

Ballast Island

A Brief History from Collected Articles and Photos

Draft Version 0.8

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Ballast Island Overview

Ballast Island is a small, 9-acre private island in Lake Erie, about one-quarter mile (400 m) northeast of the northeast tip of South Bass Island. It is known as a navigation point for boats going to or from Put-in-Bay from the east. There are shoals between Ballast and South Bass, but there is a passage between known locally as "the wagon tracks". Ballast Island is partially owned by Mr. and Mrs. Amerigo Nerone and their five children (Richard Nerone, Tom Nerone, Marianne DeLauro, Linda Reinert and Carl Nerone), there are currently 7 houses built on Ballast Island.

Ballast Island received its name when Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry used rocks from this island, according to legend, to provide ballast for his ships in 1813 just before the famous Battle of Lake Erie.

George William Gardner purchased Ballast Island from Lemuel Brown in 1874 according to Ottawa County Records. The deeds show that Brown acquired the island from Joseph de Rivera St. Jurgo in 1869. Lemuel Brown was a half-breed Erie Indian who had married the daughter of the chief of the Erie Indians who claimed all the islands.

Commodore Gardner was a well-known Clevelander who served as Mayor from 1886-1890. He founded the Cleveland Yacht Club in 1878 and served as Commodore until 1895. He also organized the Inter Lake Yachting Association in 1884 and was its commodore until 1894. The Greater Cleveland Sports Hall of fame honored him in 1981.

After completing his purchase of Ballast, Commodore Gardner sold to his friends, including Henry Corning, Will Claflin and Civil War General James Barnett, undivided interests with the right to build a cottage. The island then became a cooperative association of wealthy families. During the late 19th and early 20th centuries, Ballast Island flourished. A large hotel and dining hall were constructed high on the cliffs of the north side of the island. A windmill supplied water and carbide lanterns supplied light. During this time many cottages were built around the east and west shores along with the Gardner Log Cabin. Over the years the Gardner family has lived in this log house, including George W., his son George Henry, Kenneth and Constance Gardner, and then the daughter of Ken and Constance. During the 1890 to early 1900 a boathouse was located on the southwest corner of Ballast facing Buckeye Point on South Bass. This boathouse served as the headquarters for the Longworth Canoe club. The canoe club was named after Nicholas Longworth, who was the father-in-law of Theodore Roosevelt's daughter, Alice. Presidents Theodore Roosevelt, William McKinley, James Garfield and Grover Cleveland all have visited Ballast.

During the depression years, Ballast was not used as often because of the expense. In the 1930s and 40's the steamers '**Goodtime, Put-in-Bay**' and '**Chippewa**' brought friends to the island, and Ballast once again flourished. In the 1950s, several owners died but the partition deed that was in place, held. This was because one of the original signers, Constance "Kiki" Gardner was still living.

In 1958, one of Kiki's daughters, Constance Gardner Moore offered to buy Roseanne Gilmore's property. The offer was accepted and the Moore family became part owners of Ballast Island. At the same time two other sections of Ballast Island were for sale. They were purchased by a

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Cleveland businessman. He sold his property in 1967 to two brothers Amerigo and Frank Nerone.

Many of the lineal descendants of George W. still enjoy Ballast today.

The Romantic Shores from Which Commodore Perry's Ships Took Ballast

From "Lake Erie Islands: Sketches and Stories", original version by Lydia Ryall, 1913

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

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

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

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

The boulders were suggested as the very thing needed to correct the cork-like tendency of these newly launched craft; and as the deep waters around the isle permitted a near approach, orders were given the sailing masters and men to ship as large a quantity of these boulders as might be needed to properly ballast the fleet.

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

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

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

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

At the period when he first took up his abode on Ballast Island, and for many years afterwards, his weather beaten cabin was the only human habitation there existing, save the wide structure used by gill netters. His only companions were the proverbial dog and cat, which found a snug abiding place beneath his roof, and a horse and cow sheltered in a roughly improvised stable. A portion of the island was cleared land, affording opportunity for tillage and pasturage. The remainder formed a picturesque tangle of basswood and elm, cedar growths, wild grape vines and other undomesticated shrubbery. Eagles built their nests undisturbed in the tall trees; and when the heavens were black with clouds and storms swept by, mad with delight sea gulls screamed, and plunged into the breakers that whitened on the reef. Waves mounted the rocky walls of weather-ward shores, flinging foam flecks into overhanging boughs and filling caverned niches with a bellowing thunder. With springtime came troops of the scarlet-winged blackbird, thrush, and whip-poor-will,

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the wood was resonant with song, while the turf formed a carpet of wild wood bloom. Summer unveiled pictures of gold, and the trees covered with abundant foliage cast over the cabin roof shadows cool and deep. The birds nested, and short winged fledglings hopped about on the mossy ridge pole chirping their delight.

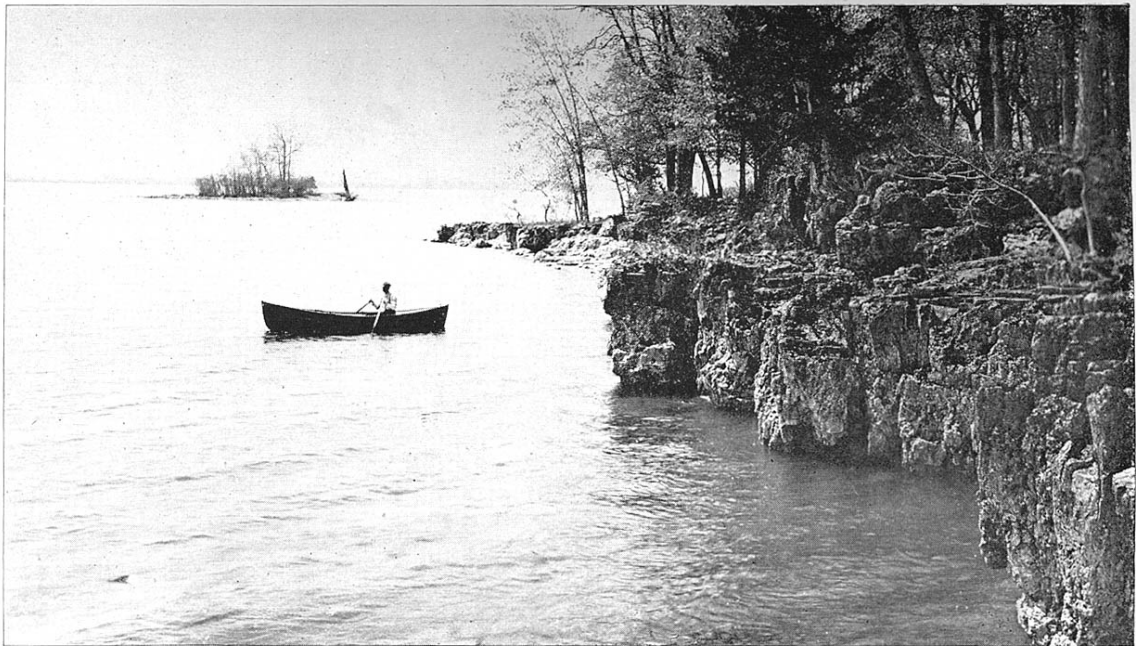


Figure 1: A Bit of Ballast Shore

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

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

As years went by and the natural attractions of the archipelago came to be more and more appreciated by visitors from abroad, Ballast Island was purchased by city capitalists. A club house and numerous cottages were built, and in a little while our hero found himself surrounded by gay crowds from the very center of city life and fashion. This innovation must have cost the old man some pangs of bitterness, but the invaders were kindly disposed toward their predecessor, placing upon him but few restrictions. Warmed by courteous treatment the old man exhibited so many good traits, that he eventually became a great favorite among guests during their summer sojourn at the island.

"Uncle Jimmy" had been accustomed to procuring supplies, consisting of provision, wearing apparel, and notions, in the shops and stores of Put-in-Bay, rowing across the channel in a small boat and carrying with him – by way of barter – cat-fish, which he had taken on his hooks, or products of the soil. His wants, being few and simple, were fully

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supplied in this way and these trips to the “Bay” were said to have been his only excursions. For years he had not set foot on any of the steamers which constantly plied between island and mainland. One day, however, seized by some unaccountable impulse, or driven by some unusual business transactions, “Uncle Jimmy” boarded one of the island steamers for Sandusky.

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

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

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

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

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

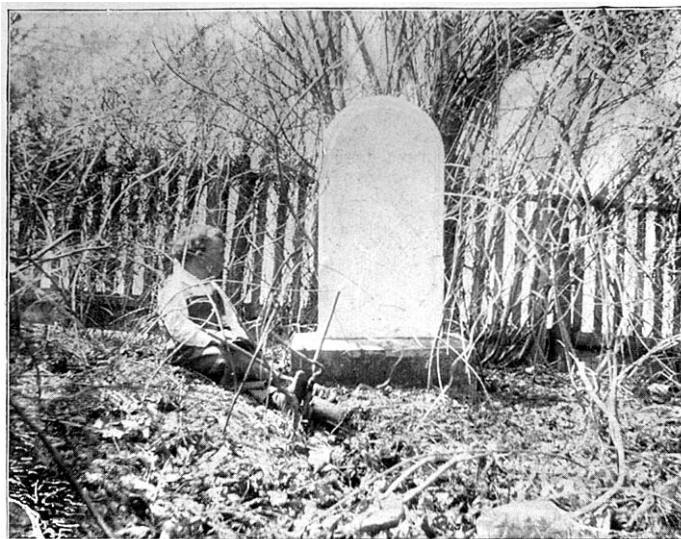


Figure 2: Grave of “Uncle Jimmy”

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

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tenderness and sympathy with the earth that fell upon it.

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

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

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



Figure 3: Gardner Log Cabin

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

Developing an especial fondness for life on the water, and out-of-door occupations generally, he left school at the age of fourteen, and sailed the Great Lakes for a period of five years.

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

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

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

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

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



Figure 4: View on Ballast Island

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

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

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

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

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

From “Lake Erie Islands: Sketches and Stories” p. 157:

“In 1878, Lemuel S. Brown, formerly of Cleveland, Ohio, became interested in Pelee Island and bought 625 acres of land on the east side, being that part of the island locally known as “Middle Island,” entirely separated from the other upland by marshes, and containing within its centre a marsh of several hundred acres. Mr. Brown had already been the promoter of various enterprises on other neighboring islands. He had a long lease upon Middle Island property, and at one time was the owner of Ballast Island – that beautiful little island that lies at the entrance to the harbor of Put-in-Bay, and was also engaged in dock building at Put-in-Bay.

From “Lake Erie Islands: Sketches and Stories” p. 306:

“Buckeye” and “Lost Ballast” are gems in miniature. Only fifteen or twenty years ago the latter was an extension of Ballast Island proper, from which it was cut by the wear of waves, and is now separated by a sweep of water. Covered with trees and shrubbery, this tiny islet – subsequently named “Lost Ballast” – forms an emerald setting in the blue water.

1879: ON A CAKE OF ICE: The Terrible Predicament a Sinking Boat Left Its Passengers In

Logansport Journal, May 6, 1879

It has been said by some of Mr. Geo. W. Gardner's friends that the reason he was defeated in the Republican convention for Mayor was because he was not in the city for several days previous to the primaries. But it is known to only a few - why he was not in the city or where he was. As will be seen further on, but for a good Providence he would not be in the city, or even in existence, today.

It is well known that he is largely interested in Ballast Island, a beautiful islet in Put-in-Bay archipelago, which is thickly dotted with beautiful summer cottages, owned by wealthy citizens of Cleveland and elsewhere. In the midst of these cottages is a large, finely appointed club house where the summer dwellers take their meals and have their dances. This club house is kept by a steward and stewardess in the employ of the club association which owns the island.

In order to have everything ready for the season, Mr. Gardner left Cleveland on Monday, March 24, and on the same afternoon left Sandusky on the ill-fated little steamer Golden Eagle, to accompany Mr. and Mrs. Bixby, the newly engaged steward and stewardess, to Ballast Island. Mr. Warren Corning, of Cleveland, was also on the boat, which had a considerable number of other passengers besides a crew numbering six persons. Among the passengers were four ladies and four children. One of the ladies, Mrs. Smith, (widow of the man who kept the boat house near the Beebe House), had twin babies and another child, and another lady, whose name Mr. Gardner does not know, was also accompanied by a child. The other ladies were Mrs. Bixby, who was on Lake Erie for the first time in her life, and a Miss Smith, of Middle Bass Island.

The voyage from Sandusky to Kelley's Island was made without mishap and the passengers and freight for that island was safely landed. The little steamer, which had made so many voyages and carried so many thousand passengers between Put-in-Bay and Stacy¹, then turned about and started for Ballast Island, all the ladies being still on board. But she had not gone far before she began to have trouble with the ice, which was drifting with the current of the lake and interfered with the backing of the boat to get headway to bunt into the ice ahead.

When about a mile from shore Mr. Gardner discovered, by signs which an experienced steamboatman only would detect, that the boat was leaking. About the same time the cook reported to the Captain that water was coming into the Kitchen. It was soon found that the boat would inevitably sink, and that all that could be done was to get the people and freight out on the ice as quickly and promptly as possible. So Mr. Gardner informed the ladies that they had better take their light baggage and get on the ice, as they would probably have to walk ashore. The Captain then blew his whistle for aid from the island and caused lamps to be swung to indicate the whereabouts of the party.

The twenty-five passengers were got out on a cake of ice about thirty feet square, and were then informed what the trouble was. The metal lifeboat of the Golden Eagle was also landed on the ice, and the women, and children were put into that.

There were four peddlers among the passengers, and one of them attempted to get into the boat with

¹ Stacy's Pleasure Hall, at the location of the Lonz Winery on Middle Bass Island

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his pack weighing 125 pounds, but Mr. Gardner slung it out without ceremony, and informed its greedy owner that the women and children would be cared for first, the baggage last. Another of the peddlers tried a like trick when a change of boats was made later, and met with the same treatment at the hands of one of the Islanders.

In the course of what must have seemed a very long time, a boat with runners, used in winter for transporting the mails to and from Kelley's Island, was pushed out to meet the wrecked party — who were pushing along very slowly and laboriously in a necessarily zigzag roundabout course over the ice, Mr. Gardner ahead in the darkness, feeling with an oar to avoid open water. At one time the boat was launched into an opening and shoved across, while the men walked around and with much difficulty again pulled the boat up on the ice. Here it became necessary for the lady in the bow of the boat, Mrs. Smith, to get out in order to have the craft pulled on the ice. Mr. Gardner offered to take the babe she held while she was held out, but the mother would not let her darling go from her protection, and was assisted out still clinging to her little one.

But, as said above, the party of Islanders, with lanterns and the mailboat, at length met the wrecked party and lent their aid in helping the passengers to shore over the broken and drifting ice.

It was exceedingly fortunate that no wind was blowing, or the ice would have been broken in smaller cakes and the danger (sufficiently great as it was on account of the current constantly heaving, breaking and shifting the ice) would have been more than doubled.

It was a toilsome and hazardous journey from first to last, accomplished in darkness except for the light of a few lanterns part of the time. But, to cut a long story short, it was safely ended, and all landed, without serious accident, on the east point of the island, where they at once appropriated a fish shanty for the ladies. Afterward the inhabitants opened their houses and made all comfortable.

The baggage was taken from the Golden Eagle by the crew and by islanders dispatched to the scene and was put upon the ice. One worker would take a piece of baggage to a spot where he thought it would stay until some one should take it further ahead and would then return for something else. And so it came about that the very last article taken off the boat, sewing machine belonging to Mrs. Bixby, was the only article of baggage or freight which reached the shore that night, for the ice drifted so that when a man returned to where he supposed he had left a trunk or whatnot he found nothing and supposed some one had forwarded what he had left to shore. Thus it was that every article (except the light “traps” the ladies and men took with them) taken off the Golden Eagle floated off down the lake on the drifting ice except the sewing machine mentioned.

The next day men sent out in boats for this baggage succeeded in recovering everything, piece by piece, some of which drifted four and five miles away, but it took them really all day to do it.

During all the perils of the night, Mr. Gardner says the ladies were heroines; cool, collected and ready to do just what they were told. The same cannot be said of some of the men.

On Tuesday word was telegraphed to Sandusky to send a boat to take some of the passengers to Ballast Island. The little Mystic was hurriedly got half ready and put out, taking Messrs. Gardner, Corning and others to Ballast Island, then returning immediately to Sandusky. No boat appeared on Wednesday, and Mr. Gardner was naturally uneasy to get back to his political vineyard, so urgently in need of his husbandry. On Thursday, impatient to start home, Mr. Gardner started with Mr. Corning in a small boat for Put-in-Bay, in hope to get passage from there to the main land.

With much labor, and after hard fighting with and over ice, they reached Put-in-Bay, and while there

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descried the little steamer Louise headed for a neighboring islet. They succeeded in getting word to her and received answer that the boat would lay where she was over night, and the next day would call for them. On Friday, therefore, Mr. Gardner sailed on the Louise for Sandusky, and on Saturday landed in Cleveland. It was then too late to regain the political ground lost, by his absence, but he no doubt sincerely congratulated himself that he had safely passed through extreme maritime dangers and reached home alive and well. — Cleveland Plaindealer

1889: THE CANOE MEET

Sandusky Daily Register, July 11, 1889

ABOUT a dozen members of the Western Canoe Club with their boats and traps took the steamer City of Sandusky for Ballast Island last evening.

Programme of Races and General Notes

Preparations for the annual meet of the Western Canoe Association at Ballast Island are about complete and a large number of members with their boats are already at the island.

The meet will begin on Saturday and continue for two weeks. The first week will be devoted to cruising and visiting, and the second to racing and the meet hop, some evening yet to be decided upon, at the Toledo Club House.

Those already at Ballast Island who have passed through Sandusky are the following:

T. P. Gaddis, Will Crawford and Tom Daniels of Dayton; J. O. Shiras and Tom Kirkpatrick of Springfield; Capt. Weeks, C. J. Stedman, Geo. B. Ellard, H. D. Crane. Clough Anderson, Nick Longworth, Jr., and Dr. Herman Groesbeck of Cincinnati and Commodore J. R. Bartlett of Fremont. Messrs Kirkpatrick, Ellard and Crane were accompanied by their families.

Below is the list of officers and various committee :

Commodore—J. R. Bartlett, Fremont.

Vice Commodore—D. H. Crane, Chicago.

Rear Commodore—C. J. Stedman, Cincinnati.

Secretary and Treasurer—O.H. Root, Cleveland.

Executive committee—C. J. Bonsfield, Bay City; T. P. Gaddis, Dayton; T. J. Kirkpatrick, Springfield.

Regatta committee—Geo. B. Ellard, Harry D. Crane. Cincinnati; B. W. Wood, Chicago; C. F. Pennewell, Cleveland.

The programme of races is given below:

The races will be on the triangle formed by Ballast, Middle Bass and Put in-Bay islands, unless otherwise specified. The races for each day will be printed upon the bulletin board at 8:30 a. m. and 1 p. m. They will be as follows:

1. Sailing—Twice around Ballast Island. Open to all canoers. Classes A. B. C.
2. Sailing—Class B, three miles, Record event.
3. Sailing—Class A, three miles. Record event.
4. Paddling— Class II, one-half mile. Record event.
5. Paddling—Class III. One-half mile. Record event.
6. All classes—One and one-half miles. Sail first half mile, paddle second and sail third. Record event.
7. Paddle—Class I. One-half mile.
8. Paddling upset—Classes I and A, 300 feet. No special appliances allowed. At signal each canoe must be completely over, righted, and with crew inside, paddled across finishing line.
9. Sailing novices, all classes—One and one half miles. Open only to canoers who never sailed a

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canoe prior to Sept. 1, 1888.

10. Sailing for Gardner challenge cup—Classes A and B. six miles. Record event.

11. Sailing, consolation—All classes, three miles. Winners of either first or second place in events 1, 2, 3, 6, or 9 excluded.

12. Man overboard—At a given signal the crew shall throw overboard, astern on the leeward side, a paddle, shall pick it up again and continue on his course across the line.

13. Sailing for the W. C. A. trophy cup—Classes A and B—Seven and one half miles. Record event.

Sailing—Class C- Longworth cup. Course, distance and day of race to be announced by the regatta committee before the race.

1892: The annual meet of the Western Canoe association will not be held at Ballast Island this season

Sandusky Daily Register, July 9, 1892

Put-in-Bay, July 7, '92

... Shipping in bay and harbor appeared in full suits of colors, and far and near throughout the green circlet of islands—at Ballast, at Wehrle's landing, Middle Bass, at Toledo and Lake Erie club grounds, at the government hatchery, on Gibraltar and Green Island—flaunted and flamed the national ensign...

... At Hotel Victory, it is stated, about 600 guests were entertained, while throngs of sight seers filled the grounds. A sumptuous dinner was served and music was furnished by the "Hotel Victory orchestra." In the evening a brilliant display of fireworks at the Bay, at Ballast Island and other points about the island formed an attraction which closed the day. At the Toledo and Lake Erie club, Middle Bass, a Fourth of July dinner was served to 385 members and guests. The day was occupied by cruising on the lake and sports by the boys in the club grounds, base ball, running and swimming matches being indulged in. In the evening fire works were in order and a concert was given by the Odeon club of Cleveland—banjo and mandolin—under the direction of Wm. Gill for the benefit of club chapel. At the close of the concert an elegant dress hop was held at Rehberg's hall, at which flowers were abundant and music was furnished by Prof. Wolt's celebrated orchestra, of Toledo, now located at club...

... The annual meet of the Western Canoe association will not be held at Ballast Island this season, a change having been decided upon by the members. The meet will be located at O. Roeth's², Ballast resort is booming with life and enterprise, however, despite the absence of the gay canoer and his agile craft. The club house is under the management of Jerry Hawkins, of Cleveland. The cottages are all occupied and the club books register about forty-five members and guests, ladies and gentlemen, representing many persons of prominence from Cincinnati, Cleveland and other points. The steam yacht Ina makes daily connections between Ballast Island and the Bay.

² This could also be Rosth's or something else. The third letter is unclear in the original.

1892: Canoe Racing at Ballast Island

Sandusky Daily Register, July 17, 1892

Put-in-Bay

Canoeing and yachting are forming the main attractions among the islands during the present week. Ballast Island presents a scene of life and gaiety, having donned her holiday garb in honor of a numerous assemblage of guests, representing canoers, yachtsmen and others. Parties of these visitors have also found their way to this place and are registered at the various hotels. The lake in the vicinity of Ballast Island is dotted each day with canvas, swift and light as the storied bark canoe of the red man, from which it is modeled. A few added improvements have quite modified this relic of barbarism, however.

The willowy masts upon which two tiny white sails are set spoil somewhat the romantic effect, but aid materially the management of the craft, when mast and sails are removed the paddle substituted, and its manipulation—attired *a la* “big injun” strikes out for test of muscle, the illusion poetic, is partially restored.

Canoers are spending a season practicing aquatic feats and maneuvers, entertaining friends, and exchanging courtesies The coming week will be devoted to the races, which are to take place in the channel between Ballast and Put-in-Bay islands. The names of officers and others acting on committees, together with a specification of class, time and manner of races have already been published in THE REGISTER columns and need not be repeated in this connection Owing to the backset which the summer experienced in the month of June the camping season has been retarded. The customary June camper is just beginning to arrive; having been reminded of his former haunts, doubtless, by the recent dry, hot weather. Four tents have recently been spread in the grove of F. E. Miller, East Point, and will be occupied by Detroit parties.

A company of Pittsburgers are in camp at Wehrle's Point, Middle Bass The fleet of the Ohio Yacht Club arrived in the island waters last week on its annual cruise. Though not as numerous as formerly, many of the yachts comprising the fleet were miracles of elegance ---- From May 1st to July 9th the number of guests registered at the club house of the Toledo and Lake Erie Boating and Fishing Association at Middle Bass, was 690. At the present time there are 175 persons at the club house and cottages. Among the members and invited guests may be mentioned the names of some prominent people, as follows: Miss Foster and Miss Annie, daughters of ex Governor Foster; Mrs. Rease, sister of General and Senator Sherman. Mrs. Rease is accompanied by her daughter, Miss Rease; John Berdan and family, of Toledo; Miss Rusk, daughter of Secretary Rusk, of the Department of Agriculture, Washington; Geo. Hafer, president of Cincinnati, Louisville & Northern railway; A. R. Black, a prominent lawyer of Columbus; T. Ewing Miller, wholesale dry goods merchant, of Columbus; T. A. Cutter, manager of the club association, is absent from the island. T. A. Isherwoods, a prominent director of the same, will sail for Europe July 26. C. L. Lickliger is filling the position of clerk in the office of the Club hotel. The grounds of this association are most favorably located at the western extremity of Middle Bass Island, commanding the lake breezes from both sides of the point. Beautiful by nature, this spot has received so many additional embellishments at the hand of art as to render it a perfect paradise of loveliness. The outlay for the building of the superb hotel and for other extensive improvements must have been large. The hotel and cottages are supplied with water

Ballast Island, Lake Erie

from the water works tower, a massive structure built near the shore. Numerous buildings, boat house, hall, pavillion, etc., are built within the grounds and are very fine. The resort taken as a whole, is sufficient in extent to comprise a small village. Lawns, shade trees, flowers and shrubbery in exquisite arrangement everywhere greet the beholder, all of which means ease, comfort and recreation to the members of the association and their invited guests. Ex Governor Foster and Governor Foraker are expected to share the rest and enjoyment which the resort affords later in the season. Clergymen representing various denominations are also expected and will hold occasional religious services at the little gothic chapel. Sunday school is regularly held at this chapel, with a song service Sunday evenings.... Col. William E. Haynes, of Fremont, Representative from this Congressional district, was registered among the Beebe House guests last week; also James McConville, receiver of the Metropolitan Bank, Cincinnati, and Dr. Scudder, of the same place... A party of gumchewers from a neighboring island attended a recent play at the Put-in-Bay opera house with the intention of creating a disturbance, which intention they proceeded to put into effect. They paid no attention to the manager's request for order, but were finally cowed into respectful silence by the calling of an officer...

Vegetation at this place needs rain. Very light showers fell on Sunday but not in a sufficient quantity to do any great amount of benefit. On Sunday night a gale from the north west set in which continued all night—the heaviest blast of the season... It matters little whether the time allotted to excursionists for tarrying among the islands is long, or short, some of them nearly always continue to get left. After a five hours stay at Middle Bass last Saturday, a party of Detroit passengers failed to reach the Pearl in season. The steamer had fairly cleared the islands and was heading away for Detroit when they appeared upon the wharf at Wehrle's frantically endeavoring to signal her back. Wehrle's whistle blew distress signals long and loud in their behalf, filling uninitiated islanders with apprehension of some dire calamity. The officers of the Pearl doubtless had ears, but they utterly failed to hear and the steamer continued calmly on her course... The Ohio State Bar Association is in session at the Beebe House hall. Prominent legal lights from different parts of the State will appear on this occasion and an interesting time is anticipated... The "Business educators" of Cleveland gave an excursion to Put-in-Bay last Saturday. Some of the party remained over Sunday.

THERESA THORNDALE.

1892: Storm Damage on Ballast Island

Sandusky Daily Register, July 26, 1892

CAPTAIN Fox, of the steamer Kirby, reports much damage done by the storm at Ballast Island on Sunday night. A small warehouse was blown from the docks to the middle of the island. An ice house in which three canoes were stored was blown down and the roof carried some distance away and lodged in the tree tops. A small number of men who were in the building narrowly escaped injury.

1892: Ballast Island Overview

Sandusky Daily Register, August 23, 1892

Put-in-Bay

... Ballast Island is owned and largely patronized by Cleveland people, though many individuals and parties from other places are entertained there as guests during the season. A quiet spot and romantic is Ballast, but not *lonely*, and although a wide stretch of Erie intervenes between it and the busy, babbling Bay, the place is readily reached by the steam yacht Ina which connects between the two resorts forenoon and afternoon of each day. Before landing the boat frequently makes a circuit of the island in order to give her passengers a good view of the cragged and picturesque rocks which gird its shores. On landing at the commodious pier the first object which attracts the observer is the pioneer log cabin of ex-Mayor Geo. W. Gardner, of Cleveland, which faces the shore and is surrounded by tall maple and basswood trees which shelter but do not conceal. In the construction of this domicile and in its interior furnishings mystic effects have been closely studied and reproduced with artistic results, as seen from the rough barked logs of the unplastered ceiling, the black built chimney with its old fashioned crane and “fire dogs” to the chinking in the walls. Mrs. Geo W. Gardner takes pleasure in showing visitors about the dwelling and grounds. She converses entertainingly and is an amiable and agreeable lady. The Gardner cottage was built in 1876 at a cost of \$2,000.

Among the guests entertained by Mrs. Gardner is Miss Rebecca Henderson, daughter of Hon. J. M. Henderson, of Cleveland. C. R. Gilmore, wife and child and Judge Gilmore, of Columbus, were recent guests at the Gilmore cottage. An adjoining cottage, formerly occupied by Mayor Gardner, is the present rendezvous of F. F. B. Alberry and family, of Columbus, O. The first residence built on Ballast was that of L. S. Brown, former owner of the island. This forms the abode of Mrs. Chas. Foote and daughter, of Cleveland, with guests. A cottage owned by Gen. James Barnett is occupied this season by Henry Chisholm, of Cleveland... Chas. Stedman, of the National LaFayette bank, of Cincinnati, with his family and family of J. B. Horn, a dry goods merchant doing a heavy business in Pittsburg, are living in the John B. Smith cottage.

A cottage belonging to the Cutter estate of Cleveland is occupied by J. B. Hawkins, present manager of the Ballast resort, who presides over the destinies of the dining hall, kitchen and storeroom and regulates the general movement of things about the place. A walk around the island is a revelation of delight. The cottages are all built along the shore line, overlooking its rugged and jagged and niched and notched rocks of limestone.

Romantic walks wind in and out among native forest trees and picturesque rock ledges, while from ground sill to cornice and ridgepole the cottages are embowered in clinging ivy, wild grape and woodbine and present a charming picture. Marks of the recent storm which wrecked the canoers' camp, demolished the ice houses and dug a dock out—by the roots—are still obvious, the log built and stone loaded cribs of docks being thrown into

Ballast Island, Lake Erie

chaotic upheaval and debris strewing the stone.

The Ballast resorters never get lonesome. In the forenoon they collect beneath umbrageous trees and entertain each other with select readings and games. The ladies sew and do fancy work and the hours speed away. In the afternoon there is a general rush for the bathing beach, the novel and picturesque costumes of the surf are donned, and mermaids and mermen joyously frisk and flounder in the liquid blue...

Gen. James Barnett and wife were expected up from Cleveland to remain over Sunday; also Will Huntington and family, with naphtha launch Dearest... Among recent guests at Canoers' cottage were Judge Maxwell, of Cincinnati; Col. Bartlett, Fremont; Harry Gardner, Cleveland, ex-commodore Western Canoe association; J. Kirkpatrick, a newspaper man of prominence, and others... Geo. M. Munger, of Chicago, is commodore of the Canoe association for the ensuing year. The canoe meet will be held at Ballast Island next season. A new ice house, dock and other improvements are to be materialized this fall, and Ballast will blithely blossom with the bluebells and bluebirds of the coming spring.

Dr. and Mrs. A. F. Cook, Mrs. U. S. Cook and Master Ralph Cook, of Sandusky, were recent guests at the Beebe house; also Lewis H. Goodwin, W. C. Butler and Chas. E. Bouton, of that city... Misses Adele Baum, Rittie Burns and Clara Ristener, of Cleveland, are guests of Mrs. Peter Belts.... The Hocking and Ohio Valley Editorial association, on their annual outing, reached here by steamer City of Toledo Saturday afternoon, and took the electric cars for Hotel Victory where they are being entertained. The party is accompanied by W. H. Fisher, general passenger agent C. H. V. & T. R. R. The Beebe house is all alive with guests. Among the number are Senator Washburne; Judge Rufus B. Smith; Lester Bates and family, Cincinnati; Judge J. B. Waight, Mt. Vernon.

A very able and interesting discourse was delivered from the pulpit of St. Paul's Episcopal church, Put-in-Bay, Sunday morning by Rev. H. E. Cooke, son of Jay Cooke. "Heaven and Earth will Pass Away, but My Word will not Pass Away" formed the text, from which subject treating upon the authenticity and stability of the bible was evolved. "How the World was Formed" was the subject of a very able and scientific lecture delivered in the evening by Rev. E. R. Horton, at St. Paul's church.

THERESA THORNDALE.

1900: Perished All Alone

Sandusky Daily Star, November 21, 1900

PERISHED ALL ALONE

Body Found Three Days After Death

PAT SADLER'S FATE.

Drowned on the Shore of Lonely Ballast Island – Body Cast Up by the Waves.

The news of the miserable death of Patrick Sadler, who lived alone on Ballast Island, being caretaker of the club house there, has just been received in the city.

It is altogether probable that Sadler was drowned last Friday evening, but not until Monday was his dead body found by fishermen upon the lonely beach of Ballast Island. Sadler was last seen alive at Put-in-Bay late last Friday afternoon, when he started to row to Ballast Island with a boat load of winter supplies. The wind was blowing fresh, the air was sharp and chilly. The trip must have been one attended by dangers and discomforts, but there is an abundance of circumstantial evidence to show that Sadler reached Ballast Island in safety.

On Saturday morning, an upturned row boat was found by the Lutz brothers at Middle Bass. They did not know to whom it belonged. And even if they had would not necessarily have suspected anything more than that the little craft had broken away from its moorings somewhere. The same day the Lutz brothers went out fishing and saw a basket upon the dock.

On Monday they again went out, and again saw the basket on the dock. Then it was that they started to investigate, and rowed toward Ballast Island. Before they reached shore, they saw a dead body rolled up on the beach. Upon closer inspection, it was found to be that of Sadler, who had evidently been dead for at least two or three days. The story with reference to his death is that he landed his supplies upon the dock without leaving the boat and that when he stepped from the craft it swung away from the dock, or he lost his balance, causing him to fall into the water. The dock is L-shaped and a swift running current undoubtedly washed the body onto the beach.

Albert Lutz, and his brother fastened a line to the body and towed it to Middle Bass, where it was viewed by acting coroner Oldt. The same evening (Monday) it was taken aboard the little steamer Ina and conveyed to Put-in-Bay, where the funeral occurred this afternoon.

Patrick Sadler was a fisherman, and was at different times employed by Sandusky concerns. He was quite well known among the fishermen here. His wife died some time ago, and for several winters he had made his home at the Ballast Island club house, taking care of the property, which is owned by several wealthy gentlemen in Cleveland. The deceased leaves several children, one of whom is Charles Sadler, of Put-in-Bay.

1911: BALLAST ISLAND'S AGED OWNER DIES

Sandusky Star Journal, Dec. 19, 1911

BALLAST ISLAND'S AGED OWNER DIES

Commodore George W. Gardner, Yachtsman Well-Known Here, Passed Away

PROMINENT IN CLEVELAND

Was Early Associate and Partner of Rockefeller But Preferred Sport to Wealth

Commodore George W. Gardner of Cleveland and Ballast Island, and veteran yachtsman known all along the lake, died at the home of his daughter in Dayton. He had been ill several weeks.

(to be completed)

1919: CLEVELAND YACHT CLUB PLANS TO PURCHASE BALLAST ISLAND

Sandusky Register, Jan. 14, 1919

CLEVELAND YACHT CLUB PLANS TO PURCHASE BALLAST ISLAND

The Cleveland Yacht club is about to start a big membership campaign and with the funds received through this drive the club plans to purchase Ballast Island.

The Ballast island proposition would furnish an objective for long cruises and an ideal spot for vacations and headquarters during the annual interlake Regatta at Put-in-Bay.

Ballast island, 11 acres in extent, heavily wooded and one of the most beautiful spots along the lakes, lies at the entrance of Put-in-Bay harbor, 56 miles from the headquarters of the Cleveland Yacht club at Rocky Ridge.

The Ballast island project is planned as an auxiliary club of the Cleveland Yacht club, with annual dues of \$25. With a starting membership of 1,000 the Ballast island plan will become a certainty. The dues from such membership will purchase Ballast island and afford a small working capital for improvements. The second year the entire amount from dues would be utilized to make the island a real mecca for Cleveland sailors.

1890: The Ballast Island Canoe Races

Sandusky Daily Register, July 29, 1890

Put-in-Bay, July 25

... The canoe races ended at Ballast island July 22d. The paddling races came off in the morning and were won by F. Pennewell, of Cleveland; E. F. Woodruff, of Dayton, coming in second, and Nat Cooke third. The ball to be given by the Canoe association at Wehrle's hall³ came off Thursday night. Ballast island, at which the Western Canoe association holds its annual meets, is a picturesque bit of terra firma with low gravelly shores to the southward, while northward it is girt by rough beetling rocks, worn and cavened⁴ by the waves. The island contains about nine acres of land, and is owned by a stock company, among whom are Mayor Geo. W. Gardner and Gen. James Barnett, of Cleveland, and other gentlemen of prominence. Adjacent is a tiny islet covered with trees and shrubbery, forming an emerald setting in the blue water. A dozen years ago this little gem, called "The Lost Ballast," was an extension of the island proper, but is now separated by a wide sweep of water. A club house, spacious and airy, is located upon the island shore, and numerous cottages, artistically builded, and ivy covered, nestle among forest and fruit trees and hillside vines. Gravelled walks follow the winding shore line, crossing smooth, flower-sprinkled lawns, ascending rough slopes, with sharp, jagged elevations of land upon either hand. Nature's rugged wildness and art's refining touch here combine to form a picture most charming.

Notable among the airy summer cottages located here, may be mentioned the "log cabin," of Mayor Gardner—a veritable rustic poem—a romantic picture from the scaly bark of its unhewn logs and ivy clad gables without, to the old fashioned chimney and rustic furniture within. Nearly seventy guests are being entertained at the club house; of these about forty are canoers. The canoer's camp with its tents of white and striped canvass, its line of birchen colored canoes drawn upon the beach, forms another pretty picture which the photographer with camera in hand, has not been slow to find. The canoe man looks well in his natty suit and the canoe he sails is a natty craft, with its willowy masts, its glistening steel and silver adjustments, its delicate little chains and its pretty oddities and devices in the way of flags and pennons⁵.

The official members of the canoe association are as follows: Commodore, C. J. Stedman, Cincinnati; vice commodore, T. J. Kirkpatrick, Springfield; rear commodore, T. S. Gates, Columbus; secretary and treasurer, J. B. Koegle. The canoers will break camp Saturday next.

³ The hall at the location of the Lonz Winery on Middle Bass Island

⁴ Containing Caverns

⁵ Pennants

From “Lonz of Middle Bass”:

Mr. Edwards, as was the custom of the time, was required to provide his daughter, Alice, with a dowry in anticipation of her marriage. He presented her with the island real estate; however, Alice’s fiance had other ideas and stipulated that the islands be converted into cash.

Thus, the property in 1854 was sold to a clever and ambitious Puerto Rican merchant living in New York, Jose de Rivera St. Jurgo. The purchase included Ballast Island, just south of Middle Bass, and Sugar Island, situated to the northwest of Middle Bass, and Gibraltar Island, in Put-in-Bay Harbor. Alice’s dowry was enhanced to the tune of \$44,000.00 for the five islands comprising about 2,100 acres.

1873: Ballast Island, from Appleton's Journal

APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

No. 223.]

NEW YORK, JUNE 28, 1873.

[VOL. IX.

BALLAST ISLAND.

A STORY OF LAKE ERIE.

THE lake was blue, deep blue, and fairy wavelets broke on the island-beaches, each with its miniature foam-crest and gentle wash. The sun had vanished, but all the banners of his royal army flamed in the sky,

rock-deities had come to the surface to gaze over the water for a while; an unseen, whispering presence lurked in the groves; the caverns into which the wavelets ran put on an air of mystery, as if they might be fathom-

miles away, so vague and purple were their outlines in the golden haze. Only Lake Erie and its group of wine-islands—a Western archipelago, without poetry or fame, but beautiful as the charmed waters of the Old



“Come along, girl!”—Page 886.

a mighty host of colors marching down to the west, rank by rank, leaving vacant behind them the pale-golden field of the evening, where already an advance-guard of the night had appeared—the star Hesperus in his silver armor. The islands near and far were veiled in the shadows of twilight; familiar cliffs showed strange profiles, as if

less; and Elizabeth forgot that only that very morning she had pushed her skiff within, and gathered the little shells from their utmost beach. Dusky vineyards, stretching from shore to shore, looked like enchanted labyrinths, in which a man might wander forever in a twilight that never changed; and the outlying islands seemed hundreds of

World! Fame, after all, is often but a question of time. If the Pacific held in store another undiscovered continent, we in our turn might hope to become classical: Grant might live again as a species of Hercules, Emerson as a Socrates, Theodore Thomas as an Orpheus, Bret Harte as a Horace, and dear, delightful Sothern as a Thespis; school-

boys, several thousand years hence, might be translating "Dundreary," and pedants might be writing learned notes upon the Geological Society of the Stanislow. The wine-islands of Lake Erie, also, might then have their Sappho.

But the Pacific holds no continent, and future generations will tread the same ground we are treading. No romantic pilgrims will sigh among the ruins of New York. We cannot hope to become classic. It takes a continent to discover a continent, and an age to discover an age, which, being interpreted, signifies that a prophet is not without honor, save in his own country.

Elizabeth Pyne was floating in a skiff alone on the blue water. Behind, on the island, stood the long, white hotel, with its rows of green blinds and piazzas, its oak-grove, and its little dock. Here, during the summer months, came languid people from the South-western rivers—the Mississippi, the Tennessee, the Ohio—and from the Blue-Grass region; and here, in the early autumn, when the vineyards were purple, came the wiser people of the lake-cities, culling the best of the grapes and the weather, and bringing back full game-bags from their shooting-expeditions into the marshy wilderness of Sandusky Bay. The Southerners had gone back to their rivers, and the lake-city people were in possession. Already September had passed its meridian, but the golden weather held them in its spell. "Only one day more," they said to each other every evening; but still they remained, like the singers whose last appearances are long drawn out, dependent upon the lingering golden sunshine of popular favor.

But all the loveliness of air, earth, sky, and water, could not charm away from Elizabeth's mind the certainty that she was angry; her cheeks were flushed, her eyes shone, and by fits and starts she rowed with quick dashes, very different from the long, sweeping strokes natural to her skilled wrists and the peaceful evening. Needless to hesitate over the cause of this mood! Given a girl of beauty, a fair Juliet in anger, and instantly there arises, on the opposite side of the picture, a dark Romeo, who is the cause of all. In this case Romeo was Frederick Harper, and a clergyman, but a Romeo still, for he loved. He was a clergyman, but vigorous, energetic, and up even with the march of knowledge scientific, philosophic, and political; a man whom it did your heart good to see in the ranks; a man with brain, heart, and muscle enough for success in any of the worldly occupations, where fortunes are offered as prizes; a man who, capable of any thing, had chosen this. The thoughtless said: "What a pity!" But the earnest answered: "This is as it should be. Would that the greatest profession could always have the greatest! Whereas we all know how—" and a sigh closed the sentence.

Miss Pyne and Mr. Harper were in that lovely shadow-land of expectation through the vista of which there shines from beyond a golden light; the path leads toward it, but the vague aisles are full of enchantment, and the travellers linger to gather flowers, or step aside to follow the course of a brook, sure,

however, to come back again to the beaten path, each time nearer and still nearer to the open sunshine beyond. In this case the plain words "Wilt thou?" had not been spoken; but, as the church-gossips said, "they understood each other." O busy tongues, ye spoke better than ye knew! To understand each other—what can express more? We all long to be understood; but only a rare, true love can penetrate to the sanctuary where each soul waits for its interpreter, as the beautiful sleeper in the wood waited for the prince. The mother thinks that she understands her child, but there are chambers in that daughter's heart which she can never enter. Sisters, brothers, friends, and, alas! even husbands and wives, live through life waiting, waiting, but the prince comes not. When we meet him, at last, face to face, that will be heaven enough for some of us.

Yes; Frederick and Elizabeth understood each other. They read the same books, and compared their opinions; they kept for each other treasure-troves of fugitive verses; they loved the same music—Mendelssohn, Wagner, and German folk-songs, with some of the plaintive negro melodies of the Southern rivers, for they did not belong to the musicians of one idea; the one-idea people become wearisome after a time. (Mont Blanc is grand, and we like to ascend to its summit; but must we therefore choose it as a residence? Great is classical music! And, having thus saluted it, we are quietly thankful that there are still cakes and ale.) They enjoyed the long personal conversations possible only to lovers, in which the hidden feelings come to the surface, and take delight in communion face to face. To each the other's mere presence made every-day life glorious. With Elizabeth, the whether or not to go always resolved itself into the question, "Shall I see him?" To Frederick, with whom the going was seldom a matter of choice, the possibility of enjoyment meant, "Will she be there?" Generally she was. Clergymen are fortunate. Or is it unfortunate? They have a weekly round which they must tread; nor can they flit to the right or the left, as fancy might suggest. But Mohammed comes to the mountain. It is remarkable how that weekly round is brightened by the fair faces that smile upon its borders.

Elizabeth and Frederick understood each other—to a certain extent; but the woman was nervous from inaction, the man lethargic from fatigue. Elizabeth did so little that she was constantly longing for excitement; Frederick so much that he was constantly longing for rest. Spending an autumn vacation among the vineyards of the wine-islands, the young man gave way to a full enjoyment of that delicious brain-idleness which only a brain-worker can know; the cares and interests of a large city parish, with its dependent missions, were for the moment gone, and the pastor rested as he worked, fully. But Elizabeth needed no rest. She was charged with an overplus of vitality, energy unemployed made her restless, and urged her to numerous daring freaks. She proposed joining the hunting expeditions to Sandusky Bay; she was seized with a desire to visit the uninhabited Sister Islands, dimly visible on the horizon; she

was sure that the grapes on Rattlesnake were sweeter than those in the vineyards near the hotel; why not try a midnight sail, or a sunrise fishing-party? To all of which Mr. Harper returned a lethargic "*Cui bono?*" and remained lying at ease upon the rocks, listening to the wash of the wavelets, and gazing dreamily off over the blue lake.

That evening Elizabeth had remarked, "I hate a humdrum life."

"Only humdrum people have humdrum lives," answered Frederick, sketching a little profile on a smooth lake-pebble.

"I hate humdrum people, then," pursued Elizabeth.

"So do I; that is, I am not fond of them."

"Every thing here is humdrum."

"What! This lovely view?"

"Yes, and every thing at Lakeport also," continued the young lady, aggressively.

"Sad for Lakeport," answered the young clergyman, shading the countenance of his pebble portrait.

"There is no chivalry left in the world."

"But plenty of self-sacrifice."

"There is no romance."

"But plenty of love."

"I do not believe it," said Elizabeth, shortly. Now, Frederick might have gone on a mission then and there, and converted this unbeliever, but he was indolent, and so only smiled.

"I see nothing of it," continued Miss Pyne, advancing a step farther in search of excitement, going, indeed, to the extreme limit of her domain. No sooner had she thus spoken, than she became painfully aware of the significance of her words; but confusion changed rapidly into anger, when she perceived that no advantage was taken of them. An advance unnoticed, a retreat unpursued, are both mortifying. She waited a full minute, while Frederick Harper tranquilly darkened the eyelashes of his little stone face; then she rose and walked down the beach, angry with the world, with herself, but most of all with the tall, dark young man she left behind her. Frederick said to himself, "I will follow her in a moment," and went on with his sketch; to do him justice, he had no idea she was angry, for he had not taken in the full meaning of her words. Busy, practical men require some strong excitement to tone them up to all the infinite and delicate variations of a woman's feelings and moods; but there was no excitement in the hazy evening air, and, besides, the brain-worker was enjoying his annual rest. So he tarried. And when he followed, she was gone.

Around the rock-corner, out of sight, Elizabeth rowed her skiff, and the water showed no trace. She had never ventured out alone so late in the day, and therefore the masculine mind thought not of such a possibility; but what is precedent to a woman of the quicksilver type! "I will row over to the Rattlesnake," she said to herself, "it is but a short distance;" and the daring idea chimed in with her angry mood. She settled to her oars, and was soon far out in the lake. The Snake was four miles away, lying in the water with his two rattles behind; the sunset glow faded, the twilight grew dusky, clouds rolled

up from the west, and still the girl rowed on. She was lost in reverie, and rowed mechanically. Gradually, however, she became aware that it took more force to pull back the oars, and that the strain on her hands was heavier. She glanced around; it was night on shore, but on the water the light lingers late, a bank of black clouds was rising slowly in the west, and a swell setting in from the outside showed that beyond the islands there was a sea running. The Snake was nearer now than the Hotel-island, and Elizabeth, no longer in a reverie, bent to her oars, and often turned her head, steering the skiff so as not to lose an inch on her way. She was not alarmed, for she was a skilful oarswoman, but she had no wish to be driven out to sea, and rescued by some prosaic old lumber-berge. If it were a yacht, now, or a privateer! But Lake Erie has no such romantic craft.

Heavier grew the swell, and darker the sky, crests of foam appeared here and there, and at last the wind got into the island-corner, and wound in and out through the archipelago, bringing the waves in its track. The Snake was not far distant, but its head hissed angrily as the wind struck it and raised the seething foam. The landing was on the outer side, and Elizabeth hesitated an instant; but the angry daring which had taken her out, took her on, and she ventured. Another moment, and the skiff was swept out to sea. She kept the boat's head in the wind and counted the chances; there were, however, but three: to outride the storm; to turn and row back to the Hotel-island; or to land on Ballast, whose range-light shone out ahead. Ballast Islet was the outpost of the group; beyond was the open lake. She decided for Ballast.

Half an hour passed, and a pale girl sat in a skiff driving before the wind, which was fast growing into a gale; the sea was high, and the skiff plunged and rocked, but she kept it on its course and sat with her head turned, intently watching. Ballast was near, but too far to the left. The wind would not take her, as she had hoped, far up on its sandy beach—she must turn and row sideways across the current of the wind and water. Could she do it? It was all Lake Erie against one pair of rounded arms. Elizabeth was alarmed now. She recognized the storm. It was the so-called equinoctial—the September gale which surely rides over the lake sooner or later, and cannot be mistaken when it comes. Yearly, Erie is strewn with the wrecks of this storm, whose approach is masked in soft, purple haze, and whose departure is followed by brilliant sunshine, as if in mockery of the victims. There is a fatality about the equinoctial on the Lower Lakes; no one ever expects it. "Not to-day," say the sailors; "not to-day," say the pleasure-travellers; and that very night their souls are required of them.

Elizabeth, a child of the lake-country, had realized during this last half-hour that the year had come; her face was pale and pinched, her round hat had gone, and her hair floated unheeded around her shoulders; only her eyes and her arms seemed alive as she watched and rowed. Rocks lay jagged around Ballast; there was but one landing,

a short strip of sloping beach, and on either side rocky needles and hooks to tear the boat in pieces, and deep water to drown its one passenger. The chances now were but one, and that a slender one. To outride the three days' gale, to go back to the Hotel-island, were both impossible; there remained only the dangerous alternative of a landing on the narrow beach. Nearer and nearer swept the skiff, the moment was almost there. Elizabeth thought of—her sins? Of her guardian-angel? No; she thought of Frederick Harper, who took the place of both. "He will mourn for me if I am drowned," she thought, pathetically. And with that she seized the oars tightly, and, bracing her feet, turned the skiff short to the left, bending double with her effort to force the boat broadside to the wind, across the current. It was a mighty effort for a girl, but she did not covet the being mourned for, if it could be prevented. The tense muscles on her arms, and blisters on her hands, showed that. A short and desperate contest. But the well-developed physique, the superabundant vitality and electricity that tormented her in the idleness of peace, gained the victory in this war with the elements, and, panting for breath, with singing noises in her head and blood-spots dancing before her eyes, Elizabeth Pyne beached the skiff with a last tremendous stroke, and, gaining the higher ground behind, sank exhausted on the grass. Vertigo swam in her brain for some moments, then followed a lethargic faintness, and gradually a chill crept through her frame, and she felt the pain of strained muscles and blistered palms. Rising wearily she started for the light-house. But the light was an old-man-of-the-mountain—visible only from a distance; though she had guided her course by its twinkle for the last half-hour, once upon the island, it vanished. It was dark, and the wind sounded among the trees with a wild cry; tired, cold, and disheartened, the girl wandered on at random, looking for the light, and thinking of Frederick Harper. She derived some comfort in the thought that he was probably "perfectly distracted." In reality, however, Mr. Harper was comfortably seated on the sheltered piazza watching the on-coming storm; he supposed that Elizabeth had followed one of her freaks and immured herself in her own room for the evening. He missed her, of course, and he allowed himself to hope that after their marriage there would be fewer of these freaks. This settled, he had an evening cigar of peace.

In the mean time, poor Elizabeth wandered on, her little kid boots torn and wet, her summer dress a trailing, tattered train, holding her hair with one hand to keep herself from Absalom's fate, and with the other guarding her face from the trees and bushes unseen in the darkness. She was exhausted and miserable, and on the verge of hysterics; but of course she could not have hysterics all alone, no one ever did. At last, when she had been dragging herself about for more than an hour, her tired eyes caught a low-down gleam. "The keeper's house," she thought, and a glow surprised her cold veins;

she was still alive. But it was like chasing a will-o'-the-wisp; again and again she lost the light, and again and again it gleamed out in an unexpected quarter, for in the darkness she made many circles. At last the cabin came into view, or rather its window, and, without trying to find the door, Elizabeth tapped on the curtained pane. Another minute, and she was under a roof, and face to face with a fire. Then she had her hysterics.

Through it all she was dimly conscious that a woman was tending her; the wet boots were taken off, her hair smoothed, and her bruised hands bound up in soft balm. Then the warmth of the fire began to soothe, and a fragrant aroma to arouse her, and finally she dried her tears, and drank the hot coffee with eagerness. A state of beatitude followed, and she fell asleep.

Late in the evening, when the storm was fierce, Elizabeth's aunt appeared on the piazza. "Bessie! Bessie!" she cried. "Come in, child. You will take cold."

"Elizabeth is not here, Miss Sage," answered Frederick Harper, rising; "she has been in her room all the evening."

"Indeed," replied Aunt Anne, retreating out of the wind; then to herself, "I wonder if they have quarrelled?" For Aunt Anne, like most maiden aunts, fancied clergymen, and looked forward to the position of oracle in the parish, and the head directorship of sewing-societies. A few moments later she came running down the hall, with her capstrings floating behind her. "She is not there, Mr. Harper," she cried; "the door is locked, and the key under the mat, as usual. She has not been there since afternoon."

Then came confusion and anxiety, many tongues and many suggestions. "Could she have strayed—?" "Could she have fallen—?" "Could she have ventured—?" but no one ended his question, for the cliffs were abrupt, and the rocks below cruel. At last a boy was found, who said, "She went out in a skiff at sunset; I saw her pass the point."

This was worse than all. "Elizabeth, Elizabeth!" cried Aunt Anne. "Elizabeth is drowned!"

"No," answered Frederick Harper, in a voice that startled the chattering crowd; "she is not dead." And he ran out into the darkness, taking the path that led down to the dock.

The crowd gazed after him, and then, with that impulse that leads a crowd to follow a master-spirit, out they streamed into the wild night, these summer visitors from the city, and ran down to the shore.

Some fishermen sat in the boat-house, mending their nets by the light of a coal-oil lamp. They heard the story, and shook their heads. "It is the equinox, and it'll last three days," they said. "Nothing can go out of harbor to-night." Money was offered; but "Life is more than money," replied old Commodore Perry, an aged fisherman, whose name, happening to be the same as that of the hero of Lake Erie, the summer visitors had adorned with the gallant officer's title, and amused themselves gravely questioning the old man as to the battle and its incidents, until he almost believed he had taken part.

"I believe it was at one o'clock precisely,

commodore, that you wrote your famous dispatch, 'We have met the enemy, and we are theirs,' said one.

"No, no," interrupted another; "at one, the commodore crossed in a small boat, amid the terrific broadsides of the iron-clads, bearing in his hand a pennon containing these words, 'If any man attempts to shoot up the American flag, haul him on the spot!'"

"You're both wrong," remarked a third. "At one, the commodore was lashed to the main-mast, and proposed 'To fight it out in those lines, if it took all summer.'"

"Nothing of the kind," added a fourth. "The commodore was about to leave, his trunks were all packed, when Pontiac and Tecumseh came off in a small boat, and cried, with tears, 'Don't give up the ship!' So he didn't."

"Jess so, gentlemen," the old fisherman would reply, "jess so." But, now that there was an end of chaffing, and real danger abroad, the commodore, unlike his prototype, drew back; "Life is more than money, gentlemen," he said. "Ef one of the steamers was in, we might venture; but we can't tempt the equinox in a sail-boat."

"What are you doing, Harper?" said one.

"I am going out in the Pickarel," answered a voice from the end of the dock.

Then arose a chorus of remonstrance, wonder, and alarm; each person had something to say against the idea; only Aunt Anne held her peace. "He is mad." "He can never find her; they will both be lost." "A boat cannot live in such a gale." "He must not be allowed to go."

Through this shower of words Frederick worked on. Then, without answer, he pushed off and set sail. The wind whistled over the island, and the lake was black; they could only see the boat a short distance, then it vanished into the darkness. "He is lost." "He will never return." "Such a strong young life!" "So earnest and so eloquent!"

Thus the requiem was chanted. But Aunt Anne went quietly back through the grove. "I shall see them both again," she said to herself; and, in the strength of this faith, she slept quietly through the long, wild night.

Frederick Harper was a good sailor on both salt- and fresh-water; let it be understood, also, that being the one does not by any means imply the other. He knew the position of the islands, and could make his way among them without the aid of daylight; such knowledge, however, was but slight help in a storm like this. "How can he tell which way she went?" said Junior-warden Graham, as he turned back toward the house. "Such an expedition is beyond all reason." And it was. But love is not always reasonable, fortunately for the poetry of life. Frederick Harper literally could not stay in safety on shore when Elizabeth Pyne was in danger on the water; that was the whole truth.

Out he sailed over the bay, and passing the "Parsons' Snug-harbor," dimly seen through the darkness (not forgetting, even then, to dislike it as a Low-Church institution), he turned into the broad water beyond, running before the wind under a jib. His plan was to approach each island by turn; something would

tell him if he came near her. Is this superstitious? Is it not rather a kind of desperate faith? He never once admitted the idea that Elizabeth might never have reached the land at all. . . .

After a short but profound sleep Elizabeth awoke and gazed around the little room. A drift-wood fire crackled on the hearth, and a candle burned in the window; wooden chairs and tables, a clock, the settle on which she lay, and a few cooking-utensils, completed the furniture; but the whole was in blossom. Flowers were everywhere—in boxes, pots, and baskets, on shelves, on the floor, hanging from the ceiling, and climbing over the plastered walls—all kinds, the rare and the common, the hot-house princess, and the way-side peasant, the rose, the fuchsia, and the orange-blossom, side by side with the flower-de-luce, the daisy, and even the red clover. All blossoms, with as little green as possible; the leaves seemed to have been pruned away to make room for the flower. "That poor rose—all its leaves are gone," said Elizabeth, dreamily.

"Oh, you're awake, are ye? I'm glad, for I want to know which side to set the watch-fire on," said a voice. It was a woman who spoke, and Elizabeth turned and looked at her. She was a tall, slender person, with hair, eyes, and skin, of a pale yellow; only her clearly-out profile kept her face from fading into nonentity. Small, rough hands peeped from the long, close sleeves, but the limp gown hung about her form in shapeless folds, and, altogether, she looked like a faded sunflower. Elizabeth took in all these details at a glance, after the manner of woman; and then she answered, "What for?"

"Why, you come from somewhere, I suppose, and your folks will be anxious after you, won't they? If you'll tell me which way you come from, I'll set a fire on that side, and they can see it."

"I came from Bass Island," said Elizabeth.

"Bass Island? I thought so. You're one of the city folks, I reckon. I'll set the fire on that side." The hostess left the room, and a few minutes later Elizabeth saw through the window a gleam, a shooting flame, and then a steady red glare. "It's set," said the woman, reëntering.

"Are you the light-house keeper's wife?" asked Miss Pyne, after a sleepy pause; both her ideas and words seemed to come slowly.

"I'm the keeper; there ain't no other that I know of."

"You live here?"

"Yes."

"Alone?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because I want to."

"Oh!" said Miss Pyne, gazing at this singular person, who wanted to live alone upon a Lake-Erie island. She was dimly conscious throughout this dialogue that she was not speaking with her usual courtesy, but she could command only the shortest phrases. She was not herself—she was somebody else; she felt that her questions had belonged to country-bred curiosity. After a pause, she

solved the puzzle: "You put something in my coffee," she said, slowly.

"Yes; yarbs to make you sleep."

"Oh!" said Elizabeth again, too hazy to push the investigation further. "What is your name?" she continued, after a pause, returning to the laconic curiosity produced apparently by the "yarbs."

"Jonah—Miss Jonah!"

"That is a man's name; no woman ever had it."

"I have it."

"I don't believe it is your name at all," pursued Elizabeth, after pondering a while.

"Well, then, don't. It's no consequence."

"Where did you get all those flowers?" said the visitor, abandoning the subject of the name.

"Grown 'em."

"Why do you keep them in the house in summer?"

"'Cause I want to."

"I wish my head would stop whirling," said Elizabeth, abandoning the flowers also, and turning wearily upon the settle.

"Eat a bit, and then you'll doze and sleep it all off," said the light-keeper, rising. She busied herself among the dishes and over the fire, and Elizabeth dreamily wondered over her yellow hue and extreme length; she seemed half a mile long to the dazed visitor. At length came a bowl of broth, a piece of pilot-bread, and a cup of coffee. "No yarbs this time," said the yellow woman, smiling, and, after eating, the tired girl fell asleep. She was awakened suddenly by a vigorous shake. "Some one's off the island," said the light-keeper. "I heard him hollering on the wind. Is there anybody such a fool as to sail out after you in such a storm?"

"Yes," answered Elizabeth, springing up; "but you need not call him a fool."

"Pretty near it, I reckon. You want to go, too, do you? There's a shawl and some shoes."

The two women went out into the night. The beacon-fire blazed brightly and flared in the wind, dazzling Elizabeth's eyes so that she saw nothing but flame-spots in every direction; but the yellow woman's eyes were like the eyes of a cat. "There, there," she cried, "a little sloop! If they don't run upon this beach they're gone, sure. Come along, girl." And snatching a brand from the fire, she ran down to the sand. Elizabeth followed her example, and the two took their stations, one at each end of the little harbor, like two pier-lights, to show the way. By this time the sleep, the excitement, and the cold air, had overcome the narcotic, and Elizabeth began to realize her love and her mortal fear. Frederick Harper was in the boat, and death was very near him. She never doubted that it was he. "Two minutes more," said the yellow woman, "and either we or the lake will have them, poor fellows!"

As it is in drowning, all her past life seemed to glide before Elizabeth's eyes during those two minutes, and she saw her own faults standing out in glaring colors against the earnest, active good wrought by her lover. "Spare him," she prayed silently, and gazed with anguish out into the darkness before her.

"Halloa!" shouted the yellow woman.—

"Shout, girl; now, both together!" And as the sloop came into the glare of the fire, the two shouted with all their might. The unseen sailor heard, for the little boat turned—a dangerous turn—and leaped forward, head-on toward the beach. Another half-moment, and the yellow woman had plunged into the water, waist-deep, and, clutching the bow with the strength of a man, dragged it ashore, while Frederick Harper, all unmindful of her help, sprang out and clasped Elizabeth in his arms.

The woman hauled up the Pickerel, and made it fast to the rocks; then, "Well, folks," she said, "when you get through, we'll go back to the house. I'm a little damp myself." The "getting through" consisted of broken exclamations, half-uttered questions, and answers all astray. The yellow woman listened a while, and then she said, half to herself, "But they'll never get through. I might have known it. I'll go and get things ready for them." So off she started in her dripping clothes, holding a brand for a lantern, and the lovers unconsciously followed, entering the little house and sitting down upon the settle in the same trance—a pale girl, in a tattered dress and clumsy overshoes, and a young man, in wet clothes, with dripping hair, and worn, white face. Thus the light-keeper found them when she came from the inner room clad in a dry gown. "Chills and fever, sure," she said. "Goodness, children, you don't even know you're wet, I suppose!—Young man, if you'll step into the outer room, you'll find old Kit's best clothes laid out on a chair."

"Madam," said Frederick Harper, coming out of his trance, "we owe our lives to you; Elizabeth and I—"

"Let that debt wait," interrupted the yellow woman, "and get dry things on you, do. I ain't a madam, either; Jonah's my name, Miss Jonah. There's the door."

The young man obeyed the pointing finger, and Miss Jonah rattled among her cooking-utensils. "You'd better help; it will warm you up," she said to Elizabeth. "What can you cook?"

Miss Pyne hesitated, and mentally ran over the list of her culinary accomplishments. "Thought so," said Miss Jonah, severely. "What's the good of your hands?"

This remark opened a door of escape to the visitor. "My hands are blistered; I cannot use them over the fire," she said.

"Don't believe you can cook, all the same," answered the hostess, bending over the coals.

"Yes, I can."

"What?"

"Oh—oh—cream-pies," said Elizabeth, bringing out her one dish in triumph.

"Cream-pies!" echoed Miss Jonah, contemptuously. "Will they save the nation?"

"Does the nation need saving?" asked the visitor, amused with the oddities of the light-keeper.

"It did a short time ago, child.—At least, can you set a table?"

"Yes; but my dress hangs about my feet, and I cannot walk in these great shoes."

"Well, you *do* look like the 'draggel-tail Gypsies, O!' I haven't any Sunday clothes, as old Kit has, but you can help yourself

to whatever there is in the press. Take the candle. I can cook by the firelight."

When Miss Pyne came back, she was transformed into a Württemberg peasant-girl. One of the light-keeper's straight blue gowns hung about her; she wore a white kerchief over her shoulders and an apron tied close up under her arms; her hair was braided in the German style, and a handkerchief tied quaintly around her head, and in her blooming beauty she looked sixteen, and a princess in masquerade.

"Well, you-'ns *do* know more than we-'ns," said Miss Jonah, setting down her basin to gaze.

"If I only had buckled shoes," said Elizabeth, holding out a little stockinged foot.

"You've managed to make a fancy dress out of my old duds; what won't vanity do? But I don't blame you, child; and as for shoes, I can fix that." And, stepping to a chest, Miss Jonah brought out a pair of black-satin slippers, of the style of 1800, somewhat worn, but dainty still.

"Oh, the beauties!" cried Elizabeth, slipping them on, and looking at her feet with admiration.

"My grandmother's," said Miss Jonah. "Now, can you set the table?"

"Certainly; motion becomes a pleasure in such fairy godmother slippers," answered Miss Pyne, gayly.

When, after some delay, Frederick Harper returned, he found a midnight meal ready on the table, decked with a central mound of blossoms. Fish, potatoes, hoe-cake, bacon, smoking hominy, pilot-bread, and honey. All these, and a Württemberg peasant-girl in satin slippers as waitress.

"How charming!" exclaimed Frederick.

"How funny!" exclaimed Elizabeth.

For the young man had not the skill to transform himself into any thing but a bulky athlete, uncomfortably attired in clothes much too small for him, with a length of ankle, throat, and wrist, escaping from the well-worn garments.

"How tall you are!" said Elizabeth.

"None too tall," said Miss Jonah. "Little men are always a mistake; all you can do is, make the best of 'em.—Help yourself, Fred."

"The Reverend Frederick Harper," said Elizabeth, quickly.

"And allow me, Miss Jonah, to introduce to you Miss Elizabeth Pyne," said the young clergyman.

"Yes, yes, I know. And now, Fred and Betsy, do eat something; it will be daylight before long."

The two guests glanced at each other in amusement. "Let me give you some fish, Betsy," said Frederick, smiling.

"The blooms don't look so bad on the table," remarked Miss Jonah, looking at the impromptu *épergne*. "I never thought of mixing flowers with victuals myself, though."

"You are fond of flowers," said Frederick.

"Yes; they're sisters and brothers to me, and more.—Well, you're through, are ye? Then just get to sleep as quick as you can. You'll find Kit's cot in the outer room, Fred. Good-night; I'll call you when breakfast is ready." And, holding open the door, she sent

out her guest in spite of his half-laughing objections.

"Now, Betsy, trot into the inner room and curl yourself up in the bed. I never like to see a girl get peaked for want of sleep."

"And you?" said Elizabeth.

"Oh, I am an owl," answered Miss Jonah. "Half the time I don't sleep nights at all; and in the firelight, with her yellow eyes and pointed nose, she looked not unlike the night-bird. Elizabeth's watch showed one o'clock, and she fell asleep with a hazy cloud of owl-faces hovering around her.

The next morning the storm was at its wildest; all the winds were abroad, and the lake was white with flattened foam, the clouds flew across the sky with lurid gleams between. But, in spite of the gloom, the peasant-girl and the awkward athlete made good cheer within the little house, and found it impossible to feel depressed. "We ought to, you know," said Elizabeth at the breakfast-table. "No doubt they are sadly anxious at the hotel, and—and, we may have to stay here days."

"Dreadful," said Frederick, bringing the coffee-pot from the trevet on the hearth. "Ours is indeed a melancholy lot. Have some more coffee?"

In truth the friends at the hotel were sadly anxious; they clustered around the fire and said to each other: "How young they were!" "How well loved!" The past tense gave significance to their eulogies. Only Aunt Anne hoped on. The next evening after the long, sad day of storm, Commodore Perry covered himself with glory by bringing the tidings that a fisherman who lived around the point reported a beacon-light on Ballast. "The range is there as usual," he said to the listening group in the parlor, "but this here's a watch-fire on the beach, and it stands to reason it means something. Miss Jonah, she don't make bonfires for fun in weather like this."

"Miss Jonah?"

"Yes; the light-keeper's a woman, a lone, lorn female, that stays over on Ballast all the year round. She's queer, she is! Old Kit brings her victuals, and the like."

"One or both of them must be there," said Junior-warden Graham, hopefully.

"Both," said Aunt Anne.

The curious asked many questions about this recluse of Ballast, but the commodore had no more to say. "She lives there; that's all I know," he answered. He saw nothing surprising in the fact; he took the world as he found it, and was surprised at nothing, that wise old man!

All through the day the two on the island were happy, laughing, and enjoying the adventure like school-children. All through the day the yellow woman sat grimly by, and looked on. She allowed them to prepare dinner, and she ate their burned and dried-up concoctions with equanimity; she relieved them from the prosaic after-piece of dish-washing; she suffered a rearrangement of all her plants, and various improvements in the position of her furniture. She was amused, poor, lonely soul.

Toward night she rose, half reluctantly. "Well, I must go out, milk the cow, light the

range, and set the watch-fire," she said, taking down a pail.

"I will go too," said Elizabeth. "I want to feel the storm."

"Not in my grandmother's slippers, Betsy."

"The slippers shall not be injured," said the athlete, and he lifted the peasant-girl in his arms. "Now, then, for the storm."

"Well, you *are* strong," said Miss Jonah, approvingly. "I never did like puny people. Sit still, Betsy, and don't make a fuss. Can't you take a bit of fun, child?"

So the procession started in high glee, the storm was felt, the cow milked, the range lighted, the beacon-fire started, and, through it all, the grandmother's slippers never once touched the ground.

Then came supper and a merry evening; Frederick was even betrayed into a college-song.

"I can sing," said Miss Jonah.

"Pray favor us," urged the two guests; and she favored them: "Barbara Allen" and the ballad of the "Draggle-tail Gypsies, O!"

"You two are lovers, of course," she said, as late in the evening they still sat around the fire, listening to the wild wind outside. This sudden question brought the red to Elizabeth's face, but Frederick answered calmly:

"Of course."

"When are you going to be married?"

"In November."

"What day?"

"The 24th."

Now, be it known, that the word marriage had never yet been spoken by either of these two young persons. Elizabeth, with scarlet face, interposed a "No."

"Don't you make any objections, Betsy," said Miss Jonah, "for you know you like him."

"Of course she does," said the audacious Frederick.

"It is very late," said Elizabeth, hastily, rising and taking a candle. "Good-night." And so she escaped.

The opening of the next day was gloomy with gusts of heavy rain; the gay mood had passed, and Elizabeth sat silently at the little window, gazing out over the dark, stormy water. She had slept little, and her mind was divided between two feelings—pleasure that would not down, and anger that would not up, at least to the desired point. She loved Frederick Harper, and she knew that she loved him; but her proud spirit chafed against this easy conquest. Should it be for him to win without difficulty? Was she his without even an asking? And all the time she knew she was, and had hard work to keep herself up to the proper indignation; which last was the most humiliating of all.

But Frederick, who had risked his life for this girl and counted it as nothing, thought not of moods and fancies; he rested content with his great thankfulness for life and love.

The day wore on, and the three were quiet, Elizabeth moody; the yellow woman quietly watchful, and Frederick lapsing back into that lethargy of complete rest, which had been so rudely broken.

"To-morrow you can go home," said Miss Jonah, toward evening. "The wind will go down some time to-night, and Kit will be coming across from Middle Bass as soon as the sea goes down; he can take you back."

"Don't you think I am a good sailor, Miss Jonah?" said Frederick, smiling.

"Yes; but you'll have to look after her; she's out of sorts," with a gesture toward Elizabeth, who stood in the inner room, looking out at the rain.

"Is she ill," asked Frederick, rising quickly.

"Young man," said Miss Jonah, in a low voice, "I can't bear to see trouble growing out of nothing. She feels bad, and, of course, you're the cause, somehow. Now, you just go right in there and make up." And Frederick went.

"Well, children, supper's ready, and can't wait," called a voice through the half-open door, an hour afterward.

Forth came the lovers at their hostess's summons, and Elizabeth was radiant, with the traces of tears still on her cheeks. For Frederick had then and there been on a mission, and converted this unbeliever. There was no uncertainty about the asking now. O Miss Jonah, you did bravely as a Cupid!

The yellow woman busied herself about the table, and seemed not to see this new radiance; but all the same she sighed when they were not observing her, and pressed her hand to her head.

"This is our last evening," she said, as, the work over and fresh drift-wood heaped on the fire, she sat down in her splint rocking-chair with her knitting.

Outside the wind was still rushing through the sky, and the watch-fire burned on the beach; inside the two were together on the settle, making quarrels with their words and love with their eyes, after the manner of young persons who "understand each other." The hostess sat opposite, and listened, and looked.

"Miss Jonah," said Frederick, remembering at last that there was a third, "you do not, of course, remain here during the winter?"

"Yes, I do, Fred."

"But is it not dreary and lonely?"

"Dreary and lonely, dreary and lonely," repeated the woman; "God knows it is!" And two tears rolled slowly down her yellow cheeks.

"Dear Miss Jonah," said Elizabeth, taking her hand, "do not stay here. Come with us to Lakeport."

"No, no, child. I must keep my place."

"I can easily find a better place for you in Lakeport," said Frederick. "Come back with us. Let us help you to make a home in the city near ours, where we can often see you."

"Do," pleaded Elizabeth, bending down her happy, winsome face—"do, my dear." And she kissed the faded cheek.

Miss Jonah burst into tears, and rocked herself to and fro.

"It is so long since any one has kissed me, so long since any one has called me 'dear!'" she said, with sobs. "It isn't easy to be dead before you've died. If I was

really dead, I shouldn't be hungering after what can't be. At least, I hope not. Else, what's the use of death? Children, you've opened my heart to-night, and I'll tell you my story. Then, perhaps, you'll help me to end every thing right." She wiped her eyes, and motioned them back to the settle. "Sit there like you was before," she said. "'Twas seeing you so happy that first set me off. I don't begrudge you, my dears; but even the poorest human creature has its feelings.

"I was born in Northern Georgia, near the mountain called Yonah. We were poor, but not exactly poor white trash, for we came from a good stock, and grandmother was a real lady. I went to school some, and didn't have to work hard. My name was Rose; I look like it, don't I? Well, at eighteen I was engaged to Joe; and, seven years after, I was still only engaged, for he was too poor to marry. Mattie, my sister, was seventeen, and I loved her dearly. She was a pretty blossom of a child, like that carnation-pink in the window. I had taken care of her all ways, for we had no mother, and father had died when she was still young. Well, all at once a far-away cousin died, and left her farm up in the hills to me—a queer old body like I am now, I suppose. Joe had not been in that evening, and I sat working in the keeping-room, burning to tell him the good news. Still, he didn't come. At last, I got nervous, and thought I'd feel better out in the garden, where I could hear the gate creak. I went out; I didn't hear the gate creak, but I heard something else—Joe and Mattie, he talking, she crying, and both of 'em loving each other with all their hearts. Yes; I couldn't mistake. He spoke to her as he never spoke to me; his very voice was tenderer. And Mattie, too—the child was breaking her heart. Through it all they both stood firm. He had no thoughts of giving me up; she had no thoughts of getting him away. It was only that they had happened to meet, and misery will out. If either of 'em had been false—but no. I couldn't even have the comfort of anger. It stood just this way: Joe had given me a boy's fancy, but Mattie he loved; she loved him with all her heart; and I—well, I was only in the way. I won't take the time to tell you all I thought, but this is what I did: I got a little bundle of things that I set store by—things that wouldn't be missed; those slippers is one, for I was vain of my foot, and had planned to be married in 'em—and then I went to the river, and threw my shawl over so it would lodge on the reeds. I wasn't an hour doing it all; and, while they were still in the garden, I was coming North. I've never been back, and I never mean to go. After a time, I got on this island, and here I'm going to stay. I like it. It's lonely, but I'm best alone. In the war I helped the prisoners over there a bit—the boys on Johnson's Island down in the bay, the Johnny Rebs, you know. I was something of a nurse, and I used to take care of the sick ones. 'Twas all for the sake of old Georgia. But peace came; the boys are home again; and the barracks are gone from Johnson's. Since then I've taken to flowers. We're pining creatures, after all; we must have something to

fuss over. Well, I don't even know if my two are married, but I did the best I could. I'm drowned, you see, and the farm is Mattie's. All I care for now is to have the end all right. I have a fancy I shall not live long, and I want to be buried here on Ballast. There mustn't be any stone or even a mound, for I want to be clean forgotten; and this is what I ask you two to do for me."

"O Miss Jonah," said Elizabeth, earnestly, "give up these gloomy ideas, and come with us!"

"Eh, child, you're kind, but I couldn't be happy nowhere; I can't make myself over."

"But we will write—we will send to your old home—"

"No, no. I can stand being away from Joe, but I couldn't stand being near him. I love him the same as ever. You look at me with your pretty eyes wide open, but it's so. I suppose I seem an old woman to you. I'm forty-two; but if I was seventy it would be just the same."

"But, Miss Jonah, at least you can know—"

"I don't want to know, child. All I have to do is just keep still. If I have done wrong, it can't be mended now; if I have done right, it mustn't be spoiled."

"But, dear Miss Jonah—"

"Stay, Elizabeth," interposed Frederick Harper, "this is a question we cannot answer. Miss Jonah must judge for herself."

"Yes, young man. The heart knoweth its own bitterness. Good-night."

And, passing through the outer door, Miss Jonah left them, nor did they see her again that evening. She did not enter the room where Elizabeth slept, and, although the clergyman watched late before the fire, she did not appear. In the morning, however, there she was, not the broken-voiced, sad woman who had told her story as if she longed for sympathy, but pale, grim Miss Jonah, the light-keeper of Ballast Island.

"We have been dreaming," said Elizabeth, in a low tone. "Those hard, yellow eyes never shed tears."

"It is that very stony endurance that I pity most," answered Frederick. "It is her armor against suffering, and shows how long and hard has been the battle."

Old Kit, the fisherman, came across from Middle Bass early in the afternoon. The sky was drifted with ragged clouds, the lake rough, and the air cold; but the storm was over. Frederick and Elizabeth were now attired in their own shrunken clothes, but the kid boots were hopelessly torn. "Keep the slippers," said Miss Jonah; "I like to see 'em on you."

The yellow woman had held herself aloof from her guests during the day; she seemed in a sombre mood, and averse to any conversation. "I do not like to go away without a word as to what she told us last night," said Elizabeth, as old Kit made ready the Pickeral for the voyage to the Hotel-island. "Poor soul!—see how lonely she looks!"

"We have tried several times this morning, and she has refused to speak; we must not force ourselves upon her," answered Frederick. "She knows we are going; if she wishes to say any thing, she will come. Telling her story was a relief at the time; but

she has been in a dumb agony ever since. Last night she was out in the wind wandering up and down on the beach like a wild creature; she did not come in until dawn."

"Let me go and comfort her," said the warm-hearted Elizabeth, looking with tearful eyes toward the solitary figure on the rocks.

"No, dear. No one can comfort her. But I think she will come to us when the boat is ready to sail." And she did.

"Good-by, children," she said, quietly. "I have trusted you with my all, but I know you will not betray me. I should like to ask you, if word comes, to help me in the end; but—it might be troublesome."

"Dear friend," said Frederick, taking the cold hand in both his own, "life is uncertain; you may outlive us both."

"And, may not?"

"In that case, freely do I give my promise."

"God bless you," said Miss Jonah, solemnly. They pressed each other's hands in farewell, and then Elizabeth threw her arms around the yellow woman's neck and kissed her.

"Oh, my little blossom," cried Miss Jonah, with tears, "may you be happy, ever so happy, my sweet one!" She turned away, and Frederick lifted Elizabeth over the wet sand and placed her in the boat, already rising and falling on the surf, as if impatient to be off.

"All ready," said old Kit.

Miss Jonah did not turn, and Frederick, seeing her purpose, gave the sign, and the boat glided away from the little log dock out into the broad lake. When a wide space of water lay between them, Miss Jonah climbed upon a rock and stood gazing after the sloop, her tall form outlined against the gloomy sky. As a change in the course hid her from view, the two watchers in the boat saw her hand waving a last farewell. . . .

No need to tell of the joy at the Hotel-island. "I knew they would return," said Aunt Anne, triumphantly.

Early the next morning the little island steamer, weather-bound at Sandusky, ventured out, and carried back on her return voyage to the main-land every summer visitor. The islands were left to themselves until another summer; but their grapes and their wine kept their memory warm through the long, cold winter.

Early in the spring, when ice was still floating in the lake, the Rev. Frederick Harper received a letter:

"DEAR CHILDREN: I feel that death is not far off. When I am gone Kit will mail this, and then wait. Keep your promise. Good-by, both of you.

"MISS JONAH."

"Will you go with me?" he said, giving the letter to his wife.

"Yes," answered Elizabeth.

Reaching Sandusky, they took a little sloop and sailed out over the cold lake toward Ballast Island. Old Kit was waiting for them, and in the house was a closed box.

"She didn't want you to see her again," said the old man. "She made me promise to nail it up; she made herself ready beforehand."

The flowers were blooming on the walls, and the plain furniture ranged in order.

"Was there any message?" asked Frederick.

"Nothing, sir, 'cept her love for the lady, and would she take a few slips from the plants, 'cause she'd like to think they was blooming in your house. That's all, sir."

Reverently the burden was lifted and carried out to a spot among the trees, where the grave stood ready. Then the young clergyman read the burial service; "earth to earth, ashes to ashes," and Elizabeth's hand threw in the first clods. Before the grave was filled, she gathered all the flowers and dropped them down, so that the coffin-lid was buried in blossoms. Then the earth was restored to its place, and the ground smoothed and sodded; "No stone, no mound," the solitary woman had said, and her wish was fulfilled. A few weeks more, and no one could trace the outline of the grave in the fresh, spring grass.

Taking with them the flower-slips, the two sailed away, leaving old Kit in charge. Long they talked of the dead as they sailed back over the cold lake.

"I think," said Elizabeth, "that she took the name of that Georgia mountain, and the people about here misunderstood it and called it Jonah."

"Very likely," said Frederick; "she probably thought it best not to correct the mistake. Yonah—Jonah; yes, they are much alike."

"Poor soul, she is at rest now," said the young wife at last. "But, after all, did she do right?"

"Who can tell?" answered Frederick, gravely. "She gave her life for the sake of those she loved. If the sacrifice was mistaken, it was none the less heroic."

This was Miss Jonah's funeral sermon.

The wind was adverse, and the afternoon was darkening into night, as the sail-boat glided on toward Sandusky Bay.

"See, there is the range shining out," said Elizabeth, looking back; "old Kit lights it now."

Another turn, and Ballast Island disappeared.

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

1886: Nichols

Commencing with the early history of Put-in-Bay, which is located in Ottawa County, Ohio, we find that prior to 1812, Vanocher and Colon, two Frenchmen, were the only residents on the Island, but that year they were compelled to flee before the Indians, who then took possession of it. They, in turn, however, were soon afterwards routed by the distinguished Commodore Perry, who was at that time largely favored with the voluntary assistance and experience of a noted cruiser then extensively known as Ben. Napier. Congress ultimately having occasion to congratulate Perry on his exploits, included the nation's thanks to Napier.

This would seem to have inspired Ben. with confidence, for soon after he took sole possession of the Island, and built himself a hut where the Doller block now stands, near the wharf. Here, for many years, the sturdy son of Neptune held his own, "monarch of all he surveyed," until the fates ruled adverse, for in 1836 the State of Connecticut (in consideration of losses he sustained in Boston during the Revolutionary war) granted Put in-Bay, or South Bass, together with Ballast Island, Middle Bass, Gibraltar and Sugar Island to a Mr. Alfred B. Edwards, who held it in its comparatively rude state down to 1854 when Mr. J. de Rivera, a New York merchant, purchased out the entire interest in view to farming and extensive stock raising - that gentleman subsequently having so many as 1,500 head of sheep at one time. Anxious, however, for the prosperity of the Island, aware of its favored geographical position, and alive to the fertility of its soil, he resolved to offer lots for sale, which an ever enterprising American people were not slow to secure.

BALLAST Island, so named from the supposition that Perry ballasted his vessels there, lies two miles from Put-in- Bay and one and a half miles from Kelley's Island. It consists of ten or twelve acres of the most fertile soil found on the Lake, and was purchased some twelve years ago by five Cleveland gentlemen - Messrs. G. W. Gardner, W. H. Corning, John B. Smith, C. A. Prayton and Gen. James Barnett - who have erected thereon twelve very attractive summer cottages and a spacious general dining hall, beside a fine boat house and other structures. They have a productive vineyard of three acres, about 1,000 mixed fruit trees and several very pleasant groves. With the consent of the foregoing gentlemen, the "Western Canoe Association" have for several years camped here in the summer season and are likely to continue doing so - usually between the 7th and 23d of July. There is the very finest fishing around this island, and the gentlemen owning it - together with a number of their friends - every spring and fall enjoy a feast of sport.

1886: Wittemann

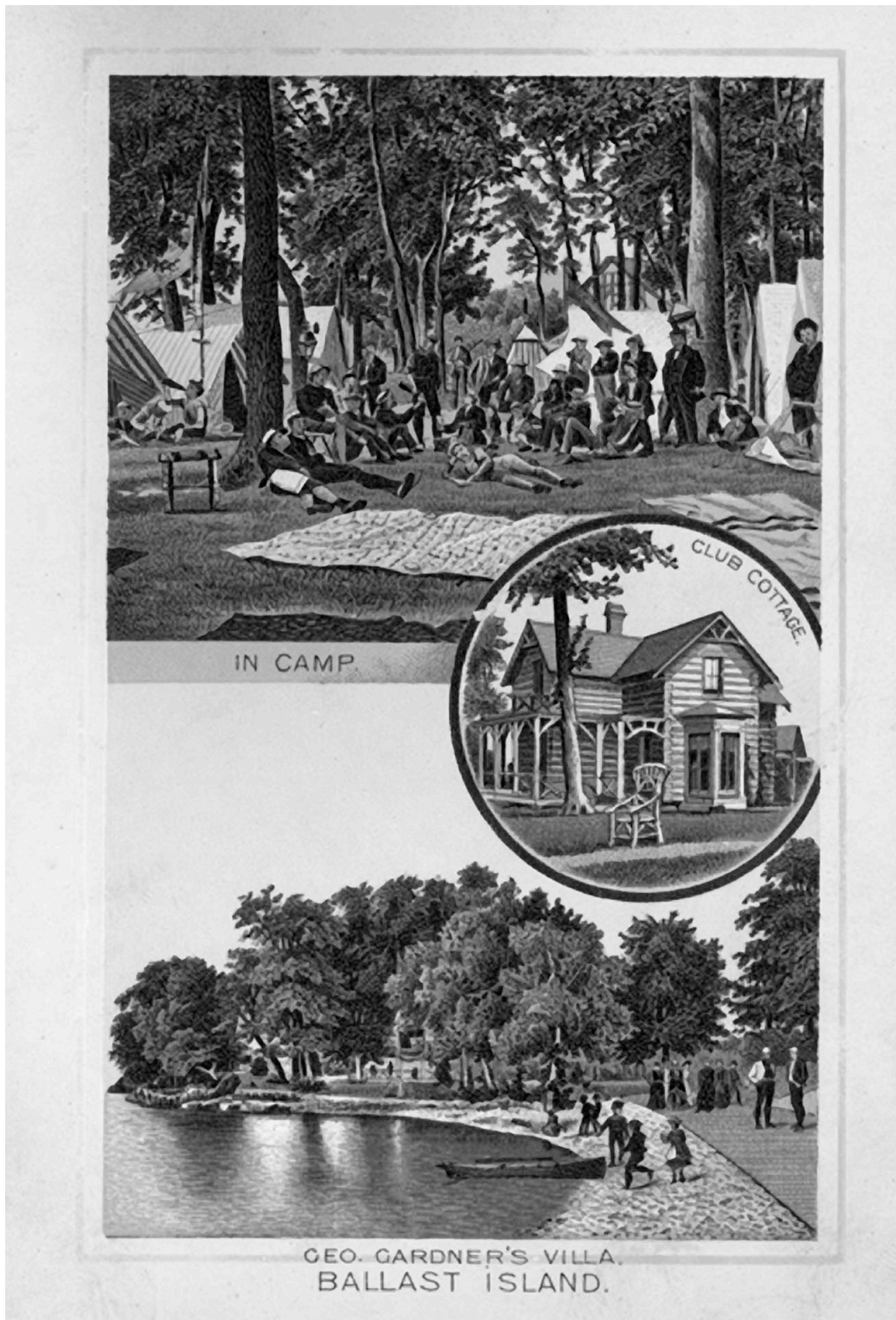


Figure 5: Ballast Island Around 1886, by Adolf Wittemann

1895: BEING THE LOG OF A SUMMER GIRL

From Forest and Stream, July 30, 1895

WITH THE W.C.A. (Western Canoe Association) AT BALLAST

BEING THE LOG OF A SUMMER GIRL

July 1. - Today I was 18. I think I shall keep a diary this summer. Mommer says she kept one when she was 18, and she was married in less than a year after she began it. A diary is a Dear Thing, because you can say anything you please to it, and it won't tell. Your friends always tell, Mommer says. Bought a new silk waist today. It was a Bargain. I look very well in it. I have some new tan-colored gloves. Never looked better than I do this summer. Am going to get a skirt for my gown, to match the waist. I look very well in pink.

July 2. - Got the skirt. It is a love. Must hurry to get it made. I am looking very well today. Mommer says I mustn't wrinkle my forehead in thought, for the wrinkles will stay. How can I think without wrinkling? But Mommer says it is not necessary to think. Got two pair of russet shoes and a white yachting cap today. Mommer says sailor hats are common. Think I look well in organdies or cool stuffs of the sort. Memo. That I owe Pop \$7.30 over my allowance. Dear old Pop. Wonder if 20 is too old to marry.

July 3. - Oh, glory, you dear diary. Mommer says I can go to Ballast Island after all, to the canoe meeting. She says that Put In Bay is not desirable for me, but that if I visit Mrs. B. on the Island I shall be in the way of meeting some very eligible young men, and besides be doing a very correct thing in putting in part of the summer. Bought a new parasol today. It is very becoming. My new silk handkerchiefs have a narrow border of blue. I hope there will be a good many of those canoeists.

July 4. - Most of the people that I know have been eating ice cream and firing off fire crackers today, but I spent the day packing my things. They say there are a good many of those canoeists who come to Ballast Island. I know it is going to be awfully poky, for of course they will be off sailing, or something, all the time. Mommer says most of the canoes are too small for two and besides, the man has to be busy all the time with ropes or things, and can't talk much. Got a new girdle today, with the clasp silver and turquoise, because I am still young. Think I shall wear the Marquise ring uncle Doc. gave me. My new hose have blue clocks. Mommer says not to use cold cream very much. The proper thing is to get brown and tanned.

July 6. - Here I am at Ballast with Mrs. B. Dear me! such a day. Those canoeists have begun to come. About twenty of them came over on the tug. They shouted and sang and carried on so we thought at first it was one of those horrid labor riots. But they say they come of excellent families. Their tents are in a row over on the other side of the island, large tents with board floors. They have their meals all cooked up at the sort of hotel place. Each tent has a box behind it. Why? Those men sang pretty near all night. Mrs. B. said it reminded her of old times. She got out her prettiest gown for tomorrow. Wonder if that woman thinks she is going to be in it with

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me. Why, she must be 35, if she's a day. My nose is sore tonight. The sun was very warm.

July 7. - Some more of those men came. There are a lot of those little boats they call canoes. They keep them up on the grass, I presume so they won't get scratched. It would be too bad to spoil them. The men put up their sails on the trees. They keep fixing at the sails and things. I presume they can get at them better on the grass. Mrs. B. and I happened to stroll over that way this afternoon. Those men look very nice in knickerbockers and Tam O'Shanters. I will wear my Tam O'Shanter tomorrow. A most remarkable thing happened. A very bold young man with lovely dark eyes and a brown moustache was coming around from behind the tent, where I saw him looking down into the box, and he saw Mrs. B and me, and though he hadn't a thing on his arms, he just spoke up to us as if he has been introduced. "Good evening, ladies," he said, as if he was waiting for us. Mrs. B. answered him, and that man invited us to sit down on the grass, and he sat down too, and he went to talking as if he had always known us. Can this be what they call flirting? I am not sure. Mommer says flirting is not much account. Mrs. B. said this was one of the customs of the canoe camp. It certainly saves much time and formality. Believe I am going to like Ballast.

July 8. - Mrs. B. and I happened to stroll over toward the canoe camp again today. The same dark young man saw us and was walking toward us, when another young man, light complexioned, with a yellow moustache, ran in ahead of him and said, "Good evening, ladies." Am quite sure I never met him. The canoe men's ways are very odd, yet I am not sure I dislike them. Talked two hours with the light young man. His moustache is cute.

July 9. - Have found out why they leave the sails hanging in the trees. It is because they make lovely shady places where one can sit and talk without seeing anyone else. The dark young man said they kept ice in the boxes behind the tents, and that they had to go there so often to see if the ice was not melting pretty fast, it was so warm. I think the canoes look sweet up on the grass, they are so new and shiny. The men call a canoe "Her." Asked why they did this, and a young man with glasses said it was because a canoe was the next nicest thing in the whole wide world. The young man with glasses is nice. His eyes are a very lovely blue. I wonder if he is married. I cannot tell by looking at these men whether they are married or not. Mommer says never to waste time with married men at summer places. I looked very sweet today, much better than that horrid girl from the East. The light young man talked with her some. I shall not speak to him any more. Tonight those canoe men are singing songs around the fire. They sing pretty glees and choruses. This was a warm day. The ice needed much watching, but I think they saved some of it, for I heard one ask, "How's she holding out, Johnnie?" and he said, "Oh, pretty well; but you wait till the gang from the far North gets here." Wonder what he meant. Mommer says I must always find out about a young man's prospects. I think all these young men must be of easy circumstances, their manners are so perfectly easy. Five more of them spoke to me today. I think the young man they call Fred looks lovely in knickerbockers. He is a very good figure of a man. Nearly all or these young men look well. Mommer says appearances must not count for too much, for rocks are what count. Am sure these young men all have rocks, or they could not buy all this ice. They sang some new songs tonight. Today they put some new flags and things around among the trees. One man put his boat in the water. It floated. Then they all sat down and sang a song that told about "Sailing, sailing, over the bounding main." I don't think the lake bounds enough for them, not so much as the main. My nose is a little redder tonight. The new girl is not burned much yet, but if it is warm tomorrow, she will be a sight.

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July 10. - Oh, you dear diary, what shall I say to you? Mr. _____ of Milwaukee, and Mr. _____ of Detroit, both proposed marriage. I have insisted in each case that they should make known their names to me, and I have referred them to Mommer. Nose quite well, and my hands are brown now. Mrs. B says I have hit a good gait. She is busy talking most of the time with some of the men, but she doesn't bother me. We find it better to separate early in the afternoon. The new girl only had four young men talking to her, I had six. I find canoeing a delightful sport. It was nice on the water tonight, and I should have liked a sail, but the young men said they were "tuning up" their sails, and could not take them down from the trees to put them on the boats. It seems that sails need a lot of tuning, whatever that is. Some alarm felt today over the supply of ice. The dark young man said that he wished night or Milwaukee would come. Wonder what he meant. A thin gentleman from Dayton made me something nice in a glass. He said they always took some along into camp, in case of sickness. Yet I was not in the least sick. What odd people canoeists are!

July 12. - Mr. _____, of Chicago, Mr. _____, of Cleveland, and Mr. _____ of Madison, all proposed marriage today. This is the best day so far. Have told them all to ask Mommer. Of course I cannot marry all these men, but I have confidence in Mommer's judgment. My complexion is now a lovely brown. Mrs. B. says I am in good working order. I suspect her of being a trifle vulgar at times, but one cannot always be too particular about chaperones, for those who own cottages on Ballast are not so very numerous. Mrs. B. said a young man with a brown moustache told her he regretted deeply to hear she was a married woman, as he had never loved anyone before. I feel bad for that young man. All the young men who have proposed marriage to me have told me I was the first woman they had ever loved. I am so glad of that. Canoeing is great sport. All these men are perfect gentlemen. And they look so well in their canoeing clothes – "togs" they call them. I should be sorry if the ice did not hold out. Today they fired a little brass cannon several times. They said it was to see if the thing would work. Ballast is a great place. In the evening the tents are deserted. It is lovely under the trees, where it is cool and shady. I have one tree where three young men have proposed marriage to me. I have to refer to my list of descriptions to keep them straight in my mind. Only two proposals today. I think the tan-colored gown might be improved. So far have done best in pink, with blue a good second, as Pop says. I believe I should prefer Chicago to Detroit or Milwaukee to live in. There is a slender young man from Chicago who has been looking at me. His eyes are very speaking. The sails must be pretty well tuned by today. Another man put his canoe in the water today and put his sail on it. It looked so odd. I think this was an old gentleman. They call him commodore. There are several commodores in the camp and several men they call "Grandpa," though some of the grandpas look very young. Canoe men are certainly very strange. They do not do things the way other folks do, and I never saw such actions among grown people before. But I like them very much. My cousin Bella spent last season in Washington, and only had six proposals in three months. I have had that many in two days at Ballast. Would prefer Ballast to Washington, I believe. Am glad the young men have never been in love before. Saw the first young man that spoke to us talking to Mrs. B. under my favorite tree this evening. Must caution Mrs. B. discreetly, as I suspect that young man of flirting.

July 13. - Some of the young men from the West have brought out guitars and mandolins, and this evening they sat about the fire and played and sang beautifully. Canoe men seem to be inclined to sentiment. There are a great many ladies and sweethearts in their songs. I think they are lovely songs. Mommer says I can fool away some time with sentiment while I am young, till I come to marry and settle down. Am taking her advice in these matters. Only three proposals

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today. The young man with the light moustache proposed to me again! That was very strange, but he apologized, and said he felt like proposing every time he saw me. That was nice of him, and explained it all. My complexion now is lovely. Mrs. B. today accused me of flirting. The idea! She also said the young men were only flirting. I ridiculed the idea. Today some of them went to Middle Bass and Put In Bay. They got some ice. Had two lovely talks down at the canoe wharf this evening. They say it is a great deal of trouble to build a good wharf for these meetings, but I think it is worth the expense, the wharf is a lovely place to sit after sunset and look out over the water. One of the young men fell off the wharf today. He coughed when he came out, and said the water made him sick. He went after some ice.

July 14. - The canoe hop was the sweetest evening of the whole meet! I declare, there never were such men as these W. C. A. men! They look simply elegant in their knickers and negligees, and every one of them dances elegantly. They certainly are gentlemen in every way. This was the nicest ball I ever attended in all my life. The men were so attentive. I had a great many knots and favors and flowers given me. I am sleepy, so shall not write any more. I looked very sweet at the ball.

July 15. - It seems they did put in some of the boats and sail around some things they have anchored out in the water. They sail for silver cups and for flags and things. Sailing is such a bore when it is warm. They don't do very much of it. I wonder why they bother to bring all those boats along. If they left them at home, they would have more time to talk to me.

July 16. - A young man tonight told me he loved me devotedly, but when I told him there was no obstacle to our marriage he sighed and said it grieved him, but that could never be. I wonder why. I am sorry for him.

July 17. - I have learned from Mrs. B. that the young man is married. The mean thing!

July 18. - Most of the young men at the camp have now proposed, and I know all the best spots on the island. I shall come here again next year, even if I am married. Mrs. B. says she has had a delightful time, and I am sure I have also. Never before have I known the full effect of summer costumes and moonlight in conjunction with numbers of handsome young men with canoes. Aren't canoes sweet little darlings? Some say that yachting parties are the best to bring about engagements, but Mommer says this does not always work that way, and that a canoe meet offers more variety. I suppose Mommer knows. For my part, they can have their yachts, where you have to go out in the hot sun on the water; but for my part, I prefer a canoe, for you can lie down beside it on the green grass, and the sails make such lovely shade while they are being tuned up. It takes a long while to tune up a canoe. Some of the young men told me it takes them as long as two weeks sometimes, and then they have to go home. They told me they never had found as good a place as Ballast to tune up canoes. I was going to be nautical to match my blue yachting cap (not the white one; I wear that mostly of evenings), but the dark young man told me he really didn't know which end of his canoe went first, and didn't care, so long as my eyes remained the same color. (Do eyes change color?) He said canoes were all right, but without the tug, where would their ice have been? Then he asked me if I would prefer a high ball or a mint julep. I like this young man, but the slim gentleman from Dayton mixes up the loveliest things in glasses! The young men from Chicago are nice, but they seem more careless about mixing things. One thing in a glass at one time seems to do for them. Today a young man from Cleveland took off

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his jacket for me to sit upon. He said something about that eminent canoeist, Sir Walter Raleigh, and Queen Elizabeth, and then he looked at me ever so! Wonder what he meant? But I liked to sit on the jacket, all but one place, which was lumpy, and he said, Holy Moses! I had broke his pipe, and what was Walter Raleigh without his pipe? Another young man from somewhere out West showed me a new apple tree today, and we played at being in the play, and I said for him to shake some more apple blooms down on me, and he shook, only little bunchy apples fell off, and one hit my nose, and he asked me if he should make it well. Wonder what he meant? Shall ask Mommer. Mommer says men are such people to be plaguing one. Wore my seersucker today. It is a bit old, but it got me one proposal. Of course, I must remember that I have nearly gone through the list, and as the canoe week is nearly over, it is not likely any new young men will come. That girl from the East is out of the running, as Pop says. She asked one young man why he didn't wear braces, and he was offended, and said it wasn't professional. But the others heard of it, and she has not been so popular since. I looked lovely today.

July 19. - A very busy day. The rest of them proposed. Changed my gown four times today. Went to lunch with Mr. _____ and Mr. _____, one on each side. Mr. _____ was waiting at Mrs. B's cottage to take me to breakfast. Dined with Mr. _____ and Mr. _____ and Mr. _____. Of course, all the canoe men take their meals at the restaurant. No one cooks at his tent. They say cooking is a great deal of bother, and that no canoeist does such things now. After dinner went to the tent of some C. O. or other, I forget which. The young men have a lovely brussels carpet on the floor, and pictures of canoes on the walls. Mr. _____ played beautifully for us on the piano. This club brought a cow along this year, so as always to have fresh milk, they said. (I believe punch is better if the milk is fresh.) We tried to get into the Cincinnati tent, but they have a padlock. Tonight all the C.O.'s. had what they called a camp fire, with lots of music and things. They burned quite a good-sized store box all up, because there isn't any wood you can get on Ballast. Then they said, "Well, we have to go away tomorrow, but will we ever have a meet anywhere else but at Ballast?" Then everybody said, "Not in a thousand years!" Then they all got a little ice, and began to sing songs about a man with a hat with woolen binding, and a man from Borneo, and things of that sort. At the close they sang, "Good night, ladies, we're going to leave you now." I did not like this song. Retired very late. Am sleepy, having been so busy today and up so late. If not too warm tomorrow, shall wear the close-fitting tan Bedford cord. I want to find out about a certain young man with glasses, who has not yet proposed, if I remember rightly. Mommer says the tan gown is one of the best killers I have. Mommer says a girl of my looks ought to be able to marry for at least \$20,000 a year. Pop said, "Bless her heart, she's worth a million!" Dear old Pop. Wonder if he was ever a canoeist? Tomorrow is the last day of the meet. The men were piling up the boards of the wharf and of the tent floors today and putting them where they will be safe for next year. They were packing the furniture and pictures nearly all day and putting the canoes all in the long boxes, I feel sorry for the foolish young men - there were only a few of them - who put their canoes in the water, because they got them all wet. I am very blue tonight. To think of all these nice young men going away! It must be awful to be a nun. Mrs. B. was cross tonight. I think she is sorry, too. We both think canoeists are the nicest men in the world, though they are so funny in the way they do things. We are glad Ballast Island was discovered. Mrs. B. and I often wondered what the letters W.C.A. meant. Today she said she knew, and that it was Woman Conquering Association, or something or that sort. Why do they have the boats? It must be a great bother. Good night, dear Diary, I am so sleepy.

July 20. - I feel dreadful. I cannot write. There was talk that the canoe meet would be somewhere else next year, somewhere up in the woods. Isn't that awful? But the awfulest thing

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of all is that all those nice young men have gone away. I am so desolate I don't want to speak to anybody, even Mrs. B., and she doesn't want to speak to me. All those men went away in a body on the big tug, and when they left the landing they all stood in line along the side of the boat and waved their caps and sang one or their songs. It said:

“Fare thee well, for I must leave thee;
do not let the parting grieve thee,
But remember that the best of friends must part, must part!”

I can hear those terrible words, “must part, must part,” ringing in my ears. This is awful. It is the awfulest thing I ever knew. I do not think Ballast is a very cheerful place in summer, and I think I shall tell Mrs. B. that I must go home. I hope she will ask me to come again next summer - if the canoe meet is to come here again, and not to some dreadful poky place away up in the woods somewhere. I am so unhappy I cannot write. Mommer says a diary is not of much use, only when you are in love or having love made to you. I do not know whether I shall have much to write now for a while or not.

(Note. - The above log of a summer girl came into my possession in the course of human events, and I offer it in the hope that it violates no confidence and causes no heart-burnings. In innocence there is sometimes truth, and I hope that the innocent writer of the above has in the confidence of self-communion set down nothing unfair or unkind. As a writer in comment should always be gentle as a girl, perhaps the comment of a girl may do for comment for the writer. And at all events, whether next year's meet be at Ballast Island or elsewhere, let us all hope and trust that our friend the summer girl will be with the happy canoemen at their meeting to add to the joyousness of an occasion always full of joy.

- E. Hough)

Old Photos



Figure 6: The Gardner Log Cabin, 1901

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The strategic and geographic center of the island for many years, this outhouse was built around 1870, used until the 1960s and torn down sometime in the mid 1970s.

The building was an octagon and contained accommodations for 6 adults and 2 children. The accommodations for each child were in with an adult accommodation.



Figure 7: The Ballast Island Outhouse, Around 1960

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Figure 8: The Longworth Canoe Club Boathouse. Around 1910.

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Figure 9: Sailboats and Canoes at the Ballast Island Dock, around 1910