

## HONORED AT HOME.

### CELEBRATION OF THE BIRTH-DAY OF THE POET BRYANT.

Among the Hemlocks and Pines  
Shadowing the Johannot Brook,  
Whose Sighs and Songs He Wrote.

The centenary of the birth of William Cullen Bryant was celebrated recently at his old home at Cummington, Mass.

The visitor to Cummington to-day finds a little town of 800 people perched high on the Hampshire hills, and the most distant from any

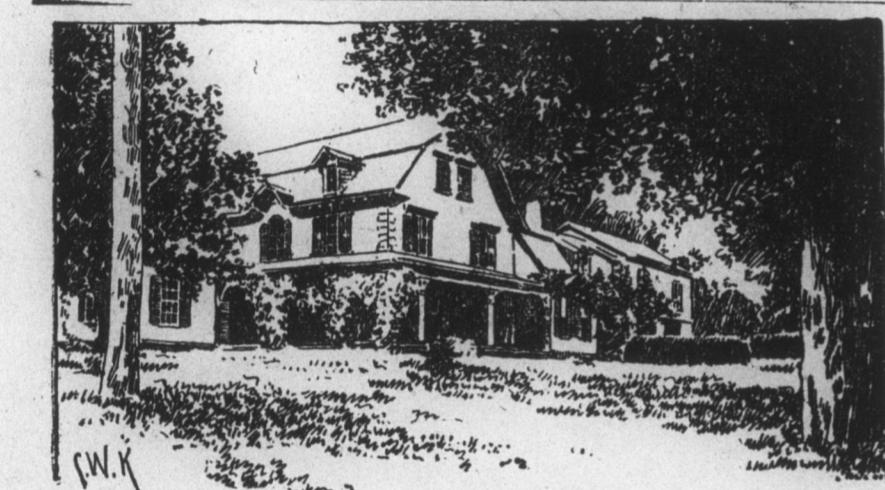


EDWIN K. BROWN, THE ORATOR OF THE DAY.

railway of any town in the State. It is to the credit of the town that she has originated the Bryant centennial observance without suggestion from the outside world, but she has called some of the famous men and women of the country to assist in the celebration.

It took place in a grove just beyond the Bryant homestead. There was an address of welcome from the librarian of the Bryant library, and Parke Godwin, Mr. Bryant's son-in-law, presided.

The orator was Edwin R. Brown, of Elmwood, Ill., a warm personal friend of Bryant and of his brother, John H. Bryant, as well. The brother, the only surviving member



BRYANT HOMESTEAD, WHERE THE POET SPENT HIS YOUTH.

of the family of Dr. Peter Bryant, read "The Rivulet," "A Monody" and "At 87," the last two his own poems.

Among the other speakers was John Bigelow, who was so many years associated with Mr. Bryant on the New York Evening Post; Charles Eliot Norton, professor of fine arts in Harvard University; Charles Dudley Warner, Rev. John W. Chadwick, the poet-preacher of Brooklyn; President G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University of Worcester; George W. Cable and others.

"Everybody who knew him loved him, though at times he was quiet and apparently shut up in himself."

Mrs. Francis L. Dawes, who together with her husband and Mrs. Warner, lived for twenty-four years on the Bryant homestead, is scarcely less replete with interesting reminiscence than her daughter. Mrs. Dawes is now well along in years, but as bright and sociable and enthusiastic over the poet's name as anybody.

The natural riders are the Indians.

They spurn a saddle.

An unstrapped blanket serves for a seat. Indians are never thrown. Their horses seldom, if ever, fall. They cling to their horses with the inner muscles of the leg, which, from constant riding, become as hard and tough as steel. —[New York Mail and Express.]

arms, and ever afterward we were the best of friends.

"During the several months of vacation which Bryant spent every year at the home we had many merry romps together. He was shy and unapproachable even with the neighboring families, as I recall him, and often reticent with those who knew him best, but I always found a smile and kind word, even though, when he was hard at work, I brought up my pies to his study to be admired.

"Sometimes he tossed me into his waste basket, and, taking it to the door, tilted it until I rolled out. And then I knew I must run away. Again, he would tell me that I might stay if I would not talk—a sentence which he well knew would deprive him of my company. And, then again, placing me on one corner of his writing table, he would read to me such queer words from books in which the letters all looked dizzy.

"Then all would be still, save the scratching of his pen as it went over the paper till I slipped off the table and out into the sunshine. Or, having been very good, I was rewarded by having both hands filled with goodies from the glass jar in the cupboard under the bookshelves, and I munched them contentedly while he wrote.

"Years afterward I learned that those queer words were Greek, and this was how Bryant translated the Iliad and the Odyssey.

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You must never give up in despair and grief.

For according to God's dispensation The trials of earth are trifling and brief Compared with eternal damnation.

### A Study in Horsemanship.

The South American Gauchos are far the most picturesque, and at the same time the most reckless riders in the whole outfit, although it is possible that the Cossacks might dispute this claim. They ride with a stirrup so short that their knees are hunched up close to the horse's neck. The Gauchos never let their horses stumble or fall, in which respect they are the exact opposite of the Mexicans, who are the poorest riders in the show. A Cossack looks almost like a centaur. He appears to be a part of the horse, and depends upon the stirrup almost entirely to keep in his seat. The horsemanship of the Gauchos and Cossacks is a convincing argument in favor of short stirrups. The Mexicans use the fanciful Mexican saddle, which means that the legs are extended full length, and rest very lightly in the stirrup. They control their horses by touching the neck with the rein, never by pulling on the bit. The American cowboys ride after a fashion peculiarly their own—a long leg and a tight hug with the calf. The Irish are exemplars of the old-fashioned English cross-country style, very graceful, and capable of being continued for hours without fatigue. It cannot be said that the German cavalrymen are good riders. Most of them are heavy men. They adhere strictly to the German army style, stirrup and leg, and make a high rise from the saddle. The American cavalrymen are splendid horsemen, and they are just the weight. All of them are lithesome, muscular fellows. They stick close to the saddle. The Frenchmen are a little heavy for graceful riding, but they follow the French school closely, which is not unlike the English.

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### How Shrimps Are Caught.

The shrimp sold in the city are caught during the night before by "casters," who go, two in a boat, to some favored locality and there "cast" all night long for the delicious little crustacean that is served up at nearly every breakfast table in the city in the morning. "Casting" is the throwing wide-spread on the water of a circular net, the edge of which is weighted with leaden balls and provided with drawing strings, which, passing through the center of the net, are attached to the edges.

The net when cast in the water, of course, sinks more rapidly at the edges than in the middle, and confines within its meshes the shrimps over which it may have fallen. The rope to which is attached the drawing string being pulled, the net closes at the bottom and is lifted into the boat with its contents.

When Aurora begins his work of tinting the eastern sky, those hardy casters are on their way to the city. Here they hand over their booty to men who cry them about the streets, measuring the shrimps out to them from their boats by the "plates" or pan, the seller agreeing to sell the shrimps and hand over the proceeds, less a liberal commission. —[Charles S. C.] News and Courier.

### Better Than a Steam Foghorn.

"While traveling through southern California a few years ago," said Matthew L. Gregory of Minneapolis, I came across an interesting curiosity known as the 'whistling well.' It was on a farm and had been dug a number of years previous and abandoned, as no water had appeared. A short time after it had been dug it was noticed that a strong current of air kept rushing in and out of the well, and a flat stone with a hole in the center was placed over it. Into this hole a whistle was fastened, which changed its tone as the air was drawn in or blown out, and it was soon found to be a reliable weather barometer. In pleasant weather the whistle was silent, but if a storm was brewing its approach was heralded by the warning shrieks of the whistle, as the air rushed in and out of the well. When the storm passed the current of air changed and the faithful whistle told the story of its changed tune." —[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

Some of them have not forgotten craning their necks, straining their eyes and ears and drinking in the learned conversation of the statesman, the editor and the poet.

Miss Julia Sands, a daughter of the poet, was present. Of late years she has made her home in Paris. Mrs. Sophronia O. Rogers, a sister of ex-Senator Dawes, and who is now 82 years old, was also present. She is the only survivor who attended the little

school with Bryant, and she

## TRUTH NOT IN THEM.

### REPUBLICANS MISREPRESENT FACTS REGARDING SUGAR.

False and Misleading Assertions as to the Sugar Duties in the New Tariff—Attitudes of Republican Senators Towards Those Duties.

"Tell the Truth."

Several prominent journals of the Republican party are filling their editorial columns with false or misleading assertions as to the sugar duties in the new tariff and the attitude of the Republicans in the Senate toward those duties. In this way preparation for the coming Congressional campaign is made. The Chicago Inter Ocean, leading organ of McKinleyism in the West, publishes the following in an editorial article:

"By election of a Democratic President, of a Democratic Senate, and of a Democratic House of Representatives, the people will be taxed at the rate of \$40,000,000 or so a year for the exclusive benefit of the sugar trust."

The Inter Ocean knows that this is not true. The revenue duty of 40 per cent will yield \$8,000,000 or so a year" not for the exclusive benefit of the sugar trust, but for the exclusive

### HIS FACE TOWARD THE MORNING.

### THE HONORED POET.

The observance itself was held on the homestead, in an orchard of which Bryant sang. All about the place are scenes made memorable by his poems. Among them are the Bryant wall, the old hemlocks and pines, the Johannot Brook, the Rivulet, the Roaring Brook and a score of others. —[W. S. C., in N. Y. Recorder.]

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