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exactly. There were fifty-seven stations of the compass. When we came out it was dark, and we had to stand shivering for some minutes before our clothes were brought us. We were nearly four hours in the water."

The work which Captain Warren has begun we hope will not be suffered to stop here. We are glad to see that some efforts are being made in this country to secure co-operation with the Palestine Exploration Fund; and we trust that the science of the nineteenth century may accomplish what the armed piety of the twelfth essayed in vain—the recovery of Jerusalem.

**PUT-IN-BAY.**

A T break of day one September morning nearly sixty years ago the brig *Lawrence*, flag-ship of Captain Perry's Lake Erie squadron, was riding quietly at anchor in a harbor formed by a group of small islands near the western extremity of the lake. As the heavy shadows which had rested all night long upon the waters of the bay grew less and less dense, and the forms of the surrounding islands began to make their appearance through the morning mists, the usual signs of renewed life became apparent on board the fleet.

The shrill whistle of the boatswain could be heard summoning the crews to their morning duties, the watches upon deck were relieved and allowed to go below, and the hum of voices showed that the sleepers had all been awakened and the business of the day begun.

Suddenly the sailor upon the look-out at the mast-head of the *Lawrence* bent forward and hailed the deck. From the elevated position where he stood carefully scanning the horizon a sight startling but not unexpected had met his view. Beyond the intervening islands, and concealed by their wooded shores from the decks, the lifting shadows now revealed six large vessels slowly moving down from the northwest. This was the British fleet, which, under command of Captain Barclay, one of Nelson's bravest veterans, had left the Canada shore upon the previous evening with the intention of settling the disputed question of naval supremacy upon the waters of Lake Erie before the sinking of another sun.

The intelligence of its approach was quickly communicated to Perry by the officer of the deck. The promptness with which orders were given for the squadron to get under way, and the activity displayed in their execution, showed that the young commander was not unprepared for the emergency. Anchors were weighed, sails spread, and the small boats lowered and manned with oarsmen prepared to assist the light breeze, which it was feared might not prove strong enough to impel the vessels into the open waters of the lake. As they slowly beat out from the harbor toward the spot where the British fleet lies awaiting them the broad blue battle-flag of the commander, inscribed with the dying words of the lamented Lawrence, is run up to the peak of the flag-ship amidst the enthusiastic shouts of the men. These are answered by responsive cheers from the crews of the other vessels, as the ensign floats out upon the breeze, and the inscription is revealed to them by the clear light of the
morning sun. Before nightfall the thunder of the guns had died away, and the hard-earned victory was won. A great naval battle had been fought, and, along with the entire British fleet, the control of the lakes had passed permanently into the hands of the Americans.

The harbor from which Perry set sail at daybreak to meet the foe, and to which he returned after the battle to bury the dead and repair the shattered ships of both squadrons, is formed by a group of about twenty small islands situated near the western extremity of Lake Erie, and has ever since been known by the name of Put-in-Bay. Tradition states that its existence and its superior facilities as an anchorage for the fleet were first pointed out to Perry by a Canadian half-breed, who had volunteered for the cruise in Sandusky. Its advantages for such a purpose in time of war are certainly conspicuous. Lying well out from the shore, though available for vessels drawing twelve feet of water, Put-in-Bay, unlike the other harbors of the lake, has no bar to obstruct its entrance, and is free from dangerous rocks. Its position, too, is an important recommendation. Looking toward the Canacia shore, it adjoins the passage into the upper lakes, while at the same time affording a favorable point for the defense of the neighboring coast of Ohio, and the mouths of the many streams which here empty into Lake Erie.

The group of islands incircling the waters of Put-in-Bay has become at the present day a favorite place of summer resort. The opportunities afforded here for boating and fishing are unsurpassed, while the visitor, quite out of sight and hearing of the roar and bustle of the busy world, insensibly forgets its cares, and enjoys the delicious sense of repose which belongs peculiarly to the place.

There is little in the appearance of the islands to suggest the thought of war, or to recall the fierce conflict which once took place in sight of their shores. The echoes of the great guns have died away, and the smoke of battle no longer hangs over the water. No more warlike spectacle is seen there than an occasional revenue-cutter at anchor in the tranquil bosom of the bay. In place of the blood of heroes, with which the waters of the lake were crimsoned, is only the red juice of the grape, which every autumn is produced abundantly upon the numerous islets. Whether owing to the mild climate, or to some peculiarity in the nature of the soil, here seems to be the chosen home of the vine. The Catawba, driven by disease from the neighborhood of Cincinnati, thrives luxuriantly, and never fails to reward the cultivator with its ripened clusters. Not all of the islands, however, are under cultivation. Some of them are steep masses of limestone rock rising abruptly from the water, and worn by the action of the weather into fantastic forms. Others are still covered with a growth of forest trees.

The summer idler at Put-in-Bay will often take a boat in the early morning, and repairing to one of these little islets, remain during the heat of the day reading, writing, or reclining under the trees, and looking off over the broad surface of the lake. In such a seclusion he has leisure to listen to the many-keyed voices of nature, which at other times fall unheeded upon the ear. The hum of the bee's wing, the distant song of a bird from some inner recess of the woods, and the rustling of the leaves in the summer breeze, are the only sounds to be heard, and these rather heighten than diminish the feeling of solitude. The cares of life seem as far away as the white wings of the distant ships, which, with hulls invisible, slowly glide along the horizon, and earth's honors and prizes as transitory as yonder gleam in the sunshine where some fish has leaped from the water.

As we turn our gaze toward the neighboring shores the mind insensibly reverts to the scenes of the past. Many of the islands in view still bear the names given to them by Perry. Pebble Island is so called from the smooth white pebbles of which its beach is composed. The one upon which the officers of both squadrons who were killed in the action are interred is called Willow Island, from a sapling planted at the time over their resting-place. This has increased in size with the lapse of years, and is now a stately tree, with a trunk several feet in diameter. Upon it is an inscription giving the names of the six officers, three Americans.
their late companions—English and Americans alternating, in the reverse order of rank. Perry himself bringing up the rear. Side by side the late antagonists are laid in their graves, the same burial service is read over them, and volleys of musketry conclude the ceremony. The living disperse to their accustomed pursuits; the dead are left to their long slumber, no whit the less peaceful from the proximity of those who had so lately been their mortal foes.

Gibraltar Island, another member of this group, named from the steep and rugged nature of its sides, was often used by Perry as a look-out station. It is now the property of the well-known banker, Jay Cooke, who has crowned its summit with a spacious country house. Upon one of its headlands the corner-stone of a handsome monument was laid in 1858, with impressive ceremonies. Though the original design was not carried out, a smaller monument, surmounted by a bronze vase, has been erected by the liberality of the present owner. In order to render this island available for cultivation, and to add to its natural beauty, ship-loads of earth were brought from more favored localities and transported up its steep sides. Probably, if economy alone had been consulted, this species of horticulture would not have been found to pay very handsome dividends, in which respect it might, perhaps, bear a faint resemblance to the model farms of some of our city editors and clergymen. However, the care bestowed upon it has rendered the island a very delightful spot, which is probably all that the owner expected. He is accustomed to resort hither at such times as his extensive business will permit, and here he often entertains his friends. In his absence the house is never closed, but remains open for the reception of

and three British, who are buried under its shadow.

As we lie in our shady nook, and look across the intervening water, we seem to see the mournful funeral pageant rehearsed.

The day is calm, and the peaceful surface of the lake unruffled by a single breath of air. At anchor in the bay, side by side, ride the vessels so lately engaged in conflict. Yawning holes in their hulls and shattered spars indicate the deadly nature of the ordeal through which they have passed. No sound disturbs the stillness of the scene, till suddenly a puff of smoke shoots from the single remaining gun of the Lawrence, followed by a loud report, which echoes from island to island, and finally dies away in the distance. This is succeeded after a brief pause by a similar report from the captured Queen Charlotte. These are no longer indications of hostility, but are minute-guns fired over the remains of the brave. Presently boat after boat puts out from the fleet, and moves slowly toward the shore, the measured cadence of their oars keeping time to the mournful music of the drum and fife. The foremost boats contain the bodies of the deceased officers, wrapped in the flags of their respective nations.

Arrived at the beach, the funeral procession forms. The lifeless remains are tenderly lifted from the boats, and borne upon the shoulders of the seamen to their resting-place—a pleasant spot near the margin of the lake. Behind them follow

PERRY'S LOOK-OUT, GIBRALTAR ISLAND, PUT-IN-BAY.
visitors, of whom there is always an abundance. These are not mere sight-seers, like those who visit the seats of the English nobility in the absence of their owners, and for the sake of a handsome fee, which, if report speaks truly, is sometimes divided between the master of the house and his servants, are shown through the great halls where the ancestral portraits are hung, the chambers which have been occupied by royalty, and the chapels where reposes the long line of titled forefathers.

The guests of our American gentleman are chiefly clergymen—members of a denomination more remarkable, as a rule, for faithful labor in the Master's service than for the large salaries paid to its ministers. Many of these gentlemen have never had such a thing as a vacation—a period of rest to be devoted to nothing but enjoyment, in which the powers both of body and mind may recuperate. They can not afford to take such an indulgence themselves, nor do their people understand the necessity of giving it. Many a tired worker has been suddenly surprised at receiving a kind invitation to spend a few days at Put-in-Bay from one who has previously been an entire stranger. A check sufficient to defray the expenses of his journey often accompanies the invitation. Thus it happens that a goodly number of country clergymen can almost always be found at this hospitable residence. Within the house is a library, numbering among its contents some rare books, which have probably been inaccessible to many of them. It would be difficult to decide which they enjoy most—dipping into the contents of some of these volumes, or imitating their brethren, the Baptists, for a time, and disporting in the waters of some secluded cove—the fishing and sailing excursions upon the lake, or the noon tide rest upon one of the smaller islands, when

"Over the broad lake shines the sun—
The lake that Perry battled upon—
Striking the upland fields of mute,
That gleam in the soft October haze;
And nature is tracing, with languid hand,
Lessons of peace on lake and land."

ANTEROS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY LIVINGSTONE," "SWORD AND GOWN," "SANS MERCi,
"BREAKING A BUTTERFLY," ETC.

CHAPTER XLVII.

A DULL, drowsy place is Porhaix, and never likely to wax much livelier, for there is no reason why the road should stretch out a side-feeler through a sterile country, poor in minerals; nor is there aught to tempt tourist or antiquarian to turn aside. Even the fisher-errant gives the place a wide berth; for the river—wayward and rapid enough to make a few leagues higher up has forgot to ripple before it reaches Porhaix, and none would think of casting fly in the sluggish, turbid flow.

To be sure, few are aware that, in the cellars of an uncool, charlist-looking hostel there are still stored certain cobwebbed flasks the like of which it would have puzzled Volain in his palmiest days to produce; ay, or even poor Pascal, with whom he peace! For the ancient hostess, steeped to the lips in the prejudices of la vieille roche, would lay the dust of her courtyard with that rare liquor rather than moisten therewith the clay of the coumis voyageur; though she grudges it not to any traveler able to discourse with her concerning the decadence of La Bretagne Bretonnante or the glories of La Vendée.

It is not a healthy place either, for it nestles too close against the shoulder of the hill for free circulation of air; and though it lies so near the sea that the rising tide laps languidly against the flood-gates of the little basin, the landward breeze, sweeping over ooze and marsh, loses much of the crispiness it caught up from the brine. If you meet a ruddy or bronze face in the narrow, noisome streets, it is almost sure to be owned by a peasant or sailor; fevers and agues visit Porhaix not rarely, and are apt to linger there.

Late on a close, sultry afternoon a calèche dragged heavily upon the long ascent leading to the town. It held two travelers: one of whom was Ralph Atherstone; the other—a short, sharp-visaged man—was Askew, the detective, who, warned by telegraph, had met his employer at the last stage. When they reached the first straggling houses of Porhaix, Askew stopped the carriage.

"We'll get out here, my lord, if you please," he said, "and let the trap go on to the Lion."

The detective had found time, as they drove along, to give an account of his proceedings. Since he harbored the fugitives, he had practically never lost sight of the Fleur-de-lis—the second best of the three hostel of which Porhaix could boast—where they had taken up their quarters. For, whenever he himself went off duty, he had had the house watched by a stolid native not likely to risk his hire by babbling. One circumstance had rather puzzled Askew: for the last forty-eight hours he was certain that neither Glynne nor his companion had left the inn; and, during such sultry weather, it seemed passing strange that they should have refrained from taking the air after nightfall, even if they feared to go abroad by day.

"'It ain't likely they could have wined us," Askew observed; "I have taken good care of that. I half suspect there's illness there. There's a nasty fever hanging hereabouts, though the town-folk won't allow it. For the last few days I've noticed that custom is un-