

PONTIAC BILL POSTER

- JAN 16 - 1884

Death of Hon. Wm. Yerkes.

A few months ago we announced the death in Novl of Thomas Pinkerton, for a long life an intimate friend and associate of the Hon. Wm. Yerkes. And now we announce the sad intelligence of the death of Mr. Yerkes, who died at his residence Saturday night, January 5, at the advanced age of 89 years, three months and six days.

Mr. Yerkes was born in Moorland, Montgomery Co., Penn., on the 29th of September, 1794, where he lived until he was six years old, when he removed with his parents to Seneca Co., N. Y. In 1826, in company with Thomas Pinkerton, he started on foot for Michigan, crossing the Niagara River at Lewiston, going through what is known as Upper Canada, making the distance to Detroit, of over 400 miles, in fourteen days, going immediately to Novl, where he permanently settled on a tract of land taken from the government the year previous. On this farm he lived continuously until he died.

His wife died some two years ago, after a peaceful and prosperous marital union of almost sixty-four years. No man in Western Oakland was more conversant with the early history of that section, or did more to advance its material prosperity. He was a recognized and trusted leader in all social and business relations. By the associations of more than half a century he was tried and never found wanting in the traits of a noble manhood.

He filled positions of public trust under the Territorial Government, in 1828 receiving from Gov. Cass a commission as Justice of the Peace. In 1834 he was Supervisor of the town, then composed of the present towns of Novl and Lyon, holding the office two years. After the State was admitted into the Union he held the same office five years more. He was elected to the first Legislature under the State Government in 1837. In 1850 he was again chosen to represent the district. He was a member of the First Presbyterian Church of Plymouth, and was in continuous service as an Elder since 1839.

He leaves seven sons, all living in Novl except ex-Judge of Probate W. P. Yerkes, who lives at Northville, and Silas A., who resides in Shiawassee county.

The funeral was held at his late residence last Monday afternoon. As the sons acted as pall bearers at their mother's funeral, they performed the same duty in bearing their father's remains away to their last resting place, the old-time friend of the deceased, Rev. James Bubar, performing the last funeral rites.

- JAN 16 - Obituary. - 1884

Died, Jan. 6, 1884, Mrs. Dorothy Kemp, wife of the late John Kemp, who departed this life July 25, 1870. The deceased had attained the ripe age of 99 years and seven months. She was born in Enhurst, Sussex Co., England, and married Dec. 4, 1808, and became the mother of 12 children, all of whom are still living, except one.

She had 157 grand-children, great grand-children, and great, great grand-children.

Some short time after her marriage, both she and her husband experienced religion, and united themselves with the Wesleyan Methodist Society, opening their house for the preaching of the gospel by the Ministers of Christ, a practice which was faithfully followed out for the long period of 15 years.

Subsequently they left the shores of "old England," and came to this country, and settled in the State of Michigan, in June 1850, where they have resided up to the time of their death, respected and beloved by all who knew them, leaving behind them a beautiful record of Christian living and the Christian's

hope in death; having enjoyed the preciousness of religion for 50 years.

Like all others, they had their times of sunshine and shadow, nevertheless, in the individual crossing of the Dark River, they both found the fulfillment of God's ancient promise, that "At Evening time, there shall be Light."

The funeral services of this venerable mother in Israel were conducted by Rev. F. F. Rae, Pastor of the First Baptist church, who chose for his text, Matt. 17, 8, from the words "Jesus only," after which the remains were conveyed to the city, and placed in the Petrie vault.

We bend to-day o'er her confined form,
And our tears fall thickly down;
We look our last, on her aged face,
With its look of peace, its patient grace,
And hair like a silver crown.

We touch our own, to her clay, cold hands,
From their life-long labor, at rest:
And among the blossoms white and sweet,
We note a bunch of golden wheat,
Clasped close to the silent breast.

The blossoms speak of fadeless bloom—
Of a land where fall no tears;
The ripe wheat tells of toil and care,
The patient waiting, the trusting prayer,
The garnered good of years.

A FRIEND.

Robt. Strickland had the misfortune to lose his infant son last Friday. - JAN 16 - 1884