Non clamor sed amor was the motto, keynote, and watch-word of Longfellow's life, a phrase calling to mind the legend that hung to the Prioress's 'brooche of gold ful sheene' in the Canterbury Tales; *Amor vincit omnia.* Indeed, there is more than one resemblance between these famous story-tellers and pilgrim-lovers, gay, gracious, humor-loving Chaucer, and the pensive yet graceful author of 'Outre-Mer,' 'Hyperion,' and 'The Golden Legend.' Longfellow was essentially a legend-writer, a lover of the marvellous, a gatherer of lichen and moss from mediæval chronicle, a true poet of castle and armor, of sinking ship and ivied bridge. He revelled in Dante—'grete Dante of Itaille'—as an artist revels in mighty tapestries wherein are woven thousandfold complexities of color and thread; he made a downy bed for himself in the Hiawatha-legends; through his 'Golden Legend' runs the wondrous cry and soul-story of Der Arme Heinrich; Evangeline is an exquisite spray of legend that sprouted and blossomed forth into legend-haunted hexameters. On this side of their minds Chaucer and Longfellow are wonderfully akin: the 'Tales of a Wayside Inn' are a following rather than a foreshadowing of smiling Geoffrey. The mechanism of Longfellow's mind, too, was essentially Old World, European, trans-Atlantic; like his own Skeleton in Armor, his soul had been wafted from distant shores, stained before it came with the dyes of a non-American soil. In its delicacy, its tender spirituality, the soul of Longfellow was the soul of one of those un-niched nuns whose spirits clustered about the Cathedral of Cologne: a swallow-soul that had flitted from the Rhine, skimmed the brine, and hung its feathery nest under the eaves of Portland. There, in 1807, before Maine was separated from Massachusetts, this poetic Old-German nature opened its eyes, not on *vergissmeinnicht* and nightingales, but on icicles and elms, the great ocean and huge Mt. Washington. A more uncongenial surrounding for such a tropic, tripping, phantasy-loving creature, in spite of its cold beauty and landscape glory, cannot well be imagined. But if we remember that the auroral glimmer is a flower of the North and spreads its shining petals over the Arctic Circle, we may get to understand how in Longfellow, too, there could rise a mystic shining and longing, a yearning to be and to do something,

* The Life of Longfellow. Edited by Rev. Samuel Longfellow. 2 vols. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

a tender shoot of immortality that quickened in the ice and shot forth fibre and streamer, ultimately to be encircled by a corolla so lovely that all the botanists declared it was not a native of this country at all: it must have drawn juices and structure from Continental sources!

In this singularly beautiful Life, in which one brother raises an altar and a temple to another, the footsteps of this charming growth are followed with a gentle persistency till the picture is perfect in all its details; seed, stalk, and flower grow to ripeness before our eyes; journals, letters, and recollections are drawn in, to enrich the ornamentation, fill out the episodes and vicissitudes, and make a rounded biography, in the centre of which the poet is set and made to glow like a ruby. We find him first a student, then a professor, at Bowdoin; then he trims his wings and preens himself for a flight to France, Spain, Italy, and Germany, the fruit of which—'Outre-Mer'—delighted the public of fifty years ago. The young soul returns eaten through and through with impressions and longings: buckling down at first sturdily to make French and Spanish grammars for the pupils, and translations gathered from the House Beautiful of ancient Spain: little original work save the one shimmering shell in which the poet-spirit housed itself—'Outre-Mer,' the habitation of a poet's thought built of prose. Then the first marriage, overshadowed by a great grief on the second tour to Europe: a wound from which dripped, drop by drop, for a whole lifetime, exquisite poems, laments of death and forgetfulness; sorrows etherealized to half-angelic remembrances, 'footsteps of angels,' and 'voices of the night,' whose pale incarnation quivered in immortal verse, and sent a pang through two hemispheres. Next the call to Harvard as Professor of Modern Languages, from which streams of activity flowed forth in many directions: books, poems, translations, dramas, legends—influences many and great on students and contemporaries.

In the controversy with Poe, both were in a measure right. Longfellow undoubtedly did absorb much which he unconsciously reproduced in artistic form without intentionally plagiarizing. On the other hand, he was *not* 'a born thief,' however Poe might assert it. His affinities were principally Old-German, Spanish, Italian, if you will; his flavor is mingled and compounded of many essences. As an omnivorous reader passionately addicted to sweet ruminations in legendary fields, his mind often got entangled in his reminiscences as the bee's legs get entangled in the pollen. But honey is not pollen: pollen is not honey till the bee has caressed it with that agile little tongue of his, and converted it into translucent gold. Many of the legends which Longfellow is taunted with having stolen are mere pollen: they do not become honey till his wondrous alchemy converts them into it. Hence, though 'The Golden Legend,' 'The Spanish Student,' and the 'Hiawatha' poems exist *en bruit* here and there in Frauenlob, Schoolcraft, and so on, there they would have remained as shapeless as nebulæ had not the poet's soul brooded over and fecundated them, made them into plastic masterpieces, enriched our literature with new and beautiful creations out of them. We should have mere stumps and stubs, not living souls, were there no fertilization of this kind. One star 'steals' its light from another; but the stolen light is so highly charged with individuality that it becomes virtually a new existence.

It is a pleasure to read in a book like this of the rich but tranquil flow of a scholar's existence, of the poet's complete success, of the man's benignity and grace. The college lecture-room became a poet's corner where younger men were brought to feel the beauty and sanctity of true genius; Cambridge was known because Longfellow lived there; and that he died is only another way of saying he yet liveth.

'Is it not rather odd,' writes 'Quad,' from Amherst, Mass., 'that in reading the November *Forum* one should find these three instances of one sort of typographical error, while noting no errors of any other kind: "remarkabler at her for," "republicanismp ractically," and "has be encalled"?'