

LAKE MICHIGAN AND THE FRENCH EXPLORERS

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Lake Michigan and the French Explorers by Edward Payson Morton

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EDWARD PAYSON MORTON

**LAKE MICHIGAN
AND THE FRENCH
EXPLORERS**



THE GREAT LAKES SERIES

Lake Michigan and the French
Explorers

By
EDWARD PAYSON MORTON, PH. D.



CHICAGO
AINSWORTH & COMPANY

GIFT
AUG 8 '30

The Great Lakes Series comprises, in the narrative of a continuous journey:

The Mohawk Valley and Lake Ontario.
Lake Erie and the Story of Commodore Perry.
Lake Huron and the Country of the Algonquins.
Lake Michigan and the French Explorers.

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The publishers desire to express their appreciation for the use of illustrations to Mr. Lewis H. Beeson, of Niles, Mich.; the Rev. W. B. Thorn, Oneida, Wis.; the Pere Marquette Railroad, and the Wisconsin State Historical Society.

L. M. F. E.

INTRODUCTION

The author and the publishers of the Great Lakes Series feel that it is proper for them to set forth briefly the principles which have guided them in preparing these supplementary readers.

Though we realize that our work needs to be interesting, we do not wish it to be merely entertaining. These readers are school books and are not intended as a recreation for idle hours. Therefore we have been careful not to give too much space to stories of battles and skirmishes or to picturesque Indian legends. Because the reading lesson is too often but slightly related to the rest of the curriculum, we have tried to supplement the work in other studies by laying stress upon the more obvious relations between geography, history and commerce. Exploration and trade in America have both romantic and practical aspects, and one or the other of these is sure to appeal to wideawake children. The scenes visited in these books offer abundant material of both kinds—the chief difficulty has been to select.

In deciding upon the story form, as a convenient thread upon which to string what we wish to tell, we have tried to steer clear of two temptations. We do not intend that these stories shall be guide-books; therefore we have been sparing of mere dates and figures. Also, we do not wish to make James and Carrie a pair of precocious little prigs, escorted by a pedant. Therefore we



have tried to make the characters talk like normal human beings, in language that is simple and colloquial, and at the same time free from slang and sins of grammar—such English, in short, as may reasonably be aspired to by those who wish to express themselves simply and clearly, without affectation either of bookish precision or of slovenly carelessness.

Some knowledge of history has been assumed: for example, that the Revolutionary War was the struggle of the American colonies for independence from Great Britain. Nothing has been merely alluded to which would demand lengthy or involved explanation; but it has been thought worth while to touch upon a few matters which are not fully explained, in order to stimulate that legitimate curiosity which is a chief source of growth in knowledge.

In accordance with this notion, the Questions, it will be observed, are hardly at all a catechism on the bare text. They are intended to send the pupils to their geographies, to the school dictionary, and to the common sources of information with which they should be beginning to grow familiar. Questions which can be answered by yes or no have been avoided; they are all designed to require a reasonable amount of attention and thought about the matter in hand. The habit of observing accurately and thinking clearly can hardly be begun too soon.

IN THE STRAITS OF MACKINAC

"Are we going to see the old fort that Pontiac's Indians captured, Uncle Jack?"

"Yes, my dear," answered Major Woods, turning to Carrie, his niece, who had asked the question.

"That is to say, we are going to see the place where it was. As soon as

James and I pay our bills, and you and your aunt Lucy can pack up, we'll go over to St. Ignace, and from there to Mackinaw City. How does that strike you?"

"Fine, Uncle! When we get back to Chicago, I'll be glad to recommend you as a guide, if anyone asks. I hate to think that we've started on our last week, though."

"Never mind, Carrie," said her brother James. "Uncle Jack and Aunt Lucy have had so much fun this summer that they'll want another trip by next year."

"Well, well," interrupted Major Woods, "stop your nonsense and get ready to start. Come along, James."

Mackinac Island had never looked more beautiful than it did that August morning as the little steamer backed away from the dock and swung west toward St. Ignace.

"Isn't it lovely!" sighed Carrie. "Just see how distinct the fort is, and that long hotel veranda with its



BEAVER'S HEAD

white pillars! And see that pretty little summerhouse right at the edge of the cliff!"

"It's all right here in the summer, but I don't think I'd care to be up here in the winter," said James.

"It is rather quiet in winter," answered his uncle, "with the straits frozen over and no boats passing. But then they have sleighing parties on the ice."

"Oh," said Carrie, "does it freeze clear across here?"

"Yes, except that the shifting winds and the currents usually keep a narrow crack open near the middle. They still tell the story of the St. Ignace family that went over to the Island to eat Christmas dinner with some of their kinsmen. They had fastened the bed of the big farm-wagon to sled-runners, wrapped the grandmother up warm, set her in her rocking-chair, and lifted chair and all into the sled. When they got over near the Island they saw that the crack in the ice was pretty wide, so they whipped the horses into a run and made them jump it. A few minutes later they missed the grandmother, and when they looked back, there she was on the far side of the crack, still sitting in her rocker. The chair had been jolted out when they jumped the crack, but the grandmother hadn't even been upset."

"My!" said James, "weren't they frightened?"

"I imagine they were, but so long as the grandmother wasn't hurt, they had a good story to tell."

"Jimmie," said Carrie, "wouldn't it be fun to go across here on the ice!"

By this time the steamer was not very far from Point St. Ignace.