

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GREEK.

The lowliest herb, in garden or on plain,
Dies; but with Spring awakes to life again.
Man, crown of all, when his brief life is o'er,
Sleeps in his grave and wakens nevermore.

—*From the Fourth Idyll of Moschus.*

This wreath, my Rhodoclea, thy true love,
With his own hands, of fairest blossoms wove:
Narcissus, lily, and anemone,
Red rose, dark violet, here are twined for thee.
Wear this, and wearing it, remember, maid,
That beauty blooms like flowers, like flowers must fade.

—*Rufinus.*

Stella, thou gazest at the stars; O would I were those
skies

To look upon thee from above with all their myriad eyes!

—*Plato.*

Traveller, draw near, read, learn for whom
Affection round this new-raised tomb
These faded garlands wove.

Aretemias, in Cnidos bred,
To my dear Euphron I was wed;
Nor barren was our love.

Of our two babes, one rests with me—
His pledge; and one, his prop to be
In age, I left above.

—*Heracletus.*

GOLDWIN SMITH.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

This name, at once famous and obscure, familiar and unknown, was one of those to whom letters of introduction were given to the writer by Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman in the winter of 1897. The letter was really, as it happened, to Mrs. Stoddard, not her husband, as the latter would not, of course, come under the head of "novelists," in whose interest a short series of articles was contemplated, but in literary circles of the quieter kind one heard of the "Stoddards" much as one used to hear of the "Brownings," and perhaps of the "Schumans"—Robert and Clara, so completely was the ideal of married existence realized. The name of Elizabeth Stoddard was included in Mr. Stedman's list of leading novelists, along with W. D. Howells, Edgar Fawcett, Frank Stockton, Dr. Eggleston and Brander Matthews, but I must admit that two of these names were not familiar to me in the realm of fiction, and one was that of Mrs. Stoddard. However, it is to be presumed, and indeed expected, that good work may be done in large centres as well as small, and yet remain local, such as does not go forth to the world and earn universal recognition. Mr. Stedman regarded the three striking novels written by Elizabeth Stoddard, of which the "Temple House" is the best, as instances of literary success con-

finied to a limited area and never destined to become popular.

It was upon a bitterly cold, windy February afternoon that in turning aside from the wells and canons of modern New York formed by the presence of gigantic sky scrapers and business blocks that hide the sunlight and help to create currents of bleak air, I found myself on the quiet East Side of Fifteenth street, looking for the Stoddards. I may say at once that I do not like interviewing, but that I do like being interviewed. What seems impertinence to me as I arise and go forth to stalk my prey is a different matter when I descend to answer the timid questioning of some abject and shrinking being who chiefly asks that I shall talk about myself. One gets so few chances of that kind!

The home of the Stoddards happened to be one of an unpretentious row of old-fashioned brick dwellings near an ancient square, not too far from the shops and theatres for convenience sake, and yet removed from street car and other traffic. The iron railings, plain draped muslin curtains and low steps gave the house an altogether un-New-York-like appearance; here was some exterior individuality, at any rate. Within doors, the narrow hall, low rooms and steep staircase revealed an undoubtedly old New York dwelling-house made up-to-date only by dark rich carpets, many books and a small grate fire burning in the back parlor. I say parlor advisedly, since in many places in the United States the word "drawing-room" has not arrived, even to-day. Upon a table drawn to the fire was a plate, with some oranges, a couple of fruit knives, and a pair of spectacles. The plain, rich, honest comfort of the place struck me. I had just come from another author's dwelling—in a sumptuous flat, where the door handles were yellow onyx, where tea *a l'Anglaise* had been served in gilded cups, where forced flowers abounded. I liked Fifteenth street better. I liked the narrow window looking out upon a small court with trees. I liked the little fireplace flanked on either side by books, and I liked above all the homely presence of the fruit and the knives and the spectacles. Ushered upstairs by the quiet maid, who had admitted me, I found Mrs. Stoddard at the door of her sitting-room waiting to welcome me and introduce me to the gray-haired poet, who, although hearty enough in other ways, was almost blind, and could not make any great effort towards entertaining new guests. Yet this was not felt to be a loss. His fine head was picturesque and noble. His conversation, judicious and weighty, flowed freely and cheerfully, especially if one talked, as we almost immediately did, of poetry and books. His wife was openly delighted that we had so quickly reached his favorite theme, and told me that it was a mistake not to talk of his place in poetry or of the art itself. That that was what he loved most, was most familiar with, understood best. That some visitors, for fear of being thought sycophantic, forbore to talk to him of his verse or of poetic work at all. That he read a great deal still of other literature, but that his knowledge of all poetry from its Greek beginning to its English and American fruition was most wonderful and complete. I may say that I truly found it so. He seemed to know every minor poet in England, from Arthur Hugh Clough and Coventry Patmore to Professor Dowden, Emily Pfeiffer, and the *vers de societe* writers. He spoke encouragingly of Canadian versifiers, among whom he assigned a high place to Charles Sangster (!) but added that some new national note must be struck before we could evolve a really great poet.