

THE  
**Chap-Book**  
SEMI-MONTHLY

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FROM NOV. 15 TO MAY 1

MDCCCXIV-V

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Chicago



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January 1895  
VOL. II

# THE CHAP-BOOK

NO. 4

## CONTEMPORARIES—V.

### MR. CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

MR. ROBERTS is one of those writers who must be regarded in their environment, to be justly estimated. Born and reared in the maritime provinces of Canada, with the blood of the loyalists in his veins; he is one of the patriots of the Dominion who, whether they look to an Imperial Federation or an Independence of rule, are before all else devoted to the honor and progress of their native land. The acknowledged laureate of this vigorous young nation, his poetry is in large measure the product of his enthusiasm and patriotism.

"O Child of Nations, giant-limbed,  
Who stand'st among the nations now  
Unheeded, unadored, unhymned,  
With unanointed brow!"

So he opens his dignified ode on Canada. And in his verses on Canadian streams he weaves the story and legend of each with its musical name.

"O rivers rolling to the sea  
From lands that bear the maple-tree,  
How swell your voices with the strain  
Of loyalty and liberty!"

\* \* \* \* \*



THE  
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SEMI-MONTHLY

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DRAWING	FRANK HAZENPLUG
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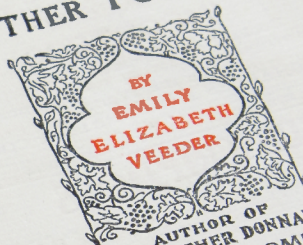
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edges. Two volumes, 12mo; price, \$3.50 net.

VOL. II THE CHAP-BOOK NO. 9  
INTER VIAS

THIS is a land where no hurricane falls,  
But the infinite azure regards  
Its waters forever, its walls  
Of granite, its limitless swards;  
Where the fens to their innermost pool  
With the chorus of May are a-ring,  
And the glades are wind-winnowed and cool  
With perpetual springs;

Where folded and half withdrawn  
The delicate wind-flowers blow,  
And the bloodroot kindles at dawn  
And the bloodroot taper of snow,  
Her spiritual limits are met and spanned  
Where the limits that no husbandman tills,  
By a waste that no husbandman stands  
And the earth-old pine forests stand  
In the hollows of hills.

It is the land that our babies behold,  
Deep gazing when none are aware;  
And the great-hearted seers of old  
And the poets have known it, and there  
Made halt by the well-heads of truth  
On their difficult pilgrimages  
From the rose-ruddy gardens of youth  
To the summits of age.

Now too, as of old, it is sweet  
With a presence remote and serene,  
Still its by-ways are pressed by the feet  
Of the mother immortal, its queen:



## NOTES

was brillig, and the slithy toves  
d gyre and gimble in the wabe;  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe.

the catalogue of age-end effusions, is there any-  
ore perfect than this? Wherefore the fame of Rim-  
and Verlaine, of Rémy de Gourmont and Saint-Pol-  
le-Magnifique,—mere disciples? Their masquerade is  
It is time their master was acknowledged. Hail to  
Carroll,—new chief of the symbolists!

## THE MUD-SWASHER

(Without apologies to Mr. Bliss Carman)

**W**OW—wow, wow, wow, wow, wow,  
I'm wallowing here in an old mud-scow;  
It is sweet to wallow, if you know how.

The mud in the scow is blacker than time,  
And green and oozy and covered with slime,  
And almost as rotten as this, my rhyme.

I bathe my face in the fragrant mud;  
It is sweeter to me than a fresh rose-bud,  
As sweet as the sight of a pool of blood.

Wow—wow, wow, wow, wow, wow,  
Can you tell me what I am driving at now?  
For I fear my brains have got mixed with the slough.

Mr. Henry B. Fuller has recently finished another novel,  
the scene of which, as in his "Cliff-Dwellers" is laid in  
Chicago. The book is now printing and will shortly be  
published by the Harpers. The title is "With the Proce-  
dure."

## NOTES

The Duodecimos' reprint of "Poor Richard's Alma-  
nack" recalls the very successful imitation, not to say  
plagiarism, by which Benjamin Franklin started the justly  
celebrated publication on its prosperous career. At that  
time the chief rival in the almanack-making business was a



certain Titan Leeds. Franklin proceeded to the discomfit-  
ure of his rival by gravely predicting in the first issue of  
"Poor Richard" the death of his rival for the 17th of Octo-  
ber next, 1733, at 3:29 P. M. Although Titan himself be-



THE  
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SEMI-MONTHLY

Contents for February 15, 1895.

THEODORE WRATISLAW  
LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON  
J. RUSSELL TAYLOR  
ELEANOR E. CALDWELL  
DAWSON WATSON  
HAMLIN GARLAND  
SLIM BARCANS  
ABDIEL  
THE MAN WHO DARES  
TRANSMIGRATION: OR, THE CAT  
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edges. Two volumes, 12mo; price, \$3.50 net.

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### "EPOË D'ATTE

CRIMSON nor yellow roses nor  
The savour of the mounting sea  
Are worth the perfume I adore  
That clings to thee.

The languid-headed lilies tire,  
The changeless waters weary me;  
The changeless waters weary me;  
I ache with passionate desire  
Of thine and thee.

There are but these things in the world—  
Thy mouth of fire,  
Thy breasts, thy hands, thy hair upcurled  
And my desire!

THEODORE WRATISLAW.

### THE MAN WHO DARES

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Did"—and the title suggests that John Davidson  
may fitly be called "The Man Who Dares," for  
certainly some of his themes and some of his lines, in this  
his latest book, are among the most daring in modern litera-  
ture.

Richard Le Gallienne, in comparing William Watson  
and John Davidson, suggests that Davidson is a great man,  
and Watson a great manner. This is a statement I am not  
ready to indorse. I think Watson has much more than a  
great manner. He has noble and stately thought; a large  
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longer—we might as well turn in. Jim you take over there and Mrs. Burke you take the bed. I'll give you a shake-down and keep the fire going."

Rivers sullenly acquiesced and Blanche lay down removing her outside garments, in the same bed as she had slept that first night in this wild land—this buoyant spring night.

Rivers heaped blankets upon her and tenderly in, whispered good night, and without a word rolled himself in a blanket and lay down in his bed.

So in the darkness, while the storm intensified with its wild voices, with whistling roar and clattering, Bailey gave his whole thought to the elemental. His mind went out first to Burke, who seemed to be the wronged man and chief sufferer. He was alone in the cold and snow and by contrast Rivers was lustful and savage and treacherous.

Such a drama had never come into Bailey's imagination. He had read of similar cases in the papers and had judgment on the man and woman, easily. He had called the woman wanton and the man a villain, but that did not over here. He had liked Mrs. Burke and he had loved his friend. They had both looked into his face many times during the last six months and he had seen no sign of deception in their faces; on the contrary she at least seemed more refined and dignified. She had apparently given womanly qualities—

He could reach no conclusion, so he put the question to himself and willed himself to sleep.

When he awoke he thought it was morning, but there was no light. There was no change except an increase of ferocity. The roar was steady, high-keyed, relentless. A myriad new voices joined the screaming tumult. The air was keen as a wolf's fang. He looked at his watch and found it marking the hour of sun-rise.





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### LITTLE LYRICS OF JOY—I



WIND and stars, I am with you now;  
And ports of day, Good-bye!  
When my captain Love puts out to sea,  
His Mariner am I.

I set my shoulder to the prow,  
And launch from the pebbly shore.  
The tide pulls out, and hints of time  
Blow in from the cool sea floor.

My sheering sail is a swift white wing  
Crowding the gloom with haste;  
I scud through the large and solemn world,  
And skim the wan gray waste.

O stars and wind, be with me now;  
And ports of night, draw near!  
No sooner the longed for seamark shines,  
Than the very dark grows dear.

BLISS CARMAN.

### R. L. S.—SOME EDINBURGH NOTES

"Give me again all that was there,  
Give me the sun that shone!  
Give me the eyes, give me the soul,  
Give me the lad that's gone!"

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON was born in 8 Howard Place, then an outlying suburban street between Edinburgh and the sea; and the substantial but unpresuming house with its small plot of garden in front will

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doubtless be visited with interest in future by those who like to look on the birthplaces of famous men. 17 Heriot Row, on one of Edinburgh's level terraces between the steep hills, "from which you see a perspective of a mile or so of falling street," became his home before he was out of velvet tunics and socks, but as his mother was delicate, they lived when the weather was genial "in the green lap of the Rutland Hills," at Swanston, a few miles from Edinburgh. He, however, spent his winters at Heriot Row, when he grew into an Academy boy, though not a specially brilliant scholar. His doubtful health would often stand as an excuse, when the rain splattered on the panes or the square gardens opposite were hid in a scowling "haze" for the pretty mother. No doubt, too, the truant spirit was strong within him when he trotted down hill to school, "rasping his clachan" on the area railings as he made an Edinburgh hero of his do. We first knew Louis Stevenson when his school days and teens were past, and he was facing what he called "the equinoctial gales of youth," and beginning to put his self-taught art of writing into print. He had great railings against his native town in these days, which were somewhere in the heart of the seventies. The "meteorological purgatory" of its climate embittered him, as his frail frame suffered sorely from the bleak blasts. He vowed his fellow townsmen had a list to one side by reason of having to struggle against the East wind. He gave his apology he says, "the place establishes an interest in people's hearts; go where they will, they take a pride in their old distinction, go where they will, they take a pride in their old home." No one could clothe the historical tales of Edinburgh in more graphic words than this slim son of hers.

\* A clachan is a wooden racket Edinburgh Academy boys play ball with.





THE DOLOROUS KNIGHT

From The Inland Printer

WILL H. BRADLEY

KATHERINE BATES

# "DEAD AGIN FITTIN'."

**F**OR one long minute Matsy Delihanty hung by her elbows on the top of the high board fence closing in the yard back of O'Flaherty's saloon—a minute of great bodily agony to her, but of fully as great mental pleasure.

"Hit him agin, Pete," she called in her wild shrill tones, and the boys around the sluggers cheered her gaily; then her elbows gave out and she dropped back to the ash heap in the alley. As she turned reluctantly towards the back-yard of her own tenement she was amazed to find herself confronting Mr. Ephraim Brown, the theological student, who had charge of the Presbyterian Mission around the corner.

"Blessed if it aint you!" she gasped. Mr. Brown looked at her sadly, and his voice was very plaintive as he said: "And you, Matsy? Isn't that a fight over there?" "Yep, they are fittin'," she said defiantly, "and its boss fittin' Pete O'Brien is doin', too!" She warmed to her subject as the memory of Pete's strong right arm came back vividly, and she added: "I tell yer, the way Peter ken slug is jis' grand! You'd orter seen that last round, Mr. Brown—no fancy tricks fur Pete, but jis' old timey licks that 'ud knock out any feller in Chicago in no time 't all."

"And you," said young Mr. Brown dolefully, "you, Matsy Delihanty, the oldest girl in my Bible class, are spending the Sabbath afternoon watching rough men fight like brutes in the back yard of a saloon?" Matsy Delihanty, the oldest girl in my Bible class, are together nervously, or at least with the appearance of nervousness.

"Yep," she said, "that 'un you are mentioning is me."



THE  
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SEMI-MONTHLY

Contents for March 15, 1895

FLYING-FISH	MARY McNEIL SCOTT
A COMMENT ON SOME RECENT BOOKS	HAMILTON WRIGHT MADIE
POETRY OF P. V.	F.-A. CAZALS
FABLES	DOROTHEA LUMMIS
LITTLE LYRICS OF JOY—II	ELISS CARMAN
A WOMAN'S LIFE	ANTHONY LELAND
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VOL. II

## THE CHAP-BOOK


NO. 9

### FLYING-FISH

 UT where the sky and the sky-blue sea  
Merge in a mist of sheen  
There started a vision of silver things,  
A leap and a quiver, and flash of wings,  
The sky and the sea between.  
Is it of birds from the blue above  
Or fish from the depths that be,  
Or is it the ghosts,  
In silver hosts,  
Of birds that were drowned at sea?

MARY McNEIL SCOTT.

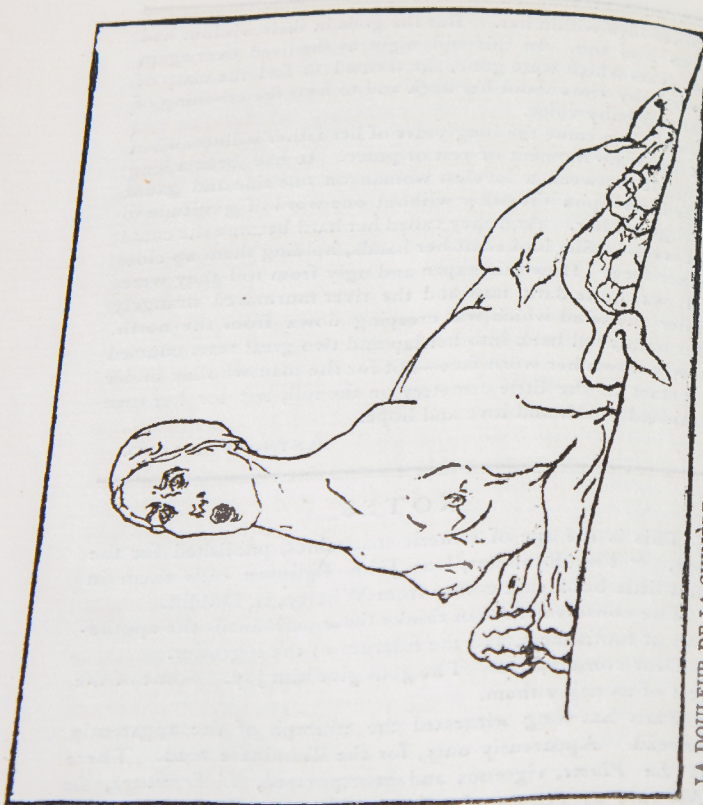
### A COMMENT ON SOME RECENT BOOKS

 ITTING in slippered ease before the fire, in that ripe  
hour when the violence of flame has given place to  
a calm and penetrating glow, one hears the wind  
without as if it were a tumult in some other world. The  
great waves of sound follow each other in swift succession,  
but they break and wreck themselves on a shore so remote  
that one meditates unconcerned in the warmth of the wide-  
throated chimney. The sense of repose and ease within is  
too deep to be disturbed by the roar that fills the wintry  
night without. And yet how fragile are the walls that guard  
our glowing comfort from the storm of the vast world, and  
how small a space of light and heat is ours in the great sweep  
of elemental forces!

The policing of the world and the suppression of the cut-  
throat and the savage secure, at times, an order so pervasive

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LA DOULEUR DE LA CHIMÈRE  
FROM A STUDY FOR THE SALON DE LA ROSE CROIX  
ALEXANDRE SEON

there are in Paris enough people who love legends and fairy tales to support *Le Livre des Legendes*, edited by Jacques des Gachons, a charming poet, and filled with dainty flower-sprinkled picturings by his brother Andhré.

At Brussels thrives *La Jeune Belgique*, and at Ghent appears a curious brochure on folk lore called *Wallonia*, read so far as I know by one person only in this country, Prof. Child, of Harvard.

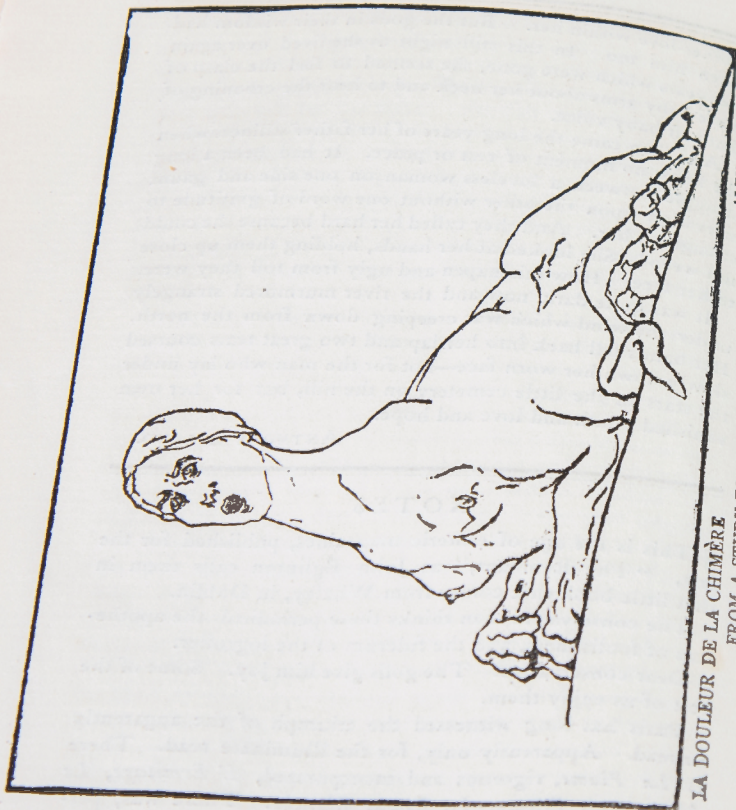
Holland possesses *Der Nu van Strak*, and Germany, characteristically, has an annual, the new *Musen-Almanach*.

In England, not to speak of *Hobby-Horses* and *Yellow Books*, there is at Birmingham *The Quest*; at Oxford the suppressed *Cbameleon*, organ of Oscar, *le bourgeois malgré lui*, as Whistler calls him; while at Edinburgh some of the younger Scots are to start *The New Evergreen*.

Here we commence only. Mr. Mosher, of Portland, knowing the eagerness of the public to glut its maw with periodicals, and its conscientious aversion to the classics, has decided to trick it into reading the good things of literature. The little *Bibelot* is to give us monthly reprints from rare editions. Already I have seen some Blake poems, some of John Payne's translations of Villon, and the promise of much in coming numbers.

¶ In Mr. Jerome's generally tiresome periodical, *To-Day*, there was one paragraph which is full of interest. It refers to Mr. F. T. Neeley, Publisher, of Chicago, and author of the unheard of volume "Foreign Authors, and How They Received Me." "Mr. Neeley," says the paper, had "had the honor of publishing a great curiosity—a book written in a state of unconsciousness by Mr. Walter Besant, called as far as I remember, for I bought it on my American tour, the 'Chaplain's' something or other. I say written in a state of unconsciousness, partly because Mr. Besant had not





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### ENDYMION

(From *Stanislas De Guaita*)

**K**EENER of sheep by old Arcadian ways!  
Phoebe, (the melancholy, the divine),  
Leaned down from heaven and laid her lips to  
thine,

Her passion voiced in throbbing, moonlight rays.  
What tho' but dimly through thy slumber's maze  
Thou knewest a Goddess' smile did on thee shine—  
Still wert thou clasped in ecstasy divine,  
Thy gold locks mingled in her silver blaze.

Greeting, first lunatic! Who wert so wise  
To charm the cold moon from the ancient skies  
To lie within thine arms, albeit unwist.

So, peradventure, when the moon is round,  
Thy sons, the dreamers, walk beneath, brow-kissed  
By that one love, long sought, but never found.

RHETA LOUISE CHILDE.

### SCENES IN THE VOSHTI HILLS

#### I THE GOLDEN PIPES

**T**HEY hung all bronzed and shining, on the side of  
Margath Mountain—the tall and perfect pipes of  
the organ, which was played by some son of God  
when the world was young. At least, Hepnon the cripple  
said it was so, when he was but a child, and when he got  
older, he said that even now a golden music came from the

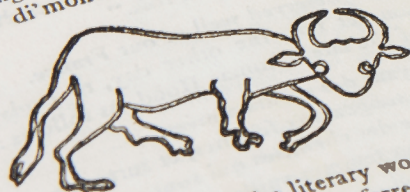
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## NOTES

quite sure that they are "always men and never yahoos?" Or to Mark Twain himself that to some tastes a holiday in Madrid is not necessarily witty, albeit bulls abound in it?

¶ A celebrated *tragédienne* now extant has a fond old aunt in the country, not averse to retailing her triumphs as gleaned from the newspapers, always with a transmuting touch, however. For instance: "An' I tell you what, Rosy she acted so nice to the King, and it tickled him so, he up and hove a hull bucketful o' di'monds at her!"



¶ It is an item of interest in the literary world that the English Government has recently conferred peerages upon Messrs. H. C. Bunner, Julian Hawthorne, Brander Matthews, Theodore Roosevelt, Jeffrey Roche, Arlo Bates, and Laurence Hutton. A sixpenny pension, and a camels' hair shawl, go to each, with a letter from Her Majesty in person, expressing her deep sense of the services rendered by these gentlemen in repressing Anglophobia in the revolted colonies.

¶ The *New York Herald* is o'er the border and awa' with an offer of big money for fiction of assorted sizes. Poor authors of genius will be shy of competing, for, in Newman's words, "the wells are poisoned." That is, the judges are expected to be the daily readers of the *New York Herald*, who gets it! This Arcadian arrangement is, of course, adroitly flattering, and,

## NOTES

incidentally, unconsciously, as it were, of moment to the writer who has "political influence," and to the pockets of the Napoleonic editor. Now, the precious Public, in the long run, can discriminate even as to literary quality: but your Public, in that case, must be posthumous. Even if an honest vote of awards could be obtained—but there is no use talking about it. Wild horses, dear Slim Barcans, shall not drag out of you and me the ten thousand words *secundum artem*, or into us the two thousand dollars. We will take no terms from the Huns. When we unfold the Great American Novel, it shall not be in a scrimmage. If a coroner must sit upon it, we stand by, meanwhile, leaning pensively upon a club.

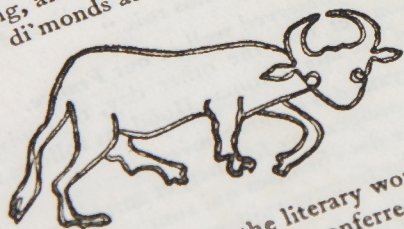


¶ A professor in one of our colleges hauled in recently a most remarkable specimen of the ink-fish (*argia plagiaria*), and has carefully preserved the creature for future reference. It appears that it handed in, not long ago, a theme which



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## THE CHAP-BOOK

### LITTLE LYRICS OF JOY—IV



SEE the golden hunter go,  
With his hound star close at heel,  
Through purple fallows are still  
When the large autumn night is low.  
And the tide of the world is low.  
And while to their unwearied quest  
The sister Pleiads pass,  
That seventh loveliest and lost  
Desire of all the orient host  
Is here upon my breast.

BLISS CARMAN.

### THE POPULARITY OF POETRY



IS the commercial standard of literary success to be  
extended to poetry? This is a question that is  
raised by the peculiar conditions which have devel-  
oped during the last two years, and it is one which it is im-  
portant to attempt to solve. If poetry is to be judged by  
the extent to which it is sold, and especially in relation to  
the sales of prose fiction, then it must be admitted at once  
to be in a very sad quandary indeed. If, on the other hand,  
the status of poetry is to be discovered by a consideration of  
the degree to which it is talked about and written about,  
then no branch of contemporary literature would seem to be  
more flourishing. It is desirable to attempt to define what  
literary popularity is, and then to see how far the poets of  
to-day enjoy a share of it.

In its original meaning "popularity" signifies a courting  
of the popular favour; it is only in its modern and secondary  
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A DRAWING FOR THE CHAP-BOOK  
BY J. F. RAFFAELLI

NOTES

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IN THE ORCHARD—AUGUST

**D**REAMY the slope that faced the afternoon  
Across the hazed hills and the blue ravine:  
The trees that staggered 'neath their load of green  
Had half their wealth of garnet apples strewn  
A-grass. And we, with words and vague regret  
But mostly still, a pensive-gay quartette,  
Lingered and heard with sweet and ghostly moon  
The faint song-sparrows to the dainty-troll'd.  
Tinkle, a mock of April dainty-troll'd.  
And up the aisles with butterflies Jack and Kate  
Went gathering black-eyed-susans, stars of gold,  
An autumn toll: but we plucked fruit and half'd  
Green unripe apples hard as jade, and ate,  
"That we might die together," Ethel laughed.

J. RUSSELL TAYLOR.

NOTES

**M**R. ARTHUR MORRISON is a coming man; or, perhaps, if one only knew it, he is already come. He is but another of those brilliant new writers which, in some marvelous and mysterious way, Mr. Henley drew around him and the "National Observer." "Tales of Mean Streets" is a very remarkable book. Nothing more artistically, more appallingly realistic, has ever been done about life in the East End London slums. The vividness of "Lizerunt" and "Without Visible Means" is only less wonderful than their brutality. Mr. Morrison has the keenest, most open-eyed powers of observation, but his experiences among the poor have never made him sentimentally sad, but rarely pathetic. Life in mean streets, according to him, is infinitely sad, but rarely pathetic. Its wretchedness gives a dull aching hurt, and his humour moves to laughter, but never to



tears. He is, however, so strong as to make one feel that his stories are inevitable in their truth. They force one to acquiesce—after a feeble protest—in admiration equally of his workmanship and his point of view.

¶ If you intend to be happy, do n't be foolish enough to wait for a just cause.

¶ It would be a source of some gratification if the discerning persons who write "Literary Notes" for the newspapers would cease to assert that "Chips," and "The Bibelot," and "Moods," and the "Little Journeys," are like *The Chap-Book*. The assertion, no doubt kindly meant as incense to our nostrils, has ceased to please.

"Chips" is the finest failure of all. The manufacturers (it would be flattery to call them editors) have made a cheap looking and ill-printed paper. The contents, consisting mainly of obsolete pastels, inspire still less enthusiasm. The only hope for the future lies in the daring of the sheet. Indeed it took a fine courage to print the face of John Kendrick Bangs.

"The Bibelot," since it contains only reprints, is perhaps in so far "hors concours." It is pleasing as to cover and erudite in contents. But Mr. Mosher might to advantage use a better quality of paper.

The "Little Journeys" are printed with a charming fidelity to the model. But Mr. Elbert Hubbard, who furnishes the letterpress, writes in a spirit of bland contentment with the commonplace worthy of the "Ladies Home Journal" at its best; and as to his literary style, "*ça n'existe pas*," has a good cover, in fresh yellow and white. But there praise must stop. Inside, the printers have mistaken a brazen use of stock cuts for decoration; the paper is harsh and the scheme of printing on one side of the page only is without advantage or delight. The

pictures, with the possible exception of one by Sophie Steele, are bad, and the letter press is uniformly weak, sentimental, and ill written. May the next imitation not be "like the *Chap-Book*."

¶ We talk of escaping death as if it were not often the supreme beneficence.

¶ A bookish bookseller has asked several English men of letters what, in their opinion, were the neglected "best books." I suppose this means neglected by men of letters, for surely the best books are always neglected by the general public. The old books nobody reads, although we all make sacrifices to their memory by much talk. Of contemporary books there is, in truth, some reading, but no appreciation worth speaking of. For half of popular appreciation is merely superstition—fetich-worship of the idol Reputation. There is much bleating but little heart in the matter, which is altogether sad.

That historical and biographical books should be most neglected does not surprise one—but there are too many interesting things which the public pays no attention to. Dr. Warre, head master at Eton, thinks Jane Barlow's "Irish Idylls" should be included in the list. Mr. Grant Allen can think of but one book, Mr. J. G. Frazer's "The Golden Bough." Mr. Richard Le Gallienne compiles a list which includes Mr. Walter Raymond's "Love and Quiet Life," Mr. Francis Adams's "A Child of the Age," Mr. Ernest Murray's Poems, edited by Andrew Lang, Mr. Grant Allen's "Post-Prandial Philosophy," and Mr. John Eglington's "Two Essays on the Remnant." If any one shall buy a copy of the last book, (it costs 1s. 6d.), and be disappointed, Mr. Le Gallienne offers to take it over at half price. Dr. Richard Garnett mentions among others,



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WERE-WOLF  
JOAQUIN MILLER AT HOME  
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### SONNET.

**N**EW Narcissus, gazing in your eyes  
I, shadowed by the flowering of your hair  
Behold my own face fondly nestling there  
As though within the fold of Paradise.  
My soul, it seems, ascended to the skies  
Away from flesh, into a purer air;  
Joyous to find himself enclosed where  
No taint of any earthly evil lies.  
And I, bewildered by the aspect new,  
Forgot it owes its value all to you.  
For having taken it, a shapeless clod,  
To the transparent treasures of yourself,  
You give it its primeval form of God.

HUGH McCULLOCH, JR.

### SCENES IN THE VOSHTI HILLS

#### II THE SINGING OF THE BEES

**N**OTHER, did'st thou not say thy prayers last night?"  
"Twice, my child."  
"Once before the little shrine, and once beside my  
bed,—is it not so?"  
"It is so, my Fanchon. What hast thou in thy mind?"  
"Thou did'st pray that the storm die in the hills, and the  
flood cease, and that my father come before it was again the  
hour of prayer. It is now the hour. Can'st thou not hear  
the storm and the wash of the flood? And my father does  
not come!"  
"My Fanchon, God is good."

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JOAQUIN MILLER AT HOME  
DRAWING BY FRED. RICHARDSON

MAURICE THOMPSON

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### NUTS FROM PERIGORD.

**IF** you have ever read Joubert, and if you have not you had better go do it, you will remember what he says about a certain phosphor for one's eyes, a certain nectar for one's taste and a certain ambrosia for one's understanding in the words employed by the true poet. He might have turned a kindred thought, with the same beautiful spiral motion, around the diction of the true essayist, which must twinkle almost jocundly, yet be as firm as crystal and as fluent as a beck.

Joubert himself might have been a great essayist if he had not so annoyingly preferred doing nothing beyond serving up in broken doses dainty preparations of philosophy and criticism drawled with the indolent accent of a dilettanteism peculiarly French. I enjoy reading him along with Montaigne; it is much like eating a *sauce piquante* with rich old nut-kernels that have been long dried in a garret. They are both true Gascons and agreeably entertaining when others with their opportunities would, like Voltaire for example, be supercilious and full of treacheries.

And speaking of delectable nuts in connection with Montaigne, I suspect that the comparison first arose in my mind under a hickory tree on a grassy hill-side overlooking a long and wide blue sweep of the Ohio River. There was a stone fence near by, and beyond the water some purple mountains in Kentucky curved round a segment of the horizon like a mighty jaw set with teeth of amethyst. A July sun flared at the noon mark almost plumb overhead and I lay reading under the spreading boughs of a *carya* of the shell-bark species which had grown apart from other trees and spread out squat and sturdy in the freedom of isolation.

Against the bole of this tree there leaned a gray, barkless remnant of a fallen bough, a stout piece, weather-washed and pitted with tentative woodpecker borings. It happened to



## LITTLE LYRICS OF JOY

shall first once more take the ambling, digressive gait of a browsing goat straying along a fell, go in and out of a subject and all about through the neighborhood of it, as Montaigne's goose-feather did? The hand wielding that good old quill must not belong to a man who has "an appetite that could eat the solar system like a cake," as Emerson's fine exaggeration puts it; but rather to one careful of his diet and well content with what befalls "between the largest promise of ideal power and the shabby experience" of a retired and somewhat bourgeois existence.

The thin little French phrase, *fin de siècle*, expresses what we are living and what we are wearing out in the latest ways of telling; but the return to nature, which is the reversion to true art, and that only, can bring back the essay. Men are plenty who have a fine gift of formulating what they know; who since Montaigne has possessed the faculty, highest and rarest, of charming the world with what he did not know? *Que scai-je?*

MAURICE THOMPSON.

## LITTLE LYRICS OF JOY—V

**W**ORD of the vasty tent of heaven,  
Who hast to thy saints and sages given  
A thousand nights with their thousand stars,  
And the star of faith for a thousand years,  
Grant me only a foolish rover,  
All thy beautiful wide world over,  
A thousand loves in a thousand days,  
And one great love for a thousand years.

BLISS CARMAN.



PORTRAIT OF C. U. P.

GARDNER C. TEALL.



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## IN VENICE ONCE.

 N Venice once they lived and loved—  
Fair women, with their red gold hair—  
Their twinkling feet to music moved,  
In Venice, where they lived and loved,  
And all Philosophy disproved,  
While Hope was young, and Life was fair,  
In Venice, where they lived and loved.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

## CHAP-BOOKS.

 HESE curious little books, which formed the major portion of the reading of farmers and their class throughout England during the eighteenth and early nineteenth century, are a most interesting study. They take their name from the pedler, or Chapman, who, carrying them, with other goods, wandered from village to village, from farm house to farm house, an ever welcome guest, who could retail the last news of the countryside, and whose pack contained an *omnium gatherum* of delights, unattainable except by a visit to the market town. Thus he was called a Chapman, from the middle English *Ceap* or *Cep*, meaning *purchase* or *bargain*. It also meant a market, as in London there still remain Cheapside and East Cheap, whilst many English market towns are described as *Chipping* or *Cheap-ing*—as Chipping Barnet, Chipping Norton.

The Chapman was a petty merchant, carrying a very varied assortment of goods, and was, so to speak, a market in himself. He is well described by Cotgrave, in his Dictionary.

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THE  
MERRY TALES  
OF THE  
Wife Men of GOTHAM.



Printed and Sold in Aldermary Church  
Yard, Bow Lane, London.

JOHN ASHTON

the British Museum. These nine volumes contain ninety-nine chap-books, and the price paid for them all was £24, 13, 6, or an average of five shillings each—a good increment on their original price of one penny—but yet, these volumes were bought very cheaply, as some of their delighted purchasers record.

The wood cuts are deliciously quaint, and, by way of illustration, I give the title page of one, of which the following is the story:

"TALE III. On a time the Men of Gotham would have penned in the cuckow, that she might sing all the year. All in the midst of the town they had a hedge made round in compass, and got a Cuckow, and put her into it, and said: Sing here, and you shall lack neither meat nor drink all the year. The Cuckow, when she perceived herself encompassed within the hedge, flew away. A vengeance on her, said these Wise Men, we made not the hedge high enough."

This story is found in a thirteenth century MS. called "*Descriptus Norfolkiensum*," but the Gotham referred to is a village about six miles from Nottingham, and the name of "The Cookoo bush" is still given to a place near the village.

This publishing firm at 4 Aldermary Church Yard (afterwards removed to Bow Church Yard, close by), published these chap-books almost exclusively for the last seventy-five years of the eighteenth century, and, taking price into consideration, their customers received good value for their money. They seem to have come from Northampton, for in "*Hippoleto and Dorinda*, 1720, the firm is described as "Raikes and Dicey, Northampton." (This Raikes, by the way, was the father of Robert Raikes, the founder of Sunday Schools.) Afterwards a house was opened in London by William and Cluer Dicey, but they evidently kept up a





PORTRAIT OF EMILE ZOLA

E. VALLOTTON

EDWIN LEFÈVRE

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She shook her head, and he turned away his eyes—there was disappointment in them that he would not show. Then she said, very quietly: "You have read my thoughts?" "Yes," he said, still without looking at her, "and you—" "I have read yours."

Tears were in her eyes. If his, too, were wet, she could not see, for he was looking fixedly at a little pebble at her feet. At last he said, passionately: "Oh, why did I meet you! Why should I suffer so?" "And I," she said. "Is it not worse for me? Is not my sin greater and therefore my punishment heavier than yours? Oh,"—in answer to an impatient gesture of denial—"you will meet some woman whom it will not be a sin to love and you will—"

"Yes you will," he interrupted. He raised his head and gazed steadily at her. Then he said, challengingly: "You wish me to love another?" She looked away from him and was silent. Gradually there crept into his eyes a look of hope; and hope was slowly turning into exultation when she spoke—so softly that he barely could hear her: "Yes."

Then he said, very firmly: "I wish it!" And she said, very firmly: "I wish it!" The sun was setting and there was gold and nacre and glowing blood in the sky. In the garden the wind stirred the leaves gently and there was sorrow in their song. Her husband awaited them. "Is n't it a beautiful sunset?" he said to them from the piazza. "I suppose you've been looking at it. You might write a sonnet about it, my boy." She went up to the gray-haired man and kissed him on the lips, and leaned against him, until he wound his arm



the poems of Lord de Tabley, and those of our countryman,  
Rev. J. B. Tabb.

"The latest news  
About the mews:  
Lord Tabléy  
And John Tabb B.,  
Lift up their strain  
In the selfsame Lane!  
Alas, but that's  
The way with cats."

¶ There is not a more exposed and inclement fate than that of the allusive writer. As a general rule he is allusive not through heedlessness at all, but through the habit of extravagant chivalry which takes it for granted that such readers as he will attract, are as studious, as perceiving, and as instructed as himself, and need but a name or a date, and as instructed as himself, and need but a name or a date, at most, to set before them a rich backward perspective,

"Forever vanishing beyond  
Horizon-brinks forever new."

Dante, who had too much scorn of men, one would think, for this sort of intellectual socialism, was the first great poet to make it a constant practice. In the torrent of his speech toward one subject, he whirls and eddies whimsically into a thousand little caves under the rocky banks, and grazes his Virgil and the reader with references to those twin griefs of Jocasta, and that Great Refusal, and the manner of gait among the Franciscans. And so comes it that Dante is to the commentators a heaven-sent bone to pick. For like Mr. Barrie's smoker, he is averse to elucidations, and would die rather than explain. It is his autocratic pleasure to know what he is talking about; and it is, in his opinion, the duty of the public to know it also. But the public remains, from that stormy Florentine day to this, a literal, an inapprehensive, a slow-following beastie. Precisely according to the



THE SNAKE CHARMER  
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