

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD. DEAN OF AMERICAN POETS.

On July 2 Richard Henry Stoddard, the dean of American poets, celebrated his seventy-sixth birthday. The event was a notable one, for Mr. Stoddard is the last living member of a little group of singers, including Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, Lowell, Emerson, Poe, Holmes, Willis, Halleck and a few others, who wrote America's first poetry and whose places still remain vacant because no new singers of strength and sweetness have risen to take them.

The white haired veteran—who was the intimate friend of Hawthorne, Longfellow, Bayard Taylor, Whittier, Holmes, Whipple, James T. Fields, N. P. Willis, Halleck and Alice and Phoebe Cary and the acquaintance of Poe, Emerson and practically every literary man or woman of note who has either resided in or visited this country during the past 50 years—is still as vigorous mentally as ever, despite his threescore and sixteen years and does a creditable day's work each day as literary editor of the New York Mail and Express. His opinions concerning the merits of the new books of the day have great weight, and an occasional poem in one of the great magazines demonstrates that the veteran's verse, like old wine, improves with age.

The quaint little home of Mr. Stoddard near Stuyvesant park, New York, is a veritable treasure house of rare old books (not to mention all the new ones), interesting pictures, curios from all over the world, bound manuscripts of famous authors, autographs, old prints, old china and colonial furniture. Eugene Field described it well in his poem, "The Stoddards," the opening lines of which are:

When I am in New York, I like to drop around at night
To visit with my honest, genial friends, the Stoddards
Their home in Fifteenth street is all so snug and furnished so
That when I once get planted there I don't know when to go—
A cozy, cheerful refuge for the weary homelick guest,
Combining Yankee comforts with the freedom of the west.

There needs to be a bookcase in every corner and along every wall.

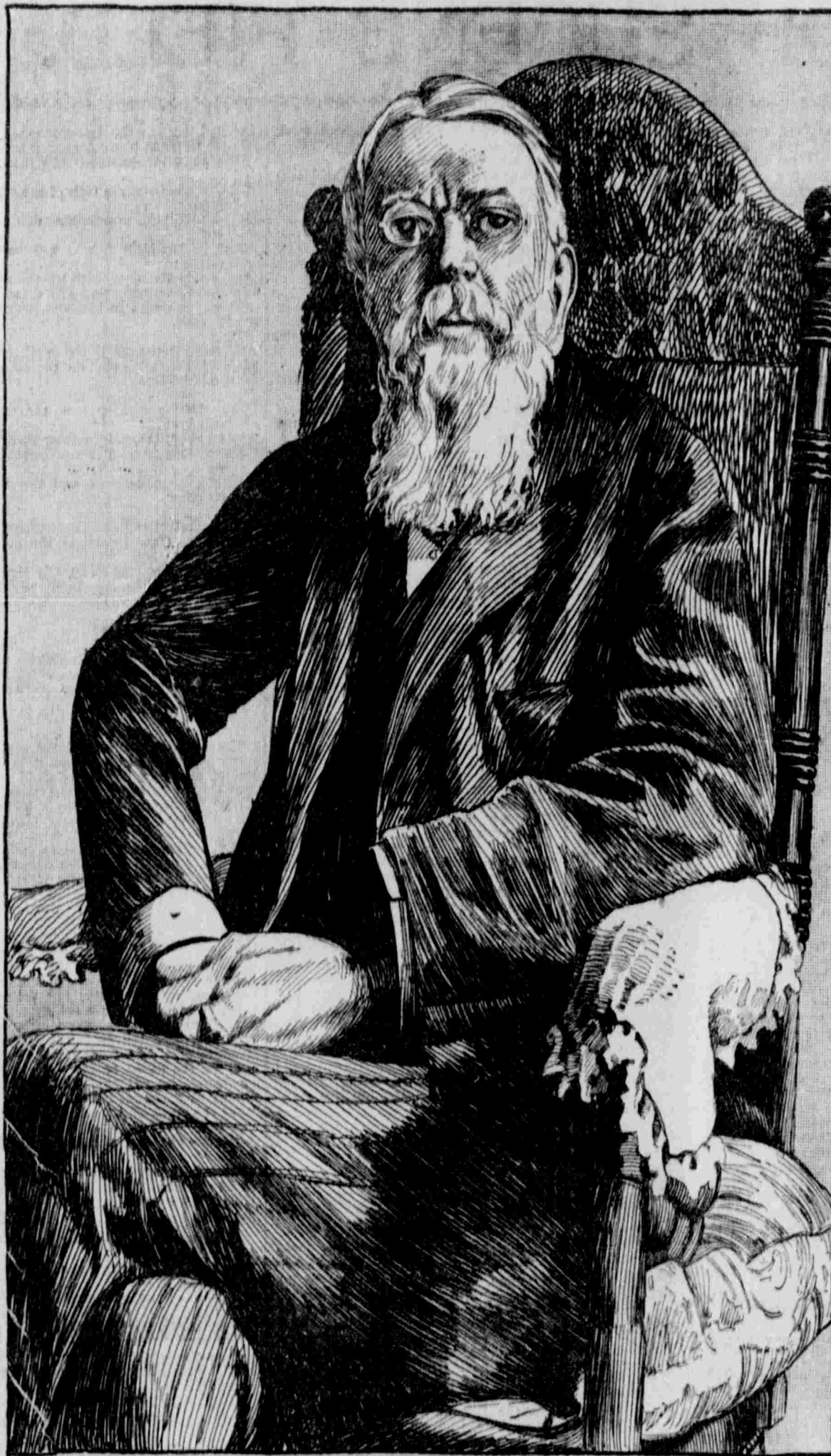
Books—always books—are piled around, some new and all old,
Till, solemn folks such as Lamb declared he loved to hold;
Large paper copies with their virgin margins white and wide
And presentation volumes with the author's comp's inside.

I break the tenth commandment with a wild, impetuous cry:
"Oh, how come Stoddard by these things? Why Stoddard and not I?"

to again quote Field, and there among his literary treasures old and new the poet, critic and bibliophile does his work, dispensing, with the aid of his wife, Elizabeth Stoddard, the novelist, warm hospitality to such literary and other friends as may call.

The poet's birthplace was Hingham, Mass., where the Stoddard family settled as early as 1638. The date of his birth was July 2, 1825. His ancestors were seafaring folk, and when the future poet was but 2 or 3 years old his father, the young captain of the brig Royal Arch, was lost at sea. The widow, being left in rather straitened circumstances, married again, and in 1835, when her boy was but 10 years of age, became a resident of New York city.

"The story of my early life is a tale of mean streets," the poet said recently, "for we were very poor, and our quarters in New York were humble. As a small boy I spent a little of my time in school and much of it at work. I sold matches, was an office boy and earned a little money in a lawyer's office. What may be termed my want of education was obtained in a New York public school, and from 18 to 21 I devoted myself to the unglorious task of learning the iron molder's trade. From early boyhood I had been fond of books,



RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.
(From photo by Genford, New York.)

and I became a bibliomaniac soon after entering my teens, buying books in the old stalls with the 50 cents a month my mother allowed me from my wages. In these places, too, I would often loiter,

reading Keats, Wordsworth, Shelley and other English poets, whose books I was then unable to purchase. I tried finally to write verse, but fortunately lacked the courage to attempt getting

into print. Though not consciously imitative of any one, my early verse must have reflected my early reading. Poem after poem was written in my bedroom by the light of a dim oil lamp after a hard day's work, and when there was a good stock on hand I made a bonfire. I wrote and wrote and burned and burned and finally summoned up courage and sent something to a little magazine which, much to my surprise, printed it. Equal luck awaited me in one or two other periodicals, and I was soon a regular contributor to The Knickerbocker Magazine, The Union Magazine, Sartain's Magazine and others."

This, modestly told, is the story of Mr. Stoddard's boyhood and of his struggles as he bridged the chasm between poverty and mean streets and the heights of Parnassus. In my hearing recently a friend who knew him in youth expressed surprise that a poet of such fire and imagination should have been a product of such environment and such circumstances.

"He had little schooling and practically educated himself," said this friend. "An occupant of the poorest quarter in the city, it may almost be said that he never saw a flower or knew a tree. By day he was an iron molder, by night student and struggling poet. I have never ceased to marvel at his triumph over adverse conditions."

At the age of 21 ill health compelled the young poet to retire from the iron business, and a year later Ticknor, Reed & Fields brought out his first book, entitled "Poems." A copy of the first edition recently sold for \$63. About this time he formed the acquaintance of Bayard Taylor, and it was a happy one for both of them, for they remained friends till Taylor's death in Berlin in 1878.

"At times," Mr. Stoddard said recently, "we lived in the same house, knew the same people and belonged to the same club—the Century. In 1852 I met Hawthorne, and we became good friends. There was but a meager monetary reward for struggling poets in those days, and while I was content to cultivate literature on a little oatmeal, matrimony made it necessary to harness Pegasus and business together, and through Hawthorne's influence with his political patron, President Pierce, I obtained a position as inspector of customs in the New York custom house and retained it 17 years. During this time my pen was not idle, and I wrote a great deal for The Round Table and Vanity Fair, the most able humorous journals we ever had, of which Charles G. Leland was at one time editor and later Artemus Ward. For ten years I was literary editor of the New York World, and I have served The Mail and Express in that capacity for 20 years."

Despite his lack of boyhood advantages, the "dean of American poets" is wonderfully well read in English poetry, particularly that of the earlier periods, and as far back as 1850 edited an illustrated volume of the "Loves and Heroines of the Poets." His latest prose work is an introduction to a deluxe edition of Morris' "Life and Letters of Lord Byron" in 16 volumes, now in course of publication in this country.

Lorimer Stoddard, the poet's son, is the dramatist who wrote those very successful plays, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," "Napoleon" and "In the Palace of the King," and the poet's wife, Elizabeth Stoddard, is soon to issue a new edition of her novels. She is the lady of whom Eugene Field wrote:

A tiny little woman, but so quaint and good and smart
That if you asked me to suggest which one I should prefer
Of all the Stoddards I should promptly mention her.

EARLE HOOKER EATON.

A FAIR LANDSCAPE ARTIST WHO IMPROVES ON NATURE



Miss Beatrix Jones, whose portrait appears in the accompanying illustration, was selected by Professor C. S. Sargent as his assistant in perfecting the details of a recent flower show. Miss Jones is one of the latest women aspirants for honors in a field hitherto occupied by men. She is a landscape artist, or, in other words, assists Mother Nature in making herself presentable. She designs her effects in a pretty studio in New York city, and her services are in great demand among wealthy suburbanites, her work having already been in evidence at Bar Harbor and other fashionable summer resorts.

A STATUE OF SIR HENRY IRVING.

One of the latest productions of art is the remarkable statue of Sir Henry Irving by E. Onslow Ford, R. A., which is at present on exhibition and is shown

A CELESTIAL JOAN OF ARC.

The comely young woman whose portrait appears in the accompanying illustration is known as the Chinese Joan of Arc, owing to her attempts to arouse her countrymen against the foreign invader. The Chinese, however, do not take kindly to the fact of a girl appearing in public in any capacity except as a silent automaton and have been greatly shocked instead of having their



in the accompanying illustration. It represents Sir Henry in the character of Hamlet seated in an antique chair. Mr. Ford classes this statue as among the best of his sculptures, ranking with his statue of Gladstone, his Shelley memorial, etc. His work is appreciated abroad as well as at home, and he has received gold medals at exhibitions in Paris, Berlin and Munich.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

In 1869 bullock wagons took six months to travel from Tucuman to Rosario, in the Argentine Republic. The distance is now done by rail in a day.

Holland's trade is the heaviest per capita of any European nation. It amounts to \$225 for each person.

THE CZARINA OF RUSSIA AND HER FOUR LOVELY DAUGHTERS.



In a dynastic sense the birth of another daughter to the czar of Russia was a distinct disappointment, for he had three daughters already and greatly desired a son. But the Emperor Nicholas II is a good father, devoted to his family. As shown in the accompanying illustration, Czar Nicholas' family now consists of the czarina, to whom he was married in 1894; his eldest daughter, the Princess Grand Duchess Olga, born Nov. 15, 1895; Tatiana, born June 10, 1897; Marie, born June 26, 1899; and Anastasia, born last month.

limit for naval service and be retired on the 9th of October next. John E. Russell of Massachusetts, whom President McKinley, when they were both in congress, once described as the "golden shod shepherd of Leicester," has just returned home from a two years' trip abroad, which he took with his family for the benefit of his health. He is still far from well, and his physicians have forbidden his taking part in the present political life. Dr. Frank S. Morris of McCool Junction, Neb., keeps in communication by means of carrier doves with patients living over a circuit of 50 miles. Each anniversary of the death of Robert Louis Stevenson his Scotch relatives send a cross and crown made of the Scotch heather to his grave in Samoa.

QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS.

At different times during the past few years rumors have been set afloat respecting the precarious state of health of Queen Marie Henriette, wife of Leopold, king of the Belgians, and latterly increased uneasiness has been manifested owing to her rather advanced age. She was born Aug. 25, 1836, and is one year younger than her royal spouse. According to universal report, she is much worthier than he of the reputation of their subjects, as since their marriage in 1835 she has comported herself with the true dignity of a queen. She is the mother of three daughters, the Princesses Louise, Stephanie and Clementine, but as there is no male heir to the crown the next in succession after the death of Leopold will be Prince Albert of Flanders, his nephew, who was recently married in Bavaria to the Duchess Elisabeth.



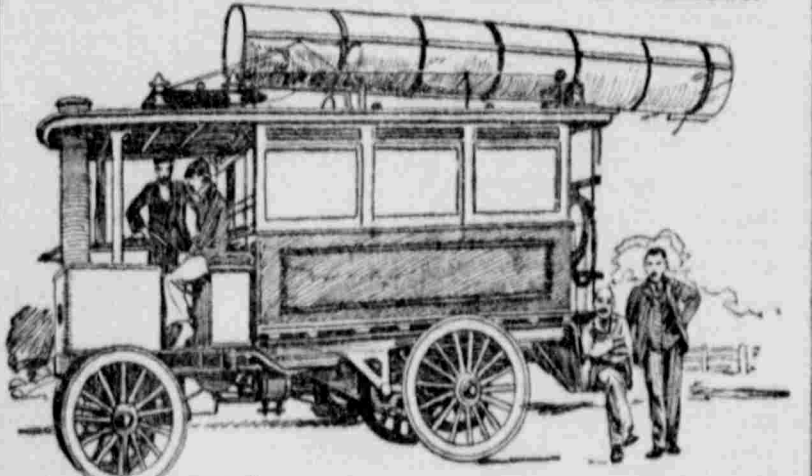
Queen Marie Henriette has had the reputation of being an accomplished horsewoman, a lover of outdoor sports, a tender mother, a loyal queen and a womanly woman. She has been particularly devoted to the king's sister, Carlotta, the demented relict of Emperor Maximilian, who was executed in Mexico.

A BRIDGE IN A COUNTRY DISTRICT OF KOREA.



It is just beginning to be found out that Korea, the long isolated Hermit Kingdom, is rich in natural resources, particularly of gold, silver, iron, coal and copper. The accompanying illustration shows one of the country bridges across a river on the road to the Yeng Ho Pang gold mine, which is worked by a foreign syndicate. It is very primitive in appearance and serves to show the character of the native constructions, which have never risen above the level of those of a people in a state of semicivilization.

MARCONI'S MOTOR CAR WITH WIRELESS ATTACHMENT.



The accompanying illustration shows the recent invention of the wireless wizard, Marconi, for signaling ahead when on the road in his motor car. In order to catch the messages that may be flying about in the air he has constructed a jointed funnel, which when not in use lies horizontally along the roof of the car. Messages may be dispatched when the funnel is either erect or prostrate, but preferably when it is in a perpendicular position.

MEN OF EMINENCE.

King Edward VII has accepted from Scott Montagu, member of parliament, a present of a number of American bronze turkeys which were imported into England in a wild state, but have adapted themselves very comfortably to their new surroundings and have thrived remarkably at Mr. Montagu's

place in Hampshire. The king's birds will be lodged at Sandringham. The pope is not allowing the young king of Italy to pick up all the coin collections in the Italian market. Six thousand pieces, containing many rare papal coins, which were collected by Cardinal Ruffini have been bought by

Pope Leo and added to the fine collection in the Vatican. Many fell into the cardinal's hands in 1892 for their weight in silver when Pope Plus introduced the French monetary system and the old coins were retired by the papal government.

The late Senator Villeneuve of Montreal bequeathed \$50,000 to Laval university for the founding and endowment

of a chair to be known as the Villeneuve chair.

The Maine Historical society has voted to accept the Longfellow house, which had been offered to it by Mrs. Anne Longfellow Pierce, and has appointed this committee to take charge of the property: James P. Baxter, John P. Hill, William P. Frye, Eugene Hale, Thomas B. Reed, J. L. Chamberlain,

Charles F. Libby, Joseph W. Symonds, Professor H. L. Chapman, the Rev. John Carroll Perkins and General John Marshall Herwin.

Dr. Edward Dwight Eaton has finally decided to remain at his post as president of Beloit college, a position he has held since 1886.

Rear Admiral Schley, who is now on waiting orders, will reach the age

of 60 on the 9th of October next.

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