

country people regarding this wonder, that they would stand around the windows looking in and listening whenever the instrument was being played, and even offer money to have the music continued.

When the Wadsworth family moved in there were six children, one of whom, Zilpah, the future mother of the poet, was a little maid of seven or eight. Here, in 1790, was born another son, Alexander Scammel, named for General Scammel, a friend and college classmate of Wadsworth, and the man for whom also one of the forts in Portland harbor was named. Alexander entered the navy as a midshipman in 1804, and in 1815 distinguished himself as a lieutenant on the *Constitution* in her engagement with the *Guerriere*, and for his gallantry was presented with a sword by the citizens of his native town. In this connection it is interesting to know that among the recent visitors to the old house was a young midshipman from the Chesapeake, Alexander Scammel Wadsworth, a great-grandson of the first Alexander, and the fourth in succession to bear the name.

Five months before the appointment of the first Alexander as a midshipman, his older brother, Henry, had voluntarily sacrificed his life, with his companions, in the fire ship *Intrepid*, which was blown up before Tripoli during the night of September 3, 1804, to prevent her from falling into the hands of the enemy. In the old house to-day may be seen the bronze medal, as well as the original letter with which it was presented by the Secretary of the Navy, in recognition of the bravery of this young lieutenant, the uncle for whom the poet was named.

As we enter the once stately parlor of the Wadsworth mansion we see the room for a moment, not with its group of sightseers, but with the figures, whose "steps make no sound upon the floor," once here with their training gowns, powdered hair and beauty spots of court-plaster cut in fanciful forms, with bright hued coats and ruffled linen. In this room were held many of the grandest festivities of the day, and here in 1804 took place the wedding of Zilpah Wadsworth and Stephen Longfellow. For the time the young couple lived in the old home of the bride; then, after keeping house elsewhere on the same street, where their first child, Stephen, was born, they removed for the winter to the home of relatives on the corner of Fore and Hancock streets, in the eastern part of the town, and here on the 27th of February, 1807, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow first saw the light. During the year preceding, General Wadsworth had built another large house in Hiram, Me., known as Wadsworth hall, and to this he removed with his family a few months before the birth of the grandson who was to become so well known, and here in 1829 he died, at the age of eighty-one.

The Portland house thus becoming vacant, Stephen Longfellow, with his family, took possession during the year following the birth of the future poet, and here, where their married life begun, Mr. and Mrs. Longfellow spent their remaining years. Under its roof six other children were born to them, Elizabeth W., Anne, Alexander W., Mary, Ellen and Samuel.

Though the literary talent of the poet was a legacy from his mother's family, his father was a man distin-

guished in other ways, and one of whom William Willis said, "No man more surely gained the confidence of all who approached him, or held it firmer; and those who knew him best loved him most." One can well believe this to be true of a man whose sentiments were expressed in the following words, when writing to his son Henry in regard to his choice of a profession:

"As you have not the fortune (I will not say whether good or ill) to be born rich, you must adopt a profession which will afford you subsistence as well as reputation. I am happy to observe that my ambition has never been to accumulate wealth for my children, but to cultivate their minds in the best possible manner, and to imbue them with correct moral, political, and religious principles,—believing that a person thus educated will with proper diligence be certain of attaining all the wealth which is necessary to happiness."

Stephen Longfellow was graduated from Harvard in 1798 and admitted to the bar in 1801. He was later a representative to the General Court, state Senator, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas and Representative to Congress, a trustee of Bowdoin College and president of the Maine Historical Society. The Longfellow ancestors were Puritans.

The poet, on his mother's side, was a descendant of seven Mayflower Pilgrims: Elder William Brewster, his wife and their son Love; William Mullins, his wife and their daughter, Priscilla, and John Alden. So it will be seen that in the "Courtship of Miles Standish" the poet was, in a way, writing family history.

Of the Longfellow children born in

this house, Elizabeth died at the age of twenty, and Ellen at sixteen. Alexander has but recently passed away, having lived a long life as an honored citizen of his native town. The Rev. Samuel, writer of many hymns, as well as preacher, died in Portland in 1892. Mary, who married James Greenleaf of Boston, died at Cambridge, December 3, 1902. Anne married George Pierce, a close friend and classmate of the poet's in that famous Bowdoin class of 1825, whose silhouetted class pictures are among objects of interest in the old house to-day.

In 1815, to accommodate the needs of his increasing family, Stephen Longfellow added a third story to the house, giving it the form we see to-day, a slight difference in the color of the bricks showing where the addition begins.

Passing through the hall we are reminded that from the front step Zilpah Wadsworth, then a young lady of twenty-one, presented a military standard to the Federal Volunteers, a company organized the preceding year. The large stone upon which she stood was, no doubt, the same over which visitors pass to-day in entering, although for many years it was hidden from sight, as well as from knowledge of most of the present generation. In the old days the house stood three or four feet above the street; as time went on the street grew higher, till at length, there being then no facilities for raising so large a stone, it was covered with earth, and new steps built upon it to raise the approach to the street level. During the repairs recently made, workmen came down to the old stone, which was raised, put into place, and once more forms the step to the old house.