

visited this region was John Nicolet in 1634, an intrepid traveller who has left a meagre but important account of his pilgrimage, containing, however, too little concerning the wild inhabitants of the region to be of much use. An authority on the subject states that some of the old clearings on the island date back to the time of occupancy by the Tionontate Hurons, who were tillers of the soil after their rude manner. In 1654 two young Frenchmen, conveyed by Hurons, passed Mackinac on their way to Green Bay, and in 1656, repassed with fifty canoes laden with fur for the Canada market and manned by five hundred Hurons and Algonquins. The next Frenchman who probably passed these straits was Nicholas Perrot, to whose "Memoirs" we are indebted for much of what we know of those early days. The first Black Gown, as the guide-book informs us, was Father Claude Allouez. But Dablon, —Allouez,—none among those inspired servants of the Church—fanatics, visionaries, martyrs—has left so famous a record as Marquette. In fact, the history of Mackinac began with Marquette. Worshipping last Sunday morning in the parish church of St. Anne de Michilimackinac, I seemed to see in place of the motley crowd of Americans, Canadians, and Southern tourists, English, Indian, French, Irish, Dutch, and half-breeds, the rough building of the time of Jacques Marquette, the stolid Indian faces, the chivalrous airs of the first *courageux de bois*, the rude attempts at ritual and—ecclesiasticism! The present church is rude enough certainly, the pictures small, the walls covered only by cracked and stained grey and discoloured plaster, the altar unpretentious, the music conscientious but ineffective, yet how vastly superior to the service instituted by Marest, Lamorinié and Marquette, the true Fathers of the early Mission! I have been promised a sight of a *ciborium*, several articles of plate (*sic*) and a set of heavy black vestments covered with embroidery of the time of Louis XIV., all carefully kept in the sacristy.

I am not sure if I know just what a *ciborium* is. A sceptical friend says probably an extinct mammal, but he is willing to give it the benefit of the doubt. When all the world and his wife can and does read Parkman, there is no room for the anonymous chronicler, the poor summer tourist, the correspondent by profession, to make or to offer to make his testimony as to the labours of such a hero as Jacques Marquette. At one time the intrepid priest had as many as five hundred Indians about him, some of them coming thrice a day even in inclement weather to the rude chapel where the new and strange gospel of civilization, learning, common-sense and purity was always being preached. At last, in 1673, Marquette left in company with Louis Joliet, sent by the Governor of Canada to aid in the exploration of the Mississippi. But he returned after a few months of unequalled devotion to the cause of France and the Holy Church, and returned to die. His remains now repose in the chapel of the Marquette College at Milwaukee, while the grave at Point St. Ignace is marked by a severe but handsome monument.

Like a dream—this glimpse of mediaevalism—while the modern American throng saunters by, rarely jostling, rarely pushing, so laconic is this civilization surrounding us almost on every side.

Like a dream—the greatest dream of all—that of the vast French Empire that should have followed the Cross and Fleur de Lys of France—that rose up only that it might be cut down.

The present representative of the heroic Marquette wears the black velvet crown-shaped cap of the Jesuit. I spoke to him after the service and learned that his name was Gunder or Gunter. He struck me as looking like a Swiss. Tall, stout, with a thick neck and red cheeks, he stared at me when I asked for some information and evidently wondered what it was for. Any further approach on my part was stopped by the apparition of a thin, freckled Irish widow woman clad in rusty black, and who had been anxious to confess all morning, as she informed the father. The good man who wanted his dinner—which he gets across the way from the church—was a little more perfunctory than is usual even with his perfunctory class. He hurried away, telling her that in the morning, as a mass would be said for the soul of Mrs. Mary Holden, he would be happy to attend to her needs. I next attacked the assistant priest, a fine, bluff, Irish-American with a twinkle in his eye and a walk that reminded one of Salvini—an atrociously incongruous combination, I admit, but not more notable for incongruity than his sermon, in which Oliver W. Holmes, Shakespeare, St. Augustine and St. Francis of Assisi, were all quoted in turn. This sermon was really an original thing in its way, suited to many needs and diverse tastes. As for the method of delivery I can only say it was mouthed like a Western Dissenter, flung at us like a member from Indiana, tempered by hints of sweet Anglican influences, whilst remaining Roman to the core in subject matter. I believe this young priest is very attractive to female judges of beauty, but alas, of what avail. Readers of "Nikanor" will doubtless ever after sympathize with all celibates of whatever nationality. And I really felt for this muscular, square-shouldered priest in particular.

The memorial windows which adorn the church present an entertaining diversity of names. Thus Smith, McCann, and Mulcrone flare at us in vermilion, orange, and royal blue, side by side with Jolie, Richard and La Chance in grass-green and lavender. For the ciborium and vestments a week-day was thought best, so I discreetly abandoned the popular priest, watched the freckled acolytes rushed past to boiled beans and fresh fish, having seen the

tapers all out, and made the Sunday tour of the little town to find photograph and fruit shops all open and the hotels doing a thriving trade. There are no Sunday cars, but that is only because there are no cars at all. But there are Sunday boats innumerable and all crowded. The fruit is immense—literally. Californian peaches and pears, luscious *magnum bonum* plums, five, six, seven, eight, ten—ten cents apiece.

To-day, however, I walked half a mile away from traffic and wear and tear to within a few yards of the chief natural phenomenon on the Island—the justly famed Arch Rock. I write, seated on a large boulder of the honey-combed calcareous rock that forms the curious outcropping surface of the entire tree-covered Island. As I toss my sheets down upon another and smaller slab, in which pale green sappy ferns and miniature cedars are growing, I keep them in place by a unique paper weight of slaty shale—I hope geologists proper will understand what I mean by the term—and have hung an umbrella in a fork of a shrub just where the sun would intercept the vision if not kept out. Away to the left lies the hazy shifting sheet of Huron, unbroken, unmarred by a single sail, and to the right rises the majestic, the lovely, picturesque Arch that so many travel so far to see.

As I look at it, I wonder that before I came here, I heard so little about it. One hundred and fifty feet above the beach, it lifts a straight crag-like bluff edge perpendicularly to the sky, the end of which nearest the mainland curves over an abyss of broken stones and uprooted trees, till, after a gradual ascent as sure and true and beautiful as Gothic window or Norman porch, it declines gradually to meet the pine-clad rock opposite. Seen from below the blue of the sky gleams through its exquisite arc, cool-gray as an ancient castle and "gay with wilding flowers." Seen from above, another blue—that of Huron's glimmering waters—gleams through it, the white of sails serving for the pearl and rose of clouds.

This was enough in itself as we first looked at it to justify us in our choice of a trip. From no point of view is the Arch ever commonplace, disappointing or small. Its grand proportions save it from any petty degeneration in the minds of those, even travelled and critical ones, who gaze at its curious approximation to architecture of the most satisfying kind.

Yet as I fold up my umbrella and number these pages, destined, I hope, for THE WEEK at some time or another, I am aware of a party of four, two girls and two men who are actually engaged in playing euchre with a dirty pack of cards, seated, not far from the base of the Arch, with their backs to it. Peter Bells of people, how extraordinary it is of them! I brush past them and gain the boat. One girl wears nine bangles on one wrist, and four rings on one finger, and both are dressed in the most delicate white lawn, riddled with embroidery. Nothing better for climbing rocks and strolling along a lake beach.

Out in the boat the bells of St. Anne de Michilimackinac, are borne to the ear, merging into the slightly brassy effects on board the effete *Michigan*, a war-ship that for a score and upward of years has haunted these waters. Bang! The sundown gun from the white-walled Fort is responded to by another from the *Michigan*. The light dies out of the sky, the bats begin their gyrations, the prosaic boats and barges reveal hanging jewels of red and blue in place of white decks and staring letters, and the day's pleasuring is over. It ringeth both on shore and sea to evensong, and where once the war-whoop of the savage and impassioned addresses of the Jesuit stole upon the air, now can be heard the tinkle of many a piano, and the summer boarders "up to Plank's," don their best, their store-clothes, and evolve the German. For all this, harmless, even necessary in itself, a great distaste springs up within the cultured mind. The quiet piazza, wraps, solitude, sleep—these are the only antidotes. S.

MONTREAL LETTER.

A DISEASE, which threatens to become an epidemic, is testing the skill of the doctors in the low parts of the city which lie around Victoria Bridge. As the symptoms are those of malarial fever, with a tendency to typhoid, the authorities are waking up to the situation. This neighbourhood of the city is known as Goose Village, and is inhabited by respectable tradespeople. Being in the outskirts, what we call *vacant lots* are common, but as is generally the case, they are by no means *vacant*, and, since the construction of the Flood Dyke, water which once might have found for itself a natural escape, now lies stagnant and festering in the sun. One of the school houses enjoys the delight of a *vacant lot* as a garden, and men have testified to having seen heaps of refuse, meat, and loads of decaying fish deposited to relieve the *vacancy*. An old grave-yard, in which eight hundred emigrants who died of ship fever, were buried, is being used as a general dumping ground, and pools of polluted and polluting water, rank with all forms of disease and death germs, have tempted the cows from the local dairies when the heat and the dyke prevented free access to the river. The Corporation dumping ground is here, and the stock yards of the Western Abattoirs have an acre of manure exposed to atmospheric influence, from which a stream, two feet deep, makes a sewer for itself to the river, where it is caught by water from the canal and dashed all over the banks. Complaints about several of these pestilences are said to be standing on the books of the Health Committee for more than a year without any action being taken. And mean-

time whole families are prostrate with sickness, which in some cases is proving fatal.

On the other hand we witness a carriage-and-pair inspection of public works by civic dignitaries, when the City Surveyor, inspired no doubt with his recent European experience, takes the Road Committee, the Contractors and their friends out to a general congratulation and a luncheon.

A bluestone sidewalk on Craig Street is said to be guaranteed for thirty or forty years. For the wooden paving on the same street the supply of gravel for filling in had given out, but the interstices were being stuffed with sand and cement, which, of course, is to be taken out when the gravel arrives. William Street, where there is very heavy traffic, is being laid with new Glasgow granite, and although we possess a City Surveyor, a Deputy, and an Assistant Surveyor, the traffic has gone on to the foot-paths, breaking and injuring stones at the rate of \$7.50 apiece. The new offices of the depot for material, recently erected on McCord Street, were visited, and the eastern workshops on Sanguinet Street, which form our central depot for the construction of boilers, rivetting, turning, planing, and so forth, as well as for the manufacture of desks and office furniture for the Road Committee.

Two extensive and interesting public works are in progress, one in the west, and (perhaps to maintain the balance of power) one in the east. On Dorchester Street, from the Windsor Hotel to Cote St. Antoine, an intercepting sewer is being constructed, with an overhead cable track, the patent of which the city has purchased; and a similar work in the east end has necessitated a brick tunnel seven feet in diameter and twenty-four feet under ground. Point St. Charles, with its Goose Village, its malarial fever, and its orphan children, is not directly in the balance of power.

The City Surveyor, having had a two months' holiday and a bonus, his Deputy now lays claim for three months and \$500 to visit Europe, in consideration of extra work done by him in his Chief's absence.

The struggle between the Council and the City Passenger Railway is at white heat. We are paving our streets in accordance with modern science. The railway is paving its tracks in accordance with modern dividends. We have suggested and reasoned, coaxed and threatened, to little purpose. Our Passenger Railway Company is our great *I will, or I will not*. But human endurance is amenable to the laws of the last straw. Our Road Committee has its feathers all ruffled at last. A protest was served, requiring immediate compliance. The Railway manager went to the seaside. The protest was repeated, giving a few hours for a reply; the manager remained at the sea. The Company is regarded as having violated its agreement, defied the public, and made higher dividends than anything else that has violated its agreement and defied us. For each day of non-compliance it is to be fined, and by a certain day of the present week the city will stop the cars, and proceed to make the track as desired. Of course, we shall pay for it meantime, and the Company—well, the Company is a powerful organization, and knows our weak and our strong points, and may, as well as other people, get their work done for nothing.

At the Annual Competition of the Provincial Rifle Association held last week, the Victoria Rifles, of Hamilton, were ruled out in favour of the Sixth Fusiliers of Montreal, but afterwards made an appeal on the ground of inaccurate marking. The Executive Council have sustained their appeal and awarded them the prize.

Connubial quarrels, resulting in separation, have become alarmingly numerous, and the old custom, for some inexplicable reason given up, is to be revived of examining the complainants as to the reality or non-reality of the cause.

Mr. Barnum, with his marvellously systematic exhibition, has once more taken possession of us. His marquees are the only roofs under which the various strata of our society mingle. Beauty and fashion sit side by side with the Cinderellas of the period. Capital rubs shoulders with labour. Why, and what for? It is hard to say.

We are not yet out of the pet at New York for stealing our centennial exhibition. The Secretary of the Council of Arts and Manufactures is stirring us to revenge by devoting our individual attention to our approaching silver wedding as a Dominion.

Notre Dame Cathedral is building a new organ, the largest in Canada. It is to have seventy-six stops, to cost \$30,000, and to be finished next year.

The Hospital has decided to commence immediately to extend and improve its accommodation by supplying the entire building with a mansard roof, at a cost of \$10,000. This looks as if the difficulties in the way of the General and the Victoria Hospital amalgamation were more stubborn than was anticipated.

The new steamer of the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company, *The Sovereign*, intended for the favourite route of the Ottawa River daily trip, is thoroughly initiated to its duties, and maintaining the expectations raised by its beauty, comfort and speed.

The Montreal Press Club, recently organized, has already indulged in an annual picnic. VILLE MARIE.

A LITTLE miss passing the site for a new factory, where a large number of brick piers stood ready to receive the proposed building, on hearing what they were, said: "Oh, I thought they must be chimneys to sell to people who were going to build houses."