Mae Moos
Style & Influence of Longfellow.
The childhood and influence of Longfellow

In 1807, a child was born in Portland, Maine, whose name at home and abroad was to become a household word. I can truly say that no name is more familiar or more dearly loved when the English language is spoken than the name of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

At the age of fourteen, Longfellow entered Bowdoin college, and graduated with honors in four years. After this, he studied for a time in the law office of his father, but he did not like this. He accepted a position to teach modern languages, and to prepare himself more fully for this position, he went to Europe. In 1829, he came home and entered upon his duties. In 1835, his first great work "Outre Mer" was published, this once was popular, and gained him an enviable fame. Soon after this, he received a call to the professorship of modern languages and literature in Harvard University. Again he went abroad to study some of the northern nations of Europe. He returned in the following year to his
new position, which he held until 1854, when he resigned to devote himself to his literary work.

In 1846, a collection of his poems was published. Bryant said, "These forms appear to me more beautiful than any I have now read. The simplicity and truth of your verse dwells more agreeably than any other on my ear, and more than any other has affected me by their depth of feeling and their spirituality, and the creative power with which they set before me passages from the great drama of life."

"America has no 7 pie form, no "Iliad" nor "Aeneid", - but "Evangelium", "Hunaathas", and "Miles Standish", - these come near the heroic, and greatly help to supply the want."

"Long fellow anti-slavery forms, unlike Whitman did not spring from a pure heart, nor were they full of kindness; they recognized the existence of a great evil."

In his beautiful forest form, Hunaathas, we have before us the
beautiful woods and the fresh waters of the north. It deals with the Indian. They were an untaught race, but the fact was not shown in his verse. He treated them with simplicity. Hawethorne in the use form that leads the reader to see the birches, the sap, the eagle and deer, as they seem to the red man himself. His use of the Indian name and dialect is beautiful. He was not familiar with the wild woods life. He read some books relating to the Indians but the rest he drew from his imagination.

The true rise of our poetry may be dated from Longfellow's method of exciting an interest in it. He is said to be the least national of our poets. He was the first American to compose sustained narrative forms that gained and kept a place in literature.

He was a man of deep reserve. His intimate feelings he would not reveal nor his sacred experiences.
In Foster, he found a form of expression which allowed great freedom of speech without referring to the personality of the author.

Longfellow’s position and permanence in American literature are prominent and well established. His poetry does not possess the majesty of Milton nor the wild and fantastic inspiration of Byron, nor the sure skill of poetry which characterize Tennyson, nor the philosophic depth of Emerson, nor the patriotic fire of Whitman, nor are all charmed and entranced by the exquisite music of his verse. He sung to the heart of youth as in the “Children’s Hour,” and breathed forth cheer and comfort for the heart of age; his poetry is marked by grace and elegance, his artistic skill is shown by the way he chooses his words.

He shows us a meditative and sympathetic nature and a wonderful purity, sweetness and refinement. He is the American poet, true to every
heart, the poet for the home, the poet
for the aged and young, the child-
like poet, who had scattered many
songs into the air that has found
lodgment into the heart of millions.
It is probable that his poetry
is more read than that of any other
poet of the nineteenth century. We
may liken Longfellow to Goethe.
He is to the English what Goethe is
to the Prussia of Germany. In
England our poet had been satisfied
the poet of the middle classes, these
classes, however, include the majority
of intelligent readers. He is more
widely read by foreigners than any
other American poet.

Longfellow is now beyond all
questions the most popular of the
American poets, and he has a wide
circle of admirers in Europe. He writes
poetry with as much uselessness as poetry,
though by his poetry he is better
known and appreciated. In his
writings are found traces of sentiment,
nobleres of thought and a deep sympathy with humanity.

The Smaller poem have gone into almost every intelligent household in our land and the influence has been for good. Our scenes have not the power of everlasting passion, they have all sameness and a beauty of sentiment which is expressed in finished and artistic form, which of course were the taste and impressed the memory and heart.

If it was not Longfellow object to try to convey an idea which was not
rude and intelligible to his own mind, he was an untiring and careful work-
ner, he could conform in many languages, and was a polished scholar. Yet, as he wrote so simply that everybody could understand. Of how
first and be said what was said of
Longfellow, that, “He not only wrote
us lines which defying he would
not blot, but not one, which living he
had not as might to be forget of.”
Every sentence that he penned is as clear as a crystal and as pure as snow. He seldom gave thoughts absolutely new, but the thoughts he used to put in the best language. It is in Longfellow shorter lyrical verses, his ballads and his fine descriptions, that his journal are brought to the greatest advantage. In these he combines the skill of the artist with the simplicity of the poet. He was not a sort of nature but has often been called a son of the sea. His report of landscape and country life, the less picturesque than Lowell's or Whitman's.

He rarely went beyond the outlook of his mansion door. His imagination he greater of the ocean, เพิ่มเติม the storms and calms.

The secret of his popularity as a poet is probably that of all similarity. Popularity, namely, the fact that his poetry expresses at unerring sentiment in the simplest and most musical manner. Each of his most noted forms is the song of a feeling.
common to every mind, in moods into which every friend is liable to fall. He did not see that life is only, but he had an abundance of playful humor that was full of kindness.

Of love, Poude, Lodge, wrote but few, none of them are full of longing or contained deep regrets; the reason for this made be that he was contented with his lot, he had gained the woman whom he idolized.

His life was written in the form of a life not without sorrow, but a life in which the sunshine always had the better of the clouds with which it struggled. It is not in every case what the poet and the man accord. They did in this case, except that true and true and great as was the self, the man was pure, true, greater still.

He died in 1882, but he still lives and will live forever enshrined in the hearts of all people.