

Benjamin Schmitt

Moving to Mt. Clemens, in 1818

I was born in 1810. It was the year 1818. This makes me 8 years old. I was born in Michigan, which is where I still live. I live in the part that's like off to the side and also detached from the big part but up. I think about it this way: So, it is like a mitten, and I live in the top of the thumb. My dad really doesn't like where we live. He says he wants to move more south because it is a little warmer. He says he wants to move a little further down from the bottom of the "thumb." I come downstairs from our 6-room house one morning and father and mom have some news. Everyone was already downstairs, as I was the youngest, so I slept the latest. My parents told us that we were moving.

They said it was a village called Mt. Clemens. I was the smartest, even though I was the youngest, so I knew what/where they were talking about. It was a Sunday morning we had received this news. They said we had until Friday night to back, and we would be leaving on Saturday morning. They said it would take a little bit more than a day to get down there. I brought to their attention that we might need a new wagon. I wasn't going to walk that far. We had a wagon, but it was busted up. We also had a horse. By the way, my name is Joe Smith. I had 5 siblings. There were 2 people per room. I thought that we would have our own room, assuming we would build a new house.

It was Saturday morning and we were all packed. My dad built a new wagon, and we had our horse tied to it. I was completely prepared for this trip. We left our house and started our long journey. I'm pretty sure that in Michigan, you can't be on the ground, less than a mile away from some sort of source of water. Whether it is a lake, river, stream, creek, pond, or even a well, you can't be further than a mile away. Thankfully, our wagon was covered and the rain that didn't appear didn't get on us. We had very good luck with weather. Thankfully, we were moving in the summer, so it didn't get too cold. We took a break every once in a while to let the horse eat or drink something. Do you know how exhausting it is to ride in a wagon with 7 other people is? To tell you the truth, it is very exhausting. I mean, I love my family and all but still, sometimes you need personal space.

Finally, we got to our destination, Mt. Clemens. It was beautiful. My dad bought a plot right on the river and we built our house. Everyone had their own room, and we even had a parlor! Only fancy people had those. I guess we became a fancy family? I attended school there, and 1 by 1, my family moved out. All my siblings left, and I was in high school. I wanted to be a doctor! By then, it was 1826, and we had added so much more to our house. And, there were so many changes to how life was. Eight years can really make a difference in how things work and act. Eight years can make a difference in so many ways, as in, there were tons of new jobs and places. The village of Mt. Clemens looked so much different. There were a lot more buildings and architectural masterpieces! I had to get a job, too when I was about 14 because my parents were getting a tad bit old. I met so many new people where I worked. It's not like I could use some type of motorized machine, because those weren't invented. I had to walk to work. This is my story of my family moving to Mt. Clemens, Michigan!

Tiffany Nguyen

Life in Mt. Clemens 1818

Today is the day we moved into our new house in the village of Mount Clemens, Michigan. We moved into a small house (but big enough for the family), which was near a river. The river is the Huron River. One reason why we moved here was because father wanted to open a business on the river. Fishing is a big industry here.

When we first moved in, mother and I cleaned the house while father looked around the river. My brother and sister were playing with their dolls/toys. I had to help mom out by helping her cook and clean the house. My parents have one room, my younger brother got his own, but my sister and I have to share one.

Father started his business and is doing well. He has earned enough money to keep our family going. The river is very busy. Because of that, the family goes out and helps him with it after school. Oh yeah, mother and father have put us into school. The school is one-roomed (like all of them) and crowded. We learn by using chalk and chalkboards.

In my free time, I either make up games with my siblings, play with dolls, do chores, walk around the village, help with father's business, play in the backyard, or watch the fish in the river. The streets would be filled with horse carriages and families moving into houses or going to church. Every now and then, something new would show up. I would also hang out with my friends during my free time or at school.

The people here are welcoming and nice. Our neighbors told us about what we should expect about life in Mount Clemens. One thing was that there are cold winters and warm/hot

summers. Mom has sewn us warmer clothes for the winter. She even made us hats and mittens for when the snow comes.

Our normal routine would be waking up early every day. Mother and I would come down to cook breakfast with foods we grew or we got in the market. Then my siblings and I would go to school together in our horse carriage. After school has ended, we all go to my father's business. We'd help him work or watch the fish by the river. Sometimes we'd go swimming if it was nice out,

That's my life in Mount Clemens, Michigan!

Alexandria Munger

Living in Mt. Clemens in 1818

My name is Stacy Jones. I live in a small city named Mt. Clemens. I am one of the first people to live here because our founder, Christian Clemens, declared that people could live here just a few months ago. Even though our city is small, I love it. We have one courthouse with the jail below it, a few churches, a cemetery, a few small shops, a local grocery store, a school, and houses. It's small but modest.

Every weekday, I go to school. I attend a small, log cabin school house. About 20 other kids go there. I have one textbook that contains math, religion, history, and english. We all share a classroom. Our only teacher, Mrs. Brightly teaches 1st through 8th graders. If you want to go to high school and get a higher education you have to transfer to the log cabin down the road where Mrs. Nova teaches 9th through 12th grade. On the weekends, I always help my family in the house, do chores, help farm crops like potatoes and carrots, etc., and do homework if I get any.

I grew up in a holy family so we go to church every Sunday. The mass is held inside a large log cabin building. Basically, everyone I know goes to mass. We have a great priest and a very welcoming group of people who attend mass. In the winter, when it gets cold, the church lights the fireplace to keep all the people warm.

I have three other siblings too, one brother and two sisters. When we have no work on the weekends we go outside and play tag or hide-and-seek. If we are really

lucky sometimes our mom will take us into downtown Mt. Clemens and we will shop around the little square. Those are the best days because I love spending time with my family and having fun. Besides that for fun we also attend fun things the city does like 4th of July celebration and the Christmas parade.

In school my favorite subject is history. Right now, we are learning about our founder, Christian Clemens. He discovered our town in 1795 but came back and settled there in 1818. He plotted where and how everything should look, like the streets and shops of Mt. Clemens. On March 11, 1818 our city became the seat of Macomb County. Mt. Clemens became popular for their mineral baths. Although, if you were in Detroit and wanted to come to Mt. Clemens you had to boat up the Clinton River some sixty, seventy miles but if people really wanted to come then they would do this. As you can see history is definitely my favorite subject.

This is why i love the city i live in. It's small, peaceful, and nothing bad happens. I will always remember this city. It is where I grew up, made memories, and lived happily and peacefully. Everyone is happy here, this is why I know that this city, over the years will not just grow, it will thrive.

Emerson McKale

My Life In Mt. Clemens

200 years ago Mt. Clemens was a very different place than it is now. I am Billy the postmaster at our new post office. We have many other things in Mt. Clemens including our new mineral baths, which is a big reason why people come here. As soon as Mt. Clemens became a city officially in 1818 I just had to go there and start my life there. I enjoy my life in this new city.

During Christmas time my family and I drive in a horse carriage to get a tree to decorate at home. At home I usually wait for my family to come and visit me for Christmas to decorate the tree. They live in Detroit so it is a pretty long carriage ride for them to get here. I guess that's why they only come to visit me once a year to celebrate Christmas. I wish that my family lived here in the city with me. Also on Christmas Day my family and I go to church at St. Peter's church.

This city isn't very populated right now but it is growing pretty quickly. I think that in a few years this could become a well-known city. I think that more people are coming here because of the mineral baths though some think it is because of lake St. Clair. Maybe it is just because some people are trying to make a new life here.

I get quite a bit of work here at the Mt. Clemens post office as a postmaster. New people who have left their family behind to come live here always write to their families back home trying to persuade them to come live in Mt. Clemens. But when I'm not working at the post office, or praying at St. Peter's church, I'm spending time with my dog that I got when I moved into the city. What I do when I am playing with my dog you

might ask, I walk him around town or I'm playing fetch with him using a stick. By the way my dog's name is Buster. I also spend time with my friends and I try to get to know everyone who is in the town.

Now you see what life is like in the early years of Mt. Clemens city. Well you at least know how a postmaster might have lived. I hope that you understand how much different it is in 2017 than in the early 1800's. You know a little bit about what we did and how we got around. I'd like to see you live the way we early Mt. Clemens people did.

Elyse Martel

May 1, 1818

Dear Diary,

My family and I just moved to Mt. Clemens. Papa is out building a farm at our new cabin. This year we are planting corn, carrots, and potatoes. Mama and Charles are safe, and Mama is teaching me how to sew. I like my time in the fields with Papa the best, though. However, I saw something strange this morning when I went out to the fields. It was like the Sun was changing colors and the crops disappeared. Papa became a strange creature that I couldn't explain if I tried. I just hope I'm not catching typhoid. Anyway, Mama is calling me for dinner and sewing lessons. Good bye.

Love, Kathryn

August 1, 1818

Dear Diary,

Harvest is coming and the crops seem to be growing nicely. No diseases have come this year. Back in Massachusetts where we used to live, there were locusts and diseases for every crop and we were all starving. I am becoming very good at sewing, and Charles has learned to walk. I am starting at a new school in a few weeks. I hope that these children aren't terribly boring. My visions are getting

worse. Just last week, my entire family turned into monsters with tentacles at the supper table. About a month ago, my breakfast was running away. I have not told my family about my disease yet. There is no doctor in town, so I do not think that anyone could help me. I have to go help Papa in the fields. We are beginning to harvest the corn. Goodbye for now.

Love, Kathryn

November 1, 1818

Dear Diary,

I am loving my new school. My teacher is really nice and the other children are very kind. My new school is very small compared to my old one back in Massachusetts. It is also much colder here than back where I came from. The fields have all been harvested, and we have plenty to eat this winter. Mama has been making blankets ever since we packed our wagon for Mt. Clemens. She is going to keep most of them, but sell some for extra money in case we run out of food. Charles is growing faster by the minute, and soon he will be able to come to school with me. Our family likes living in Mt. Clemens. Papa says that soon, we will be able to clear some more land to extend our farm. Maybe soon we can

make our city one of the richest in the world. I must go and prepare for school tomorrow. Good bye.

Love, Kathryn

Christina Korotko

Letter to My Friend

Dear friend,

I am writing this to you on the 17th of January, 1818. I hope you receive this letter soon. We both know how slow the post can be at times. Today marks a month since my family and I moved to a town called Mount Clemens. The town used to be known as a village called "High Banks", but it was just recently re-named Mount Clemens. My mother told me that it is named after a man named Christian Clemens.

For the most part, it is pretty fun here. I made a few new friends at the schoolhouse I attend. Every morning, I meet up with them and we all walk to class together. My favorite subject in school has to be arithmetic. Most people say I'm crazy for it, but I really do love it. One subject that I absolutely despise is geography. I have no interest in it whatsoever, and I guess it doesn't help that I am very bad at it.

When I am not at school, I am usually doing chores. Some of my daily chores include doing the laundry and cooking. My mother is also teaching me how to sew. Once I learn how to sew, I can make new clothes for my family members and for myself. My favorite chore to do is cooking. I just find it so interesting how mixing some ingredients and spices together can make something taste so great.

When I'm not going to school or doing chores, I am relaxing or playing games. I often play Blind Man's Bluff with my brother and sister. I also really like playing cards with my mother

and father. Some board games that I enjoy playing are chess, checkers, and backgammon. My favorite game of all to play is Tag. I am a very fast runner, so that game is very easy for me.

So, now I'm done telling you about my life. How are you doing? I hope you write back to me soon.

Your friend,

Christina Korotko

Kayla John

Anne's Diary

December 1, 1818

Living on the outskirts of Mt. Clemens is hard. It takes me such a long time to get around since I have to walk everywhere. School was the worst distance because I lived so far away. I wish there was some way of transportation so it would be easier. I really didn't feel like walking to school this morning so I asked my mother if I could stay home. She said, "Too bad. You have to go." Can you believe it? She doesn't understand how long it takes! I really don't want to walk all that way!

I eventually realized I was going to have to walk to school, so I got ready. I was all prepared until the moment I stepped outside. It was pouring rain! I didn't have an umbrella so I knew I would have to find a way to keep my homework dry. I spent the whole night yesterday doing it and there was no way I could put all of my effort to waste. I carefully tucked the papers inside my coat and kept walking as fast as I could so I wouldn't be late. Since I was in such a rush, I didn't even watch where I was stepping! Next thing I knew I was on the muddy ground and my papers were scattered all around me...covered in dirt. How could I rewrite all of it in such a short amount of time? I decided to leave it there since there was no way I could fix it. I was definitely going to be punished at school and it was not going to be fun.

When I arrived at the one room schoolhouse, I greeted my teacher and I tried to act as calm as possible. But the truth was, I was the complete opposite. My hair was dripping wet, my clothes were covered in mud, and my hands were missing my homework. He looked at me with a confused expression, and I knew he had something to say. Then he told me I couldn't walk in

looking like this and that I'd have to go back home. Obviously I was mad since I just walked all the way in the rain just to have to return. Could my day get any worse?

Luckily the rain had stopped and I could walk back without Mother Nature getting in the way. I decided to take the longer route back home to avoid any extra time getting yelled at by my mother. This way went through Main Street where all the Christmas decorations were up. Hopefully this would brighten my gloomy day.

It was truly a winter wonderland. Christmas lights hung from the roofs and the sweet aroma of peppermint filled my nose. I heard the sound of the St. Peter church bells ringing. I walked past workers who were getting ready to build train tracks to bring in more people and goods for our growing community. People were fishing in the Clinton River and others were hunting for meat for Christmas dinner. The feeling of Christmas filled my heart with happiness and it made all of my stress from this morning go away.

When I arrived home, my mother asked me why I was home so early. I explained to her the incident this morning and she told me to change my clothes and get back there as soon as possible. I once again complained but she replied with, "Maybe one day something will be invented with wheels and a handle. But until then you have to deal with walking."

A Mt. Clemens Narrative

Jack Cook

Hello. I am Jack Cook. I have recently moved from my poor family home in Detroit to a new city called Mt. Clemens. It is the year 1818, and Mt. Clemens was recently announced to be an official city not 15 minutes before I arrived. Looking back, I must've looked like a crazy person. A wagon's load of bricks, three buckets of mortar, and a sad excuse for a bag of luggage next to me, I stood there, staring at the place I would be working. I was to be apprenticed at the tailor, thanks to my quick hands. I had set to work building my house a few doors down, when a man walked up to me and said, "You're supposed to be at work, young man." He was a small fellow, and I didn't want to seem rude, so I said, "I suppose you are my new master?" He responded with a nod that was dripping with anger. I said, "Okay, I guess I'll go to work."

Work wasn't that difficult. I had a lot of down time because my hands just fixed everything that needed fixing, like threadbare spots, hemming, lowering. I even could make custom fits just by looking at somebody. With all that down time, my house was completed soon, and all the other tailors went out of business because I could have a perfect custom fit in about three days. We closed shop for a few days to make a waiting room for those that needed simple things fixed, considering the fact that I was done in about fifteen minutes. I was allowed to keep every penny I made. I also had Saturdays off, so my usual agenda on that day was to read these interesting forms of picture books called *comics*. Lots of teenage apprentices had the day off, so we would grab a few quarters and go to the drugstore together. We would buy the next comic book in the series we were reading, and if we were feeling generous to ourselves, we would purchase some soda or candy. Then, we would hang out somewhere and read our comics and enjoy our refreshments. Most of the time, we would then go to the baseball field and play baseball or run around. I had a lot of good

times with those people. We didn't bother to learn each other's names; we just had nicknames for each other. I was called Sticks because I was crazy thin and very tall. We liked each other's company.

Christmas time was always amazing. There was a large tree, around 25 feet tall, in the town square. It was decorated with garland and ornaments the size of a newborn's head. Most of the time I would volunteer to decorate the tree once it was up. However, one Christmas I had was awful. My boss took the day off to help me decorate the tree. He was tossing the ornaments up to me when we got to the top of the tree. He tossed an ornament up, it went a little wide, I figured, *No biggie, I'll reach out and grab it.* I reached out, all right. I leaned out so far that I started to fall, and I took the ladder with me. Long story short, I fell and crushed my boss. I immediately got up and fell right back down, my knee in severe pain. I crawled to some random house and asked them to call for help. My boss and I were taken to the hospital, where I was treated for a "torn MCL", whatever on earth that is. I'm not the most knowledgeable human. The point of me getting a job was for education.

After my boss died, his son inherited the business. I resigned temporarily from the tailor shop. I decided to receive one of the finest educations in the whole state- none other than Saint Mary School. I enrolled and went to school for a year, and learned magnificent things. I learned how to read literature, do complex arithmetic, anatomy, and history. It was amazing when I came out of temporary resignation. I had learned so much. I also learned something new. Going to church on Saturday.

I went to St. Peter's Church at 4:00. It was amazing on the inside. There was a gargantuan dome with a mosaic of Jesus and Mary. They were as tall as the Colossus of Rhodes. The church was massive itself. I thought that it was amazing, just like our great

city, soon to be 200 years old, and like this essay, which you will hopefully enjoy. Merry Christmas and Happy Hanukkah!

Macomb Essay 1818

Lainey Theut

What it would be like in 1818

Hi my name is Elizabeth but everyone calls me Lizzy, I was born on February 18, 1805. So that means I am thirteen right now. My eight brothers and me are super excited for Christmas to come however we do not expect that much. Considering our past Christmases. My first Christmas was a couple of months after the detroit fire happened. My father was out of work and my mom was really sad. So we were living in a small apartment without any bed or food, supposedly I was crying all night and day that christmas.

When I was seven, my christmas was not very good. My father had to be a soldier in the war! My mom, on the other hand, had been working day and night just to make sure we had a roof over our heads. So that year, while my mom was at work my siblings and I gathered in a circle and prayed to god, we prayed that dad would come back happy and alive.

Last Christmas was so good! Dad and mom said that we were going to have a new baby brother. For my christmas gift last year I got a copy of the *Detroit Gazette`*s newest paper. The stories are serious and fascinating.

Christmas was great for the new baby brother. I wonder what this Christmas would be like this year.

This is a typical life for a teenager in 1818 during the white, fluffy, cold winter during Christmas.

Max Apsey

Hi,

I am a twelve year old boy, and I am going to tell you what a twelve year old boy would do in 1818, from Mount Clemens, Michigan. Well, I would wake up in my log cabin on church street and go work on the farm before school. Then I would go to school to learn about math, science, history, and language arts. After school, I would go home and do chores like getting firewood to cook dinner and for the winter. I also had a job, I helped to pave the brick roads. I would get to work on foot. When I got home I had to feed the horses, so we could harvest them for the winter. After my long day, I finally got to go to sleep.

The next day I shower by dumping water on my head then I get to school. I learn all day and when I get home one of the horses has died, so I have to clean the meat, so we can eat it. After that I got fired from work, so I had to go and find a new job, I did but for a different company. Then I got to go home and finally go to sleep.

The End