

BY LORD A. TENNYSON

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
 Of me you shall not win renown;
 I love a little Irish girl
 Who lives in Tipperary town.
 Where'er she be's the place for me,
 Though it's a long, long way to go;
 Kind hearts are more than Leicester Square,
 And simple joy than Norman's woe.

BY MR. J. W. RILEY

There, little girl, don't cry!
 For I have got leave to go;
 Though they all do say
 It's a long, long way
 To the sweetest girl I know.
 But I've bid London Town good-bye,
 There, little girl, don't cry, don't cry!

BY MR. A. DOBSON

It's a long, long way
 To Tipperary;
 Yes, as they say,
 It's a long, long way.
 I'll start to-day,
 My Irish fairy!

It's a long, long way
 To Tipperary.

BY MR. E. A. POË

Once upon a midnight dreary, I was very
 tired and weary,
 On account of social circles going on the
 night before;
 I was sleeping soundly, very, when there
 came an airy fairy
 Straight from county Tipperary, tapping at
 my chamber door.
 "'Tis *some* vision!" then I muttered; tap-
 ping at my chamber door.
 So it was, and nothing more.

Now, my footsteps, never slowing, still are
 going, still are going,
 That long way to Tipperary, to the sweetest
 girl I know;
 I've no use for Piccadilly; Leicester Square
 to me seems silly;
 And I hasten, willy-nilly (it's a long, long
 way to go!)
 To that rare and radiant maiden, but I want
 to be her beau,—
 And I've *got* to tell her so!

THE UNCOLLECTED POEMS OF H. C. BUNNER*

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

THE late H. C. Bunner published two volumes of poetry, *Airs from Arcady* and *Rowen: Second-Crop Songs*. But only a small proportion of his verse, comic and serious, is contained in these two little books. He was always modest in discussing his own work, in prose or in verse, yet he was ambitious also; and when he came to choose out those of his writings which he was willing to reprint in book form, he held up a high standard for himself. When his first volume of short stories, *In Partnership*, was ready for the printer he became dissatisfied with one of his stories, and he

withdrew it, writing in its stead the vigorous and pathetic tale called "A Letter and a Paragraph." There is also a long serial story, contributed to a weekly paper, which he refused always to reprint as a book, although it was an absorbingly dramatic narrative. In selecting from his own verse he was even more particular. Perhaps this was due to the fact that he was widely known as the editor of *Puck*, and that if he had reprinted all of even the best of his humorous verse he would have been accepted only as a comic poet. He was unwilling to have the graceful and imaginative lyrics which give distinction to *Airs from Arcady* and *Rowen*

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swamped by an undue proportion of his lighter verse. In neither of these volumes did he include any of his more broadly comic pieces—like this sonnet, for example, in which the reader is left in doubt as to what manner of vessel it is the poet is addressing:

TO A SCHOONER

O Brave and Beautiful! the purling foam
 Curls clinging with caressing touch around
 Thy curves symmetrical. My heart doth bound
 At sight of thee—'neath native heavens' dome,
 Or far abroad, where venturous Teutons roam.
 Moist thy smooth sides as swiftly, without sound,
 Across the Bar thou passest, brimmed and crowned
 With thy rich freight, dearer than musty tome
 To student's heart; sweet as the honey-comb.
 Not wondrous caverns underneath the ground,
 Dark treasure-caves of subterranean gnome,
 Yield fairer boon than in thee I have found—
 Peace! O, my blissful spirit's cherished home,
 In yon dark flood lies Care forever drowned!

A pleasant flavour of the classics lingers about the lines in which the poet set down his dissatisfaction with

ATLANTIC CITY

O City that is not a city, unworthy the prefix
 Atlantic,
 Forlornest of watering-places, and thoroughly Philadelphian!
 In thy despite I sing, with a bitter and deep detestation—
 A detestation born of a direful and dinnerless evening,
 Spent in thy precincts unhallowed—an evening I trust may recur not.
 Never till then did I know what was meant by the word god-forsaken:
 Thou its betokening hast taught me, being the chiefest example.
 Thou art the scorned of the gods: thy sand from their sandals is shaken;

Thee have they left in their wrath to thy uninteresting extensiveness,
 Barren and bleak and big; a wild aggregation of barracks,
 Miscalled hotels, and of dovecotes denominated cottages;
 A confusion of ugly girls, of sand, and of health-bearing breezes,
 With one unending plank-walk for a true Philadelphia "attraction."
 City ambitiously named, why, with inducements delusive,
 Is the un-Philadelphian stranger lured to thy desert pretentious?
 'Tis not alone that thy avenues, broad and unpaved and unending,
 Re-echo yet with the obsolete music of "Pinafore,"
 Whistled in various keys by the rather too numerous negro;
 'Tis not alone that Propriety—Propriety too Philadelphian—
 Over thee stretches an ægis of wholly superfluous virtue;
 That thou art utterly good; hast no single vice to redeem thee;
 'Tis not alone that thou art provincial in all things, and petty;
 And that the dulness of death is gay, compared to thy dulness—
 'Tis not alone for these things that my curse is to rest upon thee:
 But for a sin that crowns thee with perfect and eminent badness;
 Sets thee alone in thy shame, the unworthiest town on the sea-coast:
 THIS: that thou dinest at Noon, and then in a manner barbarian,
 Soupless and wineless and coffeeless, untimely and wholly indecent—
 As is the custom, I learn, in Philadelphia proper.
 I rose and I fled from thy Supper; I said: "I will get me a Dinner!"
 Vainly I wandered thy streets: thy eating-places ungodly
 Knew not the holiness of Dinner; in all that evening I dined not;
 But in a strange low lair, infested of native mechanics,
 BOLTED a fried beef-steak for the physical need of my stomach.

And for them that have fried that steak,
 in Aïdes' lowest back-kitchen
 May they eternally broil, by way of a warn-
 ing to others.
 During my wanderings, I met, and hailed
 with delight one Italian,
 A man with a name from "Pasquale"—the
 chap sung by Tagliapietra—
 He knew what it was to dine; he compre-
 hended my yearnings;
 But the spell was also on him; the somnolent
 spell Philadelphian;
 And his hostelry would not be open till
 Saturday next; and I cursed him.
 Now this is not *too* much to ask, God knows,
 that a mortal should want a
 Pint of Bordeaux to his dinner, and a small
 cigarette for a climax:
 But, these things being denied him, where
 then is your Civilisation?
 O Coney Island! of old I have reviled and
 blasphemed thee,
 For that thou doweest thy glim at an hour
 that is unmetropolitan;
 That thy frequenters' feet turn townwards
 ere striketh eleven,
 When the returning cars are filled with
 young men and maidens,
 Most of the maidens asleep on the young
 men's cindery shoulders—
 Yea, but I spake as a fool, insensate, dis-
 grunted, ungrateful:
 Thee will I worship henceforth in appre-
 ciative humility:
 Luxurious and splendid and urban, glorious
 and gaslit and gracious,
 Gathering from every land thy gay and
 ephemeral tenantry,
 From the Greek who hails thee: "Thalatta!"
 to the rustic who murmurs "My Golly!"
 From the Bowery youth who requests his
 sweetheart to "look at them billers!"
 To the Gaul whom thy laughing waves al-
 most persuade to immersion:
 O Coney Island, thou art the weary citizen's
 heaven—
 A heaven to dine, not die in, joyful and
 restful and clamful,
 Better one hour of thee than an age of
 Atlantic City!

And the same flavour, more pro-
 nounced, is discoverable also in the dar-
 ing rhymes of

CLASSIC JOURNALISM

The beautiful garland of justice awaits
 The eminent poet and general, Socrates.
 KROPHUTIKOS GRAPHIKOS.
 5th Century, B.C.

A great thing was journalism in Greece,
 When that nation was foremost in war and
 in peace.

I was long on the staff of the Athens *Courier*,
 And the style the boys ran the machine you
 shall hear.

The boss paper it was the South-Spartan
Tribune,

Which was owned by a man of the name
 of Laocoon;

And had a grand building, where down the
 two sides

Ran two rows of extra-sized Caryatides.

'Twas a very fine sheet, with a half-page
 of locals,

Done up in neat style by J. Themistocles.

At the top of its columns, its letter heads,
 bills,

It flaunted the name of its founder, Achilles.

'Twas so high-toned, the boys used to say
 its chief writer

Was nobody less than Olympian Jupiter.

The staff boasted ladies galore, Hermione

Ran the fashion column entirely alone.

Cybele did the Art notes; the critical flail

Was skilfully wielded by Mrs. Omphale.

But the Boëtian *Herald* beat this a long
 sight,

By engaging on glorious terms Aphrodite.

And the *Herald* had Hero, who later de-
 meaned her-

Self by receiving the visits of Leander.

The East-Acarnanian *Times* made its gains

By the aid and assistance of Aristophanes.

When the Greeks sent their troops against
 Troy's forces meagre,

The *Times* dispatched war-correspondent
 Meleager.

Then there was the Attican *World*, that
 shocked Greece,

By opening its columns to Trojan Æneas;

But its editor well knew his sheet how to
 carry on;

Had a competent musical critic in Arion;

And knowing public fancy a feuilleton
 tickles,

He secured for that duty the well known
 Pericles.

The proprietor, he was a fellow of means,

Senior partner of Apollo and Diogenes.

Ah, those were great times, but they're all
long gone by,
Like the days when I used to be sweet on
Clytie;

And Greek journalism has vanished beneath
The silent, oblivious waters of Lethe.

This had been suggested by the
couplet quoted from Mr. W. A. Croffut,
who was then contributing to the now
departed *Daily Graphic*. Another copy
of verses had its origin in the allegation
that a certain songster of the Sierras
had written a poem in which the name
of the author of *Faust* was made to
rhyme with the unpoetic word *teeth*.
The American humourist unhesitatingly
mispronounced the names Molière and
Goethe, and wrote these stanzas on

SHAKE, MULLEARY AND GO-ETHE

I

I have a bookcase, which is what
Many much better men have not.
There are no books inside, for books,
I am afraid, might spoil its looks.
But I've three busts, all second-hand,
Upon the top. You understand
I could not put them underneath—
Shake, Mulleary, and Go-ethe.

II

Shake was a dramatist of note;
He lived by writing things to quote.
He long ago put on his shroud:
Some of his works are rather loud.
His bald-spot's dusty, I suppose.
I know there's dust upon his nose.
I'll have to give each nose a sheath—
Shake, Mulleary and Go-ethe.

III

Mulleary's line was quite the same;
He has more hair; but far less fame.
I would not from that fame retrench—
But he is foreign, being French.
Yet high his haughty head he heaves,
The only one done up in leaves.
They're rather limited on wreath—
Shake, Mulleary and Go-ethe.

IV

Go-ethe wrote in the German tongue:
He must have learned it very young.
His nose is quite a butt for scoff,
Although an inch of it is off.
He did quite nicely for the Dutch;
But here he doesn't count for much.
They all are off their native heath—
Shake, Mulleary and Go-ethe.

V

They sit there, on their chests, as bland
As if they were not second-hand.
I do not know of what they think,
Nor why they never frown or wink.
But why from smiling they refrain
I think I clearly can explain:
They none of them could show much teeth—
Shake, Mulleary and Go-ethe.

In the early days of *Puck* the young
poet chose to consider himself a dweller
in the coast of Bohemia; and yet in more
than one of his poems of this period he
seems to have anticipated the time when
he should remove from the seaport of
Prague. This feeling is reflected more
fully in the verses which he entitled
"Wed" than in any other of his poems,
excepting only, it may be, that called
"The Deserter."

WED

For these white arms about my neck—
For the dainty room, with its ordered
grace—
For my snowy linen without a fleck—
For the tender charm of this uplift face—
For the softened light and the homelike air—
The low luxurious cannell fire—
The padded ease of my chosen chair—
The devoted love that discounts desire—
I sometimes think, when Twelve is struck
By the clock on the mantel, tinkling clear,
I would take—and thank the gods for the
luck—
One single hour with the Boys and the
Beer.

Where the sawdust scent of a cheap saloon
Is mingled with malt; where each man
smokes,
Where they sing the street songs out of tune,
Talk Art, and bandy ephemeral jokes.

By Jove, I do! And all the time
 I know, not a man that is there to-night
 But would barter his brains to be where
 I'm—
 And I'm well aware that the beggars are
 right.

THE DESERTER

SCENE—IN BOHEMIA

Glad? Don't I say so? Aren't your fingers
 numb where
 They've felt the home-returning wanderer's
 grip?
 Sit down? I will.
 Put my umbrella somewhere
 Where it won't drip.

My book—that parcel—thanks! What is
 it? Mrs.
 Barbauld's—no, I mean, Plato's Nursery
 Rhymes—
 Burton's Anat—oh, never mind it! This is
 just like old times.

Thank you, I *will* take something. No, not
 whiskey.
 I've cut that—oh dear, yes, of course! from
 choice.
 One lemonade! Jove! I feel younger—
 frisky—
 One of the boys.

Give an account? Oh, I've been quite the
 rover
 These two years—yes, I've only just got
 home.
 Set out in April. Roughish passage over.
 Went first to Rome.

I stayed in Paris longer than I meant to:
 (I had to break the trip there coming back
 From Rome.) Bonn was the next place that
 I went to—
 Met you there, Jack.

You, with an ancient relative and a
 Murray—
 Relative's dead? I hope he . . . ? Ah,
 that's right!
 I say, what made you leave in such a hurry,
 On Christmas night?

I got engaged that last week in December.
 —Didn't you meet the Carletons in Bor-
 deaux?

You knew the girls. Mine's Florry. You
 remember—
 The blonde, you know.

You—what? God bless me! And you were
 refused, eh?
 Of course you were. That's why you
 looked so blue
 That Christmas? Ya-as! I called the fol-
 lowing Tuesday.
 Sorry for you.

Hope, though, since then, some fair maid
 has consoled you?
 No? Deuce you say. Poor fellow, that's
 too bad.
 My wife—
 Of course I am! Hadn't I told you?
 I thought I had.

Ah, boys! These pleasant memories stealing
 o'er me—
 I think I will take a Cabaña now.
 Thank you, old man. . . .
 You'll have to roll it for me—
 I forget how.

Well, this is pleasant. 'Bacco, tales vivacious,
 And beer. From youth's free spring once
 more I quaff,
 A wild Bohemian.

Five o'clock? Good—gracious!
 So much? I'm off!
 No, positively can't. My wife—my dinner.
 Always in evenings; people sometimes call.
 (Here, Jack! one word—no grudge against
 the winner?
 Shake!)

Good-bye, all!

And—I suppose my small domestic heaven
 Wouldn't much interest you? If it did—
 Fellows! come up next Sunday—tea at seven—
 And . . .

see . . .
 my kid.

[QUICK CURTAIN]

As these specimens of his stanzas in-
 dicate, the editor of *Puck* contributed to
 its columns verses of various kinds,
 sometimes broadly comic, sometimes
 delicately playful. His range included

"comic copy" neatly rhymed and also the more fanciful *vers de société*. As an example of this more difficult variety may be taken the sequence of couplets which he called

INTERESTING

I rowed her out on the broad, bright sea,
Till the land lay purple upon our lee.

The heavens were trying the waves to out-
shine,
With never a cloud to the far sea-line.

On the reefs the billows in kisses broke—
But oh, I was dying for one small smoke.

She spoke of the gulls and the waters green—
But what is Nature to Nicotine?

She spoke of the tides, and the Triton myth;
And said Jones was engaged to the blonde
Miss Smith.

She spoke of her liking lemon on clams;
And Euclid, and parallelograms.

For her face was fair and her eyes were
brown,
And she was a girl from Boston town.

And I rowed and thought—but I never
said—
"Does Havana tobacco trouble your head?"

She talked of algæ—she talked of sand—
And I thought: "Tobacco you cannot stand."

She talked of the ocean-steamers' speed—
And I yearned for a whiff of the wicked
weed.

And at last I spoke, between fright and fret:
"Would you mind if I smoked a cigarette?"

She dropped her eyes on the ocean's blue,
And said: "Would you mind if I smoked
too?"

Not all of his *vers de société* were con-
tributed to *Puck*; many of them were
published by the *Century*, which was
then known as *Scribner's Monthly*.
Among these was one poem which "went

the rounds of the papers," when it first
appeared, but which has since dropped
out of sight, since its author refrained
from reprinting it.

IN A PARIS RESTAURANT

I gaze, while thrills my heart with patriot
pride,
Upon the exquisite skin, rose-flushed and
creamy;

The perfect little head; on either side
Blonde waves. The dark eyes, vaguely
soft and dreamy,

Hold for a space my judgment in eclipse,
Until, with half a pout, supremely dainty,
"He's real mean"—slips from out the straw-
berry lips—

"Oh, ain't he?"

This at her escort, youthful, black-mustached
And diamond-studded — this reproof,
whereat he

Is not to any great extent abashed.

(That youth's from "Noo Orleans" or
"Cincinatty,"

I'm sure.) But she—those dark eyes doubt-
ful strike

Her sherbet-ice. . . . Won't touch it. . . .
Is induced to.

Result. "I'd sooner eat Mince-Pie, Jim, lik
We used to."

While then my too-soon-smitten soul recants,
I hear her friend discoursing with much
feeling

Of tailors, and a garment he calls "pants."

I note into her eyes a softness stealing—
A shade of thought upon her low, sweet
brow—

She hears him not—I swear, I could have
cried here—

The escort nudges her—she starts, and—
"How?

The ideer!"

This was the finishing and final touch.

I rose, and took no further observation.

I love my country "just about" as much—

I have for it as high a veneration—

As a man whose fathers fought for liberty,
Whose veins conduct the blood of Commo-
dore Perry, can.

But she was quite too very awfully
American.

To this magazine was also contributed a group of poems in the fixed forms which the younger versifiers of that day had just imported from France *via* England. The pathetic little triolet on "A Pitcher of Mignonette," the rondels "She was a Beauty" and "Ready for the Ride," a rondeau or two, he preserved in his first volume of verse; but the most daring of them all, a triumphant chant-royal, always seemed to him to be too broadly humorous to be worthy of inclusion among his other poems, and yet in no other chant-royal in English have the difficulties of the form been more ingenuously or more successfully overcome:

BEHOLD THE DEEDS!

(CHANT-ROYAL)

[Being the Complaint of Adolphe Culpepper Ferguson, Salesman of Fancy Notions, held in durance of his Landlady for a "failure to connect" on Saturday night.]

I

I would that all men my hard case might know,
How grievously I suffer for no sin:
I, Adolphe Culpepper Ferguson, for lo!
I of my landlady am lockéd in,
For being short on this sad Saturday,
Nor having shekels of silver wherewith to pay:
She has turned and is departed with my key;
Wherefore, not even as other boarders free,
I sing (as prisoners to their dungeon-stones
When for ten days they expiate a spree);
Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs. Jones!

II

One night and one day have I wept my woe;
Nor wot I, when the morrow doth begin,

If I shall have to write to Briggs & Co.,
To pray them to advance the requisite tin

For ransom of their salesman, that he may
Go forth as other boarders go alway—

As those I hear now flocking from their tea,

Led by the daughter of my landlady
Piano-ward. This day, for all my moans,
Dry bread and water have been servéd me.
Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs. Jones!

III

Miss Amabel Jones is musical, and so
The heart of the young he-boardèr doth win,
Playing "The Maiden's Prayer," *adagio*—
That fetcheth him, as fetcheth the
"bunko skin"

The innocent rustic. For my part, I pray:
That Badarjewska maid may wait for aye
Ere sits she with a lover, as did we
Once sit together, Amabel! Can it be
That all that arduous wooing not atones
For Saturday shortness of trade dollars
three?

Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs. Jones!

IV

Yea! she forgets the arm that was wont
to go
Around her waist. She wears a buckle,
whose pin
Galleth the crook of the young man's
elbów.

I forget not, for I that youth have been.
Smith was aforetime the Lothario gay.
Yet once, I mind me, Smith was forced to
stay

Close in his room. Not calm, as I, was
he;

But his noise brought no pleasance, verily.
Small ease he gat of playing on the
bones

Or hammering on his stove-pipe, that I see.
Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs. Jones!

HOW "MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND" WAS WRITTEN

IT IS now more than thirty years since Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson and Mr. Clarence Clough Buel began to gather the mass of material which formed the famous *Century* War Series and which served as the basis of the later volumes entitled *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*. It was because General Grant had been persuaded to contribute to the *Century* that he was encouraged to write his memorable *Memoirs*. Almost every veteran general who had survived the score of years after Appomattox was glad to fight his battles over in the hospitable pages of the magazine; and probably no one of the great European wars which had preceded the great American war had ever been so thoroughly discussed by the participants on both sides, by the leaders who were in command of the opposing forces. No doubt this free and frank discussion did its full share in abating the ill-feeling which might still be lingering on one side or the other of Mason and Dixon's line, after the bitterness of the Reconstruction period.

Besides the personal narratives of the commanders themselves the *Century* published other papers on circumstances and conditions, some of which cast interesting sidelights on popular feeling both in the North and the South in the long years of the protracted struggle. One of these subsidiary and accessory papers was on the "Songs of the Civil War." It was written by Mr. Brander Matthews at the request of Mr. Gilder. It appeared in the *Century* for August, 1887; and it was republished by Mr. Matthews in his *Pen and Ink: Essays on Subjects of More or Less Importance* (1888). Not content with his own boyhood recollections of the lyrics that led a precarious life on the lips of the soldiers while the actual conflict was still raging, Mr. Matthews was diligent in

seeking information from those who had taken part in the creation of certain of the more important war-lyrics. He was singularly fortunate in securing from the writer of "Maryland, My Maryland" a full account of the fiery composition of that burning lyric; and he was equally lucky in getting from a participant in the event a description of the first singing of the song and of the way in which it had been fortuitously wedded to the music of the old German air, "Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum," familiar to all American college boys as the tune of "Lauriger Horatius."

As a result of his recent removal to another house, Mr. Matthews had occasion to go through all his accumulated correspondence. In the course of this examination he discovered the lost photograph of Robert Louis Stevenson which appeared in the April number of *THE BOOKMAN*; and he also recovered three of the letters written to him in December, 1884, in answer to his inquiries about the songs of the Civil War; and as these letters seem now to have taken on a certain historic importance, Mr. Matthews has consented to allow them to be printed in full in *THE BOOKMAN*. One is from James R. Randall, who wrote "Maryland, My Maryland"; a second is from Mrs. H. Newell Martin, who helped to set it to music; and a third is from Mr. George W. Cable, who supplied information about certain less familiar lyrics really popular with the Confederate soldiers on the march and in camp. In the brief space allowed him in the *Century*, while it was feeling the pressure of the more important and more significant narratives of the great generals of the North and the South, Mr. Matthews was able to quote only a few of the most salient passages from these letters; and they are now printed in full for the first time.