

Arkansas. Having satisfied themselves of the navigability of the great stream to the sea, and the missionary having noted the habits of the people, the flora, fauna and geographical aspects of the country, they turned their faces northward, on the 17th July, and going up the Illinois River, passed along the point of Chicagon, into Lake Michigan, and shortly after, in September, Father Marquette was at his mission at Machilimackinaw again. I may mention incidentally that Longfellow has taken the inspiration of two numbers of his *Hiawatha*, from Marquette's *Relation*—that of the Pictured Rocks, on the Mississippi, and that of the joyous meeting with the Illinois, beginning "Beautiful is the sun, O Strayers," and the welcome to the Black Robe. Joliet wintered with Marquette, and they drew up their reports. Joliet on his return, in the spring, was upset in the rapids above Montreal, losing all his papers; and although he gave Frontenac a summary of them from memory, which the latter sent to France, Frontenac had to fall back on the map and *Relation* of Father Marquette.

In October of 1674, Marquette opened and established the mission of the Illinois at Kaskaskia, a name which is still found in the maps. His health had been failing meantime and he had to be transported from Kaskaskia to Mackinaw, where he was anxious to lay down his burden, and rest on the borders of Lake Michigan. But he utterly broke down on the voyage. It was not to be. Death came on apace, and seeing the mouth of a river which bears his name, he pointed to a little hill as the place where they should bury him. There the faithful Indians raised a hut of birch bark and stretched the dying father beneath it. He made his own preparations for the end. Amid communings of spirit, the Latin prayers of the Church murmured aloud, words of exhortation to his companions, the good man passed to his reward, on Saturday, 18th May, 1675, at the early age of 38 years. Like Francis