

# Verse Old and New.

## The Artist

He shut his door, and mingled with  
the throng.  
A smile, a something vivid,  
young, half-wild,  
A gleam of understanding in his  
eyes,  
All-tolerant, all-wise,  
Drew a man to him. As they swung along,  
A woman joined them; last, a child.  
And to all these that day was passing  
sweet;  
For now, at last, the man had found a  
friend,  
The woman love, the child a fairy-  
land;  
Each yearning, dumb demand  
Of each he heard, and could diviner  
meet  
Than any dream. The day had end.  
So through the sunset came they to his  
door,  
And he fell silent, smiling still, withal.  
But looking past, and through  
them, "Let us come,"  
They cried, "into your home!  
Friendship—the Future—Love we hold in  
store  
For you, who taught us of them all!"  
But he, as one who marvelled, said,  
"What need  
Have I of these, who dwell with them  
apart?  
Behold how, and farewell!"—They  
looked and there  
A room showed, small and bare;  
Nought could they see within it . . .  
save, indeed,  
The tools, wherewith he shaped his art.  
—V. H. Friedlaender.

## The Burial of the Queen.

They carried her down with singing,  
With singing sweet and low,  
Slowly round the curve they came,  
Twenty torches dropping flame.

The heralds that were bringing her  
The way we all must go.

'Twas master William Detbick,  
The Garter King of Arms,  
Before her royal coach did ride,  
With none to see his Coat of Prides,  
For peace was on the country-side,  
And sleep upon the farms;

Peace upon the red farm,  
Peace upon the gray,  
Peace on the heavy orchard trees,  
And little white-walled cottages,  
Peace upon the wayside,  
And sleep upon the way.

So master William Detbick,  
With forty horse and men,  
Like any common man and mean  
Rode on before the Queen, the Queen,  
And—only a wandering peddler  
Could tell the tale again.

How like a cloud of darkness,  
Between the torches moved  
Four black steeds and a velvet pall  
Crowned with the Crown Imperial  
And—on her shield—the lilies,  
The lilies that she loved.

Ah, stained and ever stainless,  
Ah, white as her own hand,  
White as the wonder of that brow,  
Crowned with colder lilies now,  
White on the velvet darkness,  
The lilies of her land!

The witch from over the water,  
The fay from over the foam,  
The bride that rode thro' Edinbro' town  
With satin shoes and a silken gown,  
A queen, and a great king's daughter—  
Thus they carried her home.

With torches and with scutcheons,  
Unhonoured and unseen,  
With the lilies of France in the wind  
a-stir,  
And the Lion of Scotland over her,  
Darkly, in the dead of night,  
They carried the Queen, the Queen!  
They carried the Queen, the Queen!  
—Alfred Noyes.

## Musette.

Yesterday, watching the swallows' flight  
That bring the spring and the seasons  
fair,  
A moment I thought of the beauty bright  
Who loved me, when she had time to  
spare;  
And dreamily, dreamily all the day,  
I mused on the calendar of the year,  
The year so near and so far away,  
When you were lief, and when I was  
dear.

Your memory has not had time to pass;  
My youth has days of its life-time yet;  
If you only knocked at the door, alas,  
My heart would open the door, Mus-  
ette!

Still at your name must my sad heart  
beat;  
Ah Muse, ah maiden of faithfulness!  
Return for a moment, and deign to eat  
The bread that pleasure was wont to  
liss.

The tables and curtains, the chairs and  
all,  
Friends of our pleasure that looked on  
our pain,  
Are glad with the gladness of festival,  
Hoping to see you at home again;  
Come, let the days of their mourning pass,  
The silent friends that are sad for  
you yet;  
The little sofa, the great wine-glass—  
For know you had often my share,  
Musette.

Come, you shall wear the raiment white  
You wore of old, when the world was  
gay.

We will wander in woods of the heart's  
delight  
The whole of the Sunday holiday.  
Come, we will sit by the wayside inn,  
Come, and your song will gain force to  
fly,  
Dipping its wing in the cheer and thin  
Wine, as of old, ere it scale the sky.

Musette, who had scarcely forgotten  
withal  
One beautiful dawn of the new year's  
best,  
Returned at the end of the carnival,  
A down bird to a forsaken nest.

Ah faithless fair! I embrace her yet,  
With n heart-beat, and with never a  
sigh!

And Musette, no longer use our Musette,  
Declares that I am no longer I.

Farewell, my dear that was once so  
dear,  
Dead with the death of our latest love;  
Our youth is laid in its sepulchre.  
The calendar stands for a stone above.  
This only in searching the dust of the  
days,  
The ashes of all old memories,  
That we find the key of the woodland  
ways  
That lead to the place of our paradise.

—Translation by Andrew Lang from  
Henri Murger's "La Boheme."

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## My Proud Papa.

I s'pose the big head bendin' over my  
crib

Is my pa.

I s'pose that wisecracks whose talk is so  
glib

Is my pa.

I've not been here long now—my days are  
but three,  
But there's something that even a baby  
can see.

An' the man who takes all the credit for  
me

Is my pa.

I s'pose that the man with the hat that  
won't fit

Is my pa.

I s'pose that that fellow who thinks he's  
"it"

Is my pa.

He's a little guy, too, but as proud as  
can be,  
An' that wonderful lady an' I both agree  
That the one who takes all the credit for  
me

Is my pa.

I s'pose that the man with that face-  
stretching grin

Is my pa.

I s'pose that that short chap, so terribly  
thin,

Is my pa.

My ma is that wonderful lady in white,  
Her voice is as sweet as an angel at night,  
Now I'm next to that proud little geezer,  
all right!

He's my pa.

# Anecdotes and Sketches.

## GRAVE, GAY, EPIGRAMMATIC AND OTHERWISE.

### Something Serious.

FOR the purpose of advertising fish-  
ing-rods, a shopkeeper hung a  
large rod outside his shop, with  
an artificial fish at the end  
of it. Late one night Perkins,  
who had been dining a bit too well, hap-  
pened to see the fish. Going cautiously  
to the door, he knocked gently. "Who's  
there?" demanded the shopkeeper from  
an upper window. "Sh-h! Don't make  
a noise, but come down as quietly as  
you can," whispered Perkins. Thinking  
something serious was the matter, the  
man dressed and stole downstairs. "Now,  
what is it?" he inquired. "Hist!" ad-  
monished Perkins. "Pull in your line  
quick; you've got a bite."

### Thin Barkeepers.

Thirty-five years ago Mulcahy dis-  
pensed both liquors and politics in the  
Fourth Ward, New York. A visitor  
found him civil but doleful, his very  
soul rent with grief over the peculations  
of his barkeepers: "Faith, and I've  
tried all sorts of them; Catholics, Black  
Protestants, and Jews; devil a bit end I  
ever tell which shote the most; but I  
have them now. I'm after buyin' this  
new invention; 'tis called a cash regis-  
ter, and devil burst the man who can  
show from that thing." It was more  
than two weeks before the visitor called  
again. He found him tending the bar  
himself, using his pockets for a till, while  
the cash register stood forlorn and ne-  
glected on its shelf. He was calm, but  
there was that in his air that told of  
blighted hopes and the fall of an ideal.  
However, the Celtic vivacity of expres-  
sion awoke at some vague reference to  
the cash register. "Ah!" he exclaimed,

"The curse o' Crummel be on it, on them  
that made it, and on them that told me  
it would prevent shteaing. Thin bar-  
keepers had it bato the firrst week;  
they wint through it like the devil wint  
through Athlone: in shtandin' leps."

### Scientific Management.

Scientific managers should not go as  
far as Hussler went. Hussler was the  
proprietor of a tremendous factory  
where scientific management had reduced  
the motions of every hand from 800 to  
17. Hussler attended a very fashionable  
wedding one day, a wedding where the  
ceremony was performed by a bishop, as-

sisted by a dean and a canon, and in the  
most impressive part of the writ Huss-  
ler, overcome by his scientific manage-  
ment ideas, rushed up to the altar and  
pushed the bishop and canon rudely  
back. "Here, boys," he said, "one's  
quite enough for a little job like this."

### None to Give Away.

A mayor of the old American school  
was as cynical as he was corrupt. A  
schoolmate visited him one day and  
asked for a job. "Well, Joe," the  
mayor answered heartily, "the very  
next job I have to give away you shall  
get." Joe waited about a year, then he  
ventured to call on the mayor again.  
"How about that job?" he said, reproach-  
fully. "You told me a year ago  
that I was to get the very next job you  
had to give away." The mayor, with a  
cynical smile, replied: "But I've had  
none to give away, Joe. I've sold them  
all!"

### Expects Too Much.

During a discussion of the fitness of  
things in general, someone asked: "If a  
young man takes his best girl to the  
grand opera, spends 20/ on a supper  
after the performance, and then takes  
her home in a taxi-cab, should he kiss  
her good-night?" An old bachelor who  
was present growled: "I don't think she  
ought to expect it. Seems to me he has  
done enough for her."

### Poor Alfred.

Tennyson, who hated prying publicity,  
would have shuddered at a passage in  
"Mrs Brookfield and Her Circle." He  
was troubled by the fitting of his hair,  
and we read: "Poor Alfred brooded  
over this, till, on his return, he put  
himself under a Mrs Parker . . . really  
his hair is such an integral part of his  
appearance it would be a great pity if  
he should lose it; and they say this  
woman really does restore hair, and she  
is patronised by royalty itself. Can I  
say more in her favour, or in extenua-  
tion of A. T.?" This revelation is now  
being used as an advertisement for a  
preparation for the hair. But the most  
familiar portrait shows him bald on top,  
after all.

### Two Great Evils.

On one occasion (Eleanor A. Towle  
tells this story in "A Poet's Children"),  
being asked to meet an Irish enthusiast  
who went about the country enlightening  
people's minds on the subject of Popish  
errors, Hartley Coleridge after dinner  
asked to be presented to the lecturer;  
and, taking his arm while the guests were  
gathered round, he addressed him with  
solemnity: "Sir, there are two great  
evils in Ireland." "There are indeed,"  
replied the Irish guest, "but please to  
name them." "The first," Hartley re-  
sumed, "is Popery." "It is," cried the  
other, in emphatic acquiescence; "how  
wonderful you should have discovered it!  
Now, what is the second great evil?"  
"Protestantism," was Hartley's reply in  
a voice of thunder, as he ran away,  
screaming with laughter.



IN DONEGAL.

"I suppose you have an Old-age Pension, Mr Kelly?"  
"Ould-age Pension? Faith an' Oi wouldn't touch was, the bad luck they bring. Luk  
at the number of ould-age pensioners bes dyin' every year!"