

CORRESPONDENCE.

Written for this Paper.

A VISIT TO OHIO.

SANDUSKY, Ohio, Nov. 9th, 1893.—I leave Sandusky on the steamer Kirby for Detroit, Michigan today, to visit my old home in Poutlac, about 30 miles from Detroit. Sixty years ago I was baptized in that place and it is there where I first saw the Prophet Joseph Smith.

While visiting friends in Sandusky I have been very much interested in some of the history of this country, especially its early times, when a prehistoric race were dwellers on the land, and the islands which abound in the lake and now are pleasure resorts. Charles N. Freeman has given much time in searching after relics in the early settlement of Lake Erie shores. He says that at one time 23 skeletons were discovered. Many others were not disturbed, but the 23 were examined by Dr. Charles Stroud and T. I. Williams, who decided the skulls to be of a race superior to the Indians. Some of them were eight feet tall; others found were 7 feet. These large skeletons were not confined to the shores of Lakes Erie and Ontario, but were found throughout the entire state of Ohio. Dr. Stroud decided there was no doubt that at some time a superior race of people inhabited the country, but mystery shrouded their history.

I was informed by an aged gentleman that recently he had taken a thigh bone from the ground on a farm about forty miles away from the Hill Cumorah; it was computed to belong to a person eight feet high. Only the day before yesterday I met a gentleman on the steamer City of Sandusky, from a trip from Put-In-Bay Island, who informed me that on this small island of 13,000 acres, twenty-five miles out from Sandusky, in Lake Erie, skeletons of an unknown race were found that were over eight feet long. This opened up a very pleasant conversation in which he said he was very much interested in regard to colonists from the Tower of Babel 2000 years before Christ. The eleventh chapter of Genesis declares that the Lord would scatter the people from the Tower upon all the earth.

The great fishing mart at Sandusky has failed for the past three years. It previously had been the leading fish market of the country. This, with stagnation of business, gives a quietness to the place, making it more like a funeral city than one of briskness. Much wine is made in Sandusky, as grapes are plentiful on the islands around. Steamers bring the grapes from the various islands daily. This year grapes have been sold on the islands for one and one-half cents per pound. Wine sellers are abundant on the islands and the product is shipped in every direction. Thousands of pleasure seekers resort to the islands during the summer.

Kelley's Island is one of the gems of Lake Erie and is twelve miles north-west of Sandusky in latitude 41 deg. 35 min. north and longitude 82 deg. 42 min. west. There are 35,000 acres of land, divided up into small vine-

yards of from five to ten acres. In 1846 only about \$5 worth of grapes was sold, but in 1861 there was \$57,086. This island is not without its prehistoric history. A stone 22 feet long and 21 feet wide which has parted from the island is standing 11 feet above water mark. Hieroglyphics are engraved upon this rock and the United States government detailed Colonel Eastman to examine them and report. This resulted in pronouncing them as belonging to a race that no one could tell anything about. Seven acres of ground in a circular form of earthwork contained bones of a large race of people, relics, etc. Of this it is said it is clothed in mystery.

EDWARD STEVENSON.

Written for this Paper.

AGAIN IN MICHIGAN.

PONTIAC, Mich., Nov. 11, 1893.—This is one of the early fields of the spread of the Gospel. It is where Martin Harris came to visit his sister, Mrs. Sophia Harris Kellogg, and where Martin bore his powerful testimony as a witness of the angel who presented to the young man Joseph Smith the records of the Mound Builders—a nation lost in their history to the people who followed Columbus to America.

This testimony is not without its good results to the present day. This is the town where Mother Smith visited the Mack family in the earlier days of the rise of the Church. Joseph and Hyrum Smith, also, in 1834, visited Pontiac, and Father Smith, the first Patriarch in the Church, came and exercised the powers of his high calling in the early days of his being ordained. This was in the year 1834. I was one of the favored ones to receive a Patriarchal blessing under his hands in the Pontiac branch of the Church only a short time before I emigrated from this place in the same year, with others who moved from Oakland county to Liberty, Clay county, Mo., soon after the Saints were driven from Independence, Jackson county, Mo. It was also from here that Father Samuel Bent, known here as Deacon Bent, of the Presbyterian church, with him Lyman Curtis and his wife and others obeyed the Gospel message. Lyman is yet living at Pond Town, Utah county. A goodly number emigrated from here to Zion in the days of Missouri.

After the closing of the World's Fair and visiting friends at Sandusky, Ohio, I have availed myself of the favorable opportunity of visiting the land of my youthful days and the grave of my father. It was here that he purchased over 200 acres of land with a view of settling down for life. That was in the year 1829. In 1833, Elvira Joseph, Wood, and Simon Carter, introduced the Gospel in Pontiac.

I left Sandusky on the morning of Thursday, the 9th inst., taking passage on a fast steamer, the Frank E. Kirby, over Lake Erie, 85 miles to Detroit, Michigan; from there it is 26 miles to Pontiac. Crossing Lake Erie was a

delightful trip except at Put-In-Bay, where we stopped to take on a few tons of fish. There we encountered a heavy fog while loading up. I think it was providential that we were detained at the fish port for the fog came on so severe that a captain of the steamer City of Sandusky, who has piloted so often to and from Put-In-Bay, in the dense fog ran upon a sand bar quite out of the channel. He was running direct for Gibraltar, a small island of about five acres, upon which Perry had a strong hold in 1812, and from which it took its name. A tug boat failing to release the Sandusky, our large steamer was called for to pull it out of its perilous condition. The fog had then begun to rise. Our steamer tugged away for more than an hour, having to put out the second hauler before she could release the other. Without this timely aid there is no telling when she would have left the bar.

After returning to the wharf and concluding the loading of fresh fish, which is quite a trade in these several islands, we proceeded with greater safety on our journey to Detroit. By our delay of nearly three hours the dense fog had passed away. In the many islands there is great danger in heavy fog, as in the case just mentioned. We had a pleasant journey over the lake and up the river to Detroit.

After breakfast at the Hodges house, I enjoyed a walk looking over the old land marks where sixty-one years ago I rode once a week, carrying the mail from Pontiac to Plymouth, Wayne County, forty miles each way. I was at that time only twelve years old and I now am 74. I could more readily see the contrast not only in the age and lapse of time, but also in the various changes which had taken place in those few years. Our old homestead was in Waterford. In that township alone there are over thirty lakes, generally small ones. Elizabeth lake has about 400 acres in it; Stevenson's lake now named Scott's Lake, is about three-fourths of a mile long and half a mile in width; Silver lake is also the same size, perhaps a little larger. There are many swamps and marshes. Cranberries and huckleberries used to abound in early days, and a variety of fish such as pickerel, pike, English perch, bullheads and a species of catfish. Tamarac swamps were abundant, but now as the country is being settled up and land becoming scarce and dear, those swamps are being cleared up.

While on my enjoyable walk, I called to see a man who had subdued one of those Tamarac swamps, where once on its borders in boyish life, I picked huckleberries and cranberries, and from the trees further in the swamp picked Tamarac gum. O, what a change had taken place! Mr. Frederick Hallina said: "Yes, that swamp would mire a horse. When I came here, I have spent \$500, draining with tiles, finding an outlet one mile away, I dug one year's wood from the roots taken out. But last year I took and sold \$885.40 worth of truck from three-quarters of an acre, mostly celery." He took me through his celery houses where he has hundreds of dollars worth packed away in a growing condition. He takes it fresh