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A WEEK OUT AMONG THE FARMERS

MR. EDITOR:

Having just returned from a trip through the southern and eastern parts of Emmet County, I am reminded of the following beautiful words of a poet:

“And when the stream

Which overflowed the soul was passed away,

A consciousness remained that it had

Deposited upon the silent shore

That shall not die, and cannot be destroyed.”

So too, there were many pleasant incidents, causing many pleasant thoughts, in connection with this trip among the farmers of Northern Michigan, that shall not die but will long be remembered with pleasure.

After leaving Harbor Springs and taking an easterly course for about six miles, we came upon the farm of Mr. C. Kipp, who has from twenty-five to thirty acres of land under cultivation, which is well watered by springs, and which is just rolling enough so as to make it one of the most desirable farms in that section, the soil being of the nature of a sandy, gravelly loam.

Going north from Mr. Kipp's we pass the excellent farms of Mr. Harry Martin and J.R. Chancey, and after a long and gradual ascent through the dense forest, composed mostly of hard maple, but with now and then a hemlock, a sharp curve in the road occasionally breaking the monotony, we came out at the northeast corner of Little Traverse township, where we find the clearings of Mr. Henry Bechtel and Mr. L.D. Post.

Veering to the east and travelling half a mile on what was formerly known as the town line road between Maple River and Littlefield townships (now a section line road in Maple River township) we trespassed upon the farm of Colonel Lusk, whom we had the pleasure of meeting, and with whom, added to the courtesy of Mrs. Lusk and daughters, was passed a very pleasant evening. Judging from the hoarseness of the Col., the next morning, caused by trying to awaken your correspondent, we presume that “old Morpheus” must

have a hold of us with an iron grip, which being loosened, we arose refreshed and ready to resume our journey.

Half a mile east and a mile north of Col. Lusk's we visited the place of Mr. L.A. Pine m who is a young man, but who, in our opinion, has sound ideas in regard to farming, and also on political economy. Mr. Pine believes in buying only that in which you need. He believes in paying cash for what you do get, and he also believes that every farmer and homesteader in Emmet county should take a home paper, and that that paper should be the "INDEPENDENT".

From Mr. Pine's we visited the homes of Messrs. Oberholtzer, Sanford, Longaker, Brubacher, Green and others who reside in that vicinity, all of whom are subscribers to the INDEPENDENT and who are the kind of men to make a new country what it should be. Taking a westward course for a short distance, and striking the town line near Ayr post office, we find that, apparently, we are in an old and thickly settled country. For miles on either side of the road dividing the townships of Pleasantview and Maple River you can see one vast clearing with now numerous houses and barns, the soil is good, the land level, and the timber superb.

In the central and eastern portions of Maple River there are other large clearings nearly equal in proportions to the one above described, the soil and timber being about the same, but the land a little more rolling. Here are the farms of J.P. Darling, S.P. Dettwiler, Mr. Lewis, Geo. McGregor, Frank Powell, and others, who are all highly elated over the future prospects of that section of the country, as the extension of the G.R. & I.R. R. is being graded through their immediate vicinity, and a station will undoubtedly be built there.

Mr. Dimling is one of those intelligent Germans whom a person delights to converse with – to dine with – to have one of those old fashioned "smokes" with, and more particularly to stop over night with. Mr. Dimling came to America when but thirteen years of age, and had neither friends nor relatives on this side of the "big pond," with no money to begin with. But through industry and frugality he has succeeded in working himself "out of the woods" in one sense at least, and the future will take care of the rest.

But to be brief, we find that, after a somewhat wearisome journey through the woods and over hills from the north-western part of Maple River into the north-eastern part of Pleasantview, we are in the neighborhood of Chas. Jenson, Wm. Crosby, and Chas. E. Judd, who, by the way, is one of several who fully realize when they are getting a bargain, as they do when they

take the "Cottage Hearth" with the INDEPENDENT at the paltry sum for which they offered.

One mile west of Judd's we again put up for the night, and after enjoying the hospitality of mine host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. J.E. Newton, a bee line is taken for the north pole, but ere nightfall again impedes our journey, we are surprised at seeing the progress that is continually being made in Center township. Robt. Shideler, Chas. Frank, Geo. Congdon and S. Harris, all have a good beginning. Mr. and Mrs. Harris are from Portland, and by their sterling worth as citizens have entirely obliterated race prejudice, which, though blind and unreasonable, still exists as an heirloom of the damnable and atrocious system which well-nigh wrecked our country. The examples of such people, and the gradual effect of them, will teach people to regard the color of the soul, instead of the shade of skin.

Mr. Geo. Congdon's is a good place to stop overnight, from whose place to Cross Village on the old trail, a distance of about seven miles, there is but one house, which is located near the "big garden," and is occupied by Mr. Wm. E. Lewis, an enterprising man who has recently come to make his home in this country.

From Mr. Lewis' south to Harbor Springs we had the pleasure of meeting some very fine people. Postmaster Teets, of Hughart, can take the cake in the way of imported cattle and swine, which he took much pride in exhibiting to us. Mr. Teets is also an A No.1 landlord.

But we have already occupied too much space, and if we tried to express all the good opinions we found of Emmet County and her former citizens during our week's tramp we should occupy your whole paper, and then the half would not be told. In short we can only say that for intelligent, courtesy, and grit the people of this fair northern country will compare favorably with those of any community I have ever known, and I am convinced from an extended and careful inspection of the country, its timber, products, etc., that there is no better place in the nation for muscle and brain to make a living and establish happy homes, and as long as those fertile acres can be bought so cheap it is insanity for people to go South or West.