Duyckinck. Their literary talents and their charm made them welcome among that brilliant group of New York literary professionals of the 1840's which included Edgar Allen Poe, Anna Mowatt, Frances Sargent Osgood, N. P. Willis, FitzGreene Halleck, Catherine Sedgwick, Margaret Fuller, as well as many others whose writings remain buried in annuals of the day.

It is as members of this literary group that Edgar Allen Poe describes William and Caroline Kirkland in his series "The Literati of New York," which was inaugurated in 1846 in

2. In 1846 William Kirkland became editor of the New York Evening News, a position held in 1844 by E. A. Poe.

Godey's Lady's Book. One of the first of these articles is devoted to William Kirkland, who is identified as "husband of the author of A New Home", and it is no mean tribute to the sincerity and integrity of William Kirkland's character that Poe deals gently with him.

In estimating William Kirkland's work, Poe says: "It will be seen that he has written little, but that little is entitled to respect for its simplicity, and the evidence which it affords of scholarship and diligent research. Whatever Mr. Kirkland does he does carefully. His style is vigorous, precise, and, notwithstanding his foreign acquirements, free from idiomatic peculiarities."

In conclusion, as is Poe's custom in this series of articles, he describes the personal appearance of his subject:

"Mr. Kirkland is beloved by all who know him; in character mild, unassuming, benevolent, yet not without becoming energy at times; in person rather short and slight; features indistinctive; converses well and zealously although his hearing is defective."

In 1846, when Poe's article appeared, William Kirkland was very near the end of his life. It is to be hoped that this public praise, this recognition of his work and personality, seemed good to him.

The thoughtless student prank which damaged William Kirkland's hearing when he was an instructor at Hamilton, and which probably was an important factor in causing him to give up his profession of teaching for the western experiment,

was to be indirectly the cause of his death. In October 1846 Mr. Kirkland had been to visit his son, who was at school in Fishkill, N. Y., and was returning by water to the city. A heavy fog obscured the water front, and deaf to warning shouts, he stepped from a pier into the water and was drowned.

After her husband's death, Caroline Kirkland, with four children to provide for, turned to journalistic endeavors of various kinds. She became a well known figure in NewYork journalism and was able to secure an ample income. To some extent, her success can be estimated by her editorship of The Union Magazine of Literature and Art, a monthly magazine which was "embellished with the finest steel mezzotint, and Wood engravings, Music and Colored Fashions."

The Union Magazine, under Caroline Kirkland's direction, contained in its pages the works of writers and poets representative of their day and respected by it: Bryant, Bayard Taylor, Catherine Sedgwick, Maria Child, W. Gilmore Simms, Walter Whitman,[3] Charles Lanman, Frances Osgood, Poe, Mrs. Sigourney, Thoreau, Horace Greeley. The Union Magazine was later purchased by John Sartain and moved to Philadelphia.[4] Mrs. Kirkland remained as an associate editor and monthly contributor to the magazine.

Most of Caroline Kirkland's later writings are artificial in style, mannered and not original; it is of her

3. Walter Whitman in The Union Magazine for June 1848 published a prose sketch.
4. It was Sartain's Union in Philadelphia which first published Poe's "The Bells".

earlier western stories that Poe spoke when he declared: "Unquestionably she is one of our best writers, has a province of her own, and in that province has few equals. Her most noticeable trait is a certain freshness of style, seemingly drawn, as her subjects in general, from the West."

Of Caroline Kirkland's personal manner, Poe declares it to be an echo of her literary one. "She is frank, cordial, yet sufficiently dignified - even bold, yet especially ladylike; converses with remarkable accuracy as well as fluency; is brilliantly witty, and now and then not a little sarcastic, but a general amiability prevails."[5]

Two journeys abroad, one in company with Reverend and Mrs. Bellows, and one, later, with her daughter Elizabeth, furnished material for articles and observations on the ways of the old world. Many of her contributions to periodicals appeared later in book form; among these were Autumn Hours and Fireside Reading, (1834); The Evening Book; or Fireside Talk on Morals and Manners, with Sketches of Western Life,(1839); A Book for the Home Circle; or Familiar Thoughts on Various Topics, Literary, Moral and Social (1853); Holidays Abroad; or Europe from the West (1849).

Other works, more patently pot-boilers, were published. These were: Garden Walks with the Poets, (1852); Memoirs of Washington (1857); The School-girl's Garland, A Selection of Poetry (1864). When the war came, Caroline Kirkland contributed to the magazine, The Prairie Chicken, which

5. Edgar Allen Poe, "Caroline M. Kirkland", The Literati, p.128.

was edited by her daughter, Elizabeth, during the war for the benefit of a fund for the Union soldiers.

The coming of the Civil War meant a great deal to Caroline Kirkland. In the Detroit years, the Kirklands had seen much early abolitionist activity, and William Kirkland had been one of the aids in the very active Underground Railroad system which conveyed runaway slaves to Canada. Now, in the war years, her oldest son, Joseph Kirkland, had enlisted as a private from Illinois, where he had been living at the outbreak of the war. His rise from the ranks was rapid, and Caroline Kirkland had every reason to be proud of her son when he became Major Joseph Kirkland. She was not, however, destined to know him in another light, as a novelist and a realist. His important novel, Zury: the Meanest Man in Spring County, was not to be published for more than twenty years after her death, which occurred in 1864 when she was sixty three years old.

Caroline Kirkland's death occured suddenly and was for this reason a shock to her friends. To the last she had been vital and active, and perhaps it was only fitting that her end was probably due to the excitement of sponsoring and managing a great Sanitary Fair, held in New York during the first week of April, 1864, for the benefit of Union soldiers and sailors. When the fair opened she was in the receiving line, conversing among her friends with her usual brilliancy; during the day she was absorbed with the many details of managing a department. To these trying demands on her energy may be ascribed her death during the night of April 6, 1864. Thus was Caroline Kirkland's life closed as it had been lived, in action.

CONCLUSION

What, it remains to ask, is the literary importance of Mrs. Kirkland's writings? Have they not a significance greater than has been generally recognized? What place should they occupy in the story of the gradually developing literature of the American frontier? These are interesting questions, and to answer them concisely and finally is the object of this concluding chapter.

To begin with, it should be clearly understood that in spite of the unmistakeable wit, intelligence and verve with which they are written, the later books and articles have nothing of the permanent interest or of the broad human appeal which makes A New Home - Who'll Follow? a significant work of art. It was the first sharp impact of the rough and unromantic wilderness on the acute and sophisticated lady from New York which stimulated her more intensely than anything she was to experience after her return to New York. As an interpreter of the frontier, Mrs. Kirkland was in a fortunate position. She was compelled by hard circumstance to be of it, to submit to its hardships, its dangers, its monotony. She had to enter into the corporate life of the new community and to become herself a frontier woman, struggling as bravely as Carol Kennicot was later to do against the narrowing and deadly absence of all the graces and amenities of life. But Mrs. Kirkland was armed with surer weapons than Sinclair Lewis's heroine. She was intelligent, ironic, courageous and self-reliant, combining

in her own feminine personality a curious mixture of the characteristic qualities of the pioneer and the blue-stocking. In addition, she was observant, and she was sympathetic. Pinckney settlers, reading with astonishment the humorous or ironic pictures with which she enlivened the story of their village lives, were unable to understand that she had paid them the supreme compliment of treating them as frankly and honestly as she did her own family and her own friends. Mrs. Kirkland, indeed, was a social satirist as well as a realist, and in her account of western Michigan village life she introduced more of the feminine subtlety of analysis which heightened the realistic study of manners in Maria Edgeworth, Jane Austen, than in Mrs. Kirkland's avowed master, Mary Russel Mitford. "It is difficult to avoid completely," she writes in the preface to Forest Life, "an idea that we suppose the present aspect of society in the new country is susceptible of improvement; that we may be in favor of adding some finishing touches to our present degree of civilization and refinement".[1]

It was, however, largely by a realistic and sympathetic interpretation of the "present degree of civilization and refinement" on the Michigan frontier that Mrs. Kirkland was to achieve her most significant success. From the very outset of her career as a writer, she conceived her duty to be the recording of a plain, unvarnished transcript of reality, enlivened only by intelligence, and sometimes by a critical

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1. Forest Life, p. 13.

irony. Sympathy is not absent. "People write because they cannot help it. The heart longs for sympathy. . .". These words from the apologia with which she prefaced Forest Life are strangely moving, all the more so because the sympathy which is found in Mrs. Kirkland's novels was never allowed to degenerate into sentimentality or romance. Consciously a realist and definitely unromantic at a time when Cooper's cult of the noble red man was at the height of its popularity, she saw her purpose as very definitely a different one. Her realism is apparent in the course of her three Michigan narratives both in detail and in plan, and in the preface she outlined briefly but specifically her artistic creed. A New Home may justly be claimed as the first realistic novel of the American frontier. Mrs. Kirkland's claim was more modest. "I claim for these struggling and cloudy sketches of life and manners in the remoter parts of Michigan, the merit of general truth of outline." The book, she said, was "very nearly, - a veritable history; an unimpeachable transcript of reality." The novel, however, was a novel, not a travel book; a work of art, not a mere transcript of reality, and Mrs. Kirkland continues, "I must honestly confess that there be glosses, and colorings, and lights, if not shadows, for which the author is alone responsible." These, however, are virtues, not vices. They never falsify or romanticize the subject. They make it more real. The "courteous reader" is asked to bear in mind "that whatever is quite unnatural, or absolutely incredible, in the few incidents which diversify the following pages is to be received as literally true".

The sympathy and clarity of its delineation of everyday life in a small frontier village, the rejection of sentimentality and romance, and the faithfulness and intensity with which the picture has been painted are all factors in the literary importance of A New Home. In this first book, as in its sequel, there are none of the stock in trade of the western novelist - "no wild adventures, - no blood-curdling hazards, - no romantic incidents - could occur within my limited and sober sphere. Commonplace all -"

Further, Mrs. Kirkland was well aware that there is no virtue in the half truth. She was a conscious realist, and she recognized her artistic duty to paint a picture of life as it actually was, with nothing harsh or unpleasant concealed. "A portrait, however showily painted, is worth nothing, if it be not a resemblance. A painter would show his skill but poorly who, in his zeal for beautifying his subject should leave out a wart, even if it grew on the tip of one's nose."[2]

Equally unwise, however, Mrs. Kirkland realizes, is "he who exaggerates a wrinkle." Insight, sympathy, exactness - these are the qualities of the realism of A New Home and Forest Life. Their author is a realist and anti-romantic, a social historian, something of a satirist. "I have, however," she writes, "judged it necessary to be very exact in all things calculated to throw light on our primitive manners and customs".

It was her clear recognition of the necessity of

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2. Forest Life, p. 14.

exact observation and unsentimental fidelity to the whole picture that makes Mrs. Kirkland's work such an important document. She, and not Cooper, whose The Oak Openings professed to deal with the people of the same still primitive region, is the writer who is able to throw most light on the manners and customs of the frontier community. Cooper is romantic, vague, enthusiastic; Mrs. Kirkland is realistic, clear, simple, precise; she is concerned with the ordinary; she looks forward, and is, indeed, the herald of a new literary trend. She is the first American regional realist, and one of the most significant branches of the American tradition in the novel undoubtedly begins with her. "With the notable exception of Mrs. Kirkland's A New Home - Who'll Follow? or Glimpses of Western Life there was little before Eggleston's work of a generation later to mark the day of genuine realism in western fiction". So writes Percy H. Boynton in The Rediscovery of the Frontier, p. 38. Dorothy Dondoro in her The prairie and the Making of Middle America, pp. 297-299, comes closer than any other critic to a perception of the real source of Mrs. Kirkland's significance. Caroline M. Kirkland she recognizes as the first to portray the "discouraging" frontier. A few of her figures are heroic; some of them disintegrate under the hard struggle against nature and the women degenerate into unkempt slatterns. Without a trace of idealism, Mrs. Kirkland tells the story of the suffering incurred by people of delicate sensibility in the effort to adjust themselves to the necessarily hard and narrow life.

This was a theme and a method that was to be developed fruitfully in the succeeding generations. A New Home and Forest Life are the first and by no means the least interesting of an important series of novels that includes Eggleston's The Hoosier Schoolmaster (1871), E. W. Howe's The Story of a Country Town (1881), and Joseph Kirkland's Zury: the Meanest Man in Spring County (1887). This last book, written by Mrs. Kirkland's son, was read and appreciated by Hamlin Garland, whose Main-travelled Roads (1891) and Prairie Folks (1893) are the result of a critical theory identical with that which she outlined in the prefaces to A New Home and Forest Life. From the group of frontier realists of whom Mrs. Kirkland is the first and Hamlin Garland the greatest, the realistic novel dealing with the clash between the superior individual and the harshness and rawness of the new community leads directly in our own day to the work of Sherwood Anderson, Sinclair Lewis and Edgar Lee Masters.

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