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LONGFELLOW STATUE,
PORTLAND, MAINE.

Longfellow Statue Association

EXERCISES

AT THE

UNVEILING OF THE STATUE

OF

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

PORTLAND, MAINE

SEPT. 29, 1888

PORTLAND
BROWN THURSTON & COMPANY
1888

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OFFICERS 1888.

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COMMITTEE ON PLANS.

J. W. SYMONDS,
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J. P. BAXTER,
F. H. FASSETT,

E. H. ELWELL.

CONTENTS of copper box, prepared by H. W. Bryant,
hermetically sealed, and placed under the pedestal.

Portland Directory, 1888, by B. Thurston & Co.

Portland Daily Press, Aug. 27, 1888.

Portland Sunday Times, Aug. 26, 1888.

Portland Sunday Telegram, Aug. 26, 1888.

Portland Daily Advertiser, Aug. 25, 1888.

Portland Evening Express, Aug. 25, 1888.

Zion's Advocate, Aug. 22, 1888.

Portland Argus, Aug. 27, 1888.

Portland Globe, Aug. 25, 1888.

Transcript Monthly, Aug., 1888.

Portland Transcript, Aug. 22, 1888.

Christian Mirror, Aug. 25, 1888.

The Original Drawing of the Pedestal, by F. H. Fassett.

Card of Fassett & Tompson.

Card of Charles L. Wilson.

Card of Hawkes Brothers.

Card of William H. Scott.

Card of Franklin Simmons.

Card and Blanks of J. B. Brown & Sons.

Card of H. W. Bryant.

Officers and Committees of City Government.

Register of Subscribers to the Longfellow Statue Association.

Certificates of Membership of the Longfellow Statue Association.

Circulars of the Longfellow Statue Association.

List of Names of the School Children contributing to the Long-
fellow Statue Association Fund, throughout New England
and the Middle States.

LONGFELLOW STATUE ASSOCIATION.

HISTORY OF THE FUND.

THE seventy-fifth birthday of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was observed by the Maine Historical Society in Reception Hall, City Building, Portland, February 27, 1882. On the 24th of March following, the poet died at his home in Cambridge, Massachusetts. The gentlemen who had interested themselves in the celebration of Mr. Longfellow's seventy-fifth birthday not long after suggested the erection in Portland of a memorial of the city's illustrious son, and on the 20th of May, 1882, a meeting was held in the Aldermen's room, City Building, to consider the advisability of attempting to secure a bronze statue which should be an honor to the memory of the poet and an ornament to the city. Hon. Israel Washburn, jr., was the chairman of the meeting, and Rev. H. S. Burrage, D.D., was secretary. Among those present at the meeting were Hon. J. W. Symonds, Hon. C. F. Libby, Hon. George F. Emery, Supt. Thomas Tash, Edmund S. Hoyt and others. A committee, consisting of Hon. George F. Talbot, Hon.

Israel Washburn, jr., J. P. Baxter, Esq., and Rev. H. S. Burrage, D.D., was appointed to take the matter into consideration and report at a future meeting.

At a meeting held June 10th, a favorable report was made with regard to the undertaking. It was the opinion of all present that the money should be raised by subscription; not in large sums, but by small contributions, giving a large number of people an opportunity to aid in the work. It was voted that an association be formed for the purpose, and the same committee was requested to form a plan of organization and draw up a constitution.

One week later another meeting was held, and the constitution submitted by the committee was adopted. It was voted to obtain by solicitation the requisite number of names for the organization of the association, and then call another meeting for permanent organization.

July 8, 1882, a meeting was held for organization, and the following officers were elected: —

President—HON. CHARLES F. LIBBY.

Secretary—THOMAS TASH.

Treasurer—PHILIP H. BROWN.

At a subsequent meeting vice-presidents and standing committees were chosen as follows: —

Vice-presidents—James W. Bradbury, Samuel H. Blake, Joshua L. Chamberlain, George D. B. Pepper, Oren B. Cheney, Charles

F. Allen, John Appleton, William G. Barrows, A. S. Rice, Henry A. Neely.

Executive Committee—George F. Talbot, Israel Washburn, jr., Henry S. Burrage, H. W. Richardson, William E. Gould.

Ways and Means—James P. Baxter, Lewis Pierce, Albro E. Chase, Frederic H. Gerrish, W. W. Thomas, jr., Maria Hersey, Hannah L. Talbot, Mary McCobb, Mrs. R. J. Carpenter, Mrs. Marcia B. Jordan.

Plans—Joseph W. Symonds, Harry B. Brown, Sidney W. Thaxter, Francis H. Fassett, Edward H. Elwell.

Circulars were prepared, by vote of the association, setting forth the object in view and the methods proposed to attain it. It was stated that the payment of one dollar would entitle the contributor to membership, and that the names of all contributors would be engrossed and placed under the statue when erected. Cards for school children were prepared, entitling the contributor to membership on the payment of ten cents. These particulars of the plan of raising money for the statue were furnished to all the newspapers in the state, and were thus placed clearly before the people. A committee of sixteen was appointed, one for each county, to have charge of the task of properly distributing the circulars and canvassing for members. Four means of securing funds were suggested:—

1, direct subscriptions; 2, entertainments; 3, offerings from school children; 4, sale of photographs.

At a meeting of the association, held October 7, 1882, the first subscription received by the committee was reported. This came from a foreign country.

being five dollars sent by T. W. Brocklehurst, of Heybury Hall, near Macclesfield, England.

The work of raising money now began in earnest. A committee was appointed to canvass the business streets of the city for subscriptions of one dollar. Rev. Dr. Burrage and James P. Baxter, Esq., prepared and reported to the association a handsome design for a children's card. It bore a finely engraved portrait of Longfellow and certified that the child whose name was indorsed thereon had contributed to the fund of the association. On the 4th of November, 1882, Rev. Dr. Burrage reported the first contribution received from school children. This was from Miss Annie T. Whitney, of Castine, who sent to the treasurer the sum of three dollars and ten cents — the offering of thirty-one of her pupils. In addition to the scholars' cards, membership diplomas were procured and put in use.

January 15, 1883, active canvassing was begun in the city, and during the following month a considerable nucleus of a fund was formed. The canvassers were successful wherever they went and the dollar membership contributions came in rapidly. Mr. Baxter reported that he had received contributions from London amounting to twenty-five dollars. The work of collecting small sums from school children was carried forward by teachers all over the state. "Longfellow Hours" were held in many schools as a means of awakening the interest of the young people. In many schools a regular Longfellow exercise was held

each week, consisting of readings and declamations from the works of the poet. February 21, 1883, it was reported by Mr. Tash that eight thousand scholars' cards had been disposed of in Maine and other states.

On the anniversary of Longfellow's birthday, February 27, 1883, a grand concert was given in City Hall, under the direction of J. B. Coyle, jr., chairman of the special committee; Mr. J. P. Baxter, chairman of the ways and means committee, having general charge of the arrangements. In this concert Chandler's Orchestra, the Haydn Association, Rossini Club, Weber Club, Miss Long, Mrs. Morrison, Mrs. Elizabeth Cushing, Messrs. Pennell and Coyle participated. The Haydn Association sang "Excelsior," arranged by Kotzschmar, with thrilling effect. About five hundred and fifty dollars were realized from this entertainment. On the 10th of March following, Harry W. French gave a lecture in City Hall, for the benefit of the association, yielding about fifty dollars. Entertainments were given in many of the churches, netting small sums for the benefit of the fund. For two years after this the association held no meetings, but the fund slowly grew, being increased by interest on the funds, in the hands of the treasurer, and also by small subscriptions.

At the annual meeting of the association, February 27, 1885, there were a few changes in the board of officers. General J. M. Brown was made a member of the executive committee, in place of Hon. Israel Washburn, jr., deceased; and Mr. Thaxter exchanged

places with Mr. Baxter, the former being made chairman of the ways and means committee, and the latter a member of the committee on plans. At this meeting the treasurer reported that the sum of four thousand and one hundred and seventy-seven dollars had been contributed.

During the following summer the fund was not much increased. Early in the fall, however, it was thought advisable to proceed to the selection of a sculptor. Mr. Franklin Simmons, having submitted a model satisfactory to the executive committee, received the appointment at a meeting of the association held October 3, 1885. It was voted at this meeting that the monument be placed in State Street Square, provided those living in that vicinity should raise the sum of two thousand dollars.

At the next annual meeting, February 27, 1886, the same officers were re-elected. The treasurer reported a small increase in the fund, which now amounted to four thousand eight hundred and thirty-one dollars. A contract with Mr. Simmons was approved, by which he agreed to make a sitting statue of Longfellow, of the proportions, if standing, of not less than nine feet, of the finest quality of statuary bronze, delivered in Portland at his own risk, for the sum of eight thousand dollars, one-third to be paid down, one-third on the satisfactory completion of the plaster model of the statue, and the balance on the delivery of the statue in Portland.

At the annual meeting, February 26, 1887, F. H.

Fassett, Esq., submitted a design for the pedestal, which was adopted. The members present were congratulated on the forwardness of the work. One-third of the sculptor's fee had been paid, and the treasurer reported two thousand two hundred and sixty-seven dollars in his hands. The old board of officers was re-elected, with a few changes in the committees. John E. DeWitt, Esq., and C. D. Brown, Esq., were chosen to fill vacancies on the executive committee.

At the beginning of 1888 a plaster model of the statue had been completed and accepted, and at a meeting on January 9, it was reported that the statue would soon be cast in bronze. It was also reported that about three thousand four hundred dollars more would be needed to meet all the bills, on the completion and placing of the statue. It was voted that the remaining funds be raised by subscription. The committee on ways and means, together with twenty-three other persons, were designated to have charge of raising the money.

At a meeting of this committee the following week, it was reported that Payson Tucker, Esq., had given, on behalf of the Maine and New Hampshire Granite Company, stone for a pedestal, of the value of five hundred dollars. The stone was cut by Hawkes Brothers, Portland, according to the beautiful design by Mr. Fassett, who generously presented to the association a receipted bill of one hundred and forty-five dollars for his services.

Messrs. Libby, Burrage and Richardson were appointed a committee to issue circulars asking for subscriptions of at least ten dollars each, for the completion of the fund. This proved a successful appeal and about one thousand six hundred dollars were raised in this way. The Portland Longfellow Chautauqua Circle gave an entertainment in City Hall which yielded over two hundred dollars.

At the annual meeting of the association, February 27, 1888, the list of officers of the previous year with slight changes were again elected.

At a meeting of the association, May 16, 1888, it was reported that the statue had been successfully cast and was ready for shipment.

September 8, two thousand dollars were lacking to complete the fund. An effort was at once made to secure this amount, and with such gratifying results that arrangements were made for the unveiling of the statue, which arrived in Portland on Monday, September 24, and on the following day was placed on its pedestal already erected in State Street, now by action of the Common Council, hereafter to be named Longfellow Square.

EXERCISES AT THE UNVEILING OF THE STATUE.

The statue was unveiled on Saturday afternoon, September 29, 1888, at three o'clock, in the presence of an immense concourse of people. A stand for the band and speakers was erected just south of the statue. Settees were placed in front of the statue and were reserved for the ladies and invited guests. Among the members of the Longfellow family in attendance were Mrs. Greenleaf of Cambridge, and Mrs. Pierce of Portland, sisters of the poet, Mrs. Dana, daughter of the poet, with her son Henry, and Alexander Longfellow, brother of the poet. Letters of regret were received from President Eliot of Harvard, Rev. Edward E. Hale, George William Curtis, E. C. Stedman, T. W. Higginson, George W. Cable, Ernest W. Longfellow, T. B. Aldrich, George Bancroft, Samuel L. Clemens and others.

George William Curtis wrote as follows : —

I have just received your kind invitation to the ceremony of unveiling the statue of Longfellow and I regret extremely that I am unable to accept it. No words that may be spoken can overpraise the tender beauty of his song, the simple manliness of his character and the purity of his life. Portland may well pay homage to her famous son and illustrate in the memorial she raises the qualities which she holds to be worthy of perpetual reverence.

T. W. Higginson wrote as follows : —

I regret very much my inability to be present at the unveiling of the statue of Longfellow. It is eminently appropriate that it should be placed in the city which gave him birth and which he loved so much.

George Bancroft wrote : —

I share all your admiration and pride in Longfellow's character as a poet and as a man ; but on account of my age I dare not promise to be with you on the day which you set apart to commemorate his genius and his virtues.

T. B. Aldrich wrote : —

I have just returned from abroad after a three months' absence, and at present I find it impossible to leave home even for a day. I am greatly obliged to you for your kind invitation. Some time I shall make a pilgrimage to Portland for no other purpose than to see the statue of her beloved poet.

Hon. James W. Bradbury, of Augusta, in accepting the invitation to be present, said: —

I have never received anything but kindness from the people of Portland.

Members of the Longfellow Statue Association occupied seats near the platform.

Previous to the exercises the First Regiment Band played several selections. At three o'clock, the flag which covered the statue was removed, amid hearty demonstrations of admiration and approval from the great number of people present.

Clarence W. Peabody, of the Portland High School, read the prelude, written by George E. B. Jackson, Esq. This was followed by the singing of Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," admirably rendered by school children, under the direction of Mrs. Merrill, teacher of singing in the public schools. Hon. Charles F. Libby, president of the Longfellow Statue Association, then delivered an oration, which was responded to by Mayor Chapman. The poem, written by Mrs. E. Cavazza, was read by Hon. Stanley T. Pullen. The exercises closed by the singing of the Doxology, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and music by the band.

THE LITERARY EXERCISES.

PRELUDE.*

BY GEORGE E. B. JACKSON.

This sculptured form,
'T is but the semblance,
And still 't is he!
Amid the busy throng,
Calmly he sits;
Of all that pass along,
Heedless is he!
His gaze is fixed toward home,
He loved it well,
And yet he seeth naught!
His ears attent
To catch the rustling leaves
Of Deering woods,
But still he heareth not!
Well hath the sculptor wrought,
Making the seeming — real,
The fiction — fact,
And, in enduring bronze,
His very form hath caught!

We, living, thee salute,
Sweetest of bards!
Thy voice hath ceased to be,

* Read by Clarence W. Peabody of the Portland High School.

Yet through the world
Excelsior's flag unfurled
Bears, in its strange device,
Thy name and fame!
Thy Psalm of Life still lives
And to the weary gives
Its heaven-taught blessed words;
In pure Evangeline,
The unsullied life is thine;
While from the Wayside Inn,
And Village Blacksmith's din,
Thy fancy weaves such forms
Of beauty and of grace,
That, but to speak thy name,
Sets all our hearts aflame,
And chief of bards we place
Our Longfellow!

The poet needs no monument
In lasting bronze or stone;
So long as man shall live,
His silver words alone
Shall keep his memory green!

Yet, fitly, in his boyhood home,
The old town by the sea,
Beneath these arching elms,
Where he so loved to be,
His sculptured form we place!

And in the days and years to come,
When men are asked to name
Whom Portland honors first,
Deserving poet's fame,
All shall point hitherward!

ORATION.

BY HON. CHARLES F. LIBBY.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—The occasion that brings us together today is one of more than passing interest, and marks an important event in the life of our city. As citizens, we have assembled to honor the memory of the most illustrious of her sons, to pay our tribute to a life of singular purity and merit, to give expression in permanent form to our admiration for the qualities of mind and heart which have made Longfellow the best known and loved of American poets.

We have called to our aid the sculptor's art, to perpetuate in enduring bronze the physical aspects of the man, the dignity and charm of his person. But this is not the full meaning of our act; it is the life of the poet rather than his fame or achievements, great as they were, which we would emphasize today. We would have this statue stand as a monument to individual worth, a tribute to noble living. Fortunately it is not necessary to separate the poet from the man in this tribute of our admiration, for his poems are but the expression of his life, and Longfellow is greater than any of his poems. What manner of man he was, what thoughts he spoke, what ideals he cherished,

what life he lived, are matters which possess a peculiar interest to us, who claim him as "to the manner born."

As we stand upon this spot today, almost the center of our city's population and growth, it is difficult to recall the Portland of eighty years ago—the Portland of Longfellow's childhood and youth—then a town of between six and seven thousand inhabitants, with its center of population east of Exchange street, with its northerly slope toward Back Bay thinly sprinkled with houses, with but a single house upon State street—the residence of a future chief-justice of the state—with Bramhall and Munjoy hills thickly grown with bushes, and hardly reclaimed from nature's hands; and yet, as a town, it already gave evidence of the thrift and enterprise of its inhabitants, which, notwithstanding its repeated calamities and misfortunes, have enabled it to rise thrice from its ashes, and each time to gain vantage ground from apparently overwhelming disaster.

But however much the Portland of the past may differ from that of the present, so far as the hand of man is concerned, the natural beauties of its situation, which have made it, and will ever make it, one of nature's loveliest pictures, were the same at the time of Longfellow's birth as today. Fore River, Back Bay, Deering Woods, Casco Bay, dotted with islands (the Hesperides of his youthful dreams), the open sea, the rich stretch of landscape with its background of the White Hills, are all the same. They are permanent

features of our "beautiful town by the sea," to which Lonfellow ever returned with filial love and admiration, seeking the memories of his lost youth amid the scenes that had first awakened his boyish yearnings and aspirations. Such surroundings as these had much to do with the unfolding of his sensitive and responsive nature. They furnished the background to the picture, the stimulant to his youthful fancy and imagination. Nature in her large and varied way supplied what was lacking in the narrow life of the town, and ministered to the needs of an ardent and thoughtful temperament, which turned from the ordinary pursuits of men and sought companionship in books and in the creations of his own imagination.

It is hard to realize the difference between the intellectual life of today and that of the early part of this century in New England. The prodigious stride we have made in the world of letters, the widening of our intellectual horizon by greater facilities of travel and inter-communication, the changes in the social and material conditions of life which have emancipated us from the narrowness and isolation of a new civilization and brought us into a close and sympathetic companionship with the spirit of the old world, have wrought a revolution so great in all that ministers to the intellectual growth of a nation that it seems hardly possible that a century could have produced results so widespread and beneficent. In the early part of this century American literature was a thing hardly begotten. It had not yet escaped from the trammels

which local custom and conditions had placed upon it. America had no literary school worthy of the name. Its energies had been too much absorbed in the solution of practical problems of government to have much time for the cultivation of the fine arts. The national spirit had not yet found its best literary form and expression. Our intense struggle for national existence, our constant contest with material surroundings to gain a broader foothold for our civilization, had produced an activity and unrest which had little harmony with cloistered shades or a life of scholarly meditation. The very intensity of our national feeling precluded that sympathy with the life and institutions of the past which is essential to the creation of the highest literature. The breadth and sweep of our genius was shown in a political rather than a literary form. Foreign nations had little to furnish us in the way of guides to our national development. The old civilization was too much wedded to the past, was associated too intimately with theories and institutions which vexed our spirit and aroused our antagonism, to make us alive to its merits or tolerant of its defects.

Conditions like these do not favor the pursuit of a literary career; and it is a proof of the strong and pervading qualities of his mind, that Longfellow was able to withstand the current of his time and to follow unchecked the career which his genius marked out for him. The prosaic life of a New England town was not able to check the genuine instincts of the poet.

His refined and sensitive nature found all that was necessary for its growth in its surroundings, and with that power of selection which marks all highly-organized minds, was able to find among the common things of life the elements of beauty and truth and to invest them with a new spiritual significance. The outward world was to him but the manifestation of the spirit; and the inner life, the life of thought and feeling, more than all things else. His tempèrment was a happy blending of the seriousness and earnestness of the New England character with the cheerfulness and buoyancy of more sunny climes. He was not born out of joint with the world, but in harmony with the whole creation. He had neither the aggressiveness of the reformer nor the narrowness and intolerance of the bigot. Of a deeply religious nature, his religion was of the heart rather than of the head. It was based upon the beatitudes rather than the terrors of Sinai. At a time when New England was intensely Calvinistic, and Edward Payson, one of its foremost exponents, swayed the minds of his townsmen by his powerful logic and appeals, Longfellow was able to hold to what seemed to him a more reasonable faith and one which, interpreted by his early pastor, Dr. Nichols, was not lacking in deep spirituality. In one of his later poems we find the expression of his creed. It is

the simple thought
By the great Master taught,
And that remaineth still :
Not he that repeateth the name
But he that doeth the will.

He held his religious faith as he held his opinion of men and things, not as matters for controversy, but as genuine convictions, charitably formed, firmly held, and consistently lived up to.

Of the impress which Longfellow has made upon his own generation, it is difficult to measure the full value and extent. His quarter of a century of work as professor of modern languages in two of our higher institutions of learning, enabled him to give an impulse to many minds, the effect of which is still felt. His contributions to American literature were timely and important. He brought from his European studies and travel the elements which were wanting to its growth, the spirit and traditions of an older civilization and an atmosphere of riper and broader culture. That our American literature has thrown aside its provincial dress and has attained a recognition beyond the sea, is largely due to the influence which Longfellow exerted on its early growth. His labors in German, French, Italian and Spanish literature were pioneer work for American scholarship. They prepared the way for greater things and brought in their train results which are now seen in the more generous culture and varied scholarship of our own day.

His anti-slavery poems show that he was not lacking in the courage of his convictions, and that he was stirred by acts of deep wrong and injustice. Yet his was essentially a gentle nature, one which would suffer wrong rather than inflict it, one which found little

pleasure in the fierce polemics of life, but genuine satisfaction in acts of kindly courtesy and benevolence. His was not an exclusive and narrow spirit which could not be touched by the sorrows of our common humanity. His sympathies were broad and delicate, nay, almost womanly. He ignored none of the ordinary experiences of life. He had tasted its strange mixture of joy and sorrow. The burdens of our race he bore upon his heart, and gathered into his broad humanity the varied phases of our checkered life. In the presence of the mysteries which hem in the cycle of our lives, his was a reverent but courageous attitude. His poems breathe the spirit of a lofty resignation which indulges in no wild declamation of grief, but, sustained by a faith which falters not when tested, bows his head before the storm and resolutely takes up his load and pushes on. What sympathy he has for human sorrow! How gently he touches the chords of human feelings and soothes the wounded heart with words of consolation, such only as the heart that has known its own sorrows can utter. Wherever the English tongue is spoken his lyrics have become household words. He has entered into every home as a gracious presence, voicing its joys and sorrows, speaking words of comfort and of cheer. "As no unwelcome guest," he has been received, repaying its hospitality with ministrations of gentleness and peace, lifting the downhearted, soothing the distressed, and infusing new courage for the battle of life.

His philosophy of life has no uncertain sound.
With him

Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal.

He indulges in no vain regrets or useless lamentation. The present is always with us, pressing us with its duties to be performed; the future lies before us with its dangers and opportunities calling for courage and faith. It is summed up in the motto of Hyperion: "Look not mournfully into the Past: it comes not back again; wisely improve the Present: it is thine; go forth to meet the shadowy Future without fear, and with a manly heart."

Such as this motto indicates, was his life. Sincere, manly, courageous, steadfast to its ideals, constant to the end. In this busy world of the nineteenth century, with its bustle and whirl, its strife and contention, its mad pursuit of wealth, its feverish excitement and unrest, he lived his life, unmoved by all "vain pomps and shows," untainted by envy, greed, or unworthy ambition, a serene, pure and courageous spirit, whose verses partake of the character of the man, strong, simple and harmonious. Who shall measure the value of such a life, so rounded and complete, so perfect in all its relations of husband, father, citizen, and friend.

It was my good fortune to be present at Bowdoin college on the fiftieth anniversary of his class and to hear him deliver the poem prepared for that occasion,

a poem which one of his eulogists has called "the grandest hymn to age that was ever written." The scene has left a picture upon my mind that I love to recall and contemplate — a picture of old age of rare dignity, serenity, and beauty, accompanied with a charm of speech and graciousness of manner which held the listener as in a spell.

Into the poem was compressed the gathered wisdom of a long and fruitful life. Its rhythmic and stately measure was in keeping with the theme. With what tender and manly feeling did he greet the classmates of fifty years before, with what generous words of encouragement and praise greet the youth who were about to enter the race, what grand and impressive tones he uttered as he touched on some of the solemn themes of life, with what calm philosophy did he face the mysteries of death, with what earnestness proclaim the opportunities of the present.

For age is opportunity
No less than youth itself, though in another dress,
And as the evening twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.

The poet himself has left us, but the fragrance of his life remains. Those who have known him personally will soon follow, and another generation will know him only in his works. But in these his fame is secure, for he has written himself into his poems and his own verse is his most fitting eulogy :—

He the sweetest of all singers,
Beautiful and childlike was he,

Brave as man is, soft as woman,
Pliant as a wand of willow,
Stately as a deer with antlers.
All the many sounds of nature
Borrowed sweetness from his singing ;
All the hearts of men were softened
By the pathos of his music ;
For he sang of peace and freedom,
Sang of beauty, love and longing ;
Sang of death, and life undying
In the land of the Hereafter.
For his gentleness they loved him,
And the magic of his singing.

The Longfellow Statue Association of Portland, has accomplished the purpose of its organization. Its work is now done. It only remains for me as president of the association to formally transfer to the chief magistrate of our city the custody of this statue, which perpetuates the memory of Longfellow and adds new interest to the city of his birth. It is the work of one of Maine's gifted sons, and the cunning hand of the sculptor has with rare fidelity and success reproduced the manly grace and beauty of the original.

To this spot, henceforth dedicated to the genius of Longfellow, future generations will come to pay their tribute of homage and respect to the poet and the man. So long as this statue shall endure it will stand as a silent reminder of the value of a pure and untarnished life, of noble endeavor directed to worthy ends.

RESPONSE.

BY HON. CHARLES J. CPAPMAN, MAYOR.

Mr. President, Members of the Longfellow Statue Association, Ladies and Gentlemen:—It is with feelings of profound appreciation and gratitude that I, in behalf of the city of Portland, accept at the hands of your association, this artistic memorial of her most distinguished son, and officially commit it to such sacred municipal custody as shall henceforth serve as a protection against wanton injury, or the too despoiling ravages of time.

For the bestowal upon our city of so appropriate and welcome a gift, no words of mine can render adequate thanks, nor will I mock the opportunity with any such attempt; and yet I feel constrained to offer some passing compliment not only for the worthy motive which prompted your association, but also for the uniform wisdom which has characterized its methods. Animated with the exalted object of commemorating the sublimest accomplishments of poetic genius, in a masterpiece of art, you followed not the too prevalent opinion that such a privilege is the exclusive prerogative of wealth, but encouraged the coöperation of every person whose sympathy accorded with your purpose; and today it is a source of exceeding satisfaction that this statue has been erected not by the generosity of a devoted few, but through the glad of-

ferings of a multitude of appreciative hearts, young and old.

And if superior judgment was exercised in opening wide the door for public contribution toward this statue, certainly no less wisdom was displayed in the felicitous selection of its sculptor. The former policy broadened the circle of individual into general interest; the latter act kindled common interest into enthusiasm, since both the affection and pride of Portland stir at mention of the name of Simmons, for many years a favorite resident in our midst.

Aware of his native talent, familiar with his early training, acquainted with his growing career, justly proud of his well-earned fame, and gratefully conscious of the luster reflected by his reputation upon his adopted city, what more befitting, or better calculated to arouse local enthusiasm, than that his masterful hand should be employed in molding an image of our beloved poet, whose acquaintance, in common with ourselves, he had once enjoyed, and whose reproduction in bronze it became almost possible for him to endow with that sweet personality of character which he had encountered in living contact.

Significant, then, the choice, and most appropriate, of Simmons as sculptor of the first statue erected in memory of Longfellow. Doubly significant and appropriate the circumstance that such statue should be located amid the scenes of Longfellow's boyhood, within view of those Deering woods whose carpet of oak-strewn leaves his youthful feet were accustomed

to tread, whose lofty domes and deep shadows are celebrated in his undying verse.

Most befitting is it, also, that another distinctive honor which clusters around this day as being the occasion of the unveiling of the first statue within the limits of our city — an occasion as fraught with meaning to our municipality as marks the first-born in the family — should attach to him who has shed the greatest glory on her history. Most insensible should we be if, in addition to that esteem which intelligent minds instinctively yield to genius, we failed to experience the special gratification arising from its parentage and early development. Portland does, indeed, count herself supremely honored in being the birth-place of Longfellow, and rejoices that his poetic genius, divinely born, however much nourished afterward by opportunity, began here to manifest prophetic signs of that exalted power, which in subsequent years caused its possessor to be crowned king of poets with universal acclaim.

No less gratifying to our pride comes the knowledge of the poet's filial loyalty to the home of his nativity and youth. The changing vicissitudes of after years, the heaped-up accumulation of honors, did not sunder his affections from boyhood ties, nor diminish the force of early associations. To his latest days he loved to revisit the familiar spots of the "dear old town,"

Where the friendships old, and the early loves
Come back with a Sabbath sound,

and some of his most inspired moments were devoted to celebrating the picturesque beauties of shore and isle of "the city by the sea" in lyrics which will be repeated with ever fresh enjoyment when this statue, like its original, shall have mingled with the dust.

Sufficient cause for congratulation exists, then, in the circumstances and incidents of this occasion, regardless of thronging memories and suggestive lessons with which the hour is fraught. And how shall I allude to these? Does not younger Pliny comprehensively express our position when he says, "If our grief is alleviated by gazing on the pictures of departed friends in our homes, how much more pleasure is there in looking on those public representations of them which are memorials not only of their air and countenance, but also of the honor and esteem with which they are regarded by their fellow citizens."

True it is that pictures and mementoes of Longfellow hold a familiar place in our households, imparting extreme pleasure; equally true is it that such pleasure swells into joy when for the first time can be seen in one of our most central thoroughfares a true delineation of him, whose living companionship is a cherished memory in the hearts of many present. For, happily, this statue is not delayed, as too often the case, until its subject, bereft of contemporaneous association, no longer possesses power to awaken vivid personal recollections. Speaking from my own experience, how for-

eibly am I reminded of my first meeting with Longfellow in the summer of 1875 at Brunswick, whither he had repaired to attend the fiftieth anniversary of his famous class. How distinctly is recalled the impression made upon me of his serenity of mind, his purity of heart, his amiability and grandeur of life. To take such a man by the hand conveyed, as with electric current, a sudden uplift to the soul. To enter the atmosphere of so wholesome and bright a presence, seemed like passing into a realm of sunshine. Experiences of this kind are readily remembered by his friends, and, in like manner as shadow reflects substance, casual acquaintances, even, verify their reality with recurrence of similar impressions. The power to re-awaken such charm of personal relation with the poet invests his statue with unwonted and peculiar interest. Herein is recognized the air and countenance of the man, as well as the tribute to the poet's greatness. Herein the sculptor's art restores again to view the departed, but not forgotten form of father, brother, friend, no less unmistakably than it commemorates genius with monument of enduring bronze. Herein the penetrating eye of early and succeeding friendship can discern characteristic traces of youthful expression intermingled with well-known deeper lines — the offspring of maturer age — and crossed, alas, with furrows of sorrowful experience, the common portion of humanity. Of such and kindred other associations does this statue speak, and because its voice awakes

familiar echoes in the soul, we hail it as inexpressibly dear.

And yet the statue's chief significance remains to be considered. Transcending its value as a token of municipal pride, or even as a suggestion of sacred and tender relations in the past, is its use as a memorial of public veneration and esteem. In this view our vision extends beyond local limitations and the range of personal recollection, to comprehend sublime elevations of character and thought in human history, wherein Longfellow appears foremost and great, "like an Alpine mountain, without setting up to be great at all." Manifesting in the majestic simplicity of his nature no appearance of the artificial or unreal; in the quality of his productions no evidence of the transcendental or untrue; in all his faculties a veritable poet,

whose heart
Is like a nest of singing birds
Rocked on the topmost bough of life,

and from very necessity of existence giving utterance

To songs of that high art
Which, as winds do in the pine,
Find an answer in each heart.

These responsive heart throbs have found expression in beautiful tributes from myriad lips. Tributes to

the sweet charm of his life as well as the unexcelled merit of his writings "rich in noble conceptions and the indescribable essence of beauty pervading them." Tributes well-woven together into a wreath of immortal fame forever to encircle the poet's brow. Into this garland Holmes placed a brilliant leaf when he wrote,

With loving breath of all the winds,
His name is blown about the world;

and Sumner early added a laurel in saying "His poetry affords succor and strength to bear the ills of life"; while the words of Underwood came as offerings of choicest flowers to his memory, "His powers were rare, his sense of proportion and melody exquisite, his perception of beauty keen, his sympathy boundless," and, elsewhere, speaking of his poetry, "the blossoms of every garden have yielded him their perfumes, and now in his verse we have the aroma distilled from lilies and roses." His classmate Shepley contributed a lasting forget-me-not when, writing of his appearance before his class in 1875, he said, "How did we exult in his pure character and spotless reputation, with what delight gaze upon his intelligent and benignant countenance, with what moistening eyes listen to his words." And so I might continue, almost indefinitely, enumerating rare blossoms, plucked from

the field of universal esteem and gracefully offered in never-fading remembrance of him.

whose verse

Was tender, musical and terse,
 The inspiration, the delight,
 The gleam, the glory, the swift flight,
 Of thoughts so sudden, that they seem
 The revelations of a dream.

But, Mr. President, do we need to pass beyond the sphere of our own consciousness for similar attestations? By way of commonest illustration, who of us has not been stirred with patriotic feeling in reading Paul Revere's Ride, or The Launching of the Ship. Who has not been filled with melancholy regret at the tragic fate of Hiawatha, or felt the romantic side of his nature rise in corresponding exultation at the final reward of Ser Federigo, the self-denying apostle of the gospel that "all things come round to him who waits." In brief, are not the testimonies universally borne, finding today their true expression in this memorial of highest esteem, manifold and heartfelt to accredit,

How sweet a life was his, how sweet a death,
 Living to wing with mirth the weary hours,
 Or, with romantic tales the heart to cheer;
 Dying to leave a memory like the breath
 Of summers full of sunshine and of showers,
 A grief and gladness in the atmosphere.

But, included in the memorial as its crowning advantage, can we overlook the important lesson of this admonishing sculpture? Is it not, indeed, expressed in those familiar lines of the poet's immortal Psalm of Life, wherein

The lives of great men all remind us

of the possibility and duty of realizing such sublime personal character as shall impress itself upon human events in indelible marks of blessing. And considering, then, how perfect an exemplification of this ideal life appears in the history of Longfellow himself, who can estimate the extent of the benign influence upon succeeding generations of the silent, yet eloquent presence sitting before us. To doubt its mightiness would be to deny the fact that

When a great man dies
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.

Yes, glorious the truth that though this dead bronze cannot speak with audible voice, it nevertheless possesses living power to communicate thought and animate the soul. Hereafter, around its impressive form, innocent childhood shall cease from play to learn its absorbing story; under its noble inspiration, the aims of youth shall mount to loftier summits; middle age shall, from its helpful example, gather added courage

to endure life's struggles ; while to those about to die,
the vision shall be cleared

As the evening twilight fades away,
To behold the stars invisible by day.

Welcome, then, O Statue, to this, thine appropriate home. For ages endure here beneath favoring sky, shielded by the faithful care of loving hearts ; ever recognized as an artistic triumph of native talent, ever cherished as a true exponent of patriotism, philanthropy, charity and faith, ever venerated as a sublime guide in human conduct, unerringly pointing the way along the ages.

Act, act in the living present,
Heart within and God o'erhead.

P O E M

BY MRS. E. CAVAZZA.

TODAY, our Poet shall be all our own !

His native city claims the right today,
Holding his memory to her heart alone,
To set his image as upon a throne
And speak the praise of him as best she may.

Ah! while the city utters benisons
Upon the Poet honored by acclaim
Of all the nations — let her dream, this once,
Hers only, him whose likeness stands in bronze,
Memorial of her love and of his fame,

In a mid-place between the sunrise sea
And where the sunset in the oak-wood, caught
Among the netted boughs of tree and tree,
Gleams, as in days when to futurity
The beckoning branches led his long, long thought.

Here was his earliest home ; and homes are here
More honorable and happy for his sake
Whose household songs made household cares more dear,
And the plain hearth an altar-stone appear,
And sacred fire amid its brands awake.

Bards there have been who struck the harp of war
And set a nation trembling with the strings ;
Poets whose passionate fancy flew afar
A rapid flame, as some bright errant star
Across the ordered heavens on tameless wings.

His spirit was no angel armed for strife,
Nor meteor-like — but, messenger of grace,
Calmly he bore his sweet-toned lyre of life,
Passed through the world with toil and tumult rife,
And made a holy music in the place.

His mind was kin to Beauty ; and he sought
Her as a sister, in the hemisphere
Where marvelous works reveal the centuries' thought ;
He gathered treasure, and the best he brought
To build, that Beauty might inhabit here.

If now the stem of Art some leafage shows,
While Fancy's bird sings from the dancing spray
To charm us ; and if, like a wayside rose,
Poetry blooms along the path of prose
And drifts its petals on the common clay—

For this we owe first thanks to him whose hand
Transplanted to the newer soil these flowers,
Bearing away from many a foreign land
Rose-leaf and rose and bud on the green wand,
For the adornment and the joy of ours.

Nay, he was not alone a citizen

Of this our sea-girt town that gave him birth,
Nor of his later home — wherever men
Know his pure heart and his poetic pen,
A place is his by more than right of earth.

And there amid the mighty who abide

Within Westminster Abbey—they who sleep,
Strong lords of song and sword laid side by side
Beneath the marbles raised to power and pride—
Our Poet's effigy Fame doth well to keep.

Yet, if his spirit sees it, not less dear

It may be to him that in his own town
His image stands, while we with love revere
The gentle and majestic presence here
That on the oak-wood's leafy dome looks down.





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