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North American Notes and Queries

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A monthly Journal of Inter-Communication

devoted to

Literature, History, Biography, Bibliography, Archæology, Ethnography,
Folk-Lore, Numismatics, Philately, Curiosa
• and General Information •

NOVEMBER, 1900.

North American Notes and Queries

RAOUL RENAULT, Director and Proprietor

E. T. D. CHAMBERS, Editor

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

The first four numbers of NORTH AMERICAN NOTES AND QUERIES were issued at such irregular periods as to call for the explanation to its readers which is furnished, herewith, as follows :

The original contract for the printing of the magazine was entered into with a firm, which, for one reason or another, failed to deliver the work in proper time and caused the publisher a good deal of trouble. The difficulty has now been entirely overcome.

The original printing contract has been cancelled, and another has been closed with the best equipped establishment in the city of Quebec,—the peer of any of its kind in America. The typographical appearance of the present issue is a proof of how much NOTES AND QUERIES has gained by the change. The new printers have hitherto issued only the covers of the magazine, the printing of the text having been done by another firm.

The present is the November number. It is so dated in order that its appearance may correspond with the date upon the cover and title page. In consequence of the delay explained above, there will be no October number, but at the end of the first year of publication, an extra number will be issued to complete the yearly volume of twelve monthly parts. The first number of the second volume, instead of being dated June 1901, will therefore appear in July 1901.

It is confidently hoped that these explanations of the recent delays in publication, together with the typographical improvement of the present issue, will commend themselves to the favorable consideration of all the readers of NORTH AMERICAN NOTES AND QUERIES.

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- Christopher Columbus and the Polyglot Bible*, by the Director. Illustrated.
- Canadian Rhymesters and the American Invasion of 1775*, by E. T. D. Chambers.
- Murray Bay*, by A. D. DeCelles, F. R. S. C., Librarian of the Parliament Library of Canada. Author of: *Les États-Unis*.—Etc.
- On the Susquehanna. Brulé's Work of Exploration in 1616*, by Benjamin Sulte, F. R. S. C.
- Thomas Jefferson and the Loyal and Patriotic Society of Upper Canada*, by the Director.
- The Acadian Element in the Population of Nova Scotia*, by Miss Annie M. MacLean, A. B., A. M., Ph. D., Professor of Sociology in John B. Stetson University, De Land, Florida.
- And some contributions by John Reade, M. A., F. R. S. C.; Benjamin Sulte, F. R. S. C.; George Stewart, D. C. L., F. R. G. S., LL. D., D. Litt.

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North American Notes and Queries

Vol. I

NOVEMBER 1900

No. 5

LABRADOR

A EPISTLE POETICAL

A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED POEM OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY



THE poem printed below is believed to be identical with that advertised in the *Quebec Gazette* about the year 1800. It has never hitherto been published. The name of the author was not given when the poem was advertised, and is still unknown. The only cue to the identity of the author, furnished by his lines, is to be found in the reference to his earlier writings in defence of the character of the Eskimos. The manuscript,—in possession of Mr. Renault,—is written in rather small but well-rounded, fair and beautifully formed characters, on fifteen small quarto pages of antique laid paper, now yellow with age.

The author had evidently made a very close study of the various people inhabiting both the inhospitable coast and the still more desolate interior of Labrador, and his work displays an intimate knowledge not only of their personal characteristics and life work, but also of the wild animals upon which they so largely depend for subsistence and of the methods of their capture.

You little (1) thought, after the life I've pass'd,
That I a Poet should commence at last.
How can I, you will say, in Nature's spight, (2)
Who ne'er found time to read, find time to write?
No matter,—I've a project in my head,
To write, at least, more verses that I've read.
The whim has seiz'd me; now you know my scheme;
And my lov'd Labrador shall be my theme.

5

1. The orthography of the poet is strictly followed. No changes whatever have been made in it.
2. *Spight*—an old English form of *spite*. Thus Spenser refers to "spightful poison" and employs expression "poured out their plenty without spight or spare." Sir T. More employs the same word in a similar sense. So "in nature's spight," may be read "in spite of nature."

The Winter o'er, the birds their voices tune,
 To welcome in the genial month of June; 10
 Love crouds with feather'd tribes each barren isle;
 On all creation nature seems to smile.
 Large geese and ducks, and nameless numbers more,
 In social flocks are found on ev'ry shore.
 Roving from isle to isle the livelong day, 15
 Loads of triumphant spoil we bear away.
 Eggs in abundance ev'ry hand picks up;
 The day's toil o'er, deliciously we sup.
 The furrier now the fox and mart (3) gives o'er,
 To trap the otter, rubbing on the shore. 20
 The rein-deer stag, now lean and timid grown,
 In the dark, thick vale, silent feeds alone.
 The tender willow leaf, and favourite plants,
 He's sure to find in those sequester'd haunts.
 His fearfull hind, shunning the wolf's dire wiles, 25
 Her safety seeks upon the neighbouring isles.
 Whether in ponds, or near the ocean's shore;
 Cleaving the liquid waves, she soon swims o'er.
 Now, pond'rous grown, she nature's law obeys,
 And on the ground her weak young calf she lays. 30
 Peaceful she walks, attentive to her care,
 Nor mischief meets, unless fell man be there.
 (Him, beast of prey, nor rock, nor wave, e'er stops)
 Mark'd by his well-aim'd gun, too sure she drops.
 Fond in the summer on young twigs to browse 35
 Sagacious beavers quit their social house;
 Round the broad lake they cruise, nor fear mishap,
 Ah! little think they of the furrier's trap!
 The salmon now no more in ocean play,
 But up fresh rivers speed their silent way. 40
 With nicest art we fix the strong mesh'd net;
 With this the stream is carefully beset.
 Few fish escape; (4) we toil both night and day;
 Short is the season! time flies swift away!
 The Eskimeaux, from ice and snow now free, 45
 In shallops (5) and in whale-boats go to sea.
 Peaceful they rove along this pleasant shore,
 In plenty live, nor do they wish for more.
 Thrice happy race! strong-drink nor gold they know;
 What in their hearts they think, their faces shew 50

3. The *mart*—the marten, then as now highly prized for its fur.

4. The only wonder is that the supply of salmon in all the Labrador rivers has not been exterminated years ago.

5. *Shallop*—an anglicized form of *chaloupe*, the French name of the two masted boats used on the Labrador coast.

Of manners gentle ; in their dealings just ;
 Their plighted promise safely you may trust.
 Mind you deceive them not, for well they know
 The friend sincere from the disigning foe.
 With ev'ry vice they once were thought endu'd ; 55
 With human blood their cruel hands embru'd :
 Yet by my care (for I must claim the merit) (6)
 The world now own that virtue they inherit.
 Not a more honest, or more gen'rous race,
 Was ever found beneath the sun's bright face. 60
 With these I frequent pass the social day ;
 No broils I see, but all is sport and play.
 My will's their law, and justice is my will ;
 While thus we act we must be good friends still.
 Not so the Mountainers, (7) a treach'rous race ; 65
 In stature tall, and meagre in the face,
 To Europeans long have they been known !
 And all their vices they have made their own.
 As' soon as ever to your house they come,
 They quick get drunk, and still cry out for rum. 70
 Factious and noisy, they will cheat and lie ;
 Nor are your goods quite safe when they are by.
 The codfish now in shoals come on the coast.
 (This fish'ry is Great Britain's cheifest boast.)
 Now numerous caplin crowd along the shore ; 75
 Yet, many though they be, their foes seem more :
 Fierce birds, in millions, hover o'er their heads.
 Fierce fish, in millions, throng their wat'ry beds.
 With these and others, we our hooks disguise,
 And soon the glutton cod becomes our prize. 80
 No one stands idle ; each man knows his post ;
 Nor day, nor night a moment must be lost.
 The western wind of low ice clears the sea,
 And leaves to welcome ships, a passage free.
 Yet huge large isles of wond'rous, bulk, remain ; 85
 To drive off which the wind still blows in vain :
 Of bulk, surpassing for thy fane, St. Paul !
 Immeasurably wide, and deep, and tall.
 To seaward oft, we cast an anxious eye ;
 At lenth th' expected ship with pleasure spy. 90
 Impatient joy then reigns in ev'ry breast
 And, till we've boarded her, adieu to rest !

6. A careful investigation of the bibliography of the Esquimaux fails to throw any light upon the probable identity of our author.

7. *Mountaineers*—The Montagnais Indians of Labrador. The letters of Father Arnaud and the other early missionaries to the Montagnais bear out the reputation given them by the poet. Christianity has wondrous change for the better in them.

Eager the news to know, from friends to hear,
 The long-seal'd letter hastily we tear.
 The cargo landed, and the ship laid bye,
 To fishing now the jolly sailors hie. 95

If you love sporting, go to Labrador ;
 Of game of various sorts no land has more.
 There you may suit your taste as you're inclin'd,
 From the fierce white bear, to the timid hind. 100
 Of fishing too, you there may have your fill,
 Or in the sea, or in the purling rill.
 Of feather'd game, variety you'll find,
 And plenty you may kill, if you're not blind.

If the strong surly bear, or black, or white 105
 Should most your vent'rous heart to kill invite,
 In summer time to some large stream repair ;
 But mind no salmon-crew inhabits there.
 (The savage tribe, averse from social joys,
 Frequent those parts where they can hear no noise) 110

There if a cataract's stupendous height,
 Shall stop the salmon in their upward flight,
 Bears in abundance will frequent the place,
 And huge large skins your victory shall grace. 115
 Of the black-bear you need not be afraid,
 But killing white ones is a dang'rous trade.

Then mind, be cool, and well direct your lead,
 Be sure you strike him through the heart or head :
 For, struck elsewhere, your pice not level'd true,
 Not long you'll live, your erring hand to rue. 120
 To kill the beast, the rifle I like best ;
 With elbows on my knees, my gun I rest.

For self-defence, the double gun I prize ;
 Loaded with shot, I knock out both his eyes.
 Or would you rather a stout rein-deer kill 125
 And hot July now in, ascend some hill
 Environ'd by extent of open ground,

For then the rein-deer there are chiefly found.
 There walk not much, but from a station watch,
 And your quick eye shall soon his motion catch. 130
 That done, then pause a while, observe the wind,
 Lest his fine nose the scent of you should find.

Nor less his eye and ear require your care,
 No beast can more distinctly see nor hear.
 Yet often times his eye provokes his fate, 135
 And makes him know his error when too late.
 Observe the ground, and bear well in your mind

Which way to take, to steal at him up wind.
 Shoes with fur soles you always ought to wear,
 Your lightest footsteps else he'll chance to hear. 140
 A deer in feeding, looks upon the ground,
 Then to advance the surest time is found ;
 But lying down, he's always on the watch,
 And the least motion he is sure to catch ;
 Then's not your time ; but wait untill he moves, 145
 To seek such food as most his palate loves.
 Impatience oft, has lost a good fat deer,
 But taking time, you little have to fear.
 If unperciev'd you've work'd with toil and pain,
 Lie still a while, till you your breath regain. 150

When broad side to you, and his head is down,
 Aim at his heart, and he is sure your own.
 Yet should it chance he keeps on open ground,
 Where to approach him shelter is not found,
 And, night now near, you can no longer wait 155
 Try this device, it may draw on his fate.—
 Just shew yourself, then instant disappear ;
 It oft will make him gallop down quite near :
 He there will stop to take a careful view ;
 Be ready then, and mind you level true. 160
 Observe no ball will kill a deer quite dead,
 But what goes through his spine or through his head.
 If he runs off, yourself you must not shew
 He will not then any great distance go.
 The heart or arteries struck, death quick comes on ; 165
 If those are miss'd, yet, sick, he will lie down.
 There let him lie : anon, with cautious tread,
 Steal softly up, and shoot him through the head.
 If the voracious wolf should please you more
 All sandy beaches you must well explore, 170
 Cheifly by ponds, or by a river's side ;
 (In summer they in woods delight to hide.)
 Take care you do not walk along the strand,
 But at convenient place be sure to land :
 His tracks there found, straight hide yourself away 175
 And silently his coming you must stay.
 A wolf alone is not your only chance,
 Perhaps a bear, or deer may soon advance.
 (Within the tide's-way, when the water's low,
 All beasts along the shore delight to go.) 180
 If safely hidden ; you have nought to mind
 But that they shall not have you in the wind.
 When August comes, if on the coast you be,

Millions of fine curlews you soon will see.
 And such sometimes their plenty, if you will 185
 Without much toil you may an hundred kill.
 Let Epicures search all the world around,
 Such birds as these are nowhere to be found,
 Berries they eat ; are such delicious things,
 Thy're presents fit for Emperors and Kings. 190
 Young geese you'll now in greatest plenty get ;
 (Green-geese, you know, are very good to eat.)
 If you would wish with hares to sport a while,
 You're sure to find them on each barren isle ;
 Unless the sign of foxes there you see : 195
 (The fox and timid hare can ne'er agree)
 Ptharmakin (8) grouse and other sorts of game,
 With birds and beasts I cannot call to name,
 You'll find enough the year throughout to kill ;
 No game-laws there, to thwart the sportsman's will. 200

September come, the stag's in season now ;
 (No venison like this you must allow)
 No long-legg'd, ewe neck'd, cat-ham'd, shambling brute ;
 In him strength, beauty, bulk, each other suit.
 His branching horns, majestic to the view, 205
 Have points (for I have counted) seventy two.

But do not think you'll all this pleasure share,
 And, when you're tir'd, a good Inn find not far :
 No, no ; in this our Land of Liberty,
 Thousands of miles you'll walk, yet no house see. 210
 When night comes on, it matters not a rush,
 Whether you sleep in this, or to'ther bush.
 If you have got provisions, you may eat ;
 If not, to-morrow you'll be sharper set.
 Up then, and rest not, till your game you kill ; 215
 A fire then make, sit down, and eat your fill.
 Drink you will want not ; you may always find
 Nature's best tap, when you are in the mind.

The salmon now are pack'd, and we take care
 The codfish quick for market to prepare. 220
 Crews to their winter-quarters now we send ;
 Some fell the fire-wood, nets while others mend.
 The ships are rigg'd, and some are sent away,
 The rest remain, waiting a future day.

The Furrier now, with care, his traps looks o'er, 225
 Some he puts out in paths along the shore,

8. *Ptharmakin*,—the Ptarmigan or white partridge of Labrador.

For foxes there ; although not yet in kind,
 Their skins repay our toil we always find.
 And where the beaver lands, young trees to cut,
 Others he sets to take him by the foot. 230
 On rubbing-places, with the nicest care,
 Traps for the other he must next prepare.
 Then deathfals in the old tall woods he makes,
 With traps between, and the rich sable lakes.
 To shoot himself a gun's fix'd for the bear ; 235
 Nor deer, nor wolf, nor wolvering we spare.

Now cast your eyes around, and you shall see
 Some yellow leaves on ev'ry birchen tree,
 Th'effects of nightly frost ; and as you go,
 Mark, on the mountains tops, the new fall'n snow. 240
 Now winter comes apace, you plainly see ;
 You read his progress on each fading tree.
 Fish, fowl, and venison our table grace ;
 Roast beaver too, and ev'ry beast of chase.
 Luxurious living this ! who'd wish for more ? 245
 Were Quin alive, he'd hie to LABRADOR.
 Some new variety next month you'll find.
 The stately stag now seeks his much lov'd hind.
 Grown bold with love, he stalks along the plains,
 And e'en to fly from man he oft disdains ; 250
 But points his well arm'd head, his strength he tries,
 And, if he hits him, he most surely dies.
 Yet fear him not ; no beast's a match for man ;
 Mere brutal courage shall itself trepan. 255
 Be cool, collected, let him come quite near,
 Place right your ball, and you have nought to fear.
 Though not kill'd dead ; mortally struck, he flies,
 Grows sick and faint, then down he drops and dies.
 If deer-paths to attend you make your care,
 In slips you'll now hang many a good fat deer. 260

All this is pleasure ; but a man of sense
 Looks to his traps, for they bring in the pence.
 The other-season's short, for soon the frost
 Will freeze your traps, then all your labour's lost. 265
 Of beaver too, one week shall yeild you more,
 Than later you can hope for in a score.
 In paths the foxes now will nightly cruise,
 The paths snow'd up, no longer they will use.
 The eider-ducks fly south along the shore,
 In milder climes to pass the winter o'er 270
 At some fit point then take your secret stand,

And numbers you will kill from off the land,

November's here : all ships must now be gone,
 Or frozen up before this month be done.
 The ponds are now, rivers will soon be fast, 275
 And, 'till mild May returns this scene will last.
 Nets for amphibious seals we next prepare ;
 In shoals they'll come soon as the frost's severe.
 Hamper'd in strong-mesh'd toils, in vain they strive,
 And little it avails them they can dive. 280
 Strangl'd they die ; their fat produces oil ;
 And tons of it shall well reward our toil :
 Their skins we save, for nothing must we lose ;
 (Seal-skins will cover trunks ; are good for shoes.)
 By Christmas-day this work is always o'er, 285
 And seals and nets safe landed on the shore.

Now comes grim winter, clad in frost and snow,
 So keen, none dare his face uncover'd shew.
 But well wrap'd up, we can walk out secure,
 Find health and pleasure in an air so pure. 290
 Shift now your fox-traps on to barren ground,
 That drifting snows may not your art confound.
 Bait, and conceal them well with equal care ;
 The foxes then will fall into the snare.
 Wolves too, shall their be yours, for on such ground 295
 The wolves, in quest of deer, will then be found.
 Now to his cave the black-bear hies away,
 Where, sleeping sound, he spends both night and day.
 No so the white-one whose voracious jaw
 Fat seals must have, to satisfy his maw. 300
 Though fierce and strong, his size immense, ne'er mind,
 So you've a dog will seize him fast behind.
 There teaz'd, he roars, and foams, and turns him round,
 Till your sure ball his head or heart has found.
 But, should the cur seize forwards, his thick head 305
 The forfeit pays, and you will soon be dead.

The ravenous sly wolf, in quest of prey,
 Now ever on the prowl both night and day,
 The timid herd descries, creeps up quite near,
 Then rushing forward, singles out his deer 310
 With well-strung nerves they both maintain the strife,
 For food the one, the other runs for life.
 If light the fleecy snow, the deer gets free ;
 If drifted hard the wolf soon up will be.
 Then, bold with fear, the deer turns on his foe, 315

And oftimes deals him a most deadly blow.
Or, as he runs, his hind foot gives a stroke,
From which, if rightly plac'd, no wolf e'er woke.

Look out to sea, from yonder mountain's top,
Of water you'll not spy one single drop. 320
All's rugged ice; old Ocean, bound in chains,
Is firm as land, and so long time remains.

Now shift the scene; into the woods let's go;
And what is doing there I'll quickly shew.
In yon birch grove there lives a cooper's crew, 325
(For many casks we want each year quite new.)
The small trees serve for hoops, the large for staves,
And they will do much work, if they're not knaves.
And this spruce-wood, that towers unto the sky,
The fishery's future shipping shall supply. 330
These fell the trees, those square and saw the stock,
The rest work on the vessel in the dock.
Though thick these woods, and deeply fill'd with snow,
Think not without good game you yet shall go.
On rabbit, grouse, spruce-game, and porcupine 335
With little trouble you each day may dine.

In these employments winter's pass'd away,
No change is found till near th'approach of May.
The Sun now growing hot, unless you mind
Well to defend your eyes, you will be blind 340
The melting snow freezes again at night;
The lustre that it casts, as diamonds bright,
In'flames your eyes, o'erpower'd with too much light.
And now the sealers render out their oil;
The fat, well chop'd, in iron pots they boil. 345
Returning small-birds now the country fill,
And cock-grouse chatter on each barren hill.
The ice parts from the shore, and then the ducks
Their northward course beat back in num'rous flocks.
Deer, in small herds, the same rout bend their way 350
And some of each sort you may kill each day.
All animals their winter quarters leave,
And Ocean, now awake, begins to heave.
Ice rotten grown in ev'ry pond you'll see,
And swelling rivers from their bonds get free 355
With sledges now, the woodmen, on the snow,
Their work draw out, and glibly they will go.
What's yet to do, must instantly now be done,
For other works must shortly be begun.

The winter-crews must now no longer stay,
But in their boats bring all their work away.

360

In toils and sports like these the year goes round
And for each day, some work or pleasure's found.
And now, to finish this long task of mine,
For each day in the year behold a line

365

FINIS.



A JAPANESE REGIMENT AT HOME ¹

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL ANDREW HAGGARD, D. S. O.

AFTER me came the Colonel Commandant, then the major commanding the battalion, then the Captain and subaltern of the day, they being followed in turn by the adjutant, quarter-master and regimental Sergeant Major. As we arrived at the Barrack rooms of each company in succession I was received by the Captain and subalterns of the company; the Captain calling his men to attention and, with his subalterns, saluting me. The men were all standing at attention at the foot of their cots as in an English regiment. I only wish that some of my old comrades could have seen me strutting along in such a ridiculously inappropriate get up round those barrack rooms. I felt very ridiculous myself, but, oddly enough, the Japanese officers for once did not seem to take in the humour of the situation. As I took off my high hat with a wide sweep to each captain in succession not one of them so much as smiled. I have mentioned the men's bedcots; and perhaps some of those knowing the universal Japanese custom of sleeping on the floor, on mats and woolen quilts called "futons", will think me mistaken, but there is no mistake. In those airy barrack-rooms every man had his own wooden bedstead, with his bedding neatly rolled up upon it at its head. Above the beds there ran shelves all round the rooms, upon which were placed each man's knapsack and kit directly over his own bed. At the direction of their Commanding officer several of the men took down their valises and showed me the contents. They had two good suits of uniform, also a fatigue or working suit, a liberal supply of underclothing and good boots. Everything was faultlessly clean and tidy. The rifles, which were stored in arm-racks in the barrack rooms, were in perfect condition.

The steadiness and discipline of the men during this inspection of the rooms was remarkable. Despite a probable curiosity to glance at the tall

¹ (r. Continued from page 124).

hatted, frock-coated foreigner, who was taking such an impertinent interest in their affairs, not a soldier so much as turned his head or looked sideways with his eyes to view the inquisitive stranger. There is no doubt about the Japanese officers having their men thoroughly in hand. But, to a student of Japanese history, although the military spirit imbuing both is the same, it is hard to realise that the disciplined soldier of to-day is the modern representative of the *Samurai*, the feudal two-sworded retainer who existed as a warrior class until only thirty years ago. It is difficult to believe that the quiet, self-contained, well drilled soldier of a modernised Imperial Japan, dressed like a European and fighting like one, has anything whatever in common with the feudatories of high and low degree who formed the armies of the Shôguns of old. Or that upon them has descended the mantle of the forty-seven Rônins who, to avenge their liege lord Yemba Hangwan's officially ordered suicide, swarmed behind the faithful Oboshi Yuranosuke, over the castle walls of the Shôgun's representative, the haughty Lord Moronao, Count of Musashi; well knowing that once their vengeance accomplished each and every one of them would be doomed in turn to die by his own hand! Yet so it is! the Japanese soldier of to-day has the courage and devotion of the Samurai of yesterday or of the Ronin of five hundred years ago; the traditions of the courage of his ancestors is nursed by him from childhood, and he is all the more formidable for being well fed, well led, well educated and well equipped.

Speaking of his being well fed reminds me of the cook houses, to which we passed after leaving the permanent buildings. In these cook houses the shining ranges were of the latest modern construction and the walls, floors and cooks themselves, in their neat white dresses, all as clean as a new pin.

After the cook houses we visited the lavatories. Hitherto all that we had seen equalled in the excellence of its arrangements, the best British barracks; it now far surpassed it. For, instead of there being merely the rows of fixed basins, with taps of cold water, to which poor Tommy Atkins has to resort on the coldest of winter mornings; here was hot water as well as cold. Moreover, what would be thought a luxury of cleanliness far too great for the British soldier was here apparent, in a plentiful supply of full length baths, with ample water, hot enough for the men to boil themselves in it if they pleased. And how a Japanese man or woman loves self boiling,

as often as possible, is well known to all foreign residents in Japan. For how often have we not, when asking for our man Mittamura, or our maid Saku, been met by the stereotyped reply, which is supposed to explain all absences without leave. "He or she is away taking a bath."

The Japanese soldier has at any rate ample opportunities, in his home in peace time, of indulging to the full in the cleanly habits of his country.

Now, passing with a mere reference the comfortable buildings used as tailor's shops and bootmaker's shops, where trained soldiers under certificated master tailors and master cobblers were making excellent clothing and boots for their comrades, we will proceed to the Quarter master's Stores, or rather to the series of Quarter master's stores. For there were three separate storehouses for the three battalions, and another independent regimental store for the whole regiment.

It was in these storehouses, wooden two storied buildings, that my admiration was excited more than by anything I had previously seen. And this was not so much by their cleanliness and convenience, their admirable arrangement or their excellent system, as by something beyond all this which instantly forced itself upon my notice. For it was vividly borne in upon me that, even in the profoundest peace, the Japanese army is nevertheless ready to take the field at a moment's notice. That is to say provided that all the other regiments are kept up to the standard of the 3rd Regiment of the 1st Division. While the Battalion storehouses contained everything required in peace time, it was the regimental storehouse wherein was collected, ticketed and numbered, everything that would be wanted on the outbreak of war.

There was here ready a complete field equipment, clearly marked with each man's name, for every man, whether at present serving with the colours or borne upon the books of the reserves. Not an article was wanting from the service kit for each of the 3,000 soldiers who would be called upon to take the field with their corps.

Upon the regiment being called upon for service, all required would be for the men to return their ordinary equipment into their separate battalion stores. Then they could be marched up, company by company, to the general regimental store, where every man's things are arranged waiting for him.

There would be nothing required but to call out his name and hand him over his field kit, when he would be ready for the front. Therefore, in about three hours at the most, after the regiment had been mobilised and assembled, the three battalions composing it would be ready to march fully equipped out of the barrack gates to the seat of war.

From the above observations it will doubtless become as patent to the students of modern military problems, as it did to the writer, that there is a condition of the very highest efficiency maintained in all and everything pertaining to A Japanese Regiment at Home.

JAMES VALENTINE STUART AND ABBÉ SIGOGNE

BY REV. E. M. SAUNDERS, D. D.

JAMES Valentine Stuart was for many years an intimate friend of Abbé Sigogne. From him I learned the following facts about the Abbé's life before he came to Nova Scotia. They are corroborated by Mr. Louis Q. Bourque, who passed away a few years since, at a ripe old age. Abbé Sigogne took young Bourque when a lad, and educated him, hoping he would enter the sacerdotal profession; but Mr. Bourque did not judge this to be his calling. He became an intelligent and worthy layman. Mr. P. P. Gaudet got from him the same facts about the early days of Abbé Sigogne, that were given to me by Mr. Stuart. These two men sustained intimate relations with the abbé, and are good authority for this information.

Abbé Sigogne was born at Tours, France, of noble parents, in 1760. In 1785 he was ordained curé of Manthelon department, Indre et Loire. When the revolution was over, he persistently refused to take the oath of allegiance to the new order of things. For four years he lived in peril and persecution.

In the meantime, his father had taken the oath of allegiance, and had been appointed mayor of Tours. Finally, the son was arrested as a rebel and a royalist. It is said by some that he was condemned to the guillotine; but I think that needs confirmation. It is certain that he was imprisoned; but

through the kindness of some of his father's friends, he was enabled to escape from his imprisonment. While at large he was on one occasion so hotly pursued by the gendarmes, that he took refuge in a private house, saying to a woman as he entered it, that his life was in danger. With quick feminine wit, she concealed him in a closet, but left the door of it open. Soon his pursuers came into the house, and asked where the priest was, saying they had seen him enter. The woman admitted that a priest came into the house, but said he had escaped through an open window, to which she pointed, and which she had raised, so as to make her story plausible. But the gendarmes did not believe her, and proceeded to search the house, from garret to cellar. As the door of the closet was wide open, they gave but slight attention to that place. Becoming convinced that the woman's story was correct, they continued their pursuit. The abbé remained concealed till after dark. He then started for Tours, for the purpose of seeing his father and mother. It was late when he arrived at the old home. There was no light, except in his mother's room, against the windows of which he threw a handful of gravel stones. His mother raised the window and enquired: "Who is there?" The reply was: "Jean Mande." The fugitive son was soon in his mother's arms. She then heard of his persecutions and narrow escapes.

On enquiring, he learned that his father was attending a meeting of the city council, and that his presence at home would seriously embarrass his father. Soon after his arrival, his father came home. The meeting of father and son was constrained and painful. This question of the abbé submitting to the new government was discussed. The son was inflexible. He was a royalist, and was ready to die for his principles. There was no sacrifice that he was not prepared to make for royalty and the church, which, in the case of their revolution, he considered inseparable. It was not necessary for him to be told that his father could not shelter him. The matter of a passport was talked over. After much deliberation, the father, as mayor of Tours, gave the son a passport, intended to be used in his proposed attempt to escape to England. After Jean Mande had taken this permission to travel in his hand, his father said: "This may cost me my life". The son saw at a glance, that, should it become known that the mayor of Tours had given an escaped prisoner, and he a priest, a passport, he would be discredited, lose his office, and most likely be condemned to the guillotine. He took in these possibilities

at a glance, and no sooner had he done so, than he tore the passport to shreds and committed them to the flames. The noble son would not imperil his father's life, for the sake of protecting his own.

When this was done, the father bowed himself, placed his elbows on his knees, and his face in his hands ; and, filled with conflicting emotions, became silent in this new agony. In a chair, near him, sat his affectionate and heroic son. One of the most terrific revolutions known in the world's history had swept over the land. The monarchy and the Roman Catholic church had gone down in a common ruin. The gulf between the old and the new yawned between the father and the son ; but paternal and filial love survived, and held their hearts together. They are having their last interview. Both knew the dangers and uncertainties of the future. It was a time for silence and agony, not talk and tears. There is trouble that dries the eyes, wrenches the heart and seals the lips. Maternal love had taken the mother out of the room. It was one of those supreme moments when the heroism of the woman rises above the storm—a time, when the woman sits calmly on the storm cloud. Even the mother at such times is subordinated to the practical woman.

The son took a final leave of his father. He went out into the dark night. His future was night. But, outside of the door, he found his mother waiting his departure. Here the son received the last embrace, the last kiss from his devoted mother. If the parting with the father within doors was painful and pathetic, what was the parting with the mother out of doors ? The silent stars witnessed it. The Great Father above the stars saw and understood it. The mother and the son lingered in each other's arms ; but the coming of the day lingered not. The mother must carry her aching, bursting heart back into the house ; the son must flee for his life into the dark, unknown future.

Jean Mande, on parting from his mother, received from her hands a parcel, which had been made up by motherly forethought, in the conflict of this midnight hour. Silently and sad, the son directs his steps towards the English coast. This heavy trial compelled silence between husband and wife for the night. There are agonies which neither weeping nor words can relieve. In his hiding place, the next morning, Jean Mande Sigogne opened the parcel given him by his mother, to satisfy his hunger. In it he

found not only food, but a purse of gold. It was too precious to expend in defraying the cost of travelling. He brought the greater part of it with him across the Atlantic, and lost it in the fire that consumed the church and glebe house in 1820.

In fleeing from France to England, another proscribed priest shared his peril. One night, while on their way to the English coast, they came to a point where there were two roads, leading in the general direction they were going. While they were puzzled to know which one to take, a lad suddenly appeared before them; and bluntly asked them if they were priests. Abbé Sigogne's fellow-fugitive, being frightened, replied: "No," to the lad. Abbé Sigogne said "Yes," whereupon the boy told them to take one of the roads which would lead them to the coast opposite England, but on no account to go to the other road, for a little further ahead, it was watched by gendarmes. Abbé Sigogne believed the boy, but his friend disbelieved him, and regarded it as a device of the officers of the government to ensnare royalists. The abbé took the boy's advice. His friend rejected it. Although Abbé Sigogne lived forty-six years after this event, he never heard of his companion from whom he parted on that occasion. In after years, the abbé believed that this boy was either sent by his father, or that he was an angel in disguise.

From this point, till he arrived in England, nothing is now known of his journey. He found his way to Rotherh~~at~~he, Surrey. His lodgings were in Paradise Row. i/

To earn a living while in exile, he bound himself as an apprentice to a turner. While engaged in this employment, he came in contact with a nobleman who occasionally came to the shop to do some mechanical work, for which he had both a fancy and genius. This gentleman soon learned that Jean Mande Sigogne was no ordinary man. His knowledge of six languages illustrated his aptitude for this department of learning. In addition to this, it was evident that his talents, general learning, integrity and culture were of the highest order. The heart of the nobleman was deeply stirred, and through his recommendation, a position, as teacher, was offered the abbé in a school, where a large number of students were candidates for orders in the Church of England.

The salary would be £300 a year. He expressed his gratitude to the nobleman for the interest he had taken in him, and his willingness to accept

the position if the man to whom he was bound would release him. His friend told him he would arrange that matter for him. He found his new position very congenial, and remained in it about two years.

In 1768, Joseph Dugas, an Acadian exile of 1755, then of Annapolis, accepted a grant of land on St Mary's Bay, at a place now called Major Doucet's Point. The year following, and for a number of years after this, other exiles at Annapolis, and from New Brunswick and the United States, returned to their native land and joined Joseph Dugas in his enterprise of subduing the wilderness. The settlement increased in this place, as also at Eel River and other points in Yarmouth county. A church had been built at Eel River and another one near where Joseph Dugas first settled. These people had been visited occasionally by travelling priests; but they had not enjoyed a stated ministry. The priests who visited them were from either Quebec, or Halifax. Among them was Abbé Bailly, of Quebec. Another was Father Jones, resident at Halifax at that time. Deeply feeling the need of a resident priest, the people of St. Mary's Bay, in the closing year of the century, petitioned Sir John Wentworth, then governor of Nova Scotia, to secure for them a priest of their own race and language. This petition was signed by a large number of the people.

I saw the original of it. It is signed by Amable Doucett, Lanone and others. This was forwarded to the under Secretary of State at London. About that time M. de la Marche had been chosen by the British government to distribute help among the exiled priests in London. He was directed by the secretary of state to select a suitable priest for the petitioners. He chose Abbé Sigogne. The abbé deliberated and decided to accept the position. His salary pledged him by the people was to be one hundred pounds a year, Nova Scotia currency. His friend, the nobleman, undertook to dissuade him from giving up a position from which, taking into account the salary paid at that time, he received good remuneration, for one that would give him less than one third of what he was getting; and added to this his life would be in the wilderness of Nova Scotia, cold and dreary, even in summer, as it was represented by the nobleman; and terribly cold in winter. But nothing could turn the abbé from his undertaking. He had decided to look after the sheep in the wilderness.

NOTES AND NEWS

Erroneous Inscription.

Owing to an oversight, the date in the inscription at the bottom of the Champlain Monument, in our last number, is wrong. Instead of: "inaugurated at Quebec on the 22nd November", it should read: *Inaugurated at Quebec, on the 22nd September, 1898.*"

Reward for a Runaway Apprentice.

The following advertisement is taken from the *Montreal Gazette* of Monday, January 20th 1800:

Three Pence Reward.—Run away on Tuesday last—from the subscriber, an apprentice Boy named George Myers, aged about 14 years. All persons are forbid harboring the said apprentice, as they will be prosecuted according to law.—THOMAS PRIOR."

Philippine Place-Names.

Mr. Alexander F. Chamberlain, Lecturer on Anthropology in the Clark University, Worcester, Mass., and joint editor of the *American Antiquarian and Oriental Journal*, and also one of our contributors, publishes the first part of an interesting series of articles under the general title of *Philippine Studies*. This first part deals with the

origin of some Philippine place-names and embraces an analytical nomenclature of forty-two of them.

Sale of Canadian Books.

It will probably be news to the English critic who declared the other day that Canadians would rather buy whisky than books, to be told that upwards of eighty thousand volumes of works written by one Canadian,—Mr. J. Castell Hopkins,—have been sold within the past five years. The list has some interest and is as follows:

	Copies.
Life and Work of Sir J. Thompson..	14,000
Life and Work of Mr. Gladstone...	8,000
The Sword of Islam; or, Annals of Turkish Power.....	6,000
Queen Victoria; Her Life and Reign.....	12,000
Canada: An Encyclopaedia of the Country, 6 vols., 1,500 sets x 6...	9,00
History of South Africa.....	30,000
	<hr/>
	79,000

M. Hopkins has now a new volume in press, dealing with Canadian history during 400 years, and to be published in Toronto, Philadelphia and Chicago. The sixth and last volume of his Encyclopædia is just coming out.

Max. Muller.

The right Honorable Maximilian Friedrich Müller, Corpus Professor of Comparative Philology at Oxford University, better known as Max Müller, died at Oxford on the 28th of October last. Max Müller was the son of the German poet Wilhelm Müller, and was born at Dessau, December 6, 1823. He was educated in the public schools of Dessau and the Universities of Leipsic and Berlin. He went to England in 1846 to collect material for an edition of *Rig-Veda*, the sacred hymns of the Brahmans, from manuscripts at the East India House and the Bodleian Library. He was induced to stay there on the agreement of the East India Company to publish his work. He settled at Oxford, and after receiving many honors from the University and filling several posts there, he became professor of comparative philology in 1868. He delivered a lecture on the *Religions of the World* in Westminster Abbey in 1893, this being the only address ever delivered by a layman within the Abbey. He was the recipient of many honors from European governments and Universities.

Magazine Notes.

The New Magazine, for which Dr. Drummond was commissioned to write a series of articles and Mr. Frederic Remington was to have made

a number of illustrations, has not yet made its appearance, and rumor has it that its issue has been indefinitely postponed. It was to have been published by Mr. R. H. Russell, the fine art publisher of New-York, and Mr. William R. Hearst of the *New-York Journal*, was understood to have been largely interested in the venture.

Meanwhile the first number of Messrs Doubleday, Page and Co's new monthly, *The World's Work* has been issued, its mission being to voice the activities of the present day and hour. An interesting feature of this publication is the editor's plan to indicate what "a day's work" means to men in different walks of life. Thus the initial number contains *A Day's Work of an Arctic Hunter*, by the Arctic explorer, A. J. Stone, who is identified with the American Museum of Natural History.

A Successful Canadian Novelist.

Ralph Connor, the author of *Black Rock* and *The Sky Pilot*, has been called by some of the American critics "the Ian Maclaren of Canada". Of the first mentioned book 60,000 copies have been sold to date, and of the other 40,000. "Ralph Connor" is the nom-de-plume of Rev. Charles W. Gordon, at present pastor of a church in Winnipeg. He comes of Scotch stock, for his father, Rev. Daniel Gordon, who was an eloquent and impassioned preacher as well as

a famous raconteur, came to Canada from the Highlands about sixty years ago. It may not be generally known that another successful Canadian novelist, Mr. Gilbert Parker, M. P. was the curate of a church in Ontario before he took up literature as his life work.

A Souvenir Book.

The Grand Trunk Railway has issued a very artistic souvenir of the opening of the Victoria Jubilee Bridge in the shape of an illustrated book, beautifully bound in aluminum. The volume contains many interesting pictures of the great railway system from its inception down to the successful completion of the great structure at Montreal. The view of the old terminus opposite Montreal in 1855, when the system was known as the St. Lawrence and Atlantic Railway, is a curious relic of early railroading in Canada. Every schoolboy has been taught of the old Victoria Bridge built in 1860. The reminiscences attending the completion and the opening of that structure, are worthy of a fixed place in Canadian history. Between the time of that first achievement, and the doubling of the bridge, a period has elapsed, which the souvenir book now issued bridges so cleverly and so tastefully, that it is itself an evidence of the enterprise and the thoroughness of the management of the railway. The Grand Trunk believes that what is worth doing is worth doing well.

War correspondents.

That the war correspondents as a class did not get their information of the engagements of the war at second hand, but on the contrary shared all the dangers and hardships of the actual combatants, is proved by the following long list of correspondents and journalists who have suffered directly and indirectly from the effects of the war. The list was compiled by the *Sphere* of London, England :

Mr. G. W. Steevens, *Daily Mail*, died at Ladysmith of fever.

Mr. Mitchell, *Standard*, died at Ladysmith of fever.

Mr. E. G. Parslow, *Daily Chronicle*, murdered at Mafeking.

Mr. Alfred Ferrand, *Morning Post*, killed at Ladysmith,

Mr. E. Finley Knight, *Morning Post*, wounded at Belmont, right arm amputated.

Mr. Winston Churchill, *Morning Post*, captured and escaped.

Mr. Lambie, Australian correspondent, killed at Rensburg.

Mr. George Lynch, *Morning Herald*, captured.

Mr. Hales, Australian, captured.

To this list the *Library Digest* (New-York) adds the following :

Mr. John Stuart, *Morning Post*, captured.

Mr. Charles Hands, *Daily Mail*, severely wounded.

Mr. Julian Ralph, *Daily Mail*, severely wounded.

It will be noticed that the *Daily Mail* and the *Morning Post*, (both London papers), seem to have been peculiarly unfortunate in regard to their correspondents.—EVENTS.

Chinese Bibliography.

The *Bulletin de l'Institut International de Bibliographie* of Brussels, (vol. v. nos 1-2), gives an extract of a letter of the late Henry Lounyer, Belgium's Minister at Pekin, referring to the possibility of making a bibliography of the Chinese empire. Mr. Lounyer says that this work would require more than a life time of continuous research, without any satisfactory results. There are millions of Chinese writers who deluge the literary market with innumerable books of every kind.

The title of a Chinese book is always deceiving. For instance, a book entitled: *From West to East* treats of civilization; another *Please not to forget our precious host* simply means: lodgings for travellers.

Chinese historical works are divided into a great number of sections, and have all been written on the same plans by different authors. The last of these compilations called the *Twenty Four Histories*, comprises 3,264 volumes, written by twenty different authors, beginning with Sé-ma-tsien, China's Herodotus. Of the historical annals, those of the famous historian Sé-ma-Kuang, deserve mention: The *Annals* are called *Tze-Chils-Tung-Chin*, or the *Government's Mirror*, and they form 294 volumes.

Each province has its own work on topography and that of the province of Canton numbers 183 volumes. The most remarkable bibliography is the

descriptive catalogue of the present imperial dynasty, comprising 400 volumes. This catalogue also contains the *expurgatorius index*, prohibiting the sale or the possession of several thousands of books.

Chinese books are generally cheap, not bound but simply sewn, and they are printed on a very light paper.

Philatelic Treasures.

An exhibition of postage stamps was held in Paris, from the 28th of August to the 9th of September last. One hundred and fifty philatelists from all over the world, but particularly from France, Germany, Switzerland, and the United States, had forwarded to the organizers parts of their collections.

It was in 1840 that the first postage stamps made their appearance in England. In France, they came into use in 1842. The first Canadian issue, consisting of three different stamps, was put out in 1851.

From the issue of the first stamps, to the present time, the number of philatelists, or *timbrophiles*, has rapidly and considerably increased, especially in Great Britain, France, Germany, Belgium and the United States. There are now several precious collections of stamps.

The richest collection is said to be that of Mr. La Renotière-Ferray which is valued at seven millions. It has more value than Baron Rothschild's or the Prince of Wales', and

these two are regarded as very fine. Mr. La Renotière begun his collection thirty years ago, and he possesses some unique stamps, notably the one centime, of French Guinea, of which the value is inestimable.

The collection bequeathed to the British Museum by Mr. Tapling is valued at two millions; that of Mr. Duvren, of New-York, at two millions; but the richest collection in United States belongs to Mr. Vickers Painter and is valued at six millions.

Historical Research in Canada.

Quite an impetus has recently been given to the cause of historical research in Canada by the investigations of such local associations as the Niagara Historical Society, the Women's Historical Society of Toronto and the Lundy's Lane Historical Society; and by the centennial celebrations of the establishment of a number of early Canadian settlements. Those of the townships of Dudswell and of Inverness, are particularly noteworthy. Very interesting and scholarly addresses were delivered, amongst them one by Rev. Mr. Chapman and another by Dr. J. M. Harper, of Quebec at Dudswell, and one by Mr. T. C. Aylwin, advocate, at Inverness. Both have been published.

A rare paper upon the Canadian loyalists and early settlers in the district of Bedford, in the Eastern Townships has been lately published. It was read by Mr. John P. Noyes, Q. C., of

Cowansville, P. Q., before the county historical societies of the district of Bedford, and goes a long way towards proving its author's contention that the zeal of uninformed partisans has led to the labelling, as United Empire Loyalists, of many who came after the fever of loyalty had been replaced by the factor of self-interest, and even of those whose arrival was long subsequent to the necessities of loyal expression. This interesting subject will receive further attention in the columns of *North American Notes and Queries*.

A letter in verse.

Mr. Geo. D. Smith, a New-York bookseller, lately advertised for sale a lot of very interesting autograph letters. Here is one in verse, from William Black, the novelist, dated December 16, 1890:

"Dear James,

In case the fog should keep me late
(A thing that I should hotly hate)
Do not for me a moment wait,
As soon as ever I'm alive
I'll make for number forty-five
As quick as e'er a cab can drive!!!

Yours ever,

WILLIAM BLACK.

"The Story of the Siege of Quebec."

"The Story of the Siege of Quebec, and the battle of the Plains of Abraham" by Mr. A. G. Doughty, M. A., promises to be an exceedingly interesting work.

It was the author's intention to have presented the result of his research

in one large volume, as mentioned in our first issue, but owing to the mass of material accumulated, it is now being issued in three volumes, with a possibility of a fourth in the shape of an appendix. We have seen upwards of forty of the excellent plates which have been prepared, many of which are from copper. These engravings include portraits, fac-similes of documents and letters and rare views. There are also several large plans reproduced from the originals, some of which are in color. These valuable illustrations, together with the numerous unpublished journals of the siege will render the "Story of the Siege" the most complete work on this portion of our history. A limited number of copies will be open to subscription, particulars of which will be announced in our columns.

Early Americanas.

Messrs Breslauer & Meyer, booksellers, of Berlin, Germany, have issued recently a most interesting catalogue of very valuable ancient books. This catalogue is illustrated with several fac-similes of rare prints and manuscripts. Although the items re-

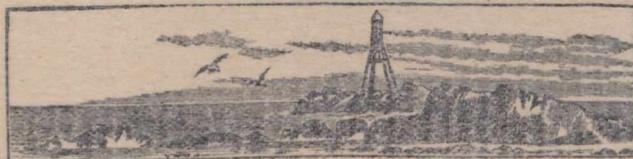
lating to America are not numerous, some of them are very scarce, such as the following atlas containing 88 maps by Giovanni Francesco Camotio, Zenoi, Furlani, and Martinus Rosa :

Isole famole porti, fortezze, e terre maritime sottoposte | alla Ser.^{ma} Sig.^{ria} di Venitia, ad altri Principi | Christiani, et al Sig.^{or} Turco, nouamète poste in luce. | In Venitia alla libreria del segno di S. Marco.

This atlas was executed between the years 1566-1571, and all the maps are made from finely engraved copper-plates. The following names are inscribed on that part of America shown on the first map: *More della Nova Francia, C. Berton, Granza, C. Despera, Terra de Bacalos, Rio-neuada, C. del Labrador, C. Fredo,* etc.

This atlas is not in HARRISSE'S *Bibliotheca Americana Vetustissima*, nor even in Baron de Nordenskjöld's famous work, and an account of it is to be found only in Marinelli's *Saggio di Cartografia della Regione Venetas*. The price asked for this geographical rarity is 480 marks.

Besides this item, some other valuable and scarce books relating to the early geography of America are to be found in this important catalogue.



NOTES AND QUERIES

73. CANADIAN FISH AND GAME CLUBS.—What are the most important fish and game clubs in Canada?

RIFLE ROD.

Walton City,
Sept 28, 1900.

74. THE GOVERNOR OF NORTH CAROLINA.—Can any of your correspondents give me the origin of the famous remark attributed to the Governor of North Carolina, when addressing the Governor of South Carolina in regard to the scarcity of liquid refreshment?

ENQUIRER.

Montreal,
Oct. 29th, 1900.

75. BOOK INSCRIPTIONS.—The following book inscription is remarkable for the severe punishment that is promised the robber:

Si quisquis furetur
This little libellum,
Per Phcebum, per Jovem,
I'll kill him, I'll fell him!
In ventum illius
I'll stick my scalpellum,
And teach him to steal
My little libellum.

Can any one of your readers quote for me some more of the curious inscriptions found in books?

Bibliopolis,
Oct. 2, 1900.

BIBLIOPHILE.

76. CURIOUS COLLECTIONS.—Ching-Nong made a collection of

plants; Aristotle formed the first private library; Terentius Varro, the first collection of drawings; Atticus, Augustus, Hadrien had numismatic collections; and Mucianus was an ardent collector of autographs. But what are the most extravagant collections, outside of books, autographs, stamps, and coins?

C. D.

Denver, Colo.
Oct. 11, 1900.

77. FORT CARILLON.—I desire to obtain information regarding old Fort Carillon or Ticonderoga, on Lake Champlain. Do some of your readers know of a picture or cut of the old work that would enable me to make a reconstruction? I am very well informed as to its history and have several plans from New-York State, but they seem to contradict one another in details. I dare not attempt the work until I secure something accurate.

H. G. FLANDERS.

East Hampton, Me.,
Oct. 15, 1900.

78. BIBLIOGRAPHIES OF LOCAL HISTORY.—Are there any bibliographies of local or town histories for the United States and Canada? If not, *North American Notes and Queries* would certainly be an excellent medium, through its readers and con-

tributors, for collecting material towards a bibliography of North American counties, townships, villages, towns and cities. Such a bibliographical manual would be a useful reference book for historians, journalists, and library workers generally.

H. T. B.

Cleveland, O.,
Oct. 2, 1900.

79. INVENTION OF STEAM POWER.

—The following doggerel is the burden of a common street-ditty, among the boys of Campden, in Gloucestershire :

Jonathan Hulls,
With his paper skulls,
Invented a machine
To go against wind and stream ;
But he, being an ass,
Couldn't bring it to pass,
And so was asham'd to be seen.

If there be any truth in the tradition, the application of steam power to the propulsion of Hulls must be long prior to the time of Watts. Can any reader of NOTES AND QUERIES throw any light on the inventions of this man Hulls ?

N.

New-York,
Oct. 31, 1900.

80. WOLFE'S VESSEL.—In the English *Notes and Queries*, vol. VIII, p. 54, (June 16, 1853), I find the following note :

" It may be of interest to some of your readers to learn that the ship which conveyed General Wolfe to Quebec is still afloat under the name of the " William and Ann ". She was built in 1759, for a bomb-ketch, and was in dock in the Thames a few days since, sound and likely to endure for many years yet : She is mostly now

engaged in the Honduras and African timber trades, which is in itself a proof of her great strength "

This note was signed A. O. H. and dated from Blackheath. Is there any truth in the above statement ? If so, for how long after 1853 was this historical ship in use ? Where is she now, if anything of her is left ?

R. R.

Quebec,
Oct. 30, 1900.

81. PETER O'LEARY'S APPRECIATION.—Peter O'Leary, in his book entitled : *Travels and Experiences in Canada, the Red River Territory, and the United States*, says, p. 159, speaking of emigration :

" It might, indeed, be said that the emigration to those fertile western wilds is an extension of the empire of civilisation ; I am astonished that the United States Government do not encourage it by giving to the multitudes who arrive daily, from European countries at New-York, Boston, and Philadelphia, facilities to go West instead of leaving them to loaf about the great cities where they can never rise above poverty. I do not know anything about the internal statesmanship of the United States, but I believe it is a very shortsighted policy not to assist the poor, but strong and willing, European emigrant to settle on the land "

Is not this statement unjust to the United States Government which has always liberally encouraged new settlers and given all possible facilities to emigrants. In fact, is it not through emigration that the United States now rank as one of the most powerful countries and throw a shadow over the old European nations ?

YANKEE.

Topeka, Kansas,
Sept. 26, 1900.

82. AN INVASION OF NEW FRANCE IN 1754.—I would like to have some particulars respecting the following historical fact:

"In the month of May 1754, a considerable body of English troops, commanded by Colonel Washington, invaded New-France. It was intrusted to a French officer, M. de Jumonville, with a guard of thirty men, to inform Colonel Washington that he was on the territory of New-France and to enjoin him to retreat. On the night of the 17th May, Jumonville, sheltered in a small valley, was discovered by some Indians, who acquainted Washington with the fact of his presence there. Washington marched all night, and early in the morning, surprised the French in their camp and ordered his men to fire. Jumonville and ten of his companions were killed. 1° Was Colonel Washington commanding English or American troops? 2° Was it in war time? 3° What is the exact place where this event occurred? 4° What had Colonel Washington in view in invading the territory of New-France?"

J. H. A. BEAUPARLANT.

Chicago, Ill.,
Oct. 21, 1900.



REPLIES

USE OF COFFINS.—(No 16, vol. I, p. 36).—The query of W. J. J. seems to infer that the use of coffins may be only a modern custom. In book XXIII, chapters I and II, of Beingham's *Antiquities of the Christian Church*, W. J. J. will find ample proof of the very early use of coffins. During the first three centuries of the Church, one great distinction betwixt Heathens and Christians was, that the former burned their dead, and placed the bones and ashes in urns; whilst the latter always buried the corpse, either in a coffin or, embalmed, in a catacomb; so that it might be restored at the last day from its original dust. There have frequently been dug out of the barrows which contain Roman urns, ancient British stone coffins. Bede mentions that the Saxons buried their dead in wood. Coffins both of lead and iron were constructed at a very early period. When the royal vaults at St. Denis were desecrated, during the first French revolution, coffins were exposed that had lain there for ages.

Notwithstanding this, it appears to be the case that, both in the Norman and English periods, the common people in Great Britain were often wrapped in a mere cloth after death, and so placed, coffinless, in the earth. The illuminations in the old missals represent this. And it is not impossible that the extract from the "Table of Duties", on which W. J. J. founds

his inquiry, may refer to a lingering continuance of this rude custom. Indeed, a statute passed in 1678, ordering that all dead bodies shall be interred in woollen and no other material, is so worded as to give the idea that there might be interments without coffins. The statute forbids that any person be put in, wrapt, or wound up, or buried in any shirt, shift, sheet, or shroud, unless made of sheep's wool only; or in any coffin lined or faced with any material but sheep's wool; as if the person might be buried either in a garment, or in a coffin, so long as the former was made of, and the latter lined with, wool.

I think the "buryall without a coffin", quoted by W. J. J., must have referred to the interment of the poorest class. Their friends being unable to provide a coffin, conformed to an old rude custom, which had not entirely ceased.

ALFRED GATLY.

EPITAPHS.—(No. 24, vol I, p. 64). Our correspondent will find a fine choice of epitaphs in the following necrological chrestomathy:

A collection of American Epitaphs Inscriptions, with occasional Notes. By Timothy Alden, A. M., of the American Antiquarian Society. *New York*, 1814. 5 vols 18 (mo.) Frontispiece by Moverick, and portraits of Waskington, Rush, Jonathan Edwards and Lawrence, by Edwin.

R. R.

Quebec,
Oct. 10, 1900.

FIRST MENTION OF NIAGARA FALLS.—(No. 44, vol I, p. 96). I would refer "Curious" to a pamphlet privately printed by the Hon. Peter A. Porter of Niagara Falls. Its title-page is "Champlain not Cartier made the first reference to Niagara Falls in literature." In the article Mr. Porter says: "Hence the date of the first reference to Niagara must be changed from 1535 to 1604, and the honor of being the first white man to tell anything whatsoever about it, must be transferred to Champlain."

E. D. STRICKLAND,
Sec'y Buffalo Historical Society.

Buffalo, N. Y.
Oct. 8, 1900.



"Curious" asks who made the first mention of Niagara Falls?

In Mr. George Johnson's *Alphabet of First Things in Canada*, it is stated that Niagara Falls were first mentioned in Lallament's (Lallemant?) *Relation* of 1641.

See also Parkman's *Pioneers of France in the New World*.

An excellent English version of Lallemant will be found in Thwaites splendid edition of the *Jesuit Relation*, now being published by the Burrows Brothers Company of Cleveland, U. S. A.

L. J. B.

Ottawa, Ont.
Oct. 12, 1900.



COAT-OF-ARMS OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA.—(No. 46, vol. I, p. 96). The authority for placing all the coats-of-arms upon the shield of the Dominion, probably emanates from the following official letter from the Secretary of State for the Colonies to the Governor General of Canada :

Dowing Street, October 14, 1868.

My Lord,—I have the honor to enclose a certified copy of 26th May, Her Majesty's Warrant of Assignment of 1868, Armorial Bearings for the Dominion and Provinces of Canada, which has been duly enrolled in Her Majesty's College of Arms, and I have to request that your Lordship will take such steps as may be necessary for carrying Her Majesty's gracious intentions into effect :

I have, &c.,

(Signed) BUCKINGHAM & CHANDOS.

To the Governor, The Right Hon. Visc. Monk, &c., &c.

VICTORIA R.

VICTORIA, by the grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, Defender of the Faith, &c.

For our right trusty and well beloved councillor Edward George Fitzalan Howard, (commonly called Lord Edward George Fitzalan Howard), deputy to our right trusty and right entirely beloved cousin, Henry, Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshall, and our Hereditary Marshall of England, Greeting :

Whereas, etc., we were empowered to declare after a certain day therein appointed that the Provinces of Nova Scotia, and New-Brunswick should form one Dominion under the name of Canada, etc., and after the first day of July, 1867, the said Provinces form and be one Dominion under the name of Canada accordingly.

And forasmuch as it is Our Royal will and pleasure that for the greater honour and distinction of the said Provinces certain Armorial Ensigns should be assigned to them ;

Know Ye, therefore, that We, of Our Princely Grace and special favour have granted and assigned, and by these presents do grant and assign the Armorial Ensigns following, that is to say :

FOR THE PROVINCE OF ONTARIO

Vert a sprig of three Leaves of Maple slipped, or on a chief Argent the Cross of St. George.

FOR THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC

Or on a Fess Gules between two Fleur de Lis in chief Azure, and a sprig of three Leaves of Maple slipped vert in base, a Lion passant guardant or.

FOR THE PROVINCE OF NOVA SCOTIA

Or on a Fess Wavy Azure between three Thistles proper, a Salmon Naiant Argent.

FOR THE PROVINCE OF NEW-BRUNSWICK

Or on Waves of Lymphad, or Ancient Galley, with Oars in action, proper on a chief Gules a Lion passant guardant or as the same are severally depicted in the margin thereof, to be borne for the said respective Provinces on Seals, Shields, Banners, Flags, or otherwise, according to the Laws of Arms.

And we are further pleased to declare that the said United Province of Canada, shall, upon all occasions that may be required, use a common Seal, to be called the "Great Seal of Canada," which said Seal shall be composed of the Arms of the said four Provinces quarterly, all of which armorial bearings are set forth in our Royal Warrant :

Our Will and Pleasure is that you, Edward George Fitzalan Howard (commonly called Lord Edward George Fitzalan Howard), Deputy to our said Earl Marshal, to whom the cognizance of matters of this nature doth properly belong, do require and command that this Our Concession and Declaration be recorded in our College of Arms and all other Public Functionaries whom it may concern may take full notice and knowledge thereof in their several and respective departments, and for so doing this shall be Your Warrant, given at our Court at St. James, this twenty-sixth day

of May, in the thirty-first year of Our Reign.

By Her Majesty's Command,

(Signed) BUCKINGHAM & CHANDOS.

I am not aware that any other warrants were issued when the Provinces of Prince Edward Island, British Columbia, Manitoba and the North-West Territories joined the Dominion of Canada. Nevertheless, the above communication of the Secretary of State for the Colonies is proof that the actual coat-of-arms is sufficiently authorized by the Home Government.

R. R.

Quebec,
Oct. 28, 1900.

MOST ANCIENT BIBLIOGRAPHICAL WORK.—(No. 48, vol. I, p. 96.)—I have the following, unknown to Brunet and other bibliographers, but recorded in Barbier's *Dictionnaire des ouvrages anonymes et pseudonymes*.

*Bibliothèque | des auteurs, | qui ont
écrit | l'histoire et | topographie de | la
France, | divisée en deux parties, | selon
l'ordre des temps, et | des matières. | A
Paris, | en la boutique de Nivelles. | Chez
Sebastien Cramoisy, rue | Saint Jacques,
aux Cicognes. | M. DC. XVIII.*

16 mo., full calf, 2 l., 236 p.

The above is the exact reproduction of the first edition of this very scarce, and most probably, one of the earliest bibliographical manuals. It was compiled by André Duchesne, but this first edition is anonymous. The second edition was issued in 1627.

R. R.

Quebec,
Sept. 10, 1900.

The first bibliographical work published in Canada, is :

Catalogue d'ouvrages sur l'histoire de l'Amérique et en particulier sur celle du Canada, de la Louisiane, de l'Acadie, et autres lieux ci-devant connus sous le nom de Nouvelle-France, avec des notes bibliographiques, critiques et littéraires.

Par G. B. Faribault. Québec, 1837. 8o., 207 p.

S.

Montreal,
Sept. 15, 1900.



FRENCH OFFICERS IN THE AMERICAN ARMY DURING THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.—(No. 49, vol I, p. 96). "J. H. B." can find no better authority than Vol. II of *The French in America during the War of Independence of the United State, 1777-1783*. It is a translation by Edwin Swift Balch and Elsie Willing Balch of *Les Français en Amérique pendant la Guerre de L'Indépendance des Etats-Unis* par Thomas Balch. I will be pleased to add any further information by personal correspondence.

E. D. STRICKLAND,

Secy Buffalo Historical Soc'y.

Buffalo, N. Y.
Oct. 8, 1900.



I have before me a book entitled "Historical Register of Officers of the Continental Army during the War of the Rebellion, April 1775 to December 1783" by F. B. Heitman, and on pages 483 to 509 will be found the names of the French officers in

that army. The list was made up from original manuscripts obtained by Hon. Mr. Rush, the American Minister at Paris, in 1849. Mr. Heitman is chief of the Division of Return in the Adjutant General's office, War Department, and a zealous and most painstaking man in everything that refers to our military history, and I am satisfied he has exhausted all possible sources of information on the subject.

R. P. THIAN.

War Department, Washington, D. C.
October, 4, 1900.



Very valuable information respecting the French officers who served in the Continental Army is to be found in the following book :

Notes pour servir à l'histoire des officiers de la marine et de l'armée française qui ont fait la guerre de l'Indépendance Américaine, par Faucher de Saint-Maurice. Québec, 1896. 8vo., 387 p.

Mr. Faucher de Saint-Maurice also published the following books which may prove of some interest to American readers :

De Québec à Mexico. Souvenirs de Voyages, de Combats et de Bivouac. Montréal, 1874. 2 vols 12mo., 236-271 p.

Deux ans au Mexique, avec une notice par M. Coquille, rédacteur du journal "Le Monde", de Paris. Québec, 1878. 12mo., 222 p.

Notes pour servir à l'histoire de Maximilien d'après ses œuvres, les récits du capitaine d'Artillerie Albert Hans, du Médecin particulier de S. M., le docteur Busch, et des témoins oculaires de l'exécution. Québec, 1889. 8vo., 228 p., portrait.

Notes pour servir à l'histoire du général Richard Montgomery. Montréal, 1893. 12

mo., 97 p., portrait, 11 Québec views and one autograph fac-simile.

Québec,
Sept., 10, 1900.

R. R.



LABRADORE TEA.—(No. 56, vol. I, p. 98-134).—If your correspondent will look up *The Flora of Worcester County*, by Joseph Jackson (Second edition, revised and enlarged. Worcester, 1894), he will find a fine illustration, opposite p. 34, of the Labrador Tea.

LOUIS N. WILSON,
Librarian.

Clark University, Worcester, Mass.,
Oct. 18, 1900.



CARTIER'S FOURTH VOYAGE.—(No. 68, vol. I, p. 132).—Mr. N. E. Dionne, Librarian of the Legislative Library of the Province of Québec, and author of several authoritative historical works, does not even mention this alleged fourth voyage of Cartier, in his prize essay: *Jacques Cartier*, (Québec, 1889). The late Justin Winsor, the celebrated American historian, editor of *Narrative and Critical History of America*, has nothing to say, in his *Cartier to Frontenac* (Boston, 1894), concerning this fourth voyage of the discoverer of Canada.

R. R.

Québec.
Oct., 21, 1900.



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R. S. C., care of NOTES AND QUERIES, Quebec.

Dean Sage's work on the Restigouche.

Books on Angling.

Raoul Renault, QUEBEC, Canada.

Hubbard & Lawrence. History of Stanstead County.

Magazine of American History. Vol. 1 to 9, in nos.

Historical Magazine, and Notes and Queries. First series: all; new series: vol. II. nos. 3, 4; vol. X. nos. 3, 4, 5, 6; May and June, 1875; extra no. 6.

Le Courrier du Livre. Nos. 1 and 16.

St. Ursula's Convent; or, The Nun of Canada. Kingston, 1824.

Tonne wonte; or, The adopted Son of America. Exeter, 1832.

Morgan. Bibliotheca Canadensis.

Any American editions of Byron, Shelley and Tennyson, books or pamphlets.

Mackenzie. Life and Speeches of Hon. Geo. Brown. Toronto, 1882.

Catalogues of Second-Hand dealers in Books, Pamphlets, Autographs, Plates, Book-Plates, etc., relating to America.

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As much as possible prices should be given with all books advertised to prevent unnecessary delay and correspondence.

Raoul Renault, QUEBEC, CANADA.

War of 1812. La Bataille de Châteauguay, by Sulte. 8vo., ill., 50 cts, 500 copies issued; *ed. de luxe* 20 numbered copies. \$2.00.

John and Sebastian Cabot by N. E. Dionne, 4to, 125 numbered copies printed, \$1.00.

1837, and my connection with it, by T. S. Brown. 12mo., 25 cts.

Magazine of American History, complete set, with all titles and indexes, full dark green cloth, gilt and red tops, uncut, \$150.00.

Relations des Jésuites. Québec, 1858. 3 vols Ry 8vo., half calf. Scarce, \$25.00.

Journal des Jésuites. Québec, 1871. 4to. half red morocco, new. Of this first ed. only 63 copies have been saved from fire. A copy was sold some years ago to Hon. L. R. Masson for \$75.00. Very scarce. \$30.00.

Hawkin's Picture of Quebec. Quebec, 1834. 8vo., original cloth, uncut. A most desirable copy of this scarce book. \$20.00.

LeMoine. Picturesque Quebec. Quebec, 1882. 8vo, cloth, scarce. \$4.00.

Howison. Sketches of Upper Canada. Edinburgh, 1825. 8vo, half parchment, a splendid copy. \$2.50.