

take land or lots for pay; these being hardly considered valuables. O, what offers we all refused in those days! It makes us look blue when we recollect them; when we see, if we had only been able to look ahead, we might now be rolling in our wealth. How sad is the thought, 'It might have been.' "

The writers of early history did not all confine their efforts to prose; there were poets in those days as can be seen from the following:

Welcome to Michigan.

Song of the Immigration Excitement of 1837.

Come all ye Yankee farmers
 Who'd like to change your lot;
 Who've spunk enough to travel
 Beyond your native spot,
 And leave behind the village
 Where Pa' and Ma' do stay,
 Come follow me and settle
 In Michi-gan-i-a.

I've hearn of your Penobscot,
 Way down in parts of Maine
 Where timber grows in plenty,
 But darn the bit of grain;
 And I have hearn of Quaddy,
 And your Piscataqua,
 But these can't hold a candle
 To Michigania.

And you that talk of Varmount—
 Why what a place is that?
 Be sure that gals are pritty,
 And cattle very fat;
 But who among the mountains
 'Mid clouds and snow would stay
 When he could buy a prairie
 In Michigania?

And there's your Massachusetts,
 Once good enough, be sure;