

Emerson died the same year as Longfellow, but did not like him retain his faculties to the last. The Concord sage attended Longfellow's funeral, and after it was over he said to a friend: "The gentleman we have just been burying was a sweet and beautiful soul; but I forget his name."

How long will his countrymen remember his name? The Harvard men of to-day talk of Matthew Arnold and Walter Pater more than of Longfellow and Lowell; but Harvard, though sufficient unto itself, is not the world, nor even the United States. Longfellow was the first poet to gain the hearts of the American people as a whole, outside of the cultured classes, and by them he will be judged more by what went before him in literature than by what comes after him. He belongs to the nation's youth, and the youth of the nation will ever hold him in tender regard.

His poetry is good rather than great. Like Mendelssohn among musicians, he was too comfortably situated to produce the sort of work that can be born only through storm and stress. As one walks down the carefully-kept, elm-shaded Brattle Street, and thinks of the carefully-kept and shaded life that Longfellow lived in it, one can understand why