

**HENRY WADSWORTH
LONGFELLOW,
A MEMORY**

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Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, a memory by P. Murphy

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P. MURPHY

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HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

A Memory

BY

REV. P. MURPHY

ST. ANTHONY'S, LIVERPOOL

ROUTLEDGE AND SONS, LONDON.

EDWARD HOWELL, LIVERPOOL.

1882.



TO

EDWARD R. RUSSELL, Esq

WHOSE SYMPATHIES ARE SO DEEP

WITH ALL THAT IS BEAUTIFUL IN LITERATURE

AND SUBLIME IN ART ;

The following Pages,

THE OFFSPRING OF AN UNBURTHENED HOUR,

ARE GRATEFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY

INSCRIBED

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PREFACE.

I never intended to issue this little Sketch in its present form. I have, however, been encouraged to do so from a letter which I received from the eminent literary gentleman to whom I have dedicated it, and who so kindly read and revised the original manuscript. "It is indeed charming," he wrote to me, "and will give great pleasure to all people of literary taste."

With that approval, and that it may waken a sweet memory of the dead poet, I cast it as a simple green leaf on the boisterous ocean of life, with the hope, perhaps, that it may not too soon be overwhelmed and lost.

May, 1882.

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HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW,

A Memory.

SINCE the death of Charles Dickens on that bright day in June, 1870, there has not been such universal regret over an author's grave, as that lately manifested by the news flashed to us from the other side of the Atlantic ocean, that Henry Wadsworth Longfellow had ceased to live. He had been enshrined in the heart of the reading world: the sweetness of his songs had won him troops of friends: he had secured the deep and abiding affection of thousands who had never seen his face, except through the medium of the photographer's or the engraver's art; or had never heard the tones of his voice save from the unsullied pages of his charming poetry. His was a face so full of sunshine that it does not easily pass from the memory: and the melody of his voice, like the sound of a Summer evening's Angelus, will waken through the coming years sweet memories in many a worn and wearied heart.

How universally beloved have been those two men—Dickens and Longfellow. Between

them and their unnumbered readers there has been a common bond of pure and genuine sympathy. And why? One has been the novelist, and the other the poet, of the human heart. In our generation no two other authors have been so extensively read; read by the young and old, by the rich and poor. In the homes of the wealthy, and in the cottages of the humble, when perhaps all other writers are excluded, a volume of Dickens, or the poems of Longfellow will be preserved, to add fresh charms to the unalloyed blessedness of the domestic hearth.

Does the fascination of the two dead literary chieftains consist in this—that they touched those chords of sympathetic love, whose music is always the purest and the sweetest: that they wrote with truthfulness and correctness of all that is humanly good and beautiful in the world: that they sought to teach mankind a lofty and a noble lesson, for they aimed at leaving life brighter and better than they found it. And if such be the case, will not the creations of such chastened genius survive the wreck of the wasting ages? Will not their works live after them, now that they have passed into the silent valley, and exercise for many years a wholesome influence upon the hearts and affections of the human race?

I must say that both authors have always