

Page 404, (122). "The frame of that first vessel grew."

The launch of the first sailed vessel that ever navigated the great lakes, an event in itself so well worthy of commemoration, is made still more noteworthy by the circumstances which surrounded it, and of which we have, fortunately, more than one account from the pens of eye-witnesses. The accuracy of Hennepin's Journal (*Description de la Louisiane*) has been disputed in detail, and its pretensions and egotisms severely censured by several recent writers on those times; but I believe the very full details he supplies of the beginning of the Sieur de la Salle's expedition, and the building of the "Griffin" (at Cayuga Creek, a few miles above Niagara Falls, on what is now "the American side"), have not been questioned.

Page 405, (123). "Stands the adventurous *Recollet*  
Whose page records that anxious day."

Father Hennepin.

Page 406, (124). "Within the precinct of his god."

The Manitoulin Isles, in Lake Huron, were supposed by the aborigines to be the special abode of the great *Manitou*, and were feared and revered accordingly.

Page 406, (125). "And may it be thy lot to trace  
The footprints of the unknown race  
'Graved on Superior's iron shore,  
Which knows their very name no more."

"That this region was resorted to by a barbaric race, for the purpose of procuring copper, long before it became known to the white man, is evident from numerous memorials scattered throughout its entire extent. Whether these ancient miners belonged to the race who built the mounds found so abundantly on the Upper Mississippi and its affluents, or were the progenitors of the Indians now inhabiting the country, is a matter of conjecture. . . . The high antiquity of this rude mining is inferred from the fact that the existing race of Indians have no tradition by what people, or at what period, it was done. The places, even, were unknown to the oldest of the band, until pointed out by the white man."—Whitney and Foster's *Report on the Mining Region of Lake Superior*, published by the United States Congress.

Page 417, (126). "On the mountain, still to heaven,  
Like its hermit, I could pray."

St. Kevin's Bed is in the side of Lugduff Mountain, above the lake of Glendalough, County Wicklow.

Page 420, (127). "Like gifts of the night-trapp'd fairy."

Of the fairy legends of Ireland, none is more common than that of the *leprachann*, who, caught by some belated mortal, reveals where gold or other treasures are hidden, as the price of his liberation.