

god, and acted accordingly. By their fatuous and undoubting obedience, the people, who were the real sufferers from this travesty, were, after all, the causers of it. One cannot but be at least entertained by the adroitness with which this historical study is fitted into present German grooves, and of course one reads constantly between the lines the question, "Will history repeat itself?" That the circulation of the booklet has not before this been more absolutely prohibited than has been accomplished by tentative confiscations is probably due to a natural disinclination in high quarters to give it such effective advertising.

Mr. Symonds's "History of the Renaissance" is a most valuable work, but its cost and size put it beyond the reach of many readers. The substance of the work has been put into a smaller volume, *A Short History of the Renaissance in Italy*, by Lieutenant-Colonel Alfred Pearson, taken from the work of John Addington Symonds. It appears from Mrs. Symonds's preface that this condensation was undertaken with the consent of Mr. Symonds himself. As a convenient manual of the art and history of Italy, students and tourists will find this book extremely useful. Colonel Pearson's style is easy and his grasp of the material complete. He has only restated Mr. Symonds's opulent narrative in a brief form. The only fault we have to find is in occasional *lacunæ* and in the abruptness of the ending. (Henry Holt & Co., New York.)

An anonymous sketch of the late *Bishop Lightfoot* which originally appeared in the "Quarterly Review" has, at the expressed desire of many in England, been republished in a revised and enlarged form through the Macmillans (New York). The article was evidently written by one who had known Dr. Lightfoot intimately, and consequently it possesses much interest. There is an introduction by Dr. Westcott, Lightfoot's successor in the see of Durham, a portrait of Bishop Lightfoot, and an appendix of his expressed opinions on the Historic Episcopate. When Dr. Lightfoot first published his book, "The Threefold Ministry," years ago, he was violently assailed by Broad, High, and Low Churchmen. Now his position then taken has become the prevailing doctrine in the Anglican Church on both sides the water.

If Mr. W. B. Yeats never wrote anything beyond the book of delightful Irish ghost stories before us, his mark would be made. The stories are curious and instructive to the student of folklore, and the manner in which they are told possesses a singular charm. It is seldom, in this disillusioned world, that one is found so able to put himself into the mood of the believer in ghosts; we might almost say that the author has an entirely original point of view. "Everything exists; everything is true; and the earth is only a little dust under our feet." Reading these tales of fairies and hobgoblins transports one into the realm of the "Midsummer Night's Dream." We stroll through the pages of *The Celtic Twilight, Men and Women, Dhoul's and Fairies* (Macmillan & Co.), and the spell of Merlin is upon us.

Notwithstanding the Pauline definition of faith, which satisfies many, there are attempts to formulate another definition which may have a form apparently more scientific. This sort of attempt is made by the Rev. James Vila Blake in his new book, *The Anchor of the Soul: A Study of the Nature of Faith*. Mr. Blake is always original, but never more so than in this his definition of Faith: "Faith is the spirit's realization of the nature of things—Faith is the soul's baptism into the universe." If this definition be repellent to any one, we advise him to read Mr. Blake's little book, in which the reasonableness of it is made manifest as a form of mystical Christianized stoicism. (Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.)

A little volume of *Aphorisms from the Writings of Herbert Spencer* has been selected and arranged by Julia Raymond Ginnell, and published, with a portrait of the great philosopher, by D. Appleton & Co., of this city. It is a most interesting little book for the devotees of Mr. Spencer, and for any one else alive to the thought of the day. The keynote of the collection is struck by the aphorism which has been chosen for the first motto of the book: "We have to deal with Man as a product of evolution, with Society as a product of evolution, and with Moral Phenomena as products of evolution." The selections are wisely chosen, and are full of suggestiveness.

An English Anthology from Chaucer to Tennyson, by Dr. John Bradshaw (Longmans, Green & Co., New York) is the fourth edition of a good book. It differs from "The Golden Treasury," as it includes not only the songs and lyrics of Spenser, Milton, and the rest, but also extracts from their long poems. Each song or extract is placed in its exact chronological position, or as nearly so as possible. Hence it can readily be seen what

poems appeared in a certain decade or period, and it certainly is pleasant to know the year in which some favorite piece was written or first published.

Literary Notes

—M. Victorien Sardou has been succeeded as President of the Society of French Dramatists by M. Alexandre Dumas.

—Mr. Charles Ashton, a Welsh constable, is the author of a "Bibliography of Welsh Literature," and is known as the "Literary Policeman."

—It is said that Mr. Quiller-Couch is about to publish a volume of critical essays, and that he is writing a new story of Cornwall, to be entitled "Dozmare," after its heroine, a fisher-girl.

—A slab of Italian alabaster, carved with the Florentine lily and the English rose intertwined, will shortly be placed over the grave of Robert Browning in Westminster Abbey. The only inscriptions thereon will be the poet's name and the dates of his birth and death.

—Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich has the following suggestive lines in the latest number of the "Chap-Book":

I little read those poets who have made
A noble art a pessimistic trade,
And trained their Pegasus to draw a hearse
Through endless avenues of drooping verse.

—The death of Leconte de Lisle leaves an Academy chair vacant. Here is another chance for M. Zola! Should he succeed, what a *facilis descensus Averno* from Leconte de Lisle's calm, cold Greek classicality to the realism of the gutter as seen in the author of the Rougon-Macquart series!

—It is said that the publication in book form of Mr. Du Maurier's delightful "Trilby" is delayed by the much-offended Mr. Whistler, who threatens the publishers with a lawsuit if they print either the objectionable "Joe Sibley" paragraphs or the still more objectionable portraits of that character.

—A bust of the Rev. Henry Francis Cary, the Dante translator, executed by Mr. Croby, has just been presented to the British Museum by the translator's granddaughter, Mrs. Horman. Mr. Cary's special connection with the Museum arises from his having filled the position of Assistant Keeper of Printed Books from 1826 to 1838. In that capacity he had apartments at Montague House, where Charles Lamb was wont to visit him frequently.

—Franz Bonn, who has just died, was one of the most beloved of Bavarian poets. Instead of estranging him from "the great heart of the people," his legal work for the State in various positions and in various places only seemed to bring him in closer touch with his countrymen. In both the "Fliegende Blätter" and the "Münchener Bilderbogen" his verses were constantly appearing, and many were his popular theater-pieces and libretti. Of his epics, "Jacopone" is the best. The latest collections of his shorter efforts are called "Von mir is's" and "Für Herz und Haus."

—On July 13 the Zschokke monument at Aarau, Switzerland, was dedicated. Aarau was the novelist's first residence. His next was at the exquisite little village of Reichenau in the Grisons, at the juncture of the two branches of the Rhine. Here he kept a boys' school and wrote his "History of the Swiss Cantons." Later he returned to Aarau and the Aargau, and began his career as a novelist, his best-known romances perhaps being "Der Flüchtling im Jura," "Adderich im Moos," and "Der Freihof von Aarau." Yet of all his forty published volumes the most popular and prized will ever be his superbly religious "Stunden der Andacht." Heinrich Zschokke died in 1848. The monument is the work of M. Alfred Lanz, of Paris.

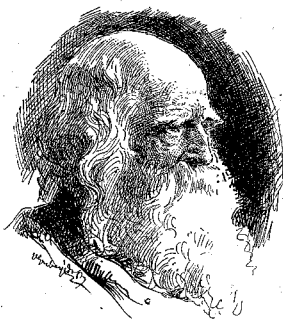
—Professor John Stuart Blackie, of Edinburgh, has just celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday. A correspondent describes him as follows:

I encountered him one day beating eastward against a half gale, his cloud of white hair tossing about his head and flapping up against his big-brimmed soft black hat, his cheeks rosy with the winter wind, and his kind eyes dancing with the delight he takes in his favorite walking exercise. It was hard to believe that he was in his eighty-fifth year. I told him how I had come across a book in which it was said that he loves to play the rôle of a peripatetic philosopher. How he laughed! "Do they say that of me? Ho! ho! ho!" And then he trolled a "Hi-ti-rumpty-tum," snatching an air, as his habit is, from some half-forgotten song, winding up with a mutter of Greek, looking the while as if he were a prophet apostrophizing the gods. "Don't mind the confusion of tongues," he added. "Greek, Latin, Gaelic, English—it's all the same to me. I borrow the phrase that comes readiest for the thought. But the Greek is the great language." He has been in love with Greek for more than sixty years; he taught it during half that time; he knows it as well as he knows English; he reads Greek newspapers, he has the best Greek library in the Kingdom, and I dare say he dreams in Greek. He had been extolling the master tongue and all things Greek with so much zeal that I said: "You talk as if in spirit you were more a Greek than a Scotchman." "Not that"—he half sang the words—"Oh! bonny Scotland for me. A man should stick to the land where God put him."

[For list of Books Received see page 321]

The Bryant Centennial

By Clifton Johnson



William Cullen Bryant

ter. It is not a season suited to large gatherings. For this reason it seemed best that a summer day should be appointed instead of the November one for the centennial celebration, and August 16 was the day chosen.

Bryant's Cumington home lies far up the eastern slope of a great hill. It is nearly a three miles' climb of crooked, "thank-you-marmed" road to it from the village in the hollow where the church is. The way is half wooded and lonely, but on the morning of August 16, 1894, it was black with the upward toiling of more teams than perhaps will pass that way in all the hundred years to come before there is another Bryant centennial. People came in all sorts of ways. Market-wagons and buggies were the common vehicles of the farm folk, though shiny-top carriages and gay-colored buckboards were not lacking. But the more spick-and-span vehicles were generally from summer boarding-places, or from the towns and cities of the Connecticut Valley, and they often brought people from far-distant States, who were attracted by the importance of the occasion. Bicyclers came by the score, and people who had no other way of getting to the spot were willing to tramp long distances to it on foot.

All along the roadways for a half-mile circuit about the Bryant house were the teams of the visitors hitched to trees and to gateways in the stone walls. Other teams had driven into fields and tied up to trees and bushes there.

The weather was, to most minds, ideal. The sun was bright, but not too hot; only a few lazy clouds sailed the sky, and the air was fresh and invigorating, and crystal clear. The distant hills we looked on that lay eastward across the wide wooded valley had all the greenness and sharp definition of the fields about. Near and far the earth was all a-glitter with warm sunlight, and every shadow had a blotty denseness.

The place of meeting was a grove of young maples a short walk up the road from the Bryant homestead. This grove had several advantages. The ground there formed a natural amphitheater, and it was near enough to the house so that the audience could adjourn to shelter in case of rain. Besides, it was not improbable that the young Bryant wrote "Thanatopsis" in that grove.

A wide platform had been built in this wood, elevated two or three feet above the earth, and in a three-quarters circle about were many lines of board benches. The platform itself was set full of chairs and settees reserved for invited guests, except for a space at the front where were a small organ and a table on which a grocer's box was propped bottom upwards in a position to serve for the speaker's desk. Just back of this, well up on a tree-trunk, hung a lithograph portrait of the poet decked with flowers. Beneath this portrait sat the group of men who were to make the addresses of the day.

In an orchard below the grove were many long, white-spread tables, and at one side was a stove with its pipe thrust up among the tree branches, and on it some great boilers of coffee were steaming. At noon the invited guests had dinner served at the tables. The uninvited, for the most part, brought their own lunches, and when dinner-time came they scattered far and wide about the near

fields, wherever there was a patch of shade, and in little family groups had a basket picnic.

Ten o'clock was the appointed time for the exercises to begin, but it was half-past ten when the meeting was called to order. Estimates of the number of people present varied from three to five thousand—a remarkable gathering when one considers that the population of the whole township was only eight hundred. The platform was crowded, every backless board bench of the surrounding amphitheater was filled, and a fringe of people gathered and stood among the gray tree-trunks beyond the seats. It was only the core of the assembly that was able to hear everything that was said, for the open air diffuses the voice anywhere, and here there were the wind and the rustling of the leaves besides. Nor was this all; when the outlying people thought they could not hear the speaker, neighbor would remark to neighbor something in this tenor, "He ain't got a mite of any voice," and then they would begin to do some low-toned visiting. Among the listeners were many patriarchs who had passed three-score years and ten, but these were very much outnumbered by the babies who had come along with the rest of the family. Not many of the babies were in the audience, but, from the sound, one would conclude there were several hundreds of them holding a convention somewhere in the neighborhood.

But, above all this in the main unavoidable or thoughtless background murmur, the favored ones heard the thoughtful and often inspiring words of the distinguished band of speakers who had gathered to do Bryant honor. Some voices were resonant and penetrating enough to be heard by all, and when they were not, the audience, as a whole, was patient. There was immense curiosity to know who was who among the group of famous men on the front of the platform, and a good deal of questioning and guessing was done.

Parke Godwin, Bryant's son-in-law, presided. He paid the poet a warm and eloquent tribute in his opening remarks, and he was very apt in his introductions of the speakers that followed. The concentrated vigor of Mr. Godwin's features and the uncommon bushiness of his white beard and hair made him a conspicuous figure among the others on the stage.

Music was furnished by a chorus accompanied by an organ, a bass-viol, violin, and clarinet, and all led by an energetic young woman of the town. The most interesting musical feature of the day, however, was the singing of John W. Hutchinson, the only living member of the famous Hutchinson family which did notable work all through the North before the war in their songs for freedom.

"They wa'n't like the singers we have nowadays," said an old lady behind me. "They were natural singers."

Mr. Hutchinson's long gray beard and white hair that fell down about his shoulders made him a picturesque figure and proclaimed his age, yet he was full of vigor, and his old-fashioned songs had a feeling and simplicity about them that touched his hearers and roused their enthusiasm.

The chief address of the day was made by Edwin R. Brown, a Cumington boy, who now lives in the West. What he said was excellent in its thought, and was both seriously suggestive and entertaining.

Probably the man of all others on the platform in whom interest centered was John Howard Bryant, the poet's only living brother. He had reached the age of eighty-seven, yet his figure was still upright, and his voice was strong and sonorous, and he showed an enthusiasm in the exercises that was remarkably youthful. He read two musical and thoughtful poems of his own composition, one of which was written within a few weeks.

Another guest whom the audience seemed to regard with much affection was Julia Ward Howe. She read an original poem, and her "Battle-Hymn of the Republic" was sung as a solo, in which all the company present joined in the chorus.

Among the afternoon addresses was one



by John Bigelow, whose face and gray hair and tall, broad-shouldered figure reminded one of George William Curtis; one by Charles Dudley Warner, full of the charm of mingled sense and humor; one by the poet-preacher John White Chadwick, which was a particularly fine characterization of Bryant's genius, and the only address with this theme of the day that was delicately appreciative and at the same time judicial; one by Charles Eliot Norton that was felicitous and delightful, as what he says always is; and one by President G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University, which was an energetic plea for science, and showed the close relations of science to both poetry and religion.

It was nearly five o'clock when the last speech had been made and the last song had been sung. The crowd on the benches had already thinned; for some had to make long drives to the railroad towns in the valley, and some had heard enough, and some were farmers who must get home to milk the cows and attend to the other evening work. Now the others dispersed, too, and one of the most notable gatherings these hills have ever known was brought to an end.

Correspondence

Lynching from a Southern Standpoint¹

To the Editors of *The Outlook*:

The Outlook is usually so fair in its discussion of all questions, so judicial in its expressions of opinion, and generally so judicious in the selection of its matter, that I was surprised to find published without comment, in its issue of June 23, an article entitled "Our Nation's Shame," from the pen of the Rev. Amory H. Bradford, D.D.

As one who has lived in the South for half a century, in daily contact and intercourse with both races, which are now, and for years have been, living together in the most amicable relations with each other except when these relations have been temporarily or locally disturbed by the officious intermeddling of outsiders incapable of understanding either the character of the negro or that of the people with whom they were reared, and among whom they still prefer to live, I assert that no such inhumanity

¹ See editorial comment.

A Beautiful Baby

Was our boy, plump and healthy, but sores broke out on his neck and his eyes were affected so that he could not see for a number of weeks. For two years he suffered terribly, and, seeing Hood's Sarsaparilla advertised, we concluded to try a bottle. After the first bottle was gone he began to feel better. The medicine seemed to drive out more of the humor for a short time, but it soon began to subside, and in a few months his neck became

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

entirely clear from the sore, and we also noticed that his eyes were much better. We have used nearly twelve bottles of this medicine and the child is now six years old and is the healthiest one in the family." MRS. LEY, 432 East 15th St., New York City.

Hood's Pills are gentle, mild, and effective.