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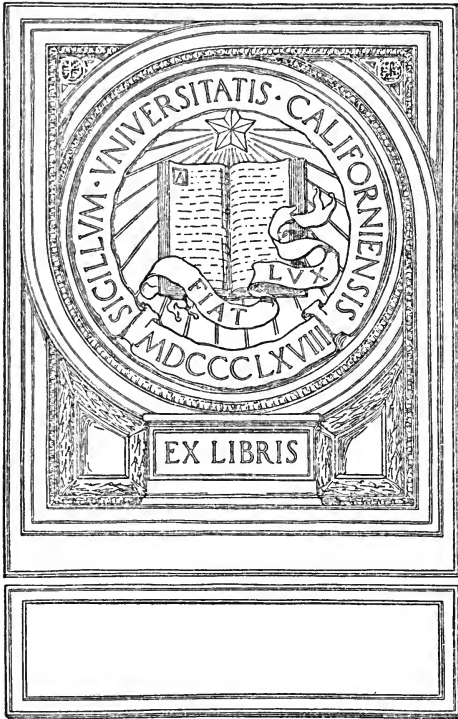
AND STORIES
OF
THE LAKE ERIE ISLANDS



1813

1913

PERRY CENTENNIAL
EDITION



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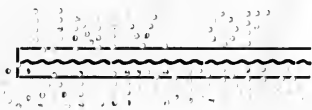
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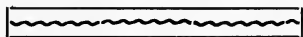
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SKETCHES AND STORIES
OF THE
LAKE ERIE ISLANDS

BY
LYDIA J. RYALL



PERRY CENTENNIAL EDITION
1813—1913



NORWALK, OHIO
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1913

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Introduction.

True to the name it bears, the following work comprises a series of Sketches and Stories constructed at random from the large amount of legendary, reminiscent, and historic lore connected with that most romantic and interesting locality—the Lake Erie islands.

While the author lays no claim to the dignity of an historian, her aim throughout has been to unearth and to preserve every available fact bearing upon the general history of these beautiful isles. Central, and most significant of historic facts attaching thereto, is that so strikingly shown by their renown as the scene of Perry's Victory, Sept. 10th, 1813, the Centennial anniversary of which this book is designed to commemorate.

A former Souvenir Edition of Sketches and Stories, issued in 1898, was sold out soon after publication, while the demand for same has continued, a demand which the author is now able to supply.

The Perry Centennial Edition is a decided improvement on the first issue, much of the old matter in the way of stories having been substituted by new material; while historic, descriptive, and other matter that could not be excluded, has been carefully brushed of cobwebs. Ad-

ditions and amplifications have been made, and the whole brought strictly up to date.

The large amount of new illustrative matter used, involving largely increased costs for publication of work, will undoubtedly prove an exceptional feature of interest.

Author.



"Limekiln Point"



Fair Erie's Isles.

Each sheltered bay, where shadows play,
'Neath cragged rocks of mottled gray;
With varying hue they mirror true,
Bright clouds that fleck the waters blue.

The dipping oar in soft encore,
Faint echoes wake along the shore;
And gliding boat, or launch afloat,
Appear, with spectral sails remote.

The savage red, here wooed, and wed,
And fought his foes, and freely bled;
And here 'mid wiles of Summer's smiles;
Rests the fair group of Erie's isles.

Where vineyards roll in green, and gold
The red chief set his totem pole;
And lightly through the channels blue,
Speeded his fragile bark canoe.



The pioneer, filled he with fear,
And stretched upon a bloody bier;
And promptings dire of British ire,
Caused him the victim's home to fire.

With ships of oak, and guns that spoke,
And far and near the echoes woke—
Came Perry then, with stalwart men;
Scaring the red chief to his den.

The challenge bold—as oft retold,
From smoking guns defiant rolled;
For Perry met, in fierce onset,
The British fleet, and decks were wet;

With crimson gore, as downward bore,
The ships—midst smoke, and battle's roar,
Momentous day! for in the fray,
The fortunes of a nation lay.



But why repeat the rout complete,
And capture too of Barkley's fleet;
'Tis known and sung by old and young,
And lauded high by every tongue.

A hundred Springs, with vernal wings,
Have passed—still each a tribute brings;
Where rests today, the lifeless clay,
Of Perry's dead at Put-in-Bay.

An Historic Event And Its Local Setting.



Commodore Perry Crossing in an Open Boat from the
Disabled "Lawrence" to the "Niagara"

In the estimation of the native islander, September tenth—anniversary of Perry's Victory on Lake Erie—ranks quite as high in importance as the Fourth of July. The former appeals even more strongly to his sentiments because of its local setting. From infancy he has treasured its traditions, and celebrated with patriotic devotion its annual returns.

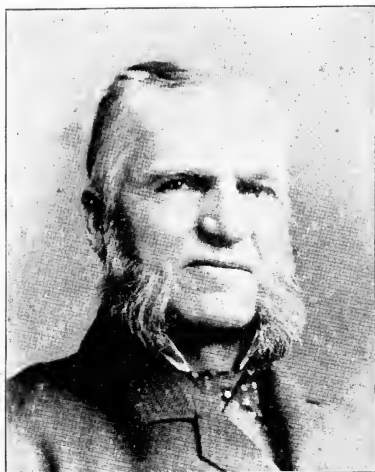
In view of the Centennial anniversary of this historic battle, and the world famous memorial commemorating it, so recently provided by the United States government, in conjunction with the sanction and financial support of various states, including Ohio, the event has assured a

greatly intensified interest. Attention and comment has been attracted thereby in Europe and throughout civilized countries on both continents.

The decisive blow dealt Great Britain—for centuries deemed most invincible on land and sea of all earth's powers—by Commodore Perry, could not do otherwise, in fact, than attract the homage of a hero-admiring world.

The first celebration of Perry's Victory at Put-in-Bay occurred about the year 1852, the occasion proving most auspicious. This was long before the modern "Summer Girl" had budded, or the place had been thought of as a summer resort—permanent settlement of the island having been late in comparison with that of the adjacent mainland. All that then redeemed the island from obscurity was its storied fame, and the charm of its romantic shores.

This initial anniversary was rendered memorable by the presence of Wm. H. Harrison, Commander-in-Chief of United States forces on the Northwestern frontier during the war of 1812. Present also, on this occasion, was Captain Elliott, commander of the ship "Niagara," to which—after the disabling of the "Lawrence"—Perry, and his crew of sailors and marines, crossed in an open boat, the "Niagara" afterwards becoming flagship of the fleet. There were also present Governor Cass of Michigan, and many others whose names figure prominently both in military and civic history; together with about sixty survivors of the battle. At an unpretentious hostelry—the old "Perry Tavern"—were entertained many of these veterans who fought with Perry. Mine host of this island tavern, Henry Beebe—afterwards proprietor of the "Beebe House"—treasured amongst his belongings a musty ledger containing the registered names of these survivors.



"Mine Host" of the "Perry House" Who Entertained Sixty Survivors of the Battle

Participants numbering about 15,000 arrived by special steamers from almost every lake port between Detroit and Erie. Besides the "Tavern," kept by Mr. Beebe, there was but one additional hostelry on the island. This was little more than a large sized dwelling. In view of such inadequate accommodations, most of these people came with well provisioned baskets; and grocers and restaurant keepers of Sandusky—anticipating the event—erected temporary stands at which they dispensed hospitality.

Flag decorations were elaborate, bands discoursed music, and thrilling addresses were made over the graves of Briton and American who fell in the Battle of Lake Erie, and were buried on Put-in-Bay.

Gazing upon the mound which forty-five years before they had assisted in heaping above their fallen comrades,

and touched by memories thereby awakened, some of the men broke down—shedding tears. After the manner of our Civil War veterans, the survivors lived over again the events of 1812-1813, detailing in language simple, but terse, their experiences in connection with the engagement. But few of the number had set foot upon the island since that memorable morn when the dead boats with their bearers swept shoreward with measured stroke, grinding keels upon the then silent and deserted isle, where, with impressive ceremony, the remains of the fallen were consigned to earth.



The Island Historian

An incident that occurred in connection with this occasion is related by Mr. Philip Vroman, who, as the oldest inhabitant, figures also as island historian.

Standing at his elbow, Mr. Vroman noticed a man of worn and grizzled appearance, with head inclined and tears coursing down his cheeks. On being accosted, the man lifted his head, and pointing to the mound said:

“Here lie my comrades. Forty-five years ago today we gathered here to perform for them our last service. Gazing once more upon the spot, under circumstances so impressive, brings upon me an overpowering flood of recollection.”

In reply to inquiries, the old veteran gave some personal experiences of the battle, as follows:

“With a large detachment of our men, I was yonder on the little rocky island, now known as Gibraltar, when Barkley’s squadron was sighted approaching from the Northwest. We lost no time in getting back to our vessels, which were swinging at anchor in the harbor. There was a bustle of hasty preparation, a straining of blocks, and cordage, a flap of canvas as the sails were unfurled, and din of voices as officers shouted their orders from vessel to vessel. Our fleet passed out of the sheltered bay between ‘Peach Point,’ and Middle Bass Island. That September morning was as beautiful as any that I have ever seen. When about five miles north of Put-in-Bay, we encountered the British.”

An historical writer states that it was fifteen minutes to twelve, when the buglers and fifers on board the British flagship struck up “Rule Britannia,” and a shot from a 24-pounder came skimming across the water towards the “Lawrence”—but so oft has been told and re-

told the story of the battle,, that a repetition in this connection would be superfluous.

After a description of the fight, the narrator closed with an account of the burial of the dead at Put-in-Bay. Six officers, three American, three British, were interred on site marked by the famous "Perry willow," or "lone willow," that formerly marked the graves of the slain officers. This willow, according to local tradition, grew from a shoot imbedded in the mound by a survivor a few days after the battle. It took root in the fertile soil and became a stately tree, serving as the only mark placed up-



"Lone Willow" in Its Last Days

on the graves. The tree attracted general observation, and was photographed by thousands of artists. In later years it began showing signs of decay, and on April 17th, 1900—having weathered the storms of nearly a century—it fell to earth when scarce a breath of air was stirring.

About its prostrate trunk with feelings of genuine reverence, the islanders gathered, and many fragments of its bark and branches were carried away as souvenirs. The remaining trunk was then sawed into lengths, and stowed away by an islander, who still holds it in his possession.

The first notable celebration of this historic battle in 1852 was followed by other memorable anniversaries, its survivors showing up year by year as long as they lived, and were able to reach the island. Many of these were entertained as personal friends at the home of the late Judge Wm. Lockwood, who on several of these occasions, figured as chairman of committee of arrangements. Noteworthy among the number was Dr. Usher Parsons, acting surgeon of Perry's flagship, and of the fleet, and who at the dedication of the Perry Monument at Cleveland in 1860 was the last surviving commissioned officer of the squadron. Other guests of Judge Lockwood were Dr. W. T. Taliaferro, a volunteer sergeant from Harrison's army, later a physician of prominence in Cincinnati, and the Hon. C. S. Todd of Louisville, Kentucky.

The family of Judge Lockwood still retain in their possession, as souvenirs, a package of letters received by him from some of these survivors, which possess unusual interest both as relics and as to the matter which they contain. One of the number, penned in a strong, clear hand, runs as follows:

“Cincinnati, Ohio, Sept. 1st, '59.

“Judge Lockwood,

“Dear Sir:

“Your letter duly received was forwarded immediately to Col. Todd. He said in reply:

“I will be at your house on the 5th; Norris will be with me. Providence permitting, we will start Monday the 6th, and hope to reach Put-in-Bay the same day, at 8 P. M. I hope that you have published the event in all newspapers—Detroit, Toledo, Sandusky, Cleveland, Buffalo, etc. I have published a notice of the grand rally in our city papers; in Louisville, Lexington, Marysville, Paris, and Sharpsburg, Kentucky, also in Bedford, Pa., Washington City, and Petersburg, Virginia. There may be some survivors of the “Petersburg Blues”—probably the finest drilled company of Harrison’s army—six were volunteer marines on Perry’s fleet.

“We rejoice to know that the distinguished Col. C. S. Todd of Kentucky is to deliver the next annual address. Col. Todd is one of the most eloquent speakers in the state. He was General Harrison’s aide-de-camp and was associated with Com. Perry in military operations in the Northwest, afterwards succeeding him in a mission to Columbia, South America.

“I hope to meet 100,000 fellow citizens on the 10th, which will aid our association in the erection of a superior monument.

“I invited Ed. V. Campbell, of California to deliver

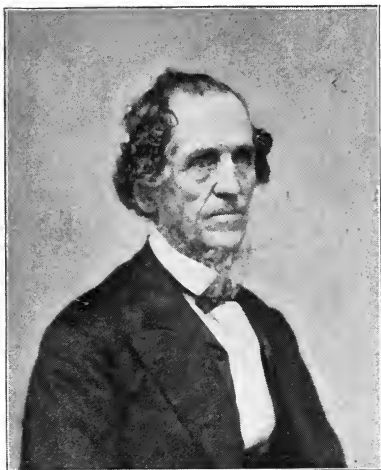
a poem of twenty-five minutes' length on the occasion. He has accepted and prepared for the 10th and on the 11th will leave again for California.

“Arise, soldiers, arise!

“Present regards to your lady and family.

“Truly yours,

“W. J. TALIAFERRO.”



Dr. Taliaferro,
Surgeon of Perry's Flagship

Col. Todd, mentioned in above letter, was a noted contributor to history of the campaign after Perry's great battle. Following is a letter from Col. Todd himself to Taliaferro, forwarded by the latter to Judge Lockwood.

“Louisville, Ky., September 2, 1868.

“Dr. W. J. Taliaferro:

“Having noticed a proposed celebration on Lake Erie of the 55th anniversary of Perry’s Victory, Sept. 10th, and that you will be there, I take the liberty of enclosing to you an article published last year in a newspaper of this city, and ask you to present my cordial respects to Dr. Usher Parsons, Captain Champlin, and all who may meet on the anniversary of that glorious day.

“I was a captain in the regular army and aide-de-camp to Gen. Harrison, and was sent with Major Hukell to ascertain results of the battle. We left Fort Sandusky in an open boat and were driven by a storm on what is now known as Kelley’s Island. The exposure there seized upon Maj. Hukell’s lungs and he died the following winter at Lexington, Ky.

“I descended the lake in Perry’s vessel, the Ariel—a packet—and by a singular coincident was sent by President Monroe in 1820 to succeed Commodore Perry in South America. We were together in Battle of The Thames, and on one occasion his secretary rode along the line of infantry, announcing that the Commodore had been “waterlogged,” his horse being fast ned across a tree lying in the swamp. I had suffered the same fate while passing with an order to the left to reinforce the regiment of Johnson—pressed by the Indians.

“In 1824 I returned to South America on board the frigate John Adams, on which Admiral Farragut was a lieutenant, and the smartest man on board ship.

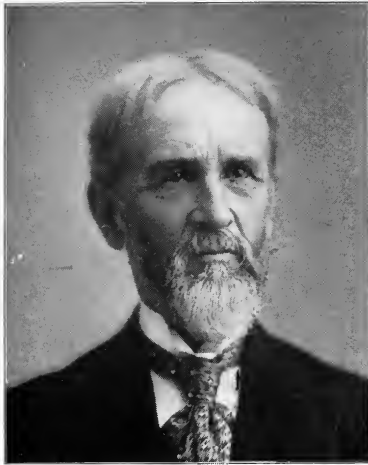
“In after years I visited the line of battleship Pennsylvania, of Norfolk, and made myself known to Captain Hugh Page by asking him to have a steak of shark for dinner—a dish he alone relished on the cruise

of the Adams. Lieut. Lee and others, I do not now recollect belonged to the fleet on Lake Erie, and we had a jollification on the 10th of September.

“Rejoicing in your former patriotism, and your present prosperity,

“I am yours,

“C. S. TODD.”



The Late Judge Wm. Lockwood

A second epistle addressed to Judge Lockwood contains the following passage:

“If God should permit you and I to meet at Put-in-Bay, September 10th, I do hope your committee will have made a pennant twenty-five feet in length containing the words:

“‘*We have met the enemy and they are ours.*’

“You and committee and I must act in concert and

exert ourselves to eclipse the meeting of 1859, when we had 25,000 people at laying of the corner stone on Perry's Lookout."

One by one the veterans dwindled in numbers, until, in 1868, all that remained of the gallant band—so far as known—were Capt. Stephen Champlin, Col. John Norris, Dr. Usher Parsons, and Dr. Taliaferro. From Providence, Rhode Island, under August 8, 1868, the latter writes as follows:

"The tenth of September is drawing near when we have engaged to commemorate once more the victory on Lake Erie. With failing health, I fear that I shall not be able to join you as agreed upon, for life and health are not at our own disposal. I hope that you will go and if I fail to get there, please give my kind regards to such of our friends as retain remembrance of me.

"Captain Stephen Champlin, of Buffalo, I hope will be remembered. He commanded one of Perry's vessels, and fired the first and last gun in our squadron. If I go to Put-in-Bay, I shall call for him at Buffalo.

"Your friend, very truly,

"USHER PARSONS."

Shortly after penning the above, Captain Parsons responded to the final summons and passed into the silent bourne.

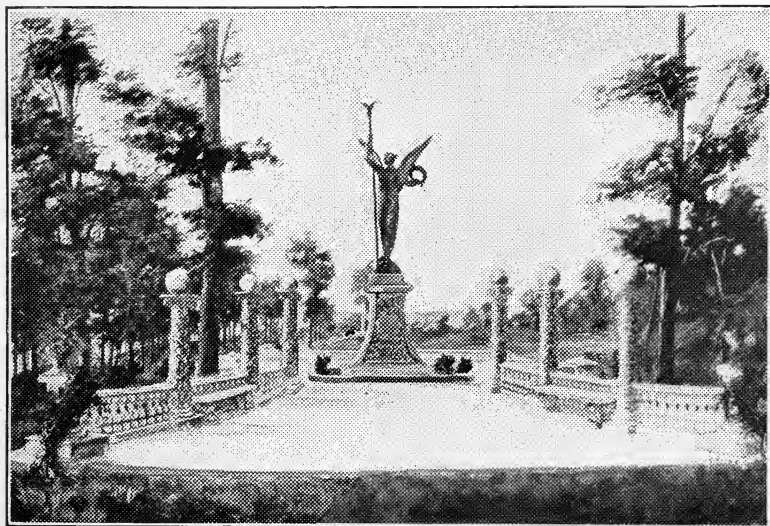
In a letter from Captain Champlin—who is mentioned in above letter—he also complains of ill health and confinement to his room from the effects of a wound, making it impossible to meet his old friends at Put-in-Bay.

As to which of the remaining trio proved the last survivor of the battle the writer has been unable to as-

certain—a silence akin to that of death having fallen over and blotted out all further records of these historic figures.

In addition to the above-mentioned letters left among the effects of Judge Lockwood, there was still another addressed to the Judge by a descendant of the Perry Family, and containing information of interest concerning the Perry relationship.

Still another memorable celebration of Perry's Victory, in more recent years, was the unveiling of the colossal bronze statue—"VICTORY"—masterpiece of a great



"Victory" Monument at Victory Park

artist, in the grounds of Hotel Victory, at Put-in-Bay. On this occasion—though rain fell incessantly all day—crowds came from long distances and there was hardly standing room in the cabins of the regular and special

steamers that brought them. The electric cars connecting the "Bay" with "Victory Park" were crowded to their utmost capacity, while long lines of walkers, forming an umbrella brigade, tramped their way through dripping rain. Among individuals of distinction were Vice President



Monument Commemorating Battle of Lake Erie on Gibraltar Island, Erected by Jay Cooke

Fairbanks and a grandson of the illustrious Perry. Taking the name of his grandfather, strange indeed it seemed, that after the lapse of nearly one hundred years another Oliver Hazard Perry should appear upon these shores to mingle with the wondering inhabitants, and to tread the soil once trodden by the hero of Lake Erie. The last survivor of the battle had long since disappeared and their names—on this occasion—figured only as cherished memories.

All the Government vessels on Lake Erie, including the United States training ships and revenue cutters, comprising quite a formidable fleet, gathered for the occasion and lay at anchor in Victory bay, all displaying full suites of colors, and all a-bristle with cannon and fully manned with gay uniformed tars and marines. When the big flags enveloping the statue were drawn aside the guns from the fleet thundered forth a prolonged salute—vivid flashes of powder amidst wreathing smoke added to the novel scene—while, from throngs of people crowning every point of the rocky shore, echoed resounding cheers. The first monument commemorating the Battle of Lake Erie, a fine piece of sculpture, was erected many years ago on Gibraltar Island, by its late owner, Jay Cooke, the noted Philadelphia banker, and financier.

Periodically agitated for long decades was the subject of a monument, commensurate in dignity with its intended purpose, namely, to mark the burial site at Put-in-Bay and to commemorate the battle in which they fell. The islanders had for many long years a bone to pick with Cleveland. It took shape in the Perry Monument Fund—so termed—to which the island people freely contributed. Photographs of the "Perry willow" were sold in large numbers and the proceeds devoted to this fund. The monument ma-

terialized; but, instead of being erected on the island, it was placed in the Cleveland Public Square. A number of historic cannon donated by the Government, and shipped to Put-in-Bay from the Brooklyn navy yards, now appear near the burial mound. The cannon were ranged in batteries along the shore front, while a base of ornamental stone, built where the "Perry willow" had stood, shows a pyramid of cannon balls.



"Cannon Ball" Monument Over Burial Mound

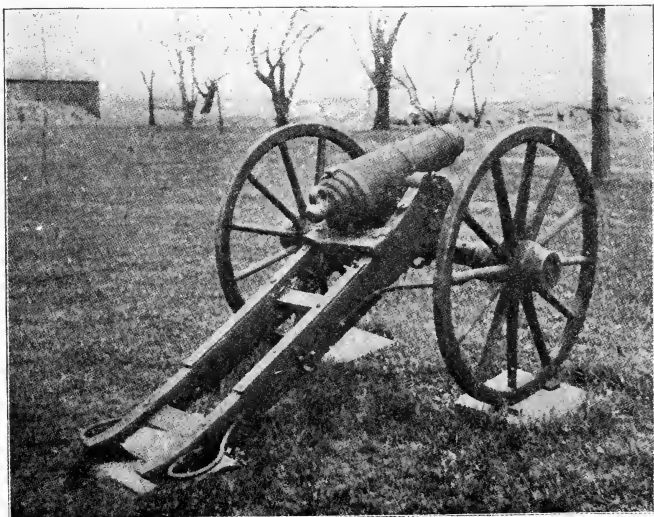
An old cannon figured conspicuously in the early history of Put-in-Bay. This piece of ordnance belonged, it is asserted, to one of Perry's ships, and was left on the island after the fight, in a disabled condition. This cannon was sold a few years ago to the town of Port Clinton. The citizens of that place feel proud of their acquisition, bringing it forth with great eclat, and profuse decorations, whenever a street parade is given.

No little dispute has there been among local historians as to scene of the battle; but considering the fact that Perry's fleet did not leave Put-in-Bay harbor until Bark-

ley's ships were sighted approaching from the northwest, it is not probable that the former had time to get very far from the bay, before meeting the enemy.

A book entitled, "Building of the Nation," published in 1883 by Harper & Brothers, and of which Charles Carolton Coffin is author, gives in a line drawing a view of the battle scene. The shores of Put-in-Bay occupy the foreground in this picture, with rocky Gibraltar Isle near at hand; while across the extremity, known as "Peach Point," appear the two opposing squadrons with the smoke of battle rolling blackly above them. If this delineation is authentic, the engagement of the two fleets must have occurred not over three or four miles from Put-in-Bay.

As our ships sailed round Gibraltar island—according to an old historian—an American eagle was observed hover-



A Relic of Perry's Victory

ing over their topmasts. This augury was noted and accepted by Perry and his men as a cheering omen of victory.

The same historian tells an amusing incident of Barkley's surrender. The British, it seems, had placed an Indian in one of the maintops for the purpose of picking off Commodore Perry's officers; but after the first broadside, the Indian lost no time in getting below, where he was found partially hidden within the coils of a hawser.

Perry's signal achievement opened up the way to Canada and the army of Gen. Harrison—reinforced by Gov. Shelby's volunteer troops, numbering 4,000, just arrived—was transported thither from Sandusky past the islands and up the lake by Perry's vessels, in eighty open boats, each carrying fifty men. The landing at a point a little below Malden, as described by the renowned painter, Jouette, formed a magnificent spectacle.

In an address by Vice President Fairbanks, mentioned in this connection, he observes as follows:

“When a boy just entering my teens, I witnessed the placing of that great painting in the rotunda of the Capitol at Columbus, which commemorates the victory of Commodore Perry on Lake Erie. The incident left a vivid impression on my mind. That historic canvas tells in a graphic way a splendid story, and will stimulate the patriotic ardor of the youth of this state for many years to come.”

In a paper read at a meeting of pioneers in Collins, Ohio, Mrs. Harrington of Bloomingville, Ohio, narrates as below:

“I have heard Father tell many a time how, on the memorable tenth of September, 1813, he went from the fort at Bloomingville with a number of men to help mow

a prairie on the Ford place, and how he took with him my little brother Ralph, a little shaver of perhaps ten years. There was a large rock close by—there to this day—and Ralph, after playing till he grew sleepy, lay down on the big stone for a nap; but unlike the *Rip* of literature, sleep was chased away by the dogs of war. The cannon's reverberations, booming over the waters of old Erie, seemed to center in the stone, and in language plain as that of a phonograph said:

“The battle is on: victory is ours.”

“After listening a moment, Ralph ran all out of breath to Father, and said:

“That stone over there is singing.”

“Singing?” replied Father in surprise.

“What do you mean, child?”

“Just come and see,” said Ralph.

“Father put his ear to the stone and, sure enough, it was singing with unbounded demonstration the skill and courage of that, next to Washington, best loved American patriot—Commodore Perry.”

Concerning the decendants and family connections of Commodore Perry there has been considerable inquiry and it may be of interest to readers of this sketch to learn that in addition to those of the Perry family living in Rhode Island, New York State, and Kentucky, a cousin of the Commodore, Dr. E. I. Perry, was, until his recent decease, a resident of Milan, Ohio—Edison's birthplace. Dr. Perry's father was a first cousin of the Commodore, and, as boys, the two attended school together. Referring to his early experiences, the doctor related the following:

“One day I saw my father talking with a large man, a stranger whom he met on the wharf. I started to run away but father called and said:



Tenth of September Celebration—Photo by Otto Herbster

“ ‘Elisha, I want you always to remember that you have shaken hands with Captain Champlin, who fought with your cousin on Lake Erie and who is also a cousin of Commodore Perry’s wife.’ ”

This incident was never forgotten by the doctor.

Still another connection of this historic family resides at Sandusky, Ohio, Mrs. D. C. Clary, wife of a retired lake captain. Mrs. Clary’s great grandmother was a sister of Commodore Perry.

The fruition of the islanders’ golden dream—that of securing an appropriate monument—is practically due their own efforts.

In November, 1907, the Put-in-Bay Board of Trade, at suggestion of Col. R. J. Diegle, its publicity agent at the time, passed a resolution that started a movement to fittingly honor Commodore Oliver H. Perry and his brave men, for their splendid victory on Lake Erie, September 10, 1813, by having an appropriate memorial erected to their memory on Put-in-Bay Island; and to further commemorate this achievement, by holding a Centennial celebration in honor of that event in 1913.

The resolution, then adopted, requested W. E. Bense, then Ottawa member of the Ohio Legislature, to introduce a bill in the next General Assembly of Ohio, authorizing appointment, by the Governor, of five commissioners to prepare and carry out plans for a Centennial celebration at Put-in-Bay, in 1913, and the erection of a fitting memorial on said island.

On June 22, 1908, Gov. Andrew L. Harris appointed the following commission: Geo. H. Worthington, Cleveland; W. H. Rienhart, Sandusky; Webster P. Huntington, Columbus; Brand Whitlock, Toledo; S. M. Johannsen, Put-in-Bay.

The commission thus appointed was authorized to invite the cooperation therein of all the states bordering on the Great Lakes, also the states of Rhode Island and Kentucky. This invitation was accepted by the appointment of commissioners by the state of Pennsylvania, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, New York, Rhode Island, Kentucky and Minnesota. The United States Government was appealed to for support, and on March, 1911, Congress appropriated the sum of \$250,000.00 to aid erection of the Perry Memorial, this bill receiving the approval of President Taft. The guaranteed appropriation obtained from the nine states participating in the Centennial project amounts to \$136,000.00. A Bureau of Public Subscriptions has been opened, under the direction of Financial Secretary Mackenzie R. Todd, a member of the Kentucky commission, with headquarters in the general offices at Cleveland, Ohio, and the commissioners hope for a widespread and generous recognition of the opportunity afforded all individuals and organizations to cooperate with them. The total cost of memorial, and accessories thereto, will be over \$1,000,000.

Plans for the Memorial were designed by J. H. Friedlander, of New York City, having been selected by the Interstate Centennial Commission from fifty-four designs of almost equal merit.

First accepted, but afterwards rejected, was the design of John Eisenmann, of Cleveland. Some utilitarian features thereof were retained, however. When complete, the accepted design, with its grand plaza, will cover nearly all of the fourteen acre reservation dedicated as a park to the memorial. Rising in gradual ascent from the water's edge, the plaza will be 758 feet long, and 461 feet wide. The center of this plaza will be occupied by a great Doric column 335 feet from base to light on tripod at summit.

There will also be a spectators' gallery, reached by electric elevators from base of column, which is forty-five feet in diameter, with a diameter of thirty-five feet at top. A



Perry Memorial

crypt at base will contain the remains of British and American heroes who fell at Perry's Victory. These remains are to be disinterred from mound marked by the "cannon ball" monument near the bay shore. The beacon light at top will be of such magnitude and brilliancy as to be visible as far as Cleveland, and Detroit, approximately sixty miles. A structure at one end of the plaza

is designed to symbolize the century of peace that has existed between the United States and Great Britain, since the signing of the treaty of Ghent, December 24, 1814.

A building at opposite end of plaza—containing a floor space of 3000 square feet—will be used as an historical museum.

The material used in the column will be granite and, with the exception of the Washington monument at National capitol, the memorial will be the highest monument in the world. To render it practical, and beneficial, as well as historic, and ornamental, the commissioners have suggested that the property be also utilized as a life-saving station, a meteorological bureau, and a



Site of Memorial, Previous to Breaking Ground

wireless telegraph station, the site for these accessories being one of the best on Lake Erie.

Grounds selected for the memorial occupy a neck of land connecting East Point with the main body of Put-in-Bay Island, and command upon all sides exceptionally fine views of lake and island scenery. The growths of trees and wild vegetation, that covered these grounds, have been cleared and operations begun. Their embellishments will be in keeping with the beauty and dignity of the structure.

The hull of the old "*Niagara*" that has lain for nearly 100 years at the bottom of "Mystery" Bay, Erie, is to be floated, and put in seaworthy condition. This old flagship that bore Perry to victory—after the "Lawrence" had become a hopeless wreck—will then, under escort of a naval flotilla make the rounds of the various lake cities and Put-in-Bay. The "*Niagara*" was 110 feet long, and rigged as a schooner. Her hull is said to be in good condition. As planned, the Centennial celebration of 1913 will extend from July 4th to the 5th of October—the latter date being the anniversary of the Battle of the Thames. It is also proposed that United States vessels of war—by consent of British and Canadian governments—may be permitted to enter the Great Lakes and to participate in a grand naval review. It is also planned that the assemblage of commercial and regatta fleets, at that time, shall be the greatest ever seen on fresh water.

Leading officers of the Interstate Board of Perry's Victory Centennial Commissioners are as follows: President, General Geo. H. Worthington, Cleveland, Ohio; First Vice President, General Henry Watterson, Louisville, Ky.; Treasurer, General A. E. Sisson, Erie, Pa.; Secretary, General Webster P. Huntington, Cleveland; Auditor, General Harry Cutler, Providence, Rhode Island.

State Vice Presidents are as follows: Ohio, Horace

Holbrook; Pennsylvania, Edwin H. Vare; Michigan, Roy S. Barnhart; Illinois, Gen. Philip C. Hayes; Wisconsin, Rear Admiral F. W. Symonds, U. S. A. (Ret.); New York, Henry Harmon Noble; Rhode Island, Sumner Mowry; Kentucky, Col. Andrew Cowan; Minnesota, W. H. Wescott.

Commissioners for National Government: Lieutenant Gen. Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A. (Ret.), Washington, D. C.; Rear Admiral Charles A. Clark, U. S. N. (Ret.), Washington, D. C.; General J. Warren Keifer, Springfield, Ohio.

Commissioners for Ohio: Geo. H. Worthington, Cleveland; John H. Clarke, Cleveland; S. M. Jahanssen, Put-in-Bay; Eli Winkler, Cincinnati; Horace Holbrook, Warren; Wm. C. Mooney, Woodsfield; Horace L. Chapman, Columbus.

For Rhode Island—Commodore Perry's native state—Commissioners are: John P. Sanborn, Newport; Louis N. Arnold, Westerly; Sumner Mowry, Peacedale; Henry E. Davis, Woonsocket; Henry Cutler, Providence.

The Executive Committee has a membership of nine—one representative from each state.

From time to time, as years and decades have rolled by, suppositious relics of Perry's visit to Put-in-Bay and of the meeting between the two naval squadrons, is brought to light, several cannon balls plowed out of their long resting place in the earth are among the finds. One of the most interesting relics reported, however, was a sword found during the past year in the shoal waters of Put-in-Bay harbor, the finder being an island resident, E. H. Foster. Though deeply corroded with rust, the weapon—a two-edged affair—was in other respects quite well preserved.

When on a recent visit to Put-in-Bay, the sword was shown Lieut. Gen. Miles, U. S. N., who pronounced it similar in design to those worn by naval officers one hundred years ago.



Commodore Oliver H. Perry

Perry's Mascot.

“Sail ho!” Down from the “lookout,”
On Gibraltar's shore;
The sentry's cry, from mouth,
Is echoed o'er and o'er.

“Sail ho!” Momentous signal,
Of the coming of the fray,
In which our gallant naval force
Must lose, or win the day.

Hark to the ringing orders,
Of the captains to their crews;
And the grate of heaving anchors,
And the tautly straining clews.



Drawn by Mrs. May Bishop

List to the snapping canvas,
And the bugle's thrilling call;
To man the guns, and clear the decks,
Where some, perchance, may fall.

As from the land-locked harbor,
Our stately vessels clear;
An eagle o'er their lofty "tops,"
Is seen to proudly veer.

"Of victory an omen!"
Shouts Perry in amaze;
And then his storied battle flag
Aloft, they quickly raise.

And vict'ry crowns our hero,
With laurel wreath, and bay;
For all, the thrilling story tell,
How Perry won the day.

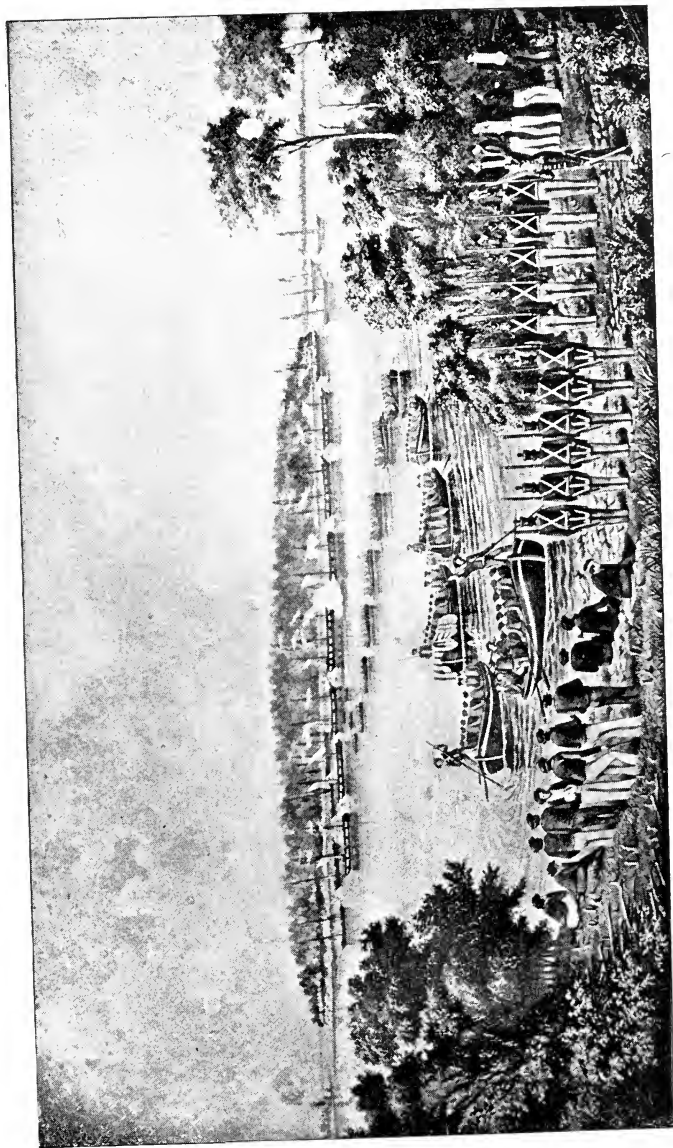
An Interesting Historical Picture And Its Painter.

A descendant of French nobility, Louis Bennette Chevalier was born at Plattsburg, N. Y., in 1834.

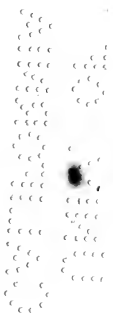
Well known both as a landscape and portrait painter, the work of this artist was characterized by its quiet elegance of tone and finish. One of his most notable achievements in the realm of art was the conception and execution of the historical painting, "Burial at Put-in-Bay of the Perry Victory Dead."

In projecting this work, Chevalier was desirous that every detail thereof should be correct as to topographical situation, and true to historical fact; and before attempting its reproduction on canvas, the artist made several trips to Put-in-Bay for the purpose of sketching local details and taking general notes. Having perfected a sketch of the burial scene, with the two anchored squadrons, and Gibraltar Island as a background, he submitted it to Dr. Usher Parsons, surgeon of Perry's flagship and of the fleet, also to Captain Stephen Champlin, master of the "Scorpion," who, as participants in the battle, were both present at the burial.

After due examination, the two veterans pronounced the drawing correct, giving it their full approval. That the painting might be accurate in every detail, also to settle a debated question as to the character of the captured vessel, "Queen Charlotte," the artists appealed to Captain Champlin and in reply received the following letter:



Burial of the Dead at Put-in-Bay After the Battle of Lake



“Buffalo, Aug. 27th, 1860.

“To L. B. Chevalier, Esq.,

“Dear Sir:

“Your letter of the 25th received. In answer would say that the Queen Charlotte was a full rigged ship.

“I am glad to see you are so far advanced in your painting and hope I shall have the pleasure of meeting you on the 10th of September in Cleveland.

“I am respectfully, and truly yours,

“STEPHEN CHAMPLIN.”

The latter portion of the artist's life was spent in Cleveland, where he died November 15th, 1889.

The original of this—Chevalier's masterpiece—now hangs in the art department of the Western Reserve historical building, Cleveland, where it was placed by permission of the artist's wife, Mrs. L. B. Chevalier.

For facts as above stated, the author is indebted to Mrs. Alice Chevalier Deike, daughter of the painter, and wife of Mr. John Deike of Sandusky.

Following is an extract from an address by Dr. Usher Parsons, given before the Rhode Island Historical Society, February 16th, 1852, and again at Put-in-Bay, September 10th, 1858:

“Those who were killed in the battle were that evening committed to the deep, and over them was read the impressive Episcopal service. On the following morning the two fleets sailed into the bay (Put-in-Bay) where the slain officers of both were buried in an appropriate and affecting manner. They consisted of three Americans: Lieut. Brooks, Midshipman Laub, and Midshipman Clark, and three British officers—Captain Finnis, Lieut. Stokes

of the 'Queen Charlotte,' and First Lieut. Garland of the ship 'Detroit.'

"Equal respect was paid to the dead of both nations, and the crews of both fleets united in the ceremonies, the procession of boats with two bands of music; the slow and regular motion of the oars striking in exact time with the notes of the solemn dirge; the mournful waving of flags, and the sound of minute guns from the ships, exhibited a striking contrast to the scene presented two days before, when both the living and the dead, now forming in this solemn and fraternal train, were engaged in fierce and bloody strife, hurling at each other the thunderbolts of war."

A Youthful Patriot And His Tragic Fate.

Looking backward through a century of radical changes and unparalleled progress, it is difficult to realize that all that portion of country known during the war of 1812 as the "Military Frontier," and including all of Northwestern Ohio, the Lake Erie Islands, and Ohio Peninsula, was then a howling wilderness, overrun by hostile savages.

The few isolated bands of pioneers, who had settled in these regions before the war, had enjoyed comparative peace, though even at that time they were never entirely free from danger; but when war was declared between England, and the United States, and the Indians became allied supporters of the former, then began an era of increased hostility on the Indians' part, in which figured tomahawk and scalping knife, with burning and pillage, cold blooded massacre, and tortures such as only savages have the barbarity to inflict.

Life in these settlements during the war period was practically one continued round of apprehension, of suspense, and of mental agony. By day and night the settlers were in peril and their minds were never at rest.

The pioneer slept with doors doubly barred, and a loaded rifle beside him. He carried his rifle wherever he went—to the barn when he fed the stock; to the field when he went to plow, or to harvest grain. His wife and boys were also provided with arms and trained in their use. They grew habitually to watch every shadowy copse and

thicket in the vicinity of their cabins, as possible skulking places for redskins. The swaying of a twig by the wind, the crackle of brush heard in the stillness of the forest, struck terror oft to their hearts, for under long pressure the nerves as well as imaginations of each became highly sensitized. Even their dreams at night were disturbed by visions of hideously feathered and painted savages.

The settler's nearest and best neighbor dared not approach the cabin without first proving his identity by some mutually and clearly understood signal. The clever imitation of a bird whistle, or thrum of a woodpecker against the bark of a tree—it may have been—repeated a certain number of times; for the wilderness dwellers had their signal codes as a means of recognition and to be used in cases of emergency.

So long as the several divisions of our army were able to maintain a fair stand against the British, however, the Indians, thereby intimidated, seem to have been held in partial restraint; but when Hull's division of the American forces, stationed at Detroit, was ignominiously surrendered to the British by its commander, consternation seized upon the remaining portions of our troops, stationed at various points, and spread throughout the entire country as fast as mounted couriers—dispatched in all directions—could carry the news.

First to the pioneer settlements, including nearly one-half of Ohio; then southward to the older and more populous sections of the state, through to Kentucky and Virginia, sped swiftly the couriers; eastward also into Pennsylvania and New York state they carried the news.

The first intimation of possible disaster that reached the frontiersman, striking a chill to his heart, came with the sound of galloping hoofs which, resounding through the

forest, fell ominously upon the listener's ear; and when at the cabin door a strange horseman drew up his panting, and foam flecked steed, the chill at the settler's heart struck deeper, for instinctively he knew that the messenger bore evil tidings. With the news of Hull's surrender the tersely spoken warning: "Flee for your lives!" was all that the courier had time to articulate ere his plunging horse carried him again into the forest, enroute with the news and warning to other settlers. Time was too precious when the fate of the entire country and its people hung thus in the balance. It was also unnecessary, for every settler on the exposed frontier realized that a general uprising of the Indians, and a murderous onslaught upon the white settlements, would inevitably follow. They lost no time, therefore, in secreting their hard-earned stores and household effects, such as they could not carry with them to the forts and block houses, whither they were compelled to flee for protection.

News of the surrender, when it finally reached the fully settled and civilized sections of the country, carried with it a call to arms, so urgent, so imperative, that the farmer left standing in the furrow his plow, the mechanic abandoned his workshop, and the business man his books, and ledgers—all to join the volunteer companies hastily organized to reinforce that which remained of our armies in the Northwest. By the old "Wyandot trail," and by other ancient trails passing through Central and Northern Ohio, these recruits in separate detachments took up the line of march for the shores of Lake Erie—infantry, cavalry and artillery, together with wagon trains of needed army supplies—under Gen. Shelby, Gen. Beaal, and other commanders. From Southern Ohio, Kentucky, and Virginia; from Fort Duquesne, and Pittsburg; from Erie

and from many other points through Pennsylvania and New York State, volunteer companies, fast as they could be organized, were rushed forward toward the seat of war. On their forced marches, these troops covered hundred-mile stretches of virgin wilderness, undergoing exposure and hardships untold; but they rendered historic the old, angling trails traversed by them one hundred years ago, which through some portions of Ohio are still used as public highways.

While troops were organizing and pressing forward towards the military frontier, the ships of Perry's squadron were in process of construction at Erie, green timber freshly cut from the forest being used. In that, and surrounding localities were patriotic men and youth who had not joined the army, owing to plans made to ship with Perry on board his fleet, and they eagerly awaited its completion. Among the number was a young man, James Bird, by name, a youth of noble character, and high standing.

Bird had a sweetheart whom he adored and was loath to leave; but the call of his country in her distress aroused within him all the martial fire of which his intense nature was capable, and he longed for the fray. The story of Bird and his tragic fate is best told, however, in the following song that became widely popular immediately after the war of '12, and is still known, and sung.

The music which accompanies the song is as weirdly mournful as the words given below.

Bird's Farewell.

“Sons of pleasure, listen to me,
And ye daughters, too, give ear;
For a sad and mournful story,
As e'er was told you soon shall hear.

“Hull, you know his troops surrendered,
And defenseless left the West;
Then our forces quick assembled,
The invaders to resist.

“'Mongst the troops that marched to Erie,
Were the Kingston volunteers;
Captain Thomas them commanded,
To protect our West frontiers.

“There was one among the number,
Tall, and graceful was his mien;
Firm his step, his look undaunted,
Ne'er a nobler youth was seen.

“One sweet kiss he snatched from Mary,
Craved his mother's prayer once more,
Pressed his father's hand and left them,
For Lake Erie's distant shore.

“Soon, he came where noble Perry,
Had assembled all his fleet;
There the gallant Bird enlisted,
Hoping soon the foe to meet.

* * * * *

“Now behold the battle rages,
 Is he in the strife, or no?
 Now the cannon’s roar tremendous,
 Dare he meet the savage foe?”

“Yes, behold him—see with Perry,
 On the self-same ship he fights;
 Though his comrades fall around him,
 Nothing doth his soul affright.

“Ah! behold—a ball has struck him,
 See the crimson current flow;
 ‘Leave the deck!’ exclaimed brave Perry,
 ‘No’, cried Bird, ‘I will not go.’

“‘Here on deck I’ve took my station,
 Here will Bird his colors fly:
 I’ll stand by you, gallant captain,
 Till we conquer, or I die.’

“Still he fought, though faint, and bleeding,
 Till the stars and stripes arose;
 Victory having crowned our efforts
 All triumphant o’er our foes.

* * * * *

“‘Dearest parents, read the letter,
 That will bring sad news to you;
 Do not mourn your first beloved,
 Though this brings you his adieu.’

“‘I must suffer for desertion,
 From the brig Niagara;
 Read this letter, brother, sister,
 ’Tis the last you’ll hear from me.’

“Dark and gloomy was the morning,
Bird was ordered out to die;
Where the heart not dead to pity,
But for him would heave a sigh.

“View him kneeling by his coffin,
Sure his death can do no good;
‘Spare him!’ hark—O God! they’ve shot him,
See his bosom stream with blood!

“Farewell, Bird, farewell forever,
Friends and home he’ll see no more;
For his mangled corpse lies buried,
On Lake Erie’s distant shore.”

To further explain this pathetic story it may here be stated, that after the Battle of Lake Erie in which the hero, James Bird, distinguished himself, the American fleet sailed for Erie. On arrival, Bird set out for his home at Kingston, eager to see the dear ones left behind. That a formal discharge was a necessary condition of release from his country’s service, when service was no longer required, never entered his mind. After a happy meeting with sweetheart, and friends, the youthful marine hired out to a man of that locality, and began the work of clearing up timber, all unconscious of having committed any misdemeanor. Bird talked freely with his employer concerning his experiences under Perry’s command, revealing the fact that he had left the fleet without a formal discharge. The employer, it seemed, was enamored of Bird’s sweetheart, “Mary”; but his advances had been met by her with disfavor, and in a jealous rage he reported the young marine as a deserter. By the stern rigors of mili-

tary discipline, Bird was later convicted, as such, and sentenced to be shot. Perry having learned the facts, hastened to the young man with a pardon, reaching the place of execution just a moment too late.

One singular circumstance remains to be told concerning this tragic affair. The land which Bird had assisted in clearing for his treacherous and heartless employer, never produced aught of vegetable life, remaining a desert tract of barren soil. The truth of this statement has been amply verified by those who have visited the spot, strangely branded as with a curse.

A Coronation of Verse and Song.

Had our widely renowned American poets, Longfellow and Whittier, lived as large a share of their lives among the islands of Lake Erie as they spent along the New England coast, every crook on these shores; every wave-worn rock and mirrored crag that girds them; every quiet cove and bay that indents them, would have been invested with an added charm of romance, subtle and irresistible; for the natural beauty and historic interest attaching thereto would have called forth the noblest efforts of these gifted writers.

Environed by an atmosphere of poetic fancy and historic lore, these islands have furnished from time to time the basis, however, of many an entertaining sketch, story, poem and song, embodying the best thoughts of many gifted writers. That men and women of genius have made these islands a field for literary, and historical research, coupled with the fact that they are annually visited by thousands of tourists, establishes their claim to especial notice.

All that has been written concerning them by visiting journalists, and literary contributors, however, has been of a fragmentary and desultory character, in the main and much of it has been lost.

The era of poetry and song began ages ago among these storied isles, according to the traditions of the dusky race that inhabited them. These traditions date backward to the 17th century, when Erics, or Eries (wild cat) tribe of aborigines still existed. Though the history of these

people is obscure, yet, at the period indicated, the southern shores of the lake, together with the peninsula and islands, were undoubtedly the favorite hunting grounds, and formed the stage where were enacted the tragic scenes which closed the drama and ended the career of a fierce and war-loving people. The Eries were swept out of existence by the powerful "Five Nations," forming the Iroquois, but they left their name permanently established—the name that now designates the waters of Erie—lake of the "wild cat."

Uncertain as are the records of this lost tribe, the antiquarian, groping amid ruins of the past, still finds broken fragments that fit into their history. Notable among these may be mentioned "Inscription Rock" at Kelley's Island, conceded to be the most extensive and interesting of its kind in America.

At the opening of the last century, the islands were overrun by nomadic tribes designated as "sojourners" rather than as dwellers, representing the Senecas, Miamis, Ottawas, Shawnees, Potowatomies and Wyandots, the latter being most numerous. Representatives of other tribes sometimes visited the island group. Though evidently a favored locality, these islands were not so much the territory of any one tribe as a common stamping ground for all. They came and went in a manner similar to that of modern summer excursionists, the attractions of Put-in-Bay, Kelley's and other neighboring isles, having been known, and appreciated, many thousand moons before the pale faces came to know them. When the waters were fettered by ice, and withering blasts swept lake and land, the Indians are supposed to have retired into the thick, deep wilderness of the mainland, but returning, with spring flowers and sunshine, to their island haunts.

The romantic element—instinctive to these children of nature—must have run rampant amid surroundings so calculated to inspire sentiment. The dim forest, night shadows, shifting clouds and gathering storm; the war of winds and rush of waves—these, and a thousand other objects and conditions, were invested by the savage with a weird mysticism; and looking upon Nature, and listening to her myriad voices, weird fantasies and strange beliefs took shape within his brain. His imagination peopled with supernatural beings the caverned rocks; and witchery dwelt in the falling of a leaf, or in the flash of a sea-bird's wing.

In feudal days such as existed among the islands, where paths of wandering tribes so often crossed, occasions were many that gave rise to tales of love, and jealousy, of conquest and adventure. Thus touched by the subtle hue of poetry, and romance—charming as that which has come down to us from the feudal days of mediaeval Europe—was the life of the untamed island dweller.

Given below is a short poem descriptive of the first battle of Lake Erie fought by feudal Indian tribes in 1600. The poem is from the pen of A. A. Bell.

First Battle of Lake Erie.

“Before the white man piled his blazing brands,
Along the beach by Erie’s treacherous wave;
Before the boundaries of rock and cave
Bore echo of the life of other lands;

“When Seneca and Wyandot turned the mold,
And launched the swift canoe upon the breast
Of waters heaving billows from the West—
Still history was made, and time was old.

“Long ere the use of firearms found its way,
Among the higher altitudes of man;
Long ere the ceaseless cries of war began,
That found their glories in a latter day;

“Two hostile nations met upon the blue,
To fight, for that was nation’s pride;
The birch and log canoe side by side,
And arrows pierced the vast surroundings through.

“The Senecas fought well, as oft before;
But fell each brave upon the flowing crest,
Where calmest peace, enchantment, and true rest,
Awaited him who loved Lake Erie’s shore.”

Following the war of 1812, Perry’s victory was made a theme of adulation by poets of every degree, eager each and all to immortalize the gallantry of Oliver H. Perry, and the scene that witnessed his brilliant achievement.

Books published shortly after the period above mentioned, containing poems describing the event, are still found among old collections. These quaint effusions fairly blaze with patriotism, though not always true to topographical detail—a matter that excites no surprise, since most of this verse was written at long range—the imagination of the versifier supplying detail where facts were lacking. The song composer likewise attuned both his measures and his soul to fervid outpourings. A song widely popular nearly one hundred years ago is still known and sung by elderly people. Though not an example of perfect composition, its long survival entitles it to notice in this connection, as given below :

“Ye tars of Columbia, give ear to my story,
Who fought with brave Perry where cannon did roar ;
Your valor has won you an immortal glory,
A fame that shall last until time is no more.

“Columbian tars are the true sons of Mars,
They rake fore and aft when they fight on the deep ;
On the bed of Lake Erie, commanded by Perry,
They caused many a Briton to take his last sleep.

“On the tenth of September, let all well remember,
As long as the world on its axis rolls round,
Our tars and marines on Lake Erie were seen,
To make the red flag of proud Britain haul down.

“The van of our fleet, the British to meet,
Commanded by Perry, the Lawrence bore down,
The guns they did roar with such terrible power,
The savages trembled at the horrible sound.

“The Lawrence was shattered, her rigging was tattered.
Her booms and her yards were all shot away;
And few men on deck, to manage the wreck,
Our hero on board, could no longer stay.

“In this situation, the pride of our nation,
Sure heaven had guarded unhurt all the while;
While many a hero maintaining his station,
Fell close by his side and was thrown on the pile.

“But mark ye and wonder, when the elements thunder,
And death and destruction are stalking around;
His flag he did carry, on board the Niagara,
Such valor on record was never yet found.

“There was one noble act of our gallant commander,
While writing my song, I must notice with pride;
When launched in a smack, which carried his standard,
A ball whistled through her, just at his side.

“Says Perry—‘Those villains intend for to drown us,
Push on my brave boys, you need never fear;’
And then with his coat, he pluggad up the boat,
And through sulphur and fire away he did steer.

“The famous Niagara now proud of her Perry,
Displayed all her colors in gallant array;
And twenty-five guns on her deck she did carry,
Which soon put an end to the bloody affray.

“The bold British lion now roared his last thunder,
While Perry attended him close in the rear;
Columbia’s eagle soon made him crouch under,
And call out for quarter, as you shall soon hear.

“Brave Elliott, whose valor must now be recorded,
On board the Niagara had well played his part;
His gallant assistance to Perry afforded,
We place him the second on Lake Erie’s chart.

“In the midst of the battle the guns they did rattle,
The Lawrence a wreck, and the men mostly slain;
Away he did steer, and brought up the rear,
And by this maneuver the victory gained.

“Says Perry—‘Brave Elliott, now give me your hand,
This day you have gained an immortal renown’
So long as Columbians Lake Erie command,
Let the brave Captain Elliott with laurels be crowned.

Great Britain may boast of her conquering heroes,
Her Rodneys and Nelsons and all the whole crew;
But Rome in her glory ne’er told such a story,
Nor boasted such feats as Columbians do.”

As “distance lends enchantment,” so with passing years looms historical importance of Perry’s Victory. The following lines were written on board the steamer “Island Queen,” in 1862, as she was leaving her dock at Put-in-Bay, with an excursion, and was shortly afterwards published in a Sandusky newspaper. They are made doubly interesting by the fact that when written the war cloud hung black over our beloved land. They were penned by Martha Rawson Congdon, of Oberlin, Ohio.

Isle of Beauty.

“Isle of beauty! sweetly sleeping,
Neath the rays of summer sun;
I would love to ask you questions,
Of the many years long gone.

“Ere the steamer of the white man,
Ploughed these waters still, and calm;
Sought within this quiet harbor,
Safety from the angry storm,

“Should you tell me of the battle,
Where brave Perry won the day;
You would be a true historian,
For 'twas fought beneath your eye.

“Neath yon proud and lofty willow,
Sleep the dead in battle slain;
O'er their heads the drum is beating,
But it calls to them in vain.

“To this safe and tranquil harbor,
Turns the sailor's anxious eye;
Longing for its peaceful portal,
When the howling storm is nigh.

“Standing there, proud Gibraltar,
Bares its rocky brow to me;
Firm as when the great Creator,
Lifted it from out the sea.

“I would love to watch the day god,
Sink beneath these waters blue;
Pouring floods of golden beauty,
Over all that meets my view.

“But the Island Queen is moving,
Bearing me from you away;
I will carry with me ever,
Holiest memories of today.

“When again I look upon you,
Only He that rules can tell;
So I leave thee in thy glory,
Isle of Beauty! fare thee well.”

Henry T. Tuckerman of Newport, R. I., has graphically described the fray as quoted below :

“Why to one point turns every graceful prow?
What scares the eagle from his lonely bough?
A bugle note far through the welkin rings,
From ship to ship its airy challenge flings.
Then round each hull the murky war clouds loom,
Her lightnings glare, her sullen thunders boom;
Peal follows peal with each lurid flash,
The tall masts shiver and the bulwarks crash.
The shrouds hang loose, the decks are wet with gore,
And dying shrieks resound along the shore;
As fall the bleeding victims one by one,
Their messmates rally to the smoking gun.
As the maimed forms are sadly borne away,
From the fierce carnage of that murderous fray,
A fitful joy lights up each drooping eye,

To see the starry banner floating high,
Or mark their unharmed leader's dauntless air,
His life enfolded in his loved one's prayer. (*)
Not o'er my head shall that bright flag descend:
With brief monition from the hulk he springs,
To a fresh deck his rapid transit wings,
Back to the strife exultant shapes his way,
Again to test the fortunes of the day:
As bears the noble consort slowly down,
Portentous now her teeming cannon frown;
List to the volleys that incessant break
The ancient silence of that border lake!
As lifts the smoke, what tongue can fitly tell,
The transports which those manly bosoms swell,
When Britain's ensign, down the reeling mast,
Sinks to proclaim the desperate struggle past."

A long descriptive poem read at Cleveland Centennial anniversary on "Perry Victory Day," September 10, 1896, opens as follows:

"The sparkling waters of Put-in-Bay
Are resting in placid peace today;
But the silvery sheen of their ebbing flood,
Was once stained red with our grandsires' blood.

"And the dells and dales of the wooded shore,
Sent back the deep echo of cannon's roar;
While the drifting spars and shattered hulls,
Formed a resting place for the white-winged gulls.

*Note.—Perry said after his miraculous escape, that he owed his life to his wife's prayers.

“Hard by the beach at Put-in-Bay,
Our friends and our foes were laid away;
It is three, and four score years ago,
Since Oliver Perry met the foe;
But the deeds heroic done that day,
Cast a halo bright round Put-in-Bay.”

A pilgrim to the burial place of the illustrious dead
breaks thus into rhyme:

“Where the white caverned rocks are reflected
On the swell of the long curving billow;
Near where Perry’s dead heroes neglected,
Lie nameless beneath the gaunt willow;
I dreamed of our dead and forgotten,
Marked “unknown,” on the tablets of fame,
And a long line of heroes filed past me,
Who for us gave a life and a name.”

Further eulogized in a poem by an unknown author
are Perry’s dead; and further deprecated the neglect so
long accorded them.

“Their monument, the willow tree,
Their requiem, the waves
Of old Lake Erie dashing free,
Around their nameless graves.

Their epitaph, the withered grass
That marks their lowly beds,
Their eulogy, the moaning winds
That sigh above their heads.

“Neglected, and forgotten here,
 Without a line or stone,
 These brave defenders fill one grave,
 Their very names unknown.

Four scores of springs have brought their bloom,
 To this immortal isle,
 Since friend and foe were buried here,
 In one promiscuous pile.

“My country, not too late to raise
 A column to the brave,
 Who brought a glory to the flag,
 A victory to the wave.

Who drove the Briton from these shores,
 Who gave this isle a name,
 Who brought the country fresh renown,
 To Perry, deathless fame.”

So great an aftermath of Perry Victory song and verse has been gleaned, however, that further mention of individual effort along this line would be impracticable.

Though affording themes most favored, the Put-in-Bay muse and musician leave frequently the beaten paths of historical record and popular tradition, to revel in dreams of fancy, of love, and romance.

Poems of sentiment contribute a glamour of romantic interest; and compositions such as the “Put-in-Bay March” and “Put-in-Bay Polka” are known to the musical world. Even the “Masher” and his adventures are not forgotten, since in a very spirited song and dance issued by a sheet music publisher, both are embalmed in measures rythmical under the title, “The Girl of Put-in-Bay.”

A song entitled, "Put-in-Bay," was introduced at the islands in 1911, simultaneous with the coming out of the new palatial steamer bearing that name. Both the song and the steamer were received with great enthusiasm by the islanders. The song runs as follows:

"PUT-IN-BAY."

"Ring the bell, all aboard!
We're off for Put-in-Bay,
Oh, you band! simply grand,
We'll certainly dance all day.

With a song, glide along,
O'er the rippling waters blue,
Having fun, every one,
And I'm glad I'm here with you.

"There's the bell, at the bay,
Oh, what a dandy place;
Fishing fine, bathing time,
And down the shutes we'll race.

"You can say what you may,
Put-in-Bay is surely bliss;
Such a time, joy for mine,
Home is nothing, dear, like this.

Chorus:

"Let me give you a tip, if you want a fine trip,
Where you can dance and spoon.
And cuddle and croon as you go along the way—
O'er the waters blue, with your sweetheart true,
There's nothing to compare with a trip down there;
(Down where?) to Put-in-Bay."

Put-In-Bay.

In consideration of its position as the most southernly island of the Bass group, geographers originally marked Put-in-Bay on their maps as South Bass.

In still earlier days it was known as "Ross" Island, though from whence it derived this appellation does not now appear.

It is asserted on the authority of a certain historian, that "Put-in-Bay" is a corruption of "Pudding Bay," and that a restoration of the old name might be advantageous to the many hotels and boarding cottages on the island.

By other historians it is claimed that the island took its name from the circumstance that several days before the Battle of Lake Erie, Commodore Perry's ships put into its sheltered and ample bay, there finding security both from observation on the enemy's part, and protection from possible storms.

After the decisive blow to Great Britain, that gave Perry undisputed supremacy over Lake Erie, the American squadron, accompanied by the captured fleet of the enemy, again put into this bay for the purpose of interment, on the green wooded island adjacent, remains of heroes of both squadrons who fell in the memorable struggle. The anchored fleets there resting upon placid waters with battle-stained colors drooping half masted from their riggings, the dead boats formed in solemn procession moving to sound of muffled drums toward the deserted and silent shores—all combined to depict a scene



Put-in-Bay Harbor by Moonlight

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of the most impressive grandeur. It was then and there that the name "Put-in-Bay" became invested with an historic interest, and a subtle, romantic charm that deepens and broadens with lengthening decades.



Bridge Crossing Entrance of Put-in-Bay Resort Company's Harbor

The bay, from which the island thus derives its name, is a sheet of water enclosed by two projections—East Point to eastward, and "Peach Point" to westward—with the rock-buttressed isle of Gibraltar extending part way across the intervening waters, affording still further protection from besetting wind and wave.

The bay at some points is encircled by stretches of gravel beach with fringing forest trees in the background. In other places it is girt by rugged and picturesque rock

with overdrooping cedars, wild shrubbery and vines in such prodigality of beauty as only the islands can produce.

“Squaw Harbor,” forming a portion of the inner bay, is a romantic sheet of water, reflecting upon its still surface the sky lights and shadows that play over it.



An Island Home.

From the earliest known history of lake navigation Put-in-Bay was known as a harbor of refuge; and while yet the savage beached his canoe upon its sands, and muttered the strange guttural of his tribe before the camp-fire reddening its shores, the white man's bark cut the still waters and his anchor grappled the deeply hidden rocks.

The first vessel that ever spread canvas on Lake Erie, we are informed, was built at Fort Frontiac in August, 1679. This vessel, named the “Griffin,” and carrying the famous French explorer, Robert De La Salle, and his expedition, passed up through Lake Erie. After cruising among the islands the Griffin set sail for Lake Huron.

One of the members of this expedition was the French missionary, Father Henepin, renowned for piety, as for self-sacrificing devotion to his mission work among the Indians.

Friar Henepin was also a noted traveler and explorer. Attired in a long, monkish gown, and cap of peculiar pointed shape, with sandaled feet, a cross and rosary at his girdle, a prayer book in one hand, a staff and bundle in the other, and a portable altar strapped across his shoulders, Friar Henepin cut a novel and interesting figure, but was cordially received by the Indians, whose confidence



On the East Point Road, Put-in-Bay

he readily gained. It is historically recorded that Friar Henepin landed at one of the Bass islands, there holding religious services among the red savages found. How

long La Salle and Father Henepin remained among the islands does not now appear, but they, undoubtedly, were the first white men to look upon these beauty spots.

An interesting circumstance in this connection was the recent finding—imbedded near Lake Erie's southern shores—that which remained of an old vessel, which from its ancient and peculiar style of construction, forced the finders, and others who examined it, to conclude that it was the wreck of the "Griffin"—the vessel having been lost on Lake Erie the same year on her return trip.

In 1776, it is further recorded that a fleet of four trading vessels plowed the waters of Lake Erie, doing business, presumably with French and Indian trading posts stationed along the shores of Lake Erie and Lake Huron and bearing cargoes of furs, hides, honey, beeswax, etc., commodities then shipped to Europe. No charts of the lakes and no lighthouses then existed to guide the mariner; but the safe harbor at Put-in-Bay, was undoubtedly used as a retreat for these vessels from threatening storms. The marine history of the bay, and of the island, date backward therefore to a very ancient period.

Concerning the first settlement of Put-in-Bay by white inhabitants, some obscurity exists; but according to the most reliable information obtainable, the first attempt at pioneering on the island was made shortly before the war of 1812. About that period, Put-in-Bay, together with North and Middle Bass Islands, became the property of Judge Ogden Edwards of Connecticut, these islands being included in the Western Reserve Firelands grant to people of that state.

About the year 1810 two French "squatters" are said to have taken possession of Put-in-Bay. These adventurers engaged mainly in hunting, fishing and trapping.

Their tranquillity—like that of the solitary exile of Juan Fernandez—was frequently disturbed by the discovery of footprints on the sand, there left by the moccasined feet



Put-in-Bay Town Hall

of hostile red men. It is therefore a natural presumption that these squatters felt relieved when reinforced by several families of French Canadians. Soon after these accessions, an individual, Seth Done, agent for the Edwards property, also located on Put-in-Bay with a view to clearing and improving it. Done employed a number of laborers who had accompanied him thither, and the little colony, thus formed, turned their attention to civilized pursuits.

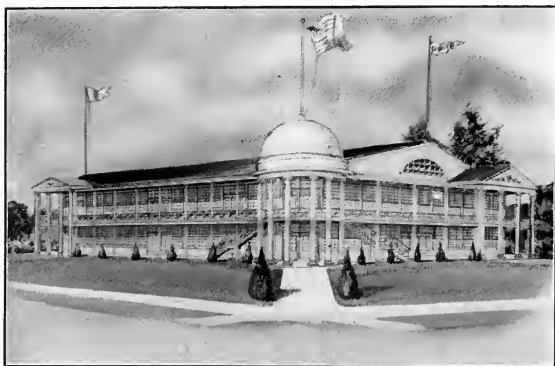
Soon after the formation of this colony, war was declared between England and the United States, and the general uprising of the Indian allies of the British brought fear and trembling to settlers everywhere along the military frontier.

In the autumn of 1811, according to local reminiscence, a tract of land comprising 100 acres having been cleared, was sown to wheat by colonists under the direction of Mr. Done; and in the summer of 1812, an exceptionally fine crop of this grain was produced, the soil proving remarkably fertile. The wheat had been duly harvested and the settlers were busy threshing, when they were surprised by Indians. The grain was destroyed, and the colonists driven from the island. In view of the troublous times, 2000 bushels of wheat, previously threshed, had been carried by boat loads across to the Ohio peninsula where it was stored in a log-built structure hidden away amongst tangles of underbrush. This rude storehouse was discovered, however, and its contents burned by British scouts and their Indian allies. Thus ended in complete disaster the first settlement of Put-in-Bay.

Concerning events attending and culminating in the breaking up of this pioneer colony, little seems to have been known to subsequent settlers; nevertheless, a detailed account thereof has been preserved. Though coming to

hand in a roundabout way, it undoubtedly bears the stamp of authenticity.

The account, published as a general newspaper article in 1900, by Mrs. Attie Davis of Columbus, Ohio, forms part of a story relating to the Austin family who lived at Vermilion during the war of 1812, the period when tomahawk and scalping knife hung constantly over the heads



Colonial Music and Dancing Hall

of lake shore and island dwellers, and life for them was one continued round of apprehension.

On the occasion that prefaces the story under consideration, Mr. Austin found it necessary to journey with a grist of corn over his shoulder to a mortar—used in grinding grain—several miles distant to the Ruggles cabin, standing on site now known as “Ruggles Grove.”

Austin was loath to leave his wife, and child, knowing not what might befall them ere his return. There was also danger, at every step, of his being shot down by redskins.

The wife, left alone, was nervous from apprehension

concerning her husband's safety, as well as that of herself and child. Too anxious to sew, or to knit, was Mrs. Austin; and after securing the door with bolts and bars, she lay the child down in its crib, and sentinel-like began pacing back and forth through the cabin, peering sharply into every copse and covert for possible Indians bent upon mischief. The day seemed an age, but finally wore to a close.

Having completed the task of grinding his corn at the mortar, Mr. Austin was bound homeward with his bag of meal. He had completed about one-third of the distance, when casting his eyes over the lake, he saw to westward three black specks apparently moving towards the mouth of Vermilion river. "Indians, by all the saints!" With this muttered ejaculation he cast the bag of meal into a hollow tree, and, tightening his girdle, made a frenzied dash for home, resolving to save his family or die with them.

From the window, Mrs. Austin saw also the boats when they first appeared outlined against the horizon. With growing anxiety she watched them as they came nearer, and nearer. She could discern human forms, but of whites, Indians or half-breeds she could not tell. Mrs. Austin clasped her hands, and bowed in a silent prayer for strength to meet her fate, whatever it might be. When she arose, new courage and strength were hers. A dangerous light flashed from her blue eyes. Taking from a corner two loaded rifles, she placed them by a window overlooking the lake; then drawing a small table close to the window she placed thereon the powder horn, balls and cap box.

There were Indian huts on the opposite side of the river. These, now deserted, had been occupied only two

weeks before. Perhaps their late owners were returning to satisfy their thirst for blood, and to lay waste her home.

The remainder of this thrilling story can best be told, however, in the writer's own words, copied as follows:

“As these thoughts flashed quickly through her mind she clasped her hands in agony and prayed most earnestly and aloud, “Oh, God, help, help, help!” This was her simple prayer, but it strengthened her for the meeting with either friend or foe, she knew not which.

Now, a broad pathway of light lay on the water, streaming from the setting sun, and in its very center the boat came swiftly gliding in, nearer and nearer as on a river of molten gold. Although it was quite near enough to have distinguished white men from Indians, it was impossible to do so in the sunset's blinding glare. But before it melted into the twilight that blends the dying day with the starry night, the boats were hidden by a clump of large trees and the stars spangled the sky quite an hour before the occupants of the boats made any sign that they had landed.

The day had been long and wearisome, but that one hour seemed an eternity to the young mother now softly soothing her babe to rest, while she stood with her gaze riveted on the pathway leading up from the river. At last dim shadowy forms like phantoms of the night slowly moved along the river bank. The sight started the hot lava tide tingling swiftly through her veins. She hurriedly lay the baby down, and grasped a gun and pointed it at the forms, determined to defend her home to the bitter end.

Slowly, cautiously, the figures advanced, stopping at times as if in consultation, then all but one halted in the deep shadows of the trees, and he boldly advanced. Now, Mrs. Austin thought, is time to check his nearer approach,

and she was about to fire when a child's lusty cry, mingled with the deep tones of a manly voice, as he hailed, "Ho, tavern ahoy!" nearly caused her to let the gun drop.

The child's lusty cries awoke the forest echoes, and it seemed as if the woods had suddenly filled with angels. The cries continued, but they sounded like a trumpet of peace to the fear-tortured woman, who had nearly fired into the party.

The relief occasioned to her by that cry was like that of a reprieve or pardon to one about to be executed; or, like that of sunlight breaking through angry clouds after a tempestuous storm. Womanlike, she nearly threw the gun into a corner when the manly voice said, "Can you shelter a band of refugees?"

Her great joy at finding the party friends nearly threw her into hysterics, and she quickly replied, "Yes, yes, come in." She flew to the door, but her hands trembled so she could hardly unbar it; but one after another the heavy bars were laid aside, she threw wide the door, and thirty-two fleeing settlers swarmed into the room—seven families from the islands, men, women and children, two of whom were Austins.

Now, Mrs. Austin, transformed, at it were, from a sad, weary sentinel to a genial hostess, soon made her guests feel perfectly at home, and the women felt that for a short time, at least, they had found a haven of rest. She lit the conventional saucer, and the sickly yellow glare that flickered through the darkness showed her the saddest, most weary, and forlorn group of people that she had ever seen. The men looked hollowed-eyed and haggard; and the women's wan and tear-stained faces, looking so pitiful in the dim flaring light, drew the sympathetic tears from Mrs. Austin's eyes. And while she tried to cheer them

with brave, encouraging words, she busied herself in preparing a supper of cornmeal mush and wild honey. Soon she set the mush smoking before them, and a great platter of wild honey, and to these hungry souls it seemed a most delicious feast.

After satisfying their hunger the women placed the children in the two beds, and then climbed to the loft to pass the night in sleep upon the bare floor, with only a shawl under their heads for a pillow. But this was a princely bed compared to the cramped position they had been obliged to keep in the boats the night before.

The men sat in close counsel, while their hostess quietly cleared away the dishes and remains of the meal, arranging the table for her husband whom she knew must be nearly home. The wind had risen, and was blowing in shrieking gusts from off the land, and fearing that their boats might break her moorings, and float away, John and Judd Austin arose and shouldered their guns preparatory to making the boat a visit, and the more securely fastening it to the trees that everhung it, completely hiding it from any chance boatman that might pass that way, when a long mournful whoo-o-o of an owl startled them as it filled the night air. Each man grasped his gun, and stood listening for a repetition of the cry; it did not come; but a sound more welcome did—a low guarding rap, rap, rap, on the door. Mrs. Austin sprang to the fastenings, and quickly opened the door, admitting her blood-smeared, ragged, hungry husband. She sprang back, exclaiming: “Oh, Barlow, what is it? Did you meet with Indians?”

“No, no, Charlotte, the briars scratched my face and tore my clothes as I dashed through them in the vain attempt to reach here before the boats did, which I saw afar out on the lake; but thanks be to God, I find friends here

instead of the Indians or half-breeds, who are worse than Indians.”

The men crowded near him, and the warm, rugged hand-shake passed round with hearty congratulations for his safe return. Then four of the men started for a visit to their boats.

Mr. Austin washed the blood from his much scratched face and hands, ate his supper, then lighting his pipe sat down to chat with his visitors.

Meanwhile his wife climbed to the loft, and, lying down on the floor with the other women, was soon fast asleep. Peaceful slumber lay over all, from which they awoke with an entrancing sense of peace and joy as the low, melodious sounds from the jewsharp filled the cabin; it floated to their half roused senses like notes from heaven.

The fatigue of the whole party was so great that not a woman or man stirred until the sun was high in the east. Then the loud wail of an infant aroused them, and while the women were preparing breakfast, several of the men, acting as scouts, scoured the forest for a short distance around, but finding all quiet they came back, and after doing justice to the breakfast of fried mush and smoked sturgeon, prepared to clean their guns.

The cabin door was allowed to stand open all day, and the children played merrily in and out of the house. Five days passed peacefully along, and the utter quiet and silence from any news whatever of the war became oppressive. Now, on the eve of the fifth day, the men from the island concluded to make a journey back to their homes. So at the first peep of dawn the next morn, they pulled off from shore on their return trip. In due time they neared the island. They knew the nature of the wily savages,

and felt that every precaution must be used to avoid an ambush. Therefore they approached the island on the swampy side opposite their homes. Here the tall wild rice grew luxuriantly down to the water's edge. They pulled into a little cove where the cat-tails and thick grasses made a snug hiding place for the boat, while they reconnoitered. Stealthily they made their way to a large maple on the brow of a knoll where they could have a clear view of all the cabins.

All was quiet and seemingly just as they had left it, and they were about to push boldly forward, when a peculiar hammering in the cabin nearest them arrested the action. A measured thump, thump, like the sound of a small mallet striking a table, made the men wonder what the Indians were doing; for certain it was they were in that cabin waiting with unwearied eye the return of the owner, then they would murder, plunder and burn to their demon hearts' satisfaction.

The watching party shrank back behind bushes in the shade of the tree and waited a long time for further developments. At last there came a mighty, powerful chief as large in stature as any they had ever seen, opened the cabin door, and after glancing cautiously around, walked out toward the beach, and with folded arms stood sweeping the lake's surface with his falcon eyes.

Soon another large Indian followed, then another, and another, until thirteen blood-thirsty chiefs stood looking out over the water with searching gaze.

It was well that the pioneers' boat was not afloat at that time, or they would not have landed so safely, and, knowing that their number could not cope with the thirteen red men, they cautiously made their way back to the boat into which they unceremoniously scrambled and rowed

swiftly away for reinforcements. They kept the wooded side of the island between them and their enemies until nightfall covered their retreat with her friendly veil; then turning their course rowed quickly back to their friendly shelter of the Austin home, which they reached just as dinner was ready. After making report of their journey to the anxious, waiting group, and doing ample justice to the wild honey, johnny-cake, bean soup and stewed squirrel—the three latter being smoking hot—they prepared to mold bullets enough to return to the island and put an end to every redskin there.

All the afternoon they worked, while the women huddled in little groups talking in subdued, awed tones. The island settlers had many bullets molded by sundown, but they were not enough; and all through the night they worked molding the deadly ball. They even laughed and joked at the surprise they would give their enemies.

At the first peep of daylight they carefully stored their ammunition and provision in the boat, and pulled again for their deserted homes, leaving their families in sobs and tears. The lake was calm almost to the smoothness of glass, and the boat skimmed over the surface like a gull. They were quite near the island by sundown, but thinking it best to land under cover of the darkness, they lay to on their oars and waited until midnight; then, with muffled oars pulled slowly into the hidden cove where the boat was safely moored, and they once more cautiously ascended the knoll overlooking their little settlement. A dead silence rested there, and deadly enemies also, who, with the slightest warning of the white man's approach would be like a sleuth hound, and only a body burning at the stake could glut their thirst for blood. And as forewarned

is forearmed, the pioneers felt that they held the vantage ground this time.

But every man needed rest, and all the strength he could summon for the hot work that was before them for the morrow. So after a whispered consultation they detailed George Austin, as sentinel, and then sought the ground in the deepest shade, where they slept. And of all lonely vigils, Mr. Austin said that was the loneliest he ever kept. He watched the weird, grotesque shadows of the woods playing over the ground in the pale light of the crescent moon, with a fascination new and strange to him. A night bird wheeling in rapid flight brushed his head, so startling him from his fantastic musings he nearly yelled. Not a thing else the shadows and wheeling bird moved until the darkness preceding dawn; then he heard the soft dip of oars, a grating sound as if a boat were being cautiously pulled upon the shore. Now every nerve tingled with excitement, and he drew back in deeper shadows, and strained his hearing for another sound; but none came; not even with the five stalwart forms that were soon dimly outlined in the darkness skulking along the foot of the knoll toward the nearest cabin, which they entered.

Now young Austin aroused his comrades, and grouped with heads close together in whispered words, he told them what he had seen. Some little time was taken up in laying plans for the day, and in giving instructions how best to carry them through. Then with the order to secrete themselves so as to overlook the cabins, and when the Indians came out, as they knew they would at the first light of day, to give them a volley of hot lead. The signal for them to fire would be given by John Austin, and was to be the rap-a-tap of the woodpeckers upon a tree, in imitation of their sounding tap.

They had many other wood signals which were used during the hide-and-seek fight which was not long delayed. The sun was just showing his disc above the eastern trees, when the savages began to show themselves. Cautiously at first they peered from the door, then seeming to feel that all was safe for their exit, came boldly forth. One, two, three, until seventeen were counted. Some moved toward the water's edge; others squatted on the ground and some of them stood with folded arms, quietly looking at the now swelling waves. There were still others in the cabin, for that peculiar pound, pound, reverberated loudly through the woods, and rolled across the waters like the sound of doom. Now mingled with its jarring sound came the wood-peckers' sharp rap-a-tap-tp, rap-a-tap-tap, which was really the sound of doom for several of the Indians, as with the signals' last stroke came a stream of fire from the ambushed settlers and seven brawny chiefs bit the dust simultaneously with sharp crack of the rifle.

Consternation seized the Indians, and in wild alarm they fled for safety. Several were wounded by the sharpshooters before they could get under cover of the bushes. Hastily, yet cautiously, and with a hunter's precision, the pioneers changed their positions, and now waited the action of the savages. It came in small spiral coils of smoke issuing from the roofs and crevices of the log cabins.

"Ye gods!" ejaculated Sam West, surprised, angered and excited into loud tones, "how did the demons do that and escape from the burning dwelling without our seeing them? Come on, boys, let's climb this tree where we will have a good view of the ground on the other side of the cabins and, if the red devils have not made cover, we may pick some of them off yet."

So said, so done. Three of the settlers ascended to

quite a height in the tall thinly foliaged tree, and the report of their rifles told their waiting comrades that they had sighted the enemy.

When the smoke cleared away they saw ten Indians arise and run in a skulking attitude for the nearest shelter, which was a pile of rocks not far distant. Three of their number lay still nor wriggled more; the pioneers' deadly bullet had reached their hearts. No sooner did the squad of men under the tree see fleeing Indians than a shower of bullets with a resounding report lay seven more dead. Only three reached the pile of friendly rocks.

Now Sam West and his friends descended from the tree and quickly reloading their guns commenced a stealthy march to a position in the rear of the hiding savages. Sly and quiet as foxes they moved through the undergrowth and were soon where they could have seen the Indians. But to their great surprise not a redskin was there; they had vanished completely.

"Queer," muttered Sam West, "the devil himself must have spirited them away." So returning to their friends, the whole party made their way cautiously back to a point where they could see the Indian canoe, and waited the coming of the hideous, war painted demons, which was not until long after nightfall. Then like shadows they moved along the shore, stopping frequently to listen to sounds of warning. Hearing none, they came silently on. They reached the canoe, but not to enter, for the ambushed men with deadly aim sent every one of them to the Indians' happy hunting ground.

Now feeling that not another red warrior remained on the island, they cautiously went over the battle ground, and counted seventeen dead Indians, hideous objects in their war paint and feathered adornments. As the party

passed the smoking ruins of their homes, one poor fellow sat down and really cried and sobbed like a child amid the ruins of a broken toy.

The night was far advanced when they sought their boat, launched it, and silently taking their places at the oars pushed out over the lake, each one too sad and disheartened for conversation. Weary in both body and soul and so absorbed in grief for their ruined homes that their vigilance somewhat slacked, and as they were passing that part of one of the islands now known as Gibraltar, a dark object shot out from the deep shadows, not forty yards distant, then, "Great gods, boys, look to your guns or we are lost, the red devils are close upon us, fire!"

Simultaneously the guns from both boat and canoe belched their deadly loads. But except for a tomahawk thrown with unerring skill by one of the red warriors, cleaving the skull of one of the young men, not a man was hurt. "Quick, give them another," and almost as quickly as the other was given another charge of hot lead flew from their guns, dealing death and destruction to the Indians. "Ha, we have crippled the rascals sure; they are drawing back into the shadows. Now row for your lives, boys; row as you never rowed before if you wish to see your loved ones."

In answer to the long, strong pull of the oarsmen the boat fairly flew over the waves and soon passed the last of the islands, shooting out into clear water. Now feeling that all danger was over they slacked speed and tenderly covering their dear comrade, slowly and without further adventure continued their sad journey over the now rising waves.

On their trip back to the mainland these fleeing islanders encountered a violent storm, thunder and lightning ac-

accompanied by wind. This they safely weathered, reaching the Austin cabin the following day.

Other thrilling adventures in connection with the British and Indian war fell to the lot of these island pioneers, but their troubles ended with the war, after which they all settled in the locality where dwelt the Austin family.



Waterworks Pumping Station

For several years following these events, Put-in-Bay was practically abandoned, and soon relapsed into primitive wildness. Save an occasional hermit—by whom its solitudes were courted—resident inhabitants there were none, though a rendezvous for occasional trappers and hunters, while adventurers sometimes landed there, also

mariners from passing vessels that sought shelter in the harbor.

The Bass group as a whole was not then regarded by agriculturists as a really paying proposition, due to isolation, and total lack of connection with trade and market centers. Two individuals are recorded as having made brief sojourns on the island: "Shell" Johnson, and one Captain Hill, but little thought of making the place a permanent abode seemed to suggest itself up to the year 1822. About that time, A. P. Edwards, brother of Judge Edwards, then deceased, came to look after the property, having succeeded to its ownership. On landing, Mr. Edwards found there a single "squatter," one Ben Napier, a French Canadian, living in a small cabin built of red cedar logs on a spot near which the steamer wharves are now located. Ben had taken full possession of the island, evidently considering himself "monarch of all he surveyed." He vigorously disputed Edward's right, and the latter was forced to visit Norwalk, then the county seat, to procure papers wherewith to establish his claim. Ben was finally ousted, and retired in disgust to look for another squatter's claim.

The work of opening up and improving the island now began. A force of day laborers were transported thither, and the first movement was the erection of a building, serving as shop and warehouse, together with a commodious frame structure intended both as a residence for the agent who superintended operations and as a boarding house for the laborers. These buildings were erected in 1823, on the site occupied in after years by a famous hotel known as the "Put-in-Bay House." The combination dwell-

ling and boarding house formed for many years the central and crowning glory of the island. Its grounds were pleasantly laid out, and, basking under a virgin coat of whitewash, it came to be known as "The White House." It was successively occupied by agents representing the Edwards estate, chief among whom were Pierpont, McGib-



St. Mary's Catholic Church

bons, Scott, and Van Rassalier. Cord wood and limestone were thence shipped to Cleveland, and Erie. Portions of the island were covered with fine forests of red cedar and

vessel cargoes of this valuable wood were shipped to Eastern markets.

No direct line of vessels connected with the islands, but by special understanding with captains of schooners bound up and down the lake, these vessels were signalled in by shots fired from a cannon planted on shore when shipments awaited transportation. These vessels also brought supplies to the little maritime populace.

The only local facilities for reaching the mainland at that time were afforded by a small sloop, the "A. P. Edwards," and a larger boat termed a "Zig," rowed by ten men, five to each side. The island pioneers grew amphibious in their habits, and their exploits on water and ice were marvelous.

Wishing to dispose of his island possessions as a whole, Edwards declined selling a foot of land by parcel, refusing even a location for a government lighthouse, which in consequence was erected on Green Island. As a result of Edwards' policy, the Bass Islands developed slowly and at the end of two decades were still comparatively unsettled.

In 1843 Phillip Vroman, the oldest surviving resident at the present time, came to Put-in-Bay from Cooperstown, N. Y. The "White House," above described, and a half a dozen log cabins were then the only habitations, while Middle and North Bass contained each a single cabin. The lake waters at that time swarmed with fish. Game, such as water fowl, fox, and raccoon, was abundant. Ccon hunting was not only a favorite pastime among the men, and boys, but it was correspondingly profitable. Large numbers were taken, and the sale of their hides brought

considerable money. One of the Fox brothers of North Bass bought up all the coon skins taken at Put-in-Bay. These he sold for a good price to the fur companies. The squirrel in its natural state was never known on the Bass Islands, and few deer were then seen, excepting occasional herds that crossed on the ice from Pt. Au Pelee Island, and the mainland. Rattlesnakes were a plentiful commodity, and gave the inhabitants some annoyance. The woods were infested by hogs, which, originally brought to the islands as domestic animals many years before, had run wild, and multiplied until very numerous. These brutes led a "root-hog-or-die" existence, depending upon their own grubbing, summer and winter. They developed into a race of "razor backs," such as would have put out of commission the famous "razor back" of Florida. These poor creatures were very savage from hunger and the islanders were sometimes treed by them. When fresh meat was required, a squad of mounted men with dogs and guns sallied forth into the woods for the purpose of hunting them down, and some very exciting adventures were reported.

In spring, the islands formed a veritable Eden of bloom, wild flowers of endless variety appearing in overwhelming abundance, intermingled with native shrubbery, mosses, and vines, which belted and overhung in a most charming and picturesque manner the line of broken shore rocks. The forests were literally alive with songsters, and the eagle found here a congenial retreat.

In 1854, the island colony was reinforced by Dr. Luther Nelson and family, who removed thither from the mainland. Dr. Nelson was the first physician to locate on

the Bass Islands. Considerable wheat was grown and large droves of sheep fed and grew fat on the sweet, wild grasses. Dr. Nelson owned 500 head of these mutton and wool producers. In this year—1854—the islands comprising the Edwards property were sold entire to Riveria De San Jargo, a Spanish merchant of wealth and distinction, then residing in New York City. Up to this time but a single frame house had been erected on Put-in-Bay; but with a change of proprietors its prospects brightened. Building contracts were issued by Mr. Riveria, and Middle Bass was disposed of to three purchasers—Wm. Rehberg, a wealthy German count, Andrew Wehrle, and a capitalist named



Tomb of Riveria De San Jargo

Caldwell. A steamer, the "Islander," began making trips from Sandusky to Put-in-Bay, and the islands as a body

enjoyed that which in modern times would have been regarded as a "boom."

Many visitors began crowding towards Put-in-Bay, drawn thither by the natural and historical attractions of the place. Among the number was J. W. Gray—then editor of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*. Gray purchased the "White House." Changes and additions were made, and a comfortable hotel soon opened its doors to the public. A small hotel, "The Perry House," was also opened up by Mr. Henry Beebe.

The fame of Put-in-Bay continued to spread, until by natural processes it developed into a widely-known and popular summer resort and to meet the ever-increasing demand for accommodations a grand summer hotel was projected, built, and christened—the "Put-in-Bay House." The structure was 450 feet long. Its verandas, extending the whole length of building, commanded a magnificent view of the bay, near which the Hotel was located. The "Beebe House," a fine, commodious structure, was also erected, taking the place of the old "Perry House." The "Beebe" was owned, and operated many years by Mr. Henry Beebe, now deceased.

Dwelling houses and other buildings sprang up rapidly, and owners of real estate suddenly found themselves wealthy. Not only had the place become a staple attraction to visitors, but the peculiar adaptability of the soil and climate rendered grape culture a prolific source of gain, and Put-in-Bay and adjacent isles were soon covered with thrifty vineyards.

The "Put-in-Bay House" was subsequently destroyed by fire. Years afterwards the hotel was rebuilt on a

smaller scale, by Valentine Doller, but was again burned to the ground.

“Hotel Commodore,” formerly the “Beebe House,” became the property of the present company in 1910 and was entirely remodeled and newly furnished. The hotel was further improved in 1911 and 1912 and at this date is considered thoroughly up-to-date, first-class in every respect and well managed. A palm garden is connected with the hotel, where special entertainments are given for the



“Hotel Commodore”

amusement of guests. Tourists find in Hotel Commodore all that they desire—a hotel splendidly located on the bay shore front, two squares from site of Perry’s Memorial, and commanding an exceedingly fine view of the bay and adjacent islands.

“Park Hotel,” built some years ago, is operated under the management of Lucas Myer. Taking its name from the

island park upon which it fronts, the hotel is eligibly situated, is attractive in appearance and inviting as to hospitality. It entertains many season guests and its doors remain open when other summer hotels are closed.



"Park Hotel"

"Hotel Detroit" was the original "Hunker House." With a change of proprietorship, it became known as "The Ward"; later as "Hotel Crescent"; finally receiving, under the management of T. B. Alexander, its present name. Centering the busiest portion of the "Bay," it has also a park frontage, abundant shade and is convenient to the steamer landings. Its tables are commended as elegantly and hospitably furnished and its service all that could be desired.

"Smith Cottage" forms still another attractive hos-

telry. Pleasantly located near bathing beach and distant about five minutes' walk from boat landings, and post office, it has many visitors during the season. Its capacity



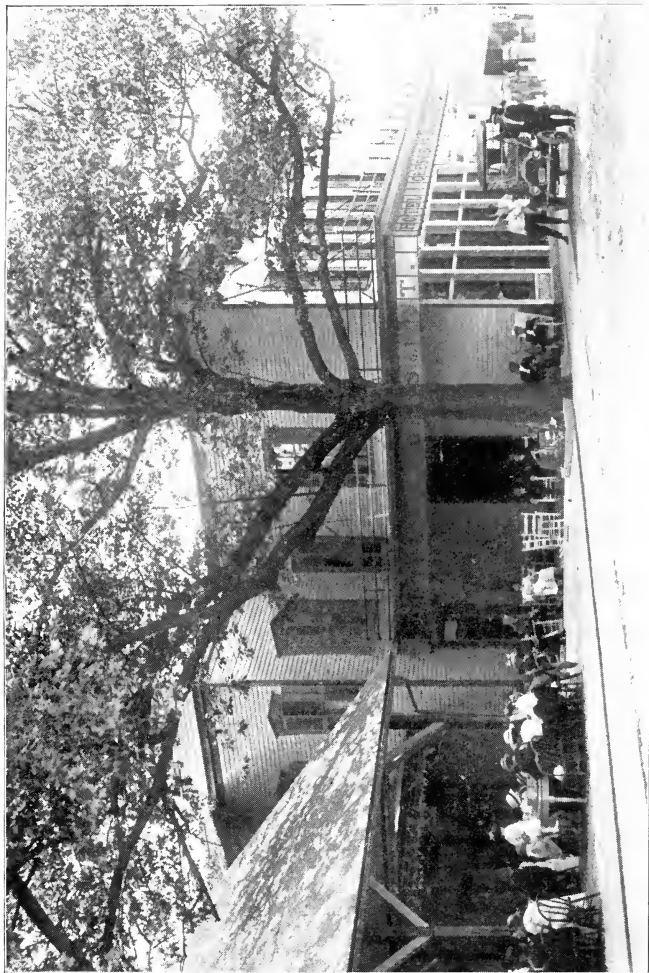
"Smith Cottage"

is fully equal to that of the average hotel, its meals first-class and patronage large. B. L. Smith is its proprietor.

"Hotel Oelschlager," an old and well-known hostelry, is centrally stationed and entertains many Cincinnati and other patrons.

The new "Hotel Perry," run under management of Frank Rittman, occupies a site on the cave road near the post office. It is attractively furnished and homelike in its comforts.

The "Reibel House," on Southshore road, one mile from the post office, is a favorite resort for Cincinnati people and has many patrons from other places. The "Doller," "Hitchcock," "Rehberg," "Maple," "Castle,"



"Hotel Detroit"

“Heim,” and “Conlen” cottages furnish also innumerable homelike attractions and comforts to their many guests who return year after year, and 'tis little wonder that the “Summer girl,” and her “season’s catch,” and the older Summer people, who frequent these delightful places, are loath to take their departure.



Grocery and Hardware Store of Jahannsen & Schnoor

The above cut shows the new brick building recently erected by Jahannsen & Schnoor—grocers and hardware dealers—a modern equipped establishment in every particular. The building contains two large storerooms, in fact, one of which is soon to be occupied by the island post office, of which Walter Ladd, Jr., is postmaster. It will be a depot also for souvenirs and other goods.

The V. Doller general merchandise store and the shoe store of C. Doller are old and well-known establishments.

Among later fledged enterprises, the Oelschlager store

building and drug store and restaurant of Fred Gross, may be numbered among business places.

The growth of educational interests at Put-in-Bay during the past few years has been rapid. The High School, under the supervision of Prof. Koons, is in a flourishing condition, annually turning out a number of graduates. It boasts a well-furnished library. An additional source of interest, and instruction, is a collection of minerals, fossils, shells, woods, seeds, etc., required in the study of Geology, Botany, Chemistry, and other branches.

In addition to the R. E. Episcopal church—elsewhere mentioned in this work—St. Mary's Catholic has a large membership on the island. Quietly situated amid surrounding vineyards, the church is a neat edifice, having



Doller's Dock

received recent improvements, including attractive interior decorations. St. Mary's and its people are under the spiritual direction of Rev. Father Mearder.

The docks—Put-in-Bay and Fox's dock—and the warehouses belonging to each, form the busiest place on the island. Besides the landing of thousands of passengers during the summer, large freight shipments are handled, including grapes in their season by the hundred ton.

The Put-in-Bay Board of Trade was organized September 25, 1902. First officers elected were: S. M. Jahannsen, President; Edw. Haas, Vice-President, Henry Fox, Secretary, Wm. Kinzler, Treasurer.

The object of this Board, when organized, was to further Put-in-Bay interests by the promotion of the prosperity and general welfare of the island by advertising its advantages to tourists and the general public as an attractive resort. Through its efforts public improvements have been made as follows: Building of Put-in-Bay waterworks at cost of \$8,250.00; sewerage system, \$3,500.00; improving Perry Park, and lake front; purchasing and donating memorial site to Perry Centennial Commission at cost of \$12,000.

Present officers of the Board are as follows: S. M. Johanssen, President; J. J. Day, Vice-President; Henry Fox, Secretary; Wm. Kinzler, Treasurer. The Board holds its meetings in the council chamber.

Village officers are as follows: Mayor, T. B. Alexander; Marshal, Jno. Esselbach; Clerk, Emil Ritter. There are also ten members of the council.

The "Put-in-Bay Resort company" was recently incorporated by S. M. Jahannsen, Matthias Ingold, Gustave Heinemann, Henry Fox, and George Fox. This company has purchased the remainder of the old Riveria estate, a tract of 129 acres on the west shore. They have also purchased property belonging to Crittenden, of Toledo; Graydon, of Cincinnati; together with seven acres of Capt. E. J. Dodge. This includes the romantic sheet of water indenting Peach Point, to be known as "The Put-in-Bay Resort Co. Harbor," as all purchasing lots of this company will have the privilege of there sheltering their boats. The land acquired is to be developed, according to present

plans. A large portion thereof is to be platted into small lots for cottages. The cave will be operated, also, and some other projects are under consideration. M. Ingold is President of this company; Henry Fox, Vice-President; S. M. Jahanssen, Secretary and Treasurer, and Gustave Heinemann, General Manager.

Numerous buildings and other projects are on foot for the Centennial year, all of which serve to show the island's development.



Hotel Victory.

A famed attraction of Put-in-Bay is Hotel Victory.

The hotel, said to be the largest summer hostelry in America, occupies the highest site of land on the island



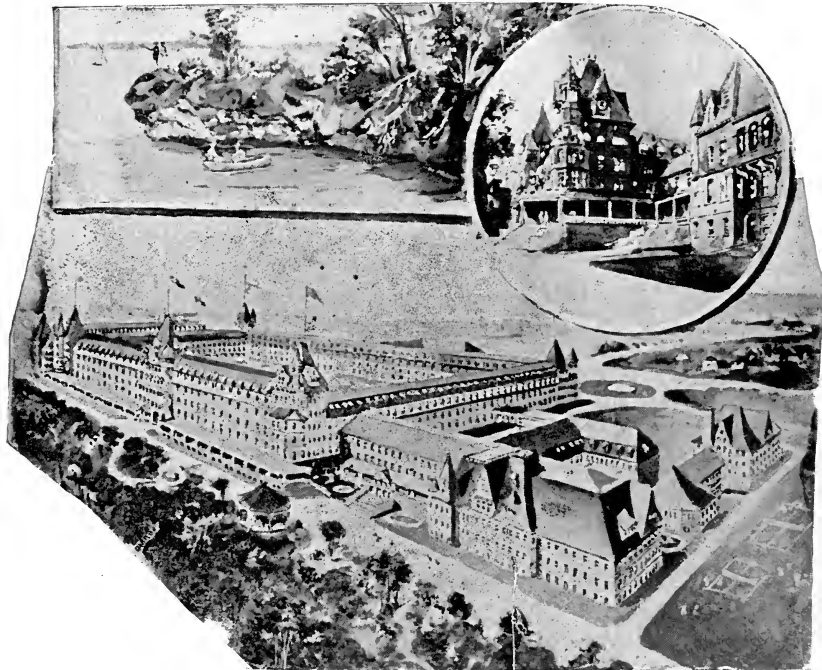
“Victory”

overlooking Victory park and the waters of Victory bay and commanding a scene of unrivalled beauty.

The main building is in the form of a square and is 600 feet long by 300 feet deep; the main portion surrounding a court 3000 feet square.

On one side, forming a wing and connected with the main building by a lobby, are the main dining hall, ordinary and kitchen, and back of these the servants' quarters.

The main dining hall is 155 feet long, 85 feet wide and 52 feet high, wide galleries encompassing the entire hall.



Bird's-eye View of the Big Hotel

The ordinary is 50 x 100 feet, and the combined dining capacity, including private banqueting halls and children's and nurses' dining hall, is 1,200 guests at one sitting. The guest chambers are 625 in number, large, light, airy and elegantly furnished, including 80 suites with baths. Every room fronts upon some lake view or toward the interior court, rendered charming with luxurious floral adornment, gravelled walks and other attractions.

There are three elevators, bell boy stations on every floor, electric call bells, 6,000 incandescent electric lights,



Grand Entrance

steam heating throughout the entire structure, and the most modern equipped hotel kitchen, it is said, in the world.

A ramble through the big hotel is almost equal to that taken through a small town.

Luxurious appointments are everywhere seen. The parlors of the Victory are numerous, showing varied styles of furniture and embellishment, each a model of elegance, comfort and luxury. Especially rich in upholstery are the ladies' grand parlors.



Main Office



Main Dining Hall

The office, halls, lobbies and corridors are correspondingly magnificent, and in extent the place seems interminable, the combined length of the corridors alone being one mile, all handsomely carpeted.

The main lobby—having a seating capacity of 1,000 persons—is a favored resort for hotel visitors when the hotel is open and running. Here the orchestra daily and nightly assembles, and music, mirth and festivity rule the hour. However, it is in the great ball room—by myriads of electric lights arched, and rendered brilliant as non-day—that representatives of social gaieties are more frequently found, joining in the grand promenade and mazy whirl.

Others, again, seek the grand piazza, which extends the whole length of the main structure, where by day, or at night when illuminated with electricity, is found a breezy and most delightful place in which to doze and dream, or to hold social converse. From this outlook is afforded a scene upon which the eye may linger long without becoming weary, so charmingly picturesque, so restful and delightful, its environments.

The grounds adjoining the hotel form a landscape garden which nature and art combine to beautify. Profuse but tasteful and exquisite floral decorations appear. Foliage plants and blooms of torrid richness blend with paler hues; while climbing the white walls and stone-pillared steps, masses of maderia, morning glory, nasturtium and woodbine spread a mantle of blossom-starred greenery. Care is taken to preserve natural effects, and in the park, consisting of twenty-one acres, extending to and

along the shores of Victory bay, revels a profusion of flowers, both wild and cultivated.

A rustic bridge of artistic design spans the park ravine; rough ledges of lime rock outcrop, and hollow



Assembly Hall

stumps form receptacles for tender, blossoming plants and vines. An electric fountain sends aloft its jetting spray, and a cascaded board walk descends by gentle slope to the shore five hundred feet distant.

The greatest charm of the park is its freedom, for the shore upon which it opens is as picturesque as ever conspired to woo the lover of Nature. Masses of beetling rock, of rock cleft and riven as by volcanic action, gird its

broken line, while in the caverns, indenting their base, echoes the sound of waves. As if to screen their roughness, vines and mosses cover and shrubbery and cedar clumps edge and overdroop them.

Boat and bathing houses occupy an eligible site, commanding a beach of smooth sand reached by a flight of steps. All the facilities for bathing are here afforded.



PUT-IN-BAY-ISLAND.
LAKE ERIE, OHIO.
T. W. M'VEARY, MGR.

Coat of Arms

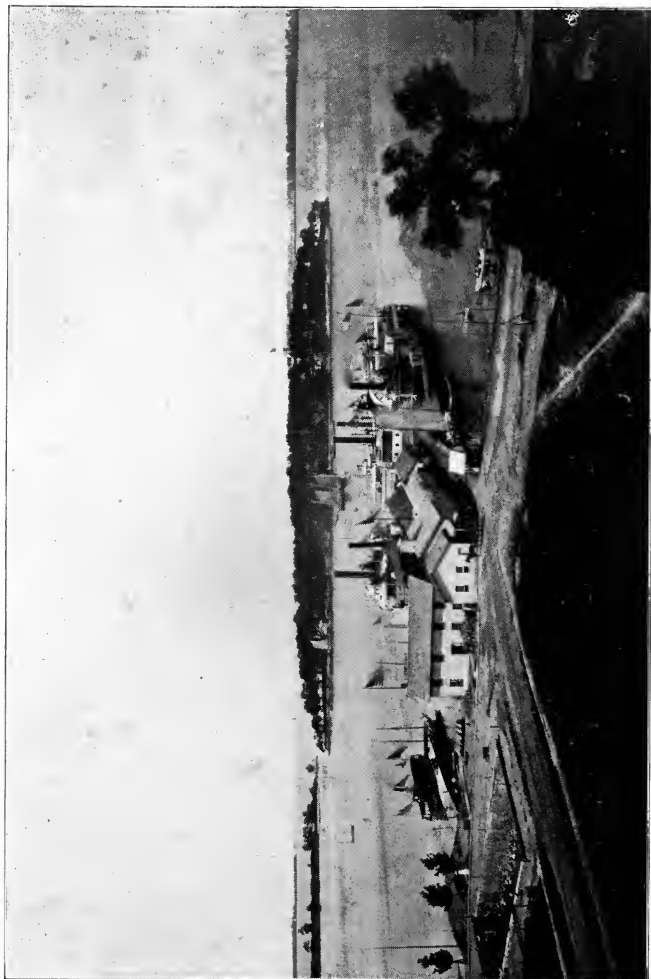
Early Recollections of an Old-Timer

D. P. Vroman, born and reared on Put-in-Bay, gives in the foregoing a few glimpses of the island as it appeared in the early fifties.

“About my first remembrance was of a trip taken to the bay by Mother and me, from our home—a log cabin—built on lands now included in the Antone Fuchs estate. Our course led through dense forest and along a trail used by settlers in hauling cedar and other wood and limestone, for shipment on vessels that then landed at the island—in the early fifties—for these commodities. Our vehicle was a dump cart, our team a yoke of oxen, the only means of transportation on the island at that time. At some point, on our trip, the lynch pin came out and we were unceremoniously dumped out upon the ground. I have often heard Mother say that, after this experience, I would always ask, on getting into any kind of conveyance, ‘Mother, will it dump?’

“Our first physician was a Dr. Girty, a nephew of Simon Girty—the renegade who allied himself with the British and Indians in the war against the early pioneers of the Western Reserve. Dr. Girty made professional calls on the writer—a lad of five or six years—who was afflicted with fever and ague, then very prevalent among the very few island residents. Doctor Girty lived on East Sister Island, and we at that time resided in a hewn log house in the grounds of the old manor, or “white house,” summer home of Mr. Edwards, who was then owner of the Bass Islands. This manor house had been the home of

Put-in-Bay in 1872



Henry Hyde and family, who came to the island in 1818, five years after the battle of Lake Erie. Hyde was an agent of Judge Edwards. The Hyde family lived many years on Put-in-Bay. Mrs. H. and several of her children died, and were buried on the grounds which afterwards became a part of the "Put-in-Bay House" property. As a child, I played about these graves, marked by a plain marble slab. This slab was in more recent years removed to the Put-in-Bay cemetery, where it was given a prominent place near the main entrance, with fitting arrangement by the trustees. Some of the children of Henry Hyde still reside in Ottawa county, of which Put-in-Bay forms a part.

"At the period concerning which I write, there were two docks; one at the southwest side of the island, known as the West Dock, the other at the bay. Cord-wood was sold in large quantities to lake vessels, together with cedar, and other timber and cobblestone for paving purposes, to Cleveland, Toledo, and other near-by cities. East Point then boasted of but one log cabin, which stood on land now owned by Mrs. Lorenz Miller. There was another log cabin at the West Dock; one on the Antone Fuchs place, which my father and his family once occupied, and a cedar log house near present site of the V. Doller store. These, with a hewn log dwelling in the yard of the old manor house, and the manor itself, formed the only places of habitation on Put-in-Bay as late as 1853 or 1854.

"In 1854, Mr. De Riveria purchased all three of the Bass Islands from the Edwards family. Simon Fox became agent for Riveria; Theodore Lauenstien, bookkeeper, and Phillip Vroman, the writer's father, was put in charge of extensive clearing and developing ideas carried out by Mr. Riveria. Phillip Vroman is the oldest resident

of Put-in-Bay township, having resided on the island since 1843. The first farm—100 acres—was purchased by him about the year 1846. Pound fishing started about this time, a very important factor in the early development of the islands and which was soon followed by introduction of the grape-growing industry.

“Capt. George W. Orr brought with him on his arrival the steamer ‘Island Queen’; land sold rapidly; Moore & West began building the famous ‘Put-in-Bay House’; Valentine Doller opened the first general store and also became our first postmaster. Other business enterprises came in due season, and, notwithstanding a few reverses, Put-in-Bay has continued to progress and, with the completion of the Perry Memorial, we hope to enter a new and enlarged field of prosperity. With Hotel Victory in perfect repair, and full operation; with an electric railway belting the entire island, and cottages all along its shores; with an electric road to Catawba island; the ‘Tourist’ making daily trips thither all winter and hourly runs the rest of the year; electric lights, and our natural gas developed, the islanders’ pipe dreams will be realized, and we shall begin to live, in 1913.”



Rock Scenery Near High Residence, Middle Bass—Photo by Geo. High

Middle Bass and Her Attractions.

The original name conferred upon Middle Bass, 'way back in the obscure past, embodies a fragment of romantic history. Its origin dates from the earliest recorded history of lake navigation, when, about the year 1680, a lone bark bound westward up the lake and bearing a devout band of Jesuit missionaries under the spiritual guidance of Father Hennepin (famed both for his piety and his skill as a navigator) touched at the isle. Alarmed by the white winged visitor that came silently and mysteriously out of the blue distance to cast anchor upon their shores, the terrified redskins left camp fire and wigwam and gathered menacingly upon the sands. The dark faces of the waiting savages grew yet darker and more distorted with fear and hatred, and each painted warrior clutched closer his tomahawk at sight of the pale faces stringing ashore in small boats. Through his interpreter, however, Father Hennepin—bearing in his hand a white flag—hastened to assure the Indians that the mission of himself and his followers was a mission of Peace. They had come, through motives of kindness and brotherly love, to tell them the story of the Cross. To the words of Father Hennepin they listened wonderingly—many of the number becoming converts. This service conducted by the Jesuit priest, formed notably the first service of the Christian Church ever held on the Lake Erie Islands. The season was early spring, and from shore to shore each jutting cliff of lime-rock and every wooded haunt displayed garnitures of wild bloom in such endless variety and exuberance as to draw the strangers'

attention. Enchanted with the island and its floral beauty, the missionaries, who were French, named it Isle des Fleurs—a name subsequently dropped, however, for the more prosaic appellation which it now bears.

In celebrity, the island is much larger than in area, the latter including about 1200 acres only. In shape, the island has been compared to a duck, East Point forming the head, which is attached to the main body by a long and very attenuated neck, making the total length about three miles. Its shore lines are of a decidedly rambling nature,



Wehrle's Hall

almost losing themselves in the pretty bays and picturesque points shapen by their meanderings.

Wave-worn and cavern-perforated rocks, wreckage-strewn beaches with belting trees and undergrowth of almost impenetrable density, are characteristic of the Middle Bass shores at some points. Inland, stretching beyond this fringe of Nature, appear orchard and vineyard lands, gardens, and truck patches.

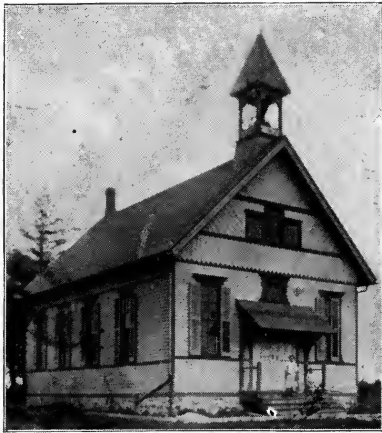
As the steamer pulls up to the island wharves, the first object that attracts attention is the structure once famed as a resort for gaiety lovers, known as "Wehrle's Hall"—the trysting place of youth and pleasure. The hall is reached by broad flights of stairs leading to outside balconies above. The ballroom floors afford space for hundreds of dancers, and, during the outing season, thousands of people from Cleveland, Detroit and other lake and inland places thither wend their way to sample the island wines and "trip the mazy." In the basement are the wine cellar vaults where visitors were shown a wine cask said to be the largest in the world.

Notwithstanding its reputation as a summer resort, Middle Bass was long destitute of anything resembling a hotel. This want was recently supplied, however, by the erection of a fine hotel structure on site of the old Wehrle residence near the steamboat landing. The new hostelry is owned by August Schmidt, of Sandusky. The Wehrle place, above mentioned, was formerly known and admired for its artistic and beautiful grounds. The residence, however, was burned in recent years.

The nearest approach to a public conveyance seen on the island proper is the East Point "bus," drawn by one horse, though a two-horse rig connects the boat landing with Middle Bass Club. In the interests of educational

advancement, the East Point "bus" makes semi-daily trips between the "Point," and the schoolhouse, situated near the island's western portion, for the purpose of conveying back and forth the children and youth.

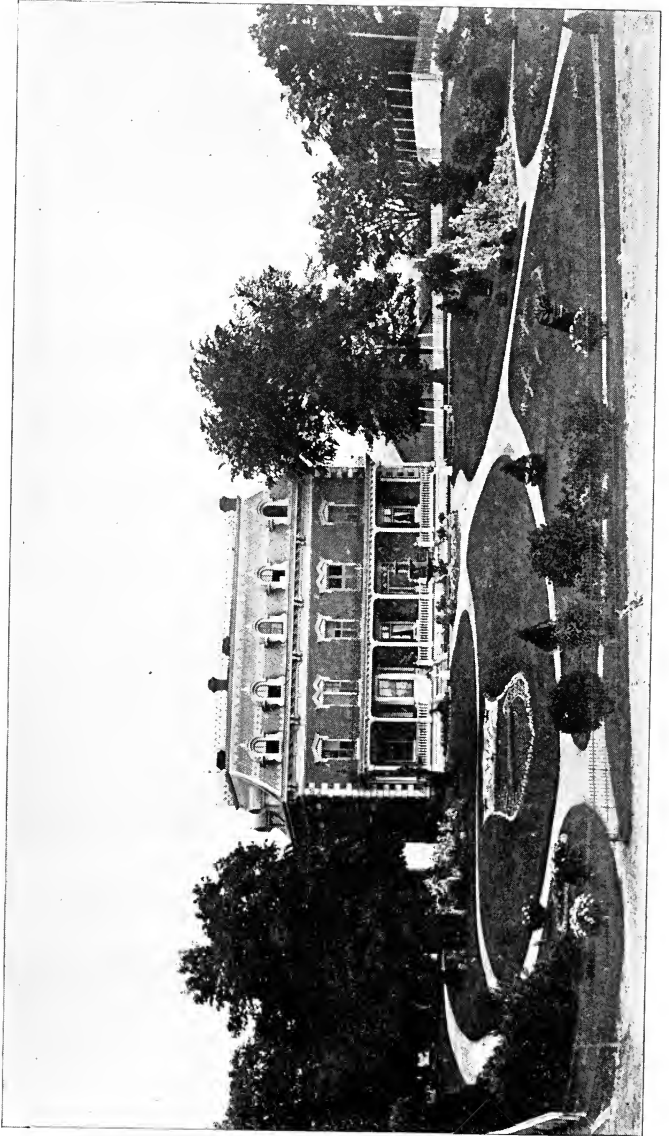
If a lover of nature, unspoiled by art, you should take passage in the "bus," providing you can catch it, for a trip to the "Point." Go as far as it will take you, then walk until you reach the "jumping-off place."



School House

Having secured a seat, the driver flourishes a long gad, and his old timer is soon jogging serenely along a road, which is redeemed from the monotony of dead levels by its meanderings. Vineyards to left and right unending, the islanders who till them being about the only people met.

Owing to overproduction, and corresponding low prices, grapes are not as profitable as they once were, still the islanders manage to absorb more ready cash from a ten-acre vineyard than the average farmer can make off



Old Wehrle Residence

160 acres of ordinary farm produce. Peach, pear, and plum orchards—seen by the way—contribute also to the islanders' source of revenue.

Most of the inhabitants live in substantial and, in many instances, elegantly built houses. They dress well, live well, and have jolly good times together.



Island Hall

The island hall, a commodious frame structure, affords accommodation for public entertainments of various kinds.

Though lacking a church edifice, the islanders boast a prosperous Sunday School, where piety and good morals are taught "the young and rising generation."

Cultivated lands suddenly cease and the road—as you jog along—turns and follows an embankment, with the lake on the one side and an extensive swamp on opposite

side. Garlanded each, and draped from root to top with wild grapes, wild "morning glory," "bitter sweet," and other native vines, the tree branches meet overhead, forming sylvan arcades. Beds of water lilies spread over the marsh's still surface; swamp blackbirds abound, together with water fowl that hibernate in almost impenetrable tangles of bushes, reeds, and wild rice, and, if you watch closely, glimpses may be caught of an occasional marsh hen, with her brood of chicks hopping about over half submerged logs, or wading the shallows. If provided with



At the Bend of the Road—East Point—Photo by Author

a camera, you will be tempted to use every plate it contains, but will secure some taking views of nature in the rough. This road forms the island's long and crooked neck, which more than once has narrowly escaped being broken

by the force of waves flung against it during violent Nor'easters. Formerly, the road at some points in heavy weather was inundated by the waves. The occupants of passing vehicles were showered with surf that rushed beneath their horses' hoofs and spouted aloft, while only pedestrians in high water boots could get by dry shod.

After much work, and large expenditure, a new road, or causeway, was built up, forming a safe and substantial thoroughfare. The old road formed in fact one of the island's staple curiosities. Just wide enough for a wagon track, it wound its tortuous way along a ridge of the roughest gravel piled up by the waves, against which the islanders were wont to scrape the enamel from their Sunday shoes. Dense thickets encroached upon the roadway, rising almost to the horses' bits.



A Beach View, East Point, Middle Bass—Photo by Author

On one occasion during a storm of unprecedented fury, the island was cut into two parts—lake and marsh uniting in one grand expanse of yeasty, choppy sea, in the midst of which the road lost its identity, but later appeared above the surface like a second edition of the “Cincinnati Anticlineal.” Fearful of losing altogether in some tearing storm their only thoroughfare, the “Point” dwellers appealed for help to the county road commissioners.

Denizens of East Point have latterly become less dependent upon road privileges for connection with the world; howbeit, since nearly every resident is now owner of a launch, with which he makes the run to Wehrle’s, or across to the “Bay,” at pleasure and with but small loss of time.

East Point is an attractive spot, and boasts a club and club house. The former is composed of prominent Sandusky people, while the fine old mansion, once the home of Mrs. John Lutes (deceased), serves as the club house.

Many of the island pioneers rest within the small, but well-kept, and beautiful cemetery.

The Post Office is situated on the main island road and Mrs. Burns holds the position of postmistress.

Like their neighbors of adjacent isles, the Middle Bass people engage to some extent in the fishing industry.

FAMOUS MIDDLE BASS CLUB.

Sentiment, as well as a craving appetite for piscatorial pastimes, must have figured in the deal, when a company of “Buckeye” representatives—high in social standing and correspondingly in the business and political world—purchased a tract of several acres, some years ago, on Middle Bass Island, and there permanently established a fishing and boating club that has since become famous.



Middle Bass Club House

The site selected occupied the island's western extremity, a most eligible location. Here, for many long seasons, the elite of city social circles have mingled with staid legislators and statesmen, fat capitalists and men of bulk, breadth and brains generally, all taking a hand off and on at the rod and trolling line. The organization formerly included a membership of about 200, among whom appeared the names of Gov. Foster, Gov. Bushnell, Senator Foraker, Gen. J. Warren Kieffer, and others quite as prominent.

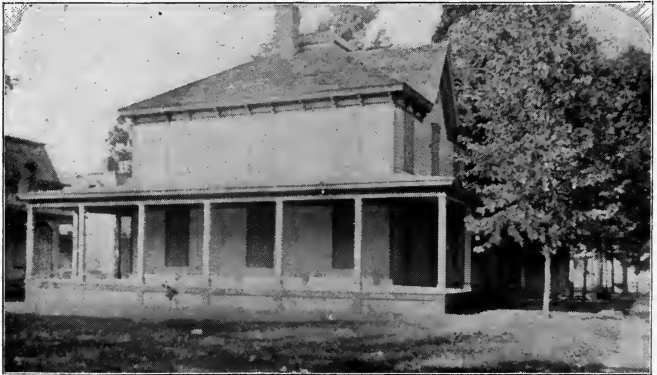
Though exclusive in their tastes, the club people have long been famous as entertainers. Not every "Weary Willie" may stretch his legs under their banquet tables; but the worth-while individual, lucky enough to secure an invite, there enjoys "a feast of reason and a flow of soul," together with a bill of fare and service sufficiently elaborate and dignified as to please the most fastidious.

Among individuals of note booked as guests of the club have appeared the names of Ex-Pres. Harrison, Ex-Pres. Cleveland, Senator Hanna, Cassius M. Clay, of Kentucky, and members of the Garfield, Rusk, and Sherman families. These, with a whole galaxy of lesser lights of greater or less brilliance, have appeared from time to time as guests of the club.

Following an arduous political campaign, Pres. Harrison once enjoyed a month's retirement at Middle Bass club, as a guest at the Berdan cottage. On several occasions, Grover Cleveland was a delighted visitor at the club, being entertained at the cottage of La Roy Brooks.

For bass fishing Grover entertained an especial fondness, and his reputation as a proficient along this line, al-

most equalled that of Jay Cooke, the well-known Philadelphia financier. Jay Cooke rendezvoused during the bass fishing season, spring, and fall, at his castled summer residence on Gibraltar Island, distant less than half a mile from Middle Bass, fishing at times on the same grounds with the Ex-President. Though both of these celebrities—once familiar figures on the islands—have been removed



**"Grover's" Retreat—Cottage of La Roy Brooks at Club—
Photo by Author**

by death, still rife with reminiscences is the club, concerning the lively sport enjoyed when "Jay" and "Grover" figured as contestants for the black bass fishing championship. Very many in fact of the club's original members and guests have crossed the "Great Divide."

Political and other differences have further conspired to reduce the membership, and to affect club interests to some extent, yet notwithstanding these difficulties, the organization is still recognized as one of the strongest and most popular in Ohio.

Run on the same line as in former years, the club is kept open from early May until mid October. In addition to the club house—a fine commodious structure with extensive verandas, wide and cool—the grounds contain a handsome pavilion and boat houses, a Gothic chapel, and a large and elegant hall, at which are held club parties and entertainments. These attractions, together with a collection of artistically built cottages, shaded avenues and care-



Bass Fishing

fully kept lawns, form in themselves a village of matchless beauty. Every beautiful and artistic effect in the arrangement of vines, vases, plants and shrubbery is studied, every detail being looked after with scrupulous care. Pavements of smooth white stone edge the main avenues, connecting with wharves and pier, and during the summer a ferry line steamer plies between the club grounds and Put-in-Bay.

As to fishing outfits, some of the swellest are displayed both on land and water. However, the boys, both young and old, make a specialty of comfort, rather than appearance, and may be frequently seen attired in unconventional garb, with slouch hats or caps and with sleeves rolled high, cruising the fishing grounds about Rattlesnake Island, amongst the Hen and Chickens group, or elsewhere, in pursuit of the gamy black bass, which, with lengthy bamboos, trolling lines, spoon hooks, dip nets or almost any old thing, they seek to inveigle.



Cottage Formerly Occupied by Gov. Bushnell—Photo by Author

Life at the club is one continued round of happiness. Fishing, bathing and canoeing occupy young and old. Music by the club orchestra, piano or mandolin may be heard during the afternoon and evening. Rehberg Hall echoes to the feet of dancers, while gaily painted boats and white winged yachts put out from shore with pleasure parties. Propellers, with strings of barges bound up and

down the watery highways of commerce, come and go, and shadowy sails appear to vanish again in the blending haze of sea and sky. Such is life at Middle Bass Club, and every fisherman who has once wet a line in these famous waters yearns to come again and yet again.

“Isle De Fleurs.”

From a time obscure and olden,
Linked by chain of legends golden,
 To the present day,
Comes to us a pleasing story,
Full of reminiscence hoary,
 Down the ages grey.

'Tis about a lonely islet,
Stretching under skies of violet,
 In the hazy west;
Brightly fair among the number
That together calmly slumber
 On Lake Erie's breast.

Near it one propitious June day,
Anchored fast, a wave-worn brig lay,
 After voyage long;
Over leagues of untried waters,
Where the dusky warrior's daughters
 Sang their chieftain's song;

While upon the wavelets lightly,
Touched by silver moonbeams nightly,
 Sped their bark canoes:
But the white-winged vessel lying
With her tattered pennon flying,
 Resting from her cruise;

Was the first sail of the white man
Ever risk of rock and reef ran,
 On Lake Erie's wave;
And the painted island savage,
Used alone to war and ravage,
 Fearful grew, and grave.

On the beach they quickly gathered,
Youthful brave and warrior feathered,
 At a sight so new;
And in silence there awaited
Small boats with intruders freighted,
 From "the winged canoe."

Facing then the vessel's captain,
Quoth an aged, dusky chieftain:
 "Wherefore art thou here?
Pale-face, tell us: Cam'st thou hither
All the red man's hopes to wither,
 By the breath of fear?"

"Cam'st thou to despoil our treasure,
Basely to enslave at pleasure
 Youthful maidens fair?
Cam'st for bloody war and pillage,
Ruthlessly to burn our village,
 And our braves ensnare?"

Then a man of stately bearing,
Symbols sacred meekly wearing
 On his priestly gown,
Rose to greet each dusky native,
While a heartfelt hymn oblation
 Softly floated round.

Spake the priest—a Bible holding,
 And its precepts there unfolding—
 "Came we that strife may cease!
 Fear not these, thy stranger brothers;
 This our motto—'Love to others,'
 And our mission—peace."



The Painted Island Savage

Then he told the olden story,
 Which, transcendent in its glory,
 Gilds the sacred Word,
 And the painted island savage,
 Used alone to war and ravage,
 Marveled as he heard.

All the green isle overspreading,
 Widely fragrance richly shedding
 Through the balmy air;
 Bloomed in wild, unkempt profusion,

’Mid the tangled wood’s seclusion,
Flow’rets brightly fair.

With the lovely shores delighted,
Which these voyagers had sighted,
And had early hailed—
Isle de Fleurs—“Isle of Flowers”—
Named they thus its pristine bowers
Ere again they sailed.

Cent’ries now, with movement solemn,
Every trace has swept before them
Of these voyagers:
Yet this isle of pleasing story
Bears the name and blossomed glory
Which of old were hers.

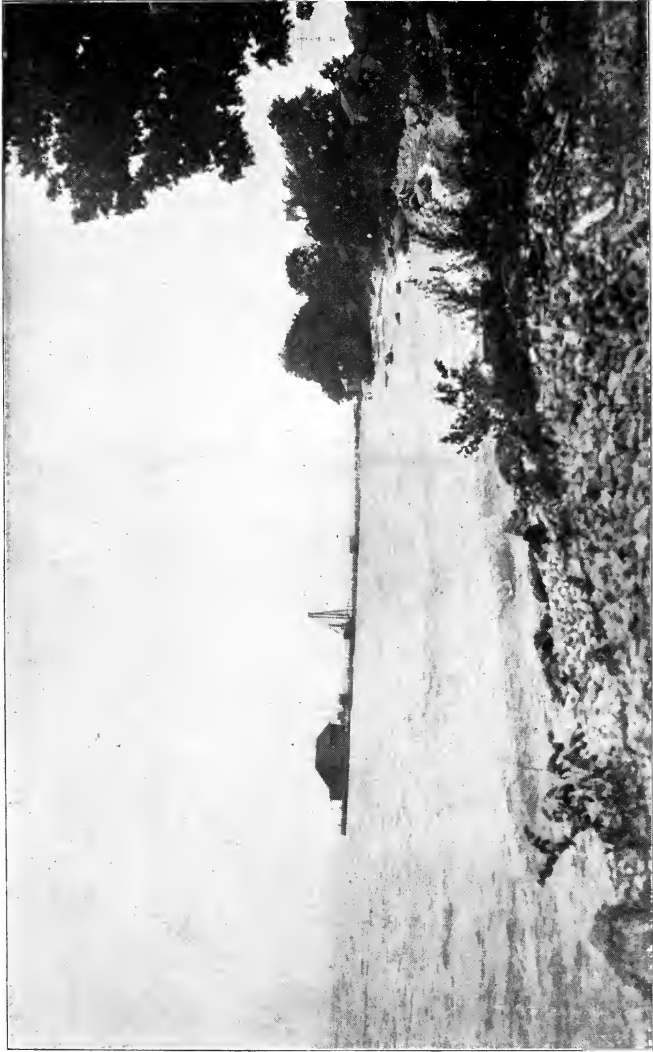
*Note.—According to historical account, the first sail craft that ever cruised the island waters anchored off what is now known as Middle Bass, in the latter part of the 17th century. The vessel, bound up the lake, carried a party of French missionaries, among whom was Father Louis Hennesin. Upon this island the missionaries landed, and there conducted the first religious service supposed ever to have been held in the archipelago by representatives of the Christian faith. So delighted with the island and its rich display of floral wealth were these early navigators, that they named it *Isle de Fleurs*—“Isle of Flowers.”

Isle St. George and Its Attractions.

On every alternate day when the U. S. mail and passenger steamer of the island and Sandusky line reaches Put-in-Bay, and has discharged the bulk of her freight, there yet remains a little side trip that is both interesting, and pleasurable; namely, to the furthest outlying Bass Island, four miles northward, tri-weekly trips to Sandusky and return being regularly afforded islanders there residing. Runs thither are also made in the early morn, while Put-in-Bay residents—some of them at least—are still in bed. Summer visitors and others who fail to catch the morning boat find a staple attraction, therefore, in an evening trip to Isle St. George.

Clearing from the "Bay" wharves, the steamer, thither bound, rounds slowly that portion of Gibraltar, picturesquely showing "Perry's Lookout," and the "Needle's Eye"—now luminous in the broad pathway of gold cast by the setting sun over waters westward lying. To leftward, "Green" and "Rattlesnake" Islands bask in the evening glow, and on rounding a northwesterly projection of Middle Bass, Isle St. George looms clearly into view.

White curving beaches of sand and gravel, with interspersing lines of pictured rock, girdle its shores. Viewed in early summer, when Nature with lavish hand showers the choicest of her adornments, and when blossomed gardens, and orchards, riot running vines, and green sward form settings for the neat cottages and elegant residences of its dwellers, the island at this season forms



Shore Line and Steamboat Landing at Isle St. George



a most attractive spot. Seen even in the sombre dress and beneath the dull lights of late autumn, the island is still redolent of charms, which brown leaves and denuded vineyards are powerless to destroy.

From a sheltered niche of St. George's shore, projects a pier, commodious, and well built, with a warehouse and office at its outer extremity. This is the landing place of the island steamer.

The old appellation, North Bass, still clings, though the more romantic, and euphonious—Isle St. George—is in popular favor, not only with the majority of residents, but with "Uncle Sam," by whom it has been officially adopted as a post office name. To the prosaic officials of Huron county, who in 1820 made out its first tax duplicate, it was known as "Bass Island No. 3." The island being a part of the Connecticut "Firelands," or Western Reserve, an agent thereof paid taxes accruing from 1820 to 1825. After this date, according to a local historian, the title was transferred to an individual named Demming. Later on, the title was again transferred from Abigail Demming to Horace Kelley of Kelley's Island. It also included North Bass and Rattlesnake Islands, consideration for the whole being \$2,800.

Regardless of these transfers, there seems to have been no permanent occupancy of the island until 1844, when the first settler, Rosswell Nichols, arrived in a small boat bearing a few household goods, his wife, and two brothers-in-law, Scott by name. Though "squatters," they built and furnished a cabin and made other improvements. How it happened is not stated, but from the foregoing it is inferred that the Firelands Society had regained ownership of the island; since according to historian, above quoted, Rosswell Nichols finally leased the property,

the consideration being that he (Nichols) should pay the taxes annually amounting to five dollars. Dr. Townsend, who later became a resident of the island, acting as agent, visited North Bass in 1845, for the purpose of arranging business pertaining to said lease. To make the round trip consumed a full week of the doctor's time, which, forming quite an adventure, is here related in his own words, as follows:

“I was practicing medicine in Rochester, N. Y., at the time, and having business in Sandusky the owner of North Bass Island (Champion) gave me power of attorney to procure lease of Rosswell Nichols, who occupied the island as a squatter. There were no steamboats and to reach the place was a question. I finally got set over on to the peninsula in a row boat. From there I hired an Indian to take me across to Put-in-Bay in his canoe. Thence, I succeeded in getting passage to North Bass. I found the said Nichols, his wife and the two Scott Brothers, sole occupants. Making known my business, Nichols asked me



The Old "Peter Fox Dock," Isle St. George

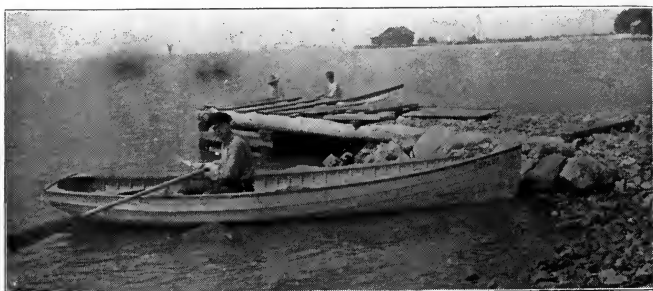
upon what terms he could lease the island. He had made a small clearing on the spot which afterwards became the property of Peter Fox. I proposed that he should pay the taxes, and send receipt to Rochester each year; fence at his own cost the land he had cleared, without recourse to owner for any improvements he chose to make, he to have all of the avails. Nichols accepted the terms but made request that we furnish him \$150, towards building a barn, and he would do the rest at his own cost. I counted out the money and drew up the lease. The barn was built according to agreement and now stands just east of the wine cellars on the Peter Fox premises.”

In 1849, the seclusion of the Nichols-Scott settlement was broken by the arrival of the Wires family—George Wires, who came from the mainland, having purchased there a tract of 137 acres. The same year Nichols bought 114 acres, the consideration being five dollars per acre.

In 1853, Simon and Peter Fox came as settlers to the island from Pt. Au Pelee, having purchased all of the remaining portion of land still unoccupied.

Fruit produced by wild grape vines on North Bass were of such quality that one of the islanders, Simon Fox, was led to believe the soil and climate peculiarly adapted to the culture of improved varieties, such as the Concord, Delaware, and Catawba, and by way of experiment put out an acre of the same. The vines flourished, producing in time a splendid crop, and proving in every way a success. Having thus discovered that to which the soil was best suited, the price of land suddenly advanced, subdivisions of the larger tracts being made to fill the demands of purchasers, all of whom began the culture of grapes. Results transcended the islanders most sanguine expectations, the largest, best flavored, and most delicious clusters

ever produced, loading the vines. In a few years after the first planting of grapes, the whole island—barring occasional tracts of pasture land, gardens, and orchards—luxuriated in vineyards. Concord grapes then sold at from four to five cents a pound; Catawbas, from six to eight cents, and Delawares from eight to ten cents a pound. Some additional pioneers of the island, and of grape culture, were P. Cummings, Dr. C. D. Townsend, Dr. Morton, H. G. Fox, Geo. Fox, J. Snide, C. K. Minor, C. Reichel, G. H. Smith, Gen. Lindsley, Wm. Axtell, and others.



Shore View Near "Up and Up" Club House

The fishing industry, carried on for years by North Bass, or, more poetically and properly speaking, Isle St. George residents, has grown to be an extensive and profitable occupation, reefs, and feeding beds around the island covering miles in extent, and inviting large schools of fishes, including black bass. Fish houses, fishing boats, fish nets—by mile lengths, fish net reels and the tarry fisher himself, are among picturesque objects seen at Isle St. George. Among veteran fishermen is oft mentioned Captain Sanderson, who, during a residence of over thirty years, proved a most successful manipulator of twine and

canvas. Henry Kimmel, another hardy fisher, still haunts the isle, though latterly residing elsewhere. The Fox brothers and numerous other resident fishermen have quite distinguished themselves along this line.

Practically all of the islanders are adventurers, in fact, on water, as well as on ice, conditions peculiar to so isolated a location having conspired to render them such—the island lying four miles from Put-in-Bay, sixteen from Pt. Clinton and twenty-four miles from Sandusky, the nearest trading centers. All the marvelous, not to say blood-curdling escapades, for which its inhabitants have been famous since the island's first settlement, would afford material for a whole series of entertaining novels. Old settlers used habitually to jeopardize their lives in reaching mainland points across the ice, when supplies were needed; also to procure and dispatch mail matter, or to transact business. Present day inhabitants inherit the spirit of adventure—having been born thereto.

Among early pioneers, Peter and Simon Fox are especially remembered for their hazardous undertakings. A cold bath—to the neck—from breaking through the ice, they regarded as laughable incidents, only. The breaking in, and submergence of a horse was a little more serious, but they generally succeeded in getting the animal out of its predicament.

Simon Fox, on one occasion, it is related, was crossing from St. George to Put-in-Bay with horse and sled; when about midway between these islands an easterly wind sprung up, suddenly parting and breaking up the ice in all directions. Simon noted the newly sprung seams of open water and jostling ice floes just ahead, and the long and gradually widening crack extending rearward between him and Isle St. George. Here was that which even the

most intrepid would admit as "real danger." A few moments' delay, as he saw at a glance, would cut him off entirely from land, and would send him adrift down Lake



The "Tigers"—Kenney Club Rooms—Isle St. George

Erie. The crack was already too wide for the horse and sled to cross without getting into the lake. There was but one alternative. It required dextrous and rapid movements, and strength as well. When making the leap of his life, Simon cleared the crack, landing safely upon solid ice, and later reaching shore. Marooned on an ice floe in the meantime, horse and sled drifted outward towards the open lake. Simon, however, did not propose letting his equine companion go by the board. Securing a boat, the assistance of a neighbor, and plenty of rope, the two pulled rapidly outward in pursuit of the fugitive horse and sled. Regardless of the sea that had risen and was al-

ready sending spray showers upward from between the running ice cakes, the horse—a quiet animal—maintained its position, evidently wondering what all the fuss was about. With great difficulty the men finally succeeded in fastening ropes to the floe bearing horse and sled. The ropes fortunately held, and the floe and its cargo were towed ashore and the rig safely landed.

Perhaps the most strenuous experiences known to the islanders, occur when medical aid is urgently needed, and a terrific storm of two or three days' duration is raging; or in winter when both storm and running ice must be encountered.

For the doctor it is also a strenuous undertaking, if especially he is new in the field, though as a "passenger," he is not expected to take a hand at the ropes, oars, pike-poles, or axes—as the case may require—unless for his personal diversion or possibly for a warming exercise.

Isle St. George once boasted two doctors, but that was long ago. One of the number, Dr. C. D. Townsend, now dead and gone, has left a record of some of his exploits, noted as below:

Adventures of an Island Doctor.

“A mail carrier and a doctor doing a traveling business among these islands frequently have some pretty tough experiences, and no mistake.”

The speaker patted and smoothed the fur muffler he held in his hand while he stood in front of the big base-burner trying to thaw himself.

“The fact is,” continued he, after a moment’s reflection, “I don’t believe there is any class or condition of men upon this terrestrial ball that see more of a rough-and-tumble existence than they, unless it is a Rocky mountain stage driver or an Arctic explorer.

“I have roughed it on ‘Old Erie’ for years; not as a sailor, but as a doctor, traveling by steamer, skiff, sail and on foot. Like the flying Dutchman, I am forever on the wing, beating about in all weather, over all creation and a part of Canada.”

“Indeed! so your practice extends to the Canada shore?”

“Oh, yes,” replied the doctor, “I have had practice in Leamington, Kingsville, and other points along the Canada main as well as at Point au Pelee, Kelley’s, the Bass Islands and the Peninsula.

“I have traveled back and forth so much that I have pretty nearly lost my identity, and hardly know whether I belong to United States or Canada.

“When I’m here Uncle Sam claims me, and when I go over the lake they try to annex me to the queen’s dominions.”

“I suppose you find it risky business traveling over the ice sometimes?”

“Oh, yes, indeed. It’s all solid enough this winter, but I have been called from one island to another when it wasn’t fit for any human being to cross.

“I have traveled for miles from one point to another when I had to bridge the whole distance with boards, the ice being all broken up.”

“How did you do that?”

“By means of two boards, one laid in front of the other. When I stepped from one board to the other I pulled up the board I stepped off and put it down in front, and so on across. Once I remember, I came pretty near going down, boards and all. I tell you I had to lay my bridge and get over it just about as lively as anything you ever saw.

“I am not a member of the church, and yet I suppose I have been immersed in Lake Erie often enough to make me one.

“I crossed the channel once when the ice was very treacherous. I carried a long pike pole in my hand and picked my way carefully for a time. At last I got careless, and, being in a hurry, did not watch my footing, when all at once the ice gave way under my feet and in I went. The long ends of the pole saved me, however, catching on the ice and holding me waist deep in the water. With the energy of desperation, I grasped the pike pole firmly and threw myself right over it, landing upon the ice. The weather was intensely cold and when I reached the shore my clothes were frozen stiff and covered with ice like a coat of mail.

“‘You look as if you had been in the lake, said a man whom I happened to meet.

“ ‘Maybe I have,’ I replied, and hurried on to the nearest house.”

At this point the departure of the mail cutter for Port Clinton caused a break in the narrative, and buttoning up his overcoat, the doctor hurried away to visit a patient upon an adjoining island.



Island School House

Isle St. George has produced many staunch and worthy seamen—Capt. Arthur Fox, Capt. J. C. Fox, Capt. Seitz, Capt. Tulian, Capt. McNelly, and others. Capt. Arthur Fox, formerly of the steamer “Frank E. Kirby,” was recently placed in command of the new

steamer "Put-in-Bay." This well-known and thoroughly trustworthy seaman received a practical test of courage and endurance when, as mail carrier during the winter season between the Bass Islands and mainland, he had many thrilling adventures on the ice.

Concerning the establishment of post offices on the Bass Islands in "Auld Lang Syne," is related the following reminiscence.

"After the location of an office at Put-in-Bay, or South Bass, application for a similar institution was made by the inhabitants of North Bass. This island, lying four miles from the former place, was granted the privilege.

Application was then made by the people of Middle Bass, but the petition was refused on the ground that the island lying but one mile from Put-in-Bay, the inhabitants of both islands could obtain their mail from the same office. The gentleman through whom the application was made now called into requisition the services of his daughter, an adept at the brush. The young lady was instructed to paint a picture, or diagram, representing the islands and their relative localities. In the channel which separates Middle Bass from Put-in-Bay was portrayed a tremendous sea tearing through the passage at cyclonic velocity, while a small vessel, dismantled and forlorn, appeared wildly beating through the channel at mercy of the gale. To emphasize the tossed and terrific appearance of the channel, all of the surrounding waters of the lake were pictured calm and motionless as a summer sky. This diagram was forwarded to the post office department at Washington, as an explanation why Middle Bass people couldn't get their mail at Put-in-Bay.

In an incredibly short space, a reply was received from the officials at Washington, granting the establishment of

said office, and asking permission to retain the diagram, as it represented "some remarkable and phenomenal conditions," and they wished to place it on file.

The first post office incumbent at St. George was Peter Fox. The office at present time is filled by Miss Axtell.

On alternate days when the island steamer does not touch at St. George, the mail is carried across the channel in a launch by Captain McNelly, and placed on board the steamer at Middle Bass.

Thrift is the word that best explains how an isolated community like that of Isle St. George has not only



Congregational Church

managed to live, but to build up, with evidences of genuine prosperity. In general intelligence, and culture, these people are correspondingly up-to-date; and though owning and occupying a little world of their own, they manage to keep well in touch with the bigger outside world and its doings.

One church, Congregational, serves the isle and its people. The church is a neat and attractive structure. A hall used by the Knights of Maccabees, a fine school building, and a club house, occupied during the outing season by the "Up and Up" club of Cleveland, are principal of the public buildings.

A lady of poetic imagination, who recently visited the isle, duly christened it, "The Gem of Lake Erie," and the denizens readily concede, and are of course proud of the title. The poem follows:

THE GEM OF LAKE ERIE.

(Tune: Columbia, Gem of the Ocean.)

By Mrs. Alice Bartow Van Emmons.

I.

Oh, St. George is the Gem of Lake Erie!
The home of the good and the true,
The Mecca of trav'lers aweary,
My heart offers tribute to you.
My tongue and my pen sing thy praises,
As thy manifold beauties I view;
Thou art favored indeed of the Graces
With thy skies and thy waters so blue.

CHORUS:

Thy skies and thy waters so blue!
Thy skies and thy waters so blue!
Oh, St. George is the Gem of Lake Erie,
The home of the good and the true!

II.

When tired of the world's tribulations,
And worn with its burdens and care;
I turn to thy true consolations,
Full sure of a warm welcome there;
Where the sea and the sky blend in union,
And the people in harmony dwell;
Where with friends I may hold sweet communion,
Those who love me so truly and well.

CHORUS:

Oh, those hearts all so loyal and true!
Oh, those hearts all so loyal and true!
Oh, St. George is the Gem of Lake Erie,
The home of the good and the true.

III.

Then hail to the Gem of Lake Erie!
St. George is the Isle of the Blest;
With its people so brave and so cheery,
Its vineyards and fruits of the best,
May Love, Joy and Peace e'er attend thee,
And fortune in kindness smile;
May nothing molest or offend thee,
O beautiful, beautiful Isle!

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"Surf"—Photo by Niebergall

Resources and Phenomenal Development of Kelley's Island.

In common with the Bass Island group, that portion of land now known as Kelley's Island, at opening of the last century, appeared in all the untamed and romantic beauty of primitive wildness.

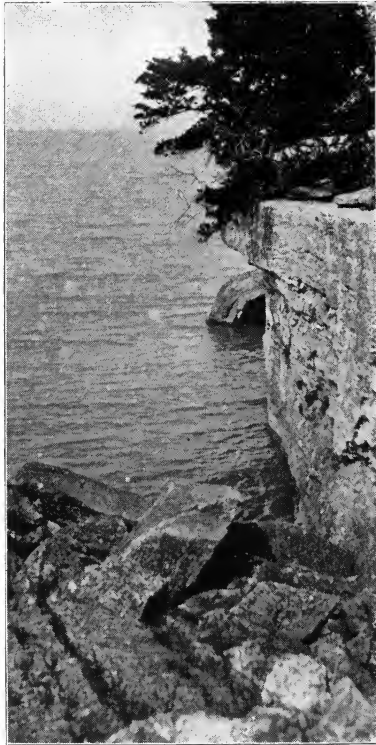
Rock ribbed, and bay indented with magnificent forests of red cedar fringing its curving shore lines, and stretching inland to its center, the redskin, his squaw, and papooses then claimed the island as their own, and the picturesque canoe formed the only craft that cut the clear waters surrounding. About the year 1803, we are told, an adventurer, named Cunningham, found his way thither with a view to making the island his abode—the first white man, so far as known, to locate there.

Cunningham figured as an Indian trader and as such catered to Indian tastes and requirements in the way of barter. He affiliated with them socially and adopted to a certain extent their modes of life, though instead of living in a wigwam, he is said to have built a commodious log cabin to which the red denizens of the cedar forest were invited to bring the furs and hides they had taken, together with stores of wild honey, jerked venison and like commodities. These were traded for blankets, beads, "fire-water," and other wares and merchandise of civilization.

For a time, Trader Cunningham got along swimmingly with his patrons, the reds. He flirted—it is supposed, with the dusky damsels met, mingled freely with hunters and

warriors, sat in the glow of their campfires, and smoked with them the pipe of peace.

Just what occurred to mar this picture of serenity does not appear at this late date; but Cunningham, it



Bluffs

seems, had trouble with the Indians. It is supposed that they tried to kill and to rob him. At any rate, there was a fight, in which one solitary white was matched against a whole raft of reds, with the very natural result that the

former was beaten and nearly killed. He lost all his goods and was driven from home, but escaped with his life in a canoe, by which he succeeded in reaching the Ohio Peninsula. The injuries received by Cunningham proved fatal and he died soon after reaching that place. His name, and fame, survived him, however, for the island was long afterwards known as "Cunningham's Island," being recorded as such on geographical maps and marine charts.

In 1810, two more adventurers—French Canadians—located on Cunningham's Island. Their names were Bebo and Poschile, and their occupation is supposed to have been hunting and trapping. As to how they fared during the two years of their sojourn, no record has been furnished; but after the declaration of war between the United States and Great Britain, and subsequent uprising of hostile Indians, these men were forced to flee for their lives, abandoning whatever interests they had there built up, to seek refuge on the mainland.

During the War of 1812, Cunningham's Island was made a military rendezvous, Gen. Wm. H. Harrison—then commanding the army of the Northwest—having stationed on the west shore a detachment of soldiers for the purpose of watching the movements of British and Indians on the lake. As late as the year 1828, the cedar tent stakes, marking the camping ground of this guard, still remained.

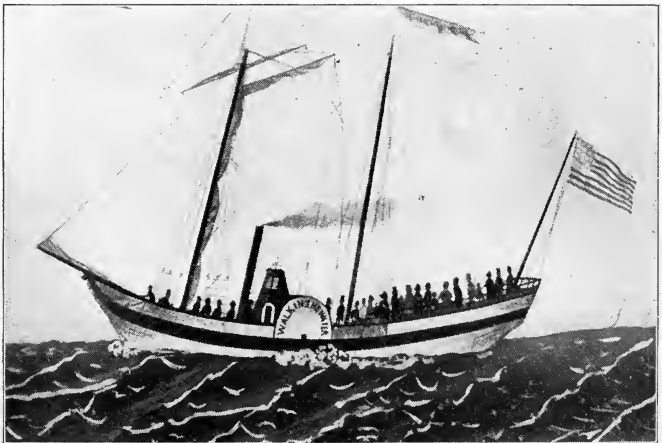
After the Battle of Lake Erie, Col. C. S. Todd, aide-de-camp to Gen. Wm. H. Harrison, accompanied by one Major Hukell, was sent from Sandusky to ascertain results. That a battle had been fought on Lake Erie between the British and American squadrons, having been clearly evidenced by the heavy cannonading heard in the vicinity of the islands lying to northwards.

The open boat in which these two officers took passage

was caught in a violent gale and after suffering great exposure the boat and its occupants were blown ashore on Cunningham's Island, where for some time the party remained storm-bound. As a result of exposure on this occasion, Major Hukell contracted a heavy cold, lung trouble developing, from which he died the following winter, it is recorded, in Lexington, Kentucky.

According to historians, the squadron of Com. Perry lay anchored for a time in the harbor south of Cunningham's Island and while there Perry received, on board his flagship, Gen. Harrison and Gens. Cass and McArthur, who came to consult the naval commander concerning his plan of action. Perry's Victory, 1813, practically ended the war, and permanently settled the Indians, who skulked away in alarm after the defeat of their allies, and, so far as shown by authentic records, never again returned to island territory on sinister motives bent.

With the passing of the red man, and his supremacy



Steamer "Walk-in-the-Water"



Southern Shores of Kelley's Island

on the lake islands, Cunningham's Island became the stamping ground for a new series of adventurers.

In 1818, the "Walk-in-the-Water," first steamer ever beheld on Lake Erie, cut a prominent figure in the history of Cunningham's Island. While looked upon with wonder akin to superstitious awe by the now pacified Indians still lingering in the lake regions, the "Walk-in-the-Water" was regarded by white settlers of island and mainland, as a marvel of inventive genius, and as a most important adjunct to commercial interests of the lake.

A quaintly constructed craft was this steamer; so strikingly quaint, in fact, that a duplicate thereof seen at the present day might be mistaken for a relic of the Middle Ages.

A small colony had by this time settled on Cunningham's Island. To these settlers the pretensions of modern aristocracy were unknown, yet their cabins, nevertheless, were built of red cedar—this valuable timber being more plentiful on the island than that of any other kind.

There were no docks at that period to facilitate the landing of vessels and the then reigning monarch of the isle, Killam by name, carried in his sail boat loads of red cedar to the "Walk-in-the-water," while she lay at anchor off the island shores. In this way she took on board her cargo. Red cedar timber cut in lengths was also used to fire the steamer's engine, for in those days there was cedar "to burn." The career of the "Walk-in-the-Water" was however brief. After two years of service, she was wrecked and lost off Pt. Albino. This ruined the cedar trade at Cunningham's Island and disheartened Killam and his co-workers, who soon after left with all their belongings.

Then followed a period of about six years during which

the island was destitute of any permanent inhabitants, though adventurers came and went. That some of these were lawless characters who there sought to bury from the world's observation their acts of criminality, is more than probable, as shown by a tragedy that occurred during this period, a review of which caused to contract with horror the spinal vertebrae of occupants who came after.

The parties to this affair were known as Grummets and Barnum. These companions in solitude quarrelled. Barnum shot and killed Grummets, and disposed of the body by placing it in a leaky skiff and setting it adrift. The wind carried the boat out into the open lake, where it sank with its ghastly freight.

Antedating this occurrence, according to local tradition, an adventurer lived on the island with his wife and boy, the only inhabitants, but in midwinter, wife and child were suddenly stricken by death. The solitary mourner performed for them unaided the last sad rites, rounding with his own hands their graves; after which, unable in his grief and loneliness to endure the spot, he left it, never to return.

In 1826 Elisha Ellis and his wife effected a settlement on the island. A little later they were joined by Samuel Beardsley and wife. They occupied one house, and were the sole inhabitants up to 1828, when Mrs. Beardsley died. She was buried on the shore, but her grave was afterward washed away by the rising waters of the lake, with that of a young woman—one Mary Kellogg—who came to the island in 1829, died soon after and was beside Mrs. Beardsley.

During the winter of 1829 and '30, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, Henry Elithorpe and an individual known as "Tinker Smith" formed, it is said, the total population of the

island. It was therefore a decided boom for the place when in the summer of 1830 three additional families moved thereon.

Somewhere about the year 1833 a mimic lord, in the person of a French trapper, named Ben Napier, tried to appropriate the archipelago, or that portion at least included in Put-in-Bay and Kelley Islands. By what fancied right this pioneer squatter sought to assert and maintain his monarchical reign does not now appear; suffice to say that he made himself very much at home and very numerous in both places, and gave the individuals who afterward came into possession of these islands a lot of trouble.

A burly ruffian of the most pronounced type, Napier succeeded in terrorizing other pioneer dwellers, but failed in his apparent aim, that of driving them from the island.

According to local legend, old Ben lived on the flesh of swine, fowls of the air and fish. The fowls and fish were supplied by the woods and waters, while the swine were bred in large droves by the squatter, and led a "root-hog-or-die" existence, fattening upon acorns and other forage or growing lean, hungry and savage when the desired grub was lacking. Whenever Ben wanted meat he climbed a tree, taking with him his gun, and ensconced among the branches awaited the appearance of these wild porkers, and when a drove came within range he blazed away at the largest and plumpest. He thus kept his table supplied with fresh pork cutlets, ham and spare ribs, and grew correspondingly fat and saucy; and neither by threats nor coaxing could he be induced to relinquish his luxurious mode of life, nor to depart from the island. Like the hogs which he ate, he became very pugnacious. He appropriated to himself in high-handed style the prop-

erty of his neighbors, and only by legal measures was he finally ousted.

For the first time since its occupation by whites the island was then permanently settled, having in 1883 become after some litigation the property of Irad Kelley, of Cleveland, and Datus Kelley, of Rockport.

With the days of primitive savagery and lawless piracy at an end, dawned a new era of individual but legalized prosperity. After its survey and final transfer, the island was rechristened and placed upon the record books as Kelley's Island—a name which has become as widely known and as permanently established, as that of the family from which it was derived.

Impressed with the belief that the place was destined to figure as a prominent commercial center, the Kelley brothers began at once making improvements in the way of dock building, to facilitate the landing of vessels, and shipment of building stone, lime, and red cedar, the island being rich in these natural products. They sought also to encourage an extension of its population by settlement of lands; and, with this object in view, placed on sale at fair prices lots and parcels of their possessions. Many purchases of homes was made and the island speedily became settled by a class of people whose chief characteristics were sagacity, industry, and thrift.

In 1834, the Kelley brothers made large shipments of limestone and red cedar from their rough, but strongly built, pier on North Bay, known as the "stone dock," near present site of the Lime & Transport Company's wharves.

True to their New England origin, the Kelley brothers, and their co-workers, made early provision for the proper education and training of the rising generation,

by building a schoolhouse, and providing a suitable teacher.

As time went by, Datus Kelley came to be recognized as patriarch of the island community. In every sense he was public-spirited, and his generous hospitality, and innumerable acts of kindness exercised towards his less fortunate neighbors, won for him a warm place in the hearts of all, and the attaching of his name to the island was thus made a fitting and well deserved honor.



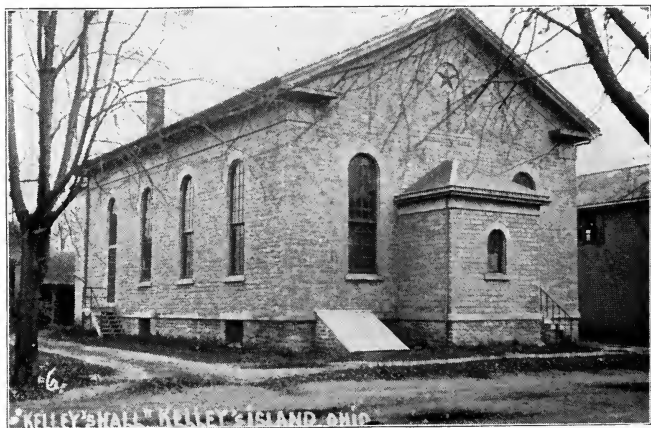
Pretty Bit of Kelley Island Shore

Like her husband, the wife of Datus Kelley was known and loved for her many thoughtful deeds of kindness. In sickness and distress, her services were freely proffered, and to all of the settlers she was familiarly known as "Aunt." Full of quaint and wise sayings, Mrs. Kelley proved an entertaining and agreeable companion both for husband and friends.

In shaping island morals at this time, the influence of Datus Kelley formed an acknowledged factor. The en-

couragement given by him to sobriety, and good citizenship, was shown by the fact that in addition to regular wages paid his employes, he gave to each man a bonus, or reward, for abstaining from intoxicating liquors.

Up to the time of Datus Kelley's death, and covering a period of fifty years, not one case of felony, or misdemeanor of any kind was known on the island—a most remarkable record. The island was remarkable also for the culture and intelligence of its people, even at its then early stage of development.



Kelley Hall

Among the benefactions of Datus Kelley was the building and presentation to the island people of an island public hall—a fine, commodious, stone-built structure, which will stand for years to come as a monument to the generosity of the builder.

The mails at that period were very irregular and far between. Once a week, on an average, was as often as

they could depend upon obtaining same. That it was appreciated when it did come, however, goes without saying.

To take the place of news from abroad, and to satisfy the cravings of literary hunger, a literary society was organized and a local newspaper, called the "Islander," was issued weekly in connection with this society. The "Islander," was contributed to by young and old, proving neither a winter season's freak, nor a summertime fancy; but was continued right along for a period of fifteen years, and was really a marvel of erudition, its pages giving evidence of general culture, ease of expression, and a large variety of information along many lines. Today, there may be seen in the island public library several large bound volumes of the "Islander," one of the library association's most valued treasures.

The population of Kelley's Island in 1840 was sixty-eight people.



Steamboat Dock and Warehouse

The original log cabin of Datus Kelley stood to westward of that now known as Division Street, on site occupied at present time by the residence of Elbert Hamilton.

In 1843 Datus Kelley built a large frame dwelling near the steamboat landing, at which he entertained the many bass sportsmen who came around the islands to fish. To make more room for outside visitors, this structure was added to. In late years it became known as the "Island House," but was afterwards burned.



Kelley Island Vineyards

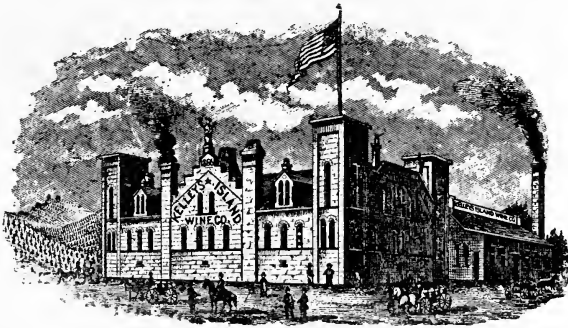
The later years of Datus Kelley's life were those of a student, it is recorded. He read extensively and wrote scientific and other articles for publication.

The decease of Datus Kelley furnished occasion for many glowing tributes to his memory, offered by individuals of high character and influence—his friends in life. Irad Kelley also lived a useful and a worthy life, and was highly respected.

Kelley's Island ranks as largest of the lake group belonging to "Uncle Sam." It lies in a southeasterly direction from Put-in-Bay and almost directly north of Sandusky. Its area is 2800 acres; its length of shore line about eighteen miles.

Viewed at the present time, its bay indented shores and rock ribbed surface, diversified by vineyard, orchard, field, and truck-garden, afford ample stretches of picturesque and beautiful scenery.

The forests of cedar long since disappeared before the woodman's ax. With them the trade in cedar wood became a reminiscence, but not until it had materially contributed to the wealth of the island inhabitants. An ample bay indenting the south shore affords protection



Kelley Island Wine Cellars

and anchorage to vessels passing up and down the lake and the docks and warehouses are filled with fruit in its season and other merchandise of various kinds. Cosy cottages and elegant residences have given place to log cabins and churches, schoolhouses, hotels, boarding cottages, and other public buildings have arisen to attest the

growing prosperity. The population has increased until its numbers—according to its last census report—over 1000 resident inhabitants, though this number is largely increased during the summer season.

The culture of grapes and manufacture of wine are carried on extensively.

Among horticulturists of prominence are mentioned the Kelleys, Carpenters, and many others. The storage capacity of the Kelley Island wine cellars is about one-half million gallons.

Grape culture was introduced about the year 1842, the first acre being planted by Charles Carpenter, who came to the island from Norwich, Conn.

There are four mercantile establishments, three of the number being situated on South Division Street, near the steamboat landing. The proprietors are Wm. Burger, Fred Elfers, and P. Murphy. A general supply store is kept at North Bay by the Lime & Transport Co.

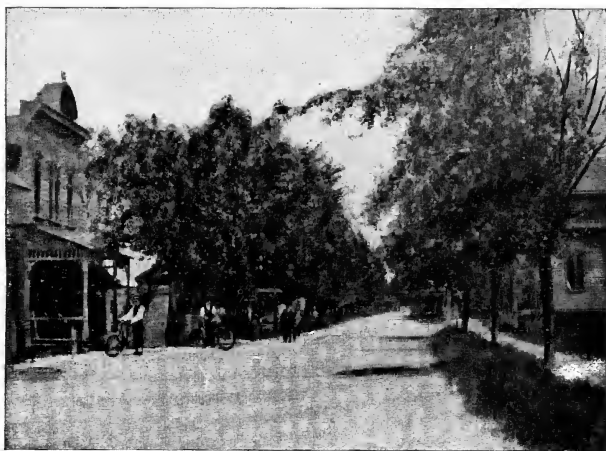
Of churches, there are but four: Congregational, Evangelical, Roman Catholic, Greek Catholic, and Reformed. The latter was organized in 1862 by Rev. Carl Kuss. Two of its charter members, Henry Elfers, and Wm. Becker, still survive. Its present pastor is Rev. Wm. Fritzbohn.

The incorporated village also includes the entire island. James Hamilton is postmaster, having filled this position for a period of twelve years. He is also mayor. Other officers of the municipality at this time are: Clerk, F. J. Lange; Treasurer, Charles Seehalzer; Marshal, John Murphy; Commissioner, Louis Smith; Members of Council, Jno. Couteher, Ed. Ward, Jno. Nuller, Jas. Seton, W. F. Becker, Roland Brown; Assessor, Chas. Stokes.

Fishing forms quite an extensive industry, pounds and trap nets being in the most general use. Lay Brothers,

Dwelle Brothers, Fisher & Seymour, Erne Brothers, and The Bruce Co. being among the firms employed.

Of lake mariners, Kelley's Island has furnished her share. Capt. O. E. Moore has been a sailing master for years; and Capt. E. R. Collins is reckoned among those who serve on the bridge and quarter-deck.



On "Division" Street

Capt. A. W. Dwelle, and Capt. Pellett, now deceased, were both well remembered marine men. The Library Association are justly proud of the public library established through their united efforts and with reason; for its volumes are many and well chosen, numbering about 1500 books. A reading room is connected with library and a large patronage is extended. Ladies of the association are: Mrs. A. W. Kelley, Mrs. T. C. Hamilton, Mrs. Elbert Hamilton, Mrs. Lester Carpenter, and Miss Jennie Bristol. The Estes school building, erected in 1901 at a cost of \$15,000,

is thoroughly modern in style, and equipment. The larger portion of funds used in its erection were donated by James Estes. Members of Board of Education are: Frank J. Hanser, Chas. See Holzer, Lester Carpenter, Henry Beatty, J. Gordon Griffin; Clerk, A. F. Elfers. Teachers for 1912 and 1913: W. E. Conkle, Supt.; Paul Fischer, Principal; Bertha Roberts, Elizabeth Pierce, Ruth Roswurm, Okla Riley.

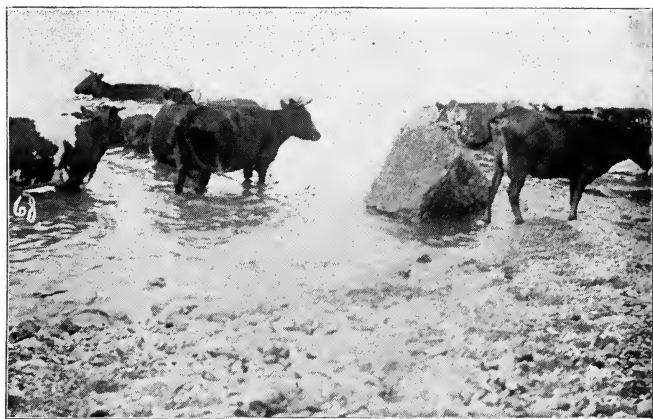
Like adjacent islands of the group, Kelley's Island has become well known and popular as a summering place. It is also noted for its interesting geological formations, as well as for its Indian antiquities, either of which would be sufficient in itself to render the island famous. A description of the former is elsewhere given in this volume under the heading: "Some Interesting Geological Features."



Estes School Building

Concerning the latter, the researches of antiquarians have resulted in some important discoveries. That the island formed a favored haunt of the red tribes is evidenced by the ancient mounds, fortifications and other remains.

The grounds now occupied by the residence of Addison



Bathing at Kelley's Island—Photo by Niebergall

Kelley are supposed to have formed anciently the site of an extensive Indian village; pottery, pipes and other articles, and implements of Indian manufacture, such as ancient grindstones, tomahawks and hatchets, being there found in abundance.

Remains of earthworks are numerous, the most extensive being found on the Huntington property, inclosing an area of nearly seven acres.

The most interesting relics of this vanished race, however, take shape in what are known as "Inscription Rock"—two in number—one of which, located on the

north shore, contains sculptured pipe-smoking figures. The second and most famous lies in the water's edge, near the steamboat wharves. The rock is 32 feet long, 21 wide, and rises about 11 feet above the water. It was originally discovered in 1883 by Charles Olmstead of Connecticut, and Daniel Kelley, son of Datus Kelley, while studying the glacial grooves.



Inscription Rock

Lieut. Meigs, who visited Kelley's Island in 1844, made an examination of them and reported to the department of Indian antiquities at Washington. On this representation, Col. Eastman, who had spent eight years among the Indians collecting antiquities, was sent to make drawings of the rock, concerning which it is authoritatively stated as follows:

“It is part of the same stratification as the island from which it has been separated by lake action. The top presents a smooth and polished surface, like all the limestone of this section when the soil is removed, suggesting

the idea of glacial action. Upon this the inscriptions are cut. The figures and devices are deeply sunk in the rock." Schoolcraft's *Indian Antiquities* says, in reference to this rock:

"It is by far the most extensive, best sculptured and best preserved inscription of the antiquarian period ever found in America. It is in the picture-graphic character of the natives. Its leading symbols are readily interpreted. The human figures, the pipe-smoking groups and other figures denote tribes, negotiations, crimes and turmoils which tell a story of thrilling interest connected with the occupation of this section by the Erics, of the coming of the Wyandots, of the final triumph of the Iroquois and flight of the people who have left their name on the lake. In 1851 drawings of these inscriptions were made by Col. Eastman, U. S. Army, who was detailed by the government at Washington to examine them, on the representation of Gen. Meigs, who had previously examined them. Copies of the inscriptions were made and submitted to *Shingvauk*, an Indian learned in Indian picturegraphy, and who had interpreted prior inscriptions submitted to him."

Through the aid of a chart kindly furnished the writer of this sketch by a lady resident of the island, many characters on the great rock were plainly deciphered, but the action of the elements and footsteps of the many adventurers and curio hunters who for years have made it the Mecca of their pilgrimages have worn its pictured surface; and unless some means are taken for their restoration and preservation, these inscriptions will in time be obliterated.

A celebrated "globe trotter"—Churchill, by name—who had traveled extensively through foreign lands, pro-

nounced these inscriptions as well executed, and as interesting as many of the world-famous inscriptions seen on Egyptian monuments.

THE LIMESTONE INDUSTRY—SOME OF ITS INTERESTING AND PICTURESQUE FEATURES.

By an odd combination of features, local, the Kelley Island atmosphere appears redolent of foreign sugges-



Greek Catholic Church

tions—a fact noticed and sometimes commented on by visiting strangers. Contributing in part to this effect may be observed, in a glance over the island's central portion, wide vineyard lands in hundred-acre stretches, with scarce a dwelling to be seen thereon, many of the owners after the manner of European landowners—preferring to live in the village portions strung thickly along the main island thoroughfares. Unlike the Bass Islands, hay and harvest fields also in limited extent may be seen.

Passing along "Division" Street, which runs from the main steamer landing across the island to "North Bay," another object bearing a decidedly foreign earmark greets the observer. A church, it is, surmounted by a Greek cross. Planted in the ground near the structure, another cross of ornamental design rises higher than the building's roof, showing a figure of Christ nailed thereto, this shrine, or "holy place," reminding one of similar views in old world pictures. As they pass along the street, devout adherents of the Greek Catholic faith pause at this spot to repeat their silent prayers, as they bow before the image. Further along "Division" Street—which forms a long drawn proposition, when you have to walk—the island cemetery is finally reached. With its green sward and flowers, its shrubbery and drooping trees, its artistic and costly monumental designs, the spot is one of rare beauty and attraction to lovers of "the quiet places."

Attention is soon diverted, however, to the more humble portions of "God's acre," where rows of black crosses mark corresponding low mounds. Here rest the bones of Hun and Slav; of Portuguese, Italian, Sicilian, and other representatives of European peasantry.

Nearing the shores of "North Bay," additional representatives of the foreign population are noted—for they

are not all dead, by any means, a large colony of these people edging the bay. Their unpretentious but substantial dwellings appear more American than the occupants, for they were built by the Kelley Island Lime & Transport Co., who employ these colonists to work the extensive limestone quarries. Most of the denizens met are women and children; for the men are all busy in the quarries, at the stone docks, or on the railway lines connecting. Some of these women, and many of the children, appear in their bare feet on the street, and at the general merchandise store, kept by the stone company. The women, quaintly garbed in fabrics gaily fashioned from native provincial models brought with them across the ocean, and with handkerchiefs of vari-colored silk adorning their heads, look picturesque, indeed.

Prospecting with a camera, the writer encountered a large group of colony children. They were of all ages between three and eight years. One or two only of the number could speak English. The others spoke a diversity of tongues and apparently could not understand each other. Plainly, and quaintly clad, and quite bashful were these tots, though one of the number assumed an air of boldness. The camera greatly excited their curiosity, but when turned towards them, in an effort to take their pictures, they ran away in affright. Women, with small children in arms, peered curiously also from doors and windows, on this occasion, anxious to see what was going on. Entering their homes, the sight of objects novel and far-fetched continues the suggestion of foreign associations. Quaint old clocks, odd pieces of kitchen ware, and strange looking fabrics, are there.

“Holy pictures” in bright colors and curiously carven frames, ancient-appearing crucifixes, and bric-a-brac in-

herited from fathers, and grandfathers, are religiously preserved. Some of these homes are poor, and perhaps untidy; others, though plain, are clean and neat, and give evidence of thrift. Most of these people live separate from the rest of the island population, all of the male portion being employed in the quarries during the summer. In early winter many of them return to their native lands, coming again in the spring. Men without families, or whose families are still across the big waters, belong to this class. Some of those who settled on the island, years ago, have now become fully Americanized and are known as intelligent and worthy citizens.

As to nationalities, the island colony consists of Poles, Slavs, Macedonians, Hungarians, Bulgarians, Sicilians, Italians, and Portuguese.

Outside of these colonists, the present day population—quoting the words of one of its residents—represents “English, Irish, and German, though Americans lead.” As to intelligence and good citizenship, it is conceded, however, that the three former compare favorably with the last named. The trade in limestone forms the most extensive and important of the island’s modern industries. The Kelley Island Lime & Transport Co. is an incorporated body, with a capital of \$6,000,000. Its main office is located in Cleveland, with branch offices at Kelley’s Island, Marblehead, Clay Center, Ohio, Akron, N. Y., Sandusky, Ohio, and Duluth, Minn. Its most prominent officials are Jno. A. Kling, of Cleveland, who is President and General Manager and W. A. Pardee, of Cleveland, Secretary and Treasurer. This company own about 1000 acres of stone lands at Kelley’s Island. There are three general quarries—“North,” “South” and “West.” These again are subdivided, the stone in each separate division slightly

**North Quarry**

differing in quality. While "North Quarry" embraces the largest area, containing about fifty acres, the "South" takes precedence as the oldest, having been opened in 1850—Charles Carpenter, Geo. Kelley, Geo. P. Huntington, and R. Kelley being among its early promoters.

The quarries form one of Kelley's staple wonders, the island itself being in fact a vast and inexhaustible quarry.

Four docks lying on the north, west, and south shores, are owned by the company and afford ample facilities for the loading of vessels with stone, one of these—a concrete "pocket" dock—proving an especial utility, sailing vessels, barges, and steamers of 8,000 to 10,000 tons capacity being loaded therefrom.

A railway system connects all these quarries, and docks and light engines, drawing ten or a dozen cars, transport the stone to the latter. In noise, and importance, these little engines resemble the small but mighty harbor tug. They draw heavy loads and are very busy. The rail-

way system comprises several miles of track, eight locomotives and about 150 cars. Elevated piers, with railway tracks running along their tops, facilitate the deposit of stone.

As to working machinery, the company own two stone-crushing plants, by means of which "flux" stone is made ready for shipment. This is the product from which lime is manufactured. This grade of stone is shipped by vessel cargoes to Cleveland, Buffalo, Chicago, and Lake Superior ports.

Four steam shovels are used in connection with the crushing plants. Eight large derricks are also employed in loading the big sections of stone blasted from their solid beds. Some of these sections weigh from one to twelve tons each. This stone is largely used in the building of government piers, and breakwaters for protection of harbors. "Traveling cranes" are also used in quarry work.

Hand-broken lime rock is shipped to the company's extensive kilns at Duluth, there to be burned into lime. Shipments of this stone are also made to Sandusky.

About 400 men are at present employed in the island quarries. A fleet of ten vessels, consisting of wooden and steel barges, tugs, steamers, and sail-rigged craft, are owned by the company, and used for the transportation of limestone.

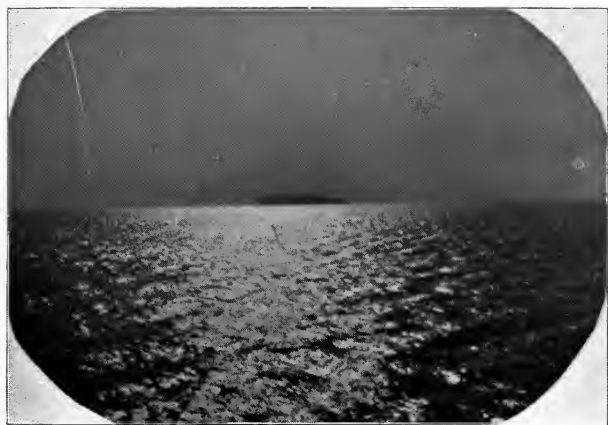
The average depth reached in quarry working is about forty feet, quality of stone varying according to position and locality. The second strata contains the grade generally used for lime burning and building purposes. The third layer furnishes the material for government work.

In former years there were sixteen kilns operated near docks at North Bay. When running at full capacity, these kilns produced 1600 barrels of lime per day. The company then employed about 500 men and fifty horses. Finding it cheaper and more convenient to ship the stone, and to burn the lime at their plants in Duluth, the island kilns were abandoned and subsequently torn down. Barrels for lime shipment were formerly made by the company—cooper shops for this purpose being maintained.

Centering the colony of quarry workers at North Bay, the Lime & Transport Co.'s general store, operated for the benefit of their employes, does quite a flourishing business, under the supervision of Hugh C. Brennen, superintendent at main office of the Kelley Island branch.

Some interesting geological specimens, in the way of fossils, are frequently unearthed; while the perfect and extensive outcroppings of gaciated rock, here seen, form a rare series of scientific marvels such as can scarce be duplicated throughout the United States.

A rival company own quite extensive tracts of stone land on the island, but no quarries have yet been opened on these holdings.



Sunset on Lake Erie—Photo by Carl Oelschlager

Summering at an Island Resort.

A visitor to Put-in-Bay thus comments on his impressions:

“There is a rare, tender beauty about these islands at times that touches the heart, and enkindles sentiment. Sitting here alone late in the night, I close my eyes and recall the dreamy beauty of floating clouds, glimpses of green islands far away, and of soft, pure airs floating, as it were, from Paradise.



A Model Summer Cottage—Photo by O. Herbster

“The scene at sunset, beautiful and as glorious as if the gates of the Celestial country had been opened, and I wonder if anything will ever seem so lovely to me again.

A fragment of mythology embodied in an old poem comes to me. Do you remember it?

“The islands of the blest, they say,
The islands of the blest,
Are peaceful, and happy by night and day,
Far away in the Golden West.”

It has been said that the true poet is “born, not made.” The same may be said of the ideal summer resort. Put-in-Bay figured as a born and bred summering place before hotel or cottage ever appeared upon her shores.

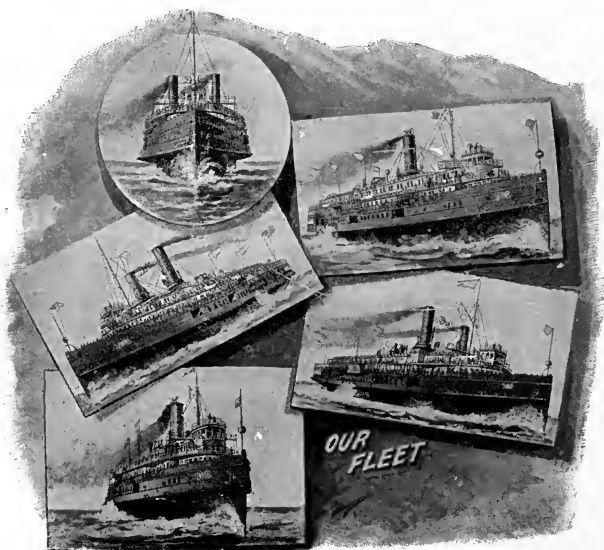
Natural, historical, geological, poetical features of interest formed some of the drawing cards that brought strangers and tourists to this, the central gem of the emerald cluster, while yet the log cabin of the pioneer



“A Cottage by the Sea”

afforded them the only available hospitality. The crowds came first; the hostelrys followed as an after-consideration to accommodate the crowds.

Interest in Put-in-Bay, spreading rapidly from the first, has grown year by year, until with each return of the outing season, thousands of patrons, forming an endless concourse, wend their way to Put-in-Bay, from points covering practically every portion of the United States. Tourists from foreign lands are also frequent.



Steamers of the D. & C. and T. & C. Lines

As viewed during the outing season, a more lively place would be hard to find that the little center, locally known as the "Bay," which, notwithstanding its incorporation as "Put-in-Bay village," is never so alluded to excepting in matters legal, municipal, or political.

At the "Bay," on almost any day during the season, may be had views of life as it appears at a summer resort, interesting alike to sightseekers, lovers of gaiety, observers of fashion's fads, and doubly interesting to the philosophical student of human nature.

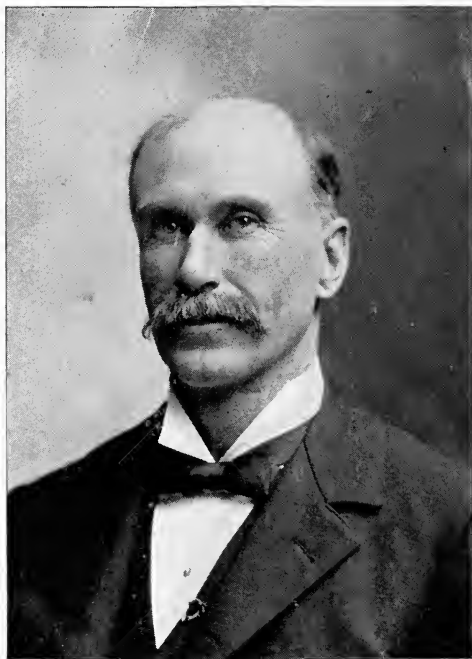


Excursionists Landing at Fox's Docks

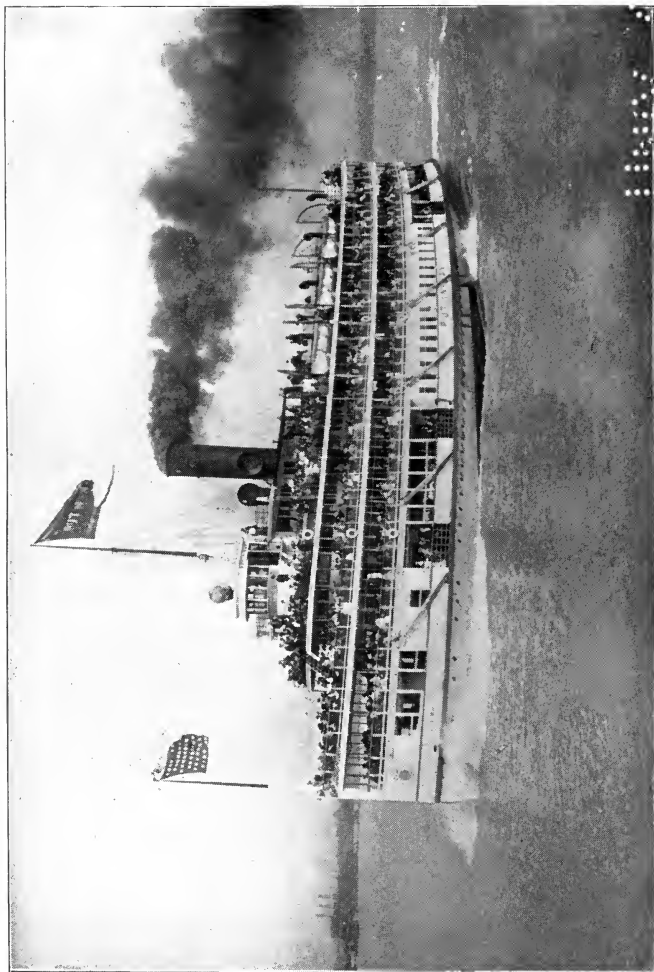
The arrival at about the same hour, and landing at Fox's wharves, of the large and splendid excursion steamers of the D. & C. and C. & T. lines from Cleveland, Toledo, and Detroit, forms an impressive spectacle. The black hull of each big craft, from hurricane deck to main, swarm with passengers and mingling streams of humanity pour steadily from gang planks to piers. The throng is largely augmented by the arrival in still larger numbers of passengers on board the new steamer, "Put-in-Bay," the island's favored namesake, which, in carrying capacity, outrivals even that of the largest D. & C. line passenger steamers. A six decker, the "Put-in-Bay" is a marvel of beauty and strength. The steamer is sumptuously deco-

rated as to interior finishings and magnificently appointed. The "Put-in-Bay" is fully equipped with every modern appliance conducive to the safety and comfort of her patrons, and is without doubt the finest passenger steamer afloat on the Great Lakes. She is commanded by Capt. Arthur Fox, former master of the "Str. Frank E. Kirby," and is well known as a careful, courageous, and trustworthy seaman.

Still further increased are the crowds, when on arrival of other island steamers, including the "Arrow," "Kirby,"



Capt. Arthur Fox of "Str. Put-in-Bay"



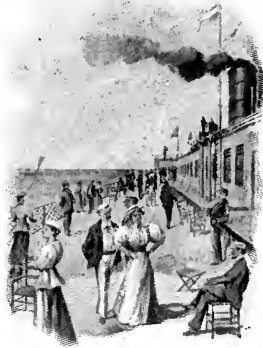
“Steamer Put-in-Bay”—Photo by Herbster

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“Olcott,” “Tourist,” and “Falcon,” at the Put-in-Bay wharves, fresh streams of humanity pour shoreward.

With an interested throng of spectators in waiting; the flags and handkerchiefs aflutter; the flash of gilded badges and uniforms; the lusty hurrahs mingled with vociferations of hotel and restaurant criers, seen and heard amidst a flourish of whistles; bursts of band music, and pouring smoke clouds from the great steamers, the scene is confusing, but inspiring. The on-surg-ing crowds set the observer thinking, until Tennyson’s “Brook” and the human stream get hopelessly jumbled.

“For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.”



On Board

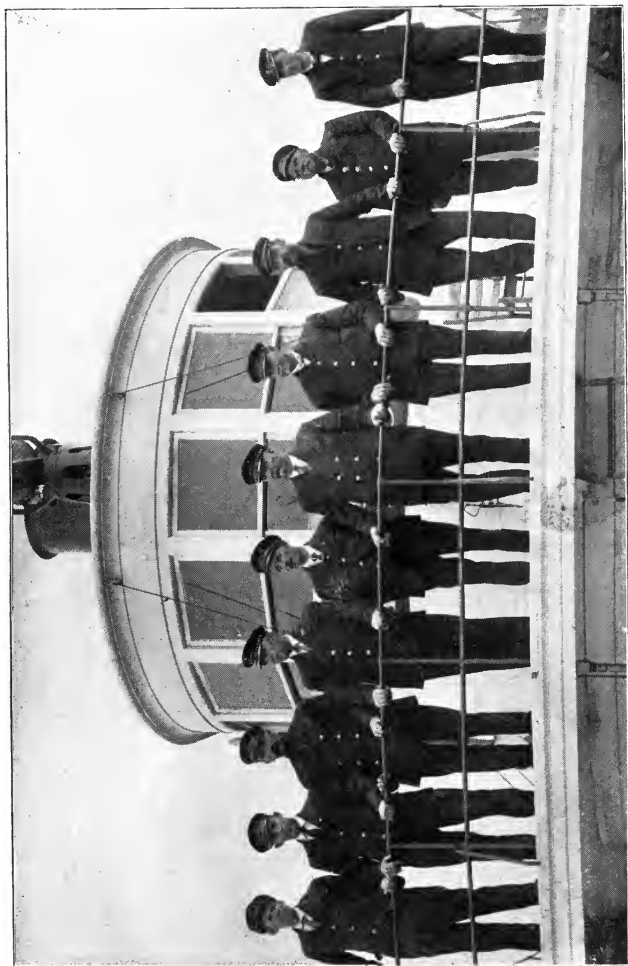
Hailing as do these excursions from various portions of the country, each representative party has its special characteristics, its peculiarities of dress, manners and general makeup. Cleveland and Detroit crowds, for instance, bear with them an atmosphere redolent of teem-

ing streets and busy marts; of dim courts and gilded palaces. Blank, *blase*, individuals; women with inartistic touches of powder on their cheeks, and a proclivity for loudness; merchants, office clerks, and salesmen; mechanics and artisans, and the representatives of organizations civic, military, social, and religious, are a part of the big city excursion—for a glance over the throng reveals unmistakably the half-concealed secret of individual character, origin, occupation, and belonging.

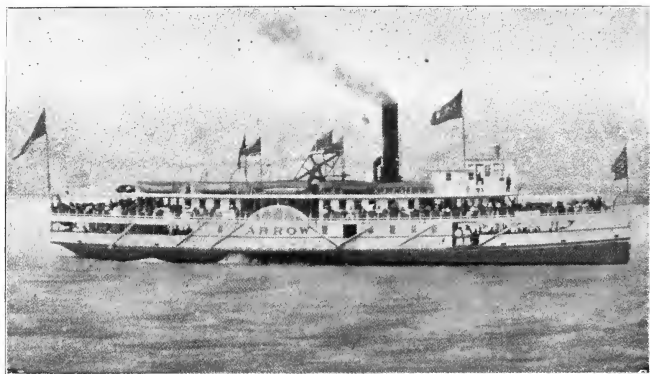


Cottage on "Victory" Bay

In excursions from the extensive farming districts of Ohio and Michigan figures conspicuously the knight of the plow and pruning hook. Bronzed hands and a counte-



Captain and Crew of "Steamer Arrow"



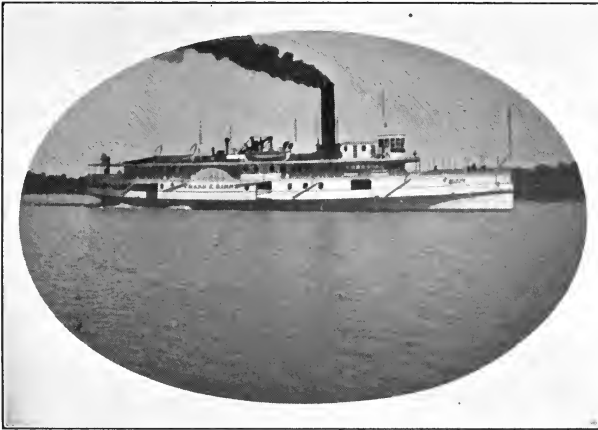
"Steamer Arrow"



Eugene McFall, Manager of Sandusky & Island Steamboat Line

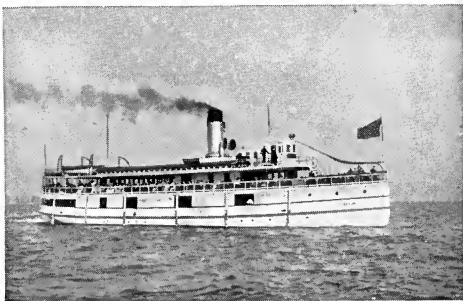
nance ruddy and honest are his. Hints of live stock, of stables and country mud may be gathered from his appearance. There is a lingering suspicion of hayseed upon his coat collar, and a suggestion of horse hair clings to his Kentucky jeans. At his side, in fluffy lawn and bright-ribbed hat, appears the rustic belle, with eyes like dew spangles, cheeks that suggest the pinks and peonies of country gardens, and an atmosphere about her of shyness and sweet simplicity born of country seclusion.

Figuring prominently in the local service of the islands, "Str. Arrow" is to the inhabitants an acknowledged favorite and "standby," her patrons including denizens of the three Bass Islands and Kelley's. As her name indicates, this steamer is built for speed, gliding with an arrowlike directness and a yacht-like speed. Her mahogany finished cabins are decorated in the most artistic manner with paintings, and frescoes, and comfortably and luxuriantly furnished. In addition to the running of big excursions during the summer outing season, the "Arrow" takes care of the larger proportion of local freight shipments between the islands and Sandusky, including large fruit consignments. These commercial interests are shared by "Str. Kirby," though business of the latter connects more directly with Detroit. The "Arrow's" present commander is Capt. Harry Tyrie, a seaman staunch and trusty; First Officer, O. E. Moore; Chief Engineer, Wm. Quick; Second Engineer, Stanley Wires; Purser, E. M. McFall; Assistant Clerk and Check Room Incumbent, for a period of twenty-five years, the name of "Billy" Guckert is familiar to all who have been accustomed to take trips on the "Arrow."



"Steamer Frank E. Kirby"

Known as the "Greyhound," or "fier" of the lakes, "Str. Kirby" cuts quite a figure on marine records, though latterly eclipsed (partially) by the recent debut of the palace steamer "Put-in-Bay." Thoroughly seaworthy, as she is handsome in appearance, the "Kirby's" cabins vie with the "Arrow's" in decorative elegance. Capt. Paul



"Steamer Olcott"

was master of the "Kirby" during the summer; Capt. Arthur Fox during the fall; First Officer, Carl Antone; Engineer Fred Steur; Purser, A. R. Bruce.



Capt. Jay C. Fox

"Str. Olcott," originally the "Lakeside," was built for the double purpose of a summer excursion steamer and an ice breaker in winter and early spring, when the channels are barracaded with ice fields. She is steel built, and otherwise strongly fortified for her special and arduous work. Her cabins are commodious, comfortable, and attractive. Capt. J. C. Fox—well known in marine circles—is master of the "Olcott."

The "Falcon," a small but trim and natty steamer, connects between Pt. Clinton, Catawba Island, Middle Bass, and Put-in-Bay.

Strs. "Grandon" "Roper" and "Tourist" belong



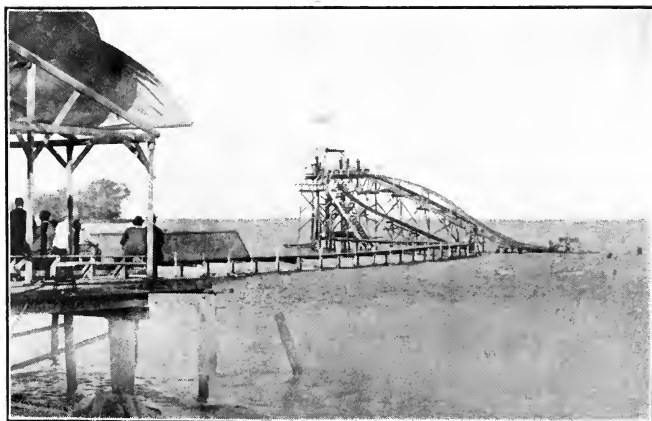
Wm. H. McFall,
Former Manager of Sandusky & Detroit
Steamer Line



Capt. George Brown,
Former Master of "Steamer Arrow"



Doller's Boat House



View at Deisler's Bathing Beach

also to the island fleet, engaging in miscellaneous service among the islands, both as carriers and passenger steamers.

Whether as season guests, or as sojourners for a week, or only a day, summer visitors all come for pleasure, and many are successful in finding this widely sought treasure. The observer wonders, nevertheless, whether all the apparent gaiety is real, or only assumed for the purpose of disguising corroding care.

Having partaken of their dainty lunches spread upon the table in "Perry" Park, or of more sumptuous collations served at "Bay" hotels, and restaurants, excursion-



A Trio of Summer Girls

ists amuse themselves according to individual inclination. Those who take kindly to water indulge a fancy for boating and fishing. On sultry afternoons, the bathing houses



A Novelty Bazaar

at Deisler's bathing beach draw big crowds of bathers and spectators. The latter gather on the board walk and tree-shaded platform, there to sit and watch the bathers in the water, or coasting the toboggan slide; there also to enjoy the cool lake breeze and to list to the music of wave-lets a-ripple over dripping sands.

In common with most summer resorts, "spooning," and flirting are freely indulged in at the "Bay." Hotel orchestras fill the air with enlivening strains, and waltzers gather for the mazy whirl. The new colonial dance hall attracts many young people and some of the older. Many couples occupy the floor. Others go there to hear the music and watch the dancers, to sip "Budweiser," or to sample the island wines afforded.

Children find a staple attraction in the "merry-go-round," and are eager to mount some of the gay liveried horses, stags, lions, camels or leopards that chase each other round the sawdust ring. A ramble along the beach with sand shovel and pail forms a pleasing diversion also for the "kids."



Sightseeing in Automobiles

The "Bay" souvenir stands and novelty bazaars form a never-ending source of attraction to both young and old. Curios of every description, gathered from all parts of the world, are there displayed, together with every conceivable article and device of an interesting, amusing, or ornamental character. The average souvenir bazaar comprises indeed a museum in itself. Such for example is the establishment of the Herbster Brothers, adepts at burnt leather, and wood work; photographers, decorators, designers, and natural artists generally. Eschewing "Bay" amusements, sightseeing in an automobile is a pastime in high favor with very many. Visits to the caves and Victory Park; to the lighthouse station on "Parker's Point," and to the state and United States fish hatcheries on "Peach Point," fill out quite a bill of attractions along the automobile line.

One of the most brilliant events of the season at the "Bay" is the Inter-Lake Yacht Regatta. The gathering of the regatta fleet under the lee of Gibraltar Island, and the welcoming of each individual yacht as it arrives, is



The Extremity of "Peach Point"

keenly enjoyed both by members and onlookers. To say that the great assemblage of sail and steam yachts and power boats forms a magnificent sight but half expresses the idea.

Under full canvas, with a myriad of white wings spread to catch the breeze, and every flag aflap, the scene is truly inspiring, though beautiful in repose, as well as in motion, appear the yachts.

Just before the sunset gun salutes the departing day is a good time to view them. With their burnished sides and metal trimmings, aflash in the strong light, and every yacht dressed in full suite of signal and other flags, the



Yachting on the Bay

glowing splendor and color effect are brilliant beyond description.

Though at rest, there's plenty of life, however, in an anchored fleet, for skiff, yawl and launch are filled with gay parties, who come and go, and the sound of music, tooting horns, and call of the yachtsmen, make things lively, though many of them are ashore at this hour, and with ladies and visiting friends crowd the piers and promenades.

An entertaining feature on the yachtsmen's program, is the illumination and fireworks display.

Quite a study in scientific boat-building, and modern invention generally is furnished by the many different styles of yachts, launches, and motor boats seen at the regatta. Some of these craft owned by millionaire sportsmen are costly, and exquisite pieces of workmanship.

A favorite summering place for yachting parties, and others, is the new hotel, "Bayview," so named because of its near, and commanding view of bay and harbor, and of the yachts and shipping generally at anchor beneath rocky Gibraltar Island. Up-to-date in all its appointments is this hotel, affording excellent meals and good service. A nearby dock with boats and a launch are at the disposal of visitors; the grounds are ample and well kept and summer life at "Bayview" glides pleasantly. Its proprietor and manager is known familiarly as Jack "Day."

Similarly situated on "Riveria" Boulevard is "Eagle Cottage," well known to a large patronage. Bathing and boating facilities are afforded, together with good meals and service. "Eagle Cottage" is conducted under the management of the Magle and Bruce families.

"Beebe Cottage," home of Mrs. Henry Beebe, for many years hostess of the "Beebe House," forms yet

another favored place for lovers of aquatic delights, and a pleasing location. The cottage is known and admired for its beautiful grounds, and fine view of bay and islands. Its nearness to the D. & C. line wharves, and to the site of the Perry Memorial, also combine to render it an attractive resort.



"Beebe Cottage"

When vineyard and orchard lands are thrifty with tender fruits, and foliage, and every shore stretch and creviced rock is exuberant with wild vegetation, then, too, the deep cool shadows of grove, and forest belt invite the summer loiterer. Summer balm and beauty, such as environs the Erie isles, renders life under canvas dreamlike, and romantic.

In hammock reclining, with the zephyr's breath soft upon the cheek, 'tis Heaven to swing, and doze.

There is lots of romance, too, in a camp by moonlight when a soft splendor bathes lake and land, and silver pencils penetrate the dim forest. From out the twinkling

firmament the gazer may then single his star of destiny, and the vocalist afloat upon the waters pour forth his soul to the click of row-locks. All this the average camper duly assimilates.

Life in camp brings the individual into close communion with nature, enlarges his ideas and makes him healthy and happy. Bugs, ants, spiders and June flies dismay him not, and when fairly filled up on poetry and romance he may have recourse to other amusements, such as rowing, wrestling, bathing, foot-balling, love-making and yarn spinning. That the crew of every passing craft many know how extravagantly happy he feels, the summer nomad explodes, by way of salutation, gun powder and torpedoes in endless quantities, and shouts himself hoarse, forcibly expressing thereby his irrepressible jollity.



Group of Summer Cottages on "Peach Point"—Photo by Author

The denizens of summer camps hail mainly from lake and inland town and city, and the change from interminable walls and crowded streets with their inevitable heat, dust, dirt and discomfort, to the breezy haunts of island shores is novel.

It is well along toward forty years since the "banner" regiment of Ohio (7th O. V. I.) chose Put-in-Bay as the favorite location of its annual reunions. The organization was then in full flower of military glory, having won distinction by heroic service in many of the fiercest fought battles of the civil war.

Many a gallant member of its rank and file had gone down in the smoke and carnage of Gettysburg and Look-out Mountain, but this served only to draw the survivors closer together. Closing up the places made vacant by confederate bullets, they appeared in solid phalanx and a finer set of men or a more thoroughly seasoned body of troops probably never carried arms.

A strip of forest fringing lightly the breeziest portion of East Point's breezy shore was the site selected by the regiment association for their camp grounds. An old but strong and ample pier built of timber and stone and locally known as the "Morrison dock," juts out into the lake from this point. Limpidly clear channel waters wash the bases of broken and fallen lime rocks, and in stormy weather beat frantically the sheer pictured faces of the lime rock cliffs above. Wild vines and mosses cling to these rocky summits and cedars trail their greenery far down the sides in a most enchanting fashion. Here the veterans pitched their tents and here once more unfurled the shredded and smokestained battle flags under which they had fought. Beside these hung the beautiful white silken banner presented by women of Ohio as a mark of

recognition and appreciation of the regiment's gallant services in the field. Accompanied by families and friends they came, heralded by the beat of drums and with the martial fire, freshly kindled, coursing through their veins. Their arrival at the Bay went down upon record as a great event for the island; and reporters and news correspondents, representing leading city newspapers, were detailed by their superiors to furnish daily write-up of the camp doings. Gloriously good times were enjoyed on the occasion by the regiment people. So charmed indeed were they with the beauty spot upon which they had alighted, that they came again and again, their attachment for the place and for each other growing apace, until years lengthened into decades, and the veterans' locks turned from black to gray.



Veterans in Camp

The one sad feature of these reunions took shape in the annual revision of the camp roster. Dropping out one by one in response to Death's roll-call, the veteran band grew smaller in numbers year by year, until only the "rear guard" was left. To these veterans, East Point's woody shores had become hallowed ground, so rendered by memories of other meets, and of other camp fires, about which they had gathered with comrades now departed.

Again they sang with renewed fervor and added significance the song learned as youths so long ago by Southern camp fires:

"We're tenting to-night on the old camp ground,
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts, a song of home;
And the friends we love so dear.

Tenting to-night, tenting to-night,
Tenting on the old camp ground."

They lingered sadly, loath to say adieu, there living over again the happy, old days. In turn the "rear guard" then dwindled, until at the present date not enough remains of the original organization to hold an annual encampment.

Weather-beaten, and deserted, the building that formerly served as a part of their commissary department still stands, and in its suggestions there is something pathetic. Forever stilled is the veteran's song—only the winds and waves on that lovely "East Point" shore echo and re-echo the refrain—

"Dying to-night, dying to-night,
Dying on the old camp ground."

The Romantic Shores From Which Commodore Perry's Ships Took Ballast.

The first historical event of importance connected with "Ballast" Island, of which record has been made, was that bearing upon the origin of its name.

From the above record, it appears that when Perry set out to lick the British, he sailed for upper Lake Erie, and on reaching the islands looked about for a place to anchor his vessels—a place such as would afford protection from possible storms, as well as to screen them from observation, while the Commodore and his gallant marines waited and watched for the Johnny Red Coats.

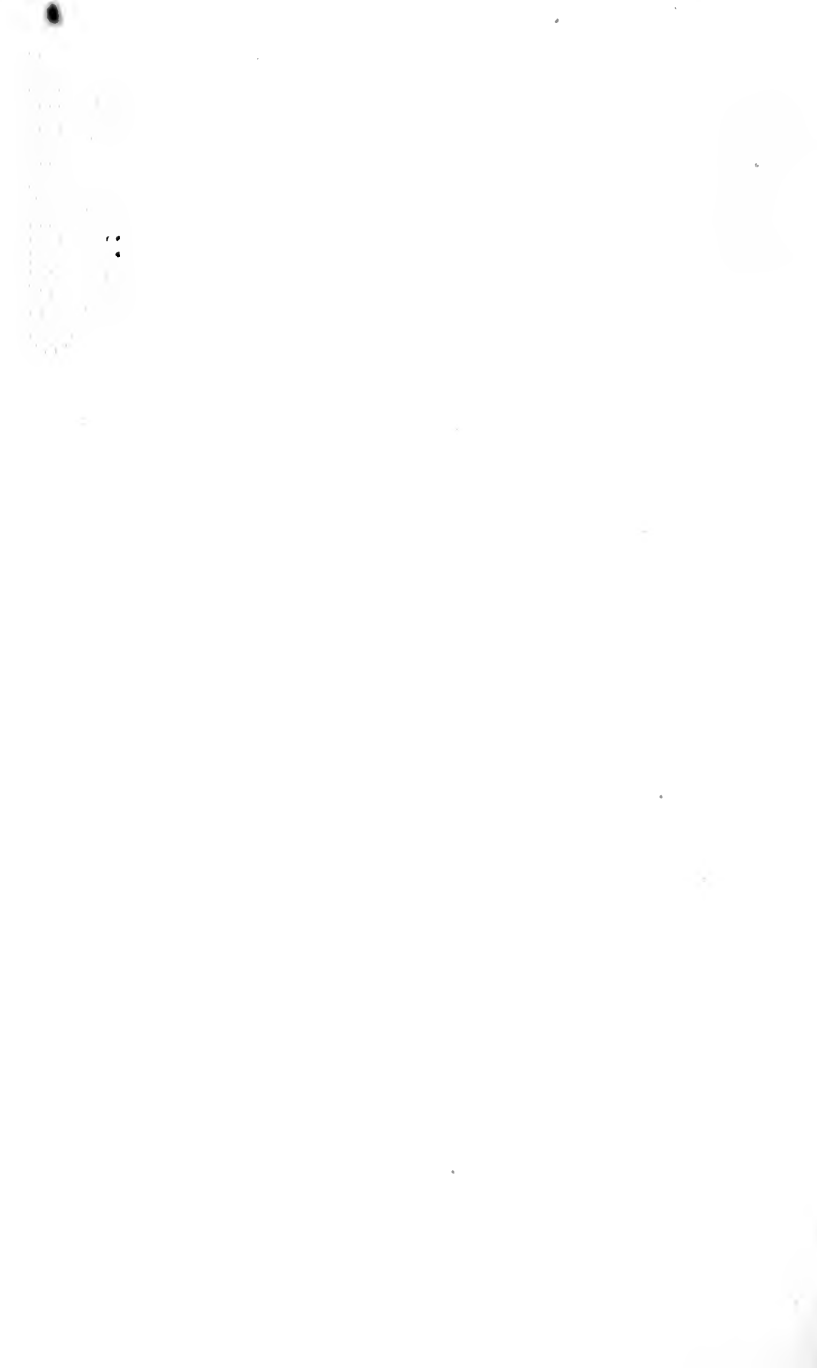
Sighting an ample bay that indented one of the larger islands, its outer rim sheltered by the shores of a smaller isle, and a projecting point, the Commodore wisely decided to put in there with his fleet. Prior to so doing, howbeit, his attention was attracted toward the shores of another small island, near which his ships were cruising. Its storm-tumbled beach, rough with gravel stone, and huge boulders, suggested an idea—"Why not use some of these boulders as ballast for his ships?"

With no especial cargo, these vessels carried little of weight besides their respective crews of tars and marines, an array of mounted cannon, a few piles of cannon balls, powder magazines, and pork barrels.

The boulders were suggested as the very thing needed to correct the cork-like tendency of these newly launched



A Bit of Ballast Island Shore



craft; and as the deep waters around the isle permitted a near approach, orders were given the sailing masters and men to ship as large a quantity of these boulders as might be needed to properly ballast the fleet.

Figuring thus in the first, and probably one of the most important maneuvers preliminary to the engagement of our fleet with that of the British, the romantic isle acquired the name that it now bears.

Some thirty-five years ago, "Ballast" Island was the property of one "Lem" Brown, an individual who figured as a pound fisherman, and as a land speculator and promoter.

Though having but a single hermit dweller at that time—an old man known as "Uncle Jimmy"—the island formed during the fishing season a rendezvous for poundmen and gillnetters.

"Uncle Jimmy" was a bachelor, and though loving the peacefulness of solitude, he was mild tempered, and kindly disposed toward any and all whom he chanced to meet.

At the period when he first took up his abode on Ballast Island, and for many years afterwards, his weather beaten cabin was the only human habitation there existing, save the wide structure used by gillnetters. His only companions were the proverbial dog and cat, which found a snug abiding place beneath his roof, and a horse and cow sheltered in a roughly improvised stable. A portion of the island was cleared land, affording opportunity for tillage and pasturage. The remainder formed a picturesque tangle of basswood and elm, cedar growths, wild grape vines and other undomesticated shrubbery. Eagles built their nests undisturbed in the tall trees; and when the heavens were black with clouds and storms swept by, mad

with delight sea gulls screamed, and plunged into the breakers that whitened on the reef. Waves mounted the rocky walls of weather-ward shores, flinging foam flecks into overhanging boughs and filling caverned niches with a bellowing thunder. With spring time came troops of the scarlet-winged blackbird, thrush, and whip-poor-will, the wood was resonant with song, while the turf formed a carpet of wild wood bloom. Summer unveiled pictures of gold, and the trees covered with abundant foliage cast over the cabin roof shadows cool and deep. The birds nested, and short winged fledgelings hopped about on the mossy ridge pole chirping their delight.

With fading summer, autumnal fires kindled the maples until they flamed with scarlet and gold. Sumachs reddened and wild grapes purpled on the vines. Winter bared the trees of all save empty nests. Dismantled vines swung listless. The Canadian blasts swept down flurries of snow, and rigid ice plains glistened where blue waves had dashed. Such were the scenes which environed this solitary but charming retreat.

Excepting when a party of fishermen or pleasure seekers beached their boats upon the gravelled shore, or when the owner came to look after the place, few changes save those wrought by the changing seasons varied the monotony of the hermit's life. Having voluntarily chosen this mode of existence, however, "Uncle Jimmy" was presumably satisfied with his choice, finding in solitude a species of happiness unattainable elsewhere.

As years went by and the natural attractions of the archipelago came to be more and more appreciated by visitors from abroad, Ballast Island was purchased by city capitalists. A club house and numerous cottages were built, and in a little while our hero found himself sur-

rounded by gay crowds from the very center of city life and fashion. This innovation must have cost the old man some pangs of bitterness, but the invaders were kindly disposed toward their predecessor, placing upon him but few restrictions. Warmed by courteous treatment the old man exhibited so many good traits, that he eventually became a great favorite among guests during their summer sojourn at the island

“Uncle Jimmy” had been accustomed to procuring supplies, consisting of provision, wearing apparel, and notions, in the shops and stores of Put-in-Bay, rowing across the channel in a small boat and carrying with him—by way of barter—cat-fish, which he had taken on his hooks, or products of the soil. His wants, being few and simple, were fully supplied in this way and these trips to the “Bay” were said to have been his only excursions. For years he had not set foot on any of the steamers which constantly plied between island and mainland. One day, however, seized by some unaccountable impulse, or driven by some unusual business transactions, “Uncle Jimmy” boarded one of the island steamers for Sandusky.

Commanded by a throughbred captain who knew and could handle her as deftly as a lady handles a fan, this staunch steamer had for years made her accustomed trips day after day.

Being thoroughly trustworthy, and on that beautiful morning when “Uncle Jimmy” leaned over the railing and gazed upon the fast receding shores of Ballast Island, his mind as calm and unruffled as the still blue waters, nor among the passengers was there any premonition of danger. However, in the afternoon of that day people of the surrounding islands were startled by a jarring report which came echoing over intervening miles of water.

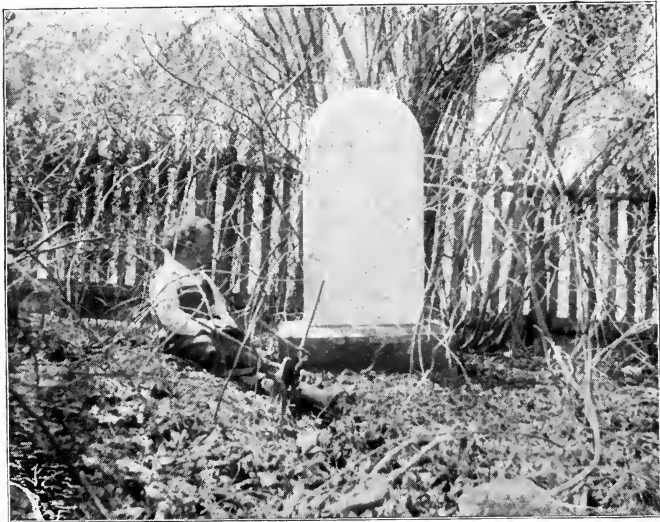
Later a cablegram received at Put-in-Bay announced the blowing up of the island steamer. "Nearly all on board are injured or killed outright," read the message.

At Sandusky the wharves were black with crowds of people when the wrecked steamer was towed back to the harbor from whence she had departed but an hour before.

Scalded, blistered, disfigured by escaping steam, the dead and disabled were carried ashore. Among the number was "Uncle Jimmy," not dead, but scalded almost beyond the consciousness of pain. All was done that human skill could do to kindle anew the failing life spark, but to no purpose, and one night a clergyman summoned to his bedside administered the holy sacrament, and while a prayer breathed from the lips of the dying man, the failing eyes fastened upon the crucifix, held before him, and so remained until the light in them faded—a life unobtrusive, yet full of unspoken pathos, was ended.

The remains were conveyed for interment to the little burial ground at Put-in-Bay. The deceased was without relatives to attend him in his last moments, or to direct his final obsequies, but among the Ballast Island summer patrons were found friends who, though representatives of wealth and social position, esteemed it a privilege to gather at the grave of the humble hermit, to scatter choice flowers about the casket, and to mingle tears of tenderness and sympathy with the earth that fell upon it.

Among these friends was a prominent representative of Ballast resort, by whom a slab of solid marble was afterwards placed above the mound. Upon it the visitor who may chance to wander through the beautiful and picturesque island cemetery may read: "To the Memory of Uncle Jimmy of Ballast Island, Erected by His Friend, George W. Gardner."



Grave of "Uncle Jimmy"

Many years ago Ballast Island became the property of a stock company, among whom were many prominent people. A canoe club was there organized, and canoeing became quite a feature of summer sports and amusements, so that the place became known in time as the "Home of the Western Canoe Association."

For several years the club held their annual races and grew to be experts as canoers. Extensive programs of races in sailing and paddling were arranged, and prize cups of costly design were annually competed for, each meet lasting about ten days. Some of the canoes exhibited at these meets were costly and beautiful pieces of workmanship. In addition to prize cups, flags and other trophies were awarded. The club house, cottages, and canoe



Gardner Log Cabin

camp near at hand were filled to an overflow on these occasions, with members and friends of the association.

Notable among the many artistic and beautiful summer residences on Ballast, is that known as the "Gardner log cabin"—a romantic picture—a rustic poem from its old-fashioned chimney, antique furniture and spinning wheel within, to the scaly bark of its unhewn logs, and ivy-clad gables, as seen from without; but its builder, and occupant, Geo. W. Gardner, long a familiar figure at Ballast, has gone "the way of all the earth," his decease occurring about a year ago at the home of his daughter, Mrs. C. R. Gilmore, in Dayton, Ohio. The remarkable career of deceased forms a subject of interest briefly noted in the foregoing: Born in Massachusetts in 1834, he removed with his parents to Cleveland when a child of three years.

Developing an especial fondness for life on the water, and out-of-door occupations generally, he left school at

the age of fourteen, and sailed the Great Lakes for a period of five years.

At the age of nineteen, he began business in the private banking house of Wick, Otis & Brownell and four years later became junior partner in the firm of Otis & Brownell, Cleveland grain dealers.

Leaving that firm in 1859, Gardner became a partner of M. B. Clark, and John D. Rockefeller, with whom he remained until 1861. He was also connected in later years with other business interests.

Covering a period of eight years, Gardner was a member of the Cleveland city council, acting as its president during the three last years of his service.

In 1885 he was elected mayor of Cleveland. Filling this position in an able, and satisfactory manner, he was again elected to the office in 1889.

Gardner's attachment for an aquatic life and sports grew with years. The rugged and beautiful shores of Ballast Island formed the ideal spot towards which his vagrant fancies turned; and each successive summer outing season found him with family, and other congenial friends, snugly ensconced in his log cabin on Ballast Island's romantic shores.

While rustivating at Ballast, Gardner was a frequent visitor to Put-in-Bay, where he came to be well known to all the islanders. He was interested in yachts, and yachting, and was subsequently chosen Commodore of the Inter-Lake regatta fleet, thus acquiring an added title. Besides having "Honorable" tacked to his name, he was addressed as "Mayor Gardner" and "Commodore," the latter being most commonly used. Commodore Gardner was simple and unpretentious in personal tastes and inclinations, and possessed that finer sensibility which



View on Ballast Island

enabled him to see beauty and worth in objects humble, and even rude.

Still another old and well-known member, who recently disappeared from the Ballast meets, was Gen. James Barnett, former commander of the famous "Barnett Guards" of Cleveland, whose demise occurred a short time previous to that of Com. Gardner.

Some that were youthful when the club was first organized have now grown elderly, but they still come and go, enjoying themselves apparently as of old.

Among individuals of prominence, who have long been identified with Ballast Island club, may be mentioned W. R. Huntington and family, C. D. Foote, C. W. Borroughs and family, A. C. Coyt, and W. Scott Robinson of Cleveland, and Col. Bartlett and family of Fremont.

"Lost Ballast" is a bit of rock, earth and trees forming a pretty islet, cut off years ago from the main island shores by violent storms.

“Call It Square.”

TRUE STORY OF RATTLESNAKE ISLAND.

It is remarkable what large sized romances small bits of territory are capable of producing under favorable conditions. Though containing but ten or twelve acres, Rattlesnake Island forms the scene of quite an interesting episode along this line.

The island lies about two miles to the northeast of Put-in-Bay. Its surface, partially covered with forest fringe and red cedar, is broken by outcropping beds of limestone. In shape it is elongated with a hump in the middle, and two islets—mere dots—at the tail end, known as the “rattles.” Viewed from a distance, a lively imagination may readily resolve this dark couchant body of land outlined against the turquoise blue of Erie into a gigantic rattlesnake, with head erect and rattles in working order. From its peculiar formation the island is generally supposed to have derived its name, though some assert that the appellation was bestowed in consequence of the illimitable quantities of rattlesnakes which rendezvoused in and among the creviced and broken rocks. From these fastnesses they were wont to wriggle forth into aggressive prominence, hissing and clicking their spite, and whipping the earth and surrounding vegetation, until everything looked blue. Many “vets” were numbered among the reptilian hosts, regular old sockers with whole strings of rattles. So thick were they, it is avowed—that a man

couldn't walk without treading upon three or four of the “varmints” at every step—this in the halcyon days of yore. At a later date the enterprising community of snakes here represented materially lessened in numbers, until comparatively few remain to adorn the spot named in their honor.

An able accessory in the dispersion of this reptile colony was undoubtedly vested in the brawn and muscle of the proprietor, whom for convenience we will call “Hank Smith,” who with his family located on the island. Old Hank wasn't afraid of rattlesnakes, evidently, and prided himself manifestly on owning and occupying with his household gods a whole island, which, if not very big, was at least far enough removed from adjacent isles to afford ample seclusion. So at least he imagined, and so in reality it might have proven but for the obtrusive fact that the old codger possessed several comely daughters, and since “love laughs at locksmiths,” traverses distances immeasurable and achieves impossibilities of all sorts, this blind but ever active imp was not long in finding his way to Rattlesnake Island.

Celia, the eldest, was an attractive maiden with eyes that matched the color of the sea and sky and hair a fluff of golden brown. She was lithe and active, free and fearless, revelling like a duck in adventures on the water. She was an expert at fishing and fowling, could manipulate a pair of oars with admirable skill, and with a light skiff was accustomed to cross frequently the two mile stretch that intervened between Rattlesnake and Put-in-Bay.

At the latter place she speedily became the attraction of a youthful fisherman who crossed her path—whom we will call Tom Taylor. After this there was no more peace for Rattlesnake. From time to time it was haunted by a spectral sail which circled about the island, edging nearer

and nearer at each cruise, until one day it lay beached close by the “grout” house of Hank Smith. At beck of the little winged god, Tom Taylor and his boat had followed the charmer to her rocky retreat. This being his first experience in courtship, however, Tom proved a bit fresh and his bashfulness was excruciating. His feeble advances were regarded with apparent disfavor, the coy maiden turning a deaf ear to his importunities, until in black despair he shook the dust of Rattlesnake from his feet. The spectral sail retreated over the water, returning no more that season to haunt the mirrored coves of the little, lone isle.

Tom Taylor “darned” and “gol-darned” his luck and the girl, and wished himself and her in—well, in a clime too hot for health and comfort.

Having thus abandoned schemes matrimonial, he returned to his work of inveigling into nets of tarred twine the unsuspecting finny tribes, an occupation with which he was more familiar than that of love-making.

One early spring day, some months following the collapse of Tom’s love affair, a terrible squall, such as sometimes swoops down unannounced upon the islands, struck Put-in-Bay with a force that twisted limbs from the trees and sent the tumbled seas spouting up the rocks.

Looking from her window, an old woman who occupied a cottage on East Point thought she espied a small boat far out on the lake driving eastward before the gale. From a shelf she snatched a pair of marine glasses, through which she took a second observation. Yes, the boat was evidently drifting at the mercy of the wind and current. Not an oar was in motion. Only a single occupant could be discerned and that was a female. With breathless haste the old woman rushed to a little cove where stood a fish shanty.

Within an angle of the L shaped dock several boats lay moored, and two fishermen attired in yellow oil skins and sou' westers were coal tarring twine over a smoking kettle. One of these individuals proved to be our friend Tom Taylor. Tom took the marine glasses proffered by the scared old woman, and through them examined the drifting boat.

"Blast my buttons, if it ain't a woman!" he exclaimed. With two or three long strides he reached and began unfastening a boat.

"What you goin' to do?" demanded his companion.

"Going to pick up that skiff; come on, Jim."

Jim demurred, urging that no boat could live long in such a sea, and that it was foolhardy to venture.

Tom, however, would take no denial, and with serious misgivings Jim was finally persuaded to take a hand at the oars. Under the double pull the boat plunged into the boiling surf. It was a hard struggle and many times the boat barely escaped swamping in the heavy sea that struck her, but at last the castaway was overtaken. As they approached, the woman stretched appealing hands toward them and Tom turned in his seat to get a square look at her.

"Great Scott!" The beaded perspiration on his brow now began streaming down his cheeks. It was Celia, she who had so cruelly jilted him. But all differences were forgotten when life and death hung poised in the balance. The drifting boat was nearly filled with water and it seemed as if every sea would submerge it, but the boat and Celia were both rescued and landed upon the lee side of a projecting headland. Celia was drenched through and through. Her hair hung in strings, her clothing clung

closely about her, and altogether she looked as picturesque as a ducked hen.

“You may thank Tom here for your salvation,” remarked Jim, turning to the fair but dilapidated Celia.

“I never see a woman yit that I thought more of than I do of my own individual self, an’ if Tom hadn’t shamed me out, I expect he’d awent alone and you’d both gone to Davy Jones.”

Now that they had reached land, the rough old fisherman had removed his boots and was draining off the water that had collected in them.

The girl made no reply, but from under dripping locks she beamed upon Tom a smile, the most heartsome and approving that he had ever received.

In answer to anxious questions Celia explained that when midway between the two islands a rowlock had become detached and fallen overboard, rendering the oars useless, and being overtaken by the squall she had drifted until discovered and rescued.

Celia found shelter with some friends at Put-in-Bay until the next morning, when the gale having died, she was restored to her anxious parents by Tom Taylor in person. She was not much worse for the wetting and scare received and was appropriately subdued in manner, treating Tom with uniform kindness and evidently regarding him as a hero.

Old Hank received him with effusive demonstrations and insisted upon his remaining for the day as an honored guest, placing before him in the way of entertainment the best that his larder afforded.

Celia behaved beautifully and it will hardly be necessary to tell of all the little flirtations successfully prosecuted by the young couple during that brief day.

In the evening as Tom was about taking his departure, his host clapped him on the shoulder and said:

"Young man, if it hadn't been for you my girl would now be drifting down Lake Erie a corpse instead of sitting here. You've saved her life and now I don't know how I am to pay you for the trouble, unless you're willin' to take her."

A wave of scarlet suddenly swept over Tom's face, extending clear to the roots of his red hair, while the girl looked the picture of confusion.

"Why, Dad!" she exclaimed.

Tom succeeded after a mighty effort in gaining his composure, and after clearing his throat said that if the old man was "willin'" and the girl was "willin'" he guessed he'd call it "square." The girl nodded; the old man said "all right," and promised to throw in the boat as a part of the bargain. So before the ice fields blocked the island passages there was a wedding on Rattlesnake and Tom bore away his bride in triumph.

One by one old Hank Smith was robbed of his daughters and he eventually left the island himself, and another "Family Robinson" who succeeded him now occupies the place.

Tom Taylor multiplied and increased as years swept on and now rejoices, with his "better half," in an ample share of this world's emoluments.

Pt. Au Pelee Island

ITS ROMANTIC HISTORY AND PRESENT PROSPERITY.

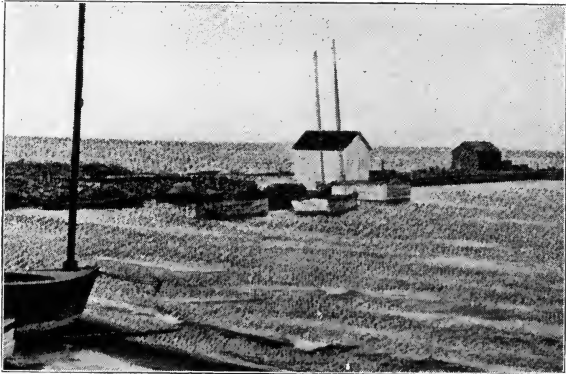
Largest in the lake archipelago, Pt. au Pelee takes its name from a long, narrow tongue of land that projects southward from the Canadian mainland, of which back in ages prehistoric, the island is supposed to have formed a part, though several miles of water now roll between. This name, bestowed upon the point, became attached also to the island. Originated by early French explorers, the appellation signifies "rocky," or "desolate," the extreme point forming a reach of barren sand, and gravel.

Pelee Island, an isolated fragment of Canada, forms, together with Middle Island, a few miles distant, the most southernly extremity of the Dominion. The island is a part of the county of Essex across on the adjacent mainland. From end to end, the greatest length of Pelee Island is about twelve miles, its width nearly four miles. Its area is over 10,000 acres with inhabitants numbering about 1000.

Like Kelley's and the Bass group, Pelee Island gives evidence of human habitation when perhaps Egypt was young, and her civilization in embryo.

Ancient burial mounds are more numerous on Pelee, in fact, than elsewhere found among the islands. That it was a well known and favored abiding place of the "mound builders" seems a plausible supposition, since numerous

are the mounds used as sepulchers. Niches and cavities beneath ledges of lime rock were also utilized as burial vaults, quantities of human bones being among archaeological finds at Pelee. The stone hatchets, and other imple-



McCormick Stone Dock and Harbor

ments of stone—ascribed to the mound builders' handiwork—appear, however, to have become intermixed with the pipes, arrow heads, and other relics of the red races, which in more recent ages succeeded them.

Concerning the first settlement of Pelee Island by the white race, little is known, though early as 1776, French explorers navigated Lake Erie, and were undoubtedly familiar with its islands and adjacent mainland shores. Old Fort Sandusky, that originally stood somewhere near the site of Venice on Sandusky Bay, was built by these early adventurers. Historians tell us that some of these enterprising explorers paddled their canoes all the way from Montreal to the Great Lakes, and through Lake Erie to the French settlement known as L' Assumption, now Sandwich, Michigan; and that the lake islands, and jut-

ting mainland points, were supposed to have afforded them temporary camping places. Furs and pelts of wild animals for European shipment being then in great demand, the early establishment of a trading post on Pelee has been suggested as among probabilities.

The Ottawas, Chippewas, Ojibways, and representatives of other tribes, held possession of Pelee Island until about the year 1780. These Indians are said to have been amicably disposed toward both French and English, becoming allies of the latter during the Revolutionary War.

It is stated that the Indians of upper Lake Erie territory, fraternized with white people at L' Assumption, and of settlements along the Detroit River.



"Huldah's Rock"

It is not known, however, whether any white people then lived on Pelee Island, though previous to that date—according to Indian traditions handed down—Pelee Island was the scene of a romantic and correspondingly tragic occurrence, in which figures the name of a well-educated young Englishman of good family, who there lived for some years with the Indians.

Note.—To Thaddeus Smith, a writer who has posted up extensively on the history of Pt. au Pelee Island, the author is indebted for much of the information contained in this sketch. Below is given an extract from Mr. Smith's writings:

“On the northwest shore of the island, facing towards the mainland, is a large rock that is known to sailors and settlers as ‘Hulda’s Rock,’ but which bore a more euphonious French, or Indian name, in earlier times. The position of this rock shows that it evidently was once connected with the land, from which it is now separated by a few yards, it shows also that the top of it was smooth, and projected over the water’s edge. From this rock, it is said an Indian maid on account of unrequited love cast herself into the lake and was drowned.

“It was customary in the early days of the French occupancy of Canada for Indian chiefs or prominent men of the tribes living in the great Western District to make voyages to Montreal for trade or pleasure. It was quite common for the Indians to take whites captive and carry them off into their secluded fastnesses, both male and female, as will be seen from facts narrated further on in this history. It is related that a chief and his band from the far West thus visited Montreal and while there captured a young French woman who was of good birth and education and great beauty and brought her away with him. To be more secure of his prize he brought her to Point Pelee Island as one of the most secluded spots in the country. The young captive was treated kindly and adopted by the tribe as a daughter. Time deadens or sears over sorrows, and this prisoner could only submit to her fate with as much patience as possible. On the island was a young chief who pleaded with the captive to become

his wife and make the best of her imprisonment. This chief won the respect and admiration of the captive maid by his gallant bearing, his bravery and his manly beauty of person and after years of waiting and seeing no hope of escaping from her prison, she consented to become his wife. To them was born a daughter in whom the mother found great consolation. As she grew up she taught her to speak French and to read and write. About the time that she was 17 or 18 years old a young Englishman unexpectedly made his appearance on the island. This Englishman had come to Montreal and being fond of adventure and hunting he joined an Indian band and came west, and the same adventurous spirit brought him to Point Pelee Island. He was greatly surprised to find there a French woman of intelligence and her beautiful half breed daughter, and he lingered on the island much longer than he had intended. * * * * * But the rest of his conduct has been told in verse in a more condensed form and will be given here instead of the more lengthy prose narrative. The lines were written by a young girl of the island while she was away attending a boarding school as a contribution to a school paper published by pupils of the school."

“Once there lived on Point au Pelee
An Indian Maiden blythe and gay
Who often from her birch canoe
Would spear the spotted salmon through.

“Pride of her Chieftain father’s heart
She oft would through the wild wood dart,
And with her bow and arrow raised
Would piercé the deer that calmly grazed.

“Joy of her mother’s loving eyes
This dusky maid was a household prize
Whose beauty, grace and gentle arts
Won her a place in manly hearts.

“A pale face to the island came,
To catch the fish and kill the game;
And when this lovely maid he knew,
She won his heart—she loved him, too.

“‘Be mine, dear maiden,’ then he cried,
‘Let me but win thee for my bride,
And on this isle I’ll gladly stay.’
The maiden did not say him nay.

“Happy they lived from year to year,
Then tidings came of a mother dear,
Who dying lay on a distant shore,
And longed to see her son once more,

“Then with a pledge to come again,
Before another moon should wane,
The pale face parted from his bride,
And o’er the waves his oars he plied.

“But many moons did wax and wane,
The young wife’s heart grew sick with pain:
And all her life grew dark and chill,
Her recreant husband tarried still.

“At length a boat approached the shore,
Her heart beat high with hope once more;
But ah! for her that small, white yawl
Bore a letter brief—that was all.

“A letter that brought a withering blight,
And broke a faithful heart that night;
That told a tale of broken trust,
And hurled bright hopes down to the dust.

“Hark! Hark! a wail of dark despair,
Floats out upon the midnight air;
A splash is heard, and Pelee’s pride,
Floats out upon blue Erie’s tide.

“Upon the north of Pelee Isle,
There strangers linger but a while;
View ‘Hulda’s Rock’—the seaman’s guide,
That marks the fate of the Indian bride..

“It marks that death leap into the sea,
And marks a white man’s perfidy;
The waves that ’gaints it foam and surge,
Seem chanting e’er a funeral dirge.”

The first official record of Pelee Island entered was in May, 1778, when a deed, or lease of the island, was made by the Chiefs and Sachems, conveying their right, title, and interest therein to one Thomas McKee, a half breed. McKee, it seems, was highly educated, and was appointed deputy agent for Indian affairs, in the “West”—as the lake territory was then called—by the Canadian government. Judging from his manner of life, McKee was presumably wealthy, for he lived after the fashion—it is said—of an English gentleman. He built for himself a mansion on land now occupied by the Sandwich fish hatchery. He kept hounds, and was a great entertainer. As an ally of the British, he headed a band of Indian braves at Battle

of the Thames. He was very popular both among whites, and Indians. With the latter he was so much of a favorite, indeed, that as a token of their high esteem, they made over to him the island, the terms being easy, as they were novel. The deed of conveyance given McKee is a document of such unique interest, that a copy thereof is here annexed:

“This indenture made between the Chiefs and Sachems of the Chippewa and Ottawa Nations of Indians, on the one part; and Thomas McKee, of Detroit, of the other part, witnessed, that the said Chiefs and Sachems of the Chippewa and Ottawa Nations, for and in consideration of the rent and covenant hereinafter mentioned and contained, which on the part and behalf of said Thomas McKee, his heirs, executors, administrators, are and ought to be paid and performed, hath demised, and to form letters granted, and by these presents do demise, grant and to form let unto the said Thomas McKee, his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns, all that Island known by the name of Point Pelee Island, near Point Pelee in Lake Erie: To have and to hold the said Island unto the said Thomas McKee, his executors, administrators, or assigns, for and during the term 999 years and fully to be complete and ended. To parcel out the said Island into such lots and parcels as he may think proper, and tenant the same with whatsoever and whomsoever they please to put thereon. Yielding and paying therefor, yearly and every year during the said term, unto the said Chiefs and Sachems of the Chippewa and Ottawa Nations, their heirs and assigns, three bushels of Indian corn or the value thereof, if demanded annually, to and for the use of said Chiefs and Sachems, their nations, heirs and assigns for and in full satisfaction and payment of all manner of rents whatsoever: And the

Chiefs, for themselves. In witness whereof, etc., at Detroit the first day of May, in the year 1788, executed by seven Chiefs, and Sachems who attach their totems.

Signed, sealed, and delivered in the presence of
James Allen,
F. Baby.

In 1804, McKee leased the island to one John Askins of Amherstsbury, who was also a sub-agent of Indian affairs under the Canadian government. A number of settlers and employes were sent to Pelee by Askins. Among them were Justus Allen, Robert Little, and an individual named Butler. With these men he sent over a lot of cattle, horses, and hogs. As to whether these were the first domestic animals introduced is not known.

Thomas McKee died in 1815, and his only son, Alexander, succeeded him as owner of the island. In the same year, Wm. McCormick, of Colchester, leased the same from its new owner, and later in 1823 purchased the island entire for the sum of \$500, and removed thither his large family.

The father of this the first permanent white settler of Pelee Island was Alexander McCormick, a character with a history of such interest that it is here given in the writer's (Mr. Smith's) own words.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF ALEXANDER McCORMICK.

By Thaddeus Smith.

In the closing years of the 17th century in the reign of James II, of Scotland, about the year 1688, the Duke of Scoburg was sent on a military expedition to Ireland.

With his army were many Scotchmen who remained and settled in the north of Ireland—the progenitors of that sturdy, active and intelligent people known as the Scotch Irish. With the Duke of Scoburg came one McCormick, who settled in the county of Down in Ireland and there reared a family of six children—four sons and two daughters. The youngest son was named Alexander. Young Alexander McCormick had such a primary education as the times and country afforded, but which was mostly of a commercial character. He had a restless, speculative disposition and before he reached his majority had determined to leave the land of his birth, and an older brother agreeing with him, they made their arrangements to come to the new English Colony in America. They probably reached America about the year 1761. After their arrival in the English Colonies, they separated—the elder brother going south to the Carolinas, and was not heard of afterwards by any of the family, and has no further part in this narrative.

Alexander McCormick secured a position in business with a merchant in Philadelphia and remained in the Eastern States for several years. But following the bent of his restless and roving disposition and his desire for adventure he joined a company of traders to go into the western wilderness across the Allegheny Mountains to trade with the Indians for pelts and furs. This was probably between the years 1768 and 1770. The whole of the western country was then an almost unexplored wilderness, inhabited only by tribes of savage, roaming Indians. There were few white settlements west of the Alleghenies. One of the oldest of these was at the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela Rivers where they unite to form the Ohio River—“LaBelle Riviere.” of the early French settlers.

Here, probably as early as the close of the 17th century, was established a fort by French Canadian settlers, which they called Fort Duquesne, and a trading station. In the war between England and France, 1755-1763, the British were victorious, and in 1763, France ceded to England her Canadian and all her other American possessions. In this war old Fort Duquesne was captured and demolished in 1758. But afterwards under the British a new fort was built called Fort Pitt, and around it was established a small but important trading station about the year 1769, called Pittsburg. The site is now occupied by the great manufacturing city of Pittsburg and its twin city, Allegheny City. There was another settlement still further west that was older, larger and of more importance, made by the Canadian French at Detroit and along the Detroit River on both sides. There were some smaller settlements further down the Ohio River—at Monetta, Ohio, and Limestone or Majorville, Ky., and in Central Kentucky at and near Lexington there was a more extensive settlement of Virginians and Marylanders who had followed the footsteps of the pioneer huntsman and noted Indian fighter, Daniel Boone. But to reach any of these settlements from the Eastern States hundreds of miles of wilderness had to be passed through that were inhabited by tribes of hostile Indians, who also hung closely around the outskirts of the settlements watching for their prey.

Undaunted by the prospect, Alexander McCormick set out on his perilous trip to the West, about the year 1771, with a few companions, provided with such goods as were suitable for trade with the Indians for skins and furs that were then in great demand in Europe. We are not informed of the number of the party, or the number of

horses used to transport their goods and chattels; but they must have made their way slowly and laboriously, wading streams and climbing mountains, and no doubt met with many adventures and perils to life and limb from the many dangers they encountered. It is probable that the first white settlement he reached was Pittsburg; but of this there is no definite certainty or any evidence that he stopped there any length of time.

Beyond Pittsburg, westward, across the Ohio River, and north to the Great Lakes and to the Detroit River, was that vast unexplored region known as the Western District or the North West Territory. It was inhabited by tribes of the Wyandotte, Shawnee, Cherokee, Delaware and other Indians. We find that McCormick had passed over the Ohio River into this district and was living with a band of Wyandottes. But whether he was captured by them and made a prisoner, or whether he voluntarily went among them to trade, it does not appear. But there is no doubt that they prevented him from making his escape and held him as a captive. It would not seem that McCormick was very much dissatisfied with the situation. In fact he seems to have been well pleased with his roving life and Indian companionship, as he could probably have made his escape sometime during his long sojourn with the Indians if he had wished to do so. The Indians were also pleased with him and he became a favorite and "big Injun" among them, being formerly adopted into the tribe as a "brother" with appropriate ceremony. To make their relations still closer, the Chief offered him his sister, a comely young squaw, for a wife, and McCormick readily accepted the offer, and they were duly married according to the Indian ceremony for such occasions. The Indians were sagacious enough to make McCormick useful. They told

him that he was "no good" to hunt or for war; but by making signs indicating writing and making figures they said he was good for that, and they found him of much service to them in making bargains with white traders whom they now occasionally met in their wanderings and through him they carried on their trading with the whites at Detroit. They trusted him to collect cargoes of skins and to take them from the Maumee River in boats to the lake and on to Detroit and to dispose of them there and bring back such supplies as they needed, without any fears of his leaving them, so completely was he identified with them. McCormick thus made frequent trips to Detroit during the eight or ten years of his identification with the Indians and on these trips he made the acquaintance of prominent white men in Detroit, both French and English, some of whom were very useful to him in after life. But he always returned to his Indian companions. In due time a son was born to him by his Indian wife. It is said that she died a few years afterwards; but McCormick took good care of his Indian offspring and brought him to Canada with him many years after, when he settled down to civilized life.

In McCormick's wanderings and trading among the different tribes, he often met white men, traders and trappers, or captives and others adopting the Indian life. In a band of the Chippewa tribe visiting the Maumee country he discovered a white squaw, and from his intimate knowledge of the Indians he knew that she was some white girl who had been captured and adopted by the tribe. The girl from all appearances had no doubt been with the Indians a long time, and had become completely identified with them. McCormick soon became very much interested in the white squaw, and when he found an op-

portunity to speak to her and learn her history, he ascertained that she had been with the Indians about three years.

It was but natural that these two exiles from civilization should find some interest in each other; since the captive maid in time became intimately connected with the subject of this history we shall now look back to her early life and to the times in which she lived.

So closely allied to the adventures of Alexander McCormick is the history of another life as strangely shapen as his own, that this also is given a place as below :

“CHESTNUT BURR.”

By Thaddeus Smith.

Pittsburg, about the year 1780, was a straggling village and trading post, that had already gone through many changes, as has been noted heretofore. It was still an isolated settlement surrounded by a wilderness, with the Indians lurking around its outskirts. Fort Pitt, and a few block-houses and stockades, answered as a kind of protection and place of refuge in case of an attack from the hostile Indians. At this time there lived in Pittsburg a family by the name of Turner who were from Maryland. They had a neighbor named McKevar. In order to add to their scanty provisions many of these early settlers were in the habit of making maple sugar in the spring, to do which they would open a camp in a nearby sugar bush, using common open kettles to boil the sap down. The Turners and McKevars joined together and made a sugar camp, on the slope of a hill not far from their dwellings. It consisted of a rude shed made by putting forked posts in the ground with poles in the forks to hold the cover of rough boards, or boughs. Kettles and pots were hung

on a pole which was also supported by stakes driven in the ground, and under these was kept up a blazing fire of dry limbs and fagots. To gather the sap or "sugar water" and keep the kettles boiling and full, and at the same time to prevent them from "boiling over" required the constant attention of some one all day, and sometimes all night. This work was intrusted to their sons, two lads nearly grown. In early March, 1780, young Turner and McKevar were at work in the sugar camp, and the parents sent their two daughters and a smaller lad out to the "sugar bush" to take the boys some needed provisions and to assist them somewhat in their work. It was the breaking up of winter and the sun shone brightly; the robins were twittering and hopping about in the dry leaves to secure a meal of a grub or worm, and the blue birds, these bright harbingers of spring-time, were whistling from an old dead tree full of holes made by the woodpeckers, in which they were seeking to make their nest. The girls were enjoying their outing and lingered on through the afternoon, assisting their brothers, drinking warm maple syrup, and in fun and frolic around the camp fire, without a thought of danger; but the declining sun warned them that it was time to return home. Just then the dog was heard to bark, which indicated the approach of strangers and boded evil. The bark of the dog was quickly followed by the crack of rifles, and the two young men fell, pierced by the fatal bullet from the unerring aim of the savage Indians. The girls found themselves in the presence of hideously painted savages with uplifted tomahawks and before they could collect their thoughts, were seized and carried away into the thick, dark woods, as was also the younger lad. As the girls did not return to their homes at night the parents went to the camp in search, there to find their

sons dead and the girls carried off. An alarm was given in the settlement of the attack upon the sugar camp, but it was impossible to attempt a rescue. Should the few men who could be spared from the settlement pursue the Indians into the woods in the darkness, they would be liable to be shot from ambush, or tomahawked by the wily foe. When morning came it was evident that the Indians would be too far away to be overtaken easily, and there were not men enough to be spared from the settlement for an expedition. The friends of the young girls were exceedingly anxious as to their fate, knowing the character of the Indians and their manner of treating prisoners. Sometimes they might be treated kindly enough, though roughly, and adopted as members of the tribe or band they were with; but should they become sick or faint and unable to travel, they would ruthlessly rid themselves of them by the use of the deadly hatchet. One of these captured girls, Elizabeth Turner, lived to be rescued from the Indians after being with them over three years, and to tell the story of her capture, of her wanderings, sufferings and adventures among them. She lived to a good old age to tell these true stories—the truth of which is “stranger than fiction”—to her children, and to a large circle of grandchildren.

Soon after the capture Elizabeth was separated from her companion, Miss McKeever, as she fell to the lot of a band of Wyandottes and Miss McKeever to some other tribe. They never met again. The young lad who was captured along with them soon became sick and unable to travel and was slain by the way. The Wyandottes, with Elizabeth Turner, immediately left the vicinity of Pittsburg and slowly made their way to the Indian villages on the lower

and upper Sandusky rivers, and on the borders of Lake Erie, dwelling during the summer at some one of these places. Elizabeth appears to have been blessed with good health; she was not only physically well equipped to stand the hard life she was compelled to endure, though but a small woman, but she had great moral courage and an indomitable spirit. She used to say the Indians would often praise her for acts which they called brave; "but," said she, "it was not bravery, it was simply desperation." Her heroic conduct, or as probably she would have put it, her stoic behavior, and general good conduct, caused her to find favor with her captors, and they formally adopted her into their band as a sister, and treated her kindly, after the Indian fashion. She had to take part in most of the work and drudgery that usually falls to the lot of the squaws—the "white squaw" had to do her part. On one occasion while working the corn patch, her squaw companions quit work and retired to the shade, but told her she must work on—that she was their slave—but Elizabeth also promptly left the corn patch for the shade. The squaws remonstrated and threatened to force her to work, but with hoe uplifted she let them know that she would use it upon them and threatened with so much show of determination that the squaws fled to the camp and reported her to the Chief. Their story however only amused the Chief and his companions, who praised Elizabeth for her show of bravery. At another time she had a quarrel and fight with a squaw from whom she tore the clothes and put her to flight. This also amused the braves, who applauded her for the act. Her spirited disposition, her readiness to resent any indignities and to take care of herself and stand up for her rights, showed itself in many other incidents; and on

account of these qualities she was given an Indian name that meant a Chestnut Burr. She would sting, they said, like a burr whenever molested. With all of Elizabeth Turner's spirit and fortitude, she was not exempt from feeling the horror of her terrible situation, or from pining for home and kindred, and the hope against hope for her delivery, nor was she exempt from fatigue and sickness. As one time she was sent to watch the corn field to keep the birds from eating the corn just as the grains began to fill, she was sick and weary and almost desperate as to her fate and went to the field alone. Her sickness grew worse and she became delirious and unconscious. She could not tell, by days or weeks, how long she remained in this condition; but when she began to recover she found that the young corn, that was just coming into the milk state when she was taken ill, was now well glazed and getting hard. She could remember of only once being visited by a squaw during her sickness.

Months and years were passing without Elizabeth Turner hearing from her people and without any prospect of her making her escape. They were now in the Indian settlement of the upper Sandusky in the northern part of what is now the State of Ohio, hundreds of miles through a wilderness, from Pittsburg. She occasionally met a white trader or prisoner, but they knew nothing of her people or her country. The War of the Revolution was not yet ended in the West. The Indians were the allies of the British and were employed by them in bands and companies and singly to fight the rebellious Yankees, either commanded by British officers, or under their own Chief. The cruelties and atrocities that the British officers allowed their Indian allies to inflict upon prisoners and non-combatants, is a blot upon our prided Anglo Saxon civiliza-

tion, that can never be erased so long as history records the facts.

Elizabeth Turner was, at times, an unwilling witness to tortures inflicted upon prisoners. Col. Crawford of the patriot army of the Revolution was a prisoner of the Indians at the upper Sandusky villages while Elizabeth was there. She sought a personal interview with him and warned him of his impending fate and urged him to try to make his escape. Crawford told her that he did not think it possible to escape and said he was too old and feeble to attempt it. He told her that Simon Girty, a noted hunter and pioneer among the Indians and an ally of the British, had offered to assist him to escape, promising to furnish him a horse and guide; but he said it was of no use and seemed resigned to his fate. When the day arrived and preparations were being made to burn Crawford at the stake, Elizabeth, making an excuse that she ought to go out early in the morning to bring in a horse, fled to the woods and remained completely concealed until the terrible business was over. The Indians had intended that she should be a witness to the execution. For the first time they accused her of cowardice, and told her that they believed Crawford was her father and that for that reason she had hidden away.

In the fall or winter of 1782 the band of Indians with whom Elizabeth was, left the Sandusky villages and went north to the Maumee country in the neighborhood of where the city of Toledo now is. They there met with the Shawnee tribe, among whom was a white man who, in dress and general appearance, seemed to be completely identified with the Shawnees; in fact he appeared to be one of them and one of some prominence and authority, though he was white. He was later found to be an Indian trader, who

had been adopted by the tribe, and has been with them some eight or nine years, Alexander McCormick by name.

McCormick was greatly surprised to see among the Wyandottes a white squaw and soon made her acquaintance. Elizabeth's hopes were buoyed up with the expectation of hearing something from her friends, and possibly making her escape through the new-found acquaintance. McCormick could not give her any news from her friends in Pittsburg, but he showed great interest in her welfare, and it was a relief to her to have some white person's companionship. As a few months passed McCormick's interest in the white squaw increased, and as his Indian wife had died some time before this, he now thought of trying to win her for his wife. Elizabeth was glad to make a new friend under the circumstances she was in, and did not discourage his attentions. He was not long in making a proposal of marriage, but she was not prepared to accept his offer then. Before she was captured she had a lover in Pittsburg to whom she was betrothed, and felt that she ought to be true to her lover and her vows, and that a separation of three years ought not to release her from them. But McCormick pled with her to overcome these scruples. He told her that there was no probability of her ever seeing the young man again—that doubtless he had considered her dead and had married some one else, or he might be dead himself—probably killed by hostile Indians, and finally succeeded in getting her consent to marry him.

But there was another difficulty in the way. The Wyandottes refused to allow Elizabeth to leave their tribe, or to give her up to McCormick. McCormick thought to overcome this difficulty by paying a liberal ransom for her; but when he went to take her away they refused to let her go, having regretted their bargain. McCormick's

Scotch blood was now roused, and he determined to have her, even if he had to steal her and run away with her to Detroit; and he laid his plans with this intention. Circumstance favored his project. He was, that spring, engaged in collecting furs and skins to be loaded in row boats at Maumee City, of which he was to have charge to take them to Detroit, as he had frequently done before. When all was ready, by previous arrangement with Elizabeth, he got her into one of the boats, secreted her in the bottom and completely covered her with the skins. When the Wyandottes missed their white squaw they immediately suspected McCormick of spiriting her away, and went to search his boats for her. They removed nearly all the skins from the boat that she was in, seemed satisfied that she was not there and left a few skins in the bottom; but these few completely concealed her. When the Wyandottes withdrew without finding Elizabeth, they both felt greatly relieved, for when once on their way in the boats there would be no danger of rescue. The voyage by row-boats was a slow one. First down the Maumee River into Lake Erie, thence up the lake, keeping along the shore and camping on land at night, and the same way up the Detroit River against the current, they at last reached Detroit safely.

McCormick took Elizabeth to the house of one of the friends he had made in Detroit on former visits—one Col. Allen. There he bountifully provided her with the dress of civilization, to which she had been a stranger for three years. He also provided her with the best wedding dress and outfit that could be bought in the town and they were married in the house of Col. Allen in May, 1783, by an English Church minister. Mrs. McCormick often de-

scribed to her children and grandchildren her wedding outfit in detail and it would now be a curious costume.

After the marriage of Alexander McCormick to Elizabeth Turner they soon began to make preparation to return to the Indian settlement in the Maumee country from which he had lately come; and, with his young wife and some necessary articles that would be needed, he left Detroit and embarked upon their frail boats in the same way that they had come. It seems that McCormick preferred to live among the Indians and keep up his fur trade. With his Scotch thrift he had made money, and proposed to take up land and establish a more permanent home than he had had with the Indians. They were both familiar with the Indian life, inured to its hardships, and apparently were quite satisfied with it, so it was no great sacrifice to them to live thus.

On May 30th, 1784, a child was born to them, whom they named William. The veil of the future of this child has been opened to us, and we know his future career; but at that time the most sanguine optimist could not have predicted that a child born in such unfavorable circumstances would become a prominent man in his sphere—a member of the Canadian Parliament and the first white owner of Point au Pelee Island.

A very natural desire came to Mrs. McCormick to visit her old home at Pittsburg to see her relatives and friends, and to let them know that she was still alive. But it would be a difficult undertaking. Pittsburg was some 200 or more miles distant and the whole route was through a wilderness without roads and without inhabitants, save some roving bands of Indians. It was not convenient for her husband to leave his business and go with her. But that same indomitable will and spirit that had enabled her

to go through so many trials, now came to her aid, and she devised a plan to accomplish her desire and executed it. She selected a trusty squaw to be her only companion on the journey and McCormick provided them with two horses and such a small outfit as they could carry with them, of little things that would be most necessary to them. Thus equipped, with her young child in her arms, Mrs. McCormick (nee Elizabeth Turner) set out on horseback to make the journey to Pittsburg. The journey was long and tedious and not without thrilling adventures and hardships. No friendly houses along the route to shelter them at night and for many days' traveling not an Indian wigwam to be seen. When night overtook them, they camped alone in the wilderness. It is hard for us even to imagine a young mother with her babe making such a journey, but Mrs. McCormick's four years' experience of Indian life enabled her to do it successfully.

She found her father and mother alive, but the appearance of their daughter before them was like one rising from the dead. Four years had passed since she was taken from them and they had not heard one word from her. To see her return with a child—a child of her own—greatly added to their surprise. She found her former lover, who was still unmarried, but he said he did not blame her, under the circumstances, for marrying McCormick, and thought that she had done right. She remained with her friends a few weeks, and then returned to her husband in the same way that she had come—on horseback, with her lone squaw companion.

The war of the Revolution was now over and a treaty of peace had been made. Whether McCormick took an active part in fighting the revolutionists with the British, or with their Indian allies, is not known; but the Indians

were the British allies, and he was thoroughly identified with them, and no doubt strongly sympathized with the British cause. He had, perhaps, been guilty of acts which led the Yankees to look upon him as an enemy, and as the number of Yankees were increasing, it made it unpleasant for him to remain among them. In the eastern colonies, made independent states by the success of the revolution, there were a number of Tories who still believed in the "Divine right of Kings," and refused to be disloyal to King George, who determined to leave the New England States and seek a new home in the English Province of Quebec, now Canada. They gathered up their families and effects, shook the dirt from their feet, and entered British territory. Some entered from New York near Niagara, others pushed on further west to Detroit and crossed the river into British possession and formed a colony in what is now the County of Essex, Ontario. These Loyalists were encouraged and rewarded by the English government with a gift of 200 acres of land to each family. McCormick being loyal to the King and not satisfied with living among the Yankees determined to gather up his effects, take them to Detroit and cross the river, and join this colony of Loyalists on British ground, and make himself and family a permanent home. He selected his 200 acres of government land in that part of the county now known as the Township of Colchester, near the shores of Lake Erie. This county was almost an unbroken wilderness, covered with a very heavy growth of forest, with but few white settlers in that part of the county; but they were more numerous upon the Detroit River. There were Indians in abundance and McCormick again found himself in his old element, and there is no doubt but that he engaged in his old business of trading.

with considerable success, as well as doing a little farming. The writer has not been able to secure the exact date that McCormick came to Canada. Some place the date about



Government Wharf, West Side

the year 1787 or 1788, while there are other evidences that it was four or five years later—somewhere in the early nineties. When McCormick was married to Elizabeth Turner he was at least 40 years old, while she was but 21. There were born to them eight children in all, four sons and four daughters. The particular branch of the family we wish to follow in this narrative is through William, the eldest child—the one that was born among the Indians, and was carried from the Maumees to Pittsburg and back on horseback by his mother; and the one who became the first white owner of Point au Pelee Island.

In 1802 Alexander McCormick made a trip to Ireland and visited his relations there. He returned and lived to a good old age, but died many years before his wife. Mrs.

Elizabeth Turner McCormick died in 1839 about 77 years old. She lived to see all her children raised to manhood and womanhood, in fact at her death her children were well advanced in years. She lived to see many grandchildren—to tell them of the wonderful incidents and adventures of her early life among the Indians. A few of these incidents have been gathered by the writer, but are only feebly told in this narrative. She lived to see that child Wm. McCormick, born among the Indians, that she carried in her arms when a babe hundreds of miles on horseback, became a prominent man in the community in which he lived, and a member of the Canadian Parliament; and when he came to Pelee Island to live, she came with him, and lived there several years—but she died in the Township of Colchester, while there on a visit, as before stated, in 1839.

SOME LATER HISTORY OF PT. AU PELEE ISLAND.

When William McCormick moved his family of eleven children to Pelee in 1834, he located upon the island's north shore. Two log cabins, with a small frame building between, formed his dwelling. This structure stood back a few yards from the bluffs of North Bay, in sight of the Canada mainland, and overlooking the North channel passage, through which they pass most of the large freight carriers and other vessels of the Great Lakes—both sail and steam, en route to or from Detroit, and other lake ports far beyond.

The place chosen by McCormick afforded a good location for a dock, which was afterwards built. A few log cabins had been erected on the island before McCormick's arrival; these were occupied by tenants, among whom were

the Allan and Butler families and John and George Fox. The latter was drowned in North Bay. Later on, the two Fox families moved to North Bass Island. Peter and Simon Fox—now deceased—and their sister, Mrs. George Wires, who still lives, spent their earlier years on Pelee.

The island, when McCormick took possession, comprised very wild territory containing three marshes, the larger covering an area of 4000 acres, and extending across the island, the only place for a road connecting the northern and southern portions of land being a narrow strip of sand and gravel edging the lake, that had been thrown up by the waves. Following a heavy easterly storm, and corresponding rise of water, lake and marsh were sometimes united in one body. The growths of wild vines and aquatic vegetation were extensive and very dense. Elk and deer were numerous at one time, their remains being found in the marshes. Muskrats were so plentiful, 'tis said, that their houses covered the prairie meadows, looking like haystacks. They were trapped and speared, both by whites and Indians. As high as 6,000 muskrat skins were taken in a single year. Snakes were very numerous, including the "rattler."

The mallard, loon, and wild duck here found a congenial home; and wild geese paused in their semi-annual flights to feed upon wild rice and other abundant foods.

The McCormicks engaged in farming and stock raising. Horses, hogs, and cattle multiplied and ran wild in the big woods and marshes. Hogs grew fat on acorns and hickorynuts, and in the early winter were hunted with dogs and guns by the settlers, who thus provided themselves with pork and lard.

A sawmill was erected in 1836, at which red cedar timber was sawn into railroad ties. These were shipped

to Cleveland, and other places in the States. Immense oaks were cut down and hewn into timbers the entire length of the tree. These were floated out to anchored vessels, and finally shipped to Europe, to be used for ship-building.

The peaceful seclusion of the island dwellers was rudely and suddenly broken in 1838 by an uprising against the Canadian government, known as the "Patriot Rebellion." The island was invaded by a detachment of these rebels, approaching by the way of Sandusky, or Marblehead, Ohio, across the frozen lake.

They came to plunder, also to capture the McCormicks, the elder Wm. McCormick having served as a member of the Canadian Parliament, and was known as a staunch "Loyalist."

It was in March, 1838, when the raid was made on Pelee, the rebels numbering, it is said, about 450. In some way the McCormicks got wind of the approaching invasion, and, to avoid capture, packed such of their valuables as they could carry and with the family crossed the intervening ten miles of ice to the Canada main. Hastening to Fort Malden, the military authorities there stationed were informed of the brewing trouble and Col. Maitland with three companies of regular and one of volunteer militia set out at once for the island, under the guidance of the two youthful brothers, David and William McCormick.

A description of the battle fought March 3rd, 1838, on Pelee, or rather on the ice near its southern extremity, is extant, the account running as follows:

"Col. Maitland sent men over to examine the ice to see if it was safe to send cannons over. They reported it safe; and one company of volunteers and three of regulars, one under Capt. Brown and the others under Col. Mait-

land, came with two brass pieces. The rebels believed them to be all volunteers, and not being afraid of these, prepared to fight; but when the regulars drew off their overcoats and displayed their uniforms, consternation seized them. Running to the south end of the island, where Capt. Brown had been stationed, a battle ensued between them and him. Five men were killed and fifteen prisoners were taken. The British had one killed and twenty-eight wounded. Three rebels retreated to the east side and attempted to get away on the ice. About one hundred broke through and were drowned; the rest made 'their escape.'

This account differs somewhat from that given by the McCormicks, who were here on the ground, especially that part saying one hundred of the rebels were drowned, which is no doubt a mistake.

When the rebels raided Pelee Island they wrought great damage not alone to the McCormicks, but to others of its inhabitants. The cabin owned by the father of Peter and Simon Fox—who later became residents of North Bass—was made a place of rendezvous. The raiders ate up all the potatoes and other supplies that the family had stored away, leaving them destitute of provisions.

This disturbance had a discouraging effect upon McCormick and his family and they did not return to locate permanently on the island until the summer of 1839.

The leading purpose of William McCormick in buying Pelee Island was to provide an ample farm for each of his eleven children; and with declining health he made a will to this effect. By this instrument, 100 acres were set aside on the north shore for the purpose of maintaining a school on the island; ten acres on the north shore for a prospective village, and church. The remainder of the lands were to be divided equally among the children.

Wm. McCormick died in 1840. His aged mother, Elizabeth Turner McCormick—the Indian captive—who had lived with his family on Pelee, up to the time when the “Patriot War” invaders drove them from the island, died soon after leaving the island at Colchester.

No survey of the island was made until 1840, when under the agency of Alexander, eldest of the heirs, a surveyor was employed for the purpose of dividing up the land. The division, however, was not made as provided by the will. This occasioned great dissatisfaction among the other heirs, followed by dissension and trouble in various ways, all of which conspired to delay for twenty years the growth of island interests. Alexander held to the land he claimed, regardless of protest, placing tenants thereon. He also sold large tracts to outside parties, by whom were erected several frame houses.

The newcomers engaged in clearing land and shipping cedar and other timber. The other heirs refused to acknowledge the validity of the sales made; but the land purchasers felt sure of their hold upon the island, and one of the number, Henry Price, set out two or three acres of grapes. This was the first vineyard ever planted on Pelee Island.

Up to this time, the McCormick heirs had rested secure in their title to the island received through their father from the Indians, in 1788, the deed having been duly entered on the county records. Howbeit, when an attempt was made to sell, or to mortgage its lands, it was found that this could not be satisfactorily done, because a patent had never been issued by the Government to any one for the island.

In 1854, an attempt was made by the McCormick heirs to establish their claim to the island, and an attor-

ney was employed to look up the whole matter. A document covering the entire case was prepared and submitted to the Canadian Government. The presiding judge in the case decided that as the island had never been ceded to the Crown by the Indians, and as the Government had never held possession thereof, nor received any profits therefrom, the said lands were the legal possessions of the McCormicks, and of them alone. The judge then recommended the issuing of patents to each member of the McCormick family, and division of land as provided in the will of Wm. McCormick. The views of the judge were adopted by the Government, and this settled for all time the dispute. Twenty-seven years had passed before the provisions of their father's will were finally carried out, and the McCormick heirs obtained a perfect title to the lands they had so long occupied.

Mrs. Mary Cornwall McCormick, widow of Wm. McCormick, resided fifty years on the island after her husband's death. Her decease occurred in 1891. She was aged nearly ninety-nine years. During the many years of uncertain ownership, nearly all of the cedar and oak and much other timber had been cut down and sold. Otherwise, little had been accomplished in the way of improvements; but with the confirmation of their title, the way for new advancement was opened to the McCormick heirs. During this time, the only way by which the islanders could pass to and from the mainland was in their own sail or rowboats. Through continued practice the McCormick boys became very proficient as sailors, Capt. David McCormick subsequently becoming master both of steam craft and sailing vessels. All mail matter was obtained at the Kingsville post office, and was brought over only when some boat happened to make the

trip across. In winter, it is said, the people were sometimes as long as four months without the mail, and knew nothing of the great world's happenings during that period.

The grape growing industry, introduced upon Kelley's and the Bass Islands, finally extended to Pelee. D. J. Williams, Thomas Williams, and Thaddeus Smith of Kentucky purchased forty acres of Pelee land, planted a vineyard and established a wine cellar. This was the beginning of the island's real settlement. Mr. Smith moved his family to Pelee and took control, as manager of that which became known as the "Vin Villa Vineyards." The Williams brothers died some years later and Mr. Smith became sole owner. He also became a naturalized Canadian citizen and a permanent resident of the island.

Edward and John Wardloper, Englishmen by birth who had lived in the South, came also to Pelee Island in 1866, attracted thither by the excellent bass fishing around the island, and fine hunting privileges in the woods, and marshes. They bought a large tract of land, which was cleared and put out to grapes.

A small general store—the first on the island—was opened by Charles McCormick on the south side of the island; but the population proved too small to make the enterprise profitable.

A small steamer was placed upon the route between the island and Sandusky, but did not prove a paying proposition and was discontinued, and sail and rowboats again afforded the only connection between island and mainland.

A large summer hotel was built, but the projectors became discouraged before it was fully completed, though

it was afterwards occupied by a few summer guests, together with parties of bass sportsmen who came to fish.

The McCormick brothers built an extensive dock on the south shore, but the devastating storms got in their work and it was washed away. It was rebuilt, but again succumbed to the force of the waves. The efforts made to develop the island were thus confronted by difficulties on every hand.

In 1890 extensive wine cellars were built on the island by J. S. Hamilton, of Ontario.

In 1870 a public school board was elected, and two schoolhouses built. A post office and a general merchandise store were also established.

A stone church edifice was erected by adherents of the "Church of England" and a steamboat line finally established between the island and Canadian ports. More docks were built, thus providing for the landing and protection of boats large and small.

Later, the island was divided into four school districts; and four new and attractive school buildings were added



One of the Pelee Island Canals

to island improvements, while the population had increased to the number of six hundred or more.

The drainage of the marshlands which covered one-half of the island in 1888 and 1889—a feat of engineering skill—marked the most important era in the history of the island. These marshes were almost on a level, it is said, with the lake, and were filled with the densest growths of wild vegetation. Their waters bred mosquitoes, deer flies, and malaria, rendering life in their vicinity almost unbearable. An account of this big undertaking as given by Thaddeus Smith, as here annexed, makes interesting reading.

“In 1878, Lemuel S. Brown, formerly of Cleveland, Ohio, became interested in Pelee Island and bought 625 acres of land on the east side, being that part of the island locally known as “Middle Island,” entirely separated from the other upland by marshes, and containing within its centre a marsh of several hundred acres. Mr. Brown had already been the promoter of various enterprises on other neighboring islands. He had a long lease upon Middle Island property, and at one time was the owner of Ballast Island—that beautiful little island that lies at the entrance to the harbor of Put-in-Bay, and was also engaged in dock building at Put-in-Bay. He came to Pelee Island and made the purchase already mentioned, purposing to engage in general farming, paying special attention to stock raising and the planting of vineyards, and inducing a number of Germans to settle on the land for that purpose. It so happened shortly after Mr. Brown came that there were two or three unusually dry seasons in succession, drying up the water in the marshes, leaving some of the marsh land quite high and dry. Brown had some of this plowed and sowed in tame grasses. The next

spring, the season having the usual amount of rainfall, he found his cultivated fields two feet under water; and it continued to be covered with water for some years. But the experiment had convinced him of the great fertility of the soil and of its immense possibilities if it could be thoroughly drained. Its drainage became a hobby with him. During his visits to Put-in-Bay he had met Dr. John M. Scudder, of Cincinnati, Ohio, who, with his family, spent the summer vacation at the Bay. Dr. Scudder was the founder, owner and president of the Eclectic Medical College of Cincinnati and was a man of wealth. Mr. Brown soon communicated to him his hobby of draining the Pelee Island marsh, and as the doctor had traveled in Europe and was particularly interested in the drainage system of Holland, he soon became interested in Brown's project also and made a visit with him to Pelee Island. This visit of Dr. Scudder resulted in his determination to buy the marsh land and undertake the enterprise of reclaiming it for agricultural purposes by an artificial system of drainage. Dr. Scudder and Mr. Brown bought the whole of the "Big Marsh" with the wet timbered land adjoining it as per survey and plan of the island, in all over 4000 acres, for which they paid the McCormicks two dollars per acre. In 1888 steam dredges were put to work cutting canals through the marsh to the extent of twelve miles in length. These canals conducted the water all to one point where a steam pumping plant was erected that lifted it several feet and emptied it into the lake. The water thus taken off, the land was left dry and ready for the plow. The plowing was not done, however, without much difficulty, owing to the heavy growth of weeds and rushes, tussock-grass and roots. But enterprise and capital can accomplish much. Those who saw the marsh before it

was reclaimed now look upon its cultivated fields with astonishment. The soil of this reclaimed land is very rich, a clay subsoil with from one to two feet of vegetable mould. It is very productive of hay, corn and potatoes, and, where not too rich, yields good wheat and oats. On parts of it, are growing vineyards and good peach orchards.

“The draining of the Big Marsh and the Middle Island marsh was followed by the draining of the South marsh of 470 acres, by Messrs. Dwelle and Lewis of Sandusky, Ohio, who bought it along with a farm of 300 acres of upland.

“The drainage of this marsh land has proven a matter of the greatest importance to the island. It has more than



West Side Pumping Station

doubled the amount of arable land, thus more than doubling the agricultural products and making room for a larger population. This increases trade and the volume of business, which in turn brings boats and better facilities for communication with the outside world. It has greatly

improved the sanitary conditions, drying up the malarial area. It has destroyed the breeding places of mosquitoes, diating flies and snakes, until there are but few remaining. The embankments made by the earth thrown out of the canals furnish excellent roadbeds and have become a part of the public road system of the municipality.”

Owing to restrictions placed upon it by the Canadian Government, commercial fishing is not as remunerative as it was in earlier days; but the island waters have long been famous for their fine bass fishing.

Pelee Island of today boasts her freedom from insect pests, snakes, and malaria, through drainage of her marshlands, now covered with garden and farm products, corn, wheat, and pasture fields. Especially suited to potatoes is this reclaimed land, producing thousands of bushels of the finest grade. Tobacco in large quantities is also produced.

The government maintains a signal station, weather bureau and life-saving station on the island. Three general merchandise stores do profitable business. A hotel, a fine club house, two public halls, four churches, four schoolhouses, four substantial docks, are noted. Steamboat connection with the mainland, mail service, summer and winter, four postoffices, a large area of vineyard, and orchard lands, quarries of fine building stone, a system of canals, and dykes, with miles of excellent roads, and a population numbering nearly 1000, are among modern accessions. A telephone cable connects the island with the Canada main; oil and natural gas in limited quantity have also been struck. Such in brief is the history of the island's past vicissitudes, and subsequent prosperity.

Pelee Island Fishing Club.

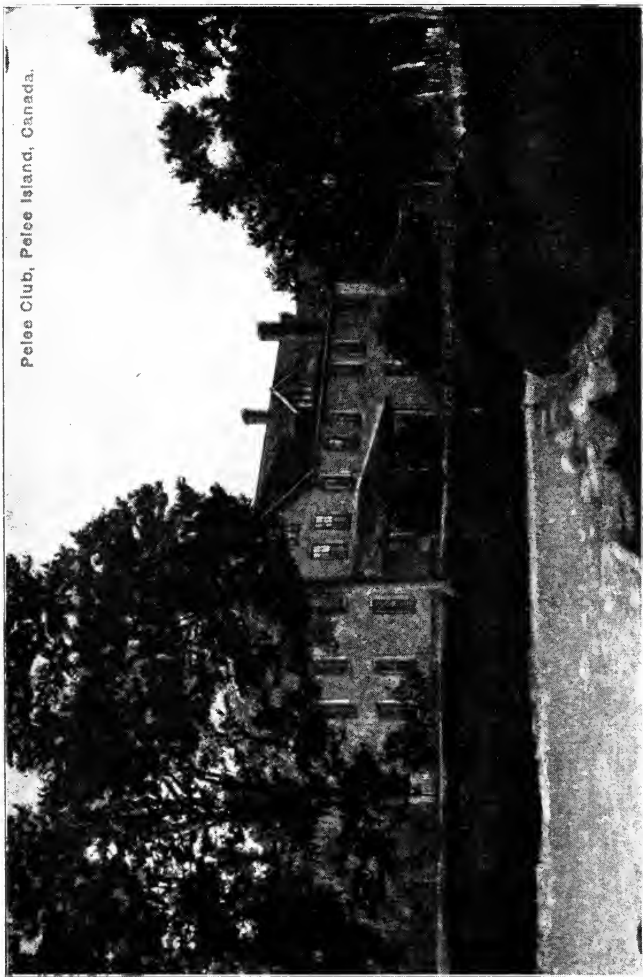
“Point Sheridan,” on Pelee Island’s northern shore, forms the location of a club house built in the “eighties,” that has since become widely known, its membership including some of the wealthiest and most influential men in the country. This organization, known as the Pelee Island Fishing Club, represents an aggregation of brains, and capital, such as could scarce be found elsewhere in any similar organization.

The Pelee club house is a commodious building, or combination of buildings, and is pleasantly situated among sheltering trees, commanding a magnificent view of the North channel waters, with the blue line of the Canadian mainland low belting the horizon. The structure is lighted with gas, and provided with water supply; and its appointments are all that the most fastidious could desire in a summering place—elegance and luxury, combining with comfort and convenience, to render the place an ideal resort. Semiannually the club members hold here a two weeks’ reunion, taking a hand at rod, and trolling line, and entertaining as invited guests many prominent people. They pay out large sums of money for boats and oarsmen, and leave considerable money on the island for supplies.

Concerning the early formation of this club, a Pelee islander tells the following:

“In the fall of 1879 a party of young men from Sandusky and Cincinnati, composing a fishing party, encamped at the north end. A severe storm came up, blew down their tents and flooded them out. They came to

Pelee Club, Pelee Island, Canada.



Pelee Island Club House

Mrs. Thaddeus Smith and begged to be taken in out of the storm, being sick of tenting it. Among these was Charles L. Mills of Sandusky, who continued to put up with Mrs. Smith for four or five years, spring and fall. Mr. Mills met a fellow-fisherman, Mr. John Maginis, Jr., of New York City, who, with a party of friends was stopping at Dr. McCormick's. Mr. Maginis told Mr. Mills that they wished to organize a fishing club with a permanent location of their own and invited him to join them. The club was organized, and the site for the house selected at the extreme Northwest end, the very place where Mills and his young friends had camped years before. In 1883 the Club House was erected and their first meeting was held that fall. John Maginis, Jr., was made President and Charles L. Mills, Vice President and General Manager of the club's business."

Included in the membership list, in earlier years, were the names as given below: Judge Walter P. Gresham, who was Secretary of State under Pres. Cleveland; Benjamin Campbell, Ex-Marshal of Illinois; J. R. Jones, former Minister to Brussels; Col. V. C. Turner, of Chicago; Robert T. Lincoln, Ex.-Pres. Arthur, Gen. Schofield, Gen. Phil. Sheridan, Marshall Field, and George Pullman of Chicago.

With the reorganization of the club, many of the new members added were prominent Cincinnati residents. Cincinnati, in fact, leads in point of membership at the present time. Present officers of the club are as follows: Pres., Hon. Thomas B. Paxton; Vice Pres., Joseph S. Peebles; Secy., Alfred Hill; Treas., B. W. Campbell, all of Cincinnati.

A BATCH OF UP-TO-DATE FISH STORIES TOLD BY WELL-KNOWN ADEPTS OF THE ANGLING ART.

The foregoing symposium of truthful tales has been arranged expressly for this work, from contributions kindly tendered by members of the famous Pelee Island Fishing Club in response to special and personal invitation.—AUTHOR.

FISHING WITHOUT A HOOK.

In May, 1898, I was asked by Mr. Leroy Brooks, a prominent member of the Middle Bass Club, to help entertain President Cleveland and Admiral Robley D. Evans, and I did my best to make it pleasant for them.

In the party were Governor Harmon, Ex-Governor Charles Foster, John Uri Lloyd, the celebrated author, Mr. Edward Dwight, brother-in-law of Mr. Brooks, and Mr. Shaw, the millionaire dry goods merchant of Dayton, Ohio, and Mr. Rutherford, our caretaker, was also on several fishing trips.

I remember one incident that might be worthy of notice.

Mr. Cleveland had Mr. Lloyd as partner that day and it rained cats and dogs and we fished with no success for many hours, for the gamy small-mouth black bass.

Mr. Cleveland said to Mr. Lloyd: "Mr. Lloyd, you have not caught a fish. Why don't you look at your bait?" and he pulled up his line and sure enough there was no hook on his line.

Mr. Cleveland said: "How can you expect to catch fish without any hook."

This is true and Mr. Lloyd, who is still living, can confirm it.

PHENOMENAL LUCK.

On the same trip, but a different day, Admiral Evans was the partner of President Cleveland, as they were great cronies and intimate friends and both were good company.

I had with me the late James A. Collins, my most intimate friend, who was killed the past year by a street car in Avondale.

I said: "Jim, I am going to have some fun." As we only caught three fish all day and I had those three dead fish put on my line and I told my oarsman, Ralph Hammond, to be sure and put them on securely, because I was going to play them for some time and, just as we approached the tug on which the balance of the party was waiting for us, I jumped up in the boat and played those three dead fish until I was afraid they would get off and when we were within 100 feet of the tug I pulled up one, two, three, and everybody was looking and when I landed on the tug Mr. Cleveland said: "Mr. Peebles, I have heard about your prowess as a fisherman and I believe it. I saw you catch two fish at a time yesterday and today three. Will you kindly tell me what kind of bait you use?"

I said: "Mr. Cleveland, step away to the other end of the boat, as I do not want these men to hear it. I played you for a sucker and I landed you. Those last three fish were dead fish."

He laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks and when he went to Castalia to fish for trout he wrote me a letter which I have under glass.

He said in this letter: "I had a delightful time with you at Middle Bass, but we had great luck at Castalia catching a number of trout and some of them were monsters, 13 pounds to 14 pounds in weight, a few ounces more

or less will make no difference; but I confess I did not catch three at a time like you did at Gull Reef.”

So I must have certainly made an impression on the old gentleman, one of the finest men who ever sat in the White House Chair.

JOSEPH S. PEBBLES.



A Double Catch

SHOWING HIM THE WAY TO HEAVEN.

A Sandusky minister, who had been invited by our old friend Peebles to visit the Pelee Fishing Club, was walking along the water front and noticed a boy fishing from the dock. He asked the boy if he could tell him how he could get to the Pelee Club. The boy said, "Yes, sir; I will go with you and show you the dock where the 'Alfred Clarke' lands." So fastening his rod to the dock, he went with the minister to the coaling dock and explained to him that the "Clarke" left from that dock at 3 o'clock that afternoon and would land him at Scudder's

Dock, Pelee Island, and he would find the Club House only a short distance from Scudder's.

The minister was very much pleased with the special effort the boy had made to show him the way to Pelee, and when he returned to Sandusky the next Monday, he noticed the same boy fishing on the dock again and he walked over to the boy and said: "My young man, you were so very kind in showing me the way to Pelee Club the other day that I want to thank you again, and if you will call at my study any day between 10 and 11 o'clock in the morning, I will be glad to show you the way to heaven." The boy looked at the minister in a rather doubtful way and said: "Ah! go on and stop your kidding, you didn't know the way to Pelee."

FRANK W. FURRY.

REMINISCENCES OF PELEE CLUB.

The Rescue.

The boys started out for a day's fishing and a cold rain set in; but they were having such good luck that they did not come in until towards evening. I did not go out that day; but, when I saw them coming home, I requested Parker to build up a huge wood fire in the fireplace and then had him bring a bottle of Scotch, plenty of hot water and sugar and congratulated myself on having been the means of saving the lives of the entire party.

The Big Catch.

We have a rule at the Club that no fishing shall be done on Sunday and it is strictly adhered to; but the biggest catch that we ever had occurred on Sunday morning

on the Club veranda, with a full attendance. The line was held by Furry and was baited with a wild Western story and Hill grabbed it so quick that no one else had a chance to bite. He was the one we were after and he swallowed the hook and all and would have taken the reel, if there had been one attached. After the excitement had subsided, Hill took me one side and asked me confidentially why Furry and I had selected him for the victim. I told him that we had discussed the matter on the way from Chicago and we had decided that if we could land him it would be the biggest catch that we had ever made.

Good Fellowship.

Among so many good fellows it is difficult to single out any one for special mention, but I cannot refrain from naming Joe Peebles, whose heart is as big as his body and so generous that he doesn't know when he is doing you a kindness, and I shall never forget his welcome smile that always greets us on arrival at the Club.

Old Pelee, Old Pelee,
I love your sunny shores,
The luncheons we have eaten,
The lies about the scores,
Old Lewis with his Coffee Pot,
The Bass and Bacon all red hot,
The recollections ever dear
As we look forward to another year.

Maple Farm.

CHARLES D. ETTINGER.

August 11th, 1912.

A PELICAN FISHERMAN.

When Commodore Perry and his brave crews were paying their respects to the British fleet in Lake Erie waters, an occasional pelican visited the islands to replenish his "sack," when on a migratory tour. Labe Pelec, one of the pioneers of the Northwest Territory, relates this experience while fishing along the shores of Put-in-Bay Island: It was an ideal fisherman's day, the wind coming from the south and the black bass were more numerous than they are today. Labe cast his line about where the lighthouse now stands; as soon as the bait touched the water it was "struck" by a three-pound bass which was safely landed. Without waiting to string the bass, Labe made another cast, with the same results. In his excitement and anxiety to "make hay while the sun shined" he kept on casting until he had landed a half bushel of beauties, which he threw back over a small sand dune. A half hour later when he had exhausted the "school," he unrolled his stringer and stepped back to pick up the catch, and, to his amazement, no bass were in sight. A careful search failed to reveal a single fish and Labe went back home broken-hearted. Upon arriving, his fifteen year old son was exhibiting to the family a string of bass that would charm the soul of all true disciples of Izaak Walton. Labe thought he recognized some of them by spots and accused the son with theft, but the boy stoutly denied the accusation and insisted that he had caught them with his gun. "How could you catch fish with a gun?" demanded the enraged father. "That story won't go with me, you little rascal." "Yes, it will, Dad, and I'll show you how I done it. Come with me," and the boy led the way to a spot on the opposite side of the island where lay a dead

pelican. "You see, Dad, I spotted this pelican standing over so his sack laid on the ground and it was so heavy I wanted to see what was in it, so I gist blazed away and hit him square in the head and when I ripped open his sack, all them bass slid out of it." Labe smilingly remarked, "Well, I'll be gol-derned if that damn pelican didn't gobble up all my fish. Am glad you got him, son. He'll never steal my bass agin."

PELEE REPORTER.

THE STORM AT PELEE—Saturday, 3 P. M., May 15,
1909.

It was an ideal fisherman's day, the bass were ravenous and the sport was at its best in mid-afternoon, when the southwestern sky commenced to thicken and the timid were attacked with a peculiar homesickness and insisted upon returning to the Club.

The persistent fisherman demurred and much valuable time was lost. In the meantime, the storm was gathering in force and the whole western sky looked angry and out of joint; the motor boats, forced to their limit, gave out sounds like Fourth of July fireworks exploding under a keg; the conversation was carried on in whispers in order that the speed might not slacken; anxious faces peered to the westward where the two hostile storm clouds halted, ready for the fray; "Lighthouse Point" was safely rounded and the boats pointed their noses direct for the Club House four miles distant. The white fleecy clouds stood in battle array, ready to advance, while the palefaced fishermen were thinking of "Home Sweet Home." Suddenly the Club House, now two miles away, disappeared, the lightning started the heavenly artillery, the black legions advanced and the fury of the elements was unloosed. Captain

Tom gave command to the pilots to hug the shore, or anything else in sight, and make for Scudder's Dock. Captain Webster also changed his course and with the gas cock wide open, crowded his little craft through the troubled waters with all the speed at her command. The fleet was two hundred feet from the dock when the deluge of rain came down, the engines gave up the fight and not a wheel revolved. *To the oars!!* was the next command, and the oarsmen bowed their backs and struggled for the masterly. "We are safe," cried the Captain as the tiny craft bumped the pier. Like rats from a sinking ship the fishermen scrambled to places of safety. The danger, however, was not yet over; the hurricane was augmented by a volley of hail and all were in danger of being swept from the dock into the sea. After a time the drenched fishermen lined up on the lee side of the dock house and contemplated with horror the fate of the two tows that steered straight for the Club. There they stood, glad that hey still lived, and full thirty minutes passed before it occurred to the fishermen that they were standing under the eaves and getting a double portion of the two inches of water that fell. Col. Paxton was the only one in the party whose mental equilibrium enabled him to make this discovery, and even he was so far gone that he actually abandoned his fishing tackle, hired a wagon and started to the Club by the Overland Route. Jo Carew adjourned to a half finished stable, but couldn't find a spot between leaks to shelter himself. Alfred Hill attempted to smoke to see if his lungs were in working order, after vainly trying to yell for help. Campbell lost his voice and was just like other people. Champney commenced telling the truth about the fish he had caught. McFarland had to be forcibly restrained from leaning against the dock house and pushing it into the

lake. McLaughlin, by a happy coincident, had dropped his flask into the lake and was resigned to his fate, as the "goods" would not be found among his assets, should the lightning select him as a victim. Teddy retained his composure, as his "indulgence" had still a week to run and no raindrop was too small for him to split. Early crawled under the hood of the motor boat where the lightning couldn't find him. Commodore was busy gathering up his poles and trying to keep his mind off the storm—he is so accustomed to water that getting drenched had but little effect upon him.

After the storm had spent its fury, suspended reason again asserted itself and, at the suggestion of one of the oarsmen, the rain-soaked fishermen opened the dock house door and invited themselves to enter. The two tows, that resolved to reach the Club House or die, came near dying; without compass, and unable to see the shore, they drifted with the wind. Ettinger resolved that he would tell no more stories for two days and wouldn't have told so many if the crowd hadn't made him do so. As he gazed at the motionless wheel, his fingers made a feeble effort to "Count his beads." Furry's mind wandered back to the Match factory and discussed with itself the question—"Does the sulphur possess the same activity in the other world that it does in this? Or is there a power somewhere that tempers the elements to the shorn lamb?"

Lowman threw his hat overboard as an act of penance, but Jove howled louder and shot his hail with greater force. Rankin was too weak to move, but was heard to mutter something about who will sail the "Perry" after me. Calcutt was in deep meditation and requested that if there should be a survivor in the party that his remains be allowed to rest in front of the Club House and over them be

erected a shaft of wood with a summit of nickels. Yeiser moaned: Oh! Norwood, Norwood, thou art so near and yet so far; must I suffer all this for one little bass? Webbs' hair tried to turn white but there wasn't enough of it to "call the turn," and he remained stationary. Heekin and Webber were among the saved, but there are no authenticated reports concerning them, except that on reaching the dock they swam across the lawn to the Club House. Judge Sayler, who never ventures over thirty feet from the shore, was rescued from a watery grave by the waitresses who caught him in a landing net, but before pulling him out, exacted a promise that he would immediately withdraw from the Bachelors' Club. Ed. Miller and Drury were found interred in the wreckage of their boat and in an unconscious condition.

Thus ends the sad story of the storm-bound fishermen. They were all saved and all resolved never to go to sea again, bass or no bass, if a cloud as large as a man's hand was visible.

PELEE REPORTER.

SAME OLD STORY.

A Chicago sportsman, who is always boasting about his big catches of fish, came to grief recently and the grief is likely to last a full year, which makes the situation really painful. Whenever he steps inside the front door, his wife is seen to clap her hands over her mouth to prevent an explosion that cannot otherwise be controlled. It is real mean of her, but she says she absolutely cannot help it, and until a funeral occurs in the family or there is a great religious revival in town, she will not be able to look serious. The origin of the grief as told by the victim, himself, is as follows:

When starting upon a recent fishing trip he promised to bring a mess of bass for a number of his friends, in addition to a week's supply for his own family. As usual, the blamed bass would not bite, at least they wouldn't swallow his hook, and he came back with the same number of bass he started with. In order to keep up his home reputation and not disappoint his family, he called up his grocer and said: "Send out to my house at once a dozen of your best bass." "All right," came the response. Upon arriving at home he was greeted as usual by his wife, who asked, "What luck, my dear?" "First rate," said he. "Weren't the bass I brought home beauties?" "Why, I haven't seen any bass yet," she replied, "but I think I now understand the situation, the grocer did bring out a dozen bass, but it was Bass Ale!"

THE PELEE REPORTER.

PELEE SNAKES—THE VERY LATEST.

There are numerous snakes on Pelee Island, but of the harmless kind known as "Garter Snakes." The pioneers using them for garters suggested the name. These snakes are all spiritualists, having the power to lie quietly in the sun while digesting a toad and at the same time sending their spirits into the spirits of human beings who have been partaking freely of "spirits." Their presence in the human spirit is as real in effect as if the snake's body actually accompanied the snaky spirit in its meanderings. A case in point occurred at the Pelee Club in the fall fishing season of 1910, when one of the members had fished diligently all day with poor success and to dull the feeling of disappointment partook somewhat freely from a quart bottle, which was tied with a stringer to the stern of the boat, allowing it to sink

about one foot under water, the action being somewhat similar to that of a homemade refrigerator. It is customary with all real sportsmen to dry their fishing lines at the close of the day's sport, to preserve them. The member referred to was a little bit unsteady upon his supports but managed to lay his rod in the front yard and unreel enough line to reach a neighboring sugar maple fifty feet distant. The "fly" hook was caught behind a piece of bark on the opposite side of the tree and the three remaining hooks dangled loosely in the breeze. The brilliant color of the "fly" attracted the attention of a domesticated squirrel which happened to be perched upon a lower limb observing the surroundings, and which managed to fasten one of the hooks in the fleshy part of its tail, causing it to scamper up the tree drawing the line and hooks after it. Our spirited friend observed the reel spinning and the line running out, but its running up a tree instead of out into the nearby lake was an unusual phenomena and after



Remarkable Adventure of Bass Fishermen—Drawn by Davies

trying to comprehend the situation a moment he called to his companion saying, "Come here quick, Parker, the trees are full of fish, take me to my room; I'm going to heve 'em sure!"

THE PELEE REPORTER.

Mr. Joseph S. Peebles, Cincinnati, Ohio.

My dear Joe:—

Yours of yesterday received. I can't give you a fish story, because I never do any lying except in a poker game.

Believe no tales that the fishers tell,
They're all good men, and they all mean well.
But it's nature's plan, and it never fails,
There's something fishy in all fish tails.

Yours very truly,
H. C. YEISER.

P. S. The above is not original—I stole it; but if you can put it over, all right.

Cincinnati, Sept. 6th, 1912.

It may be of interest to "Fish Story" lovers to learn that the individual who basks under the *nom de plume* "Pelee Reporter," is Mr. I. N. Miller, Supt. Western Union Telegraph Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.—AUTHOR.

LETTERS WRITTEN BY GROVER CLEVELAND TO
A MEMBER OF PELEE ISLAND FISHING CLUB.

Through the kindness of Joseph S. Peebles, in permitting their use, two letters written this gentleman by the late President Grover Cleveland, are here reproduced in his own handwriting. Mr. Peebles is vice president of the Pelee Club, and highly prizes these letters, which are under glass.

Burgards Bay Mass
July 9. 1899

My dear Mr. Peck

The photograph of the
Middle Bass fishing party was
forwarded to me here from
Pawcatuck, and I thank you
much sincerely for it. The picture
will be a pleasant reminder of
delightful days, but I wish it
presented better likenesses of
the men and fisherman. I think
your picture is the worth of all

THE NEW
UNIVERSITY OF
TORONTO

which is a season of special regrets
to me.

I am now getting under
loafing for the summer, and
keeping wonderfully cool and
comfortable.

Hoping that you are
well and happy, and that if I
go to Abbeville Bass again, you
will be there also, to answer to
your desire when "called," I am

Yours very sincerely
Green Cleveland

Joseph S. Peckler Esq
Cincinnati
Ohio

WESTLAND,
PRINCETON,
NEW JERSEY.

May 25, 1898

My dear Mr Peck

I was very much gratified
to receive the note you sent me from
Port-in-Bay Islands, and to know
that you did not lose Middle
Bass without thinking of me. I
claim however to assure you, that
when Mr Brooke and I returned
with our trinity line and found
you gone, we regretted the

State of health which enforced
your departure, for entering
by disappointment in failing to
bid you good bye. I hope then
will find you in perfect health
and in the full enjoyment of
all the benefits that ought to
result from your return.

Brother followed
us to Catalina. I caught quite
a number of birds and of course
took a number or two - one of
which was intended to bring

a great many pounds; I believe
it was 16. Of course this may not
be the exact weight, a few ounces
one way or the other don't matter.
I hasten to confess however
that I did not succeed in
landing them at a time as
you did at Gull Reef.

I should be glad to
hope that our fishing days to-
gether have not ended.

I wish you would say
to Mr Collins when you next
see him, that I should have
blamed him if he had written



for me to return from Rotterdam
such as I would have liked to
see him again; and that I fully
reciprocate the kindly personal
sentiments contained in his
"Cincinnati note."

Yours very truly
Wm. C. C. C.

Joseph S. Publico Esq
Cincinnati
Ohio





Gibraltar Island—Photo by Niebergall

Memories of Jay Cooke and Glimpses of His Island Stronghold.

Before any habitation of human build graced the shores of Gibraltar Island, or the hand of art had added embellishments to the manifold charms conferred thereon by Nature, two graves were there made among the rocks and sheltering trees. They were marked by two wooden headboards inscribed respectively as follows:

“James Ross—Died August 11th, 1848.”

“John Elliott—Died Sept. 18th, 1848.”

How these two individuals, of whom the islanders have no record, came to be laid in that secluded spot where no others were buried, formed a mystery to early comers, as it did to those who arrived later. No one knew from whence these adventurers came, nor how they chanced to find graves on the little isle. An old-time journalist who visited Gibraltar, and saw the two mounds, and their head markings, thus comments:

“It would be hard to conceive of a more retired or romantic resting place. The noise of the great outer world scarce reaches the spot where they lie; but, like the waves of the lake, breaks at the shore, and passes by.

“Only chance visitors find their way to Gibraltar’s rock-entrenched shores. Excepting the song of birds and the murmur of waves, with an occasional interlude of the angry storm that growls and rages grandly around and be-

neath its pictured rocks, the resting place of these unknown sleepers remains undisturbed."

This was long before Jay Cooke had sized up and settled upon Gibraltar as an ideal summer residence. It is a matter of no surprise that a man of Mr. Cooke's clear vision should have perceived the exceptional beauty and desirability of Gibraltar, to the extent of becoming its owner.

Semiannually, for a period of perhaps thirty-five years, island dwellers were accustomed to the appearance in their midst of a visitor who came as regularly during the bass fishing season, spring, and fall, as does St. Nicholas at Christmastide. Almost as much of a patron saint he proved to the islanders; for he came with pockets full of the "wherewithall," and a heart overflowing with benevolence. This individual was Jay Cooke, the Philadelphia "Napoleon of finance." He was widely known for the largeness of his possessions, and likewise noted for the financiering ability shown in the manipulation of the millions at his disposal; since to this ability the United States government in its sore financial straits during the War of the Rebellion, was largely indebted.

At that time Jay Cooke was intimately associated in business and governmental transactions with Secretary Chase of the United States treasury, Secretary Fessenden, his successor, President Lincoln and other government officials, and by his skillful management did more toward relieving and strengthening the administration at that time than any other man in America.

At one time when the government was sorely pressed for the means wherewith to pay its military representatives in the field, the division known as the Army of the Potomac was paid off with money advanced by Jay Cooke,



Jay Cooke

who received in exchange United States bonds covering the amount.

Of Mr. Cooke it is related that once, in company with Gen. Bates, Secretary Chase and President Lincoln, he went to see reviewed by Gen. McClelland the Pennsylvania Reserve corps, which to organize and equip he had advanced the money.

On another occasion before the fall of Richmond, Jay Cooke, Jr., visited Gen. Grant. Referring to Mr. Cooke's many favors to the government the latter observed:

"I want you to tell your father for me, that it is to him more than to any other man that the people of this country will be indebted for the continued life of the nation."

One of the great enterprises undertaken by Mr. Cooke



Caverned Rocks, Gibraltar Island

was the building of the Northern Pacific railroad, but before the work was fully begun, and the \$50,000,000 bonds for the same deposited in Europe, the Franco-Prussian War broke out, and complications in European finances arising, forced Mr. Cooke into bankruptcy. To his creditors he turned over every dollar of his property, including his Philadelphia homestead and his summer residence at Gibraltar. However, through native sagacity, energy and enterprise, the unfortunate banker regained all that was lost, and was again upon his feet, having paid every dollar of his indebtedness.

Of Puritan stock, some of Mr. Cooke's early ancestors figured on the records of Salem, Mass., where they resided. Members of the family distinguished themselves in the War of the Revolution, and later in that of 1812.

The father of Jay Cooke, Eleuthores Cooke, was born in New York State. He became a lawyer of note, and was married in 1812 to the daughter of a patriot who fought under Washington. After marriage he removed to Ohio, locating on a site which afterwards became Sandusky, then a pioneer village, around which Indians still camped—Ogontz, the famous Seneca chieftain having a lodge near the Cooke residence. Ogontz and the youthful Jay became good friends, indeed. The latter never forgot his Indian companion; and when in after years he erected near Philadelphia a princely country residence, he named it "Ogontz," in memory of the chieftain, whose statue in bronze occupies a place in the main entrance hall.

This splendid mansion was afterwards devoted by its owner to the purpose and usages of a young ladies' seminary.

In 1844, Jay Cooke was married to Miss Dorothea Elizabeth Allen of Lexington, Ky., Miss Allen, it is said,



Villa Built by Jay Cooke on Gibraltar

was a sister of Professor Allen, President of Allegheny College.

Jay Cooke enjoyed that which has been termed, a "green old age," uniting with ripeness of experience a freshness of heart that never permitted him to grow old.

Though called forth by its activities into the great swirl of business enterprise, and though the field of his operations centered in Philadelphia, Cooke never forgot his childhood's home, with its historic and romantic environments, and in early manhood purchased Gibraltar, most noteworthy of all Lake Erie's isles for the untamed beauty of its scenery. He erected a stately villa, which, crowning the island's tree-clad summit, has long formed an object of picturesque interest to visitors.

Gibraltar Island is reached in a five minutes' row from Put-in-Bay docks. Silhouetted against the sky, its profile suggests that of its more lofty prototype, a resemblance which undoubtedly gave rise to the name which it bears.

To really see the island and all its romantic scenery it is necessary to pull entirely around it. Go by moonlight or on days of sunshine when the wind slumbers, and every crag and clinging vine and drooping cedar are shadowed in the crystal clear waters. Such a cruise at such a time will form to the nature lover and beauty worshiper a source of pleasure unalloyed.

Still another phase of beauty-uniting grandeur is obtained when the wind breezes stiff and breakers run high; when long tongues of surf leap from boulder to boulder, licking the shoreline, breaking into spray wreaths and rolling muffled thunder into the street caves and passages beneath the rocks.

Lofty banks, foliage belted, pebbly beaches and pretty little bays, precipitous cliffs and rock masses cleft from

shore by prehistoric earthquakes, comprise a few of the scenic features of Gibraltar. The rock masses forming islands in miniature, are covered each with tufted bluebells and grasses, vines and mosses which, fastened into the crevices, flourish luxuriantly without a particle of earth.

Special shore features at Gibraltar are known as the "Sphinx's Head," "Fallen Rocks," "The Needle's Eye" and "Perry's Lookout." The last mentioned, a beetling precipice crowned by a flagstaff, was the spot, according to historic record, from which Commodore Perry watched daily for the appearance of the enemy's squadron, preceding the battle of Lake Erie.

Having circumnavigated the island, the visitor approaches the landing and moors his boat by the side of numerous others which are lying at the ample docks in front of an artistically constructed bathhouse. From this point a gradually ascending walk leads upward along the island's slope to its summit, where, amid the exquisite blendings of natural beauty with artistic embellishment, stands the old villa, its massive tower and walls of gray stone showing picturesquely through drooping branches.

A monument of chaste design, commemorating Perry's victory, occupies a conspicuous spot near "Perry's Lookout." A rustic summer house, bathing houses and pavilions, a cave down among the rocks, together with winding pathways and romantic nooks at every turn, conspire to render the place an ideal resort.

Within the wide entrance hall of the mansion hang two valuable old paintings, both representations of the battle of Lake Erie.

A large room in the base of the octagonal tower is used as a library, many cases filled with books appearing.



"Perry's Lookout" and the "Needle's Eye"—Photo by Niebergall

Two massive volumes of manuscript containing a history of Gibraltar are seen among the rest. The author, Rev. Harry Cooke, is a literary genius not only, but an artist as well, and his record of Gibraltar happenings varies in character from grave to gay, combining prose with poetical effusions of genuine merit.

These volumes are copiously illustrated with original views photographed by himself at Gibraltar and in its vicinity, some of which are very spirited, showing in arrangement and detail the true artist.

The parlors are furnished handsomely and in faultless taste. Among the pictures adorning the walls is a novel and interesting photographic production representing four generations of the Cooke family, all bearing the same name, designated as follows: Jay Cooke, Sr., Jay Cook, Jr., Jay Cooke the third, Jay Cooke the fourth, the latter an infant with long skirts, resting contentedly in the arms of its great-grandfather.

Numerous resorts in the mountains of New England, and at the seashore, were spoken of as haunts frequently visited by the great financier; but it is doubtful whether any among the number found greater favor in his eyes than did Gibraltar Island.

Mr. Cooke was an enthusiastic disciple of Izaak Walton, of black bass fishing he was especially fond, and his unrivalled success in the pursuit of this game fish won him renown among the island denizens. For his fishing cruises Mr. Cooke usually chartered a tug, together with row boats, oarsmen, and ample provision and that he and members of his party, including the boatmen, had a good time, goes without saying. Most of the fish taken were

given to the oarsmen, or divided into lots and distributed among the island people.

From his first advent among them, the generosity of Jay Cooke was known and appreciated by the islanders. Black bass not only, but barrels of oysters in the shell—



St. Paul's R. E. Church, Put-in-Bay

shipped to his order—loads of confections, and boxes of books, and pictures, were distributed among his Put-in-Bay acquaintances, young and old. There was hardly a family on the island in which some gift in the way of books and pictures, presented by Mr. Cooke, could not be found. These books were of different sorts, ranging from works of a religious character to the leading fiction of the day.

St. Paul's R. E. Church, Put-in-Bay, built many years ago by Mr. Cooke and given to the island people, was especially remembered, members of the Sunday School receiving gifts of various kinds.

The family of Jay Cooke numbered four children, two sons and two daughters: Jay Cooke, Jr., Rev. Henry R. Cooke, Mrs. Charles Barney, and Mrs. Butler, all of whom have families of their own, and with them spend a portion of each summer at Gibraltar. Like his father,



Window Presented St. Paul's R. E. Church by Mrs. Laura Cooke Barney, in Memory of Her Mother

Mr. Jay Cooke, Jr., is a man of tact, sagacity, keen foresight, methodical business habits, and is closely occupied with business affairs. Rev. Henry E. Cooke is rector of St. Regis Church, Cleveland.

During the latter portion of his life, Jay Cooke took great interest in his grandchildren and in their welfare. Among the number were the six daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Barney—all bright, intelligent girls, possessed of fine education and culture, together with a fondness for the water and out-of-door life generally.

Captain John Brown, Jr.

Among interesting characters who at different periods of its history have made the archipelago a temporary place of sojourn or a permanent home, is one well remembered both for personal traits and for the bearing upon national events which his name suggests. This individual to whom attention is directed, in the following sketch, was Capt. John Brown, Jr., the eldest of a family whose records have become a thrilling and important part of the nation's history. The details of the Kansas troubles and the Harper's Ferry tragedy in which they so conspicuously figured are too well known to be touched upon in this connection, but a few glimpses of the every-day life, character and environments of its chief actors will undoubtedly prove of interest.

For a number of years the writer lived in the immediate vicinity of Capt. John Brown's home, and knew him personally and well.

It was in 1862, a few years after the execution of his father, that Capt. Brown located on Put-in-Bay. This was before the island had become widely known as a summer resort. It was then sparsely settled, and quite out of the way of ordinary travel and traffic, and its comparative isolation was probably one object which induced him to seek its shores, for at that time public feeling North and South was at flood-tide. The Browns had been hunted and haunted, and many rabid Southerners and Southern sympathizers still thirsted for the blood of the sons and

allies of the martyred abolitionist, and their lives were endangered.

At the outbreak of the war Capt. Brown entered the Federal service, but after twelve months' active duty became disabled and was forced to retire.

In a beautiful, sequestered nook on the south shore of Put-in-Bay, Capt. Brown made him a home. He had never sought notoriety; such a quest would have been foreign to his nature. He had nevertheless won it through unflinching adherence to that which he believed right, and through strenuous defense of the principles of liberty and humanity. Not only had he gained notoriety, but he also gained the warm friendship, admiration and esteem of some of America's trusted and best men, many of whom sought and found him in his solitude. "Hero worshipers" of all grades visited him, anxious to see and accord to him due honor. Among these were scholars, statesmen and philanthropists of national repute. On numerous occasions he was visited by individual representatives of the colored race, who in the old slave days had been aided by the Brown family in escaping from bondage.

All this might have inflated with lofty conceit an individual of less mental expansion, but Capt. Brown cared not for flattery. Less of self and more of humanity seemed the rule and purpose of his life. He was modest and unpretentious, never boasting of his exploits and seldom indeed referring to them. He revered honest toil, and though a man of education, culture and fine sensibility, a close student and admirer of nature, with a decided literary and scientific trend, he chose to become a tiller of the soil and a grower of fruits. He labored early and late, spending leisure hours with his books, or in the society of



John Brown, Jr.

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Residence of the Late John Brown, Jr.—Family Group

congenial friends. He was especially interested in Geology, Phrenology and Metaphysical science. Geometry was also a hobby, and he taught at one time the science to a class of island young people. His views were broad, his opinions liberal. His only creed was—"The fatherhood of God; the brotherhood of man." Though possessing no clearly defined religious belief, his tendency was toward Spiritualism, and for a number of years he was accustomed to meet with a few spiritualistic investigators—residents of the island—to discuss with them the problems and possibilities of the life hereafter.

A thorough humanitarian in every respect, he took a lively interest in philanthropic movements and reforms of every kind. He was fearless and unflinching in whatever he knew to be just and right, and having once taken a position could not be swayed therefrom.

In his neighbors he evinced a friendly interest, sharing their joys, sympathizing with their griefs—and had for all whom he met in his daily walks a kindly word.

He entertained a sincere appreciation of true worth—whether existing in the higher walks of life or struggling alone with poverty and obscurity.

He was open as day—so free indeed was he from everything which flavored of hypocrisy that the petty deceits and conceits of little minds excited more than anything else his contempt. Such in brief was the character of Capt. John Brown, "who was the son of John Brown"—as has been significantly observed—or in other words, who inherited from his parent traits which made the former a martyr and hero.

The wife of Capt. Brown was his congenial companion and helper; a thrifty housekeeper, a successful homemaker, and an intelligent and cultured woman.



Wife of Captain John Brown

Together they worked and in a few years were surrounded by all that combines to make a cheerful and a happy home.

Active was he in every worthy work until heart disease began sapping the vigor of life, and for several years he was subject to attacks of great severity. On the day preceding his demise he had worked in his garden and was feeling better than usual, but when seated for the evening meal experienced a sudden attack. His wife led him to a rocking chair, where, after two hours of suffering, his spirit took its flight into the Great Unknown.

He was buried in accordance with the rites of the Masonic order, of which he was an honored representative, May 5th, 1895, and a poem from the pen of Prof. Coler, of Sandusky, commemorates the impressive occasion in lines as follows:

“Yonder on Erie’s peaceful isle
Amid the scenes he loved so well,
Was laid to rest the hero of a cause
Of which all ages shall delight to tell.”

“Great he was in his simplicity,
Great in his love for humanity,
Great, because for nature’s laws he stood,
And dared to do,
What others only dared to think.”

“Great, because his name we justly link
Forever with the world’s reformers,
Great he was because for other’s good
He dared to be
John the Baptist of Liberty.”

“Bright was the day,
And sweet the breath of May,
With opening buds and flowers;
Maple and oak
In tender accents spoke
Of him who slept beneath their bowers.”

“Cedar and pine,
With voices soft and fine,
Joined in the requiem of the dead;
The birds drew near,
As if they wished to hear
Every word that might be said.”

“Humbly he lived and earned his daily bread,
By honest toil and with a cheerful heart,
He sought for all things good and true; content
Whate’er his lot might be, to do his part.”

“Approach the silent mound,
No monument is there,
But nature whispers low,
This epitaph in air.”

“Here rests beneath this sod
Till resurrection’s dawn,
John Brown—the son of him
Whose soul goes marching on.”

Those who participated in the funeral services of its owner will call to mind the roomy, hospitable dwelling, as it then appeared, with its open verandahs nestled deep amid native red cedars and orchard trees all in a glory of pink and white bloom; the fenceless lawn, green stretching to the lake, and edging a beach of white sand and flat rock against which beat the south channel waters; the fertile garden, with vineyard lands and a thick foliaged grove of natural forest trees; an old black horse, which for many years had served faithfully his dead master and friends, cropping leisurely the Maytime grasses; and Arbutus, Sweet William, and other delicate wood blossoms everywhere besprinkling the sod. From environments such as these, John Brown, Jr., was carried to his last resting place. The dwelling is approached from the main road by a driveway deep bordered with red cedars, an ideal spot, such as a man like its late owner would naturally choose in which to live and die.

Everything that could add to the attraction and comfort of home was found within the dwelling—books, music, pictures and a fine collection of geological specimens and other curiosities. In one room still hangs an old family picture—portrait of John Brown, Sr. In an-

other apartment—a memorial presented the family, representing scenes from the life and adventures of John Brown all the way from Kansas and Harper's Ferry to his burial place among the picturesque hills of North Elba, New York.

In a little building used as an office, which he called his "den," John Brown, Jr., kept some interesting family relics. The most interesting relic of the Brown family ever brought to Put-in-Bay, however, was the mummified remains of Watson Brown, who was killed at Harper's



Office When a Justice of the Peace

Ferry. Many years they had been preserved in a medical college, but were finally recovered by a friend of the Browns and sent to Put-in-Bay, where they were viewed with great curiosity by many persons, and afterwards for-

warded to North Elba and buried by the side of old John Brown.

Among the friends who honored John Brown, Jr., by their visits to his island home were the members of his old command—Co. A, Kansas Volunteer Cavalry, who met in a general reunion with their gallant captain.

In local relations Captain Brown was recognized as a leader, and was frequently called upon to head enterprises of various kinds.

Captain and Mrs. Brown had two children—a son and daughter—the son bearing his father's name. The daughter, Edith, is an accomplished musician. She is the wife of T. B. Alexander, who is an actor and present mayor of Put-in-Bay.

Eloquent and beautiful words were spoken over Captain Brown's grave in the little island cemetery, but the



Burial Place of John Brown, Jr.

most tender and touching eulogy pronounced was perhaps that of his wife, as with tears in her eyes she bent over his inanimate form, and gently stroking his hair, observed:

“John was always a kind and loving husband.”

Put-in-Bay is notably honored in that she holds the grave of such a man—having yielded for that purpose one of the loveliest spots along the whole extent of her lovely shores.

Having survived her husband several years, the wife of John Brown, Jr., died during the summer of 1911 at an advanced age.

Mrs. Brown was an estimable woman, and her death was the occasion of deep grief to the remaining son and daughter; also to a wide circle of neighbors and friends, near and far.

Owen and Jason Brown.

Under the heading of historical characters may be fittingly placed the name of Owen Brown, a participator in the Harper's Ferry tragedy, son of its chief hero and a brother of Capt. John Brown, Jr.

Owen Brown came to Put-in-Bay shortly after the execution of his father. His object in seeking the retirement here afforded at that time was owing partly to his love of seclusion, but more ostensibly to escape the intense animosity which the conspiracy to liberate the Southern bondsmen had engendered against the Brown family and their allies in pro-slavery circles.

For over twenty years Owen made his home among the islands. He was unmarried, and, being much of a recluse, lived alone; at one time in a small house on the premises of his brother, Capt. John Brown, near the south shore of Put-in-Bay. At another time he was owner and occupant of a house and vineyard lands on the same island. His winters were sometimes spent at the deserted summer villa of Jay Cooke, on Gibraltar, of which he had been left in charge by the owner.

The writer cherishes a vivid remembrance of Owen Brown—as he appeared from time to time on the streets of the Bay village—and was once privileged to take him by the hand; and on this occasion noted his kindness and geniality of manner and the thoughtful and intelligent expression of his countenance. He was tall and slender, having blue eyes and a full sandy beard, tinged with grey. He dressed plainly, his everyday wear being similar often

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to that worn by workingmen; but however rough his attire, it was always clean and neat, and the quiet courtesy and native refinement of the wearer stamped him unmistakably as a gentleman.

In his inquiries for the health and welfare of neighbors he evinced the most friendly interest, while the details of their afflictions or misfortunes elicited his warmest sympathy. The islanders, all of whom knew him well, remembered him with tender regard and recall his many virtues; especially remarking his modesty, scrupulous honesty and generosity, the last mentioned amounting almost to a fault.

Accustomed as he was to frugality and economy, he yet saved little, because he could not resist the impulse of giving. At the island stores he was frequently known to purchase sugar, tea, coffee or other substantials, which he distributed among families known to be in need, while Indian meal made into bread formed the staple article of his own hard and homely fare. These small acts of kindness were but the outcroppings of sympathies, which in breadth and depth were measured only by the magnitude of human want and distress. The spirit of self-sacrifice that prompted the father to his death in behalf of an oppressed people survived in the son and the life of Owen Brown, dating from the thrilling events of Harper's Ferry and the Kansas border to its closing struggle, was one long round of self-denial, which he practiced not as a painful penance, but as a means of the highest happiness. Though the friendliest of men, who would not harm a living creature for his own gratification, he was fearless and aggressive where the wrongs and grievances of others claimed redress. He aided his father in conveying fugitive

slaves from the Southern States to Canada, and in 1857 accompanied him to Harper's Ferry.

Owen never talked much of his personal adventures unless urged, or when drawn out by skillful questioning. When he did consent to a repetition of his history, and became interested himself in a retrospection of past experiences, he talked readily, and was very precise in his descriptions and minute to the smallest details. The account of his escape from Harper's Ferry after the capture of his father forms one of the most thrilling narrations of danger, hardship and privation ever recorded. Though lengthy, the narrative is unflagging throughout in interest, and would furnish material for a drama. The touching pathos of many of its scenes grapples irresistibly the heart chords and forces tears to the eyes. At other points there are touches of quaint, dry humor, which even the rehearsal of reminiscences so painful could not suppress. This story, and the calm deliberation with which it was told, is said to have impressed the listener with the conviction that Owen was a man of such make as old John Brown told the Massachusetts legislature he wanted with him, namely: "Men who fear God too much to fear anything human."

With a reward of \$25,000 upon his head, and minute descriptions of his person circulated over all the land; with the whole country on the alert, and bands of armed men and bloodhounds scouring in every direction, Owen with a small company of followers made his exit from Harper's Ferry, through Maryland and Pennsylvania, traversing mountain ranges, hiding in thickets by day and traveling at night, guided by the north star. Many times his pursuers were close upon him, but by some trifling circumstance were thrown off the track. Twice was he

identified, but, as it chanced, by friendly eyes. During the three weeks which occupied their escape, Owen and his men were frequently chilled by the cold November rains and snows which fell. They forded and swam swollen creeks and rivers; climbed rugged mountain sides; endured fatigues the most exhaustive, and slept in wet clothing under the open sky.

They subsisted for the most part on hard, dry corn and raw potatoes, gathered from fields through which they passed. They had deemed it imprudent to visit any human habitation, but on one occasion, when driven to extreme measures, one of the number, Cook, by name, ventured to a farm house to buy provisions for the nearly famished party, and was captured. The next day, when on the outskirts of Chambersburg, lying among some bushes which concealed them, they heard the sound of martial music played by a band, as they afterward learned, which escorted Cook to the depot, and saw the train move away that bore him back to Harper's Ferry and the gallows. That Owen should have succeeded in eluding his pursuers seems almost miraculous, a feat which he nevertheless accomplished with the loss of but one man, as recorded. Physically disabled by the arduous campaigns through which he had already passed, Owen Brown was not eligible for military service at the outbreak of her rebellion. Being of a literary cast, much of his time in later years was spent in reading, writing and in the study of nature. His eccentricities, mode of life and habits of thought were remarked as corresponding to those of Henry D. Thoreau. Though lacking the scholarly attainments of this gifted student and philosopher, Owen's delight in the most trivial objects in nature was parallel.

Subsequently, Owen Brown removed from Put-in-Bay to Pasadena, California, where, with his brother Jason, he took up his abode on a mountain of the Sierra Madre range, a lonely summit afterwards named "Brown's Peak," where he spent the remainder of his eventful life.

Previous to Owen's death, Jason had written to John Brown, Jr., at Put-in-Bay, concerning the oddities and eccentricities of the former, complaining thereof somewhat, but in the letter, which gave a touching account of his brother's last hours, Jason says:

"When I spoke of Owen's faults, I never once thought of my own, nor did I think of his good qualities, which so far outbalanced mine."

Having occasion to visit a sister, Mrs. Ruth Thompson, who lived in the valley below, and expecting to be absent some weeks, Owen had said "Good-bye" at starting. As Jason watched him down the precipitous path, the thought strangely occurred:

"What if he never comes back alive?"

Owen had often expressed a wish that at his death he might be buried on the peak, and as if following some unaccountable intuition, Jason cleared up a beautiful retired nook which he thought might at some time be used as a burial site. He broke the ground and sowed it to grass which, watered by rains and mountain dews, sprang up and in a short time covered the spot with a carpet of green.

Owen never came back alive, but was carried up to the steep mountain side in his casket, followed by a large concourse of mourners, among whom were men of the first rank as scholars and statesmen. Owen had died of an attack of pneumonia at the home of his sister; and though

the city of Pasadena offered an eligible lot in her well kept and exclusive cemetery for his burial, the wish of the departed was remembered, and Jason made the grave beneath a mountain tree in the quiet green nook prepared by the deceased. Said Jason: "I never could have gone back to my lonely claim upon the Mountain had Owen been buried elsewhere; but since it holds his grave, I am content."

As if lower earth were too cold and damp—too densely permeated with the malaria of human wrong, and wretchedness, Owen thus sought a place in the upper atmosphere, nearer Heaven, where amidst freedom untrammelled he found a "Pisgah" top upon which he lived; and at death was buried—like Moses—within its solemn and impressive environments.

* * * * *

Bent by age and crippled by rheumatism, an old man with flowing white beard and hair cut a noticeable figure on the island, one day. He had been rustivating through woody haunts and carried on his arm a basket filled with small sprouts of the red cedar—suitable for transplanting—together with other wild products that had appealed to his fancy. Though attired in a working shirt of blue drilling, there was something in the speech as well as in the refined, intellectual features of the stranger that distinguished him as a man above the average.

At a well beside which stood a woman pumping water the man had stopped to ask for a drink.

"Lime water, I suppose?" he queried as she handed him a glassful.

"Yes, the island produces nothing but lime water."

"It's good," he replied, returning the glass.

"You must be a stranger on the island," observed the woman.

"Yes; I'm just here for a little visit. I live at Akron, Ohio. I like Put-in-Bay better than any other place in Ohio, but I stay in Akron so as to be near my lot."

"So you own a lot there?"

"Yes, a lot in the cemetery. I spent one winter on Put-in-Bay but got the rheumatism so bad that I thought I'd better not try it again."

"And your name?"

"My name is Brown—Jason Brown."

The stranger proved, in fact, to be the last surviving son of old John Brown of Harper's Ferry tragedy—now along in the eighties.

"I've read many thrilling sketches of your family history," observed the woman.

"We're not worth a history," he returned.

He carried in one hand a long, pronged garden hoe that he had used in digging up the plants and that served him also as a walking stick.

By way of illustrating some observation that had been made in the course of a short conversation with the woman at the well, Brown began a story, but checked himself.

"I was going to tell about my grandfather—but perhaps I'd better not bother you."

"Go ahead; I would like to hear it."

"My grandfather, an old time resident of Hudson, Ohio, was a bad stammerer and on one occasion, a stranger passing by inquired the way to a certain place. Several times my grandfather essayed to speak but the words wouldn't shape themselves and he finally blurted out:

“ ‘Well, g-g-go on you’ll get t-t-there before I can t-t-tell you.’ ”

Taken in connection with that of other members of the Brown family, the life story of Jason Brown is one of unusual interest, bearing upon events that have made national history.

Jason Brown lived several years in Southern California, holding a claim upon a mountain of the Sierra Madre range near Pasadena, where he lived alone until joined by his brother, Owen. The latter subsequently died and Jason buried him upon the mountain top, which has now become known to the people of Pasadena as “Brown’s Peak.”

Jason Brown is a philosopher, and ascetic, and prefers his hermitage to living in a family.

John Yates Beall

HIS PIRATICAL EXPLOIT ON LAKE ERIE.

Lying as they do on the boundary line of two countries, the Lake Erie islands are destined to figure conspicuously on the page of future history, and in time may rival in tales of war and romance the castled and fortified shores of Germany's famed Rhine River and other renowned frontiers of countries and kingdoms. In the event of war with Great Britain these islands would fall an easy prey to British and Canadian cruisers, and would also afford convenient skulking places for spies and plotters. Already have they become historic, not only as the scene of Perry's victory in 1813, but also as the hatching ground of plots and conspiracies during the War of the Rebellion.

Old residents of Put-in-Bay and neighboring isles still take interest in an occasional review of reminiscences connected with the notable conspiracy of John Yates Beale and his abettors in 1864, the object of which was the liberation of rebel officers—3,000 in number—confined as prisoners on Johnson's Island; the raiding and capture of Sandusky and other lake towns, and the devastation of Northern Ohio by armed Confederates and their allies. The plot, its attempted fulfillment, its timely discovery and subsequent failure, are facts of historic record, reiteration of which is not the object of the following narration, excepting so far as concerns their bearing on local incidents and reminiscence. From a local point of view, therefore, the event will here be considered, thus perhaps bringing

to light matter of interest which has escaped the general delineator of history.

Very quiet for a summer resort was Put-in-Bay at the time of which we write—a fact due in part to the lateness of the season and consequent withdrawal of summer guests, and partly to a deficit in the island's male population occasioned by the absence of a large proportion of able-bodied men, then doing duty in the ranks of the Union army on Southern soil.

September 19th, 1864, dawned serenely over stretches of purpling vineyard and orchards full fruited. Old men and boys, women and children, were early at their work gathering the luscious clusters and heaping the measure with orchard fruits.

The morning steamer cleared from the wharves on her usual daily trip to Sandusky, and no suspicion of brooding danger threatened the peace of island homes or that of the nation entered the minds of island dwellers. True, there had been reported among visitors to the place, a few days before, individuals who had acted strangely and said some queer things concerning the war, its prospects and the relations of North and South, hinting darkly of what "might" happen. These individuals were spotted as "rebel sympathizers," if not as genuine rebels. No special importance was attached to the circumstance of their presence on the island, however, until afterwards.

Late in the afternoon of the day above specified, the steamer Philo Parsons, of the Detroit, Island & Sandusky line, landed at Wehrle's dock, Middle Bass, distant a mile or so from the "Bay." At the latter place the usual crowd of interested parties and dock loungers awaited the steamer's arrival, but as she showed no signs of putting off from Middle Bass some debate as to the cause of her

detention was excited. A little later the steamer *Island Queen*, which had left Put-in-Bay in the morning, was seen threading her way through the channel to Wehrle's and soon the two steamers lay side by side.

Darkness fell and the crowd on the docks at Put-in-Bay increased. Both the *Philo Parsons* and *Island Queen* were expected to touch, one on her way to Detroit, the other bound for Toledo. Both were long overdue. No telephone or telegraph cable connected the islands as now, and no messages could be exchanged. It was proposed to send a boat across with a committee of investigation, but nobody volunteered to go. Some were awaiting expected friends, others the evening mail or parcels from the city. Weary of delay, the less curious and anxious of the crowd finally dispersed to their homes and turned in for the night. Scarcely had they closed their eyes in slumber, however, when each in turn was startled by a thundering knock at his door.

To the query: "Who's there, and what's wanted?" came the astounding reply:

"Get up! The steamers *Island Queen* and *Philo Parsons* are in the hands of the rebels! Secrete your money and valuables, and if you have any firearms or ammunition in the house, get them together and hurry to the Bay."

From house to house swiftly sped the messenger, and silently stealing through the night from every part of the island flitting shadows might have been seen of men and often of women and children with frightened faces, all hurrying toward the bay center. The news which had thus aroused the island from center to circumference was communicated by Capt. George Magle, a passenger of the *Island Queen*, who, under cover of darkness had crossed

from Middle Bass. Capt. Magle stated that a large force of men, armed to the teeth, had taken possession of both steamers, and that the officers, crew and passengers were held as prisoners, though the latter were finally allowed to go ashore at Middle Bass, after a promise had been exacted from each to divulge nothing concerning the occurrence for twenty-four hours—a promise which in numerous instances was quickly broken.

Certain of the passengers had gathered from words let fall by the conspirators, that their object was the capture of the United States gunboat Michigan, then lying in Sandusky Bay, and the liberation of the prisoners on Johnson's Island. These movements, together with the uncertainty of their results, filled with foreboding the minds of island dwellers. By common impulse, people gathered to the Bay from Middle Bass and Isle St. George, and excitement knew no bounds.



"Steamer Island Queen"

A military company was hastily organized, and Capt. John Brown, Jr., son of old John Brown, of Harper's Ferry fame, who resided on the island, was chosen its com-



Capt. Geo. W. Orr, Master of the "Island Queen"

mander, and every available man was enrolled within its ranks. The members of this brigade were variously accoutered. Captain Brown possessed in his own right quite an arsenal of weapons, some of which had been used by his father and other members of the Brown family in their raids and skirmishes. There were distributed among the

men, together with a nondescript assortment of muskets, breechloading rifles, Springfield rifles, shot guns, revolvers and horse pistols.

The old "Perry victory" cannon—which ever since the War of 1812 had kept watch and ward over the island—was wheeled into position, commanding the wharves and heavily charged with powder, gravel and old iron.

Meantime, wagons were driving about like "Jehu," conveying goods from stores and private dwellings to the thick woodlands of the west shore, where they were secreted. Old stumps and hollow logs were utilized as banks of deposit for money, jewels and valuables of all sorts, while the numerous caves which perforate the island's sub-strata of limestone afforded refuge for the weak-kneed and faint of heart. Into these retreats, it is said, crowded the "Copperheads" as the Southern sympathizers were then called—and so demoralized with fright were they, it is averred, that they did not emerge for three days.

To the inhabitants of Put-in-Bay the night which followed the first news of the plot was fraught with all the tragedy of war. The air was filled with flying and exaggerated rumors; the suspense was painful; women grew nervous with apprehension and no thought of sleep was entertained.

As soon as practicable, news of the capture was sent to the commanding officer of the guard on Johnson's Island—a deputation selected for the purpose bearing the message and proceeding by boat across to the peninsula, and thence to the island lying just beyond in Sandusky Bay.

During the time that Put-in-Bay was under arms, two alarms were reported. The first occurred at the old

“South dock.” In the distribution of guards, two men had been picketed at that place. One was armed with a rifle, the other brandished an old musket. The men had been lying under the tree, when they perceived a squad of men approaching. One of the guards grew alarmed and wanted to run, but was rallied by his comrade. Together they faced the marauders, and in true military style demanded the countersign. The strangers couldn't give the countersign, but the spokesman of the party reported as captain of a small trading vessel anchored off shore, accompanied by his crew, and the newcomers were allowed to pass without molestation.

The second alarm occurred in the early dawn of morning, when a vessel entered the bay and cast anchor under the shadow of Gibraltar Island. Imagination had played wild pranks during the night, and become highly wrought. By its aid in the dim, uncertain light, the strange craft was readily resolved into a piratical cruiser upon evil intent. The shore battery was brought to bear upon her, and other preparations made for a gallant defense. The guards felt shaky, but anxious to ascertain the intruder's designs, a boat was manned and sent out to hail her. The first countenance that appeared over the “cruiser's” railing as they approached was that of a well-known sailor and fisherman—Meachem by name—a resident of the island. By this sign they knew that their fears were groundless, and that the vessel was an unoffending frequenter of the island waters.

With the approach of day, all eyes were turned expectantly in the direction of Johnson's Island and Sandusky, and at 6 a. m. a report gained circulation that during the night the steamer Parsons had been sighted, heading for the Detroit River; and from the way that her

chimneys threw smoke it was evident that steam was being crowded. From this circumstance the islanders judged that the plot had failed, and the conspirators were trying to make good their escape.

The island military now grew brave, and disbanding, went home to breakfast, which was dispatched with a relish. Later in the day a tug arrived from Sandusky, bringing definite news of the plot and its failure, and bearing dispatches stating that the officers of the *Island Queen*, who had been carried away as prisoners on the *Parsons*, were safe landed and on their way home.

Concerning the capture of these boats, the late Capt. Geo. W. Orr, master of the *Island Queen*, told an interesting story. The captain made a spirited resistance of the raiders to whom, at the point of a revolver, he was finally forced to yield. Following this episode, and up to the time of his death, Captain Orr was a summer resident of Put-in-Bay, owning and occupying with his family a pretty cottage environed with shrubbery, orchard and vineyard. Following is his account, verbatim, as furnished the writer:

“I had no personal knowledge of the capture of the steamer *Philo Parsons* by the same men a few hours before the taking of the *Queen*, but according to the statement made me by Captain Atwood, master of the *Parsons*, the latter left Detroit on the morning of September 19th. On her way down she stopped at Sandwich, on the Canadian side, when some ten or twelve men got on board as passengers for Sandusky. Leaving there she touched at Amherstburg on the same side, and there twelve or fifteen more men got on board, also as passengers for Sandusky. Amongst the baggage here taken on was a large, old-fashioned trunk covered with sole leather, which after-

wards proved to contain a quantity of revolvers, hatchets, pistols and bowie knives. Leaving Amherstburg the steamer came direct to Put-in-Bay, then to Middle Bass, where Captain Atwood got off, leaving the boat in charge of the mate, his son-in-law. Continuing the trip to Sandusky, the Parsons stopped at Kelley's Island. Leaving Kelley's she had got about three-fourths of the distance between that place and Cedar Point when the men who came as passengers from Canada opened the leather trunk and arming themselves at once took possession of the steamer, made prisoners of the crew, and compelled them to navigate the boat as their captors directed. Under their orders the Parsons passed into Sandusky bay a little beyond Cedar Point to where a fair view could be had of Johnson's Island. A short stoppage was made, then without proceeding further, for some reason, they put about, and returned to Middle Bass. Before reaching there they threw overboard several tons of pig iron which had been consigned to Sandusky. At Middle Bass, when wooding, the steamer *Island Queen* came alongside on her way from Sandusky to Put-in-Bay and Toledo. Forty or fifty soldiers—100 day men—who were going to Toledo to be mustered out, were on board the *Queen*, together with a large number of island people, making nearly 100 passengers. Here the *Queen* was taken possession of by the armed conspirators, who leaped aboard from the Parsons' upper decks. The men comprising crew and passengers of the *Queen* were compelled to go into the Parsons' hold, while the ladies and children were all ordered into her upper cabins.

“Engineer Henry Haines was ordered out of the engine room, and told that if he did not come they would

shoot him. He refused and they shot him in the face, causing a flesh wound and filling his face with powder.

“Several shots were fired indiscriminately into the crowd, Lorenz Miller of Put-in-Bay sustaining severe injuries, while the women were nearly frightened into hysterics.

“A few minutes later I was ordered up from the hold and taken on board the *Queen*, where the leader of the gang demanded the boat’s papers.

“‘Whom am I giving them to?’ I inquired.

“‘I am Lieutenant Beale of the Confederate Navy.’

“‘What do you want with the papers?’

“‘We want to send them as trophies to Jeff Davis.’

“‘You can’t run the boat without the papers,’ I then said.

“‘The boat isn’t going to run much longer,’ was the reply.

“I told him that the papers were in the office, which when we reached, we found had been broken open, the papers scattered about the floor and the money drawer rifled.

“I asked him what he was going to do with the women and children who were up in the Parsons’ cabin. He said that they would be put ashore on Middle Bass, and that he should require of them an obligation not to divulge anything in regard to the matter for twenty-four hours. I told him that I had three children in the cabin, that I knew most of the others, and would like to go up and see them, and he went with me.

“He then placed the clerk, William Hamilton, Engineer Haines and myself under guard, and calling together all the prisoners, made them promise to say nothing of the affair until after the time specified. I wanted to

go ashore with the others, but the guard would not let me off.

“The leader then ordered the Parsons to get under way, the Queen lashed to her side. When about half a mile southeast of Ballast Island the boats came to a stop. Lieut. Beale then ordered the Queen’s yawlboat lowered and taken in charge of the Parsons; this done, he ordered the former scuttled.

“I asked permission to go and get the Queen’s books, as they would be of use to the owners.

“‘The books are all right where they are,’ was the reply.

“‘They are going to destroy the boat,’ I insisted.

“‘I guess not,’ answered the guard.

“A man then came up out of the hold and said that he had cut the steamer’s feed pipe, and that the water was coming in fast. Then they cast off her lines and let her go adrift in the darkness, and the Parsons was headed for Sandusky. When within a mile of the outside channel buoy, at the mouth of the bay, we hove to. I was called out of the cabin and Lieut. Beale asked me whether I had heard of any report that a raid from Canada was going to be made on Johnson’s Island. I told him I had not.

“It was then about 10 p. m. The U. S. gunboat Michigan lay off Johnson’s Island, her black hull glooming through the night. The plotters were awaiting signals evidently which failed to appear. Three or four of the leaders went aside and held a consultation, and I overheard Lieut. Beale say to the men:

“‘I have a notion to make the attempt, anyhow.’

“They waited about a half an hour longer, and then headed back up the lake, and the Parsons was put under crowded steam. There were lots of old coal oil barrels

aboard, and the boiler was kept in a tremendous heat. The first halt was made in the Detroit River just above Amherstburg; off that place a number of men got into the Queen's yawl and went ashore. The next stop was made about daylight at "Fighting Island," a marshy strip of land about four or five miles long, uninhabited at the time. There they put us ashore.

"I told them we had rather be landed on the main shore. They said they had rather we wouldn't.

"Leaving us, they continued on up the river to Sand-
wich, where, after removing the piano and other valuables, the Parsons was set adrift, but was afterward picked up by a tug. The raiders then scattered into Canada as fast as possible.

"Hamilton, Haines, and myself remained on Fighting Island about two hours, when a fisherman passed in a boat. We signaled him in, and got him to set us across upon the American side, where we took the car for Sandusky, going by the way of Monroeville, at which place I learned on arriving that the Island Queen had grounded upon 'Chickanola reef.' I at once telegraphed to Detroit for a tug and steam pump.

"When we reached Sandusky, we found the place wild with excitement. While waiting there, I had a plug made three feet long, four inches in diameter, and tapering to a point. Next morning we boarded the tug Louise and started for 'Chickanola' reef, where we found the Queen sunk in about ten feet of water, which just covered her lower decks. Had the steamer gone down in deep water her whereabouts would never have been known. The tug and pump arrived from Detroit, and at once they began to lower the water. When low enough so that I could get under the deck, I went with the plug—knowing just

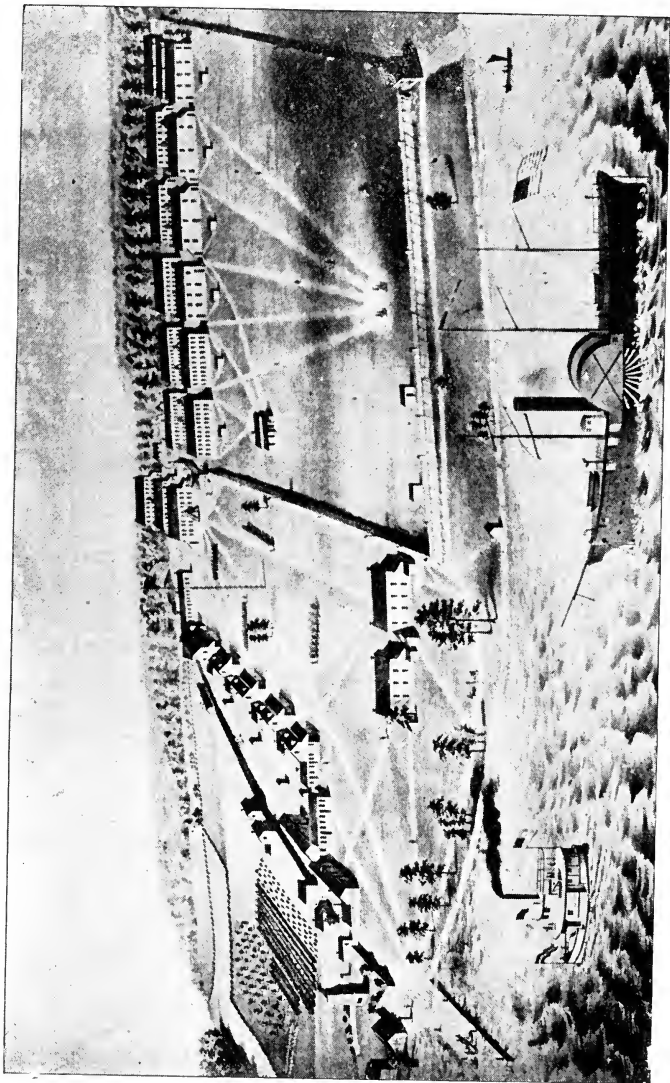
where to find the pipe—and driving it in, stopped the leak. After that we soon had her pumped out and towed to Kelley's Island, and none too soon, for in an hour after reaching there it began blowing a lively gale from the west."

As described by Capt. Orr, John Yates Beale—who was afterwards captured at Toronto, sentenced and shot as a spy on Governor's Island, New York—was a youth of courageous and courteous bearing, aged at the time of his execution twenty-two years.

A paper dropped by a rebel prisoner, Col. Johnson, of Kentucky, containing plans of the conspirators, thus putting on guard officials at Sandusky, and Col. Hill in command at Johnson's Island, was the agency that frustrated, at the last moment, one of the deepest-laid plots of the Civil War—a plot, the success of which would undoubtedly have caused devastation to Northern homes, and turned perhaps the chances of war in favor of the Southern Confederacy.

In view of this projected uprising, thirty thousand stand of arms had been secreted, it is said, on the Canadian shore; also an armament wherewith to fit out the propeller, "Georgian."





Prison Grounds During the War

Johnson's Island: Its Thrilling Reminiscences and Historical Burial Grounds.

Johnson's Island is a body of land containing about 275 acres lying in Sandusky Bay near the Ohio Peninsula, and about three miles from Sandusky city.

Known in early days as "Bull's Island," it became, in 1852, the property of L. B. Johnson, and from that date has borne its present name.

During the war with the British and Indians in 1812, and in the struggle of the Canadian "Patriots" in 1838, this island figured more or less conspicuously; but it was not until the War of the Rebellion that the place achieved historical prominence of a national character.

Late in the fall of 1861, a tract of forty acres on Johnson's Island was leased by the United States Government, to be used as prison grounds for Confederate officers.

The contract for prison buildings was awarded W. T. West, of Sandusky.

These buildings consisted of a small village of barracks for troops on guard, and for prisoners; each barrack affording accommodations for 240 men—the barracks used by troops and prisoners being alike in every detail. There were cottages also for the commanding officers of the guard and buildings devoted to the quartermaster's use and for commissary purposes.

A prison wall fourteen feet high, built of two-inch plank, was constructed. Around its top was a parapet, or

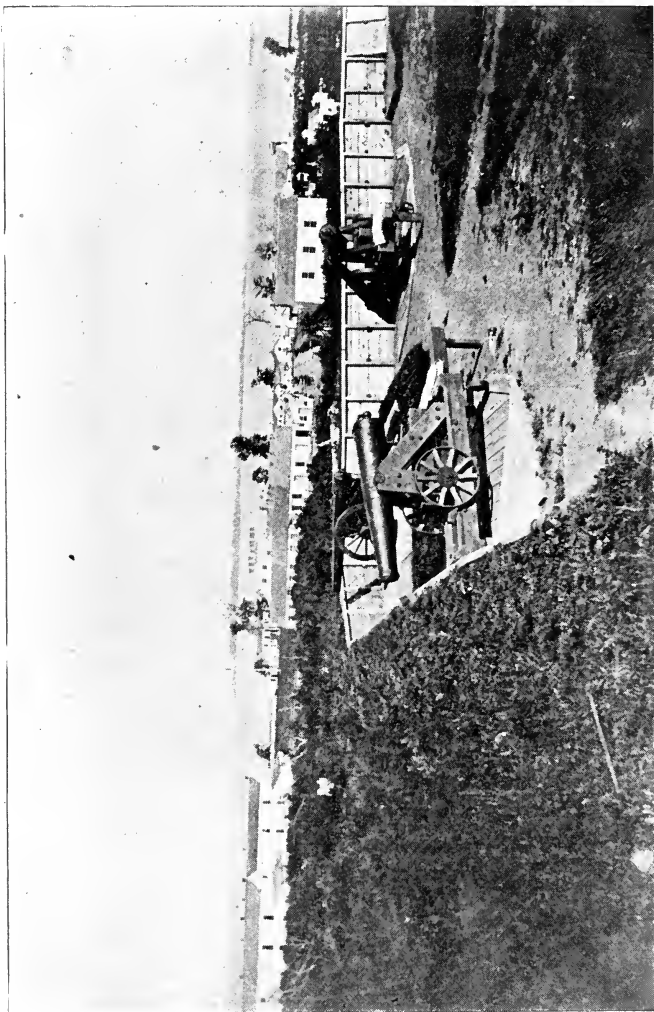
walk, commanding views both of the grounds within, and of the exterior surroundings, this serving as a beat for the sentinels on duty. There was a hospital also, a powder house, and other structures.

In November of the same year, Wm. S. Pierson of Sandusky was appointed to the position of Major, and authorized to recruit two companies of infantry to do guard duty at Johnson's Island. This organization known as "Hoffman's Battalion" was afterwards reenforced at different times by additional companies, forming altogether that which became known as the 128th O. V. I. This regiment was placed under command of Col. Chas. T. Hill. Owing to a threatened raid upon the island by rebel conspirators in 1864, other detachments of troops were ordered thither. The hitherto quiet isle thus became transformed into a military stronghold, and a depot as well, for Southern prisoners of war, who arrived by carloads via Sandusky. The military, and national importance of Johnson's Island, at that time, may be comprehended in view of the fact that of the nearly ten thousand Confederates there confined at different times during the war, all of this large number were commissioned officers, representing the flower of the whole Southern army. It was, in fact, the only prison of its kind upon Northern soil. There held in confinement, it has been said, "were officers enough for an army of 80,000 men."

To further strengthen the island, forts were built. These were furnished each with mounted cannon; while the U. S. gunboat "Michigan" lay abreast of the prison grounds, her big guns pointing menacingly shoreward.

One detachment of Federal troops that did guard duty at Johnson's Island was known as the "Gray Beard Brigade." It was of Western origin, and was composed





Fort on Johnson's Island

almost entirely of elderly men, some of whom were over eighty years of age.

One of these old soldiers, it is said, was the father of twenty-one children and had fifteen sons in the Union army. Members of this detachment were rendered conspicuous by the long white beards that adorned their faces.

The "dead line" passed within twenty feet of the wall. To cross this line meant death, for the sentries had orders to shoot without parley any prisoner who dared step across it; hence it was not an easy matter to reach the wall, saying nothing of scaling it. This feat, however, was accomplished in a few instances.

Concerning life at Johnson's Island, a writer thus observes:

"A familiar scene which daily greeted the prisoners was the dress parade of a splendid regiment of Ohio volunteers, detailed as prison guards. Their parade ground was just west of the prison walls, in the center of which was erected a magnificent flag pole over one hundred feet high, from the top of which floated the stars and stripes of the American Union. Every evening the flag was lowered to the ground and each morning it was raised to its proud and giddy height amidst the rattle of war-like drums and the inspiring strains of martial music.

"The swelling notes of Hail Columbia and the Star Spangled Banner from a splendid band on the outside were in striking contrast with the feelings of those within. And often at nightfall—the solemn hour when twilight was gently stealing over Johnson's Island—the sweet notes of Home, Sweet Home, floating out and mingling with the gentle murmers of Sandusky's waves, have been caught up by the ears and have touched the hearts of 3000

prisoners within the walls. It is surprising if at such a moment many a manly breast there heaved with emotion, and many a hollow eye glistened with a crystal tear. There was—alas!—a sweet home far away in the sunny South which many of them were destined to visit no more.”

The two great problems confronting prisoners of war, it has been said, are first, “How to kill time,” second, “How to make their escape.”

Many of the Johnson's Island prisoners sought occupation, and diversion, by the manufacture of fancy and useful articles of all descriptions, whittled from wood, or carven from the lake shells that came ashore near the prison grounds. Collar pins, brooches and other novelties produced were sold by the prison authorities to outside buyers, and the money returned to the manufacturers.

Among the prisoners were preachers and printers; lawyers and doctors; artisans and farmers. The books and newspapers furnished them were about all that made life endurable to some, while others developed aptitude and fondness for theatricals and other entertainments, which were cleverly devised.

Philosophers, and poets, too, were among the number. The latter devoted a part of their time to the manufacture of verse. The following poem is said to have been written by one Col. Frazier of Memphis, Tenn.

“THE CAPTIVE ON LAKE ERIE.”

“A captive on a lake-girt isle
Looks on the waters sadly,
His thoughts on one whose blessed
smile
Would welcome him so gladly,
But that beneath a northern sky—
A sky to him so dreary;
He's doomed to pine and vainly sigh,
Away out on Lake Erie.

“The winds that waft to others bliss
But mock him with their tone;
The lips are pale they stoop to kiss,
With yearning for his home.
The waves that dash upon the beach
Keep ceaseless watch, and weary
They chant of joys beyond the reach
Of him who looks on Erie.

“They bear to him his mother's tone,
His sister's mournful song,
Until he longs to be alone
Far from that captive throng;
And when he lays him down to sleep,
With aching heart and weary,
The winds and waves his vigil keep,
Dear dreamer on Lake Erie.

“But all who love him pray to God
To bless his precious life
With patience to endure the rod,
With faith to close the strife,

And look beyond the dreary morn
To brighter days and better
When native winds shall fan his brow
And only fond arms fetter."

Still another composed by a prisoner, Asa Hartz, found publication in the "Confederate Veteran," of Nashville. The poem runs as follows:

"My love reposes on a rosewood frame;
A bunk have I.
A couch of feathery down fills up the same;
Mine's straw, but dry.
She sinks to sleep at night with scarce a sigh;
With waking eyes I watch the hours go by.
"My love her daily dinner takes in state,
And so do I (?).
The richest viands flank her silver plate;
Coarse grub have I.
Pure wine she sips at ease, her thirst to slake;
I pump my drink from Erie's crystal lake.
"My love has all the world at will to roam:
Three acres I.
She goes abroad or quiet stays at home;
So cannot I.
Bright angels watch around her couch at night;
A Yank with loaded gun keeps me in sight.
"A thousand weary miles now stretch between
My love and I.
To her, this winter night, calm, cold, serene,
I waft a sigh,
And hope with all my earnestness of soul
Tomorrow's mail may bring me my parole.

“There’s hope ahead! We’ll some day meet again,
My love and I;
We’ll wipe away all tears of sorrow then.
Her love-lit eye
Will all my many troubles then beguile,
And keep this wayward Reb from Johnson’s Isle.”

BEE.

That much time was killed by the prisoners in seeking to devise plots, and plans innumerable, whereby they might gain freedom, is clear from all that has been told; for many were the attempts made on their part to elude, bribe, or overpower the guards; to scale the walls and to escape from the island. Though deep laid, and ingenious, most of these plans failed to work, or were in some way frustrated; for the prisoners were strongly and carefully guarded. A few of the number were successful, however, in getting away.

Among the reminiscences that thickly cluster about Johnson’s Island—now almost depopulated, and abandoned to its lonely environments—a record has been left of some of these bold ventures, though space in this connection will permit only brief reference thereto.

The frigidly cold night of January 11th, 1864, is remembered by the prisoners. The mercury stood at 26 degrees below zero. The coal oil froze in the lamps, and the lights went out. On that night, it is said, several among the more daring of the prisoners scaled the walls, and, crossing the treacherous ice of the bay, succeeded in reaching the mainland. Two of the men were so near frozen that they were compelled to lie over at the homes of Sandusky residents and to be recaptured. Proceeding westward along the lake shore, the remaining three

traveled for a space of sixty hours without rest, sleep, and but little food. Finally, on crossing the lake opposite Fort Malden, they broke through the ice, when near the Canadian shore, and narrowly escaped drowning, but managed to reach the Dominion, where under protection of the British flag they found safety, and succor. Thence they proceeded over deep snows 500 miles to the mouth of the St. Lawrence, where they set sail for Havana, and from this point reached Wilmington, where they joined their commands.

One of the many sad incidents that occurred on the prison grounds was the execution of a young Confederate soldier, described as follows by Veteran S. N. Reed:

“On the afternoon of September 2, 1864, there occurred an occasion of no little moment, even in wartime. A young man, not yet twenty, handsome and manly, a soldier who did not flinch or cringe or beg for life, when told that a military commission said that he must die, and by hanging, received the intelligence with great calmness and prepared for the end.

“This young man was John B. Nickell, of Kentucky, who had enlisted in the Confederate army at the age of eighteen. Later he became a partisan ranger and killed one or two men.

“At a quarter before one the troops, under the command of Col. Charles W. Hill, were formed into column and marched to the field west of the prison, where the gallows was erected. The prisoner, accompanied by the chaplain, rode in a wagon guarded by twelve men and accompanied by the burial party, preceded by martial music playing the “Dead March.” On the arrival of the condemned, the regiment was formed into a hollow square around the scaffold and he was seated on the coffin. The

proceedings of the military court were lead by Adjutant Hayes, after which the chaplain read a paper signed by the prisoner a few moments before leaving for the place of execution. Prayer was offered by the chaplain, and then the prisoner was told to arise.

“He stood up promptly, with head erect, but without bravado. His quiet, brave demeanor impressed his enemies—enemies without enmity at that solemn moment. The rope was speedily adjusted, the cap drawn over his eyes, the spring touched, and the tragedy was at an end. Brave and handsome was this young Kentuckian at noon of that September day. Soon afterwards the stalwart form was lifeless.”

Many of the prisoners were from Tennessee, others from Georgia, Alabama, the Carolinas and other states of the far South; and the dreariest, and most trying season, to these exiles, as may well be imagined, was that of winter, which covered the lake with fields of ice and brought snow, and biting cold, to which most of the number were total strangers. That the most prolific cause of mortality in the prison barracks was due to pneumonia is therefore no surprise.

The close of the war and opening of the prison doors formed a most joyous occasion to these long held captives. Just how one of the number felt on leaving the island may be gathered from the following verses found written on the prison wall after their departure:

"FAREWELL TO JOHNSON'S ISLAND."

"Hoarse-sounding billows of the white-capped lake
That 'gainst the barriers of our hated prison break,
Farewell! Farewell; thou giant inland sea;
Thou too, subserve the modest of tyranny—
Girding this isle, washing its lonely shore.
With moaning echoes of thy melancholy roar.
Farewell, thou lake! Farewell, thou inhospitable land!
Thou hast the curses of this patriot band—
All, save the spot, the holy sacred bed,
Where rest in peace our Southern warriors dead."

At Johnson's Island, in 1864, was enacted the leading events of a notable conspiracy to which reference has already been made in this work, namely: The attempt on the part of the Southern Confederacy through its agents to capture the United States gunboat Michigan and lake transports of the Detroit, Island and Sandusky lines, and the simultaneous release of the rebel prisoners confined at Johnson's Island, at Camp Chase near Columbus, at Camp Douglass near Chicago, and at Camp Morton near Indianapolis—in all about 26,000 men.

Hatched at the Confederate capitol, this plot was carried forward by a few sworn adherents, chief of whom were Colonel Cole, an officer in the army of General Lee, and John Jates Beall. The former was called to Richmond and there entrusted with this secret service. Colonel Cole is said to have been a man of wonderful coolness and courage, as well as ample resources, though to all appearances a coarse, uncultured man. Beall on the contrary was a handsome, well educated young man, a West Virginian, and an officer in the Confederate navy.

The "woman in the case" was Annie Davis, a female spy, who played skillfully her part in the drama.

The first move on the part of Cole was to open a correspondence with one of the Johnson's Island prisoners—Major Trimble. This correspondence was carried on through ink-written letters interlined with important messages written in starch, and afterwards rendered visible by an application of iodine.

Through Major Trimble was organized among the prisoners a society known as "The Southern Cross," having for its emblem a wooden cross twined with the Confederate colors. Its members were bound by ironclad oaths, administered on the open Bible, to hold themselves in readiness, when the time came, to strike at once a blow for personal liberty and the Southern cause. They were also bound to the most solemn secrecy.

While Beall and about twenty picked men were detailed to capture by strategy the steamers *Island Queen* and *Philo Parsons*, Annie Davis, then located at the West House, Sandusky, was industriously working up the plot's initial feature—the capture of the *Michigan*—by first capturing by the wiles of coquetry her officers and eliciting from them information concerning matters military at Johnson's Island and Sandusky.

Woman, not only, but wine was employed by sagacious Colonel Cole in addling the brains and drawing into his meshes the unsuspecting naval officers, and a champagne supper served by him aboard the *Michigan* on the night set for the culmination of the conspiracy came within an ace of placing the vessel and her command in the hands of the rebels.

The convivial cup had gone its rounds until as the hours of night wore on, the party had become mellow and

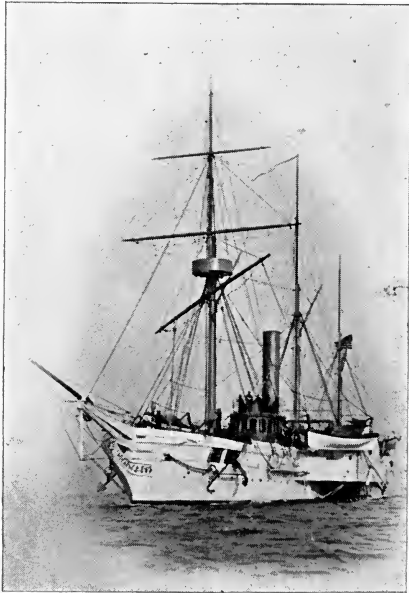
merry. For the closing draught, however, was reserved a potion heavily drugged, which Cole was about to deal out, when suddenly confronted by the commanding officer, who had been absent during this time at Johnson's Island.

Advancing, the officer laid his hand upon Cole's shoulder.

"You d—n rebel spy! You are my prisoner!" he hissed.

"Sergeant-of-marines, arrest this man and put him in irons!"

Had a torpedo suddenly exploded under the Michigan her officers could scarcely have been more completely dumfounded.



Old Gunboat "Michigan"

Having successfully performed his allotted task and obtained possession of the two island steamers, Beall on board the Philo Parsons awaited off Cedar Point the signal agreed upon—a cannon shot from the Michigan—to attack and capture the gunboat and to assist the prisoners at the island, who were to rise at the same time in insurrection, overpower the guards and make good their escape.

The signal came not, however, and realizing that the plot had failed, the Parsons, at Beall's command, was put about and headed with all speed for Canada.

Up to the afternoon of that day every part of the bold project had worked like a charm, but as afterwards generally learned, the plans of the conspirators were given away when nearly completed by one of the prisoners, Col. Johnson, of Kentucky.

Cole was closely confined and guarded at Johnson's Island, and later was tried by a military court martial and sentenced to be shot, but ultimately through influential friends obtained pardon. While leader of the conspiracy, and as such more deserving of punishment, Cole went free, while his abettor, cultured and courteous Beall, was executed as a spy at Gouverneur's Island in New York bay.

Cole, it is said, was to have received \$20,000 for the part he played. After his pardon he went to Texas and settled on a ranch.

Not much now remains on Johnson's Island to remind the visitor of the tragic scenes there enacted, save a few straggling remnants of the prison buildings and the cemetery where lie buried 206 Confederate dead. Georgia marble headstones, inscribed with the name, age, company and regiment of each, were erected over these graves in 1890 through the instrumentality of Sandusky people, and

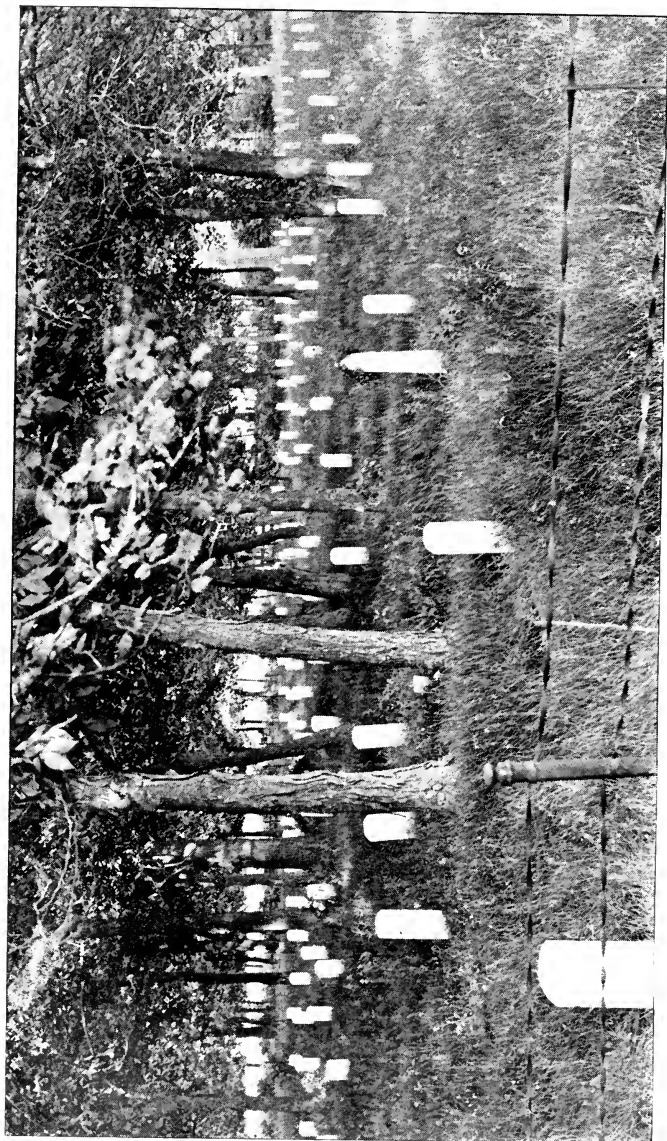
a party of Georgia newspaper men and prominent horticulturists who visited the place in 1889 and saw its neglected condition.

Previous to that time the burial site presented a scene of neglect. The writer was privileged once to view the spot before the erection of these tablets, the occasion being the decoration of the graves on Memorial day by a detachment of McMeens Post, G. A. R., of Sandusky.

After a run of twenty minutes the steamer upon which we took passage landed her passengers, at a little dock that put out from shore. Headed by a drum corps and a flag bearer, the detachment took up its line of march for the burial place, distant nearly a mile, followed by a procession of people. There was no path, save that trodden by those who led. Following the shore bend, with the blue waters of Erie to the right, on the left a sloping sweep of grass land rolled its billowy verdure to the edge of a distant timber belt. This grassy plain was the site upon which had once been located the prison grounds. Remnants of the old barracks and other buildings were pointed out. The windows were broken and their exterior appeared weatherbeaten and ghostly. Startled by clang of drums and flap of flags, a few horses and cattle grazing amidst the deep grass scurried away to the farthest bounds of the pasture.

The procession continued its march, beating through rank grass and over piles of drift wood and ridges of gravel, which the high seas of recent storms had lodged in the edge of the meadow.

Leaving the shore line the path swerved a little to the left, leading through a thicket so dense that a passage would not have been practicable but for the opening previously made with ax and scythe. The underbrush finally



Confederate Burial Grounds

merged into a strip of forest and here in a spot as lonely as was ever selected for the burial of the dead, under branches low bending, amid shadows and silence, appeared long rows of sodden mounds, marked only by wooden headboards bearing each the name and age of deceased, together with the number of the command to which he had belonged. These headboards had been painted white, but the storms of more than a quarter of a century had worn them grey, and most of them had fallen to the ground. Though dim, nearly all the inscriptions were still legible and a mournful pathos breathed in the language thereby spoken. Gazing upon the scene, visions of homes amid the orange and magnolia groves of the sunny Southland appeared, desolated by the removal of those who rest in this little isle far from the ministering lands of kindred and friends, with only the Northern tempest's beat and the breaking waves of a Northern sea lulling them to the sleep that knows no waking.

With uncovered heads, in which the grey freely mingled, the veteran band gathered about the graves of those with whom they had once closed in deadly conflict. There were empty sleeves and scars that told of bitter strife and bloodshed, but the bitterness was gone, the blood stains wiped out, and only peace and charity and a feeling of common brotherhood now dwelt within the hearts of the survivors.

The stars and stripes waved not triumphantly in the still air, but drooped silently, letting fall its silken folds where slept the brave but misguided sons of the South. Fair flowers were placed by fair hands upon the mounds already sprinkled with wildwood blossoms.

A prayer, a brief address, a benediction, and the

dead were again left to the shadows and the silence. Concerning this lonely burial ground, a weird story has been told here, given in substance for what it is worth.

According to the statement of a visiting journalist, the story was originated by one Nichola Rocci, a Sicilian laborer in the limestone quarries opened on Johnson's Island. Rocci was one of a force of Italians there employed. They—the Italians—lived in shacks that served them as quarters. These were built near the strip of timber in which is located the cemetery. All winter they had worked in the quarries, occupying their little houses without any unusual occurrence; but with early spring, they were visited by one of those tearing storms such as frequently fall due on Lake Erie in the month of March. The wind blew with such terrific fury, as to threaten the shacks occupied by the quarrymen. Towards midnight the gale became so fierce that the Italians, deeming it unsafe to remain inside, left their little domiciles and, to find protection from the biting blast, made their way into the wooded cemetery.

The whole shore line to weatherward was covered with a cloud of driving spray which, carried far inland by the gale, froze as it fell, crystallizing rocks and trees and all objects with a white coating of ice visible when the moon peeped forth from between the flying black clouds.

Shivering with cold, the men looked about for wind breaks, in the shelter of which they crouched. Reaching the statue there erected—which represents a soldier holding a Confederate flag and pointing southward—Rocci took refuge on the lee side of the monument. As the moments crept tediously onward, Rocci grew numb with cold. Presently the sound of a bugle smote upon his ear—its strains borne on the wings of the gale seemed to come

from the lake. Rocci jumped to his feet, as did his companions, for the statue of the soldiers, it seemed to him, had moved, and turned about so as to face the graves of the dead Southerners. A clanking sound was heard, and a rustle in the long, dry grass.

Then appeared a body of men in gray uniforms with muskets over their shoulders. There were some with sunken eyes, and hollow cheeks; others youthful, and handsome. Some were in worn and tattered garb, showing in their faces the marks of suffering.

Slowly, silently in answer to the bugle call, this phantom regiment marched across the cemetery, then like the vanishing spray wreaths, the spectacle faded in air as suddenly as it had come.

So frightened were the quarrymen that they nearly fell over each other in getting back to their shacks. It was two days before the storm let up sufficiently for the quarrymen to reach Sandusky, where on arrival they told of their uncanny experiences—a story at which the incredulous smiled, and shook their heads; but Rocci and his companions never returned to Johnson's Island.

Thrilling Adventures on Island Waters.

Few situations are more calculated to develop and to foster a spirit of adventure than that of the island dweller; since both through inclination, and necessity, he finds it expedient to extend his narrow boundaries by frequent excursions abroad, over waters that cut him off from the great outside world.

When sailing his first toy boat, or when striking out on the first of his swimming experiences, the boy of island birth grows so rapidly into a life of daring and hardihood, that any sense of fear that may have harassed his initial exploits, vanishes, and he becomes a veritable amphibian.

From this class comes a large proportion of our hardiest fishermen and bravest and most efficient seamen. with cool sagacity, and unruffled composure, stands each unflinchingly at his post, outweathering the wildest storms that blow; or if—as sometimes decreed—human power proves too weak to grapple with the elements, they go down to death beneath the wave with the same invincible courage that characterized their lives throughout.

As instances of heroic action, adventure, and achievement, some of the stories of storm and disaster, wreck and rescue, as here related, serve as shining examples.

THE THREE FISHERS.

Almost every inhabitant of Put-in-Bay was represented in the throng that packed St. Paul's church from chancel to vestibule, until even standing room was scarcely

available—a silent, expectant throng, awed into dumbness as it were by the occurrence that had brought them thither, and by the impressive solemnity which it inspired.

As the organ pealed forth the opening notes of a funeral dirge, a shuffle of many feet sounded along the aisle, and advancing toward the chancel came three sets of pall bearers, with three caskets, containing all that remained of three brothers.

“Man that is born of woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth as a flower, and is cut down.” As proceeded the funeral service, read by a black robed clergyman, the caskets were deposited side by side near the chancel entrance in full view of the congregation, and the mourners, two by two, filed into the pews reserved for them.

The scene formed a repetition of Kingsley’s tragedy of the sea, as set forth in poem entitled, “The Three Fishers.”

“Three fishers went sailing out into the West,
Out into the West when the sun went down;
Each thought of the woman who loved him best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For there’s little to earn, and many to keep,
While the harbor bar be moaning.

“Three corpses lay out on the shining sands,
In the golden gleam as the sun went down;
And the women are watching and wringing their hands,
For those who will never come back to the town;
For men must work, and women weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
Then goodbye to the bar, and its moaning.”

In this, the more recent, but no less tragic instance, the three fishers were brothers, bearing the name of Johnson.

Full of the buoyant life and strength common to young manhood, they had sailed from Put-in-Bay harbor. Not a shadow of apprehension clouded the minds of these jolly fishermen; and no premonition of coming disaster arose to haunt the mental vision of dear ones left behind.

They had encountered many storms, and had passed through many nautical experiences fraught with far greater danger than that to which they had finally succumbed—and survived; but the ways of Providence, and the turns of chance, are alike inscrutable; and like the victims of the ill-fated “Titanic,” Death overtook, and claimed them at a time when it seemed farthest removed from their thoughts.

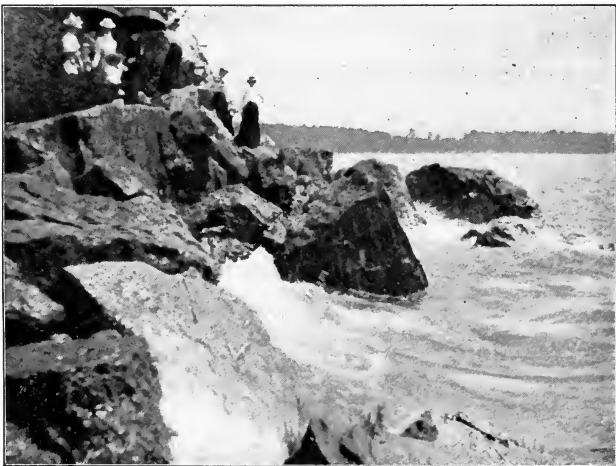
In a tree-shaded corner of the beautiful island cemetery—that affords to many other sailors and fishermen a last resting place—the Johnson brothers were laid together in one wide grave; and passing along the near-by thoroughfare, the stranger of today pauses to read on a marble shaft, marking the spot, the names of the hapless trio who fell victims to the cruel waves.

WRECK OF THE YACHT “CLIPPER.”

It was in August, 1898, during the Inter-lake regatta at Put-in-Bay—an occasion that brings more of life and gaiety to this famous resort than any other event of the season—that a sudden gloom was cast over the yachtsmen who participated, and over the island as a whole, by the wreck of the “Clipper.” This craft, a trim yacht, was bound from Toledo to Put-in-Bay, with a party of young

men, residents of the above-mentioned city, who were interested in the races, and who anticipated a jolly good time at the "Bay."

All went merry and well on the night trip down, until nearly abreast of Green Island, and but a few miles from the bay, when the yacht was struck by one of those sudden squalls which sometimes sweep down without previous announcement on treacherous Lake Erie. So unexpected, and so violent was the gale, in fact, that a heavy sea was soon rolling. The yacht mounted the crest



West Shore Rocks

of a big wave, glided down its opposite declivity into the sea trough, rolling her rail under. The wind at the same instant caught the swelling canvas, which the crew had not been able to shorten in time, and the yacht capsized. Being heavily ballasted with pig iron to keep her

steady, the hapless craft sank just off Green Island in about thirty feet of water.

During the preceding night the Green Island light-keeper, Mr. Gibeaut, had experienced some trouble with his lights, and had slept little. After daybreak, therefore, he lay down for a nap. When he awoke the storm that had struck was viciously raging. He then sighted for the first time two men clinging to the top mast of that which proved to be the "Clipper."

Mr. Gibeaut instantly launched his little naphtha craft, the "Twilight," which shipped a barrel or two of water before he could get her fairly off shore. The waves were heavily rolling, and the tiny launch pitched about in the most threatening manner. The tip of the mast with the two men clinging thereto just protruded above the surface and every sea that swept by completely submerged at intervals and buried them from view. The lightkeeper was alone, and to manage the heaving launch, and to reach the men without running them down, baffled him for a time. He circled around the spot, and by the exercise of extreme caution succeeded in rescuing the unfortunates, who had been in that situation for some time. They had reached the last stage of exhaustion and were about ready to drop. On inquiry, Gibeaut learned that two of the crew were already at the bottom of the lake; that the yacht had sunk before they had time to launch the yawl, and that one of the number, Mr. Bolles, had seized a life preserver and was then almost a mile distant, drifting with the wind and current towards Put-in-Bay. The launch was then headed to the rescue of the castaway. When overtaken, he was aimlessly floating and almost drowned from the seas that broke over him. He was a man of 190 pounds weight, and could not swim a stroke.

Unable to fasten the life preserver, he held it together with one hand and with the other kept a hankherchief pressed against mouth and nose to keep out the water. In the meantime, a boat containing two small boys, John and Carroll Williamson, had put off from the west shore of Put-in-Bay. It was a hard pull for the boys; but ambitious, courageous and used to the oars, they reached the hapless yachtsman just in time, for his strength was rapidly failing. Gibeaut and his launch also came up to proffer aid. Mr. Bolles was taken into the boat of the Williamson boys, and landed on Put-in-Bay near the latter's home, where he was afforded the attention which his exhausted condition required.

When news of the occurrence reached the Bay, Capt. Elliott Dodge with "Str. Ina" hastened to the scene. Dragging for the bodies resulted in finding one of the men, Bartell by name. The "Clipper" was floated and towed into the bay, where her wet, empty decks, and broken bowsprit, rendered her a mournful object among the innumerable gay yachts and pleasure craft there collected.

Watch was kept the following night off Green Island, and about four o'clock the following morning the body of the other missing yachtsman, Wm. Arbuckle—seen floating on the then quiet water—was picked up. The sinking of the "Clipper" occurred at nearly the same place where the three Johnson brothers, mentioned in this connection, lost their lives.

To the end of his life, Mr. Bolles will probably never forget the thrilling adventure in which two of the "Clipper's" crew found death beneath the waves; while he and its remaining members were saved as by a hair's breadth. Neither will he forget his benefactors, whom he showered with gifts bestowed in token of his heartfelt gratitude.

A MIDWINTER STORM.

To dwellers upon weatherward lying shores, the gale seemed without precedent. All night, following its beginning, was heard the war of elements and with break of dawn appeared a scene which for chaotic confusion might have suggested that which preceded the opening period of creation. The lake, partially open the day before, was entirely broken up. The wind had a sixty miles an hour velocity, blowing straight from the horizon with a lifting force irresistible to those obliged to face it in the open. Snow drove in horizontal lines through the air, and regardless of the heavy ice drifts, near and far, a tremendous sea set shoreward, flinging gigantic floes, and pulverized masses of ice, to a great height upon the beach, forming vast bridges.

Long tongues of wave licked the faces of bold rock barriers, flinging over them a froth of foam which the wind caught and carried forward in misty sheets, falling upon crag, root, and overhanging cedar groups, heavily encrusting with ice every object along the shores. The roar of wind and wave and grind and crash of ice were terrific. The whirling snow sought every crevice. Wide spaces were swept bare of snow, which was piled into immense drifts farther along.

The only boat out of harbor during this midwinter was the little steam yacht "Ina," just put into commission by her venturesome captain, and which lay in the ice abreast of Gibraltar Island, partially sheltered, yet getting a strong brush of the storm. Captain Dodge had surprised the islanders, just the day before, by making a trip to and from Sandusky, bringing over a cargo of supplies for Middle Bass. From this place the "Ina" steamed

to the bay, but found the ice too tough to permit her reaching a safe anchorage in the harbor. In this situation, she was struck a few hours later by the storm. Captain Dodge dared not leave the boat unmanned, and he and the engineer accordingly remained on board all night.

Many of the islanders were abroad early the following morning, expecting to see the little craft crushed in the jaws of the fierce euroclydon. All around the little craft the ice was broken, and adrift, the boat moving uneasily therewith. Her sides were pounded by driving floes, her decks showered with surf blown across them. Having had nothing to eat for several hours, Capt. Dodge—who possesses as many lives apparently as the proverbial feline—emulated “Eliza” of Uncle Tom’s Cabin fame by performing the stagey exploit of crossing on foot from boat to shore, and back again, with the broken ice swinging and bobbing up and down in the most threatening manner. This feat he performed successfully.

As the gale grew wilder, and the rising water came swashing shoreward over the inner rim of harbor ice, yet unbroken, alarm for safety of the “Ina” increased. Men collected in great numbers on the shore, and projecting piers, and an attempt was finally made to send a life-line out to the “Ina,” and three men in a boat finally succeeded, after great difficulty, in reaching her. The line necessarily very long was made fast to the “Ina.” It was impossible for her to get through the ice drift nine feet deep, so the shoreward end of line was fastened to a dock spile. The line held, and the “Ina” weathered the remainder of the storm in good shape, with only a bucket or two broken from her wheel.

HONORED FOR HEROISM BY "UNCLE SAM."

While threading her course among the isles of Lake Erie one night in October, 1906, steamer "State of Ohio"—of the Cleveland & Toledo line—ran afoul of the "Big Rattle," one of the isolated masses of earth and rock which serve to lengthen the tail of Rattlesnake Island.

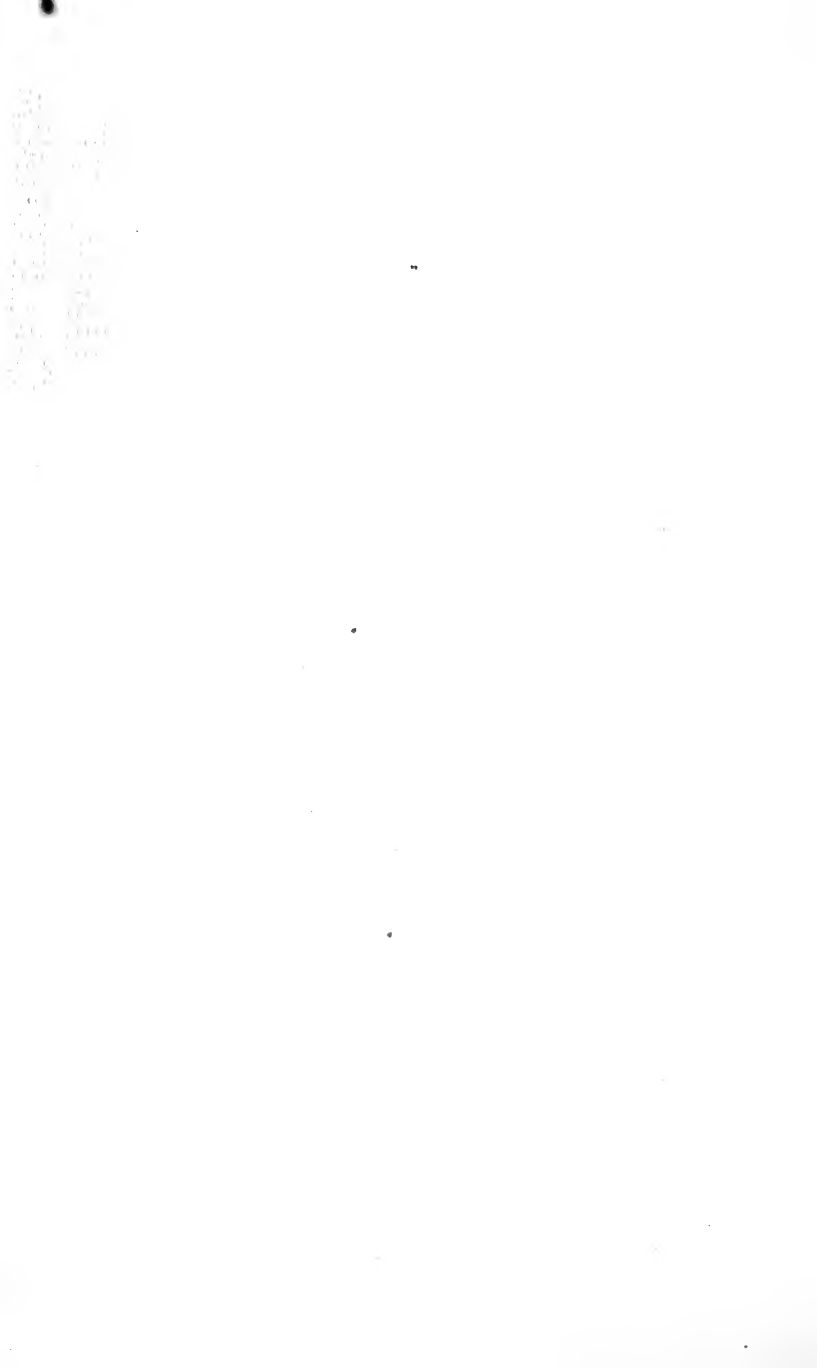
After pacifying the frightened passengers, and sizing up the situation, the engines were set working at full heat—by the captain's orders—but the big steamer proved to be hard aground and all attempts to free her were unavailing.

For several days following this accident, wrecking tugs—summoned by cablegram—assisted by boats of smaller size, pulled their hardest on the stranded craft, but failed to budge her. Their efforts were then interrupted by a violent gale, such as frequently sweeps Lake Erie in late autumn, and the wrecking tugs were forced to seek shelter at Put-in-Bay, where they remained storm-bound two or three days. While the blow was at its height, a distress signal, flying from the imprisoned "State of Ohio," displayed by Captain Sinclair, and two men left in charge, was observed by Put-in-Bay islanders, and reported to officers of the tugs. Heavy seas could be seen breaking across the vessel's decks, white wreathing her black hull with showering spray. In the belief, however, that Captain Sinclair and his men would be safe on the little islet, should she succumb to the pounding waves, and deeming hazardous any attempt to leave the harbor, the signal met with no response from the wreckers.

Having in the meantime abandoned the vessel, Captain Sinclair and companions found themselves marooned upon the tiny islet. They had no place to sleep, nothing



Wrecking Tugs Pulling on Steamer "State of Ohio"



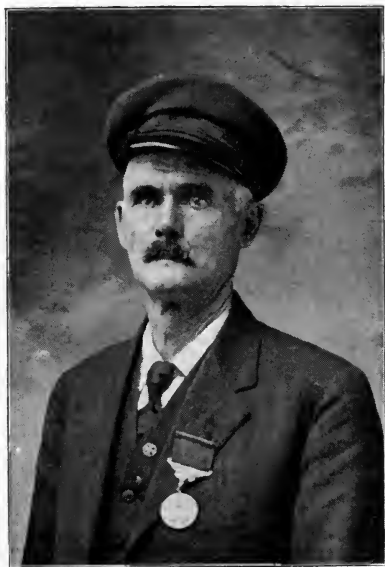
to eat, and no protection from wind and driving spray, save that afforded by a few bushes and trees. Rattlesnake Island was not far distant, but the man who formed its only inhabitant was away, and his hermitage closed. Though a reckless undertaking, they resolved to pull for Put-in-Bay, distant about two miles, in the steamer's yawl. When about half the distance between that place, and the "Rattle," a big "comber" lifted the yawl's stem high in air, unshipping the oars. The yawl broached and capsized, flinging the men beneath her. After a desperate struggle they succeeded in clutching the keel, to which they clung, though repeatedly submerged by the seas that swept by.

After drifting for the space of half an hour, the men became very weak from exhaustion. That they could not hold on much longer was evident; but Captain Sinclair tried to strengthen his companions with the hope that someone would see, and come to their rescue. Soon after, they saw a puff of smoke coming from behind Gibraltar Island—the shores of which form and protect the harbor of Put-in-Bay—then a small steam yacht, the "Wayward," shot into view. Commanded by Captain Elliott Dodge, known as the bravest seaman on the island waters, the sight newly inspired the castaways. Captain Dodge, however, was having a serious time. All the way out toward "Rattlesnake," he was obliged to run slowly, even stopping at times to allow the yacht to rise upon the sea crests, and thus clear herself of water, which kept the decks filled even with the bulwarks. The cabin was frequently submerged, and that the heavy seas would smash in doors and windows, filling the cabin and spaces below, was the captain's chief fear.

Sighting from shore the overturned boat, Captain

Dodge had immediately ordered "steam up"; but having reached the point near which he had noticed the boat, it was no longer visible. A wooden bucket and a drifting oar were hiys first guide marks. Then rising upon a sea crest within fifty rods, he suddenly saw three small objects which he made out to be three men clinging to the capsized boat.

Alone at the wheel, Captain Dodge signaled his crew of three men, ordering them to have lines and life buoys ready. Fearing that a huge wave might throw the "Wayward" down upon the boat, drowning the men before his eyes, Captain Dodge worked slowly. Getting near enough at last, the lines were thrown. In a faint voice, Captain



Capt. Elliott J. Dodge

Sinclair requested that his two men be rescued first. It was with the greatest difficulty that they succeeded in fastening the lines about their waists, and were drawn aboard.

By this time Captain Sinclair had become so exhausted that he could barely hold to the line. He seemed beyond help, indeed, for the "Wayward" had swung round into the trough of the sea and was rolling fearfully; but he drifted nearer and, as the yacht rolled her rail under, Captain Dodge—who had left the wheel—grasped and held him tight. As they drew the half-drowned man on board, they heard him faintly murmur, "Thank God!"

The rescued men were placed near the yacht's boilers, and covered with warm clothing. The craft then put back into the harbor, which she reached without further serious difficulties. On landing, the men were still very weak and one of the number had to be carried to a hotel.

Commenting on this occurrence, Captain Sinclair said that in all his forty years' experience as a mariner, he was never nearer death; and that but for the timely coming of Captain Dodge, and the cool judgment shown by him in handling his yacht, he would not be alive to make the statement.

A modest man—seldom given to exploiting his many daring deeds—Captain Dodge, when afterward questioned concerning the adventure, replied simply: "It was nothing," and went quietly on his way, thinking no more about it. At Christmas time, however, he found amongst his gifts a munificent sum of money presented by the grateful trio whose lives he had saved.

Later, when the facts became widely known, Captain Dodge was again surprised by the receipt of a gold medal,

awarded him for heroism, by the United States Government.

A CANOEING ADVENTURE AND ITS SEQUEL.

As a student at one of the leading colleges, and as a young man of fine ability, superior mental attainments, and an all-around athlete, Stanley Brown had won distinction among his many companions and friends.

Of the number, an especial chum and associate was John Nelson Williamson of Put-in-Bay. The two young men were school friends, in fact, and during his vacations, Brown was frequently entertained in the Williamson family, who occupied a breezy cottage near the west shore.

Brown and Williamson spent much of their leisure time in aquatic pastimes—fishing, bathing, boating; finally for a change taking up canoeing. The young men thought little of danger along any line of aquatic sports, and handled with agility their tricky and uncertain craft, becoming quite proficient in the use of the paddles. Their canoe was frequently seen upon the waters of bay and channel, and to the reminiscently inclined gave rise to suggestions of old Indian days.

Having friends at Catawba Island, the boys planned a trip thither in their canoe, thinking to give them a pleasant surprise. The mother and sister of young Williamson remonstrated at that which seemed an unsafe undertaking; but the boys laughed away the fears of the former and prepared for their adventure.

The trip across the South channel, made between daylight and darkness, was attended by no difficulty, and proved a most pleasurable adventure, the evening being fine and the lake smooth.

The canoers met their friends, enjoying with them a season of social pleasantries. The summer eve was short, and the hours sped rapidly—as hours always speed when filled with merriment and happiness—and it grew late before the adventurers gave any thought to the homeward trip.

At Put-in-Bay, in the meantime, the mother and sister of young Williamson watched anxiously for the boys' return, noting with concern the gathering clouds that began overspreading the night sky. Even as the watchers looked and listened for returning footsteps, a squall of great violence broke suddenly over lake and land. The wind blew a gale, and a sullen boom as of breaking waves mounted upward from a weatherward lying stretch of rockbound shore.

Thinking that the young men might have reached shore before the squall struck, and would soon be home, Mrs. W. and daughter maintained a spirit of hopefulness; but as moments lengthened, a feeling of misgiving crept into their hearts. This, however, was only momentary; for relying upon the skill and judgment of the canoers, mother and daughter hoped and believed that they had noticed the approaching squall and deemed it prudent to remain where they were until the morrow.

Morning dawned pleasantly cool. The wind had sunk to a zephyr and save an occasional dead swell that gently lapped the rocks, the waters rested. "The boys will soon be home"—so said and thought the watchers, but neither sight nor sound of their coming cheered the cottage dwellers, and into their hearts again came a sickening dread of possible disaster.

Hastening to a place from whence communication by telephone could be had, Catawba Island was duly wired, with inquiries for the absent ones.

Their worst fears were realized, however, when news came back that the canoers had left for home the previous night before the storm, and that nothing further was known of them.

The blow fell crushingly upon Mrs. Williamson and daughter, though they still hoped that somehow, and somewhere, the boys had found refuge. A general alarm was spread over the island. Adjacent islands were wired, and search parties dispatched in all directions. The overturned canoe was subsequently found, and later the bodies of the two canoers were picked up.

The occurrence was one of deepest sadness. A noteworthy feature thereof was the fact that only a few years before when John Williamson, and his brother Carroll, were small lads, they pulled out on the lake in the teeth of a withering gale, and picked up and saved from drowning, Wm. Bolles, of Toledo, a survivor of the yacht "Clipper."

"THE MYSTERY OF A SHIP."

Few are the neighborhoods that at sometime in their history have not been able to produce a haunted house. Some have boasted even more than one; saying nothing of haunted woods, and hollows, and other spook-infested places.

Haunted ships are more of a novelty: some are disposed to wholly taboo their existence; and yet we are assured on good authority that the real thing in this line can be produced.

The poet John G. Whittier graphically describes one of these haunted crafts in a poem entitled, "The Dead Ship of Harpswell."

The opening stanzas run as follows:

"What flecks the outer gray beyond,
The sundown's golden trail;
The white flash of a sea bird's wing,
Or gleam of slanting sail?"

"Let young eyes watch from neck, and point,
And seaworn elders pray;
The ghost of what was once a ship,
Is sailing up the bay.

"In vain o'er Harpswell neck, the star
Of evening guides her in;
In vain for her the lamps are lit,
Within thy tower, Seguin.

"In vain the harbor boat shall hail,
In vain the pilot call;
No hand shall reef her spectral sail,
Nor let her anchor fall."

Sounds a bit uncanny, yet vouched for was this phantom ship, by reliable old "salts" from whom the poet got his story first-handed.

By the simple fisherfolk of "Harpswell neck," it seems that the appearance of this spook ship was regarded as an evil omen, presaging the death of some one in that immediate locality.

Also vouched for are the spook stories innumerable told of the schooner, "Col. Cook," once familiar on Lake Erie.

Conceded to be haunted, not only, was the "Col. Cook," but haunted by very malignant and troublesome spooks that got the craft into all kinds of messes and made no end of worry and annoyance for officers and crew.

The "Col. Cook" was accused of many misdeameanors an strange and ugly tantrums. As to whether any of her many "controls" ever served as a cook, is a mooted question; though the ringing of the schooner's dinner bell at unseemly hours by hands unseen might lead up to this conclusion.

The craft had a habit, 'tis also asserted, of viciously dumping overboard the individual who thoughtlessly seated himself upon her railing. This she accomplished by an unexpected jerk, or by suddenly keeling over on her beam ends, when not a breath of air was stirring. An incident of this kind, it is said, happened off Sandusky, nearly resulting in the drowning of the steward.

Sailors looking for jobs fought shy of the "Col. Cook"—those at least who knew her reputation; and neither for love nor money could they be induced to ship on board of her, though the schooner's captain offered five dollars more per month than was paid by other vessels of her class. Seamen of a less superstitious makeup, who did not take stock in the stories told concerning the schooner, regarded as quite an inducement the extra wages offered; but a trip or two was all that they could stand.

Some of these sailors told strange tales about spectral forms appearing before them, when engaged with duties in the rigging, and about the decks at night; and that these uncanny visitors sought to relieve them of these

duties by assuming control, and persisting in changing the vessel's course, or bringing her to a stop. At midnight, when all save the deck watch were fast asleep and the cabin dark, the sleepers were sometimes aroused by the sound of musical instruments played close to their ears.

The entire crew of the "Col. Cook," it is said, were kept busy at times in keeping her before the wind. At other times, when sailing, the sheets would become unfastened in the most unaccountable manner, the booms swing away from their required position, and regardless of the wheelman's efforts, the vessel would go scudding before the wind.

All this time, covering a period of many years, the "Col. Cook" had been masquerading under an assumed name, in an effort on the part of her owners to hide the schooner's identity, for she was really the "Augusta." With this name was associated the greatest marine disaster that ever occurred on the Great Lakes. The schooner was responsible, in fact, for the sinking of the passenger steamer "Lady Elgin," on Lake Michigan, Sept. 8th, 1860, and the drowning of 375 passengers—men, women, and children.

The "Lady Elgin" was a Canadian steamer, named in honor of the wife of the Governor General of British Columbia and ranked at that period as one of the largest and finest steamers afloat on the Great Lakes.

The "Elgin" was returning from Chicago to Duluth with an excursion. She cleared from Chicago at about nine o'clock in the evening. Out a short distance on Lake Michigan, the lights of an approaching vessel were observed, and the "Elgin's" captain signalled that the steamer would pass to starboard. The approaching vessel proved to be the "Augusta," which kept straight on her course until

within forty-five yards of the steamer, when, without any warning, she veered abruptly and came tearing like a mad bull towards the passenger steamer. An instant later, the two vessels collided. The impact broke off the "Augusta's" jib-boom, and the remaining stump gored the "Lady Elgin's" side, smashing in the planking, and creating a gap of large size.

The crew of the "Augusta," it seems, made no attempt to save the steamer's passengers, but continued on their course after the collision. So tremendous was the rush of water through the "Elgin's" side, that in less than ten minutes, and before the boats could be launched, the steamer went down. Eighteen only out of 375 passengers succeeded in reaching shore.

Though on a smaller scale, the loss of the "Lady Elgin," formed a parallel to the recent loss of the "Titanic," in that she carried as passengers many people of great prominence. Among the number were seventy-five members of a widely known vocal society of Milwaukee. Col. Robert Ingraham, of the "London Illustrated News," was also a passenger.

It was afterwards claimed that when the "Augusta's" wheel was turned to starboard, the vessel immediately went hard a-port, causing her to butt into the steamer. The outcome of this gruesome affair was generally believed to be the results of a fiendish plot on the part of certain individuals on board the "Augusta" to sink the "Lady Elgin"; though the captain himself was exonerated from complicity therein. The schooner frequently docked at Milwaukee, and residents of that place who had suffered the loss of friends and neighbors, awaited eagerly the schooner's appearance in that port, swearing vengeance against her officers and crew, but the "Augusta" never

again showed up at that place. A week later, it is said, she set sail under the name "Col. Cook."

At one time when the "Col. Cook" lay sunk between the islands and Sandusky, her protruding masts attracted much attention from passengers of the island steamers. She was subsequently raised and floated, but only to get into further trouble.

The drowning of the "Col. Cook's" captain and mate on Lake Michigan in recent years, under peculiar circumstances that smacked strongly of the supernatural, formed the last of her more notable adventures, and closed her career as a sailing vessel.

Insurance men would take no chances on the schooner, and sailors would not ship on board of her. She was accordingly made into a tow barge. She then became to the marine world a nameless relic, a number supplying the place of a name. The old craft was finally consigned to that which is known as the "marine graveyard" for abandoned vessels at Cleveland, Ohio, where today her gaunt ribs lie rotting.

If in the hereafter schooners are required to give an account of deeds done while afloat, this one no doubt will be given a long and black score.

A poem entitled: "The Lady Elgin, or The Mystery of a Ship"—possessed of weird beauty and power, is extant. Below are given a few of its opening stanzas:

"Down, down a hundred fathoms deep,
The Lady Elgin lies;
Above her sunbright argosies sweep,
And the howling tempest flits.

“Lonely and lifeless, deathly still,
In the weltering cold abyss;
A thing for the drifting sands to fill,
And the wandering wave to kiss.

“Deep down, O mortal, down with me,
Till we stand in her grand saloon;
And gaze on a drowned ship’s mystery,
By the light of a drowning moon.”

A song entitled “The Lady Elgin” was also published soon after the sinking of that steamer, and became very popular, and is still heard among residents of the lake regions. The song runs as follows:

“Up from the poor man’s cottage,
Out of the mansion door;
Sweeping across the harbor,
And echoing along the shore,
Fanned by the morning breezes,
Drawn by the evening gale,
Cometh the voice of mourning,
A sad, and solemn wail.

“Hark, ’tis the voice of children,
Weeping for parents gone;
Children that slept at evening,
Orphans at wake of dawn,
Sisters for brothers weeping,
Husbands for missing wives,
These are the ties that were sundered,
In those three hundred lives.

“Staunch was the noble steamer,
Precious the freight she bore,
Gaily she swept the harbor,
But a few short hours before;
Gaily she loosed her cable,
Joyously rang her bell,
Little did they think ere morning,
It would toll so sad a knell.”

Cho.

“Lost, on the Lady Elgin,
Sinking to rise no more,
Numbered with that three hundred,
Who failed to reach the shore.”

Lights Out.



Viewed from the shores of Pt. au Pelee,
Largest of Erie's isles;
Limned darkly 'gainst the sea line gray,
Where castellated piles;

Of cloud shapes come and go again,
Appears a speck of earth;
Far Middle Island, looming plain,
Though small its size, and girth.

'Twixt "Uncle Samuel's" stamping grounds,
And Canada's domains,
This tiny islet marks the bounds,
And thus importance claims.

Out-reaching sands with driftwood strewn,
And rough rocks gird it round;
A lighthouse gray, a cottage lone,
Upon its shores are found.

There, hermit-like, once lived a man,
Who tended well the lights;
When winds were strong, and seas high ran,
On dark and stormy nights.

Towards them cruising mariners,
Oft turned an anxious gaze;
And fisher folk of Pt. au Pelee,
Hailed, too, the cheering blaze;

When in their tossing boats they neared,
A line of breakers white;
For "Chickanola" reef they feared,
Dim showing through the night.

Trusty alike in storm and calm,
The keeper long had proved;
For screaming gulls, and tuneful psalm,
Of breaking seas he loved.

But from the tower one starless night,
Was missed at last the glow;
Of Middle Island's beacons bright,
Athwart the sea below.

The fisher folk of Pt. au Pelee,
Marvelled, and shook their heads;
And watched for newly kindled ray,
Till late—then sought their beds.

But not to sleep, for anxious grown,
And full of questioning;
Their thoughts towards the lighthouse lone,
Persistently took wing.

Three grimy fishermen, next day,
Their pound boat early beached;
On Middle Isle, and soon the gray
Walled lighthouse tower they reached.

No sound upon the stillness broke,
No sign of life was there;
Save mocking echoes that awoke
When by the winding stair;

They climbed in speechless wonder wrapped,
Up where the lamps were placed;
There—calm in dreamless slumber lapped,
A ghastly pallor traced—

Upon his lips; the keeper lay—
An object now of dread—
For with the lamps, life's latest ray,
Had flickered—and was dead.

Lake Erie Light Keepers

THEIR TRIALS AND ADVENTURES.

Life as pursued in the lighthouses of Lake Erie, summer and winter, presents many interesting phases. "Uncle Sam" takes good care of his servitors, the lighthouse keepers, in their lonely isolation, and they in turn reward him with their faithful service.

As a rule the keepers of lonely light stations are retiring, like their homes. To be lonely in a spot so prodigal of attractions as "Parker's Point," location of



Put-in-Bay Lighthouse

the Put-in-Bay lighthouse, would be unreasonable indeed, if Thoreau is to be credited when he says: "There can be no very black melancholy to him who lives in the midst of Nature."

"Parker's Point" from the island's southwest extremity, and the road leading thither from the Bay, afford

a most delightful drive, even in winter. Pretty summer cottages and the less showy but more substantial dwellings of islanders are seen; the former closely barred and deserted, the latter with smoke curling over snow-white roofs. One's attention is also attracted by a succession of vineyards and peach orchards, which, even at this season, are not wholly destitute of life, though denuded of fruit and foliage, for the owners are abroad among them in white canvas coats with high storm collars, buckskin mittens and rubber boots, pruning away last season's superfluous growths. The highway grows rough with ledges of lime rock, finally narrowing to an unfenced wagon track that has never known the combings of a road scraper. Hedges of red cedar and snow-smothered copses appear, with new and charming scenic effect, at every turn of the erratic trail that brings us to our destination.

On the extreme point looms the lighthouse—not the gloomy, grey structure around which fancy has woven a web of romance, but an edifice of modern construction. It is the newest, costliest, and most practical for its intended purposes of all the lighthouses on Lake Erie. Unlike the old variety, which is pretty much all tower, affording small space for the tender's quarters, this modern house has plenty of room for all needs. The main building serves the purpose of a dwelling, the tower being the least conspicuous part, save as it adds to the general height. The occupants here live in comfort and even luxury. From the tower is obtained a fine view of the shore on both sides; native cedars fringing with their dark green the beetling bluffs, and fallen rock masses, and contrasting strangely with the ice hummocks below. Here, also, may be seen a marvelously beautiful object—the lense through which effulgence is shed over Erie in wild nights of storm,

for the benefit of mariners. This lense radiates all the colors of the prism. Its purchase price was \$1,500. Just now it is kept carefully covered, there being no use for it at this season, all Lake Erie stations having extinguished their lights with the close of navigation.

In matters of housekeeping, "Uncle Sam" is very particular—a regular "hen-hussy," in fact. From tower to basement, everything must be kept bright and shining.

During the summer outing season many tourists and other visitors are piloted up the winding tower stairs to the lamp room. Most important among summer visitors, however, and one who always comes unannounced, is the U. S. Lighthouse Inspector. On the occasion of his visit, everything must be found spick and span, even to the light keeper's uniform, in which he is expected to appear.

Winter brings immunity to the light keeper, both from government inspection, and curiosity seekers. At this season only the resident islanders pay their visits to the lighthouse family and find welcome and good cheer.

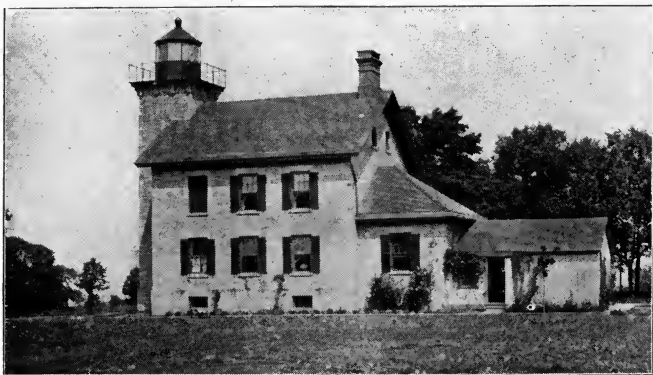
An example of what wind and wave can do may be seen upon the northwest side of "Parker's Point," after a hard wintry gale, when the ice is running. Huge ice drifts shove up and under the rocks, and, grounding in the lake at their base, pile to a height of from ten to fifty feet, forming a chaotic, yet marvelously beautiful spectacle. The abrupt shore in the immediate vicinity of the light station is accessible only at one place, where it is scaled by a flight of stairs, up which supplies are carried from the government lighthouse tender *Haze* which puts in at stated intervals for the purpose, when the lake is navigable, anchoring off shore.

While to the lighthouse of romance is invariably attached a tale of love or tragedy, so of this guardian of

“Parker’s Point” is related a story not lacking in tragic interest, although without the love feature. During the smallpox scare of 1898 a portion of Put-in-Bay Island, including the “Point,” was under quarantine. The lighthouse keeper had as a servant an old darky known as “Black Sam.” Half crazed with fear of the contagion, the negro tried to escape one night by breaking past the quarantine guards, but was unsuccessful. He then returned to the station, refusing to enter, remaining without and howling like a wild beast through the night. In the morning his dead body was found on the rock below, whither he had thrown himself. On discovering his fate the lighthouse keeper became insane and subsequently died in the asylum.

Put-in-Bay light was kept for several years by Mr. Mason now at Ashtabula. Present keeper is Mr. Duggan. The latter moved there from West Sister Isle, where with his family he spent five years.

Hibernating at Green Island, two miles to the north-



Green Island Lighthouse of Today—Photo by Geo. Ferguson

west of Put-in-Bay, may be found another employe of "Uncle Sam," George Ferguson, who has held the position of lighthouse keeper there since June, 1905, a faithful wife having been his only companion during that period.

Mr. Ferguson, the present keeper, has been in the government service for a period of fourteen years. Having served three years at the Ashtabula Life Saving station, he was appointed, in 1901, assistant keeper of Detroit River light.

A year later he was promoted to keeper of "Black River" light at Lorain, Ohio. After serving there two years, he transferred to Green Island, where he has been employed for the past eight years.

Mr. Ferguson and wife have rendered assistance to several small launches, and sail boats, while at Green Island, bringing them ashore, and caring for them until Mr. Ferguson could fix up their boats, and send them on their several ways.

In recent years, Mr. Ferguson has suffered much from ill health and his plucky little wife thinks nothing of jumping into a boat and pulling across a mile of open water, through all kinds of weather, for a doctor. Latterly, however, they have arranged a code of flag signals with the Put-in-Bay light keeper. When assistance is required, they signal from the tower. At night, lights are used instead of flags.

Mr. Gibeaut held the position of keeper on Green Island for several years, having many adventures; but Mr. Ferguson's immediate successor was owner of a splendid team of Italian greyhounds, and with a sled of ample size made daily trips across the ice to Put-in-Bay, carrying his children to and from school. The dogs were provided

with a light but fancy set of harness and made the run with remarkable swiftness.

This station is one of historic environment. The island contains about twenty acres of land, is government property, and consequently without state or county jurisdiction. The first lighthouse, erected in early days, was destroyed by fire, on the night of January 1, 1862—a night that stands on record as the coldest ever known in this country. Circumstances attending the occurrence conspire to form a story of thrilling interest, as graphically told by old timers, then young men and women.

A day of summer mildness had ended with a sudden change. A gale of terrific fury having sprung up, the mercury dropped, within an hour, from 60 degrees above, to 25 degrees below zero. At one of the halls on Put-in-Bay, a group of young people had assembled for a New Year's dance, and were gathered about a big "ten plate" stove trying to keep warm, while the tempest shrieked, and the building shook. Suddenly the windows were illumined by a flame that shot up over the distant tree-tops and soon was heard the cry: "Green Island lighthouse is on fire!" "Green Island lighthouse is on fire!"

A thrill of horror swept over the group, as swiftly upon each dawned the full significance of such disaster to the light keeper, Colonel Drake and his family alone on the little isle, the wild storm, the darkness, and the tremendous sea cutting them off from all human aid. The keeper's son, Pitt Drake, who was present in the hall, became frenzied with forebodings concerning their safety, and only with the greatest difficulty could the young man be restrained from launching forth in a small boat, which would have meant to him certain death.

A night of suspense—shared by the whole island population—drew at last to a close. Though the wind still blew, bitter cold held Lake Erie in its grip, and, heavy with slush ice, the water gradually calmed and froze rapidly until the two-mile stretch between the two islands was thinly bridged.

How the brave islanders who volunteered relief to the fire sufferers reached Green Island over that dangerous skim, still heavily undulating from the swell of outside breakers, remains to all but themselves a mystery.

Dragging a light cutter, and a boat, and provided with wraps and blankets for the unfortunates—if still alive—they reached the place. They saw not a soul and deep silence brooded over all. That the family had perished by fire, or freezing, was the grim conclusion forced upon the seekers. Later, however, they were surprised and relieved to find the lighthouse occupants in an outhouse used as a summer shelter for a cow. Colonel Drake, the light keeper, his wife and two daughters, Miss Sarah Drake, and Mrs. Gregoier, the latter's husband, and their child—six persons—were all tucked together under a feather bed, which alone saved them from death by freezing.

Gathered in the family sitting room, the evening before, no thought of evil had come to the station dwellers until they heard above the roar of the gale the sound of crackling flames; when the whole upper portion of the structure was found to be ablaze. Shortly before this discovery, they heard a cat, that had gone upstairs, jumping about and making a great racket. They then thought that the cat was playing, but afterwards knew that the imprisoned animal was smothering with smoke. The

family were about to partake of the evening meal when the discovery was made—so they had no supper.

Suffering from ill health, Col. Drake was physically unable to do much in this emergency, but served well in wisely suggesting and directing his son-in-law, Mr. Gregoier. While the latter and Col. Drake prepared to fight the fire by donning boots and coats, the women rushed in consternation from the house, Miss Drake with bare head and arms and slippers on feet. Mounting a ladder, Gregoier made a brave effort to stay the flames.

The lake was such a seething mass of running ice and spouting surf, that no one could go near it; but a cistern supplied water, and the women dipped it up in pails and carried it up the ladder; but the fire steadily gained and Gregoier was forced to retreat. They then gave attention to the saving of a few valuables, also a few pieces of furniture, Col. Drake assisting. The last article carried out by Col. Drake was the big government clock belonging to the light station. The clock was badly damaged by fire. It was afterwards sent away for repairs, and after the erection of the new lighthouse on Green Island, the clock was placed therein, where it again did service.

Thoughts of his family's precarious condition suddenly flashed upon the mind of the keeper. Unless he could secure bedding with which to protect them from the cold, they must inevitably perish, since no help could reach them until the sea went down. At his suggestion Gregoier darted into the burning structure and upstairs. Flames singed hair and beard, and smoke blinded and choked him; but he reached a bedroom, and with two ticks, one filled with feathers, the other with straw—rolled into a comforter—he threw them out of the window, and jumped, landing upon them. Hands and face were badly burned,

though he felt it not. Blown by the blast, uncurbed flames now leaped to full height, and in the vivid glare, lines of breakers, snowy white with foam, could be seen rushing shoreward. Breaking at the tower's rocky base, spray rose to a height of forty feet, freezing as it fell in showers upon the steps, and forming a literal pavement of ice along the fire's margin. This weird illumination, coupled with storm and darkness, and the roar of waves, and flames, combined to form a scene of the most savage grandeur. When nothing more could be done, Miss Drake, who had shown remarkable endurance, sank into an almost insensible condition. Examination showed that her ears, arms, and limbs were frozen stiff.

The bedding was removed to the stable and members of the family, including Miss Drake, were tucked in between the two beds. Col. Drake fished an iron kettle from the fire and put the girl's feet into it. Hot bricks were also taken from the fire and piled around the couch, where crowding each other between the two beds the six lighthouse occupants remained all night, and a part of the next day—their only prevention from freezing to death.

When rescued the next morning the unfortunates were taken to the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Stone, Put-in-Bay—nearest place to Green Island. Mrs. Stone had prepared in advance everything for their relief, and comfort. Afterwards, in referring to the circumstance, Mrs. Stone was wont to observe: "No one knows how I felt that morning: I didn't know whether to prepare for the living or the dead."

They were in much better condition than could have been expected, in fact, thanks to God, and the bedding saved. Some of the outcasts were given shelter at the home of Phillip Vroman. When sufficiently recovered

from the shock, and from their injuries, Mr. and Mrs. Gregoier returned to their home on Catawba Island, accompanied by Col. Drake and family.

Mrs. John K. Burg, of Catawba Island, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gregoier, and granddaughter of Col. Drake, is now the only one living of the six persons who were at Green Island the night of the fire. Though but a little child at that time, she retains a vivid remembrance of the events of that awful night.

More isolated than either of the above mentioned, is the light station on Middle Island, lying just across the international boundary, eight miles from Put-in-Bay. For a period of fifty or sixty years, the lonely dwelling connected with the grey towered structure, has had a succession of occupants. Sometimes a family, at other times a single individual, takes possession as light tender, where, during a considerable portion of the winter, the occupant is practically exiled, and leads a life as solitary as that of Robinson Crusoe.

One of the Middle light keepers of recent years, who lived alone, was found dead at his post by fishermen, who, missing his light, came to investigate. His lights had gone out for want of oil.

Of Jack Ludlow, another Middle Island light keeper, is related the following:

Jack Ludlow, the keeper of the Middle Island lighthouse, and Robert Carnegie, at one time employed as keeper of the Sandusky Yacht club, had a terrible experience Wednesday night when they lost the rudder of their 18-foot launch between Kelleys Island and Put-in-Bay and spent the greater part of the night adrift on Lake Erie.

The rowboat, which is kept for use at the lighthouse, worked itself loose in some manner and drifted out on the

lake about 8:30 o'clock and the two men set out after it in a small naphtha launch. They finally overhauled the boat and placed it in tow. Owing to the heavy seas, however, the boat partly filled with water and being tossed about in the heavy sea the painter in some manner caught in the rudder of the launch and tore it loose.

A heavy gale commenced to blow about 9 o'clock and although the engine of the launch remained in perfect order the men were helpless and at the mercy of the wind, which finally dashed them on the rocks on the eastern shore of Put-in-Bay near Deisler's beach.

The boat was lifted bodily over a ledge of rocks fully six feet high and left high and dry on the shore. The launch was partially demolished, eight holes being torn in her bottom, besides other damage.

The two men were completely exhausted and numb with the cold.

Concerning West Sister Isle, its lighthouse, and its lonely dwellers, many stories of thrilling and romantic in-



West Sister Island Light

terest have been told. A mention, clipped from a newspaper, may be noted in this connection:

Capt. Charles Fitzmorris, keeper of West Sister light, was in Toledo this week, stepping upon the mainland for the first time since Lake Erie froze over in December. Capt. and Mrs. Fitzmorris were the only persons on the island during the winter, practically imprisoned in mid-Lake Erie for nearly four months, during which time they had no possible means of communication with another human being.

West Sister Island, 13 miles eastward of Toledo harbor light, lies about a mile and a half north of the course of the Toledo & Put-in-Bay steamers. About 85 acres in area, it is owned by the government. A favorite stopping point for Toledo yachts during the summer, it is isolated during the remainder of the year. Several tragic events in previous years have been the result of this imprisonment by the elements. One keeper died on the island and his son nearly perished making his way over the ice to the mainland for assistance.

Capt. Fitzmorris provides against emergencies as thoroughly as possible, keeping several cows and beef cattle as well as large flocks of poultry over winter, and laying in a liberal stock of other provisions before the ice forms. This year, he says, the ice around the island averaged 32 inches in thickness and on the northeast shore was piled up far above the land level.

“Middle Ground” lighthouse, at Pelee Island, is a stately structure, romantic as to environment, and forms an important link in the chain of Lake Erie lighthouses.

Ranging with the station lights, here noted, and widely known, from its prominent position, to lake mariners, is the lighthouse on Point Marblehead—a massive

tower of marble whiteness, giving significance to the name. This station guards a dangerous coast, displaying a white



Marblehead Light Station—Photo by Otto Herbster

flash light of great power. Near at hand is the station, and "lookout" of the United States life-saving crew.

Cedar Point lighthouse, across from Marblehead, overlooks the entrance to Sandusky Bay, and might tell many a story of wreck and disaster; but of all situations, the

most trying ones are found upon the outermost "jetty," displaying the "range," or channel lights of Sandusky Bay. Though rising like a fairy palace out of the sea, the boom of breaking waves all around the cribbed structure when a Nor'easter sweeps Lake Erie, must be a bit disturbing, even to persons of nerve;

"With nothing but waves to seaward,
And the grim rocks toward the land;
The roll of the black clouds over,
And the breakers on every hand."

In winter, however, the jetty tender sings another song, a pair of skates or an ice yacht putting him in touch with friends on shore.



Jetty or Range Lighthouse

Tying a Row Together.

Out in the vineyard overgrown,
And dense, they worked 'mid spreading canes;
Fast to the wires they tied the vines,
He and she with infinite pains.

The lad was bashful, she was coy,
And wide apart were the rows they tied;
The maid's deft fingers flew apace,
The lad to overtake her tried.

Back and forth through the tangled maze,
They moved with bundles each of straw;
And though with haste John twisted ties,
He could no nearer Becky draw.

Back and forth till the lad perspired,
Yet still apart they widely kept;
Snubbed by a girl, and beaten, too,
Poor John was mad, though he almost wept.

But bye and bye, as swift she sped,
Our peerless tier later found;
A spot where vines wild running lay,
Sprawling, and matted on the ground.

John saw his chance—for deep chagrin,
His sense of gallantry obscured;
And soon he left her far behind,
Which paid him rich for snubs endured.



Wide Apart Were the Rows They Tied—Photo by Author

'Twas Becky's turn to take offense,
And though no word the maiden spoke;
Reproachful were her glances cast,
And John's deep set resentment broke.

He backward turned to proffer help,
And Becky glad acceptance gave;
So winsome were the maiden's smiles,
That bashful John grew strangely brave.

"How would it be"—he naively asked,
As toward the maid he craned his neck—
"For us to take a single row,
And tie it through together, Beck?"

Again, acceptance made him glâd,
And ever since, the matted canes,
On life's long row they've jointly tied—
He and she with infinite pains.



Tying a Row Together—Photo by Author

Grape Culture Among the Erie Isles.

Excepting a few orchards and an occasional garden, truck patch, or pasture lot, practically the whole area of the Bass Islands, including Put-in-Bay, Middle Bass and Isle St. George, is covered with vineyards from shore to shore.

The main portion of Kelley's Island is in like manner devoted to grape growing.

As to methods of cultivation, grapes are usually planted in rows about eight feet apart, there being a space of four or five feet between the hills. Posts of cedar are commonly used, and the vines are trained over three-wired trellises extending the length of each row.



Pruning Grape Vines

Pruning begins immediately after grapes are harvested in the fall, and may be continued through the winter

on until the 1st of April, at the vine-grower's discretion. Fall and winter pruning are considered as good as that of early spring—if not better—and it saves time during the busy season.

The islander has learned to cut his vines closely. While the crop produced on scant wood is not so heavy, the quality of the fruit is much better, and it ripens earlier and more perfectly than when the vines are crowded.

The grape brush is carried out with a pitchfork, or is dragged forth by means of a rudely improvised horse-rake, is piled into heaps and burned. The multitudinous bonfires from burning grape brush environing with smoke the islands round is a noticeable feature of an island spring and comes contemporaneously with early wood flowers, and dandelion greens.



Driving Grape Posts

Post driving next receives attention. This is done as soon as the frost is out of the ground, and before the ground gets settled. The wires are then repaired, stretched and tightened and the vineyard is ready for tying.

This is done with slender, wiry shoots of the yellow willow, cultivated for this purpose. Regularly each spring the trees are beheaded, and the young shoots trimmed into shape with a pair of grape shears, are bound into bundles and placed in a cellar, or damp place, where they are kept until required. Ties are of different kinds, and are very deftly and quickly made by adepts in the art, a single shoot forming from one to four ties, according to length. The canes are well spread, the ends being tied to the first and second wires. The willow bundle is fastened with a string about the tyer's waist, and the lengths are cut with a pair of grape shears. The black willow is sometimes used, but is brittle and breaks more easily than the yellow. The second tying takes place when the new foliage is well expanded, about the latter part of June. Rye grown for the purpose is used. It is cut with a sickle and bound into sheaves. With an ax, or on a feed cutter, the sheaf is again cut into 12-inch lengths and made into bundles. Long, heavy growths are tied to the upper wire, and the overlapping tops are in some cases broken off. From two to three straws form an ample tie, which is made the same as that of the willow. Should the straw become dry before using, it is moistened. Reeds, such as grow along the edges of land-locked bays and inlets, sometimes take the place of rye straw and work nicely.

That island grapes are a surer and more prolific crop, and bear a finer flavor than those grown on the mainland, is a generally recognized fact, due in part to natural drainage and corresponding dryness of the soil, and to the protection from frost—spring and fall—afforded by the great body of water surrounding the group. Seldom are these islands visited by the stinging frosts such as devas-

tate mainland sections. The season is later by two or three weeks, and the foliage retains its freshness longer. Late ripening varieties, including the Catawba—grape of commerce—are thus afforded ample chance to mature, and may hang upon the vines without injury until mid-November.

In an average season, picking begins the latter part of August, lasting until about the first of November. When girdling is employed to force the ripening, picking may begin at a still earlier date. For this early product, basketed and sold as table grapes, there is a sharp demand. Agents representing the commission houses of mainland cities are always on time with their bids, and when the grapes show a good color and are sweet enough to put upon market, without spoiling, the hustle commences. During the outing season the islanders are kept busy entertaining the thousands of summer visitors who frequent their shores, yet it remains for the autumn grape harvest to initiate the grand rush, in which almost the entire population joins. Cargoes of baskets arrive by island steamers; these are quickly seized and carried away by wagon loads. It frequently happens that there are not enough to go around, and as the first who come are the first served it is necessary for the shipper, anxious to push his harvest, to reach the wharves in time to grab a share of the baskets while they are going. The more provident, who have storage room, do not wait until the rush begins, but secure their baskets whenever convenient, storing them away until needed.

In former years table grapes were shipped in half-bushel baskets, but the size now in common use, known as "fifths," hold one-fifth of a bushel, and are handled by

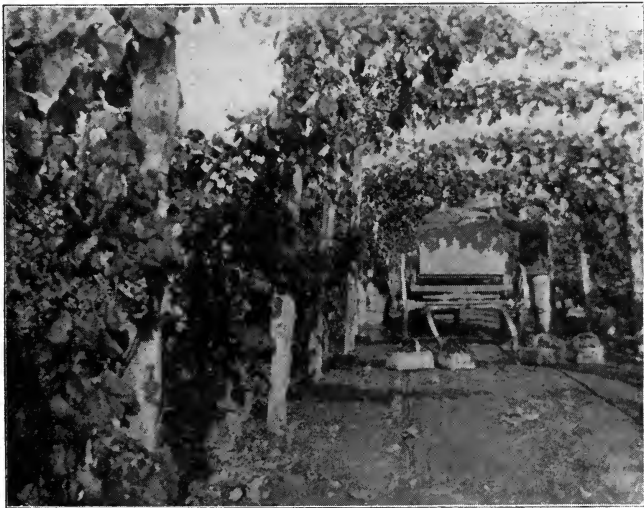
the commission houses. Another popular size holds about five pounds. There are still others holding eight and ten pounds. Small baskets are generally used in supplying the "fine trade." Especial care is taken in packing them with choice grapes that have been closely looked over. These are shipped to the order of large retail grocers in the cities.

On markets, wherever placed, island grapes command quicker sales and higher prices than are paid for the mainland product. Among staple varieties that figure in the early picking are the Champion, Niagara, Wilder, Warden, Massasoit, Salem—white and purple—Golden Pocklington, Noah, and Hartford. The Concord, Delaware, Norton's Virginia seedling and Ives seedling come next in order. The latest, the Catawba, leads in extent, as it does in value, representing a larger acreage than all of the other varieties combined and commanding in general a higher price.

Nearly every island dweller picks grapes, regardless of standing or occupation. Men, women, children, all take a hand at the grape harvest. Dishes go unwashed, floors unswept, while for visitors and book agents there is positively no show. The island forces not being sufficient, however, help from the mainland is also employed. Of prospects seen, or imagined, none offer such pleasing inducement to mainland girls as this. They are just crazy to go, not alone for the excellent wages to be earned, but for the enjoyment afforded. Numbered with this contingent from abroad, erudite schoolma'ams are found, together with stylish appearing shop and store girls—all out for a "tearing good time." That they have it, goes without saying. An individual who fails to appreciate

anything so delightful as an island grape harvest must be hopelessly prosy.

In the season's earlier stages considerable gleaning may be required to find the ripened clusters, but later, when every passing zephyr brings odors rare and deli-



A Vineyard Arbor—Photo by Author

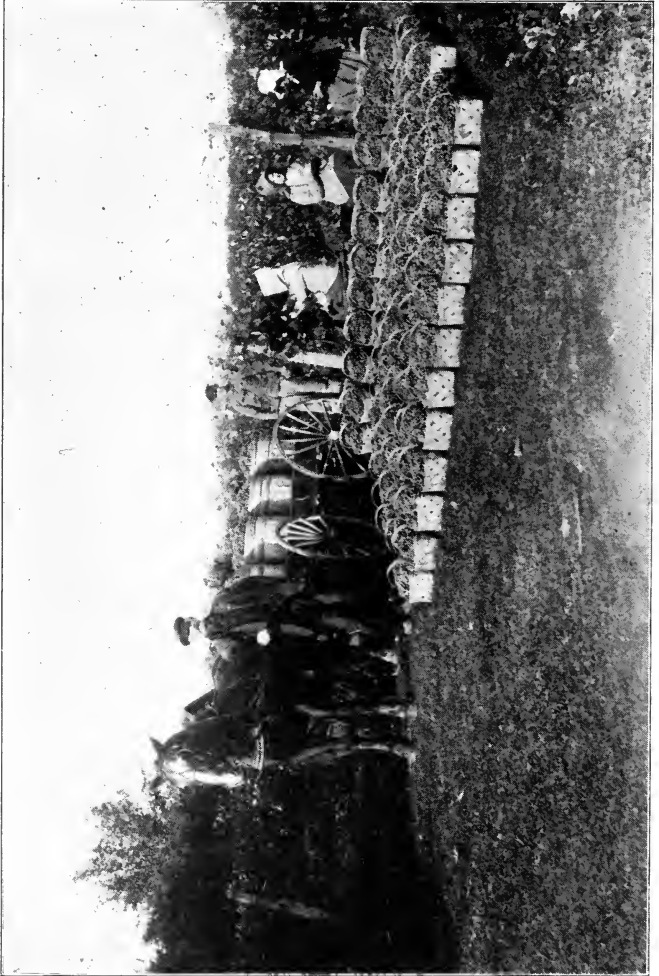
cious, from vineyards across which they have strayed, and the sweetness wafted outward over bay and channel tickles the nostrils of passing boatmen, then, by this sign it is known that the crop is fully ripe and ready to harvest. Then, too, have come the mellow days when skies show more deeply blue and the depth and blueness are duplicated on Erie's surface, and every bold bluff and ragged rock and flaming sumach is mirrored in the still water.

Shadows lie among the grape leaves, and lights softened by October haze show up the foliage in golden bronze.

Looking along the wide, straight rows, you may see upon each side only vines in heavy masses—apparently running wild—with distant patches of azure, showing where they end upon the lake front, but the rare clusters found nesting under the leaves, as you amble thru, form a pleasing revelation. Purple and olive, ruby and gold, according to variety—with a bloom upon each perfect berry delicate as frost-film, these clusters embody each a poem in itself. So thickly do they hang that in many places a basketful may be picked at one sitting. A bundle of baskets, a stool or a small box to be used as a seat, and a pair of sharp, short-bladed nippers, purposely made for grape-picking, form the grape harvester's outfit.

For the general trade, table grapes are picked over as closely as may be compatible with speedy work, the green, rotten, dry and wormy and broken ones being eliminated. The picking out of this refuse with the thumb and fingers of one hand is the speedier way, but the proper method is to cut out with the nippers. This leaves the cluster in better shape. When it inclines to be "stringy," the stem is cut out. Stems on all bunches are closely nipped.

For the "fine trade," extra time and care are taken in picking and packing. The "rounding up" of a basket in proper shape requires deftness as well as practice. Like a load of hay, it must be built out even with the sides. Under the handle it must be heaped high, with a gradual slope towards the ends, which—on account of stacking for shipment—must not bulge too prominently. Baskets



Vineyard Scene on "East Point," Put-in-Bay—Photo by Herbster

are covered with pink netting which is tucked under the rim with a sharp knife. The name of the sender and that of the company to whom they are consigned, appear on slips inside the covering.

In working a gang, two pickers to a row were formerly considered necessary. This proved a social and pleasant arrangement, especially for the slow plodder who was fortunate enough to secure a speedy partner, able and willing to keep up the working reputation of both; a felicitous plan also, where the parties in question represented a bewitching maiden and a susceptible young man. Incidentally, with only the row between them, the opportunities for live fun and frolic—saying nothing of flirtation and love-making—were never more propitious. Many an acquaintanceship begun in the vineyards of Put-in-Bay has culminated in a matrimonial alliance in which—it is assumed—the parties “lived happily ever after.” Howbeit, the vineyard owner of the present has got “a flea in his ear” of large size. Wiser and more practical, if less mindful of spooning couples and of slow goers generally, his cruel mandate—“One picker to a row”—is now being obeyed, with a perceptible increase in the amount of grapes harvested. Each picker must stand upon his or her own merits, and as each has a record to make and maintain, less time is left for hilarity, and less chance for spooning. No self-respecting member of the force wishes to be left behind; competition for the leading place is therefore excited and some lively races precipitated, in which the leaves fly one way and the grapes another. Those who first complete their rows are expected to help out the others. When the ends are finished they all start in upon fresh rows, and the race begins again.

However, there are drawbacks even to this delightful occupation, when the season grows late and green and gold have faded to a medley of browns. When chill rains fall and winds cut sharply across the lake, and mud and water stand in the rows, then to sit all day in the vineyard, tho bundled into voluminous wraps, is neither poetical nor pleasant. That, however, is the busiest time of all, for the grape grower is nervously anxious to get his crop off before the snow flies.

Preserved grape juice, or unfermented wine, is booming prices and working wonders for the grape grower. Unlike wine, this product can not be adulterated, and its use is approved by church and temperance people generally. It is prescribed for use in hospitals and is appropriate for sacramental purposes. In its making there is no working over of old pomace nor any addition of spirits or other hurtful substances. In transporting all the grapes shipped from the little archipelago, the capacities of the island steamers are frequently taxed to the utmost.

October Glintings.

Now through the smoky atmosphere,
Fantastic lights and shades appear,
And vibrant echoes far and near,
The island shores awake.

By wayside path and thorny hedge,
Along the copse's tangled edge;
And midst the miry marshland's sedge,
Dieth the Golden Rod.



In the Marsh Land

By fences rude, and cottage gates,
The noxious burdock grimly waits
With bold intent and sinister hate,
The passer-by to seize;

And "beggar lice," and "pitchforks" brown,
Bedeck the garb of fop and clown,
And ornament the maiden's gown,
In novel style and gay.

Where erst the campers' tents were seen,
Beneath the woodland's glossy green,
And forest giants intervene
Their wide extended arms;

Now broken stakes, and trampled earth,
Which relics of the camp begirth,
A vanished season's festive mirth,
Alone is left to tell.

Here leafy showers, with gentle pour,
Have covered all the woodland o'er,
From mossy glade to pebbled shore
With russet brown and gold.

Nestled within their earthy bed,
The leaflets rustle to my tread,
Or by the wind are briskly sped,
Over the channel wide.

Gone is the piquant summer girl,
With laughing eye and teeth of pearl,
And glowing cheek and glossy curl,
For summertime is o'er.

Dead are its myriad blossoms rare,
Vanished its day-dreams, bright and fair,
Faded the hopes that budded where
Dead leaves lie withering.

But why in tearful grief beside,
The place where leaves and flowers have died;
And rest in common burial wide,
Thus sadly linger now?

For these will shortly come again
And joy spring forth from bitter pain,
And nothing shall have lived in vain,
That we have fondly known.

And cruel loss, and fruitless toil,
And grief that made our hearts recoil,
Shall in a more congenial soil,
Prove but the goodly seed ;

To germinate, and grow and thrive,
Till hope and happiness revive,
For that they, too, shall e'er survive
Is universal law.



"The Gamy Bass."

So turn we then from pensive themes
To where the wavelet brightly gleams,
And genial sunlight golden streams,
The vistaed groves among.

Still brightly mid the trees which crown
Yon rugged bluffs that lakeward frown,
The tall oaks touched with reddish brown
A softened splendor shed;

And maple boughs, and cedars old,
Display a wealth of green and gold,
While sumach flaunts in crimson bold,
Beside the naked thorn.

Full of its own deep mystery,
The sky soft blending with the sea,
A portion of eternity
Vaguely suggestive seems.

Along its blue line pencilled black,
A smoke trail marks the steamer's track,
And cruising vessels slowly tack
Against the channel breeze.

White sails upon our vision grow,
And loom against the Western glow,
Then fading wraith-like from us go,
Into the distant haze.

A filmy veil enwraps the isles,
And each through gauze of purple smiles,
With all the captivating wiles
That youthful maidens know.

Fair "Middle Bass" her greeting sends,
And "Rattlesnake" its length extends,
And rocky Gibraltar blends
To form a picture rare.

Now rests in dreamy solitude,
The lonely isle where Perry stood,
While ballast from its surface rude
Was taken for his ships.

But in Lake Erie's diadem,
And on her jewelled garment's hem,
The fairest and the brightest gem,
Is storied Put-in-Bay.

Here resting in their earthy bed,
Where willow branches thickly spread,
And yellow leaflets freely shed,
Perry's dead heroes sleep.

Encircled wide by belting beach,
Inland the tranquil waters reach,
And bay and inlet mirror each,
The cragged, carven rocks.

* * * * *

Not freely run the gamy bass,
And in their light skiffs sportsmen pass,
With hooks of steel, and spoons of brass,
These finny to beguile.

Anon their voices blithely ring,
And wooded cliffs the echoes fling,
As outward bound they gayly sing,
The theme to them most dear.

On Italy's soil, in sunny France,
Nor yet when Rhenish waters dance.
And golden sunbeams warmly glance,
Through skies of deepest blue,

Is found no spot more brightly fair,
With vintage grown so richly rare,
Sweet scenting all the dreamy air—
Than on Lake Erie's isles.

There witching views the sight commands,
Unbroken stretch the vineyard lands,
Enclosing with their purple bands,
The lovely pictured shores.

There interspersed with rows between,
And picturesquely clad are seen,
Athwart the mild October sheen,
The island maidens fair;

And blithely 'mid the foliage dun,
They gather grapes and have their fun,
And into mellow rhymelets run,
With careless grace and free.

FROM GOLD TO GRAY.

Serenely fair, the Autumn day,
Now softly melts from gold to gray,
And lengthened shadows thickly lay,
The vineyard rows among.

Slowly the evening steamer threads
Her course by "Ballast reef" and heads
Bayward, while sunset golden sheds
A brilliance over all.

So when for me life's sunset glow
Shall o'er my path its radiance throw,
Thus may I pass from all below,
And bid the world "Good Night."

Catawba Island. the Great Peach Growing Center of Ohio.

“Why, and wherefore an island?” This question is usually the first formulated and put by the curiosity seeking stranger who approaches Catawba Island by stagecoach from Port Clinton—which, by the way, is the most available, and at certain seasons the only feasible, route thither.

A trip to an island by stagecoach, instead of in a boat! The idea appears anomalous as it is novel: something similar to going to sea by rail, and, to discover how the thing is done, grows into a matter of keen interest as the observer progresses.

His geography informs him that an island is “a body of land entirely surrounded with water”; and looking ahead—as the driver whips up his team—he vaguely wonders where, and how far along, the water lies, and how they are to get across it. Imagine, then, his complete surprise when, after a jaunt of several miles, the driver informs him that the mainland is already far behind, and that they are now on Catawba Island. Had the stranger turned back a few miles over the route, to a place where the two main thoroughfares, the “sand road,” and “lake-side” road, form a cross, or fork, he might have been shown a narrow ditch with an unpretentious bridge thrown across it. This ditch, terminating at the lake, is all that now serves to make Catawba an island. Old settlers can remember, however, a narrow but clearly defined



Port Clinton and Catawba Island Stagecoach.

channel that extended between it and the mainland. Among the Indians who as late as 1831 made the wilds of Catawba a rendezvous, there was rife a tradition that the course of the Portage River extended originally where only the ditch now remains, and that the water of this river, flowing towards its outlet at West Harbor, formed the island.

The southwestern portion of Catawba—an attenuated neck of land—reaches to a point within about two miles of Port Clinton. Advancing in a northeasterly direction from this point, the island gradually widens to a breadth of about two miles. Its length is seven miles, with a shoreline—following the numerous projections and indentations—of considerable length.

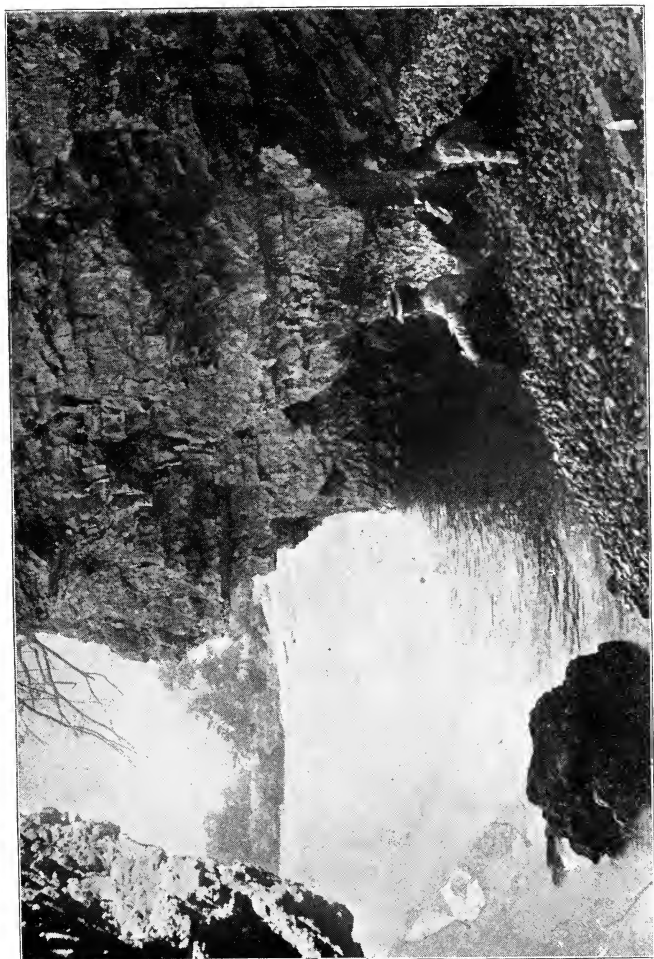
The ditch, aforementioned, gradually widens into a channel, and the channel into quite an expansive body of water known by the above-mentioned name of “West Harbor,” “Middle” and “East Harbor” lying adjacent.

The island's westerly shore is broken by a line of high bluffs—lime rock formations, cave indented and picturesque. "Sugar Rock," a curious formation on the west shore, rises conelike into view, a small lake at its base. "Sugar Rock" formed a spot well known and favored by the Ottawa Indians, by whom it was used as a burial site for their dead; and when before the tribe finally departed for hunting grounds farther westward, representatives thereof were accustomed to revisit annually these graves, there to perform their weird ceremonials.

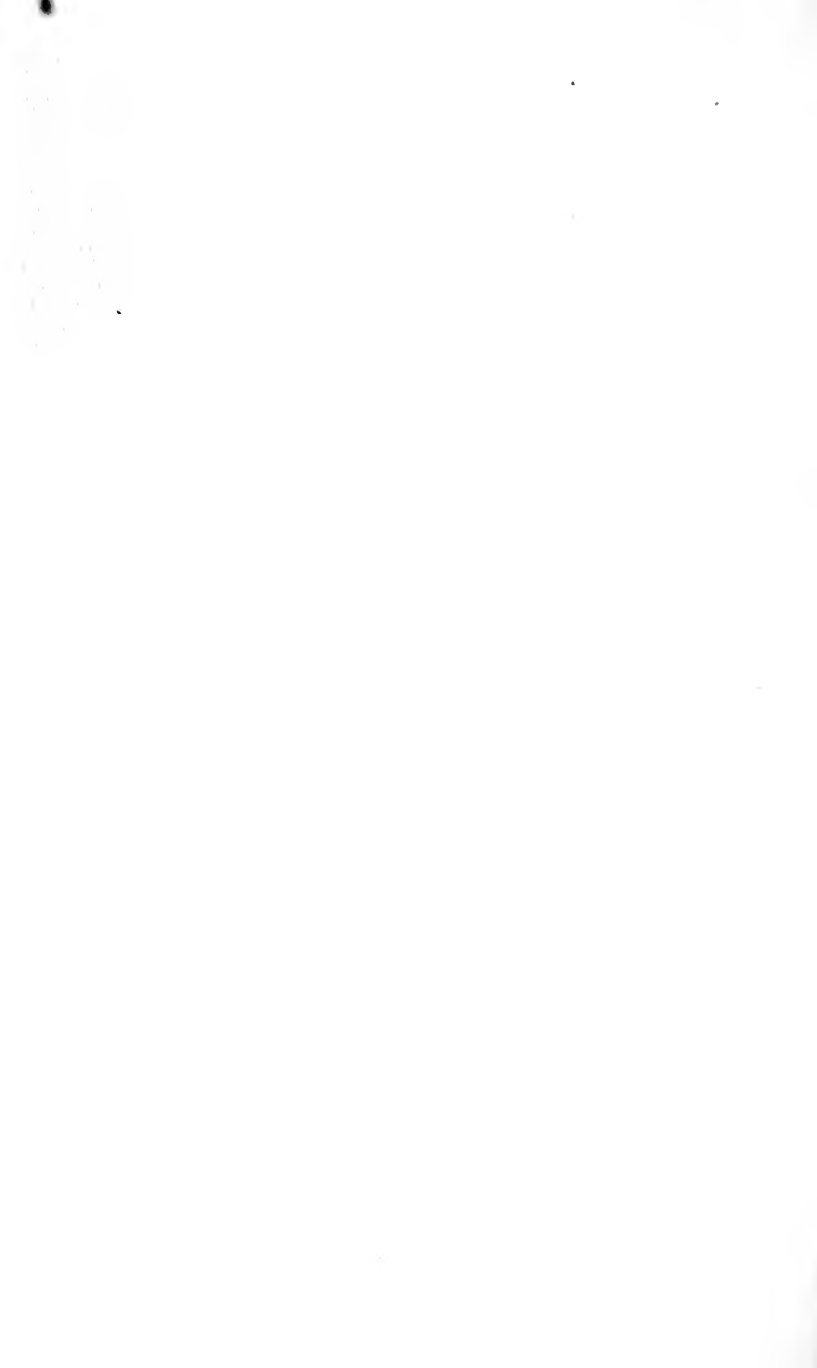
Numerous relics, including arrow heads, coins, pipes, hatchets and human bones, have there been unearthed in recent years.

"Moore's Dock," on the west shore, a place of some interest, is approached from one of the main thoroughfares by a branch road that threads its way among peach and pear orchards, interspersed by thrifty corn patches, and truck gardens. "Sugar Rock," to the left, is covered also with well tilled and thrifty orchards. Water lilies float on the surface of the lake at its base, which, viewed in its setting of trees, vines, and wild vegetation generally, forms a pretty picture.

A number of handsome summer cottages are here located, together with those of island dwellers. Moore's Dock forms also the headquarters of one of the island fish companies, G. W. Snyder & Son. In addition to a warehouse, twine, packing, and ice houses, and a small boarding house known as "Apple Cottage," the company employs quite a number of men and boats, and operate a large number of nets. Viewed from Moore's Dock, on a clear day, the court house tower, spires of churches, and prominent business blocks in Port Clinton, are plainly



West Shore Cavern, Catawba Island





Moore's Dock, Catawba Island

visible. Many handsome residences and fanciful summer cottages are noted at different points southward of this place, and on every portion of the island. Port Clinton is the official seat of Ottawa County, of which Catawba Island forms a township.

“Peachton,” once a post office, was robbed of this honor by the introduction of the rural delivery. The place boasts of a church—Methodist Episcopal—and a school-house. The island cemetery, a well kept and beautiful spot, is also located near Peachton.

The northeast shore abounds also in scenery of an attractive character; a secluded, but breezy and restful location, where several handsome summer cottages scattered along its curving line are occupied by Pittsburg people of wealth, and prominence, who with servants, automobiles and other transferable luxuries, come to spend the sultry months of summer.

At the island's extreme point is situated that which is known as "Ottawa City." It's not much of a "city," at present date, though a delightful location for one.

The circumstance which gave rise to the name about sixty years ago, was the introduction of the cement industry, which promised great things for the island and "Scott's Point," as the outer projection was then termed. So sure of the rapid development and building up of the point, were the inhabitants, that after christening it Ottawa, after the Indian tribe that last occupied it, they tacked on "city." The commercial outlook at that time was such, indeed, as to induce sanguine conclusions. A few facts concerning the cement boom, as given by a Catawba resident, are annexed:

J. R. James, a New York capitalist, it seems, had at some time in the island's history become owner of considerable land along the west shore near "Scott's Point." Strong in the belief that a good quality of cement could be made from limestone, there found in quantity inexhaustible, Mr. James erected extensive works for the production of cement, one J. S. Dutcher being employed as builder, and superintendent. A large force of men were employed to quarry the stone, and to run the works, and much interest in the project was manifested. For various reasons, however, the business did not prove as remunerative as had been expected, and after a five years' trial the enterprise was abandoned. Though not officially so stated, it was understood that the shipment of an inferior lot of the commodity, on one occasion during the superintendent's absence, spoiled the market and permanently injured the trade. The machinery was removed to an Eastern field of operations; but the large warehouse,

the deep overgrown quarry, and the limekiln connected with the plant, still remain—picturesque relics of the boom that bursted.



The Old Limekiln

Still another opportunity remains, however, whereby "Ottawa City" may yet become a city in reality, as well as in name. This undoubtedly may be accomplished by an extension of the peninsula electric line to Ottawa Point and connecting this terminal with Put-in-Bay by means of a ferry line. In this way Catawba Island may be made easily accessible, a condition that would bring thither a great many people who otherwise would never see this interesting bit of creation.

Ottawa City, of the present, forms an attractive little burg with a beautiful shore front, including a fine view



Looking Shoreward from the Fruit Docks

of "Mouse" Island—owned by heirs of the late Ex.-Pres. R. B. Hayes.

An ample pier, built by the Catawba Island Fruit Co., affords accommodation to steamers of large size, a large warehouse built thereon furnishing space for thousands of bushels of peaches shipped annually to Detroit, and elsewhere.

The Port Clinton steamer "Falcon" also makes this dock a regular landing place.

The dock and warehouse of the Booth Fish Co. occupy still another shore point. This company does an extensive business. A fruit warehouse owned by J. P. Caugney fronts on one of the principal streets. A half dozen hotels and boarding cottages once formed a part of the place, but

one of the number, the "Pittsburg House," was recently destroyed by fire.

"Lake View House," owned by J. W. Gamble, is widely known and favored by a large circle of summer patrons,—the island being quite famed as a summer resort, in spite of its isolation.

For many years past Mr. and Mrs. John K' Burg kept their doors open to summer people, having a commo-



"Lake View House"

dious and attractive home in a tree-clad nook of the beautiful shore. Though the recent death of her husband left Mrs. K' Burg alone with the cares of the place, their

old friends, the summer people, still remember her and the location.

Still another old stand at Ottawa City is the general merchandise store, of which C. C. West was proprietor for a period of forty-five years. Mr. West, who is the oldest man on the island, recently celebrated his ninetieth birthday by retiring from business and taking a vacation. He was also postmaster for a number of years. Leon Stevens and Lake Owens are the new proprietors. Mr. Sharp keeps an ice cream parlor and bowling alley.

A neat schoolhouse serves the wants educational of the youthful islanders, and two churches, Episcopal and a chapel devoted to union services, point the morals and religious sentiments of the community.

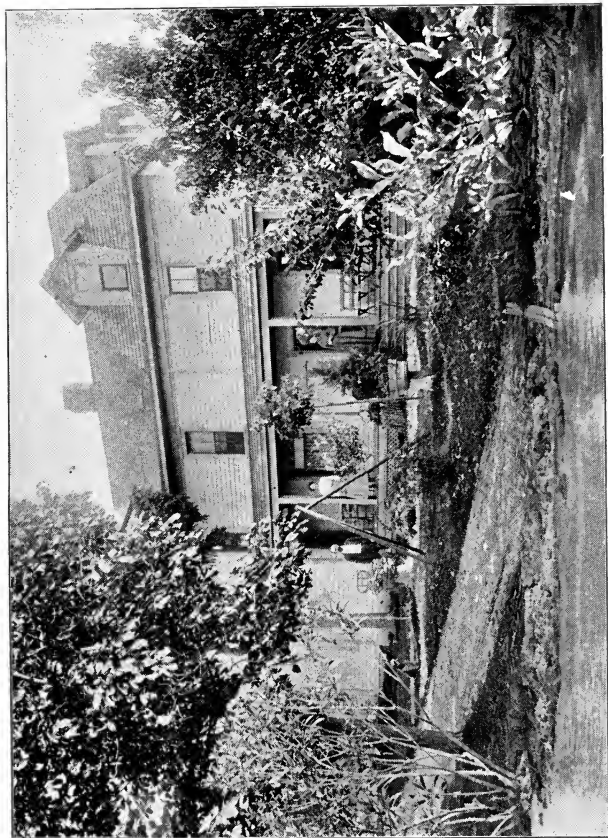
In the place are many attractive residences. The Ottawa City dwellers are now paving their way to city honors by introducing stone paved thoroughfares, and their hopes will thus be fixed upon a more solid basis than when the stone was made into cement.

An ancient shore line, set with crags and punctured with cavernous openings, crosses Catawba Island—interesting alike to the geologist, and nature student. There are many varieties of plants also, such as are found in but few other localities. A line of broken and picturesque rocks along the west shore abound in romantic scenery.

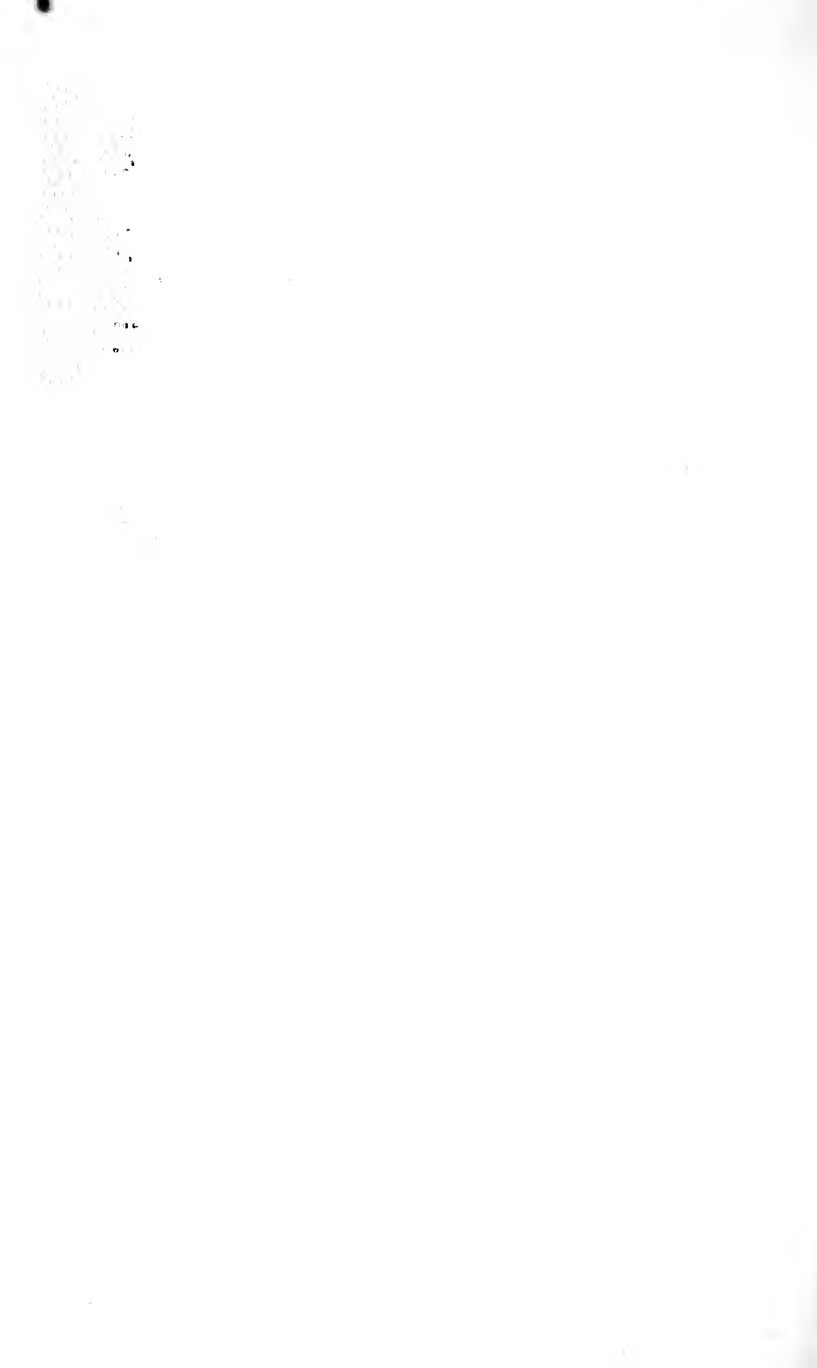
Thanks to the "Nellie Strong," and her master, Capt. Eli Rogers, the islanders are afforded facilities by which they may reach Sandusky and adjacent islands by boat.

The tug "Major Wilcox" is frequently seen at Catawba during the fishing season.

While Mr. C. C. West holds the honor of being the oldest man on the island, Mr. Lorenzo Bailey is known as

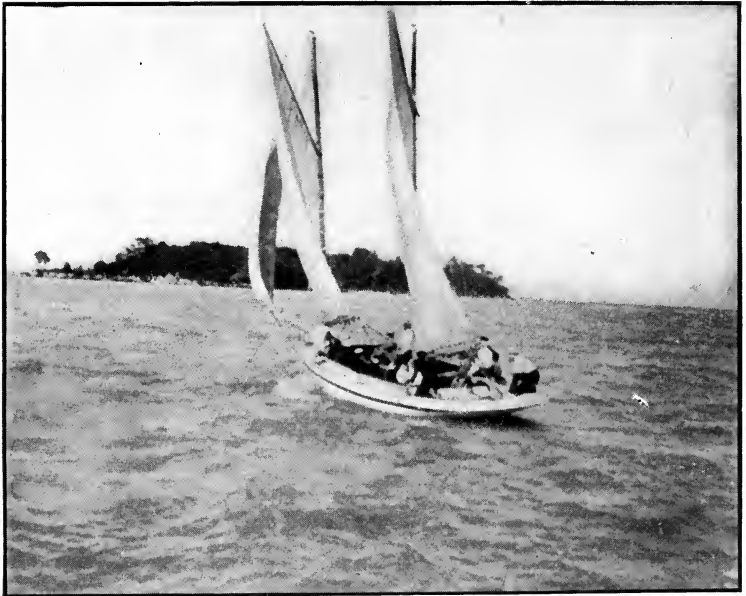


Residence and Boarding Cottage of Mrs. K' Burg



the oldest settler. At the age of eighty, Mrs. Flora Porter is a round-faced, sprightly woman, with a clear memory of the early days.

Returning once more to the subject of the Pt. Clinton and Catawba Island mail route—taken all the year



The "Nellie Strong"—"Mouse" Island in the Distance

through, it is probably one of the most interesting and important found in Ohio. Especially is this true in winter. Below is what a Cleveland newspaper says of the route:

J. P. Cangnay of Catawba Island retired from the mail-carrying service yesterday, after having been con-

nected with the Catawba Island route for fifty years. Mr. Cangnay has been connected with the mail carrying and passenger business all his life, as was his father before him. His contract expired June 30, when he was succeeded by William Stevens, who received the contract for \$725 per year.

The post office is located on the extreme north end of Catawba Island, nine miles from the Port Clinton office and four miles by water from Put-in-Bay. The greater part of Catawba Island is supplied by rural free delivery. The island mail is a star route contract between there and Port Clinton, on the New York Central, and this mail is carried every day in the year except Sunday. During December, January, February and March the Put-in-Bay, Middle Bass and North Bass mails become a part of this contract and an extra trip every day is made to accommodate Put-in-Bay people. This makes two round trips a day for the Catawba Island carrier, in the very worst of stormy winter weather.

Mike Carney, six feet five in height, has been a faithful driver for Mr. Cangnay for many years and is well known by the many Cleveland, Cincinnati, Columbus, Pittsburg and Toledo people who spend their summers on the islands. Many a good story can be told of Mike and his various experiences during his cold winter drives.

Everything dead or alive is hauled by the mail carriers in the same conveyance. If the island people are in need of anything in the line of express or freight, a dead hog or a live one, even caskets for the dead, their wants were made known to Mr. Cangnay, by phone, and he was at their service. And their needs were cared for at the required time. Many times the mail wagon would carry a coffin and in the same rig would ride friends of some

dead person at Put-in-Bay. All would be loaded into the little boat and hauled across the lake by the Morrison brothers, who risk their lives during the winter months in getting the mail to and from the mainland to the islands.

Since the above was published there have been additional changes—"Mike" Carney, the driver of reminiscent memory, has crossed "The Great Divide," but his team of brown bays still does duty on the route.

The Peach Growing Industry of Catawba Island.

A seeming misnomer lurks in the appellation "Catawba," as applied to the island when its surface was covered with vineyards—the Catawba grape figuring most prominently and suggesting the name, once appropriate; but having passed through an evolutionary period, the island is now transformed into a paradise of peach orchards, such as can be found in no other portion of Ohio. Few, indeed, are the vineyards found at the present date on Catawba. The few that still remain show many



Scene in a Peach Orchard

peach trees planted between the rows.* When these come into bearing, the vines will be dug out.

J. W. Gamble and A. S. Reynolds each planted about 1000 peach trees on Catawba about thirty-five years ago, this being the first attempt there to raise peaches for market, and their neighbors called them "crazy." The experiment worked so well, however, that hundreds of vineyards were subsequently uprooted to make room for peach trees.

J. W. Gamble had been engaged in orcharding for quite a number of years in Highland County, Ohio, previous to 1861 and left a fine peach orchard just coming into bearing to enlist in the 2nd O. V. I., which was later engaged at the battle of "Bull's Run." The two men above mentioned were the pioneers of peach culture on Catawba Island.

The greater part of the arable land on Catawba Island is now planted in peach orchards.

Until the introduction of the Elberta the varieties mostly planted were Smock, and Salway; though a dozen or more varieties—early and late—were planted in limited area. Today, the Elberta has the lead, and comprises probably three-fourths of the trees now in bearing.

Probably the largest orchards on Catawba are owned by Mrs. W. H. Owens, Cal Brown, Geo. Rofkar, and Frank Lathem. Others—most of the growers in fact—have what may be termed large orchards.

Methods of cultivation are practically the same as with a crop of corn, the land being plowed and harrowed in the same manner, spring tooth harrows and cultivators being used.

An important part of cultivation consists in digging out the "borer," spring and fall, or using some means to kill them in the root.



Docks of Catawba Island Fruit Company

Spraying as a preventative of "San Jose" scale, and other parasitic diseases is regarded of great value.

As to marketing, about one-third of the crop is shipped over the Fruit Company's docks, via Str. "Kirby," and other smaller boats. The other two-thirds are shipped from the railway stations—Port Clinton and Gypsum.

To the uninitiated, a ramble through the peach orchards of Catawba, in picking time, is a revelation.

By means of "graders," the peaches, when taken from the trees, are speedily separated into lots according to

size. Bushel baskets are used for shipping the fruit, and most of the peach wagons are three deckers, drawn by double teams. The lineup of peach wagons at or near the fruit company's docks, is a sight to behold.

Still more formidable is the procession of Catawba peach wagons as noted on the streets of Gypsum, or Port Clinton—market centers—on an average busy day.

The Last of the Ottawas.

The Ottawa Indians, who as a tribe had made the wilds of Catawba Island a favorite hunting ground, finally left that place in 1831, going farther westward to the more unsettled country beyond Upper Sandusky.

Regarded in the light of our present civilization, it seemed a cruel, not to say inhuman, act with which these Indians closed their island career; for they left behind one of their number, a squaw with seven papooses. The reason given by the Indians for so doing was that she was "not a true squaw." In what way she had proved untrue does not now appear; but at any rate, she was discarded and deserted by her relatives not alone, but also by her tribe; and but for the coming of the pale faces, it is hard to say what would have been her fate.

This woman's name was "Mo——John"; she occupied a tiny hut, and was very eccentric.

A family named Tillotson—who came soon after the Indians left—are said to have been the first white residents of the island.

In 1832, Mr. W. Porter and family arrived from Fairfield, Conn.—the trip occupying one month. Reaching the peninsula—while looking for a place to settle—Mr. Porter hired an Indian to paddle him across the harbor in his canoe to that which is now Catawba Island. The redskin, however, would not permit Mr. Porter to step into the canoe unless willing to lie down and allow the former to stand over and to hold him in place with his

feet. "No trust white man," muttered the Indian, who apparently feared that his passenger might upset the craft.

It was difficult for Porter to submit to such proposition—thus placing himself in the Indian's power—but there was no alternative and Porter was forced to accept the terms, which he did with the best grace that he could



Relic of Pioneer Days at Catawba—Photo by Miss Riley

assume, keeping an eye upon the redskin. The latter performed well his part, however, safely landing his passenger.

The Tillotson family and the Indian woman and her family were the only inhabitants found when the Porters settled on the island, though other settlers arrived shortly afterwards, including Charles Porter, a brother to W. Porter.

These settlers lived mainly by hunting and fishing, crossing in their boats to Canada from whence they obtained ammunition, and other supplies.

The first religious services were held at the cabin of W. Porter by Rev. John Thompson, a Methodist circuit preacher.

That the Indian woman and her numerous offspring were not the most acceptable of neighbors is probable; still, the whites were too humane to see them suffer, and so befriended them as best they could. Later, some of these little Indians died, which doubtless was "a blessing in disguise," though the manner of their demise excited no little comment.

A cow kept by the "Mo——John" woman had died from the effects of having eaten of a poisonous plant known in early days as "tremble-weed." After the animal's hide had been removed, the woman was desirous of using the flesh as beef, but her white neighbors warned her to be careful, saying that the meat might also prove poisonous. In answer, the woman intimated that she would try it first on her "dogs and children," before partaking of it herself. This she did, with the result that all of the children died excepting "Betsy," who was then living in the family of Charles Porter. Later, the "Mo——John" woman died, and Betsy Mo——John became the last relic of her tribe left on the island. Betsy inherited some of her mother's eccentricities, and was generally regarded as very "queer." She earned a living by working around, among the settlers, and finally married a white man named Lenkent, with whom she lived until his death, which occurred some years later. Betsy afterwards married another white man bearing the name of *Bonnet*. Betsy Bonnet removed with her husband from Catawba Island to "Bogart's Corners," near Sandusky, at which place she died in 1909, at an advanced age.

Fish Hatchery Work at Put-in-Bay.

One of the most important industries of this country, having for its object the production and conservation of food supplies, centers in the work of the State and United States fish hatcheries. Of these, the most extensive found on fresh water are stationed along the Great Lakes, the hatcheries at Put-in-Bay being listed among the largest and best equipped establishments of the kind in America.



State and United States Fish Hatcheries, Put-in-Bay

Formerly directed by a body of officials designated as the United States Fish Commission, the Government branch of the work now flourishes under management of the Department of Commerce and Labor, and its scope is annually broadening.

The Government hatchery at Put-in-Bay was erected about twenty-four years ago, an appropriation of twenty thousand dollars having been set aside for this purpose; though the cost of additional improvements, since made at different times, aggregates a much larger sum.

The changes more recently made in the buildings and apparatus have materially served both to increase capacity of the establishment and to facilitate its work, which at the beginning was largely experimental—made necessary by the rapid decrease of food fishes, due to lax laws of former years, which gave almost unrestrained freedom to gill netters, poundmen, and trap netters, who combined to make up the innumerable contingent of lake fishermen.

Operations at this hatchery began under the superintendence of J. J. Stranahan—formerly an Ohio state senator, also an expert in fish culture—under whom the task of restocking the decimated waters met with unqualified success, as shown by a perceptible increase of fish in lake Erie.

Advantageously situated on a projection of land known as "Peach Point," overlooking waters of bay, and harbor, the hatchery had formed for many years a picturesque point in the landscape, when its dignified position was further strengthened by the erection close beside it of a State hatchery.

Though less imposing in appearance, the latter adds materially to the general effect, besides forming an important adjunct to hatchery work in the aggregate.

From the "Bay" center, "Peach Point" is approached by a circuitous road following the shores of "Squaw Harbor." Grounds of the hatcheries show the usual care required of his employees by "Uncle Sam," the fronting

lawns, that slope gradual to the sea wall, being kept in perfect condition.

The Government hatchery has several entrances, but the main doorway opens into an office well furnished, and equipped with every requisite for carrying on business pertaining to the establishment. Its present incumbent, Seth M. Downing—also an expert in fish culture—has held the position of superintendent for about fourteen years.



“Batteries”

The main body of the structure contains the “Batteries,” comprising a series of troughs six in number, one above the other, which permit of the water being used six times. Upon this framework of troughs are placed in long rows the hatchery jars. Large reservoirs, with smaller compartments, and troughs filled with fresh water, used for the “fry,” when hatched, are also observed; together

with an intricate system of pipes, which serve to keep a flood of water pouring through the batteries. From the main pipes, smaller ones enter and descend halfway to the bottom of each jar, which by the constantly rushing water is converted into a small but energetic whirlpool that ceases not its play from early November, when the eggs are first placed in the jar, until March, or April, when a multitude of tiny fishes crowd the receptacle. Of batteries there are seven. Four of the number contain 288 jars each, and three of lesser size 180 each. Total number 1692.

Water is pumped direct from the lake into supply tanks of galvanized iron stationed in the second story of the building. These tanks, having a capacity of 18,000 gallons each, supply the batteries.

The water main is a wrought iron pipe ten inches in diameter, connecting between the tanks at hatching station and lake outside of "Peach Point." There is also a pipe connection on the bay side to southward. Bay water is used only in cases of emergency, however. When repairs are being made on the big supply main, or in winter when anchor ice blocks its mouth, it sometimes becomes necessary to draw from the bay side, but only for a few hours at a time. That furnished from the north side is equal in purity to any city water supply in the state; and for purposes of fish propagation no better could be found at any point on Lake Erie.

In the engine room may be seen two forty horse-power engines, which operate the pumps. The latter are, respectively, eight, and ten inches in diameter.

A large room fitted with mechanical apparatus forms the repair shop; extensive coal bunkers are also noted.

Ample wharves, and a long pier, afford an excellent landing place for boats and steamers of all sizes.

Five men are employed by the year. To this regular force—during the spawning season—about twenty-five men are added. This, however, does not include all who engage in taking spawn; many of the fishermen collecting the eggs themselves, which they sell to the hatchery at a fixed price per quart. Eggs of the white fish and herring are procured around the three Bass Islands—including Put-in-Bay, also Kelley Island, Monroe Piers, Michigan, and at nearly all points on upper Lake Erie, and eastward as far as Ashtabula, Ohio. Eggs of the white fish, herring, and lake trout are collected from about November 5th, to December 15th.

The pike-perch, or pickerel—also known as the “wall” eyed pike, and the common ringed, or yellow perch, spawn in the spring, season ranging from about April 11th, to May 15th.

A unique feature of the work is the penning of



Taking Spawn

“green” white fish; this term signifying those not ready to deposit eggs. The fish pen consists of a box-like framework of large dimensions, and of strong build, with enclosing strips of a width sufficient to freely admit the water but not wide enough to allow the fish to escape. These large crates are sunk in the still waters of the lake near hatchery buildings. When taken in the poundman’s nets the fish are sorted.

Spawn is collected by pressing gently between the hands the fish’s body—a pail receiving the eggs. “Un-ripe” white fish are placed in receptacles made for the purpose. Filled with fresh water, the fish are safely transported in these vessels to the pens, where they are kept until “ripe.” There are ten double fish pens at Put-in-Bay, and twelve at Monroe Piers, Michigan,—a sub-station for spawn-taking, contributory to the former.

During the season of incubation, ten men are employed at the hatchery, three in the engine room, this department being run on eight-hour shifts.

The “fry” after hatching are liberated in Lake Erie, or sent to some inland stream, or lake, before the “food sack” is absorbed; no feeding is therefore required.

Fry of all varieties propagated are planted nearly as possible in the spawning beds where the fish would have deposited their eggs, had they spawned naturally, these beds cover an area of 160 square miles. Fry are removed from the retaining tanks into which they are put after hatching, by means of dip nets made of fine “bobbinet.” In common washtubs they are carried to the wharf and dumped into twelve gallon casks—fry averaging about 100,000 to each cask. About 100 casks, each trip, are carried to planting grounds at different points, on

board the steamer that is employed in the hatchery service.

The greatest output of fry reported was as follows: white fish, 225,000,000; herring, 125,000,000; pike-perch, 256,000,000; perch, 20,000,000; lake trout 1,500,000. The greatest number of eggs collected in one year was 1,049,000,000.

Fully one-half of the eggs taken are shipped to other stations for hatching and distribution in streams, ponds, and lakes of inland sections.

Average number of fry turned out for the past four years was about 300,000,000.

The Ohio State hatchery operated under the direction of its superintendent, F. E. Miller—who has had long



Str. "Oliver H. Perry" Distributing Fry

experience in the work—is almost as large as the Government building, its capacity being 1200 jars. During the hatching season, it employs the same number of men, water supply is from the same source, and its distribution of fry covers nearly the same grounds.

Fishing Interests.

In the palmy days of the fishing industry, among the islands, an early writer thus observes:

“If you could see the steamer ‘Island Queen,’ which plies daily between Sandusky and Put-in-Bay, as she comes into the harbor every night to sleep, loaded to the guards with finny freight picked up from the pounds around among these islands, you would stand agape with wonder. This boat alone has carried to Sandusky in one season over 400 tons of fish. As to the amount of fish carried away by other craft, sailing vessels, pound boats and fishing smacks, we have not the means of ascertaining.

“Prices have been so cut, that several varieties have not been marketed at all, and it is safe to say that during last year one hundred tons of herring, white bass, catfish, and sturgeon—known as ‘soft fish,’—have been thrown away. Even the most delectable white fish—most dainty production of the deep—brings to the poor fisherman but a penny a pound. So you see that this branch of island occupation has become rather scaly business.”

Thirty or forty years ago as well as in more recent times there was great destruction of fish around the islands.

The resident of mature years recalls a period when during fishing season the shores everywhere were thickly strewn with dead fish which, discarded by fishermen, had been carried ashore and beached high and dry by the waves, where they lay until they rotted, filling the air with a stench almost unbearable. These fish were generally of small size, and their capture in such large quantity was

largely due to the small-sized mesh in the old-fashioned net—a matter since looked into, and adjusted by recent fishing laws.

Fraught with suggestions romantic, as may seem to story readers, the life of a fisherman, the fact remains that this sometimes rude, but always heroic, "toiler of the sea," is of all individuals most prosaic. His hazardous undertakings and the constant exposure to which he is subject, combine to render him a marvel of hardihood, but wipe from his soul every suspicion of poetry.

The fisherman of the Lake Erie isles is no exception to the general rule. His adventures in perilous storms, among rocks and reefs, which, throughout these inland waters, stand as synonyms of treachery, are none the less than those encountered by his brethren of the salt seas.

Of especial note are the island fisheries, from the fact that they center the most extensive fresh water fishing industries in the world. A very busy man is the island fisherman, especially when owner and operator of numerous pounds. Closely occupied during the spring and fall fishing seasons not only is he, but between times as well, in mending and caring for his nets. The more worn they become the greater the amount of time and labor required in keeping them in repair. The putting in of new "twine," as fishermen call their nets, likewise involves much labor.

Netting suitable for fishing pounds is bought by weight of dealers in this specialty, and the cutting, seaming, and tarring of the same form initial steps in the putting in of new "twine" or nets. The average pound, including "lead," "heart," "funnel," and "crib," contains over 6,000 square yards of netting. The lead measures

anywhere from 990 to 1,320 feet in length. The heart is from 130 to 200 feet in circumference; the funnel thirty to sixty feet long, and the crib twenty-eight to thirty-two feet square. The several portions as here specified are formed from nettings of different sized meshes. The seams are made with a stitch commonly known to fishermen, a wooden needle being used. When completed, a quantity of coal tar, prepared by boiling in a large kettle, is emptied into a vat, and the net is immersed and kept moving until thoroughly tarred. It is then spread out on the grass and dried. All nets used in pound fishing are in a similar way tarred twice a year, before the spring and fall fishing season. The coal tar treatment preserves the twine from rotting, but its manipulation roughens and makes sore the hands, and the coal tarring process, taken all the way through, is a sticky, disagreeable job.

Stake driving and pound setting are next in order, and involve great labor as well as exposure at times. If a number of pounds are set in the same locality by any single owner, the lead of the second is fastened to the first pound, that of the third to the second, etc., forming, so to speak, a gigantic piece of embroidery work in hearts and cribs, united by a vine-like tracery of leads. The tops of scrubby red cedar trees, which abound on the island, cut to a length of four or five feet, and lashed fast to the stakes, are used to mark the location of pounds; and the novel effect which a small forest of evergreens rising from the waves presents, fills with amazement the uninitiated landlubber.

Pound lifting in still weather is an easy task, and is accomplished by two or three men—a big flat-bottomed, two-masted pound boat serving for this work. The boat is

run close in to the crib containing the fish. The side of the net is pulled upwards and drawn into the boat. This diminishes the territorial limits of the net, and brings the



Lifting a Pound

fish all together into a heap. They are then ladled out with a long-handled scoop net and tossed into the boat. Trap nets are now used extensively by fishermen.

In the palmy past, concerning which old fishermen tell marvelous tales, when the island bays and channels swarmed with fishes, and pound netters flourished, and the law interposed not its arm between the gill netter and the scaly coats, a cruise among the islands, along the shores of the peninsula, and upon the waters of Sandusky Bay, afforded the observer an idea of the vast fishing industries of which the islands form a part. Throughout the shoal reaches, along the shores of bay and cove, and extending far outward into deep water, the lake surface was everywhere staked, seamed, and buoyed with pound, fyke and

gill nets, and nets of every description. Gill nets alone were counted by the mile stretch, and their combined length as fished in Upper Lake Erie would undoubtedly have made a string 150 to 200 miles long. There was no protection save in the middle of Erie for any fish that swam. Little wonder then that its waters should have become in a measure depopulated. From points all along the lake as far east as Buffalo gill netters came to the islands to fish. From ten to a dozen tugs with their crews made a rendezvous at Put-in-Bay, conducting their operations in the immediate vicinity, until early winter and the shutting in of the ice drove them away.

Kelley Island had also her full quota of gill netters, both local and from abroad. To the north of Isle St.



View in the Twine House of Morrison Brothers—East Sister Isle

George, off Middle Bass and Ballast, around the "Old Hen and Chickens" and "Sister" Isles were haunts favored by the gill netters.

The rapid decrease of fish in Lake Erie finally aroused to action the legislative bodies, restrictive measures resulting.

John Darr of Catawba Island is making a specialty of carp culture, with splendid success. Beginning on a small scale, he now rejoices in a large pond full of marketable carp.

Glimpses of the Underworld at Put-in-Bay.

That "familiarity breeds contempt" is a saying trite but true; the indifference frequently shown by dwellers of the Lake Erie Islands concerning the wealth of natural attractions about and beneath them, furnishing apt illustration.

There are old residents of Put-in-Bay who have never gazed upon the "Mammoth" nor viewed the wondrous



Apparatus for Cave Prospecting

beauty of famous "Crystal Cave." Into the "Perry" they have peeped, but that was years ago. Some of these unromantic tillers of the soil have within their own door-yards, orchards, or vineyards, caverns concerning which they know little, having possessed neither the curiosity

nor ambition to explore. The openings thereto are used as dumping grounds for empty cans, broken dishes, and household debris in general; or as burial places for dead dogs, cats, and horses. Caverns hereabouts are too numerous, or quoting a born-and-bred islander—"too blamed common," to interest the average inhabitants. This indifference is strongly counterbalanced, however, by the thoro appreciation evinced on the part of tourists and excursionists, thousands of whom annually visit these attractions, and by scientists who come long distances to view them. Of the latter, one of the most enthusiastic is Prof. G. Frederick Wright of Oberlin College, noted geologist, and author of "Man in the Glacial Period."

As a field for geological study, Prof. Wright designated the Lake Erie island as "one of the most interesting on the American continent," forming as they do, an important geological boundary. For years past Prof. Wright, accompanied by the scientific classes under his tutelage has made annual visits to Put-in-Bay and Kelley Islands for investigating purposes.

According to scientific authority, Put-in-Bay and adjacent isles comprise what remains above the present lake level of a narrow upheaval known as the "Cincinnati Anti-Clinal," which appeared when all the rest of the United States was yet under the ocean. A local upheaval in this ridge, centering at Put-in-Bay, brought up a formation geologically lower and older than that of the surrounding ridge known as "the water line of the Niagara group." The upheaval formed arches, and subsequent setting left chambered recesses. That the substrata of Put-in-Bay is literally honeycombed in this manner, by fissured rocks, waterways, and caverns, is clearly shown by surface out-

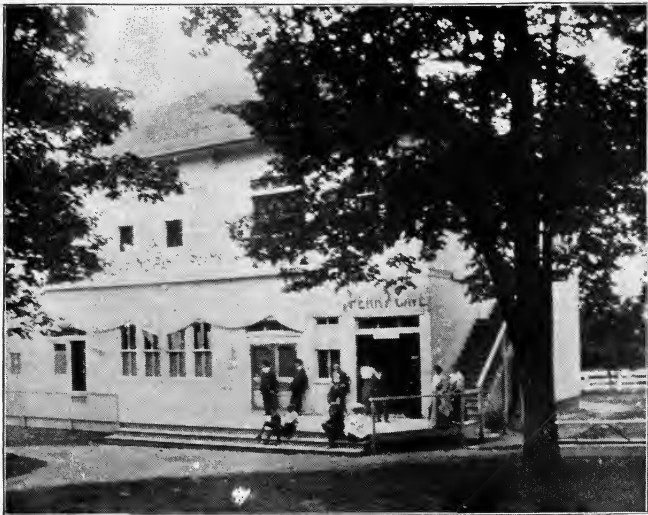
croppings and interior explorations. These are frequently found in blasting the lime rocks for cellars, cisterns, and building foundations.

As may be seen on the premises of Adam Heidler, Put-in-Bay, an opening in the basement of an out-house leads the adventurer into a wide chamber, and down a dangerously sharp incline to a lake that serves also the purpose of a well, water therefrom being pumped to the surface thru connecting pipes. The well and the cave opening are about 100 yards apart. Cats and other small animals find passage thru mysterious subways, entering by a creviced opening at one place and emerging at another far distant from the first. Most island caves contain lakes and channels of water, icy cold, of sparkling clearness, and of great depth in places. This water rises and falls with the waters of Erie, according as the wind is east or west. Water in many Put-in-Bay wells also maintains a level with that of the lake, showing close subterranean connection.

Original settlers of the island, in some cases, built their dwellings conveniently near caves from which they obtained water in supply unailing. These underground recesses were also utilized as cellars. The cave entrance was usually enclosed by a small building and a pump connecting with pipes brought up water from below. Tho modern methods of water supply have largely done away with cave houses, they are occasionally met with. One of these houses, with combination cave cellar and water supply still in use, may be seen near the dwelling of Philip Vroman, a well-known resident, when first explored, a human skeleton and other relics were found in a pas-

sage extending from the main chamber, back under an overhanging rock ledge.

In early days, long before Put-in-Bay had been thought of as the popular resort which it has since become, many adventurers found their way to its shores. Charmed with the island's picturesque beauty, and mystified by the peculiarity of its surface outcroppings, they were not slow in unearthing a few of its secrets. Supplied with picks, spades, ropes and torches, they forced entrance to mysterious passages and rock-ribbed recesses, finding myriads of stalactites, massive stalagmites, spar, crystals, strontia, and other specimens. Human bones, together with those of the elk and deer, were also found: Most of the stalactites have since disappeared, having been carried



Entrance to Perry Cave

away by specimen hunters and venders, the remaining stubs showing where they once studded the lime carbonated ceilings. "Paradise," and two small chambers in the "Mammoth" are about the only known caverns on the island that have not been despoiled.

Persistent curiosity concerning these underground formations shown by visitors, finally induced its owner to turn "Perry" cave into a money-making enterprise, by charging an admission fee. This was back in the early "fifties," the cave was the largest and most interesting then known on the island. Its discovery in 1813 is credited to no less a personage than Com. Oliver H. Perry, while his squadron lay at anchor in the bay, a few days before the battle of Lake Erie. Tradition says that two British officers, suspected of spying, were imprisoned in the cave during that period. It was formerly the property of Riveria De San Jargo, a wealthy Spanish merchant, and exclusive owner—at one time—of Put-in-Bay Island; the "Perry" now belongs to Geo. Gascoyne, an island resident. The cave is forty feet below the surface. It is 200 feet long and 165 wide. Tho spanned by a single arch, the main chamber would afford standing room for 8,000 people.

Heavily encrusted with calcium carbonate, thru the slow process of water—holding this substance in solution—dropping upon them from the ceiling, the floors form an interesting study. This natural paving—begun, perhaps, when old Egypt was new—has been going forward ever since. Possibly by this same process, a second crop of stalactites may be produced in a few hundred or a few thousand years, with the stubs of those broken off as starting points. Huge stalagmites, said to have been thousands

of years in forming, also appear. Back under cleft and broken rocks, stretches a lake of such clearness that at a depth of fifteen feet pebbles may be distinctly seen. A boat is anchored upon the lake, and viewed in the brilliant lighting the scene is weirdly beautiful. Here also is shown the "Wishing Well," over sixty feet deep. Visitors—thousands of whom frequent the place—all drink therefrom, first making each a wish that finds—of course—due fulfillment. A side chamber of smaller size, reached by a



The "Wishing Well" in Perry Cave

scramble up a rocky ascent, is known as "Perry's Bedroom." The presiding genius of this cavern is its guide, who in the interest of science has spent a considerable part of twenty-five or thirty years under ground; and what he does not know of cave-ology, you may never hope to find out.

Like a passage of romance sounds the history of "Crystal" cave, running briefly as follows: In 1882 a tourist, Lieut. Vadador, on leave of absence from his post in the German army, chanced to visit Put-in-Bay. He was learned and cultured, and soon made the acquaintance of the late Capt. John Brown, Jr., son of the Harper's Ferry martyr—who permanently resided on the island. Mutually interested in geological research, they together explored rocks and caves. The stranger did some pros-



Entrance to Cave on Premises of the Late John Brown, Jr.

pecting alone also, and finding, on the Herbst property, rich deposits of strontia, he leased the grounds for a period of twenty-five years, and opened up a vein which appeared to be about six feet thick. A large quantity of strontia was taken out, and the mining thus successfully begun was expected to continue, but for some reason work was stopped. The mining implements were enclosed within a rude structure built over the entrance. This was securely locked, after which Vadador took his departure.

For a time the lease was regularly paid by the holder, and occasional letters were received from him by Capt. Brown. Then the letters ceased, and for several years the lease remained unpaid. The property was finally sold, and as nothing could be learned of Vadador, steps were taken towards annulment of lease. In this, the purchaser, Gustav Heinnaman, was successful. Heinnaman, who was also German born, and a day laborer, dreamed not of the fairy grotto beneath his land, nor of the fortune that it represented, until one day in drilling for a well near the abandoned mine, the drill struck into that which suggested a crevice, or canon, the drill dropping several feet. Investigation, which then followed, resulted in the discovery of "Crystal Cave,"—now the marvel of scientists and the Mecca of sightseers. It is about thirty feet below the earth's surface. Tho smaller than others herein mentioned, its arched chambers, twenty feet in height, form a



View in Crystal Cave

complete circuit, presenting at every point a solid mass of strontia crystals. Tho differing in size, all are of uniform shape—eight-sided. Some are of immense size and weight Viewed by the interior illuminations, the sparkle of each prismatic crystal may be compared to that of the clearest cut diamond.

Lights thrust into creviced niches reveal corresponding depths of crystalline purity and beauty. That certain of these jewelled passages lead to other chambers—which with the aid of a pick might be made accessible—is an oft-expressed opinion; but that would necessitate the breaking and spoiling of crystals by wholesale, and this the proprietor is loath to do, lest it prove a case of “killing the goose that lays the golden egg.” Strontia was also found in large quantity, and of the finest quality.

“Mammoth Cave,” formerly owned in New York City by heirs of Riveria De San Jargo, was recently purchased by the Put-in-Bay Resort Co. and is now conducted



Interior View of Mammoth Cave

under their management. In shape, it takes the form of a horseshoe, tho its side chambers and chaotic rock masses impart variety, an effect that belongs to no regular outline. Sixty-six feet below the surface, and reached by two flights of stairs, is found a lake eighty feet long, forty feet wide, and of such transparency that at a depth of sixteen feet, submerged stalagmites may be clearly seen. The lake has a shore of sand, and a row boat floats upon its surface. Precipitous rocks, ledges encrusted with calcium carbonate, and stalagmites of immense size, everywhere appear. Two lately discovered chambers on opposite sides of the circular passage, thru which visitors are shown, are the only portions that have not been robbed by specimen hunters. Stalactites hanging from lime carbonated ceilings here show with novel effect. An occasional glitter of strontia is also observable. On emerging, the visitor finds himself at a long distance from the building thru which he entered. Like those of other island caves, admitting visitors, this entrance building is of ample size, affording space for an office, waiting room, and specimen stand.

Each of the three principal caves have shelter houses, where the visiting public may find comfortable seats while awaiting the electric cars, or other conveyances. Additional cave improvements are scheduled for 1913.

For years past the rumored existence of an immense cavern near the west shore gained ground. It is now authoritatively stated that such cavern is a reality and not a myth—as some have supposed—but is very difficult of access.

Though little exploration has yet been made, indications point to the existence of a large cave on the Herbster

place. Another large cave is found in the vicinity of Hotel Victory.

At various points along the shore line may be observed the effects of volcanic action, and the honey-combing processes following an after-settling of the earth's crust. Rock masses, broken and tumbled together, appear; and, when wind trumpets pipe, waves—in tumultuous rush—carry into their caverned bases a sound as of muffled thunder.



Interior View of Mammoth Cave

An Important Geological Field ; Evidences of Glacial Action.

Through local reminiscence, and historic record, we are informed that an island more than a mile long, one-half mile wide and from twenty to twenty-five feet high, formerly extended across the mouth of Sandusky bay.



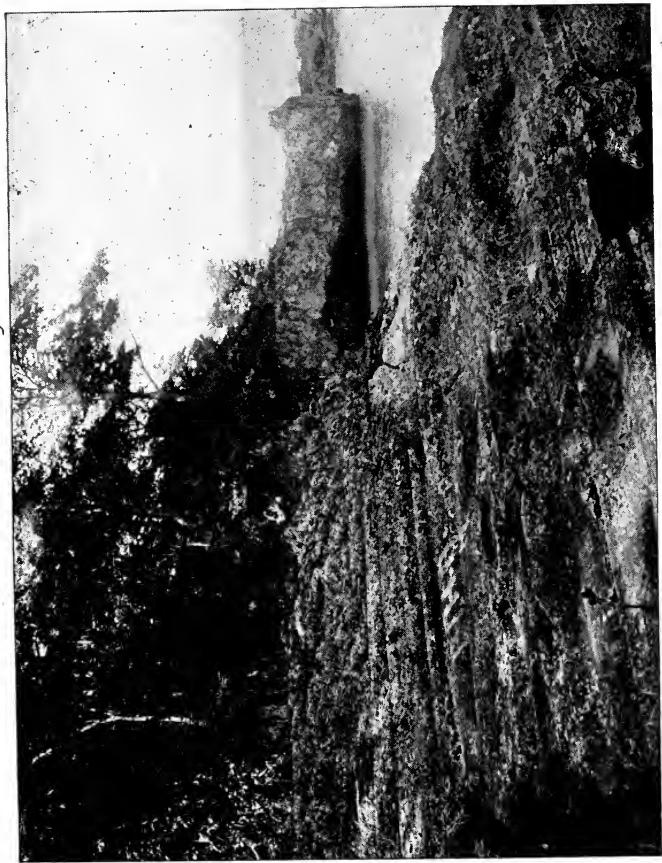
Famous Glacial Grooves of Kelley's Island

Fertile meadow was there seen and trees measuring two and one-half feet in diameter. But where once flourished the island and its products now roll the billows of Erie.

From this and other circumstances, naturally lead-

ing to such a conclusion, Prof. Moseley of Sandusky, who has thoroughly studied the lake region, deduces the theory that the lake bed is gradually becoming tilted, or elevated at its eastern extremity, causing a rise in the average level of its head waters and corresponding submergence as indicated. Since, however, old navigators and others are inclined to ascribe this island's disappearance to the wear of strong currents and beat of storms, Prof. Moseley seeks to establish his theory by the results of further investigation, calling attention to the well-known fact in the caves of Put-in-Bay, the subterranean waters of which rise and fall with the lake, stalagmites not only but stalacites are found attached to the floor and roofs of submerged caverns; the latter five feet below the present lake level. For these to form in water would be an impossibility and their position as indicated shows, according to Prof. Moseley, a rise of the water, though other theorists might ascribe the circumstance to a shifting and settling of the honey-combed rocks.

Large quantities of submerged timber found in the extensive marshlands bordering the lake shores in the vicinity of the islands likewise indicate a rise of at least eight feet, and the submerged channels of rivers and streams in the same vicinity show a rise of at least thirty-two feet. These facts are given by Prof. Moseley as proofs of a gradual rise of the waters. If the above theory is correct, then instead of wearing away and draining Lake Erie to the compass of a stream, as certain other theorists have predicted, Niagara Falls may become tilted to such a degree as to finally preclude the egress of the lake waters, which in consequence will continue rising and extending, submerging the lowlands along its shores and the islands at its center until, filled to overflowing, they



Grooves on South Shore of Kelley's Island



will seek an outlet southward from the lake basin to the valley of the Mississippi.

This then seems the fate in store for both island and mainland at the head of Lake Erie, unless averted by a change in the earth's structural program. However, in the event of such a calamity, it is safe to infer that the present inhabitants will not be there to suffer from the consequent drowning out.

In the dim past, the islands were alternately submerged or drained according to existing conditions of the earth's formative forces. Says Prof. Newberry:

“We have evidence that the country about the islands was once all dry land, and a large river then flowed down the present bed of the lake and emptied near New York City.”

Professor Moseley observes as follows:

“If there were dwellers at Marblehead, when the pyramids were built, they might have walked to Kelley's Island or Put-in-Bay at any time of year.”

At that period, the island cave passages were supposed to be tributary to surface streams, emptying into the river above mentioned.

A period concerning which noteworthy evidences exist on the islands was that of the great ice age, when glaciers 1000 feet in height scooped out the bed of Lake Erie, and left ineffaceable grooves upon the hard-surfaced lime rock.

At very many places on Put-in-Bay, Kelley's Island, Middle Bass, Isle St. George, “Starve,” and other islands, scouring the flat rocks and extending under the water of the lake, are seen these glacial marks, too indelibly graven to be mistaken. Their course runs uniformly from northeast to southwest, and the scratched stones and granite

boulders left behind are heaped in terminal moraines, or scattered promiscuously over the land.

Especially famous are the glacial rocks of Kelley Island, which, forming the terminus of a line of bluffs overlooking "North Bay," represent one of the island's greatest attractions. "Glacial Rocks" comprise a reservation rescued from the quarryman's pick and derrick, and set aside by gift of the late Mr. Younglove, of Cleveland, to the Western Reserve Historical Society, for preservation as a scientific marvel.

When demuded of earth by quarrymen, whole acres of stone land at Kelley's Island are seen to be fluted by these grooves, all of which run in parallel lines, and in the



Glacial Grooves on Starve Island

same direction. A writer on the subject of glacial action thus observes:

“The glacier may be compared to a mighty rasp; or rather to a combination plough, rasp, sandpaper, and pumice stone—ploughing, scraping, scratching, and polishing all at the same time.”

As an example of the stupendous carvings wrought by the “granite chisels” of the drift period, these rocks have probably no parallel in the United States, and the regular outlines and polished smoothness thereof suggest the idea and produce the effect of some gigantic piece of sculpture. To view them, parties representing members of scientific circles, classes from our universities, curio hunters and adventurers make special pilgrimages to the island.

The geological formation of Kelley Island is distinct from that of Put-in-Bay, being of *Cornifererous* limestone, blue in tint and lying in strata of varied thicknesses.

The Kelley Island quarries are productive of many rare fossils, those of extinct fishes being especially numerous. The fossilized jaws of the *Onychodus*, a foot long and stubbed with sharp pointed teeth, have there been unearthed with other interesting relics of by-gone ages.

An ancient shore line, which angles across the island, forming a zigzag wall of precipitous and waterworn rock, and overlooking wide levels where once rolled the waters of Erie, forms also an interesting geological feature of Kelley Island.

Winter Fishing Through the Ice.

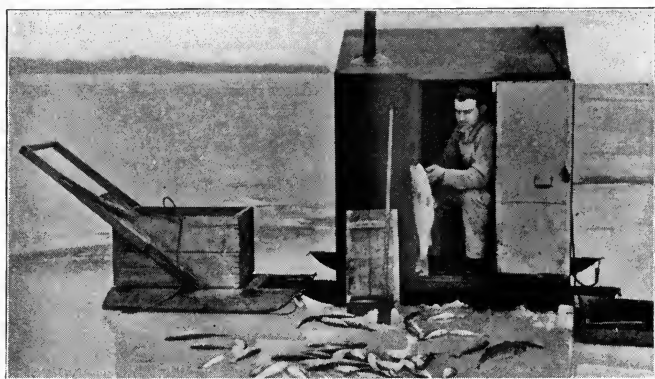
Never since its evolution from an experimental stage to a full fledged industry, has line fishing through the ice afforded island dwellers an occupation so lucrative as at the present time. This is due to the fact that those who take a hand at trapping the finny tribes, in this peculiar manner, have become adepts at the art.

“Necessity,” being “the mother of invention,” suggested improvements in methods of handling the work, until operations are now carried on effectively, and without undue exposure—in a good season. However, like fishing in general on the Great Lakes, the success or failure of line fishing through the ice is frequently dependent on circumstances beyond control of human agencies, lack of solid ice forming the chief obstacle.

During an open winter, when the lake is thinly encrusted, the industry languishes. Given a favorable season, other difficulties are usually adjustable by the sagacious fisherman, who is a born adventurer. His first consideration, then, is the construction of a small, light, and readily portable house. This meant to give room for two individuals—is usually about five by six feet, length and width, and of a height sufficient to afford standing space.

A light frame is first constructed, and over this heavy canvas is closely tacked. One or two small windows, and a door fitted with latch, and lock, complete the sides. The floor, laid with light planking, has a square aperture cut through the center. The house is then placed upon sled runners, fitted thereto, and a rope attached, by means

of which it is moved from place to place. The canvas siding and roof are further rendered impervious to wind and rain by two or three heavy coatings of paint—each man selecting the color of his choice, and applying the same with quite artistic effect. Both for comfort, and convenience, are the interior furnishings. Nails or hooks



Typical Fishing House

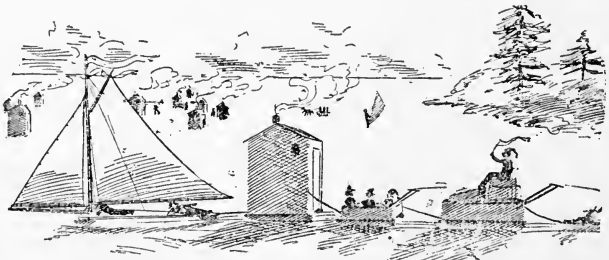
driven into the woodwork afford hanging places for coats, caps, and other articles. A shelf is adjusted to the wall, and two or three benches or boxes serve as seats. Heat is furnished by a tiny soft coal burner, made expressly for the purpose—a cunning affair. Through a circular hole in the roof the stovepipe passes, projecting a foot or two outside. Cheap pictures adorn the walls and books and newspapers are seen lying upon the shelf.

It is not often that the lake is sufficiently frozen to move out until after the first of January, and it may be even later. With an early closing, the fishermen sometimes get to work by Christmas. Should the surface be

but lightly frozen, the houses are at first placed near shore and gradually moved out as the ice becomes stronger, until the distance of two or three miles has been reached. In locating, the fisher first cuts a hole in the ice corresponding to that in the floor of his house, then moves the latter over it. On each side of the structure a crevice is cut. Edgewise into these slots—by means of ropes attached—the “anchor stones” are dropped, and drawn up flatly against the ice. The rope ends are then fastened to the house, which is thus secured from being blown over.

The fisherman’s outfit consists of a large-sized hand sled with a high box body. This sled he pushes before him by means of handles attached, or draws after him with a rope. Coal and kindling enough to last the day are loaded, besides an ax, pike pole, fishing tackle, dinner pail, coffee can, and whatever he deems needful. A half gallon tin pail, filled with fresh water, contains his bait—minnows—taken with a seine through an opening in some sheltered cove, or near an outreaching pier.

His outward attire mainly comprises a coat with high storm collar, slouch hat, or close-fitting cap, and rubber boots reaching to the thighs. These envelop him so that you really can’t tell what else he may, or may not, have



En Route to the Fishing Grounds

on in the way of breeches, and other accessories. A pair of "creepers," fastened to boot heels to prevent slipping; a pair of skates slung around the neck by a strap; a small compass, a jackknife, match box, pipe, and plug of tobacco stowed away in the voluminous pockets of his canvas coat, complete the makeup of our typical ice fisherman.

In the waters that surround the islands as a body or that divide them one from another, are resorts more highly favored than others by the scaly coats. Like men, they are variable in tastes, however, and frequently change their places of rendezvous. A *nose for fish* is the great prerequisite then for hook and linemen.

When a "pioneer" locates a spot where fish bite lustily, and anchors his little domicile, he is soon joined by others; and immediately springs up a flourishing village of fish houses, numbering seventy-five or a hundred. Bright with paints of different colors, and cheery with the smoke curling from their chimneys, these houses present a novel spectacle. By his cosily heated stove the angler sits manipulating through the floor opening his line—minnow pail and fish basket beside him.

In many instances a number of lines are operated by one man, the ends being fastened to hooks on the wall.

There's no calculating on a day's catch. It may net the fisherman five, or six dollars, or it may not exceed fifty cents. When luck hits him squarely, he rolls up his sleeves and works with an activity that starts the perspiration. When the bites become fewer he cools proportionately, ties up his lines, and varies the monotony by sipping a cup of coffee—blithely boiling on the stove—after which a book, or newspaper, helps to pass the time while awaiting enlivenment of business.

The line operator is quite frequently annoyed by huge lake lizards and a large, but worthless fish, known as the "lawyer," which jointly are credited with driving away desirable game. These pests, when captured, are ruthlessly thrown out upon the ice, and are seized and devoured by sea gulls—ever on the watch for windfalls of this kind.

One of the finest flavored, and most marketable of fishes taken, is the pickerel. Sauger and pike are also winter favorites. These command a good price, but it costs the fisherman one cent per pound for their transportation to mainland across the ice. From two to three tons of fish are shipped sometimes in a single day from Put-in-Bay, a team being kept busy collecting and hauling across the island to "Parker's" Point; from whence they are transported over the lake to the Ohio peninsula by hand sleds, or by boat—according to stability of the ice. With solid ice the fish may be carried the whole distance by team.

With snug freezing weather, and favorable conditions generally, ice fishing forms an easy and agreeable occupation, so that women—wives and daughters of fishermen—take a hand thereat with enviable success.

A heavy snow storm or a dense fog, suddenly precipitated, sometimes plays them mischief when far out on the lake, by completely enshrouding and cutting off the shore view. When widely scattered the fishermen cannot see each other, while the compass which should be in the pocket of each has been carelessly left at home.

An instance of this kind occurred at Put-in-Bay during the latter part of January, 1902. Busy with their lines, the ice villagers failed to notice a fog that came

**Ice-o-lated**

creeping over the lake, until the shores were everywhere blotted from view. The men got lost on the ice and from each other, and had some exciting experiences. Not one of the main body who were together could produce a compass, and the men were divided in opinion as to directions. They shouted in chorus, hoping to gain some response from land, but were too far distant to be heard. A drizzling rain set in about 4 p. m. and a night of densest darkness was fast closing. The men finally started in different directions, each convinced that his was the course that led homeward. One party traveled until they struck open water. Thus convinced that they had mistaken their course, they faced about. Realizing the precarious situation of the fishermen, the bell on the island town hall was rung at intervals the rest of the evening. Guns were also fired, and powder exploded. Guided by these sounds, the

wanderers reached land safely; but it was long after dark before the last belated party arrived—wet and bedraggled. The only compass reported on this occasion guided the owner and his party to Green Island, where they were entertained over night by the lighthouse keeper, who lived alone on the little island.

The greatest danger that menaces fishermen is that which follows a weakening of the ice in early spring. Three or four days of beating sunshine prepares the way by drilling the surface through with tubular pores. A moderate gale, following this “honeycombing” process, is liable to break and send adrift the ice at almost any point; and on more than one occasion, fishing houses and their occupants have been carried away upon the running floes, a notable instance of this kind having furnished sensational matter to newspapers all over the country several years ago.

Before a violent gale that suddenly struck a vast field of ice containing about sixty houses with occupants—including several women—parted from the shore body, and began rapidly moving down the lake. Consternation among the castaways, and wild excitement on shore, were in order. Islanders rushed *en masse* to the scene. Boats were manned and sent after the fugitive village. Adventures there were, and hair breadth escapes, galore; but the unfortunates were all rescued. A number of fish houses were also towed in, but many more were lost, together with a considerable quantity of fish, sleds, overcoats, wraps, and other property.

Icy.

He owned a home in "Herrington,"
Hard by the shores of Put-in-Bay;
It measured seven feet by six,
Its walls were painted dapple gray.

From opening in the icy floor,
A hundred finny creatures looked;
Swarming around the minnow bait,
All ready waiting to be hooked.

The landlord of this mansion fair,
From early morn till evening sun;
Beside his lines sat day by day,
A-landing fishes one by one.

One wintry morn a catfish swam,
Unwitting near the tempting bait;
It seized the minnow then and there,
And presently had met its fate.

Then thought the youth of Mary Ann,
How much this creature looked like her;
The same rare captivating smile,
And movements all with life astir.

When Sunday came, our hero called,
To see this winsome island maid;
An action truly bold, for he,
Of womankind, was sore afraid.

Perspiring, from the red hot stove,
He moved at last beside her chair;
And tremulous with fright began,
His lovelorn story to declare.

“I own a house in ‘Herrington,’
Just off the shores of Put-in-Bay;
If you’ll consent to marry me,
I’ll gladly take you there to stay.”

Sweet Mary Ann was much surprised,
Her cheeks grew redder than her hair;
A curl was on her cherry lip,
And in her eye a lurid glare.

“Your ice bound home I do not crave,
Give me a house that will not *tilt*;
I’ll wait till some man comes who boasts,
A house on *terra firma* built.”



A House in Herrington.

Alas! for human happiness,
Alas for this poor, luckless *wight*;
He sighed, "Adieu,"—and out he went,
Into the dark and bitter night.

With coming dawn, the shadows fled,
And light of early morning found;
This youthful fisherman once more,
Back to his house in "Herringtoun."

There sits he all disconsolate,
From early morn till evening sun;
With hook and line day after day,
A-landing fishes one by one.

Blood-Curdling Adventures on the Ice.

To dwellers on the numerous islands comprising the Lake Erie archipelago, nothing affords more general satisfaction in the way of winter conditions than crisp, hair curling weather, with a registered temperature at or below zero. Inured both to danger and exposure, these people are not only exceptionally hardy, but courageous to the verge of recklessness. Few risks on ice or water are there, indeed, which the average islander hesitates to take when occasion requires.

A true amphibian, he is equally at home on lake or land, and his blood-curdling adventures form subjects of comment to the uninitiated. Narrow territorial limits, and a desire to get beyond them on errands of business or pleasure, prompt the islander to defy danger and to tempt Providence; and he makes his first experiment when as a hopeful in knee-breeches he ignores the injunctions of his mama, and tests the new-made ice of bay or cove though so thin that it cracks beneath his feet. His relish for ice recreation grows with years, and next to a pair of skates, most important acquisitions are a skate-sail and an ice yacht, both of which he soon learns to manipulate with a dexterity which would compel the envy and surprise of a professional "salt."

During the frigid season he spends the most of his leisure time on the ice, becoming more and more enamored of its charms, and correspondingly reckless of its treacherous character.



Feeding the Sea Gulls

“And does it never break with him?”

Oh, yes, frequently; but notwithstanding the icy baths taken involuntarily, his ardor is neither dampened nor chilled. His is a charmed life, apparently. Somebody comes along and fishes him out, or his native agility enables him to wriggle out unassisted, and he goes on from one degree to another until the highest adeptness is attained in all that pertains to ice navigation.

A mild winter with slight freezes and frequent thaws is not only trying to the islander's patience, but is fraught with financial loss to him as well. In consequence of the broken and chaotic state of the ice, winter time enterprises dependent upon good ice cannot be successfully prosecuted, the crossing is rendered uncertain, and the danger from swooping gales and running drift is quadrupled. With solid ice bridging the distances in every direction the island dwellers rejoice in a temporary expansion of territory, and hasten to appropriate its advantages. On favorable days during a good ice season a large share of the island population may be seen abroad on the frigid plains of Erie. Cutters and sleds with horses attached traveling singly, or in trains, pass to and from the mainland, and adjacent islands—wine-and-fish laden. Large companies of men and many teams are engaged in plowing, rafting, and storing ice—this industry being extensive and important, and storage facilities ample.

The smooth surface of the bay from which Put-in-Bay takes its name, “Squaw Harbor” adjacent, and the channels outreaching, present a most inspiring scene. Men, women, and children, practice the art of skating in all its flourish of speed and intricacy. Sail-skating is made a specialty, and is much in favor. A large triangular section

of canvas is used. By its aid the skater is enabled to make a high rate of speed, tacking up against head winds in exactly the same manner as do sail craft on the water. Yacht races and horse races on the ice are live amusements which attract general interest.

Large hand sleds are in general use. They are drawn by ropes, or provided with bow-shaped handles at the rear, and are pushed along in advance of the skater. Each sled is provided with an ample box in which women stow their children. The handle serves an excellent support while gliding over the slippery surface, and the little ones greatly enjoy the diversion. These sleds are utilized frequently by paterfamilias in conveying his wife and entire brood from island to island, and are likewise indispensable to the line fisherman. Taken in tow by a sail skater, or an ice-yacht, a half dozen sleds freighted with laughing, screaming boys and girls affords an especially entertaining feature.



Lineup of Kelley Island Ice Yachts—Kelley's Island

For speed in ice locomotion, however, the ice-yacht takes precedence. A thing of beauty, and of seeming life, is this catamaran-shaped craft. Its single mast is rigged with sail, jib and tackle, and trimmed with flag and streamer in the same manner as that of the ordinary sailing yacht, and the name it bears is redolent of icy suggestions. To motion, it is the most sensitive object imaginable, as well as the most graceful. Faster than the wind is its speed, moving before an ordinary breeze at the rate of a mile a minute; but woe to the passengers should a snag intervene, of an ice drift sufficient to bring the swift flier abruptly to a halt—a bucking broncho would be but mild comparison. Unless securely glued to deck, or spar, the passengers, when the yacht stops, go right on, landing several yards in advance. Except when under the management of a skilled and careful pilot, the ice yacht is as dangerous to life and limb as an unbroken colt—a fact which to revelers in live sports adds, rather than subtracts from the sum of its virtues. Trips by teams are often made to Port Clinton on the peninsula, distant fourteen miles, a road thither being regularly marked by small cedar trees sharpened at the butts and stuck into crevices chopped through the ice.

As a precaution, when the way is thus uncertain, teams—a single horse and sled making a “team,” according to the islander’s count—generally travel in company, keeping close together so as to render each other assistance in case of accident.

They go provided with a pocket compass—an indispensable article in the event of a heavy fog, or snow storm—together with ropes, axes, pike-poles and sometimes a lifting apparatus to be utilized should a horse break through. Where the surface looks especially treacherous

a man goes on ahead, and tests it with an ax or pike-pole. Horses accustomed to ice become suspicious thereof, consequently watchful; moving alertly with ears pricked forward, and often detecting and shying away from bad places even before observed by their drivers.

Many a thrilling adventure has been recounted of islanders en route from the Bass Islands to Port Clinton, on one occasion a party of men and six teams, fish-laden, left Put-in-Bay for Port Clinton on Thursday, Feb. 31st.



On the Way to Port Clinton—Photo by Herman Ruh

In many places the ice had broken up and again frozen over; the new ice thus found being scarcely strong enough to support the weight of a man. Picking their way around these uncertain places, their course was necessarily tedious, and zigzagging. They had not been long on the way when a heavy fog settled over the ice plains. They pressed forward. Hours passed, but no signs of land appeared. At last they fetched up on a big iceberg. A halt was ordered. They had missed their course, and were evident-

ly lost on the lake. The apparent iceberg was supposed to be Niagara reef, and this uncertain way-mark afforded them the only clue to their whereabouts. There were only two ways out of the difficulty: one was to remain where they were all night, or until the fog should clear sufficiently to make out land; or to retrace their way by the tracks they had left behind. The clouds were portentous, and a very light fall of snow would have obliterated every track of horse or sled. Fortunately no snow fell, and by evening they sighted the shores of Put-in-Bay, having been all



Tricky Ice Yachts

day on the lake. On Friday a party of men with eleven teams again set out for Port Clinton, and though the fog was still thick, a compass which they had taken with them gave their bearings. They made the trip in safety; discharged their cargoes at a good profit, loaded with grain and other commodities; and in spite of the rain which beat mercilessly, wetting them to the skin, they reached home in excellent spirits.

On another occasion two Put-in-Bay residents had made the trip to Port Clinton—a distance of fourteen miles—with a horse, and cutter, and were returning laden with merchandise of various kinds, having left that place about 3 p. m. The snow was deep and very compact and the traveling hard. When a mile or two on their way the horse having become jaded by its previous fourteen miles travel from Put-in-Bay, succumbed to weariness and refused to proceed farther. No other alternative presenting, they were obliged to unhitch the animal, and leaving the sled with its unprotected wares, proceeded on foot. Owing to the difficult walking the men soon became very tired and varied the tedium of the way by mounting and riding the horse, each in turn. Even with this help the journey grew more and more exhaustive, and before they had neared their destination, night came on with a rising wind and a howling snow storm which blotted from view the point toward which they were steering. A realization that they were lost on the ice dawned upon them with uncomfortable suggestions, considering the fact that Lake Erie is quite a big place for waifs and strays to get abroad on a night of storm and darkness. At one point they struck a streak of slush ice, into which the horse sank to its girth and the men nearly to their waists. Bedraggled and wet to the skin, man and beast succeeded in floundering out of this unpleasant predicament to a solid footing. They finally sighted a light, got ashore and reached home at about 8 p. m. Meantime, friends on the island becoming alarmed at their nonappearance, started out with team and lantern to look for the missing party, but finding no trace thereof, returned with the intention of enlisting other assistance and extending the search.

On arrival, however, he found the party safe at their homes, the men having missed each other on the way.

Crossing from the "Bay," to Middle Bass, and Isle St. George is frequently risky business when the ice is uncertain, though the distance is much shorter than that to Port Clinton. Occasional fatalities have been recorded. Dr. Linsky, a practicing physician of Put-in-Bay, and a companion lost their lives under the ice a few years ago while crossing the channel. The doctor was en route to see a patient at Middle Bass.



Ice Formation on "Parker's Point"—Photo by Author

In making connection with the mainland over the ice, Kelley Islanders cross the lake to Marblehead, and experiences of a ticklish character are not infrequent, that

taken from a Cleveland paper and published as below serving as an example. The account runs as follows:

“Henry Elfers, Jr., and Chas. A. Himmelein, returned to Kelley’s Island early Sunday evening after more thrilling adventures had been crowded into the 36 hours preceding for them than fell to the lot of the entire population of the island during the winter months. Elfers and Himmelein made the trip back over the ice in Elfers’ sleigh, but behind a pair of horses which had been hired for the occasion. Elfers’ horses were lost through the ice late Saturday afternoon when Elfers attempted to return over an entire ice-route.

“On the return trip Sunday, Elfers and Himmelein crossed over the bay to Marblehead and drove over the mainland to Lakeside where they again set out on the ice. This time they drove to the island without accident.

“As was told in Saturday’s Star Journal, on the trip over from the island Saturday morning, the bobsled with seven passengers went through the ice. Two barrels of wine were lost, but the passengers, horses and sled were saved. Landing the passengers at Marblehead, Elfers and Himmelein proceeded to Sandusky but had only gone a short way before the horses broke through again. And again they were pulled onto the firm ice and finally the city was reached.

“Elfers and Himmelein started back late in the afternoon and, in leaving the bay to enter the lake, followed what is known as the ‘wagon track.’ About half a mile from the bay point on Marblehead, the team went through the ice, carrying the sled, two passengers and cargo with them. The water was about ten feet deep. Elfers jumped into the water and swam to the horses. With a knife he at-



A. R. Bruce of the "Kirby," Formerly of the
"American Eagle" and "Lakeside"



Capt. Fred E. Magle

tempted to cut the harness off the animals and succeeded in partially freeing the horses. All efforts to get them back to the firm ice, however, failed and they died of



Str. "Tourist" Breaking Ice

either exhaustion or strangulation. Elfers and Himmelein returned to Sandusky on foot, both soaked to the skin and both badly chilled.

"Sunday morning Elfers and Himmelein, accompanied by several others, went out and recovered part of the cargo lost Saturday. Lay Bros. secured \$75 worth of twine which went over, while two barrels of beer, some lard and some oysters were also brought up with the pike poles. The horses were lying with their heads on the ice. With great difficulty, the men get the bobsled out again.

The strong current around the ends of the peninsula is thought to have weakened the ice.

“Seen at her Cleveland home by newspaper reporters Sunday, Miss Ruth Silburg, aged 17, laughed at her nerve racking experience Saturday on Elfers’ bobsled. She was one of the seven passengers when the sled and horses broke through en route to Sandusky.

“‘I can’t recall what I did when the sled went through the ice,’ she said yesterday. ‘I guess I must have clung to the ice, or the sled or something or other, until Mr. Himmelein dived in and pulled me out. I do know I would undoubtedly have drowned but for him.’”

In former years the well known “ice breaker,” “American Eagle,” kept the lake open between island and mainland long after the light stations had extinguished their beacons, the Government buoys had been removed, and all other lake craft were all snug in winter quarters. The “Eagle,” was commanded by Capt. Fred E. Magle, his son-in-law, A. R. Bruce, filling the position of purser. The steamer did strenuous service for the islands, but was finally superseded by Str. “Lakeside.” Str. “Tourist”—though a craft of small size—does considerable winter cruising, with an occasional hair-lifting adventure.

The breaking up of the ice after a hard winter and long freeze involves chaos, such, we imagine, as must have brooded over “the great void” before the spirit of creative power moved upon the face of the waters. An inland sea seeking escape from thralldom presents a spectacle of grandeur, embodying as it does the warring elements. Advances and retreats are made to the flourish of wind trumpets. Vast plains of ice drive down with the weight of an avalanche; and on-rushing waves, a force of equal



Ice Mountains at Catawba Island



Warehouse at Catawba Island

power, meet the icy foe and shatter and channel its solid line, sending adrift towering masses, solitary bergs and crystal islets, cragged and castellated. The waters foam and spout and surging floes crash against each other, filling the air with a roar like the thunder of battle.

It is then that the shores lying to weatherward are piled with ice in windrows, hillocks, and small mountain ranges. The ice formations at Catawba Island during the winter of 1911 were simply marvelous. The warehouse at the end of the long pier, used by the Catawba Island Fruit Co., was a most fantastic object viewed in its ice trimmings. A photograph thereof taken by Mrs. Wallace Smith of Catawba, and copyrighted by *Country Life in America*, is here used by permission.

On windless days when the waters rest, the million shaped ice fragments floating upon the surface show a variety of beautiful tintings in neutral tones of grey and white, steely blue and pearl, which, touched by the sun's rays, flash with iridescent splendor, each glistening point a prism. With its pointed rays the sun drills the ice through and through with tubular pores until each solid mass becomes a veritable honeycomb, which a slight blow shatters into hundreds of long icicle-like fragments. That which the wind does by force, the sun accomplishes by strategy; for when the ice is once in this condition, it vanishes so suddenly that the observer wonders what became of it.



A Bit of Iced Rock

Carrying the Mail.

As notable examples of hardihood, sagacity and experience in ice travel, may be mentioned the representatives of the U. S. mail service doing duty between the islands and mainland. In accordance with existing postal regulations, the Put-in-Bay mails cross the lake twice daily—going and coming—between the island and peninsula; with an extension of these trips to Middle Bass, and Isle St. George—the Bass Island line connecting with that of the Catawba Island and Port Clinton mail route.

The individual who fills the position of mail carrier must be possessed of agility and alertness, unflinching courage and physical endurance. He must thoroughly understand the ice, its foibles and weaknesses; must know where the undercurrents, which wear it, are strongest, and



Bass Island Mail Leaving Bay Post Office

be able to locate shoals and sunken reefs—dangerous to the ice navigator as to the mariner. With a light horse and cutter, or with iron-sheeted boat made expressly for the purpose, he daily traverses miles of ice, precarious and uncertain, sometimes dragging the boat, but often forcing it through by means of oars and pike-poles; and he must work his cards well at times to prevent being caught and crushed in the grinding drifts that sweep down upon him.

The most dangerous period of travel is when violent gales have extensively broken the ice and piled it in slushy gorges many feet in depth. On days when even the hardiest knots among island denizens hug closely the stove and incessantly smoke their pipes to keep warm, the mail carrier and his assistants are abroad on the lake.

For rapid transit from place to place, the ice yacht is an object of utility, and when conditions are favorable, it is sometimes used in carrying the mails, though the iron sheeted mail boat used for this purpose is fitted with oars, sails, and sled runners. The sails may be used either on ice or on water; so that the craft is practically a combination sailboat, rowboat, ice yacht, and sled.

Probably one of the most hazardous experiences ever endured on the island mail route, however, was during the winter of '97 and '98 by the Hitchcock brothers—U. S. mail representatives. Caught in a storm and running ice, they were carried down the lake by the resistless force of a drift in which they became wedged. The boys were given up for lost by the excited islanders who at various points thronged the shores. A cablegram wired to Kelley Island read: "Look out for the carriers; they are fast in the ice and drifting that way."

Howbeit, to the intense relief of all, the carriers succeeded in escaping from the drift, and after a desperate struggle reached shore.



Mail Boat En Route to Catawba

They were in an exhausted condition and so completely covered and weighed down with ice as to be perfectly helpless. Their caps were frozen fast to their heads and their garments so loaded with ice from the showering spray that the wearers were unable to bend.

On arrival at home their friends were obliged to cut and tear from them their ice-armored clothing which they exchanged for warm, dry garments. After changing clothing, a bushel of ice that had fallen off in the process was swept from the floor.

For several years past, George and Charley Morrison have been employed as carriers on the Bass Island route. They, too, have passed through many arduous and trying experiences, and have had several close calls. Out on the lake in all kinds of weather, with ice conditions of every

description, they battle frequently with storm, and running ice, fog, and blinding snow.

In open water they use a launch in making trips across the south channel, later the mail boat—when ice is



Mail Boat Crossing Open Water

yet thin,—breaking a passage with pike-poles. At other times they haul the boat over the ice by ropes attached. With good ice they use a sail, providing the wind is fair. With a combination of bad ice and deep snows they are sometimes forced to make the trip on foot, with pike-pole in hand, and the mail bags slung across their shoulders.

On landing in stormy weather the oil hats and hair are fantastically trimmed with icicles, and their oil top coats thickly incrustated with ice.

Formerly associated with George Morrison in the mail carrying service was his brother-in-law, Carl Rotert. Having confronted apparent danger in many forms without serious results, the two were unexpectedly overtaken by an accident, which resulted in the drowning of Mr. Rotert. Amongst the various commodities carried in the boat was a long, unwieldy piece of metal, which was very heavy. This, in some way while working boat over the ice became shifted, tipping and suddenly capsizing the boat. Just how it happened Mr. Morrison hardly knows; but a few moments later he found himself struggling in the water. With great difficulty he succeeded in extricating himself. He looked for his companion, but Mr. Rotert had disappeared—doubtless carried away under the ice. Mr. Morrison made a desperate effort to find the young man, but without avail, and having lingered around the spot until every possible hope of finding him alive had fled, Mr. Morrison made his way shoreward. Terrible as was this experience, another ordeal almost as terrible awaited him—if he succeeded in reaching shore, which at



Sheeted with Ice

times seemed doubtful—this, was the breaking of the dreadful news to the young man's wife and friends on shore. Besides the shock sustained, Mr. Morrison was physically exhausted when he reached shore and almost on the verge of nervous collapse. Men and boats hastened to the scene of the accident but every effort to find the body proved futile.

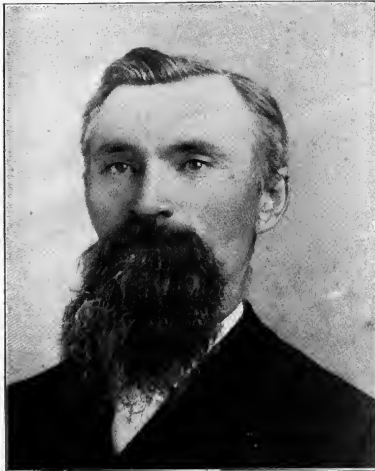
When the ice broke up in the spring a "floater" was picked up—it proved to be the remains of young Rotert.

The "Kelley's Island" mails are carried at the present time by Erne brothers of that place. Their predecessor, Henry Elfers, known as "Veteran mail carrier of the Islands," held this position for over forty years, having had during that time hair-breadth escapes and adventures galore. On one occasion when abroad with horse and cutter, the ice broke up, and the horse was brought ashore in a rowboat.

Part of an interview with a newspaper reporter, as given below, throws light upon some of Mr. Elfers' experiences.

"When I was a youngster," said Elfers, as he settled down for a good talk in the office of Schardt's hotel on the water front, "I was out in a boat about all the time. Now I don't care for ordinary sailing, but battling with the ice has a fascination for me. As soon as ice begins to form I feel eager to get out one of the ironclads and fight my way across. Ironclads? I've got two. They're the boats I use in carrying the mail, passengers, express and freight. One is 14 and the other 16 feet long. Each is a flat-bottomed skiff. There's a sail in the bow to carry us through the water or over the ice when conditions are right. There are two iron-shod runners on the bottom so the boat may be

used as a sled. The sides are sheeted with galvanized iron. That is very important, because thin ice will cut a boat like a knife.



Henry Elfers, Veteran Mail Carrier of Kelley's Island

“From here to Sandusky is ten miles in a direct line and I go there when the conditions are good. At other times I go to Marblehead, which is four miles away, and the nearest point on the mainland. I have sailed those four miles over smooth ice in 20 minutes. I have covered the same distance in eight hours. That was when the ice was about one and one-half inches thick and I had to break my way over every foot of the four miles. At times the lake has been covered with icebergs, 20 to 30 feet high, and I have had to travel 15 miles in a roundabout course to reach Marblehead.

“In the winter of 1896, I started back from Marblehead, with my son, and we got to within half a mile of the island when we were caught in a blizzard. The thermometer was below zero. The wind blew 55 miles an hour. Snow filled the air so I could not see my son at the other end of the 16-foot boat. We could not land here on account of rotten ice banked against the shore and had to fight our way back to Marblehead. Spray broke over the boat and our clothing was a mass of ice. The sail was torn to pieces. We battled with the blizzard four hours before we succeeded in reaching Marblehead.

“At 8 o'clock, one night, I had almost reached the island when I found I could not land on account of running ice. I turned toward Marblehead, but lost my way



Kelley's Island Mail Boat

in a fog and did not reach there until 3 o'clock, next morning.

“Twice the life-savers came out and got me when high seas and running ice made it impossible for me to land without their help.

“Often I have to traverse alternating sheets of clear water and fields of ice, and I can tell you it is hard, tedious work.

“A professional star route contractor once bid in the route, but he quickly gave it up when the ice began to run. He had underbid me. The department let him out, which is something it would not do for me if I made a bad bid, and gave the route to me at the terms for which I had offered to do the work.”

Automobiling Across Lake Erie.

When the automobile party of five started from Catawba Island, their proposition to cross Lake Erie on the ice to Canada was really a bluff, or joke, since the feasibility of such an undertaking had not then suggested itself. The idea grew upon members of the party as they advanced, however, until they finally decided to make the attempt.

The party consisted of J. P. Cangney, John Darr, Capt. Wallace Smith, L. B. De Witt, and J. C. West.

From Catawba the run was made direct to Put-in-Bay. There they crossed to North Bass. The party then headed for Pelee Island, which they reached in safety. Here they were joined by Dr. O. B. Van Epps. Leaving Pelee Island, they headed northward for Leamington.

Several cracks in the ice, of varying width, were crossed. In so doing two men were placed on each side of the opening, so as to give assistance if needed. Then backing the machine about fifty feet, the driver sent it forward at topmost speed, clearing the crack at a flying leap.

When still a few miles off Leamington the party was met by a reporter of the London (Ont.) *Free Press*—telegraph messages making inquiries concerning their safety having preceded them. These messages had served also to set the townspeople on the *qui vive*, and many of them were out on the ice watching for the expected party from the States, some of the crowd had marine glasses

with which they swept the southern horizon, sighting at last the approaching auto, dimly outlined upon the horizon.

Their progress, however, was interrupted, when near their destination by a crack of such width—ten or twelve feet—that it could not be crossed as the other openings had been. After deliberation they decided to follow the



Auto Crossing Crack in the Ice

course of the opening, hoping that it might narrow to a point that would permit of a crossing being made. In this they were disappointed, however; but after following the crack a considerable distance they reached a point at which the water was bridged with sixteen foot lengths of heavy boards. This bridge was a welcome surprise, for without it they would have been compelled to abandon the undertaking. This bridge—as afterwards developed—took shape in a peculiar manner. A sled load of tobacco



The Rivals—Auto and Ice Yachts

and its driver from Pelee Island, bound for Leamington, had reached this obstructing crack just as a load of lumber from Leamington to Pelee Island got there, and a part of the timber was utilized in building the bridge.

After spending the night at a Leamington hotel they started back next day, encountering a heavy snow storm, finally reaching Catawba Island safely. This was the first and only trip made by automobile across Lake Erie.

A Bunch of Emeralds.

Mere dots as they are on the broad bosom of an inland sea, the reminiscent lore attaching to the smaller islets dating from their early history is interesting.

While too limited in extent to afford room for more than a few occupants at a time, the fact that so many individuals, singly, or as families, should have sought at various times the seclusion of bounds so narrow, is a matter of surprise. Instances of the occupation of each by single families have been numerous, while correspondingly marked has been the tendency toward Crusce life.

As will be seen on reference to the map, the islands in question are scattered promiscuously among the larger members of the group, and may be enumerated as East, West and Middle Sisters, Green Island, Rattlesnake, "Gull," "Sugar," "Mouse," "Lost Ballast," "Hen and Chickens," North Harbor, Middle Island, "Buckeye," and "Starve" and "Fighting" Islands.

Among early occupants of West Sister Island, figured the name of Dr. Girty—brother of Simon Girty—"Tory of the Western Reserve." In the early "fifties," Dr. Girty practiced medicine among the few inhabitants of Put-in-Bay, and was the first of his profession to locate among the islands. That any practicing physician should have selected a place so difficult of access to his patrons, remains a mystery.

At another period of its early day history, the island was occupied by a family consisting of two men, two women and a child. They were French Canadians, and

had a boat with which they transported needed supplies from the mainland. All went well until winter closed in, and they were surrounded by ice. The child was taken sick—Dr. Girty did not then live on the island—and died.



A Glimpse of Starve Island—Photo by Author

Wishing to bury the child near their Canadian home, the two men started across the ice, having between them a boat in which was placed the remains.

The ice was in a precarious condition, the wind sprang suddenly from a breeze to a fierce gale, the ice broke up and the men never returned to West Sister. The women remained imprisoned for several weeks on the lonely isle. Their only boat was gone and their supplies nearly exhausted.

Finally with the opening of navigation a cruising vessel chanced to pass near the island. The attention of

some one on board was attracted thereto by the flutter of a white flag. Two women were noticed, standing on the beach; they were frantically waving that which proved to be a white tablecloth fastened to a pole. A boat was lowered and sent to the island. The women told a pitiful story of loneliness and privation, having but little left to eat. They were taken on board the vessel and their wants supplied. When the vessel reached its destination they were sent to their Canadian home. The men, their companions, were never heard of again and doubtless met death beneath the waves.

Several years ago East Sister Isle became the property of James Morrison of Put-in-Bay. Mr. Morrison built a small house on the island and engaged in fishing and farming. The waters were well stocked with fish and the land was very fertile.



Frequent trips were made by Mr. Morrison between Put-in-Bay and the "Sister," in an open pound boat, bringing over loads of fish, fruit and vegetable products for shipment at Put-in-Bay, or Isle St. George. He was usually accompanied on these trips by one or more of his four sons; and his daily life bore a spice of adventure. The winds oftentimes were contrary, the sea tempestuous, but patience, and courage never failed, and he was always successful in landing his cargo.

The island is now owned by the widow of James Morrison, and large quantities of fish are still taken from adjacent waters.

As a lighthouse station, Middle Island, situated in Canadian waters south of Point au Pelee and containing but a few acres, has formed for many years the abode of



Bass Fishermen at East Sister Isle

a whole series of government employes whose main occupation it has been to kindle and keep burning through nights of storm and darkness the lights within its gray old tower,

occupying in turn with their families or alone the one modest dwelling which the island contains.

Drawing from their personal experiences, the light keepers of Middle Island have contributed in ample measure to stories of adventure, and often of hardship and privation incidental to a life so isolated.

On yet another occasion a solitary occupant of the island during the winter season was taken seriously ill and lay for several days uncared for, his only medicines comprising a few simple herbs, his only companion a dog.

In like manner the keepers of Green Island light have had during the years intervening, since the building of the first lighthouse upon its shores, many haps and mishaps which if woven into story would make interesting reading. An occurrence most notable in the history of Green Island was the burning in 1864 of the lighthouse above mentioned, an account of which is elsewhere given in this volume.

For a number of years rocky little Rattlesnake was inhabited by a family bearing the name of Hammond, but later formed the summer residence of Capt. Freyense, of Sandusky, who annually repaired thither with his family. A romantic interest attaches to the place.

For many years after the settlement of the principal islands, the "Hen and Chickens," lying north of the Bass group, were uninhabited. The "Hen" was finally settled by one Captain Blanchard, who came to be known as "the hermit of the old Hen." Unlike the proverbial recluse, Captain Blanchard was an able man financially and his hermitage formed a quiet, but very comfortable retreat, in which during the summer season he received and entertained many friends from a distance. Tired at last

of his solitary life Captain Blanchard sold the "Hen" and her brood to a party of Sandusky gentlemen. An elegant and commodious structure was erected near the site of the hermitage and christened—"Quinnebog Club House," and semiannually its members repair thither to fish for black bass and run wild.

For a time the only inhabitant of "Ballast" was "Uncle Jimmy," who occupied a humble cot and posed as monarch of all he surveyed, until after the purchase of the island by Cleveland parties and subsequent erection of a club house and cottages.

"Sugar," containing an area of about fourteen acres lying between Middle and North Bass, possesses varied attractions and is favored as the resort of camping and fishing parties.

Concerning "Mouse" Island, a visiting journalist thus writes:

"It is a little gem of an island on the south shore of Lake Erie just a stone's throw from Catawba Island. May it be your good fortune to see it by moonlight, with Green Island light blinking sleepily over the port quarter. Then see it with each leaf in the gentle silhouette. Here are bays and capes in miniature, and pretty little harbors where fairy fleets might anchor."

"From Catawba Island the telegraph cable takes a long leap—stops a moment at 'Mouse' Island and then plunges into the lake to go to Put-in-Bay. The happy swallows gather on the wire in August before their trip to the South and talk over the coming journey, all unconscious of the messages under their feet, messages of births and deaths and marriages that shall make the heart flutter, many a cheek to pale or flush at Put-in-Bay.

What do the swallows care? Robins, too, shall sing a sunset carol for you on the wire, and you may sink to sleep with the echo of his gentle vesper in your ears.

“You might have seen Perry start out from here several years ago with his fleet. How queer those old vessels would look now!

“On this shelving beach many and many a time has the bark canoe of the Indian grated. Here he was ab-



sorbed in thoughts of his spirit, and here, too, he probably absorbed a great deal too much spirit, after the white man came.

“If you do go to Mouse Island this summer, the memory of it shall have its halo for you.”

Mouse Island—it may be added—has won distinction as having once been the property of Ex-Prest. Rutherford B. Hayes. It now belongs to his heirs.

“Gull” formed in early days a resort both for sea-gulls which repaired thither in flocks to lay their eggs in the sand, and for adventurers who went to gather them.

“Buckeye” and “Lost Ballast” are gems in miniature. Only fifteen or twenty years ago the latter was an extension of Ballast Island proper, from which it was cut by the wear of waves, and is now separated by a sweep of water. Covered with trees and shrubbery, this tiny islet—subsequently named “Lost Ballast”—forms an emerald setting in the blue water.

“Starve” Island is said to have taken its name from the melancholy fact that somewhere about the opening of the present century a sailor got stranded thereon, where he starved to death. The skeleton of the unfortunate man was afterwards found bleaching upon its barren shore.

Starve Island forms a mass of rock and scant vegetation and its adjacent reefs are known as danger points and carefully shunned by cruising vessels. It boasts not even a Crusoe.



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