



Picturesque America; or, the land we live in

a delineation by pen and pencil of the mountains, rivers, lakes, forests, water-falls, shores, cañons, valleys, cities, and other picturesque features of our country ; with illustrations on steel and wood, by eminent American artists

Bryant, William Cullen

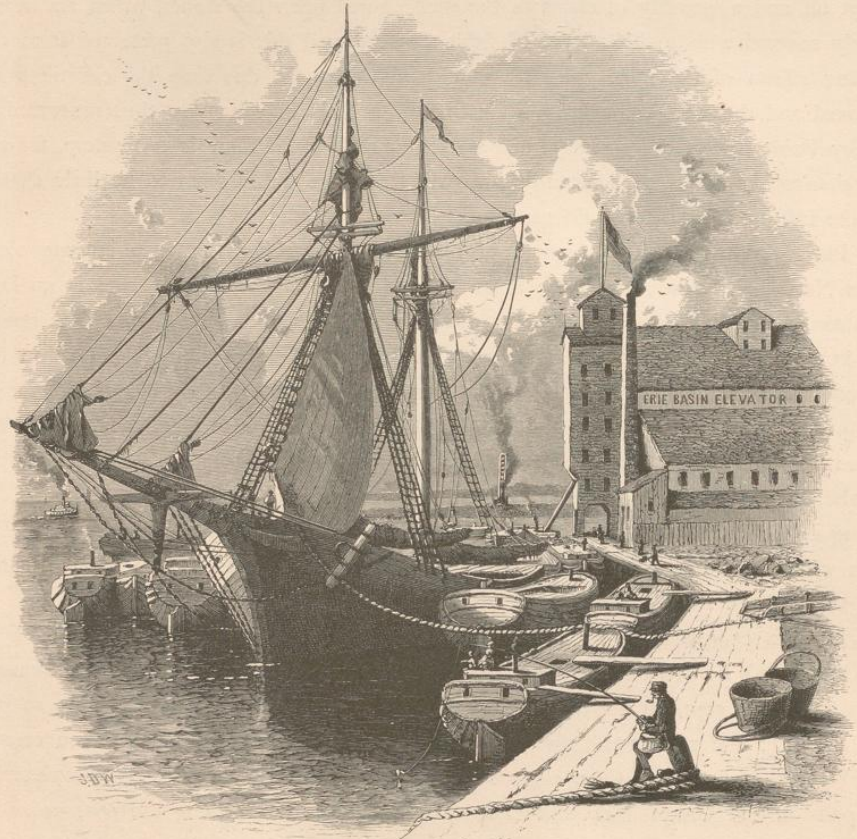
New York, 1872

South Shore Of Lake Erie.

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THE SOUTH SHORE OF LAKE ERIE.

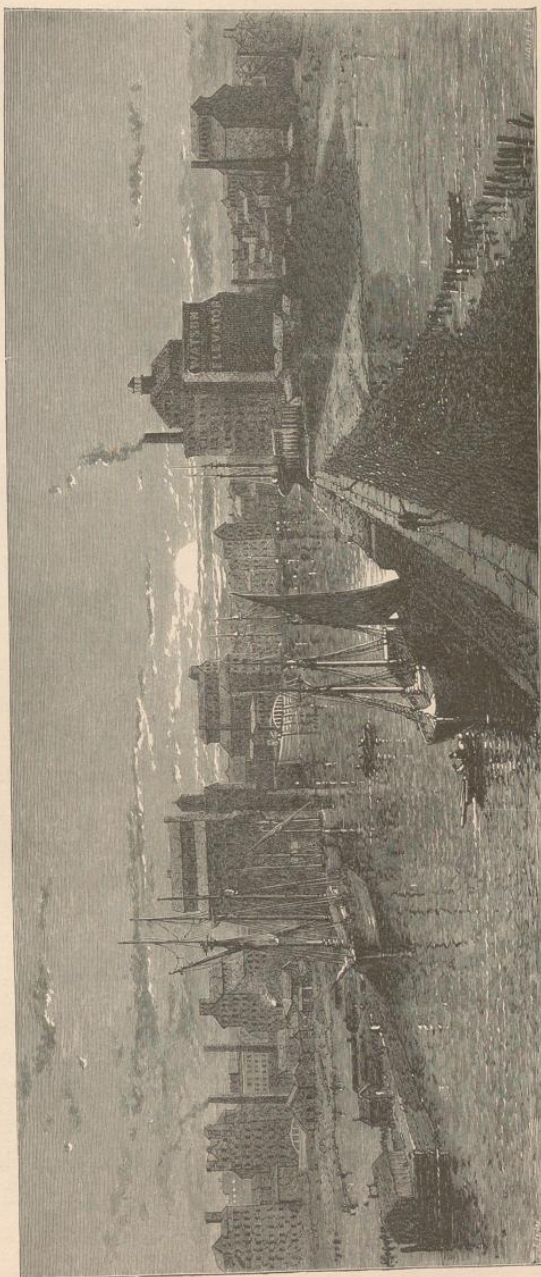
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. DOUGLAS WOODWARD.



Erie Canal Basin and Elevator, Buffalo.

AMONG the five great lakes of the Western chain, Erie occupies the fourth place as regards size, the last place in point of beauty, and no place at all in romance. Lakes have their natures as distinctly marked as the human children who tread their shores. One child is imaginative, and the brother next in age has a deadly-practical mind; one sister is beautiful, and another without a charm; the children of the same parents grow up as different as though born in the four different quarters of the earth, and yet the influences around them are the same. In like manner, the sister-lakes, join-

ing hands from Minnesota to the ocean, have their distinct characteristics; each, in turn, comes to the front with her one superlative adjective, whose fitness cannot be questioned, but whose rank in the scale varies according to the temperament of the traveller, as, with guide-book in hand and glasses slung from his shoulder, he stands on the narrow forward deck of the propeller whose sharp bows point toward Chicago or Duluth. Thus, grand Superior is the most mysterious of the lakes, its northern shores even now but half explored, strange tales of its gold and silver, amethysts and rubies, tin and copper, being brought down by the fur-traders and hunters to old Fort William and the Sault. Thus, sea-green Michigan is the most beautiful of the lakes, with its islands, its shifting silver fogs, its long Green Bay, and the unsurpassed Straits of Mackinac. Thus, blue Huron is the most romantic of the chain. It has no towns to bring one back to reality; the steamer glides northward without the prosaic unloading of freight, and, if it stops at all, it is at some little log-wharf, where the wild-looking lumber-men bring down



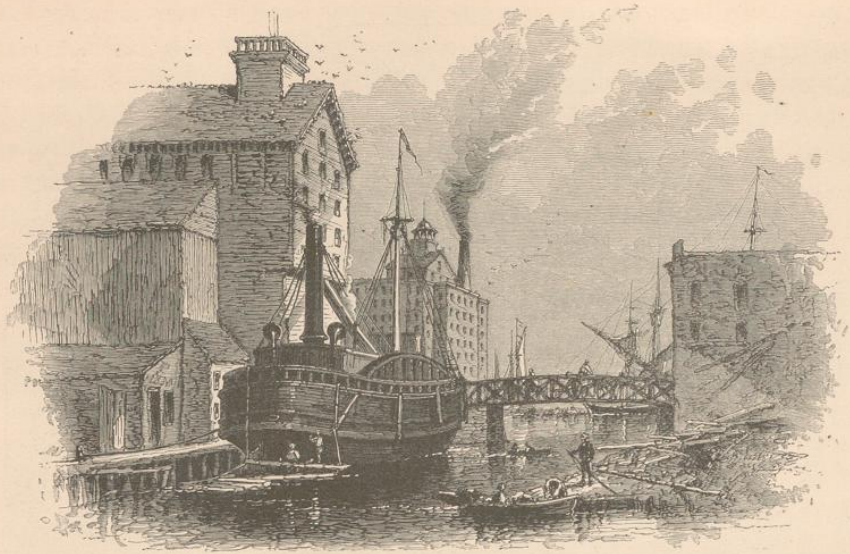
Ship-Canal, Buffalo.

their loads of wood, with shouts and rough cries, while the passengers wander into the primitive forest of the New World to gather the hardy blue-bells and Indian pipes, or stroll along the beach, searching for veined agates. An atmosphere of romance rests over Lake Huron; its depth, its color, and its wild solitude, bring to the surface all the latent poetry in the tourist's heart; and the same man who sleeps through Ontario, talks "iron" on Superior, "grain" on Michigan, and "oil" on Erie, will surprise you with sentiment on Saginaw's landless expanse, and verses off the blue headland of Thunder Bay. Poor Ontario is crushed by Niagara Falls; if the lake is seen first, its placid memory is effaced by the great cataract, and, if afterward, eyes wearied with admiration generally sleep over its gray waters, and only waken for the thousand islands of the St. Lawrence. Yet Ontario has its adjective, and is not without its partisans, for it is unquestionably the safest of the chain.

Brown Erie has now its turn. It possesses the most historical interest. It has relics, antiquities, the memory of many battles on land, and one important naval engagement on its waters. From old Fort Schlosser, on the Niagara River, in the east, to the ancient post on the Detroit, in the west, the shores of Erie are full of interest to the future historian of the lake-country. They wait for his coming; their waves hide the sunken timbers of British vessels; their banks hold in store for him the rusty swords and muskets of the days before the Revolution; their sand-beaches cover cannon and *bateaux*; and their rocks preserve the inscriptions of the lost tribe of Eries, driven in a day from the face of the earth by the fierce Iroquois, as long ago as 1665. The lake has its heroes, also, and its sayings, famous all over the land. Pontiac's spirit haunts the mouth of the lovely Detroit River; Tecumseh flits through the woods on shore; the name of Perry is associated with the western islands; and the memory of mad Anthony Wayne hangs over Presque Isle, now Erie. It was on the Detroit River that Logan died—Logan, whose sad words are well known in every school-house in the land: "There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any human creature. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one." It was on the north shore of Lake Erie, at the head of his little band, that Tecumseh stood, and, waving his hand over the lake, spoke to the British general, his ally: "If you wish to retreat, give us arms; and you may go, and welcome. As for us, our lives are in the hands of the Great Spirit; we will defend our lands to the last, and, if it be his will, we will leave our bones upon this shore." It was at Put-in-Bay, among the Lake-Erie islands, that Commodore Perry wrote his famous dispatch: "We have met the enemy, and they are ours." At Presque Isle died mad Anthony, whose field-order is as laconic as General Dix's "Shoot him on the spot." Before the battle of Fallen Timbers, in 1794, not far from the present city of Toledo, General Harrison, then aide to Wayne, addressed his superior: "General Wayne, I am afraid you will get into the fight yourself, and forget to give me the necessary field-orders." "Perhaps I may," replied mad Anthony—"perhaps I may; and, if I do, recol-



MAIN STREET, BUFFALO, FROM ST PAUL'S CHURCH.



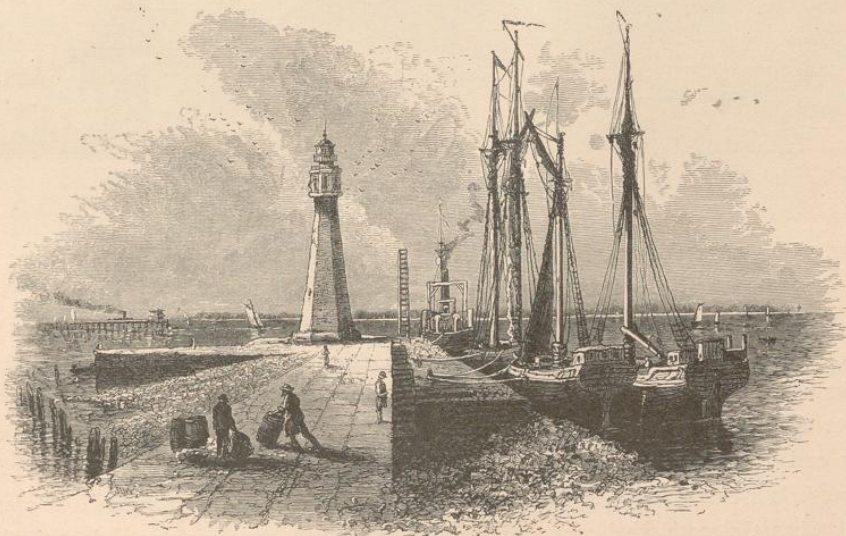
Grain-Propeller, Buffalo.

lect that the standing order for the day is, Charge the d—d rascals with the bayonets!"

Lake Erie is two hundred and fifty miles long, sixty miles broad, and two hundred and four feet at its greatest depth, although, on an average, it is not more than ninety feet deep. Compared with the other lakes, it is shallow; and the difference has been described as follows: "The surplus waters poured from the vast *basins* of Superior, Michigan, and Huron, flow across the *plate* of Erie into the deep *bowl* of Ontario." Lake Erie is the only member of the chain which is reputed to have any current. The current, if there is one, is probably owing to its shallow bed, and the great force of its outlet, the Niagara River. But it has another reputation, which is founded on certainty; it is the most dangerous of the fresh-water seas. Its waves are short and chopping, its harbors insecure, especially along the northern shore, and it has little sea-room. The mouths of its streams are clogged with sand-bars; and in the early days, before improvements were made, the lake-captains kept out in the offing, and landed their cargoes in small boats, rather than risk the perils of the so-called harbors. Even now, in the storms of autumn, vessels drive by the south-shore ports, running for the shelter of the islands rather than attempting to enter the narrow rivers, with their lines of spiles, which stand, like so many tenter-hooks, to impale the incoming ship. Little tugs—all engine and smoke—lie on and off these harbors, waiting for tows; no doubt, they are useful, but none the less ugly, bustling, pert little monsters, ducking under bridges with their smoke-stacks on hinges, whistling, puffing, and snorting, so that a listener might

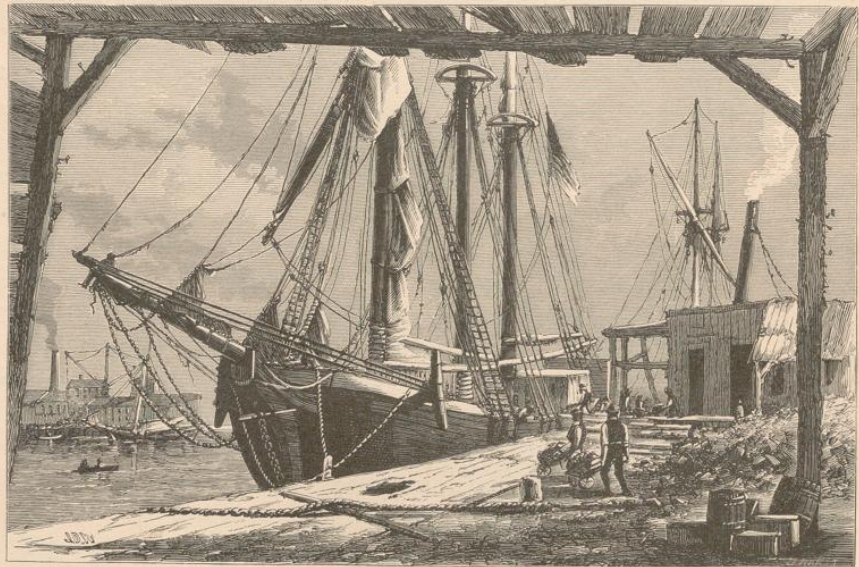
think an ocean-steamer was coming in, instead of a grimy dwarf with some such melodious name as Old Jack. Having obtained its tow, a mile or two out, and fastened on to its prey, the tug takes the bit in its teeth, and comes snorting into port. Behind it glides the graceful vessel, her sails slowly coming down, cloud after cloud, until, as her bows reach the river-piers, there is nothing left but a jib, and the lines of rope and rigging stand bare against the sky.

The rivers are docked, and rows of canal-boats usurp their sides—canal-boats decked with lines of drying clothes, for it always seems to be washing-day on a canal-boat. A giant elevator is sucking grain from the hold of one vessel; red iron from Lake Superior is being unloaded from another; wood from Lake Huron, and limestone from the western islands, are coming in; coal and petroleum are going out; and the lines of slow-moving lumber-barges, the schooners and barks, the canal-boats, propellers, and side-wheel steamers, have only the narrow, crooked river for a roadway. The incoming tug catches a sight of all this confusion from the light-house at the end of the pier, and whistles defiantly. Hers it is to take the vessel safely to its berth, a mile up the river, and she does it; but what a labyrinth! On each deck stands each captain, from the well-dressed commander of the passenger-steamer to the grimy boss of the coal-barge. They halloo; they yell; they ring bells; they sound whistles; they back their boats; they start them forward; they edge them sideways; they squeeze, grind, race, crawl, or charge through, according to their several dispositions, but through, all! The Eastern passenger, going out on the evening boat, clutches his umbrella in alarm as he



Light-House, Buffalo.

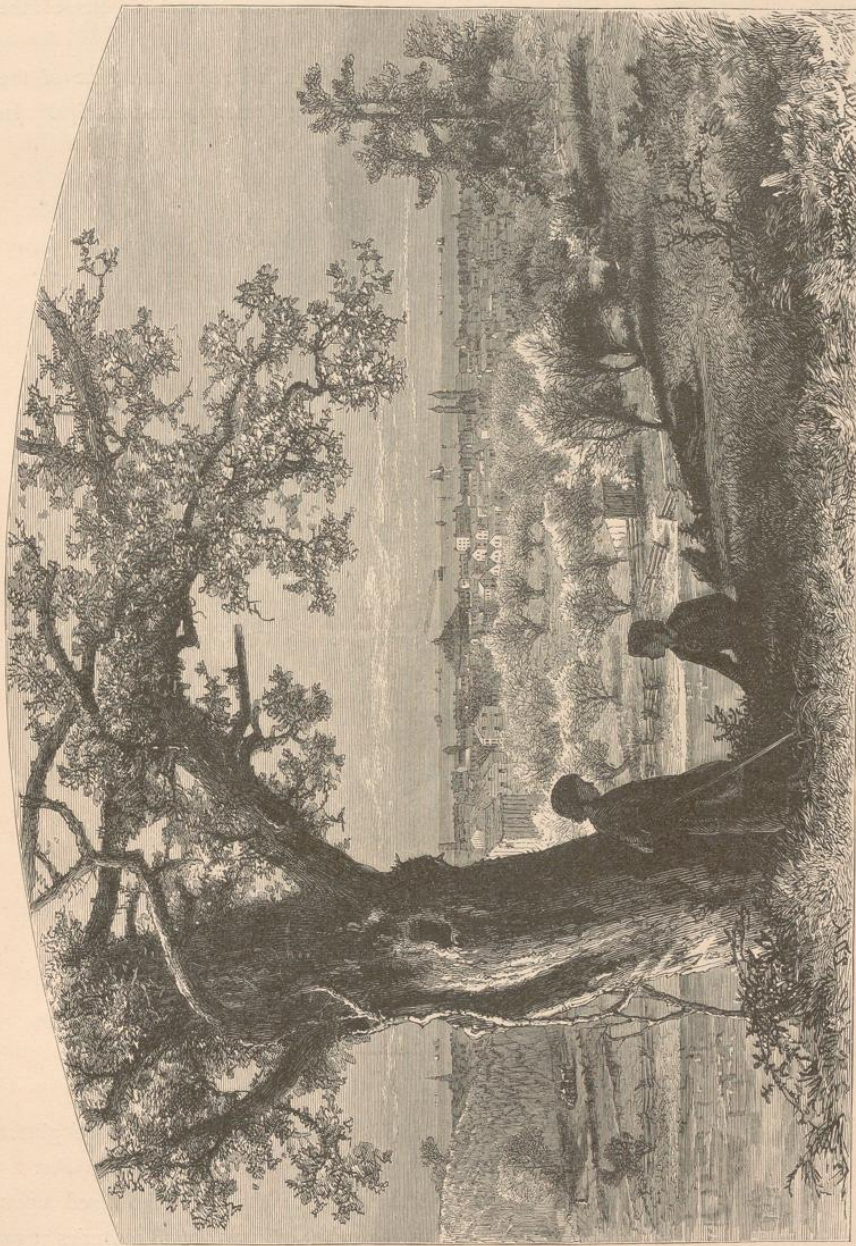
sees round the curve the incoming tug with its three-masted bark in tow, entirely filling the channel. He glances at his captain, outlined against the soft evening sky on the hurricane-deck; but the captain merely rings his bell; the wheelsman clanks his chains in the pilot-house; and on sail the two great hulks, apparently determined to crush each other to atoms. The passenger looks on, and even thinks of jumping ashore; a few feet less, and he might do it, the river is so narrow. Then come a sudden clang, rattle, shout, and quiver; the steamer leaps backward and sideways for an instant; the tug claws the opposite bank in fury; the great vessel swings slowly aside; and the two boats pass each other, with hardly an inch to spare. And all the while on the canal-



Ship-Canal and Coal-Docks, Buffalo.

boats, which seem doomed to be ground to powder at the docks, the washing goes on, and the clothes are hung out as usual.

The shores of Lake Erie are wooded, rising, on an average, sixty feet above the water. Through this plateau the streams come down in gorges and ravines, and the banks are full of springs and quicksands. In a north wind the water is dark, and the waves dash on the beach with a loud roar; in an east wind it is sea-green, the white-caps curl toward the west, and it has a treacherous aspect; but, when the west wind blows, it is a blue summer sea, over which the ships sail gayly under a cloud of canvas. Only when the south wind comes off the land, bringing a gray rain-storm, does the lake lose all its beauty. Then it sullenly sinks into lethargy; the woods on its shores stand



ERIE, FROM FEDERAL HILL.

desolate; and the little villages, each with its long, dripping dock and warehouse, look so miserable that the lake-traveller hastily betakes himself to the inmost depths of the cabin and the most exciting novel he can find.

Mirage is seen on Erie at times, but fogs rarely, unless it be that soft haze of the twilight through which the vessels steal by each other like so many phantom-ships. In



Lake-Shore, above Erie.

the winter come the ice-fields, hummocks, plains, and moving floes; while above glitter the spears of the Aurora Borealis, stretching from end to end of the northern sky.

Lake Erie derived its name from the Eries, or tribe of the Cat, who lived upon its shores when the Jesuit missionaries first visited the country, two centuries ago. Every thing connected with the Eries, who have left only a name behind them, is involved in obscurity. They were a powerful tribe; they stood at the head of that

remarkable confederacy called the Neutral Nation; their principal towns were near the site of Buffalo, but they also roamed along the entire south shore, and had their fastnesses on its western islands. Suddenly came the Iroquois from the East, and exterminated them, man, woman, and child, in one day. Such is the tradition. But the name of the poor Cat tribe has lived after them; Erie the lake, Erie the town, Erie the canal, and Erie the railroad, have been in men's mouths ever since. Old Time has his little compensations, after all.

The city of Buffalo, taking its name from the American bison who roamed in herds along the shore as late as 1720, lies at the eastern end of Lake Erie. The neighboring

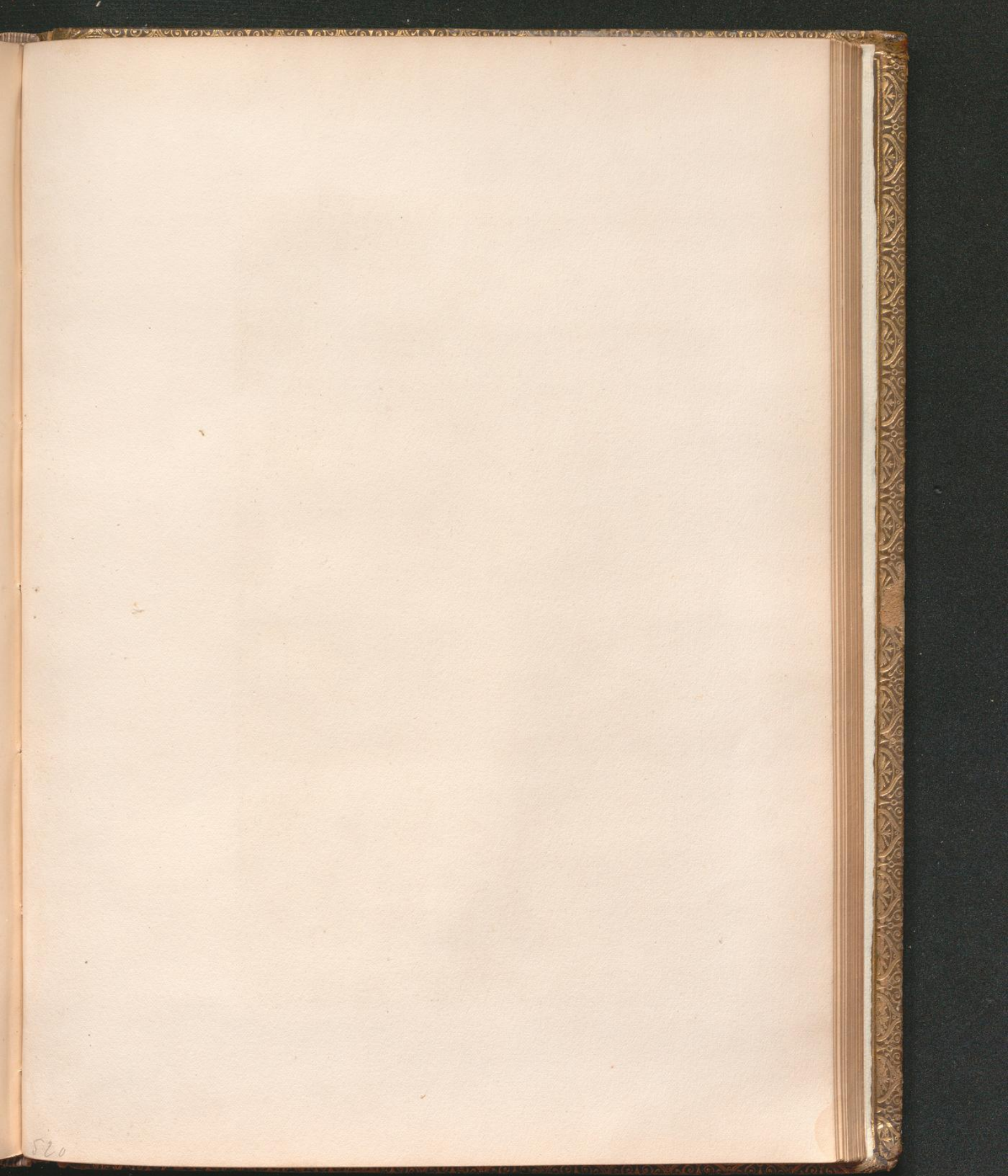


Main Light, at Erie.

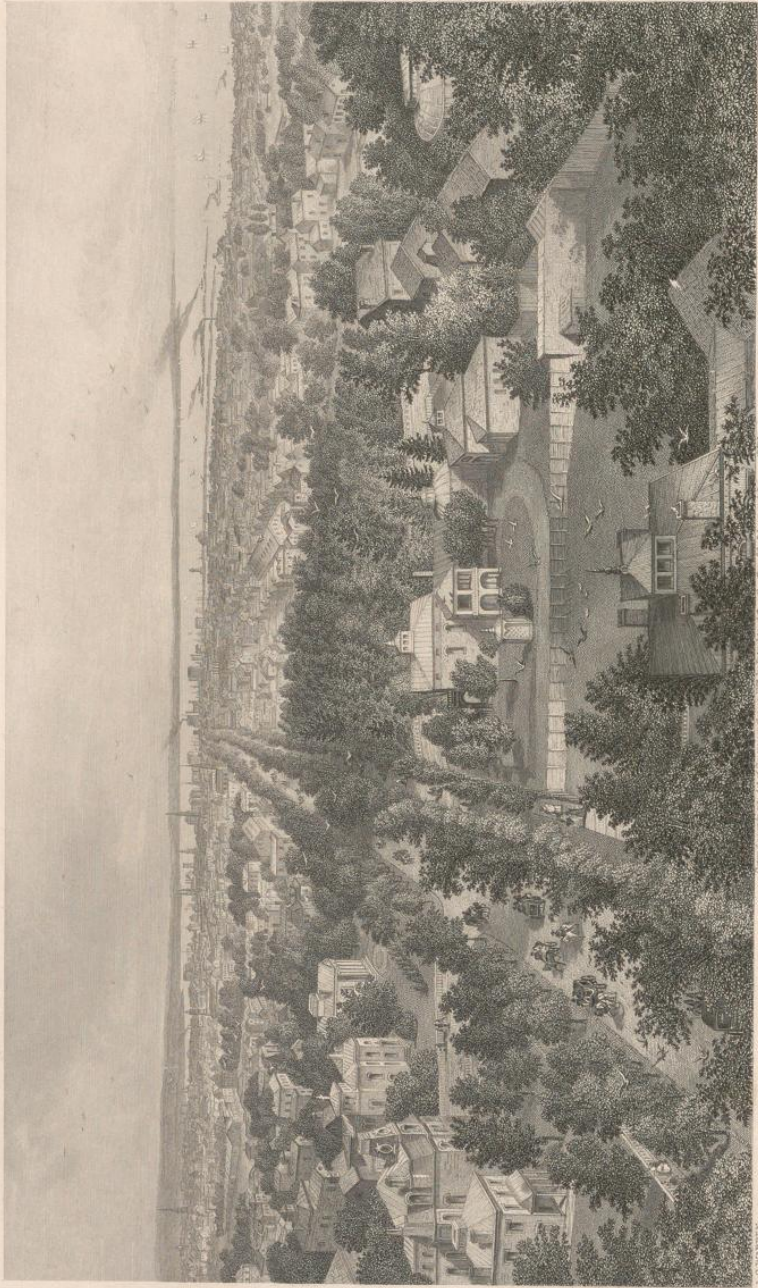
post of Niagara was, however, of more importance in the early days of the frontier. Here, in 1769, La Salle's men had built the Griffin. During the long winter, with the frozen river lying before them "like a plain paved with polished marble," the Frenchmen, with their rude tools, sawed and hammered on the timbers they had cut from the forest. At last, on the 7th of August, all was ready; and, to the combined sound of a *Te Deum* and an arquebuse, the first vessel entered the waters of Lake Erie. Singularly enough, the little Griffin, after sailing safely through the unknown seas as far as Green Bay, and encountering gales on Huron and Michigan, came back to lay her timbers under the waters of Erie. She passed what is now Detroit, and entered the lake, but was never seen again. Where she went down, no one knows.

Buffalo was first settled in 1801. Previous to this date there had been one or two trading-cabins and a stockade fort on the creek, where the hunters and traders lived like Ishmael, with their hands against every man and every man's hand against them. Attacks by the Indians, scalping, hair-breadth escapes, the dangers of starvation and cold, formed the incidents of those years. But the little settlement kept itself alive, immigrants came, and in 1810 Tushuway, or Buffalo, including all that part of the State which lies west of the west transit line, was set off from the neighboring settlement of Clarence. These transits were meridian lines run by a transit instrument; they were sixteen miles apart. Thus, at its first organization, Buffalo contained an area of about three hundred thousand acres; this was an ambitious beginning, even for the "Queen City of the Lakes," as it is called. Shortly after this the progress of Buffalo was checked by the War of 1812; the frontier lake-country was ravaged by the contending armies and their savage allies, and, near the close of 1813, Fort Niagara was taken by the British, and the surrounding villages, including Buffalo, burned to the ground. When peace was declared the village was rebuilt, and in 1832 it took its place as a city, ranking now the third in point of size in the State of New York. The Buffalo of to-day is a large, bright, busy town, with broad streets of well-built residences and business blocks. It has a social reputation of its own, which may be described by the term "gay," used in its best sense: it has its driving-park and annual races; it has its club-houses, its brilliant amateur theatricals, and well-supported public theatres, while its private balls and parties are renowned for their gayety throughout the whole lake-country with its chain of cities. Cleveland, the "Forest City," is rivalling the "Queen," in the extent of her business; but, socially, the town of Connecticut origin is dull when compared with Buffalo; it is like comparing a Roundhead with a Cavalier.

The most noticeable feature of Buffalo is its mode of handling grain in bulk by means of its numerous elevators. These wooden monsters, with long trunks and high heads, stand on the bank of the river waiting for their prey. In from the lake come the vessels and propellers laden with grain from Milwaukee and Chicago, and the tugs carry them up within reach, and leave them to their fate; then down, out of the long neck comes the trunk, and, plunging itself deep into the hold of the craft, it begins to suck up the grain, nor pauses until the last atom is gone. Within this trunk are two divisions: in one, the troughs full of grain pass up on a pliable band; in the other, they pass down empty. In the hold of the vessel or propeller are men who shovel the grain toward these troughs, so that they may always go up full; and in the granary of the elevator above are men who regulate the flow of the grain into the shute, and cause it to measure itself by means of a self-registering apparatus, the whole adjusted and governed by the weight of a finger. It may be that this grain is to go eastward by the Erie Canal; in that case the canal-boat is waiting on the other side, a man opens another door, the grain runs down another trunk into its hold, and behold it ready for

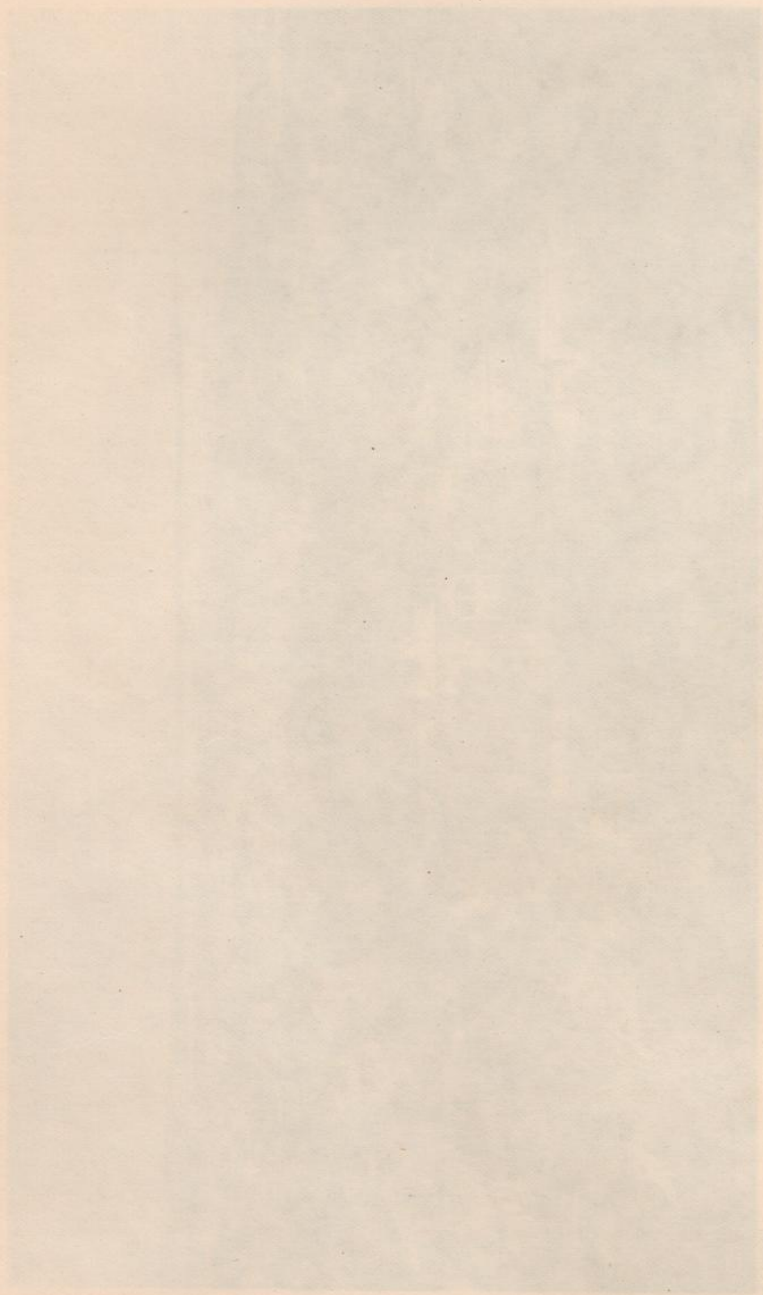


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City of Buffalo.

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its journey to New-York City. The transfer of forty bushels takes less than half a minute, and costs less than half a cent. Americans pass these elevators with but slight attention; every one is supposed to understand their workings, and no one sees any thing remarkable in them unless it be their ugliness. But visitors from foreign countries pause before them with curiosity; our uncouth planked elephants on the river-banks excite their interest, and for written descriptions of them we must go to European books of travel. Mr. Anthony Trollope, the author of the delightful series of English novels, "Barchester Towers" and its companion volumes, devotes several pages in his book on



Mouth of Cuyahoga River, Cleveland.

America to the Buffalo elevators. He says: "An elevator is as ugly a monster as has been yet produced. In uncouthness of form it outdoes those obsolete old brutes who used to roam about the semi-aqueous world and live a most uncomfortable life with their great hungering stomachs and huge, unsatisfied maws. Rivers of corn and wheat run through these monsters night and day. And all this wheat which passes through Buffalo comes loose, in bulk; nothing is known of sacks or bags. To any spectator in Buffalo this becomes immediately a matter of course; but this should be explained, as we, in England, are not accustomed to see wheat travelling in this open, unguarded, and plebeian manner. Wheat with us is aristocratic, and travels always in its private carriage."

Buffalo is attractive by force of its situation at the eastern end of Lake Erie. It does not lie on a side-bank, as Cleveland lies; it does not stand back on a bay, as Toledo and Sandusky stand; it does not retreat up a river, like Detroit; it takes its place boldly at the foot of the lake, and catches every breeze and every gale in their full strength. Through the vista of its broad streets, glimpses of blue water meet the eye, and the waves seem full of life as they dance across the bay toward the gate-way of the Niagara River, through whose portal they will soon glide past Grand Island, faster and faster, among the rapids, and over the foam-wreathed, misty precipice into the deep, green basin below.

Buffalo harbor is the largest on the lake, but, owing to its situation, it is often the last gathering-place for the weakened ice, so that when the other coast cities are sending out their vessels in the early spring, when Detroit River is open, and the iron fleets of Cleveland are starting for Lake Superior, the harbor of Buffalo is still reported by telegraph as "closed," "closed." At length the ice "goes"—no one knows where. Navigation is open, the double-whistles resound, the compact little boats of the Transportation Company start eastward through the Welland Canal, and the large propellers of the Union Line start westward for Chicago.

As the steamer leaves Buffalo Light behind, the lake broadens, and, after passing Sturgeon Point, the breeze is almost sure to freshen into a strong wind. Along this portion of the coast in winter the snow sweeps with fierce fury; here, if anywhere, the trains of the Lake Shore Railroad are blocked in spite of the long lines of snow-sheds; something in the lay of the land and the shape of the lake makes a snow-trap of this section; the wind sweeps howling over it when on either side it is calm—there are snow-drifts here when elsewhere there are none. It is a bleak coast, even in summer, with little to attract the eye. Occasionally a village is passed, where the smoke of a furnace or a mill and the masts of vessels show that a city is growing up; but even should the steamer turn into the wharf, there is nothing to be seen save the never-ending loading and unloading of the lake-schooners, the dock-hands with their wheel-barrows, and on shore the newness and the rawness of a Western town in its awkward, growing youth. One of these villages—State Line—marks the New-York boundary, and here begins the Triangle—that sturdy little elbow which Pennsylvania has pushed up to the lake-shore, as if determined to have a port somewhere, on fresh water if not on salt. In this triangle is the harbor of Presque Isle, now Erie, one of the early military posts on the lake. In 1795 two block-houses were built here under the direction of General Irvine, and a small garrison maintained for the protection of the surveyors who were locating the donation lands of the State. Previously, while employed in this work, General Irvine found that a tract of land in the shape of a triangle, including this harbor of Presque Isle, was, in a legal point of view, nowhere, being north of the Pennsylvania line, west of the New-York line, and east of the Connecticut Reserve. When



CLEVELAND, FROM SCRANTON'S HILL.

this was discovered, Pennsylvania set to work to obtain the little strip of water-front, and finally, after the Indian title had been acquired by the payment of twelve hundred pounds, the State purchased the land of the General Government, in 1792, for the sum of one hundred and fifty thousand six hundred and forty dollars and twenty-five cents. The Triangle contained an area of two hundred and two thousand acres. All along the lake-shore from Buffalo to Detroit are found traces of one of the difficulties of colonization, which is often lost sight of among the more dramatic troubles of storms, wild beasts, and Indians: this is the conflicting claims of rival land companies, and the consequent doubt as to the ownership of the soil. The domains of these companies were varying and indefinite in boundary, from the Plymouth Company of James I., which took in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Canada, and all the Northwestern States, to the grant of the Portuguese Dohrman, of one six-mile township, for aid rendered to American vessels during the Revolution. The same territory was granted and regranted again and again, and the bewildered settler—between the French, British, Indian, and individual claims—sat down by his half-sawn tree to study his useless title-deeds and solve an impossible problem. The traces of this period are found in the names which cling to the lake-shore; in spite of the decorous counties and townships, the old people still talk of the "Holland Purchase," the "Struck District," the "Triangle," the "Western Reserve," the "Fire Lands," the "Maumee Road Tract," and the "Black Swamp." These titles have each their local history, and were derived either from the original grant or the nature of the soil. "Struck District" is not melodious, certainly; but it came into being because its land was struck out of a lottery which was organized for the impartial distribution of a donation tract; thus it had, at least, a reason for existence, which is more than can be said for the titles gravely selected by Congress for the Lake States: "Assenisipia," "Metropotamia," "Polypotamia," and "Pelisipia." Fortunately, those conglomerates were rejected.

The situation of Erie is picturesque, owing to the beauty of its bay and outlying island. As early as 1753 the French landed at this point and erected a little fort, naming it Presque Isle; it was one of a chain which was to connect the St. Lawrence, and *la belle rivière*, as they called the Ohio. In 1760 Presque Isle was surrendered to the British, and soon after it was destroyed by the Indians, in that memorable year in the history of the lake-country when nine out of the twelve posts of the white men were captured on the same day, and their garrisons massacred. From that time the beautiful bay was solitary until the arrival of the surveyors.

The present town of Erie was incorporated as a borough in 1805. In its bay Commodore Perry built most of the vessels of his famous little fleet, having for material only the trees of the forest, and for plans only his own iron determination. A modern ship-builder would stand aghast before such a problem: given, a forest and a bay; wanted, a fleet. But in seventy days the vessels were completed, and, whether well-



SUPERIOR STREET, CLEVELAND, FROM PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

modelled or not, they sailed away bravely from the Presque Isle harbor, fought the battle of Lake Erie, and returned in triumph with a line of British ships in tow. The remains of Perry's flag-ship, the Lawrence, lie in the Erie harbor, and on the bank above the embankments of the old French Fort Presque Isle can be traced. Erie is a thriving town—the outlet of the iron and coal district of Western Pennsylvania; it is the principal market for bituminous coal on the lakes.



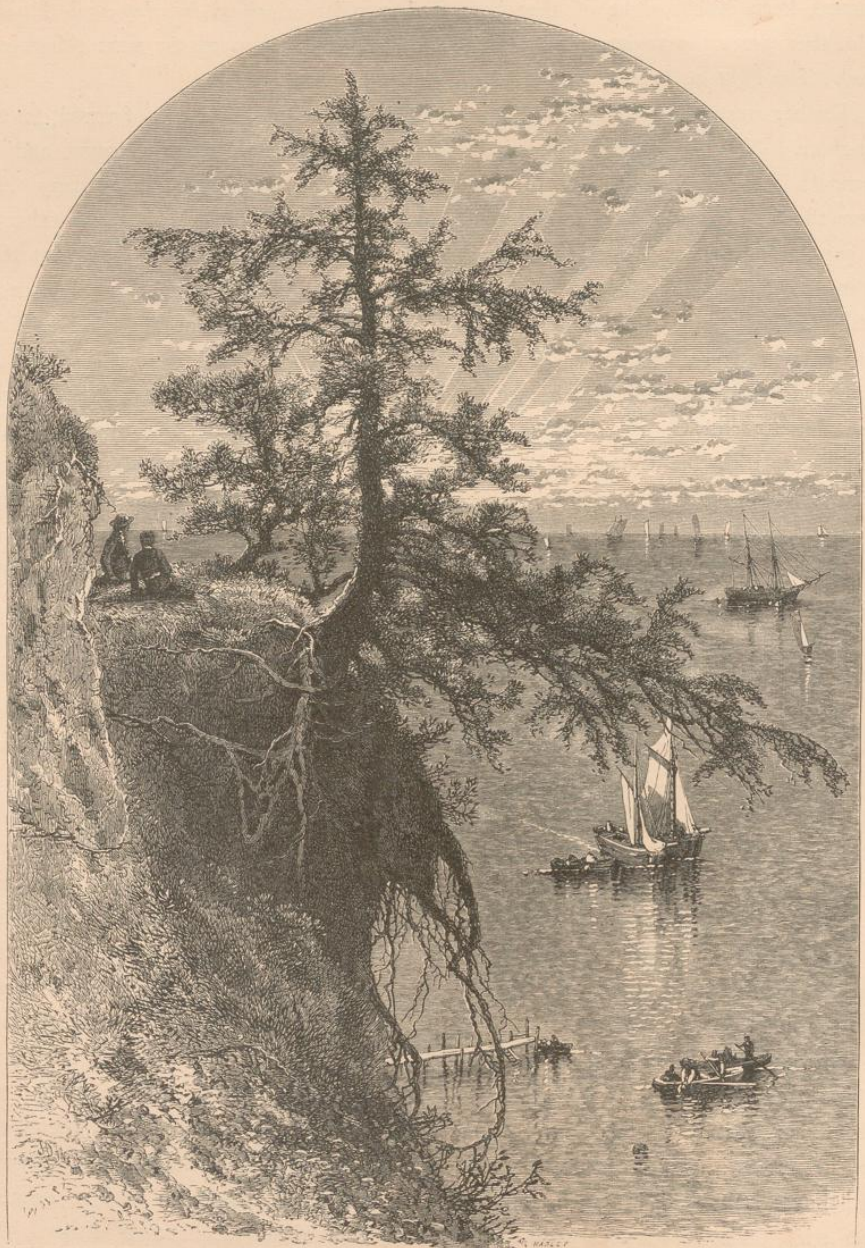
Euclid Avenue, Cleveland

Dotted along the coast stand the light-houses, picturesque towers finding a footing on lonely islets and rocky ledges, wherever they can command a wide sweep of the horizon. The farm-buildings cluster inland; but the light-house, with the keeper's little cabin at the base, stands alone on its point, where its tower gleams white by day and red by night far out at sea. To the traveller over the Western waters the light-houses seem both picturesque and friendly. There is almost always one in view; for the

steamers keep within sight of the shore, and, a pillar of cloud by day and fire by night, they greet the voyager as he journeys, one fading astern as the next shines out ahead. The light at Erie is visible for a distance of twenty miles.

Farther west the Triangle of Pennsylvania ends, and Ohio comes forward to the lake-shore. Here began the possessions of the Connecticut Western Reserve, and its Plymouth was the present bay of Conneaut, a Seneca word, signifying "many fish," where the first New-England emigrants, on the 4th of July, 1796, pledged each other in tin cups of lake-water, accompanied by a salute of fowling-pieces. The next day they began to build a large log-house, the first on the Reserve, which was long known as "Stow Castle." This portion of Ohio soon became the favorite locality for New-England emigration; so wide-spread grew the fever that resort was had to all devices to cure it, and there are still in existence caricatures which were scattered broadcast through Massachusetts and Connecticut, one representing a plump, smiling man mounted on a sleek horse, with the legend, "I am going to Ohio," coming out of his mouth; and the other, showing the same man, worn to a shadow, leading a skeleton steed drearily homeward, with the sarcastic motto, "*I have been* to Ohio!" But caricatures were of no avail, and the Ohio lake-shore was at an early date settled by a thrifty, vigorous New-England colony.

Cleveland, the city of the Western Reserve, is universally considered the most beautiful town on the Great Lakes. It was named after General Moses Cleveland, the agent of the Connecticut Land Company, and was first settled in 1796. The town lies on both sides of the Cuyahoga River, a narrow, crooked stream, which flows through a deep valley into the lake, leaving on either side the bluffs whose shaded streets have gained the name of "Forest City." The houses are embowered in foliage, and, were it not for the width of the avenues, it would seem like a city built in a wood. As it is, the traveller coming into the harbor on the Buffalo boat cannot realize its size, save from the spires that rise through the green, and the layer of dark smoke which rests above its central valley. This valley is called the Flats. Not long ago it was a marshy meadow, where the river meandered in peace, with nothing to disturb its sedgy margin save the cows and water-birds. Now it is a dense mass of iron-mills, lumber-yards, and oil-refineries—a seething basin of life, movement, noise, and smoke. But all this bustle is hidden away from the town; the Flat is a deep pocket, and only the smoke and the tips of masts betray what is going on under the hill. Above, on either side, stretch the long avenues, with miles of pleasant residences, gardens, velvet lawns, vines, and flowers. Each house is isolated in green, and one of the avenues is lined with rows of country-seats, with extensive grounds, such as are seldom seen within the limits of a city. But Cleveland on the hill is not like a city; it is like a suburban village multiplied by ten, and miraculously endowed with gas and pavements. Even in its central square, with its post-office, court-house, business-blocks, and horse-cars, it has an air of leisure; and the



LAKE ERIE, FROM BLUFF, MOUTH OF ROCKY RIVER.

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City of Cleveland

FROM PERSPECTIVE WADE

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statue of Commodore Perry, the flag-staff, and the little seats scattered over the grass, seem quite appropriate to its elegant ease. But, step to the verge of the hill, and every thing is different. Down on the Flat we see Cleveland at work, Cleveland grimy, Cleveland toiling in the sweat of her brow. Slowly through the oily river, whose name fitly signifies "crooked," wind the heavily-laden boats, bringing work for all these puffing engines, and taking away the product in its new shape as fast as the engines let it go. Here are seen all varieties of the lake-craft, from the scow to "The Last of the Mohicans" among boats, the two large side-wheel steamers which ply between Cleveland and Detroit—last remnants of a stately tribe which once ruled the Western waters, and carried their hundreds of passengers to and fro, with bands of music and flying flags. The stately steamers are gone; their hulls are dismembered, and their engines now run on the Hudson River; they were tried by the great American test, "Does it pay?" and



Mouth of Rocky River.

found wanting. The sturdy, compact propeller has driven them from the lakes so entirely that these two Cleveland boats are regarded as relics of a past age.

As Buffalo has its elevators, so Cleveland has its oil-refineries, which line the river-valley for miles. Hither, from the petroleum district, comes that fiery fluid which, hidden through all these centuries; has crowned the nineteenth with its dangerous splendor. Here it is purified, and sent forth into the wide world to fulfil its mission. In its train is power as yet but half discovered; in its train is light as yet but half developed. But with it rides Death on a fiery steed, taking his victims hourly; Ignorance and Carelessness do good service as his aides; and the daily papers record the list of mortality. So far, our new slave of the lamp is a dark master; and the world waits for the mind which shall put the yoke upon this doubtful, dangerous servant, and make it do its work in safety, as steam and electricity do theirs.

The population of Cleveland is largely composed of the descendants of the New-England pioneers, and to their thrift belong the miles of pleasant streets. There is, however, a large German element, also. In a letter written by one of the early land-owners, in 1805, the following promise occurs: "If I make the contract for thirty thousand acres, I expect, with all speed, to send you fifteen or twenty families of



Black River, near Elyria, Ohio.

prancing Dutchmen." Whether these prancing Teutons were or were not the parents of the present race in Cleveland, certain it is that the city has prancing vineyards and flowers and wine, dancing and music, which never grew from a Puritan stock. Along the lake-shore are German gardens, public and private; German vineyards, and German country-houses. Thither the people resort when the work of the day or week is over; and, sitting on the grassy slopes, they smoke the pipe of peace, and look off over the

lake, watching the sunsets which are the glory of Cleveland. The sun, throughout the summer, sinks directly into the bosom of the water, lighting up the floating clouds with gorgeous tints, which cannot be surpassed the world over. Crimson mountains lie on the horizon, their soft peaks fading into rose; then comes faint pink, tipped with gold, which lies against a deep-violet background, shading away higher and higher, until it mingles with the quiet blue of the zenith. The evening is the Western sailor's favorite starting-hour; and one by one, against the glowing sky, the ships steal out of the harbor, and, setting their white sails, glide away over the hazy water, and vanish into night. The gazer stands enchanted; he has no words; a silence falls upon him; and, motionless, he watches until the last vessel is lost in the twilight haze, and the last tint has faded into the usual blue of the summer-night; then, over the lake, shines out the evening-star, and he turns homeward with a sigh.

West of Cleveland, the coast grows more picturesque; the shore is high and precipitous, and the streams come rushing down in falls and rapids. Seven miles from the city is Rocky River, which flows through a deep gorge between perpendicular cliffs, that jut boldly into the lake and command a wide prospect. Here is the most extensive unbroken view of Lake Erie; Black-River Point is seen on the west, and the spires of Cleveland shine out against the green curve of the eastern shore; but far away toward the north stretches the unbroken expanse of water, and one can see on the horizon-line distant sails, which are still only in mid-lake, with miles of blue waves beyond. Attached to the cliffs of Rocky River is a fragment of history whose truth is attested, not by the historian's page, but by the silent witnesses of its sands. When Pontiac made his successful attack on all the British forts of the lake-country, in 1763, the post of Detroit made a determined resistance, refusing to surrender, in spite of its desperate situation throughout months of suspense and fighting. In the autumn, an expedition in *bateaux*, under the command of Major Wilkins, was sent from Albany to the assistance of the beleaguered garrison; and, after a toilsome journey, and skirmishes all along the route with hostile Indians, the soldiers, by means of portages, reached Lake Erie with their *bateaux* at the present site of Buffalo, early in November. The British officers and their men knew nothing of the treachery of the Western waters; no doubt, the golden haze spread a veil of enchantment over the lake, and they journeyed on a summer sea, camping at night on the purple-shadowed shores, under the soft sky of the Indian summer. Fair is Lake Erie at this season, fairer than the dream of a heavenly lake aloft in the clouds; and, lying on its warm sands, gazing off to sea, the dreamer is soon lost in a reverie of golden ease, which makes the present seem a forever. But suddenly there comes a stir, a mutter, a sullen darkening; and, almost without warning, down sweeps the gale upon this placid sea, lashing the waves into foam, and sending them thundering up to a vast height against the opposing cliffs.

One of these sudden autumn storms overwhelmed Major Wilkins's expedition.



Red-Mill Falls, Black River, Elyria.

Twenty *bateaux*, most of the field-pieces, all of the ammunition, seventy men, and three officers, including the surgeon of the regiment, were lost. The survivors, wet and exhausted, reached the shore; and, when the storm had subsided, they made their way back to Fort Schlosser, on the Niagara River, without even attempting, in their crippled condition, to reach the besieged garrison of Detroit. Such is the story as gathered from the curt accounts of that day; but the exact site of the shipwreck is not mentioned. Here it is that the mouth of Rocky River supplies the missing links. On the plateau overlooking the left bank, a bayonet was thrown out by a plough in 1859; and near it a circle of bowlders was uncovered, containing the ashes of a camp-fire, a case-knife, and the blade of an English amputating-knife. This last relic probably belonged to the lost surgeon, Dr. Williams, of the Eightieth Regiment. The mouth of Rocky River is crossed by a hidden sand-bar, and, during the fall storms, the channel is

narrow and dangerous. Upon the right shore there was at that time no landing; but in the left bank was a gully, which led to the plateau where the ashes of the fire and the surgeon's knife were found. Here the survivors assembled and spent the three days of storm (the autumn gales of Erie continue through three days). The camp-fire and case-knife; the portions of the water-soaked *bateaux*; the gun-flints, bayonets, and musket-barrels; an ancient and elaborately-finished sword, with guard and lion's-head hilt of solid silver; but, most of all, the peculiar amputating-knife—fix the site of Wilkins's disaster at the mouth of the picturesque Rocky River.

A short distance westward, the lake has another storehouse of relics. Here, in 1764, on a narrow, exposed beach, Bradstreet's expedition also was wrecked during an autumn storm. Accounts of this disaster are given in Parkman's "History," and other authorities; but the exact place is not specified, and here, again, the beach speaks for itself. Portions of the *bateaux* have been discovered, six-pound cannon-balls and a number of musket-balls, a stack of bayonets, entire and perfect musket-barrels, silver coins of 1717, and several antique silver spoons. Each violent storm adds to the relics, and the fisherman's net brings them ashore, or comes up cut and drawn by something fixed in the



Lumber-Boats, Sandusky, Ohio.

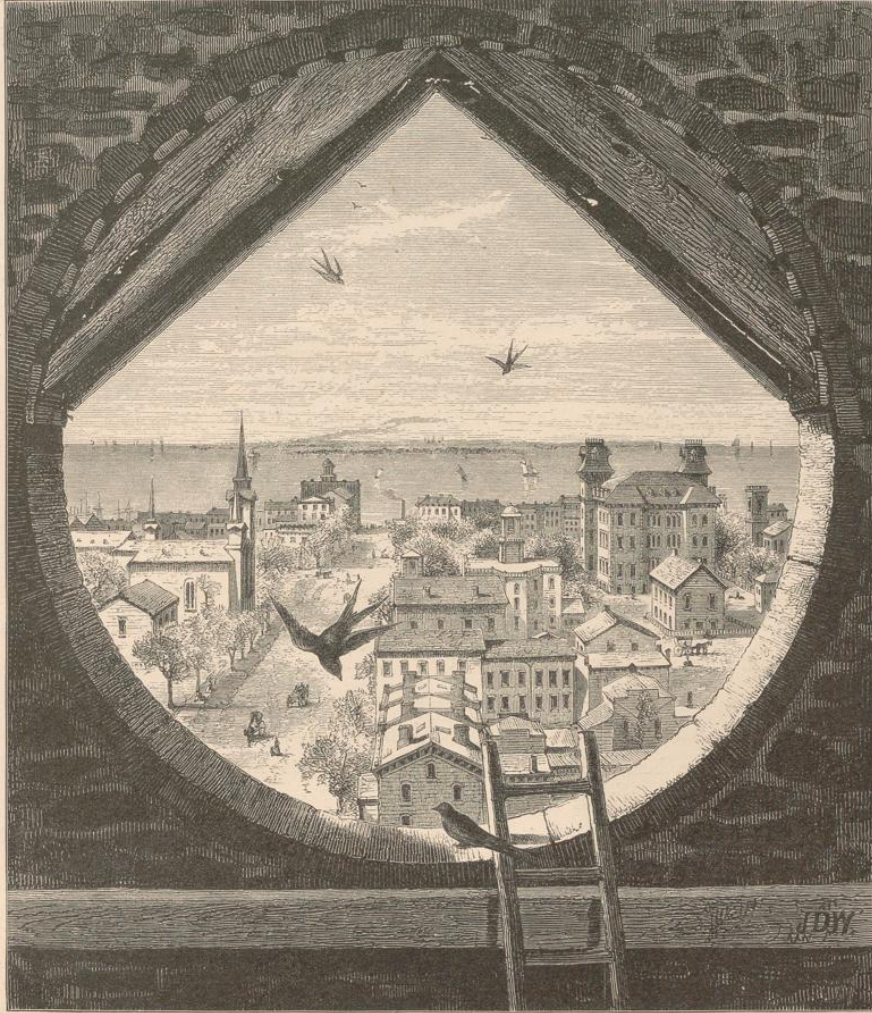
sandy bottom, probably the sharp corners of other *bateaux*. After the wreck, the provincials, or American soldiers, under General Israel Putnam, were left to find their way by land to Niagara, four hundred miles distant, through a wilderness crossed by rivers and swamps, and filled with hostile Indians. The first steps of their way from the beach are marked by articles thrown down to lighten their burdens. A bayonet was recently found fixed in the clay cliff, which had evidently been used by the retreating soldiers as a fixture by which they could draw themselves up to the top of the bank. At another point was a stack of bayonets piled against a tree, and a musket, which had stood as it had been left a hundred years before, leaning against the crotch of a tree until the wood had grown completely around it. The soldiers suffered severely, and many of them died on the way. It was December before the last stragglers reached the gates of old Fort Schlosser.

West of Rocky River, the Black, Vermilion, and Huron Rivers, flow into the lake through ravines of wild beauty. The Black River is a beautiful stream. On a peninsula formed by its forks stands the town of Elyria, a name which is unique, having been derived from the surname of the first proprietor, "Ely," and the last syllable of his wife's Christian name, "ria," from Maria. The river falls over a rocky ledge, forty-five feet in height, in two streams; and its whole course is full of picturesque beauties, making it remarkable among the Lake-Erie tributaries, which, for the most part, are decorous, uninteresting creeks, coursing along slowly between tame shores, and making an undignified entrance into the lake by oozing through the sand-bars which clog up their passage.

Beyond the Black River, westward along the shore, stretch the Fire-Lands. This district was set apart by Connecticut, from her Western Reserve Lands, for the aid of sufferers by fire in New London, Fairfield, and Norwalk. It contained seven hundred and eighty-one square miles. The first settlement upon the Fire-Lands was made in 1808; the settlers came from New England, and for several years they suffered every privation in this lonely wilderness. In a manuscript history of the Fire-Lands, an amusing description is given of their determined attempts at sociability under difficulties. A family arrived from Connecticut, and, after considerably giving them a breathing-space of several months, the *élite* of the Fire-Lands paid them a visit of welcome. The hostess was delighted, and, according to the laborious custom of the time, prepared to honor them with a feast. Her only fire-proof utensil, however, was an old, broken bake-pan. With this she bravely set to work. First, some pork was fried in it to get lard; secondly, doughnuts were fried in the lard; thirdly, short-cakes were made in it; fourthly, it was used as a bucket to draw water; fifthly, the water was boiled in it; and, lastly, the tea was made in it, and pronounced excellent by the waiting guests.

Sandusky, the "Bay City," has spread out before it a lovely view. The town itself is not busy and breezy like Buffalo, nor adorned with costly residences like Cleveland, neither does it command, like Rocky River, a broad, landless ocean, whose waves roll

in unbroken and dash against steep cliffs. But lovely is the bay with its gently-sloping shores and island—its river coming from the south and sweeping past the town, the peninsula opposite with its vineyard, and beyond, in the broad lake outside, the wine-



Glimpse of Sandusky, from St. Paul's Church.

islands, near and far, stretching one after the other, green, purple, a cloud, a speck, a mist, toward the Canada shore. It is a peaceful view, also; one is not here called upon to calculate the statistics of grain, oil, or iron, and count the profits. The artist and

the poet, who are out of place where traffic and dollars rule, might take to themselves homes on these lovely shores, nor ask a more beautiful prospect than this.

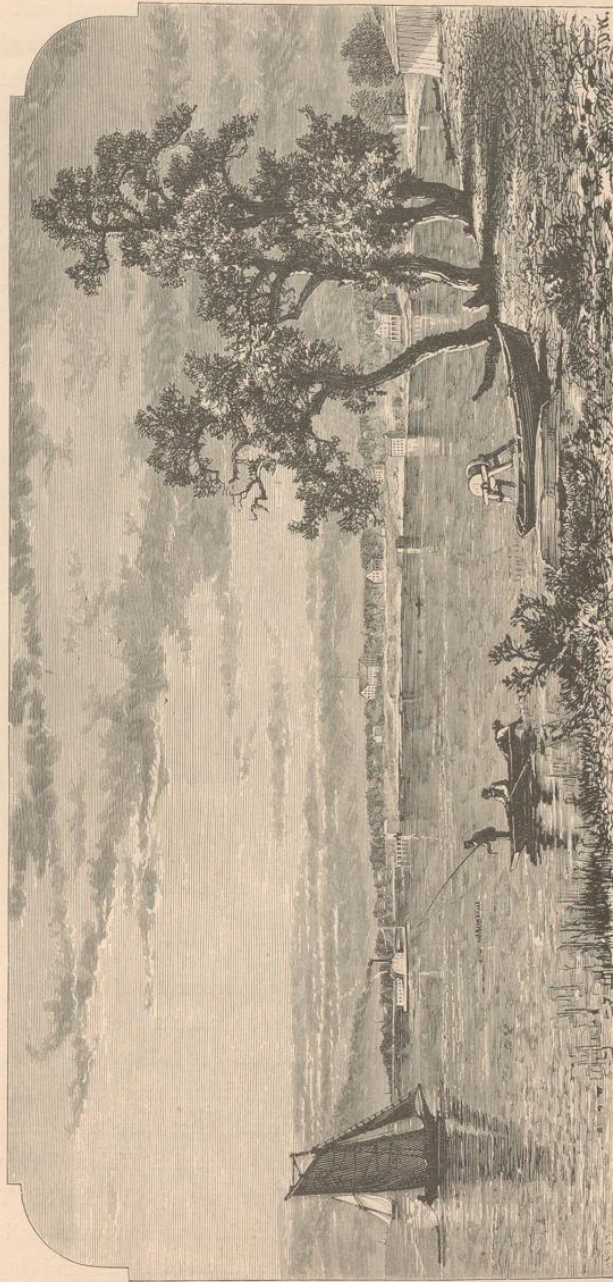
Sandusky has a mysterious name, whose derivation is a matter of dispute. In the early days a Polish trader, named Sandowski, lived upon the bay, and his descendants claim that the name came from him; on the other hand, it is said to be a Wyandot word, signifying "wells of cold water." The searcher for the picturesque, whether for eye or ear, will certainly choose the Indian derivation, and all along-shore he will do his best to fix these half-forgotten titles on the bays and cliffs, where they belong, so that they who come after may at least catch the echo of the lingering names which belonged to the vanished races of the lake. The beautiful country around Sandusky was a favorite resort of the Indians; they hunted on the slopes and fished in the bay, whose upper waters are an archipelago of green islets, abounding in ducks and other water-birds. Here were the villages of the Neutral Nation, a remarkable confederacy, the bare fact of whose existence among savage tribes is an anomaly; the meagre chronicles of the first explorers speak their little word of astonishment, and then pass on to their monotonous record of massacres and miles. We, of a later date, pause before this marvel, but can find but a bare outline of what it was. Two "cities of refuge" stood on the Sandusky River, and whoever entered their boundaries was safe from all pursuit: this sanctuary-land was guarded by bands of the Neutral Nation, who permitted hostile war-parties to enter and rest in the forts, provided they came in peace. The French missionaries speak of these villages as having been long in existence when they visited the lake two centuries ago. This sacred soil of peace was never reddened, this sacred pledge never violated, until after the coming of the whites, when, gradually, the Neutral Nation was driven away, and the land they guarded desecrated by the shedding of blood. The poor red-men have never been credited with a taste for the beautiful; indeed, the pioneers, who have fixed their place in the world's estimation, considered them little better than the bears. Yet all along the lake-shore, if we discover a peculiarly lovely island or bay, like this of Sandusky, we are sure to find also the tradition that it was dear to the Indians. Nowhere on Erie could the Neutral villages be so fitly placed as here, where the sheltered gentle water speaks the very language of peace.

Sandusky was first settled in 1817. During the late war, Johnson's Island, lying opposite the city, was used as a depot for Confederate prisoners, principally officers.

Sailing out through the bay, passing the unwieldy lumber-boats coming in heavily laden from the lumber-country of Lake Huron, the little fishing-smacks, and the light-house on its point, the steamer enters the lake, and turns toward Kelley's Island. This group of islands, fifteen or more in number, lying in the southwestern corner of Lake Erie, has come into notice at a comparatively recent date. The first pioneers preferred the solid main-land; they found enough to do in forcing their forest-fields to yield them sustenance without encountering in addition the dangers of this inland sea. Even the

grasping land companies did not stretch their hands as far as this vaguely-known group, which was, therefore, left to the adventurers who hover in front of civilization, and disappear before its advance. These adventurers are not free from a suspicion of having been fresh-water buccaneers on a small scale: wreckers they certainly were, and reaped a good harvest on their beaches during the autumn storms. But at length United States surveys were made, the land was entered and purchased, farm-houses were built, and fishermen, attracted by the number of bass, who have given their name to a portion of the group, made their homes upon the shores. At the present day there is a population of several thousands.

Kelley's Island is the largest of the American group, con-



South Coast, Kelley's Island.

taining about two thousand eight hundred acres. There is here an Indian-writing upon the rock, which has been pronounced the best-sculptured and best-preserved inscription in the West; it probably owes its distinctness to its remote situation, at the end of an island; which has remained uninhabited until within a few years. The almost mythical tribe of Eries had here a fortified retreat, whose outlines can still be traced, and, according to interpretation, the inscription refers to them, and their final destruction by the Iroquois.

Put-in-Bay Island received its name from Commodore Perry, who put in there with his fleet before and after the battle of Lake Erie, during the War of 1812. After leaving the harbor of Presque Isle, where he had built his war-vessels from the growing forest, Perry made sail for the head of the lake, and anchored in Put-in-Bay, opposite



Kelly's Island.

the British fleet, which lay under the guns of Malden, on the Canadian shore. Here he remained for some days watching the movements of the enemy, in order, if possible, to bring on an engagement. At length, on the 10th of September, at sunrise, the British squadron of sixty-four guns appeared off Put-in-Bay. Perry made sail, but, owing to the light breeze, it was after eleven o'clock before they came within range of each other's guns. Thus for several hours the vessels were slowly approaching each other, although but ten miles lay between. Perry had hoisted a Union Jack with the dying words of Captain Lawrence for a motto: "Don't give up the ship!" The men cheered the little flag—only a young commander could have designed it—and then silence fell as the enemies neared each other. In these days of steam and improvements, so called, in the art of warfare, this handful of hastily-built, unwieldy wooden vessels at Put-in-Bay

may seem insignificant. Yet they held all there is of heroism and bravery in man; they counted their dead by scores; they infused new courage into the dispirited frontier; and they gained for the nation the control of Lake Erie, which has never since been disputed.

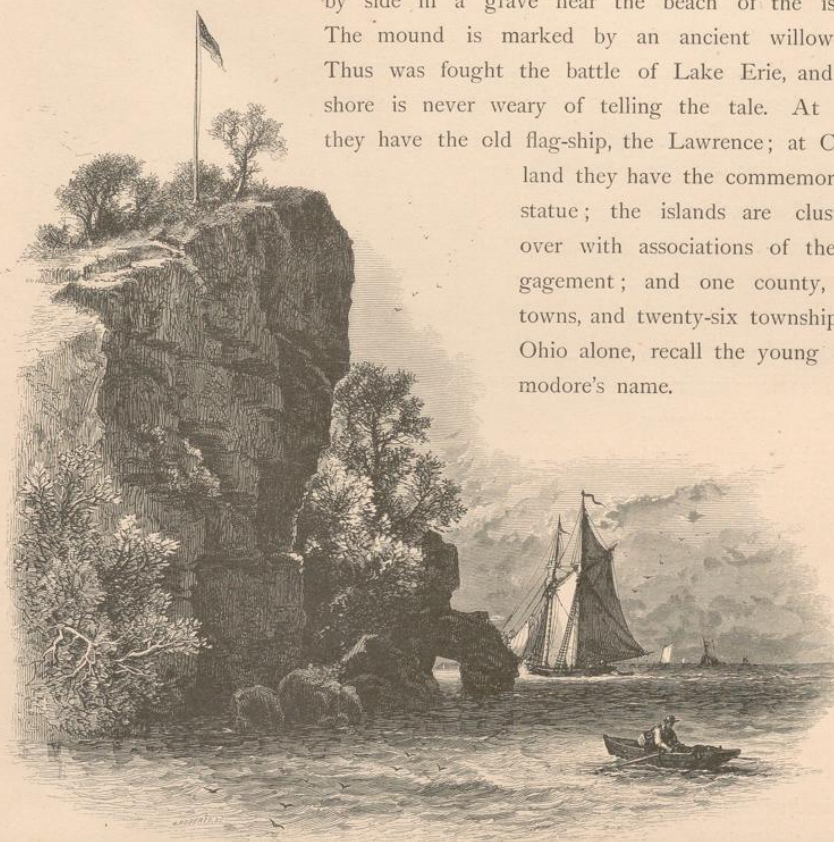
The British opened fire from their long guns upon Perry's flagship, the *Lawrence*, which was alone in an exposed position in advance of the other vessels, owing to the impetuous haste of the gallant but young and inexperienced commander. The *Lawrence* returned the fire, but her guns were short, and could do but little execution, while her own decks were swept by the enemy and her men picked off until twenty were killed, sixty wounded, and every brace and bowline cut. For two hours the flagship endured the whole fire of the British fleet concentrated upon her.



Put-in-Bay.

The men remained cool and determined; as fast as one fell another took his place, and when all were disabled or dead, and every gun dismantled but one, Perry and his surviving officers took hold and worked that to the last. At length, about two o'clock, a fresh breeze sprang up, and the Niagara was able to come to the assistance of the suffering flag-ship. Perry immediately determined to transfer his quarters on board of the uninjured vessel, and, taking his little Union Jack under his arm, he crossed over in an open boat in the midst of the broadsides of the enemy levelled directly at him. Reaching the Niagara in safety, he hoisted the motto again, caused the other vessels to be brought up into position with sweeps, ordered a general engagement, broke through the enemy's line, and kept up his fire until every British vessel struck her colors. The engagement lasted three hours, and the victory was decisive. The British loss was large, and Commodore Barclay, who had lost an arm at Trafalgar, was severely wounded.

After the battle the dead were buried; the officers of both squadrons were laid side by side in a grave near the beach of the island. The mound is marked by an ancient willow-tree. Thus was fought the battle of Lake Erie, and the shore is never weary of telling the tale. At Erie they have the old flag-ship, the Lawrence; at Cleveland they have the commemorative statue; the islands are clustered over with associations of the engagement; and one county, four towns, and twenty-six townships, in Ohio alone, recall the young commodore's name.



Perry's Lookout, Gibraltar Island.



Perry's Cave, Put-in-Bay Island.

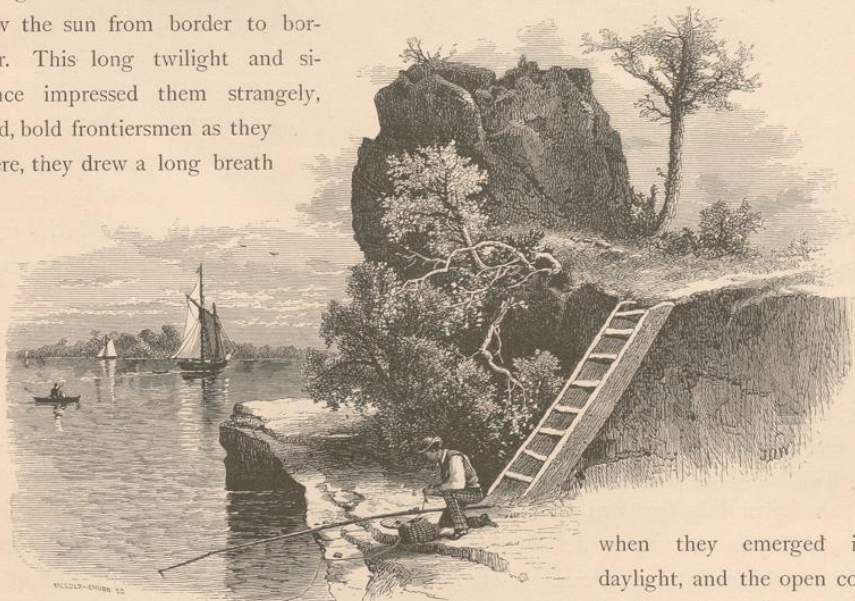
Put-in-Bay is a lovely sheet of water, with Little Gibraltar islet nestled in its crescent. Put-in-Bay Island has two large summer hotels standing among its vineyards. Roses bloom in its gardens in December.

Some of the islands are still wild and uninhabited, and several have only a single family. They abound in caves and rocky formations, to which, in many instances, Perry's name is attached. Little Gibraltar is crowned with the towers of a picturesque villa; it has also its Sphinx Head, which may be called a fresh-water imitation of the Egyptian queen. The Rattlesnake Island and its rattles alone preserve the memory of the real aboriginal inhabitants of the group, who, according to the geographies of the last century, "lay in acres upon the lily-leaves basking in the sun, and hissing out a breath which struck death to the incautious mariner who ventured near these isles of terror."

Along the Sandusky peninsula and over the islands stretch the vineyards, whose grapes and wine form the feature of this portion of the shore. Here in the sunny autumn, when the long aisles are full of gatherers, and the trellises are heavy with purple bunches, when the little steamers go away loaded with grapes, and the presses in the wine-houses crush out their juice by day and by night, the islands are like an enchanted land, watching the autumn out and the winter in with light-hearted joyousness. The water is still and blue, the colored trees are reflected in its mirror, a golden haze shines over the near islands, and a purple shadow lies on those afar.

West of the Fire-Lands lies the country called the Black Swamp, well known in the early settlement of the lake-shore, and even now retaining enough of its primitive character to justify the name. This district is one hundred and twenty miles in length and forty miles in breadth, almost equalling in area the State of Connecticut. The oral

and written accounts of pioneer-life in Ohio are full of dismal tales of this region. Wild beasts roamed in its fastnesses, coming out into the settled districts, ravaging the flocks, and carrying terror to the isolated homes bordering on the wilderness. As immigration increased, villages sprang up on all sides, but the Swamp itself long remained almost an unknown land. It was a singular region, and not without its charm; its level surface and the uniformity of its soil gave to the forest a remarkable regularity—the trees being of the same height, extending in straight ranks mile after mile, resembling from a distance an even, blue wall against the sky. The foliage was so dense that when the first roads were built through to the West the immigrants travelled for days along the shadowed aisles, nor saw the sun from border to border. This long twilight and silence impressed them strangely, and, bold frontiersmen as they were, they drew a long breath



Sphinx Head, Gibraltar.

when they emerged into daylight, and the open country beyond; and ever afterward they spoke of the

journey in terms which seem almost poetical when compared with the practical prose of their ordinary language. But it was not the poetry of admiration; it was a vague fear, a vague wonder over the mystery of the dark labyrinth, and what it might contain. Yet it was not a land of desolation. Vines and blossoms were everywhere, and birds sang among the branches. It was the mystery that impressed them—"a land of the shadow of death," they called it.

The soil of the Black Swamp is very fertile; as soon as it is drained it becomes a garden—fruit, grain, and vegetables, spring up with wonderful rapidity, and already many parts of the territory are under cultivation. Towns have now grown up within its borders, and the locomotive rushes past the old corduroy roads laid on the quaking morass,

over which the immigrants floundered, and thought themselves fortunate if they escaped without swimming. The name and its associations are fading away. Two opinions, representing the æsthetic and practical idea of the region, are recorded: "It is a magnificent forest," writes an English traveller. "It is a miserable bog," writes a New-England immigrant. Both were sincere.

As the lake-shore is divided into districts whose boundaries, although not to be found on any map of the day, are yet better known than the carefully-marked lines of the counties; as these districts have names of their own, often spoken, although not set down in the geographies—so each has its one city, and one only, as though Chance had set to work to build up a capital for the chance divisions, and prove her own superiority to arbitrary laws. Thus the Holland Purchase has Buffalo; the Triangle has Erie; the Western Reserve has Cleveland; the Fire-Lands have Sandusky; and the Black Swamp has Toledo.

This city, with its Spanish name, stands on the Maumee, a river which once bore the melodious title of Miami of the Lakes; Ohio having already two Miamis, the name of the northern river was changed. Toledo is four miles from the mouth of the river, and ten miles from the lake, Maumee Bay lying between. It ranks fourth among the Lake-Erie cities—Cleveland, Detroit, and Buffalo, exceeding it in size.

The river-valley south of Toledo was a continual battle-ground during the early days of the nation, after the Declaration of Independence; and, if there was any danger of a collision between the British, Americans, or Indians, it was sure to take place, at last, on the ill-fated Maumee. Its early maps bristle with forts; the sketches of its history are crowded with skirmishes. Although peace was declared between Great Britain and the United States, out here on the Western border animosity still raged, and the treachery of the Indians provoked continual warfare. The story of the Maumee during these years, and until after the War of 1812, was but a succession of marches and counter-marches, treaties of peace, massacres, retreats, and attacks, following each other with perplexing rapidity; and the only figure that stands out clearly is mad Anthony Wayne, called by the Indians the "Wind," because he "drives and tears every thing before him." General Wayne's decisive battle was fought on the Maumee, in 1794.

A few miles beyond Maumee Bay the coast turns sharply to the north; the Black Swamp is left in the southwest; and the boundary-line of Michigan is passed. The eastern end of Lake Erie slopes to a point at Buffalo, both shores coming toward each other, and making a natural gate-way for the Niagara River. But the western end is blunt and unyielding. The Detroit River has no gate-way; it comes unexpectedly into the lake from a broad shore; its mouth is clogged with islands; and there is nothing to indicate the entrance of a grand strait, which in its peculiar beauty has no peer throughout a chain that holds the Saut Ste. Marie, the St. Clair, the Niagara, and the St. Lawrence. The northward-sloping coast of Michigan—sixty miles in length, between



Toledo, Ohio.

the Ohio boundary and the city of Detroit—is a green, fertile shore, with numerous little rivers flowing through it, and a more gentle aspect than the north and south coast-lines of Ohio and Canada. This territory has had two distinct settlements—the French, which is ancient; and the American, which is comparatively modern. The French had here their little domiciles a century and a half ago, but it was not until 1830 that American emigration flowed freely into Michigan Territory; and Ohio had a settled population of New-England colonists, with their schools and churches, and had sent her pioneers into Indiana and Illinois, while the Detroit shore remained wholly French. The unextinguished Indian titles, the foreign ideas of the inhabitants, and the barrier of the Black Swamp lying in the way, kept the emigrants from this lovely land. In the mean time, the French settlers remained undisturbed in their little houses along the shore; for, according to a law of the *seigneurie*, each lot had a narrow water-front, and

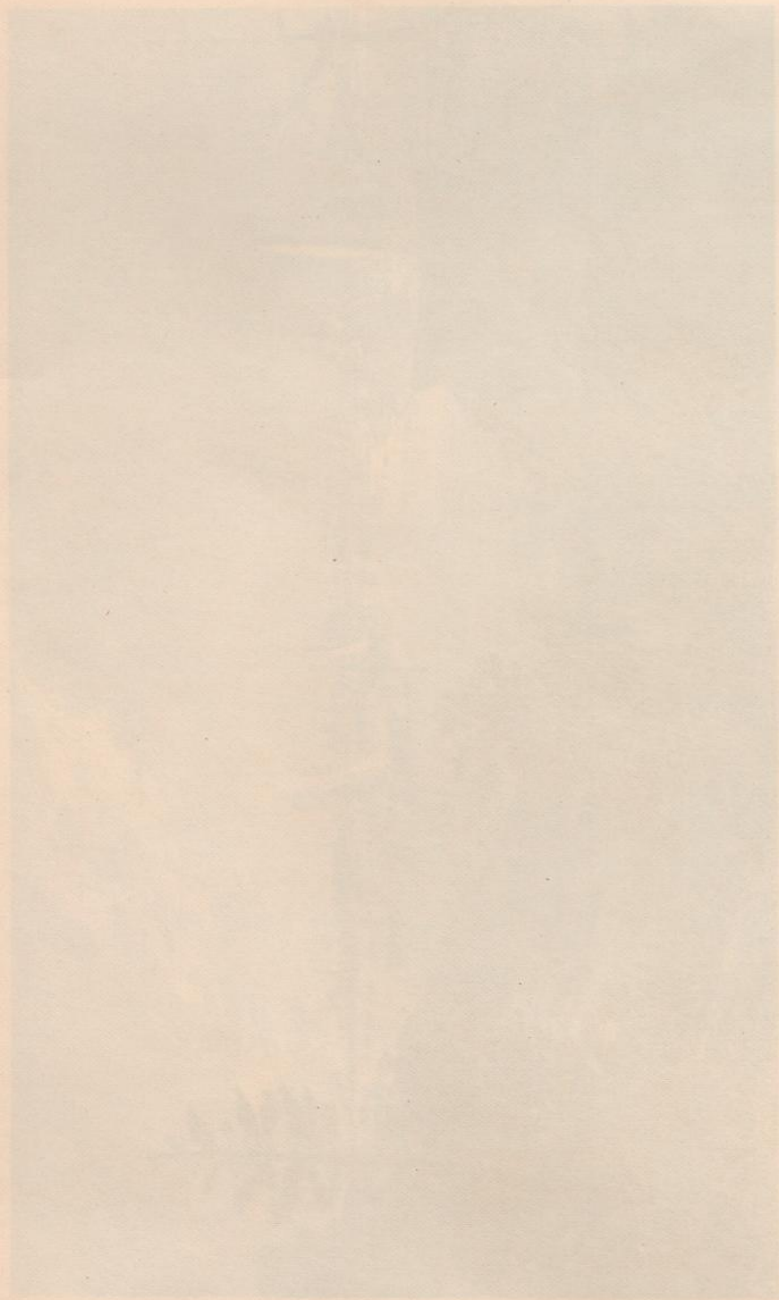
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The City of Detroit.

(FROM CANADA SHORE.)
New York, D. Appleton & Co.

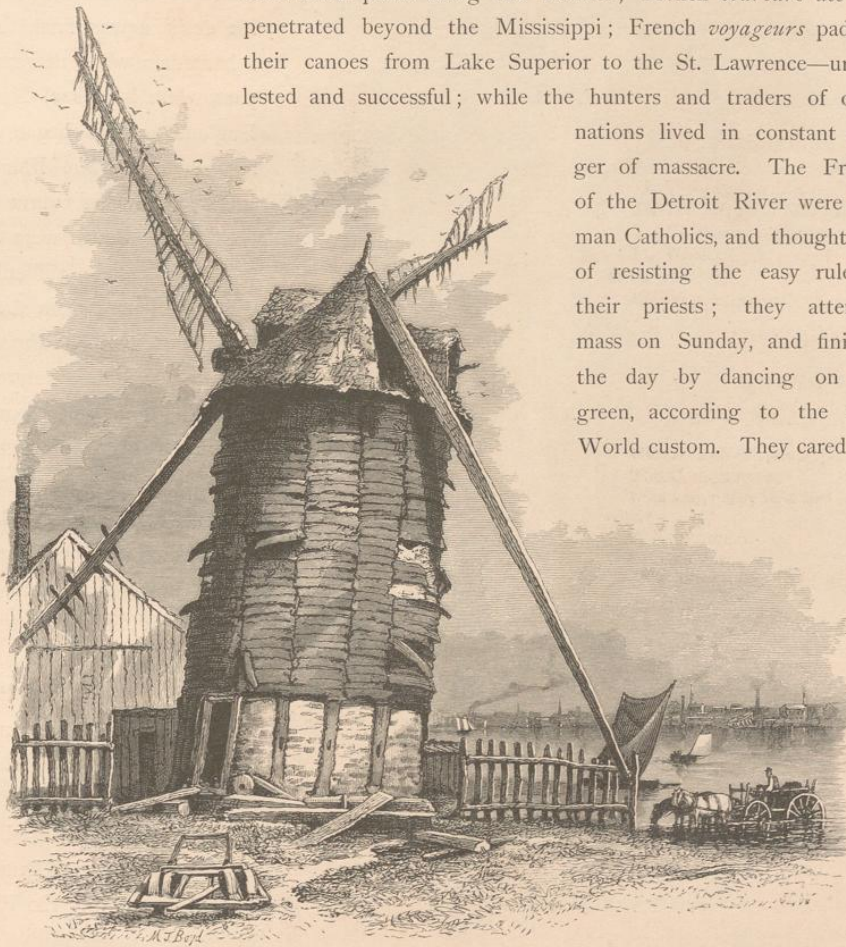
could only expect a short career, but he was determined to do his best. He was
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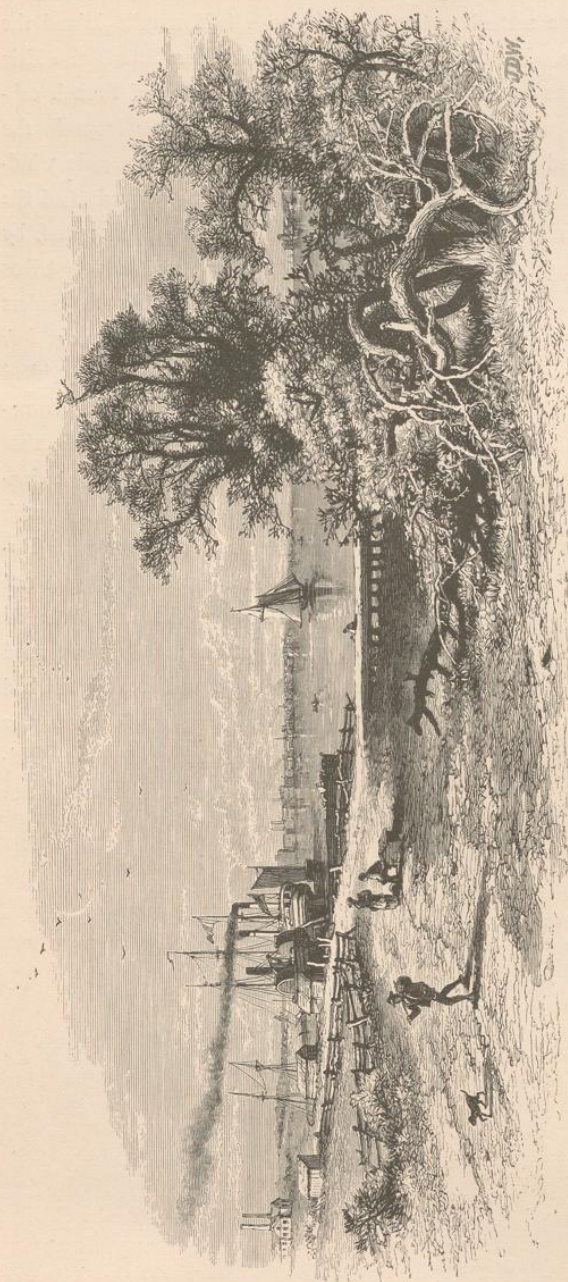
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could only extend a short distance back—a requirement which kept all the houses clinging on the bank, and gave the coast a settled appearance, although half a mile inland the primitive forest remained unbroken. From the river Raisin, which flows into Lake Erie near the present town of Monroe, as far north as Lake St. Clair, this line of French cabins extended. The people were a gay, contented race, raising the same little crops in the same little fields year after year, and grinding their Indian-corn and wheat in rude windmills, some of which are still to be seen on the shore. Alone of all the colonists of the New World, these Frenchmen readily assimilated themselves with the Indians; and, by adopting some of the forest customs, they lived in peaceful friendship with the very tribes whom the English and Americans regarded as treacherous and cruel. French traders established posts along the frontier; French *coureurs des bois* penetrated beyond the Mississippi; French *voyageurs* paddled their canoes from Lake Superior to the St. Lawrence—unmolested and successful; while the hunters and traders of other

nations lived in constant danger of massacre. The French of the Detroit River were Roman Catholics, and thought not of resisting the easy rule of their priests; they attended mass on Sunday, and finished the day by dancing on the green, according to the Old-World custom. They cared not



Windmill, opposite Detroit.



Detroit River, from Fort Wayne (below the City).

to acquire land; they thought not of the future; they raised enough grain to support themselves from year to year, and no more. Indolent and improvident? Yes; but brave and generous as well. Give them their due. Every difficulty was referred to the commandant at Detroit, and his decision was final. At a later date, when the compact, white houses of New-England settlers began to appear among the French cabins, and when courts of the United States were established, much difficulty was experienced from these feudal customs. The French witnesses could speak no English; and, accustomed as they were to the plain "yes" and "no" of military rule, they could not understand the law's delays and finely-drawn lines, and in not a few instances they took to the law of steel and cudgel to defend their rights against the lawyers.

At Frenchtown, now Monroe, twenty-five miles above Toledo, occurred a bloody massacre of American soldiers, during the War of 1812.

There are fifteen isl-

ands within the first twelve miles of the Detroit River. Father Hennepin, who passed up the strait in 1679, enthusiastically writes: "The islands are the finest in the world; the strait is finer than Niagara; the banks are vast meadows; and the prospect is terminated with some hills crowned with vineyards, trees bearing good fruit, groves and forests so well disposed that one would think that Nature alone could not have made, without the help of art, so charming a prospect." The good father spoke but the truth. The river has neither foam, rapids, nor mountains; it has not that sweep to the sea, that incoming of the salt tide, which give to the ocean-rivers their majesty; yet it is a grand strait, full to the very brim of its green shores, calm, deep, and beautiful.

Three miles below Detroit stands Fort Wayne, the strongest military post on the lakes. Its guns command the channel.

The city of Detroit, with the exception of Mackinac, the first white-settlement in the Northwest, was visited by the French in 1610. A permanent settlement was made there in 1701 by La Motte Cadillac, when a fort was built and named Pontchartrain, after the French colonial minister. Some years later a colony of French emigrants was sent out from France, who, mingling with the Indians, began that race of half-breeds whose history is indissolubly connected with the history of the fur-trade. A French military and trading post, Detroit was unlike the other lake-cities, and many of its original characteristics still appear—French names and customs, a deference to military rule, and a certain *insouciance*, which no New-England blood can acquire. Down the D'Etroit, or strait, in the early days, came twice a year the train of *bateaux* and canoes laden with furs from the far West and the Red River of the North. Then came days of gayety and dancing, music and drinking, ending with prayers and vows in the little church with two bells; and then adieu! and away they went again, leaving Detroit to another six months' quiet. In 1805 the old town was burned, and the new town which arose on the site was laid out with more regularity, but at the expense of its picturesque quaintness. The flag flying over it has been changed five times in the following order: French, British, American, British, American. And it has been the scene of one surrender, twelve massacres, and fifty battles. It is a veteran town compared to Cleveland and Buffalo. It was already a century old when they were born.

The central figure of Detroit history is Pontiac, the great Ottawa chieftain. He was the king of the river—the only Indian who, in the history of America, proved himself a match for the white man in far-reaching sagacity—the only Indian who succeeded in forming and maintaining powerful combinations among the discordant tribes. The masterpiece of Pontiac's life was a conspiracy to capture simultaneously on a fixed day all the British posts in the West, twelve garrisoned forts, extending from Niagara to Pittsburg, along the lake-shore, and on as far as the Mississippi. In such a wide field many tribes must act, and many clashing interests must be reconciled; and yet such was



GLANCE AT DETROIT FROM THE CITY HALL.

the personal influence of Pontiac that the plan was carried out: nine of the posts were taken upon the same day, and their garrisons massacred. Detroit made a successful resistance, owing to the warning of an Indian girl—the Pocahontas of the West. Pontiac, however, besieged the little town, and would have conquered it had not a letter arrived from the French commander-in-chief, stating that peace had been declared between Great Britain and France, and ordering an immediate cessation of hostilities.

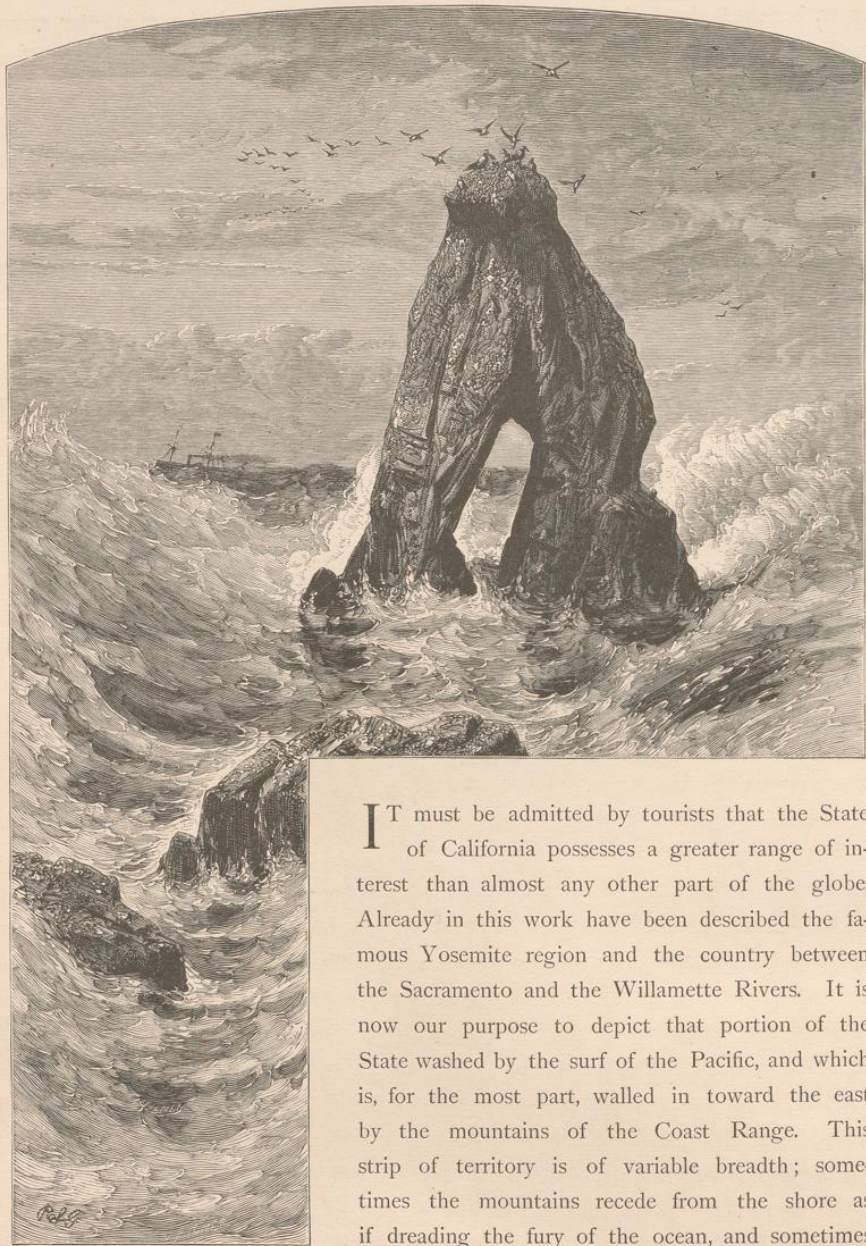
Above the city the Detroit River curves to the eastward and enters Lake St. Clair. Here are long lines of lumber-barges with their tugs, schooners with their raking masts, leaning far over under a cloud of canvas, brigs with their high-lifted, aggressive sails, scows with their yellow wings spread widely to the breeze, and steamers coming up and passing them all in the evening race to the Flats, through whose narrow canal or tortuous channel one and all must pass before darkness comes, or lie at anchor until morning. On they sail through the golden afternoon—the red sunset and dusky twilight—and as they pass Fort Gratiot and enter the broad Lake Huron, night closes down on the dark water, lights are run up to the mast-heads of the steamers, the vessels twinkle in red and green, and Lake Erie, its scenery, history, and associations, vanish in dreams.



Detroit River, above the City.

ON THE COAST OF CALIFORNIA.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY R. SWAIN GIFFORD.



IT must be admitted by tourists that the State of California possesses a greater range of interest than almost any other part of the globe. Already in this work have been described the famous Yosemite region and the country between the Sacramento and the Willamette Rivers. It is now our purpose to depict that portion of the State washed by the surf of the Pacific, and which is, for the most part, walled in toward the east by the mountains of the Coast Range. This strip of territory is of variable breadth; sometimes the mountains recede from the shore as if dreading the fury of the ocean, and sometimes