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 Hallburton 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 Yankeedom? Almost everyone knows he was a New Eng'ander of the City of Colleges, that he was bred at Yale, that he went south, in his carly 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 :

his arguments till they are no longer his but his my dog.' Jean tells us she thought to herself, 'I own. Suppose we were to twist his nose, would it become our nose instead of his!

"The editor of the Green River Union intimates man gives him his due robody will think he has "a drop" too much.

"The New Haven Herald sa's: "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 even, 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

"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

If he did so well when he tried his and an amiable, estimable man. "prentice-hand," what might we expect it 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 balm est 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 carnot even sit in our den and write this lugubrious protest against this climate unsersonableness without burning the cordwood we had piled over into next year. It requires only the flying leaves to complete the allusion 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 Sa'urn, we rubbed our chilly members, and proceed 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 sways; Whether we look, or whether we listen, The thunders roar and the lightnings glisten; Every clod is wet in the night, And the sky at morning still grayly lowers,

While all the day the cheerless light Falls thro' rifts of the snow-cold showers; A shuddering sense of life is seen Oa the wind-wept hills, in the rain drench'

And the shivering grass in the meadows green Writhes and starts from the blast's rough sallies. The robin looks pitiful up for the sun,

Or droops his wing under dripping leaves, For his feathered back is oft o'er run With the summer deluge it receives; His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings Turn into stony and addled things, While the hail-stones come pattering into her nes

If she lifts for a moment her pretty red breast.

Edgar Allan Pos 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 to 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 praclice, he was ahead, not only of his time, but of all time. It is not surprising that Poe's multiform genius should have proved a dominant in fluence upon European literature Not only was he a sombre light to the decadence, not only was the a guiding 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 rocks. In constant peril, yet to him the wilderness. post of Manzana, on the Rio Grande, to conte to its ultimate completion. His talen s of with its vistas of rock and water, had charms. He building up a situation in a hundred words, were emotion as he moved in his canoe over the rolling rocks, at which he always halted, and to compression and of facile exposition, his gift of wrote of it with rapture, and his heart swelled with intimated by the army of writers who first perfected waters of Mackinaw, then, as now, transparent in escort him over that part of the road which

which he described yet never saw He is as familiar his men with the canoe, and went a little apart to in Spain as in Scandinavia, and but a year ago 'The pray. He died when his prayer ended. The Raven' was translated direct from English in far-cft Indians buried him in the sand. All the North west that the officer in charge of the troop was Valparaisc. And here is the final contrast of his Indians were filled with scrrow when they learned life. A prophet of silence and seclusion is blown to of his death. The Ojibawas, the Hurons and the the four winds of heaven. But he has conquered Ottawas started to remove his body to the conseglory without abating one jot his proper attitude of crated ground of Saint Ignace, where they knew it State, and who has long since joined the aristocracy. He is still exclusive and morose as was his desire to be interred. They found the spot silent majority. Young Graves was of his stories. Between him and his fantasies there is | in the sand by the cross erected by the canoe men. no discord. You imagine him always stern-faced, In silence and tears they dug up the body, placed it habited in black, with Virginia Clemm at his side, in a neat box of bark already prepared, and the reckless as he was brave.

Virginia, shadowy as Ligeria, 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."

Tte ncok in our small library devoted to Robert Burns, and literature concerning him is enlarged by an "Essay" on the poet's "Li'e and Gerius," from the pen of Thomas Hutchicon, 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 Burrs with Jean Armour, afterwards his wife, as follows:

"The origin of their acquaintanceship is interesting. There had been a race in the vil'age, followed in the evening by a ball. While Burns was dancing, his collie dog caused much merriment and some confusion by following him most faithfully through all the figures. Tae lassies lau hed among them elves at the performance. Burns, not all discomfited sail 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 she gaily asked him if he had yet got a lass to love him. Said "A political opponent says that we have twisted he, 'Lassie, if ye thocht ocht o' me, ye wadna hurt wadna think much o' you at onyrate.' Notwithstanding this, they became intimate, and courtship soon followed. It was carried on during the whole that we take a "drop too much." When the hang- of 1785. Early in 1786, however, 'a secret and ir. regular 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 helly 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 Mc-Kie, 2 King street, Kilmarneck,-the town where the first edition of Burns saw particularly bad luck if we meet him on the other | the light. Mr. Hutchison is an Englishman, however, a teacher, a book-fancier,

> 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 Hutchison . . . In my Froissart all the border raids tempus. Edward III. are mentioned; also briefly in Green's History of the English people. Then we have Scott's Ta'es of Grandfather, and Boider Minstrelsy, and Percy's Religues . . . '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 posm). 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, (Wolfville, 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

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 Marguette 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 unaided and alone. His desire was gratified. He founded the mission of Saint Marys, 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 bade defiance to difficulties waded through water, and through snows, slept houseless and fireless; lived on berries and pounded corn, and often was without any tood except the dank moss gathered from the short story and then sent it across the channel. | their great depths as the most limpid fountain. He "He is known and read in those remote corners | had notice when his final hour approached. He left

numerous canoes forming a large fleet started with nothing but the sighs of the Indians and the dip of paddles to break the stillness of water and forest As they approached Mackinaw the funeral fleet was met by a large number of canoes bearing Ottawas, Hurons, and Ircquois, 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 bex is placed beneath a pall made in the form of a coffin, and the sors and daughters of the woods weep in grief. After the service was ended the ceffin was placed in the vault. He was the first and last white man who ever was so honored by such an assembly of Indians at h's grave. When the archangel's trump on the last day shall summon the Father from his narrow bed there will arise with him the unnumbered plumes and painted warriors of the forest now crumbled to dust, to whom in life he was the guardian angel The mission was afterwards burned, the priests who officiated died, long and b'oody wars followed the records were lost. Mai quette's grave was unknown. It was reserved for the Rev. Edward Jacker to obtain the distinguished honor of the discovery, and to turn once more the thoughts of mankind to Pere Marquette.

FERE MARQUETTE.

The Summer's breath is on the Island height The Great Lakes glitter in the August sun: I see the sails of Commerce in the light And trailing lines of smoke in pall of dun. But shadowy forms float dimly to the view: I hear the wild Huron's rude refrain,

From Birch canoes with dusky phantom crew

The conovy of a funeral train. There, where the pine a lengthening shadow

throws. Reflecting from the wave each spear and leaf. Behold an humble, hallowed altar glows. And the dark Ottawa, with his wail of grief. I hear the wierd chanting sad and slow,

And see as in a dream the buried years, The waxen candles brightly burn, and lo The fevered world has vanished with its cares.

The loving Priest and Father early lost Arises with a lustre from the tomb; His brow is white with Heaven's pearly frost. And Pere Marquette appears in fadeless bloom. Here are no paths of trade, or scenes of mirth. The throbbing soul is turned to sky above; This humble priest shall give your thoughts new

Whose life was holy faith, and peace, and love.

Soon from this shore the marble shaft shall rise, Where rests the Martyr's consecrated dust, A beacon to the wand'ring tourist,s eyes,

A pledge of all that,s perfect, true and just. The kings of trade lie in forgotten graves, Who changed to bloody scenes this land of peace But Marquette's fame shall hallow all these waves 'Till time itself shall in oblivion cease.

Written on Mackinaw Island August 14th, 1884.

On Tuesday, June 16th the Haliburton Society held, according to programme, a public meeting in Convocation Hall, at Kings college, Windsor, to commemorate the birth of Thomas Chandler Haliburton, creator of the immortal Sam Slick, one of the earliest and greatest of Canadian literateurs, which were interspersed with instrumental and vocal music. The occasion was the delight of the favored ones present and the regret of the longing ones who could not be there.

The Magazine of Poetry centains among other things, an article on the Scottish American Poet, Robert Whittet, by John D. Ross; and an account of the pcetic Fiee Mason and Army man, Albert Pike, whose pathetic pcem, "Every Year" seemed always to us so touching. A good deal of rough and ready poetry had Albert Pike in his soul. Much that is palmed off by other and later writers is hardly so good. Surely Mr. Van Fredenburg must be pitifully pedant, or he must be struck with envy of William Watson, that he attacks him again, and labors with pettifogging diligence to prove him a faulty versifier. He has something to say when he does versify, and we should be glad to have the same to assert of Mr. Fredenburg. PATERFEX.

WHERE BARBED ARROWS FLEW. Perilous Experience of a Mail Carrier in the Southwest.

Judge Francis Adams, now a San Francisco attorney, was one of the early pioneers of the great West, and few of the oldtimers have witnessed more thrilling events than he.

·Perhaps the most narrow escape I ever had,' said the Judge a few days ago, in recalling scenes that antedate the gold discovery, 'was in an encounter with hostile Indians in the year 1847.' And here is the story. It reads like fiction after the

lapse of fifty years. In the above mentioned year Adams, then a boy of 17, was engaged in carrying military mail between El Paso, Tex., and Albuquerque, N. M. The greater portion of the country through which he passed was a desert waste. One piece of the way was particularly dangerous, being in the vicinity of a frequent rendezwous of the Indians, and for the mail carrier's safety and protection a small troop of soldiers was regularly detached from the midway meet the mail boy at a certain point of

was considered unsafe. The spot in question was generally reached after nightfall. It so happened Sergeant William J. Graves, who afterward became prominent as a lawyer in this herculean build, brave as a lion, and as

Young Adams had on several occasions been hard pressed by savages, but he was well mounted, and his steed had always carried him through unscathed.

No incident worth mentioning had occured for quite a little period so that upon one occasion Sergeant Graves felt inclined to take matters rather leisurely. Then, concluding that he would miss the mail carrier if he rode to the point of rocks, the sergeant resolved to strike atead and meet Adams on the highway.

As usual, the mail carrier halted. I was after nightfall, but the big silver moon made the night radiant, and objects could be distinguished clearly for a considerable distance.

The horse was allowed to graze about, and Adams set down to rest. Then he looked toward Manzana for the troopers, but they were nowhere to be seen. Soon the horse pricked up his ears and moved in a frightened way toward its master. Adams knew what that meant, and, leading the animal to the cover of some rocks, peered about and discovered that the redskins were quietly closing in on him from all

Delay meant death. Adams put his carbine in order, sprang into his saddle selected an opening in his Indian line, and, driving his spurs into the horse's side, made a desperate dash for life. The Indians were momentarily disconcerted by the bold movement. Adams used his carbine on the nearest of the enemy, and, despite a rain of arrows, plunged through the line.

Just as he thought himself fairly in the race to save his scalp, he saw ahead of him in the pale light another band of Indians that he had not calculated on. He whirled to one side, and then a chase against heavy odds begin.

For ten miles the painted warriors pursued him, gaining on him every minute. The arrows pierced his clothing; the Indian yells almost drowned the noise of the hoof beats of his steed. His horse was wounded, but the faithful teast still struggled on. The sixty four rounds of ammunition carried by the rider were almost exhausted. The horse tell dead.

At this juncture firing was heard afar. The Indians were stayed by sudden terror. 'Fr.nk! Frank! Where are you?' came a powerful voice.

'Here! cried the prisoner. And though the bostile band Graves had burst his way, knocking Indians to the right and to the left. The savages scattered like children

'Quick!' cried Graves, leaning far down from his saddle, extending his strong hand and locking it around the enfeebled hand of young Adams. 'Swing up behind.'

Adams mounted behind the sergeant. The Indians didn't recover from their surprise and shock of the young giant's charge until they were aware of two whites on a single horse riding away in the moonlight at a speed that mocked pursuit-riding away to be joined by the troopers.

A Valuable Tree.

A few days ago a company bought of J. W. Adams, of Pullin, all his walnut timber, from 12 inches up, at a good price. In cutting the timber they came across an old walnut tree that had been blown down for at least thirty years, and had been threatened to be burned up several times, but when they made an examination of it they found it to be a birdeye walnut worth considerable money. The company gave Mr. Adams \$300 for it. It measured 90 feet, and they will get \$40 per foot, which will amount to \$2,800. - Kentucky News.

Behind the Law.

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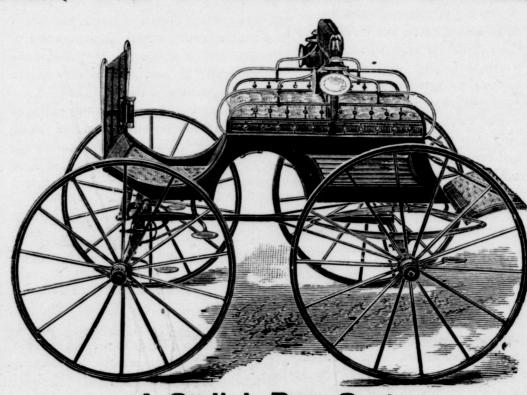
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