

THE LETTERS OF ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN  
IN THE  
SIMON FRASER UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

by

Carol Marie Sommers  
B.A., University of Minnesota, 1964

A THESIS SUBMITTED IN PARTIAL FULFILLMENT OF  
THE REQUIREMENTS FOR THE DEGREE OF  
MASTER OF ARTS  
in the Department  
of  
English

© CAROL MARIE SOMMERS 1979

SIMON FRASER UNIVERSITY

August 1979

All rights reserved. This thesis may not  
be reproduced in whole or in part, by photocopy  
or other means, without permission of the author.

APPROVAL

Name: Carol Marie Sommers

Degree: Master of Arts (English)

Title of Thesis: The Letters of Archibald Lampman  
in the Simon Fraser University Library

Examining Committee:

Chairperson: Jared Curtis, Professor of English

---

Bruce H. Nesbitt  
Senior Supervisor

---

Gordon R. Elliott

---

Kathy Mezei

---

Herbert Rosengarten  
External Examiner  
University of British Columbia, Vancouver B.C.

Date Approved: August 2, 1979

PARTIAL COPYRIGHT LICENSE

I hereby grant to Simon Fraser University the right to lend my thesis, project or extended essay (the title of which is shown below) to users of the Simon Fraser University Library, and to make partial or single copies only for such users or in response to a request from the library of any other university, or other educational institution, on its own behalf or for one of its users. I further agree that permission for multiple copying of this work for scholarly purposes may be granted by me or the Dean of Graduate Studies. It is understood that copying or publication of this work for financial gain shall not be allowed without my written permission.

Title of Thesis/Project/Extended Essay

The Letters of Archibald Lampman in the Simon Fraser University

---

Library

---

---

---

---

Author: \_\_\_\_\_

(signature)

Carol Marie Sommers

---

(name)

August 2, 1979

---

(date)

## Abstract

The family correspondence of Archibald Lampman (1861-1899), one of Canada's major poets, was not publicly available until 1971 when a collection of one hundred and fifty-eight letters was discovered in the possession of Mrs. Natalie MacInnes, Lampman's daughter, and acquired by the Simon Fraser University Library. One hundred and three of the letters, written between 1885 and 1898, are from Lampman to Maud Emma Playter, his fiancée and later his wife. This thesis is an annotated edition of Archibald Lampman's letters to Maud Playter (Lampman), letters which are at once a primary source of various biographical and literary data, and more centrally, an outline of the poet's most intimate relationship. Together these aspects of the correspondence offer a new perspective on the romantic nature of the person and the poet, and on the nature of his romantic narratives and love poetry.

Transcriptions of the remaining letters in the collection are included in the appendices. Among the correspondents are members of the poet's immediate family, Duncan Campbell Scott, Charles G. D. Roberts, Bliss Carman, William Dean Howells, and Hamlin Garland. Introductory material explains the principles of transcription used and provides a setting for the letters.

## Acknowledgements

I wish to thank the people who in various ways shared in this edition of Lampman letters: Bruce Nesbitt, for his general supervision and assistance; Gordon Elliott, Kathy Mezei, and Herbert Rosengarten for their careful reading and considered criticism; Jared Curtis, for his timely advice on format; Sharon Fawcett, for her preliminary transcription of the Lampman letters; Percilla Groves, for her efficient and kind assistance in the Simon Fraser Library's Special Collections; and Lisa Berland for her work on a demanding typing job. In addition, I would like to note my appreciation for the pioneer bibliographical research of Margaret Whitridge without which any annotated edition of Lampman letters would surely suffer.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

Title Page	i
Approval Page	ii
Abstract	iii
Acknowledgements	iv
Table of Contents	v
Preface	vi
List of Letters	xvii
Letters from Archibald Lampman to Maud Playter (Lampman)	1
Appendix A: Letters from Maud Playter Lampman to Archibald Lampman	140
Appendix B: Family Correspondence	146
Appendix C: Letters from Bliss Carman, Charles G. D. Roberts, and Duncan Campbell Scott	170
Appendix D: Business and Related Correspondence	186
Bibliography	203

## Preface

This edition consists of the full texts of the one hundred and fifty-eight letters in the Archibald Lampman Collection of Manuscripts and Letters held in the Simon Fraser University Library. Among the letters, which involve a total of twenty-four correspondents, is a continuous series written by the poet to his fiancée Maud Emma Playter who became his wife during the course of these letters (1885-1898). The one hundred and three letters in the series are annotated, and they form the main body of this project. The remaining letters, written by members of Lampman's family and by various literary and business associates, are included in the appendices.

The broader purpose of the edition is to make these primary sources of information concerning the poet's life and work clearly accessible to students of Lampman, and of Canadian literature. Since biographical material on the poet to date is scant and often less objective than mythological, such primary documents are especially valuable.

A narrower purpose of the central edition of letters to Maud is to invite Lampman scholars to reexamine the poet's romantic narratives and love poetry in light of his relationships with Maud and the "Lady" of his later love sonnets, Katherine Waddell. The thousands of published and unpublished lines which fall into the category Lampman affectionately called "novelettes in verse" have been largely ignored as subjects of study. The point of re-considering the long narratives is neither to justify nor invalidate critical judgements such as that of Munro Beattie who states baldly enough that these works are "tedious" and "virtually unreadable."<sup>1</sup> Rather, the point is to

---

<sup>1</sup>"Archibald Lampman," in Our Living Tradition, 1st series, ed. Claude T. Bissell (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1957), p. 68.

elucidate both the narratives' inherent myths and Lampman's love affairs, and thereby reach a fuller understanding of the sensibility at the core of all of Lampman's poetry. There are mysteries and contradictions within the poet's body of work as there are in his life. He has been at once one of the most protected and one of the most exalted figures in Canadian literature.

The poet's letters to Maud yield a wide range of discrete data regarding his life and his work, and they record some changes in the Lampmans' relationship. Their data concern the couple's domestic habits, their socio-economic position and the material quality of their lives; Lampman's work habits both as a postal clerk and as a poet; his reading and his writing; the poet's circle of literary associates and friends; his spontaneous attitudes, including his response to criticism of his poetry; his moods and his personal idiosyncrasies; his zest for life or his lack of it; and, certainly, his state of health. The letters contain forty separate allusions to Lampman's ill health; he is bothered by a host of ailments and he does not dislike describing them. Maud is also prone to illness -- "nerves & heart" Lampman calls it (Letter 97). Maud died young, as did her husband; he was 37 (1899), she 41 (1910). There are two fleeting references to Katherine Waddell, one of which is the only concrete evidence of a meeting of her and Lampman out of the post office. Both references suggest that the Waddells, Kate and her mother, were at least social acquaintances of Archibald and Maud.

The letters trace the poet's rising, then receding hope that material and other conditions would improve for the young couple by way of his literary career. The disillusionment Lampman felt during the middle 'nineties regarding the financial rewards of both his job and his art was most probably accentuated by the fact that many of his friends encountered in this correspondence



were carving out more lucrative careers in their time. Duncan Campbell Scott was working his way up to a high ranking position in government service. The painter William Brymner was receiving large commissions; the painter Charles Moss was building a house on the fashionable Commons, near the Playter residence. Edward Thomson had moved from his editorial position on the Toronto Globe to one of greater responsibility on the senior staff of the Youth's Companion. John Ritchie was first a lawyer, and second a playwright. Ernest Voorhis, Lampman's brother-in-law, was a university professor, as was Moses Coit Tyler. The bachelors whom the poet visits in Montreal in 1898 were successful doctors. The Canadians whom Lampman knows in Boston and New York had made the move that Lampman would not make, and they benefited from their circle of connections in the publishing world. The letters to Lampman from Bliss Carman, Charles G. D. Roberts, J. E. Collins and other literary associates (see Appendices C and D) reflect these writers' more active, energetic sense of self-promotion in that world.

Clearly not an eager employee of the Post Office, Lampman became a second class clerk after ten years in the service. These letters suggest that he had a relatively high absentee rate, and relatively long vacations, including in 1898 a long leave of absence. Munro Beattie observes that Lampman's postal duties were not onerous, that most of his letters to Edward Thomson were written on Post Office stationery during business hours, and that Lampman may well have composed some poetry on his work time.<sup>2</sup> Most of the poet's early letters to Maud are on Post Office stationery as well, and all of the letters he sent from Ottawa when he was well and working were written at the office.

Lampman deals with the subject of money very precisely in his letters to his wife, though not always clearly. Evidently he gives Maud tightly

---

<sup>2</sup>Beattie, p. 68.

budgeted amounts of money for specific expenses after she has calculated those expenses. When he is travelling in the late summer and early fall of 1898 Maud waits over two weeks for the promised cheque with which she is to pay off old bills for her lodgings. Her disappointment over the difficulties with money is indirectly apparent in Lampman's correspondence. She herself had a richer, more comfortable upbringing than she could provide for her children. The daughter of a well-known physician, she maintained her friendship with the Playter family's friends, most of whom were a social step beyond the Lampman family.

Whatever his income, however, Lampman did identify with the middle class, the lower rungs of which that income reached. He travels first class on a train during a camping trip in the bush (Letter 10). He keeps at least one servant; he says "these people" are not reliable just as would any stereotyped matron of the British Empire (Letter 49). His anger at the government for its policies regarding postal workers (see Letter 3, note 2) does not derive from a class consciousness of himself as a worker.

Carl Connor tells us that Lampman "was not unambitious, but his nature was so sensitive and he was so incapable of pushing his interests with men of affairs, that he could not bring himself to make the change," in this case a move to Boston and the employ of the Youth's Companion in 1892, "even though the proposed increase in the hours of the Post Office department threatened his precious leisure."<sup>3</sup> Like the poor, morally winsome heroes of his narrative romances and fairy tales, Lampman won the daughter of a socially prominent, relatively wealthy man. For these heroes, their goodness and sensitivity were enough to ensure the poetic couples' permanent happiness, especially when

---

<sup>3</sup>Archibald Lampman, Canadian Poet of Nature (New York: Carrier, 1929), p. 166.

the "master's daughter" came with some of the master's wealth. The force of the fantasy central to this favored theme of Lampman was enough to keep him writing variations on the theme for many years. During two weeks of the correspondence with Maud, he wrote 400 lines of "White Margaret" (see Letter 11, note 1). He revised a stanza of "The Monk" in response to a particular criticism by Maud while he was reworking the complete poem (Letter 16), and he included it in Among the Millet even though Scott had said the whole piece was unworthy of Lampman's talents (Letter 17). Lampman mentions another romance, a prose piece of which there is no record other than the allusions in his opening letters to Maud, at least not under the title given here, the "Romance of a Drunkard."

When the poet spends a month inside the Lampman family's Nicholas Street cottage nursing an ulcerated leg, he reads and writes steadily. The letters of that period record his responses to numerous contemporary English and American novels. He appears to keep up with the American literary magazines throughout the time of these letters, particularly those periodicals which publish his poems.

The original letters to Maud are generally in good condition, especially those written in ink on Post Office stationery which at that time was a heavy linen-finish paper with the embossed insignia of the Department. Some letters he wrote in pencil, and a few in pencil on tissues sent from the bush.

In the following transcriptions the texts of the letters begin with the writer's usual identification of the place and date which is on the right hand margin. On the left hand margin there may be material which precedes that text: information which appears immediately next to the letter number is transcribed from the envelope when the letter's envelope exists. The first

line of that information is the address on the envelope with the omission of the name. Lampman addressed his letters to Maud consistently, first to "Miss Maud Playter" and then to "Mrs. Lampman." My diagonal marks separate the lines of the address as they appear on the envelope. In cases where an address is crossed through and a forwarding address is given, both addresses are presented, the first with its cross-through. The second line of information next to the letter's number is a linear transcription from the top to the bottom of whatever is legible on the postmark which records the mailing. Two em-spaces separate each line of data on the mark. In all cases excepting that of the rectangular "Registered" mark, the postmark is a circle containing the date and the place and sometimes the hour of the mailing. The envelope information in all the letters of the Appendices is preceded by the names of the individual correspondents.

Lampman sent and received letters at the Post Office free of charge until 1892. (Because the Post Office was his mailing address, the letters and envelopes do not provide a continuous record of the Lampmans' home addresses.) During this time the word "FREE" is usually included in the mark although it is sometimes stamped or handwritten separately. Fortunately perhaps, there were no stamps on these letters to Maud: other letters in the collection have been mutilated by a philatelist who cut the stamps off the envelopes without removing the letters within, and thereby cut corners and squares out of the letters themselves.

Where Lampman has used a letterhead, it is included in the text's right hand identification of place and date. In the case of Post Office stationery, however, he always wrote some variation of "Post Office Dept." himself; the embossed insignia is invisible at any rate on microfilm or photostat copies. In addition to this stationery, on occasion he used letterheads which are printed: the Youth's Companion (Letters 65, 66, 67, and 69); the "Drysdale

& McInnes" firm (Letter 83); the Montreal Metcalfe Street address (Letters 87-91 and 96); and the "St. Botolph Club" (Letter 102).

Where a letter is partially or fully undated and it has no envelope or an envelope with an illegible postmark date, the space next to the letter's number has either a bracketed date which I have assigned or a bracketed point of information regarding the sequence of the letter. An annotation explains the rationale of the date or sequence given in cases where that rationale is not self-evident in the context of the letter.

Lampman's hand is generally not difficult to read from the original letters once the reader is accustomed to minor idiosyncrasies. There are two instances in the series to Maud of a bracketed question mark which replaces a word or words illegible to me. While the texts of the letters are fully transcribed as written in the originals, the lay-out of Lampman's lines on the page is not reproduced. No marks indicate where Lampman's line breaks onto its next line; any hyphenations which appear at the end of lines are mine. Lampman in fact did not use hyphenated syllable breaks often in his writing.

That the texts are fully transcribed as written in the original scripts means that I have included all the original writing, spelling, and punctuation with the exception of Lampman's hyphenations mentioned above. All revisions in the letters are included, and they are transcribed in whatever form they take in the original script. Those forms consist of a caret insertion, and a word or number written fully or partially on top of another word or number. This last form is reproduced here by print typed immediately above print. All original punctuation is reproduced, again with the exception above, as well as all omissions of appropriate punctuation. As a number of correspondents in this total edition of letters sometimes hyphenate words which today are compounded, Lampman typically

---

hyphenates "to-day" and "to-morrow" wherever they appear. His father did the same. The three letters in the collection which are written by Archibald Lampman, Sr. do not reproduce his curious end-line hyphenations which consisted of two "equal" signs (=), one at the end of one line, the other at the beginning of the next. Lampman's use of superior letters such as "Dep.<sup>t</sup>" or "2<sup>d</sup>," was a convention of the day; it is retained here, as is his manner of writing figures with superior numbers.

Occasionally Lampman underlined words for emphasis. Often he underlined his signature in whole or in part with a slight flourish, here reproduced as a straight line. Some sentences have no end punctuation, although Lampman would usually leave an appropriate space in these cases. A short dash sometimes appears in lieu of the period or other terminal mark. His frequent use of dashes, the short one and a longer one, generally seems to intend a brief pause between clauses or phrases. There are some individual errors in punctuation, for example the use of an apostrophe in the possessive "its." Lampman's use of capital and small letters is at times irregular and arbitrary. He does not always indent new paragraphs.

Spelling errors are sometimes inconsistent spellings of one word. For instance, in Letter 63 Lampman spells "cheap" three times as "cheep" and he corrects himself in the next letter. Usually correct, "across" also appears as "accross." Lampman misspells names of friends and acquaintances: E. Hubbell is spelled "Hubble" (Letter 1); Ernest Whyte is "White"; the "Wool-combes" are spelled correctly and incorrectly within three lines of text (Letter 82). Both of his references to his friend the poet F. G. Scott are to "G. F. Scott" (Letter 91). "Shawinigan Falls" is spelled as "Shawenegan" (Letter 93).

Where the spelling of a word is ambiguous, I have determined the characters on the basis of their appearance in comparison with similar

combinations of characters within the correspondence. Some eccentricities of spelling are peculiar to Lampman's time, such as his use of "tc." for our "etc." (Letters 1, 5, and 23); the usage is shared by J. O. Miller (see Appendix D, Letter 15). Other spellings may derive from an intention I have not recognized. For instance, the "PM." of the first letter replaces what Lampman usually marked with a "P.S." He may have intended that this notation indicate an evening postscript.

Slips of the tongue, omissions of words, and grammatical errors are all reproduced in the transcription exactly as I have found them. I have not used the "sic" notation or any other mark to indicate the numerous errors in Lampman's letters to Maud.

All of the foregoing principles of transcription apply equally to the letters in the Appendices.

Annotations are numbered from one in each letter. The expansiveness of the annotations is appropriate for the time of this edition, I feel, but it may well be redundant at a later stage of Lampman scholarship, when a sound biography becomes available. The annotations themselves contain many references to Carl Y. Connor's biography Archibald Lampman, Canadian Poet of Nature largely because the work remains the most comprehensive body of biographical material to date. However, these references should not imply that Connor's work is a reputable source of fact. Much of the book, I feel, is dramatized embellishment -- touching on the maudlin at times -- of very selective facts, and much of it is spurious description of a personality far less complex than that of Lampman's. Nevertheless the book is still basic to the study of Lampman if for nothing else as a reference point. Its dated commentary is useful as a reflection of the portrait of the poet which the

Canadian public was receiving and shaping for decades of this century. Also, many sources of Connor's information are unrecoverable because of loss or death. For instance, he quotes from a series of letters written by the young Lampman to his friend John Ritchie, letters which are otherwise unknown.

The transcriptions of the remaining fifty-five letters in the Lampman collection of letters held in the Simon Fraser University Library are given in four appendices. The first, A, consists of six letters from Maud to her husband, a series which engages Lampman's letters to Maud during a two-month period in 1889. The thirteen letters of Appendix B, Family Correspondence, are divided into sections: 1 - 5, from Lampman to others; 1a - 7a, to Lampman from others; and 1b, a much earlier letter written in 1859 by Archibald Lampman, Sr. to Susanna Gesner, who would become the poet's mother. That letter had a poem enclosed in its envelope (as noted in the letter), apparently by Isabelle Lampman Voorhis. The poem, a celebration of the new child "Bella" was written years after the letter; nonetheless it is included. Appendix C consists of sixteen letters, from Bliss Carman and Charles G. D. Roberts to Lampman, from Duncan Campbell Scott to members of Lampman's family, and from a Parliamentary Librarian to Scott regarding the Lampman Papers. The letters from Bliss Carman provide, for the most part, the missing responses to those letters from Lampman to Carman held in Queen's University Douglas Library Archives.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup>The Simon Fraser University Library's Carman Letters (C) fit the Douglas Library's Lampman Letters (L) in the following sequence:

C, 28 Dec 88 / L, 9 Jan 89	L, 11 Nov 91 / C, 14 Nov 91
L, 16 Apr 89	C, 25 Jan 92 / L, 8 Feb 92
L, 13 Mar 90	L, 28 Mar 92 / C, 31 Mar 92
L, 29 Mar 90	L, 6 Apr 92 / C, 11 May 92
L, 29 Oct 90	L, 10 Jun 92 / C, 20 Jun 92
C, 9 Feb 91 / L, 21 Feb and 23 Feb 91	L, 10 Oct 92
C, 10 Aug 91	C, 26 Feb 94
	C, 21 Aug 94



Appendix D is comprised of twenty-one letters written by thirteen persons. This series is mainly of business related letters from literary associates, including Hamlin Garland and William Dean Howells. A number of these letters, together with some letters in Appendices B and C, have been mutilated by a philatelist as mentioned above. Bracketed blank spaces indicate the holes in the letters; they are to be distinguished from bracketed question marks which indicate a word or words which I could not decipher. Anything typed inside such brackets is my conjecture.

The following chronological list of letters includes the letters of Appendices A, B, C, and D. Among the annotations to the letters from Lampman to Maud are footnotes which indicate the chronological intersections of the letters in the appendices.

## LIST OF LETTERS

1859

B,1b. Archibald Lampman, Sr. to Susanna Gesner [no date]

1885

1.	Archibald Lampman to Maud Playter	25 July
2.	A. L. to M. P. . . . .	27 July
3.	A. L. to M. P. . . . .	29 July
4.	A. L. to M. P. . . . .	1 August
5.	A. L. to M. P. . . . .	6 August
6.	A. L. to M. P. . . . .	8 August
7.	A. L. to M. P. . . . .	11 August
8.	A. L. to M. P. . . . .	14 August
9.	A. L. to M. P. . . . .	17 August
10.	A. L. to M. P. . . . .	7 September
11.	A. L. to M. P. . . . .	13 September
12.	A. L. to M. P. . . . .	21 September

1886

13.	A. L. to M. P. . . . .	28 July
14.	A. L. to M. P. . . . .	4 August
B,1a.	Archibald Lampman, Sr. to A. L.	30 August
15.	A. L. to M. P. . . . .	28 December
16.	A. L. to M. P. . . . .	30 December
17.	A. L. to M. P. . . . .	31 December

1887

18.	A. L. to M. P. . . . .	3 January
19.	A. L. to M. P. . . . .	5 January
20.	A. L. to M. P. . . . .	7 January
21.	A. L. to M. P. . . . .	10 January
22.	A. L. to M. P. . . . .	11 January
23.	A. L. to M. P. . . . .	13 January
24.	A. L. to M. P. . . . .	14 January

25.	A. L. to M. P.	.	.	15 January
26.	A. L. to M. P.	.	.	18 January
27.	A. L. to M. P.	.	.	20 January
28.	A. L. to M. P.	.	.	21 January
29.	A. L. to M. P.	.	.	22 January
30.	A. L. to M. P.	.	.	24 January
31.	A. L. to M. P.	.	.	25 January
32.	A. L. to M. P.	.	.	1 February
33.	A. L. to M. P.	.	.	4 February
34.	A. L. to M. P.	.	.	9 February
B,2a.	Archibald Lampman, Sr. to A. L.	.	.	29 July
35.	A. L. to M. P.	.	.	15 August [no year date]

## 1888

C,1.	Charles G. D. Roberts to A. L.	.	.	16 November
C,2.	Bliss Carman to A. L.	.	.	28 December

## 1889

D,1.	Eben Picken to A. L.	.	.	11 April
C,3.	Charles G. D. Roberts to A. L.	.	.	20 April
D,2.	Edmund C. Stedman to A. L.	.	.	24 April
D,3.	Hamlin Garland to A. L.	.	.	2 May
D,4.	Hamlin Garland to A. L.	.	.	13 May
D,5.	Hamlin Garland to A. L.	.	.	[no date]
36.	A. L. to M. P. Lampman	.	.	29 July
37.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	30 July
38.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	31 July
A,1.	Maud Playter Lampman to A. L.	.	.	1 August
39.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	2 August
40.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	[no date: 3 or 4 August]
41.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	5 August
42.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	6 August
43.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	8 August
44.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	9 August
45.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	10 August
A,2.	M. P. L. to A. L.	.	.	8 September

46.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	8 September
47.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	10 September
48.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	13 September
A,3.	M. P. L. to A. L.	.	.	14 September
49.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	16 September
A,4.	M. P. L. to A. L.	.	.	18 September
50.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	18 September
51.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	19 September
A,5.	M. P. L. to A. L.	.	.	20 September
C,4.	Charles G. D. Roberts to A. L.	.	.	10 November

## 1890

52.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	[no date: 4,5, or 6 April]
A,6.	M. P. L. to A. L.	.	.	[no date: 2 July]
53.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	2 July
54.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	4 July

## 1891

D,6.	Hamlin Garland to A. L.	.	.	17 January
D,7.	William Wilfred Campbell to A. L.	.	.	23 January
C,5.	Bliss Carman to A. L.	.	.	9 February
C,6.	Bliss Carman to A. L.	.	.	10 August
55.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	23 August
56.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	[no date: 26 August]
57.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	28 August
D,8.	Joseph Edmund Collins to A. L.	.	.	37 [sic] August
58.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	3 September
59.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	3 September [second]
60.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	4 September
61.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	5 September
62.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	6 September
63.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	8 September
64.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	9 September
C,7.	Bliss Carman to A. L.	.	.	14 November
B,3a.	Ernest Voorhis to A. L.	.	.	26 November
B,4a.	Isabelle Lampman Voorhis to A. L.	.	.	13 December

- B,1. A. L. and M. P. L. to Susanna Gesner Lampman 25 December  
 C,8. Duncan Campbell Scott to M. P. L. 26 December

## 1892

- D,9. Moses Coit Tyler to A. L. . 2 January  
 C,9. Bliss Carman to A. L. . 25 January  
 C,10. Bliss Carman to A. L. . 31 March  
 C,11. Bliss Carman to A. L. . 11 May  
 D,10. William Dean Howells to A. L. . 14 May  
 D,11. William Dean Howells to A. L. . 31 May  
 B,5a. Annie Lampman to A. L. . 24 July  
 D,12. Gilbert Parker to A. L. . 9 December

## 1893

- D,13. J. E. Wetherell to A. L. . 2 March  
 65. A. L. to M. P. L. . 21 April  
 66. A. L. to M. P. L. . 22 April  
 67. A. L. to M. P. L. . 24 April  
 68. A. L. to M. P. L. . 27 April  
 69. A. L. to M. P. L. . 27 April [second]  
 D,14. F. G. Scott to A. L. . 24 May  
 C,12. Bliss Carman to A. L. . 20 June [no year date]  
 B,2. A. L. to Isabelle Lampman Voorhis 29 November

## 1894

- C,13. Bliss Carman to A. L. . 26 February  
 B,3. A. L. to Isabelle Lampman Voorhis 3 March  
 D,15. J. O. Miller to A. L. . 12 March  
 B,3. A. L. to Isabelle Lampman Voorhis [no date: April]  
 70. A. L. to M. P. L. . 27 July  
 C,14. Bliss Carman to A. L. 21 August

## 1895

- B,6a. Isabelle Lampman Voorhis to A. L. 7 July  
 D,16. Ishbel Aberdeen to A. L. . 5 November  
 B,7a. Ernest Voorhis to A. L. . 24 November

## 1896

71.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	11 March
72.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	13 March
73.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	14 March
74.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	18 March
75.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	20 March
76.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	26 March
77.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	2 April
78.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	4 April
79.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	7 April
80.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	10 April
81.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	14 April
D,17.	Edmund C. Stedman to A. L.	.	.	28 November

## 1897

82.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	19 May
83.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	22 June
84.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	22 June [second]
85.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	24 June
86.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	5 September
D,18.	Hamlin Garland to A. L.	.	.	19 October

## 1898

87	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	23 July
88.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	25 July
89.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	30 July
90.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	1 August
91.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	6 August
92.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	15 August
93.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	21 August
94.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	24 August
B,5.	A. L. to Natalie Lampman	.	.	[undated: 24-30 August]
95.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	30 August
96.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	1 September
97.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	3 September
98.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	10 September

99.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	15 September
100.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	19 September
101.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	26 September
102.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	30 September
103.	A. L. to M. P. L.	.	.	4 October

## 1931

C,15. Martin Burrell to Duncan Campbell Scott 15 June

## 1944

C,16 Duncan Campbell Scott to Natalie Lampman MacInnes 10 February

## 1950

D,19. Eldon C. Hill to Natalie Lampman MacInnes 18 May

D,20. Eldon C. Hill to Natalie Lampman MacInnes 20 June

[ 1 8 8 5 ]

1.

Post Office Dep.<sup>t</sup>

July 25<sup>th</sup>, 1885

My Maud

Where is the letter you promised to write me telling where you were?

I have been looking for it anxiously every day. Every morning I have hoped to find it lying on my desk and have been disappointed. You must <sup>not</sup> forget me, Maud; because you are having a good time; but take a moment often to send me something, though it be little.

Your father told me yesterday, where you were, and that made me feel that I could get at you.

This place had a wild time last night<sup>1</sup>. The sharp-shooters came home and were paraded all over the town, with music, waving of hats and large cheering. They were addressed, presented with a standard etc., and made I suppose very happy -- certainly very tired. Fine fellows they look, dusty and brown,

---

<sup>1</sup>Ottawa was celebrating "The Triumphant Return of the Brave Sharpshooters," the "Heroes of Cut Knife Hill," as reported by the Ottawa Citizen of 25 July 1885. In its eight full columns the newspaper account repeatedly lauds both the city's contingent of soldiers returning from "the Seat of War" -- the North West Rebellion -- and the welcoming crowds of Ottawa's citizens and their "Profuse Display of Bunting, Mottoes and Evergreens" and flags decorating the streets. Though the Canadian campaign had put down the Rebellion in mid-June, the battle of Cut Knife Hill on May 2 had not been its victory. After a morning of fighting, Colonel William Otter and his 325 troops in fact retreated from Poundmaker's camp which they had attacked at dawn. The elderly Cree chief did not allow the 200 or so Indians to pursue them. In his book on the North West Campaign of 1885 Desmond Morton observes that the Canadian public received a different story of Cut Knife Hill:

"The newspapers made what they could of the battle, praising the steadiness of the Canadians, echoing claims of enormous casualties among the Indians and boasting that Otter had achieved his purpose of a 'reconnaissance in force.' Those responsible knew otherwise.... Although -- on no basis at all -- [Otter] claimed to have killed 30-50 Indians, his own losses were definitely eight men killed and fourteen wounded. One of the dead men had been abandoned on the field" (The Last War Drum [Toronto: Hakkert, 1972], pp. 108-9).



and ready for anything Belle & Kate & Babe<sup>2</sup> & I rambling about in the  
 multitude and got a few looks at them. I only know <sup>two</sup> one of them, I think --  
 Plunket Taylor & Edward Taylor. Edward Taylor and E. Hubble<sup>3</sup> must have re-  
 mained behind. I did not see them there. The city was hung with flags  
 innumerable There were surely never so many up before.

I have completed the Romance of a Drunkard,<sup>4</sup> and I am sorry to say I have  
 been obliged to make the last chapter exceedingly mournful. It could not be  
 helped. The story would not end any other way. Yet I like the last chapter  
 much better than the others; you will see that it is better written. Your  
 father will use Hans Fingerhut's Frog-lesson<sup>5</sup> next. That I think will be  
 interesting in print.

I have been trying to write, my Maud; but have not been in the mood. I

---

<sup>2</sup>Lampman's sisters Isabelle, 23, and Caroline, the "Babe" of the family, aged 17, together with Maud's sister Kate. Annie, 19, Lampman's other sister, is first mentioned in Letter 3.

<sup>3</sup>"Plunket," or James Davis Taylor, later to become a Lieutenant-Colonel and an M.P., received a medal and clasp for his service in the North West Campaign. Taylor published Canadian Militia until 1892 when he moved from Ottawa to B.C. to become the editor of the New Westminster Columbian (B. M. Greene, ed., Who's Who in Canada, 1921 [Toronto: International Press, 1921]; hereafter WVC, 1921). Edward Taylor is unidentified. Ernest Wilson Hubbell (not "Hubble") received a medal at these ceremonies as well. Eventually a Major, he was also for many years the Chief Inspector of the Interior, Ottawa (WVC, 1921).

<sup>4</sup>There is no record in any of the known Lampman Papers of this prose piece, at least not under the title the "Romance of a Drunkard." There is no known copy of the issue of Man in which, as Lampman tells us in Letter 6, the story was published.

<sup>5</sup>Maud's father, the physician Edward Playter, edited what today is called the Canada Health Journal (see Letter 6, note 1). In addition to the poem "An October Sunset," Lampman contributed to Man at least the two pieces mentioned here. "Hans Fingerhut's Frog-lesson" appeared in the November 1885 issue; the "Romance of a Drunkard" was apparently serialized, the last entry of which appeared in the August 1885 issue.

felt  
 have lonely since you went away. Oh how I wish I could have an hour with my  
 darling even now and then. It will be too long before I can.

With many, many kisses

I remain

Yours always

Archie.

P.M. Write to me soon, that I may know you do not forget me.

2. 40 Grove Avenue / Toronto

OTTAWA CANADA FREE 2 JY 27 85

Post Office Department

July 27 1885

My Sweetest Darling

I received your letter this morning - in fact just 10 minutes ago. I  
 was so glad to get it. I read it over two or three times and thanked you  
 many more times as I did so.

I have been in your house I think twice since you left, and <sup>it</sup> seems to me  
 to be dead for the soul is gone out of it and fled away to Toronto. Ah!, I  
 hope it will soon come back. Dear Maud I am trying to work; I keep to my room  
 very nearly altogether now in the evenings; but I do not succeed very well.  
 It will be some time before I can work myself into the mood, and then my  
 thoughts go wandering off westward till they come to somebody who is very  
 lovely and fair, and when they reach that person they find themselves so  
 that  
 happy, they do not come back in a hurry: In fact after a long time I wake up  
 out of the sweetest dream and find that the sheets of foolscap paper are lying  
 in front of me still, but there is no writing on them. However I wrote some  
 yesterday and maybe before long the inspiration will come. At any rate I have

finished the Romance of a Drunkard.<sup>1</sup> I finished the last chapter on Friday, and like it very well; much better than the first two.

How I should have liked to have been in a corner behind a curtain somewhere at that full-dress party of yours: just to have had a good gaze at my darling: how lovely she must have looked.<sup>2</sup> Perhaps if I had come out from behind the curtain, she would have given me a few of those delightful dances, that others were so lucky to get.

If I am not with you in the flesh I am at any rate always so in the spirit. My dreams are with you more often than you can imagine. When you ever turning your thoughts to me-- which you must do often, dearest, you may be pretty sure that I am thinking of you. You may feel me stretching my arms in fancy over all that distance and drawing them round you, and pressing the sweet sweet mouth with a hundred long soft kisses.

Forgive the abominable blots on this paper; my office desk is so spattered about with ink I could not prevent it.

Your loving  
Archie.

<sup>1</sup> See Letters 1 and 6.

<sup>2</sup> Lampman's daydream of Maud conducting her social rounds in Toronto was germane to the "Growth of Love" Sonnet VII, written in August, 1885:

I saw a distant ballroom loudly fair  
And how my Lady with her child-soft face  
And firm sweet shoulders laden with the grace  
And curled richness of her yellow hair  
Sat laughing in some softly cushioned lair,  
Or in among the dancers whirled and sped  
With dainty feet, and in my dream I said,  
Among them all my Lady's rich and rare:  
My Lady's rich and rare, and tenfold sweet:  
Ah, well I wonder if the sound and glee,  
The maze and talk, the rush of spinning feet  
The only masters of her feet may be,  
Or if her heart doth ever fall about  
With any sudden nestling dream of me

(At the Long Sault and Other New Poems [Toronto: Ryerson, 1943], p. 40).

3. c/o S.J. Stammers / 40 Grove Avenue / Toronto<sup>1</sup>

OTTAWA CANADA FREE JY 29 85

P.O Dep.<sup>t</sup>

Ottawa

July 29 1885

My Darling

Kate gave me two letters to frank for you.<sup>2</sup> This one got a little broken when they were putting the stamp of the Dep.<sup>t</sup> on it; so I enclosed it in another envelope-- also take the opportunity to sent you this little note

Times are dull with me and I have little to record. Babe and I took a walk on Sunday afternoon, out Nicholas Str, beyond the Rideau and along the Canada Atlantic Railway.-<sup>3</sup> We sat under the trees for a while, ate some wild cherries and raspberries and on our way home found a waterlily; for us the first of the season

---

<sup>1</sup> Unidentified.

<sup>2</sup> The letters are not included in this collection. Here "to frank" is to stamp mail with no cost to the sender. At this time, the privilege of sending and receiving mail free of charge extended not only to the offices of M.P.s and high ranking civil servants but also to the offices of postal employees and some other government workers. Until 1892 the envelopes of letters which Lampman either sent from or received at the Post Office, excluding mail from the U.S.A., have no stamps; instead they are simply postmarked and handstamped "FREE." As Kate sent mail to Maud through Lampman, Maud sent mail to Kate through him (see Letter 4). However, this fringe benefit was to end abruptly. In a letter to Edward Thomson dated 10 December 1891 Lampman states that the Post Office will prohibit the franking of letters as of 1 January 1892 (Archibald Lampman's Letters to Edward William Thomson, ed. Arthur S. Bourinot [Ottawa: A. S. Bourinot, 1956], p. 12). The new policy was one of a number of new policies for civil servants, and Lampman was unhappy with them all. "I wish I had some knowledge of political history and some practise in writing about politics," he writes to Thomson. "It would be a delightful thing to have a hand in smashing [the government]. They are a miserable set of rascals." (Ibid.)

<sup>3</sup> The four or five km walk was in the Sandy Hill (Nicholas St.) and Overbrook districts. The Canada Atlantic Railway was amalgamated with the Grand Trunk system in 1914 and the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway was amalgamated into the Canadian National Railway in 1923 ("Canada Atlantic Railway," Encyclopedia Canadiana, 1965 ed.).

I am going out this afternoon with Scott<sup>4</sup> to try the birch bark canoe we are to use on our camping expedition. I am not familiar with the race of canoes; so shall need a bit of practise.

Annie<sup>5</sup> came home from camping pretty well eaten with musquitoes.

I have written a little and perhaps when I get you back I shall have a few things to read to you.<sup>6</sup>

In the meantime I think of you always, every hour of the day; it never quite passes out of my mind how sweet it will be when I can <sup>take</sup> my darling all to myself and love her and work for her as long as I live

I hope you enjoy yourself,- Sweet. Take the best of it and dont leave me long without a letter

Your ever loving

Archie.

---

<sup>4</sup>Duncan Campbell Scott, Lampman's closest friend in Ottawa.

<sup>5</sup>See Letter 1, note 2.

<sup>6</sup>No known manuscripts are dated precisely July, 1885. We know, however, from the foregoing letters that Lampman has just completed the prose piece called the "Romance of a Drunkard." It is possible that he was revising the "Growth of Love" sonnet "Her cheeks are softer than soft clouds that lie," dated April 1884 (Library of Parliament, Miscellaneous Poems [hereafter LPMisc], p. 26.) with a slight variant dated 1885 (Public Archives of Canada [hereafter PAC], vol. IV, scribbler 13, pp. 22-3), and writing two other sonnets in the "Growth of Love" sequence: "Oh whether sad or joyous be her hours" and "Beloved, those who moan of love's brief day," both undated. The latter two appear in Among the Millet as "Love Wonder" and "Perfect Love." In addition, Lampman had probably begun "I saw a distant ballroom loudly fair" (see Letter 2, note 2).

4. 40 Grove Avenue / Toronto  
2 OTTAWA AU 1 85 FREE

Post Office Department

Aug 1<sup>st</sup> 1885

My Darling

Dont bother your head about the purse. I will get you another like it one of these days. In the meantime if I can lay hands on any money, I will send you a little.-- Such a doleful sweet desolate letter<sup>1</sup> that last was my Maud: you must write me another one the moment you get this, and tell me what you have been doing, how you have been enjoying yourself and so on. Wont you, Dear? I know you will. There now, sit right down and begin.

I will give Kate the letter,<sup>2</sup> as soon as I can see her; perhaps not to-day however, for I am sick,<sup>3</sup> or at least very unwell, and had just about vitality enough to carry me up here to the office, and no more. It was just lucky that I found a dear little letter here from you. I wish it had not been so distressed

Duncan Scott and I tried the birch bark again yesterday. I am getting  
to  
perfectly used it; and can skim along in it quite at mine ease. Next Saturday

---

<sup>1</sup>Lampman seems to romanticize Maud's writing here with the Keatsian tone he adopts in some of his poetry. Moreover, her "doleful sweet desolat[ion]" apparently pleases him; one might infer from the patronizing passage which follows that he cultivates the vulnerable little girl in his Lady, who is, at this time, sixteen (see Letter 18, note 1). In the "Growth of Love" sonnets, which Lampman was currently writing, his Lady has a "child-sweet mouth and innocent cheek" (I), a "child-soft face" (VII), and a "child's wild air" (X).

<sup>2</sup>See Letter 3, note 2.

<sup>3</sup>Lampman's first mention of his own illnesses, a major theme in his correspondence to Maud. Possibly he is "troubled with rheumatism in one knee" (Letter 6).

we are going to make a little trip in the afternoon. We shall go up in the canoe to the first lock; then carry the canoe over land to the Rideau, and paddle down, till we come to that bridge at the end of Nicholas Street.<sup>4</sup>

When we get there we will carry the canoe over again to the canal and come home.

I am rather better in the canoe than Scott. His legs are too long and his feet get asleep but I fit into it as neat as a pin.

And now dearest I must get to my office and drop this letter

Your affectionate Lover

Archie.

5. 40 Grove Avenue / Toronto  
OTTAWA CANADA FREE 2 AU 6 85

Post Office Department

August 6<sup>th</sup> 1885

My Darling Maud

I received your sweet letter and read it over many times. You need not trouble your self about what I sent you, or about your having told me of the loss of the purse. It was a great pleasure to me to help my sweet girl, and whenever you get into the same sort of trouble again you must come to me and if I can it will make me very happy to console you.<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>4</sup>From Nicholas St., they would have canoed for a km northwest in the canal, then walked, probably along the Ottawa, north to the mouth of the Rideau (two km), then canoed east and south down the Rideau to the site of the Port Hurdman Bridge (five km), and then walked back to Nicholas St. (two km).

<sup>1</sup>So he did "lay hands on money" (Letter 4) and sent it with his letter of August 1 after all, or with a letter that has been lost, or by itself, before August 5.

As to the camping; we shall probably set out about the 18th of this month. We shall take the train to Buckingham,<sup>2</sup> at the mouth of the Lievère; go up the Lievre River in a steamboat till we come to High Falls, that is about 25 miles. Then we get into our canoe and paddle 5 miles to the scene of our camping. It is said to be a most beautiful place. A beautiful fall and river. The country is woody. There are partridges to shoot,<sup>3</sup> and pickerel and bass to catch. On the whole if the weather turns out fine our prospects for an enjoyable and healthy time are excellent. In regard to letters, my sweet, perhaps it will not be so bad. Very like I may be able to get a letter or two to some Post Office for you while I am away. It is not quite so out of the world I fancy as all that.--and you can write some to me and I will get

---

<sup>2</sup>About forty km northeast of the Hull station, on what is now the Canadian Pacific line.

<sup>3</sup>Lampman was not an avid hunter; at least there is no biographical account of his being so. He refers to duck hunting only a few times in his journals (see, e.g. Archibald Lampman: Selected Prose, ed. Barrie Davies [Ottawa: The Tecumseh Press, 1975], p. 83). In his biography Archibald Lampman, Canadian Poet of Nature (New York: Carrier, 1929) Carl Connor takes some pains to describe Lampman's affinity with nature as one which necessarily excludes most if not all hunting:

"Not unlike Rousseau's was Lampman's belief that nothing in nature is ugly either in itself or in its relations to its surroundings, and that any other condition is due to the perverting hand of man. Naturally, he scorned the human impulse to go into the woods with rod and gun. Even the botanist he thought only half legitimate in his attitude towards nature" (pp. 148-9). Continuing, Connor subverts his point somewhat: "Even stronger than his feeling against needless killing of wild life was his aversion to the destruction of wild flowers." In a Globe article Lampman protests the indiscriminate picking of wild flowers. "The awful destructiveness of the human race is exemplified in small things as well as great," he begins, and then develops the point:

"I have known some out-of-the-way places in my neighbourhood where wild flowers could be found not long ago in considerable numbers: now they are gone. People could not be content to look at them, admire them, pluck a few and leave the rest to renew their kind, and yield us the yearly service of their beauty. They must bear them away in armfuls, pull them up by the roots and make an end of them in the momentary pride of securing a greater display than anyone else. They have killed the goose that laid the golden egg" ("At the Mermaid Inn", 24 June 1893 in Davies, p. 80).



them when I come home. In the meantime it is two weeks yet before we go; and I hope to get several letters from you in that time.

We are having it very cold here. There was a great wind day before yesterday which blew down the tall plants; corn, sunflowers tc. Last night there was a slight frost. Yesterday afternoon however with the stiff cool wind and the warm sun it was fine canoeing-- and Scott & I explored the corners and recesses of the canal.

I hope you will enjoy the pick-nick and the dance, darling, and that you will remember me sometimes in the midst of it all. Write to me soon again. You do not know how longingly I look at my desk in the morning when I come, hoping that I may see an envelope there in the handwriting of the dearest girl anywhere to be found. Write often, even if it be only a few lines-- to tell me that you think of me and never forget to love me.

With many kisses,

My Maud,

I remain,

Your Archie

6.

Post Office Dep.<sup>t</sup>

Aug. 8<sup>th</sup> 1885.

My Darling

Kate gave me a toothbrush yesterday to send you, which I enclose. I am afraid I have no news of any kind to tell you. Nothing has happen since my last letter. Indeed nothing had happened then. Scott and I still practise with the canoe, and have not had an upset, which is a wonder.

Have you seen the last "Man" with the conclusion of my story.<sup>1</sup> If not I will send you a copy. I daresay, however, you have one.

I am better; but am still troubled with rheumatism in one knee. It was quite painful last night; but did not keep me awake long

I have been doing a little work, dear, I have written a poem called "Among the Millet,"<sup>2</sup> which, when I have done with it, I will copy and send you: tho' I'm afraid it is very dry. I am not quite in mood for work: but still I keep plodding on. I am thinking of getting down to another fairy tale.<sup>3</sup> If I can write a good many of those, perhaps I <sup>may</sup> make money out of them, when my name is made.

And now I will end this little letter with infinite love.; and as I say

---

<sup>1</sup>The story is the "Romance of a Drunkard," referred to in Letters 1 and 2. The periodical Man is what is known as the Canada Health Journal today. At the date of the story's publication, however, that periodical was entitled Dominion Sanitary Journal, its name from October, 1883, through October, 1885; It has had other names before and since. Its November, 1885 issue, the first volume of a new series with the name Man, was the issue in which Lampman's "Hans Fingerhut's Frog Lesson" was published. Why he should call the magazine Man in August is unclear. Dr. Playter, the editor, may have been calling it that unofficially before its official change. In any event, the Union List of Serials and the Union List of Scientific Serials could not be inaccurate in their dating here because the physical copies which remain of the November Man are clearly "Vol. 1". No copies or records of the Dominion Sanitary Journal issues which carried the "Romance" can be located at any of the libraries which do have holdings of the periodical. Thus a mystery introduced by these letters is the question of what this missing published prose piece is. There is no corroborative prose piece extant, published or unpublished, with that name, although see note 3 below.

<sup>2</sup>The reference may be to "Among the Timothy" which was originally called "Among the Millet," dated 5 August 1885 (PAC, vol. III, scribbler 9, pp. 25-9). The title poem "Among the Millet" was first called "My Flock," dated 1 August 1885 (LPMisc, p. 56).

<sup>3</sup>He had written two: "Hans Fingerhut's Frog Lesson" (PAC vol. III, scribbler 2, 8 June 1884), published in Man 1:6-10, November 1885, in Rouge et Noir 7:9-12, February 1886, and, as a pamphlet (Ottawa: Golden Dog Press, 1973); "The Fairy Fountain" (PAC, vol. I, folder 6, January 1885, 31 pp.) published in Davies, pp. 31-51. It is possible that a variant of "The Fairy Fountain" is the missing published story the "Romance of a Drunkard." The two pieces were written at roughly the same time; "The Fairy Fountain" is about a young man who becomes addicted in effect to the magic waters of the fountain.

it, I am taking you in my arms in imagination, and kissing the lovely mouth a thousand times. Think of me, dearest, and answer soon, even if it be only a few words

Your Archie.

7. c/o H.A. Knowles Esq. / Yonge Str. / Toronto<sup>1</sup>  
OTTAWA CANADA FREE 2 AU 11 85

Post Office Dep.<sup>t</sup>

Aug. 11<sup>th</sup> 1885

My Maud,

I think you ought to write to me a little oftener than you do.<sup>2</sup> You cannot be thinking much about me, when you write so seldom. I have sent you twice as many letters as you have me. I look for them everyday and everyday nearly I am disappointed. A week from to-day I shall be gone up the Liever<sup>re</sup>; so you have just one week, for a good while, to write in, and make up for your forgetfulness. With much love

Your Archie.

8. ~~40 Grove Avenue / Toronto / Thornhill P.O~~  
OTTAWA CANADA FREE 2 AU 14 85

Post Office Dep.<sup>t</sup>

Aug. 14<sup>th</sup> 1885.

My Darling Maud.

---

<sup>1</sup>Unidentified.

<sup>2</sup>A secondary theme in Lampman's premarital correspondence to Maud is his scolding that she does not write to him often enough. Over a period of a month when he sent fifteen letters she sent nine, he says (see Letter 31). None of her premarital letters appears to have survived.

I was glad to receive your letter at last, after your long neglect of me. I was sorry too that after 10 days silence you could only afford me two pages of writing evidently done in a great hurry,<sup>1</sup> and I suppose as a matter of duty. You tell me how you are enjoying yourself and of the people you meet; but you never tell me, whether you ever think of me, or whether you are the same to me as ever <sup>of old</sup> I am afraid these heroes of the N.W.<sup>2</sup> and other people are interesting you so much that you forget all about the true love you have left behind.

Next week on Tuesday I am going camping. When y We have arranged everything our tent, canoe and materials; and shall probably be gone at least two weeks.<sup>3</sup> In all probability there will be a Post Office out there. If so I will write to you and give you my address, though if you are going to neglect me the way you have done, it will be of little use.

Now my Maud, if you love me when you get this letter, sit right down and write me one in return-- not a cold one; like that th which I have just read, ending up in a great hurry: but <sup>a</sup> dear kind one. Tell me how you feel to me; if you love me the same, and think of me often. Tell me also what your address is going to be. You did not in your last. Please do this, Maud; for I am disappointed and heart-sore with your silence and that hurried letter

Your Archie

P.S. As it would be rather inconvenient, my sweet, to send you a package of

---

<sup>1</sup>The six letters we have from Maud to Lampman (see Appendix A) suggest that her writing was generally done in a hurry. He refers to her self-stated anxieties regarding her writing in Letters 10, 24, and 30.

<sup>2</sup>That is, the North West Rebellion (see Letter 1).

<sup>3</sup>Letter 5 includes an itinerary of the trip.

candies thro' the Post, I send you instead 25 cts,<sup>4</sup> with which I wish you to buy something good, and while you are enjoying it at any rate for a moment remember me.

9. ~~40 Grove Avenue / Toronto / Thornhill P.O.~~  
OTTAWA CANADA FREE 2 AU 7 85

Post Office Dep.<sup>t</sup>

Aug. 17 '85

My Darling.

I have not received the letter which I expected this morning.-- I suppose there has not been time for it to get here. My last letter to you was a scolding one rather; wasn't it? dear; for I was a bit heartsore over your not

---

<sup>4</sup>This is the first mention in the letters of a specific sum of money. In order to reckon the value of such sums we can consider this 25¢ in terms of Lampman's labour. The poet began working at the Post Office as a temporary clerk in 1883 with a starting salary of \$550 p.a. (Bruce Nesbitt, "Lampman and O'Dowd," unpub. M.A. Thesis, Queen's University, Kingston, 1965, p. 31); he states in a letter to his sister, 29 November 1893 (see Appendix B, Letter 2) that his salary is then \$1100 p.a. Assuming that Lampman was earning between \$600 and \$700 at this time, however, we can calculate arbitrarily that 52 40-hour weeks at \$650 p.a. indicate an hourly wage of 31¢.

Canadian historical price indexes show that the general index for raw and partly manufactured goods in 1890 was 63.3% of the base years 1935-9 average while the 1960 index was 209.6% of that average (M. C. Urquhart and K. A. H. Buckley, eds., Historical Statistics of Canada [Toronto: Macmillan, 1965], p. 297); i.e. overall 1890 prices for goods of that category were between one quarter and one third of their 1960 prices. The 1890 index for farm products is just under one third of the 1960 figure (p. 298). Given these comparisons in relation to wages the prices for food and other consumer goods were not especially low. Labour was cheap. In Toronto in 1901 the mean of the range of wages for carpenters was 25¢ an hour, for electricians 23¢, for plumbers 27 1/2¢ (p. 86). In Ottawa in 1890 the average monthly wage of female domestics was \$9.50 with board (p. 94).

These figures do not extend the comparison to the severely inflationary nineteen seventies. Useful measures are internal to the letters themselves. Prices of specific goods or services are mentioned in Letters 39, 40, 42, 49, 50, 59, 63, 67, 74, and 76. For example, a good meal at Ottawa's New York Dairy Kitchen cost 20¢ (Letter 74); one month of boarding house meals, three a day, cost \$10 (71); and a meal at a fashionable Boston hotel, \$4.15 (63).

writing for so long. But it was a lover's anger, which does not last long, as you know. I wish I could have heard from you again before I went away; but it cannot be. When I come back you will write to me often; won't you? Perhaps during our camping I may manage to communicate with you. If so, be sure I will, and be sure you answer.

I am very busy to-day getting ready. We go to-morrow at 8.a.m. For a day or two it will be no fun, but hard work; then we will get into trim and fish and shoot<sup>1</sup> and swim and have a good time I suppose.

Dear, you are not forgetting me are you. I will be back about the 4<sup>th</sup> Sept. If you would love to please me send me a letter so that I may get it when I return. In the meantime think of me sometimes-- as I will be often dreaming of you out there in the woods, and remembering the sweet and beautiful moments that we have spent in each other's arms. I remain, dearest,

With innumerable kisses

Your Archie.

P.S. I have sent you several thousand kisses, My Maud, but you have never sent me one When you write again send me one. Eh?

10. Thornhill / Ont.

OTTAWA CANADA FREE 2 SP 7 85

Sept 7<sup>th</sup> 1885

Post Office Dep.<sup>t</sup>

My Darling

I was very much delighted to get your letter this morning. It is nearly a

---

<sup>1</sup>See Letter 5, note 3.

week since I came home from camping, and you will say that I have neglected my Maud: not so. You know me so well and how much I love you that when I tell you that I have been so busy and worried with one thing or another, that I could not write you a good letter, you will believe me and, I know, forgive me. I did not get that letter you wrote to me, when I was camping. I suppose it went astray. It was difficult out there both to get letters and to send them. I sent you two; I hope you got them

You think that perhaps I would rather you didn't write to me either. Eh? What an idea, my Love, my beautiful. (But I forgot; I must not call you that). Yes I am so glad you wrote to me, & I am glad that you like to get letters from me. Ah, I want plenty from you, Dear. More than I get Write whenever you can.

We had an excellent time in the camp, and got strong & brown and glut-tonous-- even quite fat.--and I grew a beard which I have not yet shaved off and which has excited immense disgust at home. However it will come off today We looked very wild and unkempt on the journey home. I had only one collar with me and that had got covered with mud in the camp; so I came back without one. The ticket agent at Buckingham wanted to sell me a second class fare: he didn't know what such a "tough" as I, could be wanting with a 1<sup>st</sup> class one.

Three or four days before we left the camp, we made an expedition to a beautiful lake a few miles north of us. We paddled up the river, carrying provisions with us, and <sup>to</sup> the mouth of a creek. Then we bore the canoe on our shoulders across the country over a rough road to the Lake-- Escalier Lake.<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup>About 115 km due east of the town Maniwaki which is about 125 km north up the Gatineau from Hull.

We fished for a few hours and caught 25 pounds weight of fish -- one caught one pike that weighed 13 pounds. When we got home we were very tired and dusty.

I wish you could have been with us for one thing on the way home- running the long rapids on the Lievre. We went down the rapids which are a mile long -- in one of those long pointed<sup>row</sup> boats, called pointers or buns.<sup>2</sup> It was exciting -- far ahead of tobogganing -- only there wasn't enough of it - We rushed down so fast and furiously, that it was all over a deal too soon. I thought that I would like to have hauled the pointer up and gone down again.

When I get you back again into my arms, dear, in some dusky corner as of old, I will tell you all about the camping down to the smallest detail. In the meantime with more love that I can tell, and so many soft soft kisses

I remain

Your Archie

P.S. How did you like the sonnet I sent you?<sup>3</sup> or did you get it?

I have all the nos of the Current.<sup>4</sup> Do you want to read them now or when you

---

<sup>2</sup>"A sturdy flat-bottomed boat about 20 ft. long, pointed fore and aft and having a shallow draft, specially designed for use in river drives... bun or bonne" (Walter S. Avis, ed. A Concise Dictionary of Canadianisms [Toronto: Gage, 1973], p. 187).

<sup>3</sup>Most likely "I saw a distant ballroom loudly fair," in the "Growth of Love" series. The MS is dated August, 1885 (LPMisc, p. 44). See Letter 2, note 2.

<sup>4</sup>Frank Luther Mott comments on the Chicago weekly which appeared in 1883 and disappeared in 1888:

"Excepting only the critical Dial, the Current was the most important venture of literary Chicago in the early eighties. Founded by the brilliant journalist Edgar L. Wakeman in 1883, the Current presented its readers weekly comment on public affairs, serial fiction by Joaquin Miller, Lucy H. Hooper, and E. P. Roe, nature essays by John Burroughs and Ernest Ingersoll, poetry by Hayne, Scollard, and Riley, short fiction by Opie Read, Edgar Fawcett, and Dan De Quille, and so on" (Mott, A History of American Magazines, 2nd ed., [Cambridge, Mass.: Belknap Press, 1939], III, p. 54).

Lampman's poem "A January Sunset" was published in the 17 January 1885 issue of the Current and in the March issue of Rouge et Noir.



return? say which? I suppose there are candies in Thornhill. Buy some and eat them for my sake.

11. Thornhill / Ont.

OTTAWA CANADA FREE 2 SP 14 85

Post Office Dep.<sup>t</sup>

Sept. 13<sup>th</sup> 1885

My Darling

I saw your Father and Kate on Saturday. They told me you had received my letter, for which I was thankful -- as I did not wish you to think I had been forgetting you. -- and not hearing from you. I was beginning to dream that it might have gone astray. I have never got the one you wrote me at camp - though I have communicated with the Postmaster at High Rock about it.

I am very well, and am in the midst of one of my writing mood. I have composed 400 lines of a story in blank verse.<sup>1</sup> I will read it to you, when I get you back; I think it will please you. -- Also - a thing which has nothing to do with literature - I have been severely vaccinated.<sup>2</sup> It has "taken", and my left arm is sore this morning.

Mr. Wadleigh<sup>3</sup> has been with us again - and stayed with me. Went away this morning. He is as round-eyed, smiling and liberal as ever. Mr. Wadleigh

<sup>1</sup>"White Margaret," the manuscript of which is dated 5-19 September 1885 (LPMisc, pp. 96-117), a narrative romance in 753 lines of blank verse.

<sup>2</sup>Mott paraphrases Dr. Austin Flint of the North American Review (June, 1881):

"Cholera, yellow fever, and smallpox epidemics were subjects of the gravest public concern in the seventies. Some six hundred persons died of cholera in New Orleans in the spring of 1873. ... Smallpox was epidemic in many cities; and various 'concelted ignoramuses' were calling in question 'the beneficence of vaccination' for that disease (Vol. II, p. 137). Lampman was "severely vaccinated" for smallpox.

<sup>3</sup>Unidentified.

h. b.  
P. 117.  
MS bk.

is an astronomer -- We smoked pipes and surveyed the starry heavens I see that the corn in your father's garden is fullgrown and productive. I envy it -- However I can beat him in squashes<sup>4</sup> -- I have fine ones I hear that you are enjoying yourself and having a good time <sup>but</sup> do not let too much time go by, My Maud, without remembering your lover I am looking always for a letter. Think of how much I love you.

Your Archie.

12. Thornhill / Ont

OTTAWA CANADA FREE 2 SP 21 85

Post Office Dep.<sup>t</sup>

Ottawa

Sept. 21 ' 1885

My Darling

Tho you do not deserve a letter from me, I will write you short one, for this is the day I generally write.

I am very busy with the pen just now. I have completed a long poem, a story in verse, and <sup>am</sup> at work polishing it up. You remember Arnulph.<sup>1</sup> It is very different and there are no rhymes. I stick to it every evening and

---

<sup>4</sup>Lampman's competitive remarks on gardening here recall Connor's comments on the Lampman children's gardening at Rice Lake (1868-1874): "At one end of the rectory's yard was a vegetable garden and at the other, Mrs. Lampman's, all flowers. In between lay the children's gardens, one for each, which they cultivated not without rivalry." The biographer goes on to suggest that Lampman's love of gardening was another instance of his physical and spiritual affinity with nature. He speculates that Catherine Parr Traill, a friend and neighbour of the Lampmans at Rice Lake, was perhaps describing the boy Lampman when she tells of an enthusiastic young naturalist in a short piece called "The Cranberry Marsh" in Pearls and Pebbles; or, Notes of an Old Naturalist (Toronto: Briggs, 1894) from which Connor quotes (pp. 24-7).

<sup>1</sup>Written in 1884-5, the unpublished piece is a long narrative poem in couplets about the love of a vassal for his Lady.

hardly ever stir out. I work till I am tired and then sit back and dream -- of you, and the future -- Do you ever do that? you bad girl! Tell me The weather is very cold and bleak like November and one has to keep up a fire, and sit by it too. I take long walks I keep warm and in good health, and indeed I am very well. I went with Scott the other day up the shore of the river a long way, came back by the Canada Pacific Railway track,<sup>2</sup> got an immense bouquet of wild asters, ivy and golden rod (as I gathered it I thought of you, my flower-loving Maud) and took tea at Scott's. It was a lovely day without a cloud. Scott and I have some more holidays left to <sup>spend</sup> take yet. I think we will take the canoe and paddle up the Rideau, staying over nights from village to village, and come back by the "Ida"<sup>3</sup> Would it not be fine? And now, Maud, I believe I have nothing more to tell you except that I love you, which you know already

Your Archie.

I have given up looking for letters)

---

[ 1 8 8 6 ]

13. c/o Dr. Playter / 363 Daly Str. / Ottawa  
NOTRE DAME...QUE 86

Notre Dame des Eaux

28 July '86

Dearest.

I have only a moment - off my journey - to write a line. I am well & safe

---

<sup>2</sup>It is about six km south of Nicholas St. along the Rideau to the point at which the Canadian Pacific line crosses the river just by the Vincent Massey Park. Their walk, then, covered some fifteen km.

<sup>3</sup>Presumably a river steamboat.

- We are 55 miles north of Buckingham now & shall not get into camp till to-morrow. We have had a rough journey but have had on the whole a good time. My all that is good be with you, my Maud. No matter what you are doing, you are never long out of my thoughts

Yours

A. Lampman

14. c/o Dr. Playter / 363 Daly Street / Ottawa.

Le Grand Lac a Poissons Blancs<sup>1</sup>

4 August 1886

My Maud.

Two

One of our men are returning to the city today. I manage to send you these few words by them. I am safe and well and am often thinking of you. The weather has been very uneven & lately very bad. We have had a fine adventurous time-- some tall canoeing and fishing.- This is about the wildest and loveliest place in the world.- an immense and beautiful lake, full of islands - water pure & green, & full of fish. - only two or three settlers - plenty of deer and bears When I get back I will tell you all about it. In the meantime one of my eyes has got sore to-day<sup>2</sup> & I can hardly write -- It will be well to-morrow. I think often of what delight it will be to get back to you - my sweetheart - It will be worth while going away for the very pleasure

---

<sup>1</sup>Le Grand Lac is about 98 km up the Lièvre from the Ottawa River.

<sup>2</sup>Lampman makes other references to eye trouble over the years (Letters 47, 48, 49, 50, 53, and 87).

of folding you in my arms again<sup>3</sup> after absence

Your own

Archie<sup>4</sup>

15. c/o Dr. Playter / Ottawa / Ont  
2 OTTAWA DE 28 86

144 Nicholas Str.

28 Dec. '86

Dearest Maud

I am sorry to say that I am laid up - temporarily. My leg hurt me so much yesterday that it was impossible for me to go out last night.<sup>1</sup> This morning it felt worse - so I crawled down to young Dr. Grant,<sup>2</sup> and asked him what I should do with it. He informed me that I must go to bed for several days. He is coming up this morning to bandage it. I suppose there is no help for it. The sore itself is of no great consequence; but it is in a place

---

<sup>3</sup>The image of "folding" the Lady in arms is a favorite of Lampman's at this time, as in Letter 2 ("stretching my arms in fancy over all that distance and drawing them around you"), Letter 6 ("I am taking you in my arms in imagination"), and in a passage of the unpublished "Arnulph" (lines 670-4):

I must die, or with my whole soul drink;  
Unless between my hungering arms I fold  
Her whole dear loveliness to have and hold  
Forever, I can no more rest or bear  
This broken life or breathe the sunless air

(LPMisc, pp. 61-80).

<sup>4</sup>Lampman received a letter dated 30 August 1886 from his father who was on a fishing trip near Renfrew, Ontario (see Appendix B, Letter 1a).

<sup>1</sup>Lampman's reference to his leg is an introduction to a month of letters (numbers 15-33) which he wrote while convalescing.

<sup>2</sup>"Young" Dr. James Grant, physician to the Carleton Hospital at the time, was the son of Sir James Alexander Grant, M.D. The internationally known senior, a graduate of McGill and a resident of Ottawa, was a member of several of the most prestigious medical societies in the world, as well as the President of both the Ottawa Art Association and the Literary and Scientific Society of Ottawa. Unlike his father, who was knighted in 1887, Lampman's doctor attained no exceptional status in his field.

where it cannot heal without being kept perfectly still. I am afraid there-  
fore that I shall not see you for a few days. I hope my not coming last<sup>night</sup> did  
not put you out; but I knew that under the circumstances you would not have  
desired me to come.

Deuce take the leg anyway! Its too fine a day to stay indoors-- we might  
have had a walk or a skate or something.

I have just been scanning the pretty little book you gave me,<sup>3</sup> and think  
it<sup>a</sup> more charming present than ever

Yours affectionately

Archie

P.S. I am going to change that stanza which you criticized in my poem<sup>4</sup>

16. c/o Dr. Playter / Ottawa / Ont.

2 OTTAWA DE 30 86

144 Nicholas Str.

30<sup>th</sup> Dec. '86

Dearest Maud

Still laid up and likely to be for some days. Dr. Jimmy<sup>1</sup> came and ban-  
daged my leg again yesterday, and will come to-day. It does not heal well at  
all, and I have to sit with my leg up on a chair all day - rather monotonous  
especially as I feel quite well in all other respects. He says my blood is bad  
(which I do not believe) and has given me medicine to take (of which I do not

---

<sup>3</sup>This item (title unknown), a pressed pansy (Letters 24 and 28), and a  
handkerchief (Letter 79) are the gifts from Maud mentioned in the correspondence.

<sup>4</sup>As is clear in the subsequent letter, the poem is "Guido and Leonora,"  
later named "The Monk" and published in Among the Millet, pp. 87-102 (see  
Letters 16 and 17).

<sup>1</sup>Dr. James Grant

approve.)

Dear little one, I am sorry I have to stay so long away from <sup>you</sup>; but I think of you a great lot, as I sit here in this dismal condition

It is very cold they say outside; but no doubt it will not prevent you from romping around on your snowshoes, or shooting into the bottomless abyss on tobaggons. Take plenty of exercise without getting too tired. Go to the slide pretty often, but not so often as to forget me. One of the things which is wrong with me I fancy is that during the last two or three months I have not walked as much as I used to, and so I suppose my blood has got sluggish.

I am correcting my poem "Guido & Leonora", and fixing it up - I have altered that passage which you complained of and have made it to run thus:<sup>2</sup>

---

<sup>2</sup>With the exception of some comma changes, the deletion of underlines, and the use of "took" rather than "caught" in the first line, the altered passage here is the final version presented in "The Monk," Stanza XXVII (Among the Millet), as follows:

And then she ran to me and caught my hand,  
Tightly imprisoned in her meagre twain,  
And like the ghost of sorrow she did stand,  
And eyed me softly with a liquid pain:

The only known MS of the poem is the version which Lampman is writing here (LPMisc, December 1886, pp. 131-43). The poem was first written in 1883 or possibly before as is indicated in Lampman's letter of 24 February 1883 to John Ritchie, his old school friend (see Letter 21, note 2):

"I am still toiling away at the 'Two Monks.' It is growing very long, and I have become disgusted with the butter-milk metre in which I was writing it, and have broken out wild into blank verse with stretches of the jingle in between. I propose to indulge in a few other variations of metre before I am done with it. I am unfortunately getting dull over the Monks. My present fit of mental activity is gradually dying out. I had one in June and July, you remember, which died out in October and November. Now I have had another which I feel is on the point of a second collapse. You may get little more from me until, say, May and June, when, I opine, my volcano will be ready for a third explosion. However there are, I should think, somewhere between two and three hundred lines of the Monks written--very roughly indeed, but yet in a state of advanced composition."

(The published version has 47 stanzas of 8 lines; there are 376 lines in all.) The letter is quoted by Connor (p. 69) who himself observes:

"This poem, the story of a girl who, in the disguise of a monk, seeks her lover, is interesting as an attempt at long narrative verse--a field which was popular at the time. In style and dramatic situation it has a certain power, but it is not Lampman at his best."

"And then she ran to me, and took my hand  
 Tightly imprisoned in her meagre twain  
 And like the ghost of sorrow she did stand  
 And eyed me softly with a liquid pain"

Is that more modest, Dear?

I have looked through my little curfew book again, Sweetheart and have  
 kissed it tenderly for you. Write to me dear, for it will probably be some  
 days before I can come to you

Your faithful lover

Archie.

17. c/o Dr. Playter / Ottawa / Ont  
 2 OTTAWA DE 31 86

144 Nicholas Str

Ottawa

My Darling

I received your sweet and precious letter yesterday and return your  
 wishes for a happy new Year. I shall have an exceedingly quiet one anyhow.  
 may you have as pleasant a one as you Deserve, you darling pet.! How sweet it  
 was of you to wish that you could nurse me,- indeed I do to. I should be the  
 cheerfulest fellow that ever was if I had my beautiful sweetheart to talk to  
 me and attend to me.

I am beginning to get along all right now. My leg is beginning to heal;  
 but I suppose I shall have to sit here for some days yet. Duncan came to see



me last night and we had a large talk. I believe Mr. Brymner<sup>1</sup> the painter is coming in this afternoon. I read my poem "Guido and Leonora" to Duncan and he found serious fault with it - worse than you did a great deal - I am afraid I shall have to destroy that poor composition - it is getting attacked by everyone.

You criticized only a little phrase<sup>2</sup> but Duncan was down on the whole thing.

Oh Little one, I long for you; I long for your sweet face, your kind words and soft kisses.- and I must get up to you as soon as I can.

Is your cold getting all right. Write to me again; but spare your fine paper - use something more common.

Your affectionate friend

and lover

Archie

---

<sup>1</sup>If not the first and perhaps only meeting of Lampman and William Brymner (see Letter 18), this was one of the first. The landscape and figure painter had returned in 1886 from eight years abroad to become art director of advanced classes of the Art Association of Montreal. Having studied painting in France, and having exhibited at the Paris Salon and at London's Royal Academy, he went on to exhibit widely in North America. In 1892 Brymner was commissioned by the CPR to do a series of Rocky Mountain Scenes; he was President of the Royal Canadian Academy from 1907 to 1917, and was created a C.M.G. in 1916.

Occasionally Lampman reviewed the annual Academy Exhibitions in Ottawa. "Given his choice," Connor says, "he would have chosen the pictures of Watson, Brownell, Brymner, O'Brien, Woodcock, Fowler, Manly and Mrs. Reid" (p. 155). A "pictorial artist" of the Canadian landscape himself, Lampman was especially sensitive to the opportunities it offered the painter, Connor suggests, and quotes him: "in the coming of winter night with its gorgeous changes of colour, subtle and indescribable, what an infinite variety of choice there is for the hand of the painter, yet how simple in many cases, yet always how perfect the beauty with which he would have to deal" (pp. 154-5).

<sup>2</sup>See Letter 16, note 2.

[ 1 8 8 7 ]

18. c/o Dr. Playter / Ottawa / Ont  
3 OTTAWA JA 3 87

144 Nicholas Street

3 Jan. '87

Dearest Sweetheart.

It is too bad that I cannot help keep your birthday with you;<sup>1</sup> but the next best thing is to send you this letter, with a lover's hope that the day may be happy to you -, and that you may <sup>have</sup> happy many still happier ones. I send you your season rink ticket. I had one of the girls get it for me - also I enclose 25 cents worth of candies in the form of 25 cents.<sup>2</sup> I am thinking of you most of the time sweetheart. Perhaps - nay certainly - your next birthday will be spent with me; it will be the birthday of my lovely wife, and heaven grant that I may have the means to make it happy. Why dont you write to me again? I get very tired of sitting here all day long, a few words from you would make the time go lighter. Do write, Little One! The Doctor says it will be a good while before I can get out again. My leg is doing very poorly, he says. I had to poultice it on Saturday and shall have to do so again, I find, to-day. A couple of other ulcers have broken out beside the one I had before, so that I have three now instead of one; it is an abominable and monotonous nuisance! Isn't it? My friends are very kind to me however which

---

<sup>1</sup>Connor states (p. 89) that Maud is eighteen on the date of her marriage, 3 September 1887. Margaret Whitridge says that Maud was married "the moment she was eighteen" (Lampman's Kate, Late Love Poems of Archibald Lampman [Ottawa: Borealls, 1975], p. 13). But Lampman says she is twenty on this birthday (below). Maud's dates are given as 1869 to 1910 in Ernest Voorhis's article "The Ancestry of Archibald Lampman, Poet" in The Royal Society of Canada Proceedings and Transactions (3rd ser 15, 1921).

<sup>2</sup>See Letter 8, note 5.

helps things along; Duncan comes frequently to see <sup>me</sup> A. - Mr Moss<sup>3</sup> was in twice; Mr Brymner and Lawrence Taylor<sup>4</sup> called on me on Saturday afternoon. Altogether I manage to get rid of time some way without feeling it much; and yet I am sometimes well nigh sick with longing to be with you again, Dear Maud, my sweetheart; but it will not be long I hope before I shall get on my legs again.

Your lover,

Archie

P.S. A thousand kisses <sup>your</sup> for <sup>A</sup> birthday! Imagine that I give them to you, dear. May nothing trouble you while it passes. You are just twenty eh? and may count yourself a full grown woman; at the loveliest age. Take care you don't get your ears frozen. They say that everybody is doing that. Think of me  
My Maud, often

Archie

19. c/o Dr. Playter / Ottawa / Ont

2 OTTAWA JA 5 87

144 Nicholas Str

5 Jan. '87

Dearest Maud,

I received your sweet letter of yesterday and also that of Sunday Morning. I am very glad that the ticket gave you pleasure. It always gives me the

---

<sup>3</sup>The painter Charles Eugene Moss (1860-1901), born in Ohio, studied in St. Louis and in Paris and was appointed headmaster of the Ottawa Art School. He moved to New Jersey in 1887, but returned to Ottawa in 1896. He was elected an A.R.C.A. in 1897 and an R.C.A. in 1898 (W. Stewart Wallace, ed., The Macmillan Dictionary of Canadian Biography [Toronto: Macmillan, 1963], hereafter cited as MDCB). Lampman mentions him again in Letters 21, 26, 47, 49, 50, and 79.

<sup>4</sup>Unidentified.

sweetest possible delight when I am able to please you by something I may give you or do for you; for you are my other self, you know, my love. I am afraid this letter must be brief, for father<sup>1</sup> is just going down town; and if I do not send it by him, I do not know when I can send it. It is I who am in a hurry this time. My leg is improving again; but the Doctor say I shall not be able to walk until the end of next week at the earliest. This is a long time for us to be separated, my dearest, you and me, who begin to feel queer if we do not see each other every ad day or two. Little one, it cannot be helped, and we shall find it all the sweeter when I get out again.

Indeed I wish you could come and "nurse me and pet me" as you say, (you darling!), even that you could come and see me, but I suppose it is impossible

Write to me again soon, my Sweet

Your longing

Archie

20. c/o Dr. Playter / Ottawa / Ont

2 OTTAWA JA 7 87

144 Nicholas Str

7 Jan. '87

My Beautiful,

The condition of my leg is gradually but slowly improving: but it is

---

<sup>1</sup>So far, Lampman's biographers have not described what Archibald Sr. did for a living in Ottawa or, just previously, in Toronto. Connor tells us that he was a rector in Morpeth when Archibald, Jr. was born (p. 13), a rector in Perrytown in 1866 and in Gore's Landing on Rice Lake from 1867 (pp. 18-9) until he became a curate and (together with Mrs. Lampman) a schoolteacher in Cobourg in 1874 (p. 30). The Lampmans moved from Toronto to join Archibald, Jr. in 1883 (p. 73). Whitridge tells us that when Lampman married, he had to help support his family on his salary of \$700 a year (Lampman's Kate, p. 13).

getting extremely tiresome - this sitting all day long without permission to move round, even enough to make ones limbs feel natural.

I have nothing new to say, Dear, except that I want you to write to me often as you can. I am always expecting a letter from you. How is the new dress getting on, and shall I be struck dumb with wonder and admiration when I see my lovely Lady in it

I am jealous of the young men who shall have the sweet privilege of looking at you and dancing with you when I am shut up and kept away from you. They will have the delight of your presense; I shall only dream of it. I dare say you will say I am talking nonsense, you, my <sup>cool</sup> cooler head darling, who never talk any nonsense; but indeed I feel just exactly what I say as I sit here, away from you. I feel as if the sight of your face would give me sunshine for a week I am sorry if you find any difficulty about getting to the Wilson's; try and get there someway; it will brighten you up; (but do not flirt with the young men!) I have been reading one of Black's novels "A Daughter of Heth"<sup>1</sup> and do not care for it much. Write, my pet!

Your affectionate

Archie

---

<sup>1</sup> A Daughter of Heth by the English writer William Black is the love story of a pure and simple French girl named Coquette who resides in the household of a Scottish minister. Published in 1871, the novel was an instant success. While Lamman spurns this book, he is later enthusiastic about Black's most acclaimed work (see Letters 22, 25, and 31).

21. c/o Dr. Playter / Ottawa / Ont.

2 OTTAWA JA 10 87

144 Nicholas Str

Monday

My Dearest

Have you forgotten me? I expected a letter from you on Friday and have not received one yet. Is your mind so occupied with pleasures that you no longer think of your beloved in his trouble? I thought better of you, Little One.

I am slowly improving but shall not be able to walk yet for another week. It is getting pretty weary work I can do nothing but read all day, till my head aches. My friends are however very kind to me Duncan comes to see me every day, brings books and helps to make a break in the time by reading to me. Ernest White<sup>1</sup> drops in frequently - also John Ritchie<sup>2</sup> and Moss. If it were not for them I am afraid I should have a very monotonous time of it. It is very cold I believe - though I have not been able to test it myself. Since I must be laid up it is just as well that it should happen in such weather.

A young lady friend of Belle's who has been staying here for the last fortnight or so has just gone home, and a blessed calm rests in the house. The amount of noise there was before was not very much to my taste. I have

---

<sup>1</sup>Most likely Ernest Whyte, an Ottawa stationer and bookseller. A number of Lampman's notebook "scribblers" held by the Public Archives of Canada have Whyte's business name on their covers.

<sup>2</sup>A close friend from Trinity College with whom Lampman corresponded for some years after leaving school. Connor quotes extensively from Lampman's letters to Ritchie (pp. 65-78) the originals of which are undiscovered. Ritchie was a lawyer, a playwright, and a poet (Henry J. Morgan, Canadian Men and Women of the Time, 1912 [Toronto: Briggs, 1912], hereafter CMWT, 1912). He is further mentioned in Letters 26 and 91.

come to the conclusion that three girls can make more noise than ten men.

What do you think, Little one.

Now try, Dear, and think of me once every two days anyway for long enough to write a little letter, so that I may not think myself <sup>quite</sup> <sub>A</sub> deserted by the person whose attention is of more importance to me than any one else's

Your

Archie

22. c/o Dr. Playter / Ottawa  
2 OTTAWA JA 11 87

144 Nicholas Str.

11 Jan. '87

My Darling,

I have received your letter which was a nice long one and very acceptable. You recount the many gayeties (I call them "miseries") which you have endured -- I should say enjoyed -- lately. What amuses me, oh strange Little one, is that you commiserate me for having missed all these things. I assure you, Dear, I am heartily thankful I had nothing to do with them. I would much rather be laid up with a sore leg any day.<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup>Lampman's statement reflects his attitude towards partying and social gaieties in general. Connor comments that he "did not care for parties and avoided them whenever possible. 'A room full of whist players,' he said, 'is a spectacle to make a philosopher weep, and a progressive euchre party will turn the head of a sensitive man grey in a single night.' Most of such amusement it seemed to him was due to a hysterical desire to be on the move and the unreal laughter and meaningless conversation which accompanied it had nothing to do with real pleasure at all" (p. 81). Continuing, the biographer quotes Lampman on his notion of real pleasure:

"Most of the enjoyments that we really have we find in those unregarded and unsought hours which we profess to consider the most tedious -- hours of quiet and unselfish activity, when we are not thinking in the least of pleasure -- hours touched with the tenderness of friendship or domestic love, with spirits kindled to a crystal flame by the earnestness of quiet and undemonstrable converse. These are the things that feed and succour the soul and redeem the melancholy of life" (pp. 81-2).

My leg is beginning to heal rapidly now, and I shall probably be able to get out next week. When I get on my legs again I intend to do a good deal of walking. I am run down they say and shall have to be careful and take exercise I shall have some brisk walks on the country roads in the afternoons. That will soon pull me up again.

I am reading a book at present by William Black, entitled "A Princess of Thule",<sup>2</sup> in which, perhaps it will interest you to know, is a character a good deal like me. If you ever read the book you will remember him maybe "Mr. Ingram." That's me -- the same careless, inelegant, unsocial kind of body exactly. The other principal character would have suited you better -- Mr. Lavender -- He was very social -- dreadfully so.<sup>3</sup>

But enough -- my next job is to write - The Chronicles of Barset"<sup>4</sup> - which

<sup>2</sup>Wemyss Reid, a biographer of Black, states,

"In this year 1873 it is no exaggeration to say that there is in England no more popular writer than Black. He was the literary lion of the season. As everybody was reading A Princess of Thule, so everybody was talking about its author." (William Black [New York: Harper, 1902], p. 117)

The novel is a long romance which shifts its heroine, Sheila, from her Wagnerian setting in the Scottish Hebrides to English Society. There are tragic consequences for all, but the situation is ultimately set aright. After profound suffering the main characters reject the social baubles of London and return to the true beauties of a simple Scottish life on the sea. The book is a more subtle tear-jerker than is A Daughter of Heth.

<sup>3</sup>Lampman's sketches of Ingram and Lavender are consistent with his remark about parties and his sententious description of true pleasure cited above. They are interesting as reflections of the poet's own self-image. Lampman likes to identify with Ingram, the seasoned thinker, inelegant as he may be. Lavender is charming, impulsive, Byronic and thus, to Lampman's mind, utterly frivolous and probably threatening.

<sup>4</sup>Anthony Trollope's Barsetshire series, six novels written between 1855 and 1867, are about the inhabitants of the shire, characters who reappear in the various books. Lampman may be referring to the whole series or, as is more likely, to the sixth novel, The Last Chronicle of Barset, published in 1867.



I will do when I get well -- I have enough to occupy my mind at present.

Well, Dear, I hope you were not too tired for that snow shoeing business last night - but take care and do not overdo these things or you may be laid up like me.

Your loving

Archie

23. c/o Dr. Playter / Ottawa  
1 OTTAWA JA 13 87

144 Nicholas Str.

Thursday - Jan. '87

My Darling

This is Thursday. I guess my leg will be ready for use now in a very few days; whether on Sunday or not I cannot tell. I shall no doubt have to be carefull of it for a little while after it is healed. It is getting on rapidly now - and it is high time.

I send you another half pound of candies reduced to the smallest shape they can be made to assume. It is so long since I have seen you that I have a curiosity to see what you look like - Whether you have got thinner or fatter, taller or shorter - tc.

How is that poor sore ear; I hope very much that it is better. It is a disagreeable place to have anything of that kind.<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup>Lampman alludes to another case of Maud's ear trouble in Letters 41 and 42.

You said in your letter that you were reading one of Mrs. Muloch's books.<sup>2</sup> They are good books to <sup>read</sup> ready; though there cannot be said to be very much in some of them. The one I read "A Woman's Kingdom" was quite a powerful little novel in its way -- I may add a rather dismal one.

Dr. Jimmy is becoming very friendly with me. He comes every day to bandage my leg and then sits down and smokes a cigarette while we talk of various things -- I find that he is very well informed and very intelligent, and more than that a very good fellow indeed

Well, Sweetheart, I think it will not be long before I can see you now. I shall <sup>come</sup> coming up one of these days, bearing certain things that I have for you, viz. a great heap of kisses and one or two little lectures.

<sup>Write</sup> Do to me again, Dear, if you can. I am always looking for letters from you.

Your affectionate

Archie

---

<sup>2</sup>Mrs. Muloch was actually Miss Dinah Maria Mulock who, after having written many of her novels, married and became Mrs. Craik. Throughout her career, however, she published under the name "The Author of John Halifax, Gentleman." A Woman's Kingdom is a romance of the pseudo-tragic Victorian type; It could not be considered progressive in any sense. Miss Mulock's books were implicitly reactionary to the feminist waves of the times. In a later essay she states that women should cling to men:

"Not merely to love but to worship, to make herself a mat for the man's feet to walk over, to believe everything he does and says is right, to be ready to live for him or die for him, and merge her own identity completely in his -- this, I think, is the instinct of most women, or at least the noblest half of them. It is Nature; and Nature, we must allow, is occasionally right" ("Concerning Men," Concerning Men and Other Papers [London: Macmillan, 1888], p. 5).

24. c/o Dr. Playter / Ottawa  
2 OTTAWA JA 14 87

144 Nicholas Str

14 Jan. '87

Maud, My Sweetheart,

Your letter of yesterday made me absolutely hilarious. I'll tell you what gave me a good laugh. You say that "some think without writing and some write without thinking much" -- Oh Little One, you must never tell me again that you are not clever -- Why, Dearest, you are perfect genius at repartee -- and that is the best answer I ever heard or read in my life. I told you that I was coming up to see you one of these days with a great heap of kisses, and one or two little lectures -- I shall come with the kisses, and leave the lectures behind.

As to coming on Sunday I can only say that I will if I can; but I am afraid it is improbable. I cannot move till my leg is completely well, or I may have the whole thing to do over again.

I am glad you are having such an extremely lively time I only pray that you <sup>not</sup> may carry it too far, and injure your health.

As touching the possibility of your going to Toronto, of course I do not know how to feel. If you can go, and it would be a pleasure to you, I should doubtless be glad that you should avail yourself of the opportunity. Yet I would miss you very much, Dear; and it would be pleasant to me that we could <sup>if</sup>

be, even more than heretofore, together next summer as I am now next thing to certain that we can be married in August or September<sup>2</sup>

Excuse my bed writing -- I have to write on my knee -- I cannot sit at a table

Ever your loving

Archie

Thanks for the pansy, Dear

25. c/o Dr. Playter / Ottawa

144 Nicholas Str.

15 Jan. '87

My Beloved Lady,

I am attempting to write a letter to you, though of what material there is to construct it of, is more than I can say. I shall not be able to see you to-morrow. My leg will not be quite healed. I do not know what day next week will find me so far recovered as to undertake a walk to the office or to your place. Be sure, Sweetheart that I can only be kept away from your dear presence by absolute necessity. But I need not say this. You know it. Indeed this sore leg of mine has proved a much more serious affair than I could have suspected. I thought that it might be a matter of a few days; but it has covered a space of three weeks, and will probably last a few days longer.

---

<sup>2</sup>They will be married on 3 September 1887. The date of the wedding waited, Whitridge implies, on Maud's turning eighteen (p. 13). This line suggests, however, that Lampman is determining the wedding date, that he needed the time to glean at least some savings from his very modest salary.

I hope you will not feel lonely to-morrow. My Sweet; this will be the last Sunday of my absence anyway; and I shall be up in a few days.<sup>1</sup>

I have read an ingeniously flat book called "Confidence" by Henry James -- "Dr. Claudius" by Marion F. Crawford -- "Princess of Thule" - a capital book by William Black besides a number of heavier works.<sup>2</sup> I have also been thinking out a good many things to write myself - but have not carried any of them out. You cannot write when you are sitting all day long without a single move in one position -- your leg laid across a chair and bandaged. In that case all you can do is to read, talk, and if you are a man occasionally vary

---

<sup>1</sup>His absence lasts another three weeks, at least (see Letter 33, 4 February 1887).

<sup>2</sup>Leon Edel, whose criticism of James is never light, dismisses Confidence (1879) as "talented hack work, a minor comedy of manners" ("Henry James," Six American Novelists of the Nineteenth Century, ed. by Richard Foster [Minneapolis: University of Minnesota, 1960], p. 207). Chance meetings, coincidences, and misunderstandings shift the partners in this tale of two international couples. Most of the novel is conversation, often analytical dialogue. What Lampman means by "an ingeniously flat book" is not clear. However, given the sort of melodramatic excess, the emotive language and sensationalistic circumstances of the other novels he is reading at the time (Crawford, Mulock, Black), he would no doubt have been struck by the relative reserve of James' plot and the cerebral tone of the characters' relationships. Moreover, Lampman the craftsman was sensitive to the craft of even the early James: he calls him "wonderfully clever" (Letter 26). Years later he criticizes James in his column "At the Mermaid Inn", as is noted by Connor:

"To be sure, he said, one may object to the somewhat imaginative hardness of details which James piles up in such pitiless quantity about his characters, to the sudden transitions in narrative, to the too finely drawn subtlety of many of the character sketches that 'make us feel as if we were moving over a floor covered with delicate pottery in a dimly lighted room. One may feel the narrative irrelevant to the deeper meanings of life, and little more than psychological treatises cast into dramatic form. And yet, when the book is finished, the characters will remain because they are chiselled upon the mind by a thousand strokes of artistry and skill.'" (p. 126)

Dr. Claudius, by Francis Marion Crawford, is about Europeans on business in America. Lampman was probably reading its New York "new edition" (Macmillan) of 1887. The book was first published in 1883.

the proceedings with a pipe

My friends are wonderfully good to me. Either Duncan or Ernest<sup>3</sup> comes in every day I expect yet to have another letter from you, My Sweet.

Your loving

Archie

26. c/o Dr. Playter / Ottawa

144 Nicholas Str

18 Jan. '87

Dearest Maud

Thanks for your last letter. I do not know when I shall be able to move with this leg. It is certainly the slowest thing I ever had anything to do with. It is not well yet. I expected to be on my <sup>feet</sup> legs days ago - but -- -- well there is no use of complaining I am permitted to crawl round the house now, and that is something anyway.

I have read some more books, among others two more novels of Henry James -- "The Europeans"<sup>1</sup> which is very good, and "Roderick Hudson",<sup>2</sup> a longer one

---

<sup>3</sup>Ernest Whyte (see Letter 21, note 1).

<sup>1</sup>This short novel (1878) concerns the visit of a dislodged German Baroness and her untitled brother, both of American origin, at the home of their prosperous and Puritan relatives in America. The age and sophistication of European society is brilliantly advertised by the shrewd Baroness, who nevertheless fails to get what she came for: a fortune in the form of a rich new husband. She returns to Europe in a pout, but the Bohemian young man takes to the new soil, and to his clever cousin. While the two cultures have clashed, there is the promise of a partial reconciliation in the future marriage of the European gentleman and the American girl. The potboiler was written, Leon Edel recounts, "in response to an appeal from William Dean Howells that James give the Atlantic Monthly a story less sober and tragic than Roderick Hudson and more cheerful than The American" (p. 207).

<sup>2</sup>James' first important novel (1875) is the long story of an American artist in Rome, an expatriate slowly destroyed by his passion for a beautiful European woman.

which I have not yet finished - James is very clever. - wonderfully clever. You must read one of his little books - I recommend "The Europeans". I am escaping all the bitter weather I see; and <sup>yet</sup> I should like to have some of it -- I am fond of a day like yesterday with plenty of wind and snow sweeping around one from all points of the compass at once.

You would be surprised at some of the rendezvous I have up in my room here sometimes - on Saturday afternoon, I had Ernest White, Duncan Scott, Mr. Moss and John Ritchie all here together - and all talking philosophy at the tops of their voices -- It was amusing -- I thoroughly enjoyed it.

Well Little one, I have nothing more to say - My days are not so full of incident as yours. Have a good time, Sweetheart; but do not overdo it.

Your loving

Archie

27. c/o Dr. Playter / Ottawa

144 Nicholas Str

20 Jan. '87

My Dearest Sweetheart,

I am put back again. I tried to walk about the other day a little, and my knee swelled up about the size of a cabbage it kept me awake all the next night and now I am poulticing it again. This last swelling however-- the Doctor tells me -- is of no consequence. As soon as the inflammation is out of it, it will be all right. The original ulcer is healed. I am exasperated. I shall make no more promises about coming up to see you, for fear some new Devil may get into me. All I can say now is that I shall come to you Dear, on the first day that I dare walk as far. When that will be I cannot attempt to settle. It is vastly provoking.

I have read a capital novel by Henry James, "Roderick Hudson". It is one of the most powerful books I have met with for a long time.

I had a visit from Mr. John Brown<sup>1</sup> last night. We had plenty of talk and I read him my last poems. John Brown believes in me. He believes I am going to be a distinguished man yet someday -- consequently I like him. I like all people who believe in me. It is a comfort to find such.

Well Dear, my father is going down<sup>town</sup> and is getting very restless because I do not get this letter finished -- so here it ends with very much love

Your affectionate

lover

Archie

---

<sup>1</sup> John Henry Brown was a fellow worker and a fellow poet. He began working at the Ottawa Post Office in 1882, a year before Lampman did. A contributor to The Week and other periodicals, he also published Poems, Lyrical and Dramatic in Ottawa, 1892. Reviewing that work in the Globe's "At the Mermaid Inn" column W. W. Campbell observed that Brown was insufficiently recognized. Later, in a biographical sketch of Brown, Campbell states, "Among Canadian poets he is distinctly the poet of humanity and its problems as approached from a philosophical standpoint, and in this sense he is the most thoughtful of our poets" (Morgan, CMWT, 1898 [Toronto: Briggs, 1898]).

Connor (p. 84) cites Brown as one of the socially concerned friends who met informally to discuss social and political problems. In addition to Lampman and Brown he includes W. D. LeSueur, Rev. Mr. Walkley, A. C. Campbell, James Macoun (a "flaming socialist"), Wilfred Campbell, and D. C. Scott. It may be that Brown and Lampman locked horns in some such discussions. As Nesbitt suggests ("Lampman and O'Dowd," p. 16) Brown's poem "Looking Forward" may be a response to Lampman's Among the Millet. The poem rejects the poetic habit of looking backward for utopia, concluding:

I looked on the world and accepted it;  
 Accepted the common, the gross, the dull;  
 No more wished to be of the elect;  
 No more wished to stand with eyes turned backward or in the clouds;  
 To dream dreams, to surfeit with perfumed fancies (pp. 100-1).



28. c/o Dr. Playter / Ottawa

2 OTTAWA JA 2 87

144 Nicholas Str.

21 Jan. '87

My Sweet Pet,

Your letter came to me this morning -- and I gather from it that you have a touch of the blues.<sup>1</sup> That must not be -- pluck up spirits -- be jolly - and stay at home and take a rest.

The reason why I did not write to you for several days was that I expect to be well enough to present myself in person -- but as I explained my letter of yesterday I am temporarily worse again, and cannot now say when I shall be able to venture on such a walk. But rest assured, my sweet girl, that I will I will be with you just as soon as I dare.

You are tired of waiting you say! - so am I - remember I had to wait three months once for you.<sup>2</sup> Yet you need not get "another young man" Little One; that would be very foolish. I wish you had my imagination. I cannot imagine you present as clearly as if you stood here. Ah, if I were to find another man in my place when I came up! -- well, do you know what I would do. I would cut the Service, put a knap sack on my back and start for Europe - travel all over the world and give myself up body, soul and spirit to Art,

---

<sup>1</sup>One of a number of such references to Maud's "blues" or other negative moods (see Letters 31, 60, 75).

<sup>2</sup>The allusion here is unknown. It may be that Dr. Playter, who restricted the contact between Lampman and Maud (Whitridge, p. 12), effected a period of separation at some point. Or, it may be simply that Maud was away on her seasonal visits in Toronto and the Niagara peninsula.

literature and Bohemia<sup>3</sup> What an awful fate that would be! -- You see, you had better stick to me for fear it come upon me - but I am only joking, sweetheart.-- I don't think there will be "another young man" or that there would ever be.

You sent me a little pressed pansy in one of your letters and it just did not occur to me that I never thanked you for it -- I thank you now, my sweet -- and wish I had you here (where nobody could see) that I might kiss you for it -- 100 kisses and a long embrace. But you will say I am getting silly -- so I had better end.

Yours ever lovingly

Archie Archie

---

<sup>3</sup>The Bohemian dedication to art, literature, and travel was a theme taking on a religious tone among the intellectuals of the late nineteenth century. In Howells' satirical novel The Coast of Bohemia (1893) the main character, an impressionistic painter of points, encounters the Fine Arts Department of an Ohio State Fair and is duly offended by its displays of gilt rolling pins and other such local works:

"The senseless ugliness of the things really hurt him; his worship of beauty was a sort of religion, and their badness was a sort of blasphemy.... his first impulse was to escape... and keep what little faith in the artistic future of the country he had been able to get together during his long sojourn out of it" (p. 18).

Lampman's expression of the theme here reflects his acquaintance with contemporaries who had spent years in Europe, e.g. the painters Brymner and Moss. His own sister Annie would soon begin studying music in Leipzig; she and Lampman's mother were in Germany for at least two years. He was reading James and Howells, the inventors of the modern international novel, whose characters, often artists, cross from the New World to the Old. Lampman later compares his country's relation to art with that of others in an article calling for more encouragement of Canada's potential artists: "It is strange that in a country like this, where people talk so much about progress and prosperity and so forth, the number of those who count esthetic and artistic development as one of the things to be sought after is so few" ("At the Mermaid Inn," 24 June 1893).

Lampman prefers the shelter of a conventional life and an undemanding job ("the Service") to the adventure of Bohemian ones. The experience that does attract him is not one offered by urban landscapes and foreign culture. In any event, it is probably for comments like this one to Maud that Lampman later wins the nickname "Spunk" from his new wife (see Letter 36, etc.).

29.

144 Nicholas Str.

22 Jan. '87

My Sweetest Pet,

My father having just announced to me his intention of going down - in-  
stantly, as he says - I am obliged to make this letter short. He is a very  
impatient old gentleman - and - I got up late.

I am able to inform you, Dearest, that my leg is getting better again --  
I suppose you are about as disgusted as I at its slow progress. That second  
attack is about over. There is just a little healing to be done now and I  
shall be all right ( I hope! )

I am working up the material I have in my head for a novel.<sup>1</sup> I think it  
will make a good one, if I have the right sort of ability to carry it out. I  
do not know however that I have.- and I shall not know till I try. I mean to

---

<sup>1</sup>What material this may be can not be determined. No known manuscripts  
indicate that Lampman in fact worked on a novel at this time. He did write  
an unpublished, untitled beginning of a novel (six chapters in 64 handwritten  
pages) in 1884. He refers to it in a letter to John Ritchie:

"Last month, in pursuance and development of the meagre plan which I un-  
folded to you at Christmas, I set to work and wrote six chapters of a full  
blown novel -- the scenes and plot being laid, as I intended, in Granada.  
However, when I had proceeded so far, I came to the conclusion that my plan  
was impracticable -- in a word, I have not the proper material and, indeed,  
could not use it if I had. Collins seems quite pleased with what I had done;  
but for the present I must lay it by and see if I cannot get upon some design  
more suited to my equipment" (Connor, p. 76).

It may be that Lampman took up the old novel for reworking as he had taken up  
the poem "The Monk" (see Letter 16, note 2). That story concerns a conflict  
between the Moors and the Spanish in which a scholar, a balladeer, and a Bish-  
op are drawn into various degrees of intrigue. The piece is a curiously stiff  
and artificial attempt at obsolescent narrative. The balladeer, troubled by a  
lack of appreciation from his people, says, "Finally I heard, one day, a rude  
fellow shouting an unusually offensive parody after me as I walked in one of  
the busiest squares -- so I passed on without stopping through the nearest gate  
and took the road to Seville." When suddenly "The Moors! The Moors!" have  
come, the scholar, with aristocratic sensibility, begins to "take down the bur-  
nished implements of warfare that hung upon the walls" (PAC, vol. II, p. 893).

have a shot at it.

I was pretty lonely yesterday - Everyone was out, and nobody came to see me. Mother read to me in the evening one of Turgenieffs' yarns - and that helped to hasten the time a little

There is plenty of snow now I see. What an ocean of it there must be  
 Getting across it the  
 over that common of yours †t must be like Jes Israilites passage of the Red  
 sea -- the waves walled up on either side. How do you get over now -- from  
 Daly or Rideau Street -- Tell me this Dear -- as when I come I shall have to  
 take the easiest way.

Yours forever

Archie

30. c/o Dr. Playter / Ottawa  
 OTTAWA JA 24 87

144 Nicholas Str

24 Jan. '87

My own Sweet Maud,

I believe I can safely say I am getting well at last. I am able to wa k  
 round the house now -- in a few days I shall be going to the office -- as s on  
 as I can I will crawl up to you. †f In the meantime before I am able to wa k  
 all the way up to your place, we might meet somewhere else - write and tell me  
 what afternoon you will be at the rnk- and I will try and get in there - an we  
 can have a talk

Dear Maud like to hear you talk about bandaging my leg. It does me good.  
 I dare say a bandaging by you would do it a great deal of good, and wish I had  
 you by me -- but I shall some day soon.

I am copying out some of those last poems I wrote into my "big book"<sup>1</sup> - and they look very well.

I have read two <sup>books</sup> letters by Turgenieff and "A Great Responsibility" by Howells<sup>2</sup> besides some short stories and heavier works.

The weather is dreadful I believe and I suppose you have not moved out much.

I am going to begin my novel soon - I have the plan nearly settled. We shall make a fortune, Dear, out of that novel! Don't you believe it? I think I see you smile; but we shall. Wait!

You speak disparagingly of your last letter, Dear, drawing attention to blots and erasures - never mind I think it was one of the best letters I ever had from you - one of the kindest.

---

<sup>1</sup>Lampman's writing habits, inferred from the whole of the MS material which survives, have been described by Bruce Nesbitt:

"First he scribbled ideas, lines, stanzas, and drafts of whole poems, occasionally on bits of paper, more usually in his notebooks, twenty-two of which survive. He then copied them in his fair-copy manuscript books, large bound volumes in which he further revised as he felt it necessary. From these manuscript books he would copy out poems on individual sheets for submission to journals, as gifts for friends, or as happened once, into a further manuscript book as a possible collection for publication" ("Lampmania: Alcyone and the Search for Merope," Editing Canadian Texts, ed. Frances G. Halpenny [Toronto: A.M. Hakkert, Ltd., 1975], p. 41).

Presumably his "big book" is his current bound volume of fair-copy. The poems he had written just previously, according to the dates of extant manuscripts, are the unpublished variant of "Easter Eve" entitled "Alexis" (December 1886), "Easter Eve" (December 1886; Among the Millet), "The Monk" (December 1886; Among the Millet), and "New Year's Eve" (January 1887; The Week 5:69, December 1887; At the Long Sault).

<sup>2</sup>Published in 1881, the short novel is entitled A Fearful Responsibility. It is the fearfully boring account of the prototype American Girl in Venice and in trouble trying to communicate her acceptances and rejections of continental suitors.

I do not know whether this letter will reach you to-day My father would not wait till I had finished it, which I think was rather mean.

Your loving fiancè

Archie

31. c/o Dr. Playter / Ottawa

JA 25 87

144 Nicholas Str.

25 Jan. '87

My Own Darling,

You are getting to be a splendid correspondent. You have written me so many sweet letters lately that I did not expect one yesterday and was deliciously surprised when your letter came. Dearest, I am afraid you are a little "blue", in spite of what you say. Your last two or three letters seem to me a wee bit plaintive, as if you were out of spirits a little I find on looking over your letters that I have had nine from you altogether<sup>1</sup> - that is very good, Little One.- and I thank you for them all, though I would rather have had yourself if that had been possible I am walking round the house to-day and have the bandages off; though I dare not yet irritate my leg by walking any distance.

Tell me, Dear, what afternoon you will be at the rink and I will go in there and have a talk with you; that will keep us going until I am well enough to venture up to your place.

---

<sup>1</sup>Lampman is referring to the period during which he has been shut in with his ulcerous leg. In that time he has written fifteen letters, Maud nine; none of Maud's has been discovered.

You shouldn't dream of marrying another man, my Maud; that will never do. Take example by me. Whenever I dream of marriage I am always faithfully married to you. I have some very delightful dreams about you now and then, My Sweetheart; but I can never remember them distinctly. I cannot remember dreams; or very rarely.

It is too bad that you were lonely on Sunday. I ought to have been there; but -- its a pity one hadn't wings: then I might have managed it. Ah Little one it will not be long now, till I am with you again -- and the first time I catch you alone -- you will never be able to give me half the number of kisses I want. I think I should have got well much sooner if I could have had a good kiss now and then - but enough - it excites me too much to thing<sup>k</sup> about it.

In the "Princess of Thule" you will notice a character who has points of resemblance to me, viz Mr. Edward Ingram. Is it not so? Sheila is a beautiful character and I like Mrs Lorraine. On the whole the book is a little tiresome, but has good points.<sup>2</sup>

---

<sup>2</sup>Ingram is a sensible man who lives frugally, without show. He is rewarded for his Puritan ways with a Puritan prize: material wealth. The fortune that was intended for his flamboyant and somewhat roguish friend Lavender is diverted to him by the rogue's very aunt, a turn of events that would appeal to Lampman's sense of justice (see also Letter 22, note 5). Sheila is a Nordic "princess," a combination of divine innocence and salty competence. Mrs. Lorraine is very much a woman of the world, a shrewd and socially cultivated American widow of Jamesian dimensions. The novel's symmetry is such that Lavender couples with Sheila, and Ingram eventually amuses Mrs. Lorraine.

Though Lampman was psychologically caught up in the novel, his artistic judgement held. Black was not renowned for his plots or his form, but rather for his characterization, and for his descriptive passages on landscape. "Even Mr. Ruskin in generous praise admitted that this young writer had done things that he could never attempt," Wemyss Reid observes (William Black, p. 97).

Black's characterization of Sheila, in any event, touched Lampman's imagination for some time. In a fragment of his journal written on a trip up the Lièvre, he says he "beheld the princess of the Lievre", and later "improved acquaintance with the Princess of the Lievre." He also notes,

"In the evening saw Princess milking cows in the dim distance ('which accounted for sweetness of milk'). Were struck dumb with ecstasy on observing

Your loving

Archie

32. c/o Dr. Playter / Ottawa  
2 OTTAWA FE 1 87

P.O. Dept.

1 Feb. 87

Dearest Maud

I write this to inform you that I got no special harm by my walking yesterday - my legs feels all right, though a trifle sore, this morning. If I keep it quiet for a few days it will soon get as solid as ever.

I hope you had a fine time last night.<sup>1</sup> You ought to have been an object of general delight and admiration. You looked pretty enough anyway. But the main thing is whether you had a good time or not. I trust you had and that you did not allow anything to worry you. You deserve to be happy dear, for you are certainly a sweet good girl.

Be jolly, be merry, and when I come up again, which I hope to do some afternoon before Sunday, let me find you in as good spirits as you were yesterday.

Your affte

lover

Archie

---

the Princess in white and red ribbons take ship to come over to our side -- sat in the dug-out -- two condoliers, one at either side, one at either end -- she made a visit to the tent and went for a canoe sail with Duncan." ("Two Fragments Describing Canoe Trips," in Davies, pp. 81-6)  
This princess, probably an Indian beauty, figures in a sailing scene much like ones conducted by the Princess of Thule. The journal fragments are undated by year but Letters 91-6 in this correspondence suggest that they were written in 1898.

<sup>1</sup> Unidentified.



33. c/o Dr. Playter / Ottawa

1 OTTAWA FE 4 87

P.O. Dept.

4 Feb. '87

My Darling

My leg is worse again. I have taken the utmost care of it, but it has become painful and swollen. I called in to see Dr. Jimmy as I came to the office this morning and he told me to poultice it after I go home tonight and after office to-morrow -- heigh-ho - so you see the devil has got hold of me once more -- and worst of all I cannot come up to see you. I will come if it is at all possible on Sunday - if I do not you will know, Dearest, that it is because I cannot. In the meantime sympathize with me, and think of me kindly, my sweetest treasure.

I wish you were my wife, Little one, now. If you were, I could go home this afternoon, doctor my leg, and feel no heartpangs.- for you would be near me. As it is I keep fretting that I cannot be with you, that I cannot go to you.

But never mind, this leg business will not last very long - after a little I shall be as sound as ever, perhaps sounder.

I have been reading another novel of Henry James called "The American."<sup>1</sup> It is very interesting and strong - but rather dismal - ends unhappily, or mostly so.

---

<sup>1</sup> Christopher Newman is the quintessential American who loses his innocence in Europe just as he loses his beloved, a Parisienne who prefers a convent. Roderick Hudson and The American both have unhappy endings unlike the other novels Lampman is reading at the time.

Since I cannot yet get up to see you, my pet, please buy something to remember me by, - candies or what you like

Your longing

lover

Archie

34. c/o Dr. Playter / Ottawa

OTTAWA CANADA FREE 2 FE 9 87

P.O. Dept.

9 Feb. '87

Dearest Maud

I will come to see you to-morrow afternoon - and if you have no where to go I will stay the evening. Try and be home, Little One.

Your own

Archie<sup>1</sup>

35.

P.O. Dept.

15 Aug.<sup>1</sup>

Dearest Maud,

I do not know whether I can come up tonight after all. I had a bad night

---

<sup>1</sup>Lampman received a letter dated 29 July 1887 from his father who was touring and fishing near Mattawa, Quebec (see Appendix B, Letter 2a).

<sup>1</sup>The year date of this letter is not certain. Obviously, it was written to Maud at her Ottawa home before she and Lampman were married. Since Maud was away at this time in the summer of 1885, the year is either 1886 or 1887. Because the letter arrived in the sequence above at Simon Fraser University it remains there.

and am utterly played out this morning - my complaint still continues. I must not move about any more than I can help, & unfortunately I have a lot of business to do. If I can dare to do so I will come up, if not I know you will excuse me. Good bye, my pet

Your loving

Archie  
A.L.

---

[ 1 8 8 9 ]<sup>1</sup>

36. Care of Angus D. Macdonell Esq / 419 Dundas Str. / Toronto<sup>1</sup>  
2 OTTAWA JY 29 89 FREE

July 29, 1889

Dear Chick,

As I sit at my desk it flashes upon me that I have done the very thing that I intended to guard against. I checked that valise and trunk to Toronto instead of Parkdale,<sup>2</sup> How did I come to be such an ass, when I had repeatedly

---

<sup>1</sup>During the two year interval Lampman and Emma Maud Playter were married (3 September 1887), the poet's first volume Among the Millet was published (spring, 1888) and Lampman's sister Annie, accompanied by their mother, left Canada to study music in Leipzig.

The response to Lampman's book included the following letters in the Simon Fraser University Library collection: from Charles G. D. Roberts, 16 November 1888 and 20 April 1889, and from Bliss Carman 28 December 1888 (see Appendix C, Letters 1-3); from Eben Picken, 11 April 1889, from Edmund Stedman, 24 April 1889, and from Hamlin Garland, 2 May 1889 and 14 May 1889 (see Appendix D, Letters 1-4).

<sup>1</sup>Friends of the Playters, the Macdonells were a well-to-do family with a fashionable address. Angus Duncan Macdonell, a barrister, was married to Pauline Rosalind De La Haye. Their son Angus Claude, born the same year as Lampman, became a barrister, a K.C., a D.C.L., and in 1904 an M.P. for South Toronto. Their daughter Margaret Maude, referred to in subsequent letters as "Maggie," married L. M. Hayes (see Letter 71, note 1) also a barrister.

<sup>2</sup>A section of west Toronto, its station a few km from the city centre.

warned myself to beware of such an error? The things will go onto the Union Station and you will not get them till tomorrow I am ready of curse and to swear. I hope you will not be put to much trouble, Little Chick.

I felt very lonely as I walked back to the office, and realised that the little chick was gone.

Your Loving husband

Spunk

37. c/o Angus D. Macdonnell Esq. / 419 Dundas / Toronto  
2 OTTAWA JY 30 89 FREE

P.O. Dept, Ottawa

30 July 1889

Little chick,

I have mailed the jacket this morning and registered it. The old body did not send the bill after all, but Belle<sup>1</sup> is going to get it to-day and I will immediately forward it. Your man Ashfield sent up the mended racket la t night with a bill for \$1.<sup>25</sup>, cost of repairing. He had mended the broken string also. I did not feel like paying that sum, <sup>so</sup> So I sent it back. Belle is going to see him about it this morning.

Would you care to have it at that cost?<sup>2</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup>Lampman's sisters Isabelle and "Bebie" (Caroline) and Archibald, Sr., are living with the young couple.

<sup>2</sup>Here and elsewhere Lampman makes a decision about spending as he is eliciting Maud's opinion on the matter. A cheap new racket could be purchased for the bill's amount, equivalent to about three hours of Lampman's wages (see Letter 8, note 4).

I felt pretty queer and lonely yesterday and last night without the chick. Before you went I did not think I would feel it for so short a time; but I was mistaken. There was a kind of melancholy upon me all day, and at all hours I kept looking at <sup>the</sup> clock, and estimating how far you had gone, wondering what you were doing, and hoping that everything was comfortable. were the candies and the sandwiches satisfactory, and did they bring you some good tea?

Master Picken<sup>3</sup> was lying on the chair in our room, you remember, when we left in the morning. When I returned at 5 o'clock Master Picken was lying there still. He had never stirred all day. He condescended however to come down to dinner

You will be pleased to learn that I shaved this morning - quite successfully.

Your loving

X Spunk X

38. Care of Angus D. Macdonnell Esq. / 419 Dundas, Str., / Toronto

P.O. Dept, Ottawa

31 July 1889

Young Rascal,

I got the little note this morning, and was glad to know that the good Chick had reached her destination safely. Tomorrow I hope to receive a regular letter telling me how you got along and all about the journey.

I have been trying to write. I did write a little last night; but what I

---

<sup>3</sup>"Picken" is the couple's cat (Letter 49), named presumably after Eben Picken, a congenial Montreal bookseller of Among the Millet (see Appendix D, Letter 1).

am working at or trying to work at is very difficult, and requires enormous concentration.<sup>1</sup>

I received yesterday the first money on account of my book (our book)<sup>2</sup> that has come to hand for two months - \$1.50 from a book seller in Halifax - proceeds of the sale of two copies.

When you are done with the 2<sup>d</sup> volume of Prusias<sup>3</sup> perhaps you might do it up securely and send it to me carefully addressed. I can then return it to the library, and get another in its place.

We are all well; Master Picken is very well; but he is very sleepy

Give my best regards to your friends.

Your affectionate

xxx Spunk xxx

39.

P.O. Dept, Ottawa

2<sup>d</sup> Aug. 1889.

Dearest Puss,

I enclose a little letter from cousin Annie Lampman,<sup>1</sup> which I dare say will be satisfactory to you. Will you please let me know in your next letter whether I paid father for the cord of wood before the last. He is under the

---

<sup>1</sup>Lampman was engaged in a number of works at the time: a poem for the Toronto Globe which he alludes to in Letter 41; the unpublished prose fragment "At a Street Corner" (PAC, vol. III, scribbler 2, August 1889); the poem "Comfort of the Fields" (PAC, vol. III, scribbler 5, July 1889); and the poem "Sebastian," 127 lines of blank verse (PAC, vol. III, scribbler 5, July 1889).

<sup>2</sup>Among the Millet had been published in 1888 with funds which Maud had inherited (Connor, p. 89).

<sup>3</sup>Unidentified.

<sup>1</sup>Lampman's cousin in the Niagara peninsula may be writing to welcome the couple who are planning to holiday there shortly.

impression that I did not, and I cannot distinctly remember, although I have been acting all along <sup>on</sup> under the understanding that I had. He says it does not matter; but I wish to have things square. Tell me whether you remember anything about it.

I am pretty solitary, sweet puss, and although the days go placidly enough I miss you exceedingly. I have no one to laugh at me, kiss me, pet me, and bother me; I feel as if I were removed into another and a vacant world; but I will be with you soon, good Chick.

I got along better with my poem last night; but progress is slow.<sup>2</sup>

Mrs. Watts<sup>3</sup> sent up a baskets- of black currants, and Belle proposes to preserve them; indeed I suppose she is at it.

Your loving

X X Spunk X X

40. [no date]<sup>1</sup>

Dear Chick

In my letter to mother I no doubt exaggerated my bad state of health. I was, I remember, very unwell, when I wrote the letter. At any rate she seems

---

<sup>2</sup>See Letter 41, note 3.

<sup>3</sup>The neighbour is the wife or mother of "Brother Watts," mentioned in Letter 41.

<sup>1</sup>Most likely this undated letter was written on the third or fourth of August, 1889, when there is a break in the regular, daily, dated correspondence in this series. Lampman refers to a letter he has just received from Maud; it must be her letter of August 1, the first of a series of six from Maud in this collection (see Appendix A). Further, its comment about Picken is continuous with those of Letters 37 and 38.

to have conceived a formidable idea of my miserable condition.<sup>2</sup> I must write and tell her that I am not so near death after all.

I received your sweet letter this morning and was extremely glad to hear from you. I am not getting along very well with my writing. I don't seem to have any spirit.

Today the heat is going to be tremendous. Belle is gone down to spend the day with "Gertie"<sup>3</sup> Picken is still well I tormented him last a good deal with the water hose, which I turned on him several times to his intense disgust.

Your loving

Spunk

Do not send the \$2 yet. I think I shall have enough - when a "free" letter is Reg.<sup>d</sup> a registration 5 cent stamp must be put on, & it must be entered at the P.O. like any other letter

41. c/o Angus D Macdonnell, / 419 Dundas Str. / Toronto  
OTTAWA CANADA FREE 2 AU 5 89

5 Aug. '89

Dear Chick

I am distressed to hear that your ear is troubling you, dear Puss. By all means go to the ear Doctor, if you have an opportunity. Do not rush

---

<sup>2</sup>Lampman's mother is in Germany with Annie.

<sup>3</sup>Unidentified.



around so. You say you are tired and then you tell me you are going on an excursion next day. You must rest or you cannot hope to recover. When I come I will carry you off immediately to Niagara, where you cannot help resting.

Father and I worked a day or two at the wood; but found it would not work; it was making me ill.<sup>1</sup> I have determined to get a man to do it.

I took a couple of good walks on Saturday and yesterday; went down to Brother Watts<sup>2</sup> in the afternoon & found him out; tried my luck then with Ernest White & found him out too. I have nearly finished my Globe poem;<sup>3</sup> it will be rather heavy, but not bad. I am in very good health the last day or two, since I left off sawing wood.

Belle made 5 jars of black current preserve, and she hopes that she will have your approval. I carried all my starchable duds down to the Laundry this morning; that, I suspect, is satisfactory too.

I have sold another sonnet -- "Music"<sup>4</sup> to the Century,<sup>5</sup> and I have the

<sup>1</sup>An index of Lampman's physical state: chopping and hauling wood for a day is too strenuous a job for him.

<sup>2</sup>Perhaps this is Theodore Watts, who in an 1892 Athenaeum criticizes Walt Whitman as sometimes sublime and most often indecent (Connor, p. 124), or the J. Watt whom Connor mentions as a schoolmate at Cobourg Collegiate Institute (p. 31).

<sup>3</sup>The poem "Drought" appears in the daily "Round the Globe" poetry column of the Toronto Globe of 12 September 1889. "September Scribner's" is printed beneath it: the poem was also published there.

<sup>4</sup>Not the sonnet of that name in Among the Millet, this one begins "take the lute this brooding hour from me." It first appears in an 1887 scribbler, and later in an 1889 MS book; its alternative name is "To the Lute Player," but it appears as "Music" in The Poems of Archibald Lampman (Toronto: Morang, 1900), p. 260, hereafter cited as Poems.

<sup>5</sup>The original Scribner's Monthly, established in 1870, lasted until 1881 when its editor died, its management divided, and it got a new name, the Century. The sons of Charles Scribner (who had died in 1881) agreed not to start another magazine for five years; six years later (1887) they began Scribner's Magazine (Mott, III, pp. 457-480).

cheque for it in my pocket -- \$10.

Look into a bookstore, chick, and if you find a copy of the "Cosmopolitan"<sup>6</sup> magazine for August, with an article on Ottawa in it, containing a reference to me, buy it.

See the ear Doctor.

Your loving

Spunk

Infinite kisses!

42.

6 Aug. 1889

Sweet Pop,

I received your note this morning and am glad to hear your ear is better, but sorry to hear that it acts peculiarly. You had better try the Ear Doctor.

I interviewed Mr. Lesueur<sup>1</sup> <sup>again</sup> yesterday about my holidays and he says he does not think I can have 4 weeks. It seems that several persons have been getting

---

<sup>6</sup>The article "Social Life in Ottawa" by William Blackburn Harte concerns itself with the capital's social and political elite and their dinners and parties. There is no mention of Lampman or of any other artist in the city; they were not invited to the parties, it would seem. Harte's wry observations suggest that they missed little in the way of a good time.

<sup>1</sup>William Dawson LeSueur (1840-1917), a civil servant and writer, was secretary of the Post Office Department from 1888 until 1902. For many years he wrote regularly as an essayist for the Montreal Gazette and the Montreal Star. In 1913 he was elected President of the Royal Society of Canada (WWC, 1921). LeSueur took an active interest in Lampman's work; after the poet's death, he assisted Duncan Campbell Scott in arranging for the publication of The Poems of Archibald Lampman. He was also something of a personal friend and political ally. As Connor has it, LeSueur was one of a group of men including Lampman who "met informally from time to time to discuss current problems" (p. 84).

off lately for 4 weeks, and the Postmaster General<sup>2</sup> has been kicking up a row. I fear I shall only get three after all. They have got into one of their strict fits and there is no doing anything with them. However after I have been gone two weeks I shall write and apply for a weeks extension of leave. Mr. Lesueur said he would like to grant me the 4 weeks; but he did not feel that he could do it; he did not answer finally.

You had better do all that you need to do in Toronto <sup>before</sup> better I come; so that we can get over to St. Catharines<sup>3</sup> without much delay. I feel that it will be necessary for me to get as much time in the country as possible, and three weeks is a short time.

I have finished my "Globe" poem and I think it is a good one.

Your loving

xxxxxxxx Spunk xxxxxxx

43. c/o Angus D. Macdonnell Esq / 419 Dundas Str. / Toronto  
2 OTTAWA AU 8 89 FREE

P.O. Dept, Ottawa,

8 Aug. '89,

Dearest Chick,

---

<sup>2</sup>John Haggart was the Postmaster General at this time. During 1889 he moved a number of amendments to postal legislation limiting the salaries of postal workers and, in one case, reducing some (Canada, Parliament. Sessional Papers. Ottawa: 1888-1890).

<sup>3</sup>In the context of these letters St. Catherines and Thorold are Lampman territory. Situated halfway between the two towns was the estate "Mountain Point," originally 250 acres of wilderness granted by the King in 1780 to Lampman's greatgrandfather Peter Lampman in appreciation of his loyalty to the Empire. Peter spent the last fifty-two of his eighty-five years settling the land and developing a beautiful fruit farm as well as a family of ten children. Peter, Jr., was the father of Archibald Lampman, Sr. (Ernest Voorhis, "The Ancestry of Archibald Lampman, Poet," Royal Society of Canada Proceedings and Transactions, 3rd ser 15, Ottawa: 1921).

It will now be a very short time till I see you, only four days. On Monday evening you will behold me crawling out of the train at Parkdale. Have a merry welcome for me, good Puss.

I think I shall be able to get my four weeks yet by applying for an extension, when I am gone.

Leslie Dakin<sup>1</sup> came in last night and afterwards Brother Watts, and we had a long chat, and some whiskey and water and pipes. Brother Watts is keeping Bachelor's Hall in true fashion. He is all alone; hardly a soul in the neighborhood.

Minna<sup>2</sup> has found it necessary to go away on Saturday; Belle will have the kitchen scrubbed on Friday; and as there will be very little going on, the floor will no doubt be quite clean enough for painting on Monday. Minna will let us know before she goes whether she intends to return or not.

Father rescued Picken yesterday from the jaws of a small dog. Master Picken was much excited especially as to his tail. He is getting fat. By the time winter comes I fancy he will be plump and soft.

I am looking forward over the few days ahead to assuming possession again of the dear Chick. Tell me if you will meet me when I come.

Your loving

Spunk

44, Care of Angus D. Macdonnell Esq. / 419 Dundas Str. / Toronto  
2 OTTAWA AU 9 89 FREE

P.O. Dept.,

9 Aug. '89

---

<sup>1</sup> Unidentified.

<sup>2</sup> A servant.

Dearest Chick

I think I have everything arranged in proper order for the start. I have left the wood alright, and I have agreed with Monsieur Philbert,<sup>1</sup> and I have prepared my clothes. If the train carries me safely, sweet Chick, in three day's time, I shall have the Puss huddling softly into my arms.<sup>2</sup> Think of that!

I have not had a letter from you for three days - Rascal! I am pretty well; so are the girls who send their love, and so is Master Picken, who doesn't send any love, being occupied in reconnoitring a sparrow

Your loving

xxxxx - Spunk - xxxx

45. c/o Angus D. Macdonnell, Esq. / 419 Dundas Str. / Toronto  
2 OTTAWA AU 10 89

Ottawa,

10 Aug. '89

Dearest Chick

I am not at the office to-day, Something went wrong with me yesterday, and I had a bad attack of vomiting & diarrhea last night. I am sitting in our room, and am very weak. No doubt it is only temporary; and I shall be all right for the journey on Monday. If by any change I should not feel well enough to go on Monday, I shall at any rate turn up next day.

But I reckon I shall be on hand at Parkdale Station on Monday night at

---

<sup>1</sup>Unidentified.

<sup>2</sup>Lampman has been granted a four week holiday after all; he does not return to Ottawa until 8 September (Letter 46).

8:40 and I shall see once more the luminous eyes of the rascally Chick.

The girls are very good to me and do every thing to make me comfortable  
not  
so you need feel a bit uneasy for me. I shall be all sound to-morrow. Sweet  
Puss; have a great number of those little soft kisses stored away for me

Your loving

xxxxx Spunk xxxxxx

46. Care of Angus D. McDonnell / 419 Dundas Str. / Toronto  
REGISTERED OTTAWA SP 9 89 FREE

P.O. Dept, Ottawa

8 Sept. '89

Dearest Chick

I arrived safe and sound last night and so did the Peaches. I took a cab  
at the station. The horse went into a fit on the way up and I transferred to  
an express wagon. I was glad you were not with me just at that moment. It  
was not a pleasant spectacle.

I did not suffer so much on the train as I expected, indeed I came through  
without any hurt from anything but ennui.

The baskets of peaches were received safely; one was preserved; the other  
is  
was being eaten. Half of it was given to your father's family. I gave them a  
glass of wine last night, which they enjoyed very much. Father has been at  
home for some days. Minna is not back yet. I have asked Belle to write to  
her. The Doctor & Kate<sup>1</sup> are well and all hands send their love to the good  
chick.

---

<sup>1</sup>The doctor is Maud's father; Kate is Maud's sister.

I enclose 2 Exhibition tickets which the Doctor obtained. He could not get any more. When I left you the \$13 I did not remember that you would need to take a parlour car on the train coming home; I therefor enclose another \$1 for that purpose.

I shall expect you home pretty soon, dear chick,

Your loving

xxxx Spunk xxxxx

Your father says he thinks that those who use the enclosed tickets enter at some other entrance than the general one. He is not sure however

It occurred to me yesterday that you were going to get some samples for Bebee at Murray's. I do not know whether you had forgotten it or not. This is really the end of this letter sweet chick.

Your

Archie

47. 54 Grove Avenue / Toronto / Ont.<sup>1</sup>

2 OTTAWA SP 10 89 FREE

P.O. Dept. Ottawa

10 Sept. '89

Dearest Chick.

I received your Sweet letter this morning.<sup>2</sup> You must not allow yourself to be melancholy, dear Puss; and if you will be so, you had better come home.

---

<sup>1</sup>Maud is visiting the Stammers family as she had four years previously (Letters 3-5).

<sup>2</sup>Maud's letter of 8 September, mistakenly dated 8 August by Maud (see Appendix A, Letter 2).

Take good care of your health.

Mr. Moss and Miss Hunton<sup>3</sup> come in last night. They will be married next Tuesday. Moss is looking well and Miss Hunton appears to have fully recovered from her camping illness. I gave them a glass of wine. Duncan is coming up this evening. He has got over his malady too but is not yet by any means strong. I took tea with the Scotts on Sunday evening, They are all at home.

The girls are pretty well and send their love. Your father is also in good condition apparently. Belle had a letter from Mother yesterday in which it is stated that on account of Her Koausse's concerts,<sup>4</sup> at which Annie is engaged to play, they will not start for home until the 21<sup>st</sup>. That will bring them here about the 5th of October. They are thinking now of going to Montreal.

I must make this letter short dearest. On my way down on Saturday I got my eyes full of smoke and cinders from the engine and one of them is so sore that it will not stand much. Take care of yourself, Sweet

Your loving

Spunk

You might send me my sponge<sup>5</sup> I wrote you a letter on Sunday, addressed to the Macdonells

---

<sup>3</sup>Unidentified.

<sup>4</sup>Lampman is probably referring to a Herr Koausse, unidentified, most likely one of Annie's music teachers in Germany.

<sup>5</sup>In her letter of 14 September (Appendix A, Letter 3) Maud informs Lampman that she is sending the sponge. The correspondence is regular here: Maud's subsequent letters are dated 18-20 September (Appendix A, Letters 4-5).

Enclosed in her Letter 3 is a newspaper clipping, a long review of W. D. Lighthall's Songs of the Great Dominion. The unnamed reviewer states that Lampman "is, in our judgment, the foremost of the young poets of America."



48. Care of Angus D. Macdonell Esq. / 419 Dundas Str. / Toronto

P.O. Dept. Ottawa

13 Sept '89

Dearest Chick

I write a very few words for my eyes are only just recovering and are yet weak. There is an excursion from here to Toronto for \$5.25 on Monday next. If you will wait over I will send you a ticket. Your father says that can be done. I will mail it on Monday You ought to get it on Tuesday and can come home on Wednesday. Do this. I will enquire at the Railway office here and if it will not work I will let you know. I may perhaps even do better - may find someone going on Monday who can transfer ticket to you at at any rate Toronto I will write you a note on Monday telling you when to come, and I will mail it early. I shall be glad indeed to have you back dear Puss. Give my respects to the Macdonells.

My eyes cannot stand writing any longer

Your loving

xxxx Spunk xxxx

49.

P.O. Dept, Ottawa

16 Sept. 1889

Dearest Chick,

This is the first day I have been at the office since last Tuesday.<sup>1</sup> My eyes are pretty nearly sound again. I shall not send you a ticket today, but will wait till Wednesday. I am in hopes I shall find someone who can give you

---

<sup>1</sup>The date 16 September 1889 was a Monday.

a return ticket in Toronto which he does not require for return. If I do not find such a person, I will send you a \$5.25 return ticket on Wednesday, when they are again issued of course in that case you cannot return till Friday, and if you feel like coming home <sup>sooner</sup> my dear, just buy a regular ticket and telegraph to me so that I shall not buy another <sup>for you</sup> here. A saving however of \$4 or \$5 would be something.<sup>2</sup>

Mr. Watts & Mr. Moss and Leslie Dakin<sup>3</sup> came in last night and spent the evening.

Minna has not yet returned and I have heard nothing from here. I begin to fear she may not turn up at all. How little dependence you can place on these people.<sup>4</sup>

Picken is getting singularly fat. He has grown a little larger I think, and is really a very handsome cat.

I have spent a pretty tiresome week, sweet puss, shut up in the darkened house, with goggled eyes, unable to read, write or even smoke to any extent. I should have been ennuïé to death had I not got into an inventive humor and constructed some pretty good verses.<sup>5</sup>

Mr. McArthur<sup>6</sup> sent father a basket of peaches - very good ones too - especially in flavour.

---

<sup>2</sup>Given that Lampman's hourly wage equivalent is still under 50¢, the saving would be substantial.

<sup>3</sup>Unidentified; Dakin is a close friend or relative of the Lampmans.

<sup>4</sup>Lampman is referring to servants.

<sup>5</sup>The poet's notebooks indicate that he wrote at least nine new poems during the month of September 1889: "Among the Orchards" (Alcyone), "The Cup of Life" (Poems), "Fair Speech" (At the Long Sault), "Goldenrod" (Poems), "How Dealt the World," "Life and Nature" (Lyrics of Earth), "The Moon-Path" (Lyrics), "A Niagara Landscape" (Poems), and "The Piano" (Poems).

<sup>6</sup>Unidentified.

Do what you wish dear Puss in regard to coming home; but if you choose to return on Wednesday let me know by telegram to-morrow night. If I do not get any telegram I will send you a ticket on Wednesday. They only issue them to-day and Wednesday. - many kisses

Your loving

xxxx Spunk xxxx

50. Care of Angus D. Macdonell Esq. / 419 Dundas Str. / Toronto / Ont.

REGISTERED OTTAWA SP 18 89 FREE

P. O. Dept, Ottawa

18 Sept. 1889

Dearest Chick,

I have received all your sweet letters.<sup>1</sup> You may set yourself at rest as far as my eyes are concerned. They are quite recovered, but are a trifle weak yet. I am glad to hear you are feeling better. I send you in this letter the return half of a return ticket from Toronto to Ottawa. It cost \$5.35, which is a fair saving. It is good till next Monday. Return whenever you feel like it, sweet puss; I think it would be better if you come with Mrs. Playter.

Two together are better than one; I think I would feel less anxious if there were two of you together. Yes I think you had better arrange to come with Mrs. Playter.

Mrs. Bucke<sup>2</sup> paid me for that ticket of mine - \$2.25 - satisfactory.

Minna has not yet appeared, and we have had to get in a woman to wash to-day - the accumulation is so great. The girls are pretty well and send their love.

---

<sup>1</sup>Lampman must be referring to three letters (1 August, 8 September, 14 September) in addition to the "little note" she must have sent on 29 July.

<sup>2</sup>Unidentified.

Mr. McArthur has sent father a box of pears - about 3/4 of a bushel - a great old card - he is.

Mr. Moss & Miss Hunton were married yesterday. I did not witness the ceremony but I read the report. They have departed to New York<sup>3</sup>

I am invited to contribute to the Christmas number of Saturday Night - another extraordinary letter from Mason.<sup>4</sup>

I have had a great streak of work. It began when my eyes were sore & I could do nothing but make verses. I have written a lot of poems, and am glad of it, for I had been very barren for several months.

Give my best regards to Mrs. Macdonell and the young ladies - to Messrs. Claude and others. The giant Archie<sup>5</sup> is I suppose away by this time.

Bebèe was entirely satisfied with your decision in buying the cloth. I think they were not quite sure that 13 yds would be enough anyway.

Dear Chick - Sweet Imp I send you love in vast quantities. I shall

<sup>3</sup>The painter and his wife reappear in Letter 79; in the spring of 1896 they come back to live in Ottawa.

<sup>4</sup>The 1889 Christmas issue of Saturday Night, 21 December, includes the poems "Christmastide" by E. Pauline Johnson, a religious tribute to the star of Bethlehem, "His Christmas" by Ed. W. Sandys, a broad account of a drunk's holiday, and other even less notable works with no by-lines. Either Lampman did not take up the request or his response was rejected. Mason is unidentified.

<sup>5</sup>Apparently Sir Archibald Cameron Macdonell (1864-1941), born in Windsor, the son of Samuel Smith Macdonell, is a relative of the Toronto Macdonells whom Maud visits. He was one of the heroes who put down the North West Rebellion (see Letter 1, note 1) as a member of the Canadian permanent militia. He later became a Superintendent of the Royal North West Mounted Police and during World War I a Brigadier-General (Wallace, MDCB). Lampman seems slightly concerned that Macdonell may not be away from the Macdonell home while Maud is visiting. He mentions the "huge big fellow" nine years later, thinking that he has seen him in uniform at a reception he attended at Government House in Halifax in 1897 (Letter 85).

expect you soon - Saturday or at any rate Monday. If you put it off till Monday, be sure and not miss the train.

Your loving

xxxxx Spunk xxxxx

Kate wants me to say that she wrote you a letter add. to you at Stammers

51. 419 Dundas Str. / Toronto / Ont.  
2 OTTAWA SP 19 89 FREE

P.O. Dept. Ottawa

19 Sept. 1889

Dearest Chick

I received your last letter this morning. I sent you a ticket by Registered letter yesterday. It is good till Monday, so you can stay till then if you wish. I hope however you will not get so fond of your friends that you will regret to come back to me. I am looking forward every day to your return, Sweet Puss.

Minna returned yesterday, so my mind is relieved on that head.

The weather is cold and cloudy; with a sense in it as of the approach of winter.

Our Department is now in the new block. We are all crammed together like sardines. There are 13 persons in my room. The room was intended for 8.<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup>The main post office, in which Lampman worked, was opened in April, 1876 on the Plaza, facing Rideau St. (Lucien Brant, Ottawa Old and New [Ottawa: Historical Information Institute, 1946], p. 172). The building was partially destroyed by a fire in 1904 and subsequently repaired, added to, and used until the present Central Post Office was completed in 1938. Before 1904, however, there was no new construction on the site. Lampman must be referring to some internal reorganization.

I am glad you intended to take a walk into town. It would do you good  
 not  
 if you did allow yourself to get too tired. Much love to you dearest Chick  
 and many kisses

Your loving

xxxx Spunk xxxx<sup>2</sup>

---

[ 1 8 9 0 ]

52. [no date]<sup>1</sup>

Montreal

913 Dorchester Str.

Dearest Chick

Having failed in the hurry & confusion of landing at the Dalhousie Square Station last night to get my postal card off I telegraphed this morning. This letter I mail so that it may reach you tomorrow morning.

Mr. Lighthall met me last night and spotted me at once.

I find the Lighthalls very hospitable kindly people, living in a comfortable substantial style. There are old Mr and Mrs Lighthall, two sons and a daughter. Lighthall himself is a very kindly pleasant fellow considerably

---

<sup>2</sup>Lampman received a letter from Charles G. D. Roberts written on 10 November 1889 (see Appendix C, Letter 4).

<sup>1</sup>Connor reports that Lampman spent the Easter of 1890 (6 April) with the Lighthalls in Montreal and was later their host in Ottawa (p. 103). William Duow Lighthall, born in 1857, was admitted to the Quebec Bar in 1881. In 1891 he originated and edited both Songs of the Great Dominion and Canadian Poems, largely to promote Canadian Literature, the Society of which he founded. Mayor of Westmount from 1900-1903 and member of numerous professional and cultural clubs, he was a full member of the English Canadian establishment.

different from the man I had pictured to myself.

It has been a miserable day but I have seen something of the big city. It is a fine old place solid, stonebuilt, substantial and the public buildings especially the churches very interesting. I went into Notre Dame this morning and heard some strange solemn music echoing out of one of the great galleries.

I went to lunch with Lighthall to the house of a prominent literary lady Mrs. Theid<sup>2</sup> It was a gaudy lunch I feel it sticking in my stomach still.- but we had some good champagne Dear Chick - take care of your soft and tender self - and to-morrow I will write you more again.

many kisses x x x x x

xxx Your Spunk xxx

53. c/o Angus D Macdonell / 419 Dundas Str. / Toronto

P.O. Dept. Ottawa

2 July 1890

Dearest Chick

Pardon me that I did not send you any letter yesterday. I tried to, but I could not get a stamp any where.

Yesterday I took a long and delightful walk. I wish you had been with me, but you could not have endured the miles and the heat, though you would have enjoyed the country through which I passed. I walked down to New Edinburgh, took the ferry to Gatineau Point walked up to Alonzo Wright's on the East side of the Gatineau, crossed by the wagon bridge at Ironsides and returned to the city by the Chelsea road and Hull - in all about 10 miles It

---

<sup>2</sup>Unidentified.

was blazing hot - the hottest day yet; but not without a cooling movement of the air, and I was in fairly good condition. I had a dinner in town on my return about 3:30 in the afternoon - cold meat and cold rhubarb pie - all I could get at that hour - which together with two cups of coffee, a glass of ginger beer, two vast tumblers of cold water and another of claret and water somewhat recovered me from the weariness and heat of the road. In the evening I did a little work and read a little, but my eye is not yet quite sound. When I went to bed, after my solitary day, for I could find nobody to go with me, I concluded that I would give a good deal to have a sight of the beloved chick, my sweet companion, that I might banish the feeling of loneliness.

I enclose to you under another cover a letter from Belle & another from Little cousin Annie.

X Your X

X Solitary X

X Spunk X<sup>1</sup>

My best regards to Mr & Mrs McD. Miss Maggie & the rest

54.

P.O. Dept, Ottawa

4 July 1890

My good Chick,

I write only a few words this morning. If you stay in Toronto till next week as I imagine you will, this will reach you; if not, not. I received your dear letter this morning, and I sympathize with you in your quandary as

---

<sup>1</sup>See Appendix A, Letter 6: Maud's undated letter of "Wednesday" written on 2 July 1890 is the "dear letter" Lampman subsequently refers to.



to staying or returning: am glad also that you got the money from Messrs. Harte.

Do not tire yourself Sweet; be leizurely; take it easy. If you cannot get through what you propose in so many days, why stay longer; stay till you do; only take it easy.

I shall go to the train to-morrow, and if I do not find you I shall expect you early next week.

Your loving

Spunk<sup>1</sup>

---

[ 1 8 9 1 ]

55.

Boston, Mass.

46 Chestnut Street

23<sup>d</sup> Aug. '91

I felt very sad when I left you in the train yesterday. I could hardly have imagined it would have depressed me so much. We are always together so steadily, thou dear old puss that it seems quite an awful thing for us to be separated even for a few days. I have hardly recovered my cheerfulness even yet. I had rather a dismal journey. My head aches & I got little sleep;

---

<sup>1</sup> Correspondence which occurred in 1891 before Lampman's letters to Maud begin is as follows: from Hamlin Garland, 16 January; from William Wilfred Campbell, 23 January (see Appendix D, Letters 5-6); from Bliss Carman, 9 February and 10 August (see Appendix C, Letters 4-5).

however when I arrived here, and got into the hands of Mr. Iles,<sup>1</sup> a queer pleasant talkative chap, I began to brace up. I was introduced to our landlady, furnished with a latch key, and furnished with a room about the size of all our rooms at home put together. My room looks out behind into a brick floored & brick-walled yard almost hidden in flowers and blossoming creepers. This is a glorious old country, and every homestead we passed on the railway as we neared Boston seemed buried in orchards. And the city is as I supposed it would be, very fine. It is old, solid, clean as a pin, gladly build<sup>t</sup>, and, what would please you full of street cars. Mr. Iles and I, as soon as we had had our breakfast sallied out and did a very surprising thing: we went to church! To the church of the Holy Trinity, a beautiful building, designed by Richardson,<sup>2</sup> supposed to have been the finest architect America has ever produced. It is indeed a beautiful church, and the service is just about as dull and soporific as that at S.<sup>t</sup> John's, Ottawa. After church we strolled over Boston common, a beautiful park in the midst of the city, and up some of the finest streets. In the afternoon Mr. Iles took me to the Art Gallery, & left me there. I spent most of the afternoon at this Gallery and studied some old

---

<sup>1</sup> Connor so describes him: "George Iles, of Montreal and New York, writer of scientific books and subsequently donor of most of the money for the publication of the posthumous edition of Lampman's collected poems." (p. 103) Edward Thomson, Lampman's host in Boston (see note 3 below) writes of Iles just previous to the poet's visit: "He is interested in everything, full of life and spirits, knows his Boston well and having plenty of leisure can show you round places and buildings better than any man I know." (11 August 1891, Bourinot, p. 62) Bourinot identifies him as a "writer of works on inventors and inventions and a book of Canadian Tales", and quotes from a letter Iles wrote to him in 1906: "You may remember the Lampman Memorial Volume, issued by the late Dr. S.E. Dawson and other friends. So shrewdly was it placed on the market that it yielded a net profit of \$4200.00 with which Mrs. Lampman bought a homestead" (p. 54).

<sup>2</sup> Henry Hobson Richardson (1838-1886) won an 1872 competition for his design.

paintings, to my great satisfaction. Thomson<sup>3</sup> took us to tea a big hotel  
 where <sup>we</sup> had some fried mackerel a bottle of claret and what Thomson denomi-  
 inated peach shortcake. after this we sat on a bench at the edge of the  
 park & watched the street cars pass in solid procession both ways crowded  
 with people. I am now pretty tired and ready for bed Dear old ching, be gay  
 & happy, for I will soon be back with you;- and I shall be well glad to be.

Your loving

Sp' k

56. [no date: 26 August 1891, Wednesday]

Boston, Mass.

46 Chestnut Str.

Dearest Ching<sup>1</sup>

This is wednesday and I think of you preparing your dear self to go  
 away to Toronto. I hope that you may get there safely and soundly, and that  
 you may not be so starved as I was when I arrived in Boston. I could not get  
 a blessed thing to eat on the train or anywhere, and had to content myself  
 with smoking cigars

You have no idea how kind and hospitable these people are. They take me

---

<sup>3</sup>Edward William Thomson (1849-1924) had a chequered career on both sides  
 of the border. Born in Toronto, he served in the Pennsylvania cavalry during  
 the American Civil War, then in the Queen's Own Rifles during the Fenian raid  
 in Canada, after which he worked as a civil engineer and then as a journalist.  
 Following his eleven years as chief editorial writer on the Toronto Globe, he  
 became an editor of Youth's Companion, published in Boston (Wallace, MDCB).  
 Connor describes the relationship between Thomson and Lampman as intimate, and  
 as an enhancement to both their careers (pp. 103-4).

<sup>1</sup>Lampman sometimes addresses Maud as "Ching", a combination of two of his  
 names for her, "Chick" and "Thing."

the  
 all about and show me everything, and feed me at best best hotels, and make  
 me feel almost uncomfortably comfortable. Most of the people whom it is use-  
 ful to meet are out of town, but I have come across some very delightful  
 fellows all the same. The gentleman who wrote me that notice of me in the  
 "Trascript",<sup>2</sup> introduced me at the S.<sup>t</sup> Botolph's Club<sup>3</sup> last evening, and we  
 dined there. He is a man whom I am very glad to know, for his genuine worth.  
 And Thomson is extraordinarily kind and good. He is going to take me down to  
 Nantucket on Saturday to get some sea bathing. We shall stay there till Wed-  
 nesday. To Nantucket is a trip of six hours by sea. Tonight we are to go  
 down to our landlady's place at Plymouth for a clam bake whatever that is.  
 Our landlady<sup>d</sup>, Mrs. Knowlton, is a very magnificent person. On Friday Mr.  
 Chamberlin<sup>4</sup> wishes me to go out to his place at the Wellesley Hills,<sup>5</sup> where

---

<sup>2</sup>Lampman has misspelled the Transcript which, Thomson says in a letter to him, "is the respectable paper and the literary daily here." J. E. Chamberlin, the Transcript's "Listener," had reviewed Lampman's work on notice of his coming; Thomson had loaned him Among the Millet. About his friend Chamberlin Thomson says in the same letter that he is "a very agreeable fellow, sincere, simpleminded, and greatly respected by the literary people of Boston" (Bourinot, p. 62). Joseph Edgar Chamberlin was on the editorial staff of Youth's Companion from 1890-1901 (Mott, III, p. 262).

<sup>3</sup>Devoted to arts and letters, the dining club was founded in 1880. From 1887 to 1941 it occupied a large, handsome brownstone at 4 Newbury St., after which it was located at 115 Commonwealth Ave., more modest quarters around the block (Walter Muir Whitehill, Boston [Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1966], p. 65).

<sup>4</sup>See note 2 above.

<sup>5</sup>In larger suburban Wellesley, an area about 19 km southwest of Boston.

another very clever literary individual Mr. Torrey<sup>6</sup> is to be met.

I have not yet had time to get to Concord or Salem, but must do so yet. Those are the most interesting places to the man of letters about here

You would rejoice in Boston. It suggests to an Canadian a mixture of Toronto and Montreal only that it is larger than the two of them put together. In the old part of the city the streets wind all around everyway, and there are all sorts of quaint squares and nooks and alleys. The street car service is very fine, and it is good fun to get on an electric car anywhere at random and ride for miles & miles thro' crowded streets and between beautiful villas & gardens till you land away out in the country. Then you turn round & ride back again. I wish I had a large linen envelope that it might hold all the kisses I wish to send you. Be careful of yourself swell<sup>7</sup> chick, & think of me often, for I am thinking of you

Your loving

Spunk

---

<sup>6</sup>Bradford Torrey, naturalist, was also on the editorial staff of Youth's Companion from 1886 to 1901 (Mott, III, p. 263). Shortly after Lampman's trip to Boston, Torrey sent him his Rambler's Lease. Later, as Connor notes, Lampman reviewed the book together with Torrey's second, The Footpath Way, in "At the Mermaid Inn":

"The author of the first, he said, was an ornithologist not of the intellect only but of the heart. In reviewing the second he found him 'a finer and more suggestive thinker than Burroughs, and more pleasing, if less brilliant one than Thoreau.' 'He is not only a most minute and patient observer after the persistent manner of the habits of plants and birds, but also a literary artist who possesses you with his simplicity sweetness and charm, a poet philosopher, swift to perceive and reveal the parable in every commonest operation of nature, and a humorist of that tenderly reflective sort whose jesting -- if it is not too rude a word for anything so delicate -- leaves the mind in a gentle and genial sunshine.' ... Much of what he said of Torrey might, indeed, have been said of himself. As patient observers writing with thoughtful intent, they had much in common" (p. 118),

<sup>7</sup>The term "swell" still meant "of distinction, fine, smart."

57. 419 Dundas Street / Toronto / Ont., Canada  
 BOSTON.MASS. AUG 28 10-30A 1891

Boston, Mass

46 Chestnut Str.

Dearest Puss.

Last night Mr. Thomson and I went down by steamer to Stoney Beach, a point in the coast above 7 or 8 miles along Massachusetts Bay. We went at the invitation of Mrs. Knowlton, Mr. Thomson's landlady, who has a little summer cottage there, where she and Miss Clarke, one of her boarders, are living through the summer months. They gave us clam chowder, a very excellent dish for tea, and endeavoured to make me eat fresh lobster without success. She hawl the lobsters out of the sea right in front of Mrs. Knowlton's door. after tea Mrs. K. took us for a drive some miles along the beach. For miles upon miles all the way from Boston to Nantasket & beyond, the beach is lined with hotels and boat club establishments and summer residences. At night all these places are lit up, a long glimmering line of illumination which with the distant halo of the city and the lights of the passing steamers plying constantly makes a beautiful and fairy like spectacle. We visited a Mr. & Mrs. Foote<sup>1</sup>-2- musical and very charming people In the morning Mr. Thomson returned to his office, but Mrs. Knowlton thought I had better stay the day & get the sea air which I have done. We got a boat in the forenoon, and pulled out to a pilot ship off the beach, and invited ourselves aboard. The captain & his wife received and treated us very kindly. We watched an old chap take up and empty his lobster traps. After I went into the Life

---

<sup>1</sup>Mr. Henry Wilder Foote was a contributing editor of Boston's small theological and literary weekly Unitarian Review which, sometime in 1891 was succeeded by the New World (Mott, III, pp. 506-7).

Boat Station near by and examined the tackle which was rather interesting  
 in the afternoon I came back by boat to Boston. There was a dense fog and  
 our steamer had to feel her way along carefully, blowing her whistle, which  
 was just a little bit exciting. Tomorrow Mr. Thomson and I are going out to  
 Mr. Chamberlin's. It would be impossible to say what an exceedingly kind &  
 hospitable man Mr. Thomson is. He will not permit me to spend anything while  
 I am with him, but insists on buying my tickets and everything else. He in-  
 sists on taking me to Nantucket for four days for the seabathing and he will  
 permit me to pay for nothing. I have not received any of those money letters<sup>2</sup>  
 yet, but you may feel easy. I shall certainly have some money, rest assured  
 in a few days, & will send you some. Enjoy yourself dearest among your  
 friends & let me know that I am not having all the good things to myself.  
 Many, many kisses.

Your dear old ching  
 Archie.<sup>3</sup>

58. 419 Dundas Str. / Toronto / Ont. Canada  
 BOSTON.MASS. SEP 3 9-30A 1891

Boston, Mass.  
 46 Chestnut Str.

Dearest Chicken.

Do not be grieved if I have failed to greet thee with either letter or  
 postcard for 3 days. I was away on the island of Nantucket 30 miles out in

---

<sup>2</sup>Lampman is expecting payment for poems he has sold (see Letters 61 and 63).

<sup>3</sup>Lampman received a letter from J. E. Collins on 31 August 1891 (see Appendix D, Letter 7).

the Atlantic Ocean, and I found no means to communicate. Even this morning I must write briefly for in half an hour I am off to Concord to examine the haunts & resting places of Emerson, Thoreau & Hawthorne I have had a splendid time full of all sorts of queer and delightful experiences, and have met numbers of charming people. Better still I have set in train a scheme for coming to this country to live.<sup>1</sup> There is a possible opening for me, which if it really pans out, will p<sup>re</sup>cisely suit me. These things are too many and too voluminous to tell in a letter. Only when I am with you again, dear Puss, can I tell you everything that I have seen & heard and talked off. These people are wonderfully kind and appreciative. I really begin to feel in Boston as if I amounted to something and my life work was not entirely wasted.

This is Thursday. Tomorrow I will send you some money, unless fate is very severe. I do not exactly know when I shall go back; when I decide I will let you know by telegram. Many kisses you beloved Puss. Be careful of yourself & enjoy yourself. x x x

x x x x Your husband x x x

S — k

59. 419-Dundas-Str: / Toronto / Ont:--Canada / Niagara on the Lake

BOSTON. MASS. SEP 3 9-45P 1891

Boston, Mass.

46 Chestnut Str.

3<sup>d</sup> Sept 1891

My own Sweet Chick

I wrote you a letter in great haste this morning, intending to write this

---

<sup>1</sup>See Letter 59.



other anniversary one when I got back from Concord to-night.<sup>1</sup> I told you the reason why you did not hear from me for three or four days. I was at Sconset on the Island of Nantucket, and the weather being very bad<sup>2</sup> I could not easily get to a Post office. I just managed to send you one postcard. At Sconset I made a valuable friend Dr Tyler, Professor of American History at Cornell University who is going to use his influence to get me a Professorship of English Literature or an Assistant Professorship either at Cornell or some other university.<sup>3</sup> This would give me a salary of \$1800 or \$2000 a year

---

<sup>1</sup> It is the Lampmans' fourth anniversary.

<sup>2</sup> Connor states that

"shortly after they arrived a prolonged storm swept along the Atlantic coast, keeping them virtually prisoners for three days. At meal times it was necessary to put on rubber-boots and tarpaulins and make a rush for the dining cottage. In the evenings they would all congregate in one of the cottages and there, before a blazing grate fire, would have long talks on life and literature" (p. 105).

The biographer also relates that Lampman, who swam daily off the island, pushed himself beyond the 60 foot drop-off point in a rough sea. Another bather saw him in distress and rescued him with difficulty; the poet then lay exhausted for some time.

The adventures at Nantucket do not stop there, however. A blond actress from Boston arrived and, Connor continues, "immediately became popular with the men, and Lampman and a clergyman, Rev. Warren Partridge, began to be twitted about a sudden interest they had developed in the wild flowers of the district as soon as the actress had expressed a fondness in going for walks in search of them" (p. 106).

<sup>3</sup>"His Boston friends presently expressed their appreciation in a practical way," Connor observes,

"They talked of his leaving Canada, and Dr. Tyler thought he might get him an assistant professorship at Cornell. It was pleasant to think that he had found congenial, kindred spirits across the border, and, in spite of talk of 'Canada for Canadians,' it did seem as though they were appreciated less at home than abroad. There was, therefore, a good deal of planning in the Lampman household, for the poet's wife was as eager as he for removal to an American university town" (pp. 108-9).

Upon his return to Ottawa, Lampman wrote to Thomson

"My wife was immensely pleased with the Professorial castle in the air and with the joyous instinct of the zealous housewife proceeded forthwith to map out the details of a transfer from Ottawa to Ithaca. I hope that it may indeed be!" (16 September 1891, Davies, p. 111)

See Appendix D, Letter 8, from Moses Coit Tyler to Lampman (2 January 1892).

with nearly 5 months vacation.<sup>4</sup> This plan of course may fall through, but it is I think very likely to succeed. Dr. Tyler is one of the finest dearest, old fellows you ever saw, and he is very much pleased with me, which of course adds to his Excellence Mr. Thomson is very anxious for me to stay as long as I can, and I can see that every day of my stay here is a benefit to me, and strengthens my chances of success in various ways.<sup>5</sup> I shall stay till Monday anyway and perhaps the whole of the time. I am expecting money every day and to-morrow I shall send you some, if I have to borrow it. I am certain to get money it is only the delay. Good bye dear Pet. God bless you on our anniversary; and give you happy thoughts of it and of our happy life together. Take care of yourself and remember that wherever I go, I think often and anxiously of my beloved who is far from me.

Your loving husband

S - K

60. 419-Dundas-Str: / Toronto / Ont., Canada / Niagara-on-the Lake

BOSTON.MASS. SEP 4 1-45P 1891

Boston, Mass

46 Chestnut Str.

---

<sup>4</sup>This salary is approximately twice what Lampman was receiving at the Post Office, while the holiday period is some five times as long. No wonder, then; that Maud's response to the prospect was so enthusiastic.

<sup>5</sup>Lampman is both doubtful and defensive about the length of his trips from home (see Letters 58, 62, and especially 102). Probably he tends to stay away longer than he initially outlines to Maud. In her letter of 18 September 1889 she reproaches him:

"I feel just lost in Ottawa except when I am with you which you must remember is only a small portion of the time.... They [friends and relatives] are all crazy for us to come and live in Toronto oh how I wish I could you must keep your eyes open for something here for my sake" (Appendix A, Letter 4).

4 Sept. 1891

Dearest Ching.

This morning before I go out, I shall write you a little letter. I have received your letters and postcards, and I am afraid from their tone that you are not altogether in good spirits. Let your friends take possession of you and surround you with good humour, and then not only yourself, but I will feel more happy. Tonight Mr. Thomson and I are going out to dine with Mr. Clay a grandson of the great Henry Clay,<sup>1</sup> and one of the Editors of "Youth's Companion".<sup>2</sup> Tomorrow Mr. J.E. Chamberlin will take possession of me again, and on Monday, we are to dine with Professor Tyler. As I told you I went to Concord yesterday, where I was entertained by the Wheelers,<sup>3</sup> <sup>the</sup> one of original families of Concord, who came there over 200 years ago. They drove me round and showed me everything and treated me in a most friendly manner. I saw Walden Pond, the old Manse,<sup>4</sup> the battle monuments, Wayside and the graves of Emerson Thoreau and Hawthorne. It is <sup>one</sup> the of the loveliest places in the wide

---

<sup>1</sup>Thomas Hart Clay; see Letter 61.

<sup>2</sup>The people Lampman meets in Boston, Thomson's circle, are all in one way or other associated with the Youth's Companion, which published twenty-six Lampman poems (5 November 1891 - 6 April 1899). The juveniles' weekly, immensely popular, was the second American magazine after Ladies Home Journal to reach a circulation figure of half a million; its estate was valued at two and a half million dollars in 1899 (Mott, IV, pp. 16 and 79). The periodical was not a particularly distinguished or progressive literary publication. Its editorial policies were shaped by the magazine's original (1827) objectives: "to warn against the ways of transgression, error and ruin, and allure to those of virtue and piety" (Mott, II, p. 263). On the death of Lincoln, the Companion said, "We are sorry that he should have received his death-wound in a theatre" (Ibid., p. 200).

<sup>3</sup>Unidentified.

<sup>4</sup>The Concord home in which Nathaniel Hawthorne and his new wife lived very happily from 1842 to 1845. The author's Mosses from an Old Manse, a collection of short stories, was published in 1846 (Allen Johnson and Dumas Malone, eds. Dictionary of American Biography [New York: Charles Scribner, 1960], Vol. IV, p. 426).

world - is Concord - so quiet, so full of beauty in its trees, its fields & its hills and its little sleepy river, and if you could see the graves of those three wonderful men you would say that it was the fairest place you could imagine to be buried in. This morning I am going to call on the Houghton Mifflin & Co, Publishers, and on the Editor of the Atlantic Monthly.<sup>5</sup>

Thomson is a wonderful kind fellow - you cannot imagine how generous and kind. ah, chick if I could only have you here to go about the streets of this fine old city. But it must be another time. Many & many kisses xxx

Your ever loving

Archie

61. 419 Dundas Str. / Toronto / Ont. / Can.

BOSTON.MASS. SEP 5 10-30A 1891

Boston, Mass.

46 Chestnut Str.

5 Sept. 1891

---

<sup>5</sup>Lampman wanted to feel out the interest of the publisher in his intended second volume, Lyrics of Earth, which he completed the following summer. Houghton Mifflin, the first to whom he submitted the manuscript, held it for four months and then rejected it (Connor, p. 166).

H. E. Scudder, the Editor of the Atlantic Monthly, had published Lampman's poem "Snowbirds" in January 1891. Six letters from Lampman to Scudder are held in the Douglas Library Archives, Queen's University. Dated from May 1892 to June 1895, they concern Lampman's attempts to find a publisher for his second volume; the poet appeals to Scudder as an advisor and critic.

Here at any rate the rather buoyant Lampman is on business rounds attempting to "boom" himself and his work. As he tells Maud in the succeeding letter, "My stay here will open one or two more sources of money making for me, a thing which no doubt you will be glad to hear." This instance of entrepreneurial spirit is rare in the annals of Lampman.

Poor Ching.

Yet another letter and I send you no money; but I have written to Scribners to send me the cheque at once That will fetch them.<sup>1</sup> I had intended to borrow enough of Mr. Thomson, but he has run short. I have still \$4 but I shall need it.

When I do send you the money, I will send you a good round sum, and you must buy your flannels and that screen, and as much more as the cash will cover. My stay here will open one or two more sources of money making for me, a thing which no doubt you will be glad to hear.

I spent a pleasant evening at Mr. Clay's. Mr. and Mrs. Clay are only moderately well off; but they belong to two of those old haughty southern families who always carry an air of distinction about with them. Mr. Clay is a fine aristocrat with the grand old-fashioned courtesy, which one so rarely sees.

Tonight I go to Mr. Chamberlin's for dinner and afterwards to the S<sup>t</sup> Botolph Club to meet various individuals.

Dear chicken, Many kisses this morning to you. x x x x , more than the pen can indicate. When I get home I have many things to say.

Your loving

Sp.

---

<sup>1</sup> Scribner's had purchased three poems that year, all sonnets: "Night," published in April (in Poems); "In Absence," published in August (Poems); and "Voices of Earth," published in October (Alcyone). The \$25 money order he later sends Maud (Letter 63) is most likely not the total amount of the cheque he alludes to. Since he received \$10 from Century two years previous for his sonnet "Music" one can surmise that the amount in this case was at least \$30 in payment for both the August and October publications.

62. 419 Dundas Str. / Toronto / Ont, Can.  
 BOSTON.MASS. SEP 6 9-45P 1891

Boston, Mass.

46 Chestnut Str

6 Sept. 1891

My Sweet Puss.

I received your letter this morning, my dear, but I do not understand why you have been so much without letters from me. I have written to you every day with the exception of the three when I was at Nantucket, and could not write. The last two days have been rainy and dismal, exceedingly so. Last night we spent at Wellesley Hills with Mr. Chamberlin, whose wife and family - very nice people - have returned from the country.

This afternoon I went and inspected Bunker Hill and its monument where the famous battle was fought.

Tomorrow we are going to Harvard with Dr Tyler to see the houses of Longfellow and Lowell.

I do not yet know on what day I shall return. -- not at any rate till I get some money, and have sent you some. I may as well stay till I have finished up all the things that are proposed for me.

This visit will do me an immense good in many ways. I have made valuable friends, and <sup>even</sup> if nothing comes of it at once, something important will arise from it in the end.

This is Sunday, but I have not gone to church. You will be glad to know however that I went to church both the other Sundays. Keep a good cheer, chick. I never fail to think of the good madam, many times a day - Kisses

x ----- x

Your loving

Archie

It is pity you could not go to S.<sup>t</sup> Cath.<sup>1</sup> for a day or two, but of course do not if you fear for your health.

63. 419-Bundas-Str / Toronto / Ont. Canada / 19 Charles St<sup>1</sup>  
BOSTON.MASS. SEP 8 4-15P 1891

Boston, Mass.

46 Chestnut Str.

8 Sept. '91

Dearest Puss.

At last I have received the money,<sup>2</sup> and send you herewith a money order for \$25, which you may use as you wish.

Yesterday was very rainy and we hardly stirred out. This morning the weather changed, and I have been walking about the city. Mr. Chamberlin took me to a queer old ale house off one of the old streets, up a very narrow crooked alley - an ale house which has been in operation ever since 1795.

Boston is almost as queer and quaint as Quebec one finds all sorts of queer nooks and corners, and there are many more old buildings preserved I think than in Montreal, although I fancy Montreal is the older city.

Mr. Thomson is anxious to see a photograph of you, and as I am required to furnish Professor Tyler with a photograph of myself, we shall certainly have to get some when we get back to Ottawa.

Boston is in most respects a frightfully expensive place to live in, but

---

<sup>1</sup>St. Catherines, Ontario.

<sup>1</sup>Maud has moved on from the Macdonells to the Gambles.

<sup>2</sup>See Letter 61, note 1.

some things are cheep. I bought a pair of collars this morning for twenty five cents. Fruit is rather cheep, and furniture is cheep, but clothing and food are dear, very dear, and rent is damnable.<sup>3</sup>

I was at the wharf this morning watching people unloading a shipload of bananas. Bananas here are 10 cents a dozen, peaches 50 and 75 cents a basket - a dinner at a hotel in Boston costs you about \$1.50. When Mr. Thomson first came to Boston he went one day to a hotel and ordered himself a real fine dinner with a bottle of good claret, and what do you suppose they charged him? \$4.15! Well goodbye, Sweet - Many kisses. xxx-----  
I shall come home on Sunday, I think, but will let you know later.

Your loving

S — K

64. 419-Bundas-Str / Toronto / Ont. Canada / 19 Charles St  
BOSTON.MASS. SEP 9 11-30A 1891

Boston, Mass.

46 Chestnut Str.

9 Sept. 1891

Dearest one,

I have your last postcard, and am simply exasperated about my letters. They could not - half of them - have reached you. I have written you a letter or postcard - in almost all cases a letter - every day but three since I left

---

<sup>3</sup>A year and a half later during his second trip to Boston, Lampman tells Maud that Thomson's house, "a nice one, but not very large, situated 9 miles out of Boston," rents for \$50 a month (Letter 67).



Ottawa. and <sup>S</sup>some of them must have gone astray.<sup>1</sup> I hope the letter I wrote yesterday will go safely. It contained a money order for \$25

I did a little shopping yesterday. Bought a few little things for ching. There are some very alluring china shops here -- and cheap.

one of the most beautiful things about Boston is "The Common" and the Public Garden. The common, "Boston Common" is a large park, full of grand old elm trees with a pond and a little hill in the midst. It is a charming spot on this bright mornings. The Public Gardens are also very fine. Beautifully laid out with all manner of flowers familiar and strange, trees of many countries, and a sort of fairy like little artificial lake in the middle off it, crossed by a picturesque bridge. I wish I had you here Pet even for an afternoon that we might wander through these places. But never mind, when I become a University Professor, we shall visit Boston, and see every thing. - and we shall spend a summer at Nantucket. I am trying to persuade Mr. Thomson to spend a day or two with us when he comes to Canada next winter, and perhaps he may. Still preserve yourself, dear one and do not be melancholy. In a very few days now I shall be home. I suppose I shall reach Ottawa on Sunday sometime. I will let you know. Many kisses Pet. xxxx -----

Your loving

Spunk

**Memorandum.**

I shall leave Boston at 9 o'clock Saturday morning and reach Ottawa at

---

<sup>1</sup>The letters from Boston in this collection are dated 23 August, 28 August, 3 September, a second 3 September, and 4, 5, 6, 8, and 9 September. One undated letter falls between 23 and 28 August.

12.15 Saturday night.

You had better not return on Saturday, Dear. I have been so late in sending you the money that you will need a day or two longer to do your shopping. Stay till it is done. Do not hurry, unless it is convenient. I can go up to your fathers or somewhere overnight.

Your loving

Spunk

---

[ 1 8 9 3 ]

65.<sup>1</sup>

Editorial Rooms.

The Youth's Companion,

Boston, Mass.

21 April, 1893

Dearest Madam,<sup>2</sup>

I arrived in this city perfectly safe and sound. Mr. Thomson had mistaken the day named in my letter; so I did not find him at the station. However I made my way to West Newton without any trouble. It was pouring rain, and I was as well pleased not to have brought Thomson into Boston on such a night.

---

<sup>1</sup> Letters from Bliss Carman, Ernest Voorhis, Isabelle Lampman Voorhis, Moses Coit Tyler, William Dean Howells, Annie Lampman, Gilbert Parker, and J. E. Wetherell were received during the preceding interval. See the introductory chronological list of all correspondence in the collection. The poet's Christmas card of 1891, done in conjunction with Duncan Campbell Scott, is the occasion of a holiday note to Lampman's mother (see Appendix B, Letter 5a). Scott sent Maud a holiday letter (see Appendix C, Letter 8).

<sup>2</sup> Lampman's salutation to his wife has changed. A year and a half has passed since his return from his first trip to Boston.

I got my meals rather irregularly yesterday. The train at Ottawa was 40 minutes late, and I had not time to get anything at Montreal. In fact I was obliged to fast till 1 o'clock, when I found a restaurant at Newport on the United States side and had some dinner bolted in a hurry. I got another hasty meal at 5 o'clock away down in New Hampshire somewhere. After that I felt better and somewhat relieved of the prodigious headache which had <sup>been</sup> begun gnawing on me all day. When I reached Thomson's I gave him a great surprise. A handful of crackers and a glass of gin & water still further heartened me. I lay down in bed, and woke this morning without having moved a muscle. I lay absolutely as I was when I fell asleep.

Already this morning I begin to feel the exhilarating atmosphere of Boston. I do not wish to live here, but I do like to spend a week or two here now and then. Judging from some talk I had with Mrs. Thomson this morning living in Boston is almost out of the question. I have been talk for the last half hour or so with poor Mr. Chamberlin, who lost his dearest child only a few weeks ago. He lost his eldest & favorite child a son, about 3 years ago. He is very much depressed. He is the sweetest-hearted man I ever met. Good chick and poor little Natters<sup>2</sup> I thought of you at <sup>var</sup>veryious hours of the day yesterday, and pictured to myself what you were about. When <sup>we</sup>wer reached Concord, at a little before 6 o'clock, I said to myself: now Natters is shouting and kicking up a great fuss, because her tea isn't ready

Give my love and several kisses to Natters, and take a large number of

---

<sup>2</sup>"Natters" is one of Lampman's pet names for the couple's first child, Natalie. Born on 11 January 1892, she is at this time just over fifteen months old. Below he refers to her as "Nats."

the same for yourself. Mr. and Mrs. Thomson, enquired for you. When I went to bed I found the two little pictures of Nats put up on my bureau.

Your affectionate

Spunk

You had better go & see old Berry<sup>3</sup>-- 87 Nelson Street -- and get him to take off the windows & split up some wood. If he cant do the windows alone tell him to get someone to help him. It would not pay for him to break them.

66. 369 Daly Avenue, / Ottawa, / Ont., / Canada  
BOSTON.MASS. APR 22 3-PM 1893  
THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

Editorial Rooms.

The Youth's Companion,

Boston, Mass.

22 April, 1893

Dearest Chick,<sup>1</sup>

I am keeping new hours here. The Thomson's have breakfast at a quarter to seven, and get up at six. We go to bed promptly at ten. I am very well this morning - my head entirely clear of any ache. I think the air of Boston agrees with me, perhaps however it is merely the effect of the change. I feel guilty, Dear, in loafing about here getting rest and better health, while you are worrying at home. I hope, however, to see you take your turn in the summer

---

<sup>3</sup>Unidentified, although Mr. Berry is obviously a neighbour who acts as a handyman.

<sup>1</sup>Lampman uses his old salutation a few times and then settles on "Dear Madam" or "Dear Maud" in the remainder of these letters.

I saw the Editor<sup>2</sup> of the Atlantic Monthly yesterday, and am invited to dine at his place on Monday.

The Thomsons are very kind. Mrs. Thomson is a very sweet natured sort of woman. Thomson's son Verney, is studying law at Harvard. Mrs. Thomson and her son are intensely devoted to Toronto. They hate Boston, with an eloquent hatred, and they propose to go back to the old home city

I hope things are getting on well, and that Little rascal, for whom some kisses are herewith conveyed, is behaving herself.

Write soon in order that I may know how you both are. My love to Leslie.<sup>3</sup>

Good Ching,

Your affectionate

Archie

67. 369 Daly Avenue, / Ottawa / Ont, Canada

BACK BAY. BOSTON. MASS. APR 24 4-PM 1893

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

Editorial Rooms.

The Youth's Companion,

Boston, Mass.

---

<sup>2</sup>See Letter 60, note 5. In his letter to Horace Scudder dated 25 May 1893 Lampman writes,

"I enclose some verses which are rather different from anything I have hitherto sent you. They are intended to represent -- in an exaggerated way of course -- what we are coming to, if the present developments of machinery continues under the present social and economic conditions. But perhaps you do not go in for that sort of thing" (Peter Grieg, "A Check List of Lampman Manuscript Material in the Douglas Library Archives, Part II," Douglas Library Notes 15 [Winter 1967], p. 13).

Evidently the verses Lampman refers to are "The City of the End of Things," written in June and August of 1892. Scudder did go in for it, and published the poem in the March 1894 Atlantic Monthly.

<sup>3</sup>Leslie Dakin.

24 April 1893

Dearest Madam,

As I have not heard anything from you this morning I conclude that you do not know where to address. Any letters addressed, "Care of E.W. Thomson, Mass.," Youth's Companion, Boston will reach me.

Yesterday Mr. Thomson and I took a walk in the morning, and in the afternoon we went with two young friends of Thomson's, Mr. Howe and Mr. Thompson,<sup>1</sup> to Newton Lower Falls,<sup>2</sup> and went into the woods and gathered wild flowers. We also visited Mr. Chamberlin, who lives there.<sup>re</sup>

Mrs. Thomson has been giving me a good deal of information about the cost of living here. You<sup>ou</sup> may gain some idea of the state of things, when I tell you that Mr. Thomson pays for his house, a nice one, but not very large, situated 9 miles out of Boston, \$50 a month. Meat costs 28 cents a pound and servants wages are \$4.<sup>50</sup> a week.<sup>3</sup> Most other things are in proportion. I guess we are well enough off where we are.<sup>4</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup>Mark Anthony de Wolfe Howe, later the Vice President of the Atlantic Monthly Company and author of The Atlantic Monthly and Its Makers, Boston, 1919 (Mott, III, p. 272; II, p. 493), was an assistant editor of Youth's Companion from 1888 to 1893 and from 1899 to 1913 (Mott, III, pp. 262 and 272). Charles Miner Thompson came from the Boston Advertiser to the editorial staff of Youth's Companion in 1890, and was the Editor of the weekly from 1911 until 1925 when its company was sold to the Atlantic Monthly Company.

<sup>2</sup>About 17 km southwest of Boston, the area is at the western tip of Newton.

<sup>3</sup>See Letter 8, note 5.

<sup>4</sup>Lampman is building a case against the idea of living in the U.S. (see Letter 65, note 2). Connor tells us that at this time there was a proposal for Lampman

"to go to Boston as a reader on the staff of 'The Youth's Companion'; at \$1000 a year. This would have been augmented by his writing, from which he was making at the time at least \$300 a year. Had he been alone he would have accepted at once, but he hesitated to subject his wife and child to poverty" (p. 166).

We learn in Lampman's November 1893 letter to Belle (see Appendix B, Letter 2) that his Post Office salary was increased to \$1100.

Thomson thinks I may sell my Essay on Keats.<sup>5</sup> I intend to try. It is rather too long for a magazine, but might be published in a small book as a monograph.

Write me a letter, Dear, and tell me how good little Nats is -- poor little Nats.-- I think of you & her, when I see women, occasionally carrying babies in their arms in this huge roaring Boston, and I wonder how you are. Mrs. Chamberlin has a son 7 weeks old, which I had in my arms a moment yesterday - a fine little soul & it seemed quite contented.

Your affectionate

Love to Mother & Belle & Leslie

Spunk

68.

Youth's Companion

Boston, Mass

27 April 1893

Dearest Chick,

I expect to return on Saturday; and unless I let you know to the contrary you may expect me then. I will leave at 9 o'clock in the forenoon and reach Ottawa at 12.15 at night.

I took dinner on Monday evening at Mr. Scudder's in Cambridge, and last

---

<sup>5</sup>In the early autumn of 1892 Lampman had been invited to deliver a lecture on Keats in Kingston, and at that point his Boston friends wanted him to repeat it in their city. When he did present the paper in Kingston in January 1893 the poet was stopped after two hours; someone was snoring in the back seats (Nesbitt, "Lampman and O'Dowd," p. 54). The lecture was not given in Boston. "Lacking the ability to deliver a lecture either extempore or from memory, [Lampman] doubted its effect if read," states Connor, "and though Mr. Scudder ... gave it praise as a lecture he did not buy it" (p. 166). The paper was first published in 1946 as "The Character and Poetry of Keats" with a prefatory note by E. K. Brown (University of Toronto Quarterly 15: July, 1946).

night with Mr. Chamberlin and Mr. Torrey<sup>1</sup> at Wellesley Hills. Yesterday I had lunch with the old poet & litterateur Hezekiah Butterworth<sup>2</sup> and day I am to lunch with Arlo Bates,<sup>3</sup> one of the younger Boston Divinities

I have been going round too much, and am considerably tired, and I have moreover caught cold. I feel the grippe still lingering in my bones. I have enjoyed myself, as I am always sure to do here, but I shall be glad to get home.

I am writing this at West Newton. When I go into Boston, in a few minutes, I hope to find a letter from you, my Dear. Then I shall hear something also of Natters.

Take things gently Sweet Madam; and <sup>do</sup> not exert yourself;<sup>4</sup> and kiss, sweet little puss for me. Does the little rascal miss me at all? Many kisses dear for yourself.

Your affectionate

Archie

---

<sup>1</sup>See Letter 56, note 6.

<sup>2</sup>A popular writer of fiction and non-fiction and a specialist in juvenile literature, Butterworth became an assistant editor of Youth's Companion in 1870. He contributed to many literary magazines until his death in 1894 (Mott, II, p. 267 and III, p. 504).

<sup>3</sup>A writer of poetry and prose which included regular contributions to Cosmopolitan and Outing, a magazine about travel and the outdoors. Primarily a critic, Bates was one of many who decried the "immorality" in the popular literature of the time. He ascribed the problem to the influence of French novels, asserting in Scribner's Magazine that "no Frenchman is able to feel himself fully sincere in fiction unless he is indelicate" (Mott, IV, pp. 122, 480, 634, and 719).

<sup>4</sup>This is not a reference to a known pregnancy. Arnold, the Lampman's second child, was born a year later (see Letter 70, note 6).



69.

Editorial Rooms.

The Youth's Companion,

Boston, Mass.

27 April, 1893

My dearest Chick,

I am in some doubt as to whether I shall come home on Saturday or Monday. It does not appear that I can get all the way to Ottawa on Saturday, and I do not wish to travel by night.

I think that you need not expect me till Monday night 12-15, but I shall turn up then for sure.

My cold bothers me a little; and I do not seem to be able to get rid of it. It is not a bad one however.

I received your note and was very glad to have it. I was beginning to fret for some news of you. Poor little puss, I think I can hear her call "Daddy."

Mr. Thomson and I went apaddling in a canoe yesterday in the afternoon on the River Charles,<sup>1</sup> and enjoyed it a good deal.

The weather is wet and cold and very changeable, but I manage to get a good deal of profit and satisfaction out of any movements nevertheless.

Many kisses for you, Dear, & for Nats, and my remembrances to Leslie, to Mother & Belle.

Your affectionate

Archie<sup>2</sup>


---

<sup>1</sup>The river which flows between Boston and Cambridge.

<sup>2</sup>The poet's three letters to his sister Isabelle in this collection are dated 29 November 1893, 3 March 1894, and April, 1894 (Appendix B, Letters 2, 3, and 4). Lampman received a letter from F. G. Scott, 24 May 1893 (Appendix D, Letter 13), one from Bliss Carman, 26 February 1894 (Appendix C, Letter 1), and one from J. O. Miller (Appendix D, Letter 14).

[ 1 8 9 4 ]

70. c/o Mrs. Gesner Lampman,<sup>1</sup> 31 Slater Street, / Ottawa. / Ont.  
 BONNECHERE JU 28 ONT

Bonnechere<sup>2</sup>

27 July 1894

Dearest Madam,

We I intended to send you a note from the Tramore<sup>3</sup> Post Office but we<sup>4</sup> were so interested in circumstanting a rapid in the Bonnechere River that we passed the Tramore without seeing it. We reached Round Lake last night -- had a fine journey up through the Golden Lake and the Bonnechere River -- a beautiful paddle. a favourable wind and a good canoe I have not been able to do any paddling yet, but my hand is healing well. We have made so great a hole in our provisions that it is quite clear some of the things will not hold out. We shall be out of sugar in a few days and nothing can be got here. Moreover fish are very scarce. We caught a few rock bass under a little bridge on the Bonnechere but have found no other kind as yet. We are enjoying the thing immensely.

Round Lake is a very beautiful lake - very clean - with sandy beaches - long dry sandy points covered with red pine, spruce and aromatic shrubs -

---

<sup>1</sup>Lampman's mother, Susannah Gesner Lampman (1837-1912), has her own residence. In his letter of April 1894 to Belle the poet says, "Mother is moving out to her place to-day -- rather early, it seems to me, but she cannot well help it" (Appendix B, Letter 4).

<sup>2</sup>On the western side of Round Lake about 35 km west of Tramore (see below) and 100 km northwest of Renfrew, Ontario.

<sup>3</sup>Located just off the southeastern tip of Round Lake about 60 km northwest of Renfrew.

<sup>4</sup>The "we" most likely includes Duncan Campbell Scott; he and Lampman made such canoe trips almost yearly.

mountainous country all around. It seems however that we must go further to get fishing - good fishing. The first night we did not sleep much on account of the mosquitoes - last night we slept in spite of them - although the air outside our hut was singing with them. We have added some Bread & Milk to our provisions from a Settler's house. As I write this we are at the Bonnechere P.O. and have made between 25 and th<sup>30</sup> miles in our canoe - which is not bad with a ~~loaded canoe~~ <sup>solid load</sup>. The canoe is very steady and very easy to paddle - swift and light.

You should have seen the cook - this morning - master Billy - turning out the pancakes - and he did it well - We hope to get some brook trout this evening

If you ~~want to~~ <sup>have any</sup> word to send me, add. Bonnechere Ont. ~~My~~ <sup>Good</sup> luck to you,  
Dear & My love to everyone - first of all to Brer<sup>5</sup> Popcorn & Sonny.<sup>6</sup>

Your loving

Archie<sup>7</sup>

---

<sup>5</sup>Lampman undoubtedly has adopted the "Brer" title for his children from the "Brer" characters of Joel Chandler Harris. Most of the Nights with Uncle Remus stories appeared in the Century, beginning in 1883 (Mott, III, p. 465). The Century was well known by the poet; it published three of his poems: "Bird Voices," May 1885, "Storm Voices," September 1893, and "The Passing of the Spirit," July 1895.

<sup>6</sup>Arnold was born in April 1894. The Lampmans' second child was probably named after Matthew Arnold. Greatly impressed by the English poet on his tour of the U.S. and Canada in 1883, the young Lampman wrote to his friend John Ritchie: "I went to hear Matthew Arnold and was filled with an abiding sense of reverence and affection for that splendid old fellow, who looks and acts and speaks as nobly as he writes" (Connor, p. 76). The child died in August at the age of four months.

<sup>7</sup>During the subsequent interval Lampman received the following letters in this collection: from Bliss Carman, 21 August 1894 (Appendix C, Letter 14); from Isabelle Lampman Voorhis, 7 July 1895 (Appendix B, 6a); from Ishbel Aberdeen, 5 November 1895 (Appendix D, Letter 12); and from Ernest Voorhis, 24 November 1895 (Appendix B, Letter 7a).

[ 1 8 9 6 ]

71. c/o L. M. Hayes,<sup>1</sup> Esq. / Barrister tc. / Peterborough / Ont.

OTTAWA 3 MR 11 96 CANADA

P.O. Dept., Ottawa

11 Mch, 1896

My dearest Madam,

Mother did not fall getting off the train, but we both had a rather lively jump for it. I never knew a train to get up speed so quickly.

I have received your card and am glad to know that all is well. Write to me some more.

On Tuesday morning the<sup>ff</sup> arrived unexpectedly at Billy's<sup>2</sup> to visit us my old uncle Peter Lampman from Algoma,<sup>3</sup> whom, as you may know I never saw before. He is extremely old in fact - very slow feeble and bent. He looks very much like Uncle Joe,<sup>4</sup> if you imagine uncle Joe about 100 years old

He had come all the way down from Algoma, more than 400 miles to see my father, knowing that he was ill,<sup>5</sup> and fearing that he might not long have an

<sup>1</sup>Louis Martin Hays (no "e"), the son of Michael Hays, a Country Crown Attorney in Perth, Ontario, was born in Toronto in 1863. He was admitted to the Ontario Bar in 1885, and married Margaret Maude Macdonell, the daughter of Angus D. Macdonell on 8 September 1892. Maud is visiting her old friend "Maggie." Louis Hays eventually became a K.C. and the Senior Judge of the Wellington County Court (WWC, 1921).

<sup>2</sup>Unidentified.

<sup>3</sup>The southern part of Ontario's Blind River region along the northern shores of Lake Huron's North Channel, including St. Joseph's Island (see Letter 75, note 1). Peter Lampman, the grandfather of the poet, inherited the family land at Mountain Point (see Letter 42, note 3). He evidently did not pass it on to this Peter Lampman who settled in western Ontario.

<sup>4</sup>Lampman's father's brother, a fruit grower near St. Catherines.

<sup>5</sup>Lampman's father is dying of cancer (see Letter 80, note 1).

opportunity of seeing him.

He sleeps at our house, in our room, and mother gets our breakfast.

I took him yesterday afternoon to the House of Commons, and showed him some of the sights, -

I think I shall get my meals at Mrs. Saunderson's, a place recommended by Helyer.<sup>6</sup> There you can all three meals of very good quality for \$10 a month - and lunch & dinner for less of course.<sup>7</sup>

Thomas<sup>8</sup> is very lonely and when I come in in the evening his transports are extravagant in the extreme. He hangs on to my feet all the way upstairs, and races about the house like a lunatic.

I am bothered by a cold: otherwise I should be well. Tell me how Cricket behaved in the train & how you pulled through yourself. Love to yourself & Curls<sup>9</sup> & best regards to your friends.

Yours,

Archie.

72. c/o Mr. Gamble<sup>1</sup> / 19 Charles Street / Toronto / Ont.

OTTAWA 3 MR 13 96 CANADA

P.O. Dept., Ottawa

13. Mch. 1896

Dearest Madam,

---

<sup>6</sup> Unidentified.

<sup>7</sup> Ninety meals for \$10 works out to 11¢ each.

<sup>8</sup> A cat; Connor notes that in one of his "Mermaid Inn" columns, Lampman "gave a mock heroic description of the battles of Thomas, one of the cats of which he was fond" (p. 116).

<sup>9</sup> Natalie

<sup>1</sup> Unidentified friends or relatives of the Playter family.

I am glad to hear that no harm has come to you, and that Brer Cricket has behaved tolerably.

I have contracted an immense cold in the head.

Uncle Peter will be here till Monday. I have shown him most of the sights, and am going to drive him out to the Experimental Farm this afternoon. He is so old, and bent that I imagined at first that he was not interested in what he saw, but I found after a little while that he was taking in everything, and was very much pleased.

Thomas regrets your absence. He is very frisky when we come in at night. He won't eat milk however, which is left for him, and I shall have to get some coarse meat of some kind & cook it.

Our weather continues to be very bad, and prevents me throwing off my cold. Otherwise I am well.

Your father has just been in to enquire about you, and also about Kate, of whom I could give him no news. Love to Curls.

Your affectionate

Archie

73. 19-Chartes-Str: / Toronto / Ont. / Thorold<sup>1</sup>

REGISTERED OTTAWA MR 14 96

Post Office Department

---

<sup>1</sup>Maud is moving on to visit Lampman's relatives in the Niagara peninsula's orchard districts. She will stay with Mrs. Fred Lampman (Letter 77), perhaps the widow of the son of that Frederick who, Voorhis reports, "moved from Niagara taking up a grant at Palmyra Talbot Street, in the township of Orford near Lake Erie, a few miles from Clearville, where David Henry Gesner, about the same time 1825, had received a grant. Frederick Lampman was one of the first settlers on Talbot Street and the original grant from the Crown is still preserved by his grandson who occupies the old homestead" (p. 118).

Ottawa, 14. 3. 96

Dearest Madam,

I have no time to write a letter. Maurice is threatening to lock the door of the office. I just enclose this \$5<sup>00</sup>

Yours ever

lovingly

Archie

74.

Post Office Department

Ottawa. 18 Mch 96

My dearest Madam

Your letter which reached me Monday set me up considerably, as I was anxiously waiting to know whether you had succumbed to the troubles of traveling or not, and was relieved to learn that you are actually improved. I am sorry that poor Curly had a cold and was homesick and desired her Daddy. I dare say she will be cured soon of all three complaints and desires.

The Spring is beginning here in earnest, and the streets are transforming themselves rapidly into the usual rivers of dirt and water islanded by dead dogs, and dammed by small mountains of offal.

I get my meals where Providence permits or dictates; but I am doing well at the New York Dairy Kitchen, which you may have noticed on Rideau Street. I get a good dinner, all I want, and well cooked and well served, for 20 cents.

I sponge a good meal on my friends also. The Morses<sup>1</sup> have extended me a

---

<sup>1</sup>Unidentified.

general invitation to take tea on Sundays.

My uncle Peter went home to his place on S.<sup>t</sup> Joseph's Island<sup>2</sup> on Monday night - The good old man enjoyed his visit I think, very well. I am sorry you were not here to see him. You would like uncle Peter.

Bebée seems to be pretty well and she wished me to give her love to you when I wrote - also Possum<sup>3</sup> bade me say that she would write you a letter presently.

I sent you \$5 by registered letter on Saturday. I addressed it to the Gamble's in Toronto. Did you get it?

Give Brer Cricket a large kiss for me and tell her that she will come home some day to her Daddy and her Daddy will be very glad to see her and there will be great games.

Much love to you my dear - and my best regards to Aunt Amelia & her children.

Your loving

Archie

75.

Post Office Department

Ottawa, 20 Mch. '96

My dearest Madam

I am sorry you have gone into a grumbly humour again. The letter before the last had made me feel easy; but you will think more favourably of things

---

<sup>2</sup>In the Northern Channel of Lake Huron, bounded by the Canada-U.S. border and by Potagannissing Bay.

<sup>3</sup>This and the reference to "Possum's Retreat" (Letter 80) are unidentified. It may be a nickname for Annie Lampman, Archie's sister who works and travels with her mother.



in a few days. You ought to stay the month out if possible; for if you dont, you will get not benefit, and the thing will be a sheer expense. If I am alone here till the middle of April I shall save almost enough money to balance the cost of your journey. I am writing to Aunt Maggie to tell her you are at Thorold You must go see them.

I enclose a letter of Kate's, which got mixed up among my papers in some mysterious <sup>way</sup>, <sup>so</sup> and that I only found it yesterday in looking over some of my office papers.

You will be glad to know that since you left, I have not been sitting and moping over books in that high room of mine. I have been going about. All last week I escorted uncle Peter here and there. On Tuesday evening I went down to the Waddells<sup>1</sup> (Very improper, but I was invited); on Wednesday I went out to Browns<sup>2</sup> - and last night I dined with Duncan. My meals have only cost me a dollar and ten cents so far. after this, however, I am going to stay at

<sup>1</sup>A reference to Kate Waddell and her mother at least. Whitridge holds that "Lampman fell in love with Kate Waddell in 1889" (Lampman's Kate: Late Love Poems of Archibald Lampman, p. 15). Eleven of the twenty-eight late love poems published here were written in 1896, including the following, written not long before Lampman's evening with the Waddells (4 March 1896):

Why so coldly, so damnable,  
Never look, nor speak?  
Dearest, you can trust me surely,  
For my pain is meek.

Overmuch I love and fear you  
To be madly free.  
Just to see you, just to hear you,  
Is enough for me. (p. 40)

Duncan Campbell Scott learned of the poet's love for Miss Waddell from W. D. LeSueur after Lampman's death and conveyed his impressions to E. K. Brown. Scott thought that Lampman found his wife "unsympathetic to poetry ... and thought that in this girl he would find a spiritual mate" (Bruce Nesbitt, "A Gift of Love: Lampman and Life," Canadian Literature, No. 50 [1971], p. 36).

<sup>2</sup>John Brown, the poet and fellow postal clerk (see Letter 27, note 1).

work  
home and attend to my works

Moses<sup>3</sup> is well, and does not seem to fail, under the spiritualizing influence of his solitary life.

Poor Curls. Give her my kisses, and keep some for yourself. I miss you both, and shall be glad to see you back. In the meantime, rest and enjoy yourself as much as you can. Go about and see people, those people who called on you. - and let the children take care of Curls.

Yours ever

A.

76. c/o Mrs. Fred K. Lampman / Thorold, / Ont.  
OTTAWA 3 MR 26 96 CANADA

P.O. Dept., Ottawa,  
26 Mch. 1896,

My dearest Madam,

I am glad you have arranged to go to St. Catharines; for I think you will enjoy it there. Poor Cricket - her discontent appears to be deep, but perhaps she will get used to it.

Mother and I get along as usual. Mother has had to change her teaching quarters,<sup>1</sup> and has caught a rather bad cold in the process. My cold still drags on, but is slowly improving. In the main I am well.

I am in possession of my new suit of clothes which cost a little over \$12 including an extra pair of trousers. It is a very nice suit indeed and I

---

<sup>3</sup>Another cat.

<sup>1</sup>Lampman's mother is apparently supporting the senior Lampmans teaching school as she has done for years.

think you will like it.

I could get an Evening coat & waistcoat made in the same way for about \$13, and if I get hold of any Extra money, I think I will do that.

The Spring seems to be coming here for sure. The snow is going rapidly today, and big floods are expected.

Give my best regards to Aunt Amelia and her family, and receive a large kiss for yourself and another for Brer Cricket.

Yours lovingly

Archie

77. c/o Jos. Lampman, Esq., / S<sup>t</sup>. Catharines, Ont.

OTTAWA APR 8 3--0 1896

[Enclosure]:

Forgot to post this letter, my dear. -- Found it in my pocket this morning

8 - apr - '96

A.L.

Post Office Dept.

Ottawa, 2<sup>d</sup> Apl. '96

Dearest Madam,

We were much delighted with the tale of the hymn-singing of Curls, and also of her affection for Aunt Katherine she is a nice little person, and there is no accounting for her tastes

I had lunch today with Mrs. Scott and her daughters,<sup>1</sup> and they enquired affectionately for you - so also did the Morse's whom I saw on Sunday evening.  
afternoon

On Sunday took dinner with Duncan and Dr. Weldon.<sup>2</sup> The Doctor enquired for you.

I am not pleased to hear of those sore spots on your legs; but they will probably disappear. If not we shall have them looked to, when you return.

Our winter still hangs on, and even [?] or nine soft days have not yet cleared the side walks. The streets are dreadful to behold -- quite unusually so -- and, as you are aware, that is saying a good deal.

Copeland & Day have issued Duncan's book of stories "In the Village of Viger",<sup>3</sup> But I hear nothing of my book. They have treated me badly, but of course I have no redress, and cannot help myself.<sup>4</sup>

Moses is well. I get him a piece of meat occasionally, which mother cooks, and for which he is duly, and noisily thankful.

My love to you, my dear, and to Curly, and to everyone.

Yours lovingly

Archie

<sup>1</sup>Duncan Campbell Scott married Belle Botsford, a Boston girl, in 1894 and moved from his family home to 108 Lisgar Street. The reference here is to Scott's mother and sisters with whom Lampman had tea over the years (see Letter 12). Scott had been engaged to Annie Lampman in the early 1880's.

<sup>2</sup>Unidentified.

<sup>3</sup>A collection of related short stories published in Boston by Copeland and Day in 1896, Scott's book was influenced by Trollope's fashionable Barseshire novels (see Letter 22, note 4).

<sup>4</sup>A further reference to Lampman's year of waiting for Copeland and Day's publication of Lyrics of Earth (see Letter 79, note 2).

78. c/o Jos. Lampman, Esq. / S.<sup>t</sup> Catharines, / Ont.

REGISTERED OTTAWA AP 4 96

P.O. Dept., Ottawa

4. April. 1896

My dear Girl,

Thanks for the handkerchief which is a very nice one, and I am glad to have it for tomorrow.

I am greatly pleased to hear that you are improving in the most important matter - that of the digestion. I was afraid that on account of the unusual badness of the season, your expedition might prove altogether a failure.

Please let me know just how much money you will require, and do not stint yourself. I am annoyed to know that you have been cutting yourself so short and allowing yourself so little to spend. I enclose \$2 to get some fun out of. When you let me know what your return expenses will be I will send.

Love to dear old Cricket and the same to you.

Yours affectionately

Archie

79. c/o Joseph Lampman, S.<sup>t</sup> Catharines, / Ont.

OTTAWA APR 7 4--0 1896<sup>1</sup>

P.O. Dept., Ottawa

7 Mch. '96

Dearest Madam,

Glad to hear that you are still well.

Gretchen<sup>2</sup> wants to know if you would mind making some purchases for her at

---

<sup>1</sup>Lampman mistakenly dated this letter 7 "March" instead of April as is evident from the postmark, from his reference to the \$2 he has mailed to Maud, and from the sequence of Maud's itinerary.

<sup>2</sup>Unidentified.

Eatons in Toronto, if she sends you the money. They are to be some articles for her babies and she thinks you could make better selections than the shop people would upon order. Please let me know. If you hadn't room for the purchases they could be expressed by the Eatons. The idea is that you should select them, instead of its being left to the shop people.

My book is not out yet and I am getting mad.<sup>2</sup> I shall go down to Boston one of these days with a seven shooter and open a lot of little holes through somebody.

I shall send you \$15 in a day or two. Will that be enough? I enclosed \$2 in my letter posted to you on Saturday, addressed to S.<sup>t</sup> Catharines.

I did not purchase a single meal all last week. Either spunged on my friends or got 'em for myself at home. I am in Excellent health.

Moss, the painter is coming back to live in Ottawa, and he is going to build on the Common, close to your father's house. That will be pleasant.

My best love to you, my dear, and to Brer Cricket,<sup>3</sup> and to Uncle & Aunt, and Aunt Maggie & Cousin Carrie.<sup>4</sup>

Remember me to any other persons you happen to meet. If you meet Rev. Mr. Miller<sup>5</sup> tell him about my new book.

<sup>2</sup>The Boston firm of Copeland and Day had begun proceedings for publication of Lyrics of Earth a year previous. Its many delays followed the delays of other publishers which had held and rejected the manuscript. The book was finally published in the late spring of 1896. Lampman had completed the text in the summer of 1893.

<sup>3</sup>Natalie.

<sup>4</sup>The wife and daughter of Lampman's uncle Joseph.

<sup>5</sup>The Principal of Ridley College, St. Catherines, from the time of its inception in 1889, and one of the founders of Havergal Ladies' College which was established in Toronto in 1894. The educator published a number of school texts, among which are Short Studies in Ethics and Brief Biographies Supplementing the Study of Canadian History (CMWT, 1912).

Yours affectionately

Archie

80. c/o Joseph Lampman Esq. / S.<sup>t</sup> Catharines, / Ont.

REGISTERED OTTAWA AP 10 96

P.O. Dept., Ottawa

10 Apl. '96

My dear Madam,

It is too bad that you feel less well, but I hope it is only temporary.

I enclose \$15, which is all I can get hold of. If you want more, Say so, and I will raise it in some way.

I am well. Mother is fairly well. So are all the others except Father who is just in the same condition. There is no hope for him - none whatever.<sup>1</sup>

I had Mr. Lesueur in to see me night before last, and John Brown last night. We had a grate fire and made ourselves comfortable.

There is a good deal of fun going on in the house of Commons over the Remedial Bill,<sup>2</sup> but there appears to be no chance of their passing the

---

<sup>1</sup>Archibald will die of cancer on 11 March 1897 (Connor, p. 188). The Rev. Ernest Voorhis, Belle's husband, reports in his 1921 article "The Ancestry of Archibald Lampman, Poet" (The Royal Society Proceedings and Transactions) that "Archibald, father of the poet, was born in 1822 and died at Ottawa 1895" (p. 118). Lampman's letters 71 and 80 indicate that Voorhis was either the victim of a misprint or of a bad memory.

<sup>2</sup>The Remedial Bill was an unsuccessful attempt to remedy the Manitoba Schools Question by compelling the province to restore Roman Catholic separate schools. Provision had been made in 1870 for the schools by the Manitoba legislature which then abolished them in 1890. After five years of contention in the courts, the issue resulted in the bill, first introduced by the Conservative government of Sir Mackenzie Bowell; the Liberals under Wilfrid Laurier opposed it. Sir Charles Tupper, succeeding Bowell who resigned in the spring of 1896, fought unsuccessfully to push the bill through the House. The main issue of the general elections that year was whether there should be separate schools in Manitoba. After the election, a compromise allowed some religious instruction within the public schools.

estimates. That means that we shall get no pay after the 1st of July till  
<sup>new</sup>  
 the ^ House meets again a bad prospect for Civil Servants and, a worse one  
 for the tradesmen.

Tell Nats that I am much obliged to her and my finger is better, though  
 still sore and not just right.

Bertha<sup>3</sup> has a place, but mother thinks we can obtain the services for the  
 2 weeks of Annie Daniels, who was with her at Possum's Retreat,<sup>4</sup> you know.  
 Mother will see Mrs. Daniels.

My love to you & to Natalie and to our friends

Yours affectionately

Archie

81. c/o Mr. Gamble / 19 Charles Str., / Toronto. / Ont.

OTTAWA APR 14 5--0 1896

P.O. Dept., 14. Apl. 96

My dearest madam,

I sent you a regd. letter a few days ago enclosing \$15. Hope it reached  
 you safely.

Gretchen could not scrape together money enough to send you to buy those  
 things - so that is given up.

I hope you made a stay at Hamilton. It is good to keep in touch with your  
 your relatives, when they are pleasant ones.

I am very well, though a little affected by spring biliousness.

---

<sup>3</sup>The Lampmans were looking for "a girl," a servant.

<sup>4</sup>The "retreat" may have been Annie and her mother's place (see Letter 75,  
 note 2).



Let me know when to look for you my dear - do not forget that.

I took dinner yesterday Evening with the Woolcombes<sup>1</sup> and their school boys. It was warm enough to go home without an overcoat. our Summer is evidently come. The Woolcombes of course enquired kindly for you.

On Saturday I had tea with Lesueur, and he and Mrs. Lesueur also were solicitous about you.

I think you will not feel the full benefit of your trip till you have returned and settled down.

My love to you my dear, and to Brer Cricket, and best regards to your friends.

Yours affectionately

Archie

---

[ 1 8 9 7 ]

82. Britannia Bay, / Ont.<sup>1</sup>

P.O. Dept. 19. May '97

Dear Madam,

I think there would be no use in bringing Nats in to the Doctor, unless she actually takes to whooping. In that case you would have to come in at

---

<sup>1</sup>Rev. George Penrose Woolcombe, an educator, was once assistant master at Lampman's old school, Trinity College in Port Hope. He founded Ashbury College for boys in Ottawa in 1891; at this time he was its headmaster (CMWT, 1912).

<sup>1</sup>About 8 km southwest of Hull on the Ontario side of the Ottawa River, just northeast of Graham Bay (see note 2 below).

once and put up at your fathers until some arrangement can be made.<sup>2</sup> The weather has been bad and the cough may improve.

I think I shall go to that Dinner, though I should be better pleased if you were here to go with me. I

I have also received a huge card inviting us to a "State Reception" - Queen's Birthday - Government House - 10 P.M. to 12 P.M.<sup>3</sup> How about that?

I have quite an elaborate cough myself; but it is breaking up, I think, to-day.

Natalie will doubtless improve.

Your affectionate

Archie.

83.

Drysdale & McInnes,  
Barristers, Solicitors Etc.  
35 Bedford Row

---

<sup>2</sup>The Lampmans reside permanently at 187 Bay Street at the corner of Bay and Slater from 1896 to 1899 (Courtney Bond, City on the Ottawa [Ottawa: Queen's Printer, 1967], p. 53). From time to time they evidently sublet their house; this seems to be the case here. Where Lampman is staying is unclear. Connor's account is as follows:

"On March 11th, 1897, his father died after a long and painful illness ... and soon after Lampman rented his house and moved out to Britannia, a suburb on the Lac des Cheines. There he spent the week-ends with his wife and Natalie, and the other evenings in a little room at his father-in-law's on Sandy Hill" (p. 188).

Whitridge says,

"In the mid-1890's, when Lampman moved into rooms ..., Kate Waddell left home for a period of about two years. She continued to be employed by the Post Office Department but for that period only her name is not listed in the Ottawa City Directory. The year following this period, she is listed as boarding with her sister and, in 1899 immediately after Lampman's death, Kate Waddell moved back home" (Lampman's Kate, p. 22). See also Letter 75, note 1.

<sup>3</sup>Apparently the government is extending an invitation as official recognition of Lampman as a prominent poet of the Dominion.

Halifax 22 June 1897

Dear Madam,

This is Jubilee Day. I am going for a walk this morning with Campbell<sup>1</sup> and some of his friends at 1 o'clock we lunch with the Archbishop who is President of the Society.<sup>2</sup> At 4.15 we have a steamer excursion on the harbour, which ought to be pleasant. Yesterday it cleared up and the weather is superb.

I have been trying to enjoy myself. but the cold I had when I left home

<sup>1</sup>William Wilfred Campbell, the poet and writer who shared the Toronto Globe's "At the Mermaid Inn" column with Lampman and D. C. Scott. Campbell, like Lampman, was a member of the Royal Society. In his 12 May 1897 letter to Thomson, Lampman writes:

"The Royal Society are going down to Halifax in June to found a Memorial of some kind to a gentleman named Cabot who is said to have discovered this country. The railway fare will be put low and there will be much hospity extended in Halifax to the Society of which August body even I am a member" (Bourinot, p. 38). [see note 2 below]

After the event, he further writes (5 July 1897 to Thomson):

"I had Wilfred Campbell for travelling companion most of the time and he behaved himself very decently -- Campbell has written four or five terrific tragedies, scenes of which he recites with blood curdling fervour ... He has the power of making himself felt. People do things for Campbell -- things that the world <sup>would</sup> never do for me, for instance ..." (p. 39).

<sup>2</sup>Lampman was unanimously elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada, on motion of Dr. J. G. Bourinot and Dr. George Stewart in 1895 ("Report of Section II." Royal Society of Canada Proceedings and Transactions, 2nd ser 1 [1895]). Cornelius O'Brien (1843-1906), the President, was the Roman Catholic archbishop of Halifax from 1882 to 1906. He published a number of religious books and one novel (MDCB).

The Royal Society's annual general meetings were normally held in Ottawa in May, but here they are meeting in Halifax in June. The occasion of the locale is the "Cabot Celebration" unveiling of the city's tablet in honour of the Italian navigator. Papers delivered at the conference concerned the voyages of Cabot and the development of the cartography he used. Observing the Queen's birthday as well, the Society sent her a telegram congratulating her on the sixtieth year of her "eventful, glorious, and happy reign" of "the Empire, which has been so greatly extended and has so widely prospered" during that reign.

still sticks to me, and my head has been aching abominably. I don't feel particularly well.

My hosts Mr. and Mrs. McInnes<sup>3</sup> are very kind. So is every one. Campbell is staying with some exceedingly nice people the Waddells, same name as our friends of Cooper Str.<sup>4</sup>

We had a stroll last night in the public gardens, fire works and military band and a great crowd - <sup>a</sup>very gay and animated spectacle - quite different from anything we ever see in Ottawa.

This is a delightful old sea-beaten dingy place -- looks thoroughly picturesque in spite of its coal smoke and sea-weather. I like it. I shall probably start for home on Saturday morning.

Love to Brer Curls and all the others.<sup>5</sup>

Your affectionate

Archie  
Lampman

84.

62 Inglis Str.

Halifax

22 June '97

Dear Madam

I shall write a few words. Very likely this and my letter of this morning will reach you together but that won't hurt. I went to the Archbishops for

---

<sup>3</sup>Hector McInnes is a lawyer. About the family Lampman says in Letter 94: "The McInnes's are young people. They have two children, little girls, one 2 1/2 years old and the other 3 months. They are Presbyterians and rather prim."

<sup>4</sup>Kate Waddell and her mother's home is on Cooper Street.

<sup>5</sup>See Appendix B, Letter 5. Lampman's undated letter to his daughter Natalie was written from the McInnes household during this visit to Halifax in August, 1898 (see Letter 94).

lunch and it was very pleasant and interesting - but I missed the steamer Excursion. I got to the wharf too late. It was a misfortune. It was the best incident of this whole affair. Campbell missed it too. We condoled with one another and consoled ourselves by visiting the Man of War Her Majesty's Ship, "Crescent" now in harbour. That was interesting.

Tomorrow I read my poems, and attend a reception at the Lieut. Governor's in the evening.<sup>1</sup>

I was surprised and delighted to meet my old friend Professor Tyler<sup>2</sup> here to-day. Dear old fellow! He was just as genial and full of blarney as Ever. I shall get hold of him and have a good talk tomorrow.

I can hardly say that I have enjoyed things much yet I feel rather oppressed - - not very well. I dont rise to the occasion. I am getting old perhaps.<sup>3</sup> However I may improve.

Love to all.

Your affectionate  
husband.

---

<sup>1</sup>Sir Malachy Bowes (1836-1920) was Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia from 1890 to 1900 when he retired and was made a K.C.M.G. He was representative of Halifax in the House of Commons from 1878 to 1887, and Deputy Speaker of the House from 1882 to 1886 (MDCB).

<sup>2</sup>Moses Coit Tyler, Professor of History at Cornell University (see Letters 59, 60).

<sup>3</sup>Lampman had not been well the previous summer before his demanding three-week canoe trip with two brothers-in-law (Ernest Voorhis, Belle's husband, and another). One hundred sixty km up the Ottawa beyond the Long Sault Rapids they began at Lake Temiskaming and continued through various lakes and numerous rapids. Lampman caught a cold which worsened when they slept on the frost-covered shores of Lake Makatewiguaydon, and then encountered a two-day storm. He never quite recovered (Connor, Chapter XIII).

85. 383 Stewart Str., / Ottawa.  
 HALIFAX.N.S. JU 24 97 CANADA

Halifax

62 Inglis Str.

Dear Madam

I take the opportunity of a lull in the proceedings to write a few sentences

I am not so sure that I shall return on Saturday. I met Mr. Dickey<sup>1</sup> this morning and he wants me to stop off at Amherst and stay with him a day or two I shall do so if I can arrange the ticket that way. In any case I shall let you know by telegram. So when you receive a telegram dont be frightened.

Last night I went to the Reception at Government House. - an awful crush. It seems to me I saw your friend Archie Macdonell there in military uniform.<sup>2</sup>  
 - some huge big fellow very much like him, if not he.

Your affectionate

Husband

86.

Pickanock<sup>1</sup>  
 P.O.D.

5 Sept. '97

Dear Madam

---

<sup>1</sup>The Hon. Arthur Rupert Dickey, born at Amherst in 1854, became a lawyer, a statesman, and a business executive. He was created a Q.C. by the Earl of Derby in 1890. In 1894 he became Secretary of State under Sir MacKenzie Bowell. As a delegate to Winnipeg on the Manitoba School question, and as Mr. Justice, he prepared the Remedial measure (see Letter 80, note 2). Arthur is the second son of the Hon. Robert Barry Dickey, Q.C. Whether Lampman's friend is Arthur, his father, or his brother is not clear.

<sup>2</sup>See Letter 50, note 5.

<sup>1</sup>Unidentified.

We arrived safely here, and have been unable to get any further to-day. We go to the Desert (Maniwaki)<sup>2</sup> tomorrow morning by stage. If you wish to send any word to me address it to Maniwaki, Que. We cannot get a canoe here, so consider it better to go on. The country is very beautiful here to day, and they have given us excellent meals - an immense improvement since I was here before. You must come up & stay at Ellard's<sup>3</sup> next year for a week or two. If they have things as they have them now, you will enjoy it.

By the way I told Miss Waddell yesterday that you would like to go to Brown's with her some day.<sup>4</sup> She said she would call for you above the end of this week, some afternoon.

My love to Natz & Gretchen. Take care of yourself & get a girl, if the work is trying I am feeling very well to day as far as health is concerned

Yours affectionately

Archie

---

[ 1 8 9 8 ]

87. Wakefield<sup>1</sup> / Co. Ottawa / Que.

MONTREAL 23 -0 1898

59 Metcalfe St.

Montreal.

---

<sup>2</sup>About 125 km north up the Gatineau from Hull. Lampman and D. C. Scott are taking a ten-day trip.

<sup>3</sup>About 45 km south of Maniwaki.

<sup>4</sup>This datum suggests either that one of the women is making overtures of friendship to the other, or that Lampman is trying to get them together, if it does not suggest that Miss Waddell was happily absorbed into the Lampmans' society.

<sup>1</sup>On the Gatineau, 25 km northwest of Hull.

23d July '98

Dear Madam

I have been troubled with my Eyes, and did not do anything yesterday, but stayed in the house and kept quiet. In the evening Dr. Webster,<sup>2</sup> the person with whom I was to have gone up the S.<sup>t</sup> Maurice, came in. He has recovered his health and does not need an outing. Probably therefore I shall not go up the S.<sup>t</sup> Maurice. Meanwhile I stay here for some days. It is very comfortable and I can poke about the city at will.

The house I am living in is kept by four bachelors, two of them doctors. They live in very good style and are nice fellows.

By the way I intended to tell you before I left how I managed to pulverise that flour food for son.<sup>3</sup> I grated all I could of it but it went to pieces of food. the pieces that were too small to grate I put in a tin dish and pounded with the hammer. In that way I reduced almost all of it to powder. You can remember that when you have to grate up the rest.

My love to yourself and Curls & remember me to Katie

Yours Ever

A.L.

---

<sup>2</sup>Robert Edward Webster, M.D., born in 1870, studied at McGill, he was appointed Gynaecologist and Chief Consulting Surgeon at the Carleton County General Protestant Hospital in Ottawa in 1901. Connor tells of

☐ "... group of bachelors extended to him a convivial hospitality. Andrew McPhail had been one of their number; E.W. Thomson was a welcome guest; of those living there at the time, David Walker was interested in theatre enterprises, Richard Lee was an inestimable raconteur and Edmond Dyonnet, a local painter. Lampman's host was Dr. Tait McKenzie, who later became head of physical training in the University of Pennsylvania and a sculptor with an international reputation. They had met in 1895, when the Doctor was on the staff at Government House, Ottawa, and the occasion was a Vice-Regal garden party. McKenzie had been struck by Lampman's air of quiet aloofness from his surroundings; a conversation had begun, and they had spent the rest of the evening in considerable neglect of their obligations to Ottawa society" (p. 193).

<sup>3</sup>On 21 June 1898 the Lampman's third child, Archibald Otto, was born.



88. Wakefield / Co. Ottawa, / Que.

MONTREAL JUL 25 22-0 1898

59 Metcalfe St.

Montreal.

25 July '98

Dear Madam

I received your letter for which many thanks. I am sorry your room is so hot. I was afraid it would be, but, you could not possibly have stayed at the Cascades; I am quite sure of that. Besides the weather has been unusually close and depressing. It will be better after a few days. Keep your eyes open for the chance of a better one. If you hear of a good room at Kirk's Ferry you could remove there., and I would send you money to settle with the people where you are.<sup>1</sup> Keep sonny out of doors all you can. Go up the slope behind the house. There is a lovely road up the little stream that flows through the village. Take walks there.

I am very well, far better than I have yet been since winter. On Saturday I went with Dr. Drummond,<sup>2</sup> the man of the French Canadian poems, to Knowlton, 70 miles from Montreal, by rail. It is a village in the Eastern Townships on Brome Lake, a beautiful sheet of water from which many mountains are visible. On Sunday we drove back through Bolton Pass between high ranges of glorious mountains to McManus Corners, which is only four miles from Lake Memphremagog;<sup>3</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup>Lampman seems to be putting off Maud's complaints. Kirk's Ferry is about 11 km northwest of Hull, also on the Gatineau.

<sup>2</sup>Physician and poet, born in Ireland, William Henry Drummond (1854-1907) picked up the cadence of French Canadian speech and wrote the very popular The Habitant, Johnnie Courteau, and The Voyageur. He knew the Knowlton area well, having lived there, and he kept a cabin overlooking Lake Temiskaming up the Ottawa.

<sup>3</sup>A long, large lake about 22 km southeast of Knowlton.

there we had tea and returned by another road over the mountains, in the evening., a magnificent drive. We returned to Montreal this morning.

I have not yet developed any plans; but I think I shall go up the S<sup>t</sup> Maurice for a week or two.

With much love.

Yours

A.L.

Curls will eat better after a time.

89. Wakefield / Que.

MONTREAL JUL 30 14-0 1898

59 Metcalfe St.

Montreal.

30 July '98

My dear Madam

I am glad to hear from your letter that you are pulling through as well as you are. The weather has been intensely and distressingly hot every where, and if you can stand it at all and son keeps well it is as much as can be expected.

When I left home I placed that tin containing some of the coarsely broken food on the hatrack. If you run out of food get someone to go in & get it and send it out to you. Even though it is not grated fine it will no doubt prepare all right in water.

I am going out with Dr. McKenzie this afternoon to Chambly<sup>1</sup> to stay till Monday. On Tuesday or Wednesday I may go down the river to Quebec and the

---

<sup>1</sup> 15 km east of St. Lawrence on the Canadian National line at Basin Lake.

Saguenay and at the end of the week up the S.<sup>t</sup> Maurice The Doctors recommend-  
ed the S.<sup>t</sup> Maurice for me.

I am very well, but have suffered like Everyone Else from the heat.

I am taking it very Easy, and although I go about a good deal, yet I do  
it in a leisurely way and never tire myself. I walk very little.

Love to Curls & Son.- and take care of yourself.

Your loving

A.

90. Wakefield / Que.

MONTREAL AUG 1 18-0 1898

59 Metcalfe St.

Montreal.

1 Aug. '98

Dear Maud

I think, if it will be any improvement you had better remove into the  
room at Mrs. Malone's. I think the hottest weather is now over, and you will  
not suffer so much. The season has been exceptional

I will send you a money order in a few days for \$40<sup>00</sup>, so that you can  
pay up at Wakefield on the 15<sup>th</sup>, and return to town, if you think it well. I  
have asked O'Leary<sup>1</sup> to send my cheque to me. I will cash it, retain the \$40,  
and send the rest to you.<sup>2</sup>

I think I shall take the Saguenay trip before I ascend the S.<sup>t</sup> Maurice.

---

<sup>1</sup> Unidentified; apparently someone in payroll personnel at the Post Office.

<sup>2</sup> Apparent errors such as this confusing repetition of the same \$40 figure suggests that Lampman does not often proofread or reread his letters to Maud. In Letter 100 he refers to a salary cheque not much more clearly.

Probably I shall go on Wednesday and be back here Saturday morning. I shall then go up the S.<sup>t</sup> Maurice.

I am very well - wonderfully so, considering the hot weather

I went to a circus the other day & wished I had Curls there to see the horseback feats, and the trapeze acting, and the tricks of the tame lions and elephants.

Kisses to Curls & yourself and Son. My regards to Katie

Your affectionate

A.

91.

59 Metcalfe St.

Montreal.

6 Aug. 98

Dear Maud

I am returned from the Saguenay - a fine trip, but our weather was not very good. On the way from Riviere du Loup over to Tadousac<sup>1</sup> it was cloudy and very cold. I had to put on a heavy undershirt and overcoat. We had a fine morning on the Saguenay and saw the grand capes in all their vastness. Toward night as we approached Murray Bay it fell foggy and wet again, and we moved slowly to the dismal roaring of fog whistles. I spent the day in Quebec

---

<sup>1</sup>Tadoussac, on the north bank of the Saguenay where it flows into the St. Lawrence, is just north of Rivière du Loup, a town located on the south channel of the St. Lawrence.

with G. F. Scott,<sup>2</sup> who wished to be remembered to you. He is a nice fellow

The accommodation on the Saguenay boats is not as good as it was when we were down before. They need competition.

I am going up the S.<sup>t</sup> Maurice on Monday, and my address there will be c/o Captain John Ritchie,<sup>3</sup> Grands Piles Que. I will only get mail about once a week and will be there for two or three weeks. I expect great advantage from it. I think you had better go home on 15<sup>th</sup>. I agreed with Mrs. Malone to board you for \$35 per month & the room at Mrs. Miller's was to be \$6, of which I paid \$2.

I send a M.O.O. for \$50. My love to Curis & Son and yourself

Your affectionate

A.

92. Wakefield, / Que. / 187 Bay St.<sup>1</sup> / Ottawa, / Ont.

GRANDS.PILES AU 17 98 QUE.

Lake Wayagamack

1<sup>5</sup>/<sub>6</sub> Aug. '98

Dear Maud

I find this place answers all expectations. It is delightful and it cost me no trouble to get here. The journey up the S.<sup>t</sup> Maurice mostly by

---

<sup>2</sup>Lampman must be referring to Frederick George Scott (1861-1944) commonly called F. G. Scott. A fellow poet, Scott shared some correspondence with Lampman which indicates a fairly long standing friendship between the two (see Appendix D, Letter 13, 24 May 1893). Ordained an Anglican priest in 1886, Scott was rector of St. Matthew's Church, Quebec from 1889 to 1934. In 1925 he became Archdeacon of Quebec. For his service as Chaplain in World War I he was awarded the C.M.G. and the D.S.O. He was elected to the Royal Society of Canada in 1900.

<sup>3</sup>An old friend from school days (see Letter 21, note 2).

<sup>1</sup>The change of address suggests that Maud has gone home, but we find in Letter 93 that she is staying in a room somewhere. She probably collects her mail from their sublet house.

steamboat was fine. I left Montreal on Monday morning - reached Three Rivers about noon - took the railroad up the S.<sup>t</sup> Maurice to Grandes Piles about 30 miles - left Grandes Piles by a small steamer about 2 o'clock - slept over night at a place called the Mattawin, and got to LaTuque,<sup>2</sup> 72 miles from Grandes Piles about 4 o'clock in the afternoon next day. Seven miles more by canoe and team brought me to the club. It is a comfortable log house on a beautiful lake in the midst of the forest. I have a pleasant bedroom facing the East. There is a large dining room with a great chimney fireplace built of stone, and every evening Johnny Allen,<sup>3</sup> the caretaker builds me an immense fire of birch logs, that crackle and blaze delightfully, for it is quite cold up here at nights.

There is great trout fishing here, and I have the use of an excellent birch bark canoe. I have caught a few trout, but none of them large.

I am enjoying the splendid air, and it is doing me good. The caretaker and his wife are very kind people. as yet I am alone, but next week, I believe, some other people are coming

Tell Nats that there is a tame gull here that stays round the house and is very friendly and sociable. He comes out <sup>fi</sup>washing with me and swims about the boat, and whenever I catch a fish he makes a great chuckling, gets very excited and seems to want his share. We catch chub for him, and he swallows them whole head foremost. I gave him a trout last night - a trout 6 or 7 inches long, and he bolted it without a wink. He is a beautiful grey creature with immense wings.

---

<sup>2</sup>Almost 100 km north of Grandes Piles.

<sup>3</sup>"Allen shoots at the loons in front of the clubhouse," Lampman wrote in a journal (Davies, p. 82). Undated by year, the journal fragments' combined month and day dates correspond only partially with the time of the trip recorded here, while they place the former trip in 1896.

I hope to hear from you by the boat tonight. We get mail matter only once a week. Post any thing for me on Friday, if you are at Wakefield - on Saturday, if at Ottawa.

My love to old Curls & little son, and much for yourself.

Yours affectionately

A. L.

I cannot get my cheque cashed till I get back to Montreal - will send you money then.

93. ~~187~~ Bay Str. / Ottawa. / Ont.

SP-10 98 S.

[See postmark for date]

Lake Wayagamack

21 Aug. '98

My dear Maud

cards

I received your letter last Thursday night and was distressed to hear that Son was unwell. If he continues so you had better try and see if you can get a better room. Try Kirk's Ferry perhaps. I wish I were with you; but it would not be well to go back unless it seems really necessary.

This fine air is undoubtedly doing me as much good as anything could. I wander round in my little canoe which is like a feather and requires no exertion to navigate. I catch a few trout and pick blue berries, and boat round the shores and read. The only other person here at present is a young fellow from New York - twenty years old, and six feet three inches high - who arrived one Evening from a trip away back in the woods, heaven knows where. Some more are coming in a few days I believe.

I shall leave here on Tuesday of next week - 30<sup>th</sup> - shall stay a day or so at Shawenegan Falls on the S.<sup>t</sup> Maurice in company with McKenzie and Dr. Drummond.- and then get down to Nova Scotia by way of Montreal - from Montreal

I will send you money. My cheque is there and I cannot cash it until I return. I was in hopes McKenzie would have sent it on up to me here the I could have endorsed it and forwarded it to you with this - but he has not done so.

Keep a good heart.- My love to old Curls - and I trust soon will not be long out of sorts.

Yours ever.

A. L.

94. Wakefield / Que. / Cor Bay. & Albert St / Ottawa / Ont

GRANDES PILES AU 24 98 QUE.

*letter written  
with pen 1897*

62 Inglis Street

Halifax [Jan 1897]

Dear Madam

I arrived safely. Had a pleasant journey down. The weather was fine and the scenery interesting. Campbell was in his best humour and we saw a good deal of Principal Grant,<sup>1</sup> who is always delightful.

At Halifax I found my friend Hector McInnes, who is a lawyer, apparently prosperous. He has a very nice house.

This morning I went to a Presbyterian Church, and heard a dull jubilee sermon.

Tonight I shall go to hear Principal Grant. We walked in the Park and inspected

---

<sup>1</sup>George Munro Grant (1835-1902) was the principal of Queen's University, Kingston, from 1877 to 1902. Born in Nova Scotia and educated at Glasgow University, he was ordained a minister of the Church of Scotland in 1860. Grant was elected moderator of the Presbyterian Church in Canada in 1899 and President of the Royal Society of Canada in 1901. An imperialist and journalist, he wrote a number of works on Canada and its position in the world, including Ocean to Ocean (Toronto, 1873), Advantages of Imperial Federation (London, 1889-91), and Our National Objects and Aims (Toronto, 1890-91) (MDCB).



the public gardens.

It is a dingy smoke stained old place, builded all of wood, but the parks, gardens, and streets are neater, better paved and better kept than ours. We have better street car service, but they run cars on Sunday.

The public garden this afternoon - in the centre of the town - is a very gay place with a moving crowd made piquant by the red uniforms of soldiers.

I did not send any postcard last night because there was no mail till Monday and by that mail goes this.

The McInnes's are young people. They have two children, little girls, one 2 1/2 years old and the other 3 months<sup>2</sup>. They are Presbyterian's and rather prim.

I shall be back again in all probability on Sunday.

My love to all

Your affectionate

Archie

P. S Please give that "Evening Post" I forgot, to Moon.<sup>3</sup>

95.

Lake Wayagamack

<sup>3</sup>20 Aug. '98

Dear Maud

The above dating is deceptive, for I am to-day on my way down to Montreal.

---

<sup>2</sup>See Appendix B, Letter 5. Lampman wrote to Natalie from Halifax at this time.

<sup>3</sup>Unidentified.

When I get there I shall send you money, purchase my tickets on the Inter-colonial,<sup>1</sup> and get one for Digby.<sup>2</sup> My abode at the club has done me much good, indeed I am just beginning to feel the full benefit of it, and almost wish I had arranged to stay longer

I wish to goodness it were possible to send you some of the fine trout I have been catching. I got a beauty yesterday - a speckled trout, two pounds weight. I have been living on them three weeks now trout & bacon three times a day.

I have no news. There is no news up here.- only the record of fish catching.

Take as good care of yourself as you can - and get as useful a girl as you can - dont mind the cost.- Go round in the cars and take the air.

The black flies worried me so the first few days I came that I shaved off my beard - and so deprived them of one means of ambush.

My love to old Curls and sweet son.- and yourself. My regards to Katie.

I write in pencil because Johnny Allen is using the ink and the only pen.

Your affectionate

A.

---

<sup>1</sup>In the subsequent letter Lampman states that as a civil servant he can ride on the Intercolonial for half fare. Originally intended as a subsidiary of the Grand Trunk Railway, the Intercolonial became a government operation in 1874 when it was placed under the direct control of the Department of Public Works. By 1876 extensions provided a through line from Halifax to Rivière du Loup. The railway was especially expensive to build and to run because its rails were steel and because its route curved through areas of low population and little industry in eastern Quebec and northern New Brunswick (G. P. Glazebrook, A History of Transportation in Canada [Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1964], II, pp. 22-24).

<sup>2</sup>On the southwest tip of Nova Scotia.

96.

59 Metcalfe St.

Montreal.

1 Sept. 1898

Dear Madam

I am back here again for today in order to get & cash my cheque, whereof I enclose \$50. If you pay any thing on bills, pay Holbrook.<sup>1</sup> He has treated me well.

To-morrow I am off for Digby - by way of the Intercolonial on which as a Civil Servant I get half rates. It takes me round by Quebec, and I shall stop off for two days to see Geo. F. Scott - and then go on.

If you write me a letter to-morrow address it

8 Simard Str.

Mount Pleasant

Quebec.

after that send to Digby

I am greatly benefited by my stay up the S.<sup>t</sup> Maurice, which was probably the best thing that could have fallen in my way.

I left the club house on Tuesday morning took the little boat at La Tuque, stayed over night at Thibault's, Rat River,<sup>2</sup> a suspicious place (slept in my

---

<sup>1</sup> Unidentified.

<sup>2</sup> A village 65 km north of Grandes Piles. On his stay at Thibault's on another trip, he records in his journal (see Letter 92, note 3):

"Overnight at Thibault's Thibault, the fat old fellow -- his activity and good humour -- climbs up an easier way to the woodpile. The guide -- a joker -- gets off at the landing, and is splashed by a cordwood stick in jest.

"The young Englishman lisped French. (At Thibault's evening cloudy -- a few dim stars -- the silence and blackness of the swift-flowing river, and the gloom of the forest-clad hills.)

"Dinner at Rat River -- McAdams -- the big ruddy fellow -- his tough looking gang of workmen, Frenchmen, Indians, Halfbreeds. Bag of bread pitched ashore to a fellow with a young-old face, and the shout: 'Le Boss dit, quand vous avez mange ca, revenez' " (Davies, p. 81).

clothes) had breakfast at 5 next morning, reached Grandes Piles about noon, had a huge dinner, and got to Montreal at 6.30 in time for another, equally large.

Take care of yourself, get help at whatever expense, and patronize the street cars. Kiss Curis & Son for me. Much love to you

Yours,

A.

97. 187 Bay Str. / Ottawa, / Ont.

QUEBEC 3 SP 3 98 CANADA

Quebec. 3 Sept. '98

Dear Madam

I have just arrived here at Scott's. I came down from Montreal last night, reached Levis<sup>1</sup> about 12.30, stayed over night at a hotel & crossed over by the ferry to Quebec this morning. I had promised to pay Scott a little visit on my way to Digby. I shall resume my route to-morrow night, and shall probably reach Digby by way of S.<sup>t</sup> John on Tuesday.

I feel a very distinct gain in health since my S.<sup>t</sup> Maurice trip.

I sent you a letter enclosing a M.O. for \$50 on Thursday. I hope to receive a letter from you here to-day. Your next letter you had better address to Digby, N.S.

I saw Lightall in Montreal - you remember Lightall - he wished to be remembered to you. His wife has had a good deal of illness - nerves & heart - a case much like yours<sup>2</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup>Across the St. Lawrence from Quebec City.

<sup>2</sup>Maud died in 1910 at the age of 41.

If you see Mother, tell her that I will write to her from Digby. I hope she has recovered well from her attack of collera

Give a kiss for me to Brer Curls and dear Son & keep one for yourself.

Your affectionate

A.L.

98. *See postscript*

Digby, N. S.

10 Sept. 1898

Dear Madam

The air of this place is immense, and I feel the benefit of it already. I spent the first night at the house of Mr. Will Stewart, mother's cousin.<sup>1</sup> He is a very good fellow, a man of about 50, whitehaired, thin and wiry. Mrs. Stewart is a large comfortable good-humoured woman, who reminds me of Mrs. Martin J. Griffin.<sup>2</sup> Their three daughters who are my second cousins, Jessie, Agatha and Madge are pleasant lively girls. There are no boys. I am going round this morning to call on Mrs. Wood, another cousin of mother's sister of Will Stewart, a very bright snappy old party. In the course of time I shall visit other cousins at Yarmouth and Annapolis. There are quite a number of them.

---

<sup>1</sup>Lampman's maternal grandmother was Sarah Stewart, one of the ten children of Captain John Stewart. The family moved from Digby, Nova Scotia to Tryconel, Ontario in 1820. Sarah married David Henry Gesner in 1827; they settled on his 200 acres on the Talbot Road on the shore of Lake Erie. Conditions were primitive there. As a child, Susannah Charlotte Gesner, the mother of the poet, "would often lie awake at night, listening to the howling of the wolves near [their] house" (Voorhis, pp. 111-2). Most of the Stewart branch of Lampman's ancestry remained in Nova Scotia.

<sup>2</sup>Martin J. Griffin (1847-1921) born in St. John's, Newfoundland, was a lawyer and a journalist. He wrote the column "At Dodsley's" and contributed to Canadian and American magazines. When residents of Ottawa, he and his wife were acquaintances of the Lampmans.

I had a talk the other morning with Mrs. Dakin.- a pretty white-haired woe-begone old lady, who grieves endlessly over Leslie.<sup>3</sup> My visit rather upset her at first, but I think <sup>she</sup> enjoyed our talk in the end.

This is a very picturesque old place, all up and down hill, nice comfortable old fashioned houses with luxuriant little gardens in terraces full of fruit, apples, pears, cherries, quinces

Digby Basin in front of the town is a body of salt water 20 miles long, fine for yachting. I got a number of my cousins together one afternoon and hired a picturesque old sailor man, <sup>& his boat</sup> and took them for a sail.

I slept better here than anywhere else. Undoubtedly the air is tonic

You had better retire to Mrs. Keefers,<sup>4</sup> and, if we can dispose of the house, we might stay there all winter.<sup>5</sup> It is mainly as you think best.

Love to all.

Your loving

A.

99. c/o Mrs. Aug. Keefer, / Sussex Street / Ottawa, / Ont.

15 Sept. 1898

Digby, N. S.

Dear Maud.

Received your letter yesterday, and am distressed indeed that you should be driven and worried so. Never mind; we will leave the chicks in somebody's

---

<sup>3</sup>Leslie Dakin.

<sup>4</sup>Mrs. Keefer may be a relative of Lampman, although distant. The poet's great-grandfather Peter Lampman fathered ten children; the eldest of them, Catherine, married in 1797 George Keefer, the founder of Thorold, Ontario (Voorhis, pp. 117-8).

<sup>5</sup>Lampman is proposing that Maud and he continue to sublet the Bay Street house, and move into a boarding house (see Letter 99).

charge next summer, and have a jaunt by ourselves, and give you a change.<sup>1</sup>

As to the question of the winter, I think, on the whole we had better try the boarding, if we can rent the house satisfactorily, and you had better advertise it at once, or see Bishop & Jones. Of course, it depends also on what Mrs. Keefer would charge us, and what arrangement you can make about some help with the children.

When I get my cheque, which will probably be in a day or two I will send you the whole amount of it.

Try and get some competent girl to help you, if possible at any cost.

Day before yesterday, I drove with Will and Wallis Stewart<sup>2</sup> to Annapolis and back a beautiful drive of 40 miles - and I had dinner and tea at Annapolis with the Corbitts - Mrs. Corbitt, a very lovely woman, not old, but with curly snow-white hair, is one of mother's cousins.

To-morrow I am going out with Sandy Adams,<sup>3</sup> a weather-beaten seadog, in his yacht to catch fish - cod and haddock.

Take care of yourself and give a kiss to Curls and old son.

Your loving

A.

100.

Digby N. S.

19 Sept. '98

Dear Maud,

I am sending you \$97 in two parts - one a Money order for \$47 and the

---

<sup>1</sup>The Lampmans' vacations are more often than not separate.

<sup>2</sup>Apparently Will, Lampman's mother's cousin, and his wife.

<sup>3</sup>Probably the picturesque old sailor he mentions in the previous letter.

other a cheque on my deposit in the Bank of Ottawa for \$50. (I am keeping \$50 out of my salary cheque

I am very well for me, and am glad to know that you are a little relieved and that son is well.

Get out your bicycle, have that front valve repaired, and see how the riding goes.

I shall stay here probably till to-morrow week, when I shall move on to Boston.

The last few days have been very foggy, and the weather is getting uncertain. I have not bathed any. The water is far too cold. You need not address me in care of Mr. Stewart - Simply Digby, N.S. is enough.

Love to all.

Your affectionate

A.

101. c/o Mrs. Augustine Keefer, / Sussex Str, / Ottawa. / Ont.  
DIGBY PM SP 24 98 N.S.<sup>1</sup>

Digby, N. S.

26 Sept. '98

Dear Maud

I have returned from Wolfville and Kingston where I saw a lot of interesting country. Had a very pleasant day in Annapolis with the Corbitts. It is tremendously stormy - weather frightful. On Monday, if it clears, I shall start for Boston -- so you had better address me for the next week c/o E. W.

---

The discrepancy between the postmark and the letter date may be due to a mistaken letter date, or it may be that this envelope belongs to a missing letter.



Thomson, Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass.

I am continually improving in health, though I have to be as cautious and deliberate as ever.

I shall probably be home about the 10<sup>th</sup> or 12<sup>th</sup> October

My love to old Curls and Son. and take care of yourself.

I sent you a registered letter a few days ago., which I hope you received.

Your affectionate

A.

102. c/o Mrs. Aug. Keefer / Ottawa, / Ont. / Canada

BOSTON SEP 30 6-PM 1898 MASS.

The St. Botolph Club,

2 Newbury Street, Boston.

30 Sept 1898

Dear Maud

I grieved over your last letter, and I would come home at once, only that I feel it necessary to get all the strength I can for the next years work in the office, and every week helps me.<sup>1</sup>

As to the jacket, Good Lord, that was all right. I only hope you got a good enough one - and you shall have the hat too when I get home

I got here yesterday morning, and found Thomson in good health and spirits.

We were out by street car to Newton and [ ? ] park, and Thomson, to whom it was an unusual holiday, enjoyed it probably more than I did.

If you write please address me c/o E. W. Thomson, Youth's Companion -

---

<sup>1</sup>Lampman has been travelling since approximately 20 July.

Boston. as before.

Keep up your spirits. It will not be long before I am back.

Your Loving

A.

103. c/o Mrs. Keefer / Sussex Str. / Ottawa / Ont. / Canada  
BOSTON OCT 4 10-AM 1898 MASS.

4 Oct. 1898

Boston

Dear Maud.

I have not much to relate this time. I have been seeing Boston under most favorable circumstances, the weather being simply perfect. I am going out to-day to Wrentham to stay over night with J. E. Chamberlin<sup>1</sup>

I spend much of my time in travelling far and wide on street cars. I enjoy that better than anything else, and it keeps me in the open air

I think we shall have to leave the babies in charge of someone and come down here together next summer for a week or two. Thomson would like that. He is as fat and cheerful and kind as ever, & sends his regards to you.

Your affectionate

A.

---

<sup>1</sup>See Letter 56, note 2.

## Appendix A

## Letters from Maud Playter Lampman to Archibald Lampman

1. Maud Playter Lampman to A. L.

Post Office Department / Ottawa, / Ont.

TORONTO 11 P.M. AUG 1 89 CANADA

"Free" [handwritten]

419 Dundas Street

August 1<sup>st</sup>

Dearest Spunk.

I did not hear from you till yesterday when I got two letters also one from N - Gamble. About the racquet I certainly would not take it and give him a good rating he had no buisness to do such a thing I want the racquet but I do not want the string mended any way I am sure there was no string broken when I left it. There tell him so. That I say so. what about the new racquet do not pay more than the 35 cents for the old and the two 2.75 for the new one. but do not what you think best I do not care much about the old one. I forgot to tell you about your white shirt the one I tucked the sleeves of the shirts have it and another one washed Bell will pick one out if you ask her they are all in that trunk in my room wear the one I fixed and bring the other one. eh dearie I know this wont please you but it will me so you will do it will you not. Tell papa I went to see Maisie yesterday, and give him my love. also give it to Kate, & Belle & Bébé and Gertie when you see her. and tell them I have the greatest work possible to get a chance to write a letter They tease me because this is the 5<sup>nd</sup> I have written besides the one I mailed that you wrote. We went over to the Island last night Fan & Sam Stammers and I. I was spending the day with Fan.

Every minute they come in and chatter so I had better stop. a squeeze of

the tail to Pickin. and an immense pile of love & kisses for yourself.

Your Chick

P.S. You had better get the shirts done at the laundry let me know about the Registration.

2. Maud Playter Lampman to A. L.

PARKDALE 10 PM SP 8 89 TORONTO

Toronto

The number of this house is  
changed from 40 to 54.

54 Grove Ave

Aug [sic] 8<sup>th</sup> 1889

Dearest boy

Although I have bad pen & bad ink I am going to write. I went straight to Aunt Lillies' when I left you and made my peace do you know they went down to the boat to meet us on Friday They were quite mad but I made good peace with them I am going to Niagara tomorrow with them and will stay there till Wednesday not at Niagara but at Aunt Lillies when I think I will go to Macdonell's. I was very homesick yesterday and as I do not feel particular spry I think I will come home Saturday or Monday We went to the Featherstone-haryle's last night I men your friend Mr Church we came home at ten o clock and went to bed and I did not get up till nine this morning so you see I got a good rest I felt as if I needed it to I was a perfect stick all evening at the F-

How did you get home Spunker dear? Were you very tired and how do you feel now. Did you find the girls all well give them my love also next door you had better address your letters here till the end of the week. I wish I had gone home with you I feel like starting tomorrow however I will not Write often to me dear. good bye do not forget

Your loving Chick

(xxxxxxxxxxxxxx)

## 3. Maud Playter Lampman to A. L.

Post Office Department / Ottawa / Ontario.

PARKDALE 6 PM SP 14 89 TORONTO 2

"Free" [handwritten]

Dearest Spunk

I send your sponge in a newspaper by this same mail. and enclosed in this is a slip which Maisie gave me I do not know whether you have seen it or not She wants it back again so take care of it How are your eyes dearie better I hope Will you tell Kate Aunt Carries address is care of the Bishop of Toronto Island at least that is the only address I can find she may not be there now. Well with much love to all especially your dear self.

xxxxxx

Yours Chick

## 4. Maud Playter Lampman to A. L.

[no date: 18 September 1889]

You addressed your last letter to Miss L. -- Wednesday Morn

are you going to get a divorce.

419 Dundas St

Dearest Boy

I was so sorry to hear that you had been so long shut in the house I should have gone home but I thought that by the time I got there your eyes would most likely be well and they begged me to stay. if I get a ticket from you today I think I will stay as long as it will last as Maisie is going to do so. do you think that I can use a return ticket if it has not been used on the road down. will you enquire about it dear if you have not sent it. I am having a lovely time they want me to stay as long as possible. They are all crazy for us to come and live in Toronto oh how I wish I could you must keep your eyes open for something here for my sake Mr. Humphrey & Maggie and I are

going to try a walk into town today it is such a perfect day so cool & nice if we get tired we can take a car How are the girls I suppose they would rather do the work and have me away however you would not would you. It is so good to feel that they all like me here. I always feel as if I were almost in a different sphere. I feel just lost in Ottawa except when I am with you which you must remember is only a small portion of the time. Well dearie I am going to stop here give my love to all. Maggie and I dressed up in regular Japanese costumes last night and had a great time we are going to have a little dance tonight. but I will tell you all I have been doing when I get home if I get a ticket today - which will only last till friday I suppose I will have to start. Well keep well dear for your own Chick xxxxxxxxxxxxxx

5. Maud Playter Lampman to A. L.

Post Office Department / Ottawa, / Ontario

PARKDALE 10 PM SP 20 89 TORONTO 2

Dear Archie I am just going to scribble a line to say I will be home Monday and that I have received the ticket I hope it will be all right. give my love to the girls and this note to Kate

Your own loving

xxxxxx Chick xxxx

[Enclosure:]

Friday noon

Dear Kate, Archie said you wrote me a letter addressed to the Stammers I got it all right. but I told Archie to tell you when he went home to tell you not to expect a letter till I went home unless you wanted something particular. I have so little time I never saw such a house we do nothing yet the time flies. I have to write in lead pencil because Allen & Mr Humphries are in

Claudes  
the study where we have to write They are fixing some book cases etc so I can not write. there. The only two days that I have had time and arranged to go to cousin Maggie's it has rained I saw her at S - ' s one day she does not say anything about you but she does not say much of anything She does not care much about me you know. Maisie is coming here to lunch today and it is nearly one now so I have to fly I am going to try for a card tomorrow, but I am afraid with ill success. I was looking for a card a couple of weeks ago. nobody seems to have any nice ones at all I have never seen one with golden rod - Claude is going to take us to the Argonaut At Home tomorrow I do not know whether I will go or not I have no dress my cream one will not turn in. however we may not have to dress much I am coming home Monday how are you all Papa & you did you like the peaches we sent. Well I must stop We are going to The exhibition this afternoon we went last Monday.

with love yours lovingly

Maud.

For Kate

6. Maud Playter Lampman to A. L.

[no date: 2 July 1890]

Wednesday

Dearest of Spunks,

I have no word from you yet but I hope to hear this afternoon although it is after five now. I feel very blue just this moment as I have just come home from the Stammers where I found Auntie Brooke has had a paraletic stroke and I am afraid will hardly be well again. Also her sister has been ill and is to be taken to the hospital for incurables, so they are all in trouble. Well dear how are you getting along how are the eyes. I have been having a delightful

time they were all glad to see me & wont hear of my going on Saturday Think I am crazy etc. I do not know what to do of course I am anxious to stay but think I had better not. I got money from Hatre's all right & got spoons for Belle which cost eight dollars but they are good & they are engraving her initials Time is just vanishing I have only two days & I have really done nothing & I suppose if I do not go to see some of my friends they will be indignant. but it will remain as I said unless I telegraph meet me I will send next door if not in office hours you see it takes three quarters of an hour to get to town & they get up so late Well dearie good bye for the present. I wish I had time to hear from you before I decide but suppose I cannot.

Your own lovingly

xxxxx Chick. puss xxxxx



Appendix B  
Family Correspondence

1. Archibald Lampman to Susanna Gesner Lampman

[On Christmas card with two printed poems: Scott's "At Scarboro' Beach"  
and Lampman's "A Thunderstorm"]

Christmas, 1891

Ottawa

Dear Mother

of  
May the best<sup>^</sup> everything, whether of the mind, the body or the spirit be  
for you; for there could not come any happiness to you of any kind, which  
would be as much as you deserve.

Archie & Maud

2. A. L. to Isabelle Lampman Voorhis

P.O. Dept., Ottawa,

29 Nov. 1893

Dear Belle,

I am sorry indeed to hear that you have had so unpleasant an experience  
in the way of boarding houses. Perhaps things may improve. At any rate I sym-  
pathize with Ernest's desire to establish himself in some place where life will  
be easier and freer than in New York.

I shall certainly come and see you in the spring if I can raise the money.  
That of course is problematical; my finances at present are very low.

Maud is not very well; Kate is sick; and no Servant can be got; so we are  
in a bad way ourselves.

I have failed altogether to get my new volume published; and have conse-  
quently gone to work and made up another, containing work of a considerably

different character. I have it ready and intend to try it on the publishers at once. It will be interesting to watch the result. They will at any rate perceive that I mean business, and propose to keep on making up books till some one takes hold of them.

The only Birthday memorial I can send you this time - by reason of my temporary impecuniosity - is the enclosed - which is the first piece in my new volume. I rather like it. What do you say?

My best wishes to Brer Ernest.

Your affectionate Brother

A. Lampman

P.S. My salary has been increased to \$1100, and as soon as I have paid off the things that are now burdening me, I ought to be comfortable enough.

3. A. L. to I. L. Voorhis

P.O. Department,

Ottawa, 3<sup>d</sup> Mch. 1894

My dear Belle,

I am sorry to hear that things have gone unfortunately with you; yet it is something not to be prostrated by illness, not to be completely crushed. When you get up here again for the summer you will find the breath of free life return, even if the contents of the pocket be somewhat scanty.

I fear that I shall have to give up altogether the idea of going to New York. I have not been able somehow this winter to get even with my debts. They are certainly not large, but they must be paid, and I shall have to economize

In the March number of the Atlantic Monthly you will see my "City of the End of Things"; I think it is a poem which should excite some notice

I have heard nothing yet from Houghton Mifflin & Co in regard to my second book; but a sort of prospect has opened of getting it issued by Stone & Kimball; a new firm, to which Bliss Carman is about to act as Literary Adviser. I hope however that the Boston people will see fit to undertake it

I have finished and am working over a long piece which has occupied me for more than a year. It is called "The Story of an Affinity", is a sort of novelette in blank verse, and contains about 2000 lines

I believe that it is a good thing and will do more to make me a name than any other thing or things I have written. I think this to-day: perhaps to-morrow I shall be damning it!

I wish I could visit New York. I have been sinking all winter into a deeper pit of morbid and nervous exasperation and a change would certainly do some good. Nevertheless we must keep straight financially. Maybe some happy change will improve the state of my purse. Give my love to Ernest, and wish him well from me.

Your affectionate Brother

A. Lampman

4. A. L. to I. L. Voorhis

[Enclosure: clipping of "Successors of Pan" dated April, 1894]

Dear Belle

These verses are from the New York "Independent" and are rather good, I think.

The Spring winds are beginning to grow soft and the flowers will soon be in blossom.

Mother is moving out to her place to-day -- rather early, it seems to me, but she cannot well help it.

My love to Ernest.

Yours affectly

A. L.

5. A. L. to Natalie Lampman

[June 22-25, 1897 or August 24-29, 1898; from Halifax]

Dear Curls.

Your daddy is in a strange city a long way off by the sea -- where the water is full of salt and you can see the jelly fish moving about slowly like large orange, purple fringed, flowers between the boats and the wharves

I gathered some strange little flowers yesterday - whitish with blue edges on slender stems -- ~~blue~~ bluetts they are called I would like to give you some but they are too withered to be any good.

There is a nice little girl here called Anna - Anna McInnes - three years old with soft silky hair and ~~ttte~~ light and delicate as a fairy. She says she would like to know you, and I am sure <sup>you</sup> she would like <sup>her</sup> you. She says her words very clearly and distinctly like you. She says them over to herself till she gets them right.

I am hoping that you are always a good girl, Curls, while I am away. always be exceedingly good.

Your affectionate

Daddy.

1a. Archibald Lampman, Sr., to A. L.

P.O. Department / Ottawa.

Renfrew

Aug 30<sup>th</sup>/86.

Dear Boy

Expect shortness herein. I am tired. I write to say that I send either to-night or to morrow forenoon a Box or Basket - of Trout by Express, pre-  
of fish  
paid. The no.<sup>^</sup> is 23. 19 of my own catching to-day in Holliday's Creek 2 or 3 miles to the north. 4 are of D.<sup>r</sup> Raines' catching. Raines is of Almonte. There were 3 others of the Party Chris of the Ottawa Hotel son of the Proprietor. M.<sup>c</sup>Dermott Auctioneer Braham a young fe<sup>l</sup>low of the Albion Hotel. These are all young fellows. Raines and Chris are Keen Sports men. I made more endeavour than any-of the others. I am well pleased with my luck to-day. The young fellows fished a little and then went to Rifle Shooting at a mark. I got separated from them. They roasted their fish at a fire in the woods in the Indian style and told me they were fine. They also had nourishment of other kinds in true Pic-Nic manner; such as Brandy, Beer, Cakes, Canned Salmon. I was out with the same party yesterday<sup>^</sup> to Runaway horse Creek. This place is 2 miles to Eastward, and is in meadows or fields. Much of the ground fished on to-day was in the tangled woods; and the creek slid, cataracted, and pooled itself in a narrow gorge, over Granite Rocks and descending<sup>ed</sup> precipitously fast along a big [?] range of Hills. Yesterday the fellows distanced me in fishing. They caught at least a Dozen a piece. They were more agile than<sup>^</sup>; besides they knew where the fish schools were. Yesterday my catch was only 3. But if I caught few I ate many. At the Parson's in the Evening I had two for my Supper. They were very well; but grievously imperfect in comparison of the 4 which I

ate this morning for Breakfast at the Hotel. Trout must be fried a good deep brown and slowly and made crisp. These were fried in Butter. Runaway horse Creek is an ideal Trout stream; of-course; i.e., running through grassy sedgy meadows; and in a rippling musical flow and is not more than 3 or 4 feet wide and generally from 1 to 2 feet deep. You see I have lost no time. Yesterday was my 2<sup>d</sup> day. The drive out and back to and from these places at a fine rattling pace with a good livery rig was in itself a novel or unrecent sensation to me. And the weather has been perfect.

The company too were a gentlemanly, rollicking Sportsmanlike set. Here I break off. The Parson here, Young either has no room for a visitor or: -- speaks evil things. So I have to be here at the Ottawa Hotel. To-morrow I return go to Almonte, where I shall remain till Monday; and then I shall go to M<sup>C</sup>Neeley's to stay a day or 2. If anything should come to me through the Post which it concerns me to see, send it to Carlton.

With love to the Youngsters I am your affectionate Father

A. Lampman

A.L. Esqr

P.O. Dep.

Ottawa

2a. Archibald Lampman, Sr. to A. L.

P.O. Department / Ottawa

C.P.RY OTT & P.<sup>T</sup> ARTHUR M.C. JY 30 87 2 Free [handwritten]

Mattawa July 29<sup>th</sup> 1887.

Dear Archie

I arrived here duly on Tuesday about 9 o'clock in the evening. I am at P. O'Farrel's Hotel: a very good orderly house. As to the natural features of

locality  
 this place, they are decidedly Norwegian: rocks, rocks nothing but rocks.  
 Just in town the land is elevated but little above the Ottawa upon which it is  
 located. But over half, or nearly all the town site enormous boulders cover  
 the whole surface. In clearing the ground for a <sup>building</sup> house one has to clear re-  
 move an average of 4 feet thick of these stone. I look out of my window to  
 the East, I see just across the Street no other house than a new roughly  
<sup>one</sup> clap-boarded house, uninhabited: no other building is in view eastward; but  
 rocks, and young Pines fill the space. The smooth boulders shine in the sun.  
 every  
 On ~~abo~~ acre there are 30 or 40 of these Neptunian pebbles from 15 to 20 feet  
 in diameter. The rest varying and diminishing to 2 feet in diameter. On the  
 east side of us the Land is nearly level; and the young Pines 10 or 12 feet  
 high fill about equal spaces with the boulders. The pines are really beau-  
 ties; they are growing very vigorously. The Red Pine is numerous but not  
 half so many as the White. On the north west across the Mattawa which falls  
 into the Ottawa here a part of the town is located <sup>at</sup> in the junction of the two  
 Rivers. Just across the Street to the northward, some 6 rods away is the Eng-  
 lish Church, fairly built of brick, and the "Pas-sin-idge" by the side of it.  
 Over this church, Master Foster Bliss predominates. He and his wife are of  
 Ottawa. His wife mourns the loss of the Flesh Pots of Ottawa. However she  
 and Foster have done very well They have 7 children, all of nearly the same  
 size. Master Bliss has a kind of Ecclesiastical Police under his command con-  
 sisting of 2 young Englishmen, named Harding and Cresswick. These are not  
 yet ordained, but "are nigh onto it." They assume the Clerical dress. And  
 in the mornings you see these fellows dodging round to in Cassock Coats down to  
 their heels, and well and broadly belted at the waist. Here the Native may  
 see what the Anglican manner of conducting the Church Service is <sup>and ought to be</sup>. These  
 young Fellows are nice fellows indeed, awfully English, and Conceited; but yet

ingenuous, and Kindly. They complain of the weakness of the Church here in  
 Mattawa, the fewness of the numbers of Church Worshippers; and the lamentably  
 wrong impression of even Church people as to the just authority of the Clergy.  
 They find that the Canadian World has no idea of the power, dignity and esteem  
 which the Church has in and enjoys in England. They have learned so much:  
 some other disagreeable lessons of the troubles before a Church of England  
 are yet to be learned by them  
 Parson<sup>A</sup>. I wish their future experiences could be wholly pleasant. These  
 young men with their Chief hold Services on the line of the C.P.R. 50 or 60  
 miles either way. I went yesterday up the Antoin Creek, 3 miles up the Ottawa.  
 Has an Indian village at its mouth could not catch one Trout. The stream is  
 very large, and Trout had been biting up to a few days ago; but the drought  
<sup>s</sup> had diminished the water and the Dogs <sup>are</sup> surly and <sup>will</sup> would not look at a hook.  
<sup>further</sup>  
 3 or 4 miles<sup>A</sup> up the stream fish are said to be catchable yet, though the  
 season is unfavourable. This is the only trout stream in the neighborhood on  
 the Ontario side. 2 miles away on the Quebec side there is a small lake said  
 to be fabulously rich in Trout. There is so little communication with the  
 north Shore here that there is not even a ferry much less a Bridge. So that  
 the idea of going across the river to fish seems disagreeable; for one would  
 have to row himself over, and against a strong current. Besides the mountain  
 rises straight up from the shore 560 feet and to climb over that would scarcely  
 be repaid by 12 Trout, at least to me, whose wind is not good.  
 There is said to be a gold mine and a Silver mine right in the top of the hill,  
 directly opposite the Town. I wish I had the strength of Enceladus who shakes  
 mountains in his slight <sup>movings</sup> ovings, I would "bust" some of these rocky ridges  
 asunder and see what may be inside. But since I cant do that i think I shall  
 not even take the trouble to go and look at the mines. There are no summits  
 over 560 feet high here. As to trolling either in the Ottawa or the Mattawa,



(which is a river 4 times as large as the Rideau,) it is unpaying. Yesterday a Young Man, a Commercial Traveller from Toronto, rowed me 3 miles up the Ottawa to the fishing Creek, and I held his trolling line; but "nary a bite did I get." I met this morning at his Store here M<sup>r</sup> Rankin the Hudson Bay's Factor for this Section. Amongst other things he informed me that he takes in 5 or 6 hundred Beaver Skins in a Year. They are worth from 4 to 6 dollars a piece. The Beaver he says are utterly driven out of some pt of their best tracts by Lumberman at a distance of 60 miles from here. Still there are some only a few miles from Mattawa. Notwithstanding what I have said the Beaver fill all this country between us and Hudson Bay and are indestructible. Where White men have not gone the Beaver holds his own. The Indians treat him that is protect him as profitable as a Domestic animal<sub>A</sub>. So says Rankin. The Indian will not kill or permit to be killed a young Beaver; nor will he permit Beaver poaching on his territory. Partridges are abundant here; though I have seen none. I could have filled my pockets with Hazel Nuts yesterday. And of course Berries, Blue and other are the staple product of the country. I must wind up. First dont let Bella employ any other Photographer than Topley. Second, send anything for me here in the mean time. Send any extra Papers, and write

I am your affectionate

Father

A. Lampman

A. Lampman

P.O. Dep mt

Ottawa

3a. Ernest Voorhis to A. L.

65 West 95<sup>th</sup> St

Nov<sup>r</sup> 26 - 91

My dear Arch -

The interest that your friends in general feel with regard to your prospective heir and "boss" is not confined to Ottawa alone - We here not only share your anxiety but we feel a personal sense of ownership in the little one and a natural wish to have a hand in the management of things such as the giving of a name. You see being a young father and mother you must submit to the usual assistance people generally feel impelled to give and you will be lucky if you escape receiving a book on childrearing - in fact old man I have in mind now one entitled the "Hygiene of Childhood" to which I will invite your careful perusal. It was inflicted upon me by my brother-in-law just before our marriage - You see I dont look upon the affair with any great doubts as to the final issue being perfectly safe and normal - Maud is one of the most sensible and careful girls and she has taken such good care of herself that with reasonable precaution all will go well if everyone keeps cool and trusts nature - In a few words you will be the happiest couple alive and allow me to say that that child will be one in a thousand - You may expect to find the whole family pretty wild over the arrival judging from present symptoms- Please give my love to Maud -

I dont suppose you care about discussing any plan for next summer. But however if you dont go away from Ottawa what would <sup>you</sup> think of taking a trip up the Lièvre to White Fish Lake? We might get up a party for a week and have a grand time -

Our plans are made to return to Ottawa - Belle will go back in April very likely and I shall arrive about the 10<sup>th</sup> of June, earlier than last year, not

having to wait for the commencement.

My university work is progressing well and other affairs as well -

With best love from Belle & myself

Yours as ever

Ernest Voorhis

4a. Isabelle Lampman Voorhis to A. L.

65 West 95<sup>th</sup> St

Dec 13<sup>th</sup> 1891

My dear Archie -

I was much pleased to receive your letter, it seemed so long since we had heard from you - Thank you very much for your kind wishes on my birthday - I also passed yours by with regret, having no money just then & besides the difficulty of sending books on account of the duty.

I can well imagine that your thoughts & funds are taken up by the expected cherub - I am sure there is no cause for alarm about the child from what I have heard - it is such a great blessing that Maud is so well & argues very favorably for everything going smoothly Ernest & I chuckle continually over the prospect of becoming an aunt & uncle - I suppose that child will be regarded by the whole Lampman family as one of the nine wonders of the world. Ernest & I are bitterly disappointed at not being able to send any gift to Canada this year last year we said - well next year we shall be better off & able to send some nicer gifts home & here we are worse off than ever - we have not been able to save a cent or begin to pay off our Storage Bill yet - so I know you understand our impecuniosity & will take our will for the deed. I am deep in the third volume of Modern Painters which I find a most remarkable book & to me quite a little education in itself - Occasionally though Mr Ruskin

tires the head & one wants to refresh oneself with something entirely spontaneous & near to Nature - & I very frequently take out of my little bookshelf the volume of poems of M<sup>r</sup> Archibald Lampman & always lay down my book with an inward & heartily sincere blessing for the person who can give such exquisite pleasure as one derives from we'll say the last five verses of Among the Timothy - Of late I have come to agree with others that when you are simply expressing your perceptions of Nature you are best & I do not think anything could be more perfect than "Winter", "Freedom", "Morning on the Lievre", which are very invigorating to one. is a great favorite of mine & all in fact, -- They are things which just do one good cooped up in this maelstrom of a place with nothing but brick walls Elevated trains & impure air for company outside of the house - I often doubt if I shall every be happy - I cannot imagine what I was meant for - but certainly something which I never have & never ~~witt~~ shall realize - We have had no snow yet & most perfect weather with only occasional rains - I am glad that you have finished David & Abigail was not that it? If I remember you read me some passages in it which I approved of - Well dear boy I must stop now - hoping anxiously for your speedy happiness - with much love from Ernest & me to Maud & you

Lovingly yours

Belle

5a. Annie Lampman to A. L.

Sydney, C. B.

July 24<sup>th</sup> /92

My dear Archie

I have been going to write you a line or two for the last week, but from day to day have put it off - I am sorry that I missed you every time you came

before I came away, but I could not know when you would be there -

We have had a very pleasant trip though rather more of [the time] has been spent in travelling than I should have wished, if there had been a choice - However the weather has been perfect, & as most of our Journeying has been done by boat, it has all been like a holiday. We came down the St Lawrence & out the Gulf to the North of Cape Breton, & round the Coast to Sydney: then by boat through the Bras D'Or lakes to St Peter's which is on the southwest shore of C. B. -- stayed in St Peter's a week & took boat round by the straits of Canso [D ] train back to Sydney on [the] way home - That is the point of the Journey that we have reached now - Our coal-boat sails tomorrow afternoon & we hope to get back to Ottawa on Friday night; but it may not be till Saturday. This country is very beautiful, & with much more individuality - The sea, of course is the Great Thing: it seems hard to find a bit of Seacoast in Cape Breton that is not attractive. Sydney is a gay little place, [not] much more than a village [but] made lively by the coming going of ships of all kinds from fisherman's boats to [French] & English Man-of-War ships. There is a french flag-ship in the Harbor right in front of our windows now. It is a very bright handsome thing, decorated with tri-colored flags: & with polished white decks & fixings shining in the sun - It is called The Arethuse & the sailors are typical Frenchman, of the broad-faced brown-bearded kind, with lots of horizontal wrinkles in their foreheads when they laugh -- they look [like] the pictures in "Sartarin" [?] very picturesque in their sailor's clothes - always kept as neat & clean as wax. They had a Grand celebration on the 14<sup>th</sup>: anniversary of something, -perhaps the storming of the Bastille - & the ship was covered with flags; it looked very lovely too, & thundered out a royal salute with guns that almost knocked this house down - it being rather a dilapidated structure at best. That was the day we went

through the Lakes - They are beautiful bits of [water] and hill scenery - I dont [think] I have ever seen anything prettier & St Peter's has a charming situation at the base of a deep bay looking right out on the Atlantic - Our windows were right in the middle of the curve so that we had always a beautiful view - We had a drive<sup>one day</sup> right out to the sea & encountered a picturesque fishing-hamlet just such as one imagines -- low tide, & boats of all kinds high & dry - picturesque groups of children wading in the pools or lying in the [sun] queer little cottages on a [ ] & stony hillside, - women [carrying] bundles of faggots on their shoulders - nets hung to dry & fish spread out on rude tables drying & out of the cove the blue dancing waves stretching away out to the creamy mist & being lost in the clouds - One day we went to Isle Madame in a sailboat & had a glorious sail in a fresh breeze. How we flew over the waves! it was splendid - The salt spray [washed] all over us, as we rose on a sea & splashed [down] on the next. The boat seemed like a living being, as it held bravely across the wind or flew before it as we did coming back. The only thing we regret is that we could not go to St Pierre de Miquelon which is an island just out in the sea from Newfoundland -- an island, but nothing but a rock or heap of rocks -- no soil except what has come there from wrecks - a population of fishermen, by trade, many of them convicts - living quite happily on this [desert]

Well, I did not intend [to tell] this when I began, and it really is not much, in comparison<sup>with</sup> what I might deluge you with -

What I particularly wanted was to say two things -- firstly that I suppose that I shall be married soon after I get home (about the 1<sup>st</sup> of August) and that I want to claim your promise of being at the church - Perhaps it will be just as well that there be no one else. I dont know what day it will be, but I can tell [you] that when I get back - Secondly, I want you to [ ? ]

out all that you know about my debt made in January - I want to get at least a clear understanding of it: because it is absurd that I should not know the amount of the debt & to whom it is owed - Please Dear Bear, dont put it off, but try to tell me as much as you know of it.

Bébé tells me that Natalie has been ill again: I am so sorry to hear it & hope [the] poor wee thing is better [by           ] also that Maud & you are keeping on good terms with health. I wish you could all have a little while of Sea-air: there seems to be nothing so invigorating: it has made me feel quite a different person - Give my love to Maud & sweet Natalie & take care of yourself Dear Mr Bear,

Your affectionate sister

Annie -

6a. Isabelle Lampman Voorhis to A. L.

Pooles Resort

July 7<sup>th</sup> 1895

My dear Archie

Many thanks for the cordial invitation which you & Maud have extended to us -- we hope to be able to spend a day or two with you before leaving for New York although I am loath to even do that on account of Mauds condition - as she must feel any extra excitement too much. But we feel that it is very hospitable of you to ask us.

We are leading a sort of vegetable existence here which (although I know it is good for us both) I sometimes feel like kicking-ing against as being too stupid & inane. We are out on the river morning, noon, & night except that sometime during the day if it is not too hot we go on a bird hunt armed with my opera glasses. We have had good luck at birds - we have come across the rose

breasted grosbeak & the Indigo bird & the rest of the black & white warbler with the female sitting on five brown spotted eggs. Then we are watching the hatching & development of a family of Kingbirds & a young warbling oreo which was evidently just learning how to get about by <sup>it</sup> himself -

We have been chasing after an Oven-bird for a long time but have not seen him yet - I would like ever so much to find their nest - it must be such a queer one.

Thank you for sending us your poem - I am not as much impressed by it as I am usually by your <sup>work</sup> poems. You have a good sonnet in the Century for July. I have done hardly any reading for months. My eyes have been <sup>u</sup>troubling me so much I am afraid I shall have serious trouble with them.

Tell Maud I am going to answer her letter in a very few days. You are not going <sup>vacation</sup> away for your ~~vacation~~ till next month are you? I suppose Kate will soon be coming for her three weeks holiday - Ernest & I both send much love to you & Maud & Natalie

Yours affectionately

Belle

P.S. I advise you to be careful about the canoe on the Ottawa river, she is pretty old now -- & keep her in water for some days for she may leak badly I am a little nervous about Maud going out in her -

7a. Ernest Voorhis to A. L.

P.O. Department / Ottawa / Ontario / Canada  
NEW YORK NOV 25 930 AM W

103 West 88

24th Novem[ber, 1895]

My dear Archie,



I understand from Mr Hellyer that an excellent map on a very large scale of the upper Ottawa, can be seen at the Upper Ottawa Improvement Coy's office, of which Mr Green is Secretary - and I have no doubt but that you could obtain a tracing of the same which would answer our purpose very well. He also tells me that canoes for three men may be had there in abundance a[t ] reasonable prices - fro[m ] to 8 dollars -

[He sa]ys that a Hudson Bay [ ] post is located at the [hea]d of Lake Temiscaminque which we would find interesting to visit - It seems to me that a pleasant trip w<sup>d</sup> be to start from the head of L. Temiscaminque, through L. des Quinges, on up the Ottawa into Grand Lake and explore that - It is evidently very large and would afford us plenty of fishing & canoeing - There seems to be an H.P. Post there also. The route back would be simple enough and perhaps we could dispense with the [serv]ices of a guide- We [oug]ht to have three men [ ] our large canoe and two in the smalle[r five] in all - I know a good [ man ] here a Mr Smith who w[ould] like to go with us - He is attached to the Museum of Natural History in the Indian Dep't - speaks the Algonquin gibberish and hunts Indian relics every summer for the museum - Would your Gov<sup>t</sup> allow him to send back here any material he could find on the trip, or is it contrary to law? Perhaps Duncan could inform you about this. Some red tape would have to be spun out here, but he w<sup>d</sup> be a splendid fellow [to] take along - a gentleman [and] a man you could [depe]nd upon for hard and [han]dy work and not green at the business.

I have watched for your <sup>book</sup> expecting to see Copeland & Day's announcement daily - I notice that they have issued Duncan's book - What do you hear from England?

Belle is gradually getting back to her normal condition - It is hard enough in this place to recuperate - I am about taking up the translation [of

s]ome early French literature of the 13th cent'y [            ]  
 relating to the Albigen[sian ] Part of the field to be c[overed] is a prose  
 and verse narrative by one of the Troubadours in Languedocian or Provençal-  
 Its translation is necessary to bring out my inferences regarding the Albig-  
 ensian war & will probably give me a good bit of labour. I am encouraged to  
 undertake the work as the field seems to<sup>be</sup> untouched in English, and perhaps  
 the contribution may be accepted - The Latin is easy enough. There is much  
 difficulty in getting hold of the books as there are only two or three copies  
 in the libraries here and I can[not] afford the time for th[            ] n  
 the libraries - The books [are] too costly for purchase [ T]hey number two  
 or three hundred vols & comprise all that remains of the early Troubadour &  
 Latin literature of France.

I am interested in Casper Whitney's account of his trip thro' the North-  
 west now appearing in Harper's - It will be well worth reading.

Yours affectionately

Ernest

1b. Archibald Lampman, Sr. to Susanna Gesner

[Enclosure: Poem "For Bella at Haverstraw on the Hudson"]

New York

Pacific Hotel

Wednesday Evening

1859.

My Dearest Susanna

I arrived here<sup>only</sup> yesterday evening, and consequently had nothing to commun-  
 icate till now, for I had no opportunity of seeing any one till to-day. I  
 went this morning to call on Dr. Gesner; and did not find him at home, but saw

<sup>rs</sup>M Gesner and Herbert the Parson. I was invited to remain to dinner when I should see the Dr. But as Herbert was going to the Convention of the Church in St John's Church in New York which has to-day commenced its session, <sup>A</sup>went with him, and returned to dinner at at 6 p.m. Most fashionable and most comfortable hour perhaps to the disciplined entrails of the Cits of New York. but the importunity of my profane senses led me to mitigate that extreme refinement <sup>by</sup> my vulgarly making a solid dinner at the Hotel, by the way of prelude. At Dinner I met <sup>r</sup>M Gesner and was received very hospitably by him. After making some thousand and one inquiries about his Brother and you all he offered me the free use of his house while I should remain in the City. <sup>rs</sup>M Gesner is a stately Lady, but kind notwithstanding. There were four sons present at dinner. The Eldest (I forget his name) is I believe a practical Geologist; John is just now commencing his studies for the Church, having graduated <sup>at</sup> in Columbia College a short time ago; the next is a Medical ~~and~~ Student; and the last is a fellow I should say about 16 years of age, and I believe is remarkable for ability at playing a game of Bass ball; from <sup>A</sup>which he had just returned. Bass ball they contend is as good as ~~Chr~~ Cricket; but I am not convinced by any manner of means. To-morrow morning I shall have my valise taken over to <sup>r</sup>M Gesners and shall make that my home as long as I stay <sup>probably</sup> about New York. But perhaps, or rather ~~probobly~~, I shall get homesick by Friday morning and shall cut and run for Canada. I have an interest in witnessing the proceedings of Convention, and should like, if my common sense would sustain me so long, -to stay on that account. Besides, your eldest cousin at home promised me if I would stay till Saturday to take me to see the Great things of the City. He walked with me to-night through part of the City of New York: I mean New York as opposed to Brooklyn. Also Sam. Fuller son of <sup>r</sup>D Fuller of Thorold to whom I brought a letter from his maternal relative, promised to help me to the sight and and hearing of the Great Suns

of the City on Sunday, such as Henry Ward Beecher & Dr. Tyng, and the High Church operators at Trinity Church. These are the very strongest inducements but I may not be able to endure New York life more than one day more. I had a pleasant talk with Herbert. He now officiates somewhere near Sing-Sing, Church but has the prospect of a place in New York. He has only been ordained a few months. He is all enthusiasm. I saw one daughter at Dr. Gesner's, <sup>o</sup> about the size of Maria, and about a quarter as fine looking. Dr. Gesner said (he had intended to go) (he had intended to go) to Canada, he and M<sup>RS</sup> Gesner, this past summer, but was prevented by a press of business. They will go next summer they say. He expressed a wish that some of you would come and stay a while with him.

-Enough of this. The journey from Albany to New York by Boat is like a voyage of enchantment. The scenery is most charming; in some <sup>places</sup> times the hills though lofty are not precipitous or <sup>of this kind</sup> rocky <sup>(they are not near Albany)</sup> (as near Albany) but rise 5 or 6 hundred feet presenting on their slopes fine fields and orchards, and houses like palaces embosomed in groves of beautiful trees. The river islands too are beautiful in the upper part <sup>of the river.</sup> of the river near Albany -About 30 miles down you see a little village lying on some low hills; and back of it at a distance of 15 miles are the grand, glorious Catskill Mountains. This village is Athens; and is not unfitly named, since to the north of Athens, though more remotely towered the lofty snow crowned Olympus the home of the Gods. It made my blood thrill to see as we sped on our course with a beautiful sky over us, that little namesake of the proud <sup>tingd</sup> -city of the Greeks, and the mountains dark and shaded like a tinged purple <sup>like a</sup> ~~truging~~ vast thunderous cloud, with notched and jagged outline of summit, rising over it. There is distance enough between the River and the Chain of Mountains to give a cloudy haze of colour to their summits. The view of all this beauty and grandeur <sup>heroic</sup> was brought to my mind the herofick and god-like achievements of the old Greeks for the preservation of their country from

foreign invasion. It was the glory of the mountains and the sea that taught them patriotism. It taught them to die nobly at Thermopylae, and to conquer gloriously at Marathon. Everyone has inhaled inspiration from viewing the very soil of Greece. Byron rises into wild enthusiasm, <sup>when</sup> w

"Wandering slow by Delphi's sacred side Or gazing over the plain where Greek and Persian died." <sup>way</sup> More-than Half-d down the river the high hills crowd up to the water and <sup>rise</sup> rise from 5 to 9 or 10 hundred feet, and nearly perpendicularly. These are of primitive rock and are of rounded <sup>at top</sup> tops, and half mostly bare, having only a few stunted trees and shrubs rooted in the crevices of the stone <sup>upon them</sup> A. For I looked near Newburg for N.P. Willis' resi-

dence on the mountain top, "Idlewild", but could not see it. Nor could I see "Sunnyside" Irving's literary retreat. <sup>This latter</sup> It is only a few miles from New York.

This City is an immense Babylon. Its thousand streets are a maze and puzzle to me. But what has most struck me is the interminable belt of shipping which girds the south side of Manhattan and the shore of Brooklyn on the eastside of the east river; it stretches along many miles in length, and the vessels, lying five or six deep, one back of the other, with their sails closely furled showing not a speck of <sup>canvass</sup> canvast present <sup>The</sup> an appearance of a <sup>blasted</sup> pine forest. If any one living retiredly wishes to see what the <sup>numerous</sup> numrous aspiring and grasping, and toilsome animal man has done, and is doing, to subdue this planet to his will, he may receive instruction by looking on the things to be seen here. And now, my Dear Madamoiselle, I must come to a "finis." I send you nothing, Dear Susan. It is too bad; but my money is so low, having spent much more on the way down than I anticipated that I am afraid I shall have to borrow <sup>dollars</sup> a few <sup>from</sup> from Sam Fuller to carry me to Niagara. I would like to have bought you a trifle to send in a letter; but I plead tightness of money. I would give several Jews eyes as well as teeth to have a letter from you; however I must try to fill

here-about's  
 myself with the husks of happiness which are rather abundant <sup>^</sup> I mean comfort-  
 able living sight-seeing and speechhearing. My beloved Pet I scarcely can  
 write anything more to you than common civility, for I <sup>am</sup> have-got so far from  
 you that I have nearly forgotten you. My Dear Love I hope you have duly re-  
 proved those indecorous persons who did not <sup>preserve</sup> observe the proper steadiness of  
 face when I was about going away from your Fathers last. I hope to meet you  
 some-time soon and think more of you than ever. Hoping that you are quite  
 happy, and that you are not too much in the company of any of my rivals, my  
 Dearest Susanna, I invoke a Good night upon you and conclude.

Yours ever

Arch. Lampman

Dont be alarmed at the thickness of this note; it is more paper than writing.

[Note added:] Father's letters -- & some verses I.L.V. 1933

For Bella at Haverstraw on the Hudson

Haste on, O South Wind, coursing free:  
 Breathe soft on Haverstraw!  
 Let Child of ours thy new life see:  
 Round her thy Spring joys draw.

Hang out upon the rocky steeps  
 Each plant of flowering bell:  
 Bring back the flowers the mountain keeps,  
 And those of rocky dell.

Robe spring-tide tree in Hawthorn white  
 Or pink of orchard bloom  
 Clothe mighty woods in new-spring light  
 And flower and sweet perfume

Bring up from vast Brazilian groves  
 Each winter-fleeing bird:  
 Bring him again to scenes he loves,  
 And hills his songs have heard.

The Robin, Blackbird, Oriole,  
 And Field Lark, bring with thee:  
 There wake new pleasures in the soul  
 With Nature's melody.

Ye Sylvan Nymphs that guard this wild  
 O friendly guide your "Ward:"  
 To you we trust a dear loved Child:  
 O show her kind regard.

Lead safe o'er mountain crag and height =  
 Through blooming forest glade =  
 Avert those harms that shun the sight,  
 Yet strike in safety's shade.

And thou, Old Catskill, Titan born,  
 That liftest far thy crest,  
 That hailest forest the dawning morn,  
 bud [     ] latest seest the West,

Lift up, upon thy shoulder good,  
 This child of distant land:  
 Let her look down with kindling blood,  
 From thy far gazing stand.

Let her see Hudson's lordly tide  
 Glide on to meet the sea:  
 View "city vast" by ocean side,  
 And Fleets that there may be.

Then farther glance to north and East,  
 Where distant mountains rise,  
 Whose mighty domes of burden vast,  
 Fill half the blotted skies.

Let her behold thy mountain joy;  
 How fair and great this world =  
 A moment, dazzled eye employ,  
 On scroll of earth unfurled.

And gaze far down on sea of clouds,  
 That surges 'gainst the steeps:  
 And muse of scenes which it enshrouds  
 Beneath its [rolling] deeps.

Sky piercing, Mighty, Earth-born God,  
 Unchanged from age to age,  
 Grant her to boast thy crags she trod,  
Thy high Olympic Stage.

But 't were not fit, All-Father dear,  
 Who rulest Earth and Sea,  
 To call on feigned help in fear  
 When we may cry to Thee.

We own that Nymph and Oread,  
Are fictions of the mind:  
If trust indeed in them we had,  
We no support should find.

Our Child, to Thee, we trust, Dear Lord:  
To Thee, who hearest prayer:  
Thy sure defence, to her afford,  
Now far from kindred care.

And her, the Friend, by Fate excited,  
Now too at Haverstraw:  
Let her by Spring's bright joys be guided,  
Glad future prospects draw

A. L.

April 24.<sup>th</sup>



## Appendix C

Letters from Bliss Carman, Charles G. D. Roberts,  
and Duncan Campbell Scott

I. Charles G. D. Roberts to A. L.

King's College, Windsor N.S.-, Nov. 16th 1888

My dear Lampman

I am more than delighted to hear that your book is so soon to be out.

Let us "boom" it!

I will myself review it for Progress, of St John, N.B. I will get it reviewed in the St John Globe, St John Telegraph, Halifax Herald, Halifax Chronicle, Halifax Critic. The King's College Record (under my brother's editorship) will handle you enthusiastically. Better send him an auto copy (Goodridge Bliss Roberts,). I will see personally to the reviews in the St John Globe & St John Telegraph, placing the copies in suitable hands for the purpose. I will write to the Halifax Herald, Chronicle, & Critic, telling them to expect the book, & to handle it with the respect & admiration due to so important a contribution to our literature. With regard to these Halifax papers you had better send auto. copies ---- to C.H. Cahan Esq, M.A., of the Herald; to F. Blake Crofton Esq, B.A., Legislative Library, (I will ask him to notice it for the Chronicle, for which he writes occasionally,); and to C. Fred Fraser Esq, M.A., of the Critic. These men will do the proper thing, receiving auto. copies from you, & hortatory letters from me. They are all fine fellows, cultured & appreciative. As to booksellers, you had better place a copy or two with T.C. Allen Esq, with Messrs Morton & Ruggles, & <sup>with</sup> Mr Knowles, all in Halifax; in St John, with Messrs J. & A. MacMillan, & with Mr Alfred Morrissey; in Fredericton with Mr W.T.H. Fenety; in Moncton with Mr Murray.

By putting yourself in correspondence with these different booksellers, & placing one or two copies with each, you will put them in the way of supplying promptly any demand that may arise. I suppose you find no advice as to the upper Provinces. I think you should send an auto. copy to John Hunter Dewar Esq, Hernewood, Alberton, P.E.I., & to Rev<sup>d</sup> Arthur J. Lockhart, East Corinth, Maine. Both these are true Canadian poets, & sympathetic; & both will review the book of their own accord, & spread your fame. I will get my Progress notice copied in a Windsor paper, & will then direct the Windsor booksellers to order some copies. I'll try to get a sale here.

So glad you like "Burnt Lands", & my sister's poem in the Century. Have you seen Carman's work in the Atlantic? I feel for Scott; but if he has nearly as much work to do as I have, then I pity him still more. I am perpetually breathless. My lectures are in English & Political Science, & I have a lot of hackwork all the time. Do you take St John N.B. Progress. I have signed reviews in nearly every number

Ever yours cordially

Charles G.D. Roberts --

P.S. You can secure the St John, N.B. Sun, by writing to the Honorable John Boyd, of St. John, & sending a copy to him, with request for notice. Perhaps this is not worthwhile, however! I dont like Boyd, & Boyd likes not me. If you want the Sun, that method will, I think, secure it!

C.G.D.R.

2. Bliss Carman to A. L.

Fredericton N. B.

28 Dec. 1888

Dear Mr. Lampman

Thank you so very much for "Among the Millet". It came just in time to be a delightful Christmas box for me.

We have been for some time receiving impressions of the sort of work we might look for when the volume should arrive, but now I think the total impression is greater than the sum of our Expectations. I have not read the book carefully enough yet to give you any criticism that could possibly be of any value (Even as the thought of a single reader.)

Just at first sight, however, I doubt if you (or anyone) could improve on "The Weaver", "One Day" and such sonnets as "The Truth". Indeed, I like all the sonnets very much; but then I never could write a sonnet myself and so naturally The Weaver and One Day touch me more nearly on the quick. Praise is cheap stuff to offer them. Anything that reaches easily the highest level of Execution, so easily as One Day does, is better left quietly to speak for itself. Only, people must be told of it. And I want to say a few words about the book in The Daily Advertiser of Boston. When I do, I will take care to send you a copy.

With best wishes

Sincerely

Bliss Carman

3. Charles G. D. Roberts to A. L.

Post Office Department / Ottawa / Ontario  
BOSTON MASS APR 20 12-30P 1889

[ ] 16 Cambridge Street

Cambridge, Mass.

April 20<sup>th</sup> 1889

My dear Lampman

Will you oblige me (& yourself, in faith!) by sending a copy of "Among the Millet" to

Mr Oscar Fan Adams

Felton Hall

Cambridge, Mass.

He is an admirer of [your] work, as far as he [ ]n it, & will review [the bo]ok wisely & warmly.

Of course you kn[ow his] work! He is [ ] here, & a delight-ful[ul] fellow. He will appreciate it if you will put your autograph in the copy. He wants me to put you & himself in communication; & this I want you to take as an introduction between you two.

I find, (talking much of your work here) [ ] your name is [ ] Boston [ ]].

[Gree]tings to them--

Ever yours

Charles G.D. Roberts

P.S. I shall be at home again, D.V., in a week or ten days --

4. Charles G. D. Roberts to A. L.

Post Office Department / Ottawa / Ont  
WINDSOR NO 89

"Kingscroft", Windsor, N.S.

Mon. 10<sup>th</sup> 1889

My dear Lampman

I wonder if it is any use me trying to apologize for my shamefully long silence? Peccavi, peccavi! But in truth, all my correspondence hath gone to the dogs of late, while I have been wrestling with the [ *crunch of ether* ? ] question?

Have been toiling, I, like a galley slave: so forgive me. Yea, I got both your letters; & you must not judge my enjoyment of them by the way I have treated them!

It has given me immense pleasure to see the reception which your poems have received. In London and New York alike, they have won a recognition in some measure approaching their [ ? ]. I think both Harper's & the Saturday missed some of your chief distinctions, but they turned men's eyes to your work, - which is all such verse as yours can require. By the way, let me tell you how your work wears with me. "Among the Millet" is one of the three or four vols that lie on the table to my hand, for continual use. I find myself continually wanting it, & reading it in my brief moments. It never disappoints me, & I get lots of stimulus from it, & help for my own writing. Oh, would that I had done that "Between the Rapids". How I envy you that!

Carman is with me here, & he is quite at one with me as to the importance and depth of your work. I wish we could get you down here for a session! Carman is a delightful fellow.

Let us pray success in the National! Is not the Prospectus in good taste?

My greetings to Scott! Am watching him with great intent. What next from him?

Wish you could have met Sharp! He was with me three delightful weeks. Have you his little vol. "Romantic Ballads & Poems of Phantasy?" If not, do get it.

Ever yours fraternally

C.G.D. Roberts

5. Bliss Carman to A. L.

Postal Department / Ottawa / Canada

NEW YORK FEB 9 12 PM 91

New York

9. February. 1891

Dear Mr. Lampman:

Thank you for the Sonnets. I like them very much; and I want to say that I think the Shakespearian form is much better than the Italian for these transcripts from Nature which you and Roberts do so well. Roberts will not agree with me, [but] I dislike a landscape put in th[e] Shakespearian form. The Potato harvest e.g. has no possible wave-beat of Emotion, no informing surge of spirit to justify the fluent and refluent form which has been given it.

The three quatrains and a couplet give so much more freedom. And in picturing Nature surely one must be free to select the right word, since accuracy is necessary.

But in emotional work we may be as vagrant as we please at the bid of the Artistic Medium and the exigencies of rhyme & movement.

But this would take a volume to talk of.

When are you coming to New York?

If you will send me another copy of "The Meadow," I can use it in The Independent.

The two sonnets of course will be seasonable very soon.

Remember me to that man, Duncan Campbell Scott

With Sincere regards

Bliss Carman

6. Bliss Carman to A. L.

N.Y. 10. August. 1891

My dear Lampman:

When are you coming to New York on that visit of yours? I rather hope you will not come until everyone returns in October, as it promises to be very hot here this month, and in September I shall be away. But this is only a selfish reason.

Whenever you come you will find a room awaiting you at The Winchester 1244 Broadway, where Collins (Joseph Edmund, the one and only) and I have a flat to ourselves.

I enclose my last "fake"

Ever yours

Bliss Carman

*Enclosure!*  
[no enclosure]

7. Bliss Carman to A. L.

Post Office Department / Ottawa / Canada  
NEW YORK NOV 430 91

The Independent.

251 Broadway,

New York.

My dear Lampman:

There is not much room in The Independent, it is true, yet I would like to keep "Sunset" until December and [ it ] then. I like the last [li]nes of it very much. [What a] world of beauty there is [ ]rth yet untouched! Our poor rhymes only skirt the verge of that splendid domain. We think we have known great men, but Nature dwarfs all her children. Sometimes I long

for the open country where there are differences of night and day, April and August, rain and snow. In] these miles of brick a[nd ] the seasons are smothered.]

I have nothing to send [you at] present.

Many thanks for the photograph, I have it among my few treasures - you and D.C.S. together.

Most Sincerely

Bliss Carman

8. Duncan Campbell Scott to Maud Playter Lampman

Ottawa

Decr. 26. 1891.

My Dear Mrs Lampman.

I was so pleased when Archie handed me your kind gift this morning.- I thank you for it - I have tried to make a little return for it by copying some of my verses for you. You know Emerson says the poet should give his poems and such as it is I present it with the kindest wishes it can Express. Yours

D.C. Scott

[enclosed:]

A. little Song.

The rosy gloaming in the west

Burnt faint and high,

A shorelark full like a stone to his nest,

In the waving rye.

A wind came over the garden buds

From the dreamy lawn ,



The pansies nodded their purple heads,

The poppies began to yawn -

One pansy said it is only sleep,

Only his gentle breath,

But a rose lay strewn in a sunny heap,

For the rose it was only death.

Heigho, we've only one life to live

And only one death to die;

Good morrow, new world, have you nothing to give?--

Goodbye, old world, goodbye -

Duncan Campbell Scott

Xmas 1891

9. Bliss Carman to A. L.

N.Y. 25. Jan. 1892

Dear Lampman:

I have just read your "Comfort of the Fields". I say nothing of it critically; let it rank as it will among your good things. But to me it comes with tender, enduring, and most intimate solace, taking on itself the office of hands that are no longer near to soothe or calm. It is a very sweet and nice thing and has fallen on my heart with abundance of relief beyond the requital of words. May the dear wood-gods give you tenfold reward, Archibald Lampman, for this gentle service rendered to one unworthy fellow-vagrant.

Ever as Ever yours

Bliss Carman

10. Bliss Carman to A. L.

The Independent.

251 Broadway,

New York.

31. March. 1892

My dear Lampman:

"The Poets' Day" has a lot of very large and fine things in it; and as a whole it gives a fellow a fine start of the blood. I am most certainly going to use it. We cannot afford to let stuff like that go by.

But I want to ask about one or two things. In the 4th stanza, I cannot read the second line, I cannot xxxx read the first word I mean. Also in the second line of 11th. stanza - it seems to be

"The dome was shaken short and stirred -"

Yet that strikes me as not at all felicitous. I can imagine that "The silence of the dome was stirred" and surely that is quite enough for any well regulated dome to do in one line. What do you say? Dont "cuss" me for a meddling critic! I admire the poem immensely and am ever so glad to have it.

I am sorry the wee new bairnie has been ill. Indeed no, I have no experience in such things, but I can fancy the anxiety is deep. I know it is a lonesome thing to be without parents or children in the world.

'Olaf' (that was not his name of course) was my greatest and bravest, and he too is gone.

But against all the mortal griefs, I know your own wise serenity will be your greatest guard.

I shall not altogether rejoice if you come to Cornell; and as for New York, its iron heart makes grim music.

With much to you

Bliss Carman

11. Bliss Carman to A. L.

Postal Department / Ottawa / Canada  
NEW YORK.N.Y. MAY 11 2-PM 1892

The Independent.

251 Broadway,

New York

11. May. 1892

Removed to

114 Nassau Street.

Dear Lampman:

I have just read your sonnet "In the City" in Arcadia; and I am sure it is going to be one of your dearest poems to me, so fine and swinging. 'Tis very lovely.

This is the sort of thing that the great Walt (the Great American Humbug) might have done if he had been a poet. But he couldn't; it was not in his boots.

I also liked May in the Home Maker, and spoke of it in The Independent.

Devotedly yours

Bliss Carman

I hope I can see you this summer.

12. Bliss Carman to A. L.

Fredericton [     ]

20. June. [1893]

Dear Lampman:

Your letter & the poem have been forwarded to me from New York to Windsor (where I was with C.G.D.R.) and then on here.

I like "at the Ferry", but I am in power no longer at The Independent.

[Now of] course is Mr. E.F. B[     ] fine fellow whom [I hope] you will

keep well supplied with Lampmanalia. I have sent him your poem.

I go on to Current Literature on July 1<sup>st</sup>. (52 Lafayette Place). Write me sometimes, [even] though I shall not [be] Editor of first hand work any m[ore.]

I saw E.W. Thomson in Boston. Sorry not to see you this summer. Our "some day" of meeting must not be too far off.

I am loafing largely here in the shadowy town of Elms where my [ ] knew their [ ] w]here I have not walked these three years.

Thanks to a merciful and persistent Heaven culled Habit, my right hand has not lost its cunning at the paddle yet.

Ever Sincerely

Bliss Carman

13. Bliss Carman to A. L.

Ottawa / Canada

The Cosmopolitan Magazine

New York

26. February. 1894

My dear Lampman:

Your hearty letter about "Low Tide" reached me in Washington where I spent my Christmas. And what a saint you are! You never m[entioned] my amazing theft of [ ] line in "The Eavesdropper", [from] your own "Heat". A friend of mine here "called me down" on it, and I had to plead the very old extenuating circumstance, unconscious imitation. Of course I had remembered your line and then reproduced it quite innocently and unconsciously.

The line will be changed at one, however; for the first edition is almost exhausted, and a new one [will be broug]ht out by Stone and [Kimball, t]he

new firm, who have [secured] all the rights and stock from Webster. They will be my publishers in future. The transfer was entirely amicable and was part of an arrangement I have just completed whereby I am to act as literary adviser to Stone and Kimball.

You know they are making nice books and are [ ] I wish when you are [ ] another volume, you [will let] me see it, if you want an American Edition. Of course we secure the English copyright as well for you.

What a beautiful volume "The Magic House" is! It is far away the finest piece of bookmaking done by a Canadian author that I have seen. As for its poems - they hit the [ ] itself. I am full [ ] over it. My love to [Scott? Te]ll him I shall write some day if ever I can overcome pensickness.

This paper means only that I am doing some Editorial reading for Mr. Hardy to help up the back work. I will be even in a few days.

Good health [ ] and a fair f[ ]

Ever yours

Bliss Carman

14. Bliss Carman to A. L.

Ottawa / Canada

WASHINGTON AUG 21 9<sup>30</sup> PM 1894

Washington D.C.

21. August. 1894

My dear Lampman:

I have your note of inquiry about the poems; and I have written another letter to Mr. Stone urging an immediate decision. Indeed I have been urging it for months, and I have urged the acceptance of your volume in the strongest

way I could because I believe in it very thoroughly.

I know that S.&K. have a good deal on hand at present with their new Edition of Poe, and may therefore [ ] to refuse you. B[ ]e all [ ]ld to bring about the publication of the poems. If I have failed I shall regret it sincerely, and feel we have lost something worth keeping. But the matter is out of my hands now. If you have not already heard from Mr. Stone in Cambridge, please let me know at once.

I shall not be back in their office until October & then it will be Chicago. Worse Luck!

The wells are dry at present. What are you doing new?

Most Sincerely

Bliss Carman

15. Martin Burrell to Duncan Campbell Scott

Martin Burrell  
Parliamentary Librarian  
CANADA  
LIBRARY OF PARLIAMENT

Ottawa June 15th., 1931.

Dr. Duncan C. Scott,  
Ottawa.

My dear Dr. Scott,

I have the honour to acknowledge your note of April 15th and also the receipt of the original manuscripts of the late Archibald Lampman's poems, which you as literary executor, with the concurrence of Lampman's daughter, Mrs. N. C. MacInnes, have decided to present to the Library of Parliament as

being the best repository for these valuable documents.

I note what you say in reference to binding, cataloguing and so on. We shall have these manuscripts suitably bound in four separate volumes and duly catalogued; and on behalf of the Speakers I beg to assure you of the pleasure with which we receive these mementos of a distinguished Canadian writer.

As the main library here is not absolutely fire-proof, I am inclined to think that to insure safe keeping we had better place these books when bound in the room which we occupy under the Senate Chamber, where there should be no risk at all.

I have the honour to remain,  
Yours very truly,  
M. Burrell  
Parliamentary Librarian.

16. Duncan Campbell Scott to Natalie Lampman MacInnes

108 Lisgar Street  
Ottawa

10 Feby '44

My Dear Natalie. I am lending Loftus two books. I hope you think it is safe for me to trust him with them. I am sending two of your father's books which I found the other day; perhaps you will think of applying for a search warrant, but I dont think there are any other of his books in hiding. I am also sending two precious books; I have kept these by me since his death and you will see that I have had them bound. One is his last note book in which he made pen copies of the poems. The last in the book is I think likely to be his last bit of writing, it is certainly his last completed poem. The other is a copy of Alcyone bound with the proof sheets and you will find a note in the front

explaining the contents. I discovered that I had put under the cover a copy of his three sonnets The Largest Life in holograph. I think it well to give you these books now so that they may be treasured.

Affectionately yours

Duncan C Scott

In error, for I am writing this on Wed the 9<sup>th</sup> Feby. I dated it the 10<sup>th</sup> w. is the anniversary of his death forty four years ago.

DCS



## Appendix D

## Business and Related Correspondence

1. Eben Picken to A. L.

Memorandum.

To A. Lampman, Esqr.

33 Beaver Hall Hill.

Montreal, April 11<sup>th</sup> 1889.

From Eben Picken.

Dear M<sup>r</sup>. Lampman:-

I enclose P.O. Order for \$4.50, for which kindly receipt and return accompanying account. Please also send me 6 more copies of your volume, with an invoice, as usual. The ladies here have begun to ask for your portrait! What do you think of that? Will you please let me know from whom copies of it (cabinet size) may be purchased by "the trade", and at what price?

Yours very truly

E. Picken

2. Edmund C. Stedman to A. L.

44 East 26<sup>th</sup> St.

New York, April 24<sup>th</sup> '89

My dear Mr. Lampman,

I trust that 'tis never quite too late to render tribute where tribute is due, otherwise I shall be debarred from what is both a duty and a pleasure! Your satisfying letter of Christmastide, & the charming collection of your thoroughly genuine poems, reached me promptly. But they came in a season where, for the first time in my life, I have been compelled to delegate all my letters to a Secretary -- except those, like yours, which I was determined

to answer with my own hand. Since their arrival, I have been dead to ordinary matters -- in fact, to extraordinary things -- for I have been bringing "through the pen" the huge 8.vos of our "Library of Amer. Literature", & driven wild by the difficulty of keeping up with the printer. All my private affairs have gone to the bow-wows. For the first time, I have a week in which to rub my eyes, come out of a nightmare, & say "forgive me" to such men and facts as you.

It would be insufferable in me, or in any writer, to write to the author of "Among the Millet & Other Poems" as old poets write to neophytes. All of us minstrels of course recognize in you a brother poet and equal; & many of us have cause to envy your perfect knowledge of nature, & the art & purpose which mark your verse -- whether idyllic or lyrical. No better poems of nature than such as "Heat" & "Timothy" have appeared of late. I am well acquainted with your touch in the magazines, & always read a poem from your pen. Canada has reason, & will have still more reason, to be proud of your song. Pray believe me, with thanks and cordial appreciation,

Your brother singer,

Edmund C. Stedman.

3. Hamlin Garland to A. L.

Ottawa / Canada

JAMAICA PLAINS STA. MAY 2 8AM 1889 MASS.

My Dear Lampman:

It will be a good [ ] for you to get a copy [of y]our book into the han[ds] of Mrs. Louise Chandler [of Bo]ston. Address her at [ ] Rutland Square. Boston. [She i]s one of the best read and most charming literary ladies in the land. I spoke of your poems to her tonight and she was interested.

She will give you a notice in the Herald and I will answer for it you will please her. I know her taste is excellent and I know your powers are of [ ra]re quality.

[ ] like an autograph copy [ ] If -- cant you do a line or two on the fly-leaf - wont you send me your photo. pray dont feel indebted to me at all. I like to help a genuine man when I see one. -- Mrs. Moulton, Mr. Hurd and I will let the Bostonians know that there is metal in Archibald Lampman. - Mr. Howells comes in soon a[nd] I am looking forward to pleasant chats -- no we never chat -- we usually talk in good earnest.

Yours Lustily

Hamlin Garland

Jamaica Plains,

Mass.

4. Hamlin Garland to A. L.

Ottawa / Canada

JAMAICA PLAINS STA. MAY 13 2 PM 1889 MASS.

My Dear Mr. Lampman:

Mr. Hurd is delighted with your volume and has delayed writing about it in order to read it carefully. I will write something for Transcript over my own name and possibly an editorial in Literary World. Dont feel that your book wi[ll] not make its way - [ ] Mrs. Moulton will be of [ ] help to you.

With best wishes --

Hamlin Garland

5. Hamlin Garland to A. L.

[no date]

My Dear Lampman.

James Whitcomb Riley will be in Ottawa on the 18<sup>th</sup> and I'd like to have you meet him. I dont need to tell you who Whitcomb Riley is -- the best writer of dialect in our day -- a poet in all ways and a man. I told him about your poems, of their fidelity to nature -- and he was interested and expressed a desire to see you - Dont fail to go in on him - it'll do you good to know him. What are you doing just now?

I'm always glad to hear from you. Give my regards to your wife. My best word always for you.

Cordially

Hamlin Garland

[The letter has a 5 inch printed notice glued on its back; Garland introduces it with his own writing, "I advocate --", and he signs it "Hamlin Garland"; the word "value" in the notice is his insertion:]

No tax on Labor or the Products of Labor! [in large bold print] Wages to Labor; Interest to Capital; Ground Rent to the Community. A tax on Goods is  
 value  
 Tax on Labor; a Tax on Land is a tax on Monopoly.

6. Hamlin Garland to A. L.

Ottawa / Canada

ROXBURY STA. JAN 17 2 PM 1891 MASS.

Dear Mr. Lampman..

Let me give you the fraternal grip. I'm more than delighted -- I'm hilarious. I thought you a fine poet before -- I think you're a better now. -- Why didn't you say so before? -- [ ] sly I dont see [ ] y man of

heart [ ] can stay and [ ] the day of reform is upon us again as of old when Chattel slavery was threatened. Poets, actors painters novelists we're all getting into it here.

I've been in it since '83. I've been speaking since '87. It permeates my stories and poems. -- You promised me your picture I'm doubly desirous of seeing it now. Let me hear from you again. I'll send a paper occasionally [with an] Editorial in it - [if yo]u'd like to see it. [ ] got some fine men [ ]en to -

fraternally

Hamlin Garland.

9 [Tolwan?] Pl. Roxbury. Mass.

7. W. W. Campbell to A. L.

P.O. Department, Ottawa.

SOUTHAMPTON JA 23 91 ONT.

St. Paul's Rectory

Southampton Jan.23.'91.

My Dear Lampman:

The Xmas souvenir, signed by you and Mr. Scott, and addressed to me at St. Stephen New Brunswick, has been forwarded to me at this place, where I am now residing. Allow me to thank you for your remembrance. I am now residing in the Lake Region, on the shore of Lake Huron, but, as a poorly paid, over-worked, clergyman, with small chance to read and write.

I would be glad to hear from you anytime you have the leisure.

With Kind Regards.

Yours Sincerely

W. W. Campbell.

Address.

Southampton Bruce Co.

Ontario.

8. Joseph Edmund Collins to A. L.

The Winchester, 1244 Broadway,

August 37th 1891.

(Dictated).

My dear old Baldus,

Carman with whom I have been living for nearly a year showed me the little postscript in your letter and as I see you have not forgotten me I want to say just a few words to you. Of course you know why I have not written you for so long a time: you did not answer my last letter and I thought you had some reason for your silence. But believe me that scarcely ever a day has passed over my head that I have not talked about you and there is nothing that you have done and which has been published that I have not read with the old eagerness and admiration. Of course, and this is perfectly gratuitous and perhaps an unnecessary piece of criticism, I still am opposed to the use to which you and Roberts put the sonnet; I think where you have confined yourself to the legitimate purpose of the sonnet you have done some of the best work that has been accomplished in the last century. A descriptive sonnet may be beautiful but in my judgement there is no reason why a mere piece of description should be made fourteen lines any more than ten, twelve, sixteen, eighteen or one hundred. I know you will forgive me for taking the liberty of saying this when you reflect on our conversations on the subject years ago. Moreover there are so few good sonnets done now-a-days that it positively grieves me to see any one who can like yourself do what I consider a perfect

sonnet fall into line with the modern school of empty-heads. There is a reaction against mere form- and form and mannerism are all about that the modern school can display- and so ridiculous has the ordinary magazine poetry become in the eyes of discriminating people that it has become the stock subject for the funny men all over the country and they are not fools and at Harper's and other prominent places they have practically ceased to buy verse because when most of it appears it is only made fun of. Now as I consider you all round the best poet that we have in Canada and I think without any superior living except among men of a half a century standing I put my views in this plain language. The more I write the more I learn that simplicity is essential to the highest art and the abominable vagaries of Italian verse are the very opposite of simplicity. I think a man who has a divine inspiration, and God knows there are but few, should learn to write as a little child and the form of his work should correspond with his language. It is where you are simple that you are strong and that you have found the place that you now occupy in our letters. I am only sorry that you are not writing more. You must not permit your drudgery of office to absorb your thought I wish you could have found it convenient to come down this Summer and visit us for a short time; if possible when you go to Boston to visit Thompson I shall try to to run down there. As for myself I have been doing very well for the past year most of my work being for the Harper's, the Syndicates Once A Week and much for The Youth's Companion I do not write for the New York places as they say here "On Spec": I take down the titles of my articles and they are ordered beforehand. Of course fiction is always to be submitted. Although I am not at all rolling in money there is many and many a week I have made as high as \$120,00. You spoke about your married sister in your letter to Carman; which of them is it? I had not heard of the marriage of any of your sisters. Kindly

remember me to your wife and all your family. I was very sorry to miss Ritchie and left a letter for him which I suppose he did not get. I was quite cross that since I could not find him he did not make some little effort to look me up. I did not know that he was at Sladen's that night or I should have gone, for all Sladen's friends had a standing invitation to all his evenings. I happen to be in the position now to be able to help any one who makes any literary venture in New York whether in Dramatic or other literature and was very anxious to see him on that point for the sake of old times. Of course Sladen is an awfully kind good fellow but every dramatic critic should have known about Ritchie and his curtain raiser before it was brought out. They were not informed about it so it received no attention from the critics except to "score" it. I knew nothing of it till it was on or I should have fixed all that. Remember me to Ritchie if you see him and now with old love and God speed,

I remain,

"Joseph Edmund"

9. Moses Colt Tyler to A. L.

Cornell University,

Ithaca, New York.

2 Jan., 1892.

My dear Mr. Lampman:-

You made us very glad by your Christmas greeting, which I shall lay aside and preserve as a trophy. We have nothing worthy to send you in return, except, - which, after all, is the best thing in the world - our simple prose assurances of affection for you and of faith in you.

I am keeping somewhat longer the "Spectator" and the "Harper", which you



sent me; because it may be of use within the next few months. I shall take good care of them, and return them at last. Meantime, I send you back this article from the "Academy".

As to the matter on which I spoke to you, I can only say that if a suitable vacancy should occur here, as it may do at any time, I shall have good hope of our University making an effort to tempt you over the border. Meantime, I am keeping the subject well in hand, - not so much for your sake, I must confess, as for ours. I feel sure that you have only to keep on <sup>in</sup> the way you have begun, to win for yourself the most splendid recognition in the world; and the time is coming when we shall need you, more than you will us.

We often talk together of the delightful days and nights, at 'Sconset and in Boston, when very <sup>the</sup> air around us seemed electric with the words of a powerful and resplendent poetry, hitherto unheard by us.

My wife and daughter unite <sup>with</sup> me in most sincere and cordial salutations, and in the strong desire to see you here among us.

Faithfully & heartily yours,  
Moses Coit Tyler.

10. W. D. Howells to A. L.

The Cosmopolitan Magazine,  
Editorial Department.

May 14, 1892.

Dear Mr. Lampman:

I am very sorry to send back your beautiful poem, which my editor might be proud to print. It has no fault but length, and for me personally that is none. Send me sonnets, or short pieces of any sort.

Yours sincerely  
W. D. Howells

11. W. D. Howells to A. L.

The Cosmopolitan Magazine  
 Madison Square Bank Building  
 Fifth Avenue, Broadway and Twenty Fifth Street.  
 New York  
 May 31, 1892.

Dear Mr. Lampman:

I should like to keep After Mist in Winter. Did you notice that the last in the other sonnet is a syllable short?

Yours sincerely

W. D. Howells.

12. Gilbert Parker to A. L.

House of Commons  
 Canada  
 9<sup>th</sup> Dec. '92

Dear Mr. Lampman:

A line to say good-bye to you! I'll send you a copy of The Chief Factor immediately, which please take with my best regards.

I shall be back in January, when I hope to see you again. All success to you!

With best regards, & thanks,

Sincerely yours

Gilbert Parker.

13. J. E. Wetherell to A. L.

Collegiate Institute,  
Strathray, March 2 1893

Dear Mr. Lampman:

Soon after the receipt of this you will receive from the publisher the revise sheets of your poems that are to appear in the anthology. Will you kindly read them over at once and return them to me by the next mail. We are trying to have the book on the market by May. You will receive from me a copy of the book bound in morocco sometime in May or June.

Since writing you last I have added Rev. Fred. Geo. Scott to my list. His pieces are - "The Frenzy of Prometheus", "Samson", "In Via Mortis", "The Feud", "The Two Mistresses" and four or five sonnets.

You will see that with the change of a word I have taken your suggestion as to the title of the book. It is to be: A Book of Later Canadian Poems.

The engravings for the book are being made in New York, so that they will not be disappointing.

Faithfully,  
J. E. Wetherell

14. F. G. Scott to A. L.

Drummondville.  
P. Q.  
May 24<sup>th</sup> 1893

Dear Lampman,

I enclose a copy of a letter which I am just sending to Roberts. What do you think of the project? I hope well.

I am pretty sure I can get a man to take the poems, & I am sure that the set

would have a better chance of sale than a solitary volume.

I am so anxious to meet you.

Are you going to have any holiday this summer.

When can you come & see us?

If you could come & spend a few days with me, I could take you for some pretty drives up the St. Francis. I have just bought a good horse for \$10.00 so we can drive him till his legs drop off. This I am sure sound like an attraction.

We are only 60 miles from Montreal & have a tolerable train service.

Can you come next month or the month after? Dominion day-tide?

Please let me know soon what you think of the "Card board box".

Yours

F. G. Scott

15. J. O. Miller to A. L.

Bishop Ridley College

of Ontario

St. Catharines, Ont., 12 Mch 1894

My dear Lampman,

I have read your poem "The City of the End of Things" with great pleasure. I am glad to see that you have taken a new departure; it will doubtless do you good & add to your power. Sweetness has hitherto been your distinctive note. This poem shows an advance in imaginative power, & it has a freshness about it & an objectivity which are sufficient evidence that "the daily round & common task" are not hurting you as they are some others - notably Roberts. I hope you will do more in this line.

If you will pardon my mentioning it, there is a simple line which seems

to me hardly as strong as I should like:- "Lean Death would smite him face to face"; I do not quite understand why you say face to face. The meaning is not clear, & we should not use the expression to convey a definite idea in prose. We should probably say "meet him face to face & blanch him" tc. Of course, this would not do here. For myself, I should prefer "smite him in the face", especially as you have "face to face" in the next stanza. I merely mention the matter because the poem has otherwise the charm of lucidity in a remarkable degree. There is a little poem of G. F. Scott's in the last "Week" which I like very much. It reminds me of Wordsworth.

Did you notice a new book of "Patriotic Recitations" lately issued by G. W. Ross, the Minister of Education? It is one of the most disgraceful productions I have ever seen. It afforded me a good deal of pleasure to write a two-column criticism of it in the "Mail" some three or four months ago, & also an editorial in the same issue. You may have seen them. Of course, I do not wish it generally known that I wrote the screed, as the Minister was considerably disturbed by it, & it created a good deal of stir in educational circles.

I liked some things in "The Magic House" very much, but the book does not contain anything likely to make a reputation -- nothing of large conception. Without flattery, I hope more from you than from any other Canadian I know of.

With Kindest regards,

I am,

Yrs faithfully.

J. O. Miller

A. Lampman Esq.



Well, I think you are about the most truthful and melodious of our landscape-poets, and often the most imaginative; and I see that our reviewers hold you in just esteem.

If ever you wander this way, I'll be heartily glad to welcome you to a country home that is within 40 minutes of the metropolis -- yet not in the least "suburban". This Park looks like a bit of Canada.

Sincerely yours,

Edmund C. Stedman

P.S. Now do some "Lyrics of Life" --

[            ] and "sweet". I think you

[            ] of more fields than

[            ] occupied. The novelists "are not the only pebbles on the beach"

-- at least, they should not be.

18. Hamlin Garland to A. L.

Ottawa / Canada.

NEW YORK, N.Y. OCT 19 12-PM 1897

23 Grammercy Park

Dear Mr. Lampman:

We are booming Mr. George for Mayor as you know. Can you send me an expression of opinion favorable to his cause. We are going to hold a big literary meeting soon at which several of us are to speak and at which sentiments of some literary people will be read.

Yours sincerely

Hamlin Garland

New York

Oct 19/97.

## 19. Eldon C. Hill to Natalie Lampman MacInnes

Miami University  
Oxford, Ohio  
Department of English

May 18, 1950

Mrs. T. R. L. MacInnes

166 Rideau Street

Ottawa, Canada

My dear Mrs. MacInnes:

I am writing a biography of Hamlin Garland who was a friend of your father, as you probably know. It has been brought to my attention that you have letters which Garland wrote to Archibald Lampman many years ago. If you will mail them to me, I will have them copied and returned to you promptly. Or if you prefer, have them copied for me and I will defray the expenses involved. I would be greatly obliged to you and would make full acknowledgment of your kindness in my preface.

Sincerely yours,

Eldon C. Hill

Associate Professor of English

cal

## 20. Eldon C. Hill to Natalie Lampman MacInnes

[17 E. Spring Street]

Miami University

Oxford, Ohio

Department of English



June 20, 1950

Mrs. Natalie MacInnes  
Whitehall  
655 Rideau Street  
Ottawa, Ontario, Canada

Dear Mrs. MacInnes:

I thank you heartily for sending me the Hamlin Garland letter which I find of interest especially since it indicates how early (1889) he knew your father.

I return the letter herewith.

Gratefully,  
Eldon C. Hill  
Associate Professor  
of English

ECH/cal

Enclosure

## BIBLIOGRAPHY

The list is selective in that it includes only material cited in the introduction and the annotations, and works written by persons mentioned in the letters.

Primary Sources

## Manuscripts

Ottawa. Public Archives of Canada. Archibald Lampman Papers. M.G. 29, G40, Vols. 1-4. Microfilm.

Simon Fraser University Library. Archibald Lampman Collection.

## Newspapers and Periodicals

Globe. Toronto, 15 August - 30 September, 1889.

Ottawa Citizen. Ottawa, 25 July 1885.

## Articles and Parts of Books

Greig, Peter. "A Check List of Lampman Manuscript Material in the Douglas Library Archives, Part I," Douglas Library Notes 15 (Winter 1967). [Thirteen letters from Lampman to Bliss Carman from 1889-1892, documented and annotated.]

\_\_\_\_\_. "A Check List of Lampman Manuscript Material in the Douglas Library Archives, Part II," Douglas Library Notes 16 (Autumn 1967). [Twelve letters from Lampman to Horace Scudder, Boston, and to Messrs. Copeland and Day, Boston, documented.]

Lampman, Archibald. "Two Canadian Poets: A Lecture." With a prefatory note by E. K. Brown. University of Toronto Quarterly, 13 (July 1944), pp. 406-23.

## Books

Black, William. A Daughter of Heth. rev. ed. New York: Harper, 1892.

\_\_\_\_\_. A Princess of Thule. London: Macmillan, 1886.

- Bourinot, Arthur S., ed. Archibald Lampman's Letters to Edward William Thomson (1890-1898). Ottawa: Editor, 1956.
- \_\_\_\_\_. At the Mermaid Inn Conducted by A. Lampman, W. W. Campbell and D. C. Scott. Being Selections from Essays on Life and Literature which Appeared in the Toronto Globe 1892-1893. Ottawa: Editor, 1958.
- \_\_\_\_\_. The Letters of Edward William Thomson to Archibald Lampman (1891-1897). Ottawa: Editor, 1957.
- \_\_\_\_\_. Some Letters of Duncan Campbell Scott, Archibald Lampman and Others. Ottawa: Editor, 1959.
- Brown, J. H. Poems: Lyrical and Dramatic. Ottawa: J. Durie, 1892.
- Craik, Dinah Maria (Mulock). Concerning Men and Other Papers. London: Macmillan, 1888.
- \_\_\_\_\_. The Woman's Kingdom. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1869.
- Crawford, Frances Marion. Dr. Claudius. London: Macmillan, 1887.
- Davies, Barrie, ed. Archibald Lampman: Selected Prose. Ottawa: The Tecumseh Press, 1975.
- Howells, William Dean. The Coast of Bohemia. New York: Harper, 1899.
- \_\_\_\_\_. A Fearful Responsibility. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1881 (Ann Arbor: University Microfilms, 1968).
- James, Henry. The American. Ed. by Roy Harvey Pearce and Matthew J. Bruccoli. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1962.
- \_\_\_\_\_. The American Novels and Stories of Henry James. Ed. by F. O. Matthiessen. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1968.
- \_\_\_\_\_. Confidence. Ed. by Herbert Ruhm. New York: Grosset & Dunlap, 1962.
- \_\_\_\_\_. Roderick Hudson. Introd. by Leon Edel. London: Rupert Hart-Davis, 1961.
- Lampman, Archibald. Alcyone. Ottawa: James Ogilvy, 1899. [Only twelve copies were printed; Lampman died while the book was in press. One copy is in the Simon Fraser University Library Lampman Collection; two copies are retained in the Public Archives Lampman Papers, Ottawa; one copy is in the Douglas Library, Queen's University and one is in the University of New Brunswick Library.]
- \_\_\_\_\_. Among the Millet and Other Poems. Ottawa: J. Durie and Son, 1888.
- \_\_\_\_\_. At the Long Sault and Other New Poems. Ed. with an introduction by E. K. Brown. Foreword by Duncan C. Scott. Toronto: Ryerson, 1943.

- \_\_\_\_\_. Lampman's Kate, Late Love Poems of Archibald Lampman. Ed. by Margaret Coulby Whitridge. Ottawa: Borealis Press, 1975.
- \_\_\_\_\_. Lampman's Sonnets. Ed. by Margaret Coulby Whitridge. Ottawa: Borealis Press, 1976.
- \_\_\_\_\_. Little Book Thy Pages Stir. Toronto: Ryerson, 1923.
- \_\_\_\_\_. Lyrics of Earth. Boston: Copeland and Day, 1895.
- \_\_\_\_\_. Lyrics of Earth. Sonnets and Ballads. Ed. with an Introduction by Duncan C. Scott. Toronto: Musson, 1925.
- \_\_\_\_\_. The Poems of Archibald Lampman. Ed. with a memoir by Duncan C. Scott. Toronto: Morang, 1900. 2nd ed. 1900; 3rd ed. 1905; 4th ed. 1915.
- \_\_\_\_\_. Selected Poems of Archibald Lampman. Chosen and with a memoir by Duncan C. Scott. Toronto: Ryerson, 1947.
- Scott, Duncan Campbell. In the Village of Viger. Toronto: Ryerson, 1945. [A complete reprint of the original published by Copeland and Day, Boston, 1896.]

#### Government Documents

Canada. Parliament. Sessional Papers. Ottawa: 1888-1890.

#### Secondary Sources

##### Manuscripts

- Nesbitt, Bruce. "Lampman and O'Dowd." Unpublished M.A. thesis. Queen's University, 1965.
- Whitridge, Margaret. "Annotated Checklist of Lampman Manuscripts and Materials in Known Repositories in Canada." Unpublished Ph.D. thesis. University of Ottawa, 1970.

##### Articles and Parts of Books

- Beattie, Munro. "Archibald Lampman." In Our Living Tradition, 1st series. Ed. by Claude T. Bissell. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1957, pp. 63-88.
- Colgate, William. "Archibald Lampman. A Dedication and a Note." Canadian Forum, 36 (March, 1957), pp. 279-80.

- Edel, Leon. "Henry James." In Six American Novelists of the Nineteenth Century. Ed. by Richard Foster. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1960, pp. 191-225.
- Hart, William Blackburn. "Social Life in Ottawa." Cosmopolitan, 7 (August, 1889), pp. 317-25.
- Nesbitt, Bruce. "A Gift of Love: Lampman and Life." Canadian Literature, 50 (Autumn, 1971), pp. 35-40.
- \_\_\_\_\_. "Lampmania: Alcyone and the Search for Merope." Editing Canadian Texts. Ed. by Frances G. Halpenny. Toronto: A. M. Hakkert, 1975, pp. 33-48.
- \_\_\_\_\_. "The New Lampman." In The Lampman Symposium. Ed. by Lorraine McMullen, 1976. Ottawa: University of Ottawa Press, 1974, pp. 99-110.
- Royal Society of Canada. "Decease of Fellows. The Historian Kingford and the Poet Lampman." Royal Society of Canada Proceedings and Transactions, 2nd series 5 (1899), pp. XXIV-XXXI.
- Scott, Duncan Campbell. "Decade of Canadian Poetry." Canadian Magazine, 17 (June, 1901), pp. 153-9.
- \_\_\_\_\_. Foreword to At the Long Sault and Other New Poems by Archibald Lampman, ed. with an introduction by E. K. Brown. Toronto: Ryerson, 1943, pp. vii- x.
- \_\_\_\_\_. Introduction to Lyrics of Earth by Archibald Lampman. Toronto: Musson, 1925, pp. 3-47.
- \_\_\_\_\_. Memoir. In The Poems of Archibald Lampman. Toronto: Morang, 1900, pp. xi-xxv.
- \_\_\_\_\_. Memoir. In Selected Poems of Archibald Lampman. Toronto: Ryerson, 1947, pp. xi-xxv.
- \_\_\_\_\_. "Poetry and Progress." Canadian Magazine, 60 (January, 1923) pp. 187-95.
- \_\_\_\_\_. "Who's Who in Canadian Literature: Archibald Lampman." Canadian Bookman, 8 (April, 1926), pp. 107-9.
- Stewart, George. "Report of Section II." Royal Society of Canada Proceedings and Transactions, 2nd series 1 (1895), (Archibald Lampman unanimously elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada, on motion of Dr. J. Bourinot and Dr. George Stewart.) pp. CVI-CVII.
- Voorhis, The Rev. Ernest. "The Ancestry of Archibald Lampman, Poet." Royal Society of Canada Proceedings and Transactions, 3rd series 15 (1921), pp. 103-121.

- Whitridge, Margaret. "Introduction." Lampman's Kate, Late Love Poems of Archibald Lampman. Ed. by Margaret Coulby Whitridge, 1975. pp.
- \_\_\_\_\_. Introduction to The Poems of Archibald Lampman. Ed. by Douglas Lochhead. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1974, pp. vii-xxviii.
- \_\_\_\_\_. "Love and Hate in Lampman's Poetry." In The Lampman Symposium. Ed. by Lorraine McMullen. Ottawa: University of Ottawa Press, 1976, pp. 9-19.

## Books

- Avis, Walter, ed. A Concise Dictionary of Canadianisms. Toronto: Gage, 1973.
- Bond, Courtney C. J. City on the Ottawa. Ottawa: Queen's Printer and Controller of Stationery, 1967.
- Brant, Lucien. Ottawa Old and New. Ottawa: Historical Information Institute, 1946.
- Brown, George. Dictionary of Canadian Biography. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1965.
- The Canadian Who's Who, 1910. Toronto: Musson, 1910.
- Connor, Carl Y. Archibald Lampman, Canadian Poet of Nature. Montreal: Carrier, 1929.
- Dictionary of American Biography. American Council of Learned Societies. New York: Scribner's, 1928-37, 20 vols.
- Glazebrook, G. P. A History of Transportation in Canada. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1964, 2 vols.
- Greene, B. M., ed. Who's Who in Canada, 1921. Toronto: International Press Ltd., 1921.
- Morgan, Henry J. Canadian Men and Women of the Time. Toronto: Briggs, 1898.
- \_\_\_\_\_. Canadian Men and Women of the Time. Toronto: Briggs, 1912.
- Morton, Desmond. The Last War Drum. Toronto: Hakkert, 1972.
- Mott, Frank Luther. A History of American Magazines. Cambridge, Mass.: Belknap Press, Vols. I, 1939; II, 1939; III, 1938; IV, 1957; V, 1958.
- Reid, Wemyss. William Black, Novelist. New York: Harper, 1902.
- Urquhart, M. C. and K. A. H. Buckley, eds. Historical Statistics of Canada. Toronto: Macmillan, 1965.

Wallace, Stewart, ed. Macmillan Dictionary of Canadian Biography. 3rd ed. rev. and enlarged. Toronto: Macmillan, 1963.

Whitehill, Walter Muir. Boston. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1966.