

THE WHITE ISLANDER

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The White Islander by Mary Hartwell Catherwood

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MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD

**THE WHITE
ISLANDER**

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"THEY ARE MY OWN FLOWER."

THE
WHITE ISLANDER

DAUGHTER OF
CALIFORNIA

BY

MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD

AUTHOR OF "THE ROMANCE OF DOLLARD,"
"THE LADY OF FORT ST. JOHN," ETC.



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1900

PREFACE

THE Island of Mackinac, set in the most translucent waters on this continent, with Huron on one side of it and Michigan on the other, greatly fascinates both tourist and student. No landscape-gardening and placarding of commercial man can ever quite spoil its wild beauty. The white cliffs and the shaggy wilderness defy him. Across the strait, westward, is St. Ignace, where Father Marquette's grave may yet be seen, though the birch-bark coffin holding his bones has been removed to another shrine. On every anniversary of the removal, the Manito of the island remembers that despoiling, and never fails to bring a storm on the lakes. Across the strait, southward, on the mainland, the site of Fort Michilimackinac may easily be found. An irregular excavation, a scattered orchard and clusters of gooseberry-bushes, a

long stretch of deep yellow sand, and the eternal glitter of the lake, remain from the old tragedy.

Skull Rock is yet known on the island as Henry's Cave. A venerable islander, Mr. Cable, told me he had found skulls there in his boyhood.

Through French, British, and early American occupation, Mackinac was the center of the fur trade. Indians and traders met here. The crescent bay swarmed with strange figures, and packs of beaver were carried from canoe to warehouse, the traffic of a continent and the result of a year's labor being disposed of in a few brief days. The American Fur Company had its headquarters at Mackinac, and living islanders—Dr. Bailey and James Lasley—can tell much of the life it annually brought to break in one great wave upon the strip of beach. You might close your eyes when the moon is large over the summer lakes, and almost hear again the roaring song of *coureurs de bois* around the turn of the bay.

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