

Altogether this little book is very suggestive. (University Publishing Company, New York.)

The book of poems called *Narragansett Ballads*, by Caroline Hazard (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston), is full of Rhode Island history, related in ringing lines. "The Great Swamp Fight" of 1675 is the *pièce de résistance*, but "The Crying Boy," "Peakèd Rock," "Pettaquamscut Marsh," "Dorothy's Hollow," "Hanna's Hill," "The Fortune-Teller," "The Chase of the Orphans," "Rowland Robinson's Repentance," and other poems tell of Narragansett doings in colonial and war times. Though their form is not always so admirable as their spirit, the string of songs and lyrics in the last half of the book has real worth. We quote the lines on "The Closed Gate" at Santa Barbara, California:

Beside the Mission wall the highway runs
The horsemen gayly pass it every day,
And children stop beneath its shade to play,
Brown-faced from tropic sun.
And just beyond the shady sycamore
There is a sudden angle in the wall,
With pediment, and cross to crown it all,
Above a fast-closed door.
Without, the stir of life; within, the gloom
Of solemn cypress, with its somber green,
And tender weeping willows can be seen,
That grow above the tomb.
The wall is high and strong; the gate closed fast;
The masonry shows white against the moss;
And over all still stands the stone carved cross,
To tell us of the past.
Thou fast-closed gate of death—or of new life,
We knock in vain; immovable thou art;
In vain the clamor of a breaking heart,
In vain our eager strife.
But for each one sometime thy fast-closed door
Will open softly; all shall see that day;
Beneath thy cross-crowned arch, there lies the way
To life forevermore.

Across Asia on a Bicycle, by Messrs. Allen and Sachtleben (The Century Company, New York), is one of the most entertaining as well as one of the most unusual books of travel. The day after these young men were graduated at the Washington University, St. Louis, they left for New York, thence sailing for Liverpool. About three years afterward they rolled into New York on their wheels, having "put a girdle round the earth," and having "bicycled" over fifteen thousand miles. The route from Liverpool lay across England and France to Marseilles and along the Riviera into Italy. The winter was spent at Athens. The Asiatic journey began at Constantinople, the travelers proceeding through Asia Minor by way of Ismid, Angora, Kaiserieh, Sivas, Erzerum, and Bayazid. They ascended Mount Ararat. Their route through Persia included Tabriz, Teheran, and Meshed; and in Turkestan, Askabad, Merv, Bokhara, Samarkand, and Tashkend. At this last-named place the second winter was spent. The Chinese route lay through Kuldja, Manas, Urumtsi, Barkut, Hami, across the Gobi Desert to Suchau, and thence to Kanchau, Lanchanfoo, Singan, Peking, and Tientsin. In view of the present war, the conversation with Li Hung Chang, the Chinese Prime Minister, and the authors' description of his appearance and manner, are perhaps the most interesting narration. But there is not a dull page in the book.

On the four hundredth anniversary of Luther's birth, Gustav Freytag was asked to publish separately those chapters in his "Bilder aus der deutschen Vergangenheit" which have to do with the great reformer. *Doktor Luther* was the result. This volume has now been edited, with introduction and notes, by Dr. F. P. Goodrich, Professor of German in Williams College, and published by Messrs. Ginn & Co., Boston. The notes are of special value, and are models of clearness, the shades of meaning in German words being set forth with an emphasis sure to make a corresponding impact on the mind. The little book is a welcome one, not only on account of this admirable text-elucidation, but as offering an attractive sketch of Luther to those who might shrink from the long volumes of Fisher, Seeböhm, Köstlin, and Kolden.

Mr. Marion Crawford's *Love in Idleness*, which the publishers (Macmillan & Co., New York) have printed in such large type that at first it might be mistaken for a child's book, is called "A Tale of Bar Harbor." The story might well be entitled "A Dialogue at Bar Harbor," for of dialogue there is over-plenty, and of incident there is but a bit crowded into corners and crannies here and there. That is not saying that the dialogue is not good. It is, indeed, very good, and we are obliged to Mr. Crawford for some capital sea-sketches. It must be said, however, that he succeeds better on larger canvases. None of

the characters in this little book impress one as likely to live long. The volume is interestingly illustrated and is tastefully made.

Chronological Outlines of American Literature, by Mr. Seldon L. Whitcomb, is a companion volume to a similar work covering English literature. The latter book, Mr. Ryland's "Chronological Outlines of English Literature," was published four years ago, and has proved so serviceable in many ways that a kindred treatment of our own literature seemed not only desirable, but almost imperative. The work has been undertaken by a Fellow in Literature of Columbia College, who has modeled his book closely upon Mr. Ryland's, with such modifications as the use of that book has suggested. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)



Literary Notes

—A certain poet once complained to Mr. Oscar Wilde that "There is a conspiracy of silence against my book. What would you do about it if you were I?" "Join it," was the answer.

—Mr. Francis Turner Palgrave, as Professor of Poetry at Oxford, announces the following subject for a forthcoming lecture: "Certain Recent English Poets, Deceased, who have Failed to Obtain Due Honor."

—M. Antoine's company from the Paris Théâtre Libre has produced Théodore de Banville's "Baiser" and Brieux's "Blanchette" in Berlin—the first time since 1870 when a French play in the original has been produced in the German capital.

—It is said that Ian Maclaren is only a pseudonym, and that this writer's real name is John Watson, the pastor of the Sefton Park Presbyterian Church, Liverpool. The author's first book of collected stories, "Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush," is now announced by Dodd, Mead & Co.

—It is announced that Lord Roberts, of Kandahar, is shortly to give to the public his reminiscences of over forty years in India, the story of a subaltern's rise to the proudest position in the service. Readers will eagerly look forward to what will undoubtedly be the authoritative work on the Indian mutinies and wars, the siege of Delhi, the relief of Lucknow, the expedition to the west, and the march to Kandahar.

—Professor James Darmesteter, whose death has been announced, was still a young man, having been born in 1849. He was educated in Paris at the Lycée Bonaparte, where he took the *prix d'honneur*. In 1877 he was appointed Assistant Professor of Zend at the École des Hautes Études, and in 1885 Professor of Persian at the Collège de France. He had published a number of learned works on the mythology of the Avesta, on Persian literature, and on the Afghans.

—The fifth of November will be the four hundredth anniversary of the birthday of Hans Sachs, Nuremberg's famous shoemaker, poet, and mastersinger. The day will be celebrated, not only by the historians of literature—who find Hans Sachs the most remarkable of German poets in the sixteenth century—but also by the shoemakers, both men and women, in all Germany and Austria, who are making great preparations to do honor to him who has now become almost their patron saint.

—Herr Paul Lindau has been appointed Intendant of the Ducal Theater at Meiningen, perhaps the most famous playhouse in the world in the presentation of the classic drama. The present Duke has always had a keen interest in his theater company, and has done much towards the genuine popularizing of Shakespeare and Schiller by insisting on the accurate historical treatment for which "Die Meininger" are justly celebrated. As poet, dramatist, critic, and journalist Herr Lindau holds high rank. Perhaps the best known of his plays is "Mary Magdalen," which was first produced in 1872.

—A correspondent of the London "Literary World" thus writes concerning two most conceited men:

I was once present at a literary reception at which Mr. Whistler and Mr. Oscar Wilde were the lions for the afternoon. Unfortunately, the lions came too early, when the few previous arrivals were altogether too insignificant to be introduced to them. So they had to talk to each other. It was on a very warm Sunday afternoon in the season, and Mr. Whistler, by the by, was wearing a white "duck" waistcoat and trousers, and a fabulously long frock-coat, made, I think, of black alpaca, and carrying a brass-tipped stick about four feet long in his right hand, and a wonderful new paint-box, of which he was proud, under his left arm. Neither of the lions took any notice of what the other said. Finally Mr. Wilde, who had spent the previous summer in America, began: "Jimmy, this time last year, when I was in New York, all we men were carrying fans: it should be done here." Instead of replying, Mr. Whistler observed that he had just returned from Paris, and that he always came by the Dieppe route, because it gave you so much longer for painting sea effects. Whether Oscar thought he was going to have an opportunity of scoring or what, he was tempted to break through the contempt with which he had treated Mr. Whistler's other remarks. "And how many did you paint in four hours, Jimmy?" he asked, with his most magnificent air of patronage. "I'm not sure," said the irrepressible Jimmy, quite gravely, "but I think four or five hundred."

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Correspondence

Colorado Populists

Kansas and Colorado are to-day the centers of the Populist movement in this country, and while the party is strong in the South and has attracted considerable, not to say respectful, attention even in Massachusetts, the term "Populism" at once suggests the first-named States to the general reader. This is natural, since the three most prominent names—although they are by no means the strongest—connected with Populism at the moment are those of Mrs. Lease and Governor Lewelling, of Kansas, and Governor Waite, of Colorado. In order to get a temperate and fair-minded statement concerning the standing of the Populist party in Colorado, *The Outlook* recently wrote to two gentlemen of Colorado Springs, who, in its opinion, are especially fitted to express a judgment in the matter. Both are of Eastern birth and education; one, the writer of the first letter, is a professor in Colorado College, the other is a lawyer of wide experience and practice. The following are their replies:

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The bulk of the party in Colorado are morally sound. They are, however, as a rule, people of not very much education, who lack breadth. They believe in panaceas, short cuts to the millennium. Many of their leaders are like the majority of the party. I know two striking illustrations among them of men who, if they had had more education, would be men of great power, but who now have great intellectual energy with narrowness of mind, and are "cranky" in the extreme.

In the ranks and among the leaders of the party there are undoubtedly bad men, who are in it for the harm they can do to those upon whom they look as their enemies. It is hard to say whether Governor Waite is or is not of this number. At times he seems merely a weak-minded fanatic. But his shameless disregard of law, his arbitrary selfishness, are evidences that he is something worse than that. We are viewing with great satisfaction the prospect of his speedy restoration to private life, where he may be supported by his son-in-law in peace and obscurity. X.

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Your impression that, while the Populist movement in Colorado is a genuine one at bottom, the movement has fallen into the hands of unbalanced, not to say unprincipled, leaders, seems to me correct.

Of the origin and growth of the Populist party in America you doubtless know far more than I. Its forerunner, the "Farmers' Alliance," took on form and shape while I was out of the country, and the Omaha Convention and consequent Omaha platform, which, as I understand, mark the birth of the Populist party, both came, if my memory serves me, in July, '92, before my return to this country.

My first direct contact, therefore, with Populism came in the fall election of 1892 in this State. Waite was then an entirely unknown quantity, an attorney without practice, editor of a small country paper, and a man whose life had been one long failure. The Democratic party of this State was divided, and the password that a vote for Weaver was a vote for Cleveland swung almost the entire Democratic vote of the State into line behind the Populist ticket. There was much also in the Omaha platform which appealed to Republicans, made lukewarm by the attitude of the Republican party in the East towards the silver question. To such the gospel was industriously preached, as it is preached to-day, that there was no hope for silver either in the Republican or Democratic party, and that the advocates of "free coinage" both in the West and South must abandon the old parties and make of the People's party a living force. The consequence was that the Populists, with the aid of the major part of the Democratic vote of the State and a large part of the Republican vote, carried the State, not only for Weaver, but for Waite. This fall these Democrats and Republicans are for the most part returning to their own parties, but in their place swarms of miners, laborers out of work, Socialists, tramps, hoboes, and heelers, of those who for one cause or another are at odds with society, are going over into the Populist party.

I remember that during the Boulangist excitement in France the "Figaro" one day aptly remarked: "It is not Boulangier, but the discontent, that is general." So far as concerns Waite and his strength in this State to-day, that observation is applicable to him. He has, to the surprise of all of us, developed the qualities of a shrewd and masterful demagogue. He has from first to last posed as the friend of the workingman, the sympathizer with Coxeyites and riotous strikers, the enemy of bankers and capitalists and corporations, an executive who refuses to exe-

cute the laws because they were framed for the rich against the poor, and "turn about is fair play."

I do not know him personally. I know men who know him well, and those who know him best say that he is not merely a "crank," that he is malignant, and that, so far as one can judge from close official association with him, no considerations of the public good or the good of the class which he specially claims to champion in the least influence his acts; that they are animated solely by his own fantastic vanity and ambition. You remember the story of the Baptist convert who turned away when he learned that total immersion was requisite, because he could not consent to disappear so long from public view.

He has, however, so played upon the widespread discontent which the last eighteen months of adversity have naturally fostered as to become himself the "general," and no man or set of men in the party can stand for a moment against him. Prior to the nominating convention there seemed a fair prospect that he might be repudiated by the Populist party. Leading men in the party, chairmen of county committees throughout the State and the like, have spoken to me very frankly of their disgust with Waite and his actions; and in case this element had succeeded in inducing Judge Bell, the present Democratic-Populist Congressman from this State, to accept the nomination for Governor, Waite might have been turned down. Bell would not accept, and Waite is master. His lieutenants and office-holders are his creatures, attached to his personal fortunes. If they grow lukewarm they are promptly replaced; the disgraceful City Hall scandal in Denver was an attempt by Waite to forcibly induct in office two of his appointees of more pliable natures in place of two others. Populism in this State is now a one-man power, and Waite is the man. It is not Populism; it is Waiteism. In the rank and file of the party there are many who are there from conviction, and who are animated by the principles expressed in the Omaha platform. But the party as a whole is as corrupt, as self-seeking, as mercenary, and as unscrupulous an organization as Tammany Hall itself, and you can say as much for Tammany Hall as you can for the Populist party in Colorado, except that in the latter there are in the ranks new faiths, and in the "mess" the open profession of Anarchy as a party practice if not a party principle.

It is literally no calumny to charge them with Anarchism. In their mass-meetings Waite is hailed and applauded as the "Grand Old Anarchist."

From their platforms the Rev. Myron W. Reed, lately pastor of the leading Congregational church in Denver, affirms that Christ was an Anarchist, and the first Anarchist, and likens Waite to John Brown and Lincoln. In Cripple Creek Waite threw the State militia between riotous miners who, under the red flag on Bull Hill, were in open possession of the property of others and revolt against the law, and the deputy sheriffs, who were there to serve process upon certain of them for destruction of property and injuries to life and person, and thus by armed force prevented the service of the court warrants of arrest. This, Waite claims, was the first time in the history of the country that troops were used for the protection of the workingman; and to the civil authorities he said, "Even if you arrest and convict, I have the pardoning power, and with me lies the 'last guess.'" While these striking miners, who had fled from punishment of their crimes to their fort on Bull Hill, were there, under the red flag, in open and armed revolt against the authorities, Governor Waite came to the city as their "agent" to negotiate terms of peace, stipulating for amnesty as a condition of settlement, and then, when this condition was refused, signed the settlement on their behalf and as their accredited representative. He is, so far as I know, the only executive official in the world who has taken his stand under the red flag.

One of the virtues claimed for the Populist party in its early stages was that the party, as well as the State or National Government when controlled by the party, should be in truth, and not merely in name, the mouthpiece and voice of the people; that the "machine" was an enormity and not to be tolerated. The machine, with all that it implies, exists in its full development in the Populist party in this State. Every appointee, from the Denver policeman up, is taxed a portion of his salary for the support of the party organization, and is promptly removed and replaced if he demurs. No man can get a position on the Denver police force who is not a Populist politician. No relative of Governor Waite's in this State remains unprovided with an office.

Speaking thus of the party as a party, it cannot be said to be exempt from any of the vices of the old parties, and it owes its present numerical strength very largely to the fact that it is the refuge of the disappointed, the discontented, the lawless, and even the criminal classes of the State.

You have read the Omaha platform; you know its advocacy of principles which have been accepted elsewhere, and may yet be accepted here. The Initiative and Referendum have worked well in



Switzerland, formed one of the cries of the Boulangist party in France, and have been platform planks of both parties in staid old Massachusetts. Government ownership of railroads and telegraphs and postal savings banks are successful in Europe and Australia; the time may come when we shall have them also.

These are things which a patriotic and intelligent citizen can honestly advocate, but these are not the things which seem to animate the majority of the Populist voters of this State. They pass them by in silence, and dwell chiefly, if not exclusively, on the financial features of that platform, and the claim that it, and it alone, stands unqualifiedly for the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. Yet if you read that platform, or the bill which Senator Peffer introduced two years ago in Congress, you will see that what the Populist party seeks is fiat money, not metal money; and the Populist platform of Ohio (or is it Illinois?) says not one word of silver. The truth is that, even more than either of the old parties, it is all things to all men—for free silver in Colorado, for paper money in Ohio, for fiat money and lots of it everywhere and under all circumstances.

I have wandered on into more than you bargained for, I fear, and I would not give you the impression that, however strongly I feel on the importance of crushing what is known here as Waiteism rather than Populism, I have any serious hostility to the People's party. I can but regard it as ephemeral; like the A. P. A. movement. But, looked at as a State organization, it is animated by no principle which is worthy of respect, and by several which are deserving of the severest condemnation.

When Judge Hallett, of the Federal District Court, sitting in Denver towards the end of May, was obliged to deny an application for injunction against the riotous miners because of lack of jurisdiction, he did not hesitate to use the following terms (I quote from memory): "If our State Government has fallen into the hands of imbeciles, as it certainly has, or of Socialists, as seems probable, it is our misfortune, and we must bear it as best we may." Such comment from the Federal bench is weightier than any words of mine. Y.

Voice-Slurring

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Your Spectator says: "A harsh or sharp voice is one of the least desirable possessions in the world. But such voices are very common among American women; indeed, the Spectator is sorry to say that

Peculiar Perils

assail our health in the Fall, when the season changes and mild weather gives way to chilling winds and cold storms, with dangerous warm waves between. This variable weather taxes the nervous energy, chills the skin, and overloads the kidneys. An abundant supply of pure blood is thus necessary to prevent the advance of disease, to nourish the nerves, renew the waste, and sustain the health tone. To purify, vitalize, and enrich the blood you should take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is the ideal Fall Medicine. Get Hood's because

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, constipation, sick headache, dizziness, nausea. 25c.