

Is singing and saying still :  
 ' A boy's will is the wind's will,  
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'

" I remember the bulwarks by the shore,  
 And the fort upon the hill ;  
 The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar.  
 The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er.  
 And the bugle wild and shrill.  
 And the music of that old song  
 Throbs in my memory still :  
 ' A boy's will is the wind's will,  
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'

" 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.  
 And the sound of that mournful song  
 Goes through me with a thrill :  
 ' A boy's will is the wind's will,  
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'

In the same poem Longfellow speaks of the

" Gleams and glooms that dart  
 Across the school-boy's brain."

The first school which he attended was a child's school, kept on Spring Street by a dame known in the New England vernacular as Marm Fellows. Later he went to the town school in Love Lane, now Centre Street, for a short time, and then to the private school of Nathaniel H. Carter, in a little one-story house on the west side of Preble Street, now Congress. He was prepared for college at the Portland Academy, which had for masters the same Mr. Carter and Mr. Bezaleel Cushman, who subsequently was editor of the *New York Evening Post*. An usher, also, in the school was Mr. Jacob Abbott, who afterward became famous as a teacher and writer of books for children. His amiable and indulgent manner remained in the recollection of his pupil.