

MEMORIALS

OF THE

GRAND RIVER VALLEY,

BY

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*Has Oblivion a right to the Past?*

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curse—was a terror. There was a saw-mill, but no grist-mill. Gideon H. Gordon was building a mill above where the plaster mill now is.

The first grist mill—a run of small stones—was put in Ketchum's saw-mill, in the fall of 1836, and Eli Cossit was the miller. Ketchum put up a flouring mill in 1840. His operations belong rather to Georgetown than to Wyoming.

In 1837, July 4th, the Gov. Mason made its first trip, stopping at Grandville. It was a great day for the people—the 4th of July, and a steamboat! They celebrated the day and the event. For a cannon, they had an old steam-pipe, and they “busted it gloriously.” An oration was given by Dr. Scranton, from the wheel-house of the boat. Just as the Doctor had got the “American Eagle” fairly grappled with the British Lion, the captain gave the signal, and the boat started down the river. But must the oration be thus cut short in the midst of its loftiest periods? Tradition is silent. However badly the Doctor might feel, when obliged to close, or spend his eloquence on empty air, the people were jubilant. When all was ended, such as could walk, full of patriotism, went shouting home. The few who could not, sought repose under umbrageous trees.

The winter of 1836-7 was hard on the people here, as well as in the rest of the Valley. They had little to eat, and all had to be packed in from the southern part of the State. Flour was sold for 10 cents a pound, pork for 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ , and beans were \$6 a bushel.

Mr. Wilder asserts that in the spring of '37 he saw a chipmuck gnawing a gravel stone (Mr. W., was it not an acorn?), with a lugubrious countenance, and with tears in its eyes. He killed the forlorn chipmuck, and had him for his supper. He (Wilder) also asserts that he, McCray and his two boys worked a whole day to unearth a woodchuck. They got him, and bore him home in triumph.

The people ate flour that had been sunk in the river—glad to get that. They lived mostly on sturgeon. How they hailed a supply of flour that came down the river on a flat-boat. Still, they complain of no *suffering*, and were happy, which shows how little happiness depends on fortune.