

# North American Notes and Queries

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• and General Information •



QUEBEC, SEPTEMBER, 1900.

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## North American Notes and Queries

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RAOUL RENAULT, Director and Proprietor

E. T. D. CHAMBERS, Editor

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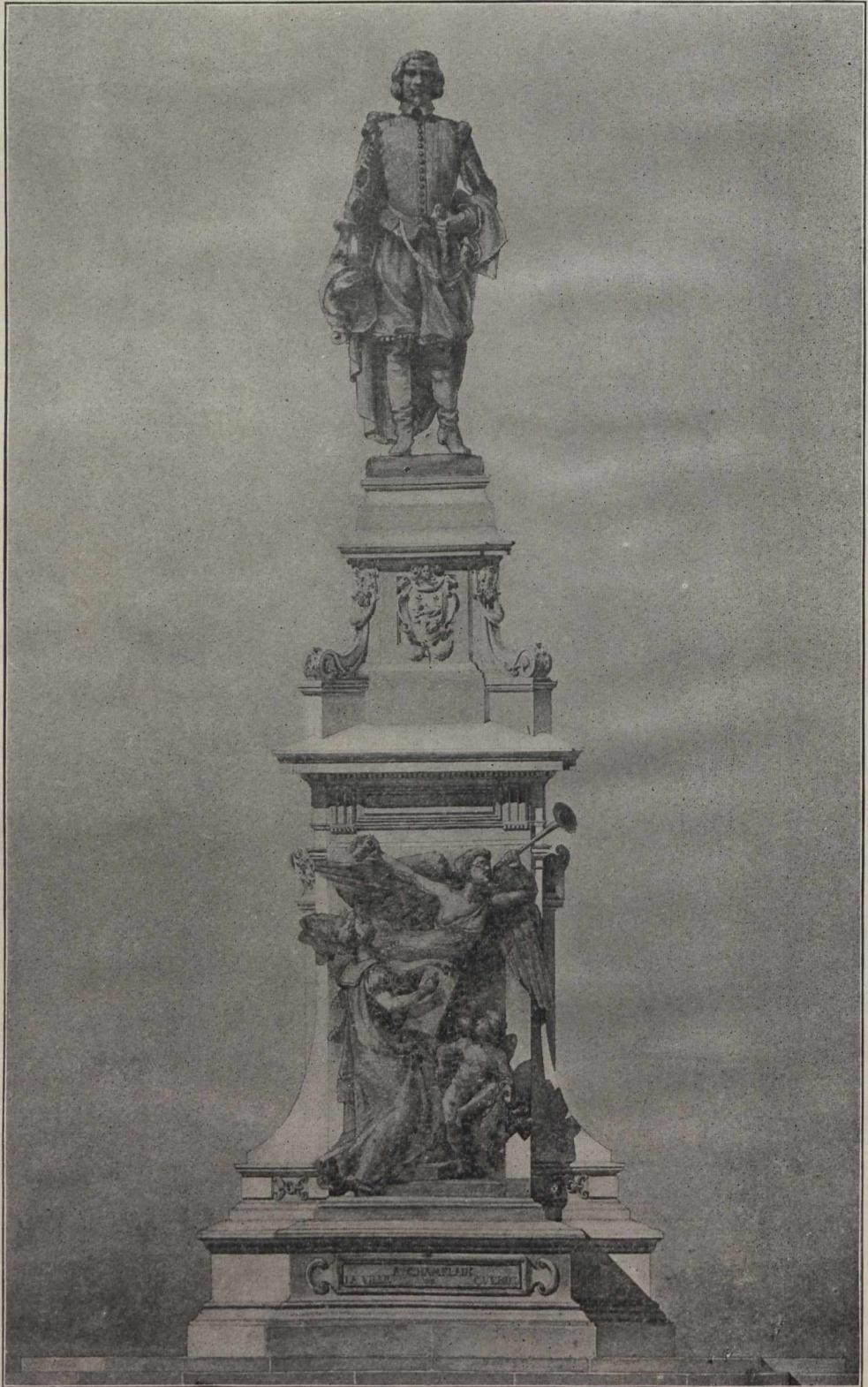
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# NORTH AMERICAN NOTES AND QUERIES

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VOL. I

SEPTEMBER, 1900

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ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN <sup>1</sup>

A CANADIAN POET

BY LAWRENCE J. BURFEE

Two other qualities which mark his verse and tend to give it distinction, are the jealous care with which it is polished and re-polished before it is allowed to go from the workshop of the poet's mind; and his unerring instinct in the choice of words. It follows that one may search in vain throughout his poems for a crude expression, an awkward line, or even a false rhyme or metre. His verse is instinct with colour and music, and possesses, in its highest development, that true "lyrical cry" which is one of the chief attributes of genuine poetry, and which is never found in the work of mere rhymers or rhetoricians.

The *Spectator* said of his poems *Winter Hues Recalled* and *Among the Timothy*, that they were "almost Wordsworthian in the genuineness of their passionate delight in the beauty of the summer and winter scenery of Canada." The former poem opens with these fine lines:

Life is not all for effort; there are hours  
When fancy breaks from the exacting will,  
And rebel thought takes schoolboy's holiday,  
Rejoicing in its idle strength. 'Tis then,  
And only at such moments, that we know  
The treasure of hours gone-scenes once beheld,  
Sweet voices and words bright and beautiful,  
Impetuous deeds that woke the God within us,  
The loveliness of forms and thoughts and colours.

1.—See *Notes and Queries*, vol. I, p. 84.

In moments when the heart is most at rest  
 And least expectant, from the luminous doors,  
 And secret dwelling-place of things unfeared,  
 They issue forth, and we who never knew  
 Till then how potent and how real they were,  
 Take them, and wonder, and so bless the hour.

Such lines as these are an all-sufficient answer to the charge that has sometimes been made against Mr. Lampman's verse, that it is "merely descriptive." Such criticism, brought more or less against the whole group of young Canadian Poets to which Mr. Lampman belonged, is the result of a total misconception of the quality and significance of Nature Poetry. One of our poets, Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts, in an article on *The Poetry of Nature*, clearly draws the distinction between Nature Poetry and Descriptive Poetry. Descriptive Poetry is found at its best in Thomson's *Seasons*; and at less than its best it can hardly be recognized as poetry at all, except from a purely formal point of view. Nature Poetry, on the other hand, has been written by nearly all the great poets, from those of Greece and Rome, down to Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth and Tennyson. One of the earliest English poems, the lovely *Cuckoo Song*, dating back to the first half of the thirteenth century, was essentially a Nature-lyric:

Summer is icumen in ;  
 Loudè sing, cuckoo ;  
 Groweth seed, and bloweth mead,  
 And springeth the wood new.  
 Sing, Cuckoo !

Keats was thinking of such lyrics as this when he wrote :

The poetry of earth is never dead.

Mr. Lampman struck a high note, and one perfectly in accord with his own philosophy of life, in his poem *What do Poets want with Gold ?*

He must walk with men that reel  
 On the rugged path, and feel  
 Every sacred soul that is  
 Beating very near to his.  
 Simple, human, careless, free,  
 As God made him, he must be !

*Easter Eve* has been said by an eminent English critic to be the most striking of his human studies. It is true the critic had only *Among the Millet* before him when he made the statement. However, it is doubtful if Mr. Lampman afterwards wrote anything which, in its peculiar qualities, stood higher. It possesses at least some of the sombre grandeur of Dante, and reminds one, in its spiritual significance and dramatic power, of Mr. Stephen Philipps' *Christ in Hades*.

In *The Monk* we have another graphic and sombre picture—though of a different kind. The forlorn hermit is seen in his lonely cell, trying to read, and brooding over what 'might have been.'

With every word some torturing dream is born ;  
And every thought is like a step that scares  
Old memories up to make him weep and mourn.  
He cannot turn, but from their latchless lairs  
The weary shadows of his lost delight  
Rise up like dusk birds through the lonely night.

*The Child's Music Lesson* brings out still another phase of the poet's wide personality,—his tender love for children.

Soft little hands upon the curtained threshold set  
Of this long life of labour, and unrestful fret.  
  
Stray hither then with all your old-time grace,  
Child-voices, trembling from the uncertain keys.....  
Play on into the golden sunshine so,  
Sweeter than all great artist's labouring.

*An Athenian Reverie* is a good example of Mr. Lampman's classical work. It reveals his thorough knowledge and understanding of the history and literature, and the very atmosphere, of ancient Greece.

It is, I suppose, a somewhat trite remark to make, that some poets reveal their personality in their work, while others do not. The fact, however, is sometimes lost sight of. It is a moot question what are the underlying causes of this distinction, but an examination of the two classes would seem to show that the former are largely sympathetic, tender, and gentle in their disposition, while the latter are forceful, masculine, reticent. Of course this is a very loose definition, and subject to many exceptions. In the present case, the

poet undoubtedly belongs to the former class. As has been already pointed out, the very qualities which are most prominent in his poetry, were also most prominent in the man himself. Such lines as these, from *An Athenian Reverie*, give a clearer insight into the poet's mind, and his outlook upon life, than could pages of explanation :

Happy is he,  
Who, as a watcher, stands apart from life,  
From all life and his own, and thus from all,  
Each thought, each deed, and each hour's brief event,  
Draws the full beauty, sucks its meaning dry.

Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott, in his Memoir introductory to the Poems, throws a good deal of light upon the poet's personality and methods of work. He says :

“ His poems were principally composed as he walked either to and from his ordinary employment in the city, upon excursions into the country, or as he paced about his writing-room. Lines invented under these conditions would be transferred to manuscript books, and finally after they had been perfected would be written out carefully in his clear, strong handwriting in volumes of a permanent kind.

“ Although this was his favorite and natural method of composing, he frequently wrote his lines as they came to him, and in many of his notebooks can be traced the development of poems through the constant working of his fine instinct for form and expression : both were refined until the artist felt his limit. With Archibald Lampman, as with all true artists, this was short of his ideal ; as he frequently confessed, there always remained some shade of meaning that he had not conveyed, some perfection of form that he had not compassed.

“ He did not win his knowledge of nature from books, but from actual observation and from conversations with men who had studied the science of the special subjects. Without a thought of literature he would intently observe a landscape, a flower or a bird, until its true spirit was revealed to him. Afterwards, it may have been days, weeks or months, he called upon his knowledge, striving to revive his impression and transcribe it.

“ To write verses was the one great delight of his life. Everything in his word had reference to poetry. He was restless with a sense of burden

when he was not composing, and deep with content when some stanza was taking form gradually in his mind."

It is always interesting to know what books a poet admits to his most intimate companionship, and on this point Mr. Scott tells us :

"He was not a wide reader ; books of history and travel were his favorites. During his last illness he read *The Ring and the Book*, the novels of Jane Austen, and continued a constant reading of Greek by a reperusal of Pindar, the *Odyssey*, and the tragedies of Sophocles. Matthew Arnold was his favorite modern poet and he read his works oftener than those of any other ; but Keats was the only poet whose method he carefully studied."

That the influence of Arnold and Keats, as well perhaps as Wordsworth, was strong upon him, will be seen at once by anyone who studies his poems. His friend, William Wilfred Campbell, in a fine tribute to his memory, published in the *Atlantic Monthly* a few months after the poet's death, and entitled *The Bereavement of the Fields*, indicates the influence of these three English poets upon Lampman's work.

Outside this prison-house of all our tears,  
Enfranchised from our sorrow and our wrong,  
Beyond the failure of our days and years,  
Beyond the burden of our saddest song,  
He moves with those whose music filled his ears,  
And claimed his gentle spirit from the throng,  
Wordsworth, Arnold, Keats, high masters of his song.

In another stanza Mr. Campbell voices the feelings of deep grief and loss which he, in common with all the poet's friends had experienced, a loss which the flight of time seems rather to have accentuated than healed.

Soft fall the February snows, and soft  
Falls on my heart the snow of wintry pain ;  
For never more, by wood or field or croft,  
Will he we knew walk with his loved again ;  
No more, with eyes adream and soul aloft,  
In those high moods where love and beauty reign,  
Greet his familiar fields, his skies without a stain,

And another Canadian poet, Mr. Theodore Roberts—a brother of Mr.



Charles G. D. Roberts,—draws a similar picture of the gentle, true-hearted singer :

His was not the glory of the shattering of spears ;  
 He did not cross his sword with Death, where scarlet flags are hurled,  
 But Death came to him softly, with his dark eyes dim with tears,  
 And broke a dream of woodland ways across a singing world.

and now, he adds :

Who'll tell the world 'tis April-time ?

Nearly all the poems so far quoted or mentioned belong to the first section of the book, *Among the Millet*. The second section is devoted entirely to Nature Poetry, as the general title, *Lyrics of Earth*, implies. In these thirty poems the poet crowded the results of his constant communion with Nature. At one time he carries us into the secret recesses of the woods, where is heard

The vesper-sparrow's song, the stress  
 Of yearning notes that gush and stream,  
 The lyric joy, the tenderness.....

And if we have approached in a humble spirit, we too may feel, with him

A touch of far-off joy and power,  
 A something it is life to learn.....

How intensely real must have seemed the teeming life of forest and field to one who could describe it in such glowing, almost passionate, lines ! These poems are veritable character-sketches of Nature. No matter what it be that he presents to our notice, whether a flower or a bird, a forest pool or a passing cloud, under his deft touch it attains life and individuality, and we find in it beauties never before imagined.

Now it is :

The shore-lark droops his brittle song,  
 And up the leafless tree  
 The nut-hatch runs, and nods, and clings.

Or, elsewhere :

In the noonday gleam  
 The loosestrife burns like ruby.

And again :

The clear brown pools stand simmering in the sun,  
 Frail lucid worlds, upon whose tremulous floors  
 All day the wandering water-bugs at will,  
 Shy mariners whose oars are never still,  
 Voyage and dream about the heightening shore.

Or he speaks of :

Little wisps of rain,  
 Falling from far-off clouds.

Or :

The striped bees in lazy labour glean  
 From bell to bell with golden-feathered feet.

In *The Meadow* the poet takes us directly into his confidence. He tells us how he "sought these upland fields and walked apart, musing on Nature." Here he

Stored the themes of many a future song,  
 Whose substance should be Nature's, clear and strong,  
 Bound in a casket of majestic rhyme.

And he adds the half-scornful comment :

Brave bud-like plans that never reached the fruit.

But here he did himself injustice, for his plans did ripen into a very precious fruit. Elsewhere he speaks again of his rich gleaning from the field of nature :

Whatsoever the fenced fields,  
 Or the untilled forest fields  
 Of unhurt remembrances,  
 Of thoughts, far-glimpsed, half-followed, these  
 I have reaped and laid away.

The month of June was a season of special charm to him, and he recurs to it again and again in his poems. In one of these he deifies the month, in language that is almost Homeric, describing it as :

Wandering with scented curls that heaped the breeze,  
 Or by the hollow of some reeded stream  
 Sitting waist-deep in white anemones,

His ear was always true and his lyrical judgment unerring. His verses contain numerous fine examples of onomatopœia, such as :

Some foam-filled rapid charging down its rock  
With iron roar of waters.

In *At the Ferry* he drew an almost cinematographic picture, or series of pictures, of a spot familiar to all the people of Ottawa. Yet I do not suppose one person in a hundred passing it every day sees a tithe of the beauty and distinctive charm of the scene, as the poet saw it, and as we now see it through his verse. By his marvellous interpretative touch he has transformed what appeared to be a very prosaic spot into one that is full of beauty to the imagination as well as to the eye.

His artistic sight found something of interest, something of value, even in the most unpromising spots,—even in a desolate field, tenantless except for

Scores of mulleins long since dead.  
A silent and forsaken brood.  
So shrivelled and so thin they were,  
So gray, so haggard, and austere,  
Not plants at all they seemed to me,  
But rather some spare company  
Of hermit folk.....

*Alcyone*, as has already been mentioned, was the book which Mr. Lampman had prepared for publication shortly before his death, and which was subsequently withdrawn. It was afterwards included in the Memorial Edition, exactly as he left it, with his dedication "To the memory of my father, himself a poet, who first instructed me in the art of verse."

The title-poem is a strong and restrained piece of work, in a style somewhat unusual in Mr. Lampman's verse. The working out of the idea of the star's immeasurable distance in space, could hardly be improved upon.

It has travelled.....  
Through a region where no faintest gust  
Of life comes ever, but the power of night  
Dwells stupendous and sublime,  
Limitless and void and lonely,  
A region mute with age, and peopled only  
With the dead and ruined dust  
Of worlds that lived eternities ago.

Of a somewhat similar nature is the poem *The City of the End of Things*, quoted by Mr. Stedman in his *Victorian Anthology*.

One of the very few poems in which Mr. Lampman attempted blank verse is *Personality*. It is a cry for human sympathy and companionship. The poet's close fellowship with nature has not overcome his yearning for human comrades. The poem is short and may therefore be given entire :

O differing human heart,  
 Why is it that I tremble when thine eyes,  
 Thy human eyes and beautiful human speech,  
 Draw me, and stir within my soul  
 That subtle ineradicable longing  
 For tender comradeship ?  
 It is because I cannot all at once,  
 Through the half-lights and phantom-haunted mists  
 That separate and enshroud us life from life,  
 Discern the nearness or the strangeness of thy paths,  
 Nor plumb thy depths.  
 I am like one that comes alone at night  
 To a strange stream, and by an unknown ford  
 Stands, and for a moment yearns and shrinks,  
 Being ignorant of the water, though so quiet it is,  
 So softly murmurous,  
 So silvered by the familiar moon.

In another poem he describes his ideal *Land of Pallas*.

A land of lovely speech, where every tone was fashioned  
 By generations of emotion high and sweet,  
 Of thought and deed and bearing lofty and impassioned ;  
 A land of golden calm, grave forms and fretless feet.....

*Peccavi Domine* reveals more directly than do most of his poems the essentially religious (not theological) cast of the poet's mind. His religion was of no cut and dried type, but none the less was it sincere and deep. *Peccavi Domine* is in fact a beautiful prayer.

I have had glimpses of thy way,  
 And moved with winds and walked with stars,  
 But, weary, I have fallen astray,  
 And, wounded, who shall count my scars ?

O Power, unchangeable, but just,  
 Impute this one good thing to me,  
 I sink my spirit to the dust  
 In utter dumb humility.

This is no hypocritical cry from a self-satisfied soul. Lampman was too absolutely sincere in his life and in his thoughts to allow even the possibility of a false note to be entertained. Like all gentle and pure-minded souls he was inclined to be more severe with himself than with others.

In his later work one still finds the same deep appreciation of Nature. To the very end he fled to her from the worries and petty annoyances of his official duties.

In *Amor Vitæ*, he cries :

I love the warm bare earth and all  
 That works and dream thereon.

I love the purple shower that pours  
 On far-off fields at even :  
 I love the pine-wood dusk whose floors  
 Are like the courts of heaven.

I love the heaven's azure span,  
 The grass beneath my feet :  
 I love the face of every man  
 Whose thought is swift and sweet.

Turning over the pages of his book, the eye is constantly arrested by lines of rare beauty and suggestiveness.

" Sweet words," he says in one place,

Are like the voices of returning birds  
 Filling the soul with summer, or a bell  
 That calls the weary and the sick to prayer.

And of sleep he says :

Shy goddess, at keen seeking most afraid,  
 Yet often coming when we least have prayed.

How powerful the conception is in this line :

Whirlwinds dipped in midnight at the core ;

and how beautiful the thought here :

Dreams that shine by with unremembered feet,

or :

The eagle on whose wings the dawn hath smiled,

or once again :

Child-voices trembling from the uncertain keys.

Something has already been said about the sonnets. The book contains a large number of them, almost invariably highly finished, musical and of restrained power. They cover a very wide selection of themes, each a complete picture in itself.

What a revealing power is contained in the opening lines of the sonnet *A Thunderstorm* ?

A moment the wild swallows like a flight  
Of withered, gust-caught leaves, serenely high,  
Toss in the wind-rack up the muttering sky.

And then the delightful contrast in these lines from *After the Shower* :

The old dry beds begin to laugh and run,  
As if 'twere spring.....  
And that small, dainty violet, pure and white,  
That holds by magic in its twisted face  
The heart of all the perfume of the woods.

In the pine groves the

sole-flowered scented pyrolas by the score  
Stands with heads drooped in fragrant meditation.

And at dusk

The whip-poor-will,  
Beyond the river margins glassed and thinned,  
Whips the cool hollows with his liquid note.

As also at noon he has heard

The shore-lark in his search prolong  
The little lonely welcome of his song.

One is tempted to go on quoting line after line indefinitely, but I am already far out-stepping the bounds of prudence. Yet room must be found for one more delightful bit of description, of the sweet little hepaticas :

These petals that rise  
Are the eyelids of earth that uncover  
Her numberless eyes.

I think perhaps one of the most altogether satisfactory poems he wrote was the sonnet-sequence entitled *The Largest Life*, written towards the close of his short life, and beginning :

I lie upon my bed and hear and see.  
The moon is rising through the glistening trees ;  
And momentarily a great and sombre breeze,  
With a vast voice returning fitfully,  
Comes like a deep-toned grief.....

The last of the three sonnets is equally noteworthy both as a sonnet and as a poem. It embodies the sum-total of the poet's gospel, the conscious or unconscious summing up of his life's work.

There is a beauty at the goal of life,  
A beauty growing since the world began,  
Through every age and race, through lapse and strife  
Till the great human soul complete her span.  
Beneath the waves of storm that lash and burn,  
The currents of blind passion that appall,  
To listen and keep watch till we discern  
The tide of soveeign truth that guides it all ;  
So to address our spirits to the height,  
And so attune them to the valiant whole,  
That the great light be clearer for our light,  
And the great soul the stronger for our soul :  
To have done this is to have lived, though fame  
Remember us with no familiar name.

This is the life he himself did lead, and having done so it does not matter much whether or no fate remembers him with a familiar name.

Robert Louis Stevenson mentioned one of Lampman's sonnets approvingly, in a letter written to Mr. E. L. Burlingame, which will be found in the second volume of the *Letters*, pages 157 and 158.

In the fifth and last section of the Poems are contained a number of miscellaneous ballads and other verses, with the two long narrative poems, *David and Abigail* and *The Story of an Affinity*. Some of these poems are good—some are only indifferent. None of them, I think, represent the poet at his best. They are more or less in the nature of lyrical exercises. Yet here, as everywhere in his work, one constantly comes upon lines of rare beauty and value. In *The Lake in the Forest* there are several lines worthy of comparison with the splendid opening quatrain of Fitzgerald's first version of the *Rubaiyat*.

The sun, thy first born, from the gleaming hills  
Uptilts the handles of his jar, and fills  
This moss-embroidered bowl of rock and dew  
With torrent light and ether.

*Sostratus* and *Phokaia* are good examples of his classical work. They are written in the long, stately, rhythmical metre which is so eminently in keeping with the Homeric idea.

Mr. Lampman was not one's usual conception of a humorist. He felt too deeply the tragic element in life to devote himself to any extent to the production of humorous or witty verse. Yet he was by no means devoid of the sense of humour, as may be seen at least in two of his sonnets, *The Dog* and *Falling Asleep*.

The poet's death was as peaceful and appropriate as Tennyson's, and it may not be out of place to quote, in concluding this sketch of his life and poetry, the last lines of his own sonnet on *The Death of Tennyson*.

There fell  
The last gray change, and from before his eyes,  
This glorious world that Shakespeare loved so well,  
Slowly, as at a beck, without surprise—  
Its woe, its pride, its passion, and its play—  
Like mists and melting shadows passed away.

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A JAPANESE REGIMENT AT HOME

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

To Major Ohi, Aide-de-Camp to the Minister of War.

MEMO

April 2nd.

"Colonel Haggard will see the Barracks of the 3rd Regiment of the 1st Division of Infantry on Wednesday the 3rd (to-morrow) at about 10.30 a. m. Yamada will call on Col. Haggard at his residence to-morrow at about 9.30 a. m. to accompany him to the said Regiment."

**W**RITTEN as above, in English, upon the Imperial paper, surmounted by the Emperor's crest of a chrysanthemum, was a paper which I received unexpectedly one day last year in Tokio.

It was accompanied by the card of Mr. Y. H. Yamada, *Interprète de la Maison de S. M. l'Empereur*. And upon Mr. Yamada's card was written "From Baron Sannomiya"; so I knew it was owing to the kind offices of my friend the Grand Master of the Ceremonies that I was to have an opportunity of seeing a Japanese Regiment at home. But this was only one of many kindnesses for which I had to thank Baron Yoshitane Sannomiya and his amiable English wife; while to the Viscount M. Tanaka, another high dignitary of the Imperial Court, was I also indebted for being allowed to witness various "Things Japanese" quite out of the reach of the ordinary European; and in thanking these two nobles for their amiability I wish also to thank them for their generous hospitality.

When next day Yamada called for me at the Belgian Legation, where I was the guest of my brother-in-law Baron A. d'Anethan, it was raining so hard that the worthy interpreter thought we should not see much of the soldiers themselves, even if we did see their Barracks. But as he explained he did not know a thing about soldiers, whether Japanese or otherwise, I decided that we would go on. Explaining therefore to Mr. Yamada the meaning of the motto "*nec aspera terrent*" borne upon the colours of my

old regiment, we embarked in our jinrickshas, and soon were being drawn splashing along through the puddles by our bare legged but waterproof clad human ponies, from whose mushroom shaped hats the water was dripping off in streams. The weather lightened a little as we splashed along, and after about half an hour's drive we found ourselves in a district of Tokio which seemed to consist wholly of fine brick barracks situated in magnificent drill grounds.

Here I was soon very glad that Yamada did not indeed know anything about the Japanese soldiers, for he directed, in error, our 'ricksha-men to enter some imposing looking gates, where the exhibition by him of the Royal Order was a signal to the sentries to let us pass.

Entering the drill ground I found to my surprise that in spite of the rain, several companies of very smart looking soldiers were being exercised by their own officers, and that neither officers nor men wore great coats.

The men instantly struck me as being of finer physique than the majority of those I was in the habit of meeting about the streets of Tokio and I was particularly struck by three things. These were: first the smartness of their drill, second their extreme steadiness in the ranks, and thirdly the great pains that the Japanese officers took to keep on repeating the same movement until it was perfectly accomplished. It was the firing exercise which they were practising on that wet April morning, and they were made to do the same thing over and over again in a way that would have soon tired out Tommy Atkins and made him growl.

By the time that Mr. Yamada had returned from an ineffectual search for the Commanding Officer, whom I expected to be waiting to meet me, I had found out that we were in the precincts of the wrong Barracks. The superior physique of the men was now easily understood when it was explained that the men drilling away so steadily in the rain were members of the Force of Imperial Guards, and I was very glad that, owing to our error, I was thus enabled to see how thoroughly the Officers of this Japanese Corps d'élite do their work. It struck me however as being rather a useless proceeding for both officers and men alike to be drilling out in the rain without great coats, which the men wore upon their packs on their backs all the while; for they were in, what we call in our army, heavy marching order.

The rain was considerably lighter by the time that we entered the enormous enclosure containing the Barracks of the 3rd Regiment of the 1st Division of Infantry, which Barracks consisted as at first seen of several different blocks of red bricks buildings. Each of these buildings was three stories high and each looked capable of containing a whole regiment or rather a complete Battalion.

Such we found was actually the case but not until a little later on. After passing the quarter guard, we travelled along in our jinrickshas across the Barrack square, where I again noticed men drilling in the rain. I had hardly had the time to observe that all their movements were being done at the run, or as soldiers say in double time, before an officer stopped us. He was quite a young officer but decorated with two medals. I supposed both of them for the Chinese war, but my interpreter could not enlighten me either on this matter or even as to the rank of this or any other officer without asking them straight out; so I contented myself with guessing. One thing I understood, that he was an orderly officer of some sort. I rather think that he was the Brigade Captain of the Day for the whole three Battalions that I subsequently found constituted the 3rd Regiment, each Battalion in peace time being on a footing of 600 men. His name at any rate was Yezuchi; and he welcomed me most politely, conducting me to a pretty little house standing in a garden which he informed me was the Officers' Mess House. Here I was received most hospitably by Colonel Kimura Commandant of the Regiment, Major Mayeda commanding the 1st Battalion and many other officers. Japanese tea and some excellent cigars were produced at once, and as we sat down to discuss them I noticed that all the senior officers wore at least four war medals and orders. Of these the order of The Rising Sun was most conspicuous, with its large blood red centre and scintillating rays of gold on a ground of white enamel.

The middle of this handsome decoration looks as though it were composed of an enormous carbuncle, but the initiated declare that in reality it is only composed of some sort of composition of the nature of glass.

But a soldier's decoration, whether it be a Rising Sun composed of glass for a Japanese Officer, or a Victoria Cross made out of bronze for the heroes of Britain's army and navy, has to the soldier viewing them but one and the

same signification far and away apart from its intrinsic value. It is in either case the reward of valour, and knowing this I looked with respect upon those Japanese officers bearing the emblems of their prowess upon their breasts. Moreover, when I learned more about the cold, privations and hard fighting that had fallen to the lot of the 3rd Regiment of the 1st Division in the Chinese war, I considered that they well deserved their medals and orders.

The uniform of the Japanese officer is plain and neat, much after the fashion of that of the French officer, the distinctions of rank being shewn chiefly by the interlacing of various rows of braid upon the sleeve below the elbow. This may be gold braid or plain braid according to the uniform, full dress or undress. The men are clothed in workman like cloth clothes of European pattern. They wear boots, unlike their country men and country women generally, who usually go barefoot or wear slippers or sandals; preferring however whenever possible to walk, even in the finest weather, on high clogs, held on by a strap between the big toe and the next one. For this purpose all the inhabitants of Japan wear a sock having a toe separate from the rest of the foot like a thumb to a glove. Very noisy horrible things these clogs are, as any body who has ever been in a Japanese railway station and heard them scraping and croaking like frogs over the asphalt flooring can testify. The Japanese military authorities have done well to abolish such cumbrous unsoldier like encumbrances, but there was considerable difficulty at first in getting the Japanese soldier to take to boots. However, the officers informed me that they now take to them quite kindly.

The soldiers wear a high round forage cap with a straight down peak. This cap is surrounded by a broad cloth band of a different colour to the cloth of the cap; being white, red or yellow according to the corps to which the soldier belongs.

There is one thing which strikes a foreigner as being particularly strange in the uniform of the Japanese soldier. This is that the numerals which he wears upon his shoulder straps, to denote the number of his regiment, are European numbers not Chinese or Japanese ideograph. For instance the soldiers of the 3rd Regiment just wore a 3 upon their shoulder straps. I found upon enquiry that this was because the European numbers were so much more quickly and easily distinguished from each other than the complicated Chinese characters. A truly practical nation the Japanese!

I knew but very little Japanese, and among the Japanese officers assembled in the mess house was one only who knew a little English. Therefore, as I was thirsting for knowledge upon military matters, of which the Imperial Interpreter did not know the technical terms, either in English or his own language, a good deal of time elapsed and much merriment took place before we got started to go round the Barracks, the merriment being caused chiefly at my wonderful attempts to express in the language of the Flowery Land the questions I wanted answered. But that was not the only cause of the fun but the fact that the Japanese always seem to see a joke in every thing, and laugh immoderately even at things which would produce quite a contrary effect among us more sober minded Europeans. For instance if you tell a Japanese that your father is seriously ill he will display a brood grin of pleasure, whereas if you inform him that either your father or his own father is just dead the chances are that he will simply roar with laughter. Under these circumstances it can easily be understood that when I hopelessly mixed up such words as "sentai" soldier, "dentai" regiment, and "daitai" battalion I caused much mirth. The officers seemed to imagine that I did it on purpose and laughed like anything at my wit, until I began to feel myself at length quite a wag. Indeed by the time we left the mess house I rather began to think that I had mistaken my vocation in life and that it was getting about time for me to start afresh as a humourist, something in the line of Mark Twain.

In the meantime I had, however, managed to pick up a little useful information concerning the organization of the Japanese army.

I discovered that a regiment consisted of three battalions, of which the strength was 600 men in peace time and 1,000 men in war time. A Division I found to consist of the following units: Four regiments of infantry, a cavalry regiment of 360 men in three squadrons, a battalion of engineers in three companies, a battalion of transport and a Brigade of artillery; this last consisting of nine batteries of six guns each, that is 54 guns in all.

There were, I found, twelve ordinary divisions in Japan and one Imperial Guard division.

The time of service for the men was three years with the colours; four years with the first army reserve and five years with the second army reserve,

a total of twelve years service. The reserves were, as far as I could understand, called out for three months annual training for the first reserve, and three weeks annual training for the second reserve.

I found it, however, rather difficult to understand this matter of the calling up of the reserves, and it did not seem to me that the whole number of the reserves was uniformly and regularly called up for training; as something was said, by the officer explaining the matter to me, to the effect of the balance of men beyond the peace establishment of the battalions not being wanted in time of peace. What was, however, very evident was that the authorities knew just where to lay their hands on every man at a moment's notice. When we got out on the Barrack Square there were some companies of newly called up reservists being exercised at Battalion drill. They were the same that I had noticed on my arrival and they were still drilling away gaily. I was, however, glad to notice for their sakes that the rain had now dwindled away to a slight mist. Their drill interested me, but the gallant Colonel said it was not very good and offered to turn out his whole regiment for me. Finding, however, that the whole three battalions had already done two hours drill that morning I declined his kind offer although with regret. For if the reserve soldiers were not drilling well, I should have liked to have seen what "well" was, from Colonel Kimura's point of view.

The system of drill being practised by the little Japanese soldiers, while perfectly intelligible to me, was not any that I never seen before. I was struck by the extreme mobility of the men on any change of position or alignment. They seemed to get into their new places like lightning. Upon enquiring if it was a German system of drill that was being followed, Colonel Kimura informed me that it was based on German drill but tempered with purely Japanese modifications. Whatever it was it was distinctly good, and good also seemed the magazine rifle which the soldiers carried. This rifle, which was sighted up to a great distance, was a purely Japanese weapon invented and constructed in Japan.

A visit to the Barracks of the 1st Battalion shewed them to be constructed on the best European system and their interior economy to be carried out on purely European lines. According to the method pursued when we

went round them I might have been making the official inspection of a British Regiment; for to my embarrassment it was I, although in civilian clothes, who had to head the procession of officers going round the quarters.

Owing to the excessive politeness of the officers I was thus compelled to march along first, in my frock coat, high hat and umbrella; for I had dressed ceremoniously in the *tenue de rigueur* for the occasion.

(*To be continued.*)

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## AURIESVILLE

THE VILLAGE SITUATED ON THE SCENE OF THE CAPTIVITY,  
MISSION AND DEATH OF FATHER ISAAC JOGUES  
AND RENÉ GOUPIL

*By William Hickling*

GRAND plateau, nobly rising  
Above the Mahawk vale,  
A richly vested altar  
Incensed by summer gale;  
Where hymns to holy martyrs  
The bannered pilgrim thrill,  
Canonical thy verdure,  
O emerald Auriesville!

A sanctuaried upland,  
Yet once alarms of war,  
By savage cohorts sounded,  
Awoke the farthest shore;  
But now where din of battle  
The woodland's recess smote,  
Sweet bells the faithful summon  
To prayer with silver note.

Here Jogues sublimely suffered,  
Here Goupil meekly fell,  
While fresh the glowing annals  
Their fadeless story tell ;  
And now they joy forever,  
The martyrs never die—  
Em-Paradised, benignant,  
They glad us from on high.

O Auriesville, transfigured  
By Mohawk's tranquil tide,  
America will own thee  
At last with sacred pride ;  
And strength and exaltation  
Shall come to pilgrim faint,  
Who 'mid the greenwood kneeling,  
Invokes a noble saint.





## DEATH OF THE HON. F. G. MARCHAND

IN the death of the Hon. Félix Gabriel Marchand, which occurred on the 25th of September, French Canada loses one of her leading littérateurs, the Royal Society of Canada one of its past-presidents and the province of Quebec its prime minister. Mr. Marchand was sixty-eight years of age and had been a member of the provincial legislature ever since Confederation, (1867). He was a Doctor of Laws of Laval University, was for sometime editor of *Le Temps* of Montreal, founded and edited for some years *Le Franco-Canadien* of St. Johns, and was an Officer of Public Instruction of the French Republic. His principal claim to literary distinction rested upon his dramatic writings, chief amongst which are *Fatenville*, a comedy (1869); *Erreur n'est pas Compte*, a vaudeville (1872); *Un bonheur en attire un autre*, a comedy, (1884); and *Les Faux Brillants*, a comedy (1885). Some of these were very well received in France. Last year Beauchemin of Montreal published a collected edition of his works,—an 8vo of 375 pages,—under the title of *Mélanges Poétiques et Littéraires*. The compiler, Mr. A. D. DeCelles, Librarian of the Parliament Library (Ottawa), tells this capital story of Mr. Marchand's wit: He had been speaking at some length in the midst of a tedious debate, when Mr. Blanchet, the Speaker of the House, feeling fatigued, had beckoned Mr. Houde, the patriarch of the Chamber, to relieve him in the chair. The change was unnoticed for a moment by Mr. Marchand, who was reading a quotation at the time. When he turned again towards the chair and the transformation struck him, he paused a moment and exclaimed, "I was not aware, Mr. Speaker, of having spoken so long. When I took the floor you were a young man with a black beard, while now I have before me a venerable, grey-bearded old gentleman." And Father Houde gruffly responded, "We grow old quickly in listening to such debates."

The remains of the deceased were interred at Quebec on Saturday the 29th September, and were accorded a public funeral. *North American Notes and Queries* tenders its sympathy to the Mr. Honourable Marchand's afflicted widow and family.

## NOTES AND NEWS

### FRANCIS PARKMAN

An interesting bit of praise for Parkman's great history comes from George R. Parkin, LL.D., C.M.G., principal of Upper Canada College. "Lord Roberts once said to me," writes Dr. Parkin, "that he considered Parkman's volumes on Montcalm and Wolfe as among the most perfect, and, to a soldier the most instructive bits of military description that had ever been written."

### FOUR CENTURIES OLD

An English catalogue furnishes a description of a Parisian printed book unknown to Brunet, bearing the date 1500, when it was printed by Baligault for Durand Gerlier, bookseller to the University. It has hand-colored initial letters in red, and no pagination. It is a Compendium or Abstract of the most notable things in Pliny's Natural History, and an Alphabetical Glossary of terms used by Pliny. The author is Du Val (Robert, of Rouen). The full titles of the two parts of this work are as follows: *Compendium Memorandum in Plinii Naturalis Historiæ*, and *Explanatio difficilium in Plinii Libris Naturalis Historiæ*.

### FAMOUS POETS OF SCOTLAND

The three most famous poets of Scotland are Allan Ramsay, Robert Burns and Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd." The personal appearance of Allan Ramsay, in his thirty-fourth year, is described by himself. He says he is

five feet five inches high,  
A black-a-vised snod dapper fellow,  
Not lean nor overlaid with tallow.

As he advanced in years he grew stout, and is written of by those who knew him as a squat man who looked as if he were fond of good feeding. He had a smiling countenance, and wore a fair, round wig, which was rather short.

### BURNS' AMERICAN EDITIONS

General James Grant Wilson, in a recent number of the *Publishers' Weekly*, publishes an interesting list of the American editions of Robert Burns' poems. The bibliographical list contains one hundred and thirty-eight editions, the first being printed at Philadelphia, by Stewart & Hyde, in 1788. One copy of this edition, which was issued at seventy-five cents, has been sold at auction in 1896 for one hundred and fifty dollars. The English

edition, known as the Kilmarnock edition of 1786, fetched, in its original paper covers and uncut, the very fair price of \$2,860.

#### SHAKESPEARE'S SOUVENIRS

Shakespeare is worth a good deal in money to Stratford-on-Avon. For instance, admission to Shakespeare's birthplace, 6d; admission to Anne Hathaway's cottage, 6d; admission to Holy Trinity Church, 6d; admission to the Shakespeare Memorial, 6d; admission to the Grammar Schools, 1s. Then there are the profits of the hotels, which are constantly filled with visitors, many of them wealthy Americans, who spend very freely. All the tradesmen who sell souvenirs do an enormous business, and all the thousands of trippers spend money. The net profit accruing to Stratford-on-Avon, as Shakespeare's town, is nearly £40,000, or \$200,000, a year.

#### THE BAYARD TRIAL

A New York bookseller announces an unique copy of the report of this famous trial, being the original work of which Brinley had only the London reprint. The change of title in this latter is noteworthy. It reads as follows: *An account of the commitment, arraignment, tryal and condemnation of Nicholas Bayard, Esq., for*

*high treason in endeavoring to subvert the government of the province of New York... collected from several memorials taken by divers persons privately, the commissioners having strictly prohibited the taking of the tryal in open Court.* The date of this reprint was 1703. Of the original print no record has been found of a previous sale. It is entitled: *An Account of the Illegal Prosecution and Tryal of Col. Nicholas Bayard In the Province of New York For Supposed High-Treason In the year 170½ Collected from several Memorials taken by divers Persons privately, the Commissioners having strictly prohibited the taking of the Tryal in open Court. Printed and Sold by William Bradford, at the Sign of the Bible in New York.*

Col. Bayard was sentenced to death in these words:—"It is considered by the Court here, That you be carryed by the Place from whence you came, That from thence you be drawn upon a Hurdle to the place of Execution, That there you be hanged by the Neck, and being alive, you be cut down upon the Earth, and that your Bowels be taken out of your Belly, and your Privy members be cut off, and you being alive, they be burnt before your face; and that your

Head be cut off, and that your Body be divided into four Quarters, and that the Head and Quarters be placed where our Lord the King shall assign. And the Lord have Mercy upon your Soul." The sentence was subsequently commuted by the King.

#### THE EXTINCTION OF BOOKSELLERS

Not long ago, a note appeared in the newspapers, setting forth a new invention for the publication of books through the medium of the phonograph. We thought the whole thing was a hoax or a *jeu d'esprit*, but the following account culled from a newspaper goes to show that the invention is serious. Let the newsvendor and the bookseller tremble! If news, music and lectures may be laid on like gas, why not the newest novel or the latest volume of travels? The following is reproduced from an English newspaper:

"There is one development of newspaper enterprise—though in some respects the phrase involves a wrong description--which has received but little attention in this country. Now that the Post Office is bestirring itself in the matter of telephones, it is quite possible that we may see a novel departure in the furnishing of news. There is such an organisation in Buda-

Pesth, where it has been in successful operation for over two years. It has about 6,000 subscribers. The service has a main wire of one hundred and sixty-eight miles, which is connected to private houses and various public resorts. Between 7.30 in the morning and 9.30 in the evening, twenty-eight editions are spoken into the transmitter, ten men with loud clear voices acting as speakers in shifts of two. The news is classified and given in accordance with a regular programme, so that any subscriber knows when to expect the kind of news of interest to himself. A short summary of all important items is given at noon, and again at night, and subscribers are entertained with music and lectures in the evening."

#### HYPNOTISM

One of the most recent and most remarkable features of hypnotic science is its application to the treatment of sexual perversions and moral anæsthesia. Members of the medical profession everywhere were started some time ago by the publication of illustrated articles in the New York daily newspapers giving details of the marvellous cures effected by a reputable practitioner and professor of Columbia University. From that time on there

has been several contributions to the literature of the subject, including a paper by Dr. John Duncan Quackenbos, read before the New Hampshire Medical Society, and a book from the press of Messrs. Harper and Bros., by the same author, entitled *Hypnotism in Mental and Moral Culture*. The hypnotism of which this book treats must not be confounded with the loathesome hypnotic displays of dime museums, or the disgusting parlor exhibitions so degrading to intelligent manhood and womanhood. Dr. Quackenbos strongly contends for the suppression of the circulation, by charlatans, of literature on hypnotism, advertising instruction in methods of inducing this abnormal mental state, teaching "the art of fascination" for money, promising to empower business men to secure patronage by hypnotizing prospective customers, and adventurers to win similarly the affection of heiresses, and illustrated by shameless pictures of hypnotic sharps, in full dress, influencing fashionably attired women amid the surroundings of sumptuous boudoirs. In connection with this recommendation, it is gratifying to note that the New York State Medical Society has under consideration a bill to prohibit public or private exhibitions of hypnotism, which is intended to limit the practice of the science to duly authorized physicians and surgeons. The importance of this proposed legislation may be gathered from an idea of the marvellous powers possessed by the hypnotist, to whom, for the time being, his subject surrenders his entire volition. Dr. Quackenbos relates some wonderful personal experiences in his work, telling, amongst other things, how many marvellous cures have been effected by means of hypnotic suggestion. He holds that "each human being is an individual with two distinct phases of existence, a combination of two personalities which do not shade into each other—the personality by which he is known to his associates, which takes cognizance of the outside world and consciously carries on the ordinary business of life; and a higher more, subtle personality, which science has demonstrated to be capable of acting independently of a physical environment, which, as the image of God, intuitively apprehends, and which the writer believes will assume relief after death as the essence of the *pneuma* or soul. The astonishing communications of entranced mediums regarding events actually occurring in remote parts of the world at the very moment of their revelations are comprehensible only

on the theory of supranormal perceptive powers possessed by subliminal selfs acting at a distance from their physical bodies (a rational explanation of clairvoyance and clairaudience), or of automatic communications between the subliminal selfs of such unconscious mediums and outside personalities not human, who are cognizant of the events described, and are independent of time and space limitations." The subject is one likely to lead to very wide discussion, and bound to command a large share of both popular and scientific attention.

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## NOTES AND QUERIES

### QUERIES

**60. JOAN OF ARC'S PORTRAIT.**—Is there an authentic portrait of Joan of Arc?

H.

New Orleans, La.,  
Sept. 2nd, 1900.

**61. PAWNBROKERS' THREE BALLS.**—What is the origin of the pawnbrokers' golden balls?

R. Q.

Chicago, Ill.,  
Sept. 21st, 1900.

**62. AERATED WATERS.**—Who has invented aerated waters, and when have they become in general use?

Q. RIOUS.

Philadelphia, Pa.,  
Sept. 6th, 1900.

**63. JOAN OF ARC'S HOUSE.**—Is it true that the house where Joan of Arc was born is still preserved, at Domrémy, her native place?

H.

New Orleans, La.,  
Sept. 2nd, 1900.

**64. CHATEAUGUAY.**—What is the origin of the place-name Châteauguay, where the glorious battle of Châteauguay was fought in 1813?

STUDENT.

Granby, P. Q.,  
Sept. 13th, 1900.

**65. ROYCROFT PRESS.**—I would like to have a complete bibliography of the Roycroft Press, with the actual market value of all issues, and the prices they fetched at auction.

BIBLIPOLE.

New York,  
Sept. 5th, 1900.

**66. VALE PRESS.**—I would like to have a complete bibliography of the Vale Press, with the actual market value of all issues and the prices they fetched at auction.

BIBLIPOLE.

New York,  
Sept. 5th, 1900.

**67. VICOMTE VILAIN XIII.**—When in Paris recently, the above name that I have seen quoted in a French newspaper puzzled me very much. Is it a real name, or a nickname? What is

its origin? Why is number *fourteen* thus written: XIII, in place of the classical way: XIV?

J. D.

Brooklyn, N. Y.,  
August 26th, 1900.

**68. CARTIER'S FOURTH VOYAGE.**—The alleged fourth voyage of Jacques Cartier has been very much controverted, especially in the French-Canadian press. I would like very much, and would be very much obliged, indeed, if some one would summarize, what has been written about it, and where it can be found.

X.

Madison, Wis.,  
August 11th, 1900.

**69. FRENCH-CANADIANS IN THE AMERICAN ARMY DURING THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.**—Several French-Canadians have served in the American Army, during the War of Independence. It would be interesting to many of your readers, I have no doubt, to have any information that could be secured respecting the services of those who joined the American rebels.

A FRENCH-CANADIAN.

Montreal,  
Sept. 1st, 1900.

**70. THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.**—In the course of an article entitled: *Le problème des grandes villes*, and published in the *Revue Blue*, of Paris, in July 22nd, 1899, Mr. G. Art, reviewing Mr. Frantz Oppenheimer's book, says:

"Is it not a matter of fact that America has been first discovered by the Vikings in the eleventh century?"

This statement is not so generally known as Mr. Art thinks, and I would

like very much to have some particulars respecting the Vikings discovery.

MARYLAND.

Baltimore, Md.,  
Sept. 8th, 1900.

**71. ROBERT DESTY.**—I heard that Robert Desty, the celebrated American jurist and author of several authoritative law manuals, who died at Rochester, N. Y., the 27th of September, 1895, was born in Canada, of French-Canadian parents. I do not remember to have seen any information regarding his birth in the biographical notices that were given at the time of his death, and I would like to get anything respecting the early part of his life.

A NEW YORK LAWYER.

Brooklyn, N. Y.,  
Aug. 26th, 1900.

**72. THE BURIAL OF GENERAL FRASER.**—William George's Sons, second-hand booksellers, of Bristol, England, advertise, in one of their recent catalogues, an engraved plate, bearing the above title, painted by J. Graham, engraved by W. Nutter. They quote, from the *Dictionary of National Biography*, the following lines: Simon Fraser, Brigadier-General and Lieutenant-Colonel 24th Foot, was present at the Battle of SARATOGA, and was mortally wounded by a rifle-ball on BEHMISE HEIGHTS, on 7th Oct., 1777. He was buried in one of the British redoubts, and much feeling was caused at the time by the Americans, in ignorance of what was going on, opening a heavy fire on the works."

Then they add the following information:

"Colonel Landmann found and restored his grave in 1797. The repe-

tion of the attack on American generosity (as quoted above) in Notes and Queries in 1854, called forth a protest from a Philadelphia gentleman, proving from Lossing's "Field Book of the Revolution" that the heavy firing during the funeral was changed to "A minute gun, fired by the Americans in honour of the gallant dead."

Where was this protest published, and if not too long can any one quote it for me in the next issue?

YANKEE.

New Orleans, La.,  
Sept. 2nd, 1900.

### REPLIES

MADOC EXPEDITION TO CANADA. — (No. 14, vol. I, p. 36).—The story of Madoc's discovery of America is to be found in a history of Wales published by the Rev. David Powel, D. D., and is related as follows:

"After the death of Owen Guyneth, his sons fell at debate who should inherit after him. For the eldest son born in matrimony, Edward or Iorwerth Drwydion, was counted unmeet to govern, because of the maim upon his face; and Howel, that took upon him all the rule, was a base son begotten of an Irish woman. Therefore David gathered all the power he could and came against Howel, and, fighting with him, slew him, and afterward enjoyed quietly the whole land of North Wales, until his brother Iorwerth's son came to age.

"Madoc, another of Owen Guyneth his sons, left the land in contention between his brethren, and prepared certain ships with men and munition, and sought adventures by sea, sailing west, and leaving the coast of Ireland

so far north that he came to a land unknown, where he saw many strange things.

"This land must needs be some part of that country of which the Spaniards affirm themselves to be the first finders since Hanno's time. Whereupon it is manifest that, that country was by Britains discovered long before Columbus led any Spaniards thither.

"Of the voyage and return of that Madoc there be many fables feigned, as the common people do use, in distance of place and length of time, rather to augment than diminish, but *sure it is there he was*. And after he had returned home and declared the pleasant and fruitful countries that he had seen *without inhabitants*; and upon the contrary part, for what barren and wild ground his brethren and nephews did murther one another, he prepared a number of ships, and got with him such men and women as were desirous to live in quietness; and, taking leave of his friends, took his journey thitherward again.

"Therefore it is to be supposed that he and his people inhabited part of those countries; for it appeareth by Francis Lotey de Gomara that in Acuzamil and other places the people honoured the cross, whereby it may be gathered that christians had been there before the coming of the Spaniards. But because this people were not many, they followed the *manners* of the land they came unto, and used the *language* they found there.

"This Madoc arriving in that western country, unto the which he came in the year 1170, left most of his people there, and, returning back for more of his own nation, acquaintance, and friends to inhabit that fair and large country, went thither again with



ten sails, as I find noted by Gutyn Owen. I am of opinion that the land whereto he came was some part of the West Indies."

The foregoing is all the original information that I have been able to obtain upon the subject of Madoc's discovery of America and in my opinion it is very doubtful if Madoc ever discovered any part of America or anything else. If he did make any discovery I am inclined to think it was one of the Azores.

The account in itself is very contradictory. In the first place the author says the country was *without inhabitants* and afterwards he says that *because this people were not many, they followed the manners of the land they came unto, and used the language they found there.* Again how could any report of the loss of their language have been made known at so early a date? The history was printed in 1600 A. D.

The only colour of right to claim that Madoc ever visited America is to be found in Nova Scotia, as here we find some word of the native tongue that seem to contain the name of Madoc. A chief who lived at the beginning of 1800 bore the name of *Madokawando*. A village on the Penobscot River was called *Mada-wankee*. One branch of the River St. John, which runs into the Bay of Fundy, is *Medoctack*, and another is *Medocsenecois*. However I cannot deem these to be of much evidence and I am inclined to believe that Madoc's discovery of America was a fable, converted into an argument, to defeat, by prior discovery, the Spanish claim to America.

All writers who treat on this subject have to draw from the foregoing extract as I believe it is the only

account ever written on the supposed discovery of America by Madoc.

W. E. LEAR.

Brighton, Ont.  
Sept. 21st, 1900.

ANTICOSTI.—(No. 23, vol. I, p. 64, 100).—Mr. Ernest Gagnon, who is well known for his historical works, is contributing to *La Revue Canadienne*, of Montreal, a study entitled: *Louis Jolliet, Premier Seigneur d'Anticosti*. The paper will be shortly concluded.

R. R.

Quebec,  
August 29th, 1900.

USE OF BAYONET IN BRITISH ARMY.—(No. 33, vol. I, p. 65).—This query is partly answered in Macaulay's *History of England*.

R. H. THORNTON.

Portland, Oregon,  
Aug. 24th, 1900.

LABRADORE TEA.—(No. 56, Vol. I, p. 98).—May not the herb referred to be the *Ledum latifolium*, which is a shrub with revolute, rose-mary-like, narrow leaves and whitish flowers, growing from two to four feet in height? A decoction of its leaves is often used as a substitute for tea by the backwoodsmen of Canada. But there is also another Canadian shrub, whose leaves are turned to a similar use. This is the *Ceanothus Americanus*, which is found, too, in the northern and New England States and is sometimes called Redroot, and occasionally New Jersey tea. The latter name is probably due to the fact that its leaves were first adopted as a substitute for the Chinese tea-plant in the State of New Jersey. The late Mrs. Traill, in her *Plant-Life in Canada*, says: "Even to this day, Americans

will cross to Ontario in summer to gather quantities of the leaves to carry back from our plains where it is found in great abundance. And while they commend the virtues of the plant, they no doubt recount the tales of war, trouble and privation, endured in the old struggle waged by their grand-fathers and great-grand-fathers

for independence, when, casting away the more costly tea, they had recourse to a humble, native shrub to supply a luxury that was even then felt as a want and a necessity in their homes."

C.

Quebec,  
Sept. 27th, 1900.

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