Caroline E. Campbell
Island House
September 3, 1928

"Me-na-sa-gor-ning"
Loving Tributes, Lovingly Inscribed
"The Place of Apples,"
Our Avalon.

Note: Mother's Island Song was written for Jeanie and me, to eliminate "Little Brown Jug," which we found entrancing. It failed. Years passed before our Mother's Song became at all dear to our hearts. Years after Jeanie had passed on, I found her copy in pencil.

"Mother's Island Song"

Come to my house so sweet and fair
Banish grief and sorrow and care;
By the beautiful lake in the moonlight to roam
'Neath the tall green trees on my Island Home.

Chorus:
Ha, ha, ha, you and me,
Come, let us sit by the sunset tree.

Oh, come and hear the wild bird's song
As he warbles so sweet in the dewy morn;
And feel on thy cheek the scented breeze,
Sweet breath of flowers and shrubs and trees.

Chorus:
Ha, ha, ha, you and me,
Come let us sit by the sunrise tree.

Come when the noontide's sultry hours
Woo the birds to the shade and the bees to the flowers;
And the little "bee-bird's"* familiar hum
Bids the frolicking butterfly to come.

Chorus:
Ha, ha, ha, you and me,
Come let's sit 'neath the old apple tree.

Come as the shadows stretch from the west
Mirrored so soft on the lake's silvery breast;

And the song so often heard before
Keeping time to the splash of the dipping oar.

Chorus:
Ha, ha, ha, you and me
Come let us sit ‘neath the south oak tree.

* Our childish name for a humming bird.

Caroline Linn Campbell
Jan. 12, 1821. May 15, 1900.

My Memory lives in a little House –
Set in a Garden fair –
And all the sweet old-fashioned things
Grow and blossom there.

Each night from the window a lantern shines –
With a light that is clear and true,
For its flame is fed By my Love and Faith
And it’s set in that window For You.

-Desert Camp, Mecca, California

From “First Primer Verses”
By Wilhelmine Loos

A Memory of Summer: “Orchard Island”

O strange, sweet thoughts that come to me
Today when wintry north winds blow;
Your breath from some far summer sea
Is wafted o’er the falling snow.

But yesternight the church bells rang –
In happy swells their voices grew:
“The old year goeth,” so they sang,
“The old year goeth, hail the new!”

I greet thee blithely, glad new year;
Yet – think me not too cold to praise –
My heart turns back from present cheer
To joys that came with buried days.

Sweet summer days, yea sweet and dead,
(Alas that all sweet things must die!_
But yet their memories softly shed
An afterglow across the sky.

Fair isle! I watch the gray clouds sail
In this far spot where daylight dies;
I see them pass the circling veil
That hides them from my yearning eyes.

My heart goes with them o'er the rim,
On wings of memory lightly sped;
The things I see grow far and dim,
And thy sweet image comes instead.

A glow of sunshine o'er the grass,
Cloud shadows blown o'er distant leas.
Soft summer airs that come and pass
In whispers through the leafy trees.

Green banks steep sloping from the shore,
Where cedar shadows net the beach,
And washing ripples o'er and o'er
Lisp their monotonous dreamy speech.

Still sheltered bays where gently breathe
The passing winds in wrinkled bands,
And slanting beams that flash beneath
Strike tangled light on golden sands.

A dream of beauty o'er the wave,
A magic brightens on the shore,
A glamour beauty never gave
The grace of that which comes no more.

No more! I wander, weary ways,
In other lands 'neath other skies;
The glory of the summer days
In other heavens for me must rise.

Yet tender memories wreathe with light
And years but make thee seem more fair;
As mists that veil the moon at night
Ring her with glory in the air.

And what is best of thee remains –

More sweet than thoughts of sun and shade,
And greater than all other gains,
The friendship of the friends I made.

The thoughts of them through darkened years
Will shine like stars and make me smile.
And drive away unhappy tears
And all my soul to joy beguile.

Yes; theirs shall e'er the brighter be
Of all these rays of afterglow,
The strange sweet thought that come to me
Today when wintry northwinds blow.

Then let me greet thee, glad New Year
And think me not too cold to praise
The joys that brighten present cheer
Are those that come with buried days.

James Sanderson
Glasgow, Missouri
Jan. 1, 1878

Note: James Sanderson died Sept. 18, 1885 on the
eleventh anniversary of my sister Jeanie's death.

Mary O'Mara, a devoted lover of the Island
Sept. 2, 1834 – July 8, 1928.

Beautiful Isle

Beautiful Isle! I love thee best
When silvery moonbeams on thee rest,
When trees and flowers with dewdrops bright
Shed fragrance on the silent night.

As rippling waters round thee flow
In shadows dark and moonlit glow
In murmurs low, how sweet the sound,
Whispering peace to all around.

I love to watch the shimmering path
Of sparkling waves 'cross moonbeams' track
And hear the splash of the dripping oar,
As a boat glides through to a distant shore.

O "Isle of Beauty!" blest of God,
From giant oak to rich green sod.
Give all who dwell on thee, loved spot
A memory free from sorrow's blot.

–Mary O'Mara. Detroit, Oct. 10, 1885.

Detroit, May 6, 1928.

My dear Tina:

I have enjoyed your kind and very interesting letters more than I can tell, and now I am looking forward to your homecoming with the birds and flowers of coming summer. But I may not be here to welcome you at that time, still I may be permitted to know when you come.

I shall enclose a little story I wrote. I intended to give it, or let you read it, before you went away, but failed to do so. Some of your dear Aunt Janette's loving friends asked me to tell of some little incident in our lives many years ago, when she was Miss Janette Linn.

It seems but yesterday since we took the journey that beautiful night, with the stars reflected in the water, while she bravely led the way, dodging the air-holes, while I tremblingly followed after her.

I shall leave this letter and story with Mrs. F. S. Campbell, with a book, "The Grey City of the North," which you gave me a few years ago, and which now I want you to have.

I have been very poorly for several weeks, but I hope to be here when you come.

Lovingly,
Mary O'Mara

PS: Your letter came yesterday and gave me a glad surprise as I had not expected, or even hoped, to hear from you again before your return. I am glad you seem so well and happy. I shall be looking forward to your return with pleasure.

Mary.

Note: This and the following were composed and dictated to her nurse, Mrs. French, when Miss O'Mara was between 93 and 94 years old. I consider it a remarkable performance, as she was very ill at the time. Caroline E. Campbell, "Tina."

Truthfulness, courage, and firmness were among Mrs. Lorman's chief characteristics. This incident in her early life shows vividly these traits. She was then Janette Linn, in her girlhood, before she became the wife of Charles A. Lorman.

She and her mother were then living in Detroit with her sister, Mrs. Colin Campbell. They had been spending a few weeks that winter at the summer home on Orchard Island.

Janette had gone to Detroit for a day or two, and was now returning to the Island. We arrived at the Lake where Mrs. Burns, Mrs. Lorman's Scotch friend, lived.

The sun was setting, the glory of the golden pathway across the Lake made a gorgeous picture of beauty, but it was rapidly fading away, and night was fast approaching. At this season of early springtime, the melting ice was unsafe to be driven over, and hardly safe for foot-passengers. I was to be Janette's companion across the ice, and I had hoped that she might be persuaded to wait until the next morning to make the little journey, but Janette said, "No! I must be on the Island with my mother tonight." I was not brave or courageous as she, and unaccustomed to the Lake, I began to tremble, fearing the condition of the ice. But Janette had no fear. She took off her outer wrap and gave it to one of her friends. Then she took her gold watch and necklace and one or two rings and her brooch and handed them to her friend, Mrs. Burns, saying, "Here, keep these for me. I cannot afford to take them with me to the bottom of the Lake if I go down." Then her timid friend was in a panic of fear when she saw the preparations going on. Janette said, "Never fear, we'll be alright." By this time it was dark, not a moonlight night, but the stars in the sky above and in the reflection on the Lake made a rare scene of beauty.

Janette took her probing ice-stick firmly in her hand and felt the way before her, right and left and straight ahead for ice-holes. She said to me, "Come on." I tremblingly obeyed.

The distance from this point straight across to the Island homestead was one mile. Owing to the uncertainty of the condition of the ice, we kept quite near the shore, going westward, zigzagging our way to avoid dancer.

Soon we went farther out into the Lake and still west toward Cedar Island. As we passed along toward West Point on Orchard Island, the shadows of the tall forest trees fell on the ice and we could see the running water in the channels and ice-holes, which the ice cracked and boomed on all sides giving everything a look of unreality. It seemed to me like a frightfully beautiful dream.

We passed on westward around West Point on Orchard Island, Janette probing with her ice-stick for a safe-footing. We still zigzagged on, out into the Lake and sometimes near to the mainland shore on the other side, hunting for solid footing. We were now on the opposite side of the Island and straight across from where we had started. Janette knew all the points of the Island, but it was unfamiliar to me. Finally she probed straight ahead and found a firm foundation on the Island. We were back of the old homestead. We walked up the slope toward the back of the house, and saw a light gleaming in the distance. We followed it and came to the back door of the house. Janette's mother with a little Scotch plaid shawl pinned across her bosom stood with candlestick in hand peering into the darkness, hiding every trace of emotion, according to the Scotch trait of character. We walked in.

"I'm thinking you're rather late for your supper, lassie!"

"Yes, Mother, but I'll have all the better appetite for it now."

The blaze from the old fireplace cast light and heat into the room, where a table was set with tea and warm food, which sight cheered us after our long walk, on what seemed to us many miles of a perilous journey. We sat down to the table with cheerful hearts and partook of the refreshments. Very soon we lay down in the good old-fashioned comfortable beds of the old Island home, and were soon sleeping and dreaming the happy dreams of youth.

Janette's mother's look of anxiety had changed to relief. Her brave Janette did not disappoint her and she soon retired. The old house was once again dark and quiet.

We will leave them all peacefully sleeping till the brightness of the morrow's sunshine.

– Mary O'Mara

How fair these scenes whose varied charms
Teem like the picture of a sweet bouquet
Where roses red and graceful feathery ferns
Tell stories of a bygone summer day,
Whose memory overholds the power
To bring some sunshine to life's darkest hour.

How every grassy glade, each vine and tree,
Whose likeness photographic art has caught,
Suggests a past where faithful memory
Holds fast the priceless treasures to her brought
By vanished hands, whose touch comes as in dreams
To blend the past and present in these scenes.

Fair Orchard Island, gem divinely set
In Nature's crown, a very Paradise art thou,
Where hearts grown weary of the world forget
Its hollow shams, and at a holier altar bow.
May time and restless change for many a year to come
Leave thee as thou has ever been, an island <u>home</u>.

-Julia A. Fish
(Mrs. Benj. P. Fish)
July 11, 1886

Our Loved Abode

Oh, dear old Orchard Lake!
How long since thee we've seen;
We long to rock amid Thy waves
And watch the moonlight gleam.

When wind and wave dash high,
We'll sail our Sheila fair
And watch the birds which homeward fly
When night has closed day's glare.

When sets the golden sun,
And calm the mirrored Lake,
Our boat with oars we'll guide
Where heavenly glories shine.

Beside the cool Lake's brim,
Where scented mosses lie,
Its crystal clearness we'll behold
Enrapt with keep delight.

While high o'erhead the trees
Toward sky and Lake and breeze
Their branches toss with restless glee,
Refreshing air to breathe.

But school will soon be o'er,
Set free from study's strain.
The work afore we've quite forgot
But rest our weary brain.

The truth has oft been praised
That when the mind is free
From cares that oft this life beset
That then the best thoughts spring.

Through all the changing years
Though dark the path may be,
May we ne'er lose the gracious charm
Kind nature here bestows.

–Jessie Goold Harvey
written while a little girl in school

Recited dozens of times by Forrest in the old "Sheila" and the "Islander."

The Yarn of the Nancy Belle

'Twas on the shores that round our coast
From Deal to Ramsgate span,

That I found alone on a piece of stone
An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,
And long and weedy was he.
And I heard this wite on the shores recite
In a singular key:

"O! I am the cook and the captain bold
And the mate of the Nancy Brig.
And a Bos'on's tight and a midship's mite
And the crew of the Captain's Gig."

Then he shook his fists and he tore his hair
Till I really felt afraid,
And I couldn't help thinkin' the man had been drinkin'
And so I simply said,

"Oh! Elderly man! 'Tis this little I know
Of duties of men of the sea,
But I'll eat my hand if I understand
How you can possibly be at once
 A cook and a captain bold
And the mate of the Nancy Brig
And a Bos'on's tight and a midship's mite
And the crew of the Captain's Gig."

The he pulled up his trousers and gave them a hitch,
Which is a trick all seamen learn,
And having got rid of a thumping quid
He spun this painful yarn:

"'Twas in the good ship Nancy Belle
We sailed on the Indian Sea,
And there on a reef we came to grief
Which has often occurred to me.
And pretty near all the crew were drowned.
There were seventy o' souls
And only ten of the Nancy's men
Said 'Here' to the muster roll.

There was me and the cook and the captain bold
And the mate of the Nancy Brig.
And a Bos'on's tight and a midship's mite
And the crew of the Captain's Gig.

For a month we had neither vittles or drink
Till a-hungry we did feel.
So we drawed a lot, and accordin' shot
The Captain for our meal.

And the next lot fell to the Nancy's mate
And a delicate dish he made,
And our appetites on the midship's mite
We seven survivors staid.

And then we murdered the Bos'on tight
And he much resembled pig.
And we whittled free, did the cook an' me
On the crew of the Captain's Gig.

The only me and the cook was left
And the delicate question rose,
Which of us two to the kettle goes
And we argued out as such:

For I loved that cook as brother, I did,
And the cook just worshipped me.
But we'd both be blowed if we'd either be stowed,
In the other's hold, you see.

Says he, 'dear James, to murder me
Were a foolish thing to do.
For don't you see that you can't cook me,
While I can and will cook you.'

So he boils the water and he takes the salt
And the pepper in portions true.
And he never forgot some chopped Chalot
And sage and onions too.

'Come here,' he says with proper pride,
Which his smiling features tell,
'Will soothing be if I let you see
How extremely nice you'll smell.'

So he stirred round and round and round
And he sniffed the broiling broth,
When I ups his heels and I smothers his squeals
In the scum of the boiling pot.

So I never laugh and I never smile,

And I never lark or play.
But I sit and croak and a single joke
I have, which is to say:

O! I am the Cook and the Captain bold
And the Mate of the Nancy Brig.
And the Bos'on tight and a Midship's mite
And the crew of the Captain's Gig."

Orchard Lake

On the blue of thy bosom, oh, beautiful Lake,
Where cloud shadows wander and bright ripples break,
Where sunlight and starlight eternally play,
My soul like a sea-bird is floating today.

The wavelets reply to the whispering pines
And kiss the sweet bloom of thy low-hanging vines;
A gem on thy waters the green Island lies,
O'erlit by the glow of the Hesperian skies.

But sweeter this moment and dearer than all
Are the dreams of the past which thy beauties recall;
The mournful enchantment that hangs over thee
Gives place unto memories as mournful in me.

I remember the joy of those swift-winging years,
E'er fate had unlocked the deep fountains of tears;
And bright ones who gladsomely sailed on thy breast
When suns of delight were descending the west.

I remember the songs that were borne on the air,
When summer winds lifted the sweet singer's hair.
How one sighed, as she dropped her soft hand o'er the boat,
Thus forever to sing and forever to float.

Now silent the songs that were borne on the air,
Now threaded with silver the sweet singer's hair;
And the one who then dropped her fair hand o'er the boat
By the portals of sunset is dwelling remote.

In the slumber of death or the triumph of life,
In the shade of repose or the rancor of strife,
All scattered aloof like the leaves that are sere
Are the souls that once loitered in the happiness here.

I hail you O wanderers, near or afar,
Who follow an evil or fortunate star.
And crave you the care of that Infinite Hand,
Whose care o'er the waste of the world can expand.

By a goodlier sea, on a statelier shore,
Where barques never founder and storms never roar,
Let us pray, be the Paley Horse tardy or fast,
With our souls undecayed we may gather at last.

Yet still and forever, O beautiful Lake,
Shall I see thy clouds wander, thy bright ripples break;
And oft on the scene as the splendor shall play,
My soul like a sea-bird shall float as today.

-Judge Henry M. Laok of Pontiac

Recited on the "Sheila" on all our moonlight sails by Forrest.

Drifting

My soul today
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
My winged boat,
A bird afloat,
Swims round the purple peaks remote:

Round purple peaks
It sails and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
Where high rocks throw
Through deeps below
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague, and dim,
The mountains swim;
While our Vesuvius' mighty brim
With outstretched hands,
The gray smoke stands,
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

In lofty lines
'Mid palms and pines,

And olives, aloes, elms, and vines,
Sorrento swings
On sunset wings,
Where Tasso's spirit soars and sings.

Here Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles'
And yonder, bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not if
My rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff;
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls
Where swells and falls
The Bay's deep breast at intervals.
At peace I lie,
Blown softly by,
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day, so mild,
Is Heaven's own child,
With Earth and Ocean reconciled –
The airs I feel
Around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail,
A joy intense,
The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes,
My spirit lies,
Where Summer sings and never dies,
O'erveiled with vines,
She glows and shines
Among her future oil and wines.

Her children hid
The cliffs amid
Are gamboling with the gamboling kid;
Or down the walks
With tipsy calls
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child
With tresses wild
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled.
With glittering lips
Sings as she skips,
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes
Where Traffic blows
From lands of sun to lands of snows;
This happier one
Its course is run
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship
To rise and dip
With the blue crystal at your lip!
O happy crew,
My heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

No more, no more
To worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar!
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise!

-T. Buchanan Read.

Note: This poem became closely associated with the Island, as it was recited always on our moonlight sails by first Mr. Sanderson, and later by Forrest.

Orchard Lake

When I'm tired of writing verses
And I'm weary of the grind;

When I'm sick of bulging purses
And of selfishness unkind;
When the daily strife and battle
And the constant din the make
Grow depressing, then I rattle
In my Ford to Orchard Lake.

Then I turn my radiator
Just a little north by west
And I go where the Creator
Has been lavish with His best.
And I go where lives are gentle
And where feathered songsters sing,
And where something sentimental
Hovers over everything.

And I go where hearts are fonder
Of the tender things than gold,
Just a little way off yonder
Where are blossoms to behold,
Just a little way to smiling
And to gladness and to play,
Where men cease their mean reviling
And are loyal, come what may.

When I'm weary of the city
Of its braggart bluff and blow,
Of its condescending pity
That its people often show;
When I'm tired of all the worry,
And for honest charms I ache,
Then I take my Ford and hurry
To the joys of Orchard Lake.

-Edgar A. Guest

Written for the Countryside Improvement Association for a Flower Show held at West Wind Farms I think in 1895.

Pontiac's Trail

Thro' the forest dark and deep,
Where the gloomy shadows creep
And the night winds wail;
Deep in dust and leafy mold,

Worn by countless feet of old,
Stretches Pontiac's Trail.

O'er it one time wolf and bear,
Skulking from the forest lair,
Wandered to and fro;
And from out the stormy cloud
Screamed the eagle, shrill and loud,
To his mate below.

Here the wounded, frightened prey
In the thicket hid away
From the hunter bold:
Here, beneath the pine trees' shade,
Oft the lover to his maid
Love's sweet story told.

And tall, painted forms swept by,
With the dreadful battle cry
Sounding thro' the gloom;
Painted forms that came again,
Proudly bearing captive men
To a captive's doom.

Comes no more the captive train;
Swells no more the warlike strain
Through the solitude;
Vanished every living trace
Of the olden, primal race,
Children of the wood.

Yet methinks when pale moon beams
Fall upon a world at dreams
And the night-winds wail,
Dusky forms in single file
Still sweep tho' the forest aisle
Over Pontiac's Trail.

-Warren W. Lampost

The two most prized honors that have been mine are the acceptance of my words "Loyalty and Light" as the Central High School song, and the invitation to speak at the Dedication of the Stone at Ward's Corner, marking the end of the Indian Trail to Orchard Lake, Aug. 24, 1916.

Address at the Dedication of the Stone and Tablet at Ward's Corner, Marking the End of the Indian Trail:

We, the lovers of the Lake Region of West Bloomfield Township, are gathered today to pay tribute to the memory of other lovers of the place who have long since passed on.

"To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the Land of the Hereafter."

We often fondly imagine that none can love this spot as much as we love it; but we fail to recall to mind the self-contained Scotch pioneers of this countryside, those stern men who rarely showed the loves of their hearts, but one of whom, so the story goes, never failed to bare his head as he reached this spot and earnestly exclaimed as the beauty of the scene burst upon the sight, "Praise the Lord!" Neither do we take into consideration the aborigines of this region, the dusky red man who stealthily threaded the forest, fighting his way, steadily to this trail that led him at last to this beloved spot, Me-na-sa-gor-ning, the Place of the Apples. Here the tribe could rest for a little—for the place was sacred—and hold feasts and make medicine camps, and smoke pipes of peace. Here they turned and followed the road to the Burns homestead to the west, crossed the deep but narrow channel to Cedar Island, and thence forded to Apple Island, where they visited the graves of their chiefs, held councils, and, where, perhaps, the great chief Pontiac planned his terrible conspiracy. Here tradition says he came after his defeat at Bloody Run in 1763.

There is something very significant in his coming in his distress to Me-na-sa-gor-ning. King Arthur after his defeat, his highest hopes blasted, his kingdom passing from him, his health despoiled, his life fast ebbing away, went, too, to the Place of the Apples, which his people called Avalon. There he was ministered to by three fairy queens, and his spirit was restored to him. Would we could pierce the darkness and see the vision of compensation to the fierce chief Pontiac, here in this place of Apples. But no historian or minstrel has told this story. He had indeed come to the end of his trail.

How passionately the Red Men loved their Me-na-sa-gor-ning we can only guess by the depth of our own devotion. Here, for some of us, in our childhood, was the end of our long winters' trail. How eagerly we counted the time until we could stand here and catch the first glimpse of the Lake! We would rise in the old wagon, hands clasped, eyes bright with eagerness, and a chorus of joy would rise from our lips, "There it is! There's the Lake and the Island!" No one surely could love it mure than we. But as the years passed, counter-claims distracted us, commercial, educational, religious, artistic, and social duties bound us. Fancy the difference of the appreciation of the beauties of these banks in the lives of the Indians, who knew every tree and shrub and flower and that of a casual resident, whirling to his modern house in an automobile! The Indian knew the comparative values of the different trees, he knew the value of the berries both for food and for stains; he knew the value of the twigs; of the barks of the tress, and of the moss beneath his feet. He interpreted the music of the pine trees and of the lapping of the waters, he watched the clouds and fondly gave his daughters such names as Red Cloud. He knew the birds, his chickens, as he called them, and the beasts he called his brothers,

and even sang songs to the firefly. He made his tools from the rocks, none of his articles was "Made in Germany." They were made by himself of materials close at hand, and he knew every twig and pebble of his fatherland. So in this account we must yield to him the palm of devotion to this place, and be glad today to pay him a tardy tribute. The ladies of the Countryside Improvement Association are dedicating today this boulder and unveiling this tablet to the spirit of Pontiac and his braves and to the great spirit of freedom that inspired them.

I know of no more fitting words with which to dedicate this memorial than a slight paraphrase of Emerson's beautiful poem of "Concord Bridge," and with humble apologies for the liberties I have taken with his lines, I will close this inadequate tribute to the Big Chief and his followers with these words:

"By the blue lake that charms out sight
His dearest hopes of vengeance spoiled,
Here once the mighty chieftain stood,
His plan of conquest rudely foiled.

The foe long since in silence slept,
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps.
And time his footsteps long since swept
From off his once-familiar steeps.

On this green bank, by this clear lake,
We place today this votive stone;
That here his memory may awake
When like our sires our sons are gone.

Spirit that made these warriors dare
To fight to keep their country free,
Bid time and nature gently spare
This stone we raise to them and Thee!"

-Caroline E. Campbell
August 1916

Indian Cession of 1819
Made by the Treaty of Saginaw
From Paper Read by W. L. Webber, of Saginaw, before
the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society, at
its Annual Session, held at Lansing,
June 5th and 6th, 1895.

Okemos was a witness. He said: "I am 76 years old; have lived in Michigan 48 years; I knew Gen. Cass well. I was at the treaty of 1819. I was at that time a chief of a certain band among the Ottawa tribe—a part of the band I was chief over were Chippewas. The treaty was signed at Saginaw, on the west side of the river, back of Mr. Campau's house,

in a long shed. I signed the treaty as one of the Chippewa Chiefs. At the time I signed the treaty my residence was at a place about six miles above Lansing, on the Red Cedar River. I was born in Michigan, near Pontiac, on an island in a lake. From that time to the time of the treaty, I lived at Okemos City, near Lansing. I was 30 years old when I left the place where I was born. Min-e-to-gob-o-way, my mother's father, and Kob-e-ko-no-ka, my uncle, were my chiefs. The first named was a Chippewa Indian, and the last named an Ottowa. They were no connection to each other. I was first chief when I was 20 years old, and was about 50 at the time of the treaty.

*Copied for me by Inez Hooper. She saw this in her office.

If Once You Have Slept on an Island (by Rachel Field)

If once you have slept on an island
You'll never be quite the same;
You may look as you looked the day before
And you go by the same old name.

You may bustle about in street and shop;
You may sit at home and sew,
But you'll see blue waterland and wheeling gulls
Wherever your feet may go.

You may chat with the neighbors of this and that
And close to your fire keep,
But you'll hear ship whistle and lighthouse bell
And tides beat through your sleep.

Oh, you won't know why, and you can't say how
Such change upon you came,
But—you have slept on an island
You'll never be quite the same!

*Sent by Claudia E. Crumpton

Orchard Lake

Long ago when we were prisoners of school, we Island children would sometimes work problems on our own account; namely, first, the number of months till Island time, then, the weeks, next, the days, and finally even the minutes until the train left for Pontiac. Then came a five-mile drive in a dilapidated wagon, drawn usually by an old horse and then the scow he rowed across the Lake. How eagerly we watched for Dollar Lake, for then we were near, and finally when we reached Ward's Corner, then the lovely Lake

came into view, with its Mecca, the Island, resting on its bosom, or seeming to us to float in a sort of fairy-land.

How large it seemed to us then! I can remember being almost afraid of being lost, and looking back to the old white house to assure myself that it was still there. It is a little house, but we had many friends and relatives with us all the time, and we crowded in tents and slept on "shake downs" and were perfectly content if we were only on the Island. You must pardon me if Orchard Lake is mostly Orchard Island; for much as we loved the Lake, it was to us only the setting for the Island. It was all so wonderful and so dear that I treasured all the tales I heard of it and some of these I shall embody in this paper.

Until 1877 there were groups of old apple trees on the Island, along the north shore. Under these trees, especially by what we call the High Seat, I played by the hour, using the hollow trunks as houses for my hollyhock dolls, and thinking that the triangular openings in the trees were most appropriate, for they looked like wigwams and these trees were always called the Indian apple trees. From these orchards came the Indian name, Me-na-sa-gor-ning, the place of Apples, now simply Orchard Lake. We often wondered where these apples came from, but supposed the Jesuit missionaries had given them to the Indians. In 1911, I read a book by Newell Dwight Hillis, called "The Quest of John Chapman." It tells of a half-crazed man of that name, but commonly known as "Johnny Appleseed," who went ahead of the pioneers, planting orchards for their benefit. I read still more of this strange character, and found his story in history even more wonderful than in fiction, and I now firmly believe that the gentle orchardist planted those trees and also wild plum trees, one of which still remains, a rugged, knotted stem, but bearing yet some most delicious fruit. The apple trees fell to the ground in the great tornado of 1877, and as far as I know, not even a picture of them remains. Mr. Angus MacCallum, now of Pontiac, told me recently that groups of these apple trees grew also on their farm on the western shore of the Lake. The story of "Johnny Appleseed" is most interesting, but I must not linger longer with him now.

Another place by which we children lingered was by the Indian graves. In my childhood they were very clearly defined, but the many feet passing over them has well-nigh obliterated them. On Memorial Days, I distinctly remember taking them on many of these graves, and sitting down beside them and trying hard to cry, and wondering why I could not. My heart was greatly touched by a story of my mother told me of a little grave with a white heart-shaped stone laid on it, and my mother impressed me more than she realized, perhaps, by her touching picture of that squaw's grief as she placed the little stone upon the ground to mark it specially. I could really shed tears there and I put my sweetest flowers upon that grave.

I grew to love Pontiac's Mound, too, a little round hill on the southern shore of the Island. There we believed was Pontiac's favorite resting place. Here was the spot most sacred to the tribe. Whether there is any foundation for this belief I do not know, but it was interwoven in the creed of my childhood. Mrs. Burns, one of the real pioneers, and mother of Mr. James Burns, told my mother that she had seen the Indians, three hundred strong, pass by her house to the point by Cedar Island, and thence swimming a little and fording most of the way, pass to the Island, where they held their councils and their feasts, and where, we were led to believe, Pontiac presided from the eminence of this mound. Others have said Pontiac retired to Orchard Island after his defeat at Bloody

Run; and who knows but he planned his famous conspiracy on that very spot? It is strange how little we really know about Pontiac. Our pioneers paid about as much heed to the Indians as we to common tramps, and yet by passing lightly by these people, we miss many romances.

But to go back to Mrs. Burns. She said that at first she was afraid of the Indians, especially as they looked very curiously at her little baby boy. She once took up a gun and aimed it at them, but they shook their heads and laughed, and in some way gave her to understand they did not mean to harm her or the boy. Year after year they passed her house on their annual pilgrimage to the Island, each year they were fewer in number, until only two appeared. The next year there were none, and only the spirits of the Indians now claim the land they loved.

Along the south shore towards the east there is a strange line of earthworks. From behind these the Indians could shoot their arrows far out over the Lake, although no one remembered seeing this done. Near these breastworks, of such they are, are still to be seen ridges, where corn was planted, and in several places on the higher land are circular hollows, which were filled with shelled corn and all covered with bark to keep out the rain. This corn was still in the hollows when my father bought the Island in 1856.

The Island seems to have been a favorite burial place for the Indians. When Mr. John Coats sold the Island to my father, he took with him a fine collection of Indian relics, which are still, I have heard, in the museum in Paisley, Scotland. Among these relics was quite a large silver cross, which was taken, supposedly, from the grave of a chief. This shows that the Jesuit missionaries had visited our Indians. We have very few relics, but I am very sure that the uncultivated land contains great numbers. The little hills on the south shore of the Island seem to many to be burial mounds. However, I should be the last person in the world to disturb their quiet sleep. About 1885, the caretaker on the Island was ploughing, and pierced a small mound. Here was seated a skeleton with a pewter pan in his lap, this pan filled with wampum. It also contained a knife rusted almost beyond recognition. The ploughshare went through the pan, but I still have it, although someone unkindly robbed me of the wampum. There was a great deal of it, so this was probably a chief. In 1908 or 1909, another man was ploughing in a field that had long been cultivated. The earth must have been gradually washed away so that the level had been lowered, for he pierced a grave containing two skeletons lying on their faces. They were not more than three feet below the surface. We could see the marks of their blankets by the difference in the color of the earth. Why they were lying on their faces we cannot tell. They may have been prisoners who were slaughtered. They were peculiar looking, rather short or undersized, with very long arms in proportion to their height. Had I known of any scholars who would have desired to study them, I should have been glad to have had some light thrown on the subject, but knowing none, I had them covered again without disturbing their bones anymore than possible. And I felt how strange it was that we could get no answers to our questions as to who they were, why they lay there, or indeed to any of the real history of the countryside.

There is a remarkably romantic story I have heard about the first white owner of the Island. His name was James Galloway. I know he took a land grant of the Island, [signed by John Quincy Adams, President of the United States, and dated] 1827. Whether they story I am going to tell is true, I cannot say, as I have not so far been able to verify it, but I have heard it from my childhood. It was said he was captured when he

was nineteen, and was made to hoe corn on the Island. After a time, a beautiful girl of sixteen was taken captive and brought there. In course of time, he saved her from the Indians by swimming the Lake from North Point to the Bluff, or Independence Hill, as some call it, and taking her to Pontiac. After a time they were married; and their son and latterly their grandson came every year on a pilgrimage to the Island for Indian Apples for Mr. Galloway. This grandson told of his visits one day to the caretaker, just before departing for Puerto Rico. One of my sorrows is missing his last call, when he wished to tell me of his annual visits and of his grandparents' life on the Island.

We, too, were fired by the exploit of Mr. Galloway. During my generation, no child became a true Islander until he swam from that same North Point to the Bluff, a distance of five-eights of a mile. One of the girls, Amelia D. Harvey, now Mrs. David Law, did this feat a month before she was seven years old.

It seems strange now to look back and think how remote we used to be from Detroit. We used to take five hours to drive from Detroit to Orchard Lake and it seemed a great journey, even on the train with the five miles' drive from Pontiac, and the Lake to cross. It was not always calm weather, and sometimes a storm would suddenly arise and it was impossible to cross till sunset; or perhaps, not even till the next morning. But we had neighbors! I believe these have almost gone out of style at the present time. In those olden days, Mr. David Ward would sometimes hear us calling across the Lake and would send out and offer her hospitality; or without calling we would perhaps drive out to Mr. Peter Dow's. Here, also, we were always sure of a welcome; but generally, we were able to cross in a rowboat after we had left the horse with our friends. We have crossed many times when we were drenched by the spray long before we landed; but we believed in the old Scotch saying, "East, West, home's best," and although we lived in Detroit most of the time, still the home of our hearts was the Island. We were loyal, nevertheless, to our neighbors and kind indeed they were to us. My recollections of the Hon. Peter Dow are very vivid. He was the Nimrod, the mighty hunter of the countryside. It seemed so grand to me to see <u>Honorable</u> before his name, and to know he had really been in the State Legislature. I remember well his wife, with her gentle ways and her plates of cookies and glasses of milk, and her geraniums always in blossom. Our mail was brought out by any of the neighbors who went to Pontiac and always left for us at Mr. Dow's. He would hang out a white flag when there were letters or papers for us, and then we would row across to get them. He generously gave the acre of land for the little chapel built at the Lake by my mother; and he and his family would come from the east and the MacCallum family and the Davidson families from the west, and the Cuthbertson family from the south and father there on Sundays. Nearly all are gone now! We indeed miss our good old friends and neighbors.

A place I loved to visit was Mr. Cuthbertson's. Mrs. Cuthbertson always had an annual Island party, and we counted on her pigeon pie supper. After supper, Kittie, now Mrs. Thomas McCoy of Milford, would play on the organ, and she and her brothers, Robert and James, would sing. Finally we would persuade Mr. Cuthbertson to sing some Latin songs for us, and he would sit in a chair he himself had made out of a twisted cedar root and sing us the songs he had learned in a faraway Scottish university. I had never heard of Latin when I first heard him sing, an I was filled with wonder and admiration.

Then there was the bee man, Mr. William Cummings. He was of a younger generation than Mr. Cuthbertson, but what a marvel he was with his hives and the bees

lighting on him and never harming him. He had the finest collection of arrowheads, skinning knives, and stones for grinding corn that I have ever seen, and all found on his own farm.

Near to the Cummings' farm was the home of Mrs. Susan Walls Clikeman. She had a boat on Straits Lake, and occasionally, we would borrow this and explore the banks of this lovely Lake. There was an iron spring toward the south shore and near by beds of pink water lilies close to the beach. On the Peninsula, as we called it, were lovely maidenhair ferns, and Indian pipes. These ghostly flowers were a fit emblem of the lost Indian tribes, who here, perhaps, would smoke their pipes of peace. True to the spirit of youth, we would row down to the Dickie farm, noted for its delicious peaches, and on our return Mrs. Clikeman would treat us to some of the most delectable pies I have ever tasted, those I can still best remember being huckleberry pies, right from the oven. Oh, but they smelled good and tasted better!

To the east of the Island was Copeland's Castle. What a place of mystery it was in my childhood! I have forgotten how many lakes can be seen from its tower; but one knew that the castle held a brave knight, for he had been a general in the Civil War. Up the hill near the present hotel, lived the Rev. Mr. Taylor, Chaplain of Gen. Copeland's 55th Michigan Cavalry, and farther on, on Pine Lake, lived Dr. Wilson, later of Pontiac, surgeon of this regiment. [In this Pine Lake house was born Willya Alice Wilson, later Mrs. Walter Hines Page. Her father was also the father of Dr. Wilson, the surgeon, and Mrs. Taylor the wife of the chaplain of the 55th Michigan Regiment and her mother, the second wife of Dr. Wilson senior, was the daughter of General Copeland. Of such patriotic stock is Mrs. Page, wife of our Ambassador to Great Britain during the World War.] So our countryside was hallowed by heroic sacrifice, and over on the Island was a woman working for the soldiers during all those awful Civil War times—my mother—but I cannot speak of her now, except to add that she worked too for the Freedmen and was President of the Ladies' State Fair for the Relief of the Destitute Freedmen and Refugees, popularly known as the Freedomers' Fair, held in the old Merrill Hall in Detroit, the week of Lincoln's Second Inauguration.

But I must not now linger longer with these scenes.] I can only touch on all these men and women who have passed on to their reward. Some legends have been written, some poetical tributes have been made to our beautiful Lake by Mrs. Kittie Cuthbertson McCoy, our own Orchard Lake poetess, by Dr. Samuel M. Leggett, the author of "Me-na-sa-gor-ning," and by Judge H. M. Laok of Pontiac; but there is a world of legend and romance still to be written. May we all help to preserve the tales we know about this romantic countryside; for only as we understand the past can we appreciate the present and our debt to those who have borne the heat and burden of the day in the onward march of the development of this or any region of our wonderful country.

-Caroline E. Campbell

Read before the Oakland County Pioneer and Historical Society in Pontiac. A few insertions have been added for this copy, marked [ ].

Description of Hall Paper. Historic.

The design is called Rococo ("Roc" meaning rock, "coquille" meaning shell). The Rococo or Louis Quinze period (1715-1774) marked the departure from the Renaissance. This was a period of Rococo wherein the Christian shell was split and twisted out of recognition. The original sample from which this paper was produced was probably made in France prior to 1790, and shows landscapes surrounded by the characteristic Rococo scroll. The original of this paper was hung on the front entry in the Stephen A. Osborne House, West Danvers, Mass., June 25, 1858.

Karl Koehler's description. He was a member of the firm of H. F. Koehler and Bro. of Koehler's Wall Paper House, Detroit, Michigan.

Mr. Walter Linsell said to me that he had seen the stones on which the paper was printed. In 1914, the stones had been sent from Alsace to New York in order that they might not be destroyed by German raids. The paper was republished shortly before and I bought it in 1916.

Colin Campbell's Bookplate (Used in Scotland)

If thou art borrowed by a friend
Right welcome shall he be
To read, to study, not to lend,
But to return to me.

Not that imparted knowledge doth
Diminish learning's store.
But books, I find, if often lent,
Return to me no more.

Read slowly—pause frequently—
Think seriously—
Keep cleanly—return duly—
With the corners of the leaves
Not turned.

Written, or rather printed, very small with a pretty scroll pattern surrounding it and at the bottom the name space.

Three of our favorite Island hymns were:

Your Mission (Favorite of Lincoln's)

The words of this song were written by Mrs. Ellen H. Gates. The music as sing by Philip Phillips at the great anniversaries of the U.S. Christian Commission in New

York, Philadelphia, Washington, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, and many other places, will be found on page 90, Musical Leaves.

When President Lincoln heard Mr. Phillips sing it at the Hall of Representatives in Washington, Feb. 29, 1865, he was overcome with emotion, and sent up the following written request to the Hon. Wm. H. Seward, Chairman, for its repetition:

"Near the close, let us have 'Your Mission' repeated by Mr. Phillips. Don't say I called for it." -A. Lincoln.

Your Mission

If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors
Anchored yet within the bay;
You can lend a hand to help them
As they launch their boat away.

If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain, steep and high,
You can stand within the valley,
While the multitudes go by;
You can chant in happy measure,
As they slowly pass along;
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

If you have not gold and silver
Ever ready to command,
If you cannot toward the needy
Reach an ever-open hand,
You can visit the afflicted
O'er the erring you can weep;
You can be a true disciple
Sitting at the Savior's feet.

If you cannot in the harvest
Garner up the richest sheaves,
Many a grain both ripe and golden
Will the careless reapers leave;
Go and glean among the briers
Growing rank against the wall,
For it may be that their shadow
Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true,
If where fire and smoke are thickest
There's no work for you to do;
When the battlefield is silent,
You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

Do not stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do;
Fortune is a lazy goddess—
She will never come to you.
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not gear to do or dare;
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it anywhere.

From "The Singing Pilgrim"
Mrs. Jay J. Barnes (then Miss Sara Boulter) taught me this song—all of it—when I was five years old. I gave her, in my delight at her praise, a bright penny, which she returned to me this spring about Eastertide. C.E.C. 1929.

Climbing up Zion's Hill

I'm trying to climb up Zion's hill
For the Savior whispers "Love me;"
Though all beneath is dark as death,
Yet the stars are bright above me.
Then upward still to Zion's hill
To the land of joy and beauty
My path before shines more and more
As it nears the golden city.

Solo: I'm climbing up Zion's Hill
Duet: I'm climbing up Zion's Hill
Full Chorus: Climbing, climbing, climbing up Zion's Hill.

I know I'm but a little child,
My strength will not protect me
But then I am the Savior's lamb
And He will not neglect me.
Then all the time I'll try to climb
This holy hill of Zion,
For I am sure the way is pure
And on it comes "no lion."

Then come with me, we'll upward go
And climb this hill together;
And as we walk, we'll sweetly talk
And sing as we go thither.
Then mount up still God's holy hill,
Till we reach the pearly portals,
Where raptured tongues proclaim the song
Of the shining-robed immortals.

Chorus.

From "The Singing Pilgrim"

Great Uncle Henry Garnock's Epitaph in Canongate Church Yard, Edinburgh. He was the brother of our grandmother, Jessie Garnock Campbell.

A
Tribute
To the Memory of
The Reverend Henry Garnock
Late Minister of Canongate
Erected
By those to whom we was endeared
As a Man, as a Christian, and as a Pastor,
And who will long remember
That sound understanding
Those ingratiating manners
And that manly, unaffected eloquence
Which adorned this (?) best of men
From a heart animated by the Spirit
Of genuine religion
He died suddenly
On the 22 January, 1820
In the 52 years of his age
Was a native of Dunblane of Perthshire
Educated at St. Andrews
Twelve years Minister of Ledger Wood
And Eight Years First Minister
Of this Parish.

"That's How They Told it to Me" Caption in The Free Press.
A Letter to Caroline Harvey

Orchard Island, July 1932

Dear Carrie:

You are quite right in what you say in regard to Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Aunt Amelia's parents. In the olden times Father or Uncle Tom, usually Uncle Tom later on, went to New York or Boston, sometimes to both, twice a year, at least, to buy goods. There was a firm in New York called "Forrest and Smith." Father traded there and became intimately acquainted with the two members of the firm very early in our family's life in Detroit. Our family came over the ocean in July or August 1842, and when Forrest was born in 1848, he was named Forrest Smith after Mr. Forrest and Mr. Smith who were brothers-in-law, so they must have been intimate friends quite a time before 1848. They did not come over in the same ship as our family. My father was the moving spirit, as I believe, in the exodus from Scotland. He came, and as he was quite prosperous, brought out the whole family, Grandfather and Grandmother Linn with the three unmarried children—Uncle Tom, Uncle Robert, and Aunt Janette. He loaned money to Uncle Aleck, who was married and had Cousin Aleck, an infant in arms. With Father came Mother and my brother John, also an infant in arms. Father brought also his three friends who lived with him from the time of Grandmother Campbell's death when my father was twenty years of age until his marriage two (Ed: should read "eight") years later to Mother, who went as a bride to my father's apartment and kept house for a time (Ed: two years) for four chums; they were James Jack, Mrs. Dow's first husband, father of Mrs. Fillians, Mrs. Cruice, and Mrs. Gilchrist of Union Lake. Mr. Jack was my father's first partner in business in Detroit. The others were James Dow Shearer, father's half-nephew, called Dow, and Mrs. Dow' brother, John Thomson afterwards of Port Huron. He had a son later, named for Father, as did also Uncle Aleck. There was also in the party a Mr. Wm. Brownlee. His family afterwards became well known in Detroit and I had his youngest son, Colin Campbell Brownlee, in my first class in Central High School. Mrs. Jewell, whose husband was a wonderful penman and prominent in one of our earliest Business Colleges, was Wm. Brownlee's young sister, then unmarried, and came over in that boat. I afterwards had her son in High School, John Jewell, and he was Campbell's friend for a long time. Besides these, Mr. John Donaldson, father of John Donaldson, the noted architect, was on board (with his wife) and his brother James Donaldson. This James' son, James, became a prominent tailor in Detroit, in the old Detroit Opera House building or near it. It faced Campus Martius at any rate, the building in which he had his shop. This James Donaldson Jr. was for many years a deacon in old Central Christian Church, and was a prominent man under the Rev. C. B. Newnan's remine. The Mr. and Mrs. Thomas C. Scott, of Toronto, father and mother of Mrs. Catherine Scott Elliot, your mother's adoration for many years, came with the party. This lady was Mr. Scott's first wife. His second was Miss Sarah Hawley. Catherine was quite a little older than your mother, but whether any of the three Scott children was born in Scotland, I cannot say. There were besides Catherine David, the great beau in New York, the friend of your Aunt Amelia and Aunt Annie. The youngest Scott child was John of Toronto. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas T. Leete came over with all these named.

John Senior and James Donaldson Senior became estranged over money matters and their children inherited the quarrel. Except for this and the estrangement between

Uncle Aleck and my father and mother, the ties of friendship among this company were strong until death. Father and Mother retained the friendship of both branches of the Donaldson family. When Uncle Aleck died, his hand was in my mother's in spite of church difficulties. He asked my mother to recite a hymn—I have forgotten which. Mr. James Donaldson also died holding mother's hand. My brother, John, used to say there was magic in her touch.

I never heard my people speak of Mr. Forrest, but the Smith family and our family were like relatives as witness your adoptive of Mrs. Amelia Smith Edwards as "Aunt Amelia."

Affectionately,
Tina

Detroit, Michigan
September 1, 1916

My Dear Miss Campbell,

I am going to write this note on the typewriter because I want you to be able to read it if you want to, and my handwriting is pretty bad, as you doubtless know.

I want to tell you, although I know it is a hopeless effort, what an impression your island party made on me. It wasn't just the island nor the lovely day; both were perfect. Nor was it the pleasant conversation of your other guests; it was the spirit and atmosphere that pervaded everything, and that was due solely and entirely to yourself. You made me not only see that you yourself had a lovely attitude toward the world, but believe that everyone else has too if I can touch the right spring. I got an entirely new light on some of your guests and I guess it is the right light. Your Mr. Ward seemed to be something that I had never heard of before, a sensitive and lovely-spirited millionaire and even your dead Indian chiefs sitting upright in their mounds were noble men whom honor forbids disturbing. Nature made the island lovely and the weatherman gave us the best day of the summer, but you yourself create the atmosphere of the place. And it is a little of that atmosphere that you bring down to school and disseminate.

I am not going to run on like this any longer, for I myself distrust people who give too free rein to their feelings. But I did feel that I ought to try to tell you a little bit about the visit impressed me, because the people who go about scattering the most good in this world too often get silence for their pains. I'm not going to annoy you by saying any more about it, but I'm going to try to steal a little of the atmosphere of that day and pass it on, and when I find it weakening, I shall shut my eyes and call back the white house on the hill, and the sprig of lemon verbena in my hand, and the grape arbor, and the smoke tree, and the walk around the island, and the lake showing through the leaves of the trees on every side. And as often as I recall it, I shall straightway do something nice for the person nearest at hand, whoever he may be.

Thank you again for a lovely day. The chances are ten to one against my sending this letter unless I seal it up without re-reading it. I shall destroy it and simply say "Thank

you for a lovely day" if I stop and let myself think how it may sound to you. So without looking at the spelling, the punctuation, or the paragraphing, and totally disregarding the fact that I find I have only a small envelope for it, I shall fold it tight and send it, trusting that you will know it is sincere and hoping that you won't find it too outspoken.

Yours very truly,
Frank Tompkins

One of the most beautiful letters I have ever received. From Mr. Tompkins, Head of the English Department of Central High School at that time. Now Head of the Dep't. of English at Wayne University. Oct. 4., 1935.

One of the most beautiful letters I have ever received. C. E. C. I cannot burn it.

Night in Orchard Lake

Beyond the calm and shining Lake
The darkened forests loom.
While from the shore the bullfrogs break
The silence of the gloom.

The moon is shining by a cloud
From out the north the loon
Cried weirdly, and with voices loud,
The sheep cry to the moon.

O'er dim woods sweeps a preying owl:
Soft honkings tell the flight
Of swiftly passing waterfowl
Far through the deepening night.

-Freeman Talbot
December, 1934

Decampment

Goodbye to the forest of friendly trees,
To squirrel and chipmunks, birds and bees.

Goodbye to the house of wood and stone
And the winding trails with you alone.

Farewell green Island of Indian fame
And the large mound of historic name.

Goodbye laughing lake of the dimpling waves
Be kind to the shoreline's sandy caves.

Goodbye to the ships with sparkling sails,
Battling bravely with wind and gales.

Goodbye north breezes of pine-drenched air,
I'll remember your fingers in my hair.

We saw grew dawns turn coral red,
Renew a faith that we thought was dead.

We felt the sunset's ardent kiss,
Completing languorous days of bliss.

Sweet idle hours I shall not rue,
Goodbye to everything but you.

-Freeman N. Talbot
July 28, 1935

A Midsummer Sunset

The fiery sun sinks slowly in the West,
As loathe to leave too soon the radiant day;
The lake like burnished gold, in bright array,
Proclaims his passing ere he sinks to rest.

Now falls a magic silence o'er earth,
Even the birds have ceased their song of praise,
Save where one golden-throated songster pays
A last glad tribute to his Maker's worth.

One star is seen, the crescent moon displays
High in the vault of heaven his silver light—
Praise for another day, for restful night,
Praise to the God of all, through endless days.

-Freeman N. Talbot
August 1935

This poem was published in one of the Toronto papers. He received $5.00 for it.

The Burton Historical Collection
of
The Public Library
Detroit, Michigan

July 14, 1926

Miss Caroline E. Campbell
Orchard Island
Orchard Lake, Michigan

My dear Miss Campbell:

On behalf of the Library I desire to express our appreciate of your generosity in placing in the Burton Collection the sketch of your father's life, the pamphlet relating to your parents' work at Orchard Lake, the file of The Broken Fetter and the very interesting and valuable album of autographs. These will be made available for the use of students of Detroit history, and will be increasingly useful as years go on.

Thank you,

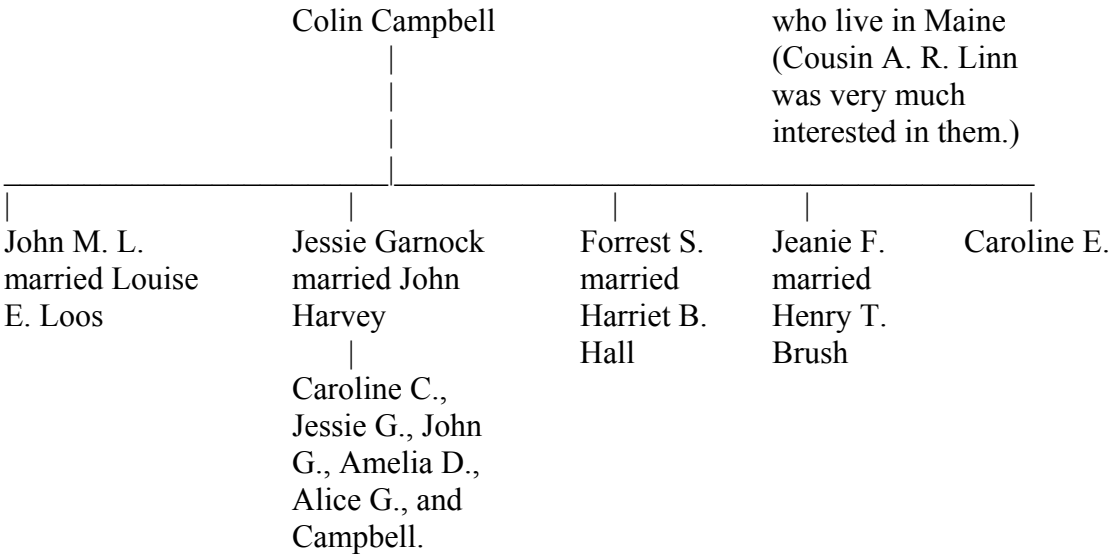
Very truly yours,
G. B. Krum
Librarian in charge

Paternal

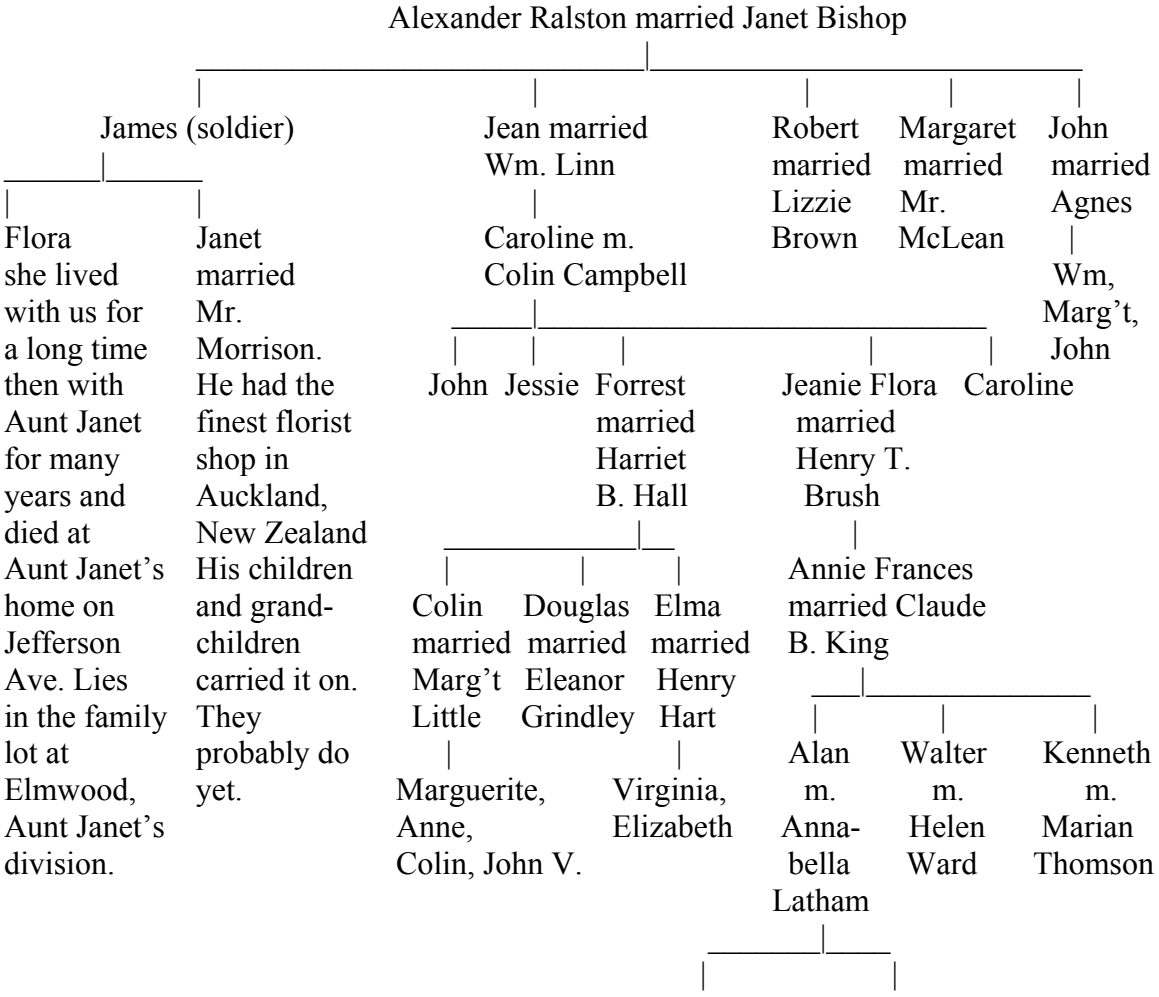
Dictated to me by my mother, Caroline Linn Campbell, March 4, 1900, one Sunday afternoon.

Wm. Linn (a weaver of Paisley)
Janet Brown (her book the Bible went back to David Brown 1698)

Thomas	Wm. married	Margaret	Robert	Andrew
Rather pompous. Flourished a gold chain. Had seven sons, one in "The Charge of the Light Brigade." Lived in Paisley. Had a fine voice.	Jean Ralston	very beautiful died in young womanhood.	His wife was called Aunt "Nick" "Nice as she could be," Mother said. He was kind, gushing. Their son was Archie	had many children. Well-to-do well-dressed, a regular beau Had a fine voice. Lived in Paisley.
	Caroline married			



Maternal Side



Jeanie Caroline King

Donald Latham

William Linn married Jean Ralston

Wm. III married Margaret Munn, Glasgow.
- Wm. IV
  - Cora m. Peter Crockatt
  - Edith
  - Ernest died
- Margaret, died in infancy
- Caroline

Alexander married Helen or Ellen Lambrie
- 8 children:
  - John
  - Madge Wilkie
  - Willie
  - Annie
  - Carrie
  - Allison
  - Norman
  - Rhoda

Caroline married Colin Campbell
1. Alexander
   Katherine, Helen, and Marguerite Hermon
2. Wm. (no children)
3. Jane Patterson has Helen Werneth and Susan Noble. Helen has son Wm. who has a son
4. Colin died
5. Caroline Trout has son Linn
6. Thomas married Laura. Has Carolyn, Laura, Colin (dead), Stewart*, and Janette Lorman.

Thomas married Annie S. Stanbery
- Robert S.
  - Marian Carlson
    - Robert Francis + Nancy Stair

James died at 3 years of age

Robert married Jessie Blackie
1. Annie
2. Lillian Waterfall has Jessie Carpenter
   Jessie has 4 children.
3. Caroline
4. Flora
5. Willie d. in infancy

Janette married Chas. A. Lorman
1. Jean Murray
2. CarolineHollis
3. Florabel Cobb
4. Jessie Volliner
5. Karl C.
6. Robert B.

1. Jean had Lorman Murray and Welwood. Lorman Murray has Janet.
2. Caroline Hollis has Janet, Elinor, Nelson, and Carolyn.
3. Florabel Cobb has Janet Murray (who has Nancy Isabel) and Nancy B. Cobb.

John died in infancy

* Only male Linn line remaining

Excerpt from Uncle William Linn's Letter

(Inquiring about the relatives) Annie Brush—if she is still behaving to her Grandma's satisfaction and still learning her Bible lessons diligently and reading them with care—for you know I remember it all—and it is her uncle "from over the water" that would like to know.

Well, my dear sister, I bring this letter to a close, with kindest brotherly love to you and all dear friends. From your brother, William Linn.

PS: I occasionally spend a pleasant hour putting a few verses together. I send you a few lines privately, not for public criticism.

Jesus, Shepherd, ever lead,
Succor me in time of need;
Let my faith be strong in Thee,
That I never moved shall be.

Father, as I onward go,
Sometimes, I have bitter woe;
Rough the road and dark the night,
Loving Savior be the light.

Falls at times the burning tear
Heavy oft life's lot to bear;
Help my weakness, pardon fear,
Gracious Lord, be ever near.

Long my weakness Thou has borne;
The feeble Thou wilt never scorn;
But gently to Thy bosom press,
Encourage, cheer, and truly bless.

In Thy strength, I would be strong,
As I onward press along;
Duties hard or light to fill,
Happy, Lord, to do Thy will.

Steadfast on Thy word rely.
Grace divine Thou wilt supply;
From Thy holy throne above,
Blessed Savior, boundless love.

To Sister Caroline. W. L. 1885

Some Jottings about Family Connections

My Grandmother Campbell was born Jessie Garnock. She was born in Dunblane. She was a very tiny lady like my sister, Jessie Garnock Campbell (Mrs. John Harvey). My father used to say my sister Jessie greatly resembled his mother. Father's favorite Scotch song was "Jessie, the Flower of Dunblane." She was fifty years old when Father was born, and was widowed when he was four. Her brother, a great Presbyterian minister of the Canongate Church in Edinburgh, had helped Grandmother as long as he lived, but he died when Father was eleven. He had planned to educate Father for the ministry, but his sudden death changed Father's plans of life. He went into a business which sold tea, coffee, sugar, and fancy fruits. Finally he had the business to himself, and by the time he married, he was very well-to-do. He paid the expenses of all my mother's family except Uncle William and Aunt Margaret in coming to America. The family consisted of Uncle Aleck and Aunt Ellen and Alex R., and infant, Uncle Tom, Uncle Robert, and Aunt Janette. Uncle Aleck later reimbursed my Father for his family's expenses. They landed in Detroit on Sunday in July or August, 1842. They had planned to go on to Illinois to become farmers, but after 12 or 14 weeks on the Atlantic, a week or so on the Hudson. some long time on the Erie Canal, and then a boat trip across Lake Erie from Buffalo—how many weeks I cannot tell—my poor tired Mother with her baby John, quite firmly put her foot down and said that they might all go on that wanted to, but she would not go a step further. Kind Scottish people had come to the wharf to see the incoming boat, had welcomed the strangers warmly, made them tea and scones, and so as Mother was always a leader, the family of Linns and Campbells settled in Detroit. Father was thirty-one, Mother twenty-one. They went to live on Catherine St., then on the outskirts of Detroit. A creek ran through Congress St., and quite a river away out in the country at High St. (Vernor Highway). Later the boys went swimming there.

James Jack and my Father entered the dry goods business under the firm name Campbell and Jack. My father's store was always "The Scotch Store," at first on Jefferson Ave. on the corner of Bates St., then on the S.E. corner of Woodward and Jefferson. After Mr. Jack withdrew, Uncle Tom became a partner and for many years the firm was known as Campbell, Linn, and Co., the Co. being Robert Hosie. It was the finest dry goods store in Detroit until the advent of Newcomb, Endicott, and Co. After a time Uncle Tom and his brother-in-law, John C. Stanbery, went into business on Woodward Ave., the firm being known as Linn and Stanbery. Father took John and Forrest into partnership and the business continued under the name of Colin Campbell and Sons. This firm went on the rocks Aug. 18, 1874, the year after the great panic of 1873.

My father, then 63 years of age, went into the insurance business, first with a Mr. Wright, then with Charles Clark, the firm being known as Campbell and Clark. My father was a brave man and succeeded well in the insurance business considering the hard times and his age.

When Father came to the Island to inform mother of his assignment he said, "Well, mother, I'm sixty-three years old, and I have sixty-three cents in my pocket." It was a beautiful moonlight night and we were sitting on the front porch, a number of us, and my sister Jeanie, who was very ill, was propped up with pillows in the large parlor rocking chair. When Father unexpectedly joined us on the porch, he told of his loss, and Jeanie impulsively rose and threw her arms around his neck and held his head on her shoulder, kissed him many times, and cried, "O Pa, Pa, it doesn't matter what you have

lost if we are just all left to one another." I can see the awed group sitting in the moonlight as if it were today. A month from that day she passed on, saying as her life ebbed away, "O Mother, I'm so happy! I'm so happy!"

Elma said something equally tragic and prophetic the last Christmas she was here. Forrest's family, a Miss Mason for whom Elma was concerned, as she was alone in the world, and I were seated with her and their two little girls, and Henry's mother around the dinner table. After we were all served, Elma looked up and said, looking at us one by one lingeringly, and her words were most emphatic, "Next Christmas we must all have dinner in our new house. Every one of us must be there!" I rather shivered at the time as I looked at her, and I wonder yet if she had a premonition of her going. The next Christmas we were in her new house without her. It was one of the hardest days I ever endured. We all tried to keep up, but—oh!

The two relatives I heard Mother speak most about were her dear "Granny," her mother's mother, Janet Bishop Ralston and her Aunt Nannie, an aunt by marriage, the daughter-in-law of Granny. Mother used to run to see her Granny after school, indeed on every possible occasion, and Granny would put her arms about her little pet and exclaim, "My blessed lamb!' or "My bonnie doo!" and love her and pat her and hug her. Granny was left a widow with at least five children. She took courses in nursing at Glasgow University or maybe, they were like extension courses, and she became a blessing to her neighborhood. One of her favorite precepts was, "They that thole o'ercome!" Thole is now obsolete, but means bear, endure. As a noun it means the pin that holds the oar in the oarlock. This emphasizes the thought of the soul's being held to its task. Mother held it as a slogan, and I have tried to follow Mother's example and shortly before Annie left us she used it. Surely Granny "being dead yet speaketh."

One year, maybe 1856, my mother got all ready to sail to Scotland. At the last moment, something seemed to say to her to send her mother, Jean Ralston Linn, so mother gave her things to Grandma Linn and packed her right off. Mother gave her mother a great satisfaction because Granny saw her Jean and had a lovely visit with her. She was living with her son, John Ralston, and his wife, Aunt Agnes—mother's dearly loved Aunt Nannie. Granny had knitted a pair of socks or stockings the case might be for each (great-grandchild) or grandchild of hers in America, and all were finished with a little ball of yarn in each for mending except Jean's. Granny said to Grandmother on a Saturday night shortly before Grandmother was to return to America, "Jean, here are all the socks and stockings finished and done up for the American grandchildren and great-grandchildren; they are all finished but one of yours. If I should not finish it, you can." She went to bed seemingly well and happy, but on Sunday morning, she lay quietly in bed with a handkerchief in her hand, but her spirit had passed. She was ninety-eight, I believe. Aunt Nannie was with her and fell heir to her household effects. Everyone loved her; Uncle Tom, when he went to Scotland in 1851, took her a rocking chair, which was a great curiosity to all the friends and neighbors, as rocking chairs were used in America but not in Europe. Aunt Nannie's son, William, I saw in Glasgow. He had a son, John, killed in the battle of Laos, in the World War. John's sister, Jessie, died the day John's regiment was shipped to Flanders. Wm. Ralston was very lovely to me when I was in Scotland, and took me through Pollok House, the seat of Sir John Maxwell Sterling—Maxwell, who owned most of the suburbs of Glasgow, and a great part of the city. He worshipped his mother and had many pictures of her scattered about. He

married Lady Caroline Norton, a great beauty, a daughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, author or "The Rivals," "School for Scandal," etc. Lady Caroline was herself an author or note, her best-known poem being "Bingen on the Rhine." Pollokshields and Pollokshans, two suburbs of Glasgow, were named for Sir John. Wm. Ralston gained admittance through his acquaintance with the head Forester, who prevailed on the housekeeper to let us in. The housekeeper put on terrific airs, and finished her tea in our presence without speaking or offering us any. When I spoke of Caroline Norton and her poems, the housekeeper warmed up and showed us many things. Mother and Flora Ralston used to pass Pollok House on their way to school, and they sometimes waded in the River Cast that flows through the estate very near the house. When I saw it, it was black almost as ink, polluted by manufacture. Mother used to peep through the iron gate and wish so much that she had some flowers and trees and birds. Oh, she looked as Dickens looked at Gad's Hill. Once she told me of it, and said had more than she had ever dreamed of, "more than she could ask or think" in having all this and the lovely lake. So I was most happy to see this haunt of her childhood, though it was a gloomy old house.

Grandfather Linn ran off to sea when a lad. Aunt Janette said he was with Nelson in the battle of Trafalgar. At 17 years of age he did a brave act, in laying a mine that gained him a promotion, which he was unable to accept owing to his defective education. When he met Grandmother, in order to gain her consent to their marriage, he had to give up to sea; and when their children were born, Grandmother would not allow him to sing sea songs or tell sea stories for fear of the children becoming enamored of the sea. He was a weaver in Paisley, but when he came to Detroit, I do not know of his doing any business except raising flowers and fruits and vegetables on "The Lot" owned by my father on Woodward Ave. at Selden, which when it was opened was called Campbell St. "The Lot" extended to Cass. Ave. and Sister Jessie's birthday, June 24, and Father's on June 22nd, were celebrated in the olden days by picnics there, where they gathered strawberries from the vines and ate them at the picnics. A Mr. Dean, who lived next door to Miss Hudson when I lived with her on 14th Ave., told me Grandfather's tulips were most remarkable. In their blossoming time, Grandfather erected a canopy over them to preserve them as long as possible, and people went from all parts of Detroit to see them. He would have no plain colors and only imported bulbs with fern-like markings on the petals and rich bronze tones, and rose and red. He was a passionate lover of flowers and everything he raised was of the best. He seems to have been the father of Detroit Flower Shows, according to Mr. Dean. He seems sometimes to have drunk too much, but was a wonderfully kind, lovable man, with a wonderful voice. He died on Aug. 17, 1860, repeating with his last breath they hymn:

"Jesus, Thou art the sinner's friend,
As such I look to Thee,
Now in the fullness of Thy love,
O Lord, remember me."

He repeated faintly the whole hymn, and every Aug. 17 at worship, we sang it in memory of him.

Grandmother Linn was an exceedingly beautiful woman, with a fine bearing, slim like Aunt Janette, and she carried herself like a duchess. She was very proud, and hated father's and mother's open-handed hospitality to what she called "gangrel bodies" (with a long o). That means tramps or wanderers. I used to be much displeased as a little girl, at her haughty treatment of my parents' guests. But I always admired her beauty and aristocratic appearance. Aunt Janette came nearest to it, but lacked in my remembrance Grandmother's lovely complexion and rosy cheeks, just like peaches and cream, and strong lovely gray hair, abundant long silver hair. She made a great deal of Forrest and Jeanie, and when Annie came she loved her very much. She was "no ordinary wean" (child), she said, and deplored Jeanie's early death, "the braw lass," as she called her. Grandmother died May 20, 1877, on a beautiful Sunday morning. It was my first experience of death.

In thinking of my family, I am very proud of it—weavers though mostly were in Scotland. (I don't know what my Grandfather Campbell was.) They were godly people, many deeply religious, my Grandmother Campbell's brother a noteworthy Presbyterian minister of the Canongate Church in Edinburgh. The Linns were devoted to beauty of song, of flowers, of birds, of trees, of water, lovers of the sea, of travel, of poetry and philosophy, and of friends.

As my father lay dying, he said to my mother a few days before his death, "Ma, I have a long struggle with my quick temper, and now as I am dying, I can just feel it under control. But I can lay my hand on my heart and say I never spoke a vulgar word nor told a vulgar story." I thank my God as I think of him and Mother.

Caroline E. Campbell.