

at the second arch, to the right. It represents the front view of Notre Dame Church, in gold, on a field of azure velvet. It was the proceeds of a subscription made in this city, and transported to Lourdes in October, 1873. The Banner of St. Patrick, offered by the pilgrimage which Father Dowd conducted there, a few years later, is displayed at the entrance of the chancel. All these banners are of great assistance in tracing the old traditions. There are *Arce Marias* of every style and very rich; touching inscriptions; armorial bearings of all sorts; and a complete set of the most celebrated images, such as N. D. de Chartres, de Dessous Terre, de la Treille, du Puy, de Liessé, des Clefs, de la Garde, de Fourvières, de Bonsecours and de Roamadour. These images are very interesting to the archaeologist. The American Banner is said to have cost \$6,000. That of Clontarf, in Ireland, is remarkable as representing in the midst of a fine landscape, the Celtic Cross of Monastz-Boice, of colossal dimensions and with magnificent carvings. Treasures of art and riches cover the walls and altars—gems, stars, decorations, swords set in diamonds, precious mitres and wonderfully wrought reliquaries. On the high altar there is a reliquary displaying five precious stones valued at \$15,000, the gift of a princely French family. The late Pope having received from Spain a set of palms composed of pearls and diamonds, sent them to the sanctuary of Lourdes. The Irish have offered a lamp worth \$1,500, and there are enamels bearing the symbols of Ireland—the harp, Celtic cross and image of St. Patrick. The church is lined all around with gold and silver hearts, over 3,000 in number. The eighteen chapels are covered with marble tablets bearing inscriptions from the floor to the windows, a height of ten feet. The lamps are numerous, the most of them composed of 50 candles which are all lighted simultaneously by artificial means. There are two large organs, the one in the sanctuary, the other above the front portal. The author then proceeds to a detailed description of the magnificent stained windows which represent the whole history of the Sanctuary of Lourdes. In this he displays all the qualities of his special talent. After giving us his personal impressions and explaining the ceremonies observed at the pilgrimages, he concludes his visit by an ascent to the Stations of the Rosary, distributed on the mountain that surmounts the church. With enormous stones an altar has been erected there from which 30,000 persons can be addressed. Near the altar is a monumental cross, with a figure of the Crucified, twelve feet in height. Two other points of interest are the lowly house in which the girl Bernadette was born, and the old mediaeval castle on the heights where troops are now barracked. A member of the Egin family was interred there in 1810, having been captured in Spain. After bidding a reluctant farewell to all these beautiful scenes, the author ascends the Pyrenees and his concluding pages are filled with glowing descriptions of the scenery of those admirable mountains.

We have taken pleasure in giving our readers a brief review of this interesting work, both because it is the production of one of our prominent *littérateurs*, and because it introduces us to places that have been made famous within the past few years, attracting the attention of the whole reading world. We may or we may not sympathize with the object of these pilgrimages, but we must always respect the development of a pious sentiment, and when a book is well written it is always deserving of appreciative notice.

THE CAMPING GROUND OF THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION MEETING, 1883.

Stony Lake, where the Association meet this year, is perhaps, without exception, the prettiest locality in Canada; nowhere could they have found a greater variety of scenery, more changing currents, longer stretches of calm waters for distant "paddles," sheltered by the more than thousand isles that dot its surface, nor more numerous spots of interest to visit during the days of their camp life among them.

The Midland Railway, with its spider-like arms, has tapped several avenues of approach to Stony Lake, at Rice Lake via Cobourg, at Port Perry via Whitby or Port Hope; Peterborough via Port Hope, or Lakeland via Belleville, on the Bay of Quinte; each route having thus several attractions. But as there will be time to visit all these outlets during their stay, few of the canoeists will linger by the way, but will en-

deavor to reach the headquarters upon the Lake as rapidly as steam will carry them.

Stony, or by its old name, Salmon Trout Lake, including Clear Lake, from which it is separated only by an irregular row of rocky islands, is twenty miles in length and has an average breadth of from two and a half to three miles; the whole surface of Stony Lake is studded with islands some quite large ones, others so tiny that they are no more than rocks in the water, many indeed being completely hidden, unless when the water is low where they jut up, sharp rough points above the waves. Clear Lake, upon the contrary, after the barrier of rocky islands that seem to guard the approach is passed, is totally without islands, hence its name. These Lakes are but two of the long chain formed by the widening of the Otonabee River, which rises at the head waters of the Madawaska and flows south and southeasterly into Balsam Lake, thence through all its varied changes of high precipitous falls, miles of rapids, broad island-dotted lakes, sweeping into deep bays that are lakes in themselves, rushing through narrow gorges, past now fast growing towns and thriving villages where the lumber king reigns supreme, until it reaches Buckhorn Lake, where the scenery loses the blots of civilization and retains only the beauties of nature's lavish hand.

Buckhorn is but a continuation of Mud or Chemong Lake, forming one of the prongs of the horn, Deer Bay being the other. A great island almost bars the passage into Lovesick Lake, and by the narrowing of the channel forms the pretty Lovesick Rapids. Years ago, when the first tide of emigration set towards these western shores, when the red man, the Mississaugau, alone trod this rocky Lake region, when the first settlers came among them to make a home for themselves upon the Otonabee River, a tall handsome Indian, "a warrior and a strong man," was filled with love for the deep blue eyes, the laughter-loving lips and rosy cheeks of a bonnie Irish lass. He pleaded his love, laying all the treasures of the chase at her feet; pleaded, but in vain, that pretty Kate would enter his wigwam, hung with "many skins," and be his squaw. Kate was an O'Donohue and scorned the suit of the redman. Weary and despairing, the poor rejected lover left his lodge among the Mississaugaus and went away to this island, there to pine and die for love of Kate's bright eyes, and here he was found, after many days, by some of the trile who took him away to other hunting grounds; but in commemoration of his sorrow gave the Island and Lake its name. At the outlet of Lovesick Lake into Stony Lake are the great Burleigh Falls, to the east the Burleigh Rapids and to the north Stony Lake.

There are many high points from which the view here is most beautiful, Mount Frolean and Hurricane Point on the Main Land, Eagle Mount on one of the principal islands and from the promontory that overtops the upper Burleigh, and no words, no slight little sketches such as these, can give an adequate idea of the beauty on every side, every nook, every point, every little fall that ripples round some stone or jutting rock, every little creek, that losing itself among the great rocky precipices, shut off now, by impenetrable stone walls, or again finding a narrow crooked outlet through which it comes tumbling headlong to the lake below, laughing, as it were, with delight at having circumvented its powerful foe, are separate pictures, gems of nature in themselves.

A little over a mile from Burleigh Falls, quite sixty feet above the level of Stony Lake and enclosed within a nature's built wall of granite of a hundred paces thick, is a beautiful little lake. The Indians call it Deer Lake, but Major Strickland tells us in his "Twenty-seven Years in Canada," that when camping, one Summer, in its vicinity, the ladies of the party re-named it Fairy Lake, and it is still called by that name.

How swift many of the currents or eddies between the islands; how deep and dangerous many of the apparently smooth passages are, none but the Indian or the early settler can tell, and many a story of narrow escape, fool-hardy daring and death, heard when a child, come back to me as I write; of the handsome, gay, dare-all friends who, when heading their canoe down one of these passages, were warned of its dangers; the laughing reply of one, as he dipped his paddle. "Never mind, Mr.—and I are bound to go to H—l together some day." Watch the canoe go swiftly, silently by, either strike some projecting point of the rock hidden from sight or catch some under-currents, they never knew; the paddle slips in the unsteady hand, the frail bark turns over and the merry mocking face sinks out of sight forever. His companion was rescued with great difficulty. The place is still called Hell Gate. At Young's Point, after passing through Clear Lake, the river narrows itself for about half a mile, and where there are now Locks. It is from these Locks that one of the little sketches was taken. Passing them the river widens again into Bawchewahnoonk or Lake of the Three Islands, or more literally, perhaps, three one after the other; here, too, is the pretty little Bessie Coon Lake upon one of whose islands the Indian maiden, the beauty and pride of her tribe lies buried, the rocky isle her solitary cemetery, the rippling lake her monument.

The shores here are replete with interest; it was here Mrs. Moody lived and "roughed it" in the early years of its settlement, and many of the spots described in her "Roughing it in the Bush" can still be recognized, and so widely was the book read, both in the States and in Canada, that it will not be unfamiliar ground to some amongst the canoe men and their

friends. Major Strickland too, whose sons still live in and near Lakefield, the third, Henry T. Strickland, being one of the Regatta Committee of 1883, has given a very interesting description of the country and his first impressions of it in 1825, when he first came to that rocky region and of his final settlement near Lakefield in 1833, in his "Twenty-seven Years in Canada," published by Bently, London, in 1853, and edited by his sister, Agnes Strickland. Major Strickland died in 1868, and is buried close by the little fine covered church, the pioneer church of that now populous settlement; and down upon the river bank, in a pretty cottage, may still be found another sister, Mrs. Traill, the authoress of "The Backwoods of Canada," and although turned of eighty, is as bright and clever as in her earlier days. Mrs. Traill is a great botanist and has but just completed a very pretty and valuable work upon the ferns and wild flowers of Canada. Truly hers is a green old age, and no more entertaining companions can be found anywhere than the two chatty old ladies (Mrs. Moodie generally spends the summer with her sister), their reminiscences of by-gone days on both the Old and the New World, of struggles and trials where the absolute necessities of life were difficult to obtain, anecdotes of the strange characters who had crossed their different paths in life, of the kindness of the Indian nature in its native state, and regret as they do, the gradual extinction of the Indian, the Mississaugau, who, in their gratitude for trifling kindnesses and honest dealings, helped them in many a strait, giving each member of their loved adopted chief's Chippewa, (Major Strickland) family a name of their own.

There are numerous points of interest in the upper parts of Stony Lake; along the east shore where the Jack Creek and Eels Creek empty themselves into the Lake, and about half way across the ten miles portage to Jack's Lake, there is the finest view of the whole surrounding country. Then again down the Otonabee River to Rice Lake, or as the Indians call it the "Lake of the Burning Plains," and all its local legends which space forbids me to dwell upon here. The whole locality abounds in game and fish, and the Canoe Association cannot have "happier hunting grounds than where they have pitched their tents in 1883.

OTTAWA.

IRISH WIT.

In repartee Irishmen have long been distinguished. The joy of retaliation is a marked characteristic of the race. On one occasion Judge Porter, a popular Irish magistrate, in pronouncing sentence of the court, said to a notorious drunkard: "You will be confined in jail for the longest period the law will allow, and I sincerely hope you will devote some portion of the time to cursing whiskey."—"By the powers I will!" was the answer; and Porter, too.

A steamboat passenger not finding his handkerchief readily, somewhat suspiciously inquired of an Irishman who stood beside him if he had seen it, and insinuated a charge of theft. But afterward finding the said article in his hat, began to apologize. "Oh," said Pat, "don't be after saying another single word; it was a mere mistake, and on both sides, too. You took me for a thief, and I took you for a jentleman."

The following is an instance of that gallantry and politeness which is inherent in every true-born Irishman. It is pleasant, indeed, to record the fact that, so sensitive is his nature—often mistaken for pride—that he is said to feel every sensibility wounded, where those whom he had treated kindly to offer any remuneration beyond that of showing that they were grateful. A sudden gust of wind took a parasol from the hand of its owner, and before one had a chance to recollect whether it would be etiquette to catch such an article belonging to a lady to whom he had never been introduced, a lively Emerald dropped his hod of bricks, caught the parachute in the midst of gyrations, and presenting it to the fair loser with a low bow, said: "Faith, madam, if you were as strong as you are handsome, it wouldn't have got away from you."—"Which shall I thank you the first: the service or the compliment?" asked the lady, smilingly.—"Troth, madam," said Pat, touching the brim of his hat, "that look of your beautiful eye thanked me for both."

A story is told of an occurrence at a provincial theatre in Ireland where Macready was personating *Virginius*. In preparing for the scene in which the body of *Dentatus* is brought on the stage, the manager called to the Irish attendant—his property-man—for the bier. Pat responded to the call at once, and soon appeared with a full foaming pot of ale—but was received with a string of anathemas, for his confounded stupidity. "The bier, you blockhead!" thundered the manager. "And sure, isn't it here?" exclaimed Pat, presenting the highly polished quart measure. "Not that, you stupid fellow! I mean the barrow for *Dentatus*." "Then why don't you call things by their right name?" said Pat. "Who would imagine for a moment you meant the barrow, when you call for beer?"

"I engaged," said a burly lawyer, "a chaise at Galway to conduct me some few miles into the country, and had proceeded some distance, when it came to a sudden standstill at the beginning of a rather steep incline, and the coachman leaping to the ground, came to the door and opened it. 'What are you at, man? This is not where I ordered you to stop. Has the animal jibbed?'"—"Whisht, yer honor, whisht!"

said Paddy in an undertone. "I am only desaving the sly baste. I'll just bang the door; and the crafty ould cratur will think he's intirely got rid of yer honor's splendid form, and he'll be at the top of the hill in no time."

The following are a few instances of those amusing blunders, proverbially termed "bulls." On the edge of a small river in the country of Caven, in Ireland, there is—or used to be—a stone with the following inscription cut upon it, no doubt intended for the information of strangers travelling that way: "N. B.—When this stone is out of sight, it is not safe to ford the river."

But the above is almost if not quite surpassed by the famous post erected a few years since by the surveyors of the Kent roads, in England: "This is the bridle-path to Faversham. If you can't read this, you had better keep to the main road."

In a debate which took place in the Irish House of Commons in 1795, on the Leather Tax, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir John Plunkett, observed, with great emphasis: "That in the prosecution of the present war every man ought to give his last guinea to protect the remainder." Mr. Vandeleur said: "However that might be, the tax on leather would be severely felt by the bare-footed peasantry of Ireland." To which Sir B. Roche replied that "this could be easily remedied by making the underleathers of wood."

The following is from the latter portion of an extremely affectionate poetical epistle, addressed to an Irish maiden:—

I'm yours to command, both in weepin' and laughter;
I'm awake all the night, that of you I may dream;
I'd hang myself now, if you'd marry me at once,
And though I may change, I'll be ever the same.

A Dublin advertisement informs us that an Irish doctor has taken a house in Lily street, where the deaf may hear of him at all hours; but as his blind patients see him every day from ten till four, they must come at some other time.—And the following bill was once presented by a farrier to a tradesman in the town: "For intirely curing your back pony that died, immediate payment is requested of one guinea."

THERE is still great dread of the cholera finding its way to Paris, and it is proposed to grant a credit of fifty thousand francs for the purpose of sending a sanitary mission to Egypt. A sum of four hundred and fifty thousand francs has been voted by the Municipal Council for the purpose of erecting wooden buildings in the bastions of the fortifications, to serve as hospitals in the case of an outbreak of cholera in Paris, and to be used generally for treating the victims of contagious diseases.

It is surprising how speedily the stars of the musical firmament vanish from human ken when once they have shone and sparkled their little hour. Here and there we meet these rayless planets of the past in the calm obscurity of domestic seclusion. Thus at Harrogate we discovered recently the abode of an operative celebrity of bygone years, Mr. Joseph Wood. There may be many old American operators who will remember the furor created by this gifted tenor and his still more gifted wife when they sang together in "Norma" and "La Sonnambula." Mrs. Wood being, if I remember rightly, the first prima donna who ever sang in "Norma" in the United States. Mr. Wood is now eighty-three years of age and looks about sixty. He is a superbly handsome old man with a long snow-white beard and fresh complexion, resembling Victor Hugo somewhat in countenance, though with a far finer and taller figure. He married again after his first wife's death, and is the father of a group of blooming daughters, whereof the youngest is three years old. They all inherit from him a marked talent for music. The most prominent ornament in Mr. Wood's abode is a fine portrait of his first wife, painted by Sully, and representing her as *Amina* in "La Sonnambula."

Paris society is greatly exercised at the present moment on account of the elopement of a northern prince with a young and beautiful Italian countess, under the age of sixteen, whose father is an officer of high rank, and whose duties take him a great deal away from home. The fugitives left Florence at night and proceeded to Paris, where they took up their quarters at one of the best hotels in the Champs Elysées, and were soon surrounded by an army of milliners, jewellers and the rest of their crew. However, as soon as the hotel bill was presented the prince was unable to meet it, and, in addition to this, he had lost heavily at the tables, he had recourse to the device of one very costly jewels from an unsuspecting tradesman, which he sold on the same day for about one-half their price. This happened to come to the ears of the jeweller, who at once communicated with the police, and as complaints had reached them from other quarters, his highness was at once arrested. The commissary, who went to the hotel for this purpose, was met there by a colleague in plain clothes sent from the Italian Embassy together with the mother of the fair countess, who had followed her erring daughter all the way from Italy. To everybody's surprise the prince was released after a few hours' detention, paid all the claims against him in order to avoid the scandal which a public exposé might entail.