

NOTCHES ON THE STICK

PATERFEX TALKS OF EDGAR A. POE'S DELAYED HONORS.

Robert Burns' First Meeting With Jean Armour Interestingly Described—A Tribute to Pere Marquette by Hon. C. H. Collins—The Haliburton Society.

When to be dollar-bright as a new coin from the mint is the attempted virtue of the modern editor, can it be true that the wit shows any falling off from the standard of an earlier time? We will not assert any such declension; and yet, where is there a more expert driver of the sarcastic pen now at his desk, than the gifted George D. Prentice, journalist and poet, and editor of the Louisville Journal? Where is your modern man more easily naturally witty than this Southerner in his soul, born in the hot-bed of Yankeeedom? Almost everyone knows he was a New Englander of the City of Colleges, that he was bred at Yale, that he went south, in his early manhood and became a citizen of Kentucky, a noted Whig, and ardent champion of Henry Clay, whose biographer he was. Some are living today who will remember the peppery pen he wielded, and the trenchant paragraphs written by him that put editors to their trumps if they hoped to cope successfully with him. Here are a few we picked up the other day:

"A political opponent says that we have twisted his arguments till they are no longer his but his own. Suppose we were to twist his nose, would it become our nose instead of his?"

"The editor of the Green River Union intimates that we take a 'drop too much.' When the hangman gives him his due nobody will think he has 'a drop' too much."

"The New Haven Herald says: 'Does the editor of the Louisville Journal suppose that he is a true Yankee because he was born in New England? If a dog is born in an oven, is he bread?' We can tell the editor that there are very few dogs, whether born in an oven or out of it, but are better bred than he is."

"The editor of the Black Democrat says that he doesn't know us and never expects to meet us on this side of the grave. We shall think ourselves in particularly bad luck if we meet him on the other side."

If he did so well when he tried his 'prentice-hand,' what might we expect if he tried the full powers of a master workman? And yet this spitz-dog sort of editorial snarling is well out of fashion, however seasoned with wit.

Ugh! great-coats and mittens! Is this the brightest and balmy month of all the year? We cannot go out and roll in the grass, or perform a single function of "Knee deep in June," we cannot even sit in our den and write this lugubrious protest against this climate unseasonableness without burning the cordwood we had piled over into next year. It requires only the flying leaves to complete the illusion that "the melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year." When we awoke this morning, and found the earth still under the gloomy influence of Saturn, we rubbed our chilly members, and proceeded to adapt Lowell's verses to changed conditions, without delay, and as follows:

What is so raw as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come chilly days;
Then Heaven sweeps earth with a cold monsoon
And over it wildly her rude wing sweeps;
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
The thunders roar and the lightnings glisten;
Every cloud is wet in the night,
And the sky at morning still gravely lowers,
While all the day the cheerless light
Falls thro' rifts of the snow-cold showers;
A shuddering sense of life is seen
(O) the wind-wept hills, in the rain drench'd
valleys,
And the shivering grass in the meadows green
Writes and starts from the blast's rough sallies.
The robin looks pitiful for the sun,
Or droops his wing under dripping leaves,
For his feathered back is o'er-run
With the summer deluge it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings
Turn into stone and added things,
While the half-stones come patterning into her nest
If she lifts for a moment her pretty red breast.

Edgar Allan Poe is coming to the front for the honors that have been long delayed. Following on the provision of a small park on Fordham Hill, by the municipality of New York, and the redemption of the famous cottage from Vandal's Crowbar or mercenary's auction-hammer, comes the announcement that a colossal statue of the poet has been already designed by the well-known sculptor, W. Ordway Partridge, to be placed on some prominent site as a permanent memorial. The following eulogium, taken from the recently-published tribute to Poe by Charles Whibley, will serve to show the estimate put upon this great genius abroad, and his relation to European, and especially French literature:

The criticism of Poe inaugurated a new era, a new cult of taste and beauty. Whether in theory or in practice, he was ahead, not only of his time, but of all time. It is not surprising that Poe's multifarious genius should have provided a dominant influence upon European literature. Not only was he a guiding light to the decadence, not only was he a subtle flame in the pathway of the mystics, but he revived the novel of adventure and lost treasure, of the South Seas and of Captain Kidd. Henceforth Poe was free to shape the literature of France. It was his example that moulded the conte to its ultimate completion. His tales of compression and of facile exposition, his gift of building up a situation in a hundred words, were imitated by the army of writers who first perfected the short story and then sent it across the channel.

He is known and read in those remote corners which he described yet never saw. He is as familiar in Spain as in Scandinavia, and but a year ago 'The Raven' was translated direct from English in far-off Valparaiso. And here is the final contrast of his life. A prophet of silence and seclusion is blown to the four winds of heaven. But he has conquered glory without abating one jot his proper attitude of aristocracy. He is still exclusive and morose as his disciples. Between him and his fantasies there is no discord. You imagine him always stern-faced, habited in black, with Virginia Clemm at his side,

Virginia, shadowy as Algeria, amiable as the mild Elenora in the valley of the many-colored grasses. Though he dwelt in mid-America, he was yet in Fairy-land, and, though the squalor of penury and the magazines gave him neither ancestral hall nor 'moss-grown abbey,' he lived and died enclosed within the castle of his mind."

The neck in our small library devoted to Robert Burns, and literature concerning him is enlarged by an "Essay" on the poet's "Life and Genius," from the pen of Thomas Hutcheon, Esq., of Pegswood, Morpeth, Northumberland, England. It is written neatly and clearly, with enthusiasm, yet with judgement, and with full knowledge of his subject. He quotes his author freely and aptly almost at every step, and relates the familiar narrative with a zest of his own, arranging the whole brochure in convenient sections. He relates the first intercourse of Burns with Jean Armour, afterwards his wife, as follows:

"The origin of their acquaintanceship is interesting. There had been a race in the village, followed in the evening by a ball. While Burns was dancing, his collar-dog caused much merriment and some confusion by following him most faithfully through all the figures. The lassies lay bed among them elves at the performance. Burns, not at all discomfited, said it would be well if he could get a lass to love him as faithfully as did his dog. Jean, though present, did not dance with him. However, a day or two afterwards, whilst she was washing clothes in the Scotch fashion—he happened to be shooting by the riverside. His dog ran over the clothes she had laid out to dry. Jean threw a stone at it. This led to conversation, and the gallant asked him if he had yet got a lass to love him. Said he, 'Lassie, if ye thought oot o' me, ye wadna hurt my dog.' Jean tells us she thought to herself, 'I wadna think much o' you at onyrate.' Notwithstanding this, they became intimate, and courtship soon followed. It was carried on during the whole of 1785. Early in 1786, however, a secret and irregular marriage with a written acknowledgement, had to be effected. This acknowledgement, when the news reached their ears, poor Jean's parents compelled her to destroy. 'The rake-holly Burns, as they termed him, they drove from their doors.'"

This little book, of sixty-four pages, derives additional interest from the fact that it is issued from the press of James McKie, 2 King street, Kilmarnock—the town where the first edition of Burns saw the light. Mr. Hutcheon is an Englishman, however, a teacher, a book-fancier, and an amiable, estimable man.

Our Ohio friend and correspondent writes us concerning the above-mentioned writer and his locality: "I wrote you concerning my message from Northumberland and Mr. Thomas Hutcheon. In my Froissart all the border raids tempt, Edward III. are mentioned; also briefly in Green's History of the English people. Then we have Scott's Tales of Grandfather, and Boder Minstrelsy, and Percy's Reliques. 'Percy out of Northumberland' (another Percy) made his vow to spend three summer days in chasing the deer over the Scottish line. Hence Chevy and Otterbourne. I would like to go up from Newcastle-on-Tyne to Berwick-on-Tweed, and stop off at Morpeth and Alnwick. (See Halleck's fine poem). To me that is the most interesting part of England. I am to old to cross the water again, I am afraid; but if I do, then the north of England and Scotland would consume my time."

Our friend speaks with much appreciation of J. F. Herbin, (Wolville, N. S.), an illustrated edition of whose poems, "The Marshlands" has recently been issued: "I have read all of Herbin. He is an Acadian by descent. In his mouth the praise of Acadie, and in his heart a lingering resentment over the removal of his people from their homes, is natural and fitting. He touches it with force and a tender melancholy. His 'Acadie' his 'Acadian at Grand Pre,' his 'Returned Acadian,'—in fact, all through his dainty volume, he forcefully yet musically, with pathos and grace, recalls the Acadia of old, and links it with the Bobolinks, the robins, the marshes and dykes and modern Nova Scotia. I said I liked Herbin. I do. He has genius, and he is a poet through and through."

The same writer has sent us an account of a brave man, devout and heroic in heart, whose name is fragrant in the early annals of America and Canada, together with a poem, both of which we purpose to give our readers:

James Marquette was born of an ancient family in Laon, France, in 1637. At seventeen he entered the society of Jesuits, studied and taught many years, was invested with the priesthood, and at once sought a mission in some land that knew not God that he might labor there until death and die undied and alone. His desire was gratified. He founded the mission of Saint Mary, Saint Ignace and Mackinaw. He labored nine glorious years among the Indians and preached to them in ten different languages. He was an explorer, scholar, poet, naturalist and priest—a great man in every sense of the word. He penetrated the whole country in his excursions, mapped it, described it, opened it to civilization. No inclemency of winter or fear of savages deterred him. He placed his life under the protection of his creator, and made defiance to difficulties waded through water, and through snows, slept houseless and fireless; lived on berries and pounded corn, and often was without any food except the dank moss gathered from rocks. In constant peril, yet to him the wilderness, with its vistas of rock and water, had charms. He wrote of it with rapture, and his heart swelled with emotion as he moved in his canoe over the rolling waters of Mackinaw, then, as now, transparent in their great depths as the most limpid fountain. He had notice when his final hour approached. He left his men with the canoe, and went a little apart to pray. He died when his prayer ended. The Indians buried him in the sand. All the North-west Indians were filled with sorrow when they learned of his death. The Ojibawas, the Hurons and the Ottawas started to remove his body to the consecrated ground of Saint Ignace, where they knew it was his desire to be interred. They found the spot in the sand by the cross erected by the canoe men. In silence and tears they dug up the body, placed it in a neat box of bark already prepared, and the

numerous canoes forming a large fleet started with nothing but the signs of the Indians and the dip of paddles to break the stillness of water and forest. As they approached Mackinaw the small fleet was met by a large number of canoes bearing Ottawas, Hurons, and Iroquois, and from every inlet others shot out to join the procession. Did ever Pope, or Emperor have such a tribute! They arrive in sight of the Point; the cross of Saint Ignace seems painted against the Northern sky. The missionaries come out in their vestments suited to the occasion. The priests chanted the requiem for the dead as the canoe bearing Marquette's remains neared the beach. The procession marches up to the church with cross and prayer, and tapers burning. The birch box is placed beneath a pall made in the form of a coffin, and the sons and daughters of the woods weep in grief. After the service was ended the coffin was placed in the vault. 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