

The contemporary of Moore, of Sheridan, of Wordsworth, of Keats, the Howitts, the Lambs, DeQuincey, and William Hazlitt, the companion of Irving, of Cooper, of Cole and of Fitz-Greene Halleck, he saw many a poet blossom into song, live his brief life and silently pass away to the other world. He read the wonderful creations of Scott as they came fresh from the press. He published a volume of poems before the present laureate of England was born, and a second edition of his poetry appeared when Longfellow was a babe of scarcely a year old. He began life early, and as a child was as precocious as Macaulay, and as eager to read as Whipple, who knew the "Citizen of the World" before he was six.

This one to Bryant's left is the ever joyous, ever charming, ever sparkling Holmes, the autocrat, professor and poet of every breakfast table in the land, the delight of our firesides, the Addison of our day. Lowell compares him to a full-charged Leyden-Jar. None can chat more pleasantly than he. None can tell you so much in as little space, as Holmes. Below the medium height, and almost beardless, he stands a man of 69. None surpass him in scholarly ability, readiness of repartee, playfulness of humour or vigor of mind.

Next to Holmes stands the poet and critic Lowell, who, you know, has recently been sent by his government to Spain, as Minister at the Court of Madrid. Observe well the wealth of intelligence in Lowell's face. He it was who wrote the crisp and natty "Biglow Papers"—those bright satires, which in their time, aroused so much political and social excitement. He is hardly 60 years old, and to look at him you would think him younger even than that. Famed as a critic, he is equally distinguished as a poet and humorist. Few men now living possess his keen analytical power. Few equal his capacity and strength.