

fishermen's residences were entirely covered with bark in the place of clap-boards. Every house had its garden enclosed with cedar pickets, about five feet in height, making a close enclosure. This was white-washed, as were also the dwelling-houses, and the fort as well, giving the entire place more the appearance of a fortress than an ordinary village.

One street, if it may be called so, ran from one point of the crescent to the other, and as near the water's edge as the beach would permit, the pebbles forming a border between the water and road. The other street, for there are but two, is a short one, which runs back of the front street. A foot-path in the middle of the street was all that was needed. Weeds grew luxuriantly on each side of the trail; those next to the enclosures were almost as high as the pickets. There were no vehicles of any description on the island in those early days, except dog-trains or sleds in the winter. Hence, the weeds had it all their own way.

The natural curiosities of the island seemed more wonderful in those days, because reached with so much difficulty. The surroundings were wild, and no carriage road led up to them. A visit to the Arched Rock, and the Sugar Loaf, made a high holiday. Ascending the hills in the outset, to get the fine view from above; we then followed a rough path which led through a thick growth of pines, cedar, and juniper. The view that rewarded our exertions was grand, but it needed a good guide to reach and enjoy it. In returning we descended by way of "Robinson's Folly," and so on down, reaching home by the beach. The whole island is a rock, covered with grass, cedar, juniper, and some pines. Among our favorite walks, was one to Fort Holmes, which is on the highest hill of the island.

Small fruits, such as the wild strawberry, raspberry, and gooseberry were abundant on the island; and the surrounding islands abounded in huckleberries, blackberries, and sand cherries. These were the sole varieties of fruit known to the writer in childhood.

Mackinaw is a true summer home, but I loved it in the winter, with its mountains of ice. The isolation of the place was great—eight months of the year were passed in seclusion from the outside world; communication with it was impossible. But the other