

On the desk is now kept the register, in which, during the two seasons in which the house has been opened, more than nine thousand visitors have inscribed their names, from that of President Roosevelt,—written with a quill once belonging to the poet's father, to those of men and women from humbler walks of life, and who have come from all over the United States, Canada, England, France, Spain, Brazil, Australia, and even India and Japan.

Other poems known to have been written, wholly or in part, in this house, beside the two already mentioned, are "Musings," "The Spirit of Poetry," "Burial of the Minnisink," "Where from the Eye of Day," "Song of Birds," "Changed," and "The Lighthouse."

Returning to the front hall and going up the broad stairway, with its bright red carpeting, one must pause to admire the series of beautiful pictures, seven in number, by well-known artists, each representing a scene from some of the poet's writings. On the upper landing we face a bust of the poet at twenty-one, and farther along an oil portrait of him at twenty-three, at which time he was a professor at Bowdoin. A doorway just beyond this portrait leads to the chamber in which the poet's mother died, directly over the room in which she was married, and the later event is brought vividly before us by the following lines from the writings of her son:

"In the chamber where I last took leave of her lay my mother to welcome and take leave of me no more. I sat all that night alone with her—without terror, almost without sorrow, so tranquil had been her death."

It is hard to realize the present in

this room, filled as it is with reminders of the past. Here is the cradle in which two poets have been rocked, while two tall cases contain the gowns, bonnets and other articles of wearing apparel belonging to Mrs. Longfellow, her sister, Lucia, and their mother. Among other curiosities is a pair of pink kid slippers with pointed toes, showing something of the experience through which they passed when worn by Mrs. Peleg Wadsworth during the time spent with her husband in camp in the intrenchments at Dorchester Heights. A head-dress dates back to 1700, and it takes but a little play of the imagination to see the girlish figures arrayed in these delicate silks, satins and muslins. Across the room is a miniature of the old church, or "meeting-house," which the Longfellow family attended, and beside it the foot-stove which the poet carried thither for his mother in winter time. Here, too, is a copy of a long-forgotten poem, in which Henry Longfellow protested against the taking down of the old building, when some wished to replace it by a more modern structure.

No battle during the war of 1812 so excited the people of Portland as did that between the U. S. brig *Enterprise*, and his Majesty's brig *Boxer*, which took place on the 5th of September, 1813. On this Sabbath day the citizens flocked to the Observatory, where its keeper, Capt. Moody, swept the bay with his glasses. Looking off toward Seguin, he could see the smoke of the battle forty miles away, but nothing definite could be learned of its outcome. On the following morning, however, the *Enterprise* was signalled leading her prize under her own flag, the same which is

now a faded heap in this glass case. But, alas, for the two brave captains! The battle ended for them that of life, and they were later buried side by side in the old cemetery in which the great-grandparents of the poet are also buried. The flag is said not to have been a new one when it fluttered amid the death shots of this battle; and its having fifteen stars would indicate that it was made some time between 1792 and 1796. After the battle the officers of the *Enterprise* presented the flag to the keeper of one of the hotels of the day, who later gave it to the old Portland Museum, and, when the collection of this institution was sold, it was purchased by a private citizen of the town. After this it was on exhibition both in Boston and New York, as well as in Portland, where on the celebration of Washington's birthday it was draped over a boat and drawn through the streets. In this way the poet must often, as a boy, have looked upon it. For several years it was lost sight of by Portland people, until, within the last year, it was traced to Chicago, where it was found in the possession of a former resident of Portland, who has kindly loaned it, to add one more attraction to the Wadsworth-Longfellow house.

Among the memories of his youth in Portland, the poet did not fail to recall the battle between the *Enterprise* and *Boxer*, voicing it in the following lines:

"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 tranquil  
bay,  
Where they in battle died."

Now the visitor passes on over the stairway worn by the footsteps of many years to the third story of the

old mansion. Of the seven rooms on this floor, including a capacious linen closet, the largest are the corner front chambers, the one on our right as we reach the landing being that which the poet called his own during his school and college days, and to which he loved to come in later years. Before the erection of the business blocks across the street one could look from its windows out over the blue stretch of island-dotted ocean,—

"Islands that were the Hesperides  
Of all my boyish dreams,"

to the shore of Cape Elizabeth, and the light at Portland Head. This latter object formed the inspiration for the poem, "The Lighthouse," written at least in part, in this room, and beginning:

"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.

"Even at the distance I can see the tides,  
Upheaving break unheard along its base,  
A speechless wrath, that rises and subsides  
In the white lip and tremor of the face."

"Musings" was also written here, but of the countless other musings in the heart of the young man who occupied this room we can only guess as they found expression in his later works, for some of these were the days of which he sang, repeating that old refrain:

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

Of this poem, "My Lost Youth," there are many reminders in his home, and of its writing we have this record, March 29, 1855:

"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."