

OUR VETERAN AUTHORS.

Living American writers who are the representatives of an older generation—A group of which Thomas Dunn English, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Charles A. Dana, Richard Henry Stoddard, and "Ik Marvel" are prominent members.

"BEN BOLT" and "America" are two songs which thrilled the hearts of a generation that has gone by. When George du Maurier set the motive of "Trilby" to the musical accompaniment of

and lack of critical faculty of all young things; men who saw our literature form itself, and who helped the process on. There are not many of them, but they carry with them all the traditions of a past day, how-



Thomas Dunn English.

Engraved by R. G. Tietze from a photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.

the quaint old ballad, and when Dr. Samuel F. Smith was honored, the other day, with a testimonial, it was with real surprise that the every day world learned that the authors of both of these songs were still living and working.

It sets us to counting the literary men of the earlier decades of this century who are with us today; men who knew New England and New York when there was practically no such thing as a West, when America was young, full of generosity and enthusiasm and vigor, with the optimism

ever much they may have kept abreast of the current times.

Dr. Thomas Dunn English, who wrote "Ben Bolt," might be called a typical American of his time. He was born in 1819, when America was first feeling the assurance of her standing as one of the nations of the earth, and when she was calling upon every one of her sons to help to make her great. Dr. English is a Philadelphian by birth, and he has been poet, physician, lawyer, editor, and legislator. He has written all sorts of books under a dozen pen names,

but nothing has had such vogue as "Ben Bolt," which he considers rather a slight and scrappy piece of work.

Dr. English was a friend of Nathaniel P. Willis, who was the elegant young literary man of the period. In 1843 Willis revived the old *New York Mirror* under the title of the *New Mirror*, and wrote Dr. English a letter telling him of the enterprise. He mentioned that the new firm was not overburdened with capital, and asked English if he would not let him have one article out of "friendship and friendly feeling for the venture." It says a good deal for the fraternity of that day that Dr. English promised. "Ben Bolt" was the result.

For a time Dr. English was editor of the *Aristidean* in Philadelphia; then he went into Virginia, and wrote a novel depicting Southern life. In 1859 he came to New Jersey and became a politician, writing poems, novels, and articles of all sorts when he had leisure. He sat in the last Congress, and at seventy five is an active member of a busy community.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes once said that he supposed the three people whose poems

were best known in the world were himself, one Smith, and one Brown. The "one Brown" was the author of "I Love to Steal Awhile Away," and the "one Smith," Dr. Samuel F. Smith, who wrote "America."

Dr. Smith belonged to that famous class in Harvard which graduated in 1829, and which included James Freeman Clarke, Dr. Holmes, Benjamin Curtis, Judge Bigelow, and many more famous men. He is a Baptist minister, who, as was common at that time, had half a dozen occupations. He edited a journal, was secretary of a missionary society, visited missionary stations in Europe and Asia, preached, and wrote. Beside all this, he found time to learn many languages and to do a great deal of translating. He reads fifteen tongues and speaks several.

He tells the story of the



Samuel F. Smith.
From a photograph by Hardy, Boston.



Richard Henry Stoddard.

Drawn by V. Gribayeff, after the portrait by T. W. Wood.

writing of "America" as a very simple thing. When he was a student at the Andover theological school in 1832, a friend of his brought him a book of German songs to translate for use in schools. Turning the leaves, Dr. Smith found an old ballad set to the music of "God Save the Queen." The air has been used as the accompaniment to patriotic songs in several countries, and Dr. Smith was moved to write American

words to the old melody. "Which I did," he says, "on a scrap of waste paper, probably finishing it within half an hour." It was at a children's festival in Boston, on the next fourth of July, that the song was first sung. It at once became a national hymn, and as such it has been translated into almost every language.

It was of Dr. Smith that Holmes wrote in

*My country 'tis of thee,
Sweetland of liberty
Of thee I sing*
S. F. Smith.

Autograph of the Author of "America."

his poem to "The Boys," read on one of the Harvard class reunions,

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith;
Fate tried to conceal it by naming him Smith;
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free;

Just read on his medal, "My country, of thee."

On the occasion of the recent testimonial to Dr. Smith, his old friend Isaac McLellan

wrote a new poem in his honor. Mr. McLellan is the oldest verse writer in America. He was the intimate of Longfellow, Holmes, and Wendell Phillips. N. P. Willis was the friend of his boyhood, and the two young men, both full of the poetry of youth, were wont to spend hours and days together in the fields and woods. McLellan has never left them in his poems. He seems to be able to sing only of the wild things and their haunts. Longfellow, who roomed with him at Bowdoin College, was the first to encourage him to write for publication, and long tried to get him more into touch with the living world; but McLellan's poetry could not be made to order. It springs from his deepest thoughts and feelings.

At eighty nine this literary veteran lives in Greenport, Long Island, in a pleasant, roomy old farm house. He has had a hut built down on the shore,



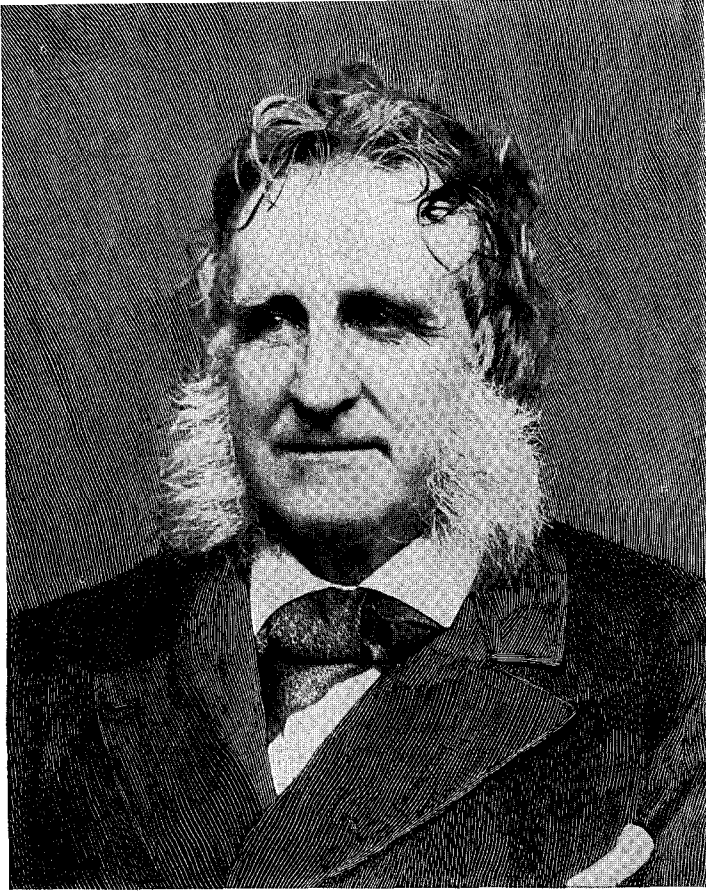
J. T. Trowbridge.

From a photograph by Litchfield, Arlington, Mass.

and spends most of his time there with the best thoughts of the companions of his young manhood, bound in books beside him.

The typical New York man of letters who has seen the literature of America from its beginning until now, and who has kept abreast of his times all along, is Richard Henry

Stoddard. He has always been what he calls a "literary journalist." He has devoted his time to writing upon literary subjects for periodicals and newspapers. For forty years he has read and reviewed every important new book printed in English. At one time he and Artemus Ward, Fitz James O'Brien,



Donald Grant Mitchell ("Ik Marvel").

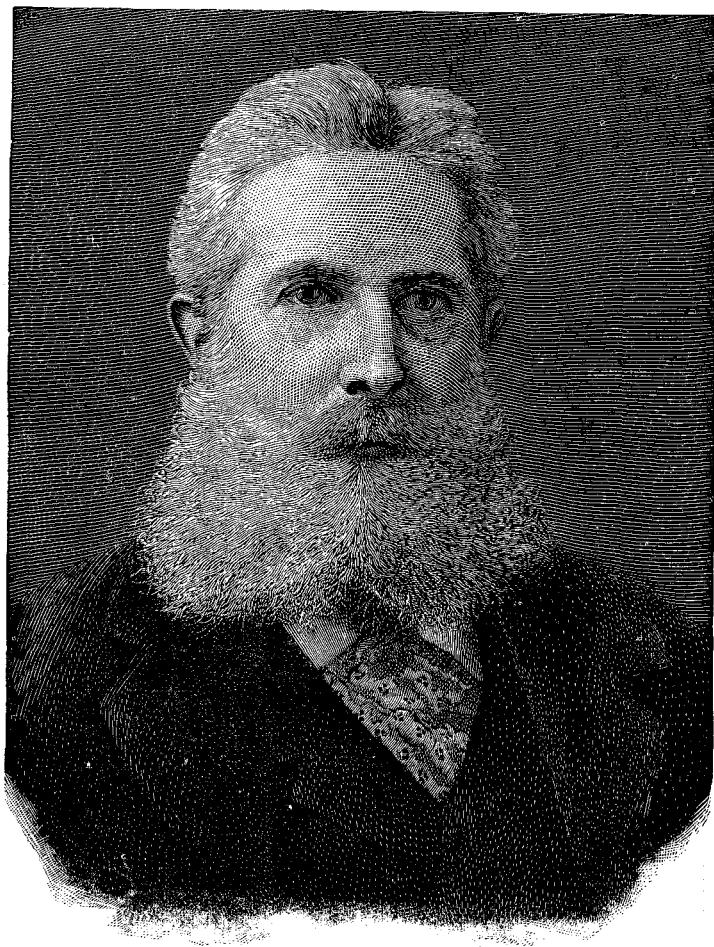
From a photograph by Cox, New York.

Stoddard. Mr. Stoddard lives in an old fashioned house, of a style very uncommon now, in the old Knickerbocker district near Stuyvesant Square. It was a Mecca for writers twenty five years ago, and the young men of the rising generation still seek out the editor and critic whose advice and experience are worth so much.

Mr. Stoddard was born in Massachusetts seventy years ago, but came to New York when he was a lad, already with a poem in his pocket. He was connected with the *Tribune* when Bayard Taylor and Charles A. Dana were prominent in the control of that

and one or two other young men, started a comic paper called *Vanity Fair*. Perhaps it was too good for its time; people who saw it then said it was better than the comic papers of today. It lived for two years, a very expensive child to its parents, and then died.

Mr. Stoddard was one of the founders of the Century Club, and as long as the club house was in Madison Square he could be found there every afternoon surrounded by his old friends. His home bears the marks of his long association with the best minds of the time. Its walls are covered with



Edmund Clarence Stedman.

Engraved by William Klassen from a photograph by Coz, New York.

paintings by representative American artists. One of them, "The Castle in the Air," by Bierstadt, was the subject of Mr. Stoddard's well known poem bearing that title. Not only the author's house, but the author's memory, is filled with reminiscences of those days when New York was an American town instead of a great cosmopolitan city.

Charles Anderson Dana, the best known newspaper editor in the United States to-day, was a young man with Stoddard and Taylor and Poe. Mr. Dana's forceful personality has made him a factor in American civilization. Though he will always be regarded more as an editor than as a literary man, he is a literary man of the best sort. He studies contemporary life, and gives a reflection of it in the best English. He made a large part of his fortune from such work as the editorship of the "American

Encyclopedia," and he has written more than one book; but still we cannot dissociate him from the *Sun*. He writes little of his newspaper nowadays, and he takes long journeys away from it, of which the public seldom learns; but still his influence is in every line.

Mr. Dana was educated as a journalist under Horace Greeley, whom he left to become assistant secretary of war during Stanton's régime. In 1868 he purchased the *Sun*, and immediately became a national force. He never writes unless he has something to say, and he follows no man's lead. He has made his journal so valuable that it keeps its readers even when it most strongly antagonizes them.

Mr. Dana was born in 1819, but years do not seem to touch him. He enters into work and play with equal vim and skill. He is a famous billiard player, an artistic land-

scape gardener, and a traveler and man of affairs. He has a beautiful country home on Long Island Sound, where he lets his hobbies have full play. He is one of the men who believe in a college education for a man, whatever his business is to be. He

Some sort of an apology is due to Mr. Stedman for ranking him with the veterans, as he is not yet sixty two—only a year or two older than such hale and hearty youngsters as Frank Stockton and Mark Twain. He has had a varied life. He looks like a banker



William Allen Butler.

From a photograph by Pach, New York.

considers a wide culture at the bottom of every important work in life.

Herein the views of the editor of the *Sun* are radically different from those of Edmund Clarence Stedman, the "banker poet." Mr. Stedman does not believe that journalism and literature go together. He thinks that a literary man must be a literary man pure and simple, and that newspaper work ruins his style. It was for this reason that he himself left journalism to become a banker.

who had grown up in the business, instead of having been an ambitious young man who edited a New England country newspaper, then came to New York to earn his living on the *Tribune*, the *World*, anywhere, until he could get himself placed. He wanted to be a literary man. He says that in the old days no man could live by the literary art alone, so he took a thousand dollars and went into Wall Street. His success has justified his judgment. He has not only had time for making money, but for a great deal



Thomas Wentworth Higginson.
From a photograph by Pach, Cambridge, Mass.

of writing and editing. His "Victorian Poets" and "Library of American Literature" are text books.

William Allen Butler is another New York business man who made a reputation with the pen. Mr. Butler was born in Albany in 1825. His father was one of the best known jurists of his day, and the partner of Martin Van Buren. He was very proud of his descent, tracing his family line back to Oliver Cromwell. But there is nothing of the Puritan or the lawyer in the poem by which Mr. Butler is best known, "Nothing to Wear." It was written in 1857, and had by no means the thought or merit which Mr. Butler has shown in some of his other work, but it caught the popular fancy. Mr. Butler lives in Yonkers, and still belongs to a large law firm in New York.

Murat Halstead has come to be a New Yorker of late years, although he was a pioneer journalist of the West. He is an

Ohioan who taught school and educated himself, working up in Cincinnati journalism until he was at the head of the *Commercial-Gazette*. He was born in 1829, and was one of the first to recognize that a new field for literature had come into being in the great West.

Going back to New England, we find Edward Everett Hale left almost alone of the early literary clique, yet seemingly as young as he was a quarter of a century ago. Mr. Hale is the son of a famous New England journalist, who was editor of the Boston *Advertiser* for nearly fifty years. He is a nephew of Edward Everett, and grew up in an atmosphere of books. After his graduation at Harvard he became a clergyman of the Unitarian church, and speedily became noted for his success as an organizer of clubs and helpful societies. His book, "Ten Times One is Ten," was the foundation stone of the King's Daughters organization. He started a magazine, *Old and New*, which was afterward merged in the *Century*, beside writing many books. His most famous story is "The Man Without a Country." But with all this

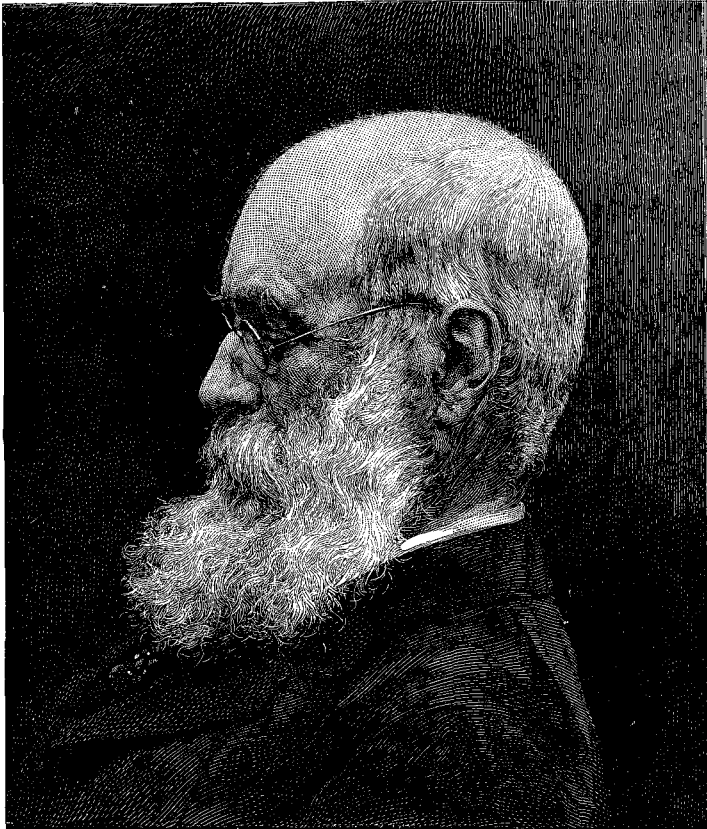


Murat Halstead.
From a photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York.

work Dr. Hale is still the preacher, the teacher of his parish. He is a many sided man who keeps in touch with the life about him. He has a delightful old home in the Boston suburb of Roxbury.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson was a preacher who left his pulpit to fight, but

There is no man of all the older writers who comes closer to today than Donald Grant Mitchell, "Ik Marvel." Dreams and reveries are as common today as they were in 1850, when the "Reveries of a Bachelor" was a new book. Mr. Mitchell was born in Norwich, Connecticut, in



Charles A. Dana.

Engraved by R. G. Tietze from a photograph by Mr. Paul Dana.

who is still better known from his literary work. He is seventy one years old, but the fire of his convictions is as strong as ever. He was one of the first assailants of slavery, and lost his first church on account of his beliefs.

He was a very active worker, and through helping a fugitive slave to escape was indicted for murder with Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips, and others. He was colonel of the first negro regiment of the civil war. He has served as chief of staff to the Governor of Massachusetts, and as a member of the State Legislature. Most of his books are made up of collected essays on current topics.

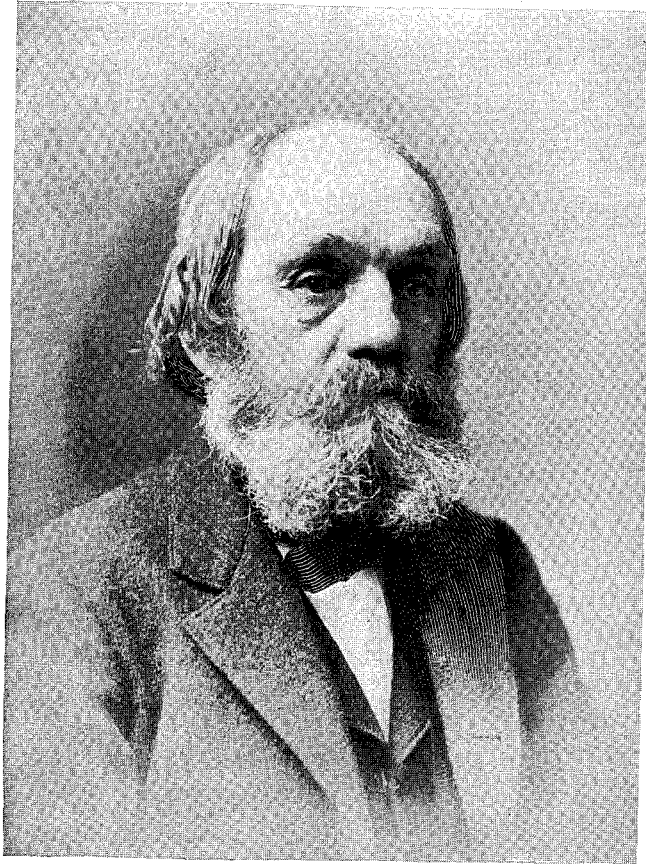
1822. His father was a Congregational minister, who sent his son to Yale in the expectation that he would be a clergyman. Young Mitchell went to Europe, and found that he could use his pen in pictures of his travels. Book after book followed, until the "Reveries" made his name well known. Mr. Mitchell lives now in a beautiful home near New Haven which he has made famous as "My Farm at Edgewood."

"Roba di Roma," by William Wetmore Story, has preserved for us a bygone phase of Italian life, and we must think of its author as a literary man, although his greatest works are in marble. Mr. Story still lives in Rome, where he went in 1848.

Before that he had graduated at Harvard, had written law treatises, and had published books of poems. Italy's art fascinated him, and he began to model and chisel. He has had many honors in Rome, but still, at seventy six, is an American.

(William Taylor Adams), whose work in the juvenile field has also become almost classic.

Dr. Storrs, who has written so many valuable books upon practical religion, is another Harvard man. He was born in



Edward Everett Hale.

From a photograph by Guiekunst, Philadelphia.

Harvard has, of course, been the *alma mater* of many of the New England men who have made their mark in the intellectual world, and some of them she has held fast to her side. Justin Winsor, the historian, is one of these. He, of that earnest early class, devoted himself to library work, and remains still as librarian in the university.

Another New England veteran is John Townsend Trowbridge, novelist, poet, and editor, but best known as the author of such books as "Cudjo's Cave" and "Neighbor Jackwood," which have been read with delight by two generations of American boys. His name suggests that of Oliver Optic

1821, and belongs to a noted family. He was for a time editor of the *Independent*, besides being a lecturer and preacher.

Parke Godwin is another veteran "literary journalist" who should be mentioned. During his long connection with the New York *Evening Post* he was the close associate of William Cullen Bryant, of whom he published a standard biography.

The man of today usually confines himself to one profession. Many of these men of an older generation put their efforts into half a dozen channels, and did the work of several. Collectively they form a group that marks an interesting and important chapter in our literary history.

George Holme.

THE HOMES OF OPERA.

The famous opera houses of Europe and America—The architectural splendor and historical associations of the structures in which the masterpieces of music have been given to the world.

IT would be difficult to imagine any places more interesting to the student of music, or even to the casual tourist, than those opera houses where the great masterpieces of music first greeted the public ear. It is only natural that such an effect should be produced by an initial visit to the auditoria which first heard the immortal melodies of "Faust," "Le Prophète," "L'Africaine," "Carmen," "La Traviata,"

"Il Trovatore," "Maritana," "Les Huguenots," "Der Freyschutz," "Rigoletto," "Aïda," "Mignon," "Don Juan," and "Zampa." The history of modern music is practically the history of the more important of the world's opera houses, and it is the purpose of this paper to describe briefly those homes of music which have been identified with productions of the most famous lyric dramas.

The Grand Opéra of Paris is unquestionably the most important in the world, as it is certainly the most beautiful and the most costly. It is, in fact, one of the conventional sights of the stately French capital. Its construction entailed an expenditure of over ten million dollars, and its maintenance necessitates an annual appropriation by the French government of about sixty thousand more.

It is now more than twenty years since the Paris Opéra was completed, yet it is commonly referred to, even by Parisians themselves, as the new Opéra. After the destruction by fire of the old opera house in the Rue Taitbout, an imperial decree, in 1860, invited plans for a new home of music on a scale of unequaled magnificence. A hundred and seventy one designs were submitted, of which five were selected by the jury. The five men chosen competed again, and the coveted honor was finally obtained by an architect who has since become famous—Charles Garnier.



The Paris Opéra—"Tragedy," by Carpeaux.