

# LAURELED LEADERS FOR LITTLE FOLK





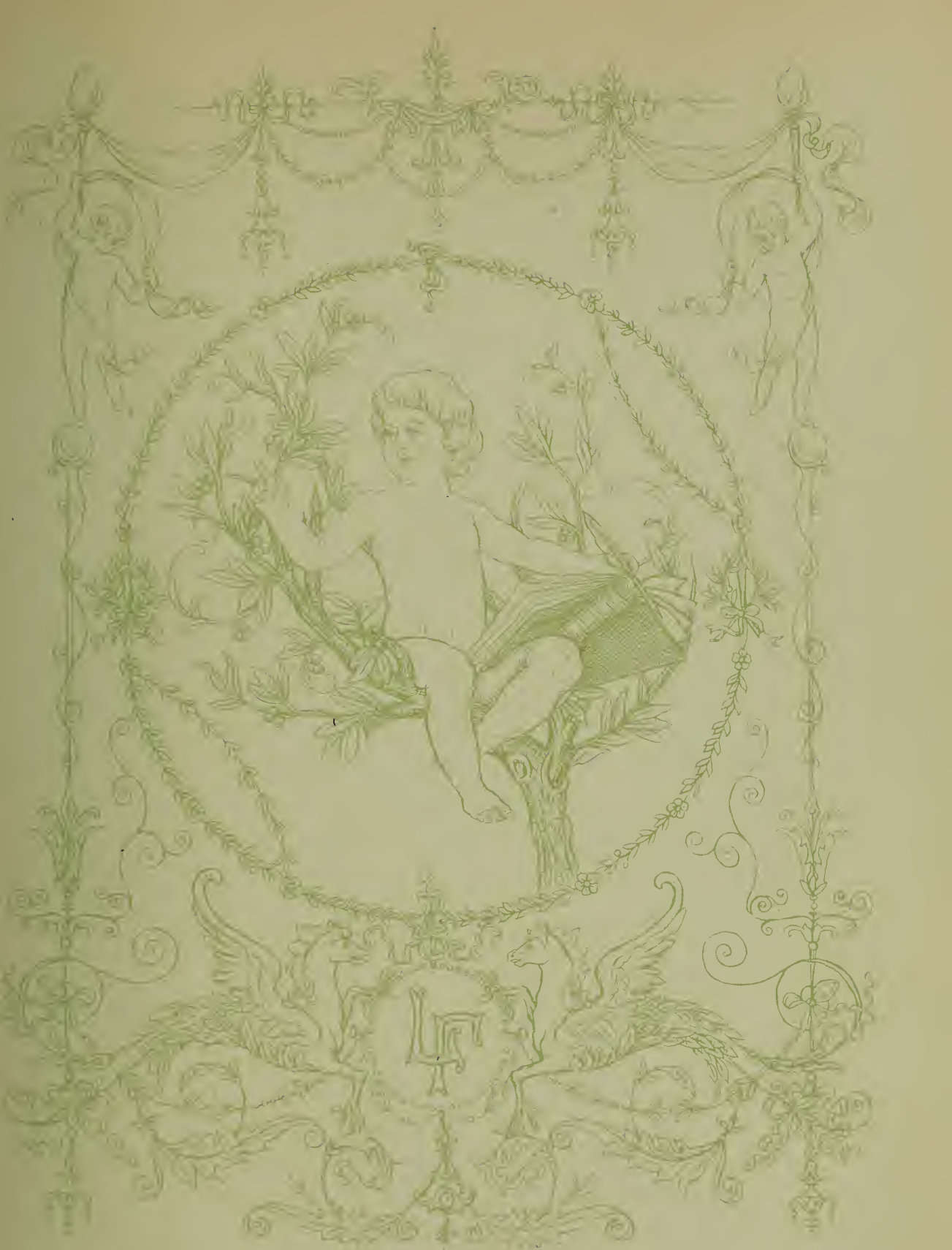
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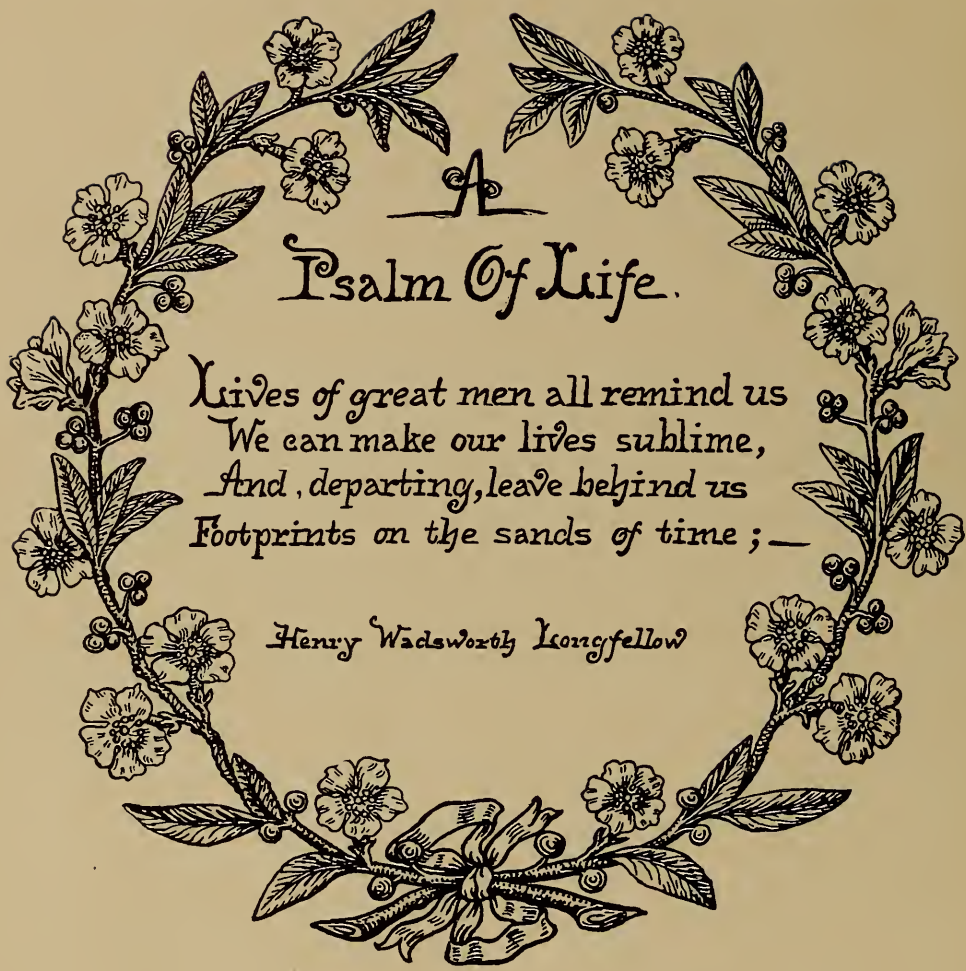
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A  
Psalm Of Life.

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time ; —

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow



# LAURELED LEADERS FOR LITTLE FOLK





*Thou Little Child.*





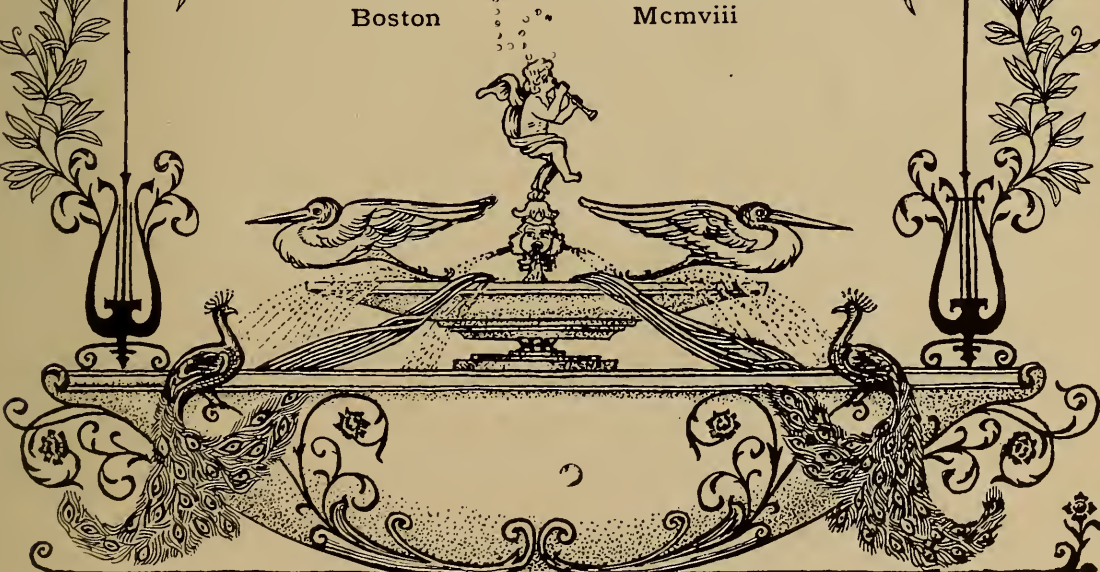
**LAURELED LEADERS**

**FOR LITTLE FOLK**

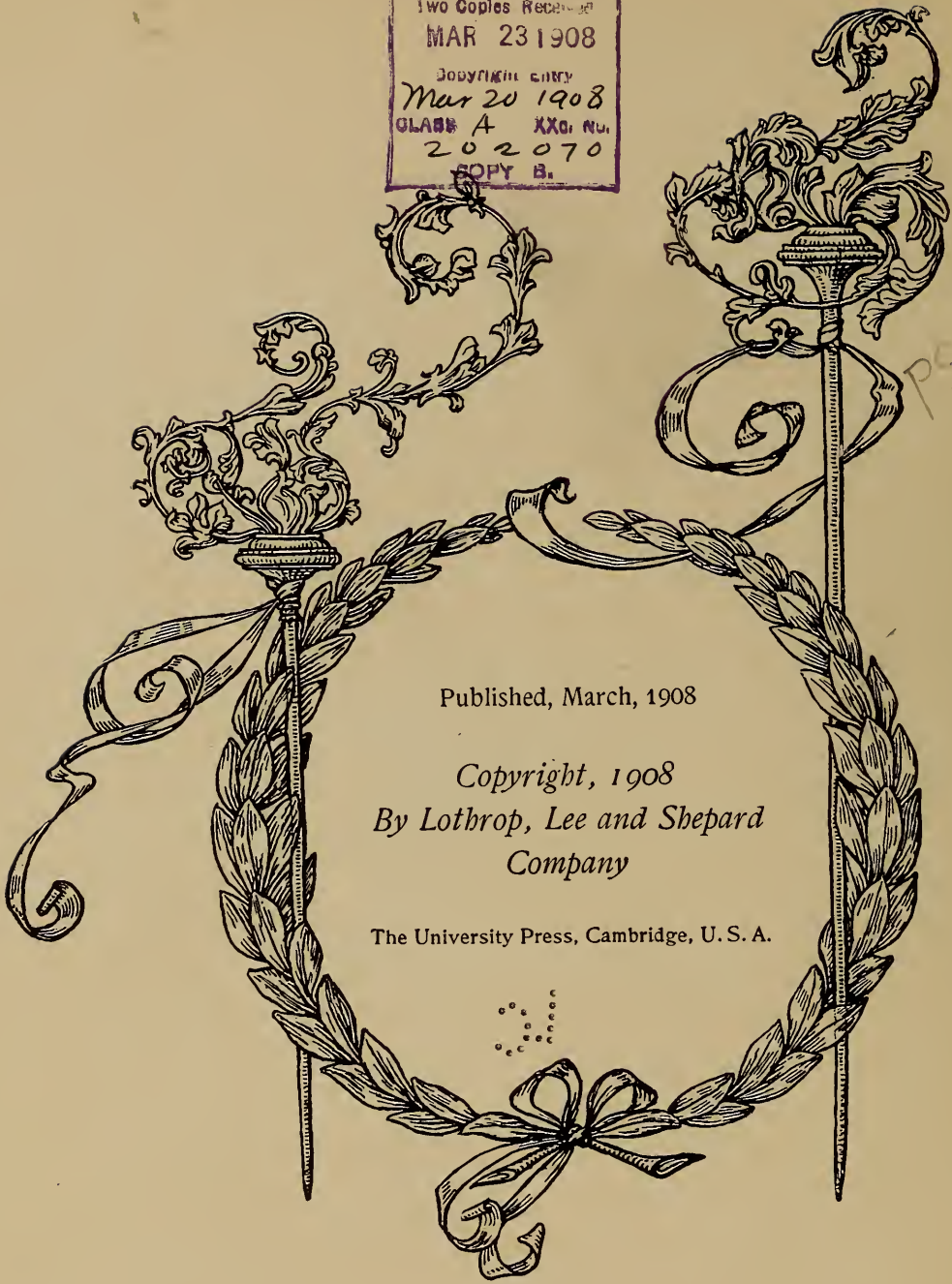
By  
**Mary E. Phillips**

With Introduction by  
**Edward Everett Hale, D.D.**

*Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company*  
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The University Press, Cambridge, U. S. A.



PS 96  
PA



These leaves are inscribed  
to all little folk, and to all of their  
elders who love them.






# Preface

THE purpose of this series of books is to place before little folk true, attractive, and unforgettable accounts of a few of the makers of American literature.

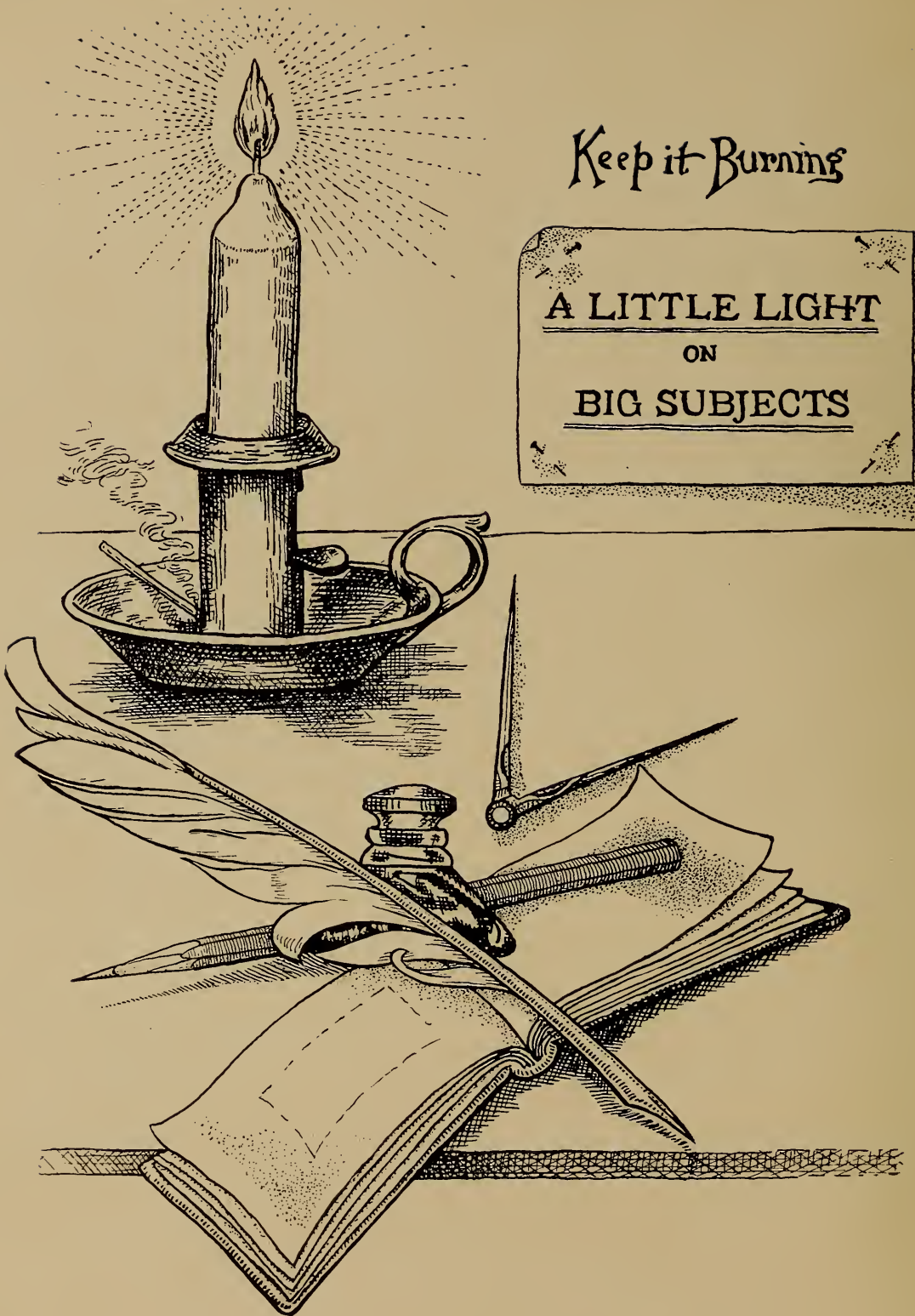
Our country began July fourth, seventeen hundred and seventy-six, by making history with swords and ploughshares, and she was very young when the first of her writers, Washington Irving, was born, April third, seventeen hundred and eighty-three. Within thirty years of that time, twelve or more children were born into this new world who later in life were also to write American books of enduring value and world-wide acceptance.

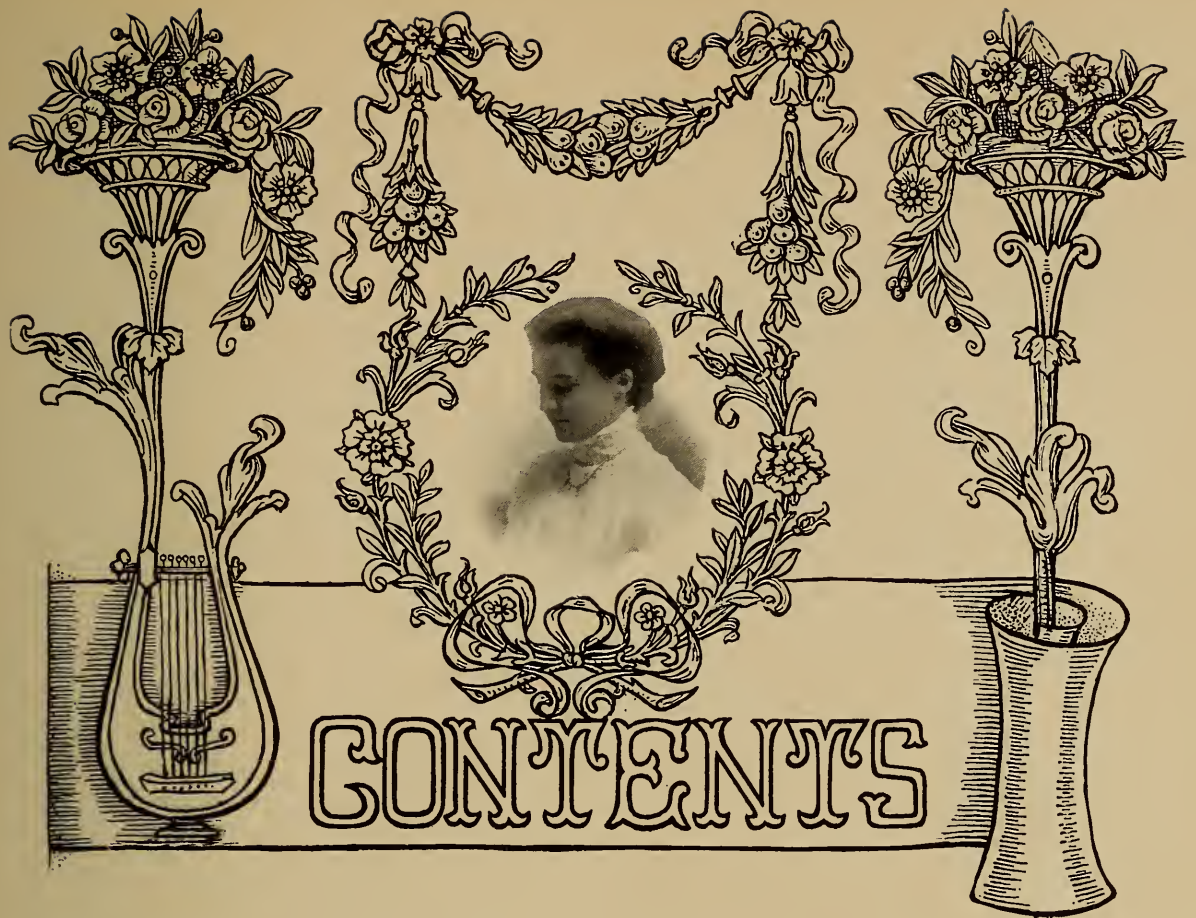
As little children and young men Doctor Edward Everett Hale and Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson came in living touch with these brilliant writers in a way that no doubt helped to make them the men of worth they are, and to make them also the writers of many books, not a few of them for little folk. Most fittingly and graciously they have given to young readers of these Laurel Leaves from the riches of their living and doing. The kindly tribute of many other authors and friends to the little ones' interest is also warmly and sincerely appreciated. The generous and valuable permission for reprints of text and illustrations from Houghton, Mifflin and Company and other publishers commands the grateful and faithful services of Mary E. Phillips.



Keep it Burning

A LITTLE LIGHT  
ON  
BIG SUBJECTS



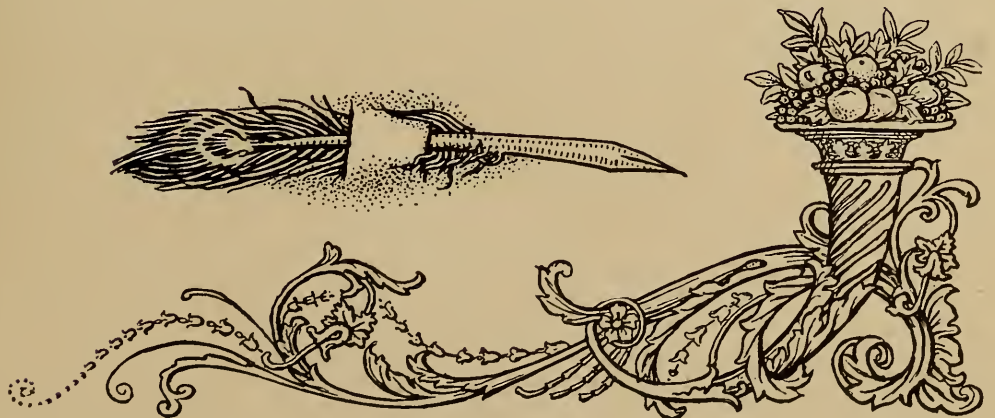


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THE LITTLE FOLK

THE BOYHOOD OF THOMAS WENTWORTH  
HIGGINSON

THE CHILDREN'S LONGFELLOW





Learn, boy, from me what dwells in man alone,  
Courage immortal, and the steadfast sway  
Of patient toil, that glorifies the day.

*The Two Lessons*

*J. W. Higginson*

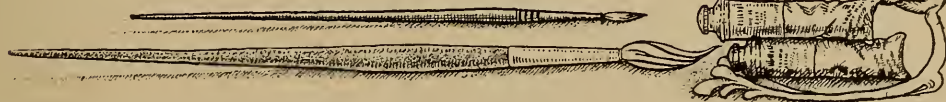


Arwendobyn  
& Fivien  
Story

Spring Flowers



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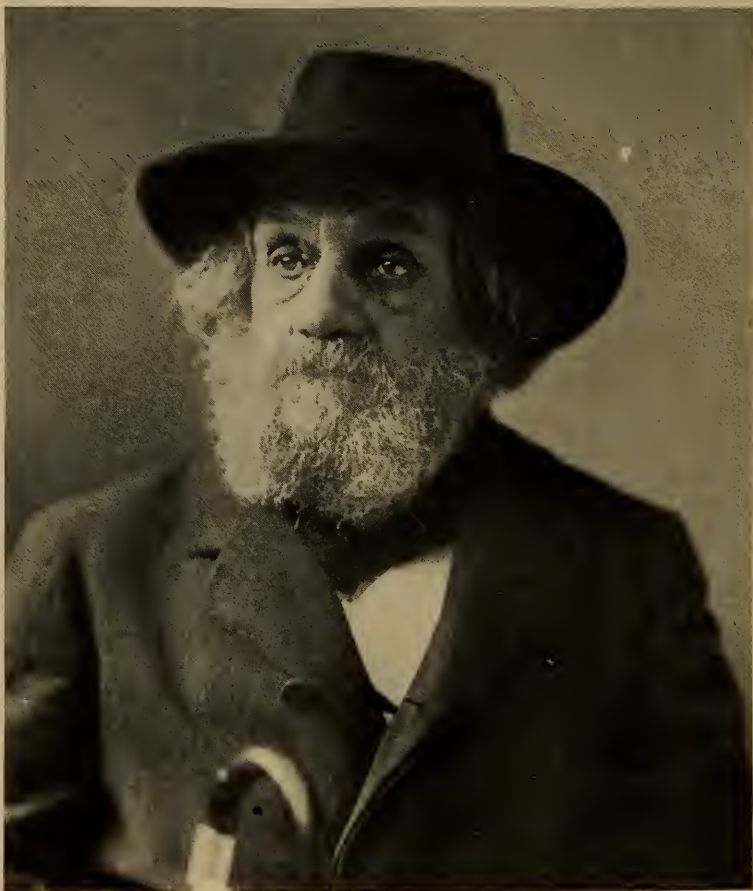
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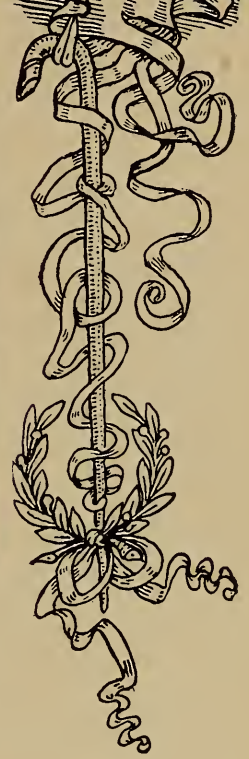
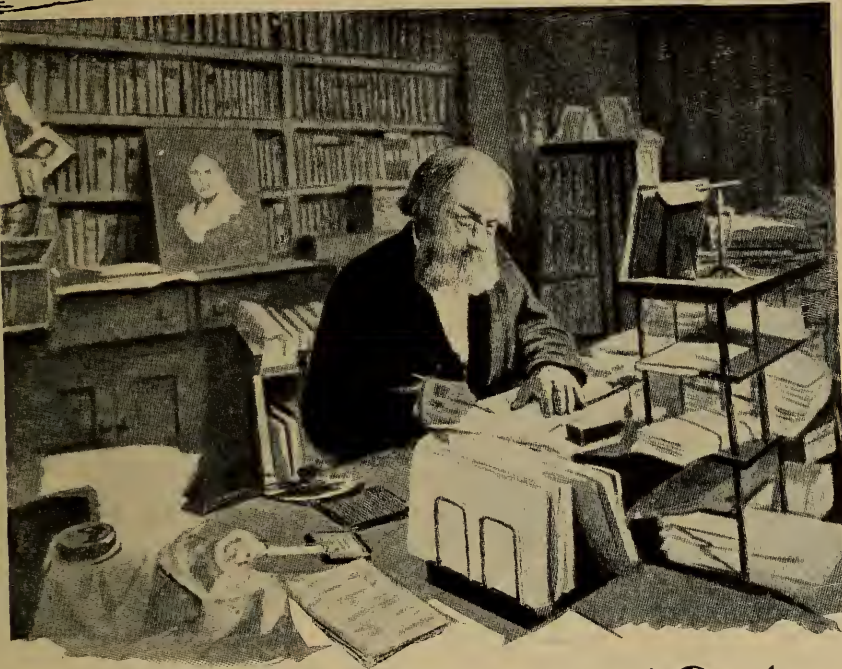
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Edw S Hale

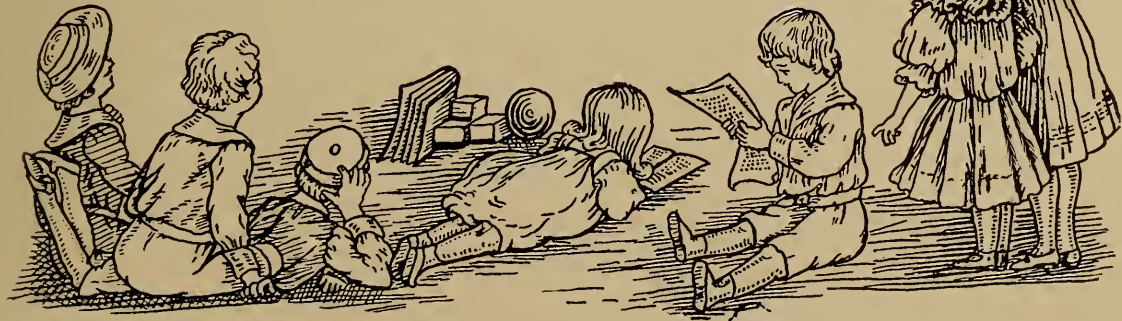






To the ++++ Boys and Girls  
 Who will read this book:

WHEN I was a little boy almost every book we had was written in England for English children, so it happened that we read about skylarks and robin redbreasts, China oranges and bullfinches, and did not read about mocking birds, orioles, whippoorwills, and our own good sturdy

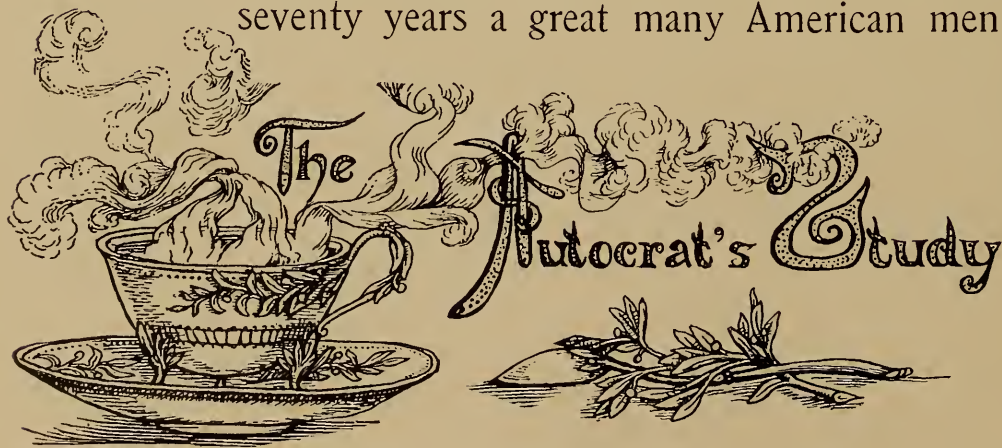


Boys over seventy years ago  
*Edward & Hale*      *Oliver Wendell Holmes*



robin, who is a bigger bird than the robin red-breast of England. We read about dukes and duchesses and parks and avenues and calendars and bakeshops, and we did not really know how our own country was governed.

But this is all seventy years ago, and in those seventy years a great many American men and





My double; and



# Doctor Hale and his children



Mocking bird



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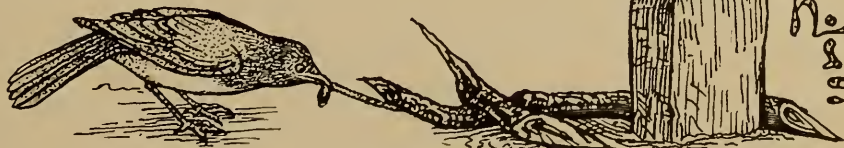
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women, who were American boys and girls as you are, have written American books. They have written books about our winters, which are very different from English winters, and about our summers, which are very different from English summers; about our schools, which are different from English schools; about our homes, which are different from English homes; about our trees and meadows and parks, which are not like English trees or English meadows or English parks.



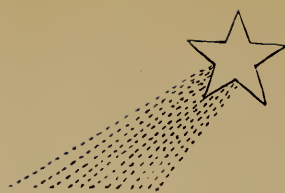
English cousin

Whip-  
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# Star of Bethlehem

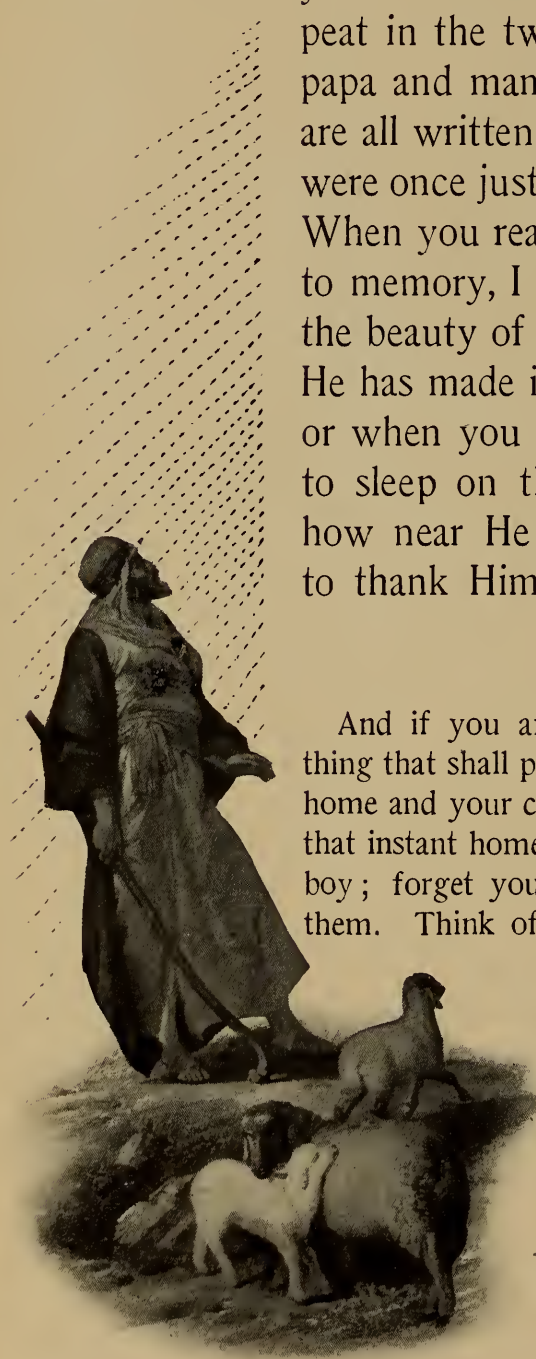


Now, and in this book in your hand, a friend of mine and of yours has brought together some passages of poetry good for you to read, good for you to commit to memory, good for you to repeat in the twilight as you sit on the piazza with papa and mamma and uncle Edward. And these are all written by American men and women who were once just such boys and girls as you are now. When you read them, and when you commit them to memory, I think you will be better able to see the beauty of God's world and to see in part why He has made it what it is. When you go to play, or when you swim in the water, or when you go to sleep on the haycock, you will know better how near He is to you and how much you have to thank Him for.

EDWARD E. HALE.

And if you are ever tempted to say a word or to do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home and your country, pray God in his mercy to take you that instant home to his own heaven. Stick by your family, boy; forget you have a self, while you do everything for them. Think of your home, boy.

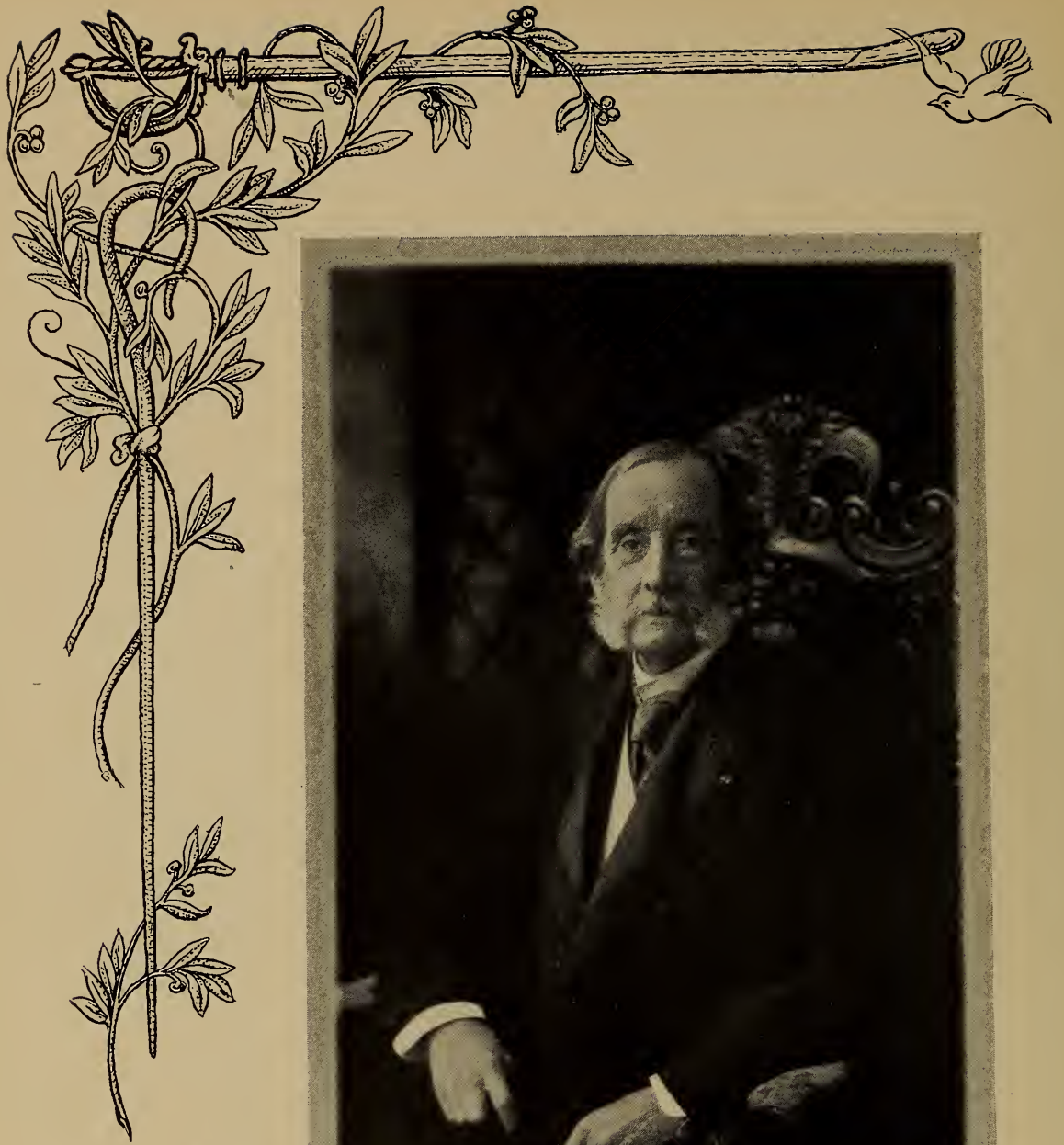
The man  
without a  
country



Lend a Hand



For He shall give His angels  
charge over thee, —  
Psalm xci.

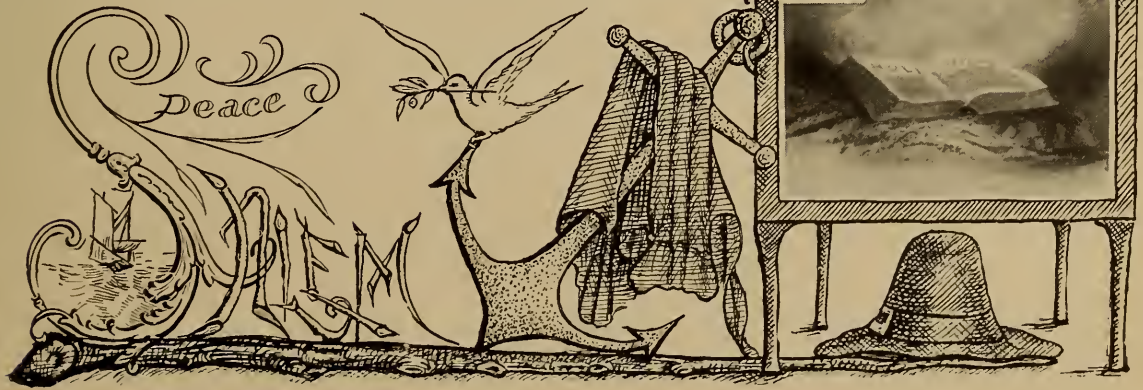
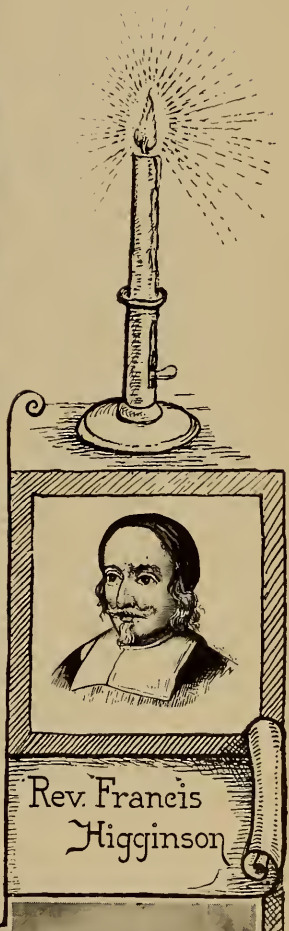


Thomas Wentworth Higginson  
Cambridge, Mass. Oct. 24. 1905



# The Boyhood of Thomas Wentworth Higginson

THE English Higginsons were churchmen, but of Puritan tendencies. Clergymen, officials, militia officers, and scholars at all times were counted within their family fold. The Reverend Francis Higginson was born in England in 1558.

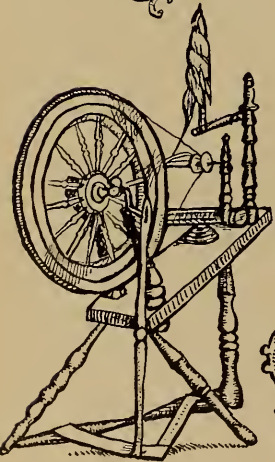




Rev. John Higginson



He had the degree of A. M. from Cambridge University in England, and later in life, for religion's sake, left the land of his birth. As his native shores faded from sight he said: "Farewell, dear England! Farewell, the Christian church in England and all the Christian friends there!" He landed at Salem, Massachusetts, on June 29, 1629, and died a year later. John, his son, also a clergyman, was born at Claybrook, England, 1616, came to America with his father, was appointed chaplain of the fort at Saybrook, Connecticut, and was married in the old house still standing at Guilford, supposed to be the oldest house in the United States. He died at Salem, 1708. His son John was a Salem merchant and lieutenant-colonel



## Old House at Guilford





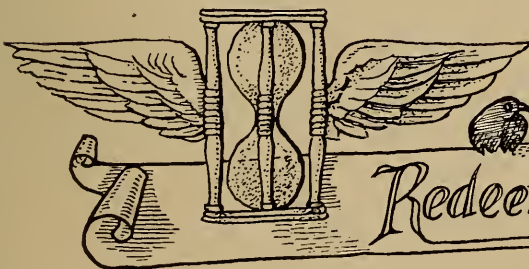
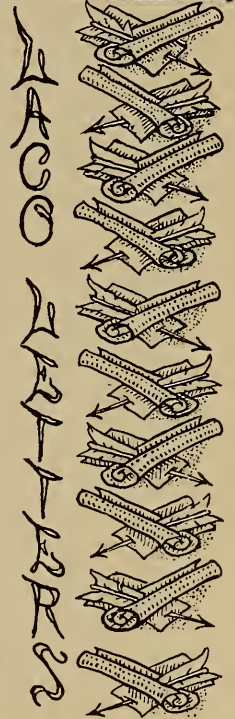


# Home of John Hancock

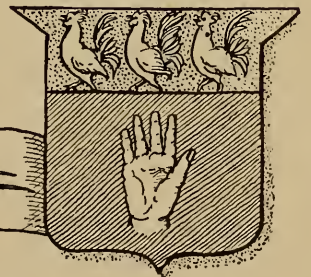


MASS. CENTINEL  
FEB. & MARCH 1789

of the militia regiment; and in the third generation from this last came Stephen Higginson, born at Salem in 1743, who was a member of the Continental Congress in 1783, and was the probable author of the once celebrated "Laco" letters, criticising John Hancock. He was also an officer in command of troops sent to quell Shay's rebellion. Stephen's son Stephen — the father of the subject of this sketch — was born at Salem, November 20, 1770, and was one of the leading merchants of Boston until ruined, like many others, by Jefferson's embargo, after which he retired from business and finally became steward (now called bursar) of Harvard College. By his generous good-will and



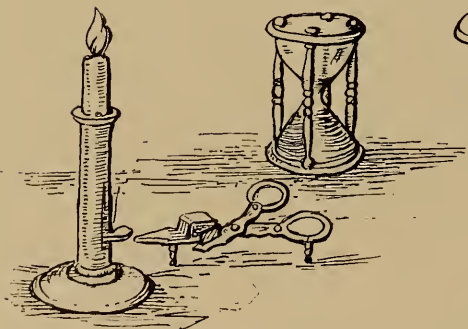
Redeem time





kindly deeds he became known far and near in his prosperous days as the “Howard” or “Man of Ross” of his day. Many trees that now make Harvard College yard so attractive were planted by him, but the lamps he hung over each entrance were soon put out as being thought too expensive. The Harvard Divinity School which he organized still lives.

In 1805 Stephen Higginson married a second wife, Louisa Storow. She was the nineteen-year-old daughter of Captain Thomas Storow — an English officer detained as prisoner at Portsmouth, New Hampshire — and of Anne Appleton, who at the early age of seventeen married and sailed to England with him in 1777.



*Ye Light of Days  
Other*

*Colonel Higginson's birthplace,  
No 7 Kirkland St, Cambridge, Mass.*



Young Mrs. Higginson's charm, intelligence, and unflinching grace won from the Honorable George Cabot — the social Solomon of that period — the following tribute: "No one received company better than Mrs. Higginson."

In his "Cheerful Yesterdays," Colonel Higginson writes: "I was born in Cambridge, Mass., on Dec. 22, 1823, in a house built by my father, at the head of what was then called 'Professor's Row,' and is now Kirkland Street — the street

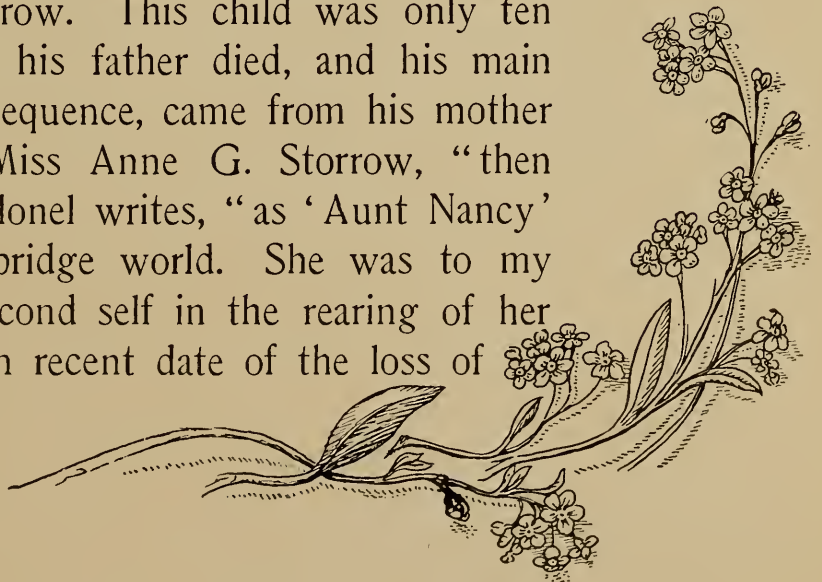
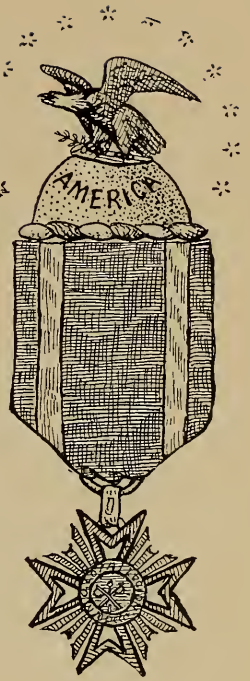


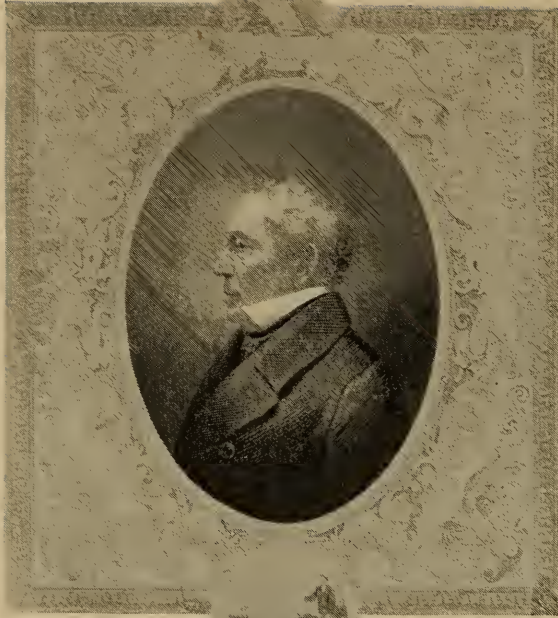


M. O. NATIONAL LEGION  
JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA U.S.

down which the provisional troops marched to the Battle of Bunker Hill." Perhaps that march made its influence felt for young Higginson's future life. In 1870 "Army Life in a Black Regiment" was published. Here Colonel Higginson gives his reasons for becoming a soldier, how he became captain of the 57th Mass. regiment, September 25, 1862, and finally colonel of the 33d U. S. colored troops. This was the first regiment of free slaves mustered into national service. We learn from Civil War history how the Colonel took and held Jacksonville, Florida, was wounded at Wilton Bluffs, and therefore resigned in October, 1863. In this book is a chapter called "The Baby of the Regiment," which will truly delight all little folk.

Of the children born to Stephen Higginson, Jr., and his wife Louisa, Thomas Wentworth was the youngest, being named after his uncle, Thomas Wentworth Storrow. This child was only ten years old when his father died, and his main training, in consequence, came from his mother and his aunt, Miss Anne G. Storrow, "then known," the Colonel writes, "as 'Aunt Nancy' to all the Cambridge world. She was to my mother like a second self in the rearing of her children. Within recent date of the loss of





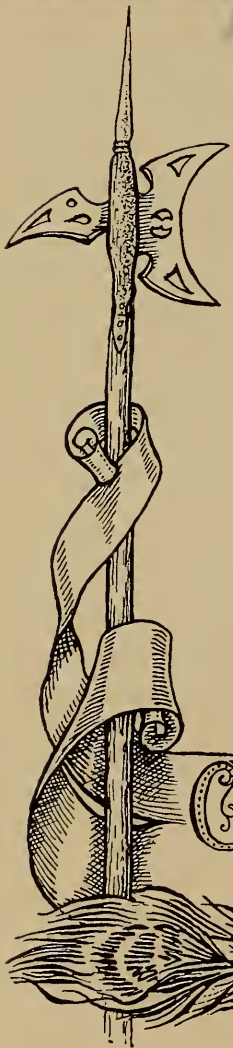
## Edward Everett

her fortune, Mrs. Higginson makes the following note of her young family: "I always awake calm and serene. My children occupy my mind and heart, and fill me with gratitude and affection."

The earliest proof on paper of his infancy is a note to his father "in Edward Everett's exquisite hand-writing — an inquiry 'for the health of the

babe.' It was sent with some tamarinds from Mrs. Everett." The Colonel continues: "It is pleasant to think that I was at the age of seven months assisted toward maturity by this benefaction from a man so eminent." Further on he adds: "My nurse was Rowena Pratt, wife of Dexter Pratt, 'The Village Blacksmith' of Longfellow's. It is amusing that Longfellow once asked me, many years after, what his hero's name was."

\* \* \* \*



Orator & Statesman  
1794. Author 1865.



## The Village Blacksmith

“A younger sister of Professor Longfellow was a frequent guest, and the young poet himself came, in the dawning of his yet undeveloped fame. Once, and once only, Washington Irving came there, while visiting a nephew who had married my cousin.”

In Mrs. Higginson’s diary is noted of her elder daughter: “She knows all her letters at three,” and of her youngest child, Thomas Wentworth, “he has read a good many books — at four years of age.” Among his treasures of childhood is a pencilled note from a little playmate — a professor’s daughter — who tells him, “‘I am glad you are six years old. I shall be four in March.’”

Charles Parsons, described as “a grave, prim little boy,” nephew of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, “was my immediate playmate,” says the Colonel.





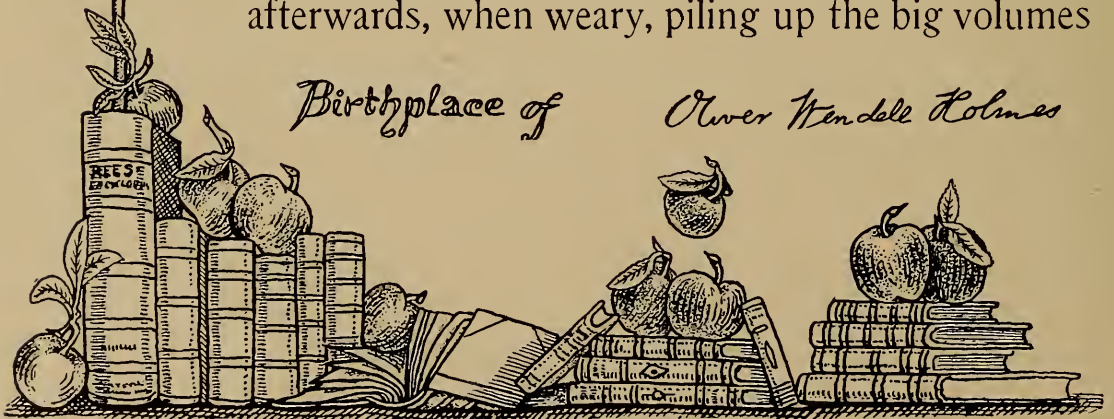
*“per aspera ad astra”*



He adds: “While we were not schoolmates, we were most constantly together out of school hours.” They often “tumbled about” the very same library as did the Autocrat himself, in actual contact with books. Of these good times in this interesting old homestead — the poet’s birthplace and once a landmark on the college grounds — and also of Dr. Holmes’ father, Colonel Higginson writes: “Many an hour we spent poring over the pictures in the large old Rees’ Cyclopædia; afterwards, when weary, piling up the big volumes

*Birthplace of*

*Oliver Wendell Holmes*

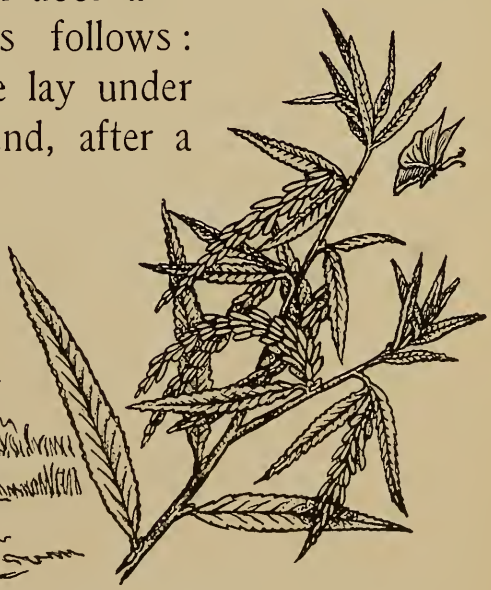




# Mount Auburn

for fortifications to be mutually assailed by cannonading apples from a perpetual barrel in the closet. Meanwhile the kindly old grandfather, working away at his sermons, never

seemed disturbed by our rompings; and I vividly remember one evening when he went to the window and, scratching with his knife-blade through the thick frost, shaped outlines of the rough brambles below and made a constellation of the stars above, with the added motto, *per aspera ad astra*, — then explaining to us its meaning, that through difficulties we must seek the stars.” Their out-of-door rambles have been happily described as follows: “Charles Parsons and myself, as we lay under Lowell’s willows ‘at the Causey’s end, after a



OLD CAMBRIDGE



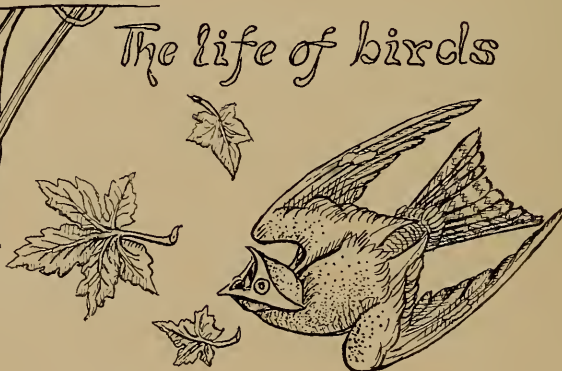
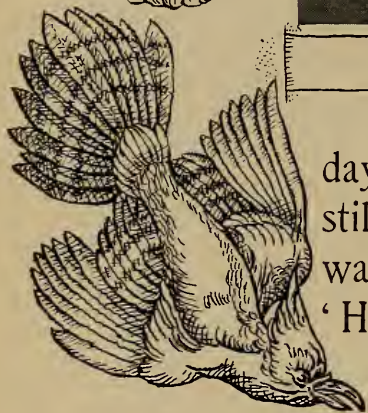
Harvard Square A.D. 1830

day at Mount Auburn, — then sweet Auburn still' — to sort out our butterflies, or divide our walnuts in autumn, chanted uproariously the 'Hunter's Chorus':

'We roam through the forest and over the mountains;  
No joy of the court or banquet like this.'

We always made a pause after the word 'court,'

The life of birds



The "woman's school 'till I was eight,"



The Washington Elm

and we supposed ourselves to be hurling defiance at monarchies."

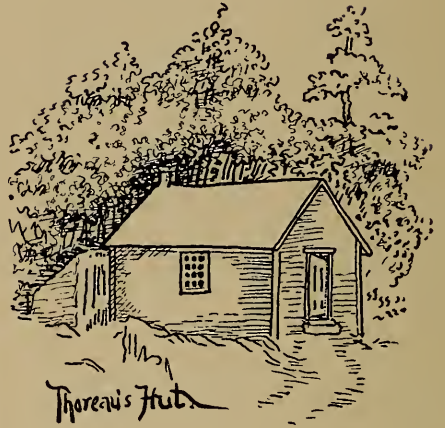
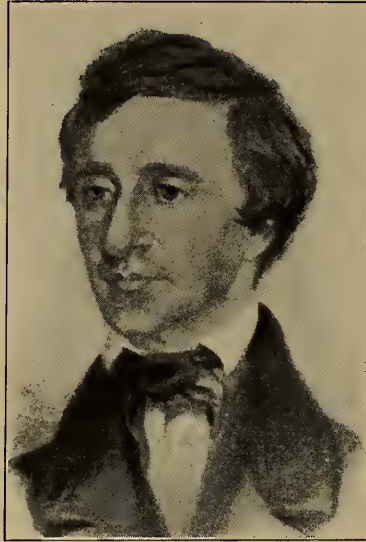
"Every boy of active tastes—and mine were eminently such," writes the Colonel, "must become either a sportsman or a naturalist." Why he was not a sportsman appears from his pen in the following incident: "Coming down Divinity Avenue one day with an older boy, George Ware,

*In a fair country*

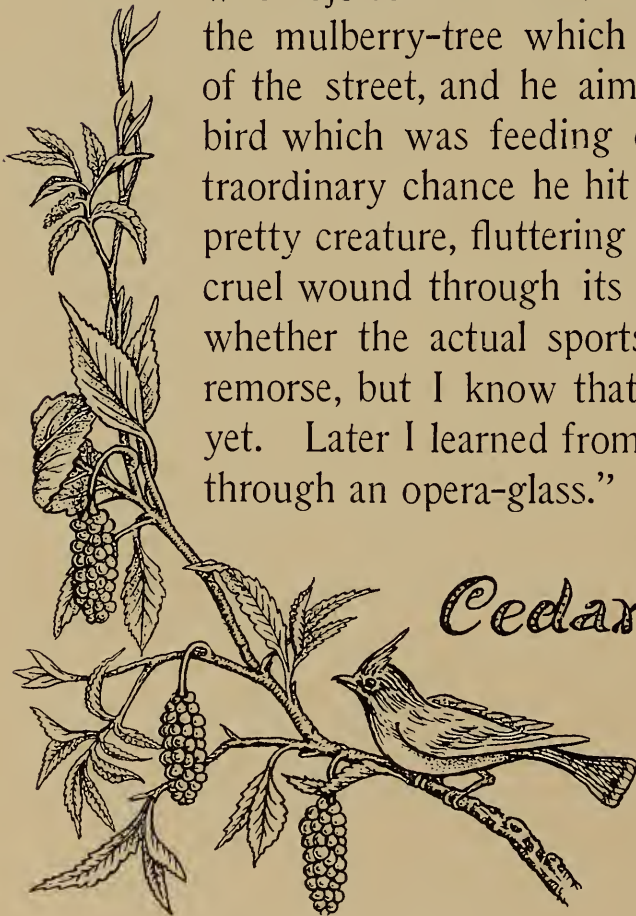




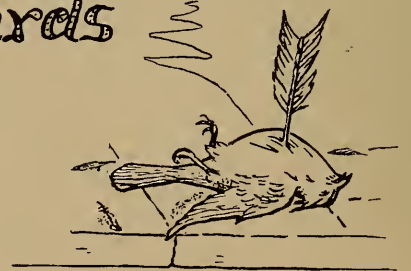
*Henry D. Thoreau.*



who rejoiced in a bow and arrow, we stopped at the mulberry-tree which still stands at the head of the street, and he aimed at a beautiful cedar-bird which was feeding on mulberries. By extraordinary chance he hit it, and down came the pretty creature, fluttering through the air with the cruel wound through its breast. I do not know whether the actual sportsman suffered pangs of remorse, but I know that I did—and feel them yet. Later I learned from Thoreau to study birds through an opera-glass.”



*Cedar birds*

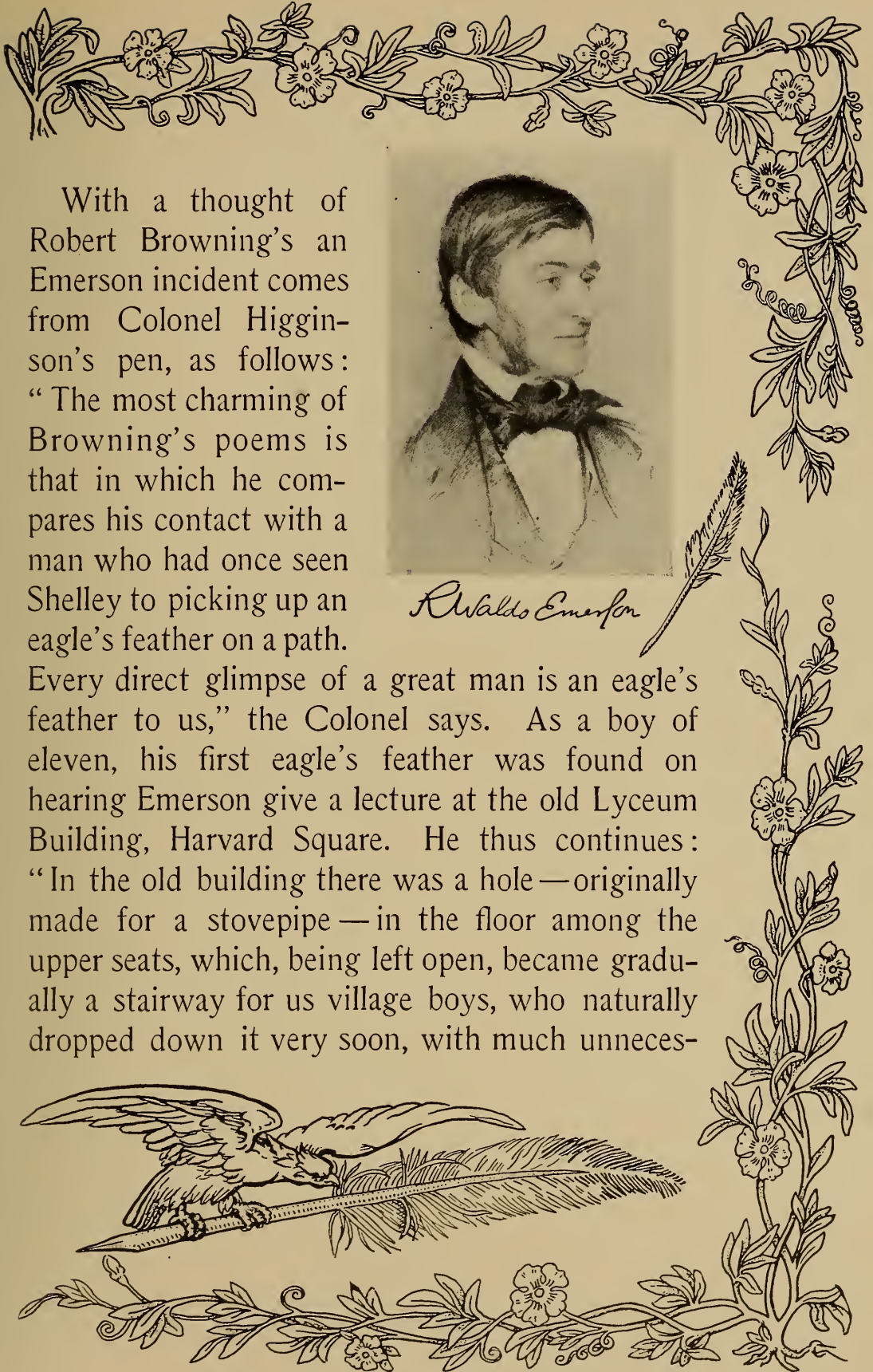


With a thought of Robert Browning's an Emerson incident comes from Colonel Higginson's pen, as follows: "The most charming of Browning's poems is that in which he compares his contact with a man who had once seen Shelley to picking up an eagle's feather on a path.



*R. Waldo Emerson*

Every direct glimpse of a great man is an eagle's feather to us," the Colonel says. As a boy of eleven, his first eagle's feather was found on hearing Emerson give a lecture at the old Lyceum Building, Harvard Square. He thus continues: "In the old building there was a hole — originally made for a stovepipe — in the floor among the upper seats, which, being left open, became gradually a stairway for us village boys, who naturally dropped down it very soon, with much unneces-





Cordially yours  
Thomas Wentworth Higginson



# The Birthday in Fairyland

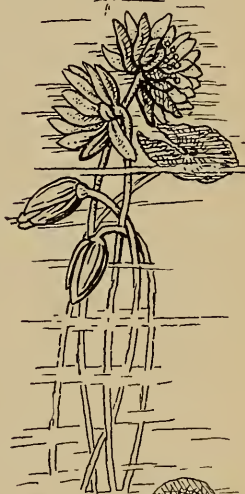


sary noise, when we got tired of lectures, which was usually very early.

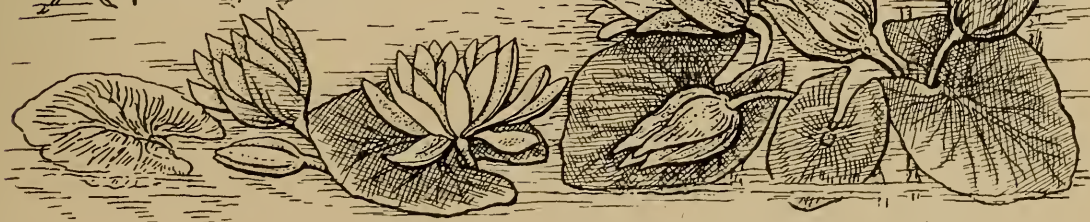
“Emerson set my playmates flying very soon, but I kept my seat; and when I descended decorously at the very end of the lecture, I was received with indignation and contempt by my playmates. I pleaded guilty, as did the old woman of Concord who, when asked if she understood Emerson’s lectures, replied, ‘Not a word, but I like to go and see him stand up there and look as if he thought every one was as good as he was.’ I, too, liked to see him and hear his voice. This was my first eagle’s feather.”

When lecturing at Concord once, he spent the night at Emerson’s house. The home-going morning came in a stormy one, and the scholarly Emerson thought himself none too great nor good to put on his visitor’s overshoes. Of this occasion the Colonel remarks, “Never since have I felt that I could have any one less eminent perform that service for me.”

Besides a pretty fairy story written at twenty, and his many lovely verses for little folk, school children owe much to Colonel Higginson for his



Water-lilies

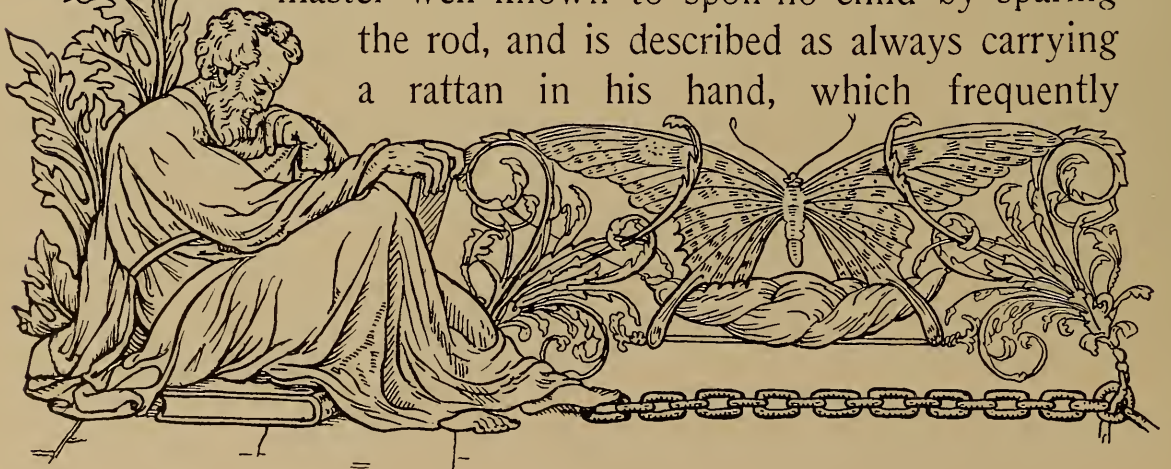




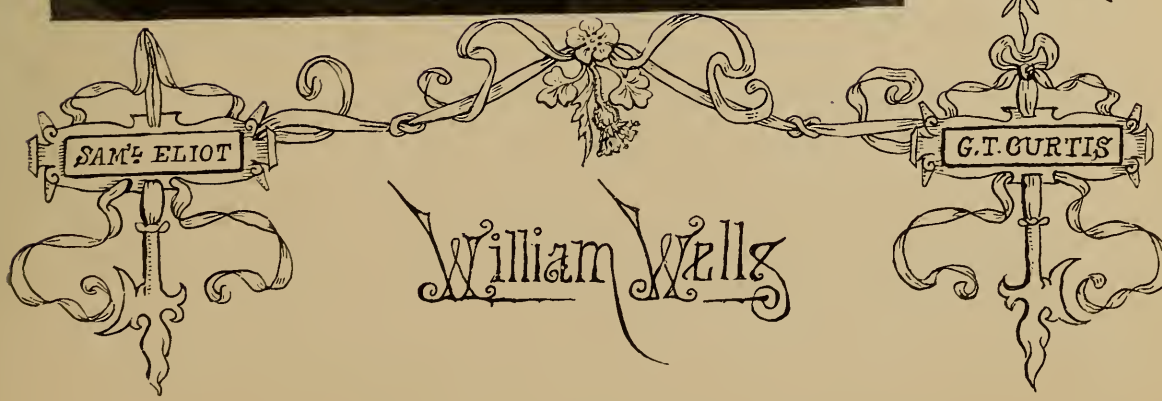
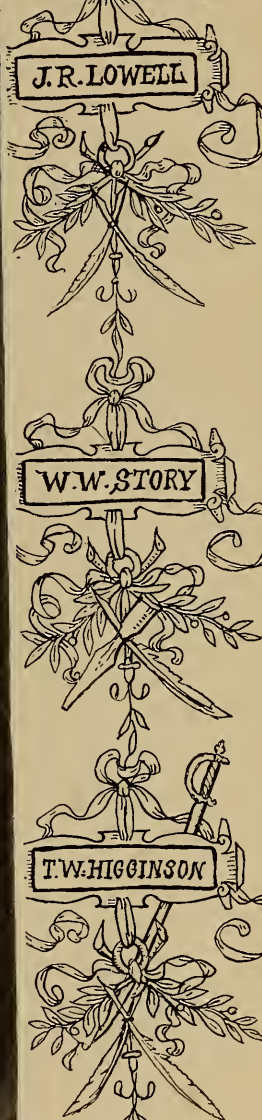
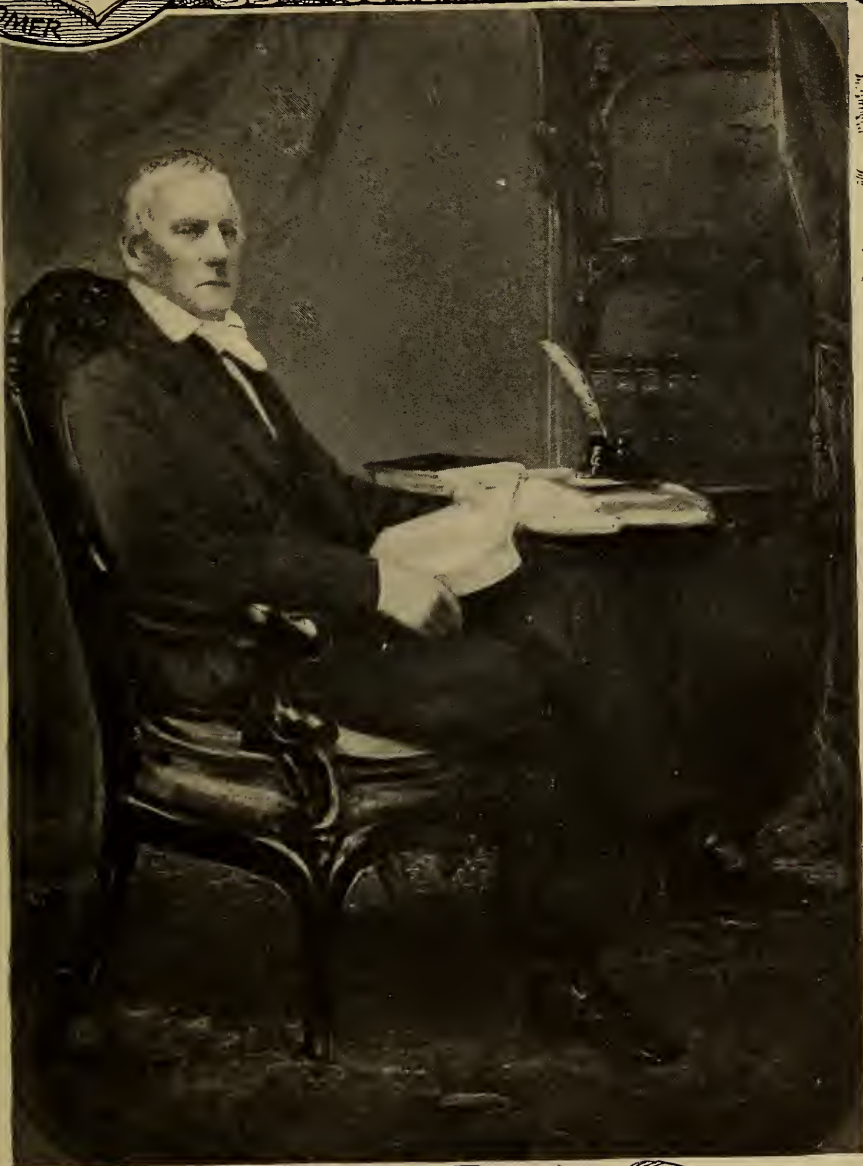
# Epictetus, the slave.

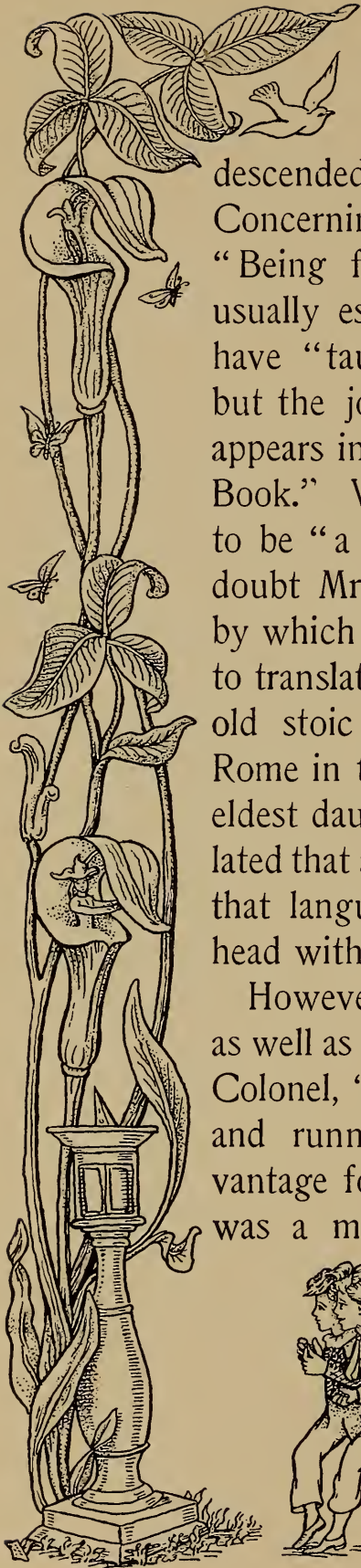
“Young Folks’ History of the United States,” published in 1875. “Young Folks’ Book of American Explorers,” appearing in 1877, may also well claim the attention of all young scholars.

We are not told at what age the boy himself first began school life, but the Colonel does say: “I went to a woman’s school till I was eight, being then placed for five years in the large private school of William Wells. Mr. Wells was himself a graduate of Harvard, and later the Boston publisher of Wells and Lily classics and other important works. He counted Daniel Webster and Edward Everett among his personal friends, so when a fire destroyed his entire stock of books, he began this Cambridge school, and Boston families highly regarded him as well qualified to prepare students for college. In “Cheerful Yesterdays” appears: “Mr. Wells was an Englishman of the old stamp, — erect, vigorous, manly — who abhorred a mean or a cowardly boy.” He was a master well known to spoil no child by sparing the rod, and is described as always carrying a rattan in his hand, which frequently









## Generful Yesterdays

descended on back and arm of the laggard. Concerning this rattan, Colonel Higginson says: "Being fond of study, and learning easily, I usually escaped the rod." Mr. Wells is said to have "taught nothing but Latin and Greek," but the joy the little lad took in learning these appears in the Colonel's paper "On a Latin Text-Book." Wells' own Latin Grammar was conceded to be "a positive boon to his scholars," and no doubt Mr. Wells helped on to the college Greek, by which in 1865 Colonel Higginson was enabled to translate the complete works of Epictetus, that old stoic of Greece who taught philosophy at Rome in the first Christian century. Mr. Wells' eldest daughter was the French teacher. It is related that she sometimes added zeal to their learning that language by tapping the little boys on the head with her thimble.

However, Mr. Wells encouraged physical as well as mental activity, "and," writes the Colonel, "the boys had much ball-playing and running games. It was a great advantage for outdoor training that my school was a mile off, and I paced the distance





to and fro twice a day. Sometimes I had companions—my elder brother for a time, and his classmates, Lowell and Story. I remember treading along close behind them once as they discussed Spenser's 'Faerie Queene,' which they had been reading, and which led us younger boys to christen a favorite play-place, 'The Bower of Blisse.' Often I went alone, made up stories as I went—little incidents or observations of my own—into some prolonged tale with a fine name, having an imaginary hero. For a long time his name was D'Arlon, from 'Philip van Artevelde,' which my mother was reading to us." At other times the boy watched the robins, bluebirds, and insect life of moth and beetle.



These Cambridge children had their dancing lessons from the elder Papanti in private houses.

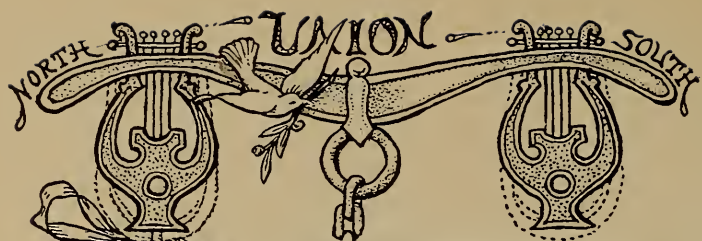


"We were all, it now seems to me," writes the Colonel, "a set of desperate little lovers, with formidable rivalries, suspicions, and jealousies; we had names of our own devising

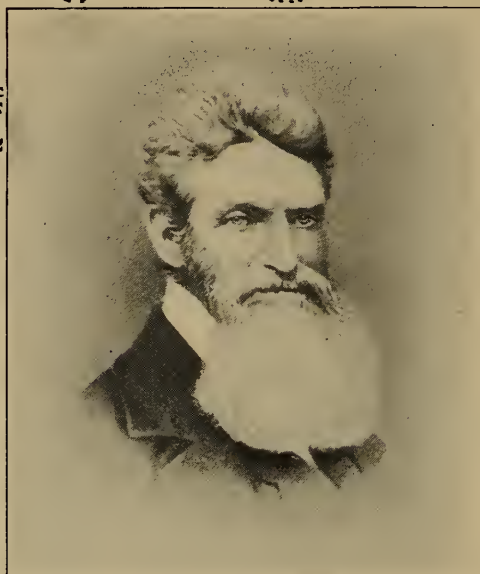


Papanti's  
pupils  
1830





*Affectionately Yours  
John Brown*



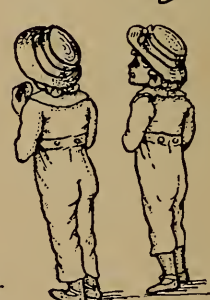
for each juvenile maiden, by which she could be mentioned without peril of discovery. But this sporting soon became secondary (we being Cambridge boys) to the college life, to which no girls might aspire; and before I was

fourteen I myself was launched."

No doubt right of might ruled at times, for the Colonel informs us he escaped: "Thanks to an elder brother, the strongest boy in school, I went free from the frequent pummellings visited by larger boys on smaller." This school-day right-of-might injustice was perhaps the first seedling of indignation at unequal contest planted in the lad's mind. Many years afterwards



*A  
C  
E  
A  
Conflict*

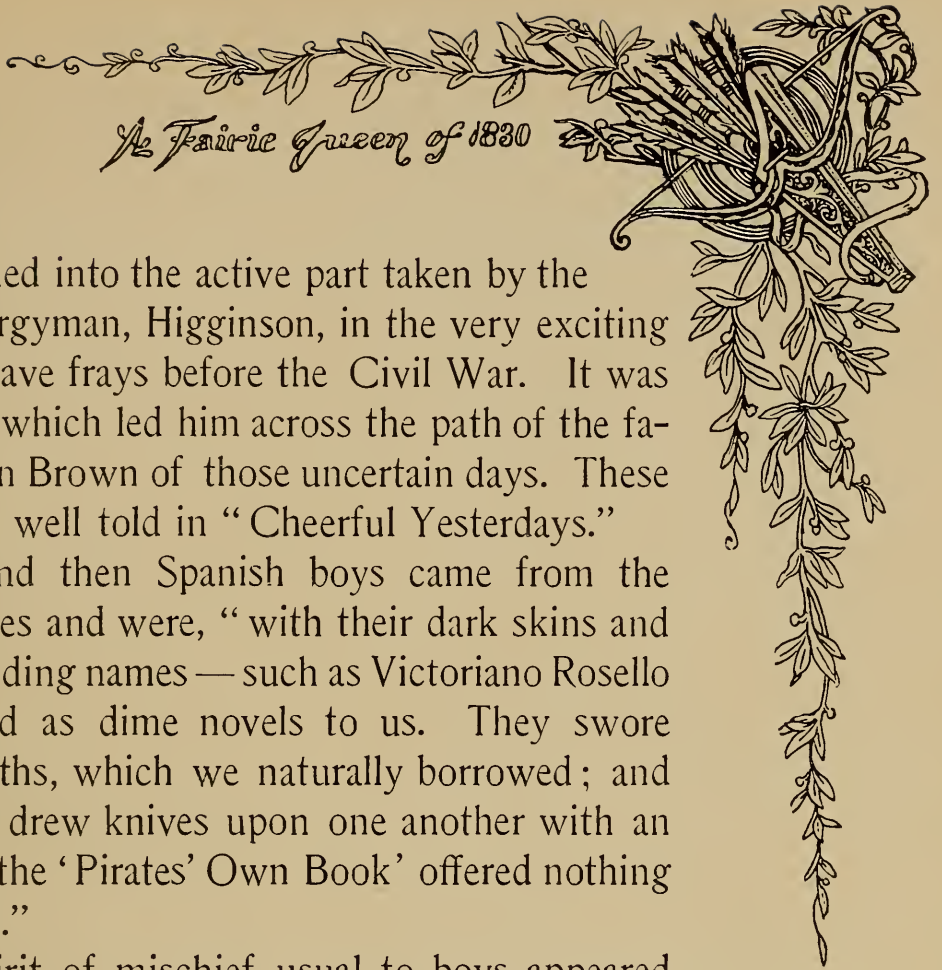



*The Fairie Queen of 1830*

it blossomed into the active part taken by the young clergyman, Higginson, in the very exciting fugitive-slave frays before the Civil War. It was this spirit which led him across the path of the famous John Brown of those uncertain days. These stories are well told in "Cheerful Yesterdays."

Now and then Spanish boys came from the West Indies and were, "with their dark skins and high-sounding names — such as Victoriano Rosello — as good as dime novels to us. They swore superb oaths, which we naturally borrowed; and once they drew knives upon one another with an air which the 'Pirates' Own Book' offered nothing to surpass."

The spirit of mischief usual to boys appeared "in pulleys for raising desk-lids, and in two small holes in every seat for needles worked by pulleys, for the sudden impaling of a fellow student"; and then "the under-desk-hidden readings of 'Baron Trenck,' 'The Three Spaniards,' and 'The Devil on Two Sticks'" were as excitingly attractive as stolen waters are sweet.

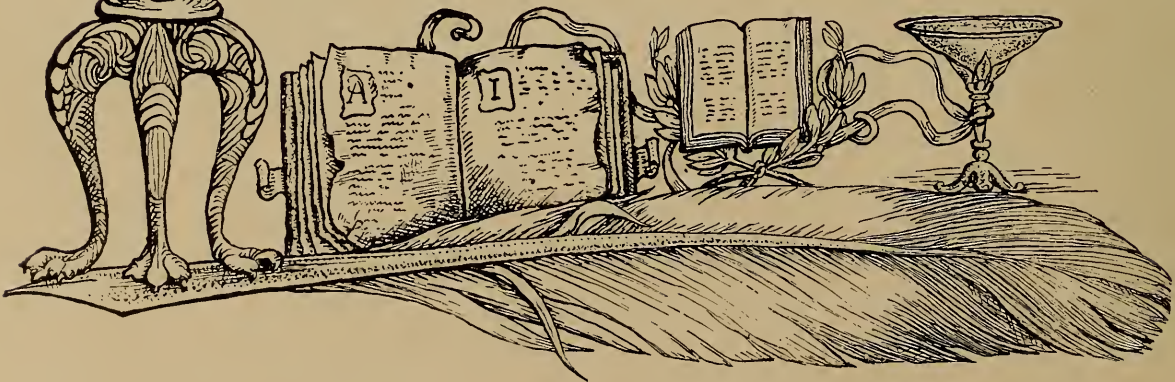


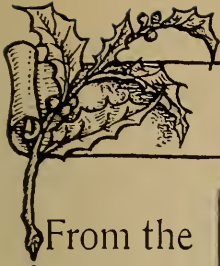


*Colonel Higginson's home,  
No 29 Buckingham St., Cambridge, Mass.*

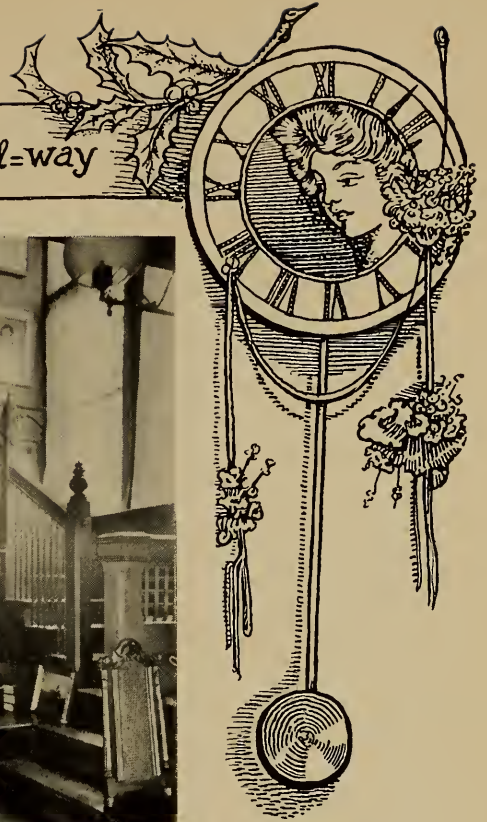


The spirit of chivalry was also there among those Wells' school lads; and that young Higginson was duly impressed by such refining influences is told us as follows: "For a time one fair girl, Mary Story, William Story's sister, glided to her desk in the corner, that she might recite Virgil with the older class." This incident, we are informed, implanted in the boy's mind the first idea of his life-long preference for the equal education for girls with boys.





## Colonel Higginson's Hall-way



From the sheltering ways of boy-hood days to his present ideal abiding place in Cambridge, the charm of happy home influences seems ever to have followed Colo-



nel Higginson. In those early years his mother, as the wise, kind, and gentle director of these influences, has made her memory almost a life worship with her youngest child. Concerning her care and affection, to-day's Literary Dean of Boston and Cambridge writes: "To have lain on the hearth-rug and heard one's mother read aloud is a liberal education." In the evenings Mrs. Higginson read all of Waverley novels to



*The Mistletoe hung  
in the castle hall  
The holly branch shone  
on the old oak wall.*





her children. Spenser's "Faerie Queene" also claimed place in these readings.

Among the thousand volumes the family saved from days of affluence were "Boswell's Life of Johnson," "Hoole's Tasso and Ariosto," "Berwick's Birds and Quadrupeds," — always a delight to children, — "Plutarch's Lives," Miss Burney's and Miss Edgeworth's works, and "Sir Charles Grandison." In time all these with others were read by the boy. It was his habit to collect all disused text-books in out-of-the-way places to make a little library of his very own. Frequent additions were made to this library by the gift-books of late issues from George Ticknor, Jared Sparks, and John Holmes to his aunt and brother.



# Procession of






“Besides this,” the Colonel writes, “the family belonged to a book-club” — one of the first of that time. He continues: “Of this club my eldest brother was secretary, and I was permitted to keep, with pride and delight, the account of the books as they came and went.” And yet, born and reared as he was in this atmosphere of books, book-lovers, and book-makers, breathing in the air of their actual touch, from the apple-battle of book-forts to this day’s love for writing them, one need scarcely wonder that Colonel Higginson says: “Yet as a matter of fact, I never had books enough, nor have I ever had to this day.”

The musical as well as the intellectual atmosphere of the Higginson home deeply impressed this music-loving boy. Concerning it he writes many




# The Flowers





*Ruled all good—*



years afterwards: “My youngest sister was an excellent pianist — one of the first in this region to play Beethoven.” Several memories of her and others, he adds, “brought back vividly the happiness with which, when sent to bed at eight o’clock, I used to leave the door of my little bedroom ajar in order that I might go to sleep to music. I still recall the enchantment with which I heard one moonlight summer night the fine old glee, ‘To Greece we give our Shining Blades,’ sung by Miss Davis, her brother (Admiral Davis), Miss Harriet Mills (afterwards his wife), and William Story, as a serenade under my sister’s window; it made me feel, in Keats’ phrase, ‘as if I was going to a tournament.’ I now recall with pleasure that while my mother disapproved of all but sacred music on Sunday, she ruled that all good music was sacred. Greatly to my bliss I escaped almost all those rigors of the old New England theology which have darkened the lives of so many. We were expected to read the New Testament, but there was nothing enforced about the Old. Even Sunday brought no actual terrors. I have the sweetest image of my mother ready dressed

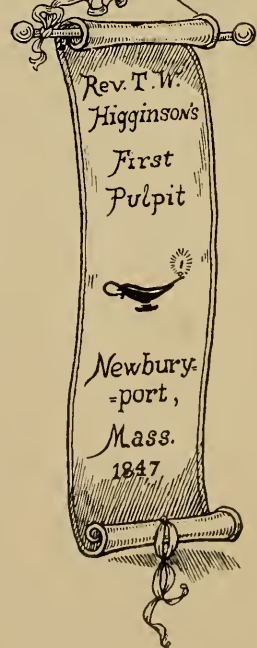
*—was sacred—*





for church — usually bearing a flower in her hand — waiting for my sisters' appearance." This pleasant experience in touch with religion was no doubt one reason for young Higginson's entering Harvard Divinity School in 1847. He began his clerical career with the First Religious Society at Newburyport, a church two hundred years old.

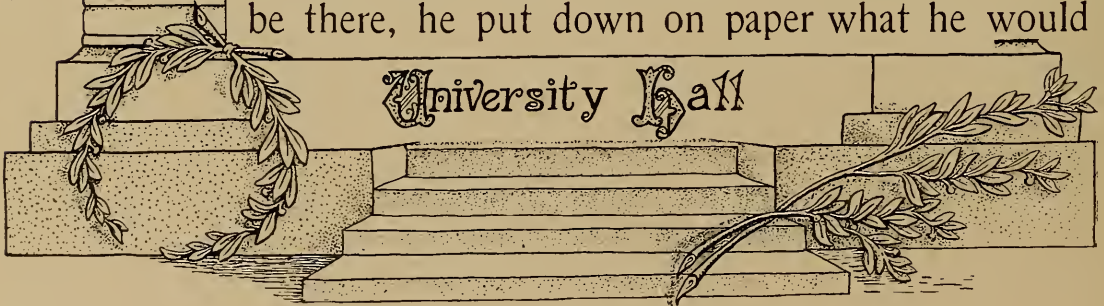
That young Higginson was of attractive personal appearance from childhood comes from various sources. In fact his mother cautioned her son against making faces lest he should spoil his own,





as she believed one of his boy friends had done. Of his rapid physical growth he himself writes: "I was six feet tall at fourteen." He adds of his shyness what it is not so easy to believe: "I had experienced all the agonies of bashfulness in the society of the other sex, though greatly attracted to it"; and continues: "A word or two from my mother had in a single day corrected this." This mother gave him to understand that his companions of social successes were not his superiors in school or on the playground, and "Why not cope with them elsewhere?" By a process unique he lost his diffidence in a single evening. Invited to a company and knowing what young ladies would be there, he put down on paper what he would

University Hall





Henry W. Longfellow

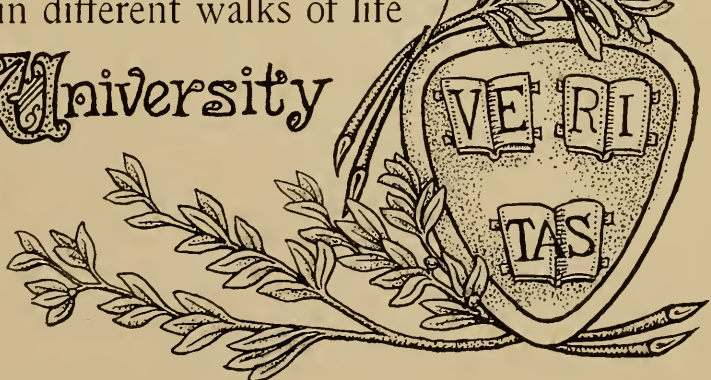


say to each if he chanced to be near. "It worked like a charm," he says, "and I heard next day that everybody was surprised at the transformation. It set me free."

At thirteen years of age young Higginson became a "Child of the College," and we are assured that the entrance examination of those days was by no means the boy's play that it is sometimes asserted to have been. Of his own advent he writes: "It was a blissful moment when I at last found myself, one summer morning, standing on the steps of University Hall, looking about with a new sense of ownership on the trees my father planted. Never since in life have I had such a vivid sense of a career, an opportunity, a battle to be won." He was the youngest of the class of 1841, and was among the number who afterwards won distinction in different walks of life

Harvard University

A.D. 1836



# Celia Thaxter



As a Child of the College, young Higginson fulfilled to family and friends his promising preparations for student life. Writing of various instructors, he says of one, "I need not say what it was to read French with Longfellow." He tells us his only really intimate friend in the class was

Francis Edward Parker, some two years older than himself. Of this friend he says: "I frequently spent nights in his room, and we had few secrets from each other and were running neck-and-neck for the first place during the time of our greatest intimacy. My marks were often second in the class, sometimes equalling—oh, day of glory!—those of my classmate, Francis Edward Parker." Charles C. Perkins, authority on Italian art and founder of art instruction in Boston, was Higginson's room-mate during the



Higginson





senior year. Of Levi Lincoln Thaxter he writes as one "who did more for my literary tastes than all other friends. He was an ardent student of literature, much under the influence of his cousin, Maria White, and of Lowell, her betrothed. Thaxter first led me to Emerson and to Hazlitt; we were both lovers of Longfellow. Thaxter's modesty, reticence, and later fame of his wife, Celia, have obscured him to the world; but he was one of the most loyal and high-minded of men." In his "Contemporaries" Colonel Higginson gives interesting accounts of many of

James and Maria  
 Russell and White  
 Lowell



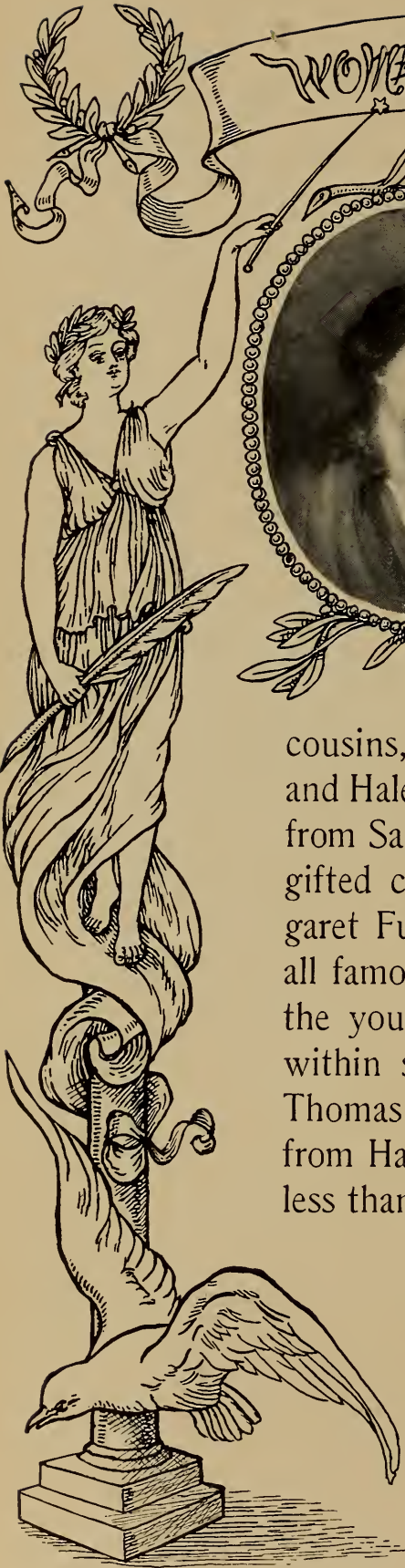
# WOMEN and the ALPHABET

these gifted persons among whom he has lived and moved as one of them.

A little later on he came in touch with that brilliant circle of attractive young people known as "The Brothers and Sisters," of which James Russell Lowell and Maria White were called the "King" and "Queen."

The Whites of Watertown, their cousins, the Thaxters, the Storys from Cambridge, and Hales and Tuckermans from Boston, and Kings from Salem were members of this fascinating and gifted court life. George William Curtis, Margaret Fuller, and Charles Dana of Brook Farm — all famous afterwards — were also counted among the young man's friends. Thus richly enfolded within such home, college, and social influences, Thomas Wentworth Higginson was graduated from Harvard College when he was four months less than eighteen years of age.

*Margaret Fuller Ossoli.*



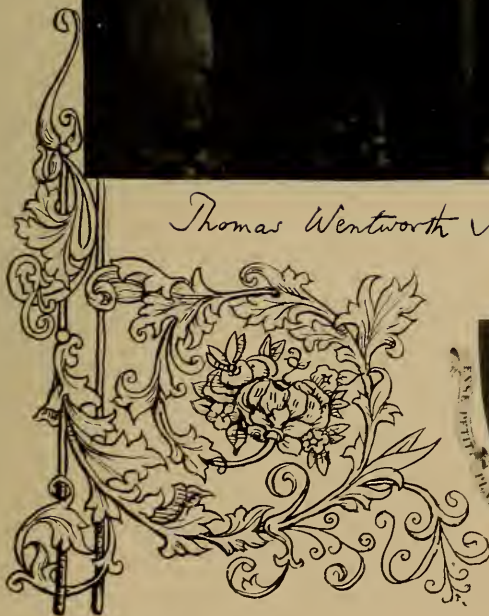




*Thomas Wentworth Higginson*



Gov. Long





Athena

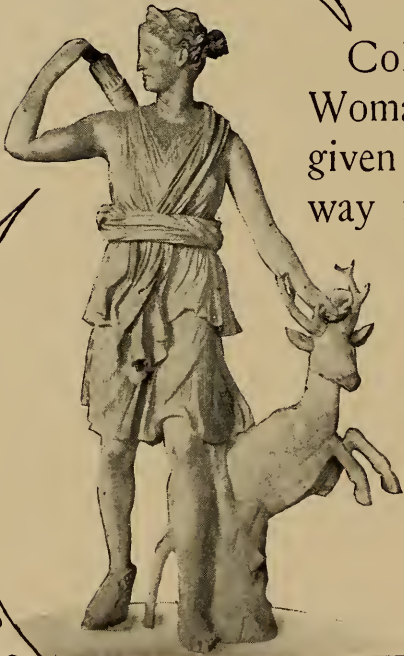


Minerva



APHRODITE

Venus.



Artemis

Diana

Colonel Higginson's "Ideals of Womanhood" at different ages are given in an attractive and original way in his essay on "The Greek Goddesses."

Incidentally Colonel Higginson writes: "I owe indirectly to a single remark made by my mother all the opening of my eyes to the intellectual disadvantages of her sex. In 1837 Mrs. Rufus King, a very

THE ✠

GREEK ✠



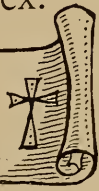
CERES  
 DEMETER

accomplished and highly educated Cincinnati woman, came to reside in Cambridge. She was making some criticisms at our house upon the inequalities between the sexes. My mother exclaimed, in her ardent way, 'But only think, Mrs. King, what an education you have obtained!' 'Yes,' was the reply, 'but how did I obtain it?' Then followed the pathetic story of her early struggles for knowledge. It sank into my heart at the age of fifteen or thereabouts." Colonel Higginson has never failed in loyalty to this impulse, nor faltered in service to earnest workers of the gentler sex.

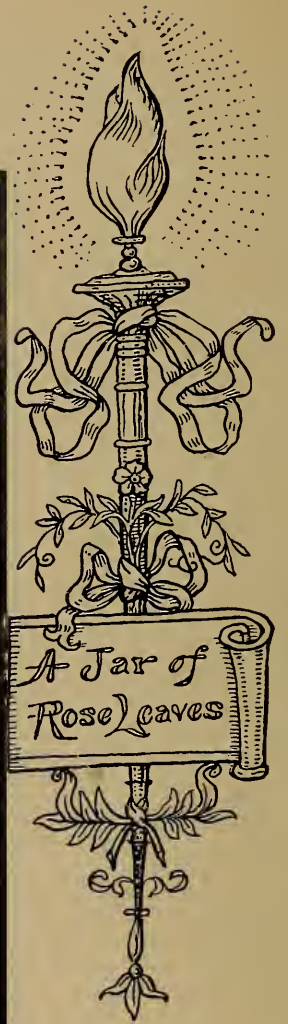
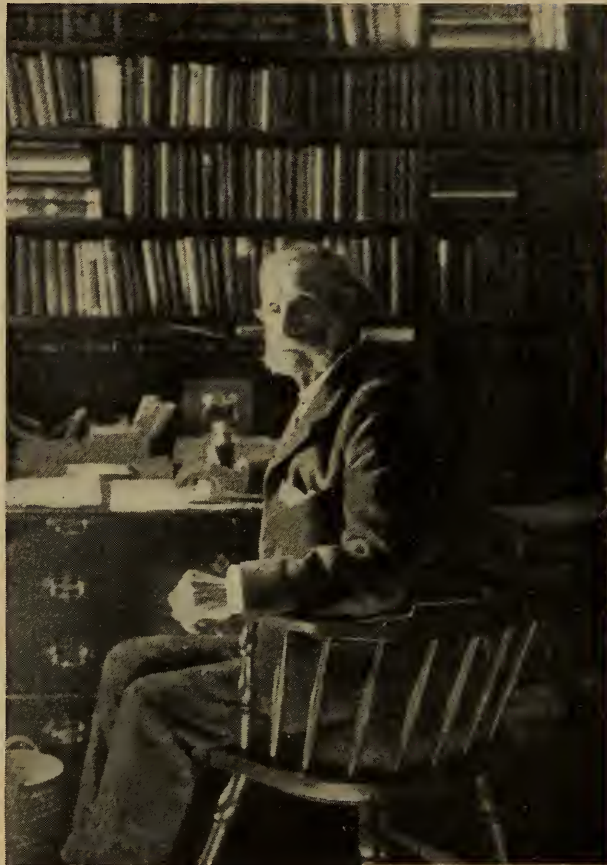


\* HESTIA \* VESTA

GODDESSES



Thomas Wentworth Higginson



KNOWLEDGE IS POWER

PART

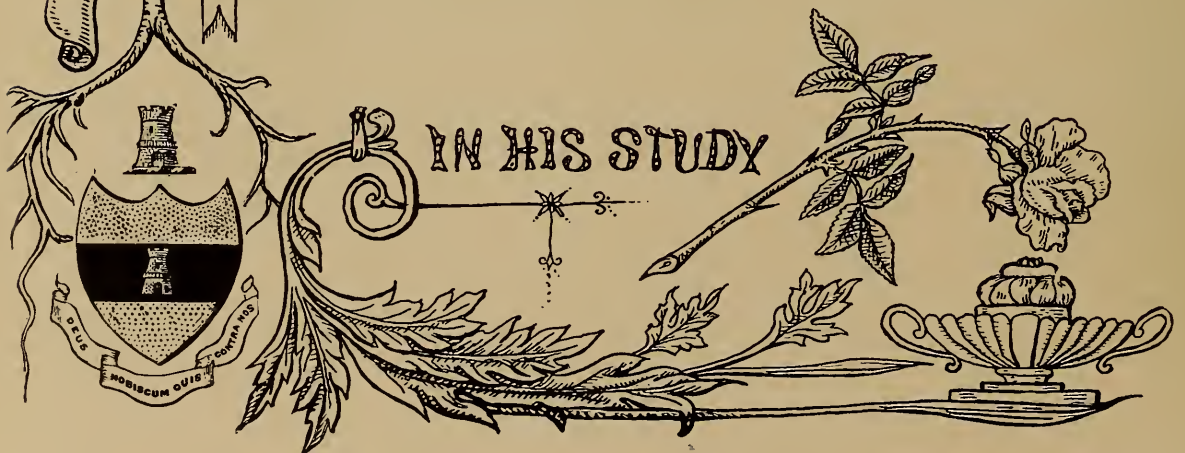
of A

MAN'S

LIFE

From his Cambridge study—for his house is a library, a wide world of books—his influence, kind and ever wise, is constantly felt among all book-makers and countless readers everywhere.

IN HIS STUDY





Margherita

Pearl of Savoy and Queen-Mother of  
Italy





OUT-DOOR PAPERS

Here it is interesting to note the pleasure expressed by the Queen-Mother of Italy for the charm and perfection of the Colonel's latest translation of the Italian poet Petrarch.

So full of attractive interest in efforts, service,—national and individual,—and various successes has been the life of Thomas Wentworth Higginson from his graduation at Harvard College in 1841 until to-day that the writer of this sketch must refer interested readers to his "Collected Works." They contain very nearly everything worth knowing of people and events with which his distinguished position at different times has brought him in touch.

Even the summers do not find Colonel Higginson idle, but truly an earnest worker close to nature's heart at Glimpsewood, a poet's nook hidden among the shrubbery and trees close to the shore of lovely Dublin Lake, New Hampshire. Here, where old Monadnock worships itself in many streams, with his talented wife and their only child, Margaret, life, all in all, must seem to Thomas Wentworth Higginson one glad, sweet song.

*The Afternoon Landscape*





## GLIMPSEWOOD

The forest birches  
wave and gleam  
Through boughs of  
feathery pine,  
Ah, no, dear love!  
'tis not a dream:  
This fairy home is thine.



Mrs. Thomas  
Wentworth  
Higginson.



The One Ewe Lamb





Wentworth Higginson Barney

The garden one wide banquet spreads for thee,  
O daintiest reveller of the joyous earth !

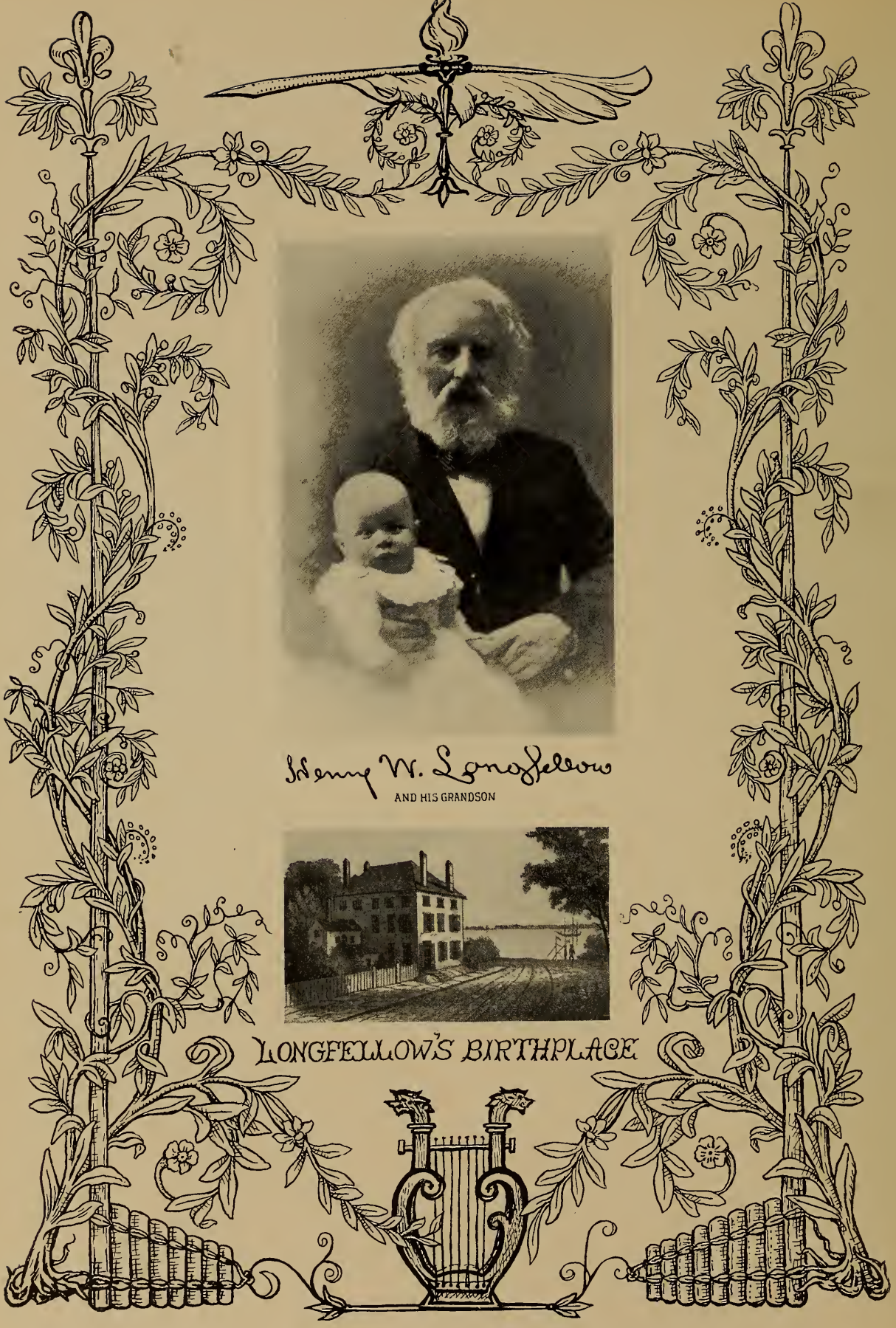
Ode to a Butterfly



Henry W. Longfellow  
AND HIS GRANDSON



LONGFELLOW'S BIRTHPLACE





The Children's  
**LONGFELLOW**

**W**ENRY WADSWORTH, second son of the Honorable Stephen and Zilpah Wadsworth Longfellow, was born on February twenty-seventh, eighteen hundred and seven, in the large old-fashioned house still standing on the corner of Fore and Hancock Streets, Portland, Maine. His parents were spending the winter with his father's sister

on thy head  
 The glory of the morn  
 . . . . . is shed,  
 . . . . . Like a celestial  
 . . . . . benison



The Old Wadsworth-Longfellow House  
 PORTLAND, MAINE



Mark  
 Man's  
 Glimpse  
 is his

Golden  
 Miles  
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 of

during the absence of her husband, Captain Samuel Stephenson, whom business called to the West Indies. The new baby was named for his mother's brother, a United States Navy lieutenant of nineteen, who, serving before Tripoli under Commodore Preble, preferred death to slavery, and perished in the blowing up of the fire-ship Intrepid, September fourth, eighteen hundred and

four.  
 When little Henry was less than a year old, Mr. Longfellow removed his family to what is now known as "The Wadsworth-Longfellow Home" on Congress Street, left by will of the poet's

Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest;  
 Home-keeping hearts  
 are happiest, —

Song.

*General Peleg Wadsworth*

youngest sister, Mrs. Anne Longfellow Pierce, to the Maine Historical Society. By its historian, Nathan Gould, and other able members, this house has been made a world's shrine to the literary and historic name it bears. It was the first brick house in Portland, and was built by the poet's grandfather, General Peleg Wadsworth, during the years of seventeen hundred and eighty-five and six. His daughter Zilpah, Henry's mother, gives this picture of her father: "Imagine to yourself a man of middle age, well proportioned, with a military air, and who carried himself so truly that many thought him tall. His dress, a bright scarlet coat, buff small-clothes and vest, full ruffled bosom, ruffles over the hands, white stockings, shoes with silver buckles, white cravat bow in front, hair well powdered and tied behind in a club, so called." And General Wadsworth was the grand man his daughter so describes. It was on the broad stone stoop of his Congress Street home — the grandest house in town, of its time — that Zilpah Wadsworth, at twenty years of age, pre-



*We may build more splendid habitations,  
— But we cannot buy with gold  
the old associations! The Golden Milestone.*



## Lucia Wadsworth

sented a banner from the young ladies of Portland to the first uniformed militia company in Maine; and it was here, on January first, eighteen hundred and four, that she became the bride of Stephen Longfellow IV. Soon after their marriage they began housekeeping elsewhere, but returned to this house within a year after the birth of Henry Wadsworth.

In eighteen hundred and twenty-nine this Portland home was left by will to Mrs. Longfellow and her sister Lucia Wadsworth, who lived with her, and as "Aunt Lucia" was ever like a second mother to the Longfellow little folk. Here six of these were born, and from its doorway five of them went to their eternal rest.

Long ago, in the sixteen hundreds—and before—of old England, the Longfellow and Wadsworth families were both found in Yorkshire county. However, William, the American founder of the Longfellow family, was born in Hampshire county, in sixteen hundred and fifty-seven, and when twenty-one years old came over the sea to Newbury, Massachusetts, where he married Anne Sewall, sister of the first chief-justice of that state. This William has been described as "not so much

*Long was the good man's sermon,  
Yet it seemed not so to me;  
For he spake of Ruth the beautiful,  
And still I thought of thee.*

*A Gleam of Sunshine*



PARSON SMITH

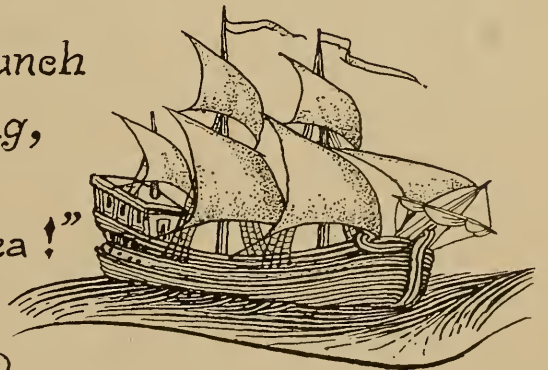


## *The Building of the Ship*

of a Puritan as some." He was followed by another William and four Stephens in descent to the birth of the poet's brother Stephen V. The first Stephen, born in Newbury, became a blacksmith and married Abigail, daughter of the Reverend Edward Thompson. Their fifth child, Stephen II, a bright boy, born in seventeen hundred and twenty-three, was sent to Harvard College, where he took two degrees. After teaching a while at York, where he married Tabitha Bragdon, he was invited, through Parson Thomas Smith of Portland, Maine — then called Falmouth — to become schoolmaster of that town. Here he steadily gained so high a character that he was asked to fill many of its important offices. When the British, in seventeen hundred and seventy-five, burned his town home, he moved to Gorham, Maine. This Stephen was said to be "a man of piety, integrity, and honor," and "his favorite reading was history and poetry."

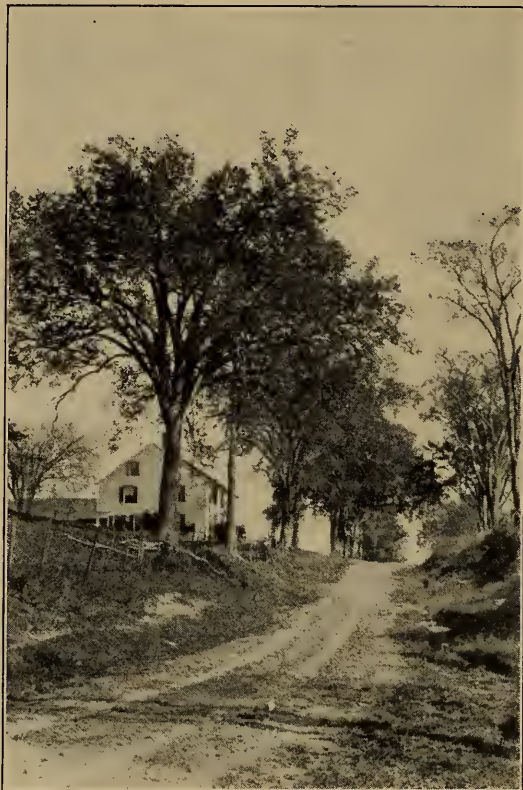
His oldest son, Stephen III, was born at Falmouth, in seventeen hundred and fifty, and married Patience Young, of York, in seventeen hundred and seventy-three. In time he became known as a judge. In seventeen hundred and eighty-seven he bought

— "Ere long we will launch  
A vessel as goodly, and strong,  
and stanch,  
As ever weathered a wintry sea!"





## The Longfellow Gorham Home

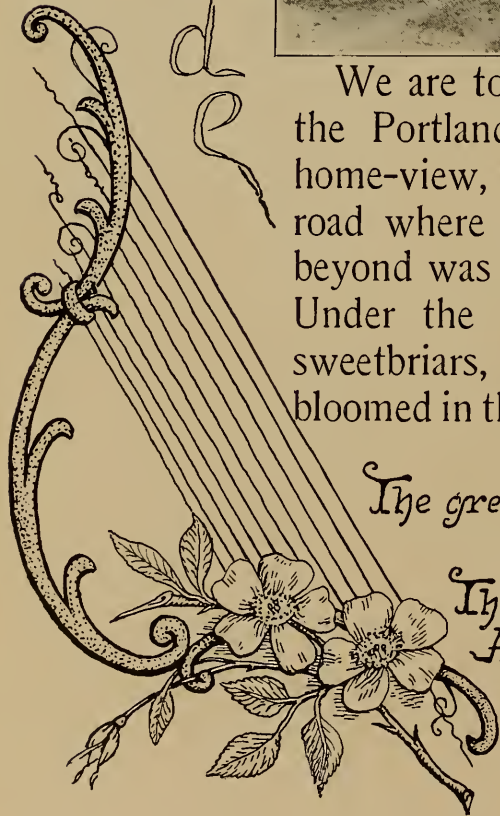


his father's Gorham farm, where, two years before, the Longfellow love of the beautiful led him to set out many trees along the roadsides and all around the place, and which were always called *the Longfellow elms*. For this and other ways unusual to his time, he showed "he was not like other men."

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We are told that there was a haunted wood on the Portland way to Gorham; then came the home-view, with the blacksmith's shop across the road where the oxen and horses were shod; and beyond was the "singing brook" and its bridge. Under the home windows grew syringas and sweetbriars, and dark-red "low damask" roses bloomed in their time of coming. Judge Longfellow

*The green trees whispered low and mild ;  
It was a sound of joy !  
They were my playmates when a child ,  
And rocked me in their arms so wild .  
Still they looked at me and smiled ,  
As if I were a boy ; —*

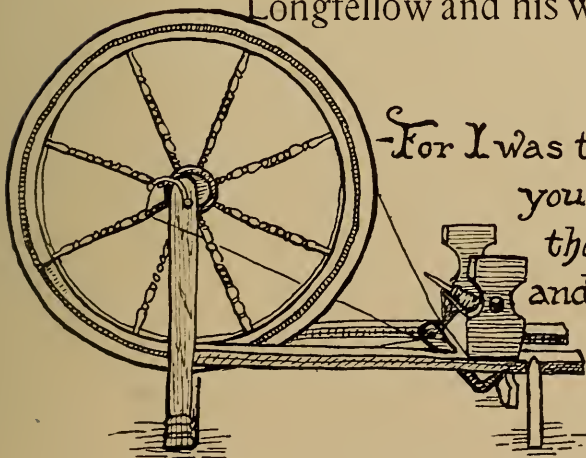




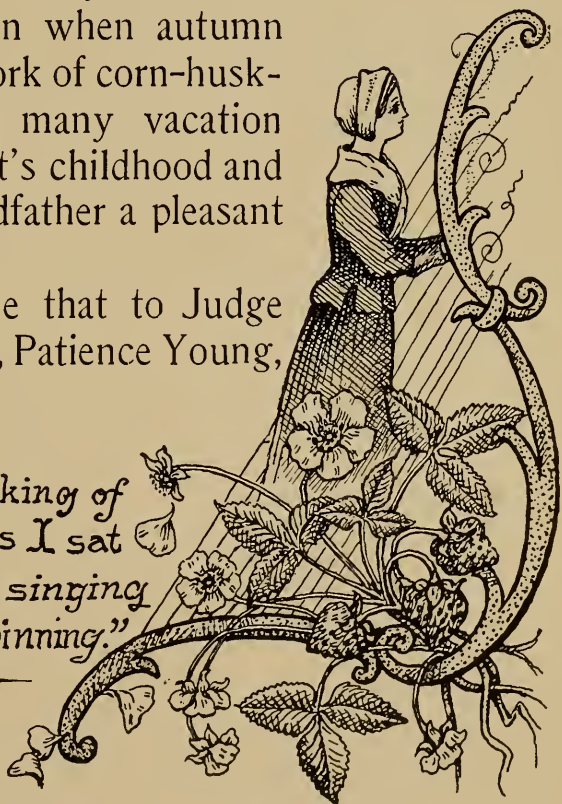
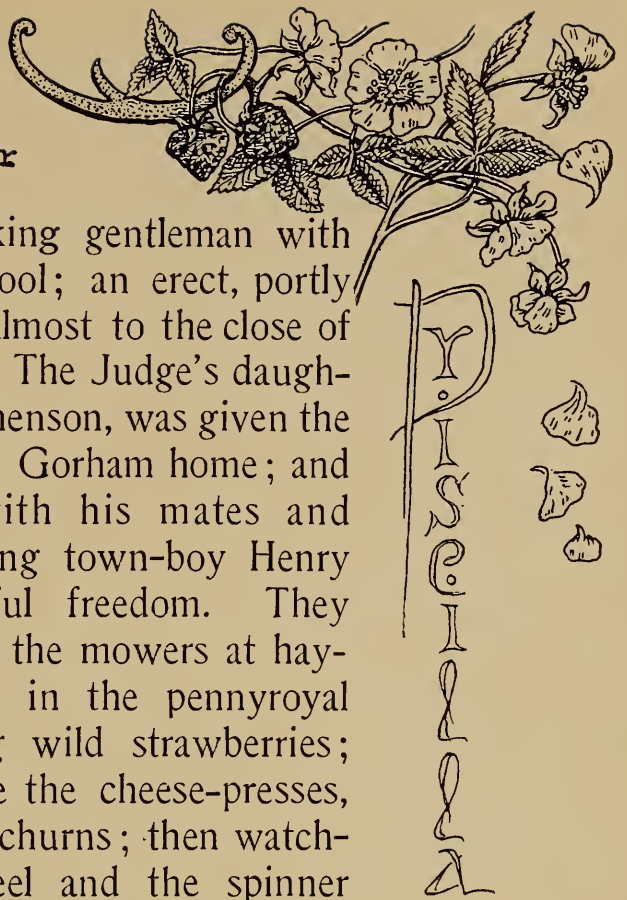
## The Spinner

was said to be "a fine-looking gentleman with the bearing of the old school; an erect, portly figure, rather tall; wearing almost to the close of his life the old-style dress." The Judge's daughter Abigail, Mrs. Samuel Stephenson, was given the neighboring land east of this Gorham home; and so it came about that with his mates and Stephenson cousins the young town-boy Henry had many days of delightful freedom. They played at farming, following the mowers at hay-time; going for the cows in the pennyroyal pasture at evening; picking wild strawberries; peeping into the dairy to see the cheese-presses, and butter making in the tall churns; then watching the great spinning-wheel and the spinner walking to and fro as she fed the spindle from the heap of carded wool. Then when autumn came there was fun, frolic, and work of corn-husking. These were among the many vacation attractions which charmed a poet's childhood and made every thought of his grandfather a pleasant one.

It was in this Gorham home that to Judge Longfellow and his wife, Patience Young,



*For I was thinking of  
you, as I sat  
there singing  
and spinning."*



The



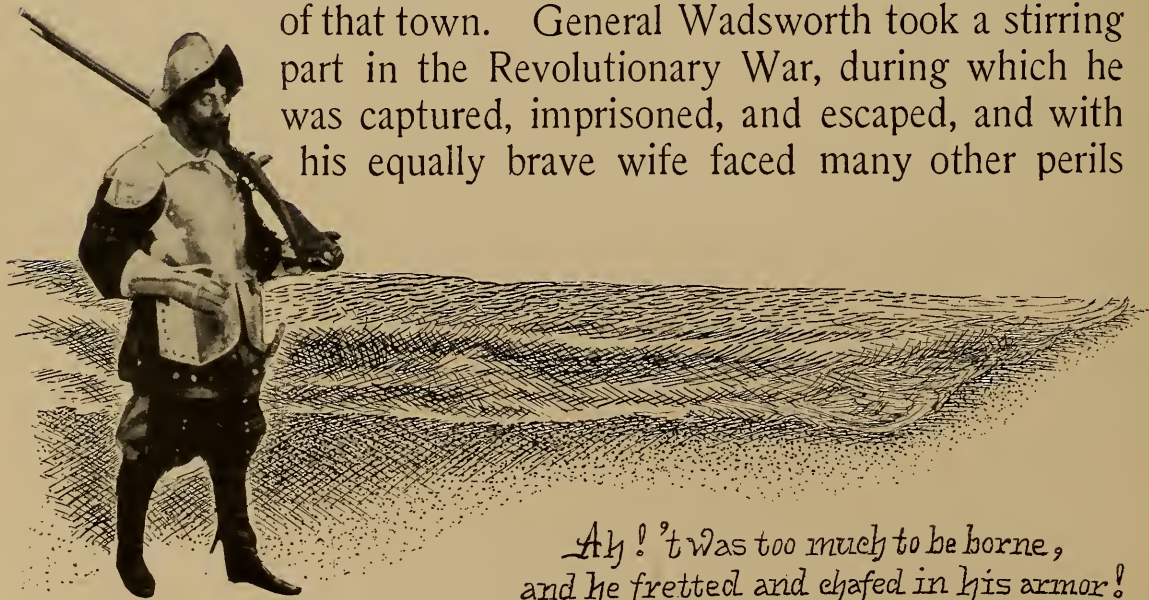
Mayflowers

C  
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of Miles  
Standish

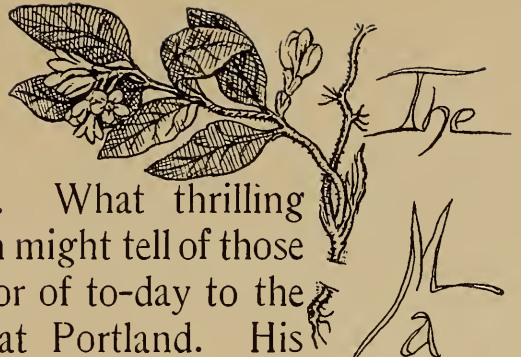
was born on March twenty-third, seventeen hundred and seventy-six, their second son, Stephen IV, who afterwards became the father of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the poet.

The Wadsworths were the descendants of seven Mayflower pilgrims—Elder William Brewster and his wife Mary, Love Brewster, William Mullins and wife, Priscilla Mullins, and John Alden. Knowing this adds to "The Courtship of Miles Standish" still another charm. However, Christopher came from England to Duxbury, Massachusetts, about sixteen hundred and thirty-two; and fourth in descent from him was Deacon Peleg Wadsworth, father of General Peleg Wadsworth of military fame, and maternal grandfather of the poet. General Wadsworth was born in seventeen hundred and forty-eight, and was graduated from Harvard College in seventeen hundred and sixty-nine. He then taught school at Plymouth, Massachusetts, and about three years later married Elizabeth Bartlett, daughter of Samuel Bartlett of that town. General Wadsworth took a stirring part in the Revolutionary War, during which he was captured, imprisoned, and escaped, and with his equally brave wife faced many other perils



*Ah! 't was too much to be borne,  
and he fretted and chafed in his armor!*

Mayflowers



The

Mayflower

within these uncertain times. What thrilling stories his cocked hat and canteen might tell of those times, if they could, to the visitor of to-day to the Wadsworth-Longfellow home at Portland. His army service was full of zeal and honor, and made him a major-general in Massachusetts. After the war General Wadsworth, then forty-one, bought at twelve and a half cents an acre seventy-eight hundred acres of public lands in what is now the town of Hiram, Maine. His deed dates March tenth, seventeen hundred and ninety. Five years later he built his house. January first, eighteen hundred and seven, he began housekeeping there, and ended his days at Wadsworth Hall. Much has been written of this home, from its attic — the happy hunting-ground of children — filled with old chests, loom, spinning-wheel, tin kitchens, etc., to the cellar under the whole house. A yoke of oxen with a load of vegetables could be driven one way into this great cellar, and after unloading into the bins, driven out another. The furnishings of Wadsworth Hall were such as might be expected in a home built and lived in by a distinguished family for over a century. The old barn — a boy's paradise — was one hundred feet long.



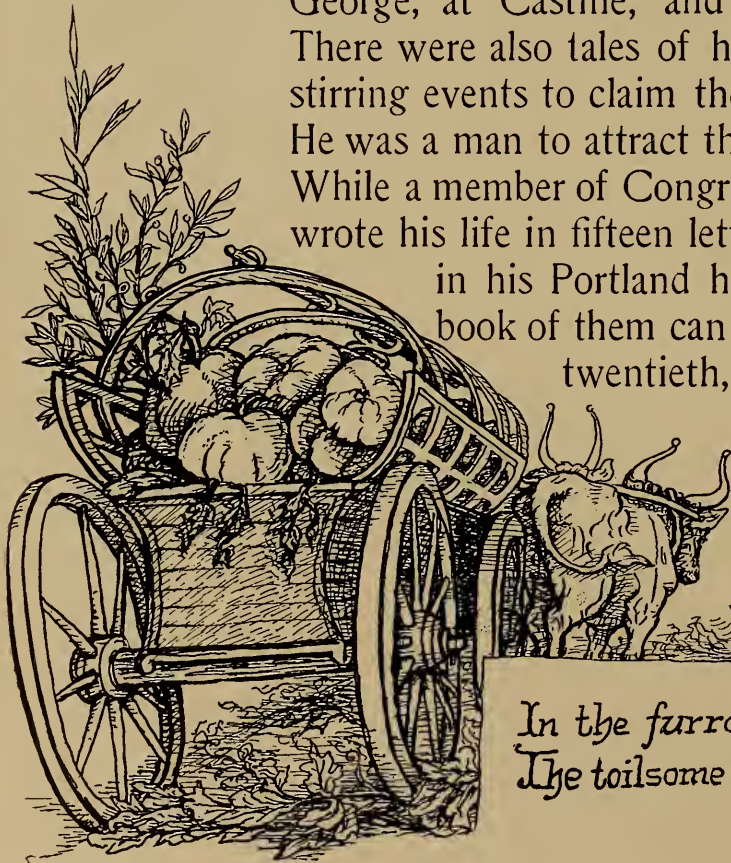
So! as he turned to depart, Priscilla was standing beside him.



Wadsworth Hall,  
Hiram, Me.



The poet's "Life" tells us: "Sometimes vacation journeys were a long day's drive to Hiram, where grandfather Wadsworth had built himself a house." His grandchildren "looked with a kind of awe upon his upright form, the cocked hat and buckled shoes." As they sat in the breezy hall they never tired of hearing him tell the thrilling story of his capture by the British, his prison life in Fort George, at Castine, and his wonderful escape. There were also tales of his college life, and later stirring events to claim their wide-eyed attention. He was a man to attract the young in many ways. While a member of Congress, General Wadsworth wrote his life in fifteen letters to his children, then in his Portland home, and where a little book of them can now be seen. On July twentieth, eighteen hundred and twenty-five, his honored wife,



*The Pine Tree State*

*In the furrowed land  
The toilsome and patient oxen stand;  
Rain in Summer.*

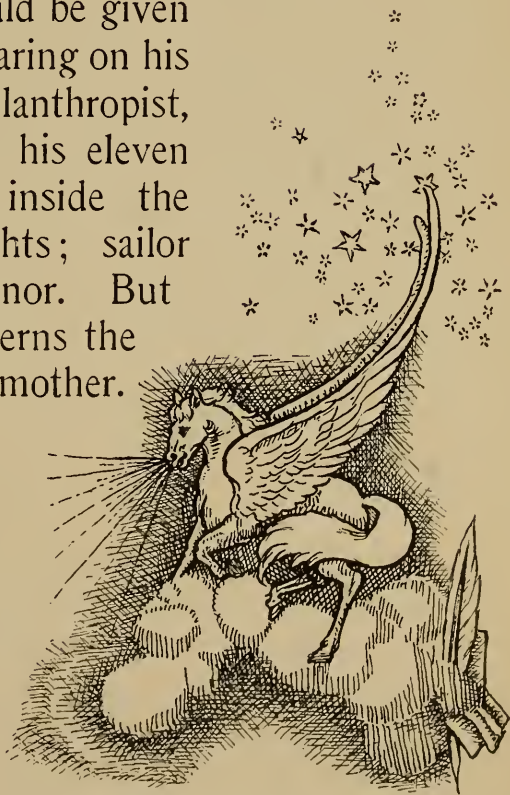
*The breezy hall of the Hiram home*

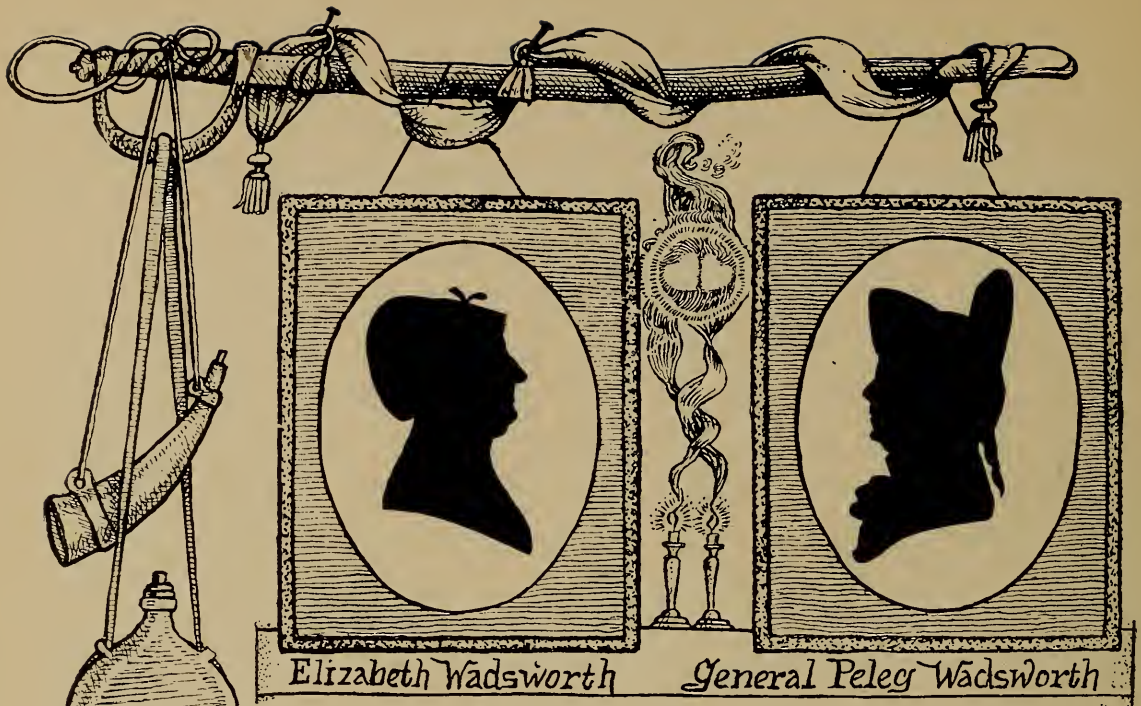


“his comforter in hours of trial, the grace and ornament of his prosperous home,” left him forever. He followed her November twelfth, eighteen hundred and twenty-nine, and sleeps but a few rods from the doorway of this old Hiram home. Perhaps no more beautiful tribute could be given his worth and influence than that appearing on his headstone: “He was a Patriot, a Philanthropist, and a Christian.” The first-born of his eleven children, Alexander Scammel, died inside the American lines at Dorchester Heights; sailor Henry has already been named with honor. But Zilpah, his oldest daughter, most concerns the children’s Longfellow, as she became his mother.

*Then with nostrils wide distended,  
Breaking from his iron chain,  
And unfolding wide his pinions,  
To those stars he soared again.*

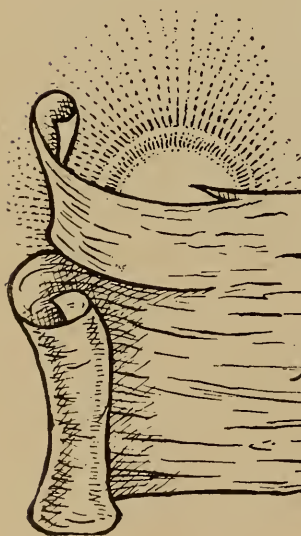
*Pegasus In Pound.*





Not a day's ride from the Hiram home is the winding Songo, the "dream" river of a poem Longfellow wrote in eighteen hundred and seventy-five.

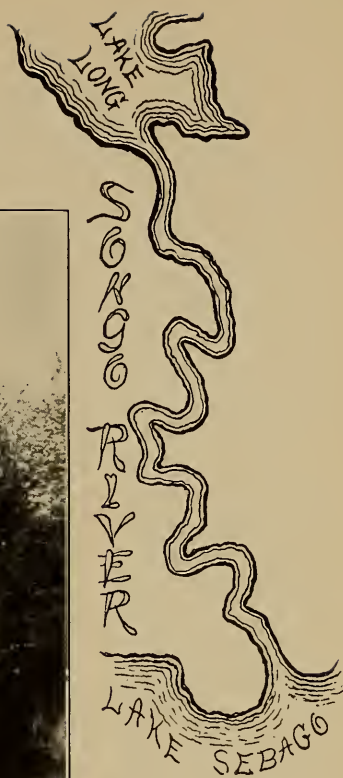
\* \* \* His father, Stephen Longfellow IV, was noted for his purity of character, gentlemanly bearing, fine spirits, cordial manners, and his scholarship. In seventeen hundred and ninety-eight he was graduated from Harvard College in the same class with the Reverend Doctor William Ellery Channing and Judge Joseph Story among others. Admitted to the Cumberland Bar in eighteen hundred and one, he soon made and kept a high position as a lawyer and statesman. In eighteen hundred and twenty-eight he received



*And the nights shall be filled with music,  
 And the cares that infest the day,  
 Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,  
 And as silently steal away.*

*The Day is Done*

In the mirror of its tide  
 Tangled thickets on each side  
 Hang inverted, \* \* \* \* \*



the LL.D. degree from Bowdoin College, of which he was trustee for many years. For the year of eighteen hundred and thirty-four he was president of the Maine Historical Society, and in eighteen hundred and forty-nine he left this world with an undying record of "high integrity, public spirit, hospitality, and generosity."

Mrs. Longfellow, the poet's mother, was beautiful. She had a slight but upright figure; and although an invalid in later years, she always had



Nowhere such a devious stream,  
 Save in fancy or in dream,  
 Winding slow through bush and brake,  
 Links together lake and lake.

Songo River

The lights are out, and  
gone are all the guests —



A royal guest  
with golden hair,  
Who, throned upon  
his lofty chair,  
Drums on the  
table with his  
spoon, —

a sweet and expressive face. In her youth she delighted in dancing and social gaiety, and was ever fond of poetry and music. She loved nature in all its ways, and had no fear of sitting by a window during a thunder-storm to enjoy "the excitement of its splendors." Always cheerful, with a gentle, quiet strength, and full of tender, simple piety, she loved church, sermon, and hymn. She read her Bible, and made her religion fair by its fairest gifts. A true friend was she, a kind neighbor, good to the poor, and a devoted mother



For two alone,  
there in the hall,  
Is spread the table  
round and small; —

The Hanging of the Crane



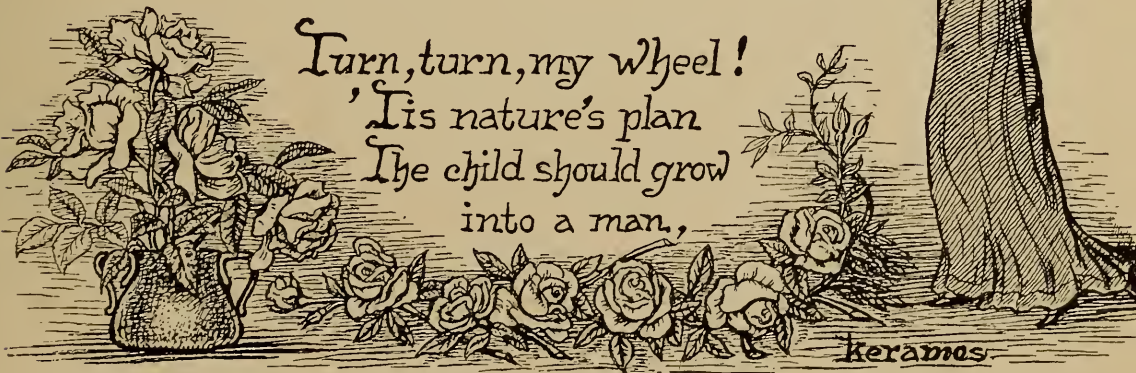
— All things must change  
 To something new, to something strange;



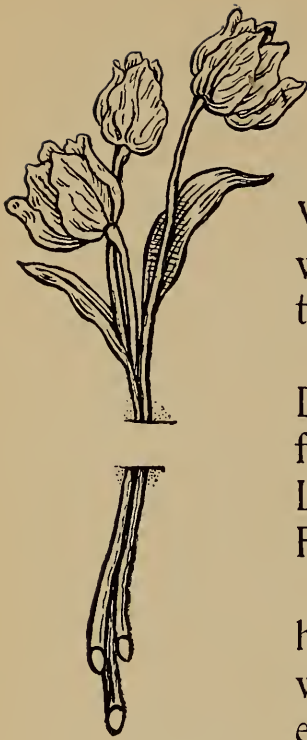
to her children. She was their confidant, sharing their little secrets, joys, and troubles, and was their comforter, yet patient corrector of their faults. With such a mother and father, and so many of their like before them, all making for beautiful family influence in this attractive Wadsworth-Longfellow home, and among this charming circle of brothers and sisters and friends, Henry



Turn, turn, my wheel!  
 'Tis nature's plan  
 The child should grow  
 into a man,



Keramos



*A gentle boy, with soft and silken locks ,  
A dreamy boy, with [blue] and tender eyes,*

Wadsworth Longfellow breathed in the spirit which caused his genius to bud and flower for all the world.

Baby Henry's first visitor must have been good Doctor Shirley Erving, the family physician; for framed and hanging on the wall of the Wadsworth-Longfellow home is now seen this record: "1807 Feb. for attending Mrs. Longfellow \$5.00"

The young mother often took her children to her father's country home forty miles away. She was there with her little ones when Henry was eight months old, as it is from Hiram she writes of them:

*A  
fearless  
rider—*

"You would be delighted with my little Stephen. He is an engaging little fellow. I think you would like my little Henry W. He is an active rogue, and wishes for nothing so much as singing and dancing. He would be very happy to have you raise him up to see the balls on the mirror."



"The Castle-Builder," which Longfellow wrote in eighteen hundred and forty-eight, gives a picture of the next two years of his baby life.

A fearless rider on his father's knee,  
An eager listener unto stories told,



*A castle-builder, with  
his wooden blocks,  
And towers  
that touch  
imaginary skies—*



*The Castle Builder*

There was a time when I was very small,  
Childhood

At the Round Table of the nursery,  
Of heroes and adventures manifold.

There will be other towers for thee to build ;  
There will be other steeds for thee to ride ;  
There will be other legends, and all filled  
With greater marvels and more glorified.

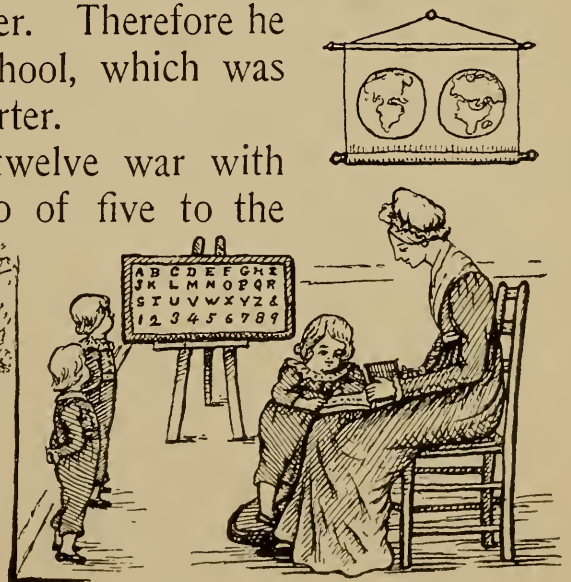
In a small, brick schoolhouse on Spring Street, a Mrs. Fellows taught her little flock, and here it was that, with his brother Stephen of five, our Henry of three first went to school. It is said that "Ma'am Fellows," as she was called, "taught him his letters and respect for his elders, if nothing more." He remembered being sometimes carried here to school on horseback, in front of a colored man who worked for his father.

When five years old Henry was sent for one week to the public school in Love Lane — now Centre Street — near his home. Here he found the boys rather rough and the master perhaps the same — who accused him of telling a lie, the child coming home one day with his cheeks flushed and his little heart burning with anger. Therefore he was sent to a Mr. Wright's school, which was afterwards kept by Mr. N. H. Carter.

The eighteen hundred and twelve war with England brings our young hero of five to the



"Ma'am  
Fellows"  
School



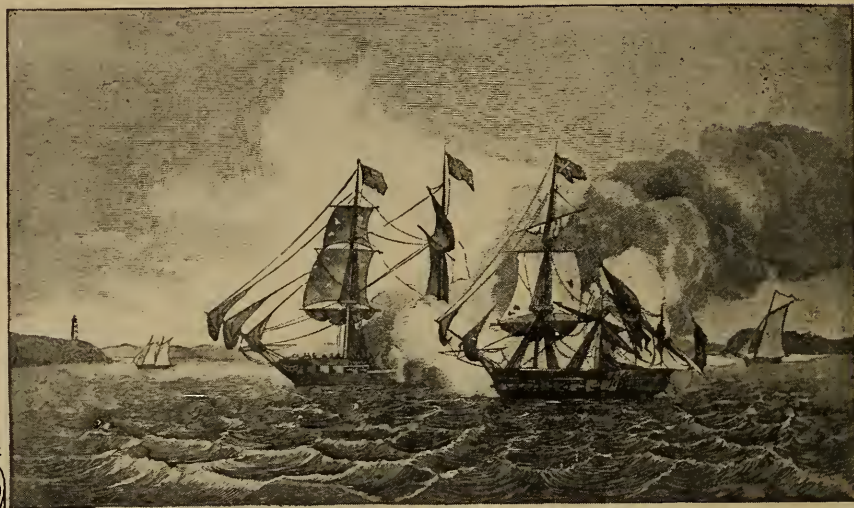






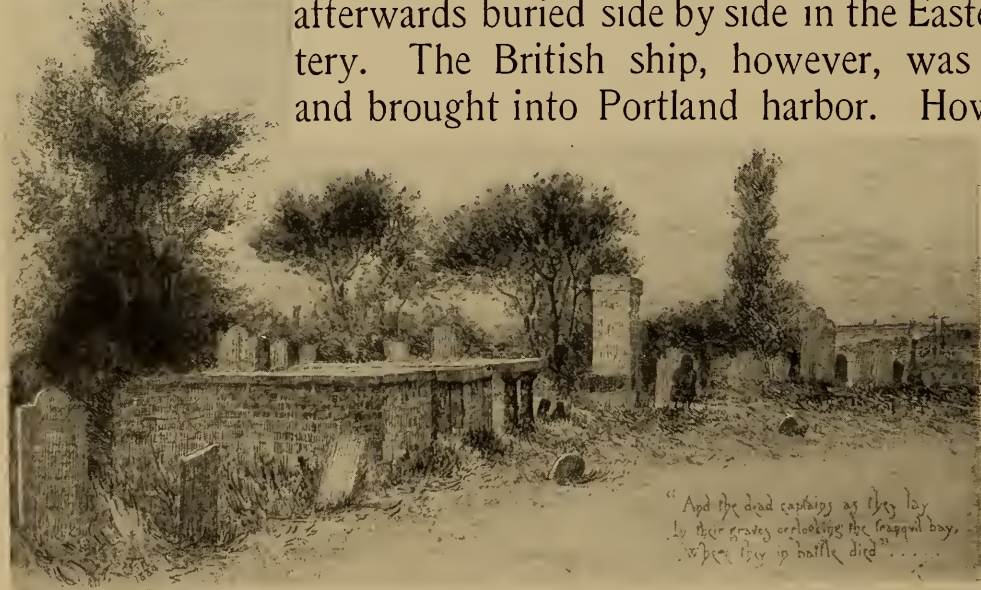


—“the sea-fight far away,”—



## Enterprise and Boxer

front, as is told in his aunt's letter dated May sixth of that year. She writes of him: "Our little Henry is ready to march; he had his tin gun prepared and his head powdered a week ago." In eighteen hundred and thirteen, at six, he made a small and eager witness of events connected with the famous sea-fight between the *Enterprise* and the *Boxer*, when both captains were killed, and afterwards buried side by side in the Eastern cemetery. The British ship, however, was captured and brought into Portland harbor. How well he



"And the dead captains as they lay  
 By their graves overlooking the fringed bay,  
 When they in battle died..."

HENRY MERRY

*How beautiful is youth !  
how bright it gleams*



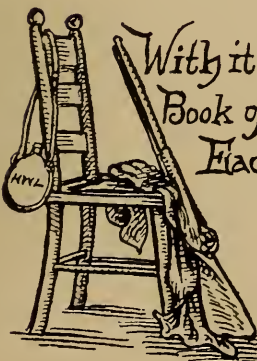
*State Street, Portland, Maine.*

remembered it all is told in the following lines from his poem "My Lost Youth":

I remember the sea-fight far away,  
How it thundered o'er the tide !  
And the dead captains, as they lay  
In their graves, o'erlooking the bay,  
Where they in battle died.

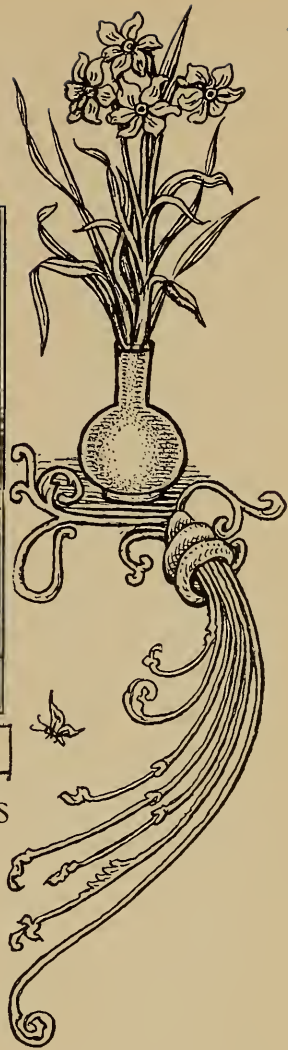
And of all his verses these are the most cherished by those who live "in the city by the sea." Who of them all could resist such endearing expression as :

Often I think of the beautiful town  
That is seated by the sea ;  
Often in thought go up and down  
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,  
And my youth comes back to me.



*With its illusions, aspirations, dreams !  
Book of Beginnings, Story without End,  
Each maid a heroine, and  
each man a friend !*

*Morituri Salubamus*



Light in its radiant splendor

This poem was written March, eighteen hundred and fifty-five, and noted in the poet's journal thus: "At night as I lie in bed, a poem comes into my mind; a memory of Portland, my native town, the city by the sea." The next day he added: "Wrote the poem; and am rather pleased with it and with bringing in of the old Lapland song" (at the end of every verse) —

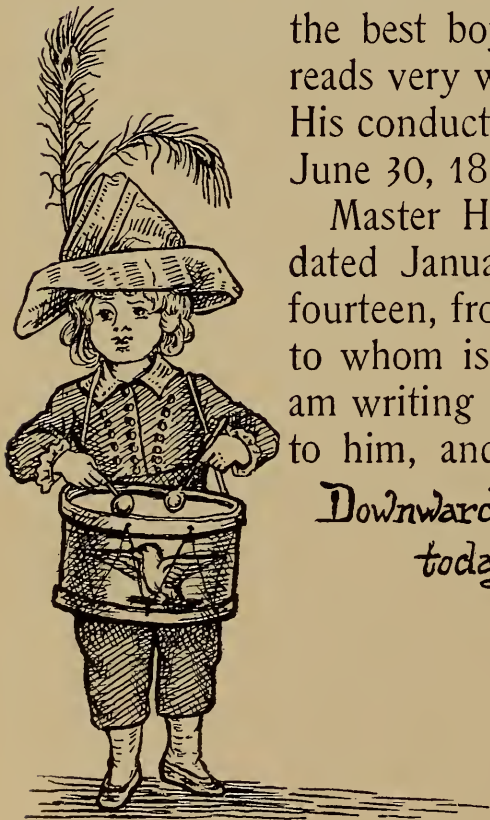
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

When Mr. Carter, in eighteen hundred and thirteen, took charge of the Portland Academy, he was followed there by young Henry who, at six, no doubt rejoiced in bringing home one day this billet: "Master Henry Longfellow is one of the best boys we have in school. He spells and reads very well. He also can multiply numbers. His conduct last quarter was correct and amiable. June 30, 1813."

Master Henry's name next appears in a letter dated January thirteenth, eighteen hundred and fourteen, from his mother to his father at Boston, to whom is sent this message: "Oh, tell papa I am writing at school — a, b, c; and send my love to him, and I hope he will bring me a drum."

*Downward rains from heaven; —  
today on the threshold  
of childhood —"*

*The Children of the Lord's Supper*



“ ‘A boy’s will is the wind’s will, —’ ”

And this message was followed by the boy’s first letter; he “who was to write so many” wrote to his father:

PORTLAND, Jan. — 1814.

DEAR PAPA,

Ann wants a little Bible like little Betsey’s. Will you please buy her one, if you can find any in Boston? I have been to school all the week, and got only seven marks. I shall have a billet on Monday. I wish you would buy me a drum.

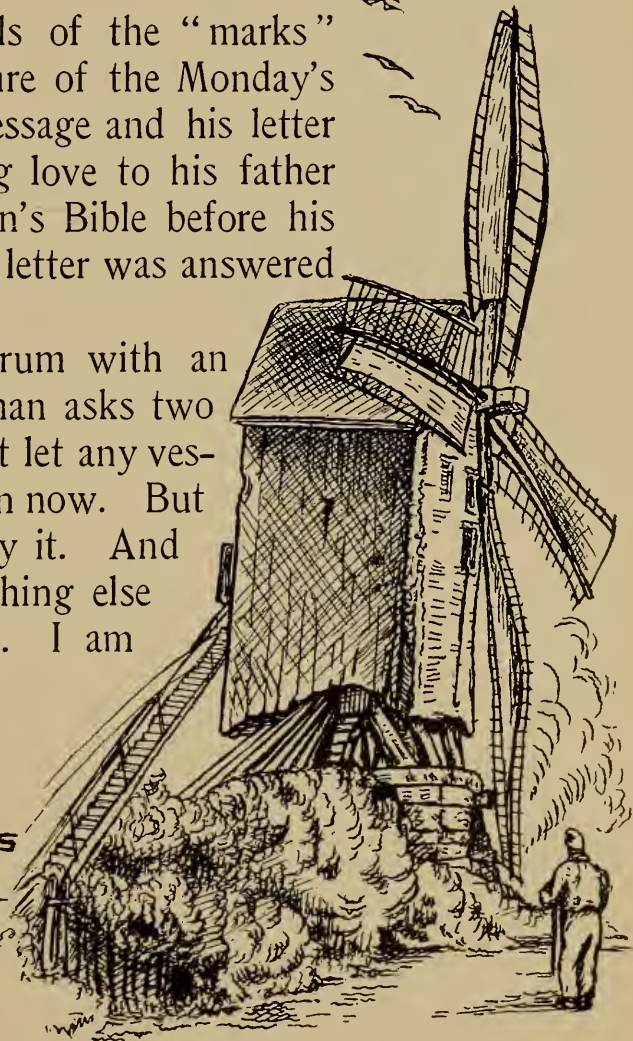
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Young Henry honestly tells of the “marks” against himself, but seems sure of the Monday’s billet. However, both his message and his letter find this boy of seven placing love to his father and a sister’s pleasure in Ann’s Bible before his own in the drum. This first letter was answered by his father as follows:

“I have found a pretty drum with an eagle painted on it, but the man asks two dollars for it; and they do not let any vessels go from Portland to Boston now. But if I can . . . send it I shall buy it. And if I cannot, I shall buy something else which will please you as well. I am

*Behold! a giant am I!  
Aloft here in my tower, —  
— My master, the miller, stands  
And feeds me with his hands —  
Whomakes him lord of lands.*

*The Windmill*



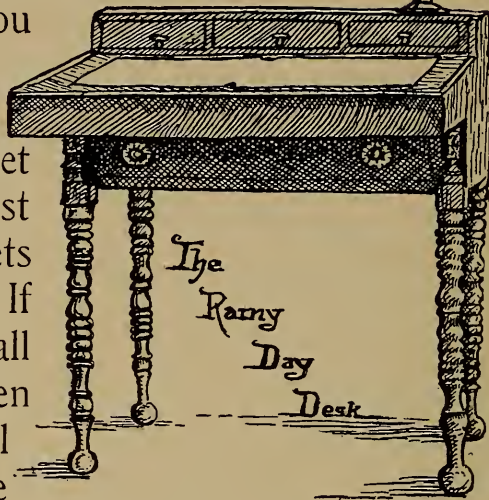
The day is cold, and dark, and dreary ;

glad to hear that you have been a good boy at school and you are likely to get a billet. You must save all your billets until I get home. If I can get time I shall write you and Stephen another letter and tell you about the State

House, and the theatre, and other things that are in Boston." What a happy boy Henry must have been! Not only the promised drum, or something as good was coming, but also "another letter" telling of so many pleasant things.

President Jefferson's embargo, or order, not allowing merchant-ships to leave port caused his father's doubt about sending the drum. The State House and theatre letter of course was eagerly watched for by these boys, as theatres were not then to be seen in their city. In his

The Rainy Day —



RAINY DAY





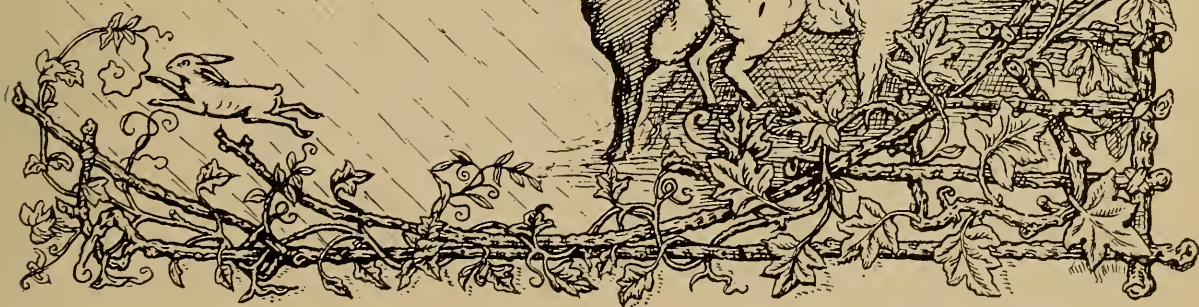
It rains, and the wind is never weary;  
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,

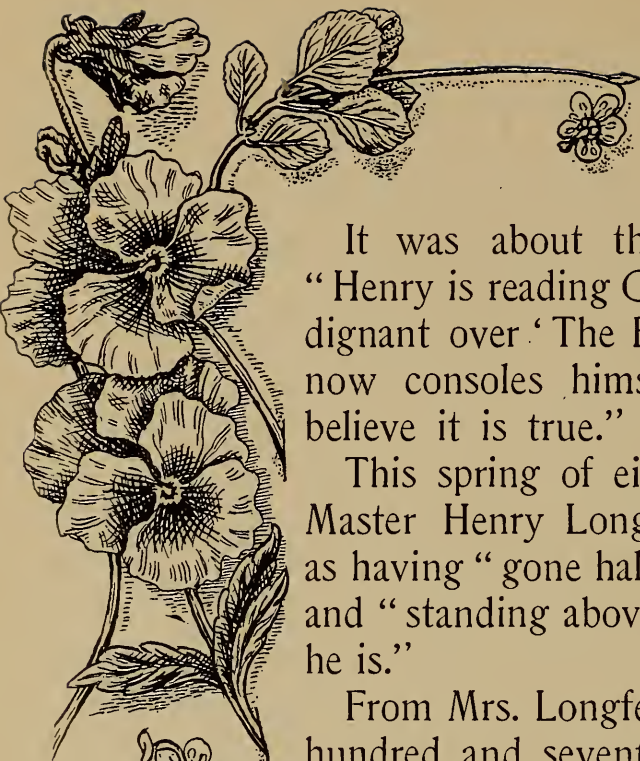
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

*Non clamor sed amor*

“Old Portland Papers” Nathan Goold says: “Then a boy had a year to look forward to once going to a circus, and a quarter to spend on Fourth of July. It made the heart of the average boy glad, and many girls, too.” The circus and menagerie were eagerly attended. “Grand and lofty tumbling” and much fine riding were done over and over again for his sisters to see at home. The steed was a large wooden rocking-horse, and the make-believe circus-tent was the back porch, over which grew the poet’s “Rainy Day” vine. On such a day it must have been that too much force in leaping over its head brought the horse with a broken neck over with his master. Alas for the horse!—but the poet was spared us. Yet with all his fun and frolic, even as a boy, Longfellow disliked loud noises, and it is whispered that he coaxed the maid one Fourth of July to put cotton in his ears, although he with strong feeling denied being afraid. Later in life he had the motto *Non clamor, sed amor*—not noise, but love—put on one of his book-plates.

*The Have with many friends*



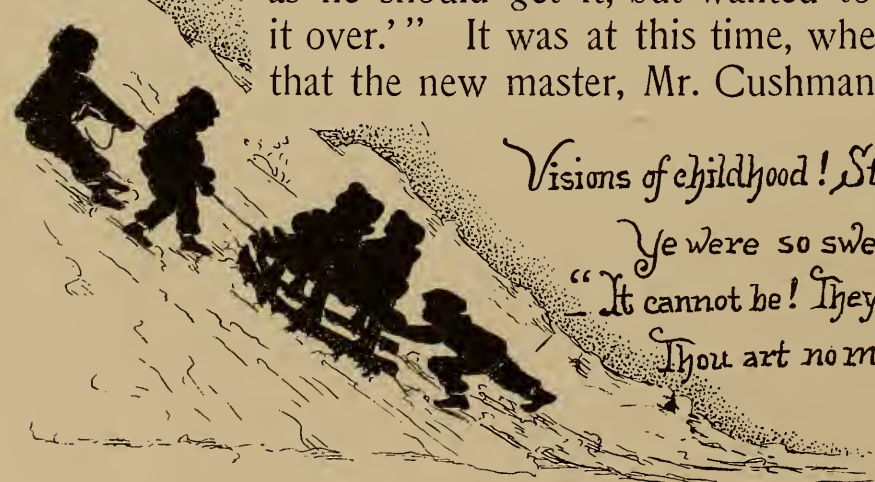


Well, I know  
the secret places,

It was about this time his mother wrote: "Henry is reading Gay's 'Fables.' He is quite indignant over 'The Hare with Many Friends,' but now consoles himself with saying he does n't believe it is true."

This spring of eighteen hundred and fourteen Master Henry Longfellow, at seven, is reported as having "gone half through his Latin grammar" and "standing above several boys twice as old as he is."

From Mrs. Longfellow's letters, dating eighteen hundred and seventeen, we find the lad did not escape the accidents usual to all boys, for his mother writes: "Henry has lamed his elbow coming out of school, and had his arm in a sling." Yet never minding it, "he went to dancing-school Saturday afternoon, but excused himself from meeting on Sunday; Monday attended at the Academy examination; Tuesday attended the (military) Review. Wednesday afternoon the boys went to school to contend for the prize in reading. Henry was in high spirits. He 'did not know as he should get it, but wanted to try, and have it over.'" It was at this time, when he was ten, that the new master, Mr. Cushman, certifies that



Visions of childhood! Stay, oh, stay!

Ye were so sweet and wild!

"It cannot be! They pass away!

Thou art no more a child!

Prelude

*And the nests in hedge and tree ;  
At what doors are friendly faces,  
In what hearts are thoughts of me .*

Henry "has during the week distinguished himself by his good deportment, — Monday morning's lessons and occasional levity excepted." Later he was reported as "very ambitious to do well"; and once was added, with some mystery, that he "is wise enough to listen to the advice of his best friends." "Remarkably solicitous always to do right" wrote of him his no less remarkable mother, who went out to meet her children on their return from school, that she might know the character of their associates.

That the boy was sensitive and easily impressed is shown by this record: "His elder brother was very fond of a gun, and many were the excursions to near woods and shores"; however, "one day Henry came home with his eyes full of tears, and so grieved at heart because he had shot a robin, that he never tried again." Yet fishing, we are told, did not trouble him so much.

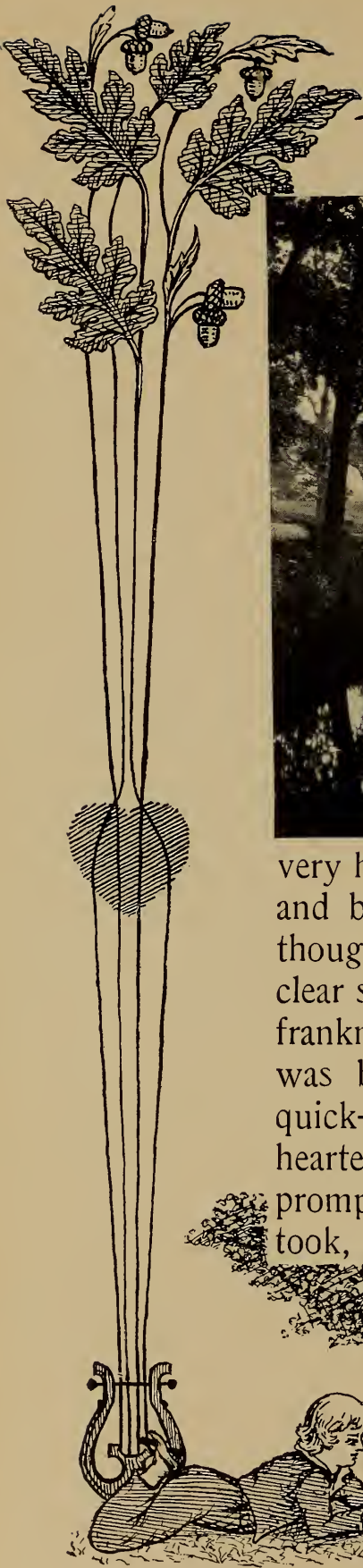
He was fond of all boys' games — the winter brought the fun of snow-balling, skating, and coasting; in summer, ball, kite-flying, swimming,



*The Bridge  
of Cloud*



*— Wizard Fancy —  
— builds me bridges  
Over many a  
dark ravine,*



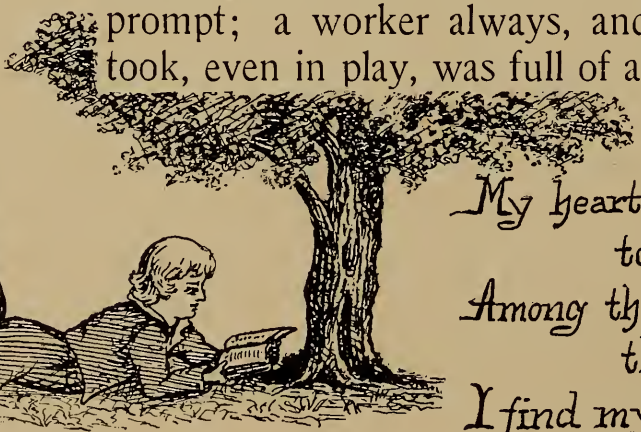
*And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair.  
And with joy that is almost pain*



and he loved to bathe in a little creek on the border of Deering's Oaks; and there under the trees would lie and read. How much he enjoyed the trees is well told in his home-song, "My Lost Youth." At this age Henry Longfellow was remembered as "a

very handsome boy, with brown hair, rosy cheeks, and blue eyes full of expression; it seemed as though you could look down into them as into a clear spring." He was "retiring, yet there was a frankness about him that won you at once." He was bright, active, eager; at times impatient, quick-tempered, but as soon pleased; warm-hearted and affectionate. He was orderly, neat, prompt; a worker always, and in all he undertook, even in play, was full of ardor.

*My Lost Youth*



*My heart goes back  
to wander there,  
Among the dreams of  
the days that were,  
I find my lost youth again.*

*How wonderful! The light upon her face  
Shines from the windows of another world.*

*Michael Angelo*

There was music in the home, where, in their parlor later on, his sister's piano replaced the spinet of his mother's youth. In this rare old picture-room, just to the left of the hall-entrance, where so many of worth and fame had welcome, young



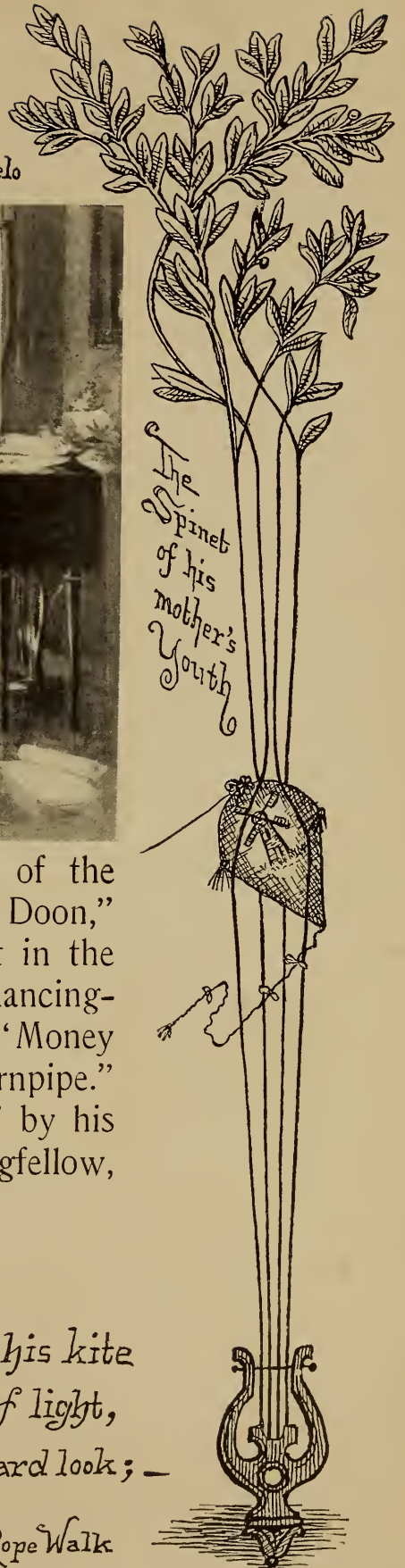
Henry "lent his voice and the training of the singing-school" to such songs as "Bonnie Doon," "The Last Rose of Summer," and "Oft in the Stilly Night." There "the lessons of the dancing-class were also repeated," to the tunes of "Money Musk," "The Haymakers," or "Fisher's Hornpipe."

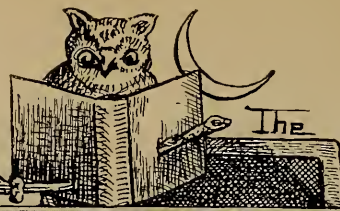
Much is quoted from the poet's "Life" by his youngest brother, the Reverend Samuel Longfellow,



*—Then a school-boy, with his kite  
Gleaming in a sky of light,  
And an eager, upward look; —*

*The Rope Walk*





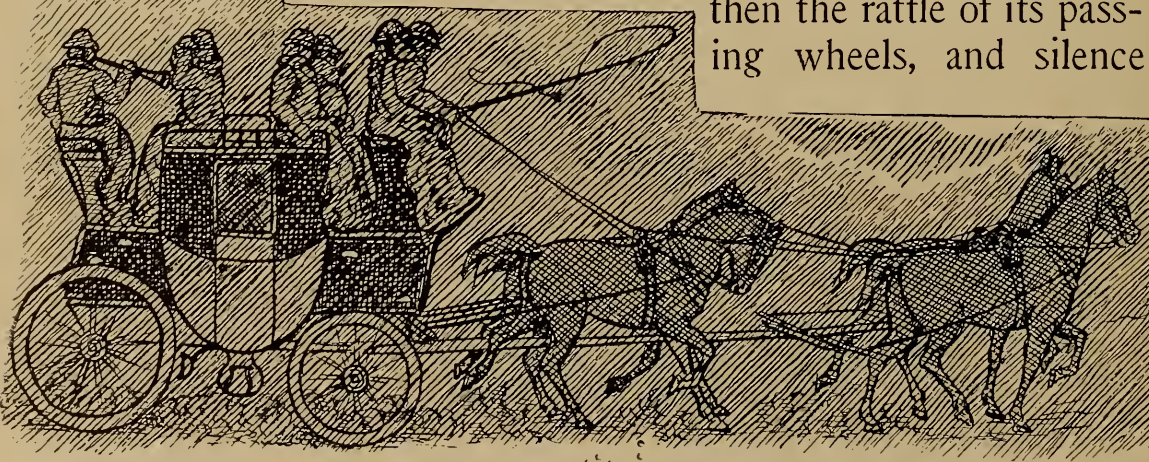
The Family Sitting-room

Mrs. Ann Longfellow Pierce



who gives not in all its pages a more attractive picture than of the evenings in the family sitting-room, which also served as the father's study.

"In the evenings there were lessons to be learned, and the children opened their satchels and gathered with their books and slates around the table in the family sitting-room" — across the hall from the parlor. "The silence would be broken for a moment by the long, mysterious blast of a horn, telling the arrival in town of the evening mail; then the rattle of its passing wheels, and silence



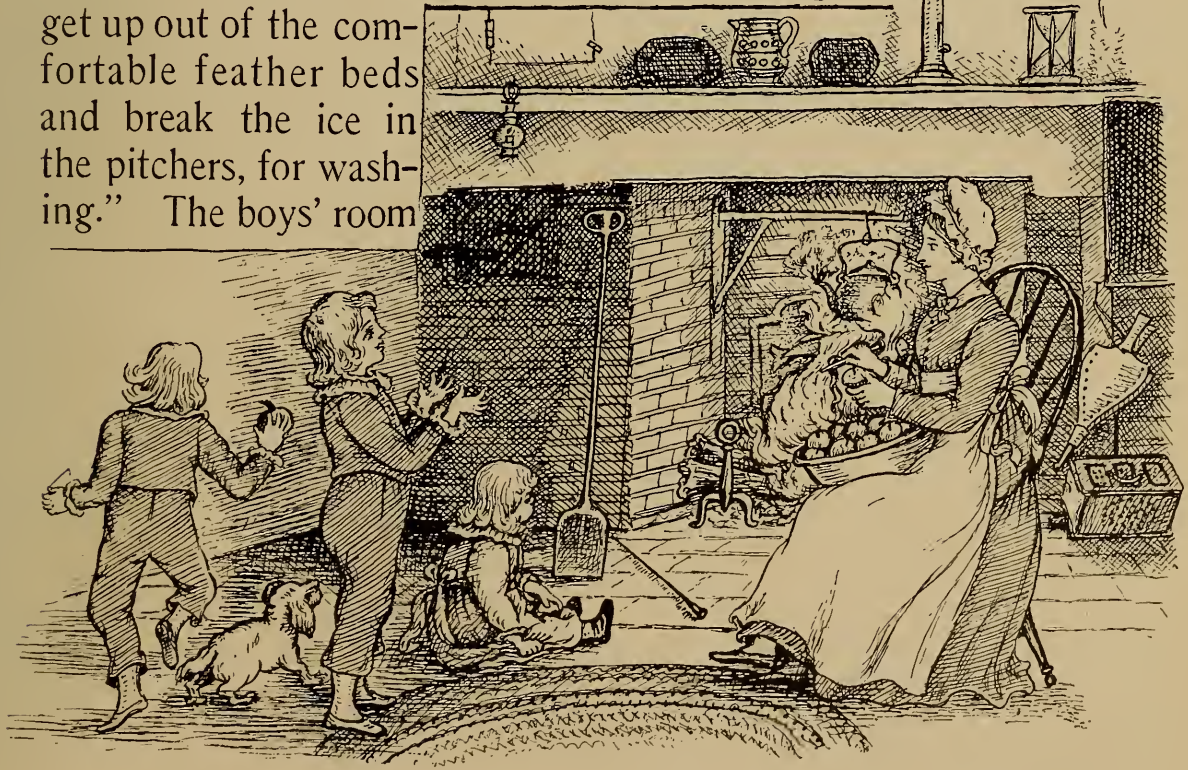


Let us by the fire  
Ever higher  
Sing them till the night expire!  
A Christmas Carol



again, save the singing of the wood fire." In the charm of this old home-life was a wise measure of work and play, and so is added: "Studies over, there would be games till bedtime." If these became too noisy "for the quiet needed for the father's law-papers," then there was flight — perhaps, in winter, to the kitchen, where hung the crane over the coals in the broad old fire-place, upon whose iron back a fish forever baked in effigy. When bedtime came "it was hard to leave the warm fire to go up into the unwarmed bedrooms." Their beds, no doubt, were made inviting by the quaint, long-handled brass warming-pans, still hanging here and there about the old home; but oh! for the cold of those Maine-winter mornings, as is added: "Still harder next morning to get up out of the comfortable feather beds and break the ice in the pitchers, for washing." The boys' room

Winter evenings  
in  
the Kitchen



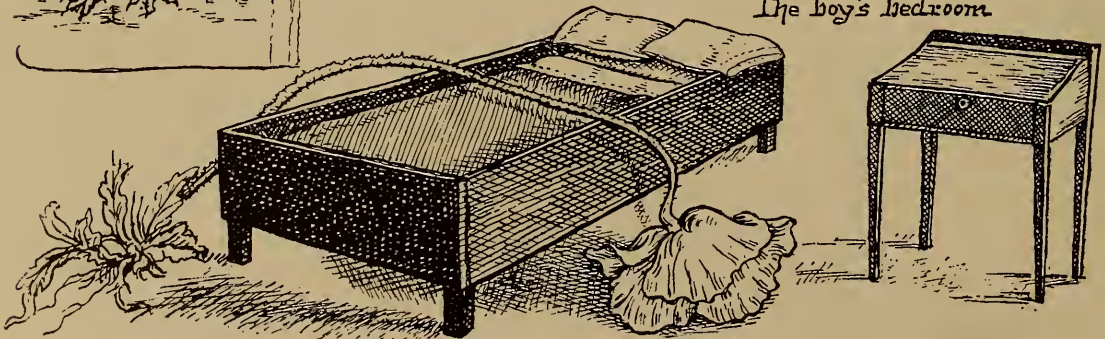
# The Lighthouse

Cape Elizabeth



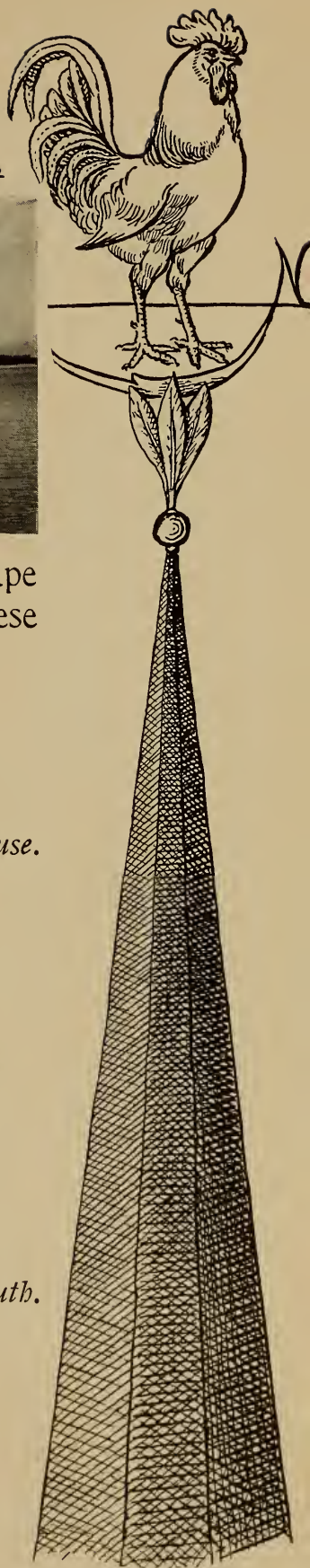
was a western upper chamber, where now can be seen their little trundle-bed with its daintily stitched linen, and a desk among other objects of interest. The view from the windows is thus described: "In summer it was pleasant to look out from the upper windows, over the Cove and the farms and woodlands towards Mt. Washington full in view on the western horizon." In "the damp evenings of early spring" the poet recalls that they were awakened by "the loud crowing of cocks and the cooing of pigeons on the roofs of barns." A flight to the east-room windows then gave him an unbroken vista of the

*The boy's bedroom.*





*And as the evening darkens, lo! how bright,  
The Lighthouse*



bay, its islands, forts, and the light-house on Cape Elizabeth. Later in life he gave of them these pen-pictures :

The rocky ledge runs far into the sea,  
And on its outer point, some miles away,  
The Lighthouse lifts its massive masonry,  
A pillar of fire by night, of cloud by day.  
*The Lighthouse.*

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,  
And catch, in sudden gleams,  
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,  
And islands that were the Hesperides  
Of all my boyish dreams.

. . . . .

I remember the black wharves and the slips,  
And the sea-tides tossing free ;  
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,  
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,  
And the magic of the sea.

*My Lost Youth.*

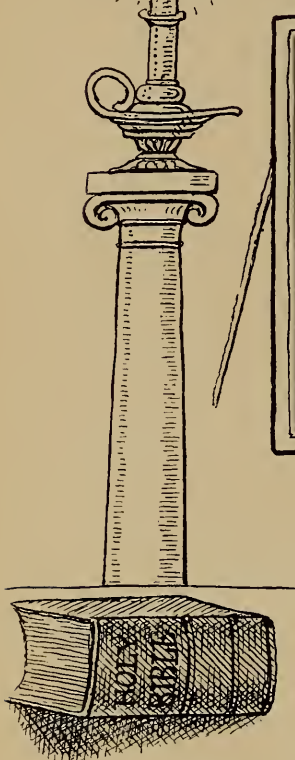
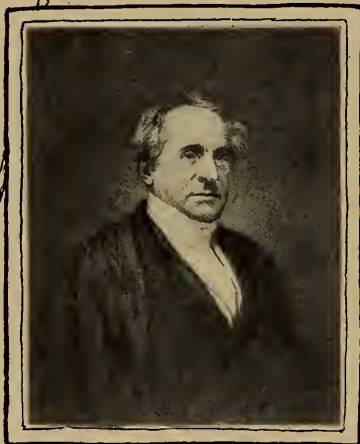
*© Weathercock on the village spire,  
With your golden feathers all on fire,*

*Tell me, what can you see from your perch  
Above there over the tower of the church ?*

*Maiden and Weathercock*



Reverend Ichabod Nichols

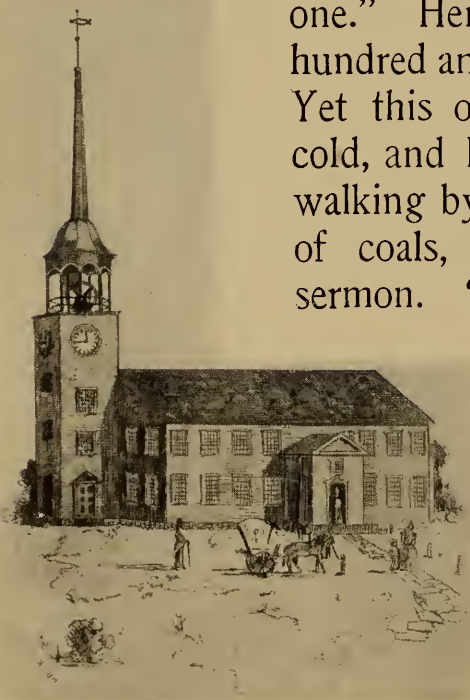


We are told there were no Sunday-schools at this time, but there was “going to meeting” — as the church-going was called — twice a day, and sickness was the only excuse for absence. The family pew was in the Old First Parish meeting-house, and the Reverend Ichabod Nichols, then its minister, was a pleasant man of great mental and moral power. In a letter dated December twenty-six, eighteen hundred and twenty-four, his mother writes: “Mr. Nichols was here the other day. He said he was much pleased with your lines on the ‘Old Parish Church,’ though he thought you had not done much to promote the erection of the new one.” Henry wrote this poem March, eighteen hundred and twenty-four, when he was seventeen. Yet this old meeting-house in winter time was cold, and Henry’s love for his mother finds him walking by her side, carrying the little foot-stove of coals, to make more pleasing the morning sermon. “But in summer he carried flowers, —

a bunch of pinks, or apple blossoms from the great trees in the garden.”

*Our Father’s temple! o’er thy form  
In peace time’s holy twilight falls:—  
Yet heavenly light grows pure and warm  
Around thy venerable walls:—*

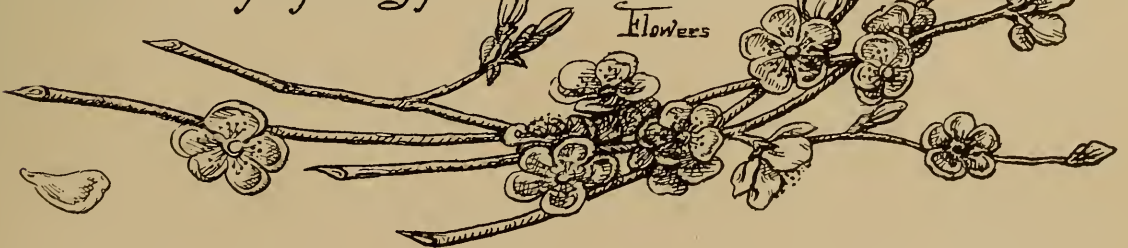
*Old Parish Church*



*And with childlike, credulous affection,  
We behold their tender buds expand;*

On Sunday afternoons this mother "gathered her children around her to read in turn from the great family Bible, and to look over and talk over its crude engravings. On Sunday evenings there was always the singing of hymns." From his earliest years the poet was a book-lover. His father's library gave him Shakespeare, Milton, Goldsmith, Plutarch's "Lives," Hume's and Robertson's histories among other books. All these he read, and at times was allowed to go to Mr. Johnson's book-store to look over the new books from Boston, and here he would listen to the book talk of his elders. He could also go to the shelves of the Portland Library. Of his favorite reading he himself writes: "Every reader has his first book. To me, this first book was the 'Sketch-Book' of Washington Irving. I was a school-boy when it was published, and read each succeeding number with ever increasing wonder and delight, spell-bound by its pleasant humor, . . . nay, even by its gray-brown covers, the shaded letters of its title, and the fair, clear type. . . . Yet still the charm of the 'Sketch-Book' remains unbroken; the old fascination remains about it; and whenever I open its pages I open that mysterious door which leads back into the haunted chambers of youth.

*Emblems of our own great resurrection,,  
Emblems of the bright and better land.*



*She is a maid of artless grace,  
Gentle in form, and fair in face.*

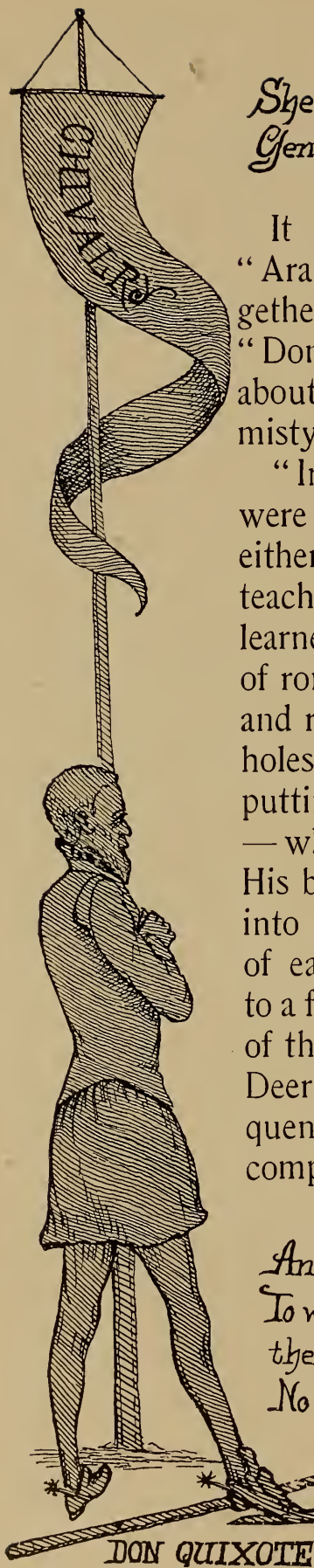
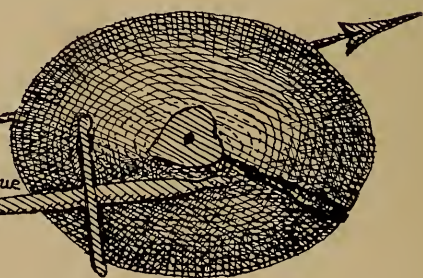
*Song*

It is said that "Robinson Crusoe" and the "Arabian Nights" were read by the children together, and that Henry took great delight in "Don Quixote" and "Ossian," and would go about the house declaiming "their windy and misty utterances."

"In the Portland Academy the boys and girls were duly placed apart." Their desks faced either side of the aisle that ran from the door to the teacher's desk. And it seems there were lessons learned other than grammar and arithmetic — bits of romance not taken to the teacher for criticism; and rumor says the shy and ardent boys cut peep-holes in their desk-lids to be secretly used when putting away slates or taking out writing-books — which the doing in this way took a long time. His brother writes: "The school-year was divided into quarters, with a week's vacation at the end of each, which was extended perhaps in summer to a fortnight." And then these budding romances of the Academy were taken to the leafy glades of Deering's Woods "which our school-boy frequented," says his brother, "not only with his boy companions, but with the pretty maidens, his

*And he, the good man's shield and shade,  
To whom all hearts  
their homage paid, —  
No minstrel needs..*

*Coplas de Manrique*



**DON QUIXOTE**

*Standing with reluctant feet,  
Where the brook and river meet,*

sister's friends,  
when April winds  
stirred the bloom  
of rosy-white May-  
flowers under their  
blanket of autumn  
leaves, — like the  
innocent flames  
that hid their ten-  
der glow under the  
schoolboy's jacket."

Among its oaks  
it appears nature  
had placed a few  
beech trees — "her  
ready tablets for the  
schoolboy's stylus,  
the pen-knife, in  
its practice of the alphabet." Of these delightful  
days the poet writes in "My Lost Youth":

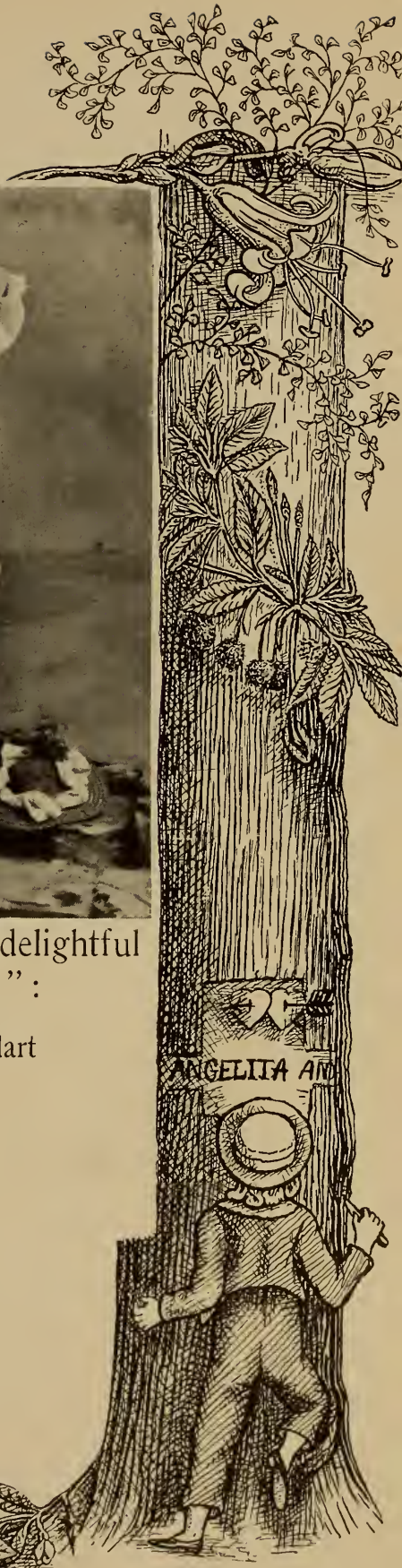
I remember the gleams and glooms that dart  
Across the school-boy's brain ;  
The song and the silence in the heart,  
That in part are prophecies, and in part  
Are longings wild and vain.

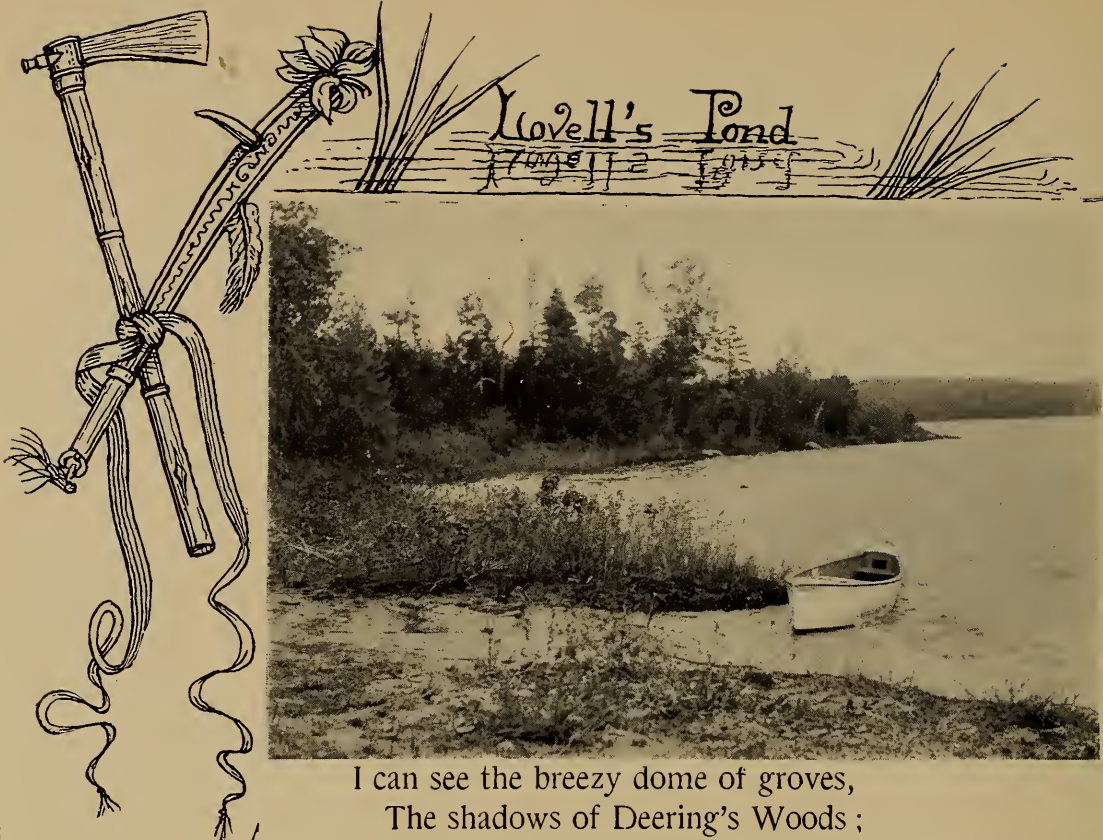
*Womanhood and childhood fleet !*

*Like the swell of some sweet tune,  
Morning rises into noon  
May glides onward into June.*

*Maidenhood*

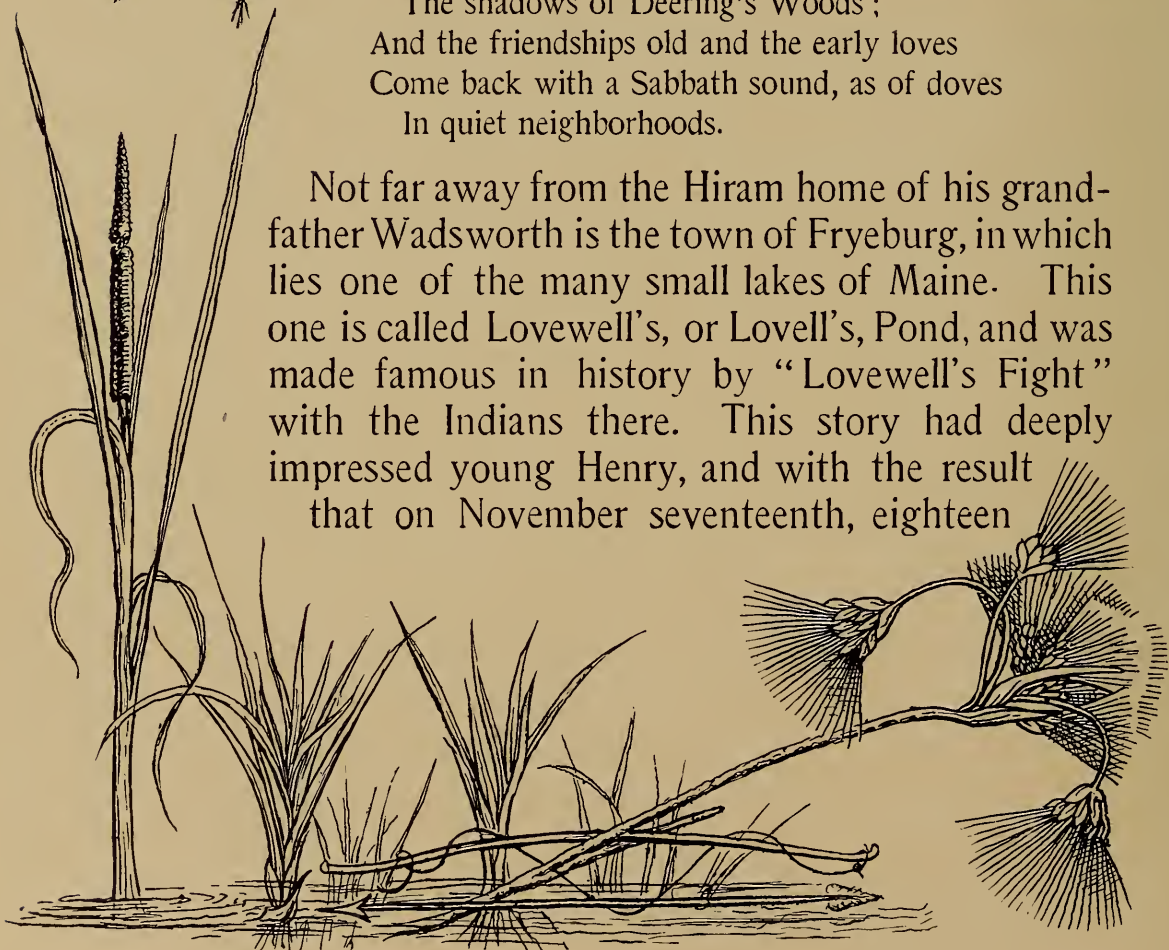
*May flowers*

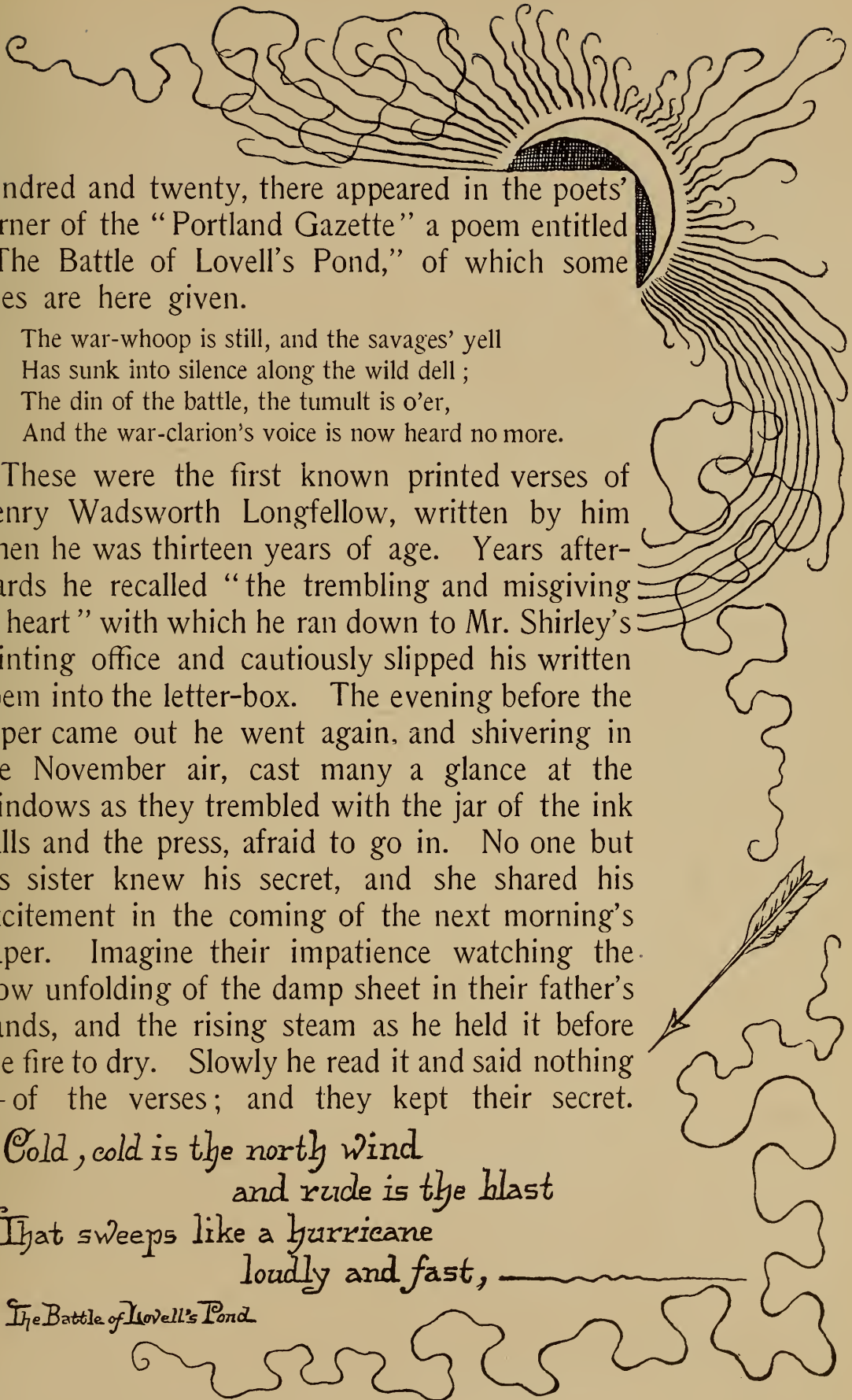




I can see the breezy dome of groves,  
 The shadows of Deering's Woods ;  
 And the friendships old and the early loves  
 Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of doves  
 In quiet neighborhoods.

Not far away from the Hiram home of his grand-  
 father Wadsworth is the town of Fryeburg, in which  
 lies one of the many small lakes of Maine. This  
 one is called Lovewell's, or Lovell's, Pond, and was  
 made famous in history by "Lovewell's Fight"  
 with the Indians there. This story had deeply  
 impressed young Henry, and with the result  
 that on November seventeenth, eighteen





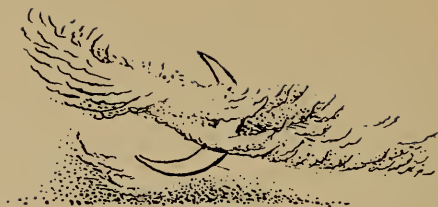
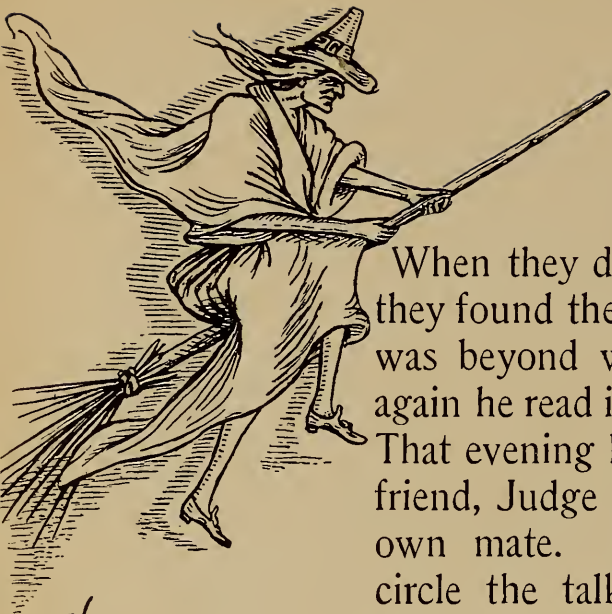
hundred and twenty, there appeared in the poets' corner of the "Portland Gazette" a poem entitled "The Battle of Lovell's Pond," of which some lines are here given.

The war-whoop is still, and the savages' yell  
Has sunk into silence along the wild dell ;  
The din of the battle, the tumult is o'er,  
And the war-clarion's voice is now heard no more.

These were the first known printed verses of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, written by him when he was thirteen years of age. Years afterwards he recalled "the trembling and misgiving of heart" with which he ran down to Mr. Shirley's printing office and cautiously slipped his written poem into the letter-box. The evening before the paper came out he went again, and shivering in the November air, cast many a glance at the windows as they trembled with the jar of the ink balls and the press, afraid to go in. No one but his sister knew his secret, and she shared his excitement in the coming of the next morning's paper. Imagine their impatience watching the slow unfolding of the damp sheet in their father's hands, and the rising steam as he held it before the fire to dry. Slowly he read it and said nothing — of the verses; and they kept their secret.

*Cold, cold is the north wind  
and rude is the blast  
That sweeps like a hurricane  
loudly and fast,*

*The Battle of Lovell's Pond.*



When they did get that paper, to their great joy they found the poem was in it. The boy's delight was beyond words to express. Time and time again he read it, and each time with more pleasure. That evening he went to the home of his father's friend, Judge Mellen, whose son Frederic was his own mate. Among those around the fireside circle the talk turned on poetry. The Judge, taking up the morning's "Gazette," said: "Did you see the poem in to-day's paper? Very stiff, remarkably stiff; moreover, it is all borrowed, every word of it." It is recorded that "the boy's heart shrunk within him, and he would have gladly sunk through the floor." He went home soon after, not betraying himself; but tears, bitter tears, dampened his pillow that night. Yet he survived this first unpleasant encounter with the critic, which he well describes as follows:

S  
A  
M  
1692

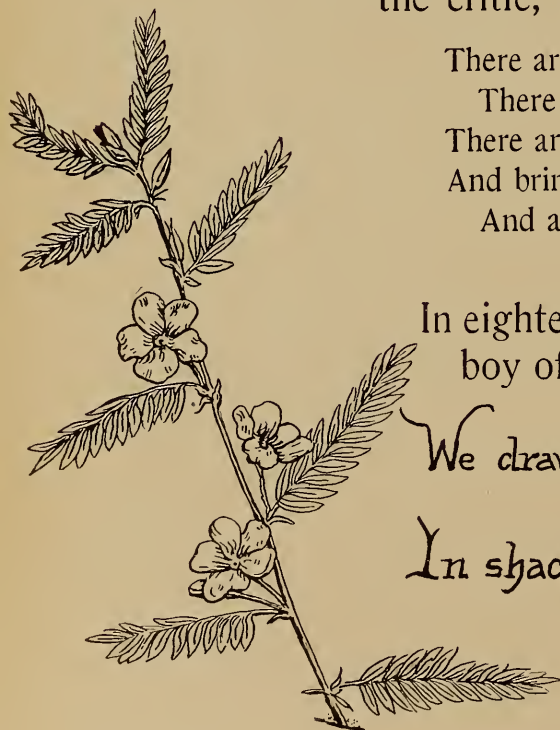
There are things of which I may not speak ;  
There are dreams that cannot die ;  
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,  
And bring a pallor into the cheek,  
And a mist before the eye.

*My Lost Youth*

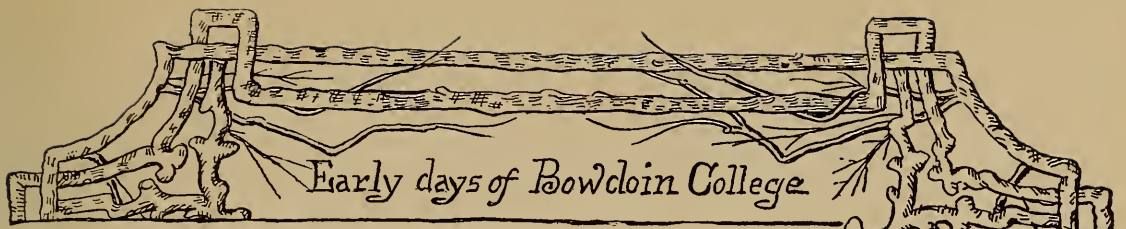
In eighteen hundred and twenty-one this school-boy of fourteen, with his brother, passed the

We draw the outlines of  
weird figures cast  
In shadow on the background  
of the Past.

*The New England Tragedies*



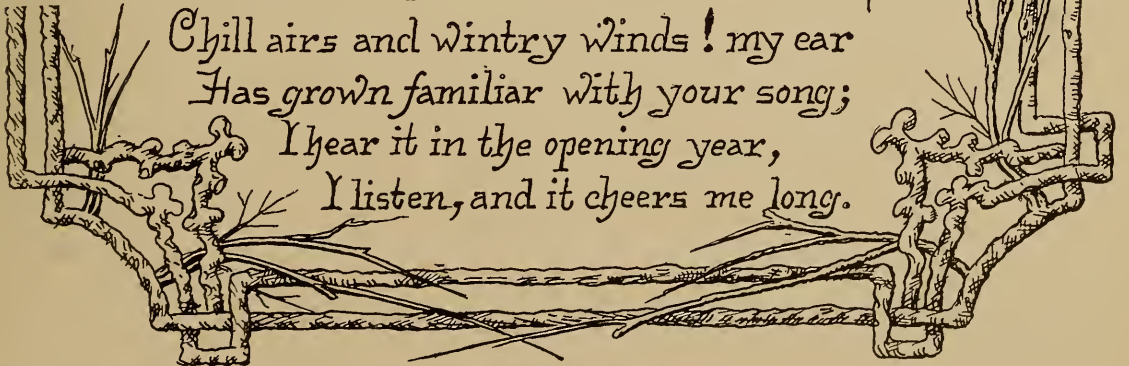





entrance examinations for Bowdoin College, but they pursued their first year's study at home.

In the autumn of eighteen hundred and twenty-two Henry Longfellow and his brother Stephen went to Bowdoin College as sophomores, and together took a room at the Reverend Mr. Titcomb's in Brunswick village. Students' rooms of that time were cheerless enough, as carpets were unknown to them, and our boys had added only "some window-curtains and a set of card-racks painted by their sister," which, it seems, failed to keep them warm through the bitter northern winter — not even with the help of their wood-fire in the open fire-place. Of this trying time an anxious, loving mother writes: "I am

*Chill airs and wintry winds! my ear  
Has grown familiar with your song;  
I hear it in the opening year,  
I listen, and it cheers me long.*



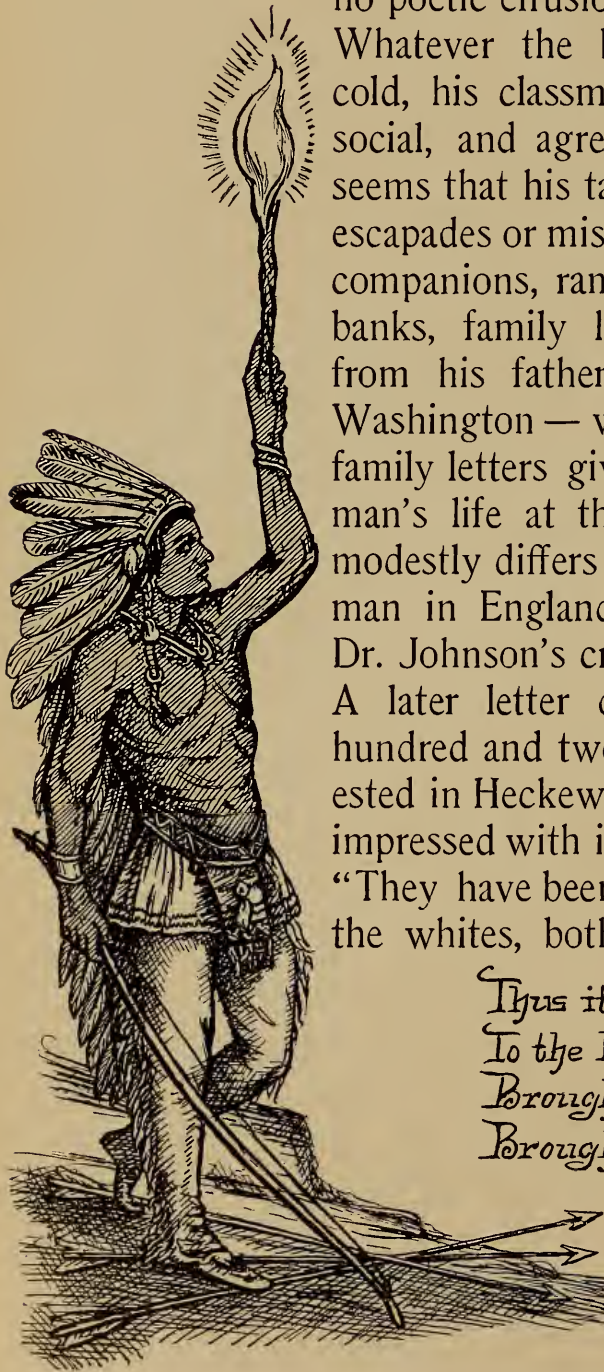


*To the sweetest of all singers,  
To the best of all musicians,*

sorry to find that your room is cold. I fear learning will not flourish, nor your ideas properly expand in a frosty atmosphere; and I fear the muses will not visit you, and that I shall have no poetic effusion presented on New Year's Day." Whatever the boy may have suffered from the cold, his classmates found him "cheerful, genial, social, and agreeable." Yet lively as he was, it seems that his tastes never found outlet in college escapades or mischief. With his books and chosen companions, rambles in the pines along the river banks, family letters — especially those to and from his father, then member of Congress at Washington — well filled the college days. These family letters give much of interest in the young man's life at this time. In one of the first he modestly differs from "perhaps the most learned man in England" in writing to his mother of Dr. Johnson's criticism on the poet Thomas Gray. A later letter dated November ninth, eighteen hundred and twenty-three, finds him deeply interested in Heckewelder's book on Indians, and being impressed with its truth, he writes of the red men: "They have been most barbarously maltreated by the whites, both in word and deed." The part

*Thus it was that Hiawatha  
To the lodge of old Nokomis  
Brought the moonlight, starlight, firelight,  
Brought the sunshine to his people,*

*Hiawatha*

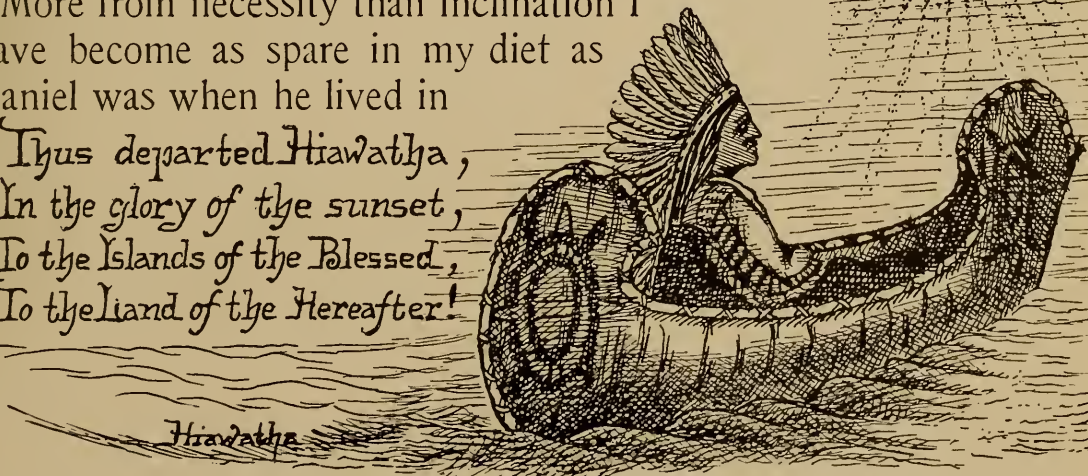
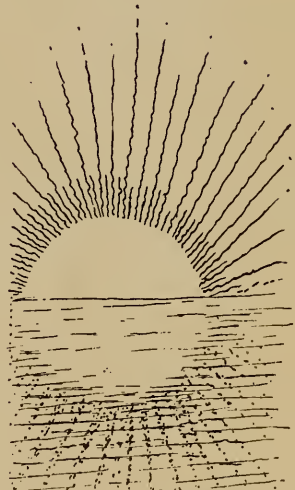


*Minnehaha, Laughing Water,  
Handsomest of all the women*

taken by young Longfellow and a classmate in the junior exhibition the following December was a dialogue between a North American Indian and a European. Mr. Bradbury says: "He had the character of King Philip, and I of Miles Standish." Without doubt these early thoughts on the injustice to the Indian were the seedling which grew to the volume of wonder-writing found later in the song of "Hiawatha." It is the poesy of Indian tradition and legendary lore.

From his letters of that time we find that Henry Longfellow at fifteen thought "Locke on the Human Understanding" "neither remarkably hard nor uninteresting," and that he wished he might be in Washington where it was warm, for he writes: "Winter has commenced pretty violently with us," — and as walking was not good, he adds: "I have marked out an image on my closet door about my own size. I strip off my coat, and considering this image in defence, make my motions as if in actual combat; and I have become quite skilful as a pugilist." At this time too he is missing the good things he had to eat at home. "More from necessity than inclination I have become as spare in my diet as Daniel was when he lived in

*Thus departed Hiawatha,  
In the glory of the sunset,  
To the Islands of the Blessed,  
To the Land of the Hereafter!*





*Thou art the Iris, fair among the fairest,*

Babylon on pulse." Then follows his interest in the fifth number of the "Sketch Book," and he hopes to have the pleasure of reading Irving's new novel, and also "The Pilot," by the author of "The Spy." Perhaps more to follow his father's interests in Congressional proceedings, the boy at this time takes Carter's paper, "The New York Statesman," as his own love of politics was ever a mild one.

During March eighteen hundred and twenty-four the young man, at sixteen, made his first visit to Boston, and in letters describes with enthusiasm the State House, Charlestown, Navy Yard, Athenæum, and a private ball given by Miss Emily Marshall — the city belle of her time. He danced with the graceful daughter of the Russian consul, and ends his description of theatre-going with, "so much for the Shakespeare jubilee." Yet March finds him again at Brunswick, reading Horace, attending lectures, and from time to time throughout his entire college life dipping his poetical pen into ink; and the verses written were printed now and then in various papers of the day. Whatever their value, he later approved his father's gentle, tactful warning during that period of hasty printing.

*© flower-de-luce, bloom on, and let the river  
Linger to kiss thy feet!*

*© flower of song, bloom on, and make forever  
The world more fair and sweet.*

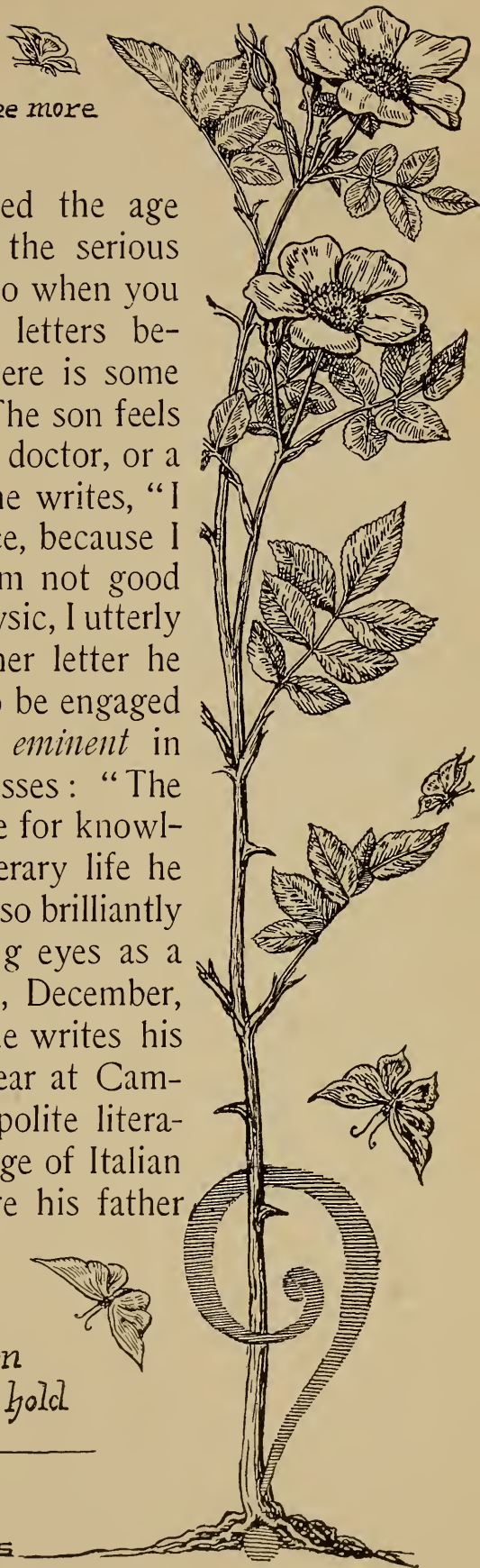
*Flower-de-luce*

Can from the ashes in our hearts once more  
The rose of youth restore ?

Henry Longfellow had now reached the age when the student must soon face the serious question: "What are you going to do when you leave college?" In kindly pleasant letters between his wise father and himself there is some interesting reading on this subject. The son feels that the life-callings of a clergyman, a doctor, or a lawyer are not much to his liking; he writes, "I cannot make a lawyer of any eminence, because I have not a talent for argument; I am not good enough for a minister, — and as to physic, I utterly and absolutely detest it." In another letter he adds: "Whatever I do study ought to be engaged in with all my soul, — for I *will be eminent* in something." And later on he confesses: "The fact is I have a most voracious appetite for knowledge." In truth, he longed for the literary life he afterwards lived, and the eminence he so brilliantly won in it then appeared to his young eyes as a prophetic vision. With this in mind, December, eighteen hundred and twenty-four, he writes his father that he wishes to spend one year at Cambridge "studying the best authors in polite literature," and also adding to his knowledge of Italian and French. Concerning Cambridge his father

I do not know;  
nor will I vainly question  
Those pages of the mystic book which hold  
The story still untold, —

Palingenesis





Henry W. Longfellow

A.D. 1825

answered: "I have always thought it might be beneficial; if my health should not be impaired and my finances should allow, I should be very happy to gratify you."

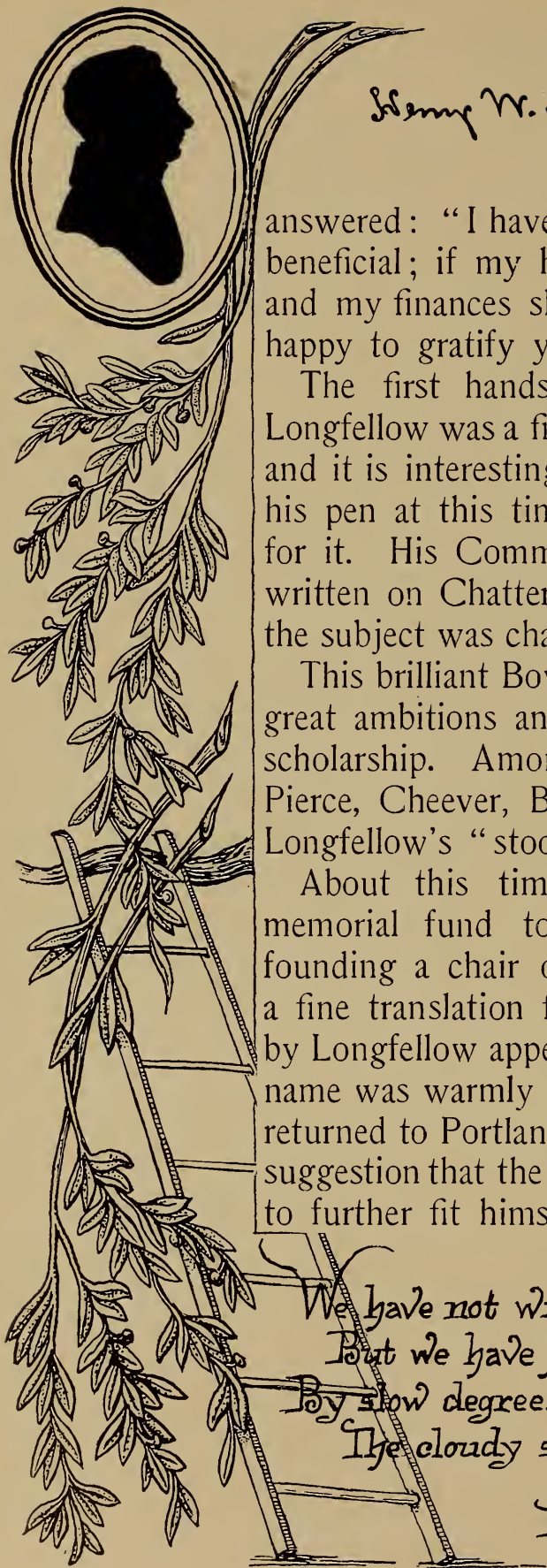
The first handsome book owned by Henry Longfellow was a fine copy of Chatterton's works, and it is interesting to know that he earned with his pen at this time the fourteen dollars he paid for it. His Commencement Ode was originally written on Chatterton, but by his father's advice the subject was changed to "Our Native Writers."

This brilliant Bowdoin class of 1825 was one of great ambitions and intense struggle for rank in scholarship. Among such names as Hawthorne, Pierce, Cheever, Bradbury, Abbott, and others, Longfellow's "stood justly among the first."

About this time Madame Bowdoin gave a memorial fund to Bowdoin College, towards founding a chair of modern languages; and as a fine translation from an Ode of Horace made by Longfellow appealed to those in authority, his name was warmly presented to fill it. His father returned to Portland with this news and the added suggestion that the young man should visit Europe to further fit himself for the position. Such an

*We have not wings, we cannot soar ;  
But we have feet to scale and climb  
By slow degrees, by more and more ,  
The cloudy summits of our time .*

*The Ladder of Saint Augustine*



opening to the longed-for literary life gave the young graduate unbounded delight. However, this time of the year being unfavorable for sailing-packets, Longfellow spent the autumn and winter in reading Blackstone in his father's office, and in the "little room" off from it many a verse was scribbled and some papers written for various periodicals — more for pleasure perhaps than profit. All this with family and social duties filled the time until late April, when he left home for New York, whence he was to sail for France. A European trip in those days was a rare event for a young man of nineteen, and his was to be a three years' pilgrimage in search of knowledge. The lad was followed by the blessings of his mother, well beloved, and by the counsels of a father kindly wise. They had news from him at Boston, where he heard Dr. Channing preach and dined with Professor Ticknor, who gave him letters to Southey, Washington Irving, and others abroad.

In Philadelphia he was so impressed with the attractive appearance of the Pennsylvania Hospital that many years after he made it the scene of the last meeting between Gabriel and Evangeline. In this beautiful poem of exquisite pathos "the poet

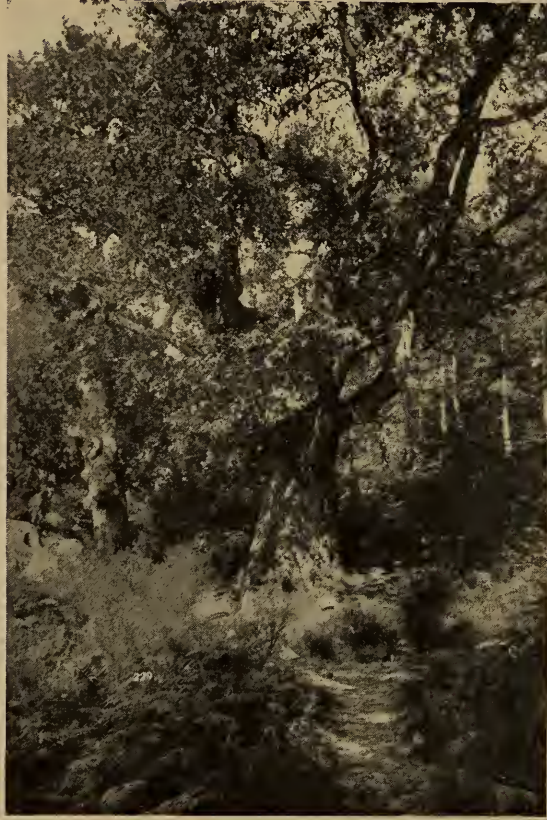
*The heights by great men reached and kept  
Were not attained by sudden flight,  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upward in the night.*

*The Ladder of Saint Augustine*

Blackstone



*This is the forest primeval; but where  
are the hearts that beneath it  
Leaped like the roe, —*



has enshrined the most holy of his musical utterances."

The story of a young couple of Acadia was told to the Reverend H. L. Conelley by a French Canadian member of his parish. Thinking it to be a fine subject for romance, Dr. Conelley told it to Nathaniel Hawthorne, who did not seem to

care for its use. One day when they were both dining with Longfellow Dr. Conelley again told the story and added his wonder that it did not attract Hawthorne's pen, when Longfellow said: "If you really do not want this incident for a tale, let me have it for a poem." So it happened that between the years of eighteen hundred and forty-five and

*This is the forest primeval, the murmuring  
pines and the hemlocks,  
Bearded with moss, and in garments green,  
indistinct in the twilight,  
Stand like Druids of eld, —*

*Evangeline*





*Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the  
pride of the village.*

seven "Evangeline" was made a Longfellow legacy to the world.

A letter from the young man dated May fourteenth, eighteen hundred and twenty-six, says: "I sail for Havre tomorrow — on board the ship Cadmus, Cap-



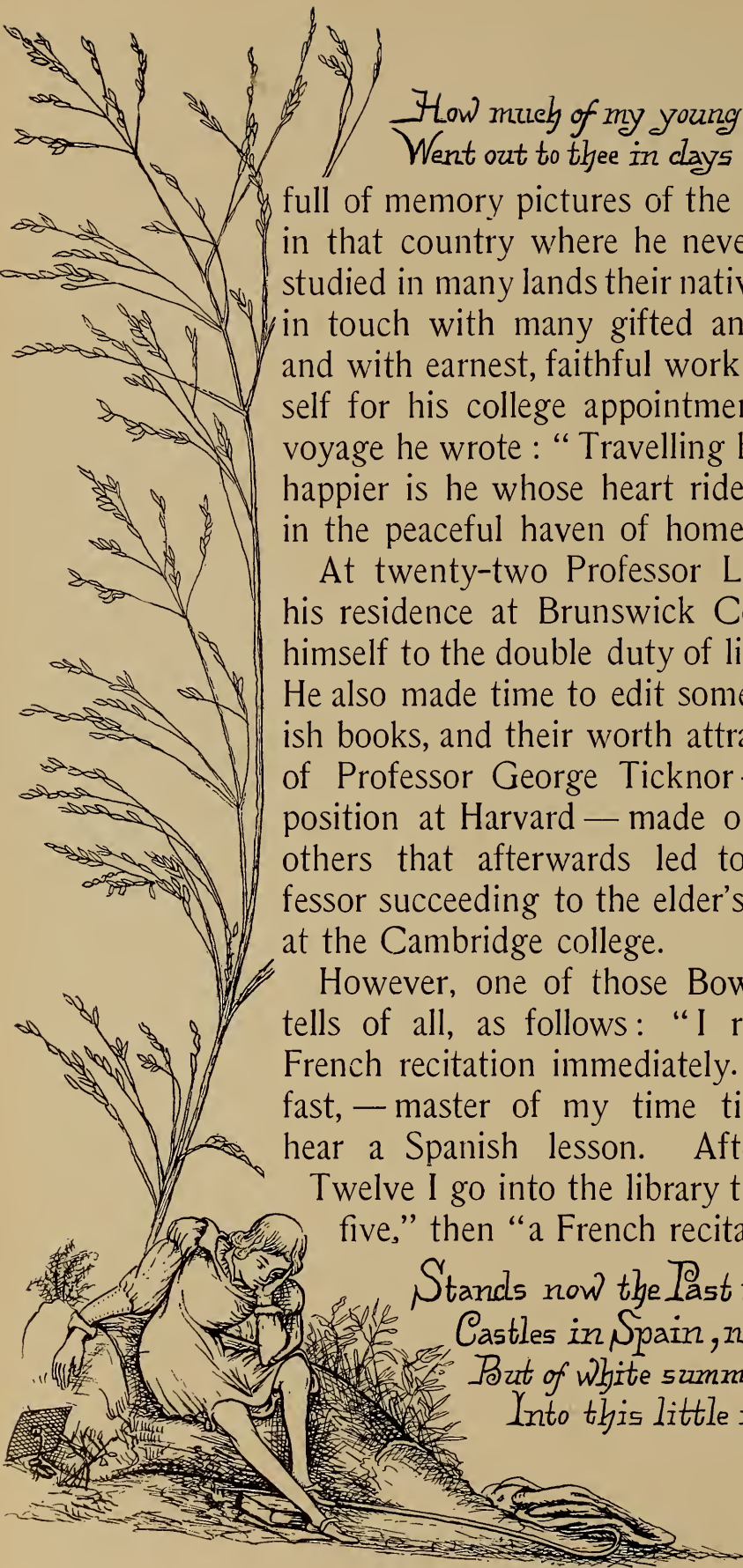
tain Allen. Love to all! Farewell!" From Havre de Grace he writes his mother: "I cannot describe my sensations on taking my last look at my native land, and my first of a foreign one."

Many, and full of charming interest, were the letters to his family and friends during this first trip to Europe. His poem "Castles in Spain" is

*Half-way down to the shore Evangeline  
waited in silence,  
Not overcome with grief, but strong in the  
hour of affliction, —  
Calmly and sadly she waited,*

*Evangeline*





*How much of my young heart, O Spain,  
Went out to thee in days of yore!*

full of memory pictures of the eight months spent in that country where he never went again. He studied in many lands their native tongue, and came in touch with many gifted and famous persons, and with earnest, faithful work well qualified himself for his college appointment. On his return voyage he wrote: "Travelling has its joys —: but happier is he whose heart rides quietly at anchor in the peaceful haven of home."

At twenty-two Professor Longfellow took up his residence at Brunswick College and devoted himself to the double duty of librarian and teacher. He also made time to edit some French and Spanish books, and their worth attracting the attention of Professor George Ticknor — who held a like position at Harvard — made one incident among others that afterwards led to the younger professor succeeding to the elder's chair of languages at the Cambridge college.

However, one of those Bowdoin College days tells of all, as follows: "I rise at six — hear a French recitation immediately. At seven I breakfast, — master of my time till eleven — when I hear a Spanish lesson. After that lunch: — Twelve I go into the library till one. Leisure till five," then "a French recitation. At six I take

*Stands now the Past that I have known;  
Castles in Spain, not built of stone  
But of white summer clouds, and blown  
Into this little mist of rhyme!*

*Castles in Spain*

Prof. Henry W. Longfellow

Mary Potter Longfellow



coffee:— walk and visit friends till nine: study till twelve, sleep till six. Such is my daily routine of life.” Later on is added: “I am more and more delighted with the profession I have embraced.”

At twenty-four Henry Longfellow proved himself “no mere book-worm or dry-as-dust scholar. His heart was touched by the second daughter of his father’s friend, Judge Barrett Potter. Mrs. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, the niece of this gentle lady, writes: “The Portland young men called Mary Potter’s girlhood home ‘the nunnery’ because her stern father kept such strict watch over his three beautiful, motherless daughters.” Another record says of Mary: “Her character and person were alike lovely. Under the shadow of dark hair, eyes of deep blue lighted a face unusually

September  
1831

*And she sits and gazes at me  
With those deep and tender eyes,  
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,  
Looking downward from the skies.*

*Footsteps of Angels*





*Prof. Longfellow's Home,  
Brunswick, Maine.*



attractive in expression." If she knew not Greek and Latin it seems she did know her mathematics. A lover's picture of her appears in these lines :

The being beauteous,  
Who unto my youth was given,  
More than all things else to love me.

They were married in September, eighteen hundred and thirty-one, and never was wedded life happier than theirs in a house still standing under its elms in Federal Street, Brunswick. The young husband describes his study, to the right of the entrance, thus: "The shadow of the honeysuckle lies on my study floor, and through the open window comes the fragrance of the wild-briar and mock-orange: the birds are carolling in the

*Their days were in  
Spring's fallen leaf —  
Tender — and young —  
and bright — and brief.*

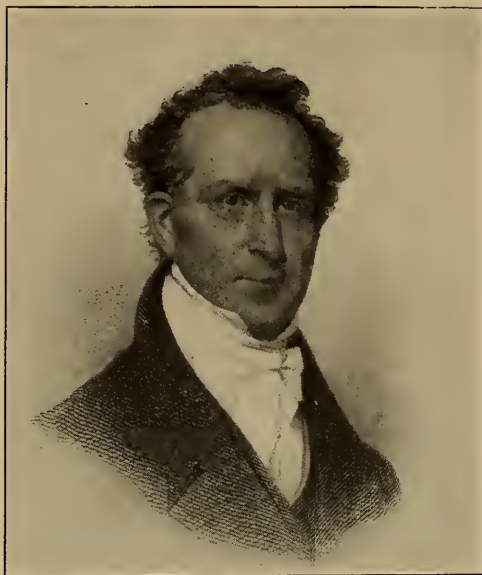
*Lover's Rock*



*Josiah Quincy*

trees — while the murmur of bees, the cooing of doves, and the whirring of a little humming-bird send up a sound of joy to meet the rising sun.”

Much writing as well as professional work was done at Brunswick until December first, eighteen hundred and thirty-

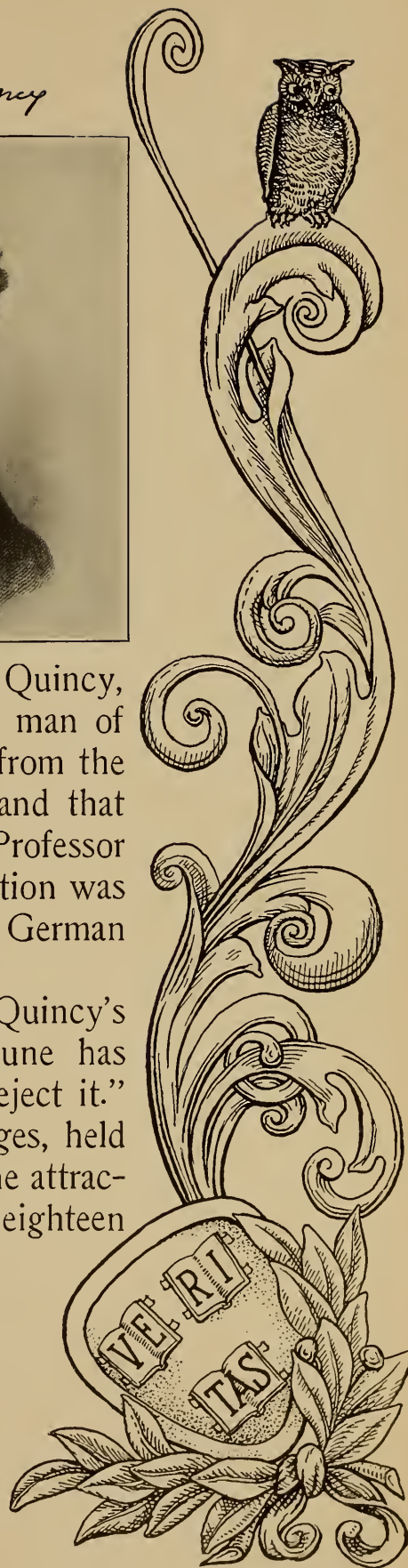


four, when a letter of that date from Josiah Quincy, President of Harvard, advised the young man of Professor Ticknor's intended resignation from the chair of modern languages at Harvard, and that inquiries had led the writer to name Professor Longfellow for the vacancy. The suggestion was made that a year or more in Europe for German might be well.

When advising his father of President Quincy's letter, Longfellow writes: "Good fortune has come at last, and I shall certainly not reject it." The Bowdoin Chair of Modern Languages, held for more than five years, was resigned, the attractive Brunswick home given up, and April, eighteen

*But the good deed, through the ages  
Living in historic pages,  
Brighter grows and gleams immortal,  
Unconsumed by moth or rust.*

*The Norman Baron*



Thomas Carlyle  Jane Welsh Carlyle



hundred and thirty-five, found Longfellow and his wife aboard the Philadelphia on his second trip to Europe. He left, ready for publication, his two volumes of "Outre-Mer."

During this foreign visit Professor Longfellow and his lovely wife met many brilliant and noted persons. A letter from Emerson brought them in touch with Thomas Carlyle and his attractive wife. Mrs. Longfellow describes this lady as "a lovely woman, with very pleasing and simple manners," and "also very talented and accomplished." Mrs. Carlyle remembered Emerson's stay with

*Santa Filomena*

On England's annals,  
through the long  
Hereafter of her speech and song,  
That light its rays shall cast  
From portals of the past.



*They shall all bloom in fields of light,* —  
them as “a visit of an angel.” What Professor and Mrs. Longfellow wrote from Northern Europe is full of charm and instruction. It was during their stay at Rotterdam that the young wife, on November twenty-ninth, eighteen hundred and thirty-five, was called away, when life was fairest. Of her short life Mrs. Higginson writes: “Its briefness saddens, till I recall my aunt’s successor. Then I remember that altho the violet withered a lily bloomed in its stead.”

The poet bore his sorrow with a courage born of a silent, tender, and religious faith. In “The Footsteps of Angels” are lines on this lost wife :

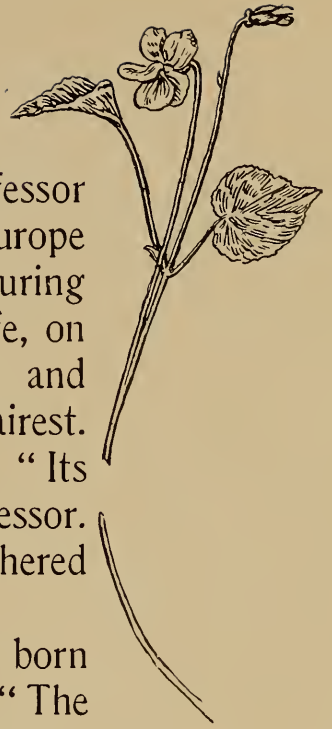
With a slow and noiseless footstep  
Comes that messenger divine,  
Takes the vacant chair beside me,  
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

Even in his sorrow none knew better than he that his world’s work must be done. The “Psalm of Life,” written in eighteen hundred and thirty-nine, and which Mrs. Julia Ward Howe calls “this music so brave, clear, and human,” reveals his solemn measure of life’s worth in these lines :

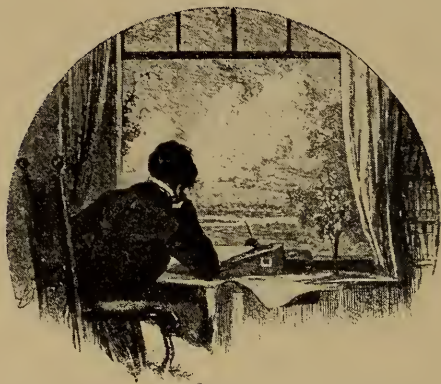
Life is real! Life is earnest!  
And the grave is not its goal;  
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not spoken of the soul.

“Shall I have naught that is fair? saith he;  
Have naught but the bearded grain?  
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,  
I will give them all back again.”

*The Reaper and the Flowers*



The faces of familiar friends seemed strange; —



The Craigie House, "pleasant chamber-window"

Therefore he was "up and doing," studying his German the following winter at Heidelberg, where he meets with pleasure the poet Bryant among others.

Later he sees Switzerland; but

on October eighth, eighteen hundred and thirty-six, he sails from Havre for home shores. The following December found Professor Longfellow in his Kirkland Street rooms at Cambridge, and launched in the full tide of his Harvard College duties. With such friends as Professor Felton, Charles Sumner, Hilliard, Judge Joseph Story, and Simon Greenleaf, this Cambridge, still a village, had much to offer of brilliant and delightful associations to the young poet. And

he, by his refined tastes, sunny manners, and bright mind, soon became a favorite.

About this time, through Nathaniel Hawthorne sending his "Twice Told

For the one face I looked for was not there,  
The one low voice was mute;  
Only an unseen presence filled the air,  
And baffled my pursuit.

Hawthorne





Craigie House — The Home of Longfellow



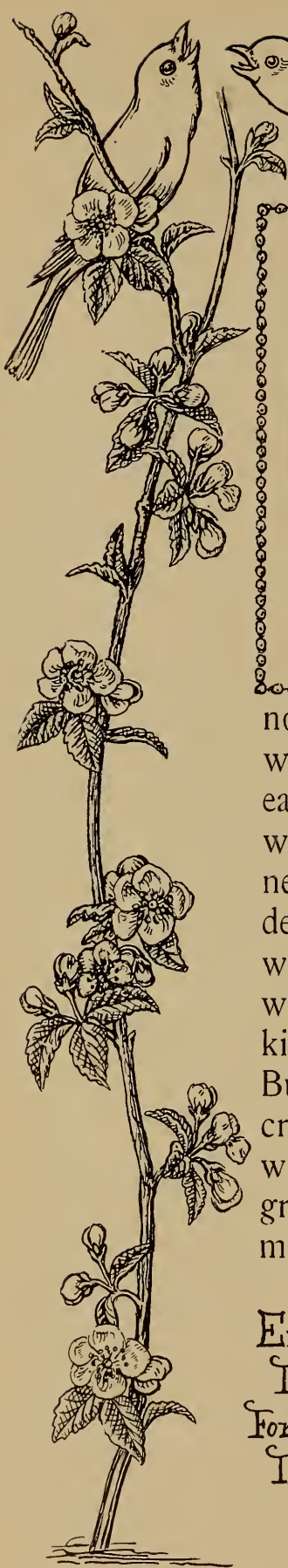
Tales” to Longfellow, these two gifted men again came together with a friendship to last their lives.

For little folk the children’s Longfellow can never be parted from Craigie House. For them it stands another shrine to the poet’s name and ever-present influence. Not its builder, Colonel Vassall, of seventeen hundred and fifty-nine, who left it for England’s sake; nor all the glory or gayety given it by being George Washington’s some-months home; nor all the grand Craigie dinners given to princes in high life, have for little ones the love-compelling charm it has as “Craigie House — The Home of Longfellow.”

*Once, ah once within these walls,  
One whom memory oft recalls,  
The Father of his Country, dwelt.*

To a Child.





Mrs. Craigie



When left a widow without much money, Mrs. Craigie kept a few rooms for herself and wisely rented the others. The poet's first call at Craigie House was on a fine summer afternoon in eighteen hundred and thirty-seven. He went to see a law-student who lived in the southeast chamber, but gave it up the following August, when Longfellow took this room and the one next to it for his bedroom. Mrs. Craigie has been described as "sitting in her southeast parlor, in her white muslin turban and gray silk gown among her window plants and singing birds," and having a kindly feeling for the worms of her elm trees. But rather an awe-inspiring lady so gowned and crowned she seemed to the poet as "she stood with her hands crossed behind her, snapping her gray eyes, and saying she had resolved to take no more students into the house." When he made

*Enjoy the Spring of Love and Youth,  
To some good angel leave the rest;  
For time will teach thee soon the truth,  
There are no birds in last year's nest!*



*It is not always May*

# The Hallway of Craigie House



himself known her manner changed, and he adds :  
“She then took me all over the house and showed me every room in it.” She gave him the rooms named. They were cared for by the farmer’s wife, Miriam—“a pious giantess” who lived in the back of the house, and also gave him his meals, but at so high a price that she was called “Miriam the profit-ess” by the poet’s friend, Felton. Longfellow wrote his father: “The new rooms are above all praise.”

September twelfth, eighteen hundred and thirty-eight, the first mention of “Hyperion” appears in the poet’s journal. This romance was published the

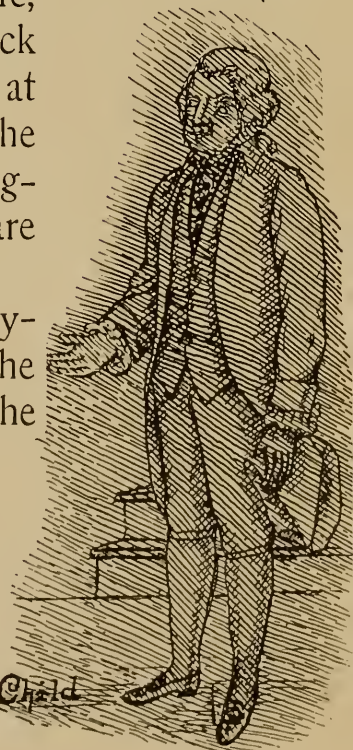
*Up and down these echoing stairs,*

*Heavy with the weight of cares,*

*Sounded his majestic tread : To a Child*



*rooms  
of  
George  
Washington*




Frances Elizabeth  
Appleton Longfellow



Henry Wadsworth  
Longfellow



next year, and is said to have much of his own life in it — incidents of travel — and its heroine the portrait of a lovely girl of nineteen, whom he met in Switzerland, and again after her family and self had returned to their Boston home. In its Mary Ashburton the poet-lover described his future wife, Frances Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Nathan Appleton, of Boston. Miss Appleton at twenty-five was “a woman of stately presence, cultivated intellect, and deep religious feeling. Her calm and quiet face at times seemed to make the very air bright with its smile.” On the first day of college vacation, July thirteenth, eighteen hundred and forty-three, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow brought

 — Some sweet name  
Whose every syllable is a caress  
Would best befit thee; but I cannot choose, —  
— for still the same,  
Nameless or named, will be thy loveliness.

The Masque of Pandora

## The Old Clock on the Stairs

her a bride to the  
Craigie House rooms.  
Two weeks later a  
visit was made to his  
parents at the Port-  
land home. They  
then went to the  
Appleton's summer  
home at Nahant, and  
afterwards to other  
relatives of his wife,  
who lived in an old-  
fashioned country



house at Pittsfield. Under its poplars the poet  
writes of it in "The Old Clock on the Stairs":

Somewhat back from the village street  
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.  
Across its antique portico  
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw.

And of the clock he adds :

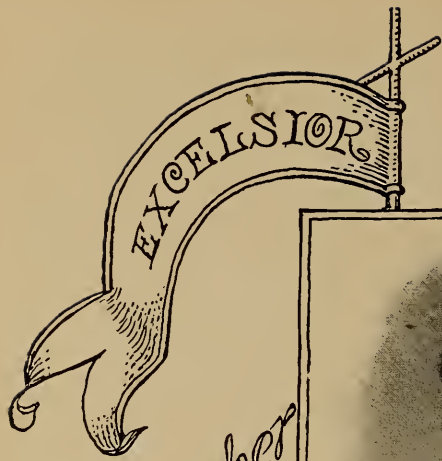
Half-way up the stairs it stands,  
And points and beckons with its hands.

The April before this holiday Longfellow wrote  
his father of Mrs. Craigie: "She is determined to  
die as she has lived, pretty much her own way."

*There groups of merry children played,  
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;  
O precious hours! O golden prime,  
And affluence of love and time!*

The Old Clock on the Stairs

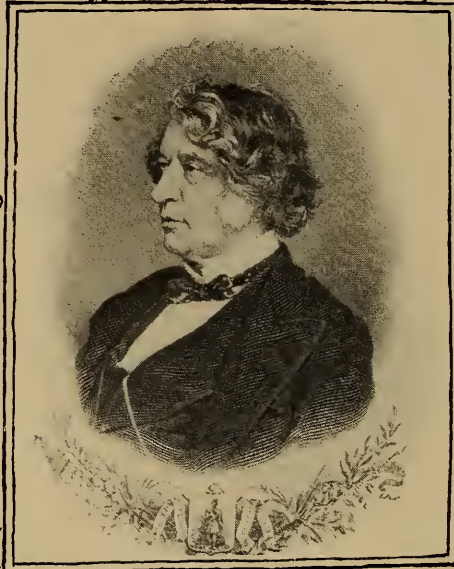




*And from the sky, serene and far,  
A voice fell, like a falling star.*

*Excelsior!*

*September  
28*



Within a few days of this time she went the way of all mortals to her long home, and her Cambridge house, with the land next, was bought by Mr. Appleton for his daughter. Therefore, their vacation over, the professor and his bride returned to the Craigie House, thenceforth the home of Longfellow.

*With thy pen,  
Charles Sumner*

In eighteen hundred and forty-one "Excelsior" was written on the back of a letter from Charles Sumner, who was ever held as among the nearest and dearest of friends. Charles, Longfellow's soldier son of eighteen hundred and sixty-one, was born June ninth, eighteen hundred and forty-four, and the poet's journal records the coming of a second son into his happy home in eighteen hundred and forty-five thus: "Thanksgiving Day Sumner

*1841*



*Were a star quenched on high,  
For ages would its light,  
Still traveling downward from the sky,  
Shine on our mortal sight.*

*Charles Sumner*



— *It whispered,*  
*“come, oh come with me : —*

dined with us. We drank the baby's health under the title of Chevalier Neukome, on account of his being a newcomer and a great musician — in his way.” This was baby Ernest, who appears in Longfellow's poem, “To a Child,” as



Dear child ! how radiant on thy mother's knee,  
 With merry-making eyes and jocund smiles,  
 Thou gazest at the painted tiles.

And of him the journal notes : “Feb. 8, 1847. Earnest took his first walk in Beacon Street, and made patriotic struggles to enter John Hancock's premises. How splendidly he looked in his white cocked-up hat and plumes, his blue coat and red gaiters.” So spoke the battle-blood of old Peleg Wadsworth in these great-grandsons. Longfellow loved his boys ; but oh, his very heart went out to “little girls.” Indeed, he once confessed to the

*An angel with a radiant face,*  
*Above a cradle bent to look,*  
*Seemed his own image there to trace,*  
*As in the waters of a brook .*



— *The Angel and the Child*

*And he gathers the prayers as he stands,  
And they change into flowers in his hands, —*



*Sandalphon*



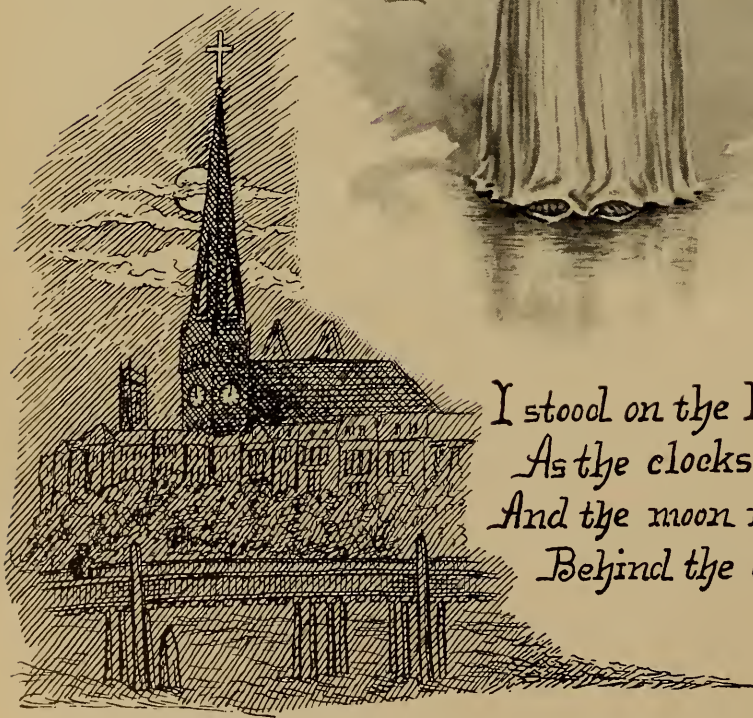
poet Lowell, "I like little girls the best." Of a daughter his journal notes: "Oct. 30, 1847. Little Fanny christened. She looked charmingly, and behaved well throughout." The following September is added of this baby girl these words: "Our little child was buried to-day."

The room was full  
of angels where  
she lay,  
And when they had  
departed she was  
gone.

That the little  
sons were well  
beloved, and went

*I stood on the bridge at midnight,  
As the clocks were striking the hour  
And the moon rose over the city,  
Behind the dark church tower.*

*The Bridge*





Henry W. Longfellow



Drawing-room at Craigie-House

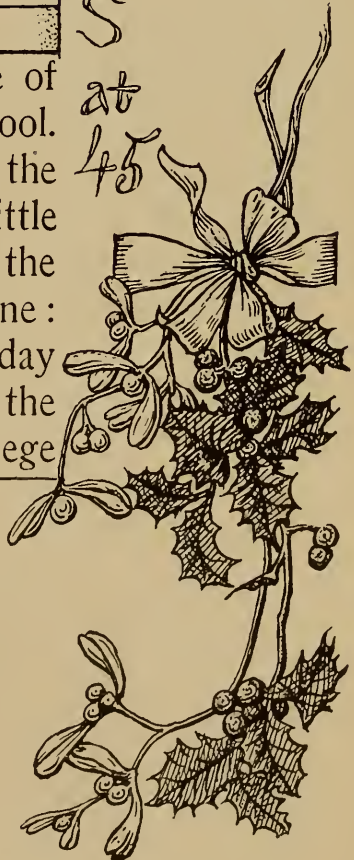
to school, we know from the journal's date of "April 10, 1850. The boys' first day at school. I took them down to the old house under the Washington elm, and left them sitting in their little chairs among the other children. God bless the little fellows!" The next date is a happy one: "February 22d, 1851. Washington's birthday and the christening of our little daughter; — the brightest, gayest of girls." On going to college

S  
A  
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at  
45



I heard the bells on Christmas Day  
Their old, familiar carols play,  
And wild and sweet  
The words repeat  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Christmas Bells



The door I opened to my heavenly guest,



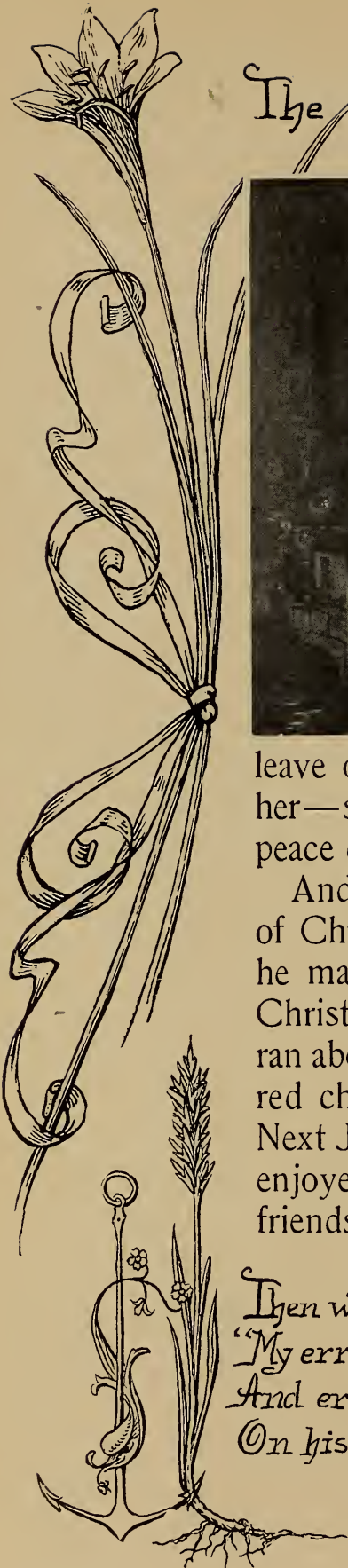
the following March twelfth, Professor Longfellow met a telegraph boy whose message read: "Your mother died to-day suddenly." Before midnight he was in Portland, and his journal notes: "In the room where I took my last leave of her lay my mother, to welcome and take

leave of me no more. I sat all night alone with her—so tranquil had been her death. A sense of peace came over me."

And so the shadows softened until by light of Christmastide, eighteen hundred and fifty-one, he made this entry: "In the evening we had a Christmas tree and a children's ball. Little A—ran about the lighted rooms in great glee, with her red cheeks and bright blue eyes, much caressed." Next June ninth is another record of fun and frolic enjoyed by these Longfellow little folk and their friends: "Charles' birthday. He is eight years

Then with a smile that filled the house with light,  
"My errand is not Death, but Life," he said;  
And ere I answered, passing out of sight,  
On his celestial embassy he sped,

The Two Angels



*There fell upon the house a sudden gloom,  
The Two Angels*

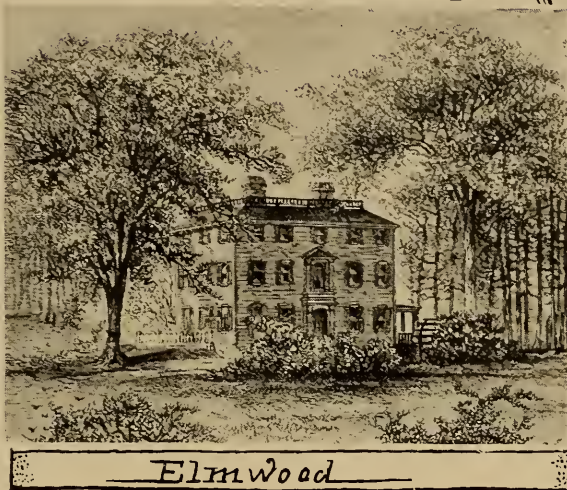
old to-day; had a charming party of children, wild with play among the haycocks; all ending with a supper, and a dance in the drawing-room." On the birth of his daughter, Edith, and the death of the beautiful wife of the poet Lowell, Longfellow, in eighteen hundred and fifty-three, wrote "The Two Angels," one verse of which follows:

Two angels, one of Life and one of Death,  
Passed o'er our village as the morning broke;  
The dawn was on their faces, and beneath,  
The sombre houses hearsed with plumes of smoke.

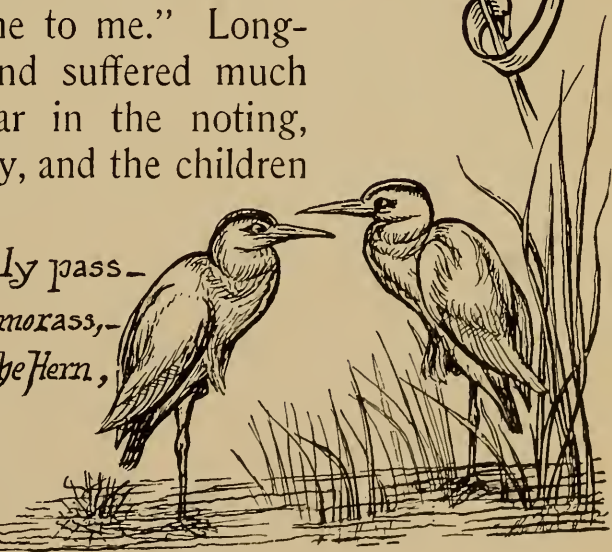
Of these verses the poet said: "I seem to see the moon over his house now, as on that early autumn morning when I walked back and forth in the west chamber. Then the poem came to me." Longfellow and Lowell enjoyed and suffered much together. But the air is clear in the noting, "April 1, 1858. April Fool's day, and the children

*Call to him, herons as you slowly pass—  
Sing him the song of the green morass—  
Sing him the mystical song of the fern,  
And the secret that baffles  
our utmost seeking.*

*The Herons of Elmwood*



*Elmwood*



"These are my three little girls, —"



all alert with fun; the little girls trying to make papa one, and getting caught in the process." On the following December thirty-first is a happy record of a "children's party; E— disguised as the Old Year in great beard and boots; little A— as the New Year, with a wreath on her head."

Again there is a flood of sunshine in a letter

*From my study I see in the lamplight,  
Descending the broad hall stair,  
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,  
And Edith with golden hair.*



*A place of slumber and of dreams, —  
But noon and night the panting teams*



*The Wayside Inn, Sudbury, Mass.*

a few months later that the poet writes to a little girl from Nahant, "where," he says, "I am passing the summer with my three little girls. The oldest is about your age: — Her name is Alice: I never forget that. She is a nice girl, and loves poetry —. The second is Edith, with blue eyes and beautiful golden locks —. She is a very busy little woman, and wears grey boots. The youngest is Allegra; which, you know, means merry: and she is the merriest little thing you ever saw — singing and

*Stop under the great oaks, that throw  
Tangles of light and shade below, —  
And half effaced by rain and shine,  
The Red Horse prances on the sign.*

*Tales of a Wayside Inn*



He said to his friend, "If the British march,—  
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch



*Paul Revere's Ride*

laughing all over the house. These are my three little girls, and Mr. Read has painted them all in one picture, which I hope you will see some day. I do not say anything about the two boys. They are such noisy fellows it is of no use to talk about them."

It was Charles Sumner who decided on the title "The Wayside Inn" (at Sudbury) for Longfellow's group of stories published in eighteen hundred and sixty-three. "Paul Revere's Ride," however,—one which no boy fails to recite sometime in his school-days,—was written three years earlier.

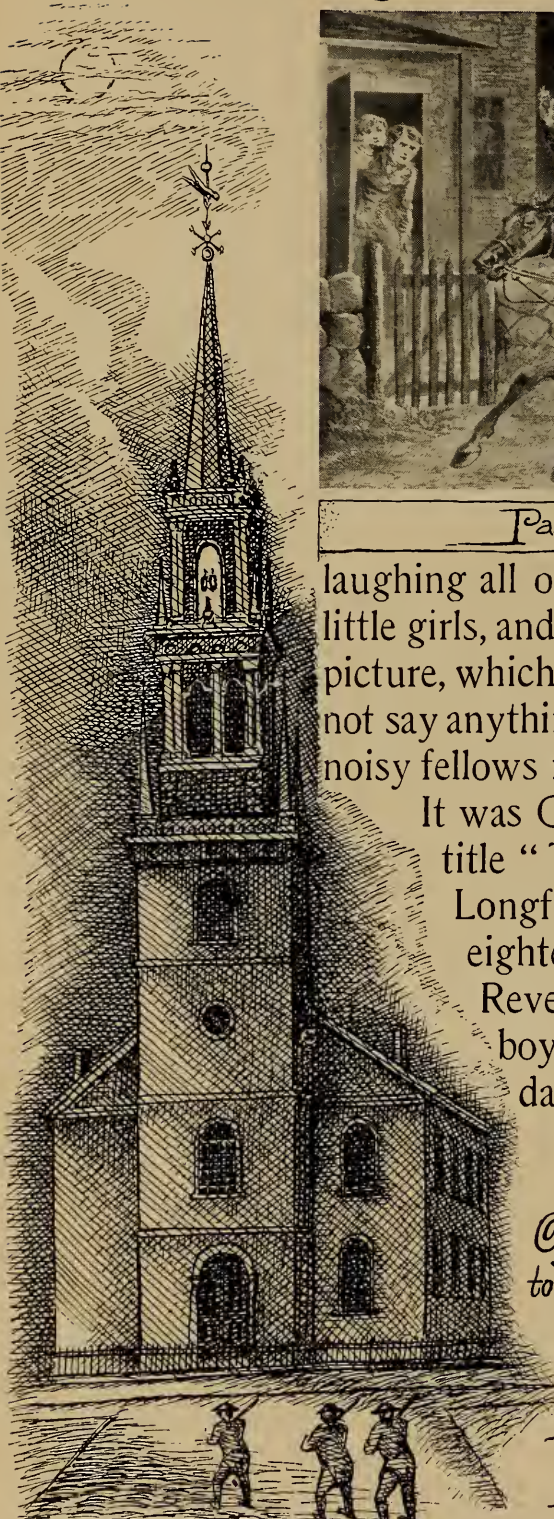
The ninth of July, eighteen hundred

*Of the North Church  
tower as a signal light,  
One, if by land,  
and two, if by sea;  
And I on the opposite  
shore will be,  
Ready to ride —*

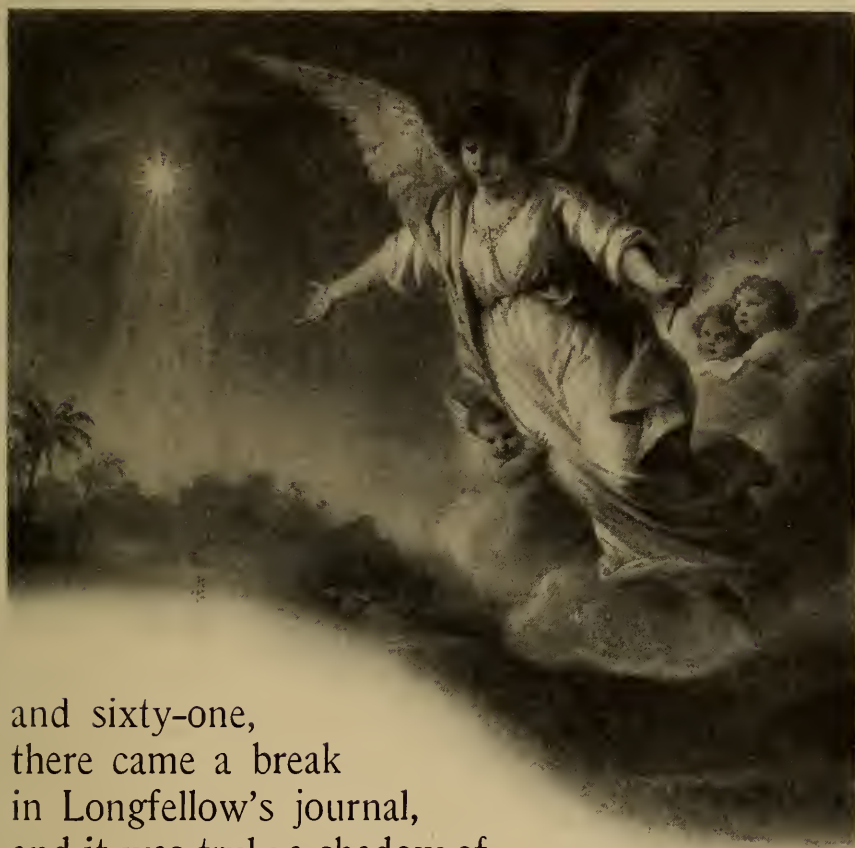
*Paul Revere's Ride*



*Old North Church*



*In the long, sleepless watches of the night,  
 A gentle face — Looks at me from the wall,*



and sixty-one,  
 there came a break  
 in Longfellow's journal,  
 and it was truly a shadow of  
 the break in his heart, and one  
 beyond the mending of time. That day his wife,  
 sitting in the library with her little girls, was seal-  
 ing some small packages of their curls. From a  
 lighted match on the floor her thin summer clothing  
 took fire and burned with such quick and dread-  
 ful force as to end her life. Three days later,

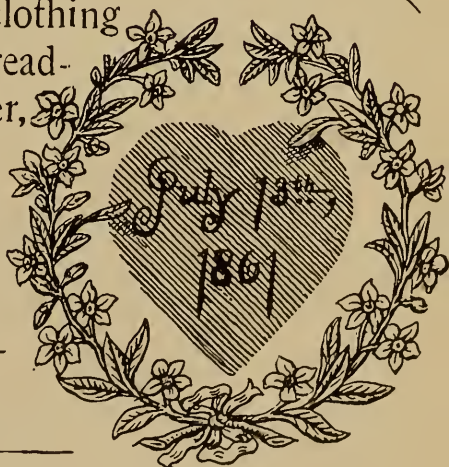
*where round its head  
 The night-lamp casts a halo of pale light .  
 and a soul more white  
 Never through martyrdom of fire was led  
 To its repose ; —*



*The Cross of Snow*



*An unseen  
 presence*





Having put all to bed, then in my turn  
I will lie down and sleep as sound as they



her wedding day eighteen years before, they took her to Mount Auburn, and it is recorded that "some hand had placed a wreath of orange-blossoms on her beautiful head." Early in life Longfellow said: "With me all deep feelings are silent ones." And only his own passing "Into the Silent Land" revealed this "cross of snow" in these lines on the

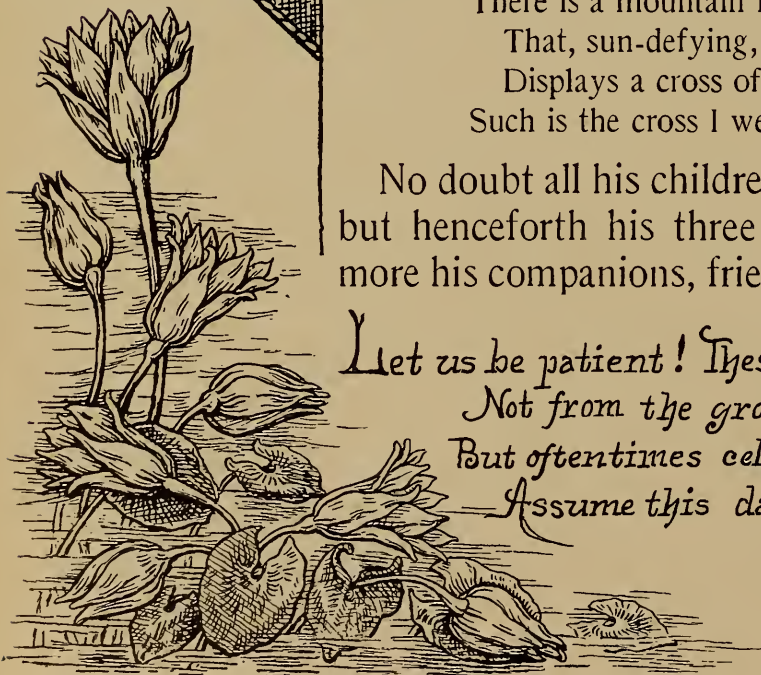
loss of his wife :

There is a mountain in the distant West  
That, sun-defying, in its deep ravines  
Displays a cross of snow upon its side.  
Such is the cross I wear upon my breast.

No doubt all his children were very dear to him, but henceforth his three motherless girls became more his companions, friends, and equally the light

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions  
Not from the ground arise,  
But oftentimes celestial benedictions  
Assume this dark disguise.

Resignation





Charles A. Longfellow,  
Lieutenant 1<sup>st</sup> Mass. Cavalry, 1864 —

and life of his home. And it is of them on the following December twenty-fifth the poet notes: "The dear little girls had their Christmas-tree last night; and an unseen presence blessed the scene." Even a year later the Christmas date reveals a heart of sorrow: "December 25, 1862. 'A merry Christmas' say the children; but that is no more for me. Last night the little girls had a pretty Christmas-tree." In 1859 they made the tender, touching inspiration of that gem of poems, "The Children's Hour." Its first verse is:

Between the dark and the daylight,  
When the night is beginning to lower,  
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,  
That is known as the Children's Hour.

A letter of the following December proves the poet a patriot by more than his pen; he writes:

*The wounded from the battle-plain,* — *Santa Filomena*

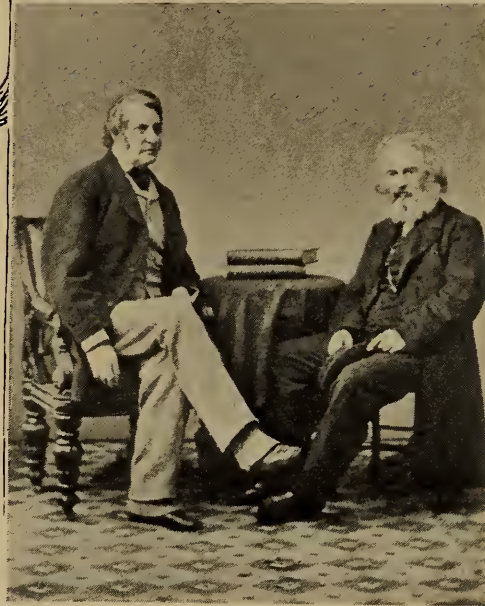
*And like the water's flow  
Under December's snow,  
Came a dull voice of woe  
From the heart's chamber. —*

*The Skeleton in Armor*



— *And to the tender heart and brave  
The tribute of this verse. —*

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and Charles Sumner*



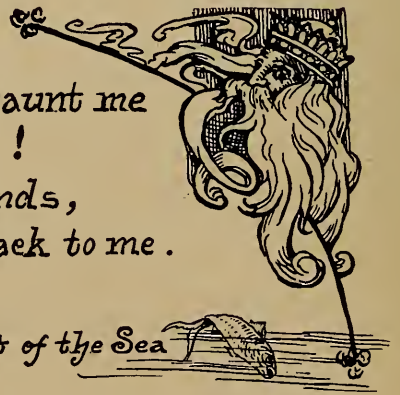
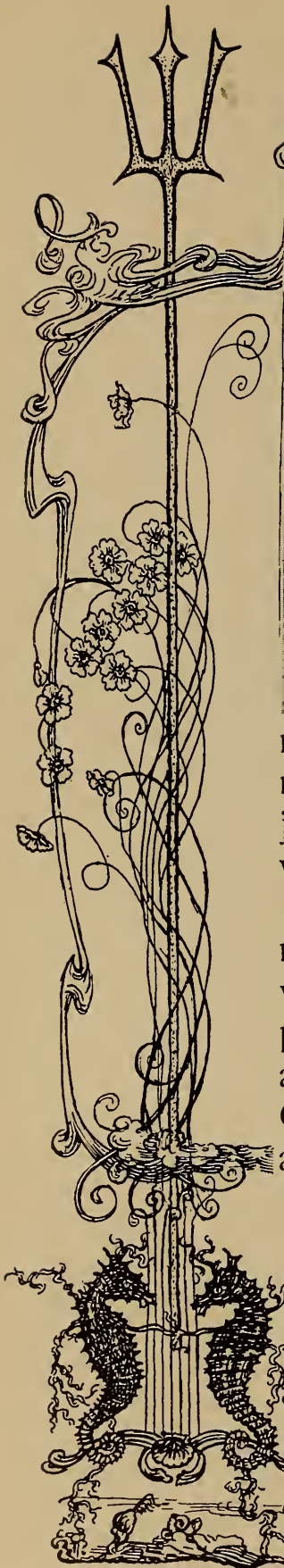
“ My oldest boy, not yet twenty, is a lieutenant of cavalry in the Army of the Potomac. In the last battle on the Rapidan he was shot through both shoulders, and had a very narrow escape of it. He is now at home and doing very well. Your lotus pillow is

now giving comfort to a younger head than mine,—the young officer’s. The two anxious journeys to bring him back — with watching and waiting — have not done me much good.”

After a period of work and quiet a visit was made to the old world. From England to Rome was passed quaint old Nuremberg, of which the poet wrote some charming verses in 1848. But at this time Longfellow writes of Europe to Charles Sumner: “ March 9, 1868. We are going at the end of May. I do not like breaking up of

*Ah! what pleasant visions haunt me  
As I gaze upon the sea!  
All the old romantic legends,  
All my dreams, come back to me.*

*The Secret of the Sea*



Here, when Art was still religion,  
with a simple, reverent heart,



*Hans Sachs*

*Albrecht Dürer*

home, but I suppose it is for the best. I need a good shaking up, and expect to get it." On May twenty-third a brilliant dinner-party was given by Mr. James T. Fields, his publisher, to the poet, whose journal notes the event thus: "A parting dinner at Fields'. Very-beautiful with flowers and all pleasant things. Holmes read a charming poem, and we enjoyed ourselves extremely."

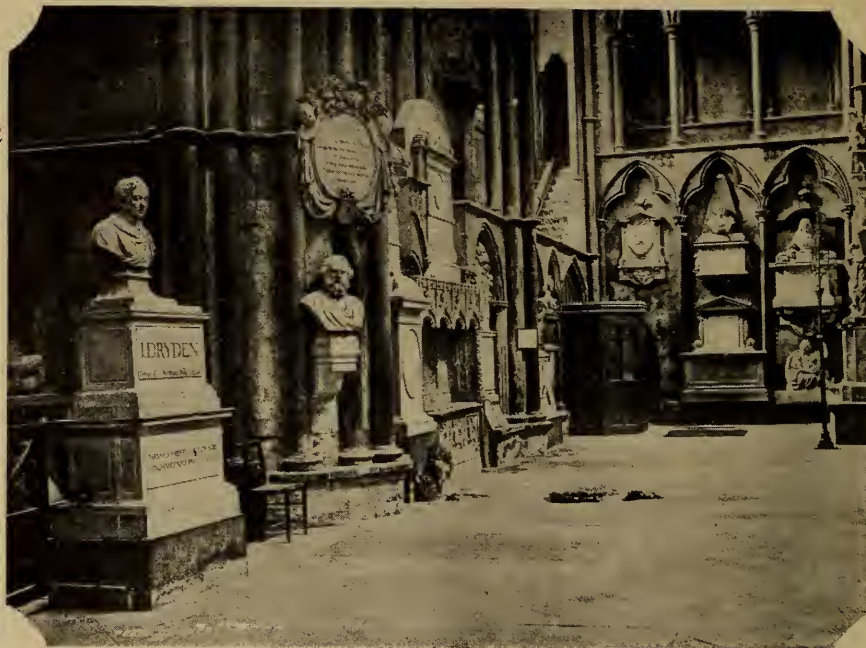
May twenty-seventh Longfellow, with a happy party of his children and friends, sailed from New York, aboard the steamer "Russia" for Liverpool. Thence to the English lakes country — a writer's paradise — and afterwards to Cambridge, of old England, where, June sixteenth, in the presence

*Lived and labored Albrecht Dürer,  
the Evangelist of Art; —  
Here Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet,  
laureate of the gentle craft, —  
in huge folios sang and laughed.*

*Nuremberg*



## Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey



of a large and distinguished gathering of people, the poet was given the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. Hearty and long was the cheering that greeted his appearance in the red robes of an LL.D. From Oxford, England, he also received the same degree. Indeed, from England's queen down to the sons of her soil, our poet and familiar friend to every household had endless honors showered upon him, and now his marble bust in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey marks literary America in England's Hall of Fame.

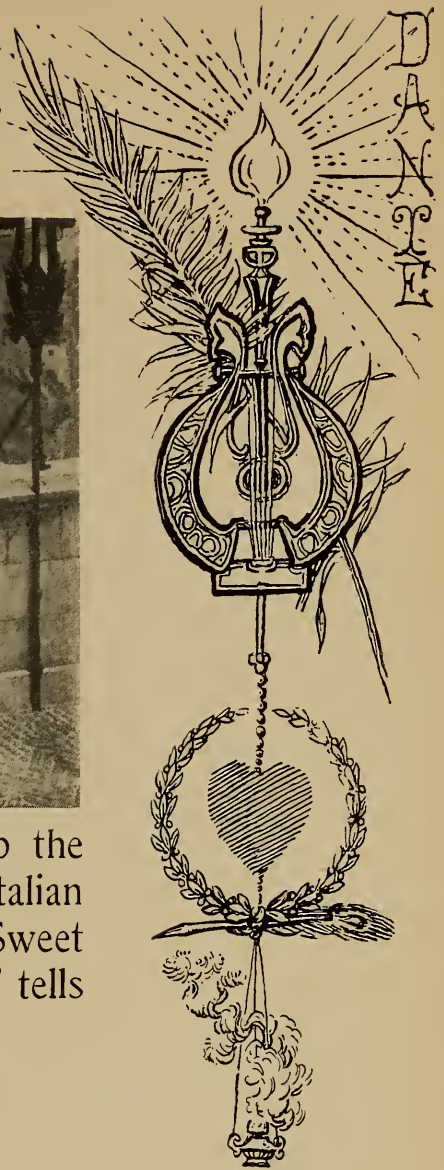
Poem by Oliver Wendell Holmes

Ah! gentlest soul! how gracious how benign  
Breathes through our troubled life that voice of thine,  
Filled with a sweetness born of happier spheres,  
That wins and warms, that kindles softens cheers,  
That calms the wildest woe and stays the bitterest tears.

To H.W. Longfellow May 27<sup>th</sup>, 1868



*Stern thoughts and awful from thy soul arise,  
 — Yet in thy heart what human sympathies,*



Longfellow and his party then went up the Rhine to Switzerland, and on to the fair Italian land, of which he calls its Como country "Sweet Vision," and one verse of his "Cadenabbia" tells how fair it appeared to him :

I ask myself, Is this a dream ?  
 Will it all vanish into air ?  
 Is there a land of such supreme  
 And perfect beauty anywhere ?

Its literary inspiration fell into his lines on "Dante," "Beatrice," "The Old Bridge at Florence," and other poems.

From this dreamland to Florence and on to Rome, where, with Mr. G. P. A. Healy, the artist,

*Thus in the bosom of a cloud of flowers.—  
 Appeared a lady, — Beatrice*

*Taddeo Gaddi built me. I am old,  
 Five centuries old. I plant my foot of stone  
 Upon the Arno, — The Old Bridge at Florence*



In what vast, aerial space  
Shines the light upon thy face?

— Bayard Taylor —



he made an interesting call on the Abbé Liszt at the Convent of Santa Francesca in the Forum. The door of the apartment was opened to them by the great musician himself, "Holding high in his hand a candle." What a flashlight of master minds that wax-light must have shown! By the poet's re-

quest the painter put the Abbé's part of it on canvas, and this still hangs in the Craigie House library.

September first, eighteen hundred and sixty-nine, dates a letter in which the poet says: "How glad I am to be at home!" Once more in his sunny study where books abound and the fine, speaking faces of Emerson and Hawthorne and Sumner look out of their frames upon the

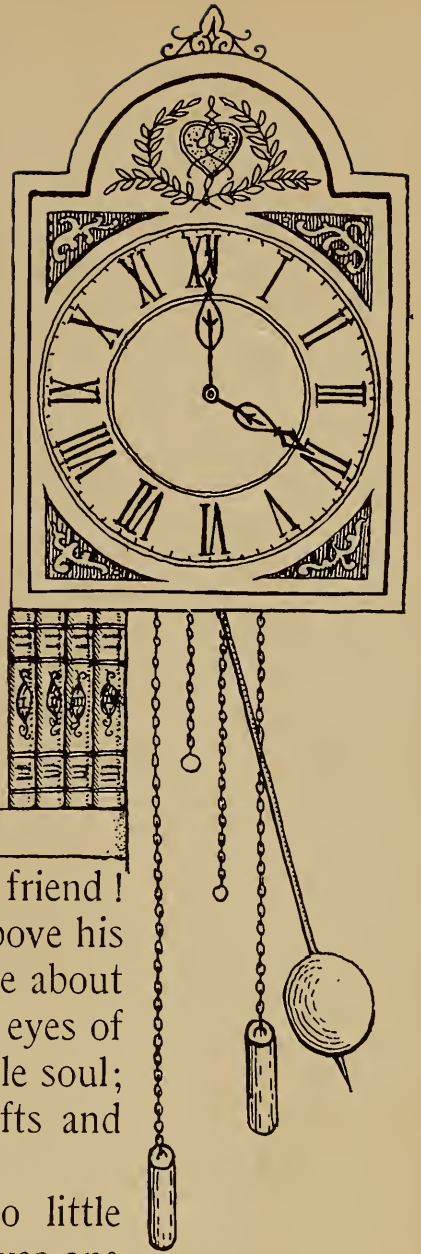
*But amid my broken slumbers  
Still I heard those magic numbers  
As they loud proclaimed the flight  
And stolen marches of the night;—*

— The Belfry at Bruges —



Four by the clock! and yet not day;  
But the great world rolls and wheels away;

*Four by the Clock*



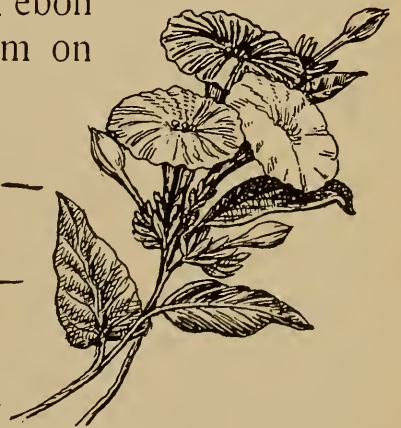
*Longfellow's Study from 1844*

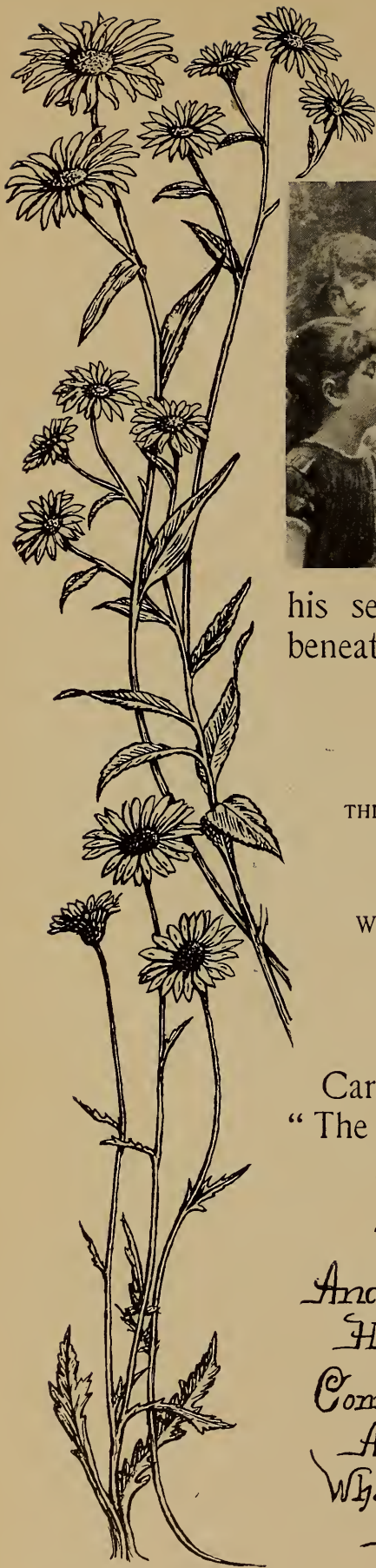
peerless genius of their no less peerless friend! He is now, at sixty-two, snow-crowned above his massive brow, the beard full and pure white about his fine, fresh-colored face, and from the eyes of blue falls the fair light of a sweet and gentle soul; and thus he was, by rich use of rich gifts and heaven's grace, a poet.

Longfellow's great heart went out to little children; in simplicity and innocence he was one of them. That is why they loved him and made him their king and gave him his "splendid ebon throne" — for so he called their gift to him on

*Sadly as some old mediæval knight  
Gazed at the arms he could no longer wield,—  
So I behold these books upon their shelf,  
My ornaments and arms of other clays;—  
For they remind me of my other self,—*

*—My Books—*





*Come to me, O ye children !  
For I hear you at your play,*



his seventy-second birthday. On a brass plate  
beneath its cushion is inscribed :

TO  
THE AUTHOR  
OF

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

THIS CHAIR MADE FROM THE WOOD OF THE 'SPREADING  
CHESTNUT TREE' IS PRESENTED AS AN EXPRESSION  
OF GRATEFUL REGARD AND VENERATION BY

THE CHILDREN OF CAMBRIDGE  
WHO WITH THEIR FRIENDS JOIN IN BEST WISHES  
AND CONGRATULATIONS

ON  
THIS ANNIVERSARY  
February 27th, 1879

Carved about the seat are these lines from  
"The Village Blacksmith" :

And children coming home from school  
Look in at the open door ;  
They love to see the flaming forge,

*And the questions that perplexed me  
Have vanished quite away.*

*Come to me, O ye children !*

*And whisper in my ear*

*What the birds and the winds are singing  
In your sunny atmosphere.*

*Children*



Under a spreading chestnut-tree  
The village smithy stands;

The Village Blacksmith



The Spreading Chestnut Tree

And hear the bellows roar,  
And catch the burning sparks that fly  
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

The chair keeps its honored place by the poet's study hearth-stone; and by the kindly good-will of his daughter, Miss Alice Longfellow, children come every Saturday afternoon to see this Craigie House study, where his ever-present influence is as music in the air. A few lines of his poem "From My Arm-Chair" will best tell the happiness it gave their "king."



Am I a king, that I should call my own  
This splendid ebon throne?  
Or by what reason, or what right divine,  
Can I proclaim it mine?



From My Arm Chair



*You hast taught me, Silent River !  
 Many a lesson, deep and long ;*



*River To the  
 CHANGES*



Only, perhaps, by right divine of song  
 It may to me belong ;  
 Only because the spreading chestnut tree  
 Of old was sung by me.

On a bookcase just back of this chair stands a water-color of the spreading chestnut tree. Thus enthroned was the children's Longfellow then ; and in the hearts of the children of men his reign will be forever.

About the last letter the poet ever wrote was one of thanks to a little girl for a birthday remembrance. Two days later he delighted the hearts of four Boston school-boys by showing them his study, the river-view from its windows, and writing his name in their albums.

*You hast been a generous giver ;  
 I can give thee but a song. —*



*More than this ; — thy name reminds me  
 Of three friends, all true and tried ;  
 And that name like magic binds me  
 Closer, closer to thy side. —*

*I, leaving not the home of my delight,  
Far from the world and noise will meditate—  
A Quiet Life*



*Longfellow's Shady Walk*

On March fifteenth, eighteen hundred and eighty-two, "The Bells of San Blas" — his poem — rang out the last notes of the poet's earthly music in these lines :

Out of the shadows of night  
The world moves into light ;  
It is daybreak everywhere !

And so it was for the children's Longfellow on March twenty-fourth, eighteen hundred and eighty-two, when the Cambridge bells tolled the sorrowful story to all the world ; for the poet's sweet, full, and blameless earthly life was spent. Three days later, under the gently falling snow, they carried him

*I heard the trailing garments of the Night  
Sweep through her marble halls  
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light  
From the celestial walls !*

*Hymn to the Night*





*“Once in our tower aloof  
We rang over wall and roof*



to Mount Au-  
burn. Many  
and touching  
are the pretty  
stories told of  
Longfellow's  
devotion to  
children, and  
their love for  
him; yet per-  
haps no one  
of them all  
is so sweetly  
solemn as  
that given by  
the Reverend  
W. H. Savage  
in the Janu-  
ary eighteen  
hundred and

ninety-five “Arena”: “‘Was that God?’ asked a little boy on whose forehead the aged poet had left a kiss, as he went away after a call at a friend's house. And none of the boy's elders felt quite ready to answer in the negative, for just then God seemed not far away from every one of them.”

*Our warnings and our complaints ;  
And round about us there  
The white doves filled the air,  
Like the white souls of the saints .—*

*The Bells of San Blas*

Poor, sad Humanity  
Through all the dust and heat



TRANSFIGURATION



Come unto me, —

Turns back with bleeding feet, —  
Unto the simple thought  
By the great Master taught  
And that remaineth still: —

Christus: A Mystery













MAR 23 1908





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