

NOTCHES ON THE STICK

PATERFEX DEALS WITH A HERO OF WHITTIER'S VERSE.

The Story of Hugh Tallant and the Trees He Planted—The Sycamores and Their History—Further Light on the Subject—Other Literary Notes.

On a midsummer afternoon, when Cape Blomidon sat in an undisturbed attitude of meditation, brooding over the flight of Gluscap, at the entrance of the sunny Basin, and all the woods and hills assisted the dream, we first saw Hugh Tallant pass before us, and heard the name of the Bard of Amesbury. A lad of fifteen, or thereabout, we had gone over to the "old place," where our grandmother kept, under her bed's head, a box of figs or dates, to share with her grandchildren,—the more liberally perchance, because her children of a tender age had lacked them. The whirr of her spinning-wheel was heard up the back stairs; for the quick-stepping old lady was famous with that instrument, as well as with her reel and knitting needles, and would declare that day ill-spent on which the greatest number of knots had not been turned off. Her joy and pride in hanks of yarn being, we verily believe, greater by far than ours in paragraph and poetry. We sat at the head of the garret stairs, watching her as she slipped backward and drew her grey or white yarn, then forward, while she sent the wheel whizzing again,—as fine a grandmotherly Arachne as your wholesome eyes would wish to dwell upon;—or while she drew forward her reel, and sent it clacking round till the fruit of the spindle had been doubled into a skein. In the garret was an old table, under which was a drawer for an idle lad to rummage in; and thence we drew forth some pieces of rhyme clipped from the family newspaper by Emmeline—our aunt Emmeline—and the youngest daughter of the active and lively spinner. Ah, me! The threads of life for both of them, have long been spun and nicked. Their stones have long gathered moss in the little grave-yard on the hill; but how vividly that summer day—and many another with it—comes up to me! Among these strips of verse, there was one longer than the rest, and more stained and crumpled; but it alone bore the charm which the years have not dissolved. It bore the title of "The Sycamore," and the name of "John Greenleaf Whittier." As the reading of these verses proceeded the whirr of the spinning-wheel sounded fainter and fainter off, and grandmother's agile form moved through a haze of fancy. More and more prominent became the ancient Milesian gleeman and his row of sycamore trees by the Merrimack. Scarcely any ballad—and to legendary ballads I am partial—has ever bewitched me more! I saw

There he lived again, after a century and a half, fiddling through the moonlight eves, or mingling his shouts with the fishers as they swept to the shore with their "bulging nets," or made the husking party or lyke-wake glorious with his songs and old world stories. If outside could be heard the note of a bird among the apple trees how would it chime with—

John of our birds of singing,
Best he loved the Bobolink.
"Hush!" he'd say, "the tipsy fairies!
Hear the little folks in drink!"

And the picture of Washington on his progress down the Merrimack, and under Hugh Tallant's tree,—that was the modern, but not less romantic and vivid, touch!

When the father of his country
Through the north and riding came,
And the roofs were starred with banners,
And the steeples rang acclaim,
And each war-scarred Continental,
Leaving smoky mill and farm,
Waved his rusted sword in welcome,
And shot off his old king's arm.

Slowly passed that august presence
Down the thronged and shouting street;
Village girls as white as angels
Scattered flowers around his feet.

Midway, where the plane tree's shadow
Deepest fell, his rein he drew;
Oa his stately head, uncovered,
Cool and set the west wind blew.

And he stood up in his stirrups,
Looking up and looking down
On the hills of gold and silver
Rimming round the little town.

On the river full of sunshine,
To the lap of greenest vales
Winding down from wooded headlands,
Willow-skirted, white with sails.

And he said, the landscape sweeping
Slowly with his unguided hand,
"I have seen no prospect fairer
In this goodly Eastern land."

Then the bugles of his escort
Took the life the cavalcade;
And that, sad, so bare and stately
Vanished down the depth of shade.

We are not asserting this to be the poet's most effective reminiscence of old days; we have read "Snow Bound," and felt its charm, but this was a sentimental boy's first introduction to Whittier, and it was a most congenial one. That evening as he trod the pasture behind the cows he found himself repeating,—

Ever since, in town and farm-house
Life has had its ebb and flow;
Thrice hath passed the human harvest
To his garner green and low.
But the trees the gleeman planted,
Through the changes, changeless stand;
As the marble eaves of Tadmor
Mock the desert's shifting sand.
Yes, and often, and often,—for still th

human heart, amid transitory things, is seeking out some symbol of permanence,—in walking by grassy lanes, or over bare hills, or in the city streets, have these lines rushed to his mind, and forced themselves to his muttering lips—

As the marble eaves of Tadmor
Mock the desert's shifting sand.

Imagine, therefore, our pleased surprise, upon coming to the history and personelle of this poem, at the close of Mr. Pickard's first volume of the Poet's "Life and Letters." It was a brief passage in Mirick's "History of Haverhill," which set that "barmy noddle workin' prime," which should do so much to make New England a ground enchanted; for in a copy of the poems owned by Mr. Whittier was found by his biographer the following passage, written on the margin of the page where the poem in review occurs:

About this time, the sycamore trees, now standing before Wilow Samuel W. Duncan's mansion, were set out. The work was done by one Hugh Tallant, a wanderer from the green fields of Erin, and who was a famous fiddler. He lived with Colonel Richard Saltonstall, in the capacity of a servant, and tradition says that he frequently made harmonious sounds with his cat-gut and violin for the gratification of the village swains and lazes.

A descendant of old Hugh, a Miss Caroline D. Tallant of Nantucket, comes into the poem's history, with a letter written to the poet soon after its publication. Being uncertain if her ancestor was indeed the person intended by Whittier, she wrote to him a letter of inquiry and of revelation:

It is traditional lore in our family, that three Tallant brothers, of whom one was Hugh, came over from Ireland and settled in New Hampshire, and that from them descended all who bear the name of Tallant in America. My grandfather, Andrew Tallant, was the son of Hugh. He died last spring in Pelham, N.H., on the old homestead which was left him by his father. I remember him as a young man of about twenty, when I was quite young, one of my uncles took me to ride from Concord to Pelham, and on the way we stopped at an old brown house, quite in the woods, that I might see his uncle Hugh. That Hugh Tallant was living when last we knew anything of him, in Pembroke, N.H., and must be eighty-eight years old. My grandfather used to tell us story-loving children that his father "was a spy old man"—over a hundred when he died, and then he would relate to our great pride and satisfaction, how he had seen his father, when over seventy years old, leap over, by putting his hand on the neck of one of them, two horses placed side by side. He used to tell us, too, that his father saw the battle of the Boyne in old Ireland, and Hugh Tallant was almost as much for admiration as Washington. But it was with young eyes he saw the blood of his countrymen, for he was held a child in arms on the battlefield. The battle of the Boyne was July 1st, 1690, which would make Hugh Tallant only 105 in 1795—not agreeing exactly with the statement on the coat of arms. Your ballad says

"One long century hath been numbered
And another half way told,
Since the rustic Irish gleeman
Broke for them the virgin mould."

Hugh Tallant, a hundred and fifty years ago, was an Irish youth of seventeen or twenty, with all the poetry of his nature fresh and uncorrupted within him—so it was just the age for him to disclose his musical and fun-loving disposition. Did your Hugh wander round from town to town with his fiddle and his pack?

Of course Whittier was not long in making answer:

Thy letter took me almost as much by surprise as the entrance of the veritable and venerable Hugh himself would have done. When I wrote the poem in question, I never expected that a fair descendant of the Milesian tree-planter would be called up. In fact, Hugh Tallant was to me a pleasant myth, a shadowy phantom of tradition, on y. Since receiving thy letter I have ascertained for a certainty that the Hugh of my ballad and thy great grandfather are one and the same. I am not sure of the date of planting the trees, but it was certainly in the early part of the eighteenth century. Hugh at that time was a resident of Haverhill, on the Merrimack, now a town of some ten thousand inhabitants. The trees, twenty of which are now standing, he planted on the river bank, before the mansion of Colonel Richard Saltonstall, brother of Governor Saltonstall, of Connecticut. The tradition of him is pretty correctly given in the ballad. After leaving Atkinson (N.H.) then a part of Haverhill, he moved to Pelham or Windham, became a considerable landholder, and was noted for his love of fun and lawsuits. He took the Tory side in the Revolution, was outlawed, shot at, and driven off by his neighbors, but soon managed to return. These latter facts I have just learned. I wish they had been before me, as well as those of thy own letter, when I was writing "The Sycamores." The trees are about twelve miles up the river from my residence [in Amesbury.] I should like to show them to a descendant of the merry troubadour who planted them. I give the name as it stands in the Haverhill records.—Tallant. I presume it should be Tallant. Of course thou art at liberty to alter it in the poem. The incident of Washington is true.

To this Miss Tallant,—who does no discredit to her ancestor, and the Milesian strain in her, by the briskness of her writing,—responded in this lively, enthusiastic manner:

Very few of old Hugh's many acres farms have descended to us, but I am more than content with my Hugh's bequest to me. How thoughtful in the youth to look down the long future and know of the poet yet to come, whose song and own hand-writer and especial message I should be most pleased with, and then of his Irish wit to set about gaining them for me by planting trees on the river side. My maternal sister insists upon dashing my enthusiasm by reminding me that possibly Hugh may have planted the trees with no higher aim than that of earning his dinner by his labor. I scorn that idea, however, and will not be convinced that the young man would have as contentedly dug post holes all day. He planted the trees because he loved trees and flowers, and birds, and every thing beautiful, natural, and free, and I am going to have him sainted for it, and a day awarded on the family calendar. Saint Hugh's day shall be honored with Thanksgiving festivities. His ballad shall be read, and we will not forget, with our toast to his memory, the memory of the singer who has sung both of him and of the "sea-beat island,"—the only spot we call our home.

And now, the reader will but take down from the shelf his "well-baired" copy of Whittier, and renew his acquaintance with Hugh Tallant and his Sycamores all this shall not have been written in vain.

We recall a dark, chilly evening, when the mail-stage stopped at the post-office of Perry, and we delighted ourselves after turning in beside the bright fire-place of the farm house where it was kept, in the com-

pany and with the amenities of our host, Washburn—a farmer, a gentleman and a scholar. He was one who, if he wrote of a hayrick, a pig-stye, or a shed for housing manure, would do it with the ease and grace of style which marks a Goldsmith. We have found the fellow of this philosophic, modest, genial man, who fitted by his conversational gifts to grace a learned society, preferred the retirement of a rustic village, in the West, and in the person of Henry W. Hope, of Paint, Highland Co., Ohio,—a man to whom the charms of literature and of nature, and the voices of friendship and humanity cannot make their appeal in vain. He lives in the midst of some of the most beautiful scenery in the southern portion of Ohio,—sometimes called "the Wonderland of the State"—where he is known and esteemed by his fellow citizens, by reason of his personal worth, and his activities for the promotion of the public welfare. The legendary and scenic treasures surrounding him his pen has done much to popularize; and visitors to the Falls of Paint, or the celebrated caves in his vicinity, find in his conversation a charm entirely aside from his curious knowledge of the locality. Mr. Hope comes of sturdy Scotch-Irish parentage. He says: "I am glad to find you disposed to eulogize 'Old Scotia,' her people and her history. . . . It pleases me to think I was born among the Scotch-Irish near Belfast, and on the shores of Lough Neagh, (pronounced Nee), . . . I take the liberty of sending by this mail, a couple of copies of the little newspaper published at Bainbridge, near here, The Bainbridge Observer, asking your attention to paragraphs that may interest you in each, under my signature. I do not know that you are at all interested in the paw-paw, but I thought you might at least like to read about it. You will see it is a kind of hobby of mine to praise it, for I like it, and believe it ought to have more friends. The other copy contains a slight tribute to my dear friend, Collins, over your shoulder, (Hon. Chas. H. Collins, of Hillsboro, Ohio, of whom mention was made in PROGRESS a few weeks ago). He is one of the kindest of men. . . . and loves everybody, except perhaps the selfish, the selfish and the vile, whom sometimes he scorches in his law practice. Such keep shy of him. His flights of rhetoric on such occasions captivate juries. Besides all this, he is a lover of nature in all her moods." The paw paw, here spoken of, is a wild fruit tree. We hope to return to this subject again.

The Bookman for January (Dodd, Mead & Co., Publishers, N. Y.) has done honors to several of our Canadians. There are portraits of Ethelwyn Wetherald, Archibald Lampman, E. Pauline Johnson, and Duncan Campbell Scott, with notices of their writings: In the November Bookman there was a notice of "The White Wampum" by Miss E. Pauline Johnson (Tekahioniwah), "a flower of Canadian culture," and an Indian princess of a proud and ancient tribe. Messrs. Lamson Wolfe and Co., who are Miss Johnson's publishers have also placed their imprint on a book of poems entitled, "The House of the Trees and Other Poems." The author, Miss Aanes Ethelwyn Wetherald, lives at Fenwick, Ontario, and has made large contributions of verse to number of the leading magazines. This volume will introduce her to a wider audience, and enlarge the circle of her appreciative readers. We have already announced Bliss Carman's "Behind the Arras," which is now published. The corrective talent of Mr. Tom McTear has been utilized in illustrating the poems, which he has done after an original fashion. There has just been published by Messrs. Copeland and Day a new volume of poems, entitled "Lyrics of the Earth," by Archibald Lampman, one of the group of young Canadian singers. Mr. Lampman's verse is also known through the magazines and by a little volume, "Among The Millet," which appeared a few years ago. Another volume entitled "The Magic House and Other Poems," by Duncan Campbell Scott, has just been issued by the same firm. Mr. Scott is a young man under thirty, employed in the Department of Indian Affairs in Ottawa. A volume of stories will appear from his pen in the spring. Like Mr. Lampman and Mr. Scott, who both live at Ottawa, Mr. William Wilfrid Campbell fills a position in the Civil Service, and devotes his leisure to the writing of the muses. A poem of Mr. Campbell's work so far, shows evidence of poetic power and strenth, and he has in a larger degree perhaps than all the others dramatic intensity.

The poem referred to is a lyric entitled, "When The Birds Fly Home," full of sweet cadences and autumnal pictures. These stanzas put an Indian summer landscape before us, and induce in the lover of nature the appropriate feeling.

Then a fire is in the sun
And a mist is on the hills,
And a gentle pensive gleam
The whole world fills.
Then the meadows are grey and rainy
With a windy, driving rack,
The fields are full of shining pools,
The mullein stalks are black;
Or the nights are clear and frosty
To the world's blue dome,
In the lonely days of Autumn
When the birds fly home.

Though all the buds and flowers are dead,
The golden-rod is out,
Flaming with the aster-bloom
On all the hills about,
You may meet them on the roadsides,
You may pick them in the lane,
While barndawd from the stubble-fields
The heavy-laden wain
Goes with far shouts of labor,
With the arms and faces brown,
While the cattle come home lowing,
And the sun dips down.

Through all the hollow, smoky day
There goes a lonely call;
'Tis the jay across the stubble-fields
Presaging of the Fall;
Or the crow, that sombre solitary,
Among his darkling pines;
Or the chickadee beside the brook
That on its amber shines;
Or the plough-boy to his drowsy team
Amid the furrowed loam—
O the lonely days of Autumn,
When the birds fly home!

We also ascertain from "The Bookman" that "Vagabondia," the volume of poems by Bliss Carman and Richard Hovey, of which the readers of PROGRESS have heard so much, is in its third edition.

"The Bibelot,"—have you seen it? To one who enjoys a literature de luxe, who delights in quaintly beautiful things, out-of-the-way, unhackneyed, and choice bits of printing, these things are a treasure. The literary epure here has just what he likes. Mr. Thomas B. Mosher, of Portland Me., and his works are being found out by readers who have nicety of taste. These are booklets that we handle delicately, as we do rare and fragile blossoms; we count them the violets and l windflowers of literature, and of the printer's art. We have The "Rubiayat of Omar Khayyam," as Edward Fitzgerald gave it dress in English; Mr. Lang's translation of "Aucassin and Nicolette"; Dante Gabriel Rossetti's "The Blessed Damozel"; "The Sonnets of Michael Angelo"; "Medieval Latin Students' Songs"; "Fragments from Sappho"; "A Discourse of Marcus Aurelius"; "Hand and Soul," a rare study in prose by Dante Gabriel Rossetti; "A Book of Airs from Dr. Thomas Campien"; "Ballades from Francois Villon," and the like. The "Bibelot" press is an institution, and the lover of literature that is rare can, we believe, nowhere obtain more for his fifty cents than from Mr. Thomas Mosher. We have some of these tasteful booklets from the hand of Mrs. Caroline Dana Howe, of Portland, and will not refrain from this expression of our pleasure in them.

In Bishop Atticus G. Haygood, of the Methodist Episcopal church South, the negro race loses a most generous and influential friend and helper. No one man in the South, sharing the feelings, natural to the white race, (prejudices, we people of the North call them.) has been able and willing to do so much as he to bring about a sentiment of tolerance and a just consideration of the status and claims of that unfortunate race, but a little while out of bondage. He gave no uncertain sound, and, being dead he yet speaketh, through the pages of his book, "Our Brother in Black," and his royal soul will still be marching on." His characteristics were, an unusual wholeness and soundness of manly life, a deep sympathetic emotional nature, broad scholarship, aptness to conceive saving plans, and unusual energy in their execution. No view of his character would, however, be complete, that omitted his personal and social charm. He was the centre of any joyous brotherly group of men. One who never met him in the social circle, says Dr. Hoss, can scarce have a "conception of the charm of his character; he was bright, humorous, and lovable to the last limit. A truer friend never lived. I verily believe that he would have counted it no hardship to die for those he loved. His contempt for cant and pretence was strong. He actually bated Phariseism of every kind, regarding it as a form of malaria that poisons the air and brings death to all high virtue and true religion. Who can tell the worth of such a man to the world? He will be remembered as a public benefactor when all his small critics lie forgotten in unhonored graves."

It may be an authentic anecdote, for it agrees with what we know of them, that Matthew's Hook and Hood, being together on a tramp about some London perieu,

the last two fell to joking, and proposed a bet not in friendly rivalry, Matthews to be the umpire. Soon they came to a shop that announced, "HOME BREWED BEER," and Hook suggested that the "bear," might be of "their own brewin'." Directly they turned a corner, and came upon a warning placard—"Beware The Dog!"—when Hood, looking round quizzically to Hook, inquired: "Ware be the dog?" Matthews laughingly declined to decide between so equal a pair of jokers, and so the matter was rested.

Rev. Dr. Hunter has been obliged, through failing health to resign his pastorate in the Dominion Square Methodist church, Montreal. We hope his restoration may be speedy; such men are needed.

Mr. W. Blackburn Harte, the Canadian, once associated with Montreal journalism, issues from Boston, The Fly Leaf, described by The Week as "the latest of The Chap Book style of periodicals."

Mrs. S. A. Curzon thinks Canadian public men are attending to every thing but the "chief thing,"—the industrial and social development of the country. We think there is some truth in her sayings. PATRIEX.

SAFETY FOR OUR GIRLS.

Paine's Celery Compound Makes New and Pure Blood, Gives Strong Nerves, and Builds up the Body.

Medical men everywhere admit that Paine's Celery Compound is the best medicine for pale, weak and sickly girls. It builds up wasted tissues, makes pure blood, and produces strong nerves, enabling girls to reach healthy and perfect womanhood.

Mrs. Boulanger, of St. Henry, Montreal, saved her daughter's life by having her use Paine's Celery Compound at a most critical time. The young lady is now one of the healthiest, brightest and most attractive girls of the town. Her mother writes this about the wonderful cure:

"My daughter, aged 17 years, has for along time been in a weak state of health, so much so, that she was not able to do any work about the house, and often was unable to comb her own hair; this has been the case for some years, and I feared she would never be strong."

"I was induced to have her use Paine's Celery Compound. She has used two bottles, and is now a different girl. She is not only able to wait on herself but often does the whole of the housework, and promises to be as strong as a girl of her age should be."

Finished by the Wheel.
The Sultan of Morocco uses bicycles as instruments of torture for any of the ladies of his harem who have the misfortune to offend him. The unhappy delinquents are compelled to mount machines and ride around a marked track in the palace gardens. Not knowing how to ride, their repeated falls and other mishaps furnish the Sultan and his more favored wives with endless amusement. When they have fallen twenty times—provided, of course that they have not broken their necks in the meantime—the punishment is complete and the bruised beauties are allowed to retire.—New York World.

EFFECTS OF LA GRIPPE.

ENFEBLED CONSTITUTIONS AND DEATH THE RESULT.

Official Statistics Show That in Ontario Alone 2,023 Deaths Resulted From This Cause in 1892-93-94—How to Avoid the Baneful After Effects of This Scourge.

Very few people have any conception of the deadly effects of la grippe or influenza, which with each recurring winter sweeps over Canada, leaving in its trail death and broken constitutions. In an equal number of deaths were caused by cholera, the whole continent would be in a panic, and it is only because the deadly effects of la grippe are not understood that its approach is viewed with less apprehension.

Dr. Bryce, the very efficient health officer for Ontario, in his annual report to the provincial government, shows that the deaths in Ontario alone from the effects of la grippe for the years 1892-93-94 reached the aggregate of 2,023, a number sufficiently large to make us view the scourge with positive alarm, for in addition to this mortality, there are beyond doubt thousands who from the same cause are left with shattered health and ruined constitutions. La grippe is a disease of the nerve centres, with a specially marked effect upon the heart, and the obvious duty of those who have suffered from even a mild attack is to strengthen and fortify the nerve forces. For this purpose Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are more promptly and thoroughly than any other medicine yet discovered. Their function is to supply impoverished blood with its lacking constituents, and to build anew shattered nerves. That Dr. Williams' Pink Pills perform what is claimed for them in this respect is proved by the voluntary testimonials of those who have been restored to health. One strong case in point is that of Mrs. A. Gratton, of Hull, Que. To a newspaper reporter who interviewed her, Mrs. Gratton said:—"I was always a strong and healthy woman up to about four years ago. At that time I had a severe attack of la grippe, the after effects of which left me weak and nervous, with pains in my back and stomach, and almost constant severe headaches. I found myself so completely used up that I was unable to do any work about the house no matter how light. My appetite had gone and I had no relish for any kind of food. For about a year I continued to be thus tortured, getting no freedom from pain either day or night. I had tried different kinds of medicine prescribed by a physician but they did me no good. I began to believe that medicine would not cure me, and as I always had a terrible cough I feared I was sinking into consumption. One day a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had heard and read much about this medicine but had not thought of it as a cure for myself, but I felt that it might be worth trying and procured a supply, and after the use of a couple of boxes I began to feel an improvement. I continued their use until I had taken twelve boxes when I found myself, free from pain, with a good appetite, and as well as ever I was in my life. Last December, as the result of a severe cold, I was again taken ill, but this time I tried no experiments with other medicine but went straight to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, with the most beneficial results as you can see for yourself. I have such faith in Pink Pills that I never allow myself to be without a box, and take them occasionally as a tonic, and I will be glad if my experience will prove helpful to some other poor sufferer."

When you ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills see that the full trade mark is on every box. Imitations and substitutes are worthless, perhaps dangerous.

His Memorial Day.—James Monroe, who formulated the Monroe doctrine, does not stand high in the good graces of autograph hunters, for his signature while a President of the United States sells at the autograph market for \$2. James Buchanan's signature, forty years later, but probably much rarer, sells for \$1. Three celebrities, whose autographs are considered very valu-

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