Picturesque Detroit and Environs

Charles Forbes Warner

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholar.uwindsor.ca/swoda-windsor-region

Part of the Canadian History Commons, and the United States History Commons

Recommended Citation
https://scholar.uwindsor.ca/swoda-windsor-region/1

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Southwestern Ontario Digital Archive at Scholarship at UWindsor. It has been accepted for inclusion in SWODA: Windsor & Region Publications by an authorized administrator of Scholarship at UWindsor. For more information, please contact scholarship@uwindsor.ca.
PICTURESQUE DETROIT AND ENVIRONS.

CHAS. F. WARNER, Editor.
CHAS. L. CLARK, Art Manager.
Published by The Pictorius Publishing Co., Northampton, Mass.

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

PRICE: Family Edition, Cloth Boards, $2.50; Holiday (Subscription) Edition, $4.00; Special Edition, Celluloid Cover, very unusual, $6.00. Any of these editions rest, post or express paid, on receipt of price. Address

CHAS. L. CLARK,
319 Hammond Building,
DETROIT, MICH.

OTHER PUBLICATIONS OF THE PICTORIOUS PUBLISHING COMPANY, NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

Of particular interest to lovers of New England Characters, Customs, and Scenes, and including the four weather charts of Massachusetts, is

PICTURESQUE HAMPION.
In one volume, uniform in size with "Picturesque Detroit and Environs." Cloth, $2.

PICTURESQUE HAMILTON.
In two parts, the wing east and west parts of the county. Family Edition, in one volume, Cloth, $2; in regular parts, also Cloth, $1; Paper, 40c. Uniform with the series.

PICTURESQUE BERKSHIRE.
In two parts, showing north and south, parts of the county, and uniform with the series. Price, Family Edition, in one volume, Cloth, $2; in two volumes, $2 each.

Any of the above will be sent, on application, accompanied by check or money order payable to the agent of the publisher, who should be notified.

THOMAS E. ADAMS CO.,
"OLD CORNER BOOK STORE,"
Northampton, Mass.

The Half-Tone Engravings for this volume are furnished by the Boston Engraving Co., Boston. The Paper is furnished by the HAMMOND GLASS PAPER AND CARD Co., Holyoke, Mass. The Printing Ink used is made by THE GEORGE MELVIN'S Sons Company, of New York City. The Printing and Binding are done by THE BEAKLY PRINTING COMPANY, Florence, Mass.
INTRODUCTORY

Reference to Bedelever's U. S., to innumerable summer-tour publications, to the guide books published by the Appleton and other well known establishments, discloses the undeniable fact that the city of Detroit is, by comparison with other and much less favored localities, practically unknown to the masses among those who travel. It has a general reputation as a beautiful city and prosperous business center, but aside from a most desirable local fame, it does not begin to receive the attention which by reason of its remarkably varied resources, it deserves.

INTRODUCTORY

That Detroit has the admiration, favor and loyalty of its own citizens and of those residents of immediately adjacent cities—Cleveland, Toledo, Grand Rapids and the like, is proof positive that her attractions are much more than common because it is only such extraordinary conditions as exist in Detroit, that are competent to dispense the force of the old adage: "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country."

By virtue of unqualified faith in the uncommon and unanswerable beauties of Detroit as a show, as a summer resort and as a commercial center and because of a firm conviction that that city is the central point of an interesting and delightful section—consisting of Michigan and her great lakes—as is in America, the publishers, assisted by friends of the city and this work have carried the enterprise forward with sincerity according to the best means practicable. The purpose has been to avoid, as much as possible, the conventionalities of the business directory and the guide book and to indulge as little as consistent, in the details of history, the chief aim being to present, pictorially and interestingly, the many attractive features of the neighborhood in question; to produce a volume which will show to persons not acquainted with this region, the incontrovertible fact that here is a topic, a lesson, an opportunity well worth their attention.

For that man or woman who desires to locate permanently, pleasantly and profitably, for the fortunate individual, who, having acquired a competence seeks a pleasant home, for the traveler from over the sea or from distant portions of our own land, for the summer tourist, for the fisherman, the hunter or the yachtsman, there is, as is demonstrated by the presentation made in this book, no better place in America. It is to prove this fact that this enterprise has been carried forward to completion and it is because that we believe that we have made out our case, conclusively, that we have faith that the people of Detroit and adjacent cities will rally loyally and numerously to the support of "Picturesque Detroit and Environs."
Detroit and Her Statistics

The average reader has an unanswerable antiquity for statistics and in view of this natural aversion to figures, the present article will contain as few, and they are as carefully disguised, as a decent respect for the subject will permit. Uninviting as statistical figures may appear, they still form the only accurate scale by which to measure the progress or retrogression of cities, states, and nations. To glance at the history of Detroit, and apply this gauge to its past development and present status, may not be entirely devoid of interest.

Detroit is the oldest permanent settlement in the North-west Territory, assuming any importance as a modern city, and its history is surrounded by the charm that always results from intimate association with a remote past, while Indian legends and the mingled history and tradition of pioneer life, cast an indelible spell over its early existence. Long ere the white man invaded the Western solitudes, the native red man seems to have possessed a lively appreciation of the natural resources and beauty of the Detroit River and the contiguous territory. In 1609, many years before either military daring or religious enthusiasm had pierced the wilderness which enveloped the Great Lakes, the intrepid French leader, Champlain, had received from his Indian allies, the most favorable account of the land where a century later, his countrymen should plant the outpost of civilization, under the benign protection of the Lily and the Cross. In 1679, Father Galign and Dulhui visited this region, and confirmed the good reports already received, concerning its riches and beauty. In 1679, "The Griffon," the first sailboat on the Great Lakes, passed through the river. In 1664, Antoine Laurent De La Motte Cadillac was appointed governor of Mackinaw, and his attention was at once arrested by the great natural advantages of Detroit, as a site for a military and trading post. After years of effort, he at last obtained authority from the French Government to found such a post. On the 3rd of July, 1701, he arrived with fifty aristo and fifty soldiers, to plant in the wilderness, an embryo city. Two days later, the foundations of St. Anne's Church were laid, and, hand in hand, Church and State began, in the heart of a savage continent, the struggle for life.

The site selected for Detroit is on the north bank of a western bend in the river, whose general course is from north to south. The river is twenty-seven miles in length, having a fall of only three feet in its entire course; yet its mean velocity is 1.76 miles per hour. It is the outlet of the largest bodies of fresh water in the world, aggregating eighty-two thousand square miles of lake surface; and these lakes, in turn, drain one hundred twenty-five thousand square miles of land. The land upon which the city is built, is gently undulating, increasing in altitude with the distance from the river. At the intersection of Jefferson and Woodward Avenues, near the river, the elevation is twenty-two feet; while, at the intersection of Woodward Avenue and the Holden Road, two and one-half miles farther from the river, the elevation is fifty-two feet. The altitude of the city above the sea is six hundred feet.

It is not the province of this article to treat of the historical, and as the statistics of the first century of growth are meager, that period will be rapidly passed over. St. Anne's Church, one of the first edifices to be erected in the settlement, was burned in 1703, but re-built the following year. Its records preserved from that date are the oldest in the West, save the similar records of the Roman Catholic churches at St. Ignace and Kalkaska in Michigan. The French remained in possession of Detroit until 1760, when it passed from French to English control on the 26th of November.

The early French traders and missionaries were generally succeeded in living on amicable terms with the aborigines; and when the tri-color of France fell before English prowess, the Indians still remained attached to their former allies. This sentiment culminated in 1763, in the "Conspiracy of Pontiac," which, stripped of all its romance, was a serious affright for the English garrison, to which the ambush of Bloody Run came very near furnishing a tragic climax.

An important event in Detroit history occurred in 1760, when the stars and stripes were raised, for the first time, over the city—thirteen years after its acquisition by the treaty of 1763, terminating the Revolution. From August 18th, 1813, to September 26th, 1813, Detroit was again in possession of the British forces. On the latter day, the American flag was once more unfurled over Detroit—let us hope never again to be lowered. In 1824, Detroit became a city by virtue of a charter granted by the Territorial Council, and when, thirteen years later, Michigan was admitted to the Union, Detroit enjoyed the double distinction of capital and metropolis of the Wolverine State. Her worth and popularity since have proved that it might well have been continued.

Population

If a logical arrangement of a statistical article be possible, perhaps, in this case, the subject of Population would first engage attention. Through the courtesy of Mr. C. M. Barker, who possesses the most valuable historical library in the city, and who has given neither time nor money to complete his collection of local historical data, I have examined MS. copies of the three censuses, so far as known, ever made of Detroit's population. The first is dated September 22nd, 1771, and gives many details, of which the following is a summary:
The first official census of the city was taken by the United States Government in 1820, and each decade since has witnessed a careful enumeration as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Population</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1820</td>
<td>1,720</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1830</td>
<td>4,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1840</td>
<td>11,760</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1850</td>
<td>21,100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1860</td>
<td>33,640</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1870</td>
<td>47,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1880</td>
<td>61,602</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1890</td>
<td>78,008</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1900</td>
<td>94,202</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1910</td>
<td>125,049</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1920</td>
<td>185,590</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The State Census of 1884 gave 122,900, showing an average increase of over 9 per cent. during the last ten years of the decade. It is generally admitted that, in the three years since 1880, the city has grown more rapidly than ever before. The Post-Office Mail Department shows an increase in business of seven and one-third per cent. for the fiscal year ending March 31, 1883, over the previous year. If the same rate of increase be maintained in population since the last census, a simple computation gives 253,000 as the city's population in 1893.

As to the character of this population, much might be said. In 1824, the factories and workshops of Detroit gave employment to 45,000 persons, of whom 15,000 were males. It is a conservative estimate to suppose these employes, with their families, to constitute fully one-half of our population. That this great industrial population is prosperous, is evidenced by the fact that a very large percentage are home owners, and by the further fact that the savings deposits in our city banks amount to $1,200 per capita of the entire population. The city limits embrace twenty-seven miles, or 18,600 acres, which would afford one acre of ground to each 15.15 persons on the above estimate of population. Of the seats wards, into which the city is divided, 16th is the most populous, followed by the 4th, 10th, 72d, and 12th, in the order named, the 10th having the smallest population.

In 1860, nearly 40 per cent. of the population were foreign born, as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Country</th>
<th>Percentage</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Born in Germany</td>
<td>15.4%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Born in Canada and New Brunswick</td>
<td>8.0%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Born in Ireland</td>
<td>4.2%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Born in England</td>
<td>2.4%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Born in Scotland</td>
<td>2.6%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Born in Poland</td>
<td>2.4%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Born in other countries</td>
<td>57.6%</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Total: 100%

This is stated not to include about one hundred persons employed in the King's Service. It is also added that 13,770 acres of land are under cultivation, an area equal to about three-quarters of the territory within the present city limits. The last 30 per cent. increase during the four years between the second and third census, is owing, doubtless, to the war then in progress, and the consequent dangers of frontier residence. Our item which comes as an unpleasant reminder of an evil long since past is the enumeration of slaves; their number increased from 84, in 1773, to 169, 1778, and 179 four years later. It will be understood that these figures do not apply to the village itself. Indeed, its limits at this time, were not clearly defined; but these enumerations embrace the entire settlement, extending for several miles each way along the river bank. In addition to these figures, a large amount of information is given concerning the crops raised, the number of domestic animals owned, and other agricultural items.
favorable factory sites, with either water or railroad frontage, are other advantages enjoyed by the industrial interests of Detroit.

The majority of the great industries here have started from small beginnings, and grown with the city; thus affording, from the records of the past, the best evidence of their stability. The Michigan Car Co. began its career in 1865, and the Peninsular Car Co. in 1870. These factories, 3,000 men are constantly employed, receiving, in monthly wages, $120,000. The annual out-put is valued at $3,757,000, computing 165,000 stoves and ranges, besides a large number of various articles, of which Detroit contains the only factory in the Northwest.

The manufacture of lumber in various forms gives employment to 2,000 men, whose monthly pay amounts to $80,000. The annual output, which includes dressed lumber, timbers, doors, blinds, etc., is valued at $8,250,000, representing $1,000,000 of invested capital.

The manufacture of furniture, including chairs, employs 1,200 operatives, and the annual out-put amounts to $8,000,000.

The annual product amounts to $8,120,000, and finds a market in every quarter of the globe. Brick-yards, within or near the city confines, produce 100,000,000 bricks annually.

Detroit is the largest establishment for the production and distribution of seeds in the world. The seeds are grown on every continent, wherever soil and climate can be found, and the product is distributed from the immense warehouses in this city to every land. In 1862, there was manufactured, in this Internal Revenue District, 18,735,360 lbs. of tobacco, valued at $2,000,000. Fully 58 per cent. of this amount was the out-put of Detroit factories. In the same period and territory, 160,728,025 cigars, of a value of $12,750,000, were produced, about 79 per cent. of which were the product of Detroit factories. In 1862, the total amount of internal revenue collected in the district, exceeded $100,000, about $8,370,000 being levied upon products of Detroit factories.

In no branch of manufacturing does Detroit stand more absolutely or favorably known than in the production of drugs, chemicals, perfumes, and medicines. It boasts the largest factory of this class in the world, with several

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Factories</th>
<th>1861</th>
<th>1862</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Overall</td>
<td>1,000</td>
<td>1,000</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The figures for 1861 and 1862 are taken from the United States Census Reports; the figures for 1861 are from a thorough canvass made by the writer, under the auspices of the Detroit Real Estate Board, and believed to be quite as reliable as the census figures, with which they correspond very closely, after making due allowance for the natural increase of the two years. It is probable that the numbers given for 1861, increased by about fifteen per cent., would furnish a very accurate statement of the situation for 1862.

**AMONG INDIVIDUAL INDUSTRIES**

The most important is that of manufacturing cars. The various shops devoted to this industry employ over six thousand men, and the product, comprising all kinds of freight and refrigerating cars, and all classes of coaches, amounts to over $15,000,000 annually.

In the production of stoves, Detroit stands absolutely without a rival. Its factories are more extensive, and their product greater than those of any other city in the world. In the four great

![Picturaesque Detroit and Environs](image-url)
others that also stand at the head of particular branches of the trade. These branches give employment to 1,000 people, about equally divided as to sex, who receive $7,500 in monthly wages. The annual outlay is $750,000, and over $5,000,000 is invested in the business.

There are many other interesting details at hand, concerning the various manufacturing industries of the city, but the limits of this article forbid their further consideration.

REAL ESTATE

In its relation to the growth and expansion of the city, to the happiness and prosperity of the people, the real estate interest is second to none other in importance. It is one of the happiest circumstances attending the development of Detroit, that there never has been a time in its last 30 years when pleasant and comfortable homes could not be secured by the humblest laborer, at small cost, and on the most lenient terms. This fact has resulted in the building of a city of homes, in the encouragement of economy and sobriety, and in building up a great industrious army of up cleanly, law-abiding citizens, each one of whom feels that he has a tangible interest in the good name and good government of the city, and the preservation of law and order. There is no present indication that this condition of cheap homes will be altered in the future.

For the past decade, the value of real estate transfers, as shown by the recorded deeds, is as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>New Buildings</th>
<th>Old Buildings</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1885</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1886</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1887</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1888</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1889</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1890</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1891</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1892</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1893</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1894</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

A comparison of these figures, with those given under other lines of business, will reveal a remarkable uniformity of increase, and show that the real estate business of the city has, for the most part, been legitimate and bona fide—not speculative. So far as it is possible to make an intelligent comparison between this and other cities, such comparison will show that, for the advantages offered, the price of real estate is lower in Detroit than in any other city of the country. This fact is owing, largely, to the city’s having free room for expansion on three sides, the territory in each direction being suitable for business and residence.

In 1891, the assessed value of Detroit real estate was $830,941,000, of which sum the true land was supposed to represent $809,608,750, or an average of $5,178 per acre. At 20 per cent. of the actual values, this would make the average value of land within the city limits, about $7,000 per acre. The highest price at which a transfer has ever been recorded is a little less than $15 per square foot for Woodward Avenue frontage. In 1892, there were recorded 134 sales, representing 7,287 lots.

BUILDING

Closely allied to real estate is the builders’ trade. The figures published regarding this industry are very misleading, since they only cover the territory within the city limits, while the owners of thousands of factories and dwellings, just without the imaginary line, are so closely identified with the city as their neighbors within. The following tells the tale of the last seven years:

A comparison of these figures, with those given under other lines of business, will reveal a remarkable uniformity of increase, and show that the real estate business of the
The present year, thus far, shows a large increase over the corresponding months of 1882. The new Union Depot, and Hotel St. Clair, just completed; the Chamber of Commerce, the Union Trust Co.'s Block, the Home Savings Bank Block, and the magnificent Government buildings, all in process of erection, form important additions to the city's architectural beauty.

FINANCIAL

All peoples, in all ages of the world, have found some medium of exchange, and some system of finance, however rude and uncertain, necessary. A view of its financial history forms a very reliable index to the progress and prosperity of any locality. The first bank of Michigan was established in 1816, and was known as the Detroit Bank. Its brief career of two years does not point to unqualified success. The Bank of Michigan was organized in 1818, and weathered the financial storms for about fifteen years, until it succumbed. These were prosperity years for financiers. Other banks opened and closed with bewildering rapidity. Finally, in 1849, the Detroit Savings Bank, Institute was chartered. This was reorganized in 1871, when the Detroit Savings Bank, and is the oldest bank now in existence in the city. In 1883, a clearing-house was established, the business of which, for successive years, is shown below:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Deposits</th>
<th>Loans</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1882</td>
<td>$2,500,000</td>
<td>$1,500,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1883</td>
<td>$3,000,000</td>
<td>$2,000,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1884</td>
<td>$3,500,000</td>
<td>$2,500,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1885</td>
<td>$4,000,000</td>
<td>$3,000,000</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The report for 1882 covers the operations of twenty-one banks; two savings banks and the Union Trust Co. not included. The resources of the twenty-four banking institutions amounted, at the close of 1882, to $60,256,823, of which $50,129,927 were in deposits, $6,850,816.82 of which $6,685,200.74 were savings deposits; the capital to $8,990,000, and loans and discounts to $14,875,842.41.

A brief glance at municipal finance will be of interest. In 1885, the gross debt amounted to $80,000, the sinking fund to $85,934, leaving a net debt of $12,062. Since that date, the gross debt has steadily increased, while the sinking fund has diminished, until, on May 1st, 1887, the net debt of the municipality amounted to $1,776,898.42, which sum will be increased more than onethird, the present year. Extensive public improvements, of unfinished worth, are supposed to furnish ample apology for the debt thus incurred. In the same period, the assessed value of property has increased from $1,162,249,945 in 1883, to $1,690,093,316 in 1887, and the tax levy from $1,223,522, to $1,381,877, or from ten and

seventy-seven one-hundredths to fifteen and sixteen one-hundredths dollars per thousand. Compared with last year, the present year shows a gratifying decrease in rate of taxation, the rate being $1.37 per $1,000, and the total amount raised, $1,470,000, less than in 1882.

TRANSPORTATION AND TRADE

Four cities have such splendid commercial facilities. The Detroit River is the world's greatest commercial highway, and carries an annual tonnage equal to that clearing from the three great salt-water ports of the world—London, New York, and Liverpool. The figures of the river tonnage for 1883, are not at hand, but in 1882 there were 34,231 vessels of a registered tonnage of 22,600,000, passing through the Detroit River. These figures include only vessels clearing at United States Custom Houses. For 1882, Brig. Gen. O. M. Poe, of the United States engineers, estimated the total tonnage at 24,600,000, and for 1881, 26,000,000, which is a conservative estimate. The annual tonnage of the Suez Canal, one of the great international waterways, is about 7,000,000, or scarcely one-quarter the volume of commerce passing Detroit. The railroads are also quite as important factors in the city's commercial life. In 1882, 1,173,000 loaded freight cars crossed the Detroit River at this point. That was an average of 360 cars, and more than 500,000 tons of freight for each day of the year. Detroit has practically twelve distinct lines of railroad, affording communication with every point in North, South, East, and West. The lines are: The Detroit, Lansing & Northern; Milwaukee; Chicago & Alpena; Great Trunk; Detroit, Bay City & Alpena; Lake Shore & Michigan Southern; Flint & Pere Marquette; and the Michigan Central, with its four branches—Columbus, Jackson, Bay City, and Toledo. Another road is one to be built in the near future, giving the city connection with the Great Pennsylvania System, and direct communication with the coal and oil fields of that section. The value of imports at this point for 1882 was $14,549,044, and exports, $8,585,104, making a total of $80,479,986 in foreign trade.

SCHOOL, CHURCH AND PRESS

The clergyman, the schoolteacher, and the printer form the trinity which holds the destinies of Christendom. Remove one, and a serious blow is struck at civilization; remove all, and the blow is a fatal one. Detroit is favored in the high character of church, school and press, each of which has done well its allotted work. The first newspaper was "The Michigan Observer," or "The Impartial Observer," established in 1803. At present, there are eighty periodicals issued in the city, each having a broad field of circulation, and filling its proper sphere. There are four English daily, two evening, and two evening papers, and one German evening paper, which are powerful factors in the city's development. Detroit has fifty-seven public schools, which, regardless of the commonplace title of year 1902-1903, 21,883 pupils, an increase of 1,956 over the previous year. It has sixty-five private schools, colleges, etc., besides...
several art schools. The public schools employ 600 teachers.

As already stated, St. Anne's Church was among the first buildings in the new settlement. For sixty years, Detroit remained mainly Catholic. With the English, in 1760, came Presbyterians, although it was not until 1840 that the first Protestant Church office was formally dedicated. From the earliest days, until the present, the Church has exerted a powerful influence in molding the character of the city, and the strength of this influence has kept full pace with the city's growth. In 1868, there were 140 churches and missions, of which 24 were Roman Catholic, 23 Episcopal, 22 Methodists, 21 Lutheran, 16 Presbyterian, 14 Baptist, and 31 of various other denominations. These figures have been somewhat increased during the current year. The various church edifices have settings for over 100,000 worshippers. Many of the building are models of architectural art.

MISCELLANEOUS

Detroit has fifteen parks, containing 720 acres, of which Belle Isle contains 300 acres. Another park of 100 acres awaits acceptance, when the city can secure the right to receive it. The Grand Boulevard, 12 miles long, and from 500 to 1000 feet wide, is practically one great park, extending from Belle Isle Bridge on the east, to the river bank on the west, and encircling the city upon three sides, a distance of about 12 miles.

Many of the finest residence avenues are bounded on either hand by spacious parks and great shade trees, giving the street all the charm of a park, while thousands of residences, both of the palatial and the cottage type, are embowered in shrubbery and lawns that surpass in beauty the best of public parks.

The city has nine theatres, museums, and parks, affording amusement of endless variety.

There are three public libraries, containing 125,000 volumes, the principal library being one of the finest in the country.

No city in a poor or more certain water supply. The works are ample, and the water is furnished in unlimited quantity, at exceedingly low rates; 450 miles of mains distribute the water throughout the city.

The death rate in Detroit is among the lowest of any city. For years, the annual death rate has fallen between 10 and 20 to the thousand, in 1868 being 17.3. The other large cities of the country grade upward from this rate, until New York keeps the climax with a death rate of 30.8 to the thousand.

The city has an equable climate, the temperature not showing the variations recorded in neighboring cities. Thus, for the past four years, Detroit's range in temperature has been 8 degrees less than Chicago's, 12 degrees less than Milwaukee's, and 26 degrees less than St. Paul's.

From the mass of statistical matter at hand, an attempt has been made to present beneath a few of the most important facts relating to Detroit. The reader, whose patience has enabled him to pursue the article to the end, will have discovered that the past record and the present condition of Detroit justify the presentation of four distinct claims for the consideration of all people. Detroit, as a prosperous manufacturing center, and a beautiful residential city, as a city for summer rest and recreation, as a safe and desirable investment field, challenges the attention of the world, and invites the most thorough investigation. The city's claim to pre-eminence in each of these directions is not based upon prospective, but upon the existing conditions. The residence feature belongs to a descriptive, rather than to a statistical article, hence, no attempt has been made to elucidate that portion of the subject. But if the figures herewith presented fail to convey, a favorable idea of the city's industrial life and opportunities, the fault is not of the statistician, but of the facts with which he has attempted to deal.

J. C. Fentz.

OUR OFFERING

We of the present day, by reason of a certain indefatigable Roman, accorded poets and painters, wherein think of La Salle Cadillac and his confederate, except as personages somewhat safely and very much romantically in appearance by gilt trimmed, squares-cut coats, knee breeches of velvet with jet embroidery, lace frills and cuffs and picturesque caplets above long cutting and well kept hair. The probable truth is, that the little band of 100 pioneers who, on that sunny, clear 27th day of July, 1769, guided their quaint fleet of canoes from the waters of the St. Clair to a landing place on the Strait just above the mouth of the River Saginaw, presented no such appearance. They had been several weeks on the journey from Montreal and it is most likely that even when they left that city they were still in accordance with their environment; that the Sieur Cadillac, the captain, Mons. Tonty, the sub-officers, the M. M. Chincorneade and Dugua, the soldiers and the woodsmen and even the
AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF DETROIT

The word "Detroit" as used by early French inhabitants, comprehended the entire country from Lake Erie to Lake Huron, and the first settlement that bore the name of Detroit was situated on St. Clair River, somewhere in the vicinity of Fort Gratiot. This settlement was founded by DuSable (104) under the instructions of M. de Fontenay, Governor of Canada, in order to prevent the English from passing from Lake Erie to the far country of the north, and for some years succeeding this date there are frequent references in the letters and orders of the French officers to "The Detroit of Lake Erie."

In an official communication of Louis Hector de Callières, Governor of Canada, to Louis Philippe de Ponsot, Intendant, Governor General and Minister of Justice, on the 30th of October, 1720, he says that he will send Sieur de la Mothe and de Tonti, to the spring to construct a fort at Detroit. They went down the river from Lake Huron so as to avoid the frequented Indian trails at Niagara.

But what was Detroit? Beneath those kettles jettons throbbed strong hearts, warm with unity of purpose, sustained by honest labor and irreducible will. They found a natural place of refuge because upon their arrival at Detroit they saw an expanse of the river, huge and populous Indian villages; especially brilliant judgment was not required in order to decide.

This volume is dedicated to the Deering, Blish, and Hathaway publishers, who have expressed a desire to have it published in a form that will be useful to the public.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF DETROIT

The word "Detroit" as used by early French inhabitants, comprehended the entire country from Lake Erie to Lake Huron, and the first settlement that bore the name of Detroit was situated on St. Clair River, somewhere in the vicinity of Fort Gratiot. This settlement was founded by DuSable (104) under the instructions of M. de Fontenay, Governor of Canada, in order to prevent the English from passing from Lake Erie to the far country of the north, and for some years succeeding this date there are frequent references in the letters and orders of the French officers to "The Detroit of Lake Erie."

In an official communication of Louis Hector de Callières, Governor of Canada, to Louis Philippe de Ponsot, Intendant, Governor General and Minister of Justice, on the 30th of October, 1720, he says that he will send Sieur de la Mothe and de Tonti, to the spring to construct a fort at Detroit. They went down the river from Lake Huron so as to avoid the frequented Indian trails at Niagara.

This volume is dedicated to the Deering, Blish, and Hathaway publishers, who have expressed a desire to have it published in a form that will be useful to the public.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF DETROIT

The word "Detroit" as used by early French inhabitants, comprehended the entire country from Lake Erie to Lake Huron, and the first settlement that bore the name of Detroit was situated on St. Clair River, somewhere in the vicinity of Fort Gratiot. This settlement was founded by DuSable (104) under the instructions of M. de Fontenay, Governor of Canada, in order to prevent the English from passing from Lake Erie to the far country of the north, and for some years succeeding this date there are frequent references in the letters and orders of the French officers to "The Detroit of Lake Erie."

In an official communication of Louis Hector de Callières, Governor of Canada, to Louis Philippe de Ponsot, Intendant, Governor General and Minister of Justice, on the 30th of October, 1720, he says that he will send Sieur de la Mothe and de Tonti, to the spring to construct a fort at Detroit. They went down the river from Lake Huron so as to avoid the frequented Indian trails at Niagara.

This volume is dedicated to the Deering, Blish, and Hathaway publishers, who have expressed a desire to have it published in a form that will be useful to the public.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF DETROIT

The word "Detroit" as used by early French inhabitants, comprehended the entire country from Lake Erie to Lake Huron, and the first settlement that bore the name of Detroit was situated on St. Clair River, somewhere in the vicinity of Fort Gratiot. This settlement was founded by DuSable (104) under the instructions of M. de Fontenay, Governor of Canada, in order to prevent the English from passing from Lake Erie to the far country of the north, and for some years succeeding this date there are frequent references in the letters and orders of the French officers to "The Detroit of Lake Erie."

In an official communication of Louis Hector de Callières, Governor of Canada, to Louis Philippe de Ponsot, Intendant, Governor General and Minister of Justice, on the 30th of October, 1720, he says that he will send Sieur de la Mothe and de Tonti, to the spring to construct a fort at Detroit. They went down the river from Lake Huron so as to avoid the frequented Indian trails at Niagara.

This volume is dedicated to the Deering, Blish, and Hathaway publishers, who have expressed a desire to have it published in a form that will be useful to the public.
While it was in excellence to such instructions as were indicated that Cadillac constructed the fort, there was, in all probability, quite a settlement along the border of the river, on both sides, before Cadillac came. It was the constant effort of the early French settlers to live at peace with the Indians, and they lived with them and became like them; not infrequently members of their tribes and sometimes even chiefs.

The one great result that came from this was that their lives and the lives of their families, were generally spared where the French soldiers were in peril. It was in a country already sparsely settled with this class of people, half civilized, half savage, that Cadillac was sent to erect a new fort, as a defense against the approaches of the English. Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac was a gentleman from Gascony, who had served in France; had resided in Acadia; and, as a captain in Canada, had been Commandant of Michilimackinac, from 1694 to 1697, and came here, as we have seen, in 1701. He was a man of considerable ability, and in 1707, at the suggestion of de Chevrec and de Laproulx, would have been appointed to command an expedition to take Boston from the English, if the affair had been undertaken as was contemplated.

He was a controversial writer of some ability, and, although a Roman Catholic, he denounced and opposed the Jesuits, and undertook to limit their powers in the New World, but the Jesuits were too powerful to be controlled by him, though he was successful in keeping them from the new post; he was about to found on the banks of the Detroit.

The fort so established by Cadillac, was founded for business and military purposes only, and no missionary purposes entered into the affair; and consequently, instead of giving the new location the name of some patron saint, as was usually done, it was given the name of its real founder, Pontchartrain, and bore the official designation of Fort Pontchartrain, or Detroit. It is of more recent application.

The fort, or enclosure, included only sufficient ground to contain the houses of the few people then living here. The river ran at the foot of the high bluff that then existed at about the present site of Woodbridge Street; the eastern line of the fort was nearly the present line of Griswold Street; the western line was far from the present line of Stadium Street, and on the west the enclosure reached to Wayne Street. Around this tract of land was built a high fence of cedar pickets driven into the ground far enough to make them solid, and extending above the surface some eleven or twelve feet. The dwellings were not permitted to be built close to the pickets, on the inside, but a passageway was left around the entire village, called the “Chaussée d’entrée.” Within this enclosure were some well-drawn narrow alleys, formed streets, the widest of which was only twenty feet in width, each bearing the name of some saint, as St. Anne, St. Honoré, St. Jacques, and St. Antoine, thus sufficiently attending the fact that the priests were not permitted to leave the village, they would have their mark on the external affairs of the post.

First church was not built within this enclosure, but on the eastern side, and the earliest record in St. Anne’s church bears the date 1705; two years after the founding of the village. It is probable that the various Catholic churches were built on the same site, and the one which was pulled down in 1712, as likely to afford a rendezvous for hostile Indians during the siege of that year, and which was located outside of the picket line, occupied the land at the northwest corner of Griswold Street and Jefferson Avenue, and when the church was about to be re-erected on the same site, the picket line was enlarged to enclose it.

There is very little of interest to the casual reader in the history of our city for the first half century of its existence. Peace with the Indians generally prevailed, and even when war existed the French soldiers on the rolls outside the fort were generally safe. There were many farm owners, however, who lived in the enclosure and left their families there continually, though they visited and worked on their farms every day.

When the Acadians were driven from their homes by the English, some of them came to Detroit and established new homes along the banks of our river, feeling themselves contended among a people who were of kindred blood and belonged to the same church, but they were hardly well established here when the conqueror, who had despoiled their old homes, came to drive them from their new one.

As a result of the wars between France and England, Detroit became British property, and was taken possession of by the troops under Major Rogers in 1760.

The English were not as skilled in pacifying the Indians as the French had been, and the place and inhabitants were now being exterminated by Pontiac and his followers; in 1765, Parkman’s story of the conspiracy of Pontiac, and the painting of Gladwin and the Indian girl, by Stanley, are too familiar to even require reference, but they tell of one of the most stirring and romantic events in the history of our village. They tell the story of the ambitious Indian Pontiac, who proposed an attack by the different tribes on all of the forts held by the English in the Indian country, and the utter destruction of the English; the attack was nearly successful in all places except Detroit, but here the conspiracy was divulged to Gladwin.
by the Indian girl who had fallen in love with the commandant. The discontent that existed in the Atlantic colonies and which resulted in the Revolutionary War and establishment of the United States government, was not apparent among the English speaking settlers here. In fact there were only a few English here. The civilians were nearly all French, and the English were soldiers and traders, intimately connected with England, through trade relations. The French were inclined to side with the Americans, and did so covertly on many occasions; openly they were as neutral as circumstances would permit. The village had not grown very much up to the year 1780. The King's Commons, as the public property was called, extended from the river nearly to the present line of Adams Avenue, and from the village line on the west to about Bates Street on the east. This land had long been cleared of trees and underbrush to prevent the collection of hostile Indians.

Homes of the inn owners were situated on this road and almost within hailing distance of each other. The river itself furnished a highway for a considerable portion of the year; in summer by canoes, with which the French inhabitants were very skillful, and in winter by sleds drawn by the best footed and wary mustang.

Henry Hamilton was Lieutenant Governor in charge of Detroit, and the threatened approach of the troops of the United States army, caused him to propose to build a new fort here in 1786, and under his direction Captain Henry Reed set about the improvement in that year.

The site for the new fort was a hill back of the village where our new Post Office is being built, and in order to include the fort and village in one enclosure, a new picked line was erected, including all of the land south of Michigan Avenue, and between Griswold Street and the Cass Farm. This was the most considerable addition that our village had had. The work on the new fort commenced at once, and although on two occasions the work was nearly ruined by long, continued rainy seasons, it was pretty well perfected in two years.

The Indian bands employed by the British frequently brought in prisoners, and these were set at work on the fortifications, and so kept employed until an opportunity could be found to send them to Montreal. Under Hamilton's direction two or three persons had been hung here upon a trial and conviction before a justice of the peace, and Hamilton and the justice, Deegan, had been indicted by a grand jury at Montreal. Fearing an arrest, Hamilton hastened to the Illinois country, ostensibly to take Villenouve, and was taken prisoner by General Clark. He still retained the office of governor, though Mayor Richard S. Stinson was in actual charge of the village.
and it was while Hamilton was still absent as a prisoner of war, that the fort was completed, and it was given the name of Lernoult.  

Lernoult remained in charge until Amert Schuyler de Peyster arrived in October, 1779. De Peyster did not leave until after peace was declared and John Hay came as civil governor. The governor's house was situated near the site of the First National Bank, on the south-west corner of Jefferson Avenue and Griswold Street, and it was here that Hay lived, and it was on these premises that he was buried when he died.

Although by the terms of the treaty of 1783 this part of the country belonged to the United States, England refused to surrender possession, and it was not until the consummation of Jay's treaty in 1796, that the United States troops, a part of the army of General "Mad Anthony" Wayne, accompanied by Winthrop Straw, acting governor of the North-west Territory, took actual possession and established the new government. The division of the North-western Territory in 1800, preparatory to the admission of Ohio as a state, threw us into the Indiana Territory, of which William Henry Harrison was governor, and we remained a part of this territory until 1805, when Michigan was formed as a separate territorial government, and William Hull was appointed governor.

On the eleventh of June in that year, and before Governor Hull had reached the village, a fire had destroyed nearly every house in it, and the governor found, on his arrival, the citizens encamped on the commons, and living in rude quarters as they could hastily devise.

To form the new government and set the wheels in motion, was indeed a difficult task for the new governor. The judges who were to operate with him were Augustus B. Woodward, Frederick Bates and John Griffin.

The destruction of the village had presented a state of affairs not contemplated at the time of their appointment, and for which their powers were not adequate. It was impracticable to re-build
drawing the other judges into their quarrels, so that the 
etire remainder of the official life of Governor Hull was 
embittered by contensions here.

In the war of 1812, when Governor Hull surrendered 
Detroit to the British, the contention between Hull and 
Woodward began first, and one of the governor's most 
bitter enemies, and one whose testimony before the mili-
tary court martial sided materially in convicting the 
general, was Judge Woodward.

Leash Canu was our next governor, and he retained the 
oflice until made a member of Jackson's Cabinet in 1827. 
Can and Woodward did not disagree, merely because 
Woodward was afraid to conflict, the governor, but the 
quarrelsome nature of Woodward led to continued dis-
greements with the other judges, and business in both 
legislative and judicial departments was continually 
obstructed. Woodward attempted to get elected as 
delegate to Congress on two or three occasions, but was 
badly defeated at the polls. He was called upon to 
resign his position as judge, but refused to comply, and 
finding that they were unable to get rid of him in any 
other manner, the people finally succeeded in getting 
the entire form of government changed, and thus legislated 
him out of office in 1824.

In the intervening years the city had made material 
increase. A printing press had been brought here in 
1808, and some printing had been done with it. A few 
books were printed and an attempt was made to start a 
paper, but it was not successful. In 1817, June 21st, the Detroit Gazette issued its first 
number. This was the first paper of the territory and was published continuously until 
the office was destroyed by fire in 1830.

The Walk-in-the-Water, the first steamboat on Lake Erie, started from Black Rock 
on Sunday, August 21st, 1818, and reached Detroit on Thursday the 27th.

The corner stone of the first hall of the University of Michigan was laid by Judge 
Alexander R. Woodward, September 21, 1817.

In 1825 the general government donated the entire military reservation to the city 
and the available territory was materially 
increased.

The population of 
the city, by the cen-
sus of 1820, was 1,422, 
and in 1850 we had 
2,022. In 1834, 
Michigan claimed a 
right to be admitted 
as a state, and al-
though Congress 
ruled for some time 
before allowing,
Detroit was always the metropolis of the state and was the capitol until 1847, when Lansing was chosen as being more centrally located. Although congresses commenced as early as the formation of our territorial government, in 1805, it did not attach to any great importance until the opening of government lands for sale to settlers in 1818, but from that date until 1830, it yearly increased in volume until, in the latter year, it is estimated that one thousand strangers landed every day at the wharves on our river front. There were no railroads, but a daily line of large steamers and the numberless sail boats brought a vast population to the city. These people did not all intend to remain here, but pushed on further west. Many remained, however, and the city and the county grew rapidly. The building of railroad lines to the west permitted more to pass by us unobserved as the years went along, but the tide increased rather than diminished.

The history of the succeeding years is full of interest. The history of Detroit is the history of Michigan; of a great state ascending in wealth and increasing in population; true to the Federal Government and devoted in her allegiance to the nation, she was foremost in the war of the Rebellion, and one of the first to be merged in the war was ended; but these matters are of too recent transaction to be considered history yet. Of the city itself, its splendid location; the rich country that lies behind it and is tributary to it; the magnificent river that flows by it, all tend to give notice to the future that it will continue to be one of the most important inland cities of America.

**SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND TIMES OF FATHER RICHARD — 1798-1832**

An equally distinguished contemporary of General Lewis Cass, during the first decades of the history of Detroit, and during the present century, was the Very Reverend Gabriel Richard, the vicar general of Bishop Carroll of Baltimore, and the spiritual ruler of Detroit and its dependencies, comprising at that time, the Northwest Territory. He was the apostle of literature and culture in Detroit, and his name is inseparably connected with the history of education in this city.

Father Richard's participation in
Detroit has developed within the historical context of the city, as noted by Judge Corder in his "American Catechism," Michigan, says of him, "Father Richard would have been a man of mark in almost any community at any time." Judge James V. Campbell, who in his younger days was a contemporary of Richard, says in his "Outlines of the Political History of Michigan," that his tall and sedate figure was familiar to every one during the long period during which he filled his sacred mission. He was not only a man of elegant bearing, but of excellent common sense and a very public spirited man. He encouraged education in every way, not only by organizing and training schools for the immediate advantage of his own people, but by laying the foundations for general intelligence. He brought to Detroit the earliest printing press that was known in the territory, and composed and published some religious and educational works for his own flock, and some selections from French writers for the instruction of his people. He was an early advocate of the University of Michigan, now at Ann Arbor; and a teacher and professor in it. His acquaintance was gained among Protestants as well as Catholics. His quaint humor and love of fun, in no way weakened by his profound perception of English, are pleasantly remembered by all who had the good fortune to know him; while his brief prayer for the legislature, that they "might make laws for the people and not for themselves," was a very comprehensive summary of sound political philosophy.

When in 1781 the church in France, the monarchy, the nobility, and the aristocracy of the nation and the Church were expelled and scattered in the wilderness of the new world, it was still possible for a priest to leave France, a group of young and distinguished Jesuits, by a previous arrangement with Edmond Ousset, chief of the Jesuits in the province of Paris, and Bishop Carrel of Baltimore, left France and came to the latter city. This was in 1783. Among this group of young gentlemen was the Rev. Gabriel Richard, born of a good Catholic family, having been born in Saints, France, in 1756. He was soon after assigned to missionary work in Kalkaska, Illinois; where he remained until 1787, when he was appointed to the Very Rev. Michael Lescarbot, pastor of St. Anne's Church in Detroit, and the first incumbrance under American ecclesiastical jurisdiction. Father Lescarbot was also a Jesuit, as was Father John Debou, who had accompanied Father Richard.

Detroit at the time was an old French Catholic city, which had recently fallen under the jurisdiction of the Federal government. The church of St. Anne, at the time, was the South of the town, in the corner of the square. The original chapel was dedicated to the mother of the Blessed Virgin by Father Guillaume Benoit, a Recollect monk, in 1701. Its builder was a young Indian, six years after; the chapel and its successors were destroyed by fire in 1736, when the present church, St. Anne's, of 1783, having been built by Father Joseph Riché, another Recollect monk, in 1746, and consecrated in 1753, by the Bishop of Quebec.

The vicarage of Detroit included the case of the French in the Northwest Territory, having been in the hands of the bishops of Lake Huron and Michigan. In 1786 Father Richard convinced a tour of the lake dependencies, taking passage on a government vessel on June 21st, and another stormy voyage reached Mackinac Island June 28th. He remained on the island about two months, teaching and administering the sacraments. He then visited the Ottawas on Lake Huron, St. Joseph's Island, Ascension Island, St. Mary's river to the St. Louis, and returned to Detroit October 12th. He wrote an account of his mission to Bishop Carrel, who had much desired to return to Detroit, and had at last been made a priest of the grade of ordinary, become practical in the church. He described the condition of the missions and the Indian tribes; those he assisted, as well as by his persuasion, the education of the people, and the progress of the missions, having Father John Debou as his assistant. The latter was a devoted priest, of the highest order and a gentleman.

Looking to the spiritual condition of the north, Father Richard found some religious growing out of the annual visits of the fur-trading employe and the conversion of the young Jesuits; those he corrected, as far as in his power. He urged the church, presbytery, and school boards; but having no suitable teachers available, he instructed and proposed young Indian families as teachers, and placed them in charge of a seminary for the higher branches of education of their sex. Not understanding the intellectual wants of the young men of his parish, he proposed a seminary in which he and Father Debou taught the higher branches and lectured upon religious history, literature, and the sciences.

This was the condition of the parish, when on the 15th of June, 1802, Detroit was stricken with a calamity as sudden as it was overwhelming. The city was entirely destroyed by fire, and Father Debou, the only priest between a school and a church, nothing was left of the city except a mass of burning debris and chimney tops stretching like pyramids into the air. We had barely time to remove the vestments and furniture of the church and the movable property of the schools. Father Richard had witnessed in this brief time the destruction of the material evidences of his six years' hard work; of church, presbytery and schools, as well as the homes of his parishioners; there remained only smoking ruins. The old colonial city was completely wiped out of existence. Much inconvenience and suffering among the people resulted, but the indomitable pastor was equal to the emergency. He at once prepared shelter tents from the fort for the women and children who had no refuge, and using not only his personal means but his credit as well, he purchased food and other temporary necessities for the homeless and destitute, without regard to creed or race. St. Anne's church, presbytery and schools were soon after located on improved buildings in Springbush, about a mile below the ancient church, but these premises continued to be used until 1850, when the present church of the present church was dedicated.

In 1806, Father Richard set up in the first printing press erected in the Northwest Territory, having brought from the east the first practical printer known in the West, Mr. Alonzo Crowes. The same year the educational establishments were completed, and comprised: primary schools for boys and girls; a seminary for young ladies under charge of the Very Rev. Michael Lescarbot, later on appointed assistant to the Very Rev. Michael Lescarbot, later on appointed assistant to the Rev. Mr. Benjamin Franklin, and the first incumbrance under American jurisdiction. Father Lescarbot was also a Jesuit, as was Father John Debou, who had accompanied Father Richard.


At the period of the publication of these works, the population of which was the press, their work as well as their proof reading, in the face of vast amount of labor, and the printed books were exceedingly rare in Detroit, they could only be obtained from Montreal or New York, and were not always of the kind desired; besides, their high prices excluded the use among most families.

These books supplied a great want existing in the old city even before, but still more, since the destruction of the city in 1804. Their publication at the time, under the circumstances, accomplished a double purpose, while attempting the aim of their pastor: to have been to teach, to edify, and to perfect intellectually, as well as morally, the youth of their own age in their own language, the youth of the own generation of pastoral care. Father Richard is credited the first editor of printing the first devotional, educational, and literacy books in the Northwest Territory, and the honor of editing the first.
and printing in English the first Scriptural work, the "Epistles and Gospels," in 1812. There is, I believe, no one who questions this right. In his introduction to Les Observations de la Memoire, Father Richard says: "Tous les sens de gent conviennent que la connaissance de la parole doit avoir une place distinguée dans le plan d'une bonne éducation. Les beaux arts en général font la richesse et le plaisir de l'âme. La Lecture des beaux morceaux de poésie en particulier animent les esprits, éduquent agréablement la sphère des connaissances utiles, elle produit dans l'âme les sentiments délicieux. Mais cette lecture propre à être utile demande un choix judicieux et de sages précautions, surtout pour ce qui regarde la pureté des mœurs."

Another and a grievous calamity was impending over Detroit. This was the war of 1812. The old city, for removed from the support of the older States, was bound to suffer, and the first serious blow fell was the surrender of the post by the Governor.

Priests are regarded by Christian nations at war among themselves, as non-combatants, Father Richard was every inch a priest, but each of these inches was as thoroughly and patriotically American as priestly; for this crime he was arrested by the British General and sent in chains to the military prison across the river, where he remained until peace was declared. After the evacuation of the city by the British and their Indian allies, the occupants of the soil were threatened with famine, having been stripped of their movable possessions by the drunken savages. Were it not for assistance rendered by Father Richard, some of these would have starved, and others had no seed grain to plant until he procured it for them. In the meantime his apostolic work had experienced a great set-back, which required time and labor to overcome before their normal condition could be restored. Just previous to the breaking out of the hostilities there arrived in this city the first organ ever seen in the North-west Territory; Father Richard had imported it from France.

The condition of that portion of his flock residing on the shores of the upper lakes, has also been described; his call for missionaries was responded to in time; there were prepared, taught to speak the Indian dialects and sent to evangelize the indigenous people and others in the lake regions.

In 1806 Paul Malchiet donated his farm on the river bank about two miles above the site of old St. Antoine, which was built, in 1804, a chapel and school for the convenience of prisoners living in Le cote du nord. According to the custom of the country this parish was organized with marquillers or trustees. In 1817 a disagreement occurred between the latter and Father Richard. The case was referred to Bishop Flétot,
who sustained his view, and on the refusal of the marguilliers to submit, the Bishop placed the corto di nord chapel under interdict, in which state it remained until the following year, when the paternal and venerable Bishop came all the way from Bardstown, Ky., on horseback, to Detroit, in the interest of peace; his mission was successful. To render the ceremony of

the removal of the undercroft more impressive, a grand procession escorted the Bishop from St. Anne's to the sacred chapel, the distance being about three miles. As a sign of the times it may be stated, that the music of the U. S. regimental band added to the effect of the ceremony, and as the procession passed the fort, it was saluted by a volley of artillery. The occasion was one of general rejoicing, and an affecting reconciliation took place between the recidivists and their venerable pastor. This event occurred June 11th, 1818, and on the same day Bishop Flaget laid the cornerstone of the fifth church of St. Anne, which was not completed until ten years later, 1828.

Missionary work in the lake region had in the meantime been vigorously conducted by Fathers Ballamy, Bardin (Francis V) de Jean, and Mazzuchelli and Dr. Frederic Rose, under the direct supervision of Father Richard. In 1831 he was elected representative of Michigan territory to Congress, serving one term only. The results of missionary work in the dependencies of Detroit, among the Indians and half-breeds, may be seen in the account given by Bishop Fenwick of Cincinnati, in whose diocese Michigan had been placed, who made his Episcopal visits in 1827. Among the Indian tribes visited, morality and ferocity prevailed, where ignorance, pagan superstition and debouchery had reigned. "The happiest days of my life," writes the Bishop, "were spent among the Ottawa and Pottowatamie Indians."

Probably the credit for the greatest missionary work accomplished under the direction of any one priest in this country during the first three decades of this century, may be claimed for the Very Rev. Gabriel Richard. Certainly in no part of the United States was there a field so extensive or so difficult of access as that confided to his care by the Metropolitans Carroll, Neale, Marshalt, and Whitfield and under Bishops Flaget and Fenwick. Not were his merits unrecognized by the American hierarchy who sent his name to Rome as their choice for Detroit's first Bishop. But Father Richard was not destined to wear the mitre on the scene of his life-work. His apostolic career was to end in a manner becoming the devoted priest he had been all his saddened life. When in 1824 the Asiatist cholera decimated the Catholic population of Detroit, Father Richard and his venerable assistant, Father Francis Vincent...
Badin, laboring among the sick and dying day and night, until the plague had ceased its ravages. Worn out with toil, he fell, the last of the distinguished victims of that fatal year. He was struck with the disease and succumbed Sept. 11th, 1817. He had been pastor of St. Anne's for thirty-four years, and had occupied a leading place in the history of events during that period, as a priest, a school educator, a philanthropist, as a legislator, as an apostle of literature, as a citizen and as a patriot. Fifty years after the death of Father Richard, Bela Hubbard placed four statues on the east and west facades of the City Hall of Detroit. These sculptured images represent four great French Catholics, whom the city is proud to honor,—two zealous missionaries, Fathers James Marguerie and Gabriel Rieland, and two representatives of the genius and chivalry of Catholic France, Cavaliers de la Salle and Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac. 

THE EASTERN FOUNTAIN.

DETROIT AS AN EXCURSION CENTRE.

The water-way between Lake Huron and Erie consists of the St. Clair River, Lake St. Clair, and the Detroit River, the aggregate distance being 180 miles. In the beauty of its shores and islands, the purity and volume of its waters, the picturesque and importance of the cities and the wonderful variety of its facilities for comfort and pleasure during the summer months, the channel mentioned is unrivaled and Detroit is its center.

From Detroit, boats leave daily for Cleveland, Sandusky and Put-in-Bay, Toledo, Groves Isle, Amherstburg, Chatham, Mt. Clemens, New Baltimore, Fort Huron, the Sea and Lake Superior ports. Thus is indicated, roughly, the city's resources as an excursion centre. In keeping with such an abundance of facilities is the fact that the best of boat service is available at prices suitting any ability. Ten cents will pay for an afternoon's ride up and down the

FORT WAYNE

A trifle more than three miles below Woodward Avenue, where the Detroit river turns to the south—As only band—and where it is narrowest, is situated the chief military fortification in Michigan—Fort Wayne. The entire military reservation on which the fort is built consists at present of 65 acres and the construction of the fort, begun in 1815, was not finished until about 1818.

The fort is a square bastioned structure with walls of brick and concrete, 12 feet high and 7 1-2 feet thick and the whole is surrounded by a very extensive embankment of sand. Inside the walls is the barracks building, while outside—as will be seen by reference to the illustrations—are the officers' quarters, the hospital, guard house, ammunition hall and so on, the parade ground and street in front of the officers' quarters, commanding most attractive prospects up and down the river. Fort Wayne, by reason of its slighty position and the preserved elegance and comfort of the officers of the U. S. Army, has long been one of the chief social centers about Detroit, while, as the establishment is under slight military restrictions, open to the public, it is generally a very popular and interesting resort.
PICTURESQUE DETROIT AND ENVIRONS

Bay at Port Huron. These rides may be taken too. The start may be made in the morning or in the afternoon. An entire day or only four or five hours may be utilized with equal convenience. Any ride mentioned is made chiefly along the Detroit River, the St. Clair River or Lake St. Clair, and aside from the pure bracing quality of the air and the ever changing interest of the scenes along the River, as these rides are taken, is the vast coming and going, the meeting and greeting of the fleets of the great Lakes. Huge freighters, modelled and proportioned equal to ocean going craft, mammoth passenger boats bound for Duluth, Milwaukee, Green Bay, Chicago, Cleveland or Buffalo, great tow barges, grain, lumber and ore carriers, steam yachts, schooners, sailing yachts and in fact all kinds of marine travellers, abound in profusion at all points, so that there is no such thing, at any point or any time, as solitude. It is a constant moving marine panorama, most enjoyable, and not duplicated in any part of the western world.

In case one becomes wearied with marine pleasures or when one is partial to rural beauties and woodland pleasures, no more delightful country spot can be desired than is to be found at either Orion Lake, Cass Lake, ...
Father and son owned it jointly, and about 1824 the son, who became sole owner, sold it to General Porter. The latter, after a short time, sold it to a man named Dorr. About 1850 Dorr added the circular wings at either end of the house, and made some other improvements.

The house has changed hands a number of times and is now owned by several legatees, one of whom rents and resides in the house, but does not occupy it. The center and main part of the house was built of logs. The ground floor consisted of two large rooms running lengthwise of the house, each opening at either end into a square hall, which in turn opened out on porches, one at the front, facing the river, and another at the back. Filling in the space between the two halls was an immense chimney built of stone. This had its foundation in the cellar, where it filled up a goodly space, and then slopped gradually up to the peak of the house, and through it, just for a squat at the outside world. These

THE LABADIE HOUSE

On Woodbridge street, just west of the corner of Twenty-fourth street, stands the oldest house in Detroit. Judged by its deep gable and the dormer window in the roof, it belongs to the provincial French style of architecture. There is a tradition that it was built somewhere on the Detroit River, brought down in a boat, and set up in its present position intact.

Monseur Labadie, a Frenchman, is the first person who is definitely connected with the house of its owner.
handicraft and a precision of joint work that modern machinery could not excel in execution.

The panels of the doors, which are also hand-work, are of a square pattern, and the old brass handles and locks are still preserved, through the sentimental interest of the latest owner of the house. There are forty-eight doors and windows in the house, suggesting the sunny freedom and cheerful social life of France. It has been a hospitable old house, and for many years it held out its offer of shelter to the traveler. It is not probable that it was built for a public hospital, although there are suggestions of the needed in the arrangement of the rooms. It became a favorite stopping-place by the necessity of its location. The farmers near Ypsilanti and the adjoining county made the house a night's resting place, and here it was that they started out early the next morning, laden with goods which they had received in exchange for their produce.

In the early days, when the waterway was the only way, the boats were stationed here for the night and the owners found rest and refreshment under the hospitable roof. Later, when the road was cut through to that hospitable section, the farmers stopped with his wagon and his team and waited for the first hint of day, to resume his journey.

By aid of the imagination one may put himself back in fancy to that early time for a moment and take the character of one of the French owners of the old house in those primitive days. If this feeling is strong enough one might imagine himself standing on Lower Lake's town on a morning in the year 1810. Just a little distance off 800 or 1,000 flowers are standing silently together. Down there on the river, beneath the Canadian shore, a fleet of vessels—guns, harpoons and his horses are on board and a light breeze is helping them slowly along. They come up near opposite the house, and the sound of firing guns is heard, and the Indians dispense. The door is open, and two shots are heard to have lodged in the wall. The family and neighbors are safe, and this is verified fact, not imagination, so history tells us.

The matching municipal park owned by the city of Detroit and called Belle Isle Park, consists of a natural island of 269 acres, a mile and a half miles long and half a mile wide at its points of greatest measurement. It lies midway between the Michigan and Canadian shores, the internal and boundary line passing along the middle of the Canadian channel.

It is two and one-half miles, at its lower and nearest point, from the city hall, and occupies a position at the point where Lake St. Clair ends and the Detroit river begins. From its lower and a superb perspective view is had down the river a distance of about seven miles, while at its upper end the view across Lake St. Clair to the horizon is unobstructed.

This island, absolutely level over its entire area, and only about five feet above water level, is covered with a glorious growth of old forest trees—hickory, oak, maple and beech, except at the lower end and on its Canadian side. Here are splendid lawns, scenic glades, tennis courts and half fields, which are separated from the river and from themselves by a picturesque system of lanes and curlicue which extends entirely around the park.

In the presence of such artificial attractions, coupled with the various buildings of choice design and excellent construction—the Casino, the ladies' pavilions, the long wharf, the boat houses, bridges, police station and the like—that have combined with the natural glories so plentiful, in the evolution of a people's playground second to none on earth. The father of Belle Isle Park is Levi L. Barbour, an enterprising, liberal, energetic and prosperous citizen who, still on the safe side of mid-life age, will probably live to see this island and one lucky recognized as the originator of the plan to secure Belle Isle to the city for use as a municipal park.
PICTURESQUE DETROIT AND ENVIRONS

Connected to the city by a superb iron bridge over a half a mile in length and width (during the summer months) every ten minutes by ferry boats from Detroit, Windsor and Walkerville, the park is most easy of access and thousands of citizens visit it daily. It is a surprise and a delight to strangers and a blessing and source of unqualified pride to the citizens.

GROSSE POINTE

Grosse Pointe is the name given to the west shore of Lake St. Clair, a charming coast line territory of about ten miles in length, which, with its superb sand and many beautiful summer homes, constitutes one of the chief suburban resorts of Detroit. It is a high backed plateau which is perfectly level, but from which a full view is had of a continuous naval review—the presence of the most extensive island marine exhibit in the world.

This location is reached by an electric railway system, by a well built macadamized road and by foot, so that for either residence or pleasure resort purposes, it is most accessible.

It is here that United States Senator James McMillan, Hon. R. G. V. N. Ludlow, ex-United States Minister to Russia, Hugh McMillan, W. H. Moor, Geo. S. Davis, and many other leading citizens have extensive and very beautiful estates; it is along this shore that one finds the most agreeable drive out of Detroit and it is here, also, that is located the Convent of the Sacred Heart—one of the oldest educational institutions in Michigan. All of these structures, with a glorious environment of forest, house and lake, enhanced by the picturesque qualities of the light-themes and the shipping, combine to make of this section one of the most strikingly attractive views along the entire chain of the great lakes. The settlement of Grosse Pointe began with the settlement of Detroit, so that the traditions and the histories of the two places are most closely interwoven.

THE FLATS

The waters of Lake Michigan, Superior and of Huron are discharged through the river St. Clair into Lake St. Clair—a tidal nearly circular in form, and about 25...
PICTURESQUE DETROIT AND ENVIRONS

Island House are the principal objects of interest at the Flats, although the many delightful houses, the steam yachts and the sailing yachts, the fishing parties and the groups of fishermen, all combine in an interesting, exhilarating picture, unexampled evidence as to the pleasure resources, the inevitable consequence of temperance, the purity and vigor of the air, in brief, the general hot-weather excellence of the locality.

THE HAMTRAMCK HOUSE

On the bank of the Detroit river, just above the residence of the late William W. Benson, stands one of the most noted landmarks of Detroit—the Hamtramck House. The old house stands about thirty feet from the Detroit river and is shaded by beautiful trees and the foliage of a small vineyard. It is built of logs, covered with weather-board, lintels thirty—

very extensive structure built to expedite and render more safe the passage of lake commerce. Just above this canal and along the main channel of the delta, for a distance of five or six miles, are located club-houses, public hotels and private residences—all built on "made" land, until the most notable Venice in America is shown. It is a veritable canal city, comprising over one hundred buildings and, during the summer season, having a population of upward of 5,000 people.

It is the most popular resort, by reason of its bathing, fishing and shooting facilities, out of Detroit, while for those who seek only quiet and rest, it is matchless. It is not reached by telegraphy, rail or telephone; the pedestrian cannot walk to it and its horse drawn vehicles can be taken there. One must either swim, fly or go by boat, so that the place lacks every suggestion of hurry and all evidence of business excitement. It is "Happy Hollow" on pies, before which is constantly kept identity passing a perpetual parade of the great commerce of the lakes. The houses of the Lake St. Clair Fish Club and Shooting Club, the Robinson Club, the Mormon Club, Joe Bedore's and the Star

THE HAMTRAMCK HOUSE

On the bank of the Detroit river, just above the residence of the late William W. Benson, stands one of the most noted landmarks of Detroit—the Hamtramck House. The old house stands about thirty feet from the Detroit river and is shaded by beautiful trees and the foliage of a small vineyard. It is built of logs, covered with weather-board, lintels thirty—

very extensive structure built to expedite and render more safe the passage of lake commerce. Just above this canal and along the main channel of the delta, for a distance of five or six miles, are located club-houses, public hotels and private residences—all built on "made" land, until the most notable Venice in America is shown. It is a veritable canal city, comprising over one hundred buildings and, during the summer season, having a population of upward of 5,000 people.

It is the most popular resort, by reason of its bathing, fishing and shooting facilities, out of Detroit, while for those who seek only quiet and rest, it is matchless. It is not reached by telegraphy, rail or telephone; the pedestrian cannot walk to it and its horse drawn vehicles can be taken there. One must either swim, fly or go by boat, so that the place lacks every suggestion of hurry and all evidence of business excitement. It is "Happy Hollow" on pies, before which is constantly kept identity passing a perpetual parade of the great commerce of the lakes. The houses of the Lake St. Clair Fish Club and Shooting Club, the Robinson Club, the Mormon Club, Joe Bedore's and the Star

THE HAMTRAMCK HOUSE

On the bank of the Detroit river, just above the residence of the late William W. Benson, stands one of the most noted landmarks of Detroit—the Hamtramck House. The old house stands about thirty feet from the Detroit river and is shaded by beautiful trees and the foliage of a small vineyard. It is built of logs, covered with weather-board, lintels thirty—

very extensive structure built to expedite and render more safe the passage of lake commerce. Just above this canal and along the main channel of the delta, for a distance of five or six miles, are located club-houses, public hotels and private residences—all built on "made" land, until the most notable Venice in America is shown. It is a veritable canal city, comprising over one hundred buildings and, during the summer season, having a population of upward of 5,000 people.

It is the most popular resort, by reason of its bathing, fishing and shooting facilities, out of Detroit, while for those who seek only quiet and rest, it is matchless. It is not reached by telegraphy, rail or telephone; the pedestrian cannot walk to it and its horse drawn vehicles can be taken there. One must either swim, fly or go by boat, so that the place lacks every suggestion of hurry and all evidence of business excitement. It is "Happy Hollow" on pies, before which is constantly kept identity passing a perpetual parade of the great commerce of the lakes. The houses of the Lake St. Clair Fish Club and Shooting Club, the Robinson Club, the Mormon Club, Joe Bedore's and the Star
two feet on the river, with a depth of twenty-six feet, and is one and a half stories high.

At present it is in a dilapidated condition, which it caused more by the vandalism of young neighborhood than the hand of time. The window panes are all broken, the shutters have been wrenched off, the doors are shaky and portions of the weather-

white pine boards, and some of those remaining are thirty inches in width and probably saved and platted by hand. A cellar underlies the whole length and breadth of the house. The front of the house is almost obscured by a rank growth of small bushes and creeping vines which adds to its unique and interesting appearance.

Here lived Col. John Francis Hamtramck, a revolutionary soldier of fame, the first American commandant of Detroit, and a voluntary alien defender of our liberty and independence, who is entitled to rank with Kosciusko, Lafayette, Pulaski, De Kalb and Stenton; for Hamtramck was one of the Canadian or Nova Scotian
tengues who came to New York and occupied the cause of the New York colony in 1776. Nothing is known of the exact place of his birth, but the tombstone in St. Claire cemetery discloses the fact that he was born on Aug. 18th, 1755. He was in northern New York when he joined the army—a boy of less than twenty years. He fought till the close of hostilities, and was under St. Clair and Wayne in the Indian wars which continued after the revolutionary struggle had closed, and which were largely forestalled by the defeated British authorities in Canada. His soldier qualities won him rapid promotion. He was made a major in the United States army in 1780; promoted to lieutenant-colonel in 1791; commanded the left wing of Gen. Wayne's army near Monmouth in 1794; was subsequently promoted to colonel of the First regiment of United States infantry and entered Detroit after the British evacuation on July 14th, 1796, with 100 soldiers.

In "Legends of Old Detroit," by the late Mrs. Hamilton, one of the romantic titled entitled "Hamil transk's Love," it tells how the colonel then major of the army at Marietta, Ohio, met and loved Madeleine Secor, who was then on a visit to her friend, Louise St. Clair, daughter of Arthur St. Clair, governor of the Northwest territory. Governor St. Clair, however, wished his daughter to marry Hamil transk, and when Madeleine heard this she cut short her visit and returned to Detroit. Louise was loved by Joseph Rain, the great chief of the Six Nations, then at war with the United States. But the old governor thoughtfully refused to consider his suit. When Brant's Indians defeated St. Clair's forces in 1791 the latter was only saved from annihilation by Col. Hamiltransk and his regulars. Brant's object was to capture St. Clair's army, and he hoped by sparing his life and making him sensible of his
The gun was purchased by Hamtramck from Jacques Campau, and the house was built in 1807. But the hardships and exposure of the war had made fatal inroads on Hamtramck’s constitution, which was not very strong, and he died on April 11th, 1807, aged forty-five years, seven months and twenty-eight days. The records of the Wayne county probate court show that he died intestate, and, for a time, in his capacity as a straightened circumstances. His widow, Rebecca Hamtramck, had only $300.00 in cash, and the total valuation of the estate, which included his swords, library and even domestic utensils, stood up only $1,788.47. The household effects were stored in the dwelling and were committed in the great fire of 1809, which laid Detroit in ashes.

The remains were interred in the cemetery of St. Anne’s church, which was located on the present site of Jefferson Avenue, nearly opposite the store of Hennepin Brothers. The remains were removed and placed in the new cemetery a few yards east of the church. In 1866, Richard R. Elliott, with historic reverence, obtained permission from Bishop Levy to transfer the remains to his family lot in Mt. Elliott cemetery, where they now rest, under the massive stone erected by his fellow officers at the time of his death.

**TWO IMPORTANT INSTITUTIONS**

The public library and the museum of art are the two most interesting public institutions in Detroit and they will compare favorably with any similar establishments in the county and excite with all of its privileges is free to any one desiring to avail themselves thereof. They are located within easy walking distance of the business center of the city and one occupies a handsome building especially erected for the purpose. The public library is a combination of the Young Men’s Society Library and the Mechanics’ Association Library, very much elaborated during the past fifteen years, under the management of a Public Library Commission. The Museum of Art is the result of an art fair exhibition held in 1884, which was conceived and conducted to a superb fulfillment by William H. Beaudy. It is now managed by a board of trustees appointed jointly by the governor of Michigan and the mayor of Detroit. It is a most interesting institution. Connected with the museum is an admirable art school which is well sustained. The public library has an annual expenditure of $120,000 volume and the museum of art contains the Stevens collection of oriental curios.—one of the finest in America.—the Scripps collection of old masters, the collections of the Detroit Scientific Association and a number of choice modern pictures.

**AN INDIAN’S PHILOSOPHY**

John Sabine, who came to Detroit in 1837, and who is still living, was, as a boy, quite religious in his tendencies and when the Indian chief, Black Hawk, visited Detroit, the boy attempted to convert him. The chief was on the way to the fort when young Sabine asked:

"Don’t you fear death?"

"Black Hawk, a powerful, finely proportioned savage, looked down upon the undisturbed lui.

"Boy, it is only the whites who fear the fear of death," he said. 

"The Indian fears nothing. He takes what comes. If he has food, he eats it; if he has none, he goes without." And then he proceeded with a dissertation on the glories of death that took away the boy’s desire to
be a missionary. There was something profoundly touching in the Indian's philosophy. After that, Mr. Schime did not try to convert any more Indians.

**THE GREAT TUNNEL**

The following few facts give a comprehensive idea of the works and the progress of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada.

- The length of the tunnel from portal to portal is 6,075 feet.
- Length from portal on the American side to river bank, 1,770 feet.
- Length from portal on Canadian side to river bank, 2,006 feet.
- Length under river bed, 2,200 feet.
- The tunnel is a perfect circle with an interior diameter of 10 feet 6 inches.
- The interior filled in at the bottom for the railway road bed has a flat surface from side to side of 11 feet 6 inches.
- The length of the cutting on the American side to the portal is 3,487 feet. The depth at the portal to the road bed, below the natural surface, is 50 feet.
- The length of the cutting on the Canadian side to the portal is 3,416 feet, and the depth at the portal is 57 feet.
- The grade on the American side is 1 in 60, or 104.60 feet per mile.
- The grade on the Canadian side is 1 in 60, or 104.60 feet per mile.

The idea of the tunnel was conceived, and the work was projected by Sir Henry Tyler, president of the Grand Trunk Railway Company, and through his efforts the money to construct it has been secured. Mr. Hooe is a member of the Institute of Civil Engineers and of the American and the Canadian Societies of Civil Engineers; and has been connected with the engineering department of the Grand Trunk Railway since 1870. His assistants in charge of the instrumental works were Messrs. T. E. Hylton and M. S. Blundell. Mr. J. J. Evans was the mechanical superintendent of the work, and Mr. Thomas Murphy was superintendent of excavation.

**CONCEPTION OF THE WORK**

The length of the tunnel is 2,457 feet. The depth at the portal is 57 feet. The length of the cutting on the American side to the portal is 3,487 feet. The total actual cost of the whole work will approximate very closely to $2,700,000. The subsidy given in aid of the enterprise by the Dominion Government amounts to $835,000. The following is a statement of the chief items which make up the cost of the work:

- **Expended on preliminary work:** $150,000
- **Machinery and plant used in construction:** $30,000
- **Labor, all classes:** $90,000
- **Cost fees for raising:** $50,000
- **Other materials:** $30,000
- **Railway and street property:** $30,000
- **Permanent equipment (tracks, locomotives, etc.):** $90,000
- **Appurtenant **
- **Engineering, supervision, etc.** $90,000

**$18,500,000**

**ACKNOWLEDGEMENT**

As the chief purpose of this work has been the presentation pictorially of the many beautiful features in Detroit and about the several localities adjacent to Michigan's metropolis, I feel that it is due those who have so kindly aided me with their work, that I should make acknowledgement of my appreciation. This I do most heartily, to the following gentlemen: Messrs. C. M. Butten, J. C. Ferry, and Richard R. Elliot, of Detroit and C. Lace of Monroe, for valuable manuscript contributions; to Rt. Rev. John Foley, Bishop of the Diocese of Detroit; to the following artists: Robert Hopkins, Wm. Myhre, John Ward Dunmore, Wm. R. Conley, John Owen,
PICTURESQUE DETROIT AND ENVIRONS

The river St. Clair, along its entire length, is dotted with thrifty, growing towns and delightful river-side resorts, and with its attractive shores and its busy, invigorating array of shipping, is at once free from monotony and most interesting. Algonac, a very little town just above the Flats and once the scene of considerable ship building interest, is now a peaceful, honeysuckle-encircled town of rural interest and provided with ample boating and fishing facilities. It is within easy access of all points on the river; a short drive back through the country, will carry one to the railroad, while the several daily boats up the river give frequent transportation to the Oakland and Port Huron. Here many of the citizens of Detroit and Port Huron have their summer homes and here also is the popular resort of lemonade excursion parties. Wholly informal, there is a sufficient absence of the demands of fashion to make of

UP THE ST. CLAIR

the place a delightful home for those seeking a cool, quiet and comfortable home. An attraction immediately adjacent, Algonac's beautiful layout with its Canadian Indians — the island being an Indian reservation, — while upon Hansen's Island is the fine hot and grounds of the Grande Pointe Club, an organization consisting chiefly of Detroit people. Further down the river — between Grande Pointe and the Flats are the houses and grounds of the Sani Society and other prosperous delight clubs.

Up the river still further, the traveler will pass Marine City, a delightful little city with a commercial and prairie and picturesque. Marine City is first a place of business and afterward a summer resort, but it is the equal in the latter capacity of any place on the St. Clair.

The City of St. Clair is the most important point up the river and it is here that the famous Oakland Hotel and the St. Clair Mineral Springs are located. Like all of its sister cities it commands a view of the river, as it passes and is its perhaps, chief, in a social way, of any coast between the Flats and Marine.
BOIS BLANC ISLAND

As an inland home, or even as a place to visit, the Island of Bois Blanc is inexplicably sweet, gracious and unique. About one and a quarter miles in length and about one-third of a mile wide at its greatest breadth, its shores are bordered by a bold bluff from ten to twelve feet in height. Its surface resembles a prairie in flatness, but is agreeably varied by groves, where the birch predominates, but the maple, poplar, oak, ash, elm and birchwood also give a fair shade of delicious shade. On the banks, near the water, are a continuous fringe of birch, birch, sun-burn and willows. Bois Blanc literally means "white wood," but the French term was applied to birch-wood, with which the island was heavily wooded prior to the Canadian rebellion, sometimes called the patriot war, in 1876-8. At that time the forest was cut down to allow the guns of Fort Mackinac, at Amherstburg, an unobstructed range over Bois Blanc to the islands on the American side, as the latter were at one time a base of operations in the rebel plan of invading Canada.

The island comprises exactly 203 acres of good clay land, of which two acres belong to the Canadian government and used as a lighthouse site. There are also two large lights at the head of the island, occupying four and twenty-four square feet respectively, which are also visited by the
government, over 100 acres are cleared and fenced without a single stump. The greater portion of this is devoted to pasture, but Col. John Atkinson, its owner, also raises the oats and rye for his horses, some forty in number, which were mostly bred on the island; and also the vegetables and fruit for his household. He has also the finest herd of Jersey cattle in this region, and the milk and butter of Bois Blanc are a revelation to the guests of his house. There is also a good half-mile track, where he breeds his equines.

A number of wild turkeys have made the island their habitation for more than ten years. McKee Rankin, while he was owner, received a present of some wild turkey eggs from "Long John" Wentworth, once mayor of Chicago. The eggs were hatched on the island and the birds have multiplied. At present there are three flocks aggregating 125. No care is taken of them, and they pick up their own food, and are never disturbed save when one of their number is doomed to furnish a succulent dish.

The elder Rankin purchased the island from the Canadian government in 1874, when he was a member of parliament, for $150, or $1. He sold it to his son, McKee Rankin, for $10,000, in 1877. Mr. Rankin made many improvements on the island and kept open house there for his many friends for several years. Afterwards he conveyed it to Mrs. Rankin, and by her it was sold in January, 1877, to Col. John Atkinson and James A. Randall for $40,000. The latter sold out to the former, retaining about 1,000 feet of shore frontage upon which his elegant summer residence, "Lookout Cottage," is situated, and the colonel is now the proprietor of Bois Blanc. James T. Keena and O. W. Wandell purchased park lots and also erected summer residences.

Other summer homes owned by the colonel have been rented for the season to A. E. Viger and others.

Bois Blanc Island is sixteen miles south of Detroit on the Detroit river, and opposite and about 1,700 feet distant from the ancient town of Amherstburg. Like that town it is in Maidens township, Essex county, Ontario.

They love their land because it is their own,
And seem to give o'er other reason why.
opportunity seemed to present itself. De la Forest, the successor of La Mothe Cadillac, was detailed in Quebec; the Hurons, Ottawas, and other Indian allies of the French had not returned from their winter hunting, whilst the fort was manned by a small number of men with Du Buisson as its temporary commander.

A band of Macoutains and Outagamies or Foxes, were sent by the English, who left their camp-site beneath the shadow of the fort, and pitched their tents in seeming confidence almost within the range of its guns. But Du Buisson was too well trained in the craftiness of the Indians, and too experienced in their peculiar mode of warfare to be deceived by this semblance of friendship. Nor did he neglect those measures of prudence and foresight necessary to secure him against a siege. Under pretext of sending an attack from the Mississau, he ordered all the grain to be brought into the fort from the storehouses, which were built outside of the fortifications, and caused the buildings to be destroyed as a precautionary measure against fire. He sent word to the Hurons and Pottawatomies that he was in danger, and to hasten to his assistance. Daily the number of Foxes seemed to increase, and seeing that their

lawless acts met with no punishment, they became more and more insolent. The little fort held bravely on, and though a powerful and merciless foe—by crooking at its gates, watching its every movement, and ready to pounce on its life—the garrison seemed not to notice it, and went along its daily routine.

But beneath that calm and indolent exterior many were the sad and weary hearts; for all were under the influence of a feeling which was calculated to paralyze the energies of the boldest, since, unless succor should soon arrive, their loved city of Detroit, crimsoned by their hearts’ blood, would be replaced by the cross of St. George, and their sinking hopes, hanging at the savage’s belt, would record the fearful history of Fort Pontchartrain. The brave Du Buisson would try to raise them by his example, relating the deeds of French soldiers at other far and desolate forts, whilst the gentle chaplain, Denau, would tell them to place their trust in God, to remember their distant homes and their loved ones. A new light would come to their eyes, heavy from long, weary vigils, and new courage steal into their hearts, and nerve their arms to deeds of daring.

At East Saginaw, Chief of the Ottawas and Malisekab, Chief of the Pottawatomies, with their dusky warriors in all the full regalia of war and the hoary waving crests
of the eagle and their bright vales of vegetation, set up the landscape, while their savage war whoops broke the echoes of the forest, and found a response in the anxious hearts of the besieged nations. Bands of the Sau, Huron, and Iroquois, had listened to the noise of the battle, borne along by a spirit of bloodthirsty warfare against the restless Foxes and Munsee, or "dwellers on the prairie," who were the amusing brigands of the width of America. Sagittax presented himself at the fort, and said to Du Basdon: "Father, behold thy children compass thineround. We will, if need be, gladly die for our father, only take care of our wives and our children, and spend a little gunpowder to protect them against the fate."

The Foxes were driven back and forced to throw up entrenchments and gridiron to the last extremity. Avoiding themselves of a stormy night they crouped under the friendly shelter of the darkness, and fortified themselves at Presque Isle, near Windemere Falls, near within two miles of Detroit. While the Huron and other French allies discovered their flight they were soon in pursuit. For some days the Foxes held their fort, but at last fell beneath the headlong rush of the besiegers. In vain Du Basdon endeavored to stop the fearful massacre, but his voice fell on ears opened only to catch the howling of the victors, the sweetest music to the Indian warrior. The ground was saturated with blood, and the dead as numerous as the leaves of the forest; the blood-sodden yells of the conquerors, mingled with the groans of the dying, made so fearful a picture that the French soldiers, accustomed to war and carnage, turned away with sickened hearts. The allies carried away their dead and wounded, but left the remains of the conquered to the mercy of the elements and to become the prey of the birds. Shortly afterwards the last remnants of the Fox nation came to Presque Isle to hold the feast of the dead, and to cover the bodies of their warriors that they would no longer be excluded from the happy hunting ground of their ancestors. To-day their bleached bones are exposed by the ruthless wave, and yet are attended with interest by Indian antiquaries who have interest gratified by a visit to Presque Isle.

Years after, the deadfish massacre which converted the beautiful spot called Presque Isle into the grave of the Fox nation, a stone mill was built there by a French settler, who came to reside with his wife, Joseph, undisturbed by the current traditions which peopled it with the ghosts of the departed warriors. Jean was a quiet, reserved man, different from the laughing, careless, pleasure-loving Canadians,—for rare were his visits to the fort, and it was noticed that he never lingered over his vices, nor spoke to the smiling, gay daughters of the habitants. Men shrugged their shoulders and the fair damsels pointing their pretty lips would chatter around the nearest depot, while going everywhere was the recognized gossip of the day, and ask him why Jean was so different from others, while with a wise look on his face, the earnest would reply that Jean had met with a disappointment in his early youth, and had since kept off the fair sex, by a vow which he was then contrary to, for when man's addresses were once refused he seldom tried a second time.

Jeanette was much older than her brother, and by dint of thrift and economy had saved enough to become a half owner in the mill. The frightened cow who had tasted her "coq de volaille" and "gazelle au beurre," spoke of it as an era in their existence.
as wild cats, nuthin' beat in numbers, unless it was wolves, for the hill wood was full of them pesky critters. We camped on a Frenchman's clearing, who had settled there, all the way we demobilized things made the little fellers go through more motions than a trained circus donkey, but the captor stopped him pretty quick by telling him if he didn't shut up he'd put him out on picket and let a redskin pick off his scalp and gut him. Nearly every night some of the boys were shot at on some picket by some prowling redskin, and then all would be still for a time until it would break out again some place else, till the line was all cleared down by taking a man off the line every night at the same place. If our captor put more than one man on picket at that place, all would be quiet, but when only one man was put on, we'd often find him next morning with an arrow through him.

"Well, at last my time came to take the post, and I was scared about as bad as I ever was, for I was party size I'd be dead, or at least have another place to breathe through in the morning. The place was down by a little stack of straw, which the little Frenchman had stacked there, and as soon as the guard had left, saying, "Keep your eye out, old man," I began to look around for some kind of where for me to crawl into. Right in front of the stack was a little clump of bushes an' I thought I'd go into them, but then thinks I if a redskin sneaks up here he'll probably crawl into the same bush an' I don't look big enough for two. Pretty soon an' I'd crawl into the bushes and have a hole clean back into the stack an' laid down, with my rifle levering the knapsack outside it was bright moonlight an' I knewed I could hit anything as big as an

Injun that showed up. Well, I laid there, hour after hour, an' nuthin' came, an' my eyes was gamin' to get tired watchin' when I heard somethin' movin' along jist beyond the little clump of bushes. I watched it awhile, an' first it would stop an' then go ahead, creepin' all the while close to the ground. The old man would always grow excited over this and illustrate it in pantomime.

"I remember afterwards," he continued, "that it looked a blame sight more like a..."
Grandfather used to visit Detroit," said Mr. Gilbert, "and he never failed to go to the place, which was somewhere down on Fort street, and when he came back he always told it over again with fresh emphasis.

DETROIT'S GREAT FIRE IN 1868

Some of the older residents of Detroit can undoubtedly remember the excitement which the great fire of 1868 caused, and can probably abscond the primitive methods then in use for fire fighting — a hint of which is given in our illustration, on another page, of the burning of the old Dutch Presbyterian Church. Then the old hand fire engines were used and the emphatic command to "Pump her down!" frequently issued from the lips of the one who had authority over the men at the hoseboxes.

The following account of the great fire in Detroit is taken from the Free Press of May 10th, 1868, and tells the details which would distinguish a newspaper account of such a matter now-a-days, but as a part of the history of the time it should be preserved. It reads:

Great Conflagration,
700 Buildings burned.
300 to 400 Families homeless.
Loss from $200,000 to $500,000.

The City of Detroit was yesterday visited with a most disastrous conflagration. It is estimated that the loss cannot fall short
The fire originated in the large stone house between Bates and Randolph streets, unoccupied, by sparks from the propeller St. Joseph, which was lying up at the time, at about half-past ten in the forenoon, and continued to rage until four o'clock in the afternoon. The Berthalet Market, the Steamboat Hotel, Wales' Hotel, &c., are all in ashes. Not a building is left standing below Jefferson avenue, between Brush street and an alley between Bates and Randolph streets, except the warehouse of Brower & Dugas, and Thompson's Hotel, and many are burned.

Above Brush street, on Jefferson avenue every building on the south side is destroyed, from the new Campus Block, which was partially destroyed, to the second building below the Congregational church. All between that and the river is in ashes.

It is impossible to give the names of the sufferers, as all are excited at the time of preparing this account.

The building in which was the Adventurer was greatly damaged, but the materials were principally saved, but of course there will be a loss by damage and delay in putting up new buildings, probably $20,000 above insurance. This building was the first brick office built in Michigan, and was occupied by General Hull during the last war with England.

Mr. Eaton's loss, who was in the same building, is large. But we cannot give the names of all the sufferers, as they are many.

The citizens and firemen deserve great credit for their activity in endeavoring to arrest the flames. At one time it was thought impossible to arrest the progress of the fire, until it had burned everything on the south side of Jefferson avenue, above Bates street, but the wind shifted, which enabled the firemen to get ahead of its progress. Several buildings were blown up or torn down, in the hopes of stopping its progress, but without accomplishing the object.

Jefferson avenue is almost entirely blocked up with furniture or store goods.

Mr. Wales, of Wales' Hotel, saved a great part of his costly furniture, but his loss is quite heavy, as is the loss of Major Biddle, who owned the...
We are unable to say how much of the property destroyed was insured, but we presume very little, from the fact that insurance companies declined taking insurance in that neighborhood. The Steamboat Hotel, we understand, was uninsured, and the large block of Wacker Hotel was insured for only 80,000. The small wooden buildings occupied as grocery and butcher shops below Jefferson avenue were probably all uninsured. The cabinet, wagon, blacksmith and bake shops, etc., were nearly all uninsured, and their loss is large. One cabinet shop contained about 2000 worth of finished work, which was all destroyed.

It would be just, and an act of charity, for those of our citizens who escaped the destruction incident to the fire yesterday, to lend a helping hand to the poor who have met with such severe loss. We hope measures will be taken to furnish shelter for those who are homeless. Many of them are sick, and were removed ten litters.

The draymen are deserving of great praise for their fine典范 of their time and days yesterday in removing furniture and the sick. We saw a great number of draymen carting furniture tree of charge.

The whole city was in danger during the progress of the fire yesterday; from the sparks which were in every direction, to be seen in the air. Even wooden buildings at far as Congress street, were several times on fire, but put out. It was necessary to keep a sentinel on the house tops in all parts of the city east of Woodward avenue.

THE MISER PERREUX

Marcellus Gardiner Perreux, who lived on Seventh street nearly thirty years, sold garden vegetables and accumulated quite a little fortune. He was called a miser, and while, like some of his class, he was known to have secreted more or less money about his house, unlike them he had the good sense to place the great bulk of his fortune in the bank. He lived in an old house pictured on the next page.

"The Miser's Cottage," and finally, being well along in years, and tired of his honor, he decided to return to his native land. France, and this last spring he shut up his old home, and prepared to depart. He had received a considerable sum for the land on which the house stood, which is now to be the site of a foundling hospital, and he drew in all, it is said, about $12,000 from the bank, to take to France. He gave $1,000 in one of his friends, and when he left the house probably little dreamed of the commotion and remarking the old cottage would endure within a few weeks after he left it. This was last March (1891) and a local paper thus describes the scene which followed:

Yesterday was a great day on Seventh street. The interest in old Perreux's departure for France was intensified by the knowledge that he was in the habit of secreting sums of money in his house, and after the carriage containing the old merchant, gardener and his friends, Louis Richardson and John F. Gravelle, drove away to the depot the house was surrounded by a great mob of curious spectators. The narrow old house was full of furniture, and contained a grocery and butcher shop.
gradually increasing crowd, mostly boys and girls. Mrs. Richardson and her husband's brother and his wife appeared to claim the old furniture, but were prevented from seeking for hidden treasure.

Mrs. Richardson said this morning that Mr. Keating told her that when the furniture he would take possession of the house.

"Then he came up the door," said Mrs. Richardson, "and wouldn't let us look any more. Now old Mr. Penrice told me to take the things and look for the money, and I will have to see the law about it."

A dead-set was made on the old woodshed, which stood at the right of the house, and soon fifty boys and girls, with a sprinkling of grown-up persons, were turning over the heaps of rubbish, sawdust and chips. Their labor was soon rewarded by finds of money. Peter Smith found four dollars wrapped in paper, consisting of two silver dollars and eight quarters.

Little Annie Jewell found an old quarter can under the edge of the roof, which was apparently filled with coins. Removing some of the ice she saw some coins, and ran across the lot in an excited way. A number of small boys followed her, tripped her up, emptied the can, and scrambled for the coins. Willie Coffin secured three dollars and seventy-five cents in quarters, dimes and nickels. Other boys grabbed smaller amounts, and Annie only secured two dollars and seventy-five cents of her find.

The side door leading from the shed was broken open, and soon the excited crowd of treasure-seekers got into the front room of the house in which old Penrice had lived. Finally Hickey, a girl of fourteen, living in two Fifth street, went poking in the dirt in the corner behind the stove, and found a little paper package. She opened it and found twenty dollars in gold and silver. Jasper Davis emptied an old shoe and found eight dollars, and two cents. Willie Hurley found a tarnished quarter and a lot of nineteen-cent pieces. George Downie and Willie Whom each found one dollar in silver, and Willie Power discovered one dollar and fifty-five cents.

One boy found a dollar gold piece sticking in a crack of the wall, and another a cup of copper cents in the rubbish. There were rumors that a gold found eighty dollars and another forty dollars, but no names could be given. Another boy found a five dollar gold piece in the black shed.

The search lasted till darkness set in. At daylight this morning there were about fifty persons driving and turning over the rubbish and dirt in the house, but only a few coins were found.
Grover Meath, at the corner below, did a thriving business in candy yesterday. Whenever a youngster made a find he darted to the store, followed by his friends, and there invested some of his treasure in sweetmeats.

"I think I had twenty customers yesterday who found money in the old hat," said Mr. Meath this morning.

Up to noon to-day the house was filled with searchers, and the dust caused in turning over the rubbish was really stifling. This morning a young man named John Ernst examined an old pair of pants and refused to see what was in the pockets. He was seen to take out a silver medal and some coins, but hid the rest of his find.

It was evident that Pooreus in his old age developed the same propensity as the magpie and the crow for hiding things. Afraid to carry money on his person, and distrusting banks, he concealed his money as he received it and then forgot about it. It is also supposed that his wife, who died in 1875, had the same propensity.

One of the persons in charge of the property said to a neighbor: "I was going to sell what was in the house to a second hand man for one dollar. I'm glad I didn't, for I found ten dollars."

**GENERAL BRADY AND HIS FAMOUS DUEL**

Gen. Hugh Brady was one of Detroit's famous characters for many years, a lion of the war of 1812, and his descendants are to-day among the most prominent families of Detroit society. He is described in a great ruddy-bronze of splendid proportions, over six feet in height, a giant in stature and courage, and a brave, impetuous fellow, ever ready to back to his convictions with his sword. He came of a family of fighters on the frontier, the fame and deeds of one of them at least being preserved to all time in the northern tier by a monumental memorial in a quiet cemetery in Wyoming county, Pennsylvania. During the Canadian rebellion of 1837, General Brady (3rd cousin) of the
United States forces, and took a prominent part, at that time, in capturing the stragglers, and bringing the war to an end. He died in Detroit in 1861, at a ripe old age, and one of Detroit's early military organizations was named the Brady Guards, in his honor.

Recently, in a semi-centennial article relating to the old town of Sunbury, Pa., the Philadelphia Press told the following interesting story concerning a famous duel in which Brady was a principal when he lived in Pennsylvania. The scene is laid in the old town of Sunbury, where, on a certain dark day, he rode into town probably without any thought or dream of what was to befall him before night. He was connected with the necessary department of the army of 1812, and as the

recruitment of recruits was still in progress, the obtaining of supplies for the growing army was of paramount importance.

The review was in progress; the militia from Point and Rush and Shamokin and the other towns were still going through their evolutions when General Hugh rode up to the door of Mike Kutner's tavern, opposite the old court house, and dismounted. He was widely known and many a familiar salutation was exchanged as he strides into the public room of the hotel.

There was no prohibition party in that year of our Lord, 1812, in Pennsylvania. It was not considered a breach of good manners to pour out a glass of whiskey in a public tavern and drink to the health of your friend or friend, and so Gen. Hugh Brady did not seem to stand before the low, massive, and worn-down white oak bar and call for a glass of the best in the house. If he had contented himself with this one glass, this portion of the old stories of Sunbury would have never been written. But Brady wasn't that sort of a man; he knew a good thing when he saw it, re-tasted it, and so he called for another, and possibly half a dozen more during the ensuing four hours, and the exchequer of Michael Kutner, tavernkeeper, was proportionately
increased as the contents of his cask diminished at the bidding of the fighting Brady.

There was another man equally renowned for his courage as General Brady of the United States army. He was a lawyer by profession, a soldier by choice.

It was Capt. Daniel Levy, a man of mark and a citizen of distinction. He was of medium height, smooth face, composed build and of nicely set. He was a part of Gen. Hugh Brady’s business in Sanitary to see Capt. Daniel Levy. There were some details of engagements for the army to be discussed and while Gen. Hugh Brady waited at Kutzner’s, Capt. Daniel Levy watched the evolution of the township soldiers on the southern bank of the Susquehanna in front of co-founder Macley’s stone mansion.

When Captain Levy at last entered the bar-room at Kutzner’s, he was dourly and very dry and this condition of his no doubt tended to hasten the episode in which he was one of the principal actors.

The public tap, or bar-room of Michael Kutzner’s tavern, was of the characteristic kind of eighteen years ago. It was about 20 feet, with an unusually high ceiling for a hotel. The main entrance was from the public square, and on the same side of the room two small windows with a dozen small lights of glass set in heavy frames looked out upon the court.

This was a great change from the private offices of the late John Levy, shown here on this cut.

After the two soldiers had pledged each other in mutual glasses of the white oak bar they adjourned to the table between the windows. Under ordinary circumstances they would have been the cynosure of all eyes, but on this day the drinkers at the bar, the militia men and the townsmen who happened to drop in regarded them with interest at a distance. For this reason the origin of the famous duel was never known.

The pair had been sitting at the same table between the windows, for quite a while with various papers spread out between them when the four men in the room heard a few explosives, and the next instant the two men had leaped to their feet. The lie was passed. Of this there was scarcely a doubt. As they sprang from the chairs two swords flashed in the light of the setting sun as it streamed through the windows. Before the men who remained in the room Samuel Awe, the father of Dr. H. H. Awe, and Michael Kutzner and a couple of soldiers could stir, there was the sharp ring of steel on steel and the sounds of the two swords clashed together across the table.

It was no idle French play, this duel in Mike Kutzner’s bar-room that afternoon. The
raised his sword on guard to catch it. So powerful was
the impact of this assault that the sword of Brady,
clawing downward, cut off the end of Levy's gauntlet
which he always wore, having a lawyer — and breaking
down the guard of his antagonist, inflicted a severe
wound on his left shoulder.
Levy staggered back, and
again Brady delivered a
fierce downward stroke,
which missed the object, but
the point of the sword scored
a deep cut in the heavy s ll
of one of the wood chairs. For
nearly fifty years this mark
of Brady's sword remained on the window sill
of Kuttner's old place, and was only removed
when the property was remodeled.
This ended the duel, for Awl and his companions
had worked so indistinctly, throwing up a
barrierside between the belligerents that they were
forced to stop fighting. All the furniture in the
room except the old settle was piled up between
the men. When Brady sheathed his despert blade
with an oath and pointing called for a drink from
the frightened tavernkeeper, Levy stood bearing
against the wall exhausted but still defiant,
with his sword point on the floor and his hand pressed
to his side.
It was a duel to be proud of, one of the Three
Guardians kind as when Athos and D'Artagnan
stood up and fought their way out of the clion
between Paris and the court.
But of all the hundreds of the stories who hung,
outside Mike Kuttner's place in Sunbury that afternoon and pressed
their faces breathlessly against the little square panes of glass to catch
a glimpse of the fierce combat within, not one thought to leave
behind the story in writing of that unique event.
After the lapse of two generations and forty years, after the brave
and impetuous Brady had passed to his grave in Detroit, the story
is told anew. Not, perhaps, as the respected Dr. Awl would and
has told it in a paragraph of crisp facts, but embellished as the cir-
cumstances warrant from a liberal and romantic view. Captain
Levy recovered. His wound was severe but not dangerous,
Robert Cavalier de la Salle was the commander of the "Griffin" and the discoverer of Lake St. Clair, and a brief account of his work will be naturally looked for in this connection. In 1669 La Salle is first heard of making his way with a Sarracan guide to the Ohio river, which he descended, as far as the rapids at Louisville. Here he was abandoned by his men and retired his steps alone. The following year he embarked in a canoe on Lake Erie, reached the straits of Detroit, coasted Lakes Huron and Michigan and descended the Mississippi to the 35th degree of latitude. Assured that the great river discharged not into the gulf of California (as had until then been supposed) but into that of Mexico, he returned to provide means for more extended explorations. Unfortunately his plans and maps are lost; they are known to have existed in 1745, and if accounts are correct, they were given to the world the first knowledge of the Ohio, if not the Mississippi. La Salle was eventually asked by the governor of Canada, and the two planned a post on Lake Ontario, far beyond the settlements.

seems, in an approved naval way, on board the ancient schooner "Griffin" off Groce Pointe, in 1679. This vessel was in the beautiful St. Clair lake country what the ancient Spanish caravels were in the eastern (Atlantic) seashores of the new continent, and we reproduce elsewhere from an ancient print a picture of her as she appeared in 1679.

of the St. Lawrence, which might overcome the hospitably and turn to France the stream of wealth that was flowing to the Dutch and English from the free trade. Twice La Salle visited France, where his influence at court obtained for him permission to pursue his plans at his own expense for five years. He received from the king a patent of nobility and a grant in

PICTURESQUE DETROIT AND ENVIRONS

ST. ALBERT'S FRENCH CATHOLIC CHURCH

A PIONEER-SITE SHELTER

THE LATE JACQUES TAMARD

THE LATE JACQUES TAMARD

CALFSPRAY AND CONE AT BLOOMFIELD CEMETERY

OUT FOR A WINTER WALKING ОООш

ST. REV. THOM. M. DAVIES, BISHOP OF THE MISSIONAL

COUNTY OF MONMOUTH
The place where was built the first vessel — the "Griffin" that sailed the upper lakes— is the mouth of a small stream the Cayuga, about six miles above the cataract, on the west side of the Niagara river. She was of about sixty tons burden and the drawing given on page 57 of this work made by the late Chief Justice Campbell, gives a clear idea of its character. It was a two-masted schooner, but of a character peculiar to that day having double deck, and a high poop projected over the stern, where was the main cabin, and over this one another and smaller cabin, doubtless for the use of the commander. The stern was thrice carried up (read and straight to considerable height. Bulwarks protected the quarter deck. She bore on her prow a huge figure, in imitation of an heraldic monster — the arms of Count Frontenac — and above it an eagle. This, in the representation, adorns the top of the stern. The ship carried five small cannon, three of which were brass, and three aquadubes, and the rest of the ship had the same ornaments that men-of-war used to have. "It might have been called," adds the historian, Hennepin who accompanied the expedition, "a moving fortress. In fine, it was well equipped with sails, masts, and all things necessary for navigation," besides arms, provisions and merchandize.

On the seventh day of August La Salle and his fellow-voyagers, to the number of thirty-three, embarked and having sung a Te Deum, spread their sails to a favoring breeze. The ship proved a good sailor, and on the 11th they entered "a strait thirty leagues long and one broad," called in the language of the French, the Detroit; and the next day they reached the beautiful Ogden's now known as Lake St. Clair.

It seems it was a custom of French voyagers in new regions to bestow upon any prominent feature of the landscape the name of the saint, to whom the day of the discovery was dedicated in the church calendar. There was a saint who bore the present modernized name, and who was one of the headless saints, a martyr to his virtue, but his calendar day is November. The saint whose name was really bestowed, and whose day is August 12, is the female, "Sainte Claire," the foundress of the order of Franciscan nuns of the thirteenth century, known as "Poor Clare." Claire d'Auxwell was the beautiful daughter of a nobleman of great wealth, who early dedicated herself to a religious life. She went to St. Francis to ask for advice. On Palm Sunday she went to church with her family dressed in rich attire, where St. Francis cut off her long braid with his own hands, and threw over her the coarse penitential ribes of the order. She entered the convent of St. Dominique in spite of the opposition of her family and friends, and was afterwards the most celebrated founder of orders in the Roman church. At a time when all the communities were extorting from the pope's authority to possess property they solicited from Innocent IV, in favor of her order of Franciscans, the privilege of perpetual poverty. F. Way, in his work on Rome, says that Ste. Claire has her tomb at the Minerva and that the house she lived in still exists between the Parnassan and the Thermone of Agrippa — that here she was visited by the pope and on the 17th of August, 1252, while listening to the reading of the Psalms, in the midst of herweeping nuns, she died, as the first abbess of the Claires, and the founder of forty religious houses.

We are not told what imposing ceremonies the abbeypressing was performed.
moderate... unptuou... rcpa!-.t

d'Api.'·

roUHLh:d

with word5o of

c:o.t~

c:ondc.t.l

figurin~ ~~~,,~ly

tv

Jnd inviting.

the

hark wigwam!> rnlivened the- shore, !1-Uf ~-

wil.

had been

terived

which

i~lantb wc:r~

through

milk :.nd honl.!y.

of

fruits. There

the

water fowl, :IIHI even <l welcome

Th.

3

,\J::, ••t}

\M::

\J:

mon;~rch

and water fowl, ;IIHI even <l welcome


dh

the

woucl w;wect its gig:m-

of

~hill

.:ng

of the

many

apples were probably

wood, so that the air is free from the

clocks and dust that result from the use

of bituminous coal in most western

cities. The adjacent mineral springs

and baths, among them the sulphur

springs at Sandwich and Springwells,

have been found effective in many
diseases, and the Mount Clemens

Springs, famous for curing rheumatic

and neuralgic disorders, are within half

an hour's tite.

P R I C T E S Q U E  D E T R O I T A N D E N V I R O N S

"the pears are good but rare." The apples were probably rare, though one writer

speaks of the trees as set methodically, but who can tell us what were the pears? Can

it be that the famous French pear trees, whose origin no man living knows, existed here

as native at that day? The beauties of the passage filled the voyagers with stuporsou

delight. Hereupon records the loveliness of the shore, the pines and the forests. The

"Griffin" was crowded with game and fruits which had been gathered in great abundance

and with little effort, and the

voyagers pleased and congratu-

lated themselves on having found

a land almost literally flowing

with milk and honey.

Of the fortunes of La Salle and

the Griffin, following the above

tory and turning of St. Clair, it

must here suffice to say that master

and ship had here nearly reached the height of their indeliries. A deep-painted

journal of La Salle prorided the far traders and the Indians and made them

hostile to his enterprise, since it more or less threatened their private gains.

The pilot of the Griffin while on a special expedition, was either bribed and

purposely sent his ship to the bottom of Lake Huron, or the vessel foundered in a storm, for it was never heard of again. La Salle continued on,

but this time to the south, discovered the mouth of the Mississippi and took possession of the Louisiana country in the name of the French king. A French colony was organized in France to settle the new country, but it became reduced by suffering and disappointment to one-fourth the original number, and La Salle himself, while on the way to Canada for relief, was shot by two men who accompanied him and had sworn vengeance on their leader.

DETROIT AS A SUMMER RESORT

Picturing probably the proposition that Detroit, with

a population of nearly 100,000 souls, is a most

suitable place for a summer resort, would be

met with a smile of incredulity by the people of

other cities, especially the east, but we

guarantee that if they will pay a visit to this

place in the most sultry month of summer,

they will find not only within a few miles

of the city, but in the city itself, all the
general enjoyment, and soothing air which

they would find in a perfect summer resort.

Regarding this city, first as a resort for

travellers, we find peculiar attractions.
The atmosphere is pure and free from malodors in

the land has long been subject to fillage; the
Pleasure seekers find fishing all the year round in Lake St. Clair, and game birds, especially water-fowl, abound in the season. Pretty steamers carry the tourist to this lake, and westward to the Erie. Near the latter, in the Detroit River, which flows by clear and impalpable, is the well-known Grosse Ile, and further on is Put-in-Bay Island. These delightful places can be conveniently reached from Detroit as Coney Island and the Long Island beaches are from New York, and have fine hotels, thus affording a variety of pleasant spots in addition to the beauty and healthfulness of the city itself. I confess that I, an Eastern man, was greatly surprised at the unusual richness and variety of the attractions and advantages of Detroit, and I set to work to find out all I could about its natural surroundings and the way in which the people have improved them, and I am indebted to the kindness of friends as well as my own observations.

The water supply is obtained from the river at such a distance above the city that it is absolutely pure drinking water, and the force of the river performs the labor of Hercules in cleansing the city and its drains. Street railways run to all parts of the town, and the manner in which the streets are laid out and paved and kept in order, as well as all other matters under the control of the municipal government, might set a worthy example to New York.

The society of this city is choice. Most of the residents are of the fourth or fifth generation of the old French settlers, and are imbued with that delicate refinement and sociable character which mark the good families of the provincial towns of France. It is as if the older Dutch and English families of New York were a majority of the population.

The social superiority is established and maintained by the usual adjuncts of a well ordered community. The churches are abundant, representing the principal sects; the Roman Catholic (descended from the grand old Jesuit mission numbering fifteen out of the seventy-four); and the Episcopalian, fourteen. St. Anne's (R. C.) is the oldest ecclesiastical edifice between the Alleghenies and the Rocky Mountains, and contains relics dating back to 1609; and traditions whose origin is lost in the dim light of the prairie forests. The other church buildings present some of the finest architecture and some of the most beautifully frescoed interiors to be found in the United States.

The school system of Detroit is comprehensive and complete, and as supplements to it, there are the Detroit Female Seminary, founded in 1839; containing many students from neighboring states as well as the daughters of Michigan's best families; and the State University at Ann Arbor, an hour's ride from the city, which is free as the public schools to residents in this state. I do not tell you about the school system as an inducement to summer pleasure-seekers, but Detroit is such a wonderful city, and so rapidly growing into importance, that everything concerning it will be of interest to all readers.

As a home Detroit can scarcely be surpassed, for the people have not grown rich through the feverish excitement of speculation or treasure hunting, but have gradually built up the city by the ordinary quiet routine of business. Consequently, there is a substantial, homelike air about them and about the town, which pervades the thoroughfares and reaches its perfection in the cherry, happy homes. Do not think I am picturing a Utopia, or trying to make you look upon this city as a Plutonian Republic or one of the isles of the Blessed, stranded during the geological changes of the continent. There are no tampered people here, there are faults of city government, there are political schemers, there are discontented taxpayers — there are, on all hands, in this apparent Eden of the New World, the decaying trees of ill nature, the knotty joints and gnarled branches which are universal in human nature. But compared with the internal dissensions of a city like New York, this is marvellously peaceful.

There are no "shams" in Detroit. The land is cheap and the building facilities are exceptional. Most well-to-do mechanics and even laborers live in neat white cottages, the tradespeople in brick structures, and a greater percentage of the people, I think, than in any other city, occupy their own houses on their own land. There are no tenements, and nearly every house has a lawn and shade trees. There are, besides, a number of parks dotting the city, affording free passage for the fresh air, which is laden with the scent of the flowers which everybody cultivates. Some of the houses of the wealthier inhabitants are magnificent, and may well vie with your boasted Fifth and Madison avenues, and some of the streets rival the broad avenues of Washington. The exquisite taste of the
people of Detroit is inclined not to live in their homes for the dead than in their city houses. There are several beautiful cemeteries near by, in which are some of the sparkling streams and groves of fine old forest trees which skirt the town on all sides, making lovely villages of its suburbs and delicious sylvan

reeds of the meadow ground. The gentle slope of the land adds much to the varied beauty, while it is practically beneficial as a means of both irrigation and drainage.

During the last thirty years the value of real estate has steadily increased, but the price asked for it is not, even now, very

large, except in the business centre of the city. Buildings are going up on every hand, and several hundred are projected for the coming year. All this is the result of a growth so sure and firmly planted that any investment here is certain to yield a handsome return, the prospects of future development being jeopardized by no sudden upsetting of business, which is apt to bring as great a downfall.

Three Notable Marketwomen

Detroit has been noted, in some part, for the excellence of its public markets, and the closing of the Central Market the present year (1899) makes an epoch in the city's history and speaks a flood of remembrance in the minds of older residents of the city. Volumes might be written on life in the old Central Market, but none of them would be complete without more or less reference to the lives and doings there of these

Detroit hospital.

A house on Woodward Avenue.
Where (for an instant, no time at all) the public
Where crime and justice wriggle now there shone
Victories on volume, glittering gilt on piles,
And here the good of all we know entwined itself in desires, where the student
In buying recovers but not the coil
Of his who strayed in glistening, falling lines,
Each sign duly written in his earth born soul.
Come ye and read his epitaph and read it well.
When learning, triumphing on the guilty lawn,
With fingers loaded up to her glorious Dewey,
And hoping heretics, siles to here to stay.
Here with the buried we remove the dead,
Here we with rosy many and boy
Twice Forty and Four there is no boy,
An unused good in each - Eden alone destroy,

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

From a poem written by H. N. Willard, and read at the dedication June 23, 1875.

Of Detroit's most notable marketwomen, Nancy Martin, Mary Jacklin and Mary Judge.
It was here that Nancy Martin, a thrifty Quakeress, whose shapely form and kind heart are not forgotten to this day, could be seen biding about the stalls. Not forgotten either is that piece of heroic generosity by which this kind-hearted old creature, who toiled in the stalls of the market place until she was over sixty years of age, gave all her hard earned fortune, including the

PITCTURESQUE DETROIT AND ENVIRONS

MICHIGAN FLAG SONG — AN ECHO FROM SUMTER

Adapted to the tune "Dormus Chorus," from "Hi Jovens,"
by D. Nathan Dwight.

With sword and sneer and drumbeat are calling,
From恰恰 and turkey from sonnet and fable,
"Forward the flag!" Even though heroes are falling,
Our flag will own chivalry standard adopted.

Trumpet and majesty and drumbeat are calling,
From恰恰 and turkey from sonnet and fable,
"Forward the flag!" Even though heroes are falling,
Our flag will own chivalry standard adopted.

Onward,
Star spangled Banner! our hope to live are clinging
Land us in victory, or wrap us in death:
'Tis the only
With you a banner
H-Line to keep clear
Or own to fly then
Over this hill, land, who and free.
A young woman, in this way: A. H. Redfield was controller of Detroit in 1884, and she arrived in the city, on her way from Indiana, and her guardian there—a brother of Mr. Redfield of Detroit—to Montreal, where her parents lived. She had stopped off to see her guardian's brother, and while with him learned that her father had died. It was a long journey in those days, to Montreal, and Mary decided that she would not go on. So Mr. Redfield gave her a post on the market square, let her build a little shanty there and set her up in business. She sold candy and fruit and all sorts of things for a time, but presently there came a man who set up an oyster stand beside her, and then another and another. Finally there was a whole row of little stands facing Bates street and a market-woman who kept a stand across the way inside such a stall that they were compelled to go because they were squatters and had no rights there. Then Mary went into the market and kept a stuff-eating flowers.

Finally, a few years ago she had grown so old and had paid so much money into the city treasury for her booth, as she says, that the council allowed her to keep her stall without further rent. She has been to see the council several times. Once they admitted her and she made a speech. She

land upon which the hospital building now stands, to assist her friend, Walter Harper, in the founding of Harper Hospital. Everybody knew Nancy Martin, with her thrifty manners and tidy figure. She used to sell fowls in one of the inside stalls of the vegetable market.

One day she public—heard that a man named Walter Harper had given the city 1,000 acres of land to found a hospital and then a few months afterwards they learned that Nancy Martin, who was his housekeeper, had given three acres of land near Woodward avenue for a site for the hospital and fifteen acres beside, in the 10,000 acre tract. The whole amount of these gifts was $43,000. Nancy Martin's contribution amounted to $14,000 and she made that small fortune selling chickens on the market.

Mary Judge came to the market when she was a young woman, in this way: A. H. Redfield was controller of Detroit in 1884, and she arrived in the city, on her way from Indiana, and her guardian there—a brother of Mr. Redfield of Detroit—to Montreal, where her parents lived. She had stopped off to see her guardian's brother, and while with him learned that her father had died. It was a long journey in those days, to Montreal, and Mary decided that she would not go on. So Mr. Redfield gave her a post on the market square, let her build a little shanty there and set her up in business. She sold candy and fruit and all sorts of things for a time, but presently there came a man who set up an oyster stand beside her, and then another and another. Finally there was a whole row of little stands facing Bates street and a market-woman who kept a stand across the way inside such a stall that they were compelled to go because they were squatters and had no rights there. Then Mary went into the market and kept a stuff-eating flowers.

Finally, a few years ago she had grown so old and had paid so much money into the city treasury for her booth, as she says, that the council allowed her to keep her stall without further rent. She has been to see the council several times. Once they admitted her and she made a speech. She
Mary Jacklin, another of the famous market-women, also gained fame and fortune in a snug, cozy way, within the products of the old Central market. She is probably better known about the streets of Detroit today than either of the other market celebrities; and almost any day can be seen in the hotels and other public places, dicing for the delivery of poultry or selling butterplate bouquets. Wholly, "Mother Jacklin," as she is commonly called, is a remarkably bright, thorough business woman, and while she has never enjoyed educational privileges herself, she has seen to it that her children acquired and gained what she lacked in "learning." As a result her sons are men of great talent and leading lights in the ministry of the Methodist church.

The Central market has figured often in legal controversies, and a few years ago Judge Campbell, in his decision upon the market bond case, made a novel use of "legal cap" in appealing to his opinion a graceful and elegant narrative of the Detroit market, with a neat allusion to the sturdy figure of Nancy Martin and the ancient and what he believed to be wholesome policy of establishing public

...
PICTURESQUE DETROIT AND ENVIRONS

DETROIT AND VICINITY IN 1830

We are indebted to the Detroit Journal for an interesting account of the experiences of an early settler in Michigan.

Today there are but few of Michigan's young people that know what their forfathers have gone through, and of their hardships as early settlers of the "wilds of Michigan." The following reminiscences are related by one of Michigan's pioneer women, Mrs. George C. Lathrop, now living near Stockbridge, and will doubtless interest young and old:

September 23, 1828, we were married in East Bethany, Genesee county, N. Y., Mr. Lathrop. Like many others at that time, had a great longing for the "wilds" of Michigan. He had spent three years previ-

day morning that spot was gay with a throng of pretty country girls—black-eyed, olive-skinned, with the vicissitude that only French girls know—who came from the Canadian shore with their little ponies hitched to fancy brown-bossed carts, bringing fruits and vegetables and flowers to the city for sale.

In those days you could buy in the Central market, as Elias Farman says, "almost anything but lodging—confectionery, fruits, shoes, pottery, stockings, vegetables, lace, meat, fish—these were all displayed there for the customers who passed."

About this one place not only all the traffic but all the gossip—political and social—seemed to center. Ladies and there in the rooms to do their shopping and chatted of social matters as they flirted about among the booths. Men made it a place for talking over business matters and gathering the financial and political gossip of the day. It was the place for the newspaper men to meet the prominent people of the city and get the daily intelligence of the town.

DETROIT AND VICINITY

We are indebted to the Detroit Journal for an interesting account of the experiences of an early settler in Michigan.

Today there are but few...
Scanning through the pages we awoke to realize the truth, that the heavens were a sight to see. Three bright stars shone in the sky, guiding the sailor, saving through the ports on either side. The crew sang songs as they rowed. Each for a common day in the world. While the great wave grew with its heavy swell. Rings as broad as a sawcut tell. But another storm was soon to come. The gallant crew steered the bay, For the crew is won, and the center rag, and the waters know in the seas bell rings, For to-day is the feast of the Abroad Clare, And the circled waters, with strong and prayer, Sprinkled the lake with holy water. Name in after the child's daughter. But in a tone the grandson catch, Each in his place the building perch, Space, And the flame huge blue, and the revolving Quaker on the hopeful center's seat, And stood Le Fear with huddling grin. Said as he platted his overalls, In my church there's never a Fair. Sings like the abbot who leads the choir.

Shaved his course in the middle sky, Spinning along with a fining wave. A great ship sailed upon the lake. And the sun down, and the white waves Scared at the sight of the wonder saw; For we've had snow along this shore. Cast these quiet waters before, No more calls saw ever seen. Then breeze La Salle's stout brigand; Out from the peace, a griffon options. Withodeled of bosom and deep wings, And the ship that our not so wide a time bares at its will the steering wave. For when the evening color of blue Touch'd the shadow Footmen, And stroke his amber hands to keep, From reaching out to the western sky, The ship of the mariners' run. At the golden arm of its parent, lace, And the ship that is for his deposed queen. He run from the violent wind's curse, And yen tidal he would make the Griffith fly Over the snow in the western sky, A gilded eagle carried his word. On the crown of the quarter-deck castle mood, And from the side amber on shield.
it was the capital then, and the legislature was in session. My husband met an old acquaintance here—Judge Ramsey. It seemed good, even then, to see one we knew.

"Mr. Lathey engaged a man to take our goods to their destination, for which he paid forty dollars. We started for our 'woods' home. The roads being poor—what little there was—we made slow progress, stopping for the night near the river Rouge, at a tavern kept by a man by the name of Ruff. Things were in accordance with the name—rough. The landlord tried to be very accommodating, for he said to me, 'When the baby wakes up, your husband can have the pillow.'

"Where Ypsilanti now stands there was but four dwellings. An old trading house had been converted into a tavern. There was quite a show of flowers in the woods, although late in the fall. We reached Ann Arbor the evening of the second day. That city derived its name on account of the noble forest on the original site of the village. For the prefix 'Ann' it was indebted, according to undeniable tradition, to the first white woman that crossed the first meal house, "Ann Sprague," then Mrs. Ramsey, of our town, East Bellamy. She took me down to a little creek or run, as they called it, where some stones were piled together. Here she did her cooking. Though it has been some sixty-four years, it seems as though I could locate it now, were I there. It was a delightful place and here we stayed the second night. There being no bridge across the river we had to ford. I was highly delighted with my forest home, which though wild in its nature, looked nice to me. Mr. Lathey was ambitious, and built a nice house, so that we moved in in April. School privileges being poor, and I having plenty of time, concluded to have a select school at our home. Accordingly in May our school began, which served to while away many lonely hours. Occasionally we had local preaching there,

I recall two young ministers that came from Ohio, Pilchard and Colston, who became very eminent preachers.

"A Virginian by the name of John Allen, an experimental gardener, furnished us all seed. His garden was upon the ground where the university now stands. I forget to say that previous to the whites coming here it was the Indians' dancing ground.

"The Indians were not very troublesome at this time, yet occasionally when they found women alone and they had been drinking they would trouble them. I remember one instance. They had been to Detroit for their presents and went on their way home. Near Plymouth the chief's son went into a settler's home and demanded bread. The woman told him she had none. He still insisted and killed her. The news spread. They raised a company at Detroit, having Dr. Nichols as captain. They overtook the Indians on the plains below Plymouth. They gave the chief to understand if he would deliver up his son they would not molest him, but if not, they would shoot him. He made motion for them to do so, and they did. The spot was called Togas Plain after the chief, and there was no more trouble at that time. Dr. Nichols afterwards located at Dexter and was then leading physician for many years.
My husband afterwards took up 140 acres of land where the village of Sharon now stands, and lived there many years.

"The howling of wolves was one kind of music we had in those days. Once when my husband was away one name and asked his wife under the door and commenced his tale, which was taken up by others in all directions. At another time one took a peek from the par, and going a short distance gave a call and soon had plenty of help. Again, when Mr. Lathrop was obliged to go for a doctor, they followed him all the way. Men were frequently chased by wolves and had narrow escapes."

**THE OLD RED MILL**

Soon after the settlement of this lake country, there came a time when, owing to the increasing husbandry and cultivation of the smaller grains, the necessity for mills arose. Water power was not as easy to obtain in this level region, and the windmill was the natural sequence. Soon the great white flapping sails of these primitive mills could be seen slowly moving, and they formed such a picturesque addition to the lovely but quiet landscape that they were often the envy of the gazing mariner or savage camp. And they were most generally located on the river or lake shore.

Upon some of the little creeks were mills dating beyond 1734. One was near the present crossing of the Michigan Central Railroad and Twenty-fourth Street—upon La Riviere au Mocassin, on Gabriel's Creek—Corunna on Trombley's Creek—mill River—; one on or near Jefferson Avenue and Bloody Run, and another on Gratiot Road.

We have already reproduced the legend of "The Devil's Criss" concerning one of these windmills, and now add another, from the charming collection of "Legends of Old Detroit," by Maria Caroline Watson, Hamlin, as follows:

In the former district of Springwells (at the foot of Twenty-fourth streets, of the present city of Detroit), stood an old red mill. It was circular in form, and had a stone foundation supporting an upright wooden body, with a conical roof. It was a weird sight on a moonlight night with its long arms stretched out, as if breathing aid, and its tattered sails drooping mournfully, telling its melancholy story like a flag at half-mast. The indescribableament felt that creeping shoulder of awe which contact with the mysterious calls forth. There are buildings like human beings upon which nature places her signet,—a history.

The Indians, as he returned from his day's hunting, found the trophies of his skill pushed his canoe out into the stream far from its shadow. The gray, lingering voices in the pleasant boats of the officers of Fort Letchworth were hurried, as they swiftly gilded by, and the canoes of the who had faced untold dangers, silently crossed themselves as the old red mill rose in view on his return from his distant and perilous expedition. On winter evenings, under the genial warmth of a flickering lamp, the soothing influence of his cadence, as chariot, the
old tenant would tell to his children, who
listened with bated breath, the legend of the
old red mill.

Many years before, when the English under
Colonel Rogers, had taken possession of De-
 troit, there lived at the mill a Canadian family
who had adopted a daughter of the tribe of Pontiac. She was beloved by a British
officer, but belonging to the Ottawas, whose
nautical chief was disposed to resist the new
comer, and residing among the French, who
were suspicious of the invaders, wishing to
see if the promises made in the treaty would
be ratified (a suspicion which subsequent events
disproved not without cause), it is not to be
supposed that the course of true love could
run smoothly. Yet love, which laughs in the
face of all danger and is prolific in resources,
soon found a means by which the lovers could
meet. It was agreed upon by them that a
signal should be given when there was no danger of a surprise,—a lighted candle to be
placed in her window; quickly then would the officer obey the summons of his lady
love.

Wason, a warrior of the Saginaw, allies of Pontiac, had long loved the fair maiden
and had laid at her feet the trophies of the chase, but the Indian girl saw them not, nor
heard his pleadings, for her ears yearned for the sound of another voice whose soft accents
had marked in her heart like balsam music. Wounded by his rejection, the brave sought
the cause, found it, and courted revenge as his companion. Watching his opportunity
when the girl was alone, he spirited her off; having forgotten her duties as an Indian maiden
and for deserting the traditions of her race, and making his tomahawk tell her that she should pay
the penalty of her treason with her life. As the savage's arm descended the girl sank daunted in her
heart. The Indian had not completed the sentence; one more victim his revenge demanded. He lighted the
candle, the secret of which he had learned, and patiently waited. Splashing oars and a love, unseen call soon told
him that the lover had obeyed the balsam of love. The savage glistened over his success
and waited breathlessly with weapon pointed to that at his intended victim as he opened
the door, when suddenly other footsteps were heard approaching the return of the family.
In the general confusion which ensued
on the discovery of the murder the Indian slipped away unmolested, belied for the time at least of his
avenging. The tidings remain of the lovely
victims were terribly told to rest. The

office sought in the busy strife of the period
to forget his grief, but the Indian's revenge
only blunted, and slowly afterwards the
officer was barely murdered by him while he
was detained as a hostage at Pontiac's camp
at Bloody Run.

The mill was afterwards deserted, but the
lovely wakley who passed there at night
whispered strange stories of its being haunted
by an Indian maiden who stood at a window
with a lighted candle.

THE CASS MANSION

All the better class of dwellings of the French
inhabitants were of a very substantial character.
They were built of logs squared, and covered
with clapboards; the roofs being shingled with
cedar. One of the oldest and most noted

structures of this class was the Cass house, illustrated on page 68, which has been
used by several of the territorial governors of Michigan, and exhibited many masts
of the tomahawk and bullets received during the Indian wars. It stood on what was
PICTURESQUE DETROIT AND ENVIRONS

known as the Cass farm. It was situated on the immediate bank of the river, which was abrupt and high and shaded by trees. It was torn down in 1885, being 170 years old. It latterly stood on Larned street, not far from its original site. Another old domicile was the Eady house, which stood half a mile below. It was erected in 1747 and burned in 1817.

OLD CITY HALL, DECORATED BY ROBERT SMITH, H. C. E. BENCHEM BROWN, OLD-ABSHORE BUILDING AND THEODUS THEATER—1861.

THE RIVER FROM DONOVAN POINT IN 1830, FROM A DRAWING MADE BY WILLIAM A. REDMARS.

THE OLD ENGLISHMEN'S AVES, CURRIE WOODWARD AND BRITISH AVES.

THE OLD ENGLISHMEN'S AVES, CURRIE WOODWARD AND BRITISH AVES.

ST. JOSEPH'S C.R. C. CHURCH.

ST. JOSEPH'S C.R. C. CHURCH.

BRENTANO TO YOUNG WOMAN'S HOME, AMOS STORER.

VIEW ON THE RIVER—STEVENS STREET & WARD—RESIDENTS SUFFERING BY DISTANCE.

TIN CITY HALL, DECORATED BY ROBERT SMITH, H. C. E. BENCHEM BROWN, OLD-ABSHORE BUILDING AND THEODUS THEATER—1861.

THE OLD ENGLISHMEN'S AVES, CURRIE WOODWARD AND BRITISH AVES.

THE OLD ENGLISHMEN'S AVES, CURRIE WOODWARD AND BRITISH AVES.

ST. JOSEPH'S C.R. C. CHURCH.

ST. JOSEPH'S C.R. C. CHURCH.

BRENTANO TO YOUNG WOMAN'S HOME, AMOS STORER.

VIEW ON THE RIVER—STEVENS STREET & WARD—RESIDENTS SUFFERING BY DISTANCE.

ONE DAY LAST SUMMER A ROUGHLY DRESSED MAN—A POLISH BOHEMIAN—WAS DRIVING A DUMP BELONGING TO A WHOLESALE GROCERYouse, LOADED WITH GROCERIES. AS HE TURNED FROM CONGRESS INTO CONRAD STREET, PART OF HIS LOAD FELL OFF, AND THE MAN, WHO WAS SITTING ON THE PLATE OF BOXES, SAT UP, STRUGGLING HEAVILY ON THE COBBLESTONES. ONE OF THE WHEELS OF THE HEAVILY LOADED DUMP ROLLED OVER HIS LEG, AND SMASHED THE BOXES. A CROWD, NUMBERING SEVERAL HUNDRED, SOON GATHERED AROUND HIM. THE STREET WAS Muddy, as the

ONE DAY LAST SUMMER A ROUGHLY DRESSED MAN—A POLISH BOHEMIAN—WAS DRIVING A DUMP BELONGING TO A WHOLESALE GROCERY house, loaded with groceries. As he turned from Congress into Conrad street, part of his load fell off, and the man, who was seated on the pile of boxes, sat up, struggling heavily on the cobblestones. One of the wheels of the heavily loaded dump passed over his leg, and smashed the boxes. A crowd, numbering several hundred, soon gathered around him. The street was muddy, as the
PICTURESQUE DETROIT AND ENVIRONS

THE LATE JOHN GOWEN

"The sprinkler had been liberal in its work, and the injured man's clothes were in a sadly disturbed condition. Altogether he was far from attractive in appearance. He lay there all in a heap, surrounded by a gaping crowd, not one of whom offered to help him, until a well-known business man made his way through the throng, raised his head and supported him in his arms until the ambulance came, at the same time using his hat to fan the poor fellow. The business man ranks among the 'tory' men of the city, and is always well dressed. But that simple act of kindness shows that there is a real man inside of those good clothes, who was not afraid to sell them by contact with the muddy apparel of a suffering fellow man. — Detroit papers."

OLD HYDE HOUSE — SITE OF WHITNEY'S OVEN HOUSE — FROM OLD DETROIT by E. HOUGHTON

THE CAMPAU HOUSE

The Campaun house, pictured on the sixth and seventh pages of this work, was torn down in March, 1880. It stood on the south side of Jefferson avenue, midway between Griswold and St. Antoine streets, and is said to have occupied the site of the original quarters of Cadillac. It was erected in 1813 on an old stone foundation, for Joseph Campau, at a cost of about $6,000. It was one of the most ancient, and at the time of its destruction the best preserved of any of the French houses of the olden time.

LEON RAILWAY STATION — CHERRY STREET AND THREE MILE STREET

DETROIT NEWSBOYS

Detroit newsboys are an independent army of youngsters at the present time, their being about 2,000 of them, regularly licensed, and in 1877 an amusing indication of their independence was shown when they attempted to prevent the sale of the Detroit Evening News, because the price changed them, in their opinion, was too high. They would not sell the paper and tried to prevent others from doing so. Their generally sturdy character at this time compelled the passing of a licensing ordinance, but that Detroit newsboys are generally a good class of lads and appreciate what is done for them is shown by the way they treat their friends. Prominent among these is General Alger, whose portrait appears elsewhere. This gentleman gave the news-

THE DETROIT SEMINARY COLLEGE AND CHURCH OF ST. PETER AND PAUL, JEFFERSON AVENUE

A TOWN — LOOKING UP THE HOUGH RIVER
boys a suit of clothes every winter, and he is called the father of all the newsboys. When he returned home, a few years since, from a long trip, he was met at the depot by an army of his young friends, who shouted, "What's the matter with Alger?—He's all right." And this phrase about the Detroit newsboys was the origin of the city, with variations, which went all over the Union during the presidential campaign of 1888.

DETROIT IN ROMANCE

To read the early history of Detroit is like going back in story to the chivalrous days of sunny France, and Detroit and much of the adjacent country was but a France in romantic miniature—a new France. C. M. Burton, one of Detroit's most interesting historical writers, dwells long upon this theme in a most interesting way. He says:

"The first colony that settled here came from the France of Louis XIV., and medieval scenes and the savage life of the new world chased side by side. "

"Cadillac was the grande monarque, being accorded the homage his rank demanded. A maypole was raised in his honor, that was
attended with all the pomp and ceremony of an ancient custom. A cork of iced wine
was tapped in celebration of the occasion, cups and flasks were handed around, and Cad-
illac, raising high his silver goblet, would pledge the king and the baron of all present.
"Vive de Peil, vive le Seigneur Cadillac du Detroit," was heartily sung by the habitants,
and then the dance once more, in which famous dams and gallant youths joined, as they
waved the silver regalia with their many voices. Cadillac granted steps of land under
conditions which were almost to us of the present day; but feudalism was as firmly estab-
lished as though the were an actual, even as chivalry. During French rule, kings, regents
and queens, cardinals, archbishops and generals of religious orders, ladies of high degree, govern-
ors and generals exercised authority over the City of the Straits. We can scarcely contemplate
these things now in connection with Detroit, but they were part and parcel of its historic evolution.

MR. CAMPAN AND THE YANKEES

Joseph Campau, the famous French American, who made Detroit his home, and
whose old residence is one of the landmarks, is pictured on the earlier pages of this
work, appreciated Yankee thrift and enterprise. On one occasion, in the spring of 1841,
the ice had gone out of the Detroit river and the upper end of Lake Erie was reported clear.
Mr. Campau said, "Does ye hear anything from ye boat—ye boat tak went out yesterday mor'n?"
Oh, yes," said the telegraph
man, "she has just reached Erie. She got into the ice and floundered about, tearing her paddle-wheels to pieces,
but she is in fine harbor, all safe."
"Well," said Mr. Campau, "I bet so.
Now when de lightnin'men want to go anywhere, he sit down and tink how he get dar, and to
Fichtman, he want to go, and he stop and tink how he get dar; but de American, he Yankee, he
want to go, and be go. He go Heaven, he go Hell, he go anywhere!" So much for Mr.
Campau's respect for Yankees, but they admired him as well, for he was an indomitable and persis-
tent politician, in any of them; there was no hesitation or indecision with him. He knew what he wanted,
and acted immediately upon the formation of his plans.

POLITICS IN DETROIT FIFTY YEARS AGO

The rush of immigration into the territory commenced in the year 1830. That period
was also reached when old party lines were broken throughout the country; the friends
and opponents of Andrew Jackson were forming into lines; but ultimately became
the Democratic and Whig parties of the period. One of the earliest political parties
bore the name of Democratic-Republicans. This party had an existence in Wayne
County about as soon as the country was organized. The Democratic party after-
wards succeeded to the first half of the old name, redshiled after its new life was devoted
into the Whig party.
The first copy of The Detroit Free Press appeared on Thursday, May 5, 1836. It
was the first daily paper in the state, but a weekly when it started. Some time
before 1831 Gen. John R. Williams, who had been for several terms mayor of Detroit, had been nominated at a meeting of adherents of Andrew Jackson for delegate to Congress, and The Free Press strongly advocated his candidacy.

In 1831 the population was about 3,000, but the capital still stood for one in the common, away from the business and dwellings of the city. In reality the seat of the Legislature the members were ranged to and from the capitol. Most of them made their headquarters at "Uncle Ben" Woodworth's hotel. The last regular session of the Legislature in Detroit closed March 17, 1832.

A theater created intense excitement in the early days, and overshadowed everything else while the excitement lasted. In the effort to win a victory at the polls, between 1830 and 1844, any method was deemed legitimate; but no pains were taken to hide it. On election days both parties were out in full force, and they made the well in ring with many music, processions, whiskey and broken heads.

The presidential campaign of 1840 will be remembered by many as the time when the stump speakers said: "The prairies were ablaze, the settlements in flames, and the woods on fire with enthusiasm zeal." "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" was the slogan of the Whig party; and almost every one corner in the west had its Tippecanoe club with log cabin and hard cider.

On April 2, 1840, a log cabin was raised on the north-east corner of Jefferson avenue and Randolph street, a bottle of Harrison's brand of hard cider being placed beneath each corner of the building. The cabin could accommodate about 1,000 people; and among the attractions were several stuffed animals, owls, wildcats and raccoons, besides a live bear and a Bible. The walls were decorated with a copy of the Declaration of Independence, Washington's farewell address, and a map of the United States. Strings of tidied apples, pumpkins, spread corn, venison and bacon were surrounded from the beams and rafters. Prior to the day of dedication, the bids were called upon to supply for the occasion "corn bread, and such other log cabin fare as their heart and ingenuity may dictate."

On April 2, the day fixed for the dedication, the cabin was thrown open at 9 a.m.; for the entrance of the Whig bidures with the good things they had prepared. In the evening the ceremony took place, the attendants bringing candles to illuminate the room. After the addresses a dinner-dress was readied, and then from tables that fairly ground under the weight of the good things that were upon them pumpkin pie, pork and beans, hominy, milk and milk, johnnycake, venison and panned corn were served to all alike. Toasts drunk with hard cider finished the day. Many a politician going home from these banquets, described every proposition in Eulub in the mind. Shunt battles, fireworks and hard cider were features in election campaigns.

On September 26, 1840, a Democratic banquet was held on the Cass farm. Col. Richard M. Johnson, Vice-President of the United States, was present. Crowds came to hear him;
but the enthusiasm on the other side was against him, and many of the rank and file "only kept their spirits up by pouring spirits down." Although defeated, a resolution was adopted a few years later at a Democratic meeting in the sixth ward. It ran:

"Resolved, That we oppose the many named names now designated Whiggery, and fearlessly engage that, though he had as many bands as names, we would close them off, and trample them down." — "GEORGE (HOB) Secretory." — Detroit, March 25, 1846.

AN OLD MAN'S EXPERIENCES

Seths Winfield of Wayne was probably the oldest living American in Michigan, at the time this work began to be put in type, and his experiences, as narrated by a reporter of one of the local papers, are so interesting and worthy of preservation that we give them place here. He was born in New Jersey 103 years ago and this is his story:

"Yes, I was born in 1809, while George Washington was President. I was born in Essex county, New Jersey, and lived there most of my life and now I am over 100 years old, and have seen this country under every president it has ever had.

"My first vote was cast for James Madison and I have voted at every

FIRST DECORATION DAY IN DETROIT

Bring garlands, toy garlands, And shower these gay garlands, For heroes here are sleeping, Where Liberty stands weeping For the laurel of her laurels.

Bring flowers, fragrant flowers From off Spring's early bower, For those who through the battle Passed down amid war's wild battle, To the soldier's glorious rest.

Bring aromatic flowers From from Zion's aching heart, For martyrs here are crowded, In the nation's flag enshrined, With its glory on each breast.

Bring music, pleasant music, And pour it on the air; But check, oh, check the bugle's cry, And hush the mans' drum's wild reply, Through three quiet echoes of prayer.

D. BISHAM, POET.
election since except the last one and then I was not too old to go to the polls. When I was about twenty-two years old I enlisted in the war against England to save my brother who was drafted and didn't want to go. I wasn't in only a short time, for the war ended soon by the Brits getting licked. I recall and when I was a boy that an Indian came to our house when all the folks were gone and wanted something to eat. He was all painted up, and I was a little bit scared, but the old gun hung up in another room, just where I could get it and I climbed up on a chair and got it down and set it in the corner. I told the Indian I couldn't give him anything to eat an' let him to git out an' go about his business; he said, 'Winter; how injun yall?' I said, 'No, I don't.' Then he gave a war whoop, ran into the other room an' got the gun, and cocked it and got the end on a steel, pointed it toward him and told him to git. Well, he got pretty quick, for I had hold of the trigger and would have pulled it off in a minute. He went down the road and met some of our people and asked them if they knew what the first thing an Indian ever at an' he said 'twas little boy's line. Then he jumped into the woods an' ran. They knew I was alone an' they come on a run to our house an' I was pretty glad to see them. 

I remember a while and then said: 'I
remember once when I was a young man, after I came out of the war I was going down the road when I saw a brown bear sitting in the brush in the middle of the road and I first thought it was only a trash one, so I thought I would get it and take it home. Well, I came up to it and the bear reached out and took hold of me. He drew me up and give me such a hug that I thought my back was broke. I was considerable of a wrestler then so I caught hold of him and give him a trip, an' he give me a worse hug than before, and dropped me then. He scampered off an' I got up and started for home and fell down in the door fainting. The bar had closed the steps off my back and arms an' it was a long time before I got over it. (When I did, I didn't)
tackle another one without knowing whether he was loaded or not."

Again the old man rested and gained composure, and the little Bible was brought out to show the date of his birth."

```
way 30, 1792. In the year of our Lord."

```

```
It had been a long time since that was written there," said the old man again. "I was the youngest of the family. I don't know why I have been permitted to live so long, but my grandfather lived until he was 100 years old, and when he was 100 years old he took a bag of wheat on his shoulder and carried it to the mill himself and my great-grandfather lived until he was 108 years old, and to this probably I owe my long life.

"No, I don't get any pension," he said in answer to my inquiry, "I related under my brother's name and if any one got the pension
```
Mr. Winfield lives with his daughter, Mrs. James Mitchell, about one mile north of the village of Wayne. He moved to Michigan in 1861, and has been a sort of a wanderer, having lived in most parts of the state. About three years ago he left the home of his daughter Sarah, with whom he had lived until that time. He has been a familiar figure to the people of Wayne for twenty years and, even last summer, he was able to walk about the village or sit hour after hour with his fishing rod on the bank of the river enjoying his favorite pastime of fishing.

He is now confined to the house, not by disease but old age. His mind is unusually bright concerning events of his childhood and early manhood, but rather touchy about recent happenings. He was ready to tell of his life, and eagerly devoured any news that was told in his presence. He has been (continued on page 73.)
CHILD LIFE IN THE CITY

The city's dir can never drown
The tramp of their restored feet;
What is there are the signs that drown
Of trepidation that rise and bust:
On pavement and curb they rally
With laughter and mad expat—
The light of the street and avenue,
Our boys of old Belle Detroit!

The children crowd the building
And strangers kiss their feet,
No matter what their standing
For all a welcome waits;
Her way there's no withstanding—
The City of the Strain.

They bloom on step; and window sill;
In terraces and broken tiles,
But it is peerer or by the sill.
Like undecorated pearl—
They bud and blossom sweetly still,
Those flowers, the little girls.

“What's the matter with Alice?—He's all right!”
PICTURESQUE DETROIT AND ENVIRONS

CUSTER

ON THE SITE OF A MONUMENT TO HIS MEMORY AT CUSTER, MICHIGAN

Ay! raise the shaftron Balaam's hand, Leave it be wrought of steel! And as the hand shall draw the bands, Lift the lower, turn the wheel... Hands that held the steering rudder Against breack death's last hour could never with, Democracy's greatest chalice,... Hands that stirred the war club, shelled the badge Among with fiery griffins of the world, The Red man's funeral revelry.

And who be ye, ye phantom host, God's ring on ye shadowy plume, In staid gowns, in caparisons, Crowning and creating war's red lore.

In welcome him, this last Bayard, Without discount's wand of law,

Our youngfli peers (hurled)?

Pianissimo and Lamento:

King Henry of Navarre, departed —

Bhe's with you now, our cavalier!

Come on, ye coward-harassed host!

At the peering's orders,

Honeys the streaming, dark eyes glimmering.

In this song's glory game,

Gripped ye his hand whose, golden and red

Flashed in the front of close he hid

His trod in battle or victory.

Hail Him, Mount and Phil Kearney !

Marion, Hampton, Stuart, Henry —

Savior 

And shall not you in heart's own choise be

You who save the lion,

Phil Sheridan, and every man,

Whose rule the gigantic to fame.

The memory of this lightly showroomed, Bold and fair, so brilliant, belov'd,

Where's that undying Braille ?

Where Gibbon, Crook and Penashaway ?

Kilpatrick, Stanley, Gifferson

As gar's suddenly arrived.

Then lift ye high this monument

Of glittering, gleaming steel

With adorer crossed and base en-honored...

Ay! lift it to his bugle's peal...

And let his trusty sullen rear

His name wagoned more and neigh his cheer.

Caparison'd for war;

And let his caparison come forth

And wait a trophy of his hero,

The steel pistol churning at,

But see you raise the memorial,

Or deep a not till finished With those third tiers — Soundless noises —

Of those who followed him with chase,

Eruptions in his squadron thundered,

Those three tiers, their glories these hundred —

The men, who followed Custer !

They wore the chevrons, in the rank,

But spot they not in mud a dust.

With him in France's long master.

E. V. Wilcox

THE DOROTHEA HOME.
PICTURESQUE DETROIT AND ENVIRONS

About Monroe

Monroe is located at the head at western end of Lake Erie, about midway between the mouths of the Detroit and the Monroe rivers. The inlet called Best Bay, into which the river Review estuary, and on the banks of which Monroe is located, constitutes the largest and best harbor on the upper end of the lake, and one of the safest harbors along the line of the great lakes.

The railway communication from Monroe to the outer world, consists on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway, the Toledo branch of the Michigan Central and the Flint and Pere Marquette Railway, while an important addition in the shape of a new division of the Pennsylvania Central system is assured at an early date.

It has large manufacturing interests, very extensive manufactories and in the immediately adjacent country, great attention is paid to the raising of beef cattle and high grade draught horses.

In its municipal equipment, school buildings, court house, city library, Holly water works, electric system, electric railway line, business buildings and private houses, it will compare favorably with any western city. Three flour mills, two large tanneries, four paper mills, several saw andblind factories, a grain elevator, a foundary, a carding mill, machine shops, the plant of the Sterling Manufacturing Company are among the institutions which help to make of the city a desirable home, and in addition, Monroe distributes annually more telegraph poles than any other point in the world.

There are ten churches, one convent (St. Mary's Academy) and a Catholic academy for boys, so that it is apparent that Monroe is in every respect a model, thrifty city, with all the advantages of cities much larger, and with prospects for the future most flattering.

A Permanent record of all his life, and his face set up when the interviewers said that he had cast a ballot for him in favor of Cleveland at the last election. He is probably the only living man who can tell of the time when Washington was alive, and undoubtedly the only survivor of the war of 1812, who does not show a pension from the country he helped to defend.

ABOUT MONROE

To the pretty little city of Monroe belongs the distinction of being the second oldest city in Michigan, as it was first settled about 1794, by the French from Canada; and they were followed within the next ten years by Americans.
The following contribution from one of the oldest living settlers at Monroe will be found of interest.

In October, 1815, I landed from the steamer Ohio, in the then attractive but rude city of Detroit, which contained about 2,000 inhabitants. I had no intention of making it my home, but meeting an old neighbor from Berkshire County, Mass., who was then located at Monroe, he prevailed on me to locate at Monroe. At that time Monroe contained about 200 inhabitants and was the second place in size and importance in the territory, and it was located on the river Raisin, about three miles south of the mouth. The river was navigable for boats up to within a mile of the centre of the village. The river Raisin is a rapid stream, and at that time it had three grist mills and two saw mills within the village corporation, and they were the only water mills between Detroit and the Monroe river, a distance of seventy miles.

Thus the people of the country between these points, and all west for fifty miles, depended upon the mills at Monroe for their grist and sawing, and on the presence of rich and productive lands, and because of many other advantages, Monroe became a very important place.

The lands on each bank of the river for ten or twelve miles from Lake Erie, west, were settled by French people who were granted homes. The town of Monroe was located on the north side of the river in 1811, and the mills were soon established. When the war between France and England terminated and England acquired possession, these grants were confirmed, and after the war of 1812 the United States and England the United States unified their states. At that time the people claimed, and in possession of these lands were Massey, Robert, Roche, Vaile, Pauver, St. Jean, Chouteau, Bernard, Plante, Lewis, J. F. Latour, Hume, and many others.

The names mentioned are still common in Wayne County, and the families, originally from the same stock, visited each other often. In the war of 1812 between England and the United States, the river Raisin and Detroit river were the chief points of the West, and when I located in Monroe in 1813, many of the old original settlers were living and occupying their old homes. From them I learned of their suffering and hardships; the country at the time of their settling on the river Raisin, was full of hostile Indians who gave them much trouble that they were compelled to erect a stockade for their own protection. The stockade was on the high bank of the river just below where the Michigan Central Railroad bridge crosses the river at Monroe, which was then the head of navigation for small boats and at the foot of the rapids. In 1815, a part of the old stockade was still standing. The massacre on the river Raisin took place January 22, 1813. Monroe was then occupied by General Winchell with a part of General Harrison's forces, mostly Kentucky soldiers. On January 20, 1813, Colonel Proctor in command of the British troops then at Warden, near the mouth of the Detroit river and about twenty-five miles north-east.
of Monroe, marched his command accompanied by the Indian braves under their chief Round Head and Split Log to attack General Winchester's forces at Monroe. They arrived and commenced the attack about five o'clock in the morning and continued the fight until noon, when the Winchester force became demoralized and retreated, followed up by the English and Indians until they had killed and captured nearly all of the American force. I never learned how many troops were engaged on either side, but believe it was about 2,000. Our Monroe people are a moral, Christian people with good prospects for the future, and they proceeded equally with other cities until steam power rendered water power, thus Detroit took a start and has continued to grow and prosper until it has become the pride of all Michigan. Meanwhile Monroe has been compelled to stand nearly still. In 1817 Monroe had a population of about 1,000 and we were doing the greatest commercial business of any place in Michigan.

The people of Monroe enjoy life as fully as people do in any large city and they are determined to press forward in improvements as fast and as far as prudence and good sense will warrant, without overburdening themselves with debts and a burdensome location.

Monroe now contains over 4,000 people and the city is improving year by year. It has one of the finest water supplies in the West, drawn from the clear water of Round Bay, seven miles away. It has also natural gas in abundance, costing less than coal or wood. It is lighted by a well-equipped electric plant and its streets and business places are lighted by it. Briefly, Monroe has all the qualities that any city has, including five schools, churches and a goodly showing of high grade business men. As a rule the laboring classes have their own homes and are able to live as well as do fine conditioned people in larger places.

**WINDSOR AND WALKERVILLE.**

Windsor and Walkerville are esteemed and most popular suburbs or environs, and are but a five minutes' ride over the river, by the constantly crossing ferry-boats. Both together — although separate corporate towns — comprise, from ten to twenty thousand souls within their limits. Windsor is a busy, bustling little city — decidedly a city of homes — with study, and as a rule, well-paved streets, and is the terminus point of several trunk railway lines; besides being a large manufacturing and mercantile center for the Dominion trade and lake commerce.

Walkerville is practically a part and parcel of Windsor — adjoining it on the west — and is a great manufacturing center — almost entirely woollen.


PICTURESQUE DETROIT AND ENVIRONS

ing one of the largest distilleries in the
country, that of Hiram Walker & Sons.
The town, however, has its own separ-
ate and distinct local government,
railroads, electric street car lines — very
excellent ones by the way — connecting
with Windsor and Sandwich town, and
its own banks, connecting with and
running to Detroit every eight or ten
minutes.

It is here, at Walkerville, that we
come to take the train to one of our
most beautiful and attractive summer
spots, the "Mittows," on the shore of
Baytown and Lake Erie, and but a
few minutes' ride from the hot and
dusty city, where we can stay a day or
two, as inclination dictates, and enjoy
the cool breezes and glorious scenery
of this most charming place.

SANDWICH

Just above and beyond our beautiful
river, high up on its green, sloping
banks, nearly hidden by the foliage,
is the old and quaint Canadian village
of Sandwich. With its tall cathedral spire towering
high above the noble elms and maples the place
always forms a favorite study for our artists and
a bosom for the passing mariner.

With the picturesque "rules" adjoining the
cathedral, called the "Bishop's Palace," once the
scene of pomp and splendor, but now of fallen glory
—the view is very suggestive. Then there are the
college and its lovely surroundings, the narrow streets,
with their perpetual Sunday air, and old elm
domed-window houses, fast going to decay; the old
and vacated convent and its invention history of
good and glory; the pretty little Episcopal church,
surrounded by its Smilellied dead, lying so splendidly,
yet not forgotten, at least by the kindly
heart and hand of good old Section
Pentland, who keeps the little "God's
Acre" so sweet and attractive. He
can tell you the history of each and
eyery grave and the buried hopes and
emotions locked and sealed forever
within their sacred portals. Here lies
buried a Canadian physician of
prominence who, "Going to modernize the
sew and slaying of her majesty's
troops," on that fateful morning when
the siege of war first broke loose, in the
Patriotic Rebellion of 1837, "was most
dearly murdered by pithless Yankee
villains." Here also are buried the
two wives—the first and second)
of Lieut. F. F. Kildingbury, 11th U. S.
Infantry. They died far from home
and friends, yet on the western plains,
and as men after the other accustomed to
the hardships of a soldier's wife's
felicity life, they were brought by the
faithful, loving husband and father, hundreds of miles, by rough army
wagon train, through snow and
flood, and going through many
hardships — taking many weeks —
to gratify their dying wishes that
they might sleep the long
sleep beside their loved ones, in
the old churchyard at home. It
was a most noble and noble
example of self-sacrifice, yet only
characteristic of the man who
still more nobly exemplified it
when, slowly but surely craving
to death at Cape Sabine, as
second officer in command of the
Greeley Arctic expedition, he

NATIONAL HOTEL AT BENDERSHAM

STREET VIEW AT BENDERSHAM

NEAR BENDERSHAM

UNDER THE MAPLE — BENDERSHAM

RAILWAY STATION AT BENDERSHAM
would sacrifice and give up his meager allowance to some poor fellow who he thought needed it more than he did, only to soon give up and succumb, at last, himself. With him also lies buried another sister, the wife of Gen. George W. Schofield, U. S. A., a brother of General Schofield, present commander-in-chief of the U. S. army.

Just across the way from his pretty little church and cemetery stands the substantial, if not attractive court house and the massive jail building and well surrounding the same, wherein so many mandamuses have met a speedy trial and prompt, stern Canadian justice at the nove's end.

About a mile from here, that cost, at the end of a very pretty driveway, or lane, and almost hidden by the heavy foliage, the curiosity-seeker will find one of the most unique, odd and ancient, yet picturesque houses in America—the old Prince mansion. With its low hanging ivy clad porch and dormer-windows, its sharp, abrupt roofs, the once lovely, but now decayed air of pines, the well kept grounds and noble foliage make it a picture which once seen will never be forgotten. The same also holds true in relation to the Risher mansion, directly on the banks of the river and looking towards Detroit. Historically speaking this is one of the most interesting houses in Sandwich. It was a famous and favorite rendezvous and trading mart of the Indians for a great many years, but notwithstanding its great age it is a remarkably well preserved relic of historic times. The drive, too, from the outbuildings and high banks of Windsor, along the glorious old Detroit river, as far down stream as Pelee City, Chappel, Sulphur Springs,—yon Amherstburg, sleepy yet attractive old Amherstburg—is a really enjoyable one.

Here you must glance at the kaleidoscopic river scene of passing boats— the greatest amount of tonnage in any one port in the world constantly passing you. The beau-
PICTURESQUE DETROIT AND ENVIRONS

PICTURESQUE DETROIT AND ENVIRONS

A river city just across the river and stretching along the banks for many miles, is all there, and many more attractions we might mention, make old Sandwich and its environs or suburbs that Detroit or any other city in this country possesses one can boast of.

THE RIVER BANKS, SANDWICH, ONT.

THE OUI, BACUS HANSON, SANDWICH, ONT.

THE CANADA HOMEBRIDGE, LEMON ST., CLARE.
PICTURESQUE DETROIT AND ENVIRONS

SABBATH EVE AT GROSSE POINTE

Soft as th' shadows of a heavenly day
Fades the mild rainbow of a Sabbath eve,
The colorful waves unrolling morning light,
Like drowsy children, borne from sport away.

High and clear, the silver cloud oversees the scene,
Hear me, and hallowed sleep (in sound of angels up to heaven),
In tender charge of one on morn to rise,
Rising, and slowly over the descending wave,
Fills up the still with white, though駄tered roll.

That tells the story of that weary gale
That left its cradle and the weary grove,
But higher in the cloud, or floating abroad,
Or glistening thief that now drop down their rays,
And, through the upper depths in marks of praise
Sends earth's pilgrim seed, with changing wind and mood,
These radiant showers for God's Sabbath days.
D. PIERSIKE DOPPERSD.

THE GROSSE POINTE CHAPEL

A GROSSE POINTE HOME

LAKESIDE LAWN — GROSSE POINTE

AERIAL VIEW, CLARKNECK — GROSSE POINTE
PICTURESQUE DETROIT AND ENVIRONS

A VALUABLE JESUIT MANUSCRIPT

The work of the Jesuit missionaries has already been alluded to in this work and Richard R. Elliott has now performed a valuable service to history in translating the very interesting manuscript left by Father Peter Poitier, the last of the Huron missionaries in 1742-1781, and who died at Sandwich in 1781. The extensive grounds on which stands at the present day the church and college of the Assumption, at Sandwich, form a small portion of the domain belonging to the "Huron mission of Detroit," under Fathers Arnaud de la Richardie and Peter Poitier. Father Richardie acquired possession of Bois Blanc Island and had a part of the land cleared and cultivated, and Father Poitier had charge here for about five years, when, on account of Indian disturbances, the mission was closed, in 1747.

To show the quality of men these missionaries were we quote from Bancroft's History of the United States: "Away from the amenities of life, away from the opportunities of gain, the mission became dead to the world and possessed their souls in (Continued on Page 85).

L'ARGENT IN GROSSE POINTE

Your necking from yon, her dirt,
South mima Hi, Another son
Ham dim, why be pulled
Ten inches thirteen toper
To make the other, the glory right.
Ham did not out some poor hat
He put.

He's early here her back.

Because she's say he's, go to half
straighten of his very, name
North of cream, cow sale,
West change, over another
For male she's go without de all,
Wadout de room for open
From pay for attraction, half de dirt,
Don want half silvery from.

De Forever Pirates, crap on valley gear,
Wet, everything reeds back,
Hailrebelling, Joe B royal himself,
Wet, don't say easy no give
What a lot of one given to back,
North ell town, white.

De Peter Poitier, crap on valley gear,
Wet, everything reeds back
Hailrebelling Joe B royal himself,
Wet, don't say easy no give
What a lot of one given to back,
North ell town, white.

She's put last now to last.

De former man not kill complaint,
There done don't get, to meat
But not show be dead happy,
Well correct the last de wade,
Will help she's easy no give
But, ex taken best forget
to settle his wile men.
The few who lived to grow old, though bowed down by the toils of a long mission, still kindled with the fervor of apostolic zeal. The history of their labors is connected with the origin of every town in French America; not a cape was turned, nor a river entered, but a Jesuit led the way. Gen. Lewis Cass wrote: "The whole history of human character fascinates no more illustrious examples of self-devotion than are to be found in the records of the establishments of the Roman Catholic missionaries, whose faith and fervor enabled them to combat the difficulties around them in life, or triumph over them in death. Some were burned at the stake and tortured with savage ingenuity, but nothing could shake their fortitude."

Limited space permits us to copy from the Elliott translations only the following:

"Ascent both of the Huron mission of Detroit, consecrated on the feast of St. John, 1740, A. de la Richardies, S. J. Superior."
Having paid in full all accounts due at the post of Detroit.

Coutreux, Charles, has received wheat and grains to the value of 294 livres, 18 sols, which he is to pay to me during the month of May, 1741.

"Pique has agreed to continue in my service another year,

that is to say, until the arrival of the next convoy in 1741, for 150 livres in furs, a shirt and a pair of mitts. His services for the current year have been paid in full.

The "convey" fixing the term of "Pique's" engagement in the above entry was the great event of the year in colonial life at Detroit. It was the annual shipment from Montreal of the year's supplies, of the government's stores and money, and of the remittances of the factors and merchants at Montreal, Trois Rivières and Quebec to their correspondents at Detroit. The convoy usually took the route of the Ottawa river, the Georgian bay, Lakes
Huron and St. Clair; it was a fleet of trading vessels, canoes and batteaux with armed protection, and arrived during the month of September.

**BEAUTIFUL GROSSE ISLE**

"One of Detroit's river jewels," is an expression sometimes used in speaking of Grosse Isle, probably the most notable of the city's river resorts, excepting of course Belle Isle Park. The "Big Island," for such it is also sometimes called, is about nine miles long and one to two wide, and lies only about twenty-five miles south of Detroit. It has an interesting history, which these crowded pages cannot dwell upon. Suffice it to say, therefore, that
William Macomb, one of the three sons of John Macomb, an early emigrant from Erin's green soil, bought the island from Governor George McDougall, who obtained it from the Indians in exchange for some articles he desired. John A. Ruher, Jr., a direct descendant of Macomb, is the oldest settler on Groose Isle, still living, and is owner of the original government grants of three sections of the island. This Macomb family finally became so numerous that it is said the largest tree on the island might be selected and
PICTURESQUE DETROIT AND ENVIRONS

Judge Samuel T. Douglas, one of the oldest residents on the island, tells many interesting stories concerning the picturesque French characters on the isle. He says, that once, many years ago, when money became scarce, and the Frenchmen were having a hard time of it to get along without any capital, he suggested to one of them that he could sell his little farm on the island for sufficient money to buy a good farm fifteen miles on the mainland. The Frenchman said he was aware of that, but that he had been born on the Detroit river and lived there all his life, and he could not bear to live in any place where he could not shad de daunt, trap de manitou an kishch whitefish.

The old Middle house is one of the institutions of the island. It has very little about it and its attractive grounds that is suggestive of the hotel. Miss Jane Finkle is the industrious and thrifty manner something well with the cool, breezy quarters she provides over. These are many novel manner houses on the island,—too many to mention,—and during the summer about two thousand people reside here. About half this number stay on the island through the winter.

Grosse Isle furnishes a ideal camping ground. The foot of the island juts out into the clear water, and on its sandy beaches a dozen or more tents may always be found pitched by campers who have come from the city for a breath of fresh air and a few day's fishing. The roadway skirting the east side of the island is a beautiful drive away. Monarchs of the prairie forest, which the old Michew family found on Grosse Isle, grow on the narrow strip between the roadway and the river at the right and along the isle.

Judge Sommerville, Judge Sommerville, one of the oldest residents on the island, tells many interesting stories concerning the picturesque French characters on the isle. He says, that once, many years ago, when money became scarce, and the Frenchmen were having a hard time of it to get along without any capital, he suggested to one of them that he could sell his little farm on the island for sufficient money to buy a good farm fifteen miles on the mainland. The Frenchman said he was aware of that, but that he had been born on the Detroit river and lived there all his life, and he could not bear to live in any place where he could not shad de daunt, trap de manitou an kishch whitefish.

The old Middle house is one of the institutions of the island. It has very little about it and its attractive grounds that is suggestive of the hotel. Miss Jane Finkle is the industrious and thrifty manner something well with the cool, breezy quarters she provides over. These are many novel manner houses on the island,—too many to mention,—and during the summer about two thousand people reside here. About half this number stay on the island through the winter.

Grosse Isle furnishes a ideal camping ground. The foot of the island juts out into the clear water, and on its sandy beaches a dozen or more tents may always be found pitched by campers who have come from the city for a breath of fresh air and a few day's fishing. The roadway skirting the east side of the island is a beautiful drive away. Monarchs of the prairie forest, which the old Michew family found on Grosse Isle, grow on the narrow strip between the roadway and the river at the right and along the isle.
SPRING RAMBLE IN THE VALLE

of Roses

Chloe now is in residence, still, sequenced

groves.

Your self, spring verdure share we timely in

Dine in these shady shades! Mid-dreamy hue

Of sweet-scented blossoms and bewilderin' scene.

To am be is to drift the grove.

On pleasing wings

I hear 'small' rustling leaves, like rustled slides.

The note of springs:

The river's whispering is low afar—

How sweet! How! My tender voices are!

And empires fabric are aching round my heart.

On pleasant wings:

White tenderly are settling up, within.

A thousand springs?

A fairy voice is sounding softly now—

How sweet, Oh heart! in Spring thy voice are.

I stray and seek, I know not where, nor what:

But see the sky.

O were the Spring within thy dressing rooms

A pleasant maid,

'And drop the dainty beauty at my side,

Though in the fragrance of her breath I died:

From "He and She," by H. Harriett Wallis

TAWA ISLAND

(Written by Katherine A. Myer, of London, Eng., while visiting a friend on Tawa Island, one of the mouth of the Detroit River, and respectfully inscribed to Mrs. George Lowrie, whose residence is situated on this island.)

Tawa, that sweet memorial from soul and care,

With Detroit River ev'ning around,

This spring is the eye in all rearrangement.

Where unaltered and pure delight is found

Surely there 'all' the wondrous of his sight:

This place has felt the sweetness of God's smile.

Far from the city's noisy din and strife,

A cool retreat is found upon this isle.

Our friends from the State before in a glove,

And all the birds of a Topsham age,

Mingled with the wood ever could compare,

Saw Eden's garden in its pristine stage.

'Tis Eden's garden is the serpent's home

And felt his evil mark its all within.

For surely in this sweet paradise

 Innocence bared the commission of sin.

Who could feel anything but satisfaction,

And living childlike to God for me:

An evil thought could find no harborage,

'Click,' most insidious would make it have.

And hence are we when these close corruptions

We feel our senses uplifting for the battle

And triumph of the city's boundless war.

And taste in thoughtfully desired this pure life.

In this oasis of our desert home

Surely more holy thoughts to us are given,

To raise us higher and to make us feel.

On Tawa's site a little heaven.

PICTURESQUE DETROIT AND ENVIRONS
PICTURESQUE DETROIT AND ENVIRONS

As the island itself, it must be seen to be appreciated.

PORT HURON

This city is located at the extreme lower end of Lake Huron, sixty miles above Detroit, and is most widely known as the location of the greatest under-water railroad tunnel in North America. The first permanent settlement at this point was made in 1790, although a French mil-

walk and rustic fences at the left, fairly making a canopy of green branches above the road in places. The wheels of the vehicle are but little dust from the hard unburned clay road-

ed. The view is inspiring. Golden sin-

bllums dance fantastically on the great place of rippling water; here and there a boat plows a white bubbling furrow through its surface and along the shore a long line of gaily painted whirligigs is spinning in the trees above the undulating bank of thick foliage would cause Don Quixote to make his war steel prance.

Glimpses might be written of the attractions of the island, and many chapters of interesting fact and legendary lore might be given, but they must appear in some other form. As a

day post was established there as early as 1868 and was maintained there for nearly two years. Fort Gratiot was established at Port Huron in 1814, was abandoned in 1815, reoccupied in 1858 and was continued as a U.S. military post until 1879, when it was abandoned and destroyed. Our pictures of Fort Gratiot were taken some twenty-five years ago, when the post was occupied by the government. At present the city has a popu-

lation of about 24,000, while directly across the river is the Canadian city of Sarnia, with about 12,000 population. At a deep water harbor, the river at Port Huron is not excelled by any on the great lakes, Port Huron has an admirable farming country contiguous
and it is very important as a manufacturing and general commercial center. Like all cities and towns between Lakes Huron and Erie, it is very popular as a place for summer residence. The Grand Trunk railway of Canada, the Flint and Pere Marquette railway, the St. Clair River R. R., the Chicago and West Michigan R. R. center at Port Huron.

The important choice made for the city that here is a deep water harbor, fitted by nature for the discharge and transhipment of western products to the Atlantic seaboard by railway. The deep draught vessels which it is claimed will be used in the future, cannot navigate the St. Clair lake and Detroit river, and the history of Buffalo will be repeated at Port Huron. The railways having passed the obstructions to navigation in the Niagara river, are pressing onward with irresistible force, and will soon pass the obstructions to navigation in the river and Lake St. Clair, and will meet the commerce of the upper lakes above these barriers in the hand waters of the St. Clair river.

This is a delightful resort situated at the foot of Lake Huron, three miles north of Port Huron. It is a pleasant place to spend the summer months and is largely patron-
ized by Southern people, who bring their families here and rent cottages for the season. The cottages, about one hundred in number, face the lake, and are situated on an avenue running parallel with the beach line. Meals are served in a fine dining hall, at moderate rates. Electric cars run between the beach and Port Huron. The ride is a delightful one, and every pleasant afternoon hundreds take advantage of it. Marcus Young, of Port Huron, established Huron Beach as a summer resort, and to his efforts and energy its popularity and success are largely due.

**Mt. Clemens**

The charming, busy city of Mt. Clemens has a population of about 5,000, and is situated some twenty miles from Detroit, on the Grand Trunk R. R. and on the Clinton river, one of the most romantic and charming streams in Michigan, as can readily be seen by our illustrations. One of the favorite excursions of Detroiters is the trip from Detroit to Mt. Clemens, by steamer—a three-hour ride.

Leaving the dock about 9 a.m., we steam up the Detroit river, pass the city and the beautiful park, out into Lake St. Clair. Hugging the northern shore, soon after passing

teen, and start on the ride home about 8.30 p.m. Or, if one is romantically inclined, he can stay a bit longer, and take the ride by moonlight, which is unsurpassed in loveliness anywhere in this country. The city itself is well and substantially built, well paved, well governed and prosperous to a
PICTURESQUE DETROIT AND ENVIRONS

The city of Sault Ste. Marie is a busy little place of about 7,000 population and is quite an extensive manufacturing place and at the same time a favorite and popular summer resort. It is situated on St. Mary’s river, near the outlet of Lake Superior and opposite the famous rapids of the same name. It was a famous Indian trading and meeting place and was undoubtedly visited by white traders before the Mayflower was thought of even. A quadrangle was built here by the French in 1750. An international railroad bridge 3,009 feet long was built here in 1877. The famous Ship Canal was completed in 1935. It has the longest lock in the world, is 800 feet long and 160 feet wide. The Government proposes to deepen the entire canal to 21 feet. Any one who visits here should not fail to see the canal and shoot the rapids in a canoe with the expert Indian “voyageur.”

ST. IGNACE

The old and historic town of St. Ignace, which was settled in 1671 by the French, lies on the north side of the straits of Mackinaw.
It is a quaint, old and picturesque place, and abounds in relics of its historic past. Here Marquette is a part of the history of St. Ignace and a prominent part of it too. Here the noble priest lies buried and over his grave stands a fitting monument to his great and good memory. Here, too, we find his church yet standing where he ministered so well and so long so many years—although to Michigan and the whole North-west a monument is not necessary to perpetuate and keep fresh the memory and life work of this pious priest.

**ROCKY MARQUETTE**

The rock-bound shore of Marquette has had many an anger and sportsman's hit. Marquette is called "The Queen City of Lake Superior," and is one of the most beautiful places on the south shore of that great inland sea. This city, built upon and between the hills, is a model of taste and elegance, and affords one of the finest views of lake and inland scenery to be found in the Upper Peninsula. The atmosphere is cool and invigorating, and the place as a summer resort is surpassed by but few places on the continent. The private residences are of an unusually fine character, many of them costing from $20,000 to $60,000 each. The settlement dates only from...
In 1845, in which year the iron deposits first began to be worked, the first iron dock was built in 1843, and the railroad completed to the mines in 1847. Several hundred thousand dollars have been spent in the improvement of the docks within the last few years, and they are now the finest on the coast. Over $40,000 have already been spent in building drives to and about Presque Isle, a great headland north of the city, comprising about 400 acres and given to the city by the United States government for park purposes. All travellers will find a visit to this park well worth the time spent thereon.

Marquette and vicinity is the angler's paradise. The fame of the streams, in every direction from the city, as the home of the brook trout, is already widespread, and the number of those who come here every year to enjoy the rare sport thus furnished, is rapidly growing. Nearly every species of the gameiest of fresh-water fish can be taken from the waters within a few miles of Marquette, though that most beautiful and gameiest of all fishes...
PICTURESQUE DETROIT AND ENVIRONS

— the brook trout — leads in the matter of numbers and popularity. If crock-fishing is discontinued, there remains the long stretch of rock-bound shore of the great lake. Off these rocks is splendid fishing for speckled trout — the carrying of the catch frequently making not the least of the labors of the angler.

Bay View

Bay View is a famous summer resort and gathering place of Chautauquans and university extension workers. It is situated on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, is easily reached by rail and steamer and in the summer has a population of about 20,000.

The history of Bay View is comparatively recent, but in these few years its fame has gone far and wide. Eighteen years ago, when the site was bought, thirty Indians and their chief walked in the transfer. All the region was a dense wilderness, but now a well-built summer city of over four hundred cottages dot among the forested groves, with all the conveniences and dignity of a permanent city. Five lines of steamers on the great lakes and two railway lines daily make the place pleasantly accessible, and low-priced summer tourist tickets, sold everywhere, practically bring the place near to the populous centers.

In the assembly hall of Bay View there is seldom less than 1,000 persons present to listen to the evening discourses, and the selection of this spot in the immediate vicinity of the other places teachers from all parts of the country is of itself a great inducement to visit the resorts of Little Traverse Bay. This is the Mecca of hay fever sufferers and their malady is speedily dispelled here, while every intending visitor will be glad to know that flies and mosquitoes are unknown at this place. Harbor Point, near by, is also much fre-
PETOSKEY

Petoskey, the famous summer resort, was but twenty years ago the abiding-place of a band of Indians, from whose chieftain the town derives its name. Today it is a community of over 4,000 souls and is frequented by summer tourists. Petoskey is built on table-lands which rise in splendid terraces from the sandy beach of Little Traverse Bay. This is a beautiful sheet of water, fifteen miles long by nine miles wide, narrowing gradually so that, at its utmost, it forms a natural amphitheater. It is the busiest and most important resort in the north part of the state, and the Macon of bay shore resorts, who find here absolute relief. The location is on the south side of the bay, and the prevailing wind being from the lake, it is always cool and laden with health-giving freshness. The accommodations for guests are excellent and extensive, and in the way of amusement and recreation simply complete.

GLADSTONE

The picturesque little seven years old city of Gladstone, of between two thousand and three thousand inhabitants, is located on a high promontory which overlooks the little Bay de Noc, the sailors' paradise—a large inlet from the outlets of lower end of Lake Michigan extending the Upper Peninsula of the Wolverine State. Seven years ago the site of Gladstone, crowned with lofty pines, sturdy oaks and the delicious trading station, was an ideal resort for the devotees of the gun, the rod and the yacht. Today, in spite of the presence at Gladstone of the noisy din of railways, the whistling chorus of scores of steam vessels and the rattling and clanging on the one and grain docks, the little city in question is in the center of one of the most delightful of summer resorts.

Those who are fond of fishing may find here all sorts of game—bass, pike, pickerel and whitefish, while in the Whitefish, Escanaba and Bay's rivers near at hand, will be found most excellent brook trout fishing.

Game of all kinds, from the black bear down to the squirrel, from the snipe and plover up to ducks and wild turkey are plentiful. For boating and fishing the little Bay de Noc furnishes ample facilities. Gladstone may be easily reached by rail or boat and the hotel accommodations are exceptionally satisfactory.
PICTURESQUE DETROIT AND ENVIRONS

Michigan's Military Academy

"Outside of West Point, the Michigan Military Academy still maintains its place as the leading military institution of the country." This is not quoted from any advertisement or circular, but is the expressed opinion of Colonel Heyl, Inspector General of the United States Army.

The Academy is situated twenty-six miles from Detroit and four and one-half miles from Pontiac, with which it is connected by railroad. The grounds, comprising one hundred and twenty acres, are on the shores of Orchard Lake, in one of the most beautiful and healthful localities in Michigan. The buildings are all new, of brick, and built expressly for the purpose for which they are used. There are already six modern buildings, well lighted and ventilated, and complete in every respect, as represented in the engravings on page 114-115 of this work.

The Academy is pre-eminently self-made, having started without endowment and never having received pecuniary aid from the state. Yet in a sense the Michigan Military Academy is fostered by the state, and is subject to state inspection. It is intimately
connected with the military affairs of the state, and its graduates ineligible as brevet second lieutenants in the state troops. The course in military instruction resembles that at West Point, and West Point uniforms are worn by the cadets. Arms and equipments are furnished by the general government, and the textbook department, is under the supervision of a military professor; a graduate of West Point, detailed by the United States government from the regular army. The fact that the cadets of this institution took first prize of $1,000 and a gold medal in the national drill at Washington, in 1877, and won distinction at the Washington centennial celebration at New York in 1889, also at the World's Fair in Chicago this year, is strong evidence of the efficiency of instruction and discipline.

The graduates of the academy who numbered nearly two hundred and fifty, have already proved that this academy affords the ideal school training, imparting physical health and force, which is the best spring of mental activity, manhood, and good citizenship. The institution is an intellectual and moral force in the community, and justly merits the high estimation in which it is held.

LAKE GOGEBIC

Lake Gogebic is one of the most celebrated fishing resorts in the northwest, and our illustrations, on page 149 and elsewhere, though they may make the sportman's mouth water, are in no way exaggerated of the sport to be had on the lake.

It is on the very summit of the great watershed between Lake Superior and the Mississippi. It is fifteen miles long and one and one-half to three miles wide. It is 1,400 feet above the point and 900 feet above Lake Superior, which is only seventeen miles distant. It lies surrounded with a dense and luxuriant growth of woods indigenous to this high northern latitude. The fishing in Gogebic Lake and its tributaries is superb. Black bass of great size may be taken here in greater numbers than in any other water in the world, while
Oakland County is a "land of lakes," there being several hundred of them here and it was the earliest settled of any interior county in the territory. For many years it ranked in importance only second to Wayne, and it has always been first among all the counties of Michigan in its varied agricultural products and live stock.

It is thirty miles square, and contains 576,000 acres, 20,000 of which is water.

The general surface of Oakland County is from 200 to 300 feet above the level of the Great Lakes.

In twenty of the twenty-five townships of the county, there are lakes and inlets on whose sandy shores you will often find boats fit for the gods to dwell in; but those we mention are the best known, owing to railroad facilities, resorts to Pontiac, and other local considerations. Pine Lake is one and a half miles from the city of Pontiac, and may be reached by the famous Orchard Lake gravel road. It is one and a half miles in length, and it is supplied entirely by springs, there being no visible inlet. "The Interlaken," a Detroit club, is located on this lake. Orchard Lake, on which is located the noted Michigan Military Academy, lies immediately west of Pine, separated from it only by a narrow strip of land on which stands the depot of the Grand Trunk.

OAKLAND COUNTY - PONTIAC, THE LAKES, Etc.

"Land of the lakes, upon whose browns alchemists
The sacred glory of each1 bounded them.
O, land of lakes and memories!
Oh, fair land of trees and woodland flowers;
Ah, of graceful forms of swan and deer;
Land of wild roses, in many a mystic bower;
Dwellers of an angel waited there above."

The lake is nearly round, a little more than a mile and a half in diameter, with a beautiful island in the center, containing about forty acres. The island is owned and has long been occupied by Mrs. Calvin Campbell of Detroit and her family as a summer home. Here is an apple orchard supposed to have been planted by the Indians and, from which it derived its Indian name, "Menomie-grounding," meaning apple ground.

"To be happy is to grow.
To be happy is to love.
To be happy is to live.
To be happy is to die.
To be happy is to be.
To be happy is to know.
To be happy is to feel.
To be happy is to dream.
To be happy is to wish.
To be happy is to believe.
To be happy is to hope.
To be happy is to satisfy.
To be happy is to release.
To be happy is to sleep.
To be happy is to rise.
To be happy is to think.
To be happy is to feel.
To be happy is to love.
To be happy is to grow.
To be happy is to live.
To be happy is to die.
To be happy is to be.
To be happy is to know.
To be happy is to dream.
To be happy is to wish.
To be happy is to believe.
To be happy is to hope.
To be happy is to satisfy.
To be happy is to release.
To be happy is to sleep.
To be happy is to rise.
To be happy is to think.
To be happy is to feel.
To be happy is to love.
To be happy is to grow.
To be happy is to live.
To be happy is to die.
To be happy is to be.
To be happy is to know.
To be happy is to dream.
To be happy is to wish.
To be happy is to believe.
To be happy is to hope.
To be happy is to satisfy.
To be happy is to release.
Orchard Lake resembles Pine in its shores, and like Pine it is spring fed, having no visible inlet except from Pine. It empties its waters into Cass, the largest lake in the county, being about three miles in length. It lies north of Orchard Lake and possesses many of the characteristics of Orchard and Pine lakes. At Cass park, on the eastern shore, is located the Cass Lake Club, which is the social club of Pontiac. On both these lakes, near Orchard Lake, is the palatial home of Dr. David Ward. Sylvan is the same recently given by the Sylvan Lake Improvement Association, to the three lakes situated in the north-east corner of the township of Waterford, north of Cass Lake, and adjoining the city of Pontiac.

These lakes are so situated that they may with propriety be considered one lake. On a beautiful peninsula is situated the elegant Sylvan Lake Inn, which has just been completed.

The Grand Trunk Railway passes through the property of the Sylvan Lake Association, with a depot near

the inn. The lakes we have named, like most of the lakes in the county, abound in fish, and on these and many other lakes in the vicinity of Pontiac are numerous summer cottages owned by residents of Detroit, Pontiac, and other cities. The Indians, especially those who inhabited this portion of North America before the advent of the white man, were admirers of the beautiful in nature, and the lake district which we have but briefly described was their favorite resort.

Pontiac, "the most picturesque Indian town ever found in the soil of the mighty west," there had its ledge, and here he is said to have retired after his exile at the siege of Detroit. The picturesque city which bears his name, numerous thriving villages, and cultivated farms now occupy the hallowed ground of the Indian, but art has not entirely expelled the bower of nature. These lakes and much of their immediate surroundings, still remain unmolested by man. Art has added to, but has not taken away the wild and picturesque beauty of these scenes where "under the same moon that shines for us, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate." They paddled their light canoes over the crystal waters twenty-four miles from Detroit's city hall, with the first dews, and most delightful rural surroundings, it is an exquisite residence suburban of Detroit. Its schools and churches are not surpassed by any of Detroit. It contains many handsome residences and the occupants of the beautiful cottages of every station and comfortable homes within the range of vision, and beautiful greenscenery, directly interested as a rule on all the streets. Pontiac is beginning to be appreciated as a residence city, and one hundred and fifty new homes have been built within the last year, (1892).

The city has two electric lighting plants, an excellent system of water works, and one of the best fire departments in the state, an electric street railway has been inaugurated, and it is the intention to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the arrival of steam cars into this country, by the introduction of electric cars which will connect Pontiac with Sylvan, Cass, Orchard, and Pine lakes.

The Eastern Michigan Asylum, one of the many famous institutions for the
Turtle Lake

Turtle Lake, so called because of its singular resemblance to the "turtle," lies about thirty-seven miles north-west of Alpena, which town is its nearest railroad approach or connection. The lake itself lies in the midst of and is surrounded by one of the grand and impressive old, almost primitive, lower peninsula pine forests. The main body of the lake is about two miles in length and nearly as wide, while the head of the lake, (or turtle) is a small lake connected with the main body of the lake by a little stream called the "neck," which is really the "shoulder" of the lake. This "head," or small lake is very deep and no bottom has, as yet, been found in it.

About these lakes and the upper south branch of the Alpena river, the "Turtle Lake Shooting and Fishing Club," owns some 4,000 acres of land—a sportman's paradise, abounding in game and the lakes thrashing abundant varieties of fish for the piscatorially inclined members of the club,—such as the northern pike, trout, black bass, perch and many other members of the fish tribe.

The "little game farm" also contains within its boundaries several fine blocks of land, clear of brush and trees where the king of fish abounds.

The Club have good, substantial log cain buildings, which along with their lands, roads and other property, are posted and looked after by their own men, or "care takers" and always in the season, are in the best of shape for the "royal sport" afforded members. Among prominent Detroit members, we might mention J. D. Canfield, F. H. Gillman, G. H. C. Colburn, G. H.
Bom<', J. C. Black and Mr. D'Hommme — all great lovers and devotees of the divine sport.

In the cozy and comfortable club house is a large old-fashioned fireplace and ample hearth, over and about which can be seen numerous trophies of the chase, club prizes and the huntsman's guns and paraphernalia.

Here, after the hard day's work is ended, the members of the Club, the old sportsmen, love to gather and watch the dying embers on the big fire logs, on the hearth and spits yams of the chime, smoke the social pipe, or in silent "sportsmen's revues," talk Hughes, as they meditate over the exciting events of the day.

We are indebted to Mr. F. Blind and the Hayden Photo Company for their excellent work.

Lake pictures, which no doubt will be of much interest to our patrons and the public generally, as typical Michigan hunting scene and Camp.

Orion Lake, as pretty a body of water and inland lake as can be found in Michigan. It is about forty miles from Detroit on the Detroit, Bay City and Muskegon branch of the Michigan Central R. R. The topography of the surrounding country is rather high and rolling and is some six hundred feet higher than Detroit. The town of Orion, lying quite close to the lake, is a neat and brick little place of about one thousand inhabitants and there is a fine hotel where visitors can obtain pleasant accommodations and good cheer, and plenty of it, at very reasonable rates.

There are many fine summer homes around the lake owned by Detroiters and among them many of our prominent physicians. Just why so many
Pontiac's Reverie
GODERICH AND RIVER MIGHTLAND

The town of Goderich, Ont., is situated on the east shore of Lake Huron, about an eight hours’ ride by the Grand Trunk Railroad from Detroit, and it is also a pleasant trip by steamer. It has always been a favorite summer resort of Detroiters. Its bracing and bracing, magnificent drives, its cool, bracing atmosphere, together with its most unique and grandly beautiful Maitland river scenery, make it a delightful spot for the tourist, artist or sportsman to visit, as can be readily seen by our illustrations on another page.

MACKINAC

Mackinac Island is at the head of Lake Huron, and is much frequented by travelers and invalids because of its historical interest and peculiarly bracing air.

Mackinac in the summer season is the social center of the north. Wealth, elegance, culture and genteel rendezvous there and it only needs to be better known to become a Mecca where the magnificent and generous accep-
modestions which now exist will be insufficient for the multitude that will visit it. At present it is the summer home of some of the best and most widely known celebrities of the country. Many of those from Chicago and more distant cities occupy cottages in their appurtenances and appointments are less than palaces, and shiver are transported for purposes of the sunshine with concrete and paper, blooded stock, blooded servants and other conveniences afforded wealth. On the hillsides, elevated high above the water with a glorious view of the shores and distant islands, and nestled are the cottage sites.

Nothing can exceed the beauty of this island. It is a mass of caucasian peak rising from the bed of Lake Huron, and reaching a height of more than three hundred feet above the water. Some of its cliffs shoot up perpendicularly, and tower in pinnacles like half ruined gothic streels. The island shows unmistakable evidence of the water basing since been torn hundred and fifty feet above its present site. It is a mooted question whether the lake has filled from its original level, or the island has been filled up. It is cavernous in places, and in these the ancient Indians were wont to place their dead.

The harbor at the south end is a little port, and around it the little old-fashioned French town wades in primitive style, while above from the fort, its white walls gleaming in the sun. This village is a perfect city landmarks itself. Situated at the feet of the bluff, its two streets extend for a distance of a mile along the beach. The buildings are a redoubled mixture of the modern and antique. Some were brought from Old Mackinaw when the town and fort were removed from that point after the massacre of June 8th, 1765. Many of the facias are of the original palisade style. The whole area of the island is one labyrinth of coves, caves and valleys. These are walks and winding paths of the most romantic character among its hills and precipices. From the eminences overlooking the lake can be seen magnificent views of almost unobstructed extent, and as the observer gazes from the rocky battlements of the fort upon the surrounding waters, there steals upon him a sense of security, which seems a complete protection against the heat of Summer afternoon.

ANN ARBOR AND MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY

The city of Ann Arbor, a synonymous term with Michigan's great and noble University—a name familiar to the world over, lies less than a two hours' ride—forty-five miles—on the outskirts of Detroit on Michigan's finest railroad, the Michigan Central. It is characterized on the banks of the beautiful Huron river and in a very hilly, finely cultivated farming section of the state. It has a population of nearly 50,000, more or less, sometimes more, engaged for the most part in the acquisition of knowledge, mercantile and manufacturing pursuits, or vice versa, mercantile and manufacturing pursuits and the acquisition of knowledge; take it whichever way that pleases the taste, as the water does not wish to reflect upon the great business push, enterprise and thrift of a city that every true and loyal Michigan is truly proud of.
It is an extremely well and beautifully built city and in proportion to its size has more fine, substantial and imposing structures, not only, but exquisite and charming homes, of any place in this or any other state. Its streets are broad and well paved and the resident portion generally graded with lolly doso, beech or maple, and lined with beautiful and tasteful homes, be they large and stately or small and humble, the same neat and tidy air pervades all alike. All have large lots, beautifully kept lawns, and a superfluity of flowers adorns nearly every garden front. Its business streets and buildings are also of the finest class in style architecturally and of solidity in construction, and compare very favorably with the largest cities, while its mercantile houses are as large, well and tastily decorated as can be found in Detroit. The public buildings and churches are in keeping with the city's private enterprise and the University's fine complement of buildings, and it also abounds in very many private clubs or college club houses of the most elegant character architecturally and exceedingly well finished interiors, in those that members suffer no lack of comfort, to say nothing about the luxuries of life.

Ann Arbor has a fine system of electric street railways, branching out all over the city's main thoroughfares and at all time connecting with the city of Ypsilanti, a distance of ten or twelve miles away, where is located the State Normal School and many large and prosperous manufacturing institutions.

The city abounds in numerous beautiful and picturesque drives and the visitor, who has traveled

PICTURESQUE DETROIT AND ENVIRONS

with the largest cities, while its mercantile houses are as large, well and tastily decorated as can be found in Detroit. The public buildings and churches are in keeping with the city's private enterprise and the University's fine complement of buildings, and it also abounds in very many private clubs or college club houses of the most elegant character architecturally and exceedingly well finished interiors, in those that members suffer no lack of comfort, to say nothing about the luxuries of life.

Ann Arbor has a fine system of electric street railways, branching out all over the city's main thoroughfares and at all time connecting with the city of Ypsilanti, a distance of ten or twelve miles away, where is located the State Normal School and many large and prosperous manufacturing institutions.

The city abounds in numerous beautiful and picturesque drives and the visitor, who has traveled

considerably, does not recall in this country, at least, a finer system of country roads outlying the city for many miles; roads over which it is a pleasure to ride in carriage or "bike," any season of the year.

As befitting the city of Michigan's great seat of learning, Ann Arbor is a city unceasingly cultured and cultivated to a high degree and its society consequently is of the highest and best order, embracing within its midst men and women of the highest order of heart and intellectuality.

As to the University, one of the best and grandest institutions of its kind in this country, or any other for that matter, I can say but little, if anything, to add to its fame or grandeur. We all know it, love and honor it and the noble man at its head, President Angell. Every Michigan University graduate be
he a Miehigan man or not, knows him but to love and honor him; and every Michigander knows him but to praise and honor him and his great and enduring work.

This little work is merely descriptive, and more so pictorially than editorially; we do not pretend to go into history or detail, but we cannot pass without bare mention of the magnificent fine arts collection belonging to the University.

The collection was begun in 1854. It contains a gallery of casts, in full size and in reduction, of some of the most valuable ancient statues and busts, such as the Apollo Belvedere, the Laocoön, the Sibyls, a gallery of more than two hundred reductions and models in terra cotta and other materials; the statue of Nydia by Randolph Rogers; casts of modern statues, busts, etc., and reliques; a number of engravings and photographic views, illustrating especially the architectural and sculptural remains of ancient Italy and Greece; a small collection of engraved copies of the great masterpieces of modern painting; two series of historical medallions—the Horace Walpole Collection, and the Governor Bagley Collection; and a large collection of casts, chiefly Greek and Roman, presented to the University by the late Dr. A. E. Kidder.

The Rogers-Gallery comprises the entire collection of the original casts of the works of the late Randolph Rogers, more than a hundred in number. It was given by that distinguished sculptor to the state of Michigan for the University sixteen years ago. The fine botanical, geological collection of cabinets and the Chinese, ethnological and ethnological collections,G

ting and fishing, and protect accessibility from every direction, combine to make it the natural summer resort of the Central, Western and Southwestern States. The facility in accommodating thousands of those who visit the place annually and are familiar with its many attractive features. The largest summer hotel in the country, the "Victory," is located at Put-in-Bay.

"IS GOD DEAD?"

A Reminiscence of Napoleon's Truth

There are hundreds now living in the city of Detroit and thousands in Michia[a, New York and other northern states, who will very distinctly remember a very original and remarkable character whose tall, striking appearance, epigrammatic and pungent words, and forceful sentences made an impression they can never forget. This singular
Impression upon all hearts, for God, for Justice, and for Humanity. And this remarkable character was a negro! Born and reared under one of the "slavery institutions" of this country, as a "chattel slave," and that in the great Empire State of New York, remaining in that "torn bondage" up to the Fourth of July, 1827, sixty-six years ago, when that state abolished slavery she became free woman. From that event up to the time of her death a few years ago, at Battle Creek in this state, did that wonderful woman
make the most noble use of her extraordinary powers. By this time I think many who may have read these few lines will have recognized the famous old "Sojourner Truth." I have seen vast audiences enthused and thrilled by her wonderful and inspiring words. On one occasion in antislavery days, when we abolitionists were holding a large antislavery convention at Rochester, N. Y., and everything looked dark and discouraging, the slave power having obtained such control and domination over the political parties, the churches, and the independence of the country, and the Supreme Court of the United States had reversed out through old Judge Taney in the Dred Scott case the inhuman decision, that "Black men had no rights that white men were bound to respect:" Frederick Douglass, who was at this Rochester convention, was adding to the depression and gloom by a half despairing speech, when the tall, tall figure of "Sojourner Truth" rose up in the audience, and amid the silence of death, exclaimed, "Frederick! Is God dead?" It would be difficult to describe in words the electric and thrilling effect of this timely, this Heaven inspired exclamation from that devoted and venerable old saint. The tide was turned, and in a moment spontaneous and exultant shouts went up from that vast assemblage.

It is a pleasure to record, that, though through blood and tears and the terrible slaughter of war, this faithful old soul, with millions of other aching hearts, lived to see the glorious day of emancipation to the 4,000,000 American slaves; to be confirmed in her assurance that "God was not dead," and to realize the prophetic prediction of Thomas Jefferson in reference to the wrongs of slavery, "God's justice cannot stand forever!" I tremble for my country when I remember that God is just."

GEORGE W. CLARK.

HENNEPIN'S OPINION OF THE COUNTRY

The following extracts of interest are taken from the narrative of Fr. Louis Hennepin A. Rev., who accompanied M. Sieur d'La Salle on his visit from a point at the foot of Lake Erie, what is now Fort Erie, to the head of Lake Erie, the Detroit river, Lake St. Clair, Lake Huron, "The Soo," and Lake Michigan then named Lake Illinois. They left August 7th, 1679, this point

Detroit, Mich., Sept., 1897.
above Niagara Falls accompanied by thirty-four men in a small vessel sixty tons burden, which they constructed at that point and arrived at the foot of the Detroit river on the 10th. La Salle took his leave of the party, to return temporarily to Montreal in the following season, when they were all at the head of the Illinois river, leaving Tonti in command. There they built a fort and it was from this point that Hennepin with two other men in his birch bark canoe sailed down this river to the Mississippi and unknown to La Salle or Tonti, made his discovery of the lower Mississippi. This is what Hennepin says, as they approached the mouth at the foot of the Detroit river:

"The next day we doubled two cays and met with all manner of rocks or sand. We discovered a pretty large island toward the south-west, about seven or eight leagues from the northern coast..."
That island from the strait that comes from Lake Huron. On the 10th, very early in the morning, we passed between these islands and seven or eight lesser ones and having sailed near another, which is nothing but sand, to the west of the lake, we came to anchor at the mouth of the strait which runs from Lake Huron into that of Lake Erie. On the 11th we went further into the strait and passed between two of these islands, which makes one of the finest prospects in the world. This strait is narrower than that of Niagara, being thirty leagues long and everywhere one league broad, except in the middle, which is wider, facing the lake we have called St. Clair. The navigation is easy on both sides, being low and even. The strait runs directly from north to south.

The country between those two lakes is very well situated and the soil very fertile. The banks of the strait are vast meadows and the prospect is terminated with some hills covered with vineyards, trees bearing good fruit, groves and forests so well disposed that you would think nature alone could not have made, without the help of art, so charming a prospect. The country is stocked with stags, wild goats, and bobs, which are very good food, and not fierce as in other countries—some think they are better than our pork. Turkey cocks and swans are also very common and our men brought several other beasts and birds whose names are unknown to us, but they are extraordinarily delicious.

"The forests are chiefly made up of walnut trees, chestnut trees, pine trees and pine trees booted with their own fruit and vinoes. There is also abundance of timber fit for building in that place who shall be so happy as to inhabit that country cannot but remember with gratitude those who have discovered the way by venturing to sail upon an unknown lake over one hundred leagues."

Joel A. Richardson.

THE LOGGING CAMP

We had just broken camp after a delightful and successful four weeks' hunt. Our party had returned to the nearest town, some twenty miles away from our permanent camp—our place of operations—and were making their final preparations for departure hence, when Mr. R., the lumber-"man, called upon us at the hotel and gave us a pressing invitation to make him a visit at his lumber-camp up Tew-Tree. "Bring your guns and rods, we've got lots of game and fish, deer, an occasional bear and plenty of the finest trout in the world," said he, by way of tempting us. All of the party, but myself had pressing business engagements to meet and were all packed to return, so declined with thanks; while I, never knowing when and where to stop whenever sport is concerned, Besides never having seen or visited a lumber camp and not being pressed for time, gladly accepted it—a kind invitation.
Laying aside my "bied-shirt" gobs of civilization—and once more donning the hunting suit and taking with me my "old trusty" all the shells I could carry and my rod, we took a way f'ight and after a two hours ride left the train and took to the woods for camp, about ten miles away, where we arrived in time for dinner. The "camp," consisted of a cluster of rude log cabins, standing out from the pine forest in a little clearing upon a bluff overlooking the river. The cabins were built of round rough pine logs, topped off and roofed with rough shingles. There were three of them, one, the "Hall," where the men camped, so to speak, was a long, low building about 60 x 100. At the further end, directly opposite the entrance, was the kitchen. In the center of the room, divided from the kitchen partly by the matched board partition was the "dining hall," really dining room and kitchen combined. Here, long plain pine tables ran across the room; single board benches in line of chairs, accommodated the hungry crew three times a day. Extending from this aforementioned partition to the front of building, on both sides or walls, were ranged a double tier of wooden bunks, in which the men slept, or lounged and smoked, as inclinations dictated. Some had hay, others pine boughs, while others merely rolled themselves unaffectingly in their blankets and slept the sleep of the busiest toiler, but no one except "de boss" when in camp, bivouacked in matress, sheet or pillow. In the center of this, the living room, stood a large stove, surrounded by a few rickety old chairs and stools. Here, evenings and Sundays, around a good warming fire, the men would congregate—some in those old squeaky, rickety chairs, stools and benches or on the tables and benches or still more comfortably situated, in their adjoining bunks, and with yarns, sing songs—scrape the fiddles or play cards, while an occasional one could be seen reading some old stray newspaper, letter, or book, or slowly fumbling with pen or pencil, writing to the loved ones at home—while always, beyond and around all was a thick dense cloud of rolling cheap tobacco smoke. The other buildings, of similar appearance and construction, although not quite so "elaborately" finished, consisted of barns, sheds, tool house, carpenter and blacksmith shops,—quite a little village in all by themselves.

Our cook was a large raw-boned Swede who mastered the duties far more successfully.
than the English language
and while it (the cooking,
not the language) was not
delicate or varied, it was
substantial and wholesome.
Breakfast consisted genera-
ally of black hot excellent
coffee, with sugar but no
milk, bread (occasionally
with butter) corn beef hash
or pork and potatoes. For
dinner we had corn beef,
hot and cold boiled ham,
potatoes, bread and tea and
pie always, but not always
good pie. Supper gave
us jaked beef, fried ham and
potatoes, and hot biscuit,
now and then canned sauce
or dried apples or peaches
every time.
This diet regime was bro-
ken and varied by the fresh
game or fish that I might
happen to bag and the boys
were always pleased to see
me coming into camp with
the bag well filled — it was
always a treat to them to get something
fresh — and when I came in with a fine
shriek of choicebrook trout — a fitting feast
for the gods — nothing in camp was too
good for me.
The "call" to dinner was made with a
six foot block back dinner horn, the farther
end of which the cook was obliged to put
upon the house top, stamp on it, and a
blast from which we could hear for miles. It took an enormous amount of lung power to
give the blast, but Nelson, the cook, was one of the few who could do it to perfection and it
was always answered with a laugh and a shout of welcome to men and teams dropped
everything in quick response to the odd but gladsome call — which seemed to say to all,
"Come to dinner — the turkey's all ready — Come to dinner!"
The teamsters were the first men to camp to turn out in the morning and were always
up and bustling themselves by four a.m., taking care of their teams and getting ready
for theirusual early start. Next the cook began yelling and bouncing at his stove, preparing
for the customary six o'clock breakfast, which was a signal for all hands to get up and
turn out, which they usually did with shouts and rough jokes at the lagards, accompanied
at times with flying missiles, such as boots, boxes or bed-jacks, etc.
THE LEGEND OF ME-NAH-SA-GOR-NING

By Dr. Samuel W. Leggett

In the State of Michigan, in one county above that of Oakland, is a chain of beautiful clear lakes, some two hundred in number, many of them miles in length and width. Around these wind the roadways, over benches of white pebbles, and shaded by the "forests-primeval." Two rivers, the Huron and Clinton, run through these lakes, and in their terraced forms, wind and turn and twist, till after a course of hundreds of miles they meet at one point in deep Lake Huron.

These rivers are in summer dotted with the water lily. As they flow on through the "Primeval," their banks are huges old oaks, under which, in the "days that are gone," stood many a wigwam. In the heart of the "Primeval," near the mouth of the Huron, I have attempted to weave, so founded upon an ancient covering at Detroit, a myth based on an old story of the Hurons, and the inhabitants of the lakes, of the old tire lily, and the fish god, who, so far as it is our custom to call it, is the tribal god of the Hurons.

Tradition says: That back beyond the memory of the tribe, there was a young chief sickened and suddenly died. The medicine men to whom he was betrothed were summoned, and whenever she could escape from her curdled, she would take the body of the chief in its resting place in the old ground across the lake, and carry it back where his lodge formerly stood.

At last, weary of guarding her, with the advice of their medicine men, the tribe killed her, upon her regular duty. This cause offended the Great Spirit, that he caused his intention to totally destroy the tribe and to give the maiden "as long as water flowed" complete control over it.

She then had power to assume her form at any time. She can appear the appearance of the tribe at any time, by the beating of the Indians drum. At this sound they must gather and wait, where the waters individually have gradually covered by the drifting sands. Upon the signal, of her coming with her death, the warriors must meet her on the shores, bear the chief on her back and lay him down by the sides of the council fire. For she, as the chief, has a home.

Over the covered paths, the dance of light.

For the rabbit, the chickadee, and the gray squirrel, through the clearing the Transportation glitters over their head.

And the scenes thus the moon throws a lonely ray. On the maiden's slight form as she comes from the forest, she glides down in the midst of her warriors.

With her is her tepee covered with plumes of her hair, and the bright star on the tip of her headdress. She tosses it up and down, when her dance of flight.

I have come once again from the distant shores, I am returning. Beloved of you, once more, And the maiden sings.

I hope that I have not stolen the spirits away.

They will hear you away from my sight again, And the Aut_NOW's cold leaves, and the Summer's rain.

While the feeble star is dim and covered, The maiden's dance of flight.

With a ball of light around your neck, And the sun, with the moon, the stars, the bright flowers.

Once again the moon shines with a dial of light, And the strange glimmering star. The maiden's dance of flight.

Kindly hands take her own, with a look of tears While the deer is on the breeze, the maiden's dance of flight.

She treads upon the shore, which has never been seen, And the maiden's dance of flight.

In the silence of grief, pouring out from the sky, The maiden's dance of flight.

The maiden, with her head raised in the glowing wind, The maiden's dance of flight.

The maiden's dance of flight.

She walks on the sky, and a sign of life, The maiden's dance of flight.

Till the moon and the glades of the evening wind, The maiden's dance of flight.

When the waves from their sources flow away on the shore, The maiden's dance of flight.
One morning soon after the gamesters had gone out, one of them came hurrying back and coming to my bunk softly cuffed me out, telling me that he had seen a fine buck hanging around near the camp—only five minutes ago had he seen him near the barn. This was enough for me: I was dressed, hunting boots and all in three minutes. Picking up the heaviest gun, a double-barreled breech-loading Remington, I slipped in shells loaded with buck shot and hurried out after his majesty, my heart thumping for a shot and my mouth watering for a taste of venison. Making the circuit of the camp I soon found the deer's trail and following fast I soon came to a little lake about a mile from the camp. Here I lost the trail in the surrounding marsh. Hoping he would yet turn up, I sought a sheltered spot to windward, where I could command a good view of his winning place without exposing myself to his sharp eyes or keen scent, hiding my face for a sheet, which came sooner than I looked for or expected. The sun was just coming up and, wet and cold as it was, my blood was up and I was warm and blazed.

Seating myself on a felled 'trunk of the oak' to recover my wind and to rest a moment, I suddenly heard a cracking in the bush at my left; quickly turning I beheld—not my expected and hoped-for buck, but my first bear and a big one at that.

I never knew what the buck fever was, but my bear fever, for a moment, was intense. I could feel the blood move in great surges or waves back and forth, from head to foot and back to head and my feet seemed to come up in a tree at 'pick it' his camp and last on the aforesaid legs could carry me. But the trees were big smooth pines and the bear was between myself and the camp, so I fought it out.

Up to this time the bear had not seen me; raising my gun I waited until he again came out of the intervening brush, when he gave me his fine profile at once. I gave him a good one in his flank.

Heavenly! What a roaring howl did he give. I knew that I had hit him, and entering to slip in another cartridge in the empty chamber, I stood at bay and ready to light it out as hard as possible. I couldn't run away if I wanted to, as there was a thick underbrush and marsh. His headship, up to the moment of reloading the discharged barrel, had not seen me, but the click of the gun breech attracted his attention. Looking up with almost human intelligence he gave an unseemly howl and came for me with smooth open eye, and eyes glaring with savage fury. Waiting until I was reasonably sure of making both shots count and until he was almost upon me I pulled the trigger for a second shot, but to my dismay the cartridge strapped but did not explode.

The bear was now almost at the end of my gun and less evidently bent on revenge and my destruction and there was but one shot and only one chance for my life,—only one shot between myself and the wounded and infuriated beast.

Knowing that my life depended on that one shot, I waited a moment longer until he was almost upon me and was in the act of rushing on his haunches to strike out for me; when I aimed for his head and pulled the trigger. Thank God! this was a good, sound dry shell, and to that fact and a good aim I owed my life.
The shot struck him squarely in the face and whilst not killing him outright, it caused him great pain and gave me time to slip in another cartridge and give him a final quietus—after which he gave an almost human groan and expired.

Making my way back to camp, I told the boys of my good luck. They could scarcely believe it, but I finally obtained a party to go back with me and get the carcass. Tying his four legs together and pulling a pole underneath, the four men arranged, after much pulling and straining, to get him into camp, where he was duly skinned, quartered, and devoured by an appreciative crew of loggers, who feasted on fresh meat and in plenty for a week. His lovely skin yet adorns my library in the shape of a rug.

The boys (so called) are, as a rule, a "tough" but not necessarily vicious lot of men. They are free and easy, working like lions in their season, kind-hearted and generous to a fault. They are saving while at camp, simply because they have no ways of spending their money in the woods. But when their time is up and they get their pay, after making the improvements that make things bearable, the money is soon gone to the bad.

Late in the summer and fall the trees are felled, cut by one gang, while others are making tracks and roads solid and level, so that the logs

with their immense loads will not tip or slide over.

There is no limit to these loads, excepting the capacity and strength of the sleighs, as some of our illustrations will show—some being going as high as 50,000 to 75,000 feet and 18 or 20 feet long, 15 to 18 wide and 10 to 15 feet high, weighing from 75 to 125 tons—single trains.

These big sleighs are piled up with enormous loads of cut logs of even lengths, and are hauled to the river side and dumped or rolled to the water's edge—banking it, as it is called—where they await the coming of spring floods and breaking up to carry them safely to mill or market.

A fairly good "crop" of logs runs up into very big money—$20,000 to $30,000. If snow and early floods are plentiful,
well and good, but we beseech those who harvest a big "crop" and have their legs tied up with a dry open winter and are obliged to carry them over another season — to many lumbermen it would mean a stroke. When a good lot of logs are successfully handled and safely brought to the mill, thus by no means is the cost or safest part of their arduous labors, but on the other hand, when it is done and well done it makes the heart of "de Boss" very glad of no end.

We are indebted to E. H. Hine & Co., the photographers of Detroit, for many of the pictures which illustrate this chapter.

1. CORNWELLS MILL — ANN ARBOR.
2. A DOG OF ANN ARBOR'S DIAMOND.
3. THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.
4. ARCHDEACON OF JUDGE THOR, E. DOOLEY.
5. MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAMP AT JOHN ASHER.
6. MICHIGAN LABORATORY — UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.
7. LIBRARY INDOOR AT THE UNIVERSITY.
8. OLD BRIDGE AT PLYMOUTH.
PICTURESQUE DETROIT AND ENVIRONS

these fine and artistic photos illustrative of our Loggers' Camps.

CADILLAC'S OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE

The Michigan Historical society, through the enterprise of Clarence M. Burton, local historical expert, has recently come into the possession of the official correspondence and reports of Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac, in reference to his commands at Michilimackinac, Detroit and New Orleans.

Among the papers is a description of the location of Detroit before a tree was felled or a building erected, of Cadillac's arrival here on July 28th, 1701, and his descrip-

Cadillac's written controversy with the Jesuits is also given. The order wished to establish a mission and church at this post, but Cadillac would not allow them, doubtless sharing the prejudice against the order which was very pronounced at

wild grapes and apples and other indigenous fruits, and the abundant and tasty thrashed fish.

The description of the "sweet waters," the dense forest, the wild animals, the eagles that soared over the great fresh water stream, the delicious
first time and which resulted in its baptism from a majority of European countries. Their property in Canada was afterward confiscated, and the order was only reimbursed for this spoliation by an act of parliament passed a few years ago.

PALMER PARK

On page 127 will be found a very pretty set of views made in Palmer Park, a territory now owned by Senator Thomas W. Palmer. But recently (the summer of 1895) Mr. Palmer invited the city officials out to this place and informed them that he had given 120 acres off to the city on condition that it was provided with police protection, and that upon the death of himself and his wife the entire property would go to the city. The park and lake has cost Senator Palmer about $25,000, is now worth about $50,000, and was first owned by his grandfather, after it had been handed down by the Indians to the French and the French to the English.

Our pictures give some idea of the beautiful land and water-scapes on this place, where the stately oaks and maples tower over the most charming spots. The little cabin in the park contains many relics and curios and a Gfü V. Walker piano, nearly a hundred years old.

Senator Palmer has a name of treating his guests royally, and on the day of their visit, above related, all enjoyed themselves handsomely. If we may judge by the newspaper reports, which also report the following impromptu verses, as composed, and sung on the spot by the company to the tune of "Maryland, my Maryland,"

Tom Palmer's park! Tom Palmer's park! We make it from him thankfully, Well pleased, and thankful. And treasure it so faithfully, I'll be the gem of our town.

A park to add to its renown, And keep forever bright and even—

Tom Palmer's park! Tom Palmer's park! Home of my heart! I sing of Log Cabin farm, Log Cabin farm. The woods and glens I long to Log Cabin farm, Log Cabin farm.

From Witherell woods to Muskegon walls, From取得 to sunshine, field and shore, The olden buildings on high Log Cabin farm, Log Cabin farm!
Much interest, of course, centers around the Indian history connected with the Oakland county lakes district, spoken of, Mr. Dow remembers gatherings of Indians at various times to the number of several hundred, who made their camping ground a happy place. Three villages of some seventy or eighty lived on the island in Orchard Lake, ruled by an old chief named, or nicknamed, "Goody Morning" (Gato-maw ribou). He had two sons, who were very intelligent. The Indians were very peaceful, and so truthful that they could always be relied on."

**Old but Happy**

Born with the century, under the institution of slavery, at Wiscburg, less than a year after the death of General Washington, and during the presidency of John Adams, a lucky riding winning jockey at the age of seven years, and for fifty-five years a resident of Detroit, this is the recital of George Brown, an aged colored man, now a pensioner of the Little Sisters of the Poor.

The old man was sitting on a bench in the pleasant yard of the home, smoking a briarwood pipe, and appa-
entirely well-pleased with his surroundings. In answer to a question as to his age, he said, pleasantly, and to the musical tones of his people, that he was 93 years old two weeks past. "Art, please God, I'm as well as I ever was in my life. I haven't taken a drop of medicine since the war."

"Which war, uncle?" asked one of the other old men.

"De war ab de south. Oh, boy, he, I spose y'oun' foldin' me now 'bout de ed Mexican war. I reckon my master, Col. and Hilk, of Vicksburg, and Sam Davis, was both in de war. I kin' de me wha' day was, Mr. Jefferson Davis, right back oh no. I disremember if Sam was his father or his brother—he was one or t'other.

"What war your work as a slave, Mr. Brown?"

"I rid de horses at de race at Natchez. I can remember I was so little I had to be helped on. I was dressed up in red clothes,
and I just hung on to them horses and did not win. Yeh, yeh!"
"Can you remember the names of the horses?"
"Yes, as well as I do my own. Here were Whip, Bert, and Larry Rhein, and Colonel Hunt by own devil all."
"How did you get away from the salt?"
"I just came," said the old man quietly.
"I've lived fifty-five years in Detroit. I once cooked on the Cincinnati, that was an old lake boat under Captain Sweet, and I worked on the Empire State. I was on the lake when the Detroit river ran right up to Woodbridge street plumb. I tell you, folks, that's all made land from Woodbridge street to the river."
"Can you walk, pretty well, Mr. Brown?"
"Foot rate for a boy of my age. I go out for a day every week, and I regular walk down town on link, bout three miles. And I want you to say this — Poe a temporary man. I never yet abuse myself, and there won't never be any turn out on me in all my life. No, Poe never been locked up, the work button, but the good Lord he never let me make a fool of myself no how."

Mr. Brown can neither read nor write, but he has very sensible views of the events of the day, and expresses himself well. He has worked in the past for such men as Captain Hunt, Major Forgiehe, General Brady, and other well-known Detroiters. He has for twenty years been employed by one family on the market, and it is only within two years that he has been an inmate of the Home for the Aged Poor. —Detroit Journal.

A FAMOUS HUMORIST

Detroit's famous humorist, ("M. Quad") who now lives in New York, deserves more than passing mention in a work of this nature. Harper's Magazine, not many years ago, paid him this pleasing tribute:

"M. Quad" is not a humorist "artifex," — a box mechanic, who manufactures jokes in a carpenter does packing-boxes, with saw and jack-knife and much exercise of perspiration. He is naturally and spontaneously funny. Horace Greeley, of the paper, once thought him like champagne from an unskilled bottle, bubbling and effusive, and drenching us, whether we will or not, with laughter. And there is wisdom with his wit — strong, hearty, common sense mixed with a raey, unctuous humor which makes his wisdom as grateful to our taste as whole oil is to the palate of the Equinox. He is not a product of the sea,
with a local flavor. He is of universal relish, as is witnessed by the wide popularity that the Detroit Free Press owes to his contributions."

It is not generally known when or where he was born, nor is it a matter of much consequence, since his career did not begin till he was blown up, some fifteen years ago, on an Ohio river steamboat. He is perhaps the only example of a man who has been lifted into fame by being tossed a hundred feet into the air, and coming down, more dead than alive, to tell the story. He did this. Standing at his printer's case, when he was so far recovered as to keep about, he put into type: "How it feels to be blown up," and the whole West burst into laughter. That laugh made "M. Quid" famous. He was then transferred from the composing-room to the editorial department, and ever since short extracts from the Free Press have been copied into every journal throughout the country.

He invented—or rather created—"His Honor," and "Riffle," and "Brother Gardiner," "of the Limbo Club," characters totally dissimilar, but each as natural, original, individual and ludicrous as any in American literature. "His Honor," presides over a police court, and makes sage reflections upon men and things as they come into his field of view. "Brother Gardiner," a shrewd and quaint gentleman of color, who has all the amiable and characteristic of his race, but is not a burlesque of our colored fellow-citizens; he handles his own people gently, but satirizes the failings, failings and weaknesses of the whites instinctively. His sayings might be termed explosive witticisms—the reader is sure to imbibe a wise thought, but it is certain to explode within him. "Artemus Ward," created one character, "M. Quid," has given birth to three, and each one has, during a period of many years, given delight to millions. The man is precisely what we are led to expect from his writings. He is by turns "His Honor," "Riffle," and "Brother Gardiner," with the dry humor and quaint wisdom that is peculiar to each character. "If there is an older man than he in the country" said a Detroit gentleman to me not long ago, "we would like to have him sent along with the circus." His books, his manner, even the tones of his voice, are peculiar and eccentric. He talks as he writes, and always without any seeming premeditation. His "Jim," as he
calls his "sanctum," in an upper story of the Free Press building, is a curiosity shop, filled with odd novelties and knickknacks, but the oddest thing in the room is a slender man of about forty, with close-cropped gray hair, heavy moustache, keen, intent eyes, and an earnest, somewhat eager expression, who sits at an old-fashioned table, and looks up with a smile of welcome when a stranger enters his apartments. This is "M. Quaal," known among his personal acquaintances as C. B. Lewis; and he works away at that table eight hours in a day, writing at high pressure, short paragraphs or political leaders; and now and then seeking relaxation in a little recreation with "Biff" and "Mother Garden," for his best work is done as a relief from the daily drudgery of journalism.

Goon Hudson.—Gayety is to good humor as animal pictures to vegetable fragrance. The one overpowers weak spirits, the other reconciles and revives them. Gayety seldom fails to give some pain; good humor bears no penalties which every one does not believe in his own power, and passes principal by not extending.

DETROIT'S NOTED MEN

In a works of this kind portraits must be the exception, not alone from the nature of the work, but from the lack of space. Yet we have found room for quite a number of our distinguished and eminent personages who we, or have been, identified with Detroit's history, or bear more than a local reputation.

In our crowded and limited space we cannot give individual mention of each and every personage or portrait, but only in the main and in a general way, passing notice of the following:

The late Lewis Cass, as a statesman of national reputation; Austin P. Blair as he looked when he was Michigan's study and patriotic war governor; the late Alanson Sheley, Jacob S. Forand and John Owen, old and greatly esteemed citizen merchants, who amassed huge fortunes, but lived plain, pure and blameless lives—and who, when alive gave largely and liberally of their means and time to the good of those less fortunate fellow beings. The late John J. Bagley, big hearted philanthropic and patriotic governor that he was; the late H. P. Baldwin, another governor, able, upright and greatly respected; the late General Hugh Brady, whose name and fame are inseparably connected with Detroit's early history. Then there is Colonel John Winder, gray-haired and bent with his many and venerated years, still with us, yet vigour of mind and body within the late Judge Campbell, finished scholar, poet, historian and most able jurist; Judge Brown occupies and honors the bench in the Supreme Court of the United States, and is noted for a recent decision defending government control of monopolies; G. V. N. Lovett is one of our most esteemed citizens and a most successful lawyer, once Pleni potentiary and Minister Extraordinary to the Court of Russia; Zachariah Chandler was the stern and sturdy father of Republicans in the state of Michigan not only, but a mighty power in the U. S. Senate and throughout the land. Vocal Senator Thomas W. Palmer, ex-S. Minister to the Court of Spain, and was the President of the World's Columbian Fair; Don W. Dickerson is eminent at the bar, and well known the country over as one of our greatest national Democratic leaders and party managers; Senator James McMillan, is one of our leading and most successful manufacturers, and now represents our Commonwealth in the Senate of the United States; William E. Quaal is publisher and manager of our leading newspaper, the

DETROIT'S NOTED MEN

In a week of this kind portraits must be the exception, not alone from the nature of the work, but from the lack of space. Yet we have found room for quite a number of our distinguished and eminent personages who we, or have been, identified with Detroit's history, or bear more than a local reputation.

In our crowded and limited space we cannot give individual mention of each and every personage or portrait, but only in the main and in a general way, passing notice of the following:

The late Lewis Cass, as a statesman of national reputation; Austin P. Blair as he looked when he was Michigan's study and patriotic war governor; the late Alanson Sheley, Jacob S. Forand and John Owen, old and greatly esteemed citizen merchants, who amassed huge fortunes, but lived plain, pure and blameless lives—and who, when alive gave largely and liberally of their means and time to the good of those less fortunate fellow beings. The late John J. Bagley, big hearted philanthropic and patriotic governor that he was; the late H. P. Baldwin, another governor, able, upright and greatly respected; the late General Hugh Brady, whose name and fame are inseparably connected with Detroit's early history. Then there is Colonel John Winder, gray-haired and bent with his many and venerated years, still with us, yet vigour of mind and body within the late Judge Campbell, finished scholar, poet, historian and most able jurist; Judge Brown occupies and honors the bench in the Supreme Court of the United States, and is noted for a recent decision defending government control of monopolies; G. V. N. Lovett is one of our most esteemed citizens and a most successful lawyer, once Pleni potentiary and Minister Extraordinary to the Court of Russia; Zachariah Chandler was the stern and sturdy father of Republicans in the state of Michigan not only, but a mighty power in the U. S. Senate and throughout the land. Vocal Senator Thomas W. Palmer, ex-S. Minister to the Court of Spain, and was the President of the World's Columbian Fair; Don W. Dickerson is eminent at the bar, and well known the country over as one of our greatest national Democratic leaders and party managers; Senator James McMillan, is one of our leading and most successful manufacturers, and now represents our Commonwealth in the Senate of the United States; William E. Quaal is publisher and manager of our leading newspaper, the

DETROIT'S NOTED MEN

In a week of this kind portraits must be the exception, not alone from the nature of the work, but from the lack of space. Yet we have found room for quite a number of our distinguished and eminent personages who we, or have been, identified with Detroit's history, or bear more than a local reputation.

In our crowded and limited space we cannot give individual mention of each and every personage or portrait, but only in the main and in a general way, passing notice of the following:

The late Lewis Cass, as a statesman of national reputation; Austin P. Blair as he looked when he was Michigan's study and patriotic war governor; the late Alanson Sheley, Jacob S. Forand and John Owen, old and greatly esteemed citizen merchants, who amassed huge fortunes, but lived plain, pure and blameless lives—and who, when alive gave largely and liberally of their means and time to the good of those less fortunate fellow beings. The late John J. Bagley, big hearted philanthropic and patriotic governor that he was; the late H. P. Baldwin, another governor, able, upright and greatly respected; the late General Hugh Brady, whose name and fame are inseparably connected with Detroit's early history. Then there is Colonel John Winder, gray-haired and bent with his many and venerated years, still with us, yet vigour of mind and body within the late Judge Campbell, finished scholar, poet, historian and most able jurist; Judge Brown occupies and honors the bench in the Supreme Court of the United States, and is noted for a recent decision defending government control of monopolies; G. V. N. Lovett is one of our most esteemed citizens and a most successful lawyer, once Pleni potentiary and Minister Extraordinary to the Court of Russia; Zachariah Chandler was the stern and sturdy father of Republicans in the state of Michigan not only, but a mighty power in the U. S. Senate and throughout the land. Vocal Senator Thomas W. Palmer, ex-S. Minister to the Court of Spain, and was the President of the World's Columbian Fair; Don W. Dickerson is eminent at the bar, and well known the country over as one of our greatest national Democratic leaders and party managers; Senator James McMillan, is one of our leading and most successful manufacturers, and now represents our Commonwealth in the Senate of the United States; William E. Quaal is publisher and manager of our leading newspaper, the
was really benefited Detroit and Michigan more than any other man in good practical souls, by bringing and influencing great railroad lines to our doors. General R. A. Alger was a brave soldier, a Presidential possibility, and a millionaire who knew how to get good with his money while living, as our newspapers can readily testify. The late E. A. Bingle was one of our greatest real estate men. The late D. Bethune Duffield was an eminent lawyer, a poet of no mean order and a man greatly beloved by the community, whose memory will always be cherished.

The Right Rev. Bishop John S. Foley, Catholic Bishop of this diocese, scholarly, advanced and liberal, is always to be found in the advance guard of charity, good works, enterprise and on the right side of all public questions of the day.

Right Rev. Bishop Thomas F. Enloe, Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Michigan, and Bishop W. X. Nickle, Bishop of the M. E. Church, Michigan Diocese, are typical Christian gentlemen, greatly beloved and respected by all classes.

J. B. Angell is President of Michigan's University, the pride of our great state; Gen. George A. Custer is America's best idea of a brave and chivalrous soldier, who lost his life in one of our country's most famous battles and was known the world over.

Gen. O. R. Wilson, left Detroit as Colonel of the First Michigan Regiment raised and sent to the war; Gen. E. S. Snowbridge served his state and country in the war with great honor and distinction, as did also that brave and dauntless cavalry officer Brig. Gen. R. G. H. Masy, who left Detroit in 1862 as Colonel of the famous Fourth Michigan Cavalry, whose record is among the best of Michigan's fighting regiments and whose special glory it was to capture the Confederate President, Jefferson Davis.

SOME INVENTORS AND INVENTIONS

Some of Detroit's inventors and inventions deserve mention in this work. Burr's solar compass, one of the most valuable of inventions, was perfected in 1840. It was examined and recommended by Sir John Herschel in 1841, and received a prize medal at the World's Fair of that year. It is called a solar compass, because, by an ingenious arrangement, the tops of the men are utilized by the instrument, which enables the surveyor to determine exactly the position of a due north and south line. Its use is so accurately made in mineral districts where the old style of compass would be almost useless. Its value is so thoroughly appreciated by the government that it is required to be used in government surveys; and without it a large amount of government land could have been precisely surveyed only by the odds of more money than the land was worth. The

Gonner and Hicks mine of Lake Superior, the largest and most productive copper mine in the world, was discovered through the use of this instrument.

Thomas A. Edison, while a train boy on the Grand Trunk Railroad, was frequently in Detroit, and divided his time between the Telegraph and Free Press offices and the public library. While here he formed the idea of reading all the books in the library, and beginning with those on the lower shelf he actually read a row of books occupying a shelf fifteen feet in height before other plans and duties caused him to desist. Among the books on that lower shelf were Newton's "Principia," "Van's Dictionary," and Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy."

With his name that of Charles Van De Velde should be mentioned; his electric light was first publicly exhibited on July 4th, 1879. The astronomical clock invented by Felix Meyer, was a remarkable invention, superior to many others, but a description of it here would occupy too much space. In connection with this clock invention may be appropriately made of the clock set up by the firm of F. C. Smith, Sons & Co., on the outside of their store on the corner of Woodward avenue and State streets. It occupies the front of the second story and is both a curiosity and a public convenience; the dials are five

LOCUS PICTURAE, MACNEIL.
I PICTURESQUE DETROIT AND ENVIRONS

A dial plate in the sun canal.

Lock of the Sun Canal.

Rock at St. Ignace.

Front of the lock of the sun canal.

Fishing on the Sun River.

Free Marquette Church at St. Ignace.

There are two life-size figures in connection with the works, one representing a smith with his hammer, and the other emblematic of "Father Time," the figures together symbolizing "Smith's Time." Upon bells hung in full view both figures in quick succession give one stroke every quarter of an hour, two every half hour, and three strokes a quarter of an hour before every full hour; four strokes are given every hour, and immediately thereafter an appropriate number for the particular hour. The clock and its fittings cost $6,000, and were first shown Feb. 25th, 1884. This clock is the only one of its kind in the United States, and there is but one similar to it in the world.
As we approach the end of this work it seems not inappropriate to indulge in a review of historical and racial retrospection, especially as it causes as line with certain important pictures in this book.

Every Detroit schoolboy, if not every American schoolboy, is supposed to be familiar with the story of Pontiac; and it is hardly worth the while, in a work of this character, to recount the facts of history for the benefit of the purely ignorant, for such will not be apt to look very far either above or below a picture for explanation. The story of how Pontiac was foiled by an Indian girl, in his attempt to ruin and enslave the English, involves a lengthy preamble of cause, in which, if conciseness is not desired, it must be admitted that the red men had good cause for hating the French people and hating the English. If our ancestors or progenitors on this continent had not with what would

A REVERIE

seem to have been righteous punishment for their cruelty and deceit of the aborigines, they would have been wiped out, the whole course of history changed, and this country would have been named by Giffey Blood instead of Saxen. But as "Love rules the storm, the eaves and groves," so the heart of an Ojibway maiden opened before the keen, searching gaze of an Englishman's eye. Cold, cultured, refined thought was the wellspring from which the savage submitted without murmur, while he could hardly feel the stroke of that
superior, quick mental dexterity which bid time his cunning plans and intended treachery.

Let us do the red man justice, as the last remnant of his race disappears over the fertile western mountains. The testimony of history is strong to the effect of the cruelty and deception which the "uninstructed children of the forest" met with following the landing of the white men on these shores. The cold analysis of sociology and the evolution of races and nations will, doubtless, all that led up to and followed the episode pictured in our frontispiece by Stanley, as "the survival of the fittest," but above and beyond all this is the goal of human endeavor—individual, moral endeavor, toward which all should be working,

And this brings us to the sombre and pathetic, but inspirational picture of Pontiac's
"Greater is he thatitcheth his spirit than he that taketh a city." and it still becomes a great people to give itself up to any vain glory,
justness over a departed race. It is but a few steps from the times of
the Great City of the Emblem of the Columbian era, and
while there is, on the whole, more to be gained than to be ashamed
of, in a people, self-examination is good for the individual soul. It
is well, in these days, when the glimmer of refinement and pace

"The single call."

"It's wicked to waste wood like this!"

"Half a dozen "whistles."

"Not entirely at sawing."

PICTURESQUE DETROIT AND ENVIRONS

"The single call."

The world's fair land of Michigan's edge.

Detroit's first telegraphic communication was with Ypsilanti, in 1847, by the
speed line, and some of the stories connected with its erection are amusing.
The office was in the rear of the second-story of a building owned by Mr. Newberry,
on the north-east corner of Jefferson avenue and Cass street, afterwards the Garonne
House. There was, as manager as such, but there were plenty of instruments and
batteries, and a number of young operators from the east, who had obtained a knowledge
of telegraphy on the Albany and Buffalo line, or his branches, were congregated
at Detroit in expectation of obtaining an office when the line was fully opened.
Those days, in the absence of Mr. Wood, the temporary manager, had things pretty
much their own way, and seemed to use all their ingenuity in flushing meek:
Among their implements was an electrical machine with two bows, bowls, one to be
held in each hand, and so arranged that when the current was turned on, it was

Reverie," by Elbridge Kingman. The past is
gone, but it should not be forgotten. Of the
abencianos, it was a tale that is told—vanished
away—but for the sun, present and coming
rise, it is full of warning, suggestion and
inspiration. The wonders of the Great City,
built on western prairies in the Columbian
year, marvelous and beautiful as they were,
were probably as nothing in the sum total
possible—and yet to be figured up—of
human material achievement before the great
human race now in process of evolution shall
have performed its work. And this in turn
shall have been and become nothing—all the
future vast accretions of material beauty
when finally all matter shall, as it must,
creep and change its form, lose some exter-
nal substance, and fly away like the clouds
of the morning, to be known no more as the
softings of earth once delighted to know it.
The question then resolves itself to the old
one, "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" The daily press of the times teams with
accounts of the profanity, the brutality and sensuality of man, the obsequies of legislators
sworn with solemn oaths to protect the people's, public and private houses is made a game of shuffle and
hardcore between desperate men and factions, and the public badmannered policy of corporations
is accompanied by the "everybody-for-him-
self and the devil-take-the hindmost" side of
the individual.
Yet when is there of the myriad seemingly
content with material achievements merely,
that does not, at some time, have moments of
regret, and confess that what he flattered
himself was a ripe consummation was like
David's first, at this last, and turned to
sins on the lip? History corroborates the
theory that the early Indian was comparatively
a mild and peaceful individual until the
whites man's brutality and brutality
cultivated in him a frenzy of savagery.
That the great chiefs of the race saw the
invariable end in your no less certain.
Legend and authoritative speech term with
evidence of it. When the hour of reverse
came, it is quite certain that the Indians must
have longed for the "happy hunting
grounds," where human greed and avance
would pause and kind him no more.
impossible to let go of the balls. One morning a burly hickman came in and said he wanted to look at the "tangle" and see his work. The boys were quick to see their opportunity. They put the brass balls into his hands, turned on a light current and asked if he could see it.

"Yes," he replied, "she's working." A little more electricity was then applied, when the man cried out, "Hold her, boys, hold her! She's working hard. Ooh! hold her, I say. Be jaber! she's got me hood." A stiff voltage was then applied, and the man began to jump and yell.

"Why don't ya hold her? Oh, by the Holy Virgin! you'll kill me dead?" Just at this moment
Mr. Wood appeared at the door. The boys dropped the connecting wires and ran for the battery room, and the elevator from the "old bed" hurried down stairs, muttering to himself that he had "seen enough of the damned telegraph."

**Michigania**

It is probable that, in proportion to its population, Detroit, and, in fact, the entire state of Michigan, has a larger percentage of New York and New England people than any other western city or
state. At one time it seemed as though all New England was coming. The emigration fever pervaded almost every hamlet of New England, and the following song was very popular and is known to have been largely influential in promoting emigration:

'Come, follow me, and sing in Michigan—
Yes, you, yes, in Michigan.'

I've heard of your President, way down in parts of Maine,
Where history grows in poetry, but dries up the bite of grain.
And I have heard of Quasqueton and your Vincennes,
But they can't hold a candle to Michigan—
Yes, you, yes, in Michigan.

Then there is old Vermont; well, what did they think of it?
To be sure, the pines are handsome and the castle very jazzy,
But under the mountains, and clouds and snow would stay.
When he built a palace in Michigan—
Yes, you, yes, in Michigan.

Then there's your Massachusetts, nice enough, no doubt,
But now she's always being a tax upon manners;
She costs you a pack of trouble, which the devil a pack can't help it.
No; it is true and easy in Michigan.

There is the land of blue skies, where you can comb your hair,
For feed your hogs and cows will not exactly starve.
What beer that serves on Sunday a penalty must pay
With all its picturesque scenery in Michigan.
Yes, you, yes, in Michigan.

Then there's the state of New York, where some are very well,
There are two and a few others here a mighty sick,
To paint it more red, run in the west.
And shall we say for it, it is Michigan?
Yes, you, yes, in Michigan.

Then there's your bold Ohio; I've often heard them say,
About the other places she never means the hell.

And if you follow down Mason, why Rochester is there,
And further still, Mr. Cuyahoga brooks our St. Clair,
Besides some other places within that region.

Then promptly population in Michigan—
Yes, you, yes, in Michigan.

If you had rather go to a place called Washington,
You'll find the Huron beds the best, you know the way.
The ship, the Asa Porter, right through La Plata 
No, not at Ypsilanti, in Michigan—
Yes, you, yes, in Michigan.

Or, if you have a mind to go a good deal further on,
I guess you'll reach St. Joe, where everybody's gone.
There everywhere, like Jack's house, grows monstrous fast,
And you'll find it not at all hazy, in Michigan—
Yes, you, yes, in Michigan.

Then come to Yankee farmers, who have poetic hearts like me.
And glowworms in poetry, as the former were.
Come, there's a country wonders, and I'll have you know,
This country takes the rag out of Michigan—
Yes, you, yes, in Michigan.
GIRTY THE RENEGADE

Just previous to and during the Revolutionary war, Detroit was in possession of the English, and all rebels against "His Majesty," George III, who expressed their sentiments within hearing of the British commander at this point, had to suffer severely. Citizens known to be in sympathy with the Americans were subjected to many annoyances. Garret Clovere, a leading merchant, was compelled to give bail in £500 not to give Americans all for the space of a year and a day. James Snelling and John Edgar, well-known traders, were banished because they favored the revolution. The last named was compelled to leave all his goods and go to Kalamazoo. Congress, in after years, gave him 2,000 acres of land, to help make up his losses. Other citizens also were compelled to leave and some were compelled to work on the fortifications. Those who tried to escape were put to death by the order of Governor Hamilton. This Hamilton was a friend incensed and used the Indians to make war upon the "rebels" in the country round about, paying them so much money for every scalp they brought into Detroit. At one time Hamilton boasted a pile of human scalps higher than his head. As may well be imagined, such Johnson wanting, bread
traitors and renegades. American sympathizers had to leave Detroit and a number of Cayugas and renegades came to live in the city, among them those half-savages, James, Simon, and George Girty. Simon, however, being the most prominent. At the attack on Fort Henry, now Wheeling, Va., Hamilton issued a proclamation, which was read aloud to the defending garrison by this Girty, promising humane treatment and protection if they would lay down their arms. His force, consisting of but twelve men and boys, refused to surrender. Girty's force, consisting of 400 Indians, after a brief attack, withdrew a short distance. As the stock of powder in the fort was low, it was resolved to attempt to get a supply from the house of Mr. Zane, sixty yards away. Several of the men desired to go, but Elizabeth Zane, who was at the fort, insisted on going herself; and although the bullets whistled about her, she went and returned unharmed, and, soon after, the Indians retired.

The next attack was made upon the ill-fated village of Wyoming, and the English and Indians composing the attacking party were largely from
THE VALLEY WATER JET

Deep within a quiet Valley,
Bread a fountain birth to light.
Buried, and springing suddenly upward.
For its water was on the height.
But the spring was upper waters.
Gleam and beam, bright, upward track.
Made the sky a fairy land.
And they fell exhausted back.

On that fountain's every side margin
Mossing is the mother's-land.
Winding a grandiose meandering
Through might with nectarine fingers.
Still drew back to other parts.
But one so would most relish it.
Seems to stand behind not to gain.

Thus within my bosom's valley.
Bread a spring of life to out.
Buried, and springing suddenly upward.
For the sky was never end.
But the spring was upper waters.
Gleam and beam, bright, upward track.
Made the sky a fairy land.
And they fell exhausted back.

On that fountain's side margin
Mossing is the mother's-land.
Winding a grandiose meandering
Through might with nectarine fingers.
Still drew back to other parts.
But one so would most relish it.
Seems to stand behind not to gain.

From "Pre and Later," by R. Stowe Whitt.
Detroit. The party consisted of about 300 white men and 500 plain and painted Indians. They appeared before the place July 31, 1778, and demanded its surrender. The inhabitants paid dearly for being faint-hearted; for the entire settlement was destroyed and all the people massacred or carried into captivity.

Before evacuating Detroit, the British are said to have destroyed the windmills and filled the well at the fort with stones, leaving the key of the garrison with a negro. This may be true, but Parner's history declares it a matter of official record that immediately after the evacuation the British commissary at Chatham was authorized to lend fifty barrels of pork to Mr. O'Hare, the United States commissary, as he had not enough for the American troops at Mackinaw. Simon Grisy, the tenand, remained behind when the British troops took their leave. When the boats laden with American
SAM

A country boy by the old stone wall,
That marks the boundary between the land and till;
And many a one by the magic tree,
That's his side. For Sam is young.
And his horse stands in its little sun-bright field.
He sallies oft on the distant hills.
While a soft light shines in the hard gray,
And hanging there by the meadow wall,
He表 the sweet, familiar smile.

"'Cly, boys! 'Cly, boys! 'Cly, boys!"
Now to natural green, and the left sound sweet;
As the cows kill the quiet from the wood;

"Fun a day in June, such as folks live."
And he leaves the wall and borders to meet
The silent creatures, for they all know
The land that equals corn in they poor;
And through the silent days they hear
The still sound of the meadow jay;
And through the summer days they hear
The sum of birds, their sweet refrain.

"A country boy by the old stone wall."

Of the closer homes in the field
In bustling form in the actual bow.
And that every one by the old stone wall;
So he watches there by the broken wall
His cows will eat the dainty till,
"Cly, boys!""Cly, boys!""Cly, boys!"

Once more Sam stands by the meadow bank,
With his side beside him, and his arms
Embracing him, and that is the land
His dearer than the sun's crazy day
And Browning at the foot of the hill.
And through the summer days they hear
The cow will come from the meadow side,
So he turns to this his own.
While the young wife walks with the past and smile;
And a passing voice over the old stone wall
Just breaking to a baby woman's call.
"Cly, boys!""Cly, boys!""Cly, boys!"

"And a jolly bull by the old stone wall."

PICTURESQUE DETROIT AND ENVIRONS

EVENING
and life and gingerbread of training day; and those who prepared the soup for the soldiers, which was served in tin kettles, enjoyed them because of the solemnities of the occasion; others enjoyed the rough movement always caused by certain reckless and rowdy spirits. Mrs. William Y. Hamlin has preserved the story of one of the most awkward captains of an awkward squad of that period. His name was Jean Cecie. He was full of conceit and exaggerated self-importance, and when dressed in the uniform prescribed by General Hull was, in his own eyes, hardly second to the great Napoleon. Jean went frequently to see the regular troops drill. Their wondrous discipline and military exactness so oddly puzzled him, but he thought it must be owing to the fact that the words of command were given in English; and that there was some hidden magic in the language. Calling the roll was also serious business to him, as his own and his sergeant's knowledge of English was almost as limited as their use of the pen, but his ingenuity conquered the latter difficulty. The names of the members of his company having been printed in order, a pin was used to punch a hole after the names of the absentees. His tongue, however, so easy to control in French, could not be denied to speak other than the most broken English. Assembled on parade, Captain Jean ordered the Sergeant to call the roll. He proceeded to obey, the Captain standing by in full glory.

Sergeant — "Attention, compagnie Francaise Canadiens! Answer your name when I call it, if you please, Took, Toek, Livermold." No answer, at last a voice says, "Not here, gone catch his lambreach (fusilier) in the boat." Captain to Sergeant — "Put peen-hole in dat man! Go 'ead!"

Sergeant — "Laurent Ready!" "Here, Sau!" "Claude Campau!" "Here, Morilien!" "Antoine Silfonte!" Some one answers, "Little baby come last night at his house, must stay at home." Captain — "Put one pock on dat man's name."

Sergeant — "L'enfant Rimpette! " "Here, Sau!" "Piton Laioret!" "Here, Sau!" "Simon Melaye!" "Not here, gone to speck musk-rat for l'argent blanc" (silver money).
CHILD LIFE IN THE COUNTRY

Sing us a song of your land, to

Married children of Michigan;

Nature is walking on every side;

And blossoming sweet again;

Climb every hill,

Happy is he who can,

Blue is the lake near a summer sky,

Shimmer the waves on the sandy shore;

“A Leap every hill”

And gaily gilded the boat goes by,

Where fly both brown galahs;

Three to four, or

Flushes the forest in lines of flame,

While boys and spangles hold rival claim

To feintage from tree boys near.

Whistles the West wind and while the snow;

But children voices laugh out in cheer,

While fast and faster the folde go

To chase off the flying year;

All in a blue,

 Quickly they disappear—

“Over stories of life” —

Springing our bootlets which pattle by;

Doing each other to climb so high;

Dancing away through the long bright hours,

To conchick wreathed with sweet wild flowers.

Bending with mingled

Weaver and ply

Our stories of life in the far off sky,

Then teasing away the printed sheet,

To match the speed of their restless feet.

“When the snow lies deep, the country boy

Ole! Jump on!” and the girls rise back in her joy,

The very best part of all the year

In the time when Christmas is drawing near.

MARY DARWIN WARNER

THE INDIANS IN 1825

In 1825, the Indians, who, in Detroit and vicinity were supported by the government, became so troublesome that the City Council, through the Mayor, sought aid from the Governor of the state, to quiet and control them.

When the city finally came under American control, Colonel Cane was obliged to feed great numbers of the Indians. In one communication to the war department he states that for several years he fed an average of four hundred Indians a day. Between 1824 and 1828 he distributed three thousands for their benefit. All the year round they came and went, and the agent’s family was “driven from one end of the house to the other by them.” That was always some excuse for their coming, and often were not surprised at any time to see a steady flow of the windows-pane; oftentimes at the click of the latch was the only warning of the entrance of one of the nation’s words. The squaws would not be left behind, for there was always some burden for them to carry, and the precocious cown, on one day only to begin the next.

Indians toil and Indians drink, Indians sick and Indians hungry, all crying “Give, give!” After receiving their payments, hundreds of them would lie about the city, stupidly drunk, until taken or driven away.

“A Leap every hill”
Clear is the air to the ringing
Of the first of the year’s twelve strokes
The wind over the white fields bringing
Sounds of the wood ox swinging
Courage and strength invoke.

Soft warm rays the wild flowers know
Sent from low gray skies;
Streams swell broad in onward flow,
On willow limb new leaf buds grow,
Hard winds become mild.

What though the branches are all bared
By the breath of the Frost King’s cold?
What care has the life snow-sheltered—
A covering not to be bettered
While winter continues its hold?

In orchard lanes are blossoms white;
Fair earth says, “List, child, play;
For the world is bright
All day, all night
When the year clock stirs out May.”
PICTURESQUE DETROIT AND ENVIRONS

**JUNE**

A gleam of gold in the grasses
Where the daisies love to grow:
And roses, whose short life passes
Where the bee his honey obtains
On the hillside all aglow.

Then Earth has its fullest and finest days
Brief rest between summer and fall;
And yet with a boding of end of ways,
For old Earth's fullness sweet stays,
But ever must follow Queen Nature's call.

**JULY**

Time of harvest now draws nigh,
The grain to ripeness grew,
And through the golden fields of rye
The reaper goes in rich July
And lays the tall head low.

Once more tell the Puritan story
Of the trials of the fore-father's days,
In peace and in plenty we glory,
While the same guards the hillside beryl,
And prepare for the Thanksgiving praise.

**AUGUST**

Colin plucks where green leaves grow,
And rye sure's hoarage all,
Trees spread gay boughs, and his true,
These days of splendor here their due
For Nature spent been sad to till.

Sound long the note of December,
Last of the twelve-monthed chime,
Christmas glories long to remember.
Ark out-borne on this falling ember,
And the year yields up to time.

**SEPTEMBER**

The tempest of thunder comes on,
Rod of the tempestous skies,
With lightning and flashes base
It rushes on, bursts forth, is gone,
And a fettered earth behind it lies.

**OCTOBER**

THE END