

recognition, both at home and abroad. Indeed, an English critic says of the deceased poet, "To Mr. Lowell belongs the supreme distinction of having written the only great poetry yet produced on this continent, the 'Commemoration Ode,' a poem which rises to the height of the greatest achievement yet wrought on these shores, and sustains itself with a noble breadth of thought and fulness of emotion."

We do not rank Lowell so high as this. We think that for versatility, for exquisite poetical conception and execution, for sweetness of rhythm, Longfellow far surpasses him. But, unquestionably, by the death of Lowell a great singer has ceased to exist among men. We have not time nor space for more than a very brief notice of his life and work. The outline of these we condense as follows :

"James Russell Lowell was a son of the Rev. Dr. Lowell, an eminent clergyman of Boston. He was born in 1819, and received his education at Harvard College, where he graduated at twenty years of age. On leaving college, he turned his attention to the study of the law; but his life has been chiefly devoted to literary pursuits. In addition to his poetical works, he is well known as a contributor to several journals, besides having edited for some time *The Atlantic Monthly*, and later, *The North American Review*, with marked ability. As United States Minister to Spain, and later to Great Britain, he maintained the dignity of his country by his high character and distinguished ability.

"Mr. Lowell was a true poet, and evidently felt the sanctity of the poetical vocation. The tone of his compositions is singularly high-minded, vigorous and pure; there is nothing mawkish or feeble about them. Many of his pieces impress us forcibly with the idea of great power of imagination, scattering its wealth with singular profuseness, and of daring originality of conception.

"The descriptive power shown in many of his poems is one of their most striking merits. The poet's eye catches even the most minute tracery of Nature's works, and the most rapidly fleeting of her aspects, and depicts them in verse with startling distinctness. His love of Nature is genuine, and the beauty of her majestic countenance has evidently sunk deep into his soul with elevating and refreshing influences. His imagination is vivid, and his fancy fruitful in fine images. We are frequently struck with a nice and delicate power of observation, and sometimes detect a searching glance, which shows the power of looking deeper into man's nature than he has usually done. We are pleased, too, with his purity and elevation of feeling. Morally speaking, there is not a line which, dying, he could wish to blot