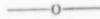


## THE CENTENARY OF TOM HOOD.



On the 23rd of May, one hundred years ago, Thomas Hood was born, and he died May 3rd, 1845. To those of an older generation familiar is the name of Tom Hood, for the "Thomas" does not seem to concert with his joyousness. His life must have been in a measure a troubled one, for he had to fight against bad health and poverty. How he did labor for his bread and cheese, working off trifles for the red satin-bound ephemeral volumes, which were called "Keepsakes," or Friendship's Offerings. There is a disposition to slight Tom Hood, and it is because the critic of to-day is in doubt as to whether the man was better in his merry or in his more serious moods. For ten years Tom Hood worked away at "Comic Annuals." Is he only to be remembered for these? Because he forced us to laugh, are we to forget how he could make our eyes to be dimmed with tears? Are we to forget the pathos of his "Song of the Shirt" or the sadness of "The Bridge of Sighs?" Are we to pass over the epigrams he wrote, perfect of their kind? Why, some of these are alive to-day, and pass from mouth to mouth, and those who repeat them are ignorant of their source. There was that uncommon stuck-up person, Rae Wilson, who abused Hood for what Rae Wilson affirmed was his flippancy. Hood wrote what he called an ode in reply, and in it are four famous lines:

"A man may cry 'Church! Church!' at every word  
 With no more piety than other people,—  
 A daw's not reckoned a religious bird,  
 Because it keeps a-cawing from a steeple."

Walter Savage Landor, who was a difficult man to please, wrote the most perfect appreciation of Hood that we know of:

"I tried at wit—it would not do;  
 At tenderness—that failed me too:  
 Before me on each path there stood  
 The witty and the tender Hood."

—*N.Y. Times.*