THE KIT-BAG

(A Chap-Book.)

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THE HEART OF PIERROT.

I.

All I am thy love has made me:
All that I would be thou art:
When the look of life dismayed me,
Thy glad courage gave me heart.

Now the Pathway of Perfection
Finds me tranquil, finds me gay,
With no hope nor recollection
But thy presence in the way.

And when the good Lord shall ask me,
By what guide my feet were set
In the Road that well might task me,
I shall answer him, "Pierrette."

II.

Mine ancient enemy Despair,
With all his companies of ills,
Is camped about me everywhere,—
A ghostly ambush in the hills.

Until above these sombre curves
Appears Pierrette, the gay, the bright.
Then love comes up with his reserves,
And all my foes are in full flight.

BLISS CARMAN.

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THE KIT-BAG.

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◆

RIDING SONG.

Let us ride together,
(Blowing mane and hair)
Careless of the weather,
Miles ahead of care:
Ring of hoof and snaffle—
Swing of waist and hip—
Trotting down the twisted road,
With the world let slip.

Let us laugh together,
(Merry as of old)
To the creak of leather
And the morning's gold.
Break into a canter!
Shout to bank and tree!
Rocking down the waking trail—
Steady hand and knee.

Take the life of cities!
Here's the life for me,
'Twere a thousand pities
Not to gallop free.
So we'll ride together
Comrade, you and I,
Careless of the weather,
Letting care go by.

THEODORE ROBERTS.

Notes.

AMERINDIANA.

Columbia University,
New York City,
Jan. 14th, 1903.

To the Editor of THE KIT-BAG,

SIR,—I have just read in your periodical the review signed by Edith Nares on Mr. Leland's and my book "Kuloskap the Master" and I beg that you will permit me to write a few words in reply to this highly interesting criticism.

I fully recognize the fact that many modern Indian traditions are "encrusted with a somewhat opaque deposit of European origin;" indeed this was pointed out to me some time ago by Mr. Andrew Lang, who suspects the genuine Amerindian nature of many of the Kuloskap legends as we give them. I am inclined to believe that French and other European influences may be traced in a number of these stories. On the other hand, I am convinced—and here I may add that Mr. Lang is with me—that the Wabanaki lyrics given in Kuloskap are a real Amerindian echo, showing no discernible traces of European thought.

As to the implication that Mr. Leland and I are "mealy-mouthed," I believe that my aged coadjutor, dying man as he is, would rise from his bed in indignation at the very idea. It is quite evident that Miss (or Mrs.) Nares knows nothing of the former works of the "Dean of American Literature," as Mr. Leland has been aptly called. He has certainly never hesitated to call a spade a spade, and sometimes even a shovel. I should add that Bowdlerism has never had any part in my oral or written work, nor is it any longer the fashion in American society, either ln New England or elsewhere, except perhaps among elderly maiden ladies. The days when the legs of the grand piano were modestly veiled out of regard for the "young person" are long past. In fact, I may state that quite the reverse situation prevails at present. We have presented the tales exactly as they came to us, so that if there is any "Podsnappery," it comes from Amerindian and not from Americo-European Bowdlers. I have never heard the tale cited by your critic of the origin of the Indian Devil's retromingency. If it is as religiously instructive as the well known Arab account explaining how the camel was made retromingent by Allah in order to pro-

tect the Prophet Mohammed when at prayer in the animal's shade, Mr. Leland and I would never have thought of ommitting it.

In connection with my statement that the Indians' belief in their wizards has been "subordinated to" their Roman Catholic doctrine, I cheerfully correct it to read "coordinated with."

I hesitate to assert so glibly as does your correspondent that ophiolatry had its origin in phallism, although I believe that true worship certainly has. This question, however, is far too complicated for me to discuss at length at this time.

With regard to cannibalism, I still believe it had its origin in a primitive sacramental usage and that the physical pleasures of such feasts were only secondary. I have never hesitated in my lectures to state my conviction that the ceremony of the Christian Eucharist is a physical survival of the original sacramental cannibalistic feast, just as Baptism is a lineal descendant of the ancient ceremonial washing for purification. I strongly question also your critic's statement that the missionaries put it into the Maoris' heads to ascribe a sacramental character to the New Zealand cannibalism. From what I have seen of Christian missionaries of all denominations in the East, I should say that such an idea is much to "Broad Church" to emanate from them.

Miss (or Mrs.) Nare's quotation from Petronius is apt and important. I wish I had known it when my pages went to press.

Furthermore, I plead guilty with much penitence to the error regarding "the great soft staring eyes" and the "cantering of the moose." I have hunted and killed these animals and know that your critic is quite right in this respect. The lines in question escaped my eye when I edited the book.

Finally, let me thank your critic for presenting so able and comprehensive a recension of Mr. Leland's and my efforts. If we have not given "the real epopee of Kuloskap," we have done all we could for the Indians—to cite from our little *Envoi*, "We have taken what they had to give."

I am yours faithfully,

J. DYNELEY PRINCE.

A LETTER ANSWERED. Through the courtesy of the editor I have been allowed to see and answer the above letter.

I am glad Mr. Prince recognizes the European element in the Kuloskap legends and it is quite refreshing to find that versatile journalist, Mr. Andrew Lang, on the right side for once.

All the same it is rather absurd to accuse me of knowing nothing of Mr. Leland's former work. I know some of it very well indeed and I freely concede his readiness to call a spade a spade. As to his calling it a shovel I confess that I have noticed nothing in his work to justify this imputation of the worst kind of inaccuracy. I believe, however, that he has not habitually collaborated with Mr. Prince. I will take it on Mr. Prince's authority that piano legs now go naked even in Boston. Perhaps pantalettes have become too "suggestive" (I believe that is the word) for the school marms of either sex to sanction any display of them. Apart from this, however, I was careful to say in my review that the Amerindian narrators may have been responsible for the Bowdlerising of the legends. I may remark incidentally that as far as religious instructiveness goes, the Legend of Lox is by no means on all fours with that of Mahommed's camel.

Mr. Prince is perhaps right in hesitating to assert that ophiolatry had its origin in phallism but then I never—glibly or otherwise—asserted any such origin for it.

As to cannibalism Mr. Prince and I are at issue. After long and careful study of the question in my intercourse with cannibals I have come to the conclusion that they eat human flesh because they like it. This is the primitive phase. The sacramental embroideries come later when the feast has become of more or less infrequent occurrence in the community. But I never said nor ever thought that the missionaries put it into the Maori's heads to ascribe a sacramental character to New Zealand cannibalism. They did, I believe, put it into their quasi converts heads to excuse the custom on the ground of utility. The missionaries found it hard to believe that people could eat human flesh because they liked it and to these rather inconsequent good

men the practice was rationalised by the assertion that the virtues of the deceased passed into his consumer. I make this statement on the authority of a Maori chief who continued his cannibalistic practices to the last. I quite agree with Mr. Prince that the sacramental implication never entered into any missionary's mind.

To wind up: I deny that Mr. Prince and his collaborator "have taken what the Indians *had* to give." I am now quite satisfied that they took what certain Indians *chose* to give which is quite another matter.

EDITH NARES.

CHILDHOOD AND MANHOOD. With Stevenson, I hold that it is the grown person, and not the child, that is possessed of the greater imagination. But before I read his delightful essay entitled "Child's Play," I had never considered my views on the subject. In our youth "we see and touch and hear through a sort of golden mist." Growing older, we see more truly, and our keener imaginations strip half the landscape of this golden mist. But it adds some fine colors. In those early days our imagination went no farther than to suit our own ends. My author says—"They know more than when they were children, they understand better, their desires and sympathies answer more nimbly to the provocation of the senses, and their minds are brimming with interest as they go about the world. According to my contention this is a flight to which children cannot rise. They are wheeled in perambulators or dragged about by nurses in a pleasing stupor. A vague, faint, abiding wonderment possesses them."

It is this abiding wonderment, now faintly remembered, which we are apt to look back upon as the superior imagination of our childhood. And all the time we find that it was a "pleasing stupor," and "a golden mist." There was an age when we loved everything that amused us; when a volunteer in scarlet and pipe-clay meant more to us than a hero in soiled khaki; when the piety of the best of clergymen left us unmoved, and we loved him only for his comic songs, and generosity; when any and every nice looking girl possessed our hearts, and when the clown at the circus held up to our consideration nothing but his baggy knickers and painted face. Was this an age of imagination? I think not. Perhaps, today, we are without the golden mist: But is it not better to feel our hearts stir at sight of the quiet hero; to love the parson for his broad humanity and fine life, rather than for his songs; to see one girl as a rare and desirable jewel, though we pass a thousand unnoticed: and to be able to look behind the clown's painted grin, and see in him a man, with a soul, maybe, above the painful vulgarity of his tricks. I, for one, like it better. Thus far I am with Stevenson. But on another page he says—"Terror is gone out of our lives, moreover; we no longer see the devil in the bed-curtains nor lie awake to listen to the wind." I do not believe, for a moment, that Stevenson in outgrowing his childhood also outgrew the devil in his bed-curtains. He says so in this one essay for the sake of his argument. The devil that frightens the child has a face, and most likely a hooked nose; and looks no worse than the picture of the witch in his book of fairy-tales. The devil that frightens the man may have, for a visage, the combined faces of an hundred enemies, and the eyes of many past dangers. Or it may have neither face nor shape. It may be Fate, or it may be Memory, or it may be unreasoning Fear—fear that a Power whose works he has seen and wondered at, may blindly kill his happiness. The man will not scream. But I venture to say that he will light his candle, and maybe his pipe, and read an hour or two out of some favorite book.

T. R.

A LETTER. Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie wishes to express to the writer of the comment on some of his books in the current number of THE KIT-BAG, his sincere satisfaction in having found so kind a reader, and his great pleasure in so genuine an appreciation of what he has tried to do. The fact that he feels that the reader has put as much in the reading of the books as the writer put into the writing of them, does not diminish his satisfaction; since the best result of all writing is to find the right reader and persuade him or her to do your work for you.

January 19, 1903.

MUSA SEPTENTRIONES. Saith the good landlord who speaks the prologue to *Pipes of*

Pan:—"Wine is the poetry of life, in a manner of speaking, and ale you see is the prose,—very good to get along on, but no sorcery in it. Three things, I always say, a man needs have,—meat for his belly, a fire for his shins, and generous wine to keep him in countenance with himself. And that's no easy matter in a difficult world, I can tell you. 'Tis wine that gives a man courage and romance, and puts heart in him for deeds and adventures and all manner of plain wholesome love. And that, after all, is the mainspring with most men, hide it how they may. For what ever was done, that was worth doing, and was not done for a woman or for the sake of a friend, I should like to know."

As this comfortable philosophy of mine host strikes a note heard frequently in the varied music of Mr. Carman's later verse, I venture, before proceeding to mix my metaphors, to confuse the persons of poet and landlord. I fancy I can remember my introduction to the earliest vintages of his cellar. It was in a tavern of the north, and I dreamed over my cups. Beyond the firelight and the barred door a wind from the outlands, colder than death, ran with the white phantoms of the drift, and the fine dry sound of their journeying filled the background of my dream. Thus it was that I felt no surprise, nor doubted my condition, when a starry presence, taking form out of the hollow shadows of the room, stood at my elbow and refilled my glass. The wine shimmered with the cold radiance of the Northern Lights, and the eyes of the shadowy lady were winter stars. I drank, and at the very aroma of the wine I dreamed of her I loved—and it seemed to my heart that all the bitter denial of space lay between us.

I had tasted, indeed, a rare and magical vintage, poured for me, I believe, by the very Musa Septentriones. Since then I have tasted, from the same vineyard, wines full of golden light, warm with the summer and the south, and with no less of enchantment in the bouquet. These I have sipped while June spilled her roses at my door, and turning to my love, have seen reflected in her eyes the beauty of life, and the wonder of it. But enough of allegory. Let my pen return to its accustomed uses!

* * * * * * * *

I remember being compelled to listen to a discussion of Mr. Carman's work in a Fleet Street office. A good deal of the talk was piffle, and failed to seriously distract my attention from the contemplation and enjoyment of a long fat Notara. Among the clash of phrases, and varied opinions as to the value of hedonism and mysticism in modern philosophy, my mind unconsciously noted for future consideration a question advanced by a smooth-faced, chubby youth:—"I say, you fellows, why is it that we can't trot to the front in this country a poet as individual, and as intensely lyrical as Carman? Something to do with that old gag about poetry belonging to the childhood of a race, I suppose?"

* * * * * * * *

It strikes me as I write that if my Fleet Street friend had said *sustainedly* instead of *intensely* he would have put a fairly accurate name to one of the most distinctive characteristics of Mr. Carman's verse. I can recall no other poet in whose work the purely lyrical note is so constant and so sustained. In "Pipes of Pan," for instance, the initial poem which runs to some five hundred and fifty lines, is essentially a lyric. It has a potency of charm which seems to me to justify its length, in the face of Poe's famous dictum. His ballads, again, are lyrical to a degree that almost disguises the form.

* * * * * * * *

Somebody has said that poetry, like religion, must be experienced before we know what it is; that definitions help us not at all to an understanding of it. Nevertheless, behind the symbolism of a religion we may look for some definite ethical ideas, and even behind the varied moods of a poet we may venture to look for some dominant note, some special message to the age. Through Mr. Carman's verse, it seems to me, we feel the glad old Greek spirit of beauty-worship touched with an eerie glamour native to the north. He would reconcile the clean earth-born joys of the body and the fine moods of the spirit. He would emphasize our kinship with all the glad life that moves on the sunlit earth and in the breathing deeps of the sea, yet would not deny us the "dear and deathless dream."

A SONG OF SLEEP.

Sleep on white wings through the silent
Skies of midnight comes with peace;
To the lonely brings the home-kiss,
To the captive, sweet release;

For the sufferer smoothes the pillow,
Whispering tender words and low;
Leads the child to lands enchanted,—
Woods where all things lovely grow.

To the sailor sings of meadows
Safe beyond the sound of storm;
For the lover, brings the clinging
Of a dear hand white and warm;

To the mourner worn with sorrow
Shows the lost, the longed-for face,
Brings that One for whom they suffer,
Folds them in his close embrace.

Sleep on white wings comes with comfort
Through the midnight vague and vast.
Leans above us, smiles and whispers:
"Love shall conquer Death at last!"

ELIZABETH ROBERTS MACDONALD.

ENGLISH ESSAYS AND ESSAYISTS.

Once upon a time, in a little white house in a certain small but charming city, a club of young people met every week to read and discuss the English essayists. If any of those club-members happen to set eyes on this article, they will remember (I think with pleasure) those informal and unacademic meetings. They will recall the freedom with which we expressed our opinions, the vivacity with which we discussed the various authors, and in particular the ratings given to the learned Bacon for his mercenary views of life in all its relations!

Then what difficulty we had in finding a definition for the essay,—especially when some of us wanted to include Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding." Imagine a definition which should comprehend that massive treatise and one of Mrs. Meynell's tiny compositions! But when Locke was left out it was easier, and we finally decided that an essay might be called "A short assay or analysis of one subject." Admitting this definition, the word "short" has to receive a very liberal interpretation, for some of Emerson's essays are far from short when compared with Bacon's or Lamb's. Then "assay or analysis" must not be taken too literally either, as we learn from one of Lamb's commentators that an essay must be "not merely a short analysis of a subject, not a mere epitome, but rather a picture of the writer's mind as affected for the moment by the subject with which he is dealing." In another place this commentator tells us that an essay "must be an artistic whole, and not an aimless wandering of the mind from one subject to another."

Ah well, let us decide that an essay cannot be strictly and accurately defined; at least we will agree that it is a delightful form of literature, and that we owe the English-writing essayists, from Bacon to Burroughs, a pleasant debt of gratitude.

Bacon said of his own essays: "like the late new halfpence, the pieces are small and the silver is good." These small essays, first published in 1597, have been the models for many succeeding writers. He calls them "counsels, civil and moral,"——which gives a further scope to the essay than some modern critics would allow it. But if any one knew what an essay ought to be, that person was surely Bacon! Dugald Stewart speaks of the inexhaustible aliment they furnish to our own thoughts, and the sympathetic activity they impart to our torpid faculties. Certainly their charm is not dimmed by time, and we read and re-read them, always with fresh appreciation of their beauty of style and flexibility of thought, and fresh exasperation over their worldly and "all-for-expediency" tone.

We turn from the essay called "Of Love" with the quiet and pitying conviction that there was at least one subject of which the sage knew nothing; the essay has simply been mis named When it comes to "Of Friendship" it is a little better. He dwells overmuch on the *advantages* of having a friend, and all the services a friend can render; but there are a few such lovely gleams as these:

"Little do men perceive what solitude is and how far it extendeth; for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where

there is no love;" and "Friendship maketh indeed a fair day in the affections from storm and tempests."

"Of Masques and Triumphs" and "Of Buildings" give us some light on the customs of the age; and "Of Gardens" is a delight from beginning to end. For the true garden-lover this last should be made into a little book by itself, to be carried in the pocket, and read in the arbour on summer days, and perhaps with more especial pleasure by the winter fire.

The treatise "Of Studies" furnishes the best example of Bacon's peculiar style. It is packed with epigrams, beginning with the much-quoted "Studies serve for delight, for ornament and for ability," and ending with the suggestive clause—"so every defect of the mind may have a special receipt." Let me change a word, and take for the motto of these papers:

"*Essays* serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability."

ELIZABETH ROBERTS MACDONALD.

NIGHT COMES TO THE BARRENS.

The ptarmagan have crossed the bay.
No antlers swing above the "run."
No bird-call wakes the sombre marsh,
Dull red against the setting sun.

Purple and gray the barrens lie,
With rocky shoulders cut with scars.
The slim, dead trees, like whitened bones,
Gleam pale beneath the early stars.

Silence and night come close to us,
With shrouded faces and still eyes.
The tent-flap stirs with passing dreams,
And, gray and red, the camp-fire dies.

THEODORE ROBERTS.

Newfoundland.

THE WALL-FLOWER.

(Letter from Muriel North to Jean Hemming.)

Woodstock, N. B.,
July 20, 1886.

You will be surprised, dear Jean, to hear from me again so soon and wonder what more I can have left to tell after that exhaustive treatise dispatched last week. Why, more about Aunt Margaret's flowers. They are altogether wonderful and fascinating. You could write a whole romance about Aunt Margaret and her posies. She talks to them, she sniffs at them and strokes their leaves till I begin to think her a sort of good Circe caressing her transformed lovers. My profound ignorance amuses her mightily for I can only identify them by their perfume. This morning when I entered the breakfast room I noticed a new plant in the window and went forward to pay my respects by the usual sniff. I did not think it particularly beautiful and bent over it rather carelessly. The morning sunshine flickered through the vines about the windows and a cool breeze lifted my hair. What was that sweet subtle odor? When had I done that before? When had I seen this room before? Whose voice was that I heard? I raised my my head and my heart beat strangely. Quite distinctly I heard some one say, "*In the deep pool under the willow.*"

When the voice ceased my strange feeling —trance or what you will, had passed and I could not recall it. I began to realize that Aunt Margaret was looking at me in astonishment and had risen to help me to a chair. Perhaps I had turned pale. I know I trembled strangely.

"That is a wall-flower, dear, *cheiranthus cheiri*," she said in a kind way, as if to give me time to recover myself, "the common English wallflower, found wild throughout Europe on old walls and the ruins of old castles. On this account it is the emblem of faithfulness in adversity and a great favorite with the poets. I brought it in here because it reminded me of you with your red-gold hair and eyes and your quaint sweetness. You do not like its perfume?"

"Not that," I stammered, "but the voice. Whose was it?"

"What voice, my dear? What did it say?"

"*In the deep pool under the willows,*" I answered mechanically.

"My dear Muriel!" said Aunt Margaret, remonstratingly. Then she hastened to give me a cup of coffee and changed the subject with great tact.

At noon the plant had disappeared and no more was said about it, but I can see in Aunt Margaret's eyes that she has not forgotten.

You know, Jean, we have spoken of these strange *feeling-glimpses.* We have both experienced them, but, dear friend, did you ever hear *a voice that was not there?*

"What," I keep asking myself, "does the pool under the willows mean?" But I find it, after all, secondary in my mind. The voice, it is the *voice* I long, and yet dread, to hear again.

By our sacred bond of friendship I pledge you to secrecy in this.

Your trustful and quite sane friend,

MURIEL.

(Letter from Roland Carlyle to Jean Hemming.)

Gagetown, N. B.,
July 20, 1886.

Dear Coz:

Bear with me yet a little longer; I have another moss from my old manse to add to your collection. Hawthorne himself never found a stranger one. And it is true, as I am a sane man.

Having already fully described my manse I will refrain from corrected and enlarged editions, but first let me repeat that the old wall runs down through the orchard to the brook and is covered with moss and lichens. Here and there a stone has fallen out of place leaving a conveniently low style, and here and there seedlings have sprung up in the scant soil between the stones. My favorite haunt has been the shady side of the brook just beyond the wall and there I have lain for hours, arranging my specimens after a day's botanizing, writing up my notes or making observations on the habits of the insects that sun themselves on that old wall.

From a cranny, just at that spot, in the most approved poetic way grows an English wallflower, *(cheiranthus cheiri,)* evidently planted by some former owner of the manse, for it is not indigenous.

So you know the flower, and its faint, sweet, subtile odor? I have always loved it strangely. Mother had a large one in a pot when I was a very little boy and it was always connected in my mind with the tree of knowledge of good and evil, though why I have long since forgotten.

Well, this morning, before the dew was off the grass I wandered to my brookside study and was soon absorbed in a poem that had haunted my dreams. The lines were arranging themselves and I reached for my note book, observing at the same time a big velvety bee swing away from my wallflower. A light breeze wafted the perfume to me and I looked up as though some one had spoken my name. There, bending over my flower was the loveliest face I ever saw. The morning breeze lifted deep red-gold curls from a white forehead and soft eyes of golden brown smiled at me from above the leaves. Instantly it was gone. I sprang up and looked over the wall. No one in sight. A bobolink rose from the orchard grass and a cricket fled from the wall at my approach. I was alone and still mumbling something, whether it was a line of my poem or not I cannot say. My mind is confused and yet clear as crystal is that lovely vision. My poem remains unwritten. That face, and that alone is my desire and I will wait a life time till I find it.

This is for your sympathetic ear alone, dear coz. You are the one friend who could believe this and I must tell you lest I begin to disbelieve it myself as time passes.

I am now quite well and shall soon have no more excuse for idling here.

Keep me ever in that staunch friendship of yours as

Your chum

ROLAND.

(From the Diary of Jean Hemming.)

Frederibton, N. B.,
July 20, 1887.

These two extraordinary letters have lain safely locked in my desk for exactly a year awaiting the sequel. Today with trembling hand I record it. So strange, so inexplicable! For their eyes alone I record this. They will surely thank me for preserving those letters. At present they heed nothing, feel nothing but their own rapture.

My cousin Roland has been our guest for a week and we have wandered far and wide in

the hills, as of old, in small adventures and confidential talks, "knitting ravelled friendship up." No word has passed of his last summer's vision though I have been sorely tempted at times to broach the subject.

Last night we were surprised by the arrival of Muriel on her way home from her European tour. Such a vision of delight as she was in her soft brown travelling suit with the freshness of the sea still upon her! I was too absorbed with her to pay much heed to Roland's silence though I noticed he was strangely embarassed at the introduction. He sat listening to our conversation for some time then excused himself and bade us good night. Muriel gave a strange little gasp and passed her hand quickly across her eyes.

"Does your head ache, dear?" I asked.

"No, no, thank you." But she sat with a far away look in her eyes and seemed to be listening.

"What a stick Roland was to-night!" I remarked watching her furtively. "You must have quite dazzled him with your brilliancy, Muriel."

"So that is your cousin Roland!" was her only reply, in a dreamy voice, and I could not rouse her to talk again. I sent her to bed but sat long at the window myself pondering.

The next morning Roland did not appear at breakfast but Muriel was radiant in a quaint soft robe of saffron embroidered with brown and girdled with large rosary beads of carved sandlewood. My eyes feasted on this vision of loveliness as I showed her my last sketches. She stood where the sunbeams fell on her gold hair and the breeze from the open window lifted her curls a little. Roland entered the room and passing me swiftly, placed a bunch of small brown and yellow flowers in Muriel's hands. The color swept over her face to her very hair, then rushed back, leaving her white as marble. There was a faint sweet odor from the flowers that began to slip one by one through her fingers to the floor, and some one said

"*In the deep pool under the willow.*"

I shall never know who said it. Did I myself? Did Roland? Certainly Muriel did not speak but groped with her hands as if in the dark. Roland took them and drew her to a chair.

I left him kneeling at her side murmuring rapturously,

"My beautiful wallflower."

I wonder if it is *cheiranthus cheiri!*

But what has "the deep pool under the willow" to do with it?

JEAN M. GANONG.

THE CAVALIER'S SONG OF FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship! Yea, I think it is
Made to cheer the heart of sorrow—
Soothe us for the crowns we miss—
Hearten us to face the morrow.

With me, gentles, to the brim!
Send the red wine 'round the ring.
We are friends of Charles the King.
Pledge another glass to him.

Friendship! Oh, I have such friends.
Men of supple arm and great.
Men to face the bitterest ends,
Laugh, and cross a sword with fate.

With me, gentles, to the brim!
Send the red wine down the board.
Admiral, and Prince, and Lord—
Pledge another glass to him.

Friendship! How I praise the Lord
For the good friend he has given.
See him comrades? This my sword—
Quickest friend for hell or heaven.

With me, gentles, to the brim!
Tip the jug and pass the wine.
To your sword, and now to mine—
Pledge another glass to him.

Friendship! Yea, and here's to one—
Strongest friend, tho' tenderest maid.
Bravest comrade under sun—
Of our rude songs half afraid.
Comforter by sea and land,
Waking blood to do and dare
By the memory of her hand,
By the promise of her hair.

With me, gentles! Boot and spur
Be our lot e'er next we dine.
To your friend! and now to mine!
Pledge another glass to Her.

TOM BEVERLEY.

The Red Haggard.

(A Romance of the Days of King Arthur,)

SYNOPSIS OF OPENING CHAPTERS.

Young Bertram deSallas rides out to see the world and meets Sir Dinadan, of King Arthur's Court. They decide to journey to Camelot together. A strange knight flees from Bertram and is killed by Sir Dinadan. They ride on and joust with the Knight of the Green Shield. He unhorses Bertram but is unhorsed in his turn by the good knight. They feast in his castle. He discovers to them a silver shield bearing a gold crown. They suspect him and excite his anger. He tries to slay them while they are unarmed. A maiden appears from a hidden doorway behind the arras, bringing their swords.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PLACE OF DEVILS—AND DEATH,

Bertram did not pause to consider the lady's beauty, as many another youth would have done, but got his shield upon his arm with all speed, and clearing a sword from the scabbard put it into Sir Dinadan's hand. Then he snatched his own blade from the maiden just in time to meet the onslaught of one who sprang into the hall from the narrow doorway behind the arras. Bertram was a stout fighter on foot, being long and strong in arm and leg, and quick of eye.

Both combats went on swiftly, and the damsel stood near with her hand against the tapestry; her face white, her hair fallen about her shoulders in a bright and silken mass, and her eyes flooded with tears,

"Being a poet," said Sir Dinadan, "I must needs have Beauty looking on, to fight at my best," and he laughed softly as he hacked and guarded.

But the damsel's eyes were all for Bertram, who turned his face not once toward her, but gave all his attention and many slashing blows to the big fellow before him. Presently he brought his antagonist to his knees, sore wounded.

"Kill him," cried the lady.

Bertram looked at her, and his heart softened toward the slim, white-clad figure, the bright hair, and the pleading eyes.

"For a whim?" he asked.

"He is a disgrace to knighthood," she cried, and her lips trembled.

"Who am I to judge?"

"But I judge him," said she, with thrilling voice.

So Bertram slew him with a quick thrust, the while the lady hid her face against the tapestry.

Then Bertram flung his wet sword upon the rushes on the floor.

"Love spurs hard," said Sir Dinadan, and with that he smote the big knight so sudden and sore that the fight was ended.

An old man, feeble and bent, entered the lower end of the hall. He came close to the wounded knight at Dinadan's feet. For a little he stared stupidly; then, uttering a weak and bitter cry, he fell upon his knees and caught to his breast one of the listless hands.

"My son!" he cried, "my proud son! Is it this for which you have bled and suffered? Is this the end of your grand play?—this—to lie prone upon the trampled rushes! Proud, ah proud, and where now is your fool pride, lying there at the feet of an errant knight. For this you murdered our good lord! For this you put your old father in livery! Fool!

He glanced up at Sir Dinadan, then down again.

"Knew you not, baseborn, that these gentlemen ever take revenge for one another?" he cried again. "See you not the covered shield—the thin bands—the silken vest? Now that you lie so low, offspring of cow-herds, do you remember your pride? Did you make love to ladies born and think to die easy at the last of it, sprawled in your bed. Fool!" Then the old servant sunk his face upon the great fellow's bleeding body. "My son," he cried.

"Good father," said Sir Dinadan, "make your peace with him, and pray that the Saints forgive him, for even now his soul flits."

And this was so, for at that moment the fallen knight turned a little on one side, fluttered his eye-lids and caught at his breath, and then lay quiet in death.

Sir Dinadan turned away and addressed the damsel, who stood before the uneasy Bertram with calm and down-cast eyes.

"Lady," said he, "my comrade and I crave your pardon for this disturbance and bloodshed, and pray you to know us for honourable gentlemen, as far as may be in this world of rough camps and fallen gods. Into what strange place we have ridden this day, and what stranger company, I cannot say. Treason and lawlessness an errant-knight must ever expect to find, but such beauty, noble damsel, as yours, I had not sought away from Camelot or the safe castle of some prince."

The lady raised her eyes. A moment they lightened graciously upon the thin, brown face of the knight, then, swiftly and with a sweeter regard, they turned to the flushed and youthful visage of Bertram.

"I have been in this hateful house but six hours," she said. "It was a place of devils—this alone I know; and with what gladness, yea, tho' the old man weeps, do I now behold it a house of death. The beasts now bloody upon the rushes brought me here by force. Sirs, I am the daughter of King Pellinor of the Isles, ever thankful and ever holding you in my heart."

And tho' the damsel's gaze was so evidently for Bertram, Sir Dinadan bowed the lower of the two.

"In my father's distant house," said Bertram, "where there is no music and little enough laughter, even there have I heard of King Pellinor with great love and respect."

"And I," said Dinadan. "have ridden against him at many a tournament, and sat against him at many a feast. Fair damsel, your sire is a sturdy feaster, and the man he has so often out-sat puts hand and sword at your service."

Laughing, the lady turned again from the knight and looked at Bertram with enquiry in her glance.

"My heart and my sword," said the squire, and he dropped his left hand to his hilt and touched his right lightly to his breast.

"By my soul," cried Dinadan," you learn speedily," and he pulled such a face that the lady laughed outright.

CHAPTER V.

A MERRY FELLOWSHIP.

The lady, the knight and young de Sallas went into the court-yard and got their own horses, for the fellows at the castle had disappeared as if by magic. The damsel, unable to find her own palfrey, took the dead knight's white charger. They rode westward until nightfall. The air was chill, for winter was close at hand. They passed for the most part over a good road running through a fair country of timber and rounded hills. Sir Dinadan, though weak from loss of blood, told wonderful stories that he had heard from pilgrims and mariners, of lands in the far east. He also sang songs, and made fun of many knights and kings, until the lady cried that she could see them feasting and jousting and rolling from their horses as plain as if they were worked on tapestry. Bertram rode in silence, though he was glad enough at heart to be of such a good fellowship. Every smile from the damsel, every glance of her eyes, threw him into a most unmanly confusion. Did she but lean from her saddle and pat the neck of his black horse he felt that he had been well rewarded for the risk of his life. Sir Dinadan, you may feel sure, saw all this without much trouble, and read the signs. So he laughed merrily, and said that a sad plague had settled upon knighthood, and that the name of the plague was love. But all the while the look of his eyes and lips was so tender that de Sallas could take no offence, though he was unable to make reply for the utter scattering of his wits. The lady turned her face ever away from Bertram, and made merry answer to Sir Dinadan, telling him that love was the heart and the grace of all true knighthood, and that by love many a poor gentleman had come to great glory.

"But does it not more often bring us to sorrow and dishonour," said the knight. "Has

it not been known to turn brothers into enemies and bring true knight to low deeds? And though love should be always true, and charitable, and merry, is it not sometimes cruel, and false, and without pity? And," he continued, smiling, "it calls forth more bad poetry than a monk could write down in ten years. I, for one, can make little enough of this love,"—and he sang,

"When first I left my father's hall
And rode away, and rode away,
Love held my maiden heart in thrall.
Ah, lack-a-day, ah lack-a-day!
The maid was fair. the maid was tall;
Her voice was like the wild dove's call;
Her hands were like the May."

"When I came riding home again
A year had sped, a year had sped,
And I had won by blood and pain,
A name by many envied,
The leaves had blown. Cold fell the rain.
I called her name. I called in vain,
The pretty maid had wed."

"Another knight, with lands and fee,
Had won her heart, had won her heart.
He wore great spurs—a joy to see!
Fie on his art! Fie on his art!
And it has always seemed to me—
(I trust it seems the same to thee)
Love drives a golden dart."

By nightfall they came to the house of a farmer and here they were made welcome with humble cheer. As they sat at supper—the lady in her long, white gown stained with splashes of mud and water, the knight and squire with their armour laid aside—a fellow in black-and gold livery, came to the door, crying to know if anything had been seen of the Lady Lionors, King Pellinor's beloved daughter. He was brought into the room, and upon beholding his fair mistress, fell at Sir Dinadan's feet and thanked him.

"It is none of my doing good fellow," said the gentle knight, and pointing with his left hand at Bertram he hid his nose in his goblet.

They rested that night, and early on the following day arrived at a castle that belonged to King Pellinor of the Isles.

(To be continued.)

IF YOU HAD GONE SOME OTHER WAY!

If I had gone some other way,
And you had passed without a glance,
Dear Girl, would you be glad to-day?

And was it Fate, or was it Chance,
That brought our paths together then
With music of the *True Romance!*

And might you, from the nine or ten,
Have chosen otherwise, and not
Picked me from all the other men?

Might I, contented with my lot,
Have gone on scribbling just the same
Complacent prose, and rythmic rot?

And idly made my cast at fame?
And idly chased the joys I knew?—
The vision of you but a name!

—

If I had never knelt to you,
And you had never bent to me,
I wonder would life's song ring true?

Or would some strange dream come to me
At midnight where the long waves climb
The eternal hillside of the sea?

And would you, in the twilight time,
Miss something——hand or voice, or face,
Or laughter, or a lilt of rhyme?

Would I, in some outlandish place,
Watch the tired sun glide down the west,
And sicken of the weary chase?

Would comrades jeer my nameless quest?
'Neath wind-stirred palm-trees would I hear
Your dear voice calling me from rest?

—

If you had passed me with a smile,
And I had lightly said good-bye,
Would Life, I wonder, seem worth while?

Or would you weep, and wonder why?
Would I forget that we had met,
Dear Girl, or would I only try?

I wonder was it Fate or Chance
That brought our hearts together, Sweet,
With music of the *True Romance?*

BERTRAM NORTH.

*WORM WOOD.

Quelqu'un m'a dévoré le cœur. Je me sousviens.

How the slow years drag on! How deadly slow
With scarce a new found pang to mark the path
My soul hath fray'd through wither'd fields of wrath,
Where asphodels, all blighted, sparsely show
Amid the bitter herbage of the waste
And I urge ever onward in mad haste
Seeking some phantom of a girl long dead—
Taking the cobwebs in the canker'd trees
For tresses reft from off my lady's head—
Still, in these drear delusions is there ease,
Only in common sanity distress—
And yet there are who say: Were't not for wine!
—As though in pass so strait t'were foul to press
Or grape or poppy for sure anodyne.

*Done into English, from the Russian, by Edith Nares.

TEA WITH THE EDITOR.

Mr. Bliss Carman is now editing *The Literary World* for Messrs. L. C. Page & Company, Publishers, of Boston. The Literary World is clever, tho' dignified, in its attitude, and purely literary in its aims. The same may be said of its Editor.

It is interesting to know (from The Literary World) that, among the best selling novels in Boston, for last month, stands Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts's *Barbara Ladd.*

Emmy Lou has taken the reading public by the heart-strings. Personally I would much rather know one book-full of the late Julia Horatio Ewing's children than a whole shelf-full of Emmy Lou's. Ye Gods! Am I old-fashioned? I can hardly think so. Perhaps I am superior.

The sub Assistant-Editor informs me that Mr. Prince and Miss (or Mrs.) Edith Nares have settled down upon the pages of THE KIT-BAG for a test of endurance. A stop must certainly be put to it, or their next criticisms will be of each other's handwriting.

After this month single copies of THE KIT-BAG will be sold for fifteen cents, tho' the yearly subscription price shall remain at one dollar. The Business Manager has two reasons for this innovation—first, that we should not consider the feelings of persons who have not subscribed—second, that anyone who will pay ten cents for THE KIT-BAG, will, just as cheerfully, pay fifteen.

Lists of "best selling" books of animal life bring to my memory the following lines, which were found inscribed on the bark of a birch tree, somewhere in the heart of New York:—

Our Charles, at the height of his glory
Is neither decrepit nor hoary.
At his ease in a chair,
(With his smile and his hair,)
He is writing an animal story.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have taken over the *Metropolitan Magazine*, and Mr John Kendrick Bangs will be its editor. We may look for improvement: there is no room for anything else.

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne is about to publish a "translation" of *Odes from the Divan of Hafiz.* Fortunately for Mr. Le Gallienne the late Edward Fitzgerald left (as far as I know) no translation of Hafiz.

The Cynic's Calendar tells us that—*a little widow is a dangerous thing.* The man from South Africa tells us that *Indiscretion is the bigger part of valour.*

My friend Rufus wishes me to proclaim publicly (then where else than in The K-B) that he has been for years familiar with the use of the telephone, but (in reference to last night's disturbance) for the moment mistook it for his Sandow's Combined Developer. (The above is not an advertisement for Mr. Sandow, or the Telephone Company, or Rufus.—Ed.)

An officer of The Royal Naval Reserve (address R K. Y. C.) writes—

The Sailor bold and free,
Must have no end of sport,
A'sailin' 'round the sea,
With a wife in every port.

I trust the gentleman will learn to take a more serious and more becoming view of the matter, before his country calls him. Levity in youth I can almost forgive, but in an old man of twenty-six!! And might not we—even we—remembering the immortal lines

Wash your face and comb your wig
And you'll get married when you're big—

—have wives, and live in a seaport town. Then how fearful, to us, would be the thought of that bold sailor. Worse still, might not our Business Manager go to sea himself; in which case what an idea to put into his head!

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