

**THE RIVERSIDE LITERATURE
SERIES. THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
AND OTHER POEMS; PAUL
REVERE'S RIDE AND OTHER
POEMS**

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The Riverside Literature Series. The Children's Hour and Other Poems; Paul Revere's Ride and Other Poems by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

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HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

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THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
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PAUL REVERE'S RIDE
AND OTHER POEMS

BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

*WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
AND NOTES*



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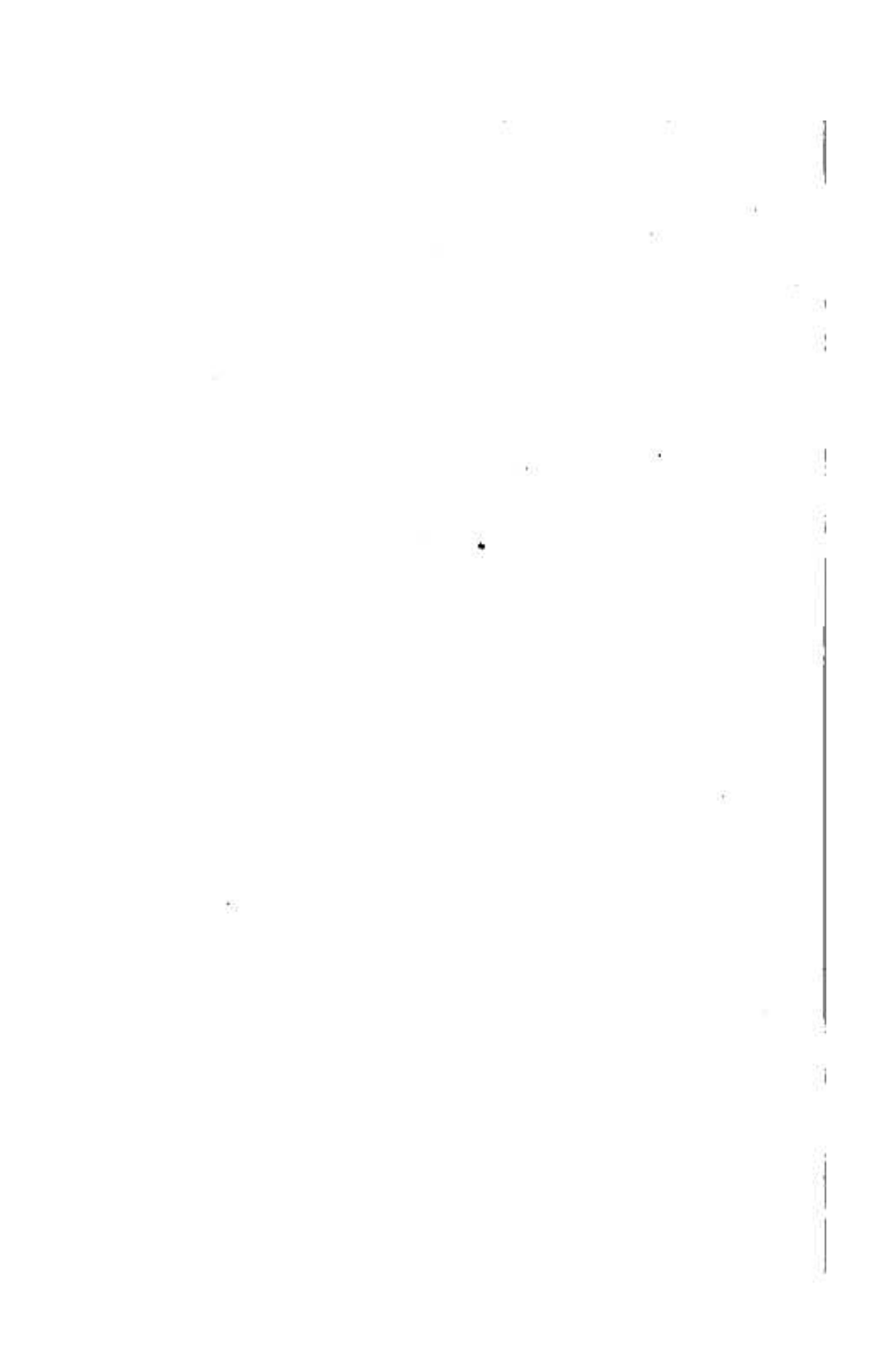
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HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

A VISITOR to Cambridge, in Massachusetts, is very sure to make his first question, Where did Mr. Longfellow live? and any one whom he meets will be able to give the answer. The ample, dignified mansion, built in Colonial days, and famous as the headquarters of Washington during the first year of the War for Independence, is in the midst of broad fields, and looks across meadows to the winding Charles and the gentle hills beyond. Great elms, fragrant lilacs and syringas, stand by the path which leads to the door; and when the poet was living, the passer-by would often catch a glimpse of him as he paced up and down the shaded veranda which is screened by the shrubbery.

Here came, in the summer of 1837, a slight, studious-looking young man, who lifted the heavy brass knocker, which hung then as it does now upon the front door, and very likely thought of the great general as he let it fall with a clang. He had called to see the owner of the house, Mrs. Andrew Craigie, widow of the apothecary-general of the Continental Army in the Revolution. The visitor asked if there was a room in her house which he could occupy. The stately old lady, looking all the more dignified for the turban which was wound about her head, answered, as she looked at the youthful figure,—

“I no longer lodge students.”

“But I am not a student; I am a professor in the University.”

“A professor?” She looked curiously at one so like most students in appearance.

“I am Professor Longfellow,” he said.

"Ah! that is different. I will show you what there is." She led him up the broad staircase, and, proud of her house, opened one spacious room after another, only to close the door of each, saying, "You cannot have that," until at length she led him into the south-east corner-room of the second story. "This was General Washington's chamber," she said. "You may have this;" and here he gladly set up his home. The house was a large one, and already Edward Everett and Jared Sparks had lived here. Mr. Sparks was engaged, singularly enough, upon the Life and Writings of Washington in the very house which Washington had occupied. Afterwards, when Mr. Longfellow was keeping house here, Mr. Joseph E. Worcester, the maker of the dictionary, shared it with him, for there was room for each family to keep a separate establishment, and even a third could have found independent quarters. When Mrs. Craigie died Mr. Longfellow bought the house, and there was his home until he died.

When he came to Cambridge to be Professor of Modern Languages and Literature in Harvard College he was thirty years old. He was but eighteen when he graduated at Bowdoin College, in the class in which Nathaniel Hawthorne also belonged, and he had given such promise that he was almost immediately called to be professor at Bowdoin. He accepted the appointment on condition that he might have three years of travel and study in Europe. The immediate result of his life abroad was in some translations, chiefly from the Spanish, in some critical papers, and in *Outre Mer* [Over Seas], his first prose work. He continued at Bowdoin until 1835, when he was invited to Harvard. Again he went to Europe for further study and travel, and after his return spent seventeen years in his professorship.

Two years after he had begun to teach in Harvard College he published *Hyperion, a Romance*. *Hyperion*, in classic mythology, is the child of heaven and earth, and in this romance the story is told of a young man who had