

but at the same time it suggested to the *Saturday Reviewer* his famous sneer: Emerson is a Yankee pocket edition of Carlyle.

In the literature of imagination poetry ranks highest, and here we think at once of the gentle muse of Longfellow, and the more distinctively American songs of Bryant and Whittier. More distinctive still in his native note is the singer of Sir Launfal's Vision, the author of the Biglow papers. But most American of all is the old white headed poet of Camden Town, who is hailed by some of his admirers as the Socrates of our age, whose name "shall be storied in records sublime" when that of Tennyson is forgotten—whose poetry most people cannot scan, but some people think the poetry of the future—Walt Whitman. These names are certainly enough to illustrate their nation's achievements in poetry. Yes, the muse of America no longer stands a spectator in the race course—she, too, is now a runner, and though handicapped by having to follow in Britannia's path, she may yet pass her sister and gather the wreath of Apollo. But the work of imagination is not in these days confined to poetry. In the writing of imaginative prose we have the most striking characteristic of our age. Here the peculiarity of the American type is best seen. More highly imaginative prose productions than Poe's "Tales of Horror" have never been written in English, not even by De Quincey himself. No English novel, it is said, has been printed oftener or translated into more languages than "Uncle Tom's Cabin." For at least one class of readers the Indian Tales of Cooper will never lose their interest. The living writers are so numerous and so good that we might separate them up into half a dozen schools and set a master or a mistress over each. We should have the psychological school of Cra

and James, the modern realistic school of Howells, the politico-scientific school of Bellamy and Charles Dudley Warner, the antique Elizabethan school of Amélie Rivés, the southern school of Cable, or *place aux dames*, as he himself would say, of Miss Murfree, and the western school of Mark Twain and Bret Harte.

Still another wide department of literature lies outside all these—a department which Channing probably meant to include under the works of taste. It is in what used to be called the *belles lettres* that some of the most fascinating of American books have been written. Here belongs Irving's own Knickerbocker and Sketchbook and Alhambra. Here, too, comes the delightful series by which O. W. Holmes has handed his name down to the latest ages as the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table"; here is the place for Thoreau's "Walden," one of the most distinctively American books ever written, with his refined imitators, Dudley Warner and John Burroughs. The charming essays of Lowell with their wonderfully picturesque power over language are the finest work of this kind that has been done on our continent. Indeed, I doubt if anything in English, except, perhaps, some of Pater's sketches, surpasses them in the rhetorical art with which they are written.

Outside the various literary fields we have traversed, on the borderland between literature and science, we have the department of history. This has been the scene of many American victories. Whether like Irving and Prescott and Ticknor, treating the romantic history of Spain, or, like Bancroft, tracing their own colonial career and struggle for freedom, or, like Motley, immortalizing the bravest fight for liberty Europe ever saw, or, like Parkman, depicting with a master's sense of historical perspective the long strife between